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Ahhh, summer! We'd be hard-pressed to find anyone who isn't filled with anticipation about everything the next few months will bring – warm days, flowers in bloom, summer vacations, trips to the beach, playing tennis, and walking, running or biking on the countless miles of trails that wind throughout our beautiful state.

For those looking for a different way to spend their leisure hours, Amy J. Barry tells us about the unique adventures offered by Cross Sound Ferry. The company operates three different cruises in Long Island Sound, giving passengers a chance to view the many historical lighthouses that dot the shoreline.

For folks seeking a more extreme adventure, Caryn B. Davis introduces us to the owner of East Haddam-based Overland Experts. Bruce Elfström takes clients on off-roading adventures and expeditions all over the world – from Iceland and the Arctic to Bolivia, Peru and Mongolia – traveling by vehicle, horse and camel.

Music lovers will enjoy tagging along as Mike Briotta takes us behind the scenes of the annual Tanglewood music festival, set in the rolling hills of the Berkshires. This summer-long event draws a wide range of performers, including the iconic Yo-Yo Ma, Steve Miller and Peter Frampton.

Love art? Check out Matt Broderick's story about 32 life-sized statues that have been installed in public spaces throughout the town of Simsbury, and will be on view to the public through Sept. 15. The statues are part of a collection of more than 400 figures that have gained acclaim worldwide.

Feeling nostalgic? James Battaglio and Leonard Felson bring us first-hand recollections from people who experienced the Summer of '68. It was in that tumultuous year, 50 years ago, that Martin Luther King, Jr. and Bobby Kennedy were assassinated – and the fallout reverberated throughout Connecticut.

We hope you enjoy this issue. Have a great summer!

Carol Latter, Editorial Director



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SEASONS of the Shoreline ${}^{{\mbox{\tiny TM}}}$

2018

Summer

Knee deep in the water somewhere Got the blue sky breeze blowin' wind through my hair Only worry in the world, is the tide gonna reach my chair Sunrise, there's a fire in the sky Never been so happy, never felt so high And I think I might have found me my own kind of paradise

- Zac Brown Band

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See Lighthouses Up Close On Cross Sound Ferry Cruises

by AMY J. BARRY / photography courtesy of Cross Sound Ferry Services, Inc.

People have long been fascinated by lighthouses. Throughout the centuries, their awesome towering beauty has captured the imaginations of artists and writers. We are intrigued by these glorious beacons of light guiding ships to safety in wild seas, as well as the romantic notion of lighthouse keepers living in dwellings accessible only by vessel.



Here on the Long Island Sound we have an abundance of historic lighthouses that have been painstakingly preserved because of their significance as icons of American history, despite today's newer technologies replacing many of them as functional navigational aides.

And now, people have the opportunity to travel on a state-of-the-art, high-speed ferry to view up to a dozen lighthouses gracing the waters between Connecticut and Long Island on a choice of three distinctive, expertly narrated Cross Sound Ferry cruises.

"We had discussed offering lighthouse cruises for a couple of years. We were used to being in the ferry business, not the excursion business, for well over 40 years," says Stanley Mickus, director of marketing and public affairs for Cross Sound Ferry. "We went ahead and started offering the cruises in June of 2015. The response was so great we expanded from two to five days a week and instead of ending in September, kept going through November."

Mickus explains that Cross Sound Ferry has been working closely with the New London Maritime Society –

which owns and maintains three of the lighthouses on the tours – as a valuable, historical resource.

"This is an opportunity to create awareness because most people don't know much about the lighthouses except what they see in a photograph or painting," he says. "When you go on one of these cruises, you're getting a threedimensional experience."

The "Classic Lighthouse Cruise" is the first cruise that was offered by Cross Sound Ferry, departing from New London. It features views of nine lighthouses from New London to Long Island, including a stop at Long Beach Bar "Bug" Light – the pride of Long Island's East End Seaport Museum – as well as two Revolutionary-era forts.

In 2016 the "Lights & Sights Cruise" was added, also departing from New London. In addition to viewing nine lighthouses, this cruise parallels the mainland coast out of New London Harbor to explore mansions and waterfronts from Watch Hill, R.I. to Fishers Island, N.Y.

This summer, "Long Island Lights" joins the offerings, departing from Orient Point, N.Y. This newest cruise includes views of eight lighthouses and historically significant sights around the waters of Plum Gut, Gardiners Bay, Long Island Sound, New London Harbor, and Fishers Island Sound.

Passengers are taken on the lighthouse cruises aboard one of two high-speed catamarans. The Sea Jet is capable of cruising at speeds of more than 30 knots (35 mph). The vessel is equipped with modern airline-style seating on two enclosed, airconditioned decks with a spacious outdoor deck for viewing the scenery.

Because of the positive response to the lighthouse cruises, Cross Sound Ferry is greatly expanding the number for 2018, and this summer the Cecelia Ann joins the fleet.

"This boat has done sightseeing cruises in and around New York Harbor," Mickus says. "It's a little larger than Sea Jet with more outdoor seating and large, panoramic windows."

Besides the opportunity to see the lighthouses, Mickus emphasizes that it's the narration of the cruise that makes the whole experience so interesting and educational.

"We have three primary narrators and each has a different perspective on the trip [and] provides history and their innate knowledge about the lights," he says. "They're very interactive, they walk around the vessel engaging with passengers, answering questions."

Ted Webb of Orient, N.Y. was the first narrator on the tours.

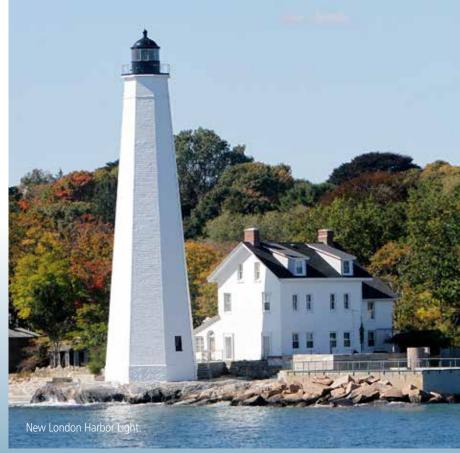
"This is something he's been doing as a passion for years—working to preserve lighthouses," Mickus says. "He's past president of the East End Seaport Museum and has generated scripts for all these lighthouses."

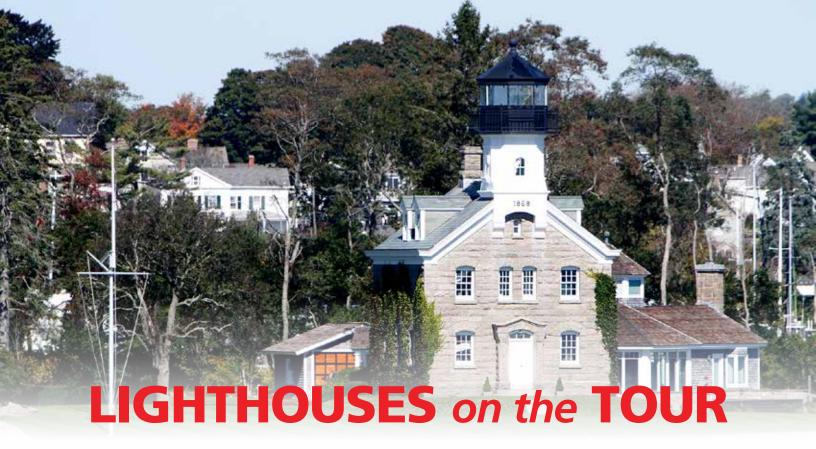
Also on board as narrators are Steven Cryan of Old Saybrook, a marine painter with an extensive knowledge of lighthouses, and Steve Purdy of Mystic, who is the lead interpreter on the Charles W. Morgan whaling ship at the Mystic Seaport.

"We have a really nice state-of-the-art PA system with a cordless microphone," Mickus adds. "We also have enhanced listening devices and give out ear buds free of charge, which is particularly helpful for our older clientele with hearing issues."

People of all ages enjoy the lighthouse cruises, Mickus says. "We get a lot of school-age groups because of the educational experience, as well as summer camp groups. You can't get up close and personal to these amazing structures, the ones in open water, any other way."







Three unique Cross Sound Ferry narrated cruises visit the majority of a dozen lighthouses in the Long Island Sound, each with its own unique and colorful history.

Avery Point Light: The last lighthouse in the state built as an official navigational aid, it was first lighted over a year after its 1943 completion due to concerns about enemy invasion during WWII.

Bug Light: Officially known as the Long Beach Bar (Bug) lighthouse, this classic 1870 Victorian structure was set on fire by arsonists in 1963, then restored by the East End Seaport Museum in 1990.

Latimer Reef Light: Completed in 1884, the iron "spark plug" located about a mile north of the eastern point of Fishers Island was named to honor a patriot spy captured on the reef, and subsequently hanged.

Little Gull Light: This functional lighthouse, seven miles northeast of Orient Point, was taken by the British in the War of 1812, and destroyed by the hurricane of 1815. The granite tower was rebuilt in 1858.

Morgan Point Light: Located

in Noank at the mouth of the Mystic River, the original granite tower was built in 1831. After many complaints that the light was too dim, the current lighthouse was built in 1868.

New London Harbor Light: The oldest lighthouse in Connecticut, built in 1761 (rebuilt in 1801), it helped

guide Colonial privateers seeking shelter during the American Revolution up the Thames River.

New London Ledge Light: A French Second Empire structure – architecturally unique for a lighthouse – Ledge Light is unusual for another reason. It is reportedly haunted by the ghost of an early keeper.

North Dumpling Light: During Prohibition, the lighthouse keeper was accused of signaling to liquor smugglers. Today it is owned by the inventor of the Segway Human Transporter.

Cruises are approximately two hours. Both vessels are equipped with a snack bar and cocktail bar service. \$30 adults, \$15 children ages 2 to 11.

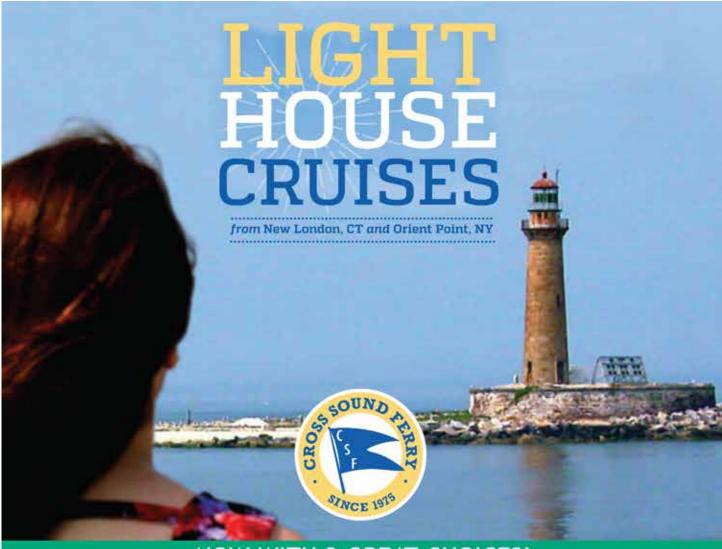
For 2018 Cross Sound Ferry Lighthouse Cruise schedule and booking information, visit www.lighthouse.cruises or call 860-444-4620. **Orient Point Light:** Also known as the Coffee Pot Lighthouse, the castiron clad-and-brick-lined structure was marked for demolition by the Coast Guard in 1970 but was saved by public outcry.

Plum Island Light: Also known as Plum Gut Light, the 1869 historic granite lighthouse was decommissioned in 1978 in order to upgrade to an automated light a short distance away.

Race Rock Light: Built in 1878 on a rocky ledge southwest of Fishers Island, where fast

current and conflicting seas are the norm, Race Rock's foundations alone took seven years to build.

Watch Hill Light: First built as a watchtower to warn local residents of naval and pirate attacks, Watch Hill continued looking out for maritime safety by building the current structure in 1806.



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Down to Earth

Farm life offers a change of scenery for former State Representative Deb Heinrich.

by ALIX BOYLE / photography by TONY BACEWICZ

eb Heinrich wakes at dawn and makes her way down to the barn on her Guilford property to begin the morning ritual of feeding and watering the goats and chickens and mucking out the stalls and chicken coop.

The routine takes just 20 minutes, unless it's monthly hoof-trimming time for the goats. The animals are part of a big experiment that Heinrich began with her family in 2016 when she decided to become a farmer.

Wait. What? Wasn't Heinrich a Connecticut state representative just a minute ago? Actually, she left office in 2010 after an impactful six-year career in

the legislature, advocating for emergency contraception for rape victims, among other issues. She followed that with a year in Governor Dannel Malloy's cabinet as a liaison between the government and the nonprofit health and human services community. She left that post one year later to serve as director of policy and public relations at the Connecticut Alliance to End Sexual Violence.

Her latest project is another sort of activism.

"If you want to make a change, start with yourself," Heinrich says. "If you want to make the world a better place, start with how you live. I'm trying to examine how we work, play and live, and do it more sustainably." Heinrich and her family – husband Russell, son Quincy and daughter Olivia, both college students – are now the proud owners of a property they dubbed Waystone Farm. To tread lightly on the environment, they grow much of their own food and fertilize it with waste from their animals. They try not to generate trash – mainly by substituting reusable items for those that are normally disposable. For example, Heinrich sewed some cloth towels to stand in for paper towels and uses washable liners in her kitchen garbage can. The family composts whatever food waste they can and that, too, goes into the garden.

"We have one earth with limited resources," she



WATTS UP: Solar panels add to the energy efficiency of the Heinrichs' Guilford home, which they call Waystone Farm.

says. "It would be a good idea to use those resources as investments in the future."

With that idea in mind, Heinrich explains, she is putting diesel fuel in her tractor, which she will use to create a rice paddy for a cold weather tolerant strain of rice. The fuel is an investment toward sustainability.

Each day, Heinrich picks a project or two, like canning, freezing, drying or fermenting vegetables, cooking down maple sap to make syrup, or churning her own butter. She spends time on the Internet researching farming topics like animal husbandry and teaches herself the skills to complete each project. Heinrich recently made a slew

BRIGHT IDEA: Deb Heinrich stands in her living room where large windows capture sunshine that heats much of the Heinrichs' home.

UP WITH THE CHICKENS: Tending chickens and goats is part of the Heinrichs' daily routine in their attempt to attain a self-sustaining lifestyle.

of pickles, which Quincy promptly consumed.

Heinrich's science education serves her well as a farmer. She holds a Ph.D. in microbiology and molecular genetics from Emory University and received her undergraduate degree in zoology from Duke University.

Currently, Waystone Farm is home to Nigerian dwarf goats, chicken and bees, with plans to acquire more animals as time goes on.

"My husband is handy," she said. "I designed the chicken coop and we built it together. I like learning and reclaiming the old skills. I'm never bored."

The goats, who enjoy jumping on a trampoline, will give milk that Heinrich plans to use to make ice cream, cheese, yogurt and sour cream.

An hour before sunset, Heinrich goes back down to bring the animals in from the fields and feeds them.

The name of the farm, Waystone, refers to an old-

fashioned guidepost. In a way, Heinrich and her family are creating a guide for others who'd like to shrink their carbon footprint as much as possible.

"I want to share our foibles with people. People can take pieces of what we do and apply it to their own lives," she said. A middle school class came to the farm in the winter to learn about sustainable living.

A big part of living sustainably is the house, known as a net zero building, meaning the total amount of energy needed to run the house is equal to the amount of energy created on the site. After a stay

at a sustainable community in Costa Rica with her family, Heinrich began the process of researching green building techniques.

With its soothing colors, minimalist décor, large windows, and first-floor master suite, the home looks similar to many others on the Connecticut shoreline. But this house is a model of thoughtful planning and maximum energy efficiency.

The family worked with Celebration Green Design & Build in Madison to create a four-bedroom home that is hyper-insulated with triple-pane windows and doors to hold the heat. The eight-acre property is set back behind a new development of neighboring homes, and situated due south to enable it to soak up the sun via solar panels on the roof.

The house is virtually airtight and is fueled entirely with electricity generated by the solar panels. No fossil fuels are used at all. The only electric bill was a hook-up fee, notes Bill Freeman, a principal at Celebration Green Design & Build.

"They're actually making more electricity than they're using," Freeman says.

Waystone Farm won the 2016 CT Zero Energy

Challenge sponsored by the state, Eversource, the Energy Efficiency Fund and the Connecticut Green Bank. The house won first place in the overall best house category and tied for first place in the "best envelope" category for exceeding energy efficiency criteria.

The envelope is the bone structure of the house: floor, walls, roof and windows. The walls alone contain 10.5 inches of insulation. This keeps the house toasty warm most of the time. For example on a 24-degree day, the house was heated purely by the sun. A geothermal heat pump kicks in when needed.

Eyelash awnings above the windows keep the sun from beating down on the windows in the summer.

"It's not prohibitively expensive to build a net zero house," Freeman says. "Insulation is one of the more affordable aspects. You put in as much as you can. And, if you are wise in your choices, you can end up with a house

that's far healthier to live in."

Because the house it so tight, it requires an energy recovery ventilator system that recirculates fresh air, preventing spikes in carbon dioxide. It also filters pollen, mold, dust and bacteria.

The stove uses induction heating that is cleaner and healthier than burning gas. The washing machine uses only cold water.

The paint on the walls is low in VOCs (volatile organic compounds). The Heinrichs also chose an oil finish for their hardwood floors instead of the usual polyurethane, which can be quite toxic. They ask guests to

remove their shoes because the oil finish is not as durable as polyurethane, and they keep a basket of slippers by the front door to swap out for guests' shoes.

"It also keeps the farm dirt out and reduces the amount of housework," says Heinrich, who cleans the house with vinegar instead of the usual cleaning supplies.

No matter how beautiful and simple the house, Heinrich struggles like every other mother with keeping the family from messing it up. She has produced a hilarious series of video public service announcements asking the family to lower the toilet seat, replace the toilet paper, and put away the boxes of crackers. Check them out on her Facebook page.

"Above all, it's fun, satisfying, hard work. We sleep very well," Heinrich says. \blacksquare

Alix Boyle's work has appeared in a variety of publications, including The New York Times and Bloomberg News. She lives on the Connecticut shoreline with her husband, Josh, and Helen of Troy, a pug who rules their home. Instagram @alixbpug

A big part of living sustainably is the house, known as a net zero building, meaning the total amount of energy needed to run the house is equal to the amount of energy created on the site.



Summer of Discontent

This year marks half a century since 1968, when political and racial issues spilled over into a series of tumultuous events across the United States. As Seasons writer James Battaglio recalls, Connecticut was no exception.

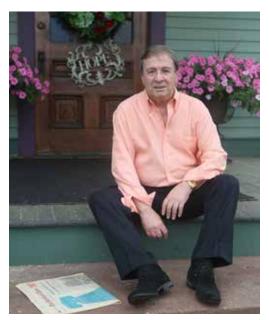
by JAMES BATTAGLIO / Photography by TODD FAIRCHILD

ooking back to 1968, I seriously question those who contend that nostalgia is like a grammar lesson: "We find the present tense and the past perfect."

My recollections of that year are of Hartford on fire, and of first responders trying desperately to dodge snipers' bullets while fighting the blazes set during the racial unrest that followed the assassination of Martin Luther King, Jr. Coupled with the reflections of my fellow news reporters donning riot helmets and hiding under parked cars

to avoid sniper fire, I'd hardly call 1968 "past perfect."

At the time, I was a writer for the former Hartford Times, then Connecticut's largest evening newspaper, in its 151st year. I was, by all accounts, a "reluctant reporter," forced into journalism by a city editor who enrolled me into Gannett Corporation's two-year journalism internship. His decision (not mine) came about in 1964 after I, a copy boy at the time, spent six weeks taking dictation and rewriting press releases while the obit, garden and book editors recuperated from the influenza outbreak that summer. I protested the internship vehemently, explaining that I was going to be a doctor, not a journalist.



Pointing a sausage-sized finger at me, he shouted, "Anybody can be a doctor. You're going to be a journalist. You know how to type." My office was the mailroom, where I smoked cigarettes and played cards with my colleagues each morning before attending college classes each afternoon. I loved that job.

I can trace the source of my career to a summer evening in 1963, while sitting at the dinner table with my parents and an aunt who also served as a cloistered Dominican nun. My destiny was launched when Sister Mary, who spent her

> one week a year sabbatical from Our Lady of Grace Convent visiting us, deemed that I would take typing in my senior year of high school. Given that her monastic status earned her the rank of family matriarch, due to having friends in high places, her word was law.

"Typing? That's a girls' course!" I protested. "I'm not taking typing. Everyone will laugh at me."

"The people who know how to type will get ahead in the world," parried my clairvoyant aunt. "You're going to take typing." In 1963, personal computers were still years

James Battaglio with a copy of The Hartford Times. away from making everyone a typist. Few men typed 55 years ago.

I refrained from cursing at her, given that I was in the company of God's emissary. So I, along with one other senior male, took typing in the fall of 1963. Little did I realize that her mandate would dictate my eventual career as a news reporter.

And so it was from 1964-1966 that I shadowed seasoned reporters to Circuit Court 14 in Hartford; visited prisoners on death row; and wrote about births, marriages and deaths – hatched, matched and detached, in reporters' vernacular. I even strolled with the Duke and Duchess of Windsor on the lawn of Fuller Brush's corporate headquarters in East Hartford. Life was pretty good and my dreams of emulating Sigmund Freud were gradually diminishing. More than once, I recalled my aunt's dinner table mandate, thinking "she did this to me."

Clichéd though it sounds, Uncle Sam's draft notices really did begin with the word "Greetings," in 1966. I, along with thousands of other males, was called to fulfill my military obligation, even if it meant doing so in snake-infested Guam, which is where I was headed after completing my six months of active duty. I had orders to ship out from New Jersey, to Texas and ultimately to Guam.

At 9 p.m. the night before I was scheduled to leave for Texas, my commanding officer entered my Army barracks and, standing before 40 soldiers waiting to board a bus to the Philadelphia airport, asked, "Who here knows how to type?"

The first rule in the military is to never volunteer for anything. No one raised a hand.

"Forty guys and no one can type?" he shouted. "I'm going to the office and pull your personnel jackets, and if I find one guy has lied to me, I'm going to make his life hell."

I timidly raised my hand and said, "I can type a little, sir."

"What did you do in civilian life?" he asked.

"I was a news reporter."

"And you can type a little?" he said. "You're going to report to me at 700 hours tomorrow. For the next six months, you belong to me. You're going to retype every file in my office before the upcoming Inspector General inspection."

"But I'm leaving for Texas in a few hours," I replied.

"The hell you are. You're going to do nothing but type until your fingers fall off."

Once again, memories of Sister Mary's words prevailed. For the second time in as many years, my typing skills had altered the course of my life. Guam could wait. For the next two years, as my CO promised, I typed and typed and typed until it was time to come home and prepare for my upcoming nuptials. Fortunately, my fingers didn't fall off.

Now it was 1968 and I fully expected it would be a glorious time, given that I was engaged to be married at age 21. I had completed my journalism internship and was now a full-blown staff reporter, with credentials to prove it. But,

as Roosevelt said, this was a time that would go down in infamy.

James Earl Ray turned that promising spring into a dark, dismal, gut-wrenching period when he assassinated the Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr. on April 4, 1968. The country was on fire as racial tensions prevailed, and that included the North Hartford streets where I was born and raised. Snipers occupied rooftops – some atop the homes that my relatives had owned – and heart-warming memories of neighborhood stores, playgrounds and other haunts fell victim to looting and destruction. A dead body rested on the site where I learned to play mumbley-peg.

No, the summer of 1968 was not a good time to be a reporter for many of us, but depending on how you perceived your assignments, covering the country then was either a reporter's dream or nightmare. The public hung on our every written word, for in 1968, the newspaper was king when it came to journalism.

Each afternoon, before the final edition went to press, the City Room was transformed into a distribution center for riot helmets that reporters were ordered to don before entering the city's battlefields. If, and when, sniper fire broke out, we were ordered to take shelter under parked cars.

Depending on whether you drew the short straw or not, newsmen (only males were assigned to cover the race riots) were either sent to cover the riots or were planted at desks, ordered to transcribe the pay phone (no cell phones back then) accounts of what was happening into that evening's headline stories. Those who could type were granted the "privilege" of sharing bylined front-page accounts of the "season of unrest."

Of course, many people had different experiences – and different recollections of the Summer of '68. For many of the people I knew, life was either wonderful or agonizingly tense, depending on your gender. We were a year beyond the flower children of 1967 and their Summer of Love, and a year prior to the still-talked-about 1969 Woodstock Concert.

For the women I spoke with, it was a year of new cars, nightclubs and high fashion. Like many of their young peers, these women loved to dance and drink back then, and recall doing the Monster Mash, the Mashed Potato and the Camel Walk, made famous by the Godfather of Soul, the late James Brown. Women wore white pearls, tailored suit dresses, and bold colors. Skinny model Twiggy wore a tiara and the mini-skirt was queen – 1968 was a fashion revolution akin to the 1920s flapper era.

For males, it was a different story; 1968 was filled with painful memories for the boys who crept up to their mailboxes each day, fearing the infamous "Greetings" letter from Uncle Sam. Vietnam loomed large in the hearts and minds of young males who faced the draft and the inevitable jungles of Southeast Asia. The world and its woes loom large in their memories as they apply to the Vietnam War, along with racial strife.

Retired printing/publishing executive and former NFL

A Native Son Remembers

By Leonard Felson / Photography courtesy of Lew Brown

ew Brown was a face and a voice anyone who watched television in Connecticut knew well. A veteran TV news reporter, he retired in 2000 from WVIT, Channel 30, the NBCowned and operated television station here. Fifty years ago, he was a fledgling radio news reporter for WKND, 1480-AM, then one of the most widely listened to stations in Hartford's black community.

By the summer of 1968, the effects of the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.'s assassination, only a few months earlier in Memphis, Tennessee, continued to reverberate through Hartford. Lew Brown couldn't get it off his mind.

For Brown, that story that summer was about covering his world. Born and raised in the North End, he was one of nine children, growing up at Bellevue Square, a subsidized housing project. By way of Trenton, New Jersey, his family was part of the Great Migration to the North from the rural South, his mother born in Georgia, his father in South Carolina.

The night that King was killed, Brown was out on Albany Avenue in the heart of North End. Juan Fuentes, a freelance reporter and photographer, was with him.

"I never saw brick smolder like that," Brown recalls, reflecting on an auto shop ablaze. An apartment building was also on fire.

"Get out! Get out!" Fuentes yelled in Spanish to residents in the apartments. Fuentes had also grown up in the North End, where an emerging barrio was developing. West Indian and Puerto Rican families were finding attractive terms on houses in the Blue Hills neighborhood, as white flight escalated, Brown says.

That night, Brown came to another realization – about how discrimination works.

As Brown made his rounds around the city, he saw patrolmen lined up at the Windsor-Hartford line to the north; at Trumbull and Main streets to the south; along Homestead Avenue to the west; and by the railroad tracks to the east.

"I said, 'we're on a reservation,' " Brown recalls.

"The riots had gotten so out of hand," he says. To him, the police action telegraphed a fact about life in the city that summer and for years to come: "It was as if they were saying, 'You can do what you want to do in your area, but you best not come out of that area.' "

player for the St. Louis Cardinals, Richard "Dick" Dean of Windsor, now 76, well remembers the year 1968 and considers it the antithesis of 1964.

"When President Johnson passed the Civil Rights Act in 1964, as Dr. King said, I felt as though we people of color had been to the mountain. Four years later, in '68, when Dr. King and Bobby Kennedy were assassinated, the mountain became our valley," said Dean, who graduated from Indiana's DePauw University with honors during the Johnson administration. "I grew up in the 'Whites Only' Washington, DC era where I was kicked out of (white) playgrounds, beaches, rest rooms and restaurants."

Dean rationalized that "when these old people who ban me from places die, maybe this segregation crap will die with them and things will be different."

Four years later, in 1968, Dean's predictions were proven wrong. His two heroes, King and Kennedy, fell to assassins' bullets. "No, 1968 was not a great year. It split the country and the races in half. America was in turmoil," Dean somberly recalls.

While acknowledging the horror of both assassinations, most women I spoke to reflected on the positive aspects of 1968, when "2001 Space Odyssey" was the number one movie (although the country was still aghast over the cougar-like antics of Mrs. Robinson from the movie "The Graduate," released just days before the new year) and it took more than seven minutes to sing "Hey Jude," by the Beatles, 1968's number one hit.

"I remember going to The Rocking Horse Café in Hartford with my roommates," recalls Paula Serignese of Lebanon. "I was 22 years old in 1968 and had just graduated from Ithaca College in New York. I had my father co-sign for my brand new, \$3,000 red 1968 Camaro with a black racing stripe. We'd go to the café where an elderly woman named May wore a huge hat and threw peanuts on tables, after which we were expected to throw the shells all over the floor. We'd order a pitcher of beer and drink the night away and get up and go to work at Pratt & Whitney the next morning where we

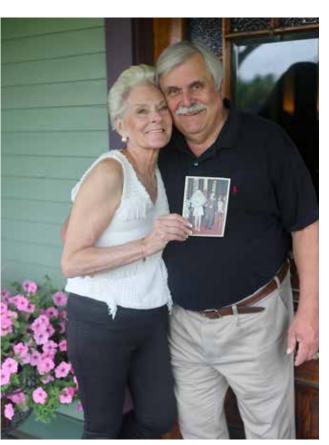
weren't allowed to wear pants at work...only skirts and dresses. Those were good times, but I still have a vivid memory of Bobby Kennedy dying on June 6, 1968, the day I turned 22 years old."

It was at the Rocking Hose that Paula met Nick, her husband-to-be, who commuted from East Hartford's Lamplight Village Apartments to an Air Force base in Westover, Massachusetts.

"I was frustrated with everything in 1968," he recalls. Now a retired attorney and the grandfather of four, Nick is a "gentleman farmer" who lives in a magnificent home sitting on 37 acres beside the historic Lebanon Green. He, too, was part of the military environment in 1968.

"For the most part, my only fond memory of 1968 was meeting Paula a year before we got married," says Nick. "That was pretty much an awful year, due to the King and Kennedy assassinations and the ongoing Vietnam War."

In 1968, John Cook, CEO of QuoteWright travel insurance company of East Hartford, was a senior in South Dakota's Yankton College, now a federal penitentiary. His recollections of 1968 included numerous



HAPPY EVER AFTER: Hazelann and John Cook are still going strong almost 50 years after their wedding.

A Patrolman Reflects on a Tumultuous Year

By Leonard Felson / Photography courtesy of Bernard R. Sullivan

ernard R. Sullivan grew up in an Irish-American household on Albany Avenue in Hartford's North End, among blacks, Jews, and Italian-Americans. He joined the city police department in 1964. Four years later, two-and-a-half months before the summer of 1968 arrived, he was walking a beat as a patrolman in Parkville



when riots broke out in the North End after Martin Luther King's assassination.

"I got pulled off that beat and was sent up to the North End with a bunch of cops from around the city," says Sullivan.

"It was insane because number one, we weren't prepared. We weren't trained. We weren't equipped. It was not the sort of thing we were used to dealing with," he recalls.

"You get up there and people are throwing rocks and Molotov cocktails. There was some gunfire

involved. Some cops got hurt, hit by rocks and stuff like that. It's not a fun position to be in. Anyone who says it's not scary is full of s---," says Sullivan.

"You're marching in groups down the street and all of a sudden you come around a corner and people are throwing rocks and bottles and stuff, lighting businesses on fire. It's almost like being in a war zone, but you've got a job to do and you do it," he says.

By the summer, as he walked his beats, he saw change overcoming his neighborhood and his city. "I remember the summer well. It was hot," he says.

Yet in early 1968, the North End hadn't changed that much, recalls Sullivan, referring to the diverse neighborhoods. "But the riots made a big difference, and the white flight began."

Sullivan says the tragedy is that although the rioting, over several years in the late 1960s, drew attention to the discrimination and poverty affecting residents' daily lives, it also destroyed the community's fabric.

Sullivan climbed the ranks, ultimately serving as Hartford police chief for seven years and as state public safety commissioner under Gov. William O'Neill from 1989 to 1991. He's retired and lives in Glastonbury.



FAST FRIENDS: Above, from left, Tony McMahon, Gene Sheehan, Hazelann Cook, James Battaglio and John Cook Below, James Battaglio and Dick Dean.

attempts to answer friends' questions as to "why the hell I chose to go into the Marines."

"I was facing active duty orders from the Corps two weeks after college graduation. Without a doubt, I was headed for Vietnam. If I hadn't developed a medical problem that disqualified me from the military, for sure I would have joined friends in Vietnam. I lost a lot of my buddies there," he recalls.

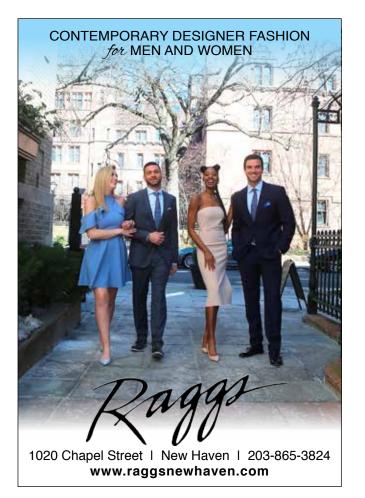
Conversely, Hazelann Cook, John's wife of 49 years, now executive director of public housing in Hamden where she's worked for more than 30 years, has entirely different recollections of 50 years ago.

"The fashions were fabulous in 1968," she says. "We had a good life...nobody was hungry and we were all equals, having come from blue-collar families," she says.

Still described today as a "fashionista" by those who know her, Hazelann recalls being 21 and single and driving her new (red) Mustang to the Blue Sands Nightclub in Rhode Island. She vividly recalls wearing a powder blue organza blouse and sporting a short skirt. Hazelann flips through her 1969 wedding pictures and displays a photo of her coming down the aisle, wearing a "mini" white wedding gown.

Tony McMahon, of East Hartford, a retired radio and TV executive, recalls 1968 as the year he mustered out of the Marines.





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"I couldn't believe the news that Bobby Kennedy was killed. I'll never forget walking through Grand Central Station while wearing my Marines uniform and carrying my sea bag over my shoulder as a pretty blonde approached me. I was thinking this woman might be attracted to me and that maybe this was going to be a good experience. Instead, she came up to me and spit in my face, calling me a baby killer," he said. "That's how I recall the summer of '68."

Glastonbury resident Gene Sheehan, III, president and managing partner of Sullivan & LeShane Public Relations, was on track to join the military until that path was altered by a twist of fate. He recalls that summer with mixed feelings.

"The day I graduated from Providence College in June of '68, I partied like crazy at a Rhode Island bar called Brad's. From there, I drove my 1963 MGB to another party in Boston. The next morning, while suffering the worst hangover of my life, I woke up to the news that Bobby Kennedy had been shot," recalls Sheehan. "I remember driving home to Connecticut feeling so disillusioned and depressed because Bobby was our hope of ending the Vietnam War. I kept thinking how ironic it was that I graduated high school in 1964 only months after JFK was killed, and now, four years later, Bobby met the same fate."

Sheehan, who was in the Reserve Officers' Training Corps (ROTC), a group of college- and university-based

programs for training commissioned officers for the U.S. Armed Forces, says his parents had no money for college so he borrowed \$1,800 to pay for tuition. Although the ROTC offered him its only Distinguished Student Military Scholarship two years later, Sheehan – who had passed two military physicals – was on cortisone for hay fever. "Ultimately, the military declared me 1-Y status, which was a military deferment."

As for me, I had more reason to revel in 1968 than not to. I had just gotten married, had completed my military obligation, and had two years of college behind me. I was a reporter covering Connecticut in my new red Pontiac LeMans, which was later severely damaged by undesirable types after I wrote an investigative story on their corrupt dealings. And yes, I felt the weight of two devastating assassinations and race riots that year, but who among us didn't – male or female?

Suffice it to say that, with apologies to Charles Dickens, 1968 was clearly of tale of two sexes. It was the best of times; it was the worst of times.

James Battaglio is a writer and editor living in Glastonbury.

Todd Fairchild, of West Hartford, is a longtime contributor to Seasons. Find him online at facebook.com/ ShutterBugCtPhotography.

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Dr. Kristen Zarfos Dr. Andrea Malon Dr. Chia-Chi Wang

reast surgeon Kristen Zarfos joined the Middlesex Hospital Surgical Alliance only a few months ago, but she is no stranger to the institution. Back in 1987, after completing her general surgery residency at Yale-New Haven Hospital and Baystate Medical Center, she became the first female general surgeon at Middlesex Hospital. She moved on after a couple of years, joining the faculty of University of Connecticut Health Center, where she worked under a renowned breast surgeon and developed expertise in breast surgery. She went on to lead breast cancer programs at Saint Francis Hospital and Medical Center and The Hospital of Central Connecticut.

Dr. Zarfos returned to Middlesex in March, and she and her colleagues are in the process of creating a clinical model of care for women who warrant greater surveillance for breast disease. This opportunity, combined with the robust diagnostic services already offered, will offer women a comprehensive breast program.

Not only does the addition of a nationally recognized breast surgeon like Dr. Zarfos to the Middlesex staff reflect the institution's commitment to expanding its breast cancer program, but the appointment has allowed Dr. Zarfos, who lives in Deep River, to come full circle.

"It's been exciting for me career-wise to head up a program and expand it at Saint Francis, develop a similar program at Central Connecticut, and now to return to what is, in effect, my professional home at Middlesex, and develop the same kind of care here that women request, appreciate and deserve," she says.

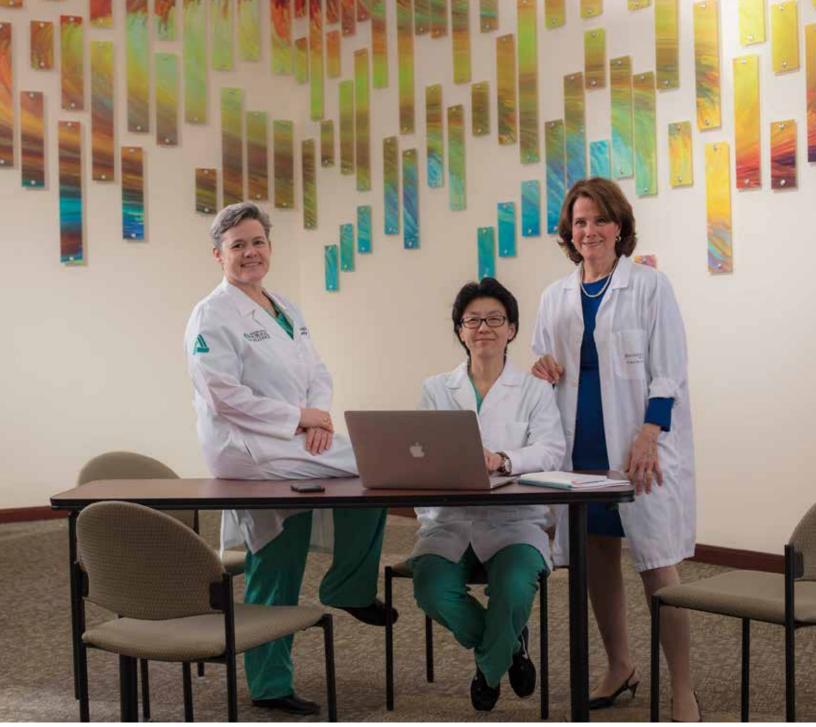
EXPANDING THE PROGRAM

Dr. Zarfos, who will see patients at the hospital's Cancer Center location in Westbrook, points out that she is joining what she refers to as "an already strong, 25-year-old breast program," established by Dr. Andrea Malon, medical director of the Middlesex Hospital Cancer Center, and enhanced a year ago by surgical oncologist Dr. Chia-Chi Wang, both of whom see patients primarily at the hospital and its cancer center in Middletown.

"Adding Dr. Zarfos – a well-known, experienced breast surgeon – will help us to offer these services to more women throughout the area, especially along the shoreline," says Dr. Malon. "It's great that patients can get a full complement of cancer care in their own community, that they don't have to travel far for medical care when they are sick."

The goal, they point out, is to lessen the fear surrounding a breast cancer diagnosis, and they hope to work together to find ways to improve the experience.

"What I've learned from my patients," says Dr. Zarfos, "is that it's frightening to be told you have an abnormal mammogram or ultrasound, and it's the unknown that makes a woman fearful. If we can provide reports the same day as well as a breast exam to complete the patient's evaluation, we are helping to eliminate the unknown."



Andrea Malon, MD, Chia-Chi Wang, DO, and Kristen Zarfos, MD. Photo courtesy of Middlesex Hospital

AN AGGRESSIVE DIAGNOSTIC PROGRAM

More than 250,000 women are diagnosed with breast cancer nationwide each year, and more than 40,000 die from the disease annually. Because early detection can improve the chances of survival – and catching cancer before it spreads makes it easier to treat – detection technology is at the forefront of Middlesex's breast program.

"We have a very aggressive diagnostic program," says Dr. Malon.

Like most medical centers in the United States, Middlesex offers digital mammography (which uses computer-based cameras for breast imaging, rather than film-based cameras).

But they also offer 3D mammography, which detects 47% more invasive cancers than traditional 2D mammograms and can eliminate unnecessary biopsies, Dr. Malon says. In fact, there are 31 percent fewer false positives when doctors use 3D mammography.

Other types of breast imaging like ultrasound and breast MRI may be used in patients with dense breasts, those with abnormalities on mammograms, or those at high risk for the disease.

Middlesex also offers molecular breast imaging

(MBI) which, according to Dr. Zarfos, is an important tool in patients who have several nodules in the breast, and can reduce the need for multiple biopsies. MBI is like a PET scan of the breasts – radioactive dye is injected into the bloodstream and accumulates in areas of malignancy, where cells are actively dividing, so that they "light up" on an image.

Cancers detected early are less likely to require total mastectomy, or removal of the breast; in fact, surgeons are performing fewer mastectomies each year because new technologies enable them to find cancers while they are still small, Dr. Zarfos says. Instead, the majority

of breast cancers can be treated with a partial mastectomy, or lumpectomy.

PILLARS OF BREAST CANCER TREATMENT

The four pillars of breast cancer treatment, according to Dr. Wang, are surgery, chemotherapy, endocrine therapy and radiation therapy. Not every patient requires every modality of treatment.

"For example," she says, "if a woman wants to have conservative breast surgery – that is, they don't want a mastectomy – most of the time they will require radiation,

because without radiation, you have a higher chance of local recurrence."

Studies have shown that women who have a lumpectomy, along with radiation, have the same survival rate as those who have a total mastectomy.

Depending on the size and type of the breast tumor, and whether cancerous cells have spread to the lymph nodes surrounding the breast, some patients will need chemotherapy after surgery; others will not. Exciting advances in genetics enable doctors to analyze the genomic makeup of a tumor and determine whether a cancer is likely to recur and how it might respond to treatment. The doctors at Middlesex use this kind of testing to help them determine whether or not chemotherapy is the appropriate course of treatment for a particular patient. Some cancers are dependent on hormones to grow; endocrine or hormone therapy can slow or stop the growth of hormone receptor-positive breast cancer tumors.

"No two breast cancers are the same," says Dr. Wang. "We are learning more and more about the subtle differences between one cancer and the other, and these differences affect the treatment plan. Breast cancer treatment today is more targeted and personalized than ever before."

GUIDING PATIENTS THROUGH THE PROCESS

Doctors Malon, Wang and Zarfos all say that an important part of their jobs is helping to guide patients through the treatment process.

"Once you tell patients what they have to cope with, that's the first step to dealing with the diagnosis and getting on with the process of being treated and healing," says Dr. Zarfos.

"Most importantly, this program is going to offer patients our time and complete, undivided attention – along with science-based care – so that they will feel that we value who they are as women."

– Dr. Zarfos

One unique feature of the Middlesex breast program, according to Dr. Malon, is that the institution has "nurse navigators" who help steer patients through treatment.

"They make sure the patients make all the appointments that they need, and help them with transportation, referrals to social workers, stress management professionals, integrative medicine programs, physical therapists – whatever they need," says Dr. Malon.

The other thing that sets Middlesex apart, she adds, is that it is truly a community

program.

"Our providers live here, our family and friends live here – we are dedicated to our community," says Dr. Malon.

At the same time, the doctors say, the breast program offers state-of-the-art care, not to mention that Middlesex's affiliation with Mayo Clinic means experts at that renowned institution are also accessible for consultation on complex cases.

Most importantly, says Dr. Zarfos, "this program is going to offer patients our time and complete, undivided attention – along with science-based care – so that they will feel that we value who they are as women. When I was teaching medical students, my message was that you should treat people the way you would want to be treated, giving them attention and answering their questions. We are going to do our best to give patients excellent care that is kind and compassionate."

Lori Miller Kase is a freelance writer living in Simsbury.

THE SMARTER CHOICE FOR



FROM LEFT

Chia-Chi Wang, D.O. Middlesex Hospital Cancer Surgeon

Kristen Zarfos, M.D. Middlesex Hospital Breast Surgeon

Andrea Malon, M.D.

Middlesex Hospital Cancer Center Medical Director, Breast/General Surgeon

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PERFECT PAIRINGS

by SCOTT CLARK

Tho doesn't like the thought of a cold refreshing beverage as the temperatures outside continue to rise? Hot summer days are a great opportunity to seek out light, fresh and crisp wines and beers. These choices can be enjoyed on their own after a hot afternoon of working in the yard or just lying on the beach. They also pair well with lighter summer fare like salads, or entrees like the Ceviche dish featured this month. See page 32.

CRISP REFRESHING WINES Sauvignon Blanc – The primary flavors of Sauvignon Blanc are lime, green apple, passion fruit, grapefruit and white peach. Depending on how ripe the grapes are when the wine is made, the flavor will range from zesty lime to flowery peach.

• Try Oyster Bay (New Zealand), Charles Krug (Napa) or Celestin Blondeau Sancerre (France)

Albariño – Albariño is a highquality, light-bodied white that grows mostly in Spain and Portugal. It's loved for its high acidity, refreshing citrus flavors, dry taste, and subtle saltiness.

• Try Martin Codax or Kentia (Spain)

Grüner Veltliner – The primary fruit flavors in Grüner Veltliner are lime, lemon and grapefruit. There is also a green and herbaceous flavor that is often described as white pepper.

• Try Laurenz V. Singing Grüner Veltliner or Groiss Grüner Veltliner (Austria)

ROSÉ

Rosés are among my all-time favorite summertime quaffers. They are so versatile that they are a must-pack with your picnics. They are served chilled, just like white wines, so slide a freezer sleeve over this wine, too. A rosé is also acidic, but the red wine it's made from offers a little more melon/ strawberry/red fruit qualities that pair well with many food types.

LIGHTER BEERS

Lighter beer styles (frequently lower alcohol) are great to enjoy during the dog days of summer. Enjoy offerings from local breweries in these styles:

Gose or Sour Beers - Gose beers provide a refreshing crispness and twang. A Gose will have a low hop bitterness and a complementary dryness and spice from the use of ground coriander seeds and a sharpness from the addition of salt. Sour beer is the oldest type of beer in history. Nearly all beer used to be at least somewhat sour before pasteurization and sterilization was entirely understood. Sours come in a wide range of styles and can run the gamut from mouth-puckeringly sour to barnyard funky to fruity and light.

- Try Thimble Island Gosaic (Branford) or Two Roads Sauvignon Blanc Gose (Stratford)
- Also: Sierra Nevada Otra Vez (North Carolina)

Pilsner – This style is medium bodied and characterized by high carbonation and tangy Czech varieties of hops that impart floral aromas and a crisp, bitter finish.

- Try Two Roads Ol' Factory Pils (Branford) or Connecticut Valley Brewing Company Sky's The Limit (South Windsor)
- Also: Oskar Blues Mama's Little YELLA Pils (North Carolina)

Session IPA – A session IPA combines the hoppiness of an IPA with the lower alcohol content of a session beer.

- Try Stony Creek L'il Cranky (Brandford) or Two Roads
- L'il Heaven (Stratford) • Also: Founders All Day IPA (Michigan)

Scott Clark is the general manager of Liquor Depot Inc.



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It's Like a Cool Ocean Breeze

written and photographed by **PRUDENCE SLOANE**

hen the temperature starts to climb into the upper regions, just the thought of turning on the stove makes my brow sweat. This is the time to chill out with cool foods. Fresh seafood, tangy limes, seasonal produce and fresh herbs make ceviche one of the most popular dishes in the coastal regions of Central and South America and it has rapidly found its way into the trendiest restaurants in North America. One can pay a pretty price for ceviche in a restaurant but it can be made at home economically and easily. Ceviche or (seviche) is a dish made with raw seafood. The acid in the citrus "cooks" the seafood by denaturing its proteins, the same way that heat does. But many people shy away from the idea of eating raw seafood, so make one with cooked shrimp. And to keep super cool in the kitchen, make it with store bought cooked shrimp so you don't have to even glance at the stove. There is no need to splurge on

Taux

the expensive jumbo shrimp as cocktail size, the smallest (and cheapest) size, is just as good, because you will be cutting them into smaller pieces. To keep this dish crisp and fresh yet highly marinated, I use raw corn and cucumber. I don't use avocado or tomato as they will break down and become soft quickly. Serve this as a fancy appetizer salad in a martini glass, or with tortilla chips for a crowd on a hot summer's day. For lunch, serve it inside crunchy corn tortillas. Another added bonus is that it's high in protein, low in carbs and calories – under 1 Weight Watchers "Smart Points" for 1 cup. It can be made three days ahead and kept chilled in the refrigerator.

Teviche

Prudence Sloane is a well-known television and radio personality, culinary educator and food writer as well as the founder of Prudence Sloane's Cooking School and Hartford City Food Tours. For more information, visit prudencesloane.com.

LIGHTER CHOICE: Cooked ceviche served on tortilla chips makes a refreshing alternative to guacamole or dips.





SUBSTITUTIONS: Tilapia is a good substitute for shrimp as it is a firm white fish which will hold up while cooking. Poaching is my preferred method for faux ceviche. Poaching gently cooks the fish without fear of overcooking. To poach: Bring a pot of salted water (one tablespoon salt per quart of water) to a boil. Remove from the heat. Lower the fish into the water. Cover the pot and let sit. The fish should be cooked for 10 minutes per 1-inch thickness of fish. It can be left in longer as it won't overcook. Gently remove the fish. Let cool, then dice and add to the recipe.

COOKED SHRIMP CEVICHE WITH LIME AND CORN

By Prudence Sloane

Makes 4 cups or 8 ½-cup appetizer servings or 8 large taco shell servings

1 lb peeled cooked shrimp
1 cup fresh raw corn kernels (about 1 ear)
2 cups ¼-inch diced, peeled and seeded cucumber (about 1 large)
½ cup fresh lime juice
½ cup orange juice
1½ - 2 tsp kosher salt to taste
½ -1 tsp habanero sauce to taste
1/3 cup 1/8-inch (very small) diced red onion
½ cup coarsely chopped cilantro

Dice the shrimp into ½-inch pieces. In a bowl combine all the ingredients except the olive oil. Let marinate in the refrigerator for at least 2 hours, preferably overnight to intensify the flavors. Keep well chilled. Serve with the marinade in a glass or bowl, or drain well if serving on a taco shell.

TALL, COOL TREAT: This dish makes an elegant appetizer or entreé on a hot summer's day.



Off the Beaten Path

A biologist and lover of "harsh, bad places" offers his clients extreme adventure.

by CARYN B. DAVIS

WET TREK: 2014 river crossing in central Iceland. Photo courtesy of Bruce Elfström

"We choose places not frequented by the average person. Places that can only be seen effectively with a welldriven 4x4 vehicle, the modern camel, the modern horse ..."



MAKING TRACKS: Dropping off the shoulder of a glacier after a crossing in Iceland in 2010. Photo courtesy of Bruce Elfström

Representation of the second strength of the

"We choose places not frequented by the average person. Places that can only be seen effectively with a welldriven 4x4 vehicle, the modern camel, the modern horse. We choose places such as Mongolia, Iceland, Peru, the Arctic, Patagonia, Bolivia and Brazil, that blend the natural environment with cultural interaction," says Elfström.

A biologist by training, Elfström likes to incorporate his love of nature when leading these trips, so in addition to learning how to operate a 4x4, his clients also learn about the country they are traversing. "Days are spent exploring and nights are spent in a wide assortment of first class facilities. I always have a geologist with me. My number one thing is to inform people about nature and other cultures. If I can get them to appreciate nature, in the end, they are going to protect it more. If I can inform about a culture, maybe we won't bomb the next culture that seems to have upset us," says Elfström.

Participants must train in the 4x4s before leaving the States. Elfström has created a five-mile wooded track on his 40-acre property in Connecticut, and has opened training branches in Colorado, North Carolina and Virginia. The rigorous obstacle course mirrors the terrain clients will experience in other parts of the world. It includes hills, ditches, side-slopes, moguls, sand, mud, water and rocks. Elfström also covers navigation, equipment preparation, emergency maneuvers, basic field repair and tactical procedures, some of which he learned from military personnel during his formative years in Lebanon.

Elfström was born in Connecticut to Barbro Elfström, a Swedish native, journalist and Middle East cultural expert. His father, Robert Elfström, was a racecar driver and award-winning filmmaker who directed the documentary "Johnny Cash: The Man, His World, His Music," along with numerous programs for PBS, National Geographic and the Smithsonian Institution.

"My mother started with murder mysteries and then



fell in love with the Middle East and Israel. She interviewed Israeli and Arab women and wrote a book about the Israeli-Palestinian conflict from their perspective," recalls Elfström.

When Elfström was 13, his parents divorced and he went to live with his mother in Lebanon. She had been sent

there by the United Nations in the mid-1970s to cover the civil war. Three weeks after their arrival, a major battled ensued.

"My brother and I sat in the house for four days in the only room without windows, waiting for it to subside. My mother was on the other side of the 'Green Line' [a no-man's land that separated the warring factions] and could not get back in. They blew off the top of the building. It was the beginning of many instances of being caught in crossfire. But when you are a kid, normality becomes what your experience is right there and then," recounts Elfström.

Shortly thereafter, he learned how to drive a Land Rover with a 70mm gun mounted to the roof through the streets of Beirut and the Bekaa Valley. The skills he acquired in Beirut ultimately shaped his future. He became close friends with



IMAX film. It was during this trip that the Mongolian Bankhar Dog Project was conceived. Photo courtesy of **Bruce Elfström**



SANDSCAPES: The team camped in Libya near the border with Egypt in 2001, while scouting for an OEX trip to the Sahara Desert. Photo courtesy of **Bruce Elfström**

local politicians and often retreated to their mountain homes to hunt for snakes, shoot machine guns and drive Range Rovers, which were common activities for boys in this region. Elfström had a deep appreciation for biology, animals and the great outdoors. The 4x4 vehicles granted him the mobile freedom he desired to explore those interests.

When Israel invaded Lebanon, Elfström left the country via transport ship and returned to the States. He pursued many professions that included reptile curator, fisherman and logger, but eventually relocated to New Mexico with his future wife Kacey, where he attended graduate school, teaching biology and physiology labs.

"In my field research, I used Land Cruisers. I'd been driving over people's study sites, but there was no disturbance. Soon I was hired to teach others how to drive these vehicles while being environmentally sensitive. I thought this could be a business so I went to the UK and got certified by Land Rover and at other four-wheel driving schools," says Elfström.

Another component to his business is consulting. Because of his tactical and practical knowledge of 4x4s and his understanding of how to move equipment through international borders, Elfström often acts as a fixer. For example, he once received an email from a group of Land Rover enthusiasts en route from England to Singapore. The group was delayed at the Chinese border because they didn't have the appropriate paperwork required in order to cross.

"I have connections in the State Department so I was able to help. Other times, I will go with people on their trip, or I train them how to do these things themselves," says Elfström.

Film companies frequently employ Elfström to support their crews in challenging locations or to appear in productions with scenes that require expedition driving. One Imax film he worked on entitled "Dinosaurs Alive!" turned into a five-year project.

"Two years prior to shooting, I went to Mongolia to location scout, to secure the large trucks we would need, and to arrange transportation for tens of thousands of pounds of equipment, 40 people and 17 vehicles across the Gobi Desert," says Elfström.

While in Mongolia, Elfström witnessed the devastation from a large pack of wolves that had attacked and killed 17 horses and 30 livestock in one community in the course of one night.

"It was mayhem. All the herders went out to try and kill

the wolves," Elfström says.

Historically, Elfström knew the Mongolians once had a livestock guardian dog called the Bankhar that was used to protect the herds. But during the Soviet occupation from the 1920s to the 1990s when the nomads were relocated to settlements, most of the dogs were wiped out. Many were killed for their pelts and turned into Russian coats.



"I decided it would

be a very simple thing to find these dogs in the corners of Mongolia where I am sure they existed and get a breeding group together and put them back into the herder's hands. It was a Mongolian solution to a Mongolian problem," Elfström says.

And with that, the nonprofit Mongolian Bankhar Dog Project (MBDP) was established in 2013.

Elfström spoke with herdsmen and village elders whose

RIDING HERD: A Nomad in northern Mongolia carries a herding stick called an urga. Photo by Soyolbold Sergelen

forefathers had kept these animals. He spoke with conservation groups to solicit their knowledge and involvement. He worked with Dr. Adam Boyko's Institute of Canine Biology at Cornell University to ensure

that the dogs chosen for breeding were not mixes of any sort with modern dogs, and that they were unrelated to one another. Any animals whose DNA indicated they were not pure Bankhar were excluded from the project. This was vital because many modern breeds have a shorter life span than the Bankhar, and are prone to diseases that this ancient canine is not.

"The Bankhar, like many other livestock guardian dogs



across Asia and Europe, is not a breed, but a 'landrace.' A landrace is a domesticated species of animal that has developed over time through adaptation to its natural and cultural environment of agriculture and pastoralism. Bankhar dogs have evolved and co-evolved with humans to fit to a very particular niche. The reason why a Bankhar dog looks and behaves as it does is to maximize its efficiency and effectiveness as a working



livestock protection animal," explains Elfström.

The MBDP started with 10 dogs, which has grown to 100. The organization built very large kennels to house them and the sheep that live alongside the puppies for the purpose of bonding. As the puppies are born and grow, they are placed in national parks across Mongolia, where many herding families live, and with the Snow Leopard Trust, whose mission is reduce the conflict between herders and predators.

The MBDP consults with local elders to determine which individuals or families can "adopt" a dog and maintain the strict three-year protocol set forth by the MBDP with regard to how they should be raised. If the dog succeeds with one family, there is hope it will succeed with another, and ultimately be able to protect the herds from predators BEST IN BREED: Scarface, one of MBDP's male Mongolian Bankhars at the breeding center. Photo by Soyolbold Sergelen

as these dogs were intended to do. Thus far, 60 pups have been placed.

The MBDP wants to use this program as a model that can be implemented in other parts of Mongolia and Central Asia. They also want to help the herders develop other revenue streams

such as selling sustainable cashmere or other forms of wool that can come from the camel or the yak.

Elfström's company, Overland Experts, is offering trips this year to Mongolia, where people will have a chance to help hands on with the MBDP while learning more about this fascinating culture.

For more information or to make a much-needed donation, log on to bankhar.org, or to reserve a spot for an upcoming trip to Mongolia or another exotic locale, log on to overlandexperts.com.

Caryn B. Davis is an architectural photographer and writer whose images and articles have appeared in more than 60 magazines. Her newly published best selling photography book, "A Connecticut Christmas," garnered high accolades in print, radio and television media and was featured in the New York Times' travel section and on NPR.

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Something Old, Something New

The Hartford Club offers networking, special events and philanthropic opportunities.

by TERESA M. PELHAM

hen Chris VanDeHoef needs to meet with a client, he could have them come to his home office, which isn't ideal for a variety of reasons. Or, he could park himself at a table at Starbucks, if he can find two seats, but sometimes

the music and the crowds are not conducive to business. The best meetings, he says, are the ones held at The Hartford Club. The young CEO of Penn Lincoln Strategies is always able to find a quiet spot to talk, and is able to share a good meal or a drink with someone who might not be familiar with the historic club.

Now marking its 145th anniversary, The Hartford Club is working on reinventing itself, infusing young professional blood into this private, downtown city club. It's a tall order, though: Part of the reason many remain longtime members of this business and social club is its traditional vibe, but change can bring about new ideas and new opportunities.

Recent renovations meant saying goodbye to oldfashioned carpeting and stiff furniture in the once dark-hued

> members' lounge in favor of comfortable seating, brighter tones, and restored original hardwood flooring. A recent gathering of board members in the lounge brought out glowing recommendations

> Standing, left to right: Chris VanDeHoef (board member, owner of Penn Lincoln), Ryan Keating (board member, owner of Keating Agency Insurance), Eric George (board member, president of Insurance Association of Connecticut). Seated, left to right: Michele Perrault Czarzasty (board member, retired), Melissa Biggs Esq. (partner, DePino, Nuñez, and Biggs, LLC.)



of the club, which became instant classic slogans.

"It's formal yet familiar," Michele Perrault Czarzasty, a board member and financial advisor with JP Morgan, says of Hartford's only city club.

"There was a lot of thoughtfulness to bring a more modern look while also retaining the feel of a traditional club," says Eric George, an insurance executive who also serves on the club's board of directors. "Even some of us stodgy folks have adjusted to the new look."

The historic upstairs cigar lounge also received a facelift: The carpet was pulled away to reveal original hardwood floors and a much more airy space was created.

"I don't think there's another club or restaurant around here where you could have dinner and then relax afterwards with a cigar," says Czarzasty. "The staff goes above and beyond. Justin [the bartender] has the Maker's Mark all set when my husband comes in. But it's really the [members] that make the club."

Like many private clubs, The Hartford Club generally does not allow members and guests to wear jeans while visiting. Just a few years ago, a survey was conducted to determine whether members would like to alter that rule. Overwhelmingly, it seems, members want to belong to a special place where folks are dressed a bit nicely. The no-jeans rule still applies.

"I just like it because everybody here calls me 'Mr. Keating,' " quips Ryan Keating, board member and principal of the Keating Agency.

Some 500 special events are held throughout the year, including "Finest Hours," afterwork social events that draw young professionals and raise funds for various charitable organizations. Other events include cigar dinners, wine and beer tastings, book club meetings, entrepreneur group meetings, bus trips, holiday dinners, and weddings.

While members pay an



The Hartford Club member lounge. Photo by **Flynn Photography**



The Hartford Club back patio. Photo by **Flynn Photography**



A happy couple at their Hartford Club wedding. Photo by **Brian Ambrose Photography**

annual fee, it's not necessary to be a member in order to book a wedding or other event there.

The Hartford Club is looking to boost its membership rolls, and spread the word about the benefits and amenities it offers in the heart of the city. "The best advertising is when people come in and see all the things we're doing," says Keating. "It's not necessarily what people think."

The benefits of belonging to The Hartford Club extend far beyond the 50,000 square feet of 46 Prospect Street. Reciprocal access to more than 1,000 clubs of different varieties across the country and worldwide means being able to stay in or visit a welcoming place while traveling for work or pleasure. Locally, reciprocal clubs include Wampanoag Country Club, Tumble Brook Country Club, and Hop Meadow Country Club.

"It makes it much more attractive if you have to travel for work," says George. "You know the food and the service are always going to be great."

Along with changes to the facility itself, the membership and leadership of the club are continuously evolving. It's hard to imagine that in the 1970s, a physical barrier – a threshold, if you will – kept women out of the main part of the club. Today, three members of the Board of Governors are women, as are three members of the Board of Directors.

"We're continuously working on expanding our diversity, and our membership has become more representative of our society," says George.

Teresa M. Pelham is a writer based in Farmington. She is the author of two children's books benefiting dog rescue. Contact Teresa at tpelham@ comcast.net or visit her website: www. roxysforeverhome.com.





GREAT VIEW: A child enjoys a family concert in Ozawa Hall. Photo by Hilary Scott



Tanglewood offers a cherished tradition for music lovers.

by MIKE BRIOTTA / photography courtesy of Tanglewood

concert at Tanglewood, in the rolling hills of the Berkshires, is more than just a retreat from rising temperatures. It's an enduring New England tradition. Like a trip to the shoreline, stocking up on sunscreen, or grilling a hot dog in the backyard, summer just wouldn't be complete without it.

Maybe you've felt a reverberation of sound waves bouncing off the wooden floor at Seiji Ozawa Hall. Heard a performance on the well-groomed grounds, hunkered down on your blanket and lawn chair. Or you've been stirred by a languid breeze, near dusk, while the Boston Symphony Orchestra performs its perennial Pops.

Anthony Fogg, artistic administrator, has experienced the site in its full splendor for nearly a quarter-century. Fogg's role includes big-picture thinking about upcoming artists.

"The longer you do this, the easier it becomes," Fogg explains. "It's like a jigsaw puzzle. You line up a few key pieces and, very gradually, the rest of the schedule fills out." Some of those key pieces – the cornerstones of a Tanglewood summer – are names like James Taylor, whose popular lyrics reference the dreamlike Berkshires.

Other recurring performers include famed cellist Yo-Yo Ma, a fan favorite throughout the years. A prodigious talent who became widely acclaimed in the 1980s, Ma frequently makes summer visits to Tanglewood's forest-enshrined stages.

Fogg fondly recalls previous performances by violinist Joshua Bell and classical pianist Emanuel Ax. He recalls that "Itzhak Perlman and Yo-Yo Ma were both young performers when they first played here."

While most fans have their own established favorites, it's just as important for Fogg to look to

AIN'T NO WAY TO HIDE YOUR LION EYES: Tanglewood's entrance is guarded by a majestic creature. Photo by Stu Rosner the future. "We have a large and strong following of existing patrons," he says. "And we also need to introduce the next generation of performers."

ROCK RENAISSANCE

For those aligned to rock, Tanglewood not only "salutes" you but also offers an intimate space for inspirational performances. According to Christopher Ruigomez, Tanglewood's assistant director, the venue established its rock roots some 50 years ago.

"On the rock side of Tanglewood, we've had popular artists including a performance of 'Quadrophenia' last year with Pete Townshend [of The Who]. We open with rock opera 'Tommy' this year and we'll have Roger Daltrey.

> That performance, with the orchestra, will be on June 15." Quadrophenia was a full orchestral performance last season, featuring singers such as 1980s pop star Billy Idol.

> > Fans of the classical side of Tanglewood may not realize that the summer home to the BSO was also a stopover for classic rock acts in the 1960s.



"Some of those big, iconic names have played at Tanglewood before," Ruigomez says. "The Who performed here a couple of times – the first time on their way to Woodstock." Famed promoter Bill Graham was another presence here.

He adds that the rock dates tend to fill up from June through July, and again at the end of summer, when the BSO tours Europe. David Crosby is one famous rocker scheduled for a return engagement this summer. Bands including Chicago and Jackson Browne have also performed in the past.

Harry Connick Jr. is coming back to Tanglewood this summer. Comedians Steve Martin and Martin Short are slated to perform in September, in a performance they wryly subtitled, "An evening you will forget for the rest of your life." Béla Fleck and the Flecktones will headline a show at Ozawa Hall.

MIDSUMMER NIGHTS

Tanglewood continues to balance newer music – as evidenced by performances by Evanescence and Train in recent years – with paying homage to the classics. Regardless of your generation, Tanglewood offers a full range of musical styles.

"Andy Grammer is one of the youngest performers we've got," says Ruigomez of the popular singer. "Many different generations are represented here. Young people are starting to get into the Tanglewood experience."

An interactive experience that bridges many generations is a tribute to Leonard Bernstein. "Young people will be coming to replicate some of the things he did," Ruigomez explains. "He was known for his interactive sessions with kids at Lincoln Center and Carnegie Hall, talking to them about music. We'll be celebrating elements of his life all summer." The Bernstein commemoration reflects a worldwide series of events for what would have been the conductor's centennial year.



IN THE GLOAMING: Tanglewood at dusk. Photo by Stu Rosner



STRINGS ATTACHED: The Boston Symphony Orchestra performs at Tanglewood. Photo by **Hilary Scott**

Other highlights include a performance by Alison Krauss, her first show here as a headliner, and a reprisal of the show "Wait, Wait… Don't Tell Me." Notable guests on that program have included former Red Sox pitcher and free spirit Bill "Spaceman" Lee and former Massachusetts governor Deval Patrick.

For many returning fans, including the assistant director, the hallowed space itself holds a unique charm. The emerald grounds hold a tangible allure. He views these rolling green fields the way a baseball fan sees the diamond.

"There's something about Fenway Park grass, and Tanglewood grass is a close second," says Ruigomez. "It's pretty special too. I have great memories walking the grounds, getting to see them empty. And also when there are 18,000 people here."

BUCOLIC BANDSTAND

For the eclectic conductor Keith Lockhart, all points on the musical spectrum are fair game. He's led the Boston Pops for more than two decades, performing alongside some of the most notable names in modern entertainment.

"Audiences who come to hear the Pops at Tanglewood are exposed to the widest possible range of musical expression possible from an orchestra," says Lockhart. "Over the years, this has included traditional light classics, some of the hottest of Broadway stars, rockers like Melissa Etheridge, and a Jerry Garcia tribute."

His precursor, famous cinematic composer John Williams, once advised Lockhart to be a good steward of the Boston Pops. Lockhart vowed to keep its most essential qualities alive in the Berkshires.

"Our job is to complement the programming with some of the best programs and guest artists the Pops has to offer," he says. "We are always excited to perform at Tanglewood, which exposes us to large audiences who are not necessarily among our crowd in Boston."

Asked about his best memories working with celebrity performers in the Berkshires, the director has an abundance to choose from. "Oh, there have been so many!" he says. "Over the last couple years, though, my time on stage with Bernadette Peters, Jason Alexander, Seth MacFarlane, and Pete Townshend performing his 'Classic Quadrophenia' really stands out."

Tanglewood is an idyllic summertime home for music's biggest names. It's also a slice of Americana that only lasts for one fleeting season at a time – as ephemeral as beach trips, barbecues, and bikinis. For musicians and fans alike, the pastoral landscape surrounding Stockbridge Bowl is a magical place.

"The beauty and serenity of the setting, I believe, help people put aside their daily cares and concentrate on the music," says Lockhart. "People come to Tanglewood solely because they want to be uplifted by the music. We try to give them that."

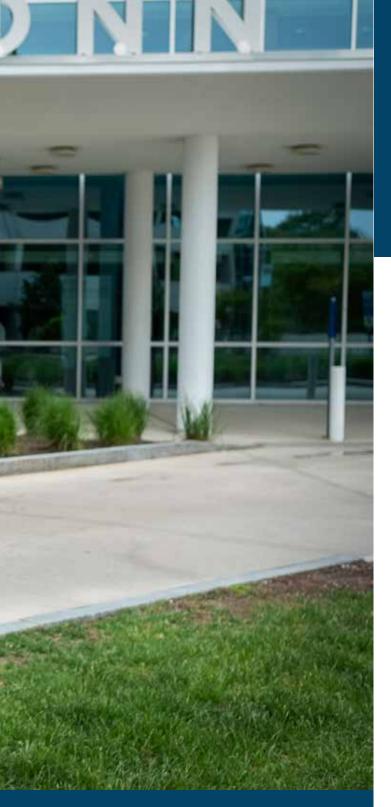
Mike Briotta is a writer living in western Massachusetts. His fondest musical memories include attending James Taylor and Carole King summer concerts at Tanglewood with his wife Kelly.



ADVERTORIAL

Dr. Madina Falcone: An ophthalmologist with an eye for beauty

by STAFF / photography by SESHU PHOTOGRAPHY



THE EYES HAVE IT: Dr. Madina Falcone outside UConn Health's Outpatient Pavilion in Farmington.

As a board-certified ophthalmologist, Dr. Madina Falcone diagnoses eye diseases, including vision loss, diseases of the retina, cataracts and glaucoma.

adina Falcone, M.D., M.S. is an Oculoplastic and Reconstructive surgeon with UConn Health in Farmington, specializing in cosmetic, orbital, and reconstructive surgery.

As a board-certified ophthalmologist, she diagnoses eye diseases, including vision loss, diseases of the retina, cataracts and glaucoma.

As an orbital (or oculoplastic) surgeon, she performs eye plastic surgery and reconstructive surgery of abnormalities affecting the eyelids, eye tissue, and tear ducts – such as thyroid eye disease, masses and lesions of the orbit – and inflammatory diseases, all of which can all impact someone's facial appearance.

Passionate about her work and eager to improve her patients' lives – physically, mentally, and aesthetically – Dr. Falcone is excited by every new challenge and opportunity to learn something new in her field.

She grew up in California and received her medical degree in 2008, graduating with highest distinction from Rosalind Franklin University of Medicine and Science, Chicago Medical School. She completed her residency in ophthalmology at Boston University Medical Center from 2008 to 2012, and her fellowship in ophthalmic reconstruction and orbital surgery at Tufts University School of Medicine in 2013 and 2014.

She joined the staff of UConn Health four years ago and moved to Farmington, where she lives with her husband, Todd Falcone, MD (who also is a UConn Health physician) and their two young children.

Seasons Magazines: Why did you decide to become an ophthalmologist and then further specialize in oculoplastic surgery?

Madina Falcone: I always enjoyed working with my hands. And being an artist myself, I've always enjoyed painting. There's a really tight-knit connection between art and your eyesight. I wanted to go into a specialty that would combine the two.

What drew me to ophthalmology in the first place was that I knew there was a lot of variety in what you could

do within the field, a lot of potential. I also knew it was considered one of the more competitive specialties when I was in medical school, but I always liked competition – a little friendly competition drives you, makes you more aware of your surroundings. I also like that ophthalmology has continuity of care; you continue seeing your patients throughout their lifetimes; you really build a rapport.

SM: What is most satisfying about your work?

MF: I get a chance to really focus on a particular area of the face, its anatomy and

structure, how it will behave surgically, and how a patient will respond. I'm a perfectionist and I like having the perfect outcome and working with people's eyes and their facial expressions.

Your eyes are very expressive. They really tell people how you feel. It gives my patients an opportunity to change their perception of themselves and helps them feel better. It gives people a better aesthetic outcome after surgery, whether [they have] eyelid cancer or orbital tumors or orbital disease. My job is to reconstruct the eyelid and give a patient a functional eyelid that works, but it should also be beautiful. I love my specialty because I get to do both every time I operate.

SM: It sounds like the medical and aesthetic aspects of your work are fully integrated. Is that right?

MF: Yes. Surgery can be divided into the functional, something you do to fix the medical problem, and cosmetic surgery, the aesthetic aspects of the face. But for me, they're not separate; they go hand in hand. I do surgery to lift a droopy eyelid so the patient can see better, but also employ the artistic component of a more beautiful eyelid.

SM: Are there many doctors in Connecticut doing this kind of reconstructive eye surgery?

MF: It's definitely a smaller sub-specialty. There are fewer women ocular plastic surgeons, but there is definitely an increase in female surgeons [overall], which has been an advantage for me coming out of medical school, and also kind of empowering.

SM: What do you see as the benefits of being a female surgeon?

MF: Being a surgeon has a perceived image of being this very domineering, strong, opinionated person. I think female surgeons have the gift of being able to work well with our hands and also being compassionate and nurturing – being able to balance our work, families, personal lives,

"There are always new medical therapies coming out, ways of managing very complex disorders, new diseases being diagnosed and defined. There is always something new to learn. I don't think any field in medicine is stagnant that way. I feel like it's an exciting time in medicine, with a lot of new developments and thought processes. "

– Dr. Madina Falcone

children. One of my greatest joys is having an amazing family and wonderful kids, and at the same time, I have a career I love.

SM: What do you like about being on the UConn Health team?

MF: The attitude and forward thinking at UConn. It's very encouraging of collaboration – doctors working together and being supportive of one another. It's an academic medical center, a teaching hospital, so we do very complicated surgeries. I am affiliated with the departments of dermatology

and otolaryngology, and I work with all kinds of surgeons, dermatologists, endocrinologists, infectious disease doctors and internal medicine physicians. A lot of multidisciplinary interactions occur.

SM: Can you share any stories you're particularly proud of, where you feel you've made a real difference in the quality of a patient's life?

MF: I recently saw a patient with really advanced thyroid eye disease and she underwent bilateral orbital decompression surgery. She's been doing extremely well, her vision is stabilized, and she's no longer in danger of losing vision from the disease. And I was able to do rehabilitative surgery around her eyes to make them look and feel better.

In the same week, I saw a post-operative patient who underwent cosmetic bilateral upper and lower eyelid surgery. It was age-related; she had excess skin, bags under the eyes. The patient wanted to look and feel better, and she looks fabulous. She's really happy and is telling all her friends. It's one of my favorite surgeries.

SM: Where do you see this field 10 years from now?

MF: There are always new medical therapies coming out, ways of managing very complex disorders, new diseases being diagnosed and defined. There is always something new to learn. I don't think any field in medicine is stagnant that way. I feel like it's an exciting time in medicine, with a lot of new developments and thought processes.

Amy Barry has been publishing feature stories and reviews for 30 years. She has been awarded more than a dozen first places for her columns by Society of Professional Journalists, CT chapter. She also facilitates expressive art and writing workshops and retreats.

Photographer Seshu Badrinath of Avon specializes in intimate, natural portraits of families and children. Visit seshuphotography.com

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> Seasons' writers, photographers and illustrators were recognized for their work with the following awards:

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1 st place - Matthew Dicks, Humorous Column 1 st place - Alycia Chrosniak, Feature Photo 1 st place - Bob Engelhart, Editorial Cartoon

2nd place - Matthew Dicks, Humorous Column 2nd place - Patricia Chaffee, Sports Feature 2nd place - Matthew Broderick, Leisure 2nd place - Nick Caito, Feature Photo

3rd place - Amber Jones, Feature Photo 3rd place - Carol Latter, Sports Feature 3rd place - Tovah Martin, Leisure



Written by **Matthew Dicks** Illustrated by **Sean Wang**



A Day to Forgive

B very year on Feb. 1, Americans turn their gaze to Punxsutawney, Penn., with hopes that the groundhog they drag forcefully from its burrow will not see its shadow.

Groundhog Day. A holiday starring a reluctant rodent and a stupid superstition that is meteorologically meaningless regardless of presence of a shadow.

Every year on Feb. 14, the price of roses quadruples as listless couples sit at candlelit tables and stare at iPhone screens while waiting for their chicken piccata, and singletons bemoan a day dedicated to the romantic love that has thus far eluded them and probably always will.

Valentine's Day. Americans spend millions of dollars every year every on this supposedly romantic moment that is often filled with angst, expense and regret.

Even New Year's Day is kind of dumb. It's a federal holiday, so at least most Americans enjoy a day off, but why? We survived another year? We need time to dispose of the previous year's calendars? We require a full 24 hours in order to decide upon a New Year's resolution that will almost assuredly be abandoned 72 hours later?

The problem with so many holidays like these is that they result in no lasting effect. They are meaningless, pointless expenditures of effort. Days filled with dashed hopes and unfulfilled dreams. General stupidity.

But not all holidays are stupid.

Mother's Day, for example, leaves moms feeling slightly less ignored for 1/365th of the year.

Thanksgiving brings families together for genuine moments of love and political discontent.

The Fourth of July reduces the median number of fingers on stupid Americans considerably.

Christmas drives the U.S. economy while slaughtering millions of evergreen trees.

But so many of our holidays achieve

none of these lasting impacts. I like a holiday that leaves something behind. Some lasting effect. Some meaningful change.

This is why I adore and celebrate the often-ignored summertime holiday, Forgiveness Day.

July 7. A day when we are supposed to find forgiveness for those who have transgressed against us in the previous year.

Forgiveness. This is a lasting effect. The transition from one state of being to another. Forgiveness can make a real difference in our lives.

This year, for example, I plan to forgive my children, Clara and Charlie, for their constant fight over who gets to sit beside my wife at dinner while I sit silently across the table, trying not to be offended by these small, thoughtless, hate-filled monsters.

This year I intend to forgive my cats, Pluto and Tobi, for the many nights spent running across my face while I sleep. Yes, it's true. Our home is 2,300 square feet, not counting a basement in which they spend large amounts of time, yet this pair of four-legged devils often find the need to run across the one square foot of space that my face occupies at any given moment.

It's awful and stupid and possibly malicious, but on July 7, I will forgive them.

Until they do it again.

This year I will try to forgive every waiter who tries to upsell me a stupid bottle of sparkling water, and then, when I decline, walks away from me like I'm some kind of deadbeat dad. Sparkling water is stupid, and it's not sparkling. It's carbonated. It's Diet Coke minus everything that makes Diet Coke liquid gold. It's an added expense designed to increase the bill and therefore the tip, when in reality, I'm much more likely to tip well if the waiter simply brings me "still water," which everyone else just calls water, and leaves the green bottle of nonsense where it belongs.

Still, I will try forgive these waiters, as difficult as it may be.

I will not, however, forgive the beverage snobs who look upon my Diet Coke like planet-killing poison and constantly warn me about its implication upon my health despite the fact that they haven't seen the inside of a gym in two decades and take the elevator to ascend a single floor.

Forgiveness has its limits, and the beverage snob is one such limit.

I will, however, find it in my heart this year to forgive the old lady with the walker at CVS who cut me in line a couple months ago, forcing me to call her out with a strongly worded, verbal admonition (because I don't discriminate against people with disabilities or the elderly in any way whatsoever), which led to everyone else standing in line hating me for calling her out.

I forgive the old lady who cut me in line. It was a heinous and despicable act, but on Forgiveness Day, I can find forgiveness for her.

I think.

But there will be no forgiveness

for the jerks in line who judged me on that day. That elderly woman cut me. I had every right to let her have it. But they had no right to their side-eyes and exasperated sighs. No right to look upon me like I was some kind of insensitive cretin.

No forgiveness for them. Let's be realistic. It's Forgiveness Day. Not Miracle Worker Day.

Matthew Dicks is a West Hartford elementary schoolteacher. He is the author of the new novel, The Perfect Comeback of Caroline Jacobs, as well as Memoirs of an Imaginary Friend, Something Missing, and Unexpectedly, Milo, which have been translated into 25 languages worldwide. Learn more at matthewdicks.com.

Sean Wang, an MIT architecture graduate, is author of the sci-fi graphic novel series, Runners. Learn more at seanwang.com



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