

Office hours: Thursdays, 10 - 1
[When classes in session: 9 - 3]
Ph. 207-338-8033



Email: info@belfastseniorcollege.org
www.belfastseniorcollege.org

Senior College
at Belfast

Corona Chronicles XXXXVIII



Happy Valentine's Day!



Photo by John McClenahan
This photo says it all - our life in February

New at School, 1959

Nancy Perkins



I was new at the High School having recently relocated to Virginia from San Antonio, Texas. I was 15 years old and didn't know a single person at the school, named for a hometown hero and Navy Medal of Honor recipient.

From the first day in this new "civilian" school I found it difficult to meet anyone. I knew my clothes were all wrong, my saddle shoes were brown not black, my plaid dress was far more appropriate for a 12 year old. I carried a two handled book bag rather than a smart leather shoulder bag. All the girls had pleated skirts and brightly colored sweater sets with small round circle pins. I wanted to fit in but I really didn't know how. The teachers were kind to me but my classmates ignored me. I knew if I had the right clothes I would fit in and they would like me.

When my grandmother came to visit she brought me an off-white pleated skirt and a navy blue lambswool sweater set. Even with my brown saddle shoes this outfit looked perfect to me. As I dressed for school the next day I dreamed of being

accepted and making many new friends. I proudly walked into my homeroom smiling and happy. I heard giggles and noticed girls whispering to one another. Were they talking about me? A boy stood up and loudly said “Who does she think she is, a cheerleader?”



Five Oaks Farmstead. Photo by George Frangoulis

Miscellanea

Janet Williams



An apple crowned with leaves
Alone on the table
Blemishes marking one side
I'll eat it when I'm able

The apple falls from the tree
It hits the ground and is free
Free to run and skip and jump
Watch out! Here comes a great big bump

Black bear on the roam
Searching for berries all day
Their most favorite food

Sweet doves sing of love
Their song is not heard by one
Whose heart is broken



Thoughts for the Day



If we merge mercy with might, and might with right, then love becomes our
legacy and change, our children's birthright.

AMANDA GORMAN

Hold a true friend with both hands.

NIGERIAN PROVERB

Be grateful for what you have and be ready to share it when the time comes.

MICHELLE OBAMA

I no longer want to have anything to do with love that forgets to be grateful.

THOMAS MERTON

[Courtesy of Gratefulness.org](http://CourtesyofGratefulness.org)

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