



Hi

WINTER 2010



Neighbor!

**News & Information for Neighbors & Friends
of the Rock Creek Woods Community**

RCW 50th Anniversary Recap

Our 50th Anniversary weekend was a great success socially, historically and even financially. While we all enjoyed the party, house tours, wine tasting and outdoor concert, we might not all be aware of the bottom line. The committee brought in \$4,007.25 (\$547.60 of which were donations). Many committee members absorbed their own costs for computer supplies, photos and a variety of other materials and services. After weekend expenses, book order costs etc., there is a profit for the RCWCA of \$951.85!

The 50th Anniversary Book was a great success, with 40 additional copies ordered by our weekend guests. More than 150 copies have been printed and sold.

A donation of \$100 was approved by the Civic Association and made to the Good Shepherd Church for letting us use their space. It and an anniversary book were delivered by Annabel Kaufman.

Check out the **Photo Gallery** section of our RCWCA website (<http://www.rockcreekwoods.org>) to see photos from our RCW 50th Anniversary celebration.

Special thanks to our 'in-hood' photographers, Mike Hoyt and May Nakamura!

The Cats of Rock Creek Woods

Motek Introduces the Neighborhood



My name is Motek, Cat-in-Residence at 4015 Ingersol – Annabel and Paul Kaufman's house. Before I introduce you to the cat population of Rock Creek Woods, a few words about myself. I'm not an American cat. I'm from Israel, born in 1995. When I was very small, I was on my own in the streets and alleys of Tel Aviv.

I quickly got into trouble – crawled into a pipe and couldn't get out. Thought I would die. I howled as loud as I could, and guess who rescued me? None other than Steve Kaufman, then studying at Tel Aviv University. Steve took me to his dorm room, wrapped me in a towel and fed me milk with a medicine dropper. After a week, I graduated to chicken scraps, but never milk and meat in the same meal – Steve respected kashrut.

The other fellows didn't like me and, when I was feeling better, they insisted Steve put me out at nights, never mind the weather. Don't feel sorry for me. We Israeli felines get along on our own. We are not soft and pampered like American cats. I chased around with the other Tel Aviv cats. They taught me the pleasures of life. You ask for details? Girlfriends? Please. . . . That's my private life.

Mornings, I figured out how to let myself back into the dorm room. There was this half-door. I jump up, reach over the top and push on a lever, and – bingo – the door opens. There was a small refrigerator. It had a handle, too. At first I

--Cont. on Page 2

Cats of RCW Continued:

couldn't get it open. But with the help of my Palestinian cat friend, Mammad, we worked it out. We ate like kings that day, I tell you. Those mumsers living with Steve learned that food not in sealed containers would be eaten by yours truly.

June 1996, Steve returned to Rock Creek Woods carrying me in a cage. When we arrived at 4015 Ingersol I sensed I was not really welcome. I pretended a need to relieve myself, was let out of the house, and spent the next five days exploring the neighborhood. I marked the territory the way we cats do, made it mine – a cat colony of Eretz Yisrael. I chased field mice. Most important, I rubbed noses with those few local pussy cats that wandered about, and I learned how American cats get along with people.

When I finally returned to 4015, I made nice to Annabel and Paul. They were lying on the bed together. I jumped up between them, laid down and purred away quietly. I think from then on we became friends.

You know what? Their house has lots of little mice. I would chase after them and do them in. This was nothing like Tel Aviv, but it was fun just the same. Only Annabel (“owner Mom” I must call her) didn't like me torturing mice in the living room. What's wrong with that? When they are in my power, they must accept the consequences.

Owner mom sensed that I was very nervous about food – I have this constant fear that I might go hungry. She keeps my food bowl filled all day even if it is not mealtime. I found this reassuring. Owner mom would always quickly re-fill the bowl if I found it empty and started to twitch. First Steve, then owner mom and also Paul showed me true love, and I began to feel really comfortable at 4015. I realized that this is my home and that I, an Israeli cat, was really a part of the Kaufman family.

Years have gone by. I don't go outside anymore. I stopped chasing mice. In the winter I lie all day by a heat vent. Through owner Mom I learned to use the computer and have carried on a wonderful correspondence with Callie, for a long time cat-in-residence at 4010 Ingersol, but now no more. I share some of our correspondence a in few pages.

But first, let's meet the other cats of Rock Creek Woods.

Amber, Luna & Nala of 3942 Rickover



My name is Amber. I adopted Melanie and Barry when I walked into their house about 8 years ago. I decided that they were the humans I wanted. You can recognize me by my long fur and orange coloring. I have two siblings. Luna (who is a boy...Mom and Dad didn't know he was a boy when they named him) who is a year younger than me, 7 years old. He is a tuxedo cat. He tends to get a little cranky, but we love him anyway. Nala came to live with us about 5 yrs ago. Since then we have been one big, usually, happy family.

We moved into the neighborhood last July. This is a nice house, but our other house had a screened porch. I miss that porch. I let mom and dad know about it every day (and sometimes throughout the night). They keep saying that we are getting a screened porch, but it's not soon enough.

I see other cats outside. I wish I could be out there too. It would be fun to chase the birds, squirrels and deer that come through our yard.

Barry is my human. I'm with him almost every chance I get. Nala has adopted Melanie. Luna loves them both equally (strange cat).

If you come over, you will probably see Nala; she likes people. I won't run away, but I'll continue to sleep wherever I am. Luna will run and hide. I could tell you where he will be hiding, but that would upset him.

We're really glad we got to come with Mom and Dad to the new house. We were scared when the movers were there.



**Periwinkle, Macy & Magic
of 3908 Rickover**

Hey there, Motek! I, HRH Periwinkle, write on behalf of myself and two other kitties residing at 3908 Rickover. I personally have lived here about 12 years longer than my present servants, Rhonda Teranto and Tim Rinkel. I love the house and neighborhood so much that I couldn't bear to leave when my former servants, Barbara and John Everett, moved to Colorado. I am now 15 and remain queen of my kingdom.

Two interlopers (now known as Macy and Magic or the "kids", a boy and a girl) presented themselves for Christmas in 2007 – stray kittens who just showed up on my doorstep. The nerve! To endear themselves to the servants, the kids like to bring presents home to them- birds, mice, moles, voles and snakes, and let's not forget the gloves, ski caps, pine cones... you get the picture. You have probably seen one or all of us in the neighborhood.

I look forward to learning about the other kitties in the kingdom and can't wait to pose for my portrait.

Sincerely, HRH Periwinkle.



Sandy of 4010 Ingersol

My name is Sandy. I am a cream-colored tabby. About a year ago, my owner mom (May Nakamura) rescued me from the Montgomery County Humane Society. Unfortunately, nobody wanted to adopt me, because I was 13 years old. Families would come by with children, squeal over cute little kitties, take one home, but just ignore mature cats like me. From time-to-time, one Humane Society worker took older cats like me from their cages, cats that have been around a while. Those cats never returned. I don't know where such cats went. To the woods where they would have to fend for themselves? If I had to go, who would feed me? Where would I sleep? Stay warm and dry? Each time I saw that man come to the cages I got scared that he was coming for me and was sure I never would survive alone in the woods. Lucky me! I was adopted by May Nakamura.

May was bereaved of her beloved cat, Callie, so I learned. May – owner mom I have learned to call her – wanted a mature cat like me, rather than a little kitty. We could grow older together, she said.

At home now, I spend much time on the sofa. Owner mom brushes me, and then we have a game. Owner mom holds up a feathered toy on a stick. I catch it with my paws and mouth. This game hones my skills for catching mice.

Once I caught a mouse. As I was carrying it around, owner mom called out, "Sandy, don't hurt it." I turned around and opened my mouth to reply, and mousie got away. What a bummer! I chased it around but didn't find it. Oh well, another day; another mouse.

I sleep a great deal; I eat a great deal. We seniors need our beauty sleep and sustenance, you know. I love it here at Rock Creek Woods. Soon, I hope to meet through e-mails, a neighbor cat named Motek, who I am told is somebody very special. I am so excited! Purrrr.



Asparagus and Sandy at the Hoyt's

I am Asparagus, a resident at 3922 Rickover Road, along with Sandy. Sandy is too lazy to respond herself so I'll just let you know about her. She just sits around just as she has been doing for over 14 years. I, on the other hand, love to wander around; and I think I know everyone in the neighborhood – at least I try! Sandy came from Sandy Spring Friends School – a tiny irresistible kitten in a cardboard box. Catherine somehow found her appealing. I was born in Pennsylvania. Catherine adopted me when she was in college there some 2-1/2 years ago. She couldn't take me along so I wound up with her parents. I guess Catherine will take me back when she settles down somewhere, whenever that might be.... till then, I like having so many people friends here at Rock Creek Woods.



Misu Linda of Spruell Drive

I am a seven year old Siamese cat, chocolate pointed. I live with Martha Reeser, a gift from her nephew. There were six of us in the litter, but only I had these distinct chocolate points of our mother.

"Misu Linda." That's an odd name, you may think. Martha gave me that name in memory of her mother back in Venezuela. She had a cat and called to it, "Misu, misu, misu. . ."

I am an indoors cat and also a solitary creature. In the house with Martha, I follow her around all day – don't let her out my sight; but, when a stranger calls, I hide. I don't know why I am so shy.

Martha and I have a game: She tosses something down across the room; I run after it, pick it up and bring it back. I can do this all day, but Martha cannot.

At bed-time, we have a special routine. Martha throws my toys down the stairs. I chase after them and carry them back and forth. Finally, I put them all in the closet where they belong, climb upstairs, get on to my own special cot in Martha's bedroom and fall fast asleep.

Four Cats at 3915 Rickover Road

[3915 Rickover is a house of cats – surprise presents Charlie gave to Kathryn and Kathryn to Charlie, who passed away just over a year ago. Kathryn will explain. – Motek]

Sangio and Syrah were Charlie's birthday presents to me. Sangio (short for Sangiovese), an orange tabby, is an outdoors cat with a custom built, waterproof, insulated house outfitted with a heated cat bed and a deck for lounging. Big surprise: This outdoor cat is a scaredy cat. After making it known that he is hungry by pounding on the windows Sangio runs away as soon as I come out to feed him. At other times he comes to me and can't get enough brushing or petting.

Sangio catches moles. He often stares at the ground then pounces on some no-longer-of-the-underworld mole. If moling was an Olympic event (and if cats had Olympics), Sangio would corner the market in medals.

With her jet black coat, Syrah was a Halloween card cover girl. Unlike her brother, Syrah was fearless, and, unfortunately for the Rickover birds, she was a lethal weapon. We tried all sorts of bells and other noisy collar accessories, but nothing hand-capped her as a huntress. Sadly, Syrah developed a vaccine-associated sarcoma and we lost her prematurely. Now, I vaccinate my cats without the adjuvant, and I monitor the injection site to catch any potential inflammatory response before it's too late. There is a non-profit organization created to educate the public about this type of cancer in cats (www.vas-awareness.org).

Tanina was my present to Charlie on his 70th birthday. In keeping with the wine theme in cat names, we translated the word tannin into Italian (Tanino/Tanina). She is a torte – mostly black with orange highlights. One day she came home with a broken leg – much as we asked, she never did tell us how it happened – and it took several months to get it straightened out. Through all the vet visits and setbacks, she remained as sweet as ever – an inspiration to me whenever I feel especially irritable or irascible.

A month after his 70th, Charlie got a second cat present: Razy (short for Shiraz). A friend stealthily dropped Razy off unbeknownst to Charlie. All of a sudden out of the corner of his eye, he saw a plump all-black kitten dance across the dining room floor. She entered the house like it had always been hers and promptly began to attack the older and significantly larger Tanina! If Tanina defended herself, Razy would cry and we would scold Tanina, who would move away. Razy would run and take another flying leap onto her. Sometimes I wonder if Razy is the company Tanina would have chosen on her own.

One day in Petsmart, as we passed cages with cats available for adoption, Charlie started laughing. "This calico with the black rings around her eyes reminds me of Tallulah Bankhead and her sunglasses." Later, I told Charlie I had to meet a friend but instead, I went back to Petsmart and adopted Tallulah. After all, it was near Charlie's birthday and he had already named her. Furious for exactly 20 seconds (or less), after a resigned sigh and a smile, he picked up Tallulah and nicknamed her Lulu. Lulu is not unlike her strong willed and independent namesake. She is also a wanderer, and I am often found walking the neighborhood with my flashlight in the evenings calling for her to come home.

Charlie is no longer with me, but I have our birthday presents to remind me of the wonderful years we spent together. What

great company they are indeed! I take them to our house in Maine, and am never really alone.



King Tomcat Tippy

In a twinge of great generosity, I will deign to be counted in the Rock Creek Woods cat census. My name is Tippy Kassebaum. The lucky party who gets to feed me is Pat Kassebaum at 3928 Rickover Road. I emerge only after dark, so you may not have made my acquaintance. I am, however, a distinguished feline who closely resembles the renowned Socks, of White House fame. I, of course, am prettier.

In my earlier years, I was a wayfarer in Rock Creek Woods – one of the bands of lost, down-on-their-luck felines seeking handouts at the doors of lower Rickover. Pat Kassebaum rescued me after I was badly injured by some great beast in the woods.

I am a male cat: SIR Tippy, not MISS Tippy. At my first visit to the vet, I was declared female (by a lady veterinarian, yet). Pat consulted a second vet (it took her two years to do this), who observed that female cats generally don't have penises. I hope I have achieved my proper respect in the world as a MALE TOM.

Today, my main responsibility as Rickover Royalty is to make sure my caretaker understands the absolute necessity of EIGHT TREATS PER DAY. MINIMUM. MY RIGHTFUL DUE. NO THANKS NEEDED. However, petting privileges are liberally dispensed when satisfaction is given. I look forward to hearing about other, doubtless lesser, cats in this excellent neighborhood.

--Tippy

How Zachary Adopted the Binckes

Back in 1996, suffering from an empty nest syndrome – both girls out of the home – Jeff and Betsy Binckes felt that a cat would relieve the emptiness of their home and lives. “Let’s go to the SPCA kennel and adopt a cat,” Betsy said. She had a pretty clear idea of the sort of cat they would like. Wandering past all those cages, she searched.

Jeff followed along, walking right against the cages. A yellow cat stuck out its paw and stroked Jeff’s leg. Jeff took no notice and continued on. Coming back, this ginger cat reached out to Jeff again. No cat (or dog for that matter) had ever done this to Jeff before. Jeff stopped and asked the manager if he could hold the cat. “Sure thing, Jeff,” he said.

And so, while Betsy was searching for a ‘just the sort of cat they would like,’ Jeff trailed just behind with this yellow cat in his arms. There was no letting go.

Betsy looks back and takes stock: “Jeff, would you like this cat?”

The answer was obvious. “Well, let’s take him” said Betsy.

They filled out the necessary papers. “His name is Zack” said the manager. Betsy sniffed: “A Binckes cat has to have a proper name. Let’s call him “Zachary.”

And so it was. That’s how Zachary became part of the Binckes household.

At some later date, we will learn how Zachary got used to the arrival of Bailey, the cocker spaniel, and what it was like to go back and forth to New Hampshire.



For more Cat Stuff, including an article about Jan Downing’s cats and the complete story of Motek, see the RCW website.

The Callie – Motek Correspondence

[As I got older, I didn’t chase around outside like I used to. I had a pen-pal, Callie, who lived across the street. We corresponded via e-mail, with the help of our respective owner-moms. Here’s a few extracts from our correspondence. – Motek]

Message from Motek to Callie, Oct. 21, 2003: I have a morning register, too. It seems we have a similar morning routine. Do you move to a sunny spot later in the day and lie on your back to get your tummy warm? My owner mom and dad don’t realize how busy I am between my stretching and sunning in different places, using my scratching post, and running up and down stairs to check my food dish. . . .

Message from Callie to Motek, Nov. 2, 2008, 10:57 PM: There has been a mousies invasion here. One night, while owner mom was sitting at the dining room table, mousie and I ran right under the table and around the room. It was a great chase. Every time I caught up with the little varmit, I tossed it up in the air. Owner mom said: “Callie, mousie is dead. Leave it alone.” Huh? Leave it alone? Me, Callie, leave a mousie alone? No way, Motek. Not until it gives up. When it did, I just left it there for owner mom to find in the morning. . . .

Message from Motek to Callie, Nov. 3, 2008, 4:41 PM: I am SO HAPPY to have a message from you, my dear friend. My owner mom and dad made me feel pretty guilty about your ability to catch mice and protect your home. I was good at one time, but our mouse activity slowed down, and I have switched to jumping on camel crickets when I need exercise. . . .

Message from Callie’s owner mom (May Nakamura) to Motek, Jan. 14, 2009, 6:18 PM: Callie had intended to write, but she did not feel up to it. I am sorry to tell you that she passed away this evening. I am glad she had you as such a good friend. She loved receiving your e-mails and reading about your life across the street. She did her best to keep our house rid of mice – she had fun catching them – as you did, too. She was such a beautiful friend, Motek. I shall miss her very much. I know you will, too.

Message from Motek to Callie’s owner mom, Jan. 14, 2009, 10:41 PM: Callie was my soul mate, and I loved to share with her all my cat feelings and ideas. It is rare to have a friend who understands the way Callie and I understood each other. What a wonderful time we had with our letters and little secrets. I am so lucky she was my friend. I will never forget her.

Antoinette (Jan) Downing

1/19/1938 – 9/14/2009

“What shall we tell people about your grandma?” I asked Hannah Tritapoe (aged 12).

“She was exotic!”

“How so?”

Hannah elaborated: One Christmas she gave all of us grandchildren short blond wigs. Everybody put them on and we had a group photo. Thanksgiving 2008, the whole family (Jan’s son Jay and daughter Meg with spouses and children) went to Westminster, MD and visited a farm. It had a store. Everybody should buy a Christmas present for themselves: There were woolen purses and slippers, and even a bar of soap made from goat’s milk. Grandma then took all the presents, brought them back to her house, boxed and wrapped them to be passed out on Christmas Day.

Grandma was always re-arranging furniture. Each time we came to visit we wondered about what surprise waited for us. And do you know what she did for her 60th birthday? On a trip to New Orleans (with then husband Franz Kretzmann), she got herself a tattoo!

We liked to tease Grandma, Hannah reported. “We’re getting taller than you, Grandma!” And the girls (Jan was proud to report that all six grandchildren were girls) would stand back-to-back with her to check this out. At the end of Jan’s life five of the girls were indeed taller. Brooke, who is on the petite side, felt that she could show special respect for Grandma by not getting taller than her.

Jan was born in Providence, Rhode Island. Her father, George Elliot Downing was head of the Fine Arts Department at Brown University. Her mother, Antoinette, taught art at the public school system. She was co-founder of the Providence Historical Society, a group that saved several historic buildings from being taken over and razed by Brown.

When Jan was 17, her father, on a sabbatical from Brown, took the family to Europe for six months. In Italy a young man, Roberto, attached himself to the family, Jan really, declared his love and asked Jan’s father for her hand. Proposal rejected.

Back home, Jan attended Pembroke College. Jan’s interest was English literature. Aged 19, she met James Weiffenbach and dropped out at the end of her sophomore year to marry him. He was a doctor, interning at a Montreal hospital. They eventually settled in Washington, DC.

While James was busy with his medical practice, Jan developed her artistic talents: Pottery, silk screening – and cabinet making. Jan built bookshelves, splendid decorated cabinets and even beds. Jan and James had two children, Meg and Jay. They are now both married. Jay and his wife, Kristine, have three girls: Ashley (19), Sierra (15) and Brooke (8). Jay has a daughter from his first marriage, Patsy (23). Meg is married to Brian Tritapoe, and they have two girls: Kayla (17), and Hannah (12).

When Meg and Jay were in elementary school, Jan volunteered to teach silk screen painting. Jan made marionettes – the heads were paper maché made over clay models. The legs and feet were

three wooden pieces, wired together. And, of course, Jan made clothes for the marionettes. They were sold to raise money for the PTA.

Making clothes was yet another artistic talent. When Meg married, she made dresses for the bridesmaids.

In 1981, Jan began work with the Federal Office of Child Support and retired only a few years ago. Also in the early 1980s, Jan started correspondence classes with the University of Illinois and around 1988 earned her B.A. degree, majoring in English Literature. Jan loved to read. Books were everywhere in her house. Among the titles now sitting on a living room table are *The Poetry of Robert Frost*, *The Before Columbus Foundation Fiction Anthology*, and *When I am an Old Woman I Shall Wear Purple*.

Jan’s marriage with James ended in divorce (1988). When they separated (1983), Jan sawed the marriage bed she had built in half and took her half with her.

In 1989 Jan re-married – to Franz Kretzmann, a childhood friend from Providence. They ran into each other by chance at the River Run Unitarian Church in Bethesda. Initially they lived near Du Pont Circle. In 1993, they bought Jerry and Claire Miller’s house here on Rickover. While Jan and Franz had good memories from their youth the marriage did not work out; they separated in 2003 and formally divorced in 2006.

Here in Rock Creek Woods, Jan was very active with the neighborhood book club. She also was a founding member of the luncheon club. She and Jean Hoyt would seek out those small special places that the luncheon club liked to frequent. They would go out together to try out this restaurant and that restaurant to see if they were suitable. “Research Trips” Jan would call these outings.

Jan took sick early in 2008: colon cancer. In September, after surgery, Jan started chemotherapy. Jan didn’t talk about her illness; she did not want people to feel sorry for her or to make a special fuss. The disease came back with a vengeance this past spring. Jan went to Hopkins for more surgery, but during the operation the surgeons saw that the cancer had spread so widely that nothing further could be done. Jan remained in the hospital until Friday, September 11th, and she died peacefully at home at 6:15 AM Monday, September 14th.

Jan loved animals, kept cats as pets, but also looked after raccoons, deer and even a fox that came by the house. The fox suffered from some sort of mange; through her vet, she got some special food for the fox and cured his disease.

Jan had three cats. The older one, Morgan, is now part of her daughter Meg’s household. The other two, called “Boy” and “Girl”, were last-chance rescue kittens from PetSmart. Pat Kassebaum and Jean Hoyt looked after Boy and Girl, until a friend of Jean Hoyt’s cousin, a “foster parent” for cats needing a new home, took the cats to Arlington, VA where they will live while going to pet adoption fairs until they are placed. Dottie is a very kind woman and they’re in good, responsible hands. She will try to place them together since they have never been apart (they’re siblings).

A gift from RCW has been made in Jan’s memory with input from her daughter, Meg.

--Tom Klein

Feeding Wild Animals – Unkind, Unnecessary and Potentially Dangerous

There had been some concern over the presence and feeding of wild animals in the neighborhood. We have a lot of wildlife including white-tailed deer, fox, racoons, a wide variety of rodents including rats, and birds, all of which can fend for themselves as nature intended.

While it is not illegal in the state of Maryland to feed wildlife, it is potentially dangerous to humans for several reasons. Fed animals become aggressive, biting and hurting humans (especially small children) and pets. Wild animals carry rabies, Lyme disease, salmonellosis, Rocky Mountain spotted fever, tularemia, distempers, and encephalitis, not to mention parasites that are easily transferred and which can be potentially fatal to humans and pets. Feeding stations can attract undesirables and lead to vermin infestations. While birds do not become aggressive and dangerous to humans, even bird feeders can spread disease (to birds and people) and attract rats, and must be cleaned and disinfected regularly and the area swept of feed and droppings.

Feeding is never a kindness to the animals (especially juveniles), whose natural diet, health and foraging instincts will be adversely affected. It is erroneous to assume that deer and other mammals are without food sources during the winter months. Deer are herbivores and eat a varied winter diet from natural sources such as tree bark and deciduous twigs from shrubs and trees (not meats or dog food or table scraps). According to the Maryland Department of Natural Resources,

“Wild animals need varied, natural foods as a part of their normal diet. Their digestive systems are adapted to extract energy from a variety of foods available throughout the seasons. Though wildlife may accept handouts from people, they will likely not get the balanced diet they need for good health. For example, deer have sensitive digestive systems that cannot readily adapt to supplemental food sources. In fact, winter starved deer have actually died with full stomachs because their digestive system was unable to process the supplemental food.”

Therefore, what we may feel compelled to provide to the animals out of misplaced kindness (or even for our own entertainment in watching them) can kill them and create numerous hazards for others in the neighborhood, especially children that may get in the way of a large deer or rabid fox. Two very good reasons to avoid animal feeding!

The Maryland Department of Natural Resources has a *Leave Wildlife in the Wild* page (<http://www.dnr.state.md.us/wildlife/>) which includes:

Facts about Feeding Wildlife

- Feeding wildlife can lead to the spread of disease
- Wild animals can be dangerous
- Feeding leads to crowding and crowding causes stress
- Supplemental food sources do not contribute to a wildlife population's well being
- An overabundance of individuals can result in habitat degradation
- Wild animals need habitat not handouts

More in depth information can be read at:
<http://www.dnr.state.md.us/wildlife/feedingwildlife.asp>

For inquiries, contact:

Maryland Department of Natural Resources
Wildlife and Heritage Service
Tawes State Office Building, E-1
Annapolis MD 21401
410-260-8540

Toll-free in Maryland:
1-877-620-8DNR, Ext. 8540

To report nuisance, injured or sick wildlife
(Monday - Friday, 8:00 am - 4:30 pm)
Call Toll-free in Maryland: 1-877-463-6497

Please Note - a fawn left unattended by its mother should be left alone. It is common for mothers to leave fawns for short periods to forage and then return for them. They should not be “rescued.”

Meet Melanie and Barry Harris

Spring 2009: looking for a new house – in particular one with a larger kitchen, larger bathroom and with a 2-car garage. In July, Melanie and Barry bought the de Jesus home at 3912 Rickover, which likewise had a small kitchen and bathrooms and no garage at all.

It was the trees, the big windows and the sense they were moving into a wonderful community that reconciled them to doing without a garage and to Goodman house-sized kitchen and bathrooms. Melanie and Barry love birds and have set out five bird feeders to see what species they can attract. Flocks of chickadees and titmouse have come around.

Melanie is a policy analyst with the Office of Habitat Conservation of NOAA's National Marine Fisheries Service. Her background is marine biology, with graduate work at William and Mary following her BS from Brandeis. Her job is to evaluate the probable impact of various existing and proposed alternative energy sources – such as hydropower and new in-river and ocean energy proposals to generate energy from waves, tides, and currents– on fishery resources and their habitats, in particular the danger to endangered species like Pacific salmon.

In February 2002, the Habitat Office offered Melanie a policy fellowship – they wanted somebody with a science background – and when the fellowship was over they offered her a permanent job.

Barry is a nurse-practitioner with the Washington Brain and Spine Institute. Before joining that group in February 2009, he was with the Washington Hospital Center. Barry received a BA and MA in nursing from Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore. He also has a BA from Northern Arizona University.

Barry grew up out west, born in Denver. When he was twelve, his family moved to Albuquerque. Barry took up rock climbing. Montgomery County, Maryland is a little short of mountains and cliffs, but Barry keeps up his skills at an establishment on Rockville Pike called "Earth Trek" which features a 45 foot wall.

Melanie, who grew-up in New Jersey, shares Barry's love for the outdoors. They love kayaking – have three kayaks between them – and go out on the upper Potomac around Poolesville. They also enjoy hiking, and they are vegetarians. Other pastimes: Barry is an enthusiastic photographer; he likes particularly photographing animals and landscapes. Melanie enjoys knitting. Barry and Melanie share their house with three cats, Amber, Luna and Nala.

Barry and Melanie met in 1998 through the on-line dating service, "JDate" (Jewish dating). This was a relatively new service then; they were the among the first couples who met via "JDate" to get married (2002).

We extend a hearty welcome to Barry and Melanie and look forward their becoming part of the Rock Creek Woods community.

Editor's Notes

Dear Readers,

I know you have all been waiting expectantly for the *Cats of Rock Creek Woods* article authored by spokes-cat Motek, assisted by RCW Head Reporter Tom Klein, who gained a great deal of insight into the "extraordinary bond" between cats and their people. Says Tom, "The relationship is far more complex and emotional than that between man and dog. Dogs are fun but uncomplicated. Cats are different -- very different."

In this issue we have new neighbors to meet, a farewell to Jan Downing, 50th Anniversary weekend results, a knitting club, and some information on keeping wildlife and our neighborhood safe. Page 10 has some useful info on reporting street light outages, upcoming free concerts for all ages, yoga at the church on Saturdays, and other activities to take up the winter. And please don't forget about the website and the listserv - two very helpful neighborhood resources.

--MAT

RCW Knitting Club

Meets on Monday evenings at 7:30 at different houses. Says Jean Hoyt, "We've met 3 times so far and it's been really delightful." This is a flexible group, people can come when they're available, no "obligation" to attend. Neighbors are very welcome to come when they have time and inclination!

Contact Jean or check the listserv for the weekly meeting place.

See a new article in the *Washington Examiner* about Rock Creek Woods:

<http://www.washingtonexaminer.com/economy/real-estate/A-midcentury-modern-revival-in-Rock-Creek-Woods-8694648-80241022.html>

RCWCA OFFICERS

President – Kathy Waldman
Vice President – Gregory Arms
Secretary – Pati Young
Treasurer – Jules O'Rear

HAPPY VALENTINE'S DAY!



**Lost pet?
Suspicious activity?
Need some groceries?
Need help with chores?
Need a ride to the doctor?
Great event happening today?**

The RCW neighborhood listserv is a great way to get the word out immediately. Just go through a super-easy signup process with Yahoo, and you can post messages to all other RCW listserv members by sending an email to:

rockcreekwoodsneighbors@yahoo.com

Now in it's second year, our listserv has over 40 members. Contact Damaris (demigoss@yahoo.com) to get an invitation to join and follow the Yahoo instructions. Call Heather (301 942 9695) or Gregory (301 942 1822) if you need help signing up!

The RCW list serv augments official neighborhood emails, and does not replace this method of communication amongst neighbors.

Next Book Club Meeting

Wednesday, February 10
1599, a year in the life of Shakespeare
by James Shapiro.

For more information, contact Jean Hoyt.

Rockville Concert Band

♪ ♪ **Winter-Spring Schedule** ♪ ♪

Sundays, 3:00 PM
F. Scott Fitzgerald Theater, Rockville

**Sunday, February 7th
Sunday, March 28th
Sunday, April 25th**

**Concerts are Free and a great way
to introduce kids to music!**

Is Your Street Light Burned Out?

You do not need to report dead street lights to Pati. If your street light is out either call PEPCO (1-877-737-2662) or go online to PEPCO.com and fill out a form on their site to report it. Get the Pole Number from the light first then go to:

<http://www.pepco.com/home/>

On the left side click on Service Requests, then Report an Outage, then Street Light. Fill in the form and be patient, as this could take from 5 to 30 days (see explanation on the website).



**Drivers - Watch out for
our youngest neighbors!**

RCW is fortunate to have an ever-increasing number of young children, growing and running and learning to ride bikes, and now playing in the snow and helping with the shoveling! As much as parents try to keep them in their yards, the kids occasionally veer off into our neighborhood streets. Please drive slowly and carefully through the neighborhood to keep our youngest neighbors safe. Thanks!

**Yoga Class Saturday Mornings,
10-11:30 am
Church of the Good Shepherd**

Instructor Robin Hartman (301 946 7236) welcomes new students. There is usually plenty of room and you can come for a free trial session. Come in the back door. It is held in the nursery room space.

Note - please contact Robin (or call Alida DeCoster) for class schedules and fees. The class occasionally does not meet.

The Montgomery County League of Women Voters 2010 Calendar is now available from Ruth Gruenberg. This is the LWV sole earner throughout the year and are \$7 each. If you would like to order one contact Ruth @ 301-942-8707.

Hi Neighbor! is a quarterly publication of the Rock Creek Woods Civic Association. To contribute stories or items of interest to the community, personal milestones, photos and announcements, please email them to the Editor (mtoscano@sprintmail.com). Contributors to this issue include Head Reporter Tom Klein, Motek the Cat, Heather Cox, Pati Young and Annabel Kaufman. Thanks!