



The

Lodger

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NEWSLETTER FOR RESIDENTS AND FRIENDS OF THE LODGE AT OLD TRAIL



SPRING

(The new season as seen springing forth by poet and Lodge resident Joyce Long)

Ducks strut in perfect line along a quiet pond
Where dragonflies and frogs frolic
Daffodils pierce the moist earth
Splashing gold, delighting the eye
Birds build their nests
Tightly woven on blossomed limbs
A new generation fresh and green
Springs forth in grand allure
Some say there is no creator
I say the creator is smiling.



Happy 5th Anniversary!

As The Lodge celebrates this benchmark event in May, *The Lodger* approaches its 4th Anniversary in September. We remember when The Lodge was a newcomer on the block, when there were more empty apartments than those occupied. Now there is a waiting list, with every space filled. People from Virginia and other states have come together to form a community within a community. We hope *The Lodger* has added in some small way to the comfort and security of living at The Lodge.



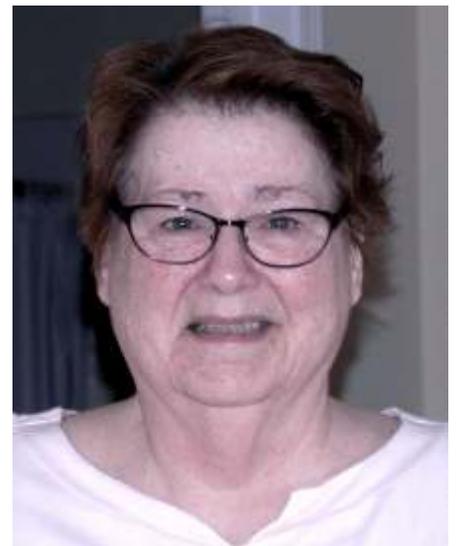
RESIDENT FOCUS

“I know more dead people than I do living ones,” exclaims Lodge resident Joyce Rash. That is how she sums up her insatiable appetite for American history, much of which is based on her extensive research of the names she has found on aging cemetery tombstones in the Petersburg, Virginia area where she lived for 35 years. She attributes her interest in cemeteries to a family tradition that she experienced as a child—volunteering to help tidy up graveyards in the communities of Fairfax County where she grew up. “It took me a long time to find work that matched my interest in the stories cemeteries could tell,” says Joyce, who retired as docent and interpreter at historic sites for the city of Petersburg before she and her husband, Edward, moved to The Lodge in 2016.

Joyce is one of not too many who can claim Washington, D.C. as her birthplace. Her father worked at a Gulf gas station in downtown Washington as an automobile mechanic. She graduated from high school in Fairfax County where the family lived and she attended Madison College in Harrisonburg (now James Madison University), “taking whatever history courses they offered.”

Her attraction to the guy she met at a party arranged by his sister proved to be irresistible and five months later, she and Edward were married. He had just returned to the states from military action in Vietnam. Joyce fulfilled her role as military wife for 20 years until Edward retired from the U.S.

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Resident Focus (cont'd)

Army in 1985 with the highest enlisted rank of Sergeant Major. The Rashes celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary last year.

While Edward was stationed at Fort Pickett near Blackstone, Virginia, Joyce served as business manager for the former Airlie Dairy in Fauquier County and later as secretary for the NCO club at Fort Pickett, positions she qualified for thanks to the classes she had taken in high school and college in accounting and business.

While Edward served on tours of duty in Germany, Joyce continued to enroll in whatever history courses were offered on the Post and helped in classrooms taking care of the children of military families, "never really knowing who I was with so many children looking to me as a pseudo parent."

The Rashes have a son and daughter. Their son, Scott, is a top official with a firm that designs some of the largest sound systems in existence including updating the one at Madison Square Garden in New York. A chip off the old block, their daughter, Rosy, develops software for museum curators, a vocation that periodically earns her a live-in stay at Mount Vernon while assisting with record keeping there. Scott lives in Winchester and Rosy lives in Ruckersville.

While employed by the city of Petersburg, Joyce was known to welcome the challenge of developing tours for any imaginable aspect of early Virginia history. One group was interested in nothing but architecture. She gladly complied.

At another time, a group from the Smithsonian Institution requested a guided tour of the Tiffany windows in Petersburg's historic Blandford Church. With little knowledge about the windows, Joyce panicked when told the group would arrive in about three hours! But she immediately put her research skills to work and told the busload of visitors what they wanted to know about the unique memorial windows designed and installed by Louis Comfort Tiffany.

Joyce says that historic research has changed dramatically since so many documents are accessible



Celebrating Christmas at The Lodge, Edward (left) and Joyce (right) with their daughter Rosy and her husband (middle foreground).

by computer. Many libraries are digitizing their collections and making them available for downloading free of charge, says Joyce. Although a little hard to read because of different spelling standards, a whole book published in 1605 about American Indians, for example, is recorded on the hard drive of Joyce's computer. What started as a library of books in her apartment is being expanded as graphic images on her computer.

She is continuing to research her family tree and plans to start researching early Crozet history.

Because so many people want to know more about their families, Joyce is helping other Lodge residents to get started in family research. She meets weekly with as many as eight of her fellow residents at The Lodge.

Besides reading mystery books from time to time, Joyce has also developed an interest in writing her own poetry, learning from a group that also meets weekly at The Lodge.

We wish Joyce, our resident historian, both success and enjoyment in her continued passion for researching and chronicling past events.

The Lodger
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for residents and friends
of The Lodge at Old Trail.

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Built in 1735, Blandford Church is the oldest structure in Petersburg and is used today as a memorial to the Southern soldiers who died in the Civil War. The church, its 15 Tiffany windows, and cemetery are among the historic sites known in intimate detail by Joyce Rash. The Siege Museum, another of the sites where Joyce conducted tours, became a news story recently when "most likely live" cannon balls were found in the basement.



A Round-the-Clock Vigil



Whether two o'clock in the afternoon or two in the early morning, no matter whether the weather is stormy or clear, members of the Western Albemarle Rescue Squad (WARS) and Crozet Fire Department are at our beck and call when needed—not because they have to be, but because they choose to be. The over 130 men and women who staff the rescue squad and fire department in Crozet are unpaid volunteers, most of whom have devoted hundreds of hours of their private time to complete the training needed to perform fire and rescue services and to operate highly specialized equipment.

Why are these unusual people so willing to spend time away from their families and contribute themselves to aid others they don't even know, sometimes being involved in situations when their own lives are in danger?

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(Top) The Western Albemarle Rescue Squad building on Crozet Avenue (courtesy WARS) and (left) a fire truck and crew being dispatched from the Crozet Volunteer Fire Department firehouse on Route 240.

(Below) Water pressure controls on a fire engine..



Round the Clock Vigil (cont'd)

There are a number of motivating factors, says Kosta Alibertus, Chief of the rescue squad. "Some folks just like taking care of patients and others are looking for ways to give." Alibertus is employed by UVA Health System as a medical educator. Chief Mike Boyle of the fire department agrees. He says many fire department members look for ways to give back to their community. Others find joy in helping people who need help. Boyle is also a professional firefighter in Waynesboro.



Rescue Chief Alibertus



Fire Chief Boyle

Many of the 1,500 annual calls made by the rescue squad are to transport patients to hospitals in Charlottesville or Waynesboro. Patients with more serious conditions are attended by emergency medical technicians who can provide medical care and electronically communicate life signs to awaiting hospital attendants. The rescue squad is trained to extricate people trapped in motor vehicle or construction accidents. A new "heavy rescue" truck is loaded with equipment including metal cutting and separation devices and extra heavy duty jacks for lifting and moving crashed vehicles to rescue trapped occupants.

The fire department responds to hundreds of calls annually to put out brush, structure, and motor vehicle fires while other calls are to investigate the sources of smoke. The department's apparatus includes three fire trucks, a tanker for hauling water to areas without hydrants, and a ladder truck that can lift fire fighters 95 feet into the air for reaching areas where ground ladders can't be used. The million dollar ladder truck purchased in 2009 was custom designed to fit through the railroad underpass in Crozet. Boyle says travel through the underpass is required for 60 percent of their calls.

Back in the 1970s, Jim Crosby became alarmed when it took 45 minutes for an ambulance from Charlottesville to respond to a student injury at Miller School where Crosby served as

assistant to the superintendent. Convinced that a better response time was needed in western Albemarle, Crosby established a citizen advocacy committee and wrote the application for incorporation of a rescue squad that was approved by the state in September 1978. Elected as the rescue squad's first president, he and the other charter members began fundraising, purchased an ambulance from a neighboring rescue squad, and began operations in the original firehouse of the Crozet Fire Department.



Crosby, a professional journalist and octogenarian, served as a member of five different volunteer fire departments and rescue squads and has many other diverse interests. He currently publishes *Crozet Today*, an on-line news digest available by request from editor@crozettoday.com.

One of the first fire departments in the county, Crozet Fire Department was organized in 1910 when six people had their phones wired to sound the alarm on the Mountainside building when the fire number was called and water was gravity fed to Crozet from Mint Springs Park. The department operated from its first firehouse on Crozet Avenue built in 1930 and from a larger building built in 1965 next door. Operations were moved to its current firehouse on Route 240 in 1985.

Although there are no plans for big future changes, Alibertus says the rescue squad has out grown their space. Boyle would like to see either a sub-station or new firehouse on the south side of the railroad tracks which would reduce the response time for the bulk of its calls.

According to Tom LaBelle of Albemarle County Fire Rescue, the two organizations receive a portion of their day-to-day operating costs from the county, but none for capital improvements. A "Resident Program" allows the county to collect emergency medical costs from insurance companies but county residents are not responsible for any out-of-pocket charges. Non-residents are billed for services.

"Although the county does provide financial support," says LaBelle, "without support from the citizens of the community the system simply won't work."

Donations can be sent to WARS at P.O. Box 188, Crozet, VA 22932 and the Crozet Fire Department at P.O. Box 696, Crozet, VA

The Golden Years

from the Shenandoah Valley British Car Club

Several days ago, as I left a meeting, I could not find my keys. I looked in my bag. They were not in my pockets. A quick search of the meeting room revealed nothing. Suddenly I realized I had left them in the car. Frantically, I headed for the car park.

My husband has scolded me many times for leaving the keys in the ignition. My theory is the ignition is the best place not to lose them. His theory is that the car will be stolen. His theory was right. The car park was empty.

I immediately called the police to report my car was stolen. I gave them my location and confessed that I had left my keys in the car.

Then I made the most difficult call of all.

"Hello my love," I stammered. (I always call him "my love" in times like these.) "I left my keys in the car, and it has been stolen."

There was a period of silence. I thought the call had been disconnected.

Then I heard his voice. He barked, "I dropped you off!"

Now it was my time to be silent. Embarrassed, I said, "Please come and get me."

He retorted, "**I will as soon as I convince this policeman I have not stolen your bloody car!**"