

FALL 2025 • VOLUME 2, ISSUE 2

LINCOLN REVIEW



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On the cover: “Lincoln Catalpa” © 2025 by Jack Foley, courtesy of Sarah and Stephen Brown. Foley, a long-time resident of Lincoln, loves to paint watercolor landscapes, historic sites, and even animal portraits. A Signature Member of the New England Watercolor Society, Jack appreciates Lincoln for its never-ending inspiration and serenity.

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Current and future art to see in town

Winter Preview at Lincoln Station



Joy Falls (right) and the RLF's Bryn Gingrich work on new murals at Lincoln Station.

For Lincoln's Winter Carnival 2025, the Rural Land Foundation's theme was "Enchanted Winter," co-hosted with Farrington Nature Linc. The tenants of Lincoln Station held a family scavenger hunt with treats.

A lasting benefit from this event are the winter nature murals enlivening the second-floor hallway of Lincoln Station. Bryn Gingrich, outreach director for the RLF, recruited Waltham-based artist Joy Falls to create the nature scenes in acrylics. Stop in and have a look!

A poster for the Lincoln Arts Show. At the top left is the Lincoln logo. The main title is "LINCOLN ARTS SHOW" in large, bold, black letters. Below the title are three circular callouts for the dates: "Friday Nov. 14 12-5 pm", "Saturday Nov. 15 12-5 pm", and "Sunday Nov. 16 12-5 pm". At the bottom, it says "All Ages Reception Friday, Nov. 14, 5-7 pm" and "All Creative Arts". The location is "PIERCE HOUSE". The background of the poster features abstract, colorful brushstrokes in shades of green, red, and white.

On View at the Library: Junius Beebe photos



"Tremont Street, Boston, Massachusetts" by Junius Beebe. Coming to the library in December: works by Diana Rice-Sheahan. See www.dianarice-sheahan.com.

Holiday Humor with WordsMove Theater

Lincoln's WordsMove Theater presents "Holiday Stories You Haven't Heard," a series of short staged readings with Christmas and Hanuk-

kah themes, on December 5 at 12:30 pm in Bemis Hall and December 12 at 7:00 pm at the Lincoln Public Library. See www.wordsmove.org for details and more show dates.



"Older is Better"

By Peter Stewart

While we talk upon our cell phones
And the traffic makes us later
We remember when our lives
Were so much slower and so much greater
We will write to you about it in a letter
Cuz we know that older is better.

And if you cannot read the letter
We will say that is too sad
Just because we write in cursive
That's the learning that we had
We will show you in our mother's hand-knit
sweater
Cuz we know that older is better.

We have Beatles, yes! and Elvis
We have Buddy Holly, too
The Supremes, Drifters, and Bill Haley
Just to name a few
And Little Richard was a big attention getter
Cuz we we know that older is better.

So wop bop a loo mop
A wop bam boom
We baby boomers groove
The best in the room
We had the best of music
On the AM radio
And we will not forget
The Ed Sullivan show!

Older is better!

Older is... Different

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A New
Look
For
The Holidays
at



Wherever you are, whatever the weather, your hair can look beautiful. The secret lies in the skilled hands of our styling experts and Redken's new Day Into Night* permanent wave. It actually prevents "moisture droop." For hair you can count on, call us now.

REDKEN®
Day into Night™

Moisture Controlling
Permanent Wave

*Patent Pending

Lincoln Beauty Salon

Lewis St. Lincoln

259-8361

This ad from the December 1980 issue of the Lincoln Review shows a hairstyle of bygone days (paging Farrah Fawcett!). To see this issue, go to tinyurl.com/lincrev-dec-1980 and navigate to page 722. To see all of the archived issues of the publication, go to tinyurl.com/lincoln-review.

Rob Todd Carves Out Time for Art

Rob Todd is a student of renowned bird carver, Jane Layton, who teaches wood carving classes at LexArt. Both Rob and Jane are long-time Lincoln residents. Jane has won national and international awards in the fine art of bird carving, which started as the craft of creating wooden duck decoys for hunting. Now people throughout the world work to capture the beauty of bird species in wood. Rob generally carves using bass wood for his painted pieces and works

exclusively under Jane's tutelage.

A creative part of the process is planning out the position that the bird will take on its support. This can reflect the shape of the support, often a natural stick or branch that is left in its natural state except for a protective coating. The bird's position should also reflect how it would perch in real life. His latest project is a fox, in honor of the fox family that has made his yard their home each year.





An unfinished fox together with some of the carving and gouging tools used by Todd.



"Summer Song"

By Ruth Ann Hendrikson

I remember, I remember...
The hot summer days, the long dreaming
 days
The hours with my father fishing
Fishing for those gleaming ghosts of another
 world
A cool dark secret world of cool currents and
 warm lazy pools
Of iridescent dragon flies hovering, of
 glowing green algae drifting
Of water striders busying about water strider
 business
And beneath the sun sparkled ripples
Smooth and silent, sliding down beneath the
 caves of rock and root
In their watery world
The fish lie dreaming.

And my thoughts follow the singing fishing
 line across the water
I can still feel the stinging of the slippery line
 playing out beneath my thumb
The pride of a good cast, the splash, the
 drifting down of the weighted line
Into the cool green caves
And my thoughts go drifting with the
 currents
The cooing, cooing of the summer doves
The singing cicadas setting the slow rhythm
Drifting, dreaming, I become one with the
 song of summer
My heart keeps time to the earth's slow
 cicada beat
My mind swirls in the cool liquid, my
 thoughts drift slowly sunward
Like the slow silvery bubbles that dance to
 the surface, scattering the light
Signs of turtles dreaming turtle dreams,
 dreams of black turtle backs baking
Baking in the summer sun, dozens of
 dreaming turtles on a dark branch by the
 water's edge
Striped and spotted in bright red, yellow and
 blue, and then a sudden secret signal and
 all are gone
And only slowly rising bubbles lifting
 sunward to tell us where they went.

Patience my dad says, quiet and patience
Think like a fish
See that worm drifting down?
Start to move it away.
The fishy eye watches, wary, waiting
Then strikes.
A leap of sound and scattered light
The feel of life on the line
Let it run, guide it in, bring it closer, tease it
 toward the shore,
It leaps and runs again
My heart leaps with it
My hands become one with the rod
The rod dances, the fish dances, my heart
 dances
And then, at last, one last leaping dash, and
 the fish is mine
It shines like gold, the red and green and blue
 glowing along its sides
Its strong muscles still fight, its yellow eye
 looks at me,
Its life pulses in my hand.

I let it go,
One brief second it lies on the water's surface
The sunlight plays along its shining scales
Then, flash, and it is gone
Back to its secret caves,
Back to the cool currents
To live, to swim, to dance in flashing schools
 beneath the rippling waters.
And I dance with it
Dance to the song of summer
Of shared quiet hours, of shared moments of
 joy, of teaching and learning
Of asking and answering,
Of fathers and daughters
Of sunlight and shadows.

And the sun drifts downward
And the day ends
And summer swims slowly into fall
And the years slide away,
And the fishing drifts away into the past,
The days of asking and answering, teaching
 and learning are no more,
And the well loved face fades into
 photographs.

But the long dreaming days of iridescent dragon
flies, of sun sparkled ripples
Have slipped into my soul,
The memories lie beneath the busy tempo of my life,
They rise to the surface of my dreams like silver
bubbles,
Bright shining moments lifting upward,
Bringing me back once more to the cicada song, and
the flashing fish, and the turtle dreams,
And the days of fathers and daughters, sharing the
song of summer.



Watercolor by Kate Dahmen

“The Insight That Has No Name”

By Lawrence H. Climo, M.D.

Why do we break things when we're angry and upset? Do we even know why? Do we even want to know? Are we even able to know? I'll begin here.

We tell ourselves that our breaking things when upset expresses stress, releases anger, vents aggression, and relieves tension, but those only say what we did or how we felt doing it, but not really why. We tell ourselves that breaking things reflects a mood and brings satisfaction and relief, but that only begs the question. Why, really, does breaking things bring a sort of relief? A relief from what?

I became curious. I tried putting myself in that person's shoes to vicariously catch that reason. I got nowhere. But, when a part of me told me to drop it and forget it, another part

wouldn't let go, and it was there that I was reminded I was of two-minds, and the blocking of one might leave the other to carry the clue. So I tried again. This time I deliberately reached out to my non-verbal, as well my verbal parts, meaning I reached out now to my guts, my nerves, and my heart that were always there and receptive.

With that more complete picture in mind, I naturally turned my attention to those non-verbal parts, those parts that feature feelings and reactions. Those features always marched to their own drummers. They had histories of prompting decisions and sometimes destructive behaviors, the latter especially when mental and verbal sources take a break and momentarily shut-down. It all made sense. In times of crisis parts

of us do shut down as a reaction, and it seems natural and even vital to survival. It's an instinct. It's an instinct from our guts, nerves, and hearts, and it communicates through them. It reminds me of the fight-or-flight sensation, and it doesn't surprise me. We are humans who carry inside us a permanent touch of Neanderthal. Yes, we are thinkers, I tell myself, but feelings always seem to precede my thinking.

Returning to the question of why we break things when seriously angry, for me it's both appropriate and accurate to respond: "Don't ask me. Ask my guts, nerves, and heart. Oh, I forgot. They don't talk." But, I prefer: "A part of me erupted and, yes, I was there." But, all things considered, I think the optimal response is saying nothing and letting silence do the talking.

“Lincoln: The Town That Taught Me to Inhale Hate, Exhale Love & Create”

By Dawn Carroll

People told me that to find the life waiting for me, I had to let go of what once was. But if I had done that, would I be writing this now?

Driving through Lincoln lets me step back in time, drifting into the 1970s, where childhood meant disappearing on secret trails with my horse, splashing through creeks, collecting rocks, and meeting up with friends to find the peeper frog symphony on Lexington Road.

We'd slip past the large granite blocks of the cemetery, never believing that one day, those stones would bear names we knew. Lincoln was a wild adventure. We believed in the primitive power of Native Americans, Henry David Thoreau, and the whispers of the trees.

At Lincoln schools, creativity was everywhere. The big field that connected all three schools still echoes with our laughter. The unique teachers stretched our minds. The auditorium unleashed my creative ambition — I dreamt of having a reason to be on that stage, not just as a performer in “The Mikado.” Sitting in the middle row, I imagined my own creation being performed.

Enter music teacher Pip Moss. His classes dissected the stories behind our favorite songs, and this is where my musical dream began. I wanted to weave songs together and build a tale of legacy. Enter Mr. Trainor, who planted a seed for design and architecture that would lay dormant for a while.

Enter my friends. One day, my pal Charlie and I were walking across the field, making fun of the shadows the sunny day had cast. I had a chiffon scarf that fluttered mysteriously in the wind, its dancing shadow mesmerizing. Charlie looked at me and said,

“That’s your journey.” His words visit me every time I see a shadow. I always wondered why he said it with such unwavering conviction. Tragically, Charlie is gone, his name carved among those cemetery stones. But I clung to his message while chasing my dream.



On the south side of town, my other friend Billy and I would watch the sunset on our way home, waving west toward Hollywood dreams. I made it to California, but sadly, he did not. Many of those magical kids never got to see adulthood, and sometimes I wonder — how did I?

In Los Angeles, I made films and witnessed masterful musical moments, but they weren't my musical theatrical moments. I returned to Boston, settled into a wonderful design career, and thought of Mr. Trainor. I wrote a song called “Over My Shoulder,” which my former boss, Grammy Award winner Patti Austin, recorded. The song was about mentoring, a tribute to those who guide us. That song sparked a nonprofit, the Over My Shoulder Foundation, and fused our passions for music, mentoring, and design. This foundation is a media-based project that raises awareness of the impact of mentoring both cross-culturally and cross-generationally.

During COVID, while researching restoration of antique theatres, I discovered the remarkable Mary Cardwell Dawson, a Black woman in the early 20th century who studied opera at the New England Conservatory.

Her opera dreams thwarted by racism, she moved to Pittsburgh and ran a music school out of a home, known as Mystery Manor, owned by Pittsburgh's first Black millionaire, Woogie Harris. Eagerly I unearthed research on the traveling Black celebrities who found a safe haven at Mystery Manor over the years. This research led to my writing a poem about Mary and Mystery Manor. The poem became a song, "If Walls Could Talk," which then became a 15-song soundtrack called "Songs for Mary" (listen at tinyurl.com/songs-for-mary) about all these fascinating individuals. Last year I turned it all into a full-length musical that explains that if the house were not saved, the history would be lost for ever. All of this becoming an outline for a documentary on Mary and the dire need for more attention to preserving historical buildings. I plan to make this a series of other fascinating old structures.

When I think about this creative journey, I realize how much I owe to my historic town and those lost friends. I want to go back to that school auditorium in Lincoln, where a young girl sat, uncertain of her direction but holding onto a dream that someday her work would be performed.

Maybe I dwell on the past too much, but I am deeply grateful for those who supported me. I miss the friends who now rest under those granite stones, and I dedicate this work to them



February 2025 was the first public reading of If the Walls Could Talk about Mystery Manor. Actor Ek William discusses his role with Dawn Carroll.

and to our time together.

This project is about remembering. It's about ensuring that no one can erase history. And as my new friend in Pittsburgh says, "We must make our own

history" — and Lincoln is the perfect place for that to happen.

In memory of the sweet kids of Lincoln who believed in me and left life too soon, I proudly carry our history.

