

FALL 2026 • VOLUME 3, ISSUE 3

LINCOLN REVIEW



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*On the cover: "House Finch,"
a photo by Farley Sullivan. See page 3.*

Arts Roundup

Lincoln Public Library Art Gallery

Oct. 28 to Nov. 27: Exhibition of recent black and white landscape and seascape photographs by Jim Wojno.

- Opening reception on Sunday, Nov. 1, from 2-4:30 p.m.
- More of his photos at the library: tinyurl.com/wojno-LPL
- Wojno's website: jwojno.wixsite.com/jimwojno



"Bald Head Maine" By Jim Wojno.

Clark Gallery

Through Oct. 31: "Mayumi Nakao — New Work." More information at clarkgallery.com.



"Living Room" by Mayumi Nakao

WordsMove Theater

"Is THIS a Relationship?" — staged readings of humorous skits. More information and additional performances: wordsmove.org.

- **Friday, Nov. 13** at 12:30 p.m. — Bemis Hall
- **Monday, Nov. 16** at 6:30 p.m. — Lincoln Public Library



Birds in flight and at rest



Farley Sullivan of Lincoln is a photographer, welder, ceramicist, and woodworker.

"This past winter, I was fascinated by the array of birds that visited my feeders," she wrote in August 2026. "When the snows came, the background landscape became a blank white canvas. When the birds flew in for seeds, I would use a very high shutter speed to freeze them in motion before they landed on the feeder, or after they took off. The white background made it look as if the birds were models posing for a studio photoshoot. I took thousands of photographs every week and was lucky to come away with several keepers."

See more of her work at earth-wood-fire.com.



"Mr. and Mrs. Cardinal" by Suzette Durso. Colored pencils for the birds and flowers with eco-print background.

"Adventures of a Water Meter Reader, Part 3"

By Virginia Lemire

When I first wrote about reading Lincoln's water meters, I told you how Warren Flint, the Town Manager, dared my friend Jane and me to read water meters because the Water Department's only employee was too busy. We agreed that twenty-five cents a meter was just right.

In Part 2 of my meter-reading adventures, I described reading a water meter amongst the chunks of coal in a coal bin and about being greeted by a huge, white, long-haired llama in a Lincoln living room. I would discover other unusual meter locations and animals while reading Lincoln's water meters.

It was a challenge to read the meter in one home I visited that was built at the turn of the 20th century. I expect that when water was first piped into Lincoln's dwellings, there were no water meters to measure the usage. When a meter was later added, it had to be installed in a heated space near where the water pipe entered the building. This particular house had its meter under a cabinet with no headroom for the reader to be able to see the numbers. I looked at the meter and tried to figure out how to see the numbers that were displayed inside a cover that was inches from the bottom of the cabinet.

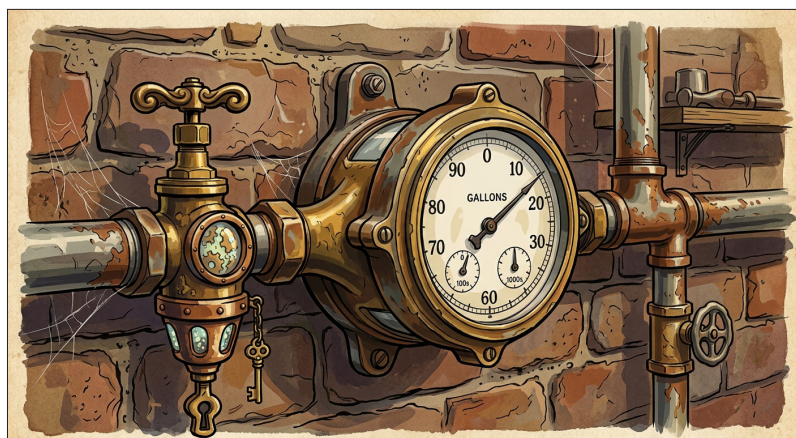
Failing to solve the problem, I spoke to the homeowner. She expressed surprise that I had not come into the dwelling with a mirror. She explained that in previous years the reader had used a mirror to read the numbers. Ultimately, she provided a mirror, and I drew what I saw. I returned to my car to figure out the reading from the image I had drawn.

I found another unusual animal in a dwelling not far from the llama. I had been in this house many times attending classes taught by the homeowner. Reading the water meter, however, brought me into a part of the house I had never visited as a student. First, I was greeted by a large, very friendly dog, which was not unusual when reading meters. I always gave a dog plenty of time to accept me into their domain. Once I had given him the attention he demanded, I was shown into a ground-floor bathroom where the meter was located. It was no surprise to find the meter on the far side of the old claw-footed bathtub. The surprise came when I leaned over the tub and found it contained an alligator. Yes — a live alligator! It occupied most of the bathtub.

Reading water meters gave me a view of the town that others did not see. Who was I to call the homes I visited unusual? People here, like people everywhere, pursued their own interests and expected privacy. When the water meter reader came to the door, the resident was unprepared to let any unusual interests become known. Yes, Lincoln was and is unusual in so many ways.

Jane and I took up the challenge and learned so much about our hometown. We didn't anticipate that it would give us so many interesting moments. We read water meters until they joined the digital age, were made modern, and became readable electronically from a meter

reader driving by on the street. Homeowners are no longer subject to the prying eyes of the meter reader, and water meter readers no longer collect stories to recall years later.



(Image courtesy Gemini)



"Hay Wheels," painting by Bernadette Quirk.

"Do You Believe in God?" That's Always the Wrong Question"

By Lawrence H. Climo, M.D. (Ret.)

Since childhood I've felt something watching over me.

It gave me comfort.
I never asked myself who or why?
Never told anyone.

Why should I? It felt like a part of me.
As time passed, what did it ever tell me?
What did it mean? I never bothered to ask.

It was just me talking to myself.
In my adult years, when people asked,
"Do you believe in God?"
I always said, "Yes."

To say "No" would invite more questions.

"Yes" brought smiles.

Smiles brought peace.

It felt right.

As an adult it became locked to a feeling of

purpose, order, and resolve.

That left me feeling good and right. A better person.

Go figure.

A better question, of course,
And a more accurate and telling question,
would have been:

"Do you sometimes feel that you're never alone?"

Now that, for me, would have obviously opened a window.

"Do you believe in God" only invited thoughts and words.

Looking back, I pondered in disappointment:
Why has no one ever asked me: "Do you FEEL there is God?"

"Do I FEEL as if there is a God?"

Of course I do.

"Lincoln's Pickleworks"

(This article originally appeared in the November/December 1987 issue of the Lincoln Review.)

By Suze Craig

Located out behind the Codman Barns, they are economical in the very best New England tradition; they provide food, they beautify; they even entertain. A paragon of an enterprise.

But certainly unprepossessing at first glance.

An enormous black plastic sheet drapes a flattened mound three feet high and about the length and breadth of an average living room. Rubber tires in orderly rows, huge black donuts, lie atop the plastic. Underneath, fourteen acres' worth of grass, third cut because now we're into October, sits and ferments. Silage.

Stan, the Codman farmer and pickler supreme, explains the process. Karl, who's helping him, is keenly appreciative of the labor-saving economy of the process, having survived the haying season this summer.

It's best understood if you think not of dill or gherkins, but of sauerkraut. Cut the grass, which has to be at least a foot tall to achieve critical mass when it's handled, rake it. Pull the chopper, a wheeled square vehicle with a tall brontosauorean neck, behind the tractor. Hook the green boxcar-like forage wagon on behind the chopper where it can receive a steady green stream from the dinosaur's mouth. And voila, you have not only a convoy but also the beginnings of winter fodder.

Tow the forage wagon back behind the barn; set the controls to make it spew out the now-chopped emerald grass into a compact pile. Cover the pile carefully with

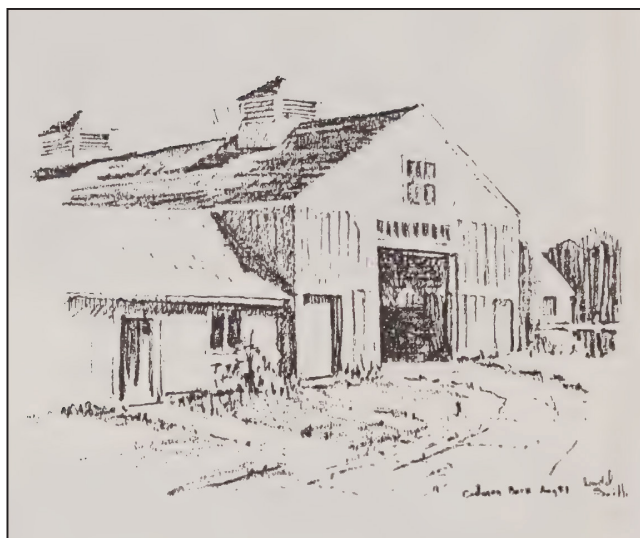
an enormous sheet of black plastic to induce warmth and exclude air (hence the layer of tires), and that's all there is to it. Let the pile sit and ferment and brew, and open it up come the dead of winter when the hay runs low. The intense green will have faded to olive tan and will have fermented to a distinct and not unpleasant reek. The livestock love it.

Far easier than hay-making, which involves cutting, turning, raking, baling, loading the hay wagon, unloading the hay wagon, stacking the bales — and about three long days of perfect drying weather to accompany all this activity. (Karl rolls his eyes heavenward at the comparison.)

The cattle will be vastly appreciative as well, as for them it's gourmet fare, far preferable to hay. Lincoln grass from Lincoln fields for Lincoln cattle for Lincoln beef — an economy of place and time that would make any New Englander's eye glitter.

I can't help but wonder how the process was discovered; someone trying desperately to preserve summer, not having time or weather to dry hay. But it's been around for a while. The actual word silage goes back to the Greek for underground granary, according to the Oxford English Dictionary, which further informs me that Stan and Karl are not mere picklers; they are ensilists.

Of course the outermost edge of the pile may not "make" or brew, but that can be spread as mulch. Nothing's wasted. And if you've had the opportunity to pass by Upper Browning recently, you may have noticed the tree-to-tree carpeting there. As a result of
(continued on page 7)



"Imagine. Just Imagine."

By Sarah Cannon Holden

Imagine what is there outside the gate,
The shapes, the sounds, the colors all around.
Let go to free the spirits they create.

Go beyond your comfort to celebrate
The glow of a light begging to be found.
Imagine what is there outside the gate

Just the other side, steady in the wait.
Step to a world unknown, on fertile grounds.
Let go to free the spirits they create.

Leave behind the cautions that isolate
That hold you back, though gifts from you
abound.

Imagine what is there outside the gate

Your path unfolds along a route oft great.
Hold on to your dreams, hear the quiet sound.
Let go to free the spirits they create

You are more than you dare calculate,
A shining universe for you surrounds.
Imagine what is there outside the gate.
Let go to free the spirits they create.



Photo by Sarah Cannon Holden

Lincoln's Pickleworks

(continued from page 6)

a cloudy afternoon's work, the field looks a newly swept rug, clean, tidy, waiting. Silage is aesthetic as well.

As for entertainment value, sit back and consider the entire process. It is economical,

even frugal, labor-saving, non-polluting (don't lift a corner of that plastic), non-stressful. It does not involve cholesterol, nuclear energy, drugs, or AIDS; it produces neither acid rain nor barge-fuls of trash. So really, there's nothing left but enjoyment.

"I See Rocks on the Road"

By G. David Schwartz

I see rocks on the road
Look just as I was told
Not at all like gold
But like solid milord
Like the head of a noble
Or a British soldier
Or even an American
Land plowed and or land owner
Rocks on the road
I have been told
are not solid silver
If it was I am sure I would quiver
Rocks on the road
May make you stumble into the fold
And go reaching for a branch on which to hold
So you shan't fall to where you can't hold.

Schwartz is the former president of Seedhouse Online Interfaith Committee, a volunteer with the Coalition of Homelessness, and author of "A Jewish Appraisal of Dialogue: Between Talk and Theology" (1994), "Midrash and Working Out of the Book" (2004), and "Shards And Verses: 48 By Forty-Eight" (2011).



"A Letter to my Phlox"

By Mary Crowe

I'm sorry the rabbit and the woodchuck ate you down to the ground this spring. Now it is August — your time to splash swaths of pink and purple blooms across the garden. This is the late summer hiatus, after the lily bloom, before the hibiscus and asters, and you fill that moment like nothing else can. The garden misses you, leaving empty ground just in case you change your mind. Why didn't I do a better job of protecting you? With wire fencing, repellent sprays, blood meal? I like to think I tried, but the truth is I just hoped for the best. Am I sorry I didn't do more to discourage the rabbit that lived in the hay loft all winter when it was so cold And drank the warm water I left out for him each day? Or that I didn't trap or poison the ground hog that moved Into my carport and now barely looks up from his delicate chewing when I see him in the yard? I can't say I am sorry for any of that. "Everyone has to make a living" is what I say when chided by my gardener friends. On one hand I'm angry for you; on the other, if I were that rabbit or that fat groundhog I would eat you too; you are so luscious. Right now the sparrows are splashing in my bird bath. I'm angry at them too. They just knocked three baby barn swallows out of a nest. They have no conscience. But its hard not to enjoy watching them play in the water on a hot day. How do I hold all these feelings at once? I hope you will forgive me. And yes, I miss you terribly. Please come back next year.

"Cosmic Origins"

By Morgan Pang

In the beginning, there was a void full of stars. One of which was Tàiyáng-Wáng (Sun King). His presence burning hot and bright. Also within the void were chunks of rock. Tàiyáng-Wáng saw one close to him, and he claimed it as his. He saw eight more right in his path, and claimed them as well. But just having these rocks didn't satisfy Tàiyáng-Wáng. So he looked upon the second rock he had claimed, and unleashed his power onto it. The rock became burnt and barren, the skies becoming toxic and dark. Tàiyáng-Wáng found joy in conquering the rock, so he then attempted to do the same to the third.

However, what Tàiyáng-Wáng wasn't aware of was that this rock was the home of Tiānkōng-Nǚwáng (Sky Queen). Tiānkōng-Nǚwáng felt the heat and power of Tàiyáng-Wáng beating down upon her. She cried out for help, in hopes that someone would answer. And that, some-

one did. Yuèliàng-Nǚshén (Moon Goddess) heard the cries of desperation and agony from Tiānkōng-Nǚwáng, and she moved to intervene. Yuèliàng-Nǚshén took her might and made a shield around the rock where Tiānkōng-Nǚwáng lived. When Tàiyáng-Wáng realized this, he was very mad. He unleashed his raw fury on Yuèliàng-Nǚshén and shredded her into pieces. Tàiyáng-Wáng once more tried to break through the shield, but failed to. When he was about to break through, the shield regenerated. Yuèliàng-Nǚshén reformed and told Tàiyáng-Wáng that her life powers the shield. And as long as she stands, he will not be able to harm Tiānkōng-Nǚwáng. And so with this, the cycle of Tàiyáng-Wáng trying to break through Yuèliàng-Nǚshén as well as her shield continued, only having the power to focus on one at a time. And every time he destroyed Yuèliàng-Nǚshén, she would always piece herself back together.

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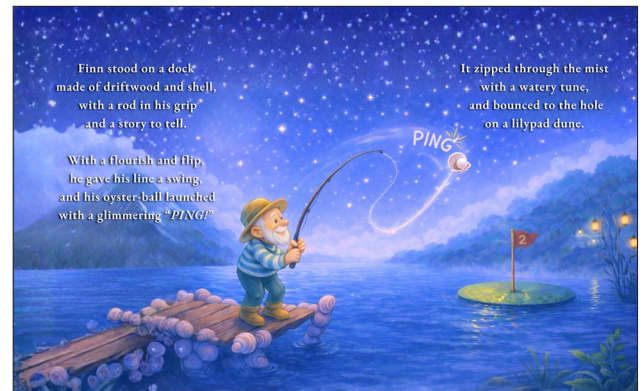
Golf with Dad Inspires Children's Book

["Can I Golf? A Magical Golf Adventure"](#) is the first children's book by Lincoln's Alexandra Spiliakos, now available on Amazon.

"It's a dreamy bedtime adventure about a little boy who travels through an imaginative golf world with his dad, meeting some unconventional golfer friends across nine whimsical holes—from a girl astronaut and a T-Rex to a pasta chef," she says.

"The story was inspired in part by my own relationship with golf and my dad, who taught me the game growing up. He always told me, 'If you play a round of golf with someone, you have a friend for life — whether you knew them before or not.' I wanted to reimagine that sense of connection and make the game feel magical, welcoming, and accessible to kids from the very beginning."

As for the artwork, Spiliakos did preliminary sketches for each scene, then ran through several iterations with AI illustration tools. "From there, I did quite a bit of manual editing and continued refining and directing the



A page from "Can I Golf?" by Alexandra Spiliakos.

artwork until each spread matched the world and characters I had envisioned. I have always enjoyed drawing and painting, but have felt my raw drawings didn't fully capture my vision for the worlds I could see in my imagination," she says.

Spiliakos is already working on the next books in the series, *She Can Golf!* and *Can I be a Scientist?*

"Sitting on a Park Bench in November"

By Caleb Baker

The dust of graham crackers covers the leaves
Leftovers from a much needed break
It's November again but this time it's warm
What a surprise

How nice it is to sit in the sun
On a park bench and watch the grass
You said you were hungry and so was I
Not for a graham cracker mind you
But for the sound that November makes

Not the song of a bluejay, just the sound of its
wings
A quiet applause that echoes across the field
If you can be still enough to listen

It's not easy to hear
Someone else's thoughts, the sound of your
own heartbeat
or even a bluejay flap its wings

But if you try really hard
If you can take a break from the playground
From your phone, your thoughts, and all of the
noise

If you believe in absolution
Take a breath and listen up kid
Listen up
The world has something to say

"Classic Connect"

By Carol Peskin

What was remarkable today
Was the ebb and flow
Of our growing community
In the wind and sun at the arbor.

In the quiet a stream of music,
The very noted of Beethoven's Fifth,
Repeated in volume like Mourning Dove's Song,
The call of a warning to our happy throng.

And then, one by one, the gathering did come,
Yay! Goldfinch ballet and Blue Jays swooping,
Blackbirds, and Sparrows, Chipmunks and
Squirrels,
Gathering peanuts and seed to eat and to burrow.

And, later today as I searched themes in Google,
Sure enough, Ludwig did follow the birds
And scholarship told me, he composed what he
heard,

Thank you, my bird friends, for filling the air
With music so perfect, a blessing to share.



Photo by Barbara Peskin



"Great Meadows," watercolor by Ruth Ann Hendrickson.

"September"

By Ruth Ann Hendrickson

Grey sky.
Undertones of change.
Already we need candles for dinner on the porch.
The long dark tunnel of winter is coming,
The constricting cling of layered clothing,
The struggle to see the road at night,
The icy world locking us indoors.

I search for spots of blue among the clouds,
Longing for one more day of soft summer
breezes
Kissing my face, my arms, my legs
As my free limbs swing along the sun-dappled
path
Of Summer.



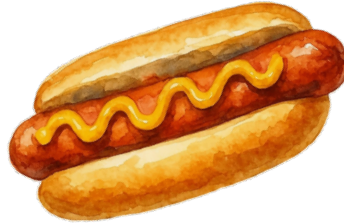
"Home Depot Hot Dog"

By Susan Hall Mygatt

Fairly famished
after two hours of driving and errands,
Last stop, Home Depot – almost home.
Longing to find a hot dog at the Home Depot
food truck.

Best hot dog ever!
Generous toasted bun,
Plump, hot, juicy sausage,
Yellow mustard and spicy relish.

Deep sigh.
Big bite. Ahhhhhhhh . . . delish!



"Cosmic Origins"

(continued from page 9)

Meanwhile, Tiānkōng-Nǚwáng lived happily. With her on the rock was Shù-Rén (Tree Man). Being isolated on this world together made them fall in love, and together they had four children. The first was Shān (Mountain), and from him, the hills and caves were formed. The second was Hē (River), and from her, the streams and oceans were forged. The third was Fēng (Wind), and from her, the different conditions of weather were born. The fourth and final child was Haǒzāi (Fire), and from him, chaos and destruction came to be. His brother, Shān, saw this, and trapped his brother within him. However, this only condensed the problem, as volcanoes came from this. And once the spirit of Haǒzāi escaped, he took advantage of his sister, Fēng's, weakness towards him. From this, lightning struck and Fēng roars out in distress every time.

Oblivious to his children's quarrels, Shù-Rén made animals to populate this luscious world. One of these creatures was humans. Shù-Rén took great pride in his creations, especially the humans. He loved them so much passed the point of his own children. When the children realized this, they would take random opportunities to torture the humans. In response to this,

the humans took out their frustrations with the Earth, destroying the land, not understanding that it was the other elements.

Tàiyáng-Wáng watched this, and saw an opportunity. He would wait for a weakness, and sneak one of his spawn into this world of chaos, and as he grew bigger and more powerful, the rock that was home to Tiānkōng-Wáng and Shù-Rén would soon fall under his bright and burning control.

In light of this, Yuèliàng-Nǚshén selected a human avatar to harness her powers within a special blade to fight off Tàiyáng-Wáng's influence. And with this, the humans learned that they must not be so closed minded and full of hate. The avatar passed blade down within his family for generations, but once it was lost, the humans forgot. And conflict once more began, continuing to fuel Tàiyáng-Wáng and his furious rage.

Morgan is a Lincoln resident and a student at the Winchendon School.

