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# Two Churches

April 15, 2014.



## Ka'anapali Congregational Church, "Lahuiokalani" 1840 the Hawaiian Church

There are two churches I always visit whenever I'm on Maui...one is what I think of as the Hawaiian Church, because some of the service is in Hawaiian and we sing a hymn or two in Hawaiian each time. Such a beautiful language! I'm speaking of Lahuiokalani Kaanapali Congregational Church. I am so fond of it!



Pastor Eileen Trout serves pineapple juice after church



Katherine Smith plays at church

Pastor Eileen Trout is a warm and welcoming person. There are three different ministers who all speak on different (but regular) Sundays; sometimes there are guest ministers. Eileen is always present and sort of moderates it all, and sometimes preaches, of course. There is exceptional music as well, including a trio with instruments and usually, a solo by a New Zealand man with a great voice. Fellowship with pineapple juice and niblets on the lovely lawn with gardens follows. This is a joyous House of God and you are definitely welcome here! There are regulars in the congregation...people who live on Maui...but there are many who come each year for a month or two or even a winter, or just a couple of weeks (like me! But then, I do work here in NJ). The church is opposite the small Honokowai Park, right on Lower Honoapiilani Road, and if you feel like it, you can cross the street, tide pool a bit, or, if you have children, there's even a playground. Oh, yes, the musician you see in the photo is historian Katherine Smith, whose book *The Love Remains*, is a truly engrossing historical novel about the very real Kale Davis (1797-1867) who lived, raised a family, and was responsible for land and workers on the part of Maui now known as the Kapalua Resort. You can find the book on Amazon (<http://www.amazon.com/Love-Remains-Katherine-Kama%60ema%60-Smith/dp/0972342052>) I met and spoke with Katherine at church.



Yellow hibiscus in the Hawaiian Church garden

The other church is Pastor Chris Martin's Lahaina Baptist Church....only....the Hawaii Pacific Baptist Convention has now chosen Christopher Martin, pastor of Lahaina Baptist Church in Maui, as its next executive director. So there is an Interim Pastor. This is a large church, with a couple of services, music and dance and I have enjoyed Chris Martin's inspiring sermons, but I haven't been able to get there since Pastor Martin's departure. This church is on 209 Shaw St, Lahaina.



Lahaina Baptist Church



Pastor Chris Martin of the Lahaina Baptist Church

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## Two churches and a fishy finale

Just to leave you with some fishes....



Black Rock—a great place to snorkel



Pailtail Unicorn fish at Black Rock; I love their profiles!



Approaching Molokini Mike and I had a great trip with the Pacific Whale Foundation to snorkel out at Molokini and Lanai. We also saw several whales on the way out and returning



Pink-tailed Surgeon fish at Molokini

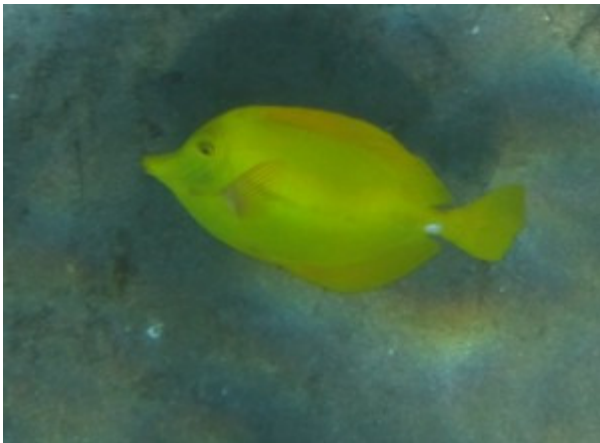




Black Surgeon fish—they came right up to us, very cool! Molokini

Because I am crazy about snorkeling, and might have included too many marine photos, I have toned down my posts. I actually took hundreds of pix with my faithful Canon Power Shot D10, underwater photo and video camera. And I haven't included family stuff, because I do respect the privacy of Mike and Cveta, and also of Marika and her family at Hale Maui. So I haven't posted familial/friend photos. But the fishes...well, they aren't private....as long as you snorkel without stepping on any coral, and you don't wear harmful sun block, the fishes, sea urchins, and turtles will pay you no mind. So I include a few more photos taken at fave snorkeling places.

Enjoy! Feel free to email me any questions about snorkeling on Maui and the wonderful marine life; I'll try my best to answer you.



Yellow Tang at Black Rock



Raccoon Butterfly Fish



Humuhumunukunukuapua'a I was lucky enough to see this beautiful unofficial Hawaiian state fish almost every time I snorkeled. They swim as though they know they are beloved....sort of a stately swim, hard to describe, great to see



Ooops! Red flag up at Kapalua I didn't notice it until I was leaving Kapalua that particular day. Red flag means it's a bit rough, don't swim/snorkel. Usually Kapalua is the absolute calmest place to snorkel, even when other beaches are too rough



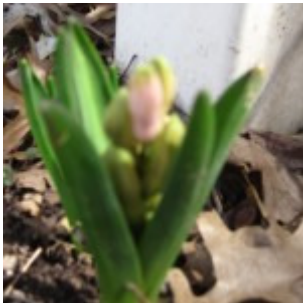
Christmas Wrasse, not clear but I was swimming and this delightful wrasse was down a bit

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# Ahhh, Spring! April 19, 2014



crocuses



Infant pink hyacinth

## **Spring is really here....rejoice!**

I can't believe it....first our crocuses bloom and then the baby daffodils. They are so sweet. I really don't know what they are..miniature daffs, jonquils, narcissus? So I googled "baby daffodils". You try it—especially "images for baby daffodils" and you'll also get (human) babies sitting in daffodils and kittens and ducks. If you need a "cuteness" kick just google "images baby daffodils". You'll also find there is a species called Baby Moon Daffodils.



Baby Daffs Forsythia in the background

Anyway, then come the primroses—yellow and white, and my tall regular daffodils. Naturally the daffs appear first along our front walk because of the sunny southern exposure, but then come the garden daffs. All are welcome. The fishes start moving about in New and Center Ponds. They eat a little. They are waking up.



primroses

The deer, however, look scruffy. Their grey-brown winter coat is ruffled up in sections. They look as if they'll shed. I turn to Google, good old

Google. [http://www.dnr.state.md.us/wildlife/Hunt\\_Trap/deer/wtdeerfacts.asp](http://www.dnr.state.md.us/wildlife/Hunt_Trap/deer/wtdeerfacts.asp)

I quote, "White-tailed deer have two different coats of hair during the year. The gray winter coat is comprised of longer guard hairs and a soft wooly underfur that provide insulation from the cold. This thicker winter coat is shed prior to the hot summer months. This shorter summer coat is reddish-brown and lacks the thick insulating underfur. The summer coat hairs are short and wiry." *So no wonder they look scruffy to me. There's been so many deer on our patio and in our back yard this truly hard winter. I know they like the treats I provide. I bet one of them births her fawns somewhere near.*



Deer feeding on our patio—snow time March 10, 2014

The forsythia are appearing. Glorious butter yellow forsythia! How I love to look at thee! When the town fathers (or perhaps the Master Gardeners?) have planted the median of a highway, such as they have in our town of Bridgewater, along Rt. 22 near Ethicon...it makes for a happier highway ride just to see that burst of brilliant yellow as you drive. Every spring my mom would say, "The forsythia will be out in time for Ron's birthday (my brother)." And every year just at April 17<sup>th</sup> the forsythia would be out in full force.





Hi, Little Fellow! Your coat is a bit scruffy now! Bet you're glad the snow is gone. April 2, 2014

Even though I know these flowers and bushes, and pretty soon all the tree blossoms, will appear each spring, it still is miraculous to me. My spirits rise and my mind dances about and I get all jiggley-happy when I view it all. Thank you, God!

Tomorrow is Easter. Happy Easter to all of you!

*Don't you love just leaving your winter coat in the closet? And you don't miss that missing mitten as much as you might? (try saying that 3 times fast)*

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# Celebrating Easter April 27, 2014



## Easter on Stony Brook Drive

I know, I'm writing this the Sunday *after* Easter. I just can't get to my blog whenever I want to. Other things come up, like teaching, or taking a class, or zumba, or my visits to the nursing home. It's all great stuff, but, for example "fishly duties" come before blogging, because the fish are live and need my attention.



Tal, Shawn, and I color Easter eggs

So this will be mostly photos. It was a great Easter weekend. Easter is about the joy of Jesus' resurrection and it couldn't have been more emphasized this year as the blooms have just been exploding in rebirth. The trees, the forsythia, and all couldn't have been more glorious. We had a long hard winter, and this spring is our reward.



Some of my eggs with Kitty and Bunny

So the day before Easter saw Shawn (who was here for short visit, while April was up with her mom and dad; he went there on Easter) and Tal and I coloring Easter eggs. 18 hard boiled eggs...yay! Since we each could color six, I got to do all the colors in the Paas Pack. I remember when I was a child, I wouldn't eat the eggs but always wanted to color a lot. But because Ron and I wouldn't eat any, we usually only got to color 4 or 5 each. Now I really like to eat eggs so there's no waste. And after we colored, I used the left over dye to color some watercolor paper, just experimenting. Later that night some of Shawn's friends came over and we played a board game Shawn invented and keeps improving.



Easter Blooms and our Easter Sunday bulletin in the basket



Christ Presbyterian Church, Martinsville, with balloons & blooms Easter Sunday

At Christ Presbyterian Church in Martinsville, we've had a long history of balloons on Easter Sunday. These, combined with Easter blooms, hyacinths, daffodils, tulips, etc. make for a joyous and color celebration. Each congregation member carries a couple of blooms inside to put up front near the cross. Gard and Shawn and I had come earlier with the balloons and helium tank and inflated them. The balloons were hidden behind black netting which cover the windows. Then when Pastor Susan talked about how Christ rose for the dead, the black netting was stripped away, revealing the lovely sunny day outside the windows and the jewel tone balloons inside. Afterwards we always have fellowship—delightful conversation and delicious food. One of our congregation, Jeff Olson, also shared a tray of colored Easter eggs he had created, really beautiful. He is an artist of course! The sermon by Pastor Susan was of course truly meaningful and the music glorious. It was even a sunshiney day.

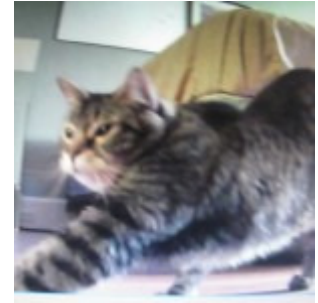


Jeff's Easter Eggs at Church Fellowship

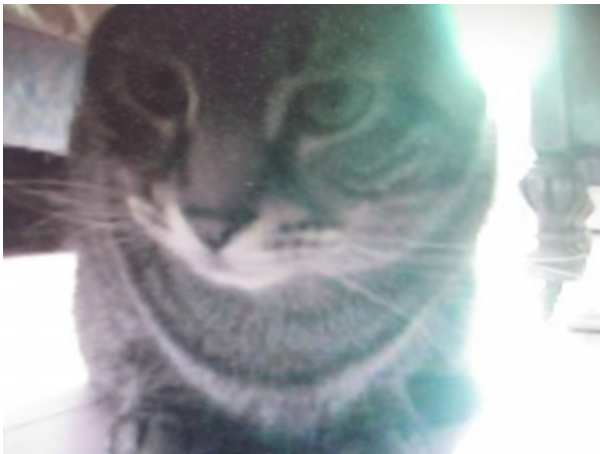
The day after Easter I went up to Chester Public Library and read my picture books to two groups of preschool children. What fun! The Youth Services Librarian MaryAnn Burden, also read and provided a simple craft for the children. So I got to read my *Charlemagne to the Rescue*, with my puppets Charlemagne and Susie Q. introducing "their" book, and also my book *Rocking out to Sea*. The children, who were 3 and 4, were really attentive, and so cute. They also asked good questions and later, got to color their own "Charlemagne" fishes.



Chester Library—the couch with my puppets Charlemagne and Susie Q



Leo stretches in front of the CatCam



Leo investigates the CatCam

While Shawn and April are away their two wonderful gray tabby cats Leo and Luna rule the roost (and maybe other times as well?) Now here's the fun part....Shawn has set up cameras in the kitchen where they eat, and in the spare bedroom which has their cozy circular cat beds which sit on top of another people bed. Shawn kindly gives me the link so that I can watch Leo and Luna all the way here, 6 ½ hours and a state line away. To me, this is not only great fun, but super amazing. I so enjoy watching the two at food time and sometimes in between when they are in the spare bedroom. Luna doesn't pay much attention to the cameras; she is above that sort of nonsense. Leo,

on the other hand, is curious about the camera, hears and sees it move, comes close to it, studies it, and sometimes puts his cute face right up to it. Animals—you gotta love ‘em.



The CatCam catches Luna eating dinner

Speaking of animals the birds, squirrels, and deer all came by on Easter of course. Of course they come by each day, but I'm not always at the kitchen or living room window when they do. On Easter I was. So I got to enjoy the wild life as well as Leo and Luna.





Easter–Deer by our pool–What are they looking at?



Deer celebrating Easter in our front yard



The Magic Shop in Oldwick



Tal, Gard, Shawn, and April with the Easter Bunny at the Magic Shop in Oldwick

We all met Shawn and April in Oldwick (on their way home to Pennsylvania), for a late lunch at the Oldwick General Store and a visit to The Magic Shop. We always enjoy an Easter time visit to The Magic Shop because for a month around Easter the Bunny Trail, the bunny hole is open. Children can enter through a hole (in a door painted like a tree which the adults just open to go through) or another hole where they can slide down into the main part. We adults are totally fascinated by the dioramas visible through the “holes” in the trees. Each year there is a different theme; this year the animals who live there were all crafting. They quilted, they painted, they made jewelry, and more, much more. Totally great.



More crafting by the animals



### Embroidery in the bunny hole

and cocktail playing cards. And after you are welcome to put money in the donation box outside the “tree”; it all goes to Bonnie Brae. The Magic Shop is good to visit any time because there is such unique and varied merchandise. Children’s toys from around the world, children’s books and dolls, and a dollhouse or two, jewelry, cards, books, amazing china and silk screened dish towels. Room after room of surprises. We came away with such things as an old-fashioned mechanical tin car, a small model of a horse, a tote bag with “Animal Farm” on it,

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# Spring has sprung May 12, 2014

**Spring is so lovely I need to continue with the photos.....Remember that old poem you recited in grade school?**

“Spring has sprung...The grass is riz...  
I wonder where the birdies iz? ” and then there was,  
“Little Birdie in the sky? Why you do-do in my eye” Well, I guess I shouldn’t cry, what if elephants could fly?”

from Google I found.....What is the **poem** that starts with the line **spring is sprung**,the **grass is riz**?

The poem that begins ‘Spring is sprung, the grass is riz’ appears to be an untitled, traditional poem that originated in New Jersey/Brooklyn, USA.

<http://www.kgbanswers.co.uk/what-is-the-poem-that-...>

Who was the author of the saying,**Spring has sprung**. The **grass is riz**. I wonder where dem flowers is-at?

There are controversies but the saying is attributed the most to Frederic Ogden Nash (August 19, 1902 – May 19, 1971) an American poet best known for writing pithy and funny humor



Tulip tree blossoms are lush and exuberant—each bloom is a treasure, especially viewed back-lit by the sun



Dandelion—I love these sun-yellow blossoms which dance along the lawns, saving those lawns from a deep green boredom



Maple Babies—aren't they gorgeous? Bright and full of summer's promise



Aggie's & Bob's weeping cherry tree

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# In memory of Muffin and Marmelade Opal

May 12, 2014.

## In Gratitude for the lives of Muffin and Marmelade Opal



Muffin

Those of you who have been here throughout the years know my affinity for fishes and all things marine. You've seen the number of aquariums inside since 1998 vary from one to seven, all with goldfish in every stage of development. The past two years, though, there were just two aquariums, one with Muffin and Wally, and one with Marmelade Opal and Sorbet.

Muffin died April 8<sup>th</sup>. A descendent of the original pair of goldfish who began my obsession, Muffin was 12 or 13 years old (at one time I had lots of "youngsters"). He and Wally were quite large, about 9' and so the two needed their 28 gallon tank. Marmelade Opal died early am on May 7<sup>th</sup>. She was in the first group of children of Tangy and Callie, the originals, and so was almost 14 years old (born late spring 2000).



Muffin was a sweetie; he'd not only come up to me for food, but just to see me. Truly. You could talk to him and I swear, he'd listen. Like all my fish, they ate from my fingers and had particular likes in food, peas being a favorite, but also krill and worm cubes. Muffin was all orange, but with the shimmering shiny scales, with rather short fins, i.e. normal goldfish fins. He had developed a huge cataract on his right eye about 1 ½ years ago, and so was blind in one eye. It did not deter him from swimming around at all, and as long as I made sure he saw my fingers with his food with his good (left) eye, he was just fine. He and Wally seemed to be good pals. Goldfish are sociable creatures. They also have much longer memories than was previously thought. They are also smarter and can wend their way through mazes and remember the path(s) to get to food.



Marmalade Opal

Marmalade Opal was extravagantly gorgeous, with the longest fins you can imagine. Her body was 9"; her tail fins added another 7". She either had to K-turn in her 55 gallon tank, or do a sort of diving somersault to turn around. First she was marmalade colored; but she lost that color about or 8 years ago, becoming a luminescent opal color. Very lively, she knocked the top of the aquarium off several times, a real danger as then she could have jumped out, or the top could have banged her. Naturally I put weights on the top, beginning with small ones, but as she grew stronger, she'd

knock them off, so I had to increase the weights. Once my husband Gard said she was quite creative and was playing with a (resin) cow in the corner; she'd knocked that particular weight in somehow. She too would eat from my fingers and had a wide pinkish mouth. You might not know, but goldfish sort of suck at your fingers like a baby when they get their food and then they dash off.

The last two years, because both pairs of fish were so large, I've been changing water in their tanks each and every day. Because they are so large they produce enormous amounts of ammonia. I don't mind doing that, as it is a peaceful meditative sort of thing, and the fish are so lovely and responsive. But I thank Gard and Tal for doing it when I'm away, and when we're all away, our friends and neighbors, Aggie and Bob, and Gary and Barb, have been absolute angels changing water each day. Gary is something of a fish and turtle expert himself. Now this is where one proof of goldfish memory and feelings come in, as Aggie told me it takes a few days before they would eat from any of their fingers, and when I'm just away overnight and Gard is home, he says they won't eat from his fingers (they are so used to me feeding them and speaking to them).

Goldfish can live to be twenty years with good care; most don't, and lots of that is due to ammonia in the water or similar things. I thought that was what made Muffin sluggish, and also Wally, so I changed it even more. I missed whatever disease Muffin had, until it was too late. Usually I can catch and diagnose the disease and treat it in time, as I have several kinds of fish meds. I was too late with the meds for Muffin (or possibly misdiagnosed). With Marm I was radically wrong—I did give her meds and changed water twice a day and used an ammonia preventative. What I did not know was that ammonia preventatives lower the pH in a tank. Unbelievable. She died and Sorbet was weak and on his side when our son Tal said "Mom, check the pH. Didn't you used to add baking soda when the pH was low in the old days?" Oh, my! The pH was way low. After checking on how much to add, I did add the baking soda, and this saved Sorbet. This was now 4 days ago and Sorbet ate breakfast and dinner yesterday and swam around. Incidentally there is some discussion on this, whether it's a good practice or not, but I tell you, in this case, Tal's suggestion saved Sorbet.

Both fishes are buried in my flower garden, under perennials.