

# THE TRIumph

A Hudson Valley Mental Health Publication

Sponsored by

TACONIC RESOURCES FOR INDEPENDENCE, INC.

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## THE HOUSING CRISIS FOR NEW YORKERS WITH DISABILITIES

The lack of affordable, accessible, integrated housing options is the most significant barrier to people with disabilities living independently in the community. In 2010 there was no place in the country where a person with a disability receiving SSI could afford rental housing without a permanent rental subsidy. New York has 353,115 people with disabilities currently receiving SSI. And there are 22,248 New Yorkers living in nursing facilities who have indicated they wish to return to the community. This would save the State \$129 million annually in Medicaid funding if they could find housing.

Also, people with disabilities represent over 40% of the homeless population. New York's chronic homeless population in 2009 was 4,280, including people with serious mental illness, substance disorders, or chronic medical issues.

With not only poverty as a major barrier to affordable housing, people with disabilities are often discriminated against by landlords and realtors, who not only discriminate because individuals are on fixed incomes, but often don't want to work with subsidized programs such as Section 8, Shelter Plus and other government programs. Physically disabled individuals often find it even harder to find properly accessible facilities where they may live independently. Ending the housing crisis for New Yorkers of all ages that require long-term services and supports in the community by increasing affordable, accessible and integrated housing is a complex undertaking which faces many barriers.

Beginning in early 2012 and continuing throughout the year, the New York Association on Independent Living (NYAIL) will be beginning, with other groups in Albany, advocacy and discussion groups to help rectify the above problems in New York State. People with disabilities are more often being allowed a seat at the table where momentous systemic changes are being considered. NYAIL is grateful for being included in these and other work groups, but more people with disabilities, including older New Yorkers with disabilities, should be part of the planning discussion too. State policy must primarily reflect the needs of those who receive services and supports, rather than those who provide services.

For more information, contact: Lindsay Miller, Advocacy Coordinator, [lmiller@ilny.org](mailto:lmiller@ilny.org), telephone: 518-465-4650.

## HRPC – A BRIEF HISTORIC TIMELINE

Although HRPC’s Ross Pavilion, one of the last remaining buildings housing patients, which is due to be closing soon, now only has a census of about 125 consumers, at one time the Hudson River State Hospital had many more patients and staff, and comprised many pleasant, wooded acres. Here is a brief timeline of HRPC’s history.

- 1869 – First designed
- 1871 – First seven patients admitted
- 1886 – HRSH School of Nursing founded
- 1906 – Our Lady of the Rosary Chapel built
- 1914 – The State Hospital’s own farm opened
- 1918 – Outpatient clinics in Poughkeepsie, Peekskill, and Mt. Vernon opened
- 1926 – Avery Protestant Chapel opened
- 1930 – Infirmary opened
- 1934 – Hillcrest School for Children opened
- 1952 – Clarence O. Cheney Building opened
- 1954 – Ross Pavilion opened for TB patients
- 1955 – Census of nearly 6,000 patients
- 1960 – 90% of wards became unlocked
- 1971 – Rehab Center opened, later dedicated to Herman B. Snow, former Director. This building housed a complete gym, a swimming pool, a modern, four-lane bowling alley, a cafeteria, a library, a computer lab, several offices and a modern auditorium.
- 1982 – HRPC Historic Museum established
- 1989 – Main (Administration) Bldg. deemed National Historic Landmark
- 2001 – Closure of HRPC Lower Campus – All patients transferred to Ross Pavilion (formerly for the elderly and infirm).

While it is sad to see such a mammoth part of Poughkeepsie’s legacy being done away with, Taconic Resources for Independence, Inc. is glad to see individuals being given a chance to become integrated into and function within the community. At last report, the Hudson River Psychiatric Center will be formally closing its doors by the end of January, 2012.

## BRING IT FULL CIRCLE

Dori Wheeler

I can’t tell you how much it means to me  
To be a Native American woman  
I live it in my life subconsciously

Subconsciously I take care of our mother  
She is the one we were given  
Without mother earth there is no other

Other people may think I am odd  
When I refuse to drop a paper  
Or pick up other’s litter, a paper wad

A paper wad may not seem like much to you  
But to me, well I’ve been taught differently  
To watch my mother littered upon  
Is not something I can do

Do what is right and she’ll treat us right  
Keep doing wrong and we’ll  
Keep having problems  
There’ll be no earth, she’ll be  
Gone from our sight

Sight of my beautiful animals I must have  
They are medicine to me, they talk to me  
They are like healing salve

Healing salve to soothe my wounds  
From all I endure

Walking the red road shouldn’t be so painful  
But man has made it definitely sure

Sure to damage our mother along the way  
Maybe we can bring it full circle  
Until it’s healed and the  
The circle has begun to sway...

.....

“And our visions, the visions of poets, the most solid announcements of any.”

Walt Whitman

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TRI SPONSORS FUND RAISING  
BOWLING EVENT IN POUGHKEEPSIE

IF THERE HAD BEEN NO CALVARY  
Maxine MacAdam

If there had been no Calvary,  
No Savior on the cross,  
How grim would be our future,  
How great would be our loss!  
How difficult our lives would be  
Without a shred of hope,  
For without our Lord's redemption  
How could we ever cope?  
How awesome is God's love for us.  
How great must be the pain  
He felt when Christ was crucified,  
Although He'd rise again!  
Sin's debts were paid forevermore  
For all who would believe  
And accept Him as their Savior,  
And the blessings we receive.  
His passion was remarkable  
There in Gethsemane  
Where He prayed, "Thy will be done,"  
Then he died for you and me.  
Our lives would have no purpose,  
Our living would be a loss  
If there had been no Calvary,  
No Savior on the cross.

POEM  
Misha Fredericks

A chorus of white-throats singing  
Along a winding creek  
Reflections of fall foliage  
At autumnal peak.

Broken branches bowing  
In reverence to Earth  
Covered in snow until  
The return of spring's birth.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*“We sense the brightness of a new page, on which  
everything can yet happen...”  
Rainer Maria Rilke (1905)

All are welcomed to attend a fundraising bowling event on Saturday, February 11<sup>th</sup> at Mardi Bob Family Recreation Center, located at 45 Taft Avenue in Poughkeepsie, starting at 12:00 pm.

Offered will be:  
2 games of bowling including shoes for \$7.00.  
(\$4.50 in savings)  
Optional 1 slice of pizza & small soda for \$3.00 (\$.75 in savings)  
Each additional game of bowling \$3.00 (\$1.25 in savings)  
Lanes are wheelchair accessible via provided ramp.  
Assistive ball ramps provided when requested.

Pre-register by calling TRI at 845-452-3913. A portion of all proceeds will be donated to TRI. What a great way to support outreach for the disabled community!

Taconic Resources for Independence, Inc.  
*Advocating for Inclusive Communities*  
82 Washington St., Suite 214  
Poughkeepsie, New York 12601  
Phone: 845-452-3913  
Fax: 845-485-3196  
[www.taconicresources.org](http://www.taconicresources.org)

A LOVE POEM  
Veronica Schmidt

Hello Mr. Teddy Bear. I fell in love with you from the first day I set my eyes on you.

You do a good job of taking care of me. You are generous, kind, and giving.

I'll love you till the day I see you last.  
Love XXOO. From Venus.

NOTE: "The TRIumph" welcomes poetry and short prose from creative individuals with disabilities from the Hudson Valley area.

LOVING YOURSELF  
Christine Harrison

You are so bright I can see  
There is so much you can give to me  
You have a heart full of gold  
In your prayer God will always hold  
You are deserving of the best  
So let go and forget the rest  
You must love yourself the most  
And it's not wrong to boast  
Children are the most important in life  
We must teach them things will be alright  
There are people that can be cruel  
But with God they hear the golden rule  
If we hurt we must try to laugh  
As we know this too shall pass  
Unconditional love is what should always be  
Working things out is the key  
Enjoy the day in your best way  
Don't let anything get in your way I must say  
Don't move too slow or run too fast  
Now go and have yourself a blast  
God bless our enemies, family and our friends  
With this I will end with Amen  
Thank you for all that you have done  
As you teach us all how to have fun

A BEAUTIFUL DAY  
Maxine MacAdam

I borrowed a poem from the sky  
And music from a bird.  
I stole a charm out of the wind  
And from the rose a word.  
I borrowed a song from the hills,  
A psalm from the silver rain.  
I took the footsteps of an angel  
Out of a cobwebbed lane.  
From each little thing I fashioned  
Something in my own way.  
With God's help I put in my heart  
A wonderful, beautiful day.

[d.panagotis@taconicresources.org](mailto:d.panagotis@taconicresources.org)

I KEEP ON, WRITING ON  
Dori Wheeler

I had a tough life  
As so many do  
Now I write all about my strife  
And forget all about you  
I keep on writing on  
To let it all out  
I can tell about the cons  
And write all what it was about  
Having been molested and raped too  
Writing has been such a release  
It's saved me from you  
Much more helpful than the police  
I keep on writing on  
To tell of my joy for sure  
There's more to my life than pain  
I have a lot of pleasure to endure  
My writing keeps me from going insane  
Whatever is going on in my mind  
I write about as a way out  
It allows me to leave it behind  
Or I'd probably scream and shout!

GROUP THERAPIES AT PEOPLE, Inc.  
Mary Ann Bagatta

Each Tuesday at PEOPLE, Inc. located at 378 Violet Avenue in Poughkeepsie, I co-lead a group called "Coping With Anger." This group is offered free of charge, and runs from 10:30 a.m. until 12:00 noon.

Also, on Mondays the "Current Affairs" group meets from 10 a.m. until 11:00 a.m. This group is also free and all are welcome to attend.

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HAIKU – David Panagotis

The sun shining bright  
It's not very cold outside  
But winter begins!

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## THE QUESTION

Robert Miller

You've saved my soul  
You own my heart.  
You are the woman for me  
I've known from the start.  
You vanquish my pain  
With the touch of your hand.  
You teach me each day  
To be a much better man.  
Your beautiful eyes and  
Your soft fragrant skin  
Open the doors to  
Your beauty within.  
I love you so much  
You've given me life.  
So I ask the woman I adore  
Will you please be my wife?

## SOME HAIKU BY SHEILA

Sheila Moon

A boxer  
Hangs up his gloves for the last time  
His gnarled hands...Crying!

Flies swarming around  
The fruits  
Of the Ghetto Woman.

I love the beach  
The sounds of the strong ocean waves,  
Cutting, biting!  
Drowning out the tears  
Of my heart!

I always see her at Goodwill.  
She wears a red beret,  
Carries her papillon  
Under her sleeve!

“The TRIumph”

Taconic Resources for Independence, Inc.  
845-452-3913 x 301

## ANNUAL HOLIDAY PICNIC

AT CENTER FOR CHANGE

Thursday, December 1, 2011

David Panagotis

The festivities began at 11:30, as between 65 and 70 people, including staff, gathered at 26 Oakley Street to begin one of the best holiday celebrations there ever. Gil and the Bright Notes entertained, and several beautiful and religious songs were sung by them. Some the audience joined in on. Two were “Day by Day,” “One Day at a Time,” and even one young lady sang a song in Italian!

Delicious, traditional holiday food which was cooked by CFC's staff was served by noon. And there was plenty of it! All were allowed seconds, and even more was given for people to take home with them. During the meal, several ethnic holiday songs were played which were in various languages, keeping spirits high. Several people danced, while others just rejoiced and clapped their hands.

As for me, I enjoyed meeting people I've known for a while, and meeting new people as well, both clients and staff. Thanks, C.F.C.!

## NOW THAT'S A NEW ONE!

David Panagotis

A man was driving his new sports car and decided to floor the gas pedal and see how fast it would go. He then noticed that he was going 100 m.p.h. Soon red lights began flashing behind him. He kept on going, until he had reached 130. He finally said to himself, “What am I doing?” and pulled over. The policeman walked up and said, “Look, I've had a long day. If you can give me an excuse I've never heard before, I'll let you go.” So the man said, “My wife ran off last month with a policeman, and I thought you were trying to return her.” The policeman handed him back his license and quietly said, “Have a good day, sir.”

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THE ESSENCE OF LOVE

LeRoy F. Bowen

What is love? Love is the awareness of one's own weaknesses and the realization of the one who can transform those weaknesses into characteristics of strength.

OH, HERSHEY PARK

Tina Hallock

Oh, Hershey Park. I would like to go to the Park and eat a Hershey Bar and go on the rides and meet new people and become friends. If you visit in May you save \$14.00 off the regular admission price.

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“The TRiumph” office hours are Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday, 9:15 a.m. to 12:15 p.m.

## MISSED IT BY THAT MUCH

Joseph Murphy

Did I save a life? I was coming back from Hannaford about ten p.m. and coming toward me was, I suddenly realized on the other side of Chandler Drive, an African-American boy. I had thought he was a man, but he wasn't. I looked toward the right, and there racing toward him at maybe a hundred miles an hour, was a very expensive, smooth running, no noise car which with no braking at all was going to hit the boy. I made a huge face and whatever came out of my mouth, he saw. Looking at me he made a face and turned to his left. He saw the car! Boy, he did run! Was he on the team? What a sprint!

I had just finished at Hannaford talking with my favorite clerk: “Liz!” “So you're finally making some money!” Liz! (Art and writing, well, really no).

JUST AS WE ARE

Maxine MacAdam

I'll love you if you're pretty  
I'll love you if you're thin  
I'll love you if you're witty  
I'll love you if you win  
I'll love you if you're rich  
I'll love you if you're smart  
I'll love you if you love me back,  
Then you'll have my heart.  
But that's not how God loves us.  
He loves us as we are.  
It doesn't matter what we've done,  
Of if we strayed afar.  
His love is never measured  
By the things we do or say.  
His love is unconditional,  
A gift to you and me.

Thanks once again, Maxine, for your inspirational poetry.

WOODSTOCK CHAMBER ORCHESTRA  
BARD COLLEGE, RED HOOK, NEW YORK  
NOVEMBER 11, 2011  
Siri S. Milkove

Norway and the elements folklorique were quite well presented by the WCO this evening. The string section was particularly good and sounded well-rehearsed by conductor, Miriam Burns. Edvard Grieg, a popular Norwegian folklorist wrote the Holberg Suite for Orchestra to commemorate the celebration of both old and new trends. There are other arrangements of the Holberg Suite including the one for piano, but this arrangement for strings I liked the best. Lars Larson's Trombone Concerto performed by trombonist Sean Scott, didn't phase S. Scott one bit. Scott performed the virtuosic passages with aplomb. After the intermission, a lovely selection by A. Borodin, "In the Steppes of Central Asia" portrayed the Russian military victories over Asia in a vignette steeped in programmatic imagery. The dissipation of the sound as the Russian caravan disappeared over the tundra in wintertime provided an eeriness suggestive of Tsar Alexander II passing in his chariot. Concluding the concert was the Mozart Symphony No. 38 in D, K.504, ("Prague"). This symphony, in three movements, while one of his last symphonies, was not one of his most mature works. Although immersed in the creating of "Figaro" and composing piano variations in his honor, the "Prague," while it sustained rather elongated key changes, didn't do it nearly as well for me as the opera Don Giovanni.

BEING HEALTHY

Terry E. Bailey

Being healthy  
Means many things  
To many people

Being healthy  
To me means  
Being content

Being able  
To wake up  
Without feeling stressed

Without worry  
About what is  
Or what will come

Being able to  
Feel enjoyment  
In the moment

WALKING HAIKU - David Panagotis

Without any car  
I daily face these old streets  
Making my heart strong!

THE BIRD

Terry E. Bailey

The bird outside my window  
Is grayish-brown and white  
Looking like the wintertime  
It's not much of a sight

Still I find myself enthralled  
Watching his every move  
As he's picking through the snow  
To find himself some food

I think about the Scripture  
That says God feeds the birds  
So why should I be anxious  
These are more than just words

The bird goes about his business  
As calm as calm can be  
If God cares so much for birds  
Why wouldn't he care for me

THE CROW HAIKU – David Panagotis

Other side of street  
Each and every winter  
Hundreds of squawkers!

THE GARDEN OF  
OUR LADY OF FATIMA  
Joseph Murphy

I volunteer at the garden at St. Joseph's Church in Kingston, N.Y. Emily is Chief Gardener, and I always give her credit for that! She gave me a section along the front, by the handicapped ramp, and I also do the part where people pray. It had been a mess, and I wanted it nice where they prayed! However, though my daisies and roses survived the winter, by the handicapped ramp it looked a mess! What was I to do? If only, I thought, I could find some wild flowers. I didn't have much money. Well, as luck would have it, I found what I thought were wild flowers, but when they were put in they almost bloomed but didn't, and would suddenly go "puff" with a round ball of seeds. I had thought their yellow-looking flowers were flowers but they weren't. They were weeds!

Well, no one could say, I guess, that I had stolen weeds, lucky me, and I finally had enough money to buy real flowers. I wonder if anyone saw me! I hope for the best!

TIME WARP/FLASHBACK - Mathilde

I am baby sitting, more so like rejuvenating!  
Ring...ring...ring...Telephone;  
A guessing game?  
I bet it is your other grandma...  
*No o o...*  
Who is it then?  
*Da a ad, for you grandma!*  
My heart stops... Back in time... I hear  
Her mother's voice! I hold a little girl,  
Bundled up in a pink snowsuit.  
It snows... And snows... The freezing cold...  
Her father pulls us closer to him. Long lost...  
Warm... Loving embrace...  
The time is now!  
The magic moment dissipates.  
Hi Tom, yes, all is well here.  
No school today.  
Happy Snow Day to you too.  
We love you! Bye honey.

HIDDEN BLESSING  
Terry E. Bailey

I await a blessing  
Quite impatiently  
When will it come  
Will it ever be

Time passes as it does  
Sometimes slow or it flees  
Looking back to that time  
The blessing I do see

\*\*\*\*\*

CRUSHED  
Dori Wheeler

She held on too tight  
To that relationship  
It just wasn't right

Right wouldn't make her bleed  
Like the rose she crushed  
Indeed

Indeed when we hold on too tight  
Things tend to want to escape  
They want to run from mere fright

Fright will not keep them down  
Just the opposite  
It will make them run like a clown

Clown red is the blood  
That trickles down her hand  
She really should have let up some slack  
Then she might not be  
Bleeding like a brand...

NOTE FROM THE EDITOR: "The TRIumph" pays \$2.00 for each poem or article under ten lines and \$6.00 for each one ten lines or over. The only requirement for a contributor's work to be considered is that he/she be a present or former recipient of mental health services or be disabled.

## SAFETY STARTS AT HOME

Some tips from the Home Safety Council

1. Install grab bars in the tub and shower and put down non-slip mats.
2. Have bright lights over stairs, steps and landings.
3. Keep stairs and floors clear of clutter.
4. Put cleaners, medications and beauty products in a place where children can't reach them. Use child safety locks.
5. Have working smoke alarms and hold fire drills.
6. Stay by the stove when cooking. Use back burners and turn pot handles toward the back of your stove.
7. Keep your hot water at 120 degrees to prevent burns.
8. Things that can fit through a toilet paper tube can cause a young child to choke. Keep these things, including food, where children cannot see or touch them.
9. Place babies to sleep on their backs, alone in their crib. Don't put pillows, blankets, comforters or toys in cribs.
10. When your children are in or near water, stay close enough to reach out and touch them. This includes bathtubs, toilets, pools and spas – even buckets of water.

## WRITING A POEM WITH A LITTLE GIRL

Sheila Moon

Two seagulls (little girl says on the beach)  
Two seagulls  
One the beach (little girl says holding hands)  
Two seagulls  
On the beach  
Holding hands! (little girl smiles)  
The End!

SEND ALL SUBMISSIONS TO:

“The TRIumph”

Taconic Resources for Independence, Inc.  
82 Washington St., Suite 214  
Poughkeepsie, New York 12601

## GRANDDAUGHTER IS PRECIOUS

Anonymous

Granddaughters are a dream come true,  
The precious princesses that they are.  
Little, they grow up and then they  
Go away to college. Before you know it,  
There is no more the magical bond.  
With my granddaughter is the beauty  
Of them being small and  
Watching their dreams.  
This darling granddaughter dresses as her  
Favorite Disney princess that captures your  
Heart with her big blue eyes, dazzling gown  
And sparkling glitter that makes her shine.  
Handsome frog prince sweeps her off her feet  
And takes her away, and loving  
Graces the young lady in the gown.

## HOPE MAKES EVERYTHING SWEETER

Anonymous

Hope for a day,  
Hope for a kiss, hope for a curer.  
A kiss for love,  
A kiss for a friend  
Who has cancer,  
A kiss to put a smile on  
Someone's face for the  
Moment.  
You're the inspiration of my life.

## JACK AND JILL – Anonymous

Jack and Jill ran up the hill,  
To get to the house, to find  
Out someone broke in.  
The window was open,  
The alarm was going off.  
No one called the police.  
Off Jack ran away, and when  
Jill went running in the house.  
It was robbed. Jack came back,  
And Jill ran away,  
Never to be seen again.

## LOVE'S PROMISE FOREVER

Shanna

Rasha, my only soul mate your kiss will last  
Endlessly, your touch forever cozy  
As you guide me to the shining sun,  
And cover me from the storm.  
You clear my pain and sorrow, you help me get  
confidence, and you gave me shelter from nowhere  
to go, and help me see the shooting star again...  
When I need someone to lean on, you're always  
there.  
When my heart was broken, you always care.  
When I am confused or depressed, my right  
Path you always seem to find.  
Endlessly takes me by the second, while I am  
Here with you.  
I knew I was falling in love with  
Everything you did for me. There aren't  
Enough hours in each giving day, to search all  
The words, I pray I could say.  
I can't repay or even try,  
I owe you for every time I cried.  
You have always seemed to make me smile  
When down. I pray always you'll be around.  
All I ever wanted, I find in you only,  
Trust always, without you I could not  
Be the same.  
I would not have anyone to clear my tears.  
I have not been in love before.  
Only you compare to this.  
You are the only man that touched my heart  
And soul, in all the places others have missed.  
It's an endless feeling that our love is meant  
To be. I know without a doubt, God sent you  
Back to me.  
Now promise me that our love will stay  
Endlessly strong, and no one will keep us  
Apart, because together forever we belong.

"The TRIumph"

Taconic Resources for Independence, Inc.  
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## NOBODY LIKE YOU

Shanna

She's my Angel...  
I don't tell her every day how much  
She means to me, so I am going to take this  
Time to say it...  
Inside and out her beauty shows...  
Never can I find the same  
Comfort she holds...She's the one who  
Holds the keys to my heart  
And my darkest secrets...  
How can I describe her,  
I love her in every way...She is always there  
For me, and inspires me to stay strong,  
And loves me for me...I'm lucky to have her  
As my best friend, and a day without her is  
Not a normal day, for she brings a smile to  
My face... When I cry she wipes my tears  
Away, and never did she judge, but holds me up  
When feeling lonely...I don't think I can  
Repay her for all the times she's been there,  
But I can promise I would love her for life,  
Then after...She is a part of me...A part  
That's only made special for her...Yes, we  
Never fight and things wrong in life, but with  
Our friendship and love we will never part,  
And stay strong till the end...  
I love you Amber!!!

WHY SO GLUM? – David Panagotis

Two friends met one day and one asked the other why he was looking so sad and down. "Well," the second man replied, "four weeks ago a distant uncle died and left me \$20,000. Then three weeks ago a cousin I hardly knew died and left me \$40,000. And two weeks ago a great aunt died and left me a quarter of a million." "Then why are you so sad?" the first man asked. "Well," replied his friend, "this week...nothing!"

NOTE: "The TRIumph" pays \$2.00 for each joke or witty saying contributed. We also pay \$2.00 for each recipe, which does not have to be original.

## MENTAL ADDICTIONS

Christine Harrison

Prayer to God is the first thing  
That we must do.  
He is the one who will help us through.  
When we feel our addictions coming on  
We must pray to God to let the war  
Go beyond, and as we see his  
Beautiful light may he keep us  
Out of the darkness of night.  
He is the one who will show us the way  
To live peaceful each and every day.  
This is no need for us to fight  
Because God teaches us that's not right.  
We must try to work things out  
And we will with him no doubt.  
Let it be laughter that we hear  
And try to work out the fear.  
Trying too hard I consider a sin,  
When we try to let go that's how we win.  
Stopping when it's getting too hard for us  
Is how we learn to stop all the fuss.  
It is the hardest part for us to do  
But if we trust in God he will see us through.  
We must set the situation free  
And just know what will be will be.  
We must learn to forgive and forget  
And have nothing that we shall regret.  
Learning from our mistakes  
It will be love that we make.  
When we feel sick and in pain  
Please blessing it God as we remain.  
Let go let God do his plan.  
Through him we will understand.  
God bless our enemies, families, animals,  
And friends. Thank you so much, for now  
I end with Amen.

## TOUGH LOSS BLUES

Robert Scott Travis

Have you ever gotten a free moment from a big boss dealer? How about an anytime telephone number from a faith healer? You probably are one who has Mickey Mantle's two decade cares, of swinging for the bleachers, to thank for.

Anyway tonight I just write this while I'm just some kind of white knight, without a studious peer to be my steady. Besides, I'm certain I don't want to reside in a State Park protesting with Wall Street rebels.

A different me to figure? It's because things have shifted to April for the foolish many, and foolish me, whose foolishness adds up to more than just two hills of beads from Woodstock, New York.

## MAYBE IN THE MAKING

Robert Scott Travis

Recently I had to recall something that wasn't just a kiss away for his, and hers, and those who wooed the younger girls. The drummers and bassists were dreaming up album covers while the piracy and bootlegging of ideas were a far cry from outrageous. A mellow yellow soloist and a yellow submarine cartoon happened in spite of it all.

Everyone and anyone were falling in love and rocking for what it was worth. Catch the Electric Prunes and the Critters who sang this to us right from the start. Sure; she still was sad because I walked my virgin fiancé out in the morning dew alone.

Anyway I was in love, as well as the Pigeons were the "Pigeons" before they became the Vanilla Fudge. So be creative, because you see such a combo of knowledge exists. You just clap your hands with Ritchie Havens and a high flying bird will look down upon you. Also a long course study is in the talks.

NOTE: "The TRIumph" welcomes all types of input, both traditional and avant-garde.

## THE MUSIC HAIKU – David Panagotis

Turn down that music!  
How many of us heard that  
During those Sixties!

## HE INQUIRED WITHIN

Robert Scott Travis

Red, Green, Yellow.  
Pearls, Rubies, Diamonds,  
Eagles, Ravens, Falcons.

Tainted, Painted, Fainted.  
Jack Queen King!  
Boy Girl Child.

That went that way.  
They went west,  
I went South!

Xmen, Text men.  
Idiot Wind is a favorite.  
Carry Back was one of a kind too!

## DELICIOUS STIR FRIED RICE

Misha Fredericks

1 cup uncooked rice or whole grains  
(amaranth, quinoa, wild rice, or grain mix)  
1 Tbsp oil (canola or olive oil is best)  
2 Tbsp water  
2 cloves garlic, minced  
1 med onion, coarsely chopped  
1 Tbsp ginger, minced  
4 Tbsp tamari or soy sauce  
½ tsp toasted sesame oil  
1 tsp mirin

Soak rice in water to cover for 3 to 4 hours. Drain and rinse well. Cook in 3 cups water until all liquid is absorbed into rice (approx. 10-20 minutes). In separate pot, add oil, water, garlic, onions, and ginger. Mix well. Heat on medium stirring frequently for 3 to 4 minutes then add the tamari, sesame oil, and mirin. Stir often to prevent scorching. When onions are tender, remove from heat and stir into the cooked rice. Serves 4.

EDITOR'S NOTE: I hope that all of you had very Happy Holidays, and thank you, once again, for your contributions. As always, the opinions expressed within are solely those of our contributors, not necessarily those of Taconic Resources for Independence, Inc. Thanks again, and stay well during the New Year!

## THE CHEF ASKED MY HELP

Joseph Murphy

We had probably watched some great golfers play that day at Wykagil Country Club, some kids thought I had snuck in, but I told them my green ticket meant I was a member. They had bought their own, orange. They still thought I had snuck in. We had watched the great Sammy Snead play and were now at dinner in the club dining room. I was asked what I wanted to eat by the waitress. I said, "I want a hamburger!" She took my and our families' orders and then came back. She told me: "The chef doesn't know what a hamburger is!" My father said: "He wants a hamburger!" She said: "Can you describe it to me for the chef?" I said, "It's cooked ground meat between two pieces of bread!" I made one at home with bread, and I think I added to the waitress: "It's usually between a roll!" Well, we all waited, and she finally came back with a huge slab of cooked meat, not a hamburger, and flags of every country in the world on it! I don't know if the chef ever learned what a hamburger was, but I ate a hearty meal!

## ARLINGTON FEST

"Everybody Loves Raymond Ave."

Poughkeepsie, New York

Saturday, 9/24/11, 12:00 – 6:00 pm

Siri S. Milkove

As the sunny day wore on, so did the folks attending the Arlington Fest, home of the Third Annual Chili Bake off. Formerly, in the same category of the proverbial "pie-eating contest," the 3<sup>rd</sup> annual chili bake off, created with the hope of selecting a winner for the best chili recipe, consisted of 35 entrants and several qualified judges. Also of note were the sno-cones (6 varieties) and the "Jerk Chicken," blackened and smoked, all for under \$8.00.