



ZONTA CLUB OF CONCORD

Newsletter

May 2020

Zonta in the Time of Covid-19 (Zonta Zooms)

This is my last newsletter as president of our club. Never did I imagine when I was installed as president two years ago this month that the last two and a half months of my tenure would be served remotely. I have had an Area President's meeting via GoToMeeting. We have had our Spring Workshop via Zoom. We have had two social meetings via Zoom. The Budget Committee met via Zoom. And we are about to have our May business meeting via Zoom. In July we will have our biennium International Convention via Zoom.

I am very grateful that we have the technology to continue our business as a club, but it is not the same as meeting my Zonta sisters face-to-face and hugging and shaking hands. We don't know what will be "normal" when this is over, but I'm pretty sure handshaking will be replaced

with...with what?...no longer is elbow touching safe, because it's the same place we put our coughs and sneezes. My grandchildren and I toe-touch now when we say hello and goodbye. I thought we invented it, but then I saw what is now being called the Chinese Toe Dance. Either we picked it up telepathetically or it was the only body part we had left that wasn't deemed a virus transmitter.

Whether we toe-touch or come up with something that requires a little less balance, I know that the next time we are together physically will be a welcome time.



Next Business Meeting

We will hold our next regularly scheduled business meeting on May 6 at 5:30, but it will be a virtual meeting. I'll send out a link via email with the agenda. You can join via your PC or your iPad or your Smart Phone. You can also call in with your landline. Some of our business can be postponed until our next in-person meeting, such as installing Dulcinea (she is a bonafide member now, but it's important that welcome we say "we do" and that she says "I will" in the time-honored tradition, especially the "enthusiastically" part. But some things need to be voted on, such as our delegate to the convention. We can all go to the international convention now that it will be a virtually meeting (as can non-Zontians) but only our delegate can vote. We'll also install our new officers when we meet in person, but they have been duly elected already, so they are official as of June 1. Another thing that will be vital to do at our virtual meeting is to form a special adhoc committee to ascertain now and as time goes on what the needs are in our community during this time of Covid. We still need to empower women, and there are still services we can do. We've already determined one, which we'll talk about, but there are more. Would you like to be on that committee?

District News

Our new District Governor, Beatrice Schori, will take over from out-going Governor Liz Hart on June 1. If you have not yet met her, either in person or at the Area Workshop last week, you will be love her, especially her delightful accent. I could listen to her all day long. She is so welcoming, and you feel instantly at ease in her presence. Out-going Governor Liz has done a wonderful job of solidifying our District, and Beatrice will continue it.

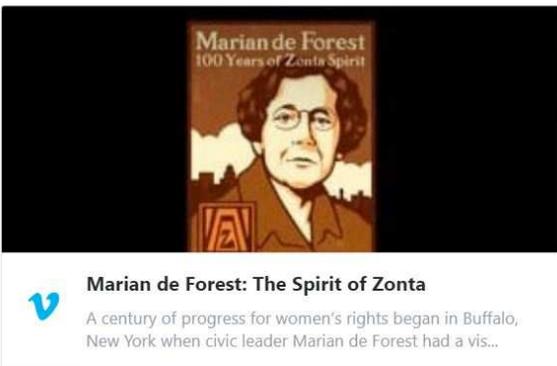
The extremely sad news in our district is that the Zonta Club of Southern Maine has disbanded. There have been many changes in their membership recently, including people who have moved and people who have had life changes. The remaining members, several of whom are snow birds, could not maintain their historical service to the community and ability to attract new members. Several of them have taken advantage of Zonta International's fairly new opportunity to become an individual member and one may be joining our club. The individual members are always welcome to attend our business meetings as a guest, so we look forward to that.

It's a reminder to us all that although our club is healthy and robust right now, things can change very rapidly, and it's up to us to keep our club healthy by attending business meetings regularly, to participate in committee meetings and to be looking for new members who will be active participants.

Our Founders

As we have been reminded a lot in this last year plus that we have been celebrating the 100th anniversary of Zonta, the first club was in Buffalo NY. That club has put together a video that reenacts those early years. They have been celebrating their first member, Marian de Forest, and you can watch this 16-minute film by going to: <https://vimeo.com/376947022>. I thoroughly enjoyed it.

[Marian de Forest: The Spirit of Zonta](#)



Documenting our Covid Experiences

I hope you have been or have intentions of documenting in some way what it has been like for you and your family during this pandemic. You'll remember that I invited you to send me something that we can put in our archives at the Concord Public Library so that future Zontians can understand what it was like for their ancestors. You can use whatever format feels comfortable for you: a diary, an essay, a photograph, a drawing....anything that would give our future sisters a sense of what it was like. The more perspectives we have, the better the picture.

Here are some beginnings:

Maria Pacelli:

Part One: I have spent the past 9 days in the hospital with this horrific, unforgiving virus. I was alone most of the time - more and more as I healed. I only saw eyes. They are practicing "cluster care" (to save on PPEs) which means they call you on the phone before they come into the room to see if you need anything. Then they gown up and come in and do EVERYTHING they need to do all in one visit. This includes bringing meals, meds, taking vitals, etc. Then it might be 4-5 hours before I saw another human being. They were kind and competent. A couple were visibly terrified to be in the room with me - including the doctor who waved at me through the door and then called me on the phone. I

can't blame them. I was alone and I was scared. But I had YOU! Your love and support and encouragement kept me from hysteria. I didn't have the strength to respond to - or even to "like" - your comments. But I read them all. Every single one. Many times. They buoyed me in my darkest times - and there were many. I felt the love. I really did. And I couldn't possibly be more grateful. Please keep it coming. I still have a long way to go as I continue to heal from home. I don't know why I was spared and so many others were not. It haunts me. But I will not squander this gift of life I have been given. I owe it to my children, my husband, myself, and all of you. Thank you, thank you, thank you, from the bottom of my heart

Part Two: It seems that there are some people who feel sad for those of us who respect stay-at-home orders and social distancing and sanitizing protocols. It seems they think we are sitting at home absolutely terrified, thus having miserable, pathetic lives. These people also think the measures we are taking are extreme and the risk of dying from Covid19 is too low to warrant them. Well, that is not the case for anyone I know. Lots of us are reveling in discovering new ways to "be" - with ourselves, the world, and each other. Yes, we get bored and cranky but that happens with or without a pandemic! As for the risks - it blows my mind that anyone is willing to take a chance of getting infected and/or infecting someone else without any valid treatments or preventions available. But if the number of people dying isn't enough, add to that the number of people who survive even a moderate case. As far as I can tell, I had my first symptoms about 5 weeks ago. After 10 or so days of increasing sickness I was hospitalized for 9+ days. I was not in the ICU, nor was I intubated, although it was discussed. I did not die - although I thought I might. I have been home for 2 & 1/2 weeks. This morning I used my Advair inhaler which I will use again tonight and I had my first of 3 nebulizer treatments. I also swallowed a

handful of other medications to keep my respiratory system calm. I am on the couch because while my stamina is better, it's not great. I forget things more than usual and have problems with word retrieval. My chest gets increasingly tight and my voice is increasingly hoarse throughout the day until by nighttime I am exhausted and have to whisper. My doctor is hopeful that my respiratory and neurological symptoms will eventually resolve, but nobody really knows because the virus is new.

We are used to knowing. We are spoiled with knowing. We are impatient with ambiguity. But this virus is a MONSTER. It is DARING you to take it lightly. It mocks your misplaced arrogance and lack of a healthy respect for it and what it can do. We need to do the hard thing and WAIT until we have SOLID treatments and vaccines.

You don't want to die from this and you don't want to live with it either.

With Love,

Maria

Donna Raycraft:

We were all looking forward to spring, even though it had been a relatively mild winter. There was news of a dangerous flu being spread in China, but it didn't have that much to do with us. I don't much like winter, and how I cope with it is to spend the cold months planning a late winter or early spring trip to someplace warmer. In the fall I booked a 12-day Caribbean cruise for my husband and me in early March. We would sail from Fort Lauderdale and go to Columbia, Costa Rica, Panama, Aruba and Curacao. Joe and I both love the sun, the warmth, the dip into other cultures, the impeccable service and the wonderful food. Joe tolerates the tux for a couple of nights, and I love getting all dressed up in an evening gown and heels. As the time to

leave for our trip approached, we started hearing news of some ships being infected and some being denied entry into ports because there was sickness on board. Those happened to be cruise lines that we considered more lax than our chosen line, however, and we felt secure in our decision to go. We were right; our trip was fantastic. We had watched the news carefully while we were gone and realized that the flu, now known as Covid-19 was quickly becoming a pandemic spreading even more rapidly by international travel. Some people in the airports were wearing masks, but it was not yet the norm. When we got home we decided to isolate ourselves for a week, just to be on the safe side and keep our adult children, grandchildren and great-grandchild safe. It wasn't hard to do, because we had seven days of laundry and correspondence to catch up on. By the end of the seven days, our Governor, in his wisdom, ordered a shutdown. Now everyone was in isolation. It was recommended that just one person go out for essentials. Joe loves to grocery shop and I detest it, so he donned a mask and shopped and got gas. I began making masks for Spaulding Youth Center, where I am on the board, as they began shutdown procedures to keep their children safe. Then I was asked to also make masks for Hospice, where I volunteer and then VNA in general. Then for a nursing home. Then for friends. At this point, I am 50 days into isolation, and I have made over 400 masks with many more requests ahead of me. I have several friends who are nurses and are working with Covid patients. One has become infected herself and was able to recover at home before she returned to work. I have a dear friend who was hospitalized for 9 or 10 days and has now been recovering for several weeks at home. I have Zoomed Zonta meetings, yoga classes and poetry group. We have decided as a family that we will have safe contact with grandchildren for the emotional health of all of us. We have our great-granddaughter about two days a week

while her Mom works what is labeled an essential job. Because children are going to school remotely, we are in charge of her lessons for those two days. This is what I have discovered about myself: I am an introvert and can be perfectly happy at home as long as I have work to do that contributes to the community; I am grateful that I like my husband a lot; I could never be a kindergarten teacher; I have wonderful friends. (to be continued and edited)

And now it's your turn. Please make a drawing or take a picture or write something that can be put into our archives. Send it to me and let me know if it's just for the archives and our future Zonta sisters or if it can be shared now. You can add to it as time goes on. Thank you.

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woman so that
your daughter will
know how to be
one and so your
son will know
what to look for in
a woman.**

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Secret Sister Reveal

Have you guessed who your secret sister has been? Let's see if you were right.

Monica, your secret sisters was Marianne Barter.

Marianne, your secret sister was Lorrie Carey.

Lorrie, your secret sister was Carol Bagan.

Carol, your secret sister was Terry Timmerman.

Terry, your secret sister was Marie Lang.

Marie your secret sister was Cheryl Mitchell.

Cheryl, your secret sister was Monica Dresser.

Did you guess correctly? Thanks to everyone who participated. Next year I wonder who you'll get?

Thank You

Thank you, Zonta Sisters, for allowing me to be your president these past two years. I have loved it.

Donna

