

GARDNER NEWSLETTER

SUMMER 2017
Volume 20, Issue 79

2017 Gardner Cousins Reunion a Resounding Success

In addition to meaning "the coming together of similar groups of people who have not seen each other for a long time," the word "reunion" can also mean "the act or process of being brought together again as a unified whole." I like to think that the latter meaning applies to the second annual Gardner Cousin reunion held on July 2nd of this year and hosted by Rod and Irene Ames of Holland, Vermont. The Gardner cousins and their families came together united as a whole group representing the offspring of the "Original Gang of Ten" who, in turn, are the offspring of William and Olive Gardner of East Charleston, Vermont.

The three surviving offspring of Will and Olive

attended the reunion and were definitely the guests of honor. Everyone knows them as Aunt Lois Cardwell (soon to turn 100 in November) Uncle Raymond Gardner, and Aunt Beulah Griffes. Aunt Lois has step-children from her marriage to Brooks Cardwell; however, they did not attend. Two of Uncle Raymond's daughters were there, Sharon and Gloria, as well as Gloria's husband, Bob. Aunt Beulah's son, Lenny, and his family participated. Her other children, unfortunately, were unable to attend.

On the bright side, there were some wel-

Top Picture: Guests of Honor Aunt Beulah, Uncle Raymond, Aunt Lois with Gardner Cousins Nancy Whitney, Jean Gonzalo, and Sharon Gardner

Bottom Picture: Many thanks to Rod and Irene Ames who hosted, and to Alicia Parenteau and Jackie Patenaude who did so much great work to make the reunion successful.

come additions to the grand party who did not attend the previous reunion. Some of those people include J.J. Vasko, Cousin Te-re-sa's son, who

attended and they arrived with their growing families in tow.



is in the Peace Corps. Cousin Jean Gonzalo came all the way from California to attend, and her brother, Paul, from Medford, MA, came as

well. Ann Ames' (Cousin David's wife) family was very well represented too. Two of her children, Marie, with her husband, Phil, and Matthew, with his wife Amy,



Alicia's husband, barbecued mouth watering hamburgers and hotdogs. There was an abundance of corn on the cob and delicious salads and desserts. All this food served as a reminder of the many family events that Cousin Rod's, Terry's,

David's, and Dawnita's mom, Aunt Nita, used to cater. Aunt Nita was certainly there in spirit.

Irene Ames' side of the family arrived also, as her sisters and their husbands enjoyed the day as well.

The weather cooperated spectacularly during this

event.
Yvan
Parenteau,

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2017 Gardner Cousin Reunion

a Resounding Success

Makenzie Parenteau was the official chronicler/photographer of the event and hustled about taking videos of everyone. I'm sure if you contact Makenzie she will be more than happy to share some of those pictures with you.

Cousin Teresa Vasko, after some negotiation and friendly "persuasion," commanded the mike and welcomed everyone and thanked the hosts. She went down the line of William and Olive's children, recognizing those family members who were in attendance. A person from each family who participated took the microphone and talked about their individual families and how they are doing and what they are currently up to.

What can we expect next year? Let's hope even more cousins will be attending than in previous years. Although this is sort of a spontaneous event, plans are in the works to make a chart/graph to better illustrate who's who in the pantheon of the "Original Gang of Ten." If you have any ideas on how to achieve this goal or on how to make the event even more spectacular, feel free to express your ideas in any way that you can. I'm sure Rod and Irene, our hosts, will be more than happy to listen. Or you can even send your ideas to Paul Gardner, your editor of the Gardner Newsletter. You can make a difference!

As Cousin Rod Ames aptly put it, "We had a great family and cousins get together and thank Jackie and Alicia for all their work to make the day wonderful."

Let's make our family gatherings truly indicative of both meanings of the word "reunion." Stay tuned as the Gardner Newsletter keeps you informed about the next Gardner Cousins reunion. See you then!

Some Pictures from the Gardner Cousins Reunion

(1)



(2)



(3)



(4)



(5)



(6)



(7)



(8)



(9)



(10)

(1) 2nd Cousin JJ Vasko with Aunt Beulah and his mom, Cousin Teresa. JJ recently returned from Uganda and is going back again with the Peace Corps.
(2) People enjoying the day. Cousin Rod is talking to Cousin Jean. Matthew Ames, Rod's nephew, is in the red shirt. His mom, Ann Ames, is in the gray sweater. Matthew's wife, Amy, is in the foreground with one of her little toddlers. (3) Cousins Teresa Vasko, Jean Gonzalo, and Nancy Whitney. Jean hadn't seen these girls in MANY years! (4) People enjoying the day. Cousin Rod is talking to Cousin Gloria's husband, Bob. JJ Vasko is standing next to his dad, John Vasko, and Kylee Parenteau is also there. (5) Matthew Ames with his cousin, Alicia Parenteau. (6) Len Griffes and his family; Daughter Becky, Wife Donna, Mom Beulah, and son, Josh. (7) People enjoying the day. Left to right: Donna Griffes, Ann Ames, Teresa Vasko, and Becky Griffes. (8) Dawnita Ames at the head table with the guests of honor. (9) Becky Griffes taking a break and relaxing. (10) Cousin Rod with Cousin Jean; after Cousin Glen's passing, the oldest of the Gardner cousins.



Seattle's Overlake Christian Church

The Paradox of Our Age

(Taken from the Worldwide Web)

Here is an essay I found interesting. It was presented to me as an essay by the 14th Dalai Lama. However it appears this is not true. I wanted to share this with all of you.

The true author of the piece isn't George Carlin, Jeff Dickson, or the Dalai Lama, nor is he anonymous. Credit belongs to Dr. Bob Moorehead, former pastor of Seattle's Overlake Christian Church (who retired in 1998 after 29 years in that post). This essay appeared under the title "The Paradox of Our Age" in *Words Aptly Spoken*, Dr. Moorehead's 1995 collection of prayers, homilies, and monologues used in his sermons and radio broadcasts:

We have taller buildings but shorter tempers; wider freeways but narrower viewpoints; we spend more but have less; we buy more but enjoy it less; we have bigger houses and smaller families; more conveniences, yet less time; we have more degrees but less sense; more knowledge but less judgement; more experts, yet more problems; we have more gadgets but less satisfaction; more medicine, yet less wellness; we take more vitamins but see fewer results. We drink too much; smoke too much; spend too recklessly; laugh too little; drive too fast; get too angry quickly; stay up too late; get up too tired; read too seldom; watch TV too much and pray too seldom.

We have multiplied our possessions, but reduced our values; we fly in faster planes to arrive there quicker, to do less and return sooner; we sign more contracts only to realize fewer profits; we talk too much; love too seldom and lie too often.

We've learned how to make a living, but not a life; we've added years to life, not life to years. We've been all the way to the moon and back, but have trouble crossing the street to meet the new neighbor. We've conquered outer space, but not inner space; we've done larger things, but not better things; we've cleaned up the air, but polluted the soul; we've split the atom, but not our prejudice; we write more, but learn less; plan more, but accomplish less; we make faster planes, but longer lines; we learned to rush, but not to wait; we have more weapons, but less peace; higher incomes, but lower morals; more parties, but less fun; more food, but less appeasement; more acquaintances, but fewer friends; more effort, but less success. We build more computers to hold more information, to produce more copies than ever, but have less communication; drive smaller cars that have bigger problems; build larger factories that produce less. We've become long on quantity, but short on quality.

These are the times of fast foods and slow digestion; tall men, but short character; steep in profits, but shallow relationships. These are times of world peace, but domestic warfare; more leisure and less fun; higher postage, but slower mail; more kinds of food, but less nutrition.

These are days of two incomes, but more divorces; these are times of fancier houses, but broken homes. These are days of quick trips, disposable diapers, cartridge living, throw-away morality, one-night stands, overweight bodies and pills that do everything from cheer, to prevent, quiet or kill. It is a time when there is much in the show window and nothing in the stock room.

Indeed, these are the times!

*Reprinted from the on-line publication
Rochester Women's Magazine, Men's Edition*

June, 2017



Dr. Christopher Cove

**My husband
and so much more!**



By: Lisa Cove
Reprinted from the
Rochester Women's
Magazine, Men's Edition
June, 2017

When I was asked to write a column about my wonderful husband, I was a bit torn. Not because I don't have a lot to say about him or that he is not worth a full 4-page spread, but more because this type of attention is just not his style; however, being married to me for the past 28 years, he has learned that I love to write, I am proud of him, and I enjoy sharing my world with the community. So here I go. I invite you in to know my caring, successful, and unique husband, Christopher Cove.

Let's start at the beginning. I first met this young, interesting, fun-loving medical intern at Strong Memorial Hospital's Emergency Department in the

mid-1980s. Classic doctor meets nurse story. We met over a cardiac arrest in the hallway of the outpatient department. Can I attest to "love at first site?" That would make the story too perfect; so let's say, "intrigue on first interaction." Can I say that our first date was an intense 5-hours together trying to save a patient? Not an official date, but it sure makes for an interesting introduction. When I ask my husband years later about our first meeting, he will say, "Our relationship had a much better outcome than the patient's."

Chris was fascinating to me. He was an amazing storyteller, and his stories were real! He would tell me about his years as a child living in a modest, strict

evangelical home, attending church three times a week. His mother was a math teacher, the church pianist until they needed an organist; switched to be the organist, despite never having played the organ prior. Winters were filled with weekly skiing with his mom, who was a US national ski team member in high school. Chris followed in her footsteps joining the local ski area race team. This winter sport played a significant role in connecting with his mother.

To truly know a person, you need to understand his family upbringing. Chris' father (Richard/Dick/Granddad Cove) was a major player in our life together. Chris considered his dad a frustrated-intellect-socialist with a com-

Dr. Christopher Cove

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mon passion for music combined with, like Chris, a lack of the musical gene.

When Chris was in grade school, he came home one day mocking a teammate by saying to his dad, "This kid has a funny way of flapping his baseball mitt before he catches the ball." His dad proceeded to interrupt his ridiculing by saying, "Maybe that is a better way to catch a baseball." He always challenged Chris to see beyond the obvious and never assume "your way is the best way." During his high school years, his dad would encourage Chris to date an African American girl to better diversify his cultural appreciation of people.

Chris' reminiscent stories of summer vacations to Hampton Beach, New Hampshire, visiting the Cove side of the family were interspersed with trips to the family farm in Northern Vermont. Indulging in Grandma's home-made donuts, and whatever else the farm produced, solidified his good old-fashioned childhood. Chris, being one of 35 grandchildren, would often be asked by his grandpa what his name was during his visit. Evenings on the farm consisted of hours of home movies and

endless slideshows of Grandpa's photography. Little Chris was enamored by all the latest array of camera equipment, thus contributing to his passionate hobby, expertise, and knowledge of photography today.

Dr. Christopher Cove has had an amazing career as a physician, attending medical school at Cornell in NYC, residency, chief residency and interventional cardiology fellowship programs at the University of Rochester Medical Center (URMC). He was recruited to Ohio Permanente Medical Group in 1993 to help merge the cardiology services with the Cleveland Clinic, which brought us to Cleveland, Ohio for five years.

Chris remembers wanting to be a doctor most of his life. One of the stories I love is the one about him sitting at his desk in his bedroom at about the age of 10 reading the book, *Making of a Surgeon* by William Nolan. In that book was an operative note about an appendectomy. He proceeded to get an anatomy book and, on his bedroom desk using his lamps for operative lights, he pretended he was performing abdominal surgery. He stuffed his socks to be intestines, used newspapers and Saran wrap

Chris as a medical student in Swaziland, Africa



to be abdominal walls, blue and red playdough as blood vessels and his instruments were household items such as needles, thread, scissors, knives, and pliers only to finish by going out to play tennis.

The tale that significantly impacted my attraction to this unique man was about his trip as a medical student to Swaziland in South Africa. Chris spent three months in a missionary hospital. Drawn there by his mother's religious dedication and his father's encouragement of serving others, he was not bothered by eating "rice with something on it," losing 10 pounds, and having to sweep bugs off the path he walked at night to use the bathroom. Together with medical students from Germany and Canada, he staffed the emergency room, treated patients in the bush, delivered babies, and performed surgeries to include reattaching limbs by using just a medical textbook, reminiscent of his childhood bedroom ordeal. Of all his experiences in Africa, the children that suffered from leprosy made the biggest impact on Chris' time there.

In the early 2000's, after significant device development in the field

Dr. Christopher Cove

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of percutaneous vascular closure at the Cleveland Clinic, Chris was approached by long-time friend and colleague, Dr. Jude Sauer, **URMC surgical resident 1985 and now president and CEO of LSI Solutions (www.lsisolutions.com)** to help design, develop, and implement a new medical device, which began with testing on cadavers in Rochester, and with patient trials in the Dominican Republic and **South America.** This work lead to the device Quick Close, now being prepared for release for patient use by Cardiva Medical, Inc.

My husband had his 15 minutes of fame with the Discovery Channel documentary (<https://www.urmc.rochester.edu/news/story/3542/urmc-novel-care-for-rare-heart-condition-featured-discovery-health-channel.aspx>) and then Grey's Anatomy (<https://www.urmc.rochester.edu/news/story/3955/greys-anatomy-features-urmc-s-new-heart-treatment-in-oct.-24-episode.aspx>) featured his story about a procedure Chris performed on a young woman suffering with a rare untreatable heart tumor.

Drawing from his years of intervention and innovation in medicine and thinking outside-the-box, Chris took

a risk by trying a technique never done before by injecting a form of medical "super glue" into the heart tumor to kill an invading mass and saving the patient. <https://www.urmc.rochester.edu/people/23074101-christopher-j-cove>

As our married life moved forward with three kids in tow, we moved back to Rochester, NY from Cleveland, Ohio in 1998. Wanting to be closer to my parents in Buffalo, and being recruited back to URMC Cardiology Division, the move to a big old house on East Avenue in the city was the perfect decision. I decided to leave my nursing career and be a full-time mom. Widowed Granddad Cove moved in, and Chris progressed in this physician role. Long intense days in the Cardiac Catheterization Lab left him mentally overwhelmed and physically exhausted. With his maternal grandfather's photography expertise DNA, **Chris fed his creative side to find peace in his hectic physician world.** Early morning sunrises and evening sunsets provided the perfect light and serenity for Chris' passion in landscapes and birds. Chris formed his website www.CoveNaturePhotography.com

Chris has done a number of fine art



Cousin Chris Cove

photography shows and has also won awards to include: Nature's Best/Windland Smith Rice International Award in 2011, multiple-year winner of Rochester's Bird House competition in birds and landscape categories, Imaging Resources Outstanding Bird Photographer March 2017, just to name a few. One special request was for him to grace the walls at URMC with his inspiring photographs for patients to enjoy while they are hospitalized.

With many suggestions on getting exercise into his life from me, his concerned wife (who has a similar commitment to her own mother's **passion for health and physical fitness**) and with limited time to spare, Chris decided to become a daily bike commuter. We moved to the Village of Pittsford. He bought a bike and rides the Erie Canal path 10 miles each way back and forth from work. Rain, snow, sleet, or freezing temperatures have not stopped his dedicated decision over the past 10 years. Not only has this form of **exercise created a more physically fit** body, but it also provides Chris with time to decompress mentally from a long day caring for complicated patients and families. His patients are extremely proud and interested

Dr. Christopher Cove

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Cousin Chris Cove and Family

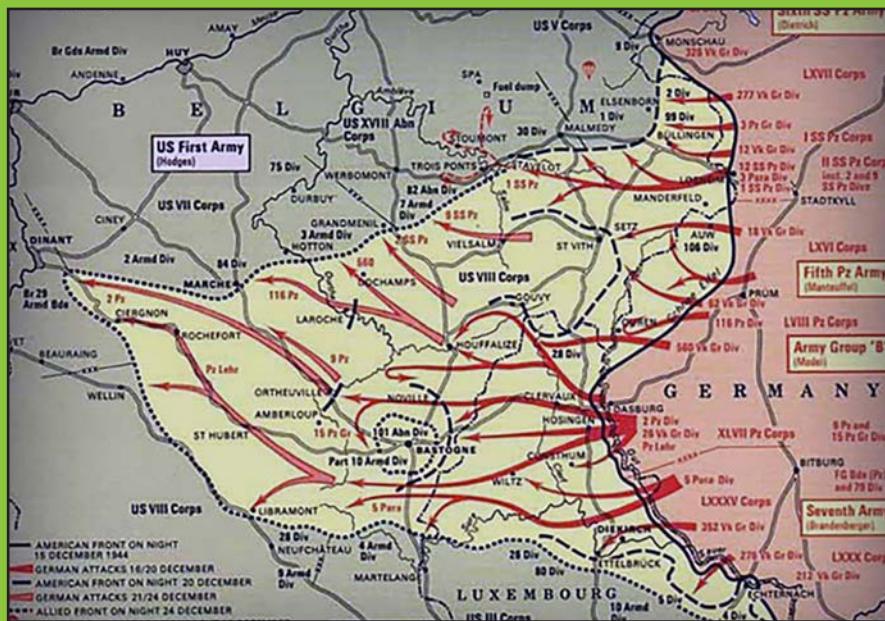
about this fitness decision, and find him inspirational in and out of the office as he “practices what he preaches!”

Twenty-eight years later, June 10, 2017, my husband still lights up my life and the lives of many. An amazing father of his young adult sons, Chris and I are proud of what they have become on their own personal journey. Twin Alexander (Molecular Genetics major/Math minor, 2017 graduate from the University of Rochester) hopes to follow in dad’s footsteps by entering a MD/PhD program after taking a gap year to work at the National Institute of Health (NIH) in

Bethesda, Maryland. Twin brother Zachery (Economics major/History minor and 2017 graduate of Denison University, OH) has secured a job in Cleveland, OH at Merrill Lynch.

Twenty-month younger little brother, Matthew, is pursuing his degree in Engineering. I, his proud wife, Lisa, continue to support Chris’ adventures, making myself readily available to plan and organize his social world outside medicine and photography.

Uncle Clayton Fought in World War II's Famous "Battle of the Bulge"



Uncle Clayton fought in the famous “Battle of the Bulge”

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During the Gardner Cousins reunion this past July, Aunt Beulah showed me a picture of Uncle Clayton taken during World War II when the Battle of the Bulge was raging, one of the war's most famous battles. She asked me if I would publish it in the *Gardner Newsletter*. You can see it on the previous page.

As mentioned oftentimes in the published newsletters, all the Original Gang of Ten boys served in World War II. Uncle Adelbert and Uncle Clayton endured particularly severe hardships as they were involved in the actual fighting of the war. You can read touching letters from them to their mother, Grandma Gardner, if you search through previous issues.

No details remain about this picture of Clayton. He must have sent it to his mother and it passed through the censors intact. We do know that Uncle Clayton was a topography expert, going ahead of the fighting men alerting them of the topography of the land area, much like GPS and aerial surveillance accomplish today.

On December 16, 1944, the Germans launched the last major offensive of the war, Operation Mist, also known as the Ardennes Offensive and the Battle of the Bulge, an attempt to push the Allied front line west from northern France to northwestern

Belgium. The Battle of the Bulge, so-called because the Germans created a “bulge” around the area of the Ardennes forest in pushing through the American defensive line, was the largest fought on the Western front.

The Germans threw 250,000 soldiers into the initial assault, 14 German infantry divisions guarded by five panzer divisions—against a mere 80,000 Americans. Their assault came in early morning at the weakest part of the Allied line, an 80-mile poorly protected stretch of hilly, woody forest (the Allies simply believed the Ardennes too difficult to traverse, and therefore an unlikely location for a German offensive). Between the vulnerability of the thin, isolated American units and the thick fog that prevented Allied air cover from discovering German movement, the Germans were able to push the Americans into retreat.

One particularly effective German trick was the use of English-speaking German commandos who infiltrated American lines and, using captured U.S. uniforms, trucks, and jeeps, impersonated U.S. military and sabotaged communications. The ploy caused widespread chaos and suspicion among the American troops as to the identity of fellow soldiers—even after the ruse was discovered. Even General Omar Bradley himself had to prove his identity three times—by answering questions about football and

Please send in your articles and pictures for our holiday issue coming out in November of this year.

Betty Grable—before being allowed to pass a sentry point.

The battle raged for three weeks, resulting in a massive loss of American and civilian life. Nazi atrocities abounded, including the murder of 72 American soldiers by SS soldiers in the Ardennes town of Malmedy. Historian Stephen Ambrose estimated that by war's end, “Of the 600,000 GIs involved, almost 20,000 were killed, another 20,000 were captured, and 40,000 were wounded.” The United States also suffered its second-largest surrender of troops of the war: More than 7,500 members of the 106th Infantry Division capitulated at one time at Schnee Eifel. The devastating ferocity of the conflict also made desertion an issue for the American troops; General Eisenhower was forced to make an example of Private Eddie Slovik, the first American executed for desertion since the Civil War.

The war would not end until better weather enabled American aircraft to bomb and strafe German positions.

The Gardner cousins have a wonderful legacy from the men of the “Greatest Generation” who served in World War II. Thank you, Aunt Beulah, for contributing that iconic photo of Uncle Clayton.