

*To Dana, Sara, Gwen, Faye, Joanne  
Upon Reaching a Half Century,  
An Ode to the Quintet of 1967 in 2017*



1967  
+ 50 =  
2017

*Written by Katharine McLennan*





*To Dana, Sara, Gwen, Faye, Joanne  
Upon Reaching a Half Century,  
An Ode to the Quintet of 1967 in 2017*

*Written by Katharine McLennan*

*Upon reaching a half century, it is time to remember  
A group of five women, who came together one September  
Attracted by merriment, intellect, and kindness they gathered  
In 2430 Lenox, a lane that would always matter*

*That was 32 years ago almost half a lifetime to us now  
All of us mothers with many more wrinkles upon our brow  
There was Dana, Sara, Gwen, Faye, and Jo  
All 67ers, therefore 50, this year as it does go*

*We've lived through many places from Berlin to Amsterdam  
Sydney, Miami, Salzburg, Hong Kong and back to Boston  
We've married our men as Sam, Matt, Larry, Mike, and Pete  
All beautiful weddings with our family and our friends to complete*

*We turned 30 in 1997, two years after the graduation  
Madeleine Albright becomes Madame Secretary, just a bit of liberation  
Alas Diana is killed, and the world together mourns  
Titanic the movie released and Dolly and her "sister" sheep are clones*

*We turned 40 in 2007, the year that Mr. Jobs announced the iPhone  
Ms. Merkel, Mr. GW. Bush, and Mr. Putin are in the throne  
Ms. Pelosi is elected first female Speaker of the US Congress  
An Inconvenient Truth is produced to spark an environmental conscious*

*We are turning 50 in 2017, the year that begins with Trump  
17 years after the Simpsons elected him, leaving us all stumped  
Sara, the Florida essays of the election twice of President George  
Have now left us silent at the nation we must now together forge*





*We cried as Hillary lost, and in my heart, we missed the women's chance  
To express strength through motherhood, through life's messy dance  
Through forgiveness, through mistakes, through wisdom gained by falling  
Through perseverance and grace, through getting up again for her calling*

*Motherhood it teaches us – it teaches us to be strong and resilient  
More than anything Dartmouth could, it teaches us to be brilliant  
We saw this in Hillary, and we honour each of us, in our motherhood  
The determination to love and to raise children and our neighbourhood*

*Dana, our Triathlete, and our marathon woman  
You and Sam were such a foundation for us becoming outdoors-women  
I'll never forget the crazy cliff dives into the pool at Lenox Lane  
And now Fred and Walter we can celebrate in your name*

*Joanne, our producer in so many ways, the graceful advisor  
You brought Sally, Larry, and Bethany in, and we were all made wiser  
Then Derek, then Louise, then Cali, Violet and Mario  
Phew! What a beautiful family of Sentos, each year I see aglow*

*Sara, I always remember you talking of this boy named Matt  
This apple orchard farmer, I knew your love was still intact  
I've known you through your parents and your brother Mr. Mike  
Now I know you through Kelvin, Marvin, and Britney so alike*

*Faye, I will NEVER forget the 2001 trip to the Eiffel Tower  
With Samson, Mim and Samuel we climbed it with mother power  
And then you brought Mary in to join with Pete to make four  
You've kept us loved in Sydney, and then again on Boston shore.*

*As half centenarians, we have all become our very own type of woman  
Sometimes enlightenment, sometimes devastation, and sometimes, just boredom  
We've lost our loved ones, we've lost our minds, we've hurt our bodies and yet  
We're still here, and we are leading, our best years of wisdom now are set*



*Dartmouth College would be proud to see all the people we have led  
In one way or other, we've touched each person whom we have met  
It is the spirit in all of you that keeps me tearing up as I write this  
The strength, the love, the adventure, that gives me reason to cite this*

*So, for our gifts, I've selected symbols of the Chinese five elements  
Wood, fire, earth, metal, and water they are in their own elegance  
I've assembled a box of five-coloured balls in representation  
For each of you, green, red, yellow, white, blue in presentation*

*Wood is the eyes, the wind, the liver, and the effervescent spring  
Fire is the blood, the heat, the intestines, and the summer lasting  
Earth is the muscles, the sweet, the spleen and the late summer harvest  
Metal is the skin, the nose, the lung, and the winter darkness*

*Water is the bones, the cold, the kidney, and the bladder  
All connected, mu, huo, tu, jin and shui, together they are matter  
As metal generates water, as water nourishes wood  
Wood feeds fire, Fire creates earth in ash, and earth bears metal as it should*

*And fire melts metal, as metal chops wood in its ire  
Wood breaks up earth, earth absorbs water and water quenches fire  
As five they are constructive and destructive, the yin and the yang  
As five they are whole in their beauty and their pain*

*And so, I will send to you each a box of five coloured little globes  
And to each of I'll send a large ONE colour will be one of the five orbs  
So, one day we can gather and make these five whole  
In celebration of our 50 years, in our mind, body, spirit and soul*

*I will also send you a pendant to remind you of the Goat Year  
1967 is the year of the people of the gentle and of calm cheer  
We are gentle, soft-hearted, attractive, and hardworking and of thrift  
We can be indecisive, timid, and vain, and moody if we are not fit*



*Thank you, dear Faye, dear Dana, dear Sara, dear Jo  
For your friendship, for your love, for your lives, and your soul  
We've travelled far many years, we've strived, and we've perspired  
We've lost and we've loved, we've revered and we've inspired*

*On statistics we won't be gathering in another 50 years  
So, let's promise to live this day as present and as clear  
It may be our last, and it is an honour to the beauty we are as friends  
As women, and as mothers, and so very many other lens*

*So, lift your glass, and toast the moment.  
That's all that there is, no need for torment.  
About pasts that can't change, about futures that don't exist  
About flaws, about jealousies, about pain that persists.*

*Thank God for our humanness, and thank God for this life.  
Thank God for this music which seems so rife.  
It teaches us of love, of tenderness, and care,  
Of friendship, of honour, of giving beyond compare.*

*God grant us the serenity, God grant us the love  
And steer us towards Heaven, which need not exist above.  
Show us the way to Heaven here on Earth,  
I trust Your guidance, and I honour Our worth.*

*In commemoration of our 50th Birthdays  
Joanne Kristen Sentos – 14 March 1967  
Sara May Lorosti – 27 April 1967  
Dana Elizabeth Beron – 20 June 1967  
Faye Janet Hiraldis – 6 August 1967  
Gwen Marie Propetti -21 October 1967*

*Written by Katharine McLennan on behalf of Gwen Marie Propetti*

If you would like to have a poem written on your behalf, please contact me on [kath@timetorelect.today](mailto:kath@timetorelect.today) or +61419751812. My name and logo will not appear on your poem. You are encouraged to select photos and script style. You are also welcome to adapt my draft, which will be based on the information you have given me to express. Your information can be as detailed as you like. More information and samples of poetry I have written can be found on my website, <https://www.timetorelect.today/>