

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



1967
+ 50 =
2017

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By Katharine McLennan
(Note: my name and branding footer
would NOT appear on your poem)

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

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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

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