



s the waves of perfume, heliotrope, rose,
Float in the garden when no wind blows,
Come to us, go from us, whence no one knows;
So the old tunes float in my mind,
And go from me leaving no trace behind,
Like fragrance borne on the hush of the wind.
But in the instant the airs remain
I know the laughter and the pain
Of times that will not come again.
I try to catch at many a tune
Like petals of light fallen from the moon,
Broken and bright on a dark lagoon.
But they float away — for who can hold
Youth, or perfume, or the moon's gold?

—“Old Tunes” by Sara Teasdale



Planting a New Kitchen

Built in 1990 as their retirement home, health issues and the lure of Cape Cod caused the original owners to sell their lovely home only seven years later. For Bob & Ann, this then became their retirement home of sorts; retired from his practice, but certainly not retired from a busy lifestyle.

For Ann, an avid gardener and accomplished artist, the property was a veritable clean slate. The yards are expansive but they had not been fully landscaped, and few flower beds had been established. Bob is not a stranger to the gardens either, although you'll find him more often in the vegetable gardens. But their common ground is the kitchen. Both Bob and Ann are accomplished cooks, having attended cooking schools all over Europe on their many visits there.

Although their kitchen was less than twenty years old, they were never quite satisfied with the layout. A massive brick fireplace had been built in the kitchen which overwhelmed the space. **(Photo #1)** It was a source of heat loss and they never used it, so they decided that was one feature they could happily live without. They also wanted to make the kitchen more "user-friendly" (efficient) and upgrade the appliances.

When Ann called Gary and described briefly what was on their minds, he realized the potential for a new kitchen design that would incorporate all their needs, and then introduced them to Bobby Herr of Barbara Herr Kitchens. After they worked through the design and Bob



& Ann decided to go ahead with the project, they asked Gary if we could salvage as much of everything as possible. Ann wanted to recycle some cabinet pieces into her laundry room and some pieces for their daughter who was renovating her own basement family room. Ann also wanted to retain the ceiling beams; although they are not structural beams, she liked the look of exposed beams.

Prior to any removal or demolition, Dennis and the crew installed plastic at all the doors leading to adjacent living areas. **(Photo #2)** All access to the kitchen would be made through the door to the garage.

Two things helped make this kitchen project go seamlessly and without undue stress on the homeowners



ers. The project occurred during the summer, so Bob — who is the resident grill chef — was able to cook out on the patio. And, they have a beautiful summer kitchen just to the rear of the house. (Photo #3) Some of you may remember this charming little building



laid with Portland cement which is extremely hard so Rob had to resort to using a hammer gun to break it apart. It took several men several days to get it all down and out. It was at this point, (Photo #5) that Ann walked in and asked if we could re-use the wood mantle shelf elsewhere. Fortunately she walked in at just the right moment or it would have been hammered to pieces.

Once the fireplace was removed, there was now a huge gaping hole in the roof, in the floors and ceilings above, and in the

kitchen floor. Dennis and the crew quickly remedied that, but the hole in the kitchen floor required a bit more work. The original floor framing around the fireplace had developed splits causing the floor to heave, splitting the floor covering. This had been a toe-catcher and an annoyance for all the years Bob & Ann had lived here. Now, while Dennis was reframing the area, he not only could correct the problem, but also “super-sized” the framing to carry the weight of the new, very heavy stove unit that would be installed in about the same area.

Bob & Ann’s house has a lot of hardwood flooring throughout, and they wanted wood flooring in the new kitchen area, but Ann wanted it to look a little different from the rest. Gary suggested white oak because it’s excellent for use in high moisture areas such as kitchens and bathrooms. With all the old cabinetry and the fireplace gone,

the room was wide open for the installation. Installing the flooring is a 2-man process. In this case (Photo #6), Cordell stays ahead of Dennis by getting the differing lengths laid out and tapped into place with a hammer. This is very intensive work as Cordell needs to be thinking quickly ahead to position the different lengths strategically so that joints are well staggered across the entire floor. There’s nothing worse on a wood floor than to see too many joints too close together.

Dennis is following close on his heels with the air nailer and secures each one. Back in the “old days,” the nailer was not air powered and had to be whacked really hard to set each nail. It was exhaustive work. But with these new air nailers, one tap of the rubber mallet, and the air compressor does all the hard work. (Don’t



from our Fall 2000 newsletter. Just a few years after they had moved into the house, Restore 'N More built this summer kitchen for Bob to use as an office space and a place to bake his rustic European-style breads. Although the summer kitchen has a large walk-in fireplace and bake-oven (Photo #4), it is also outfitted with a small kitchenette. During the course of the kitchen remodel, Bob & Ann took many of their meals in this intimate space. Ann recounted to Gary that those times reminded them of the early years in their marriage (they just celebrated 53 years!) when they were still a two-some and lived in much smaller quarters.

While they were rekindling old memories, the crew was busy inside. After all the cabinets were removed and some of the appliances set up elsewhere for Ann’s use during the project, Rob Horst, mason, began demolition of the massive fireplace and chimney. This 3' deep, 6' wide, all-masonry structure was rooted in the basement and went up through the kitchen, through the second floor, and then through the roof. And all of the debris, from the second floor level up, had to be removed by the bucket, up through the roof, and then down across the roof to the ground, being ever so careful not to damage the roof or the flower beds below. All that brick had been



worry, Dennis. We know you're a hard worker.)

At each of the HVAC floor ducts, Cordell had to finely fit the flooring around each duct. **(Photo #7)** Because these duct openings had cast-iron Reggio registers fitted in them, the flooring pieces had to be routed out $\frac{1}{4}$ " so that the registers could finish flush with the floor and had to fit tight so that they didn't shift around in the opening.

Another consideration during the demolition and mechanical rough-in stage was the lighting. The only lighting in the kitchen, besides a 3-bay casement window which faces north under heavy tree canopy, was from surface-mounted fluorescents. Aside from task lighting above the stove and elsewhere, this kitchen needed better, more attractive, and more functional lighting. The fluorescents were removed and replaced with plenty of recessed lights. The old fluorescents were recycled into the laundry and pantry rooms.

Before the cabinets were installed, Dennis removed the beams and re-sized them to fit the new cabinetry configuration. He also repositioned them to fit into the crown molding at more appropriate places.

After the cabinets were installed, there was still plenty of work to be done. **(Photo #8)** The new wood flooring had to be stained and coated. Electrical and plumbing connections had to be completed. Appliances had to be installed and hooked up. The trims at all the doors and windows were replaced in the entire area. Even after all the trims were completed and nicely painted — all white — there was one glaring problem. The casing around the window, painted white like all the other window and door trims, looked out of place against the cabinets. So, Dennis stained and varnished the trim (using the same stain, antiquing glaze, and varnish from the very same cans used at the Premier cabinet shop) to match the cabinets. Dennis's artwork, seen in the final photo, makes the trim indistinguishable from the cabinets.



Bob & Ann's completed kitchen is truly a work of art in all senses of the word. **(Photo #9)** Everything comes together so nicely and functions like a dream, but what went into this kitchen reflects the thorough and exhaustive consideration of a serious cook. Ann has some favorites; like, the Wolf gas stove top and electric ovens — a seri-



ous cook's delight, and the GE Monogram refrigerated drawers located conveniently in the island in which they store their fresh produce and cheeses. And, besides the wall-mounted microwave, Ann also selected warming drawers for keeping foods and plates warm; a nice asset when entertaining or when supper needs to be delayed.

But Bob & Ann's kitchen is also a work of art because of the artistry that they bring to it. Ann placed real artwork — a theorem painting gifted to her by her friend and well-known local artist Linda Brubaker — in the stove alcove. (No fear, it's well protected.) And, they have folk art — "whimsies" — tucked here and there, and hanging at the window. And then there are always the flowers from Ann's well-tended gardens. ❀



Gary's Exceptional Excerpts

Traveling West from Reading

A Frenchman's Journey in 1794:

The country is rather pretty along this road; the land is very much intersected with high hills and mountains, but their declivity allows culture, almost to the top, which is generally covered with forests very useful to the farmers. The valleys are rich meadows and the rest of the land is in grains and clover. The farmers' houses are well built, of stone; good large barns, good teams of large strong horses, and if the farmers liked money less, they would surround themselves with more conveniences and live in plenty...

The have all become rich through the high price of grains since the French Revolution. They accumulate cash and keep it idle, by distrust — or they buy land, next to their own, which they do not cultivate and their savings remain idle. However, it is only fair to say that German farmers give farms to their sons as soon as they are of age, for their marriages, and even if they have 10 sons, they all become farmers, — while Irish farmers, if they make a fortune, bring up their children for the cities.

...The road, as everywhere is very bad, clayey soil and rocks, very deep ruts; in short, break-neck, impassable if it rained at all.

Womelsdorf, at Stauch's, four miles, pretty good lodging. It is a town where there are a German Lutheran church, about 50 houses, among which some of stone and three or four new ones of bricks, the rest are of logs and mortar. The neighborhood is remarkably well cultivated, therefore pleasant. The road from here to Meyer Town is very bad, clay or pebbles or rocks, until Meyer's Town (Myerstown) seven miles, stopped with Kehner, bad lodging — and when you have time, it is better to stay with Stauch, at Womelsdorf...

As seen by a traveler on his journey during August, 1829:

At Reading I took my seat for Lebanon — to go along the line of the Union canal through the Tulpehocken country. The Tulpehocken country ranging along the line of the creek, to Lebanon, is a rich valley country with high mountains in the distant view. The cultivation and scenery are always fine. This was the favorite home of the Indians, and of their supplanters, the Germans. To this land went Conrad Weiser, the Indian interpreter, he settled his farm at the present Womelsdorf, a town chiefly of log houses, on a rising ground. There I inquired for Weiser — he has been buried there many years — his grandson is still there — Old Willick Seltzer, now alive there, remembers to have seen and talked with Conrad. The whole face of

the country looks German — all speak that language, and but very few can speak English. Almost all their houses are of squared logs neatly framed — of two stories high. The barns were large and well filled, generally constructed of squared logs or stone, but all the roofs were of thatched straw — a novelty to my eye — said to last fifteen years. Their houses were shingled with lapped shingles. Saw no stately or proud mansions, but all looked like able owners. This character of houses and barns I found the same throughout my whole range of tour.

Gary



All God's Creatures

Somehow or other, “critters” meander in and out of our clients’ lives...and their homes! Chipmunks, squirrels, snakes, vultures — if it’s native fauna, a critter has made its presence known on many a project. Some people love ‘em; some people hate ‘em. Some can spend hours watching and stalking them with binoculars or camera. Others would just as soon find them in their crosshairs. (There’s a bit of Elmer Fudd in all of us, really.)

In the case of the Old Leacock Presbyterian Church, you have to admire this critter’s persistence, but I don’t think the congregation wants him to return to church anytime soon.

Last fall, Gary received a call from one of the church’s trustees. An animal had gotten inside and



caused some damage and, because the “Old Leacock” is a historic structure, they needed the help of someone who could work a restoration miracle on the damaged windows.

The Old Leacock Presbyterian Church, located on Route 340 just west of the village of Intercourse in Lancaster County, was built in 1754 by skilled masons and stone cutters recruited from Ireland. Virtually untouched since then, other than to install stained glass windows in the early 1900’s and make other renovations in 1964, the stone structure is a magnificent model of Pennsylvania’s early Presbyterian churches. (Photo #1) A century later, when the congregation outgrew its house of worship, they built a much larger church a few miles away on the Lincoln Highway in Paradise. However, the “Old Leacock” is still utilized for early-morning services



during the summer as well as for special occasions such as Easter, Thanksgiving, Christmas Eve, and for hymn sings.

And this is basically how “die Grundsau” became a part of the story of Old Leacock.

On one particularly fine fall day, the organist came to practice. Because the Indian Summer weather was so inviting, she propped the doors open while she was practicing. On days like that, you just have to open up the windows and doors and let the gentle breezes blow through. Right? Well, not realizing it, she was playing for more than an audience of One. One of His furry creatures decided to come in and enjoy the music also...or maybe he was checking out the possibility of some new winter digs.

Unaware of the visitor she had allowed in, the organist finished her practice and shut the doors behind her. Several days later, the sexton happened to be checking on the building. But when he opened the doors,

he was shocked to see what had happened to the lovely stained glass windows. Someone or something had vandalized many of the windows by gouging or chewing all around the wood sash (Photo #2), not to mention the

bottom of the door as well. Sensibly, he closed the door and called for help.

The trustees immediately came out and located the rascal — a groundhog of all things and he was still alive! — and shoo-ed him out the door. Good riddance! (Where’s Elmer Fudd when you need him?!) But, the damage was done, and it was not something that could be easily fixed.

Now, everyone knows that groundhogs are great burrowers; hence, the name “ground” hog. (Or, in these parts, die Grundsau.) But not everyone knows that groundhogs can climb, also. I’ve seen them myself sitting in the low crotches of trees and on top of old wood fence posts. They also have excep





tionally sharp teeth. (Why else would we have the old saw, How much wood could a woodchuck chuck if a woodchuck could chuck wood?) So, it isn't too hard to imagine Chuckie Grundsau first clawing and gnawing the bottom of the door and, when that failed to gain him freedom, then climbing up onto the window sills and gnawing away at the "light holes." In that few days of captivity, he had chewed the door, the plinth blocks aside of the door, and six window sash. He was one determined bugger!

When Gary inspected the damage, he knew that the extent of the repairs couldn't be done on site; the sash would have to come back to the shop. So, the fellows carefully removed the six lower sash and solidly secured each window opening with plywood. They then wrapped each sash and packed them into Styrofoam to protect and stabilize the leaded glass. Once in the shop, each sash was given a closer inspection to determine the full extent of needed repairs. **(Photo #3)**

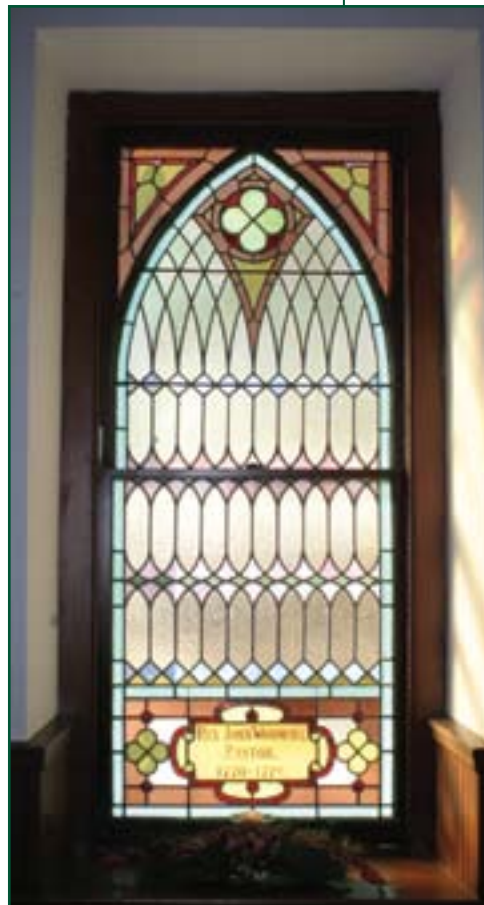
This errant woodchuck wasn't satisfied with chewing the flat rails or stiles of each sash. No-o-o, he had to gnaw on the molded profile. Because these windows are a century old, these profiles aren't standard fare that can be matched to modern-day trims. Beside the fact that the fellows had to custom grind a router bit to exactly



match this old profile, they also had to make the replacement pieces out of vintage tight-grain pine in order to match the grain of the old sash. These sash were stained, not painted, so the grain had to also match perfectly. Reproducing the profile was the easy part. The more complicated process was removing only the minimal amount of chewed wood, being ever so careful not to damage the leaded glass or the coming. Because Chuckie wasn't very considerate of us, he chewed all the windows in differing amounts: Some he chewed a little, some he chewed a lot, some he chewed only the profile, some he chewed well into the rails and stiles. Dennis had to replicate pieces in varying widths, lengths, and depths for each sash, and had to remove the chewed areas using a razor blade. Fitting all those various sized patches was labor intensive but necessary to assure a seamless fit. **(Photo #4)**

After all the patches were in place, Dennis invited public comment from Don and Gary. He needed to get these patches stained to exactly match each sash's existing color and hue. And, once the stain was perfected, the varnish finish had to be perfected also. These are century-old sash, and each one has differing amounts of a century's worth of wear and tear and subtle discoloration or fading, but Dennis's masterful touch got these sash looking like the day before Chuck came visiting. **(Photo #5)**

Now it was just a matter of returning the sash to the church and re-installing them. Of course, the fellows had previously inventoried which sash came out of which opening, so each one went back into its original place. **(Photo #6)** The last thing Dennis did was repair, stain, and varnish the door and the plinth block the same as he did for the sash. Actually, the last thing he did was check for any lingering visitors — of which there was none — and then pulled the door tightly shut behind him. ☺



“God’s voice thunders in marvelous ways; he does great things beyond our understanding.”

—Job 37:5

I had knee surgery around the time that this was being written in early June. It’s something I had been putting off for way too long, and I had told a friend that it would take a flood or earthquake to keep me from this long-delayed appointment. Gary & I were up long before daybreak that day, and guess what we woke to? Fireworks! Oh, not the 4th of July fireworks, such as we’re all enjoying about now. No, these were natural fireworks, and not unlike the grand finale at the 4th of July displays; rapid-fire pyrotechnics accompanied by continual waves of booming thunder, with buckets of rain thrown in for added effect. It was scary and awesome at the same time, made even scarier while we were making the mad dash to the car!

Later that evening, after we were home and settled in — with my knee propped up and iced

I noticed the great numbers of lightning bugs that were out. In my estimation, lightning bugs are equally awesome works of nature. I mean, how do those little buggers do that? And don’t you think He was having a bit of fun when he created them?

And now I am so looking forward to the man-made 4th of July fireworks. Each July, we can see the neighboring towns’ displays from the comfort of our porch, and I find myself “ohh-ing” and “ahh-ing” like a kid as each one unfolds its brightly colored, airborne tinsel. And then comes the Ka-boom! Long delayed since we’re several miles away. But the finale is the best; all the flashes, and riotous colors, and waves of booming thunder. It’s awesome!

It’s summer in the USA. And only in the eastern half of the USA can you find all three types of fireworks. True! So, whatever night of the summer you happen to be reading this, go out to the back yard and watch the fireworks. Better yet, dance among them. But if it’s the kind of fireworks that usually has rain accompanying it, that’s best admired from inside.

Be joyful always...

Denise

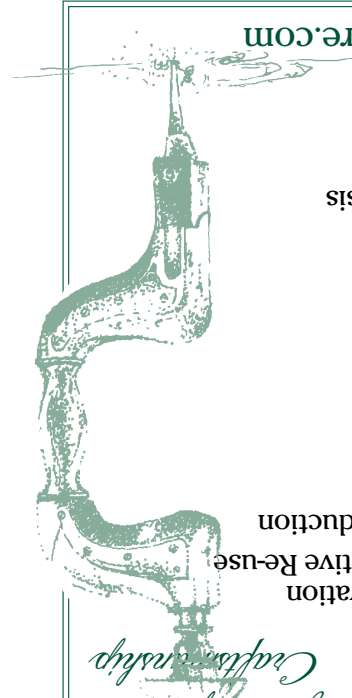
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