

HOW TO READ ATENAS TODAY

Many of the pages in Atenas Today are in two column format, and the default “view” in the *Adobe Reader* will present these pages in a large size that requires you to scroll up and down to read the whole page.

By changing the “view” to “**Full Screen**” you can fit the page to your screen and avoid the scrolling.

When in “Full Screen” view, left click to advance to the next page, or right click to go back a page.

If the text is too small for your taste, push the “escape” key to exit the “Full Screen” mode, and change the “zoom” level to get the size you want.

THE NEW YELLOW PAGES

Don't forget to download and save the latest version of the Yellow Pages. Many new businesses have been listed. This section will help you find the goods and services you need.

ATENAS TODAY

Issue No. 115

July 23, 2014



Close-up of Flower of the Malinche Tree in evidence throughout Atenas this month
Photograph: Bing.com Royalty-free image

ATENAS TODAY is a free English language newsletter for the residents and potential residents of Atenas, Costa Rica. It contains informative articles and creative compositions submitted by our readers, and is distributed via email approximately once a month to over 500 email addresses. To get on the distribution list or to submit material, please send an email to Marietta Arce at atenastoday@gmail.com.

Compositions from back issues are archived on the Atenas Chamber of Tourism and Commerce website, www.atenascatuca.com. Click on the English version and then Atenas Today on the business page.

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DIRECTORY OF ENGLISH-SPEAKING PEOPLE IN THE ATENAS AREA

New names and numbers have been added to the directory. With each issue Atenas Today subscribers will receive an updated file containing the names and contact information of people who have chosen to be listed. Simply download the PDF file attached to this Atenas Today email and print it or save it on your computer.

If your name is on the list without contact information, it is because you are a subscriber to the newsletter, but have **not authorized the publication of your email address or other information**. To add or correct data please send an email to atenastoday@gmail.com

Publisher's Note



As we end the month of July, **Guanacaste Annexation Day** is celebrated colorfully throughout the country. These celebrations remind me just how important it is to spend time with family and friends enjoying each other's company and having fun. Many of you are doing just that, whether you find yourselves back in your home countries or right here!

I have spent the last few weeks happily remembering what it was like when our decision to move to Atenas was becoming a reality. These memories have come to my mind because of the many people who are interested in visiting Costa Rica (and Atenas!) as a result of the significant attention we received during the recently-concluded 2014 World Cup in Brazil.

Costa Rica's Tourist Board (ICT) promoted the country unabashedly and it is expected to have a positive impact on our economy as more tourists come to visit and spend time and money here! My concern is always that we will not live up to our reputation and that people will leave disappointed.

Most visitors are generous and give us good marks on our (still) incredible biodiversity, graciously overlooking the many areas where we are still lagging behind some of our self-imposed objectives (recycling, zoning, etc.).

Although there are many things that could have been included in the "New and Noteworthy" Section, I have decided to skip it this month because the issue is too large. The August issue will provide a complete listing of all the new places or businesses that continue to make Atenas their home, as well as many other articles of interest to our residents.

I am proud of the work we are doing to keep this publication going. As always, I thank and praise all the contributors for their sharing. I am aware that this is a two-way street and I thank you, readers, as well. Judging by the many requests from new subscribers, we are an important part of the community of Atenas, today and every day.

Happy Reading!

Marietta Arce
marietta.arce@gmail.com



COMMUNITY BULLETIN BOARD

This space is available for posting community activities for the following weeks. Please provide information about your activity or event to atenastoday@gmail.com by the 15th of the month.

July 25th – Guanacaste Annexation day – official holiday in Costa Rica

July 29th – Anti-aging Seminar at Colinas del Sol (see flyer for information)

August 1st – 3rd – Relax and Renew Retreat (see Classified Ads for info)

August 1st -- 4th – Feast of Virgin of Los Angeles, Patron Saint of Costa Rica**
Tope in Los Angeles August 3rd, 11 a.m.

August 2nd – Feast of the Virgin of Los Angeles, Patron Saint of Costa Rica

August 7th – 10th Atenas Celebrates 146 years of its founding with activities
in Central Park **

August 15th – Mother's Day is celebrated, official holiday in Costa Rica

August 24th – National Parks Day is observed

August 30, 31st – Atenas Painters Group Exhibit their works at Hotel Colinas del Sol. Open to the public 8/30 from 2 to 7 p.m. 8/31 from 2 to 6 p.m. Colinas del Sol is located across from Roca Verde.

REGULARLY SCHEDULED ACTIVITIES

Every day EXCEPT Sundays: Yoga at Colinas del Sol (see flyer)

Every Sunday: Buddhist Book Discussion at Roca Verde (See Flyer)**

Every Tuesday, Wednesday & Sunday Atenas New Community (See Flyer)

Second Monday of every month: 4 p.m. Abandoned Animals of Atenas Foundation meeting at Antaños Please contact Virginia 2446-5343 or Sylvia 8868-1386 for more information. Volunteers are needed and welcome.

Every Tuesday: Atenas Bridge Club meets at Don Yayo's Restaurant . 1 p.m. to 4 p.m. No partner required.

Third Tuesday of every month: PLEIN AIR ART GROUP. Art activities as varied as the members. Contact Jan Yatsko at 2446-0970 or janyatsko@gmail.com

Every Wednesday: (Please confirm with Sara or Kay 2446-0664)

Atenas Wednesday Women
informal get together at Kay's Gringo Postres
every Wednesday afternoon at 12:30 PM

** Details on these activities will be uploaded on Atenas Today Facebook Page

NOTHING NEW TO REPORT ON RECYCLING



Buddhist Book Discussion

*****'

Every Sunday

Meditation (optional) 1:30pm

Book Discussion 2:00pm

218 Roca Verde, Atenas

A gathering for those interested
in Buddhism and Buddhist writings.

ALL ARE WELCOME.

If you wish to know what book we're currently reading,
or if you need directions or any other information,
please feel free to telephone or e-mail:

Adrienne and Richard Baksa

2446-8509

adriennebaksa@me.com

rbaksa@me.com



ATENAS NEW COMMUNITY (associated with the Tico church, Iglesia Bíblica de Atenas)
facebook.com/groups/145046998883605

DESCRIPTION: Atenas New Community is non-denominational with a diverse congregation - Messianic Jews, Presbyterians, Mennonites, Methodists, Catholics, Southern Baptists, etc. The focus is on Jesus Christ and the Bible, not on esoteric and divisive theological differences.

SERVICES:

Tuesday - 6pm - Bible study in English.

Wednesday - 6pm - English worship service

1st Sunday of each month - an English translator is provided for the 9:00am Spanish worship service (after 1st Sunday service many of the ex-pats gather at Don Yayo's to eat lunch together.)

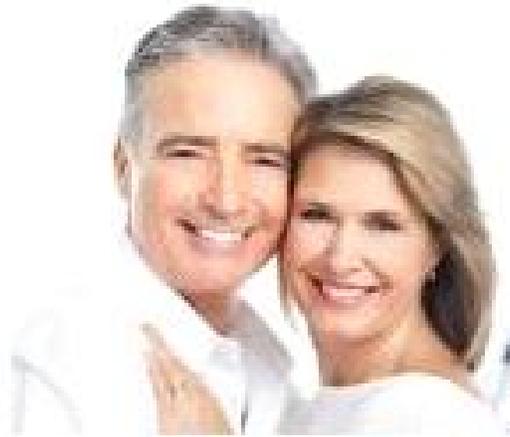
ENGLISH PASTOR: Steve Lucas - <https://facebook.com/steve.lucas> • 8764-8960

TICO PASTOR: Oldemar Artavia - <https://facebook.com/oldemar.artavia>

ADDITIONAL CONTACT: Judy Hickman • 2446-4791 • judy@proslink.com

DIRECTIONS: On Highway 3 at the blinking light

FREE EDUCATIONAL SEMINAR
“Anti Aging and Wellness”



Learn how to slow the signs of aging!

Presenter: Leslie Mesen, M.D.
Member American Academy of Anti Aging Medicine
Location: Hotel Colinas del Sol, Atenas (Calle Boquerón)
Date: Tuesday, July 29
Time: 12:00 pm
RSVP: 2289.3626

Atenas Yoga Center




Improve balance, strength and flexibility. Reduce physical and mental stress. Join our weekly classes at Atenas Yoga center and make yoga part of your healthy lifestyle.

Classes are for all levels. BEGINNERS are WELCOME at any class!!

Class Schedule

Mondays	9:00 AM – 10:15 AM	Hatha Yoga with Leah
Tuesdays	8:00 AM – 9:00 AM	Hatha/Vinyasa Flow with Anna
Tuesdays	9:30 AM – 10:45 AM	Therapeutic Yoga with Anna
Tuesdays	6:00 PM – 7:15 PM	Hatha/Vinyasa Flow with Clara*
Wednesday	9:00 AM – 10:15 AM	Hatha Yoga with Leah
Wednesday	4:00 AM – 5:15 AM	Men's Yoga with Leah
Thursday	8:00 AM – 9:00 AM	Hatha/Vinyasa Flow with Anna
Thursday	6:00 PM – 7:15 PM	Hatha/Vinyasa Flow with Clara*
Saturdays	8:00 AM – 9:15 AM	Hatha/Vinyasa Flow with Anna

Hotel Colinas Del Sol is located in Atenas centro, about 100 meters after the main entrance of the Roca Verde neighborhood, on the left. We are in the salón de eventos



* Class taught in Spanish.

All classes are 3000 colones or US\$6

Mats can be rented for 500 colones or US\$1 Please wear loose and comfortable clothing

We also offer private sessions. Contact Us: 8660-8921 • 2446-3150 • 8928-5497

classes@atenasyoga.com www.atenasyoga.com

Atenas Yoga Center

Leah MacLauchlan
Yoga Instructor

Contact Us: 2446 3170
nomosno21@gmail.com



Atenas Yoga Center

Anna Hunt | Yoga Instructor

Contact Us: 8338 9968
classes@atenasyoga.com





No doubt many have observed the monument outside Alida's Pizza in Sabana Larga and wondered who Cristina Cabezas Zumbado was. This article will hopefully answer the question and provide many interesting facts which were generously shared by her great-granddaughter, Ana Lidia González Sandoval, currently a resident of Atenas.

On September 17, 1863 Cayetano Cabezas and Maria Zumbado (a couple originally from Barva, Heredia who had moved to Atenas) were blessed with a daughter whom they named Maria Sofia de Jesus. She became known as Cristina or Tina Cabezas Zumbado.

Tina Cabezas married José Salas (from Cartago) on August 16, 1884 in Atenas and they started the Salas Cabezas family. Tina or Mamita Tina (as she was also fondly called) was a small, tanned, slender woman with much beauty and vitality. She was very religious (Catholic) always praying the Angelus at six in the morning and at noon, and saying the rosary at night. She was devoted to the Christ of Limpias.

Mamita Tina was a very helpful and charitable person. She showered everyone with love and gave wise advice. If she saw someone in need, she did not hesitate to help; if they were sick, she would often heal them.

Her husband don José Salas was an oxcart driver who traveled from Cartago to Puntarenas and back. After he married Mamita Tina, he purchased several properties in Atenas. Their home was located where the Music School is now. Across the street, they opened a "sesteo" (resting place) where they served the needs of the oxcart driver and his oxen. Don José continued to travel back and forth from Cartago to Puntarenas with merchandise. Later, they converted their home into an inn and worked alongside their children: Ramon, Emilio, Lalo, Carpio, Adolfo and Oliva as well as their foster daughter Dorila Vindas.

Don José and his sons were in charge of the "sesteo". The working day at the inn began at three in the morning with Mamita Tina preparing the meals (beef stew, hash, stuffed pork loin). They ground the corn in a machine to prepare the flour to make tortillas, 'bizcochos', tamal asado and tamales. The coffee was brewed by boiling water with the sugar added and then pouring the sweet water through a cloth filter holding the ground coffee. The whole family participated in this work.

Most of the guests of the inn were traveling barefoot or with a simple type of sandal called "caite". Others fastened a leather sole with leather straps to their feet. They wore plain gauze shirts. In winter (rainy season) they were completely soaked by the time they reached the sesteo!

Sometimes people were ill when they arrived at the inn and Mamita Tina would give them a change of clothes and natural healing remedies so that they could get better and continue their journey the next day. The oxcarts were often left overnight in the hallways or backyard of their home. Cattle owners or bosses traveled on horseback and they wore leggings and fancier clothing. The traveling herds were allowed to graze on don José's pastures. People going to Puntarenas for a vacation would also stay at Mamita Tina's to rest before continuing their journey.

Cristina Cabezas learned midwifery at San Juan de Dios Hospital in San Jose. She was a midwife for the county of Atenas and brought many children into the world. Women in labor might call Mamita Tina in the middle of night; in the rain; from remote places where she had to walk great distances (like Güisaro or Cajón) and she never refused to go. Often, when she arrived at the homes, she found that the family was very poor, had little to eat and nothing to wrap the baby in. She would return home, take sheets that had been given to her by doña Livia Saravia for this purpose, and go back to properly swaddle the newborn. If a baby was

born in the afternoon or evening, she stayed overnight to help the mother the next day. She received no monetary compensation for this work, she did it as a service to God and her community. Many of the babies later became her godchildren.

The beautiful story of Mamita Tina was told by Placidia Sandoval Salas to her daughter Ana Lidia González Sandoval, Mamita Tina's great granddaughter. We look forward to more stories about this wonderful woman who lived in Atenas when Atenas was just getting settled!



Cristina Cabezas Zumbado
1863-1953

photographs courtesy of Ana Lidia González Sandoval



Going Home

“Or, visiting the clans”

Paul Furlong

May 2nd

I packed my luggage with care. Tank bag, mule pack, boots, helmet and clothes; motorcycle gear all stuffed into a straight man's suitcase. My red taxi arrived early and took me through town in a trance, detached like a sliver of my life passing before me, a sweet and sour mix of excitement and loss. I'd be gone a month and a half; I was homesick already.

I feign world-weariness as we punch through 160 miles an hour and the nose wheel leaves the ground. Cosmopolitan man, flying off again; but in my heart of hearts, I get excited every time. The plane is full of tourists; tattooed surfers, angry ex-girlfriends, tired old men in gay Hawaiian shirts; and this florescent rose colored aura rising from the little monster one seat over.

Jet Blue got me to Orlando and into the arms of my sister Kim on time. She and her husband Lanny have dinner with me before boarding my next flight to Newark. Satiated and happy with three vodka tonics, I board the plane to Newark. Whole different atmosphere: decidedly Latino, multi cultured with no particular race line; these folks were headed home to New Jersey and New York. I was already home! People chatted in mixed accents while I slept off my drinks and woke to the contented, slumbering multitude. I basked in blue aura and gray noise until it was time to land. Conversations spun up in that jive city kind of way, then quieted down just before touchdown. A moment later the stewardess announced that we had, indeed, arrived and thanked us for flying Blue. Polite to the last syllable, people began to applaud when she was done.



The Yellow "T"

I slept on JB's black leather couch amid bachelor rubble for the next two weeks, working on my new Suzuki SV650 and with the eager help from our friends; "The Yellow Turd" was born.

Please forgive the name, Tucker christened my bike in the same way Pollard nailed me with, "Tooth." Anyone who raced with Cousin Chickey, Squid or Louie the Leg would

understand. Once branded, *fo-get-about-it*.

Thus began the rounds of dinner, booze and the slow-mo sensation of tumbling into a vat of orange blossoms; supported on all sides by accepting hands. JB worked on his hot rod, a 1938 DeSoto; fixed his nephew's brakes, Big John's truck starter, few all over the country to work and still had time to help me with the Yellow T.



JB on the right. Can't place the face on left



Big John with "T"

We finished the windshield and suspension upgrades. Yellow T responded with a firmer, more planted ride. On the same day JB got the fenders on his Rod. We went for a ride.

Saturday Morning JB drove his car to the Brook Wood Café, not far from the big tree. I rode my bike. We sat at the same table with the same guys every Saturday for breakfast. At a glance, they look like old men, a secret society of sorts; but these humble men represented the crème de la crème of hot rod knowhow, painters, pinstripers, welders, machinists, powder coaters and even a Rhino Liner; I knew I was in when they began to bust my chops. Eggs over medium, link sausage and rye toast ... yeah.



View from the throne. Notice bikes hiding in the weeds



Dem Goils!



Sara and Good Husband John

After breakfast, I rode over to route 295 for a wind tunnel test. Gone was the pressure on my chest and my helmet pulling at my neck; even at a hundred, the bike was comfortable. I can ride it to Costa Rica when I'm ready. It was time to enter part two of my trip; ride to Floyd County Virginia.

May 16th Yellow T performed for me; fast, firm, light and agile. We fit each other like no bike I can remember. We took the fast lane to Virginia and arrived right quick at Susi Bear's house in the Blue Ridge Mountains. Sue was away and I kept her home fires burning for the week my daughter Sara and her family would be visiting. These few days added sweet significance to my swift journey. When Sara and John left with the kids, I packed my bike and moved over to Larry Mo's for stage three.

May 23rd: About this time Dr. Bill and Dr. Jane arrived as did Jimmy and Emily Albera. Pick any scene from the movie, "The Big Chill." We loved, raced and lived the sixties and early seventies together. Speaking for myself, those were the best days. Now here we were with our motorcycles; what it was always about. And we rode... and we rode down to Tennessee picking roads with the most fun curves. We play-raced in the twisties at Hungry Mother State Park until at one point two riders turned off to head home. Then it was just four men in our sixties and seventies; we got rooms and spent the night eating, giggling and outright laughing at the moon. Too old to die young and too fast to be old; damn, it just kills me.



L to R; Squid-Mo, Lar-Mo, Dr. Bill-Mo, Jimmy-Mo (back turned in the bushes); Jimmy Jammer-Mo

Next day we had breakfast and parted ways. I took route 77 North to 81 East and commenced to boogie. Rain pretty much took the romance out of riding late in the afternoon in Maryland and I stopped for the night. Next day I got daughter number two on the phone. We met for ice cream and coffee in Doylestown.



Iris & me eating ice cream and hot fudge.
Not the best picture, but look how cool we are!



Bridgestone Battle Axes will stick in the rain and run flat long enough to get you stopped. Great tire!



34 Ford Hot Rod: Ever notice how a hot rodder will park over a man in a wheel chair? He did fixed my bent wheel!

I was ten miles from JB's black leather couch when something odd appeared between the legs of a car I was following at a good rate of speed. I managed to miss with the front but caught the rear and I got some air.

I was now marking time and making visits to friends. Iris visited with me and met more of our extended family. I went to Sprint car races, drank Irish whiskey at *The Tir-na-nOg*, an Irish Pub in Trenton and visited an old friend, Uncle Lester, my mentor some forty years ago. He doesn't remember anymore, tragic for a man like that, but I could tell he was listening when I read him my *April Atenas Today* column.



Esler Heller, AKA Uncle Lester in his 80's: challenged the KKK in print to watch us paint over a racial slur in town. Gave them a time and date. We got there early and stayed late but they never showed.



L to R: Len Flynn, Leonard E. Read, Fritz Davis and Uncle Lester; thinkers, teachers, visionaries; revolutionaries. Mostly all gone but they sure left their mark on me.

I have to calm myself at times to get a whiff of the roses racing by; other times I can't get off the couch. I'm ready to go home from home; strange as it sounds, expats and military brats are split personalities: always homesick, always at home. This trip down memory lane has a melancholy quality of mumbled, often playful conversations with people now gone.

My Dad is there; Sherman, Danny Buschhoff, Foster, all nodding, winking and smiling. I think about my mom and the friends she made at every duty station and remember how sad she was when one by one; they blinked off line. Her sisters went, one at a time; then her mom, all passing into the great changing room. I remember her feeling alone and I wonder if someday that will be me. I don't think so; the older I get the more life and death seems to run together like tracks through the Midwest. I regret not asking more questions before my father left. He displayed a kindness and humility near the end that I'd only just become old enough to see.



My Step-father, Dan, 92 a WWII
Vet and good husband



Ex Reality Farmers; one generation begets another.
How cool is that?

June 15th: Kevin drove me to the airport. He's a vet, ex-cop and trusted friend. With him, there's never any need to explain myself.

Other-sister Dale and Nicole met me in Orlando and took me to my sister Kim. I'd changed my ticket to surprise her on her sixtieth birthday. She *was* surprised! My step-mom, Carolyn was there with her boyfriend Jack. We toasted Kim and each other until it was time for bed. I was going "home" again in the morning; back to Costa Rica.



I relished my time alone on the plane. I was psychically exhausted; I'd mixed and participated with the family of my choosing. There'd been times I'd overstayed, and times I should have stayed longer. There's no question that I took more than I gave. I hope over the course of my life, to spread the kindness, forgiveness and love that I get from my friends. They say you can never go back; but I think you can if you don't stay too long. I plan to visit the clans every year till the fat lady sings. Fuzzlong@gmail.com

It's A Dogs Life...REALLY!!



Stories from Mr. BudBud, Primero Perro of Lighthouse Animal Rescue. They were written almost 10 years ago when he first came to Costa Rica for a house sitting job.

7/29/2004

HOLA!!! Everybody!!!!

The last few days have been pretty busy and unusually newsworthy.

Dad was in a bad mood because the car we have been driving was dying a slow, painful death. We had rented it from the owner of the house we are house sitting and it was already making a lot of ugly transmission noises when we got here!

Well the transmission noises got worse and THEN the brakes started failing.

Mom is a pretty brave driver (Dad says she's an adrenaline junkie) but failing brakes on mountainous, rainy, and foggy roads is NOT her idea of a good time!! Especially when she has such precious cargo as me and Dad in the car!!!

Anyway, yesterday we went to Alajuela and rented another car. Mom took the old one to the mechanic down the road and LEFT it there. She says she has no desire to drive it EVER again. The last time we drove it, when we tried to slow down for a muerto (big speed hump) it just kept going!!! The brakes did not even pretend to slow us down!!! We jumped the muerto!!!!!!!! Mom and I BOTH got airborne INSIDE the car!!!! Dad was following us in the new rented car and he said the old car got airborne too!!!!

Anyway.....we went today and bought a used car. The one we took to the mechanic the other day. Mom and Dad say when we leave to come back to

the States we will park it at the house we are planning to rent and, when we come back, we will have a vehicle. They said, "BudBud this is YOUR car!!" I was THRILLED!!!! I already have a Florida driver's license that Mom made me.

OH!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Guess what!!!! We had a slight earthquake on Tuesday!! Mom, Dad, Enid, and I were at the mechanic's shop letting him check out the car we were thinking of buying. Mom and Enid had sat down on a curb to rest and, while they were sitting there Mom leaned back against the metal gate. After sitting there for a while she felt the gate "tremble" but assumed that Enid had bumped it. When she looked at Enid though, Enid was leaning forward and was not near the gate. Mom just figured it must have been the wind or something but the next day someone asked us if we felt the earthquake. They told us it happened at about 2:00 pm. When Mom thought about it she realized that it must have been the earthquake that shook the gate!!!!

OH!!!! And when we went into town yesterday we saw that the co-op had caught fire and burned!!!! It was the Grecia Cooperativa. That is who deals with the local farmers and sells the things they grow. Anyway....it burned really bad. It is a three story building and the top two floors were completely gutted. Mom found out it was caused by an electrical problem.

Crystal, the angel who is taking care of all the other Lighthouse babies back in the States, tells us that Daisy, the potbellied pig is now eating real good. Mom, Dad and I were sure glad to hear that!! We were all worried about her.

Mom told me today, "BudBud, you have GOT to stop shedding so much!!!!"

It seems that I am depositing my gorgeous white hair on things like the furniture and in the car! Well HECK Mom!!! What do you expect ME to do about it????

Mom says "BudBud, hang onto your hair!"
I try.....I really do....but some of it manages to get loose anyway!!
Oh well...they love me enough to overlook a few flying furballs.

OH!! The car we bought today is a Mitsubishi Montero RS with 4 wheel drive!!! It is an older one but it runs REALLY good and Mom says we can climb MOUNTAINS with it!!

Dad just looks at her kind of funny when she says that....then he gets this scared look on his face and rolls his eyes. LOL!!!

Tailwags from BudBud the CAR OWNER!!!!



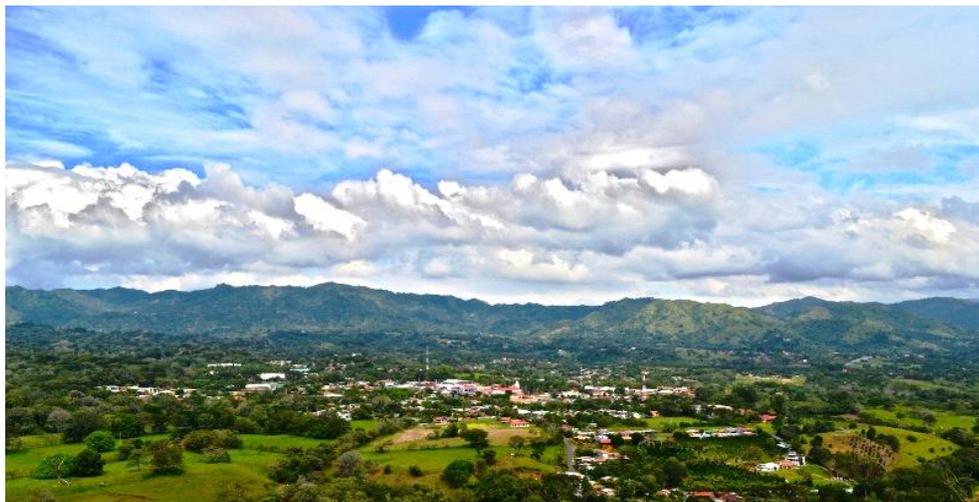
Is it true? Does Atenas have the best climate in the world?

By Shannon Farley

Saying that you have “The Best Climate in the World” is quite a claim. Our little town of Atenas, Costa Rica, nevertheless asserts that it has the best climate of anywhere – false rumor that it comes from National Geographic notwithstanding. The motto is plastered across the backs of all buses in Atenas, on a few billboards, and even graces the name of a restaurant in town. Read anything about Atenas and you will find the “best climate” remark.

But is it true?

“For me, Atenas has a perfect climate because we have long sunny days where the temperature rarely goes above 86-87 degrees (F), allowing you to enjoy lounging pool side. The nights in the mountains are fresh with temperatures dipping into the mid 60's, a great sleeping temperature using only a light blanket,” commented Dennis Easters, of Pure Life Development of Atenas real estate.



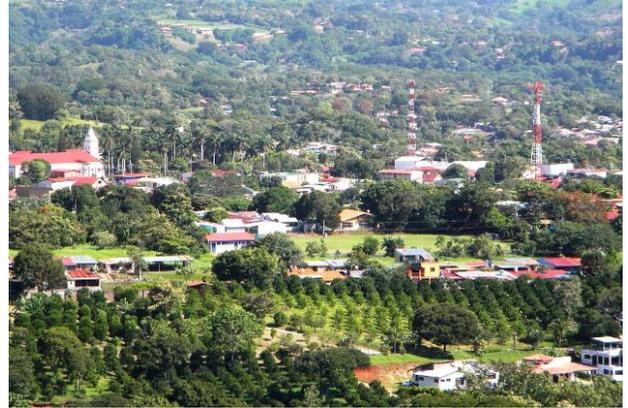
“We have a very stable climate without extremes of heat or cold. It’s one of the healthiest climates in Costa Rica,” affirms native Atenas resident, Walter Carranza. (Check out Walter’s Taxi and Tours at www.walterstaxiandtours.com)

“This is the sun belt of the Central Valley,” adds Atenas resident Judi Purdy from Colorado.



Given Atenas’ ideal location on the western edge of Costa Rica’s Central Valley, where the mountains spill away to the Pacific Coast, our elevation ranges from 2,200 to 4,000 feet (670-1,120 meters). Did you know that Atenas receives 2,500 hours of sun per year, according to data from the Costa Rica National Meteorological Institute? That works out to almost seven hours of sunshine on average per day, which is above the national average of six hours. San José, for example, averages only 5.2 hours of sun per day.

“Atenas town enjoys a moderate climate. So, we can conclude that the climate is very warm during the day but temperatures drop significantly at night,” writes Atenas historian Eladio Valerio on his website [Atenasonline.com \(http://www.atenasonline.com/en-la-mira-del-experto.php\)](http://www.atenasonline.com/en-la-mira-del-experto.php).



Average daily temperatures in Atenas range from 72 to 85 F (22-30 C) during the day, and 60 to 68 F (16-20 C) at night. Temperatures along Costa Rica's Pacific Coast, on the other hand, sizzle in the 90s F (32-35 C) during the day and mid to high 70s F (22-24 C) at night.

Over all, it appears that while Atenas' climate may or may not be top of the charts, for our 27,000 residents it certainly is ideal. The special climate has helped give Atenas its ranking as a top place to retire by International Living, HelpAge International and AARP.

5 Causes of Climate:

Latitude –the closer to the equator the warmer a place is.

Elevation –the higher the elevation, the cooler a place is.

Ocean/Wind Currents –hot water and air rises, cool water and air sinks, which moves heat around the planet.

Closeness to large bodies of water –affects precipitation and temperature.

Terrain –Mountains change how much rain or sun you get; and the north side and south side of a mountain usually have a different climate.

Fun After Fifty!



By Carole Connolly-Shaw
caroleconnolly@gmail.com

Grandma Moses took up painting in her late 70s, after which she became one of the most famous American painters of all time. A lively, quick-witted lady, she developed severe arthritis and could no longer work the needles on her embroidery. She tossed aside those embroidery hoops, stuck a paint brush in her crippled hands and never looked back.

She turned out her first painting at 76 years of age! She painted every day and started producing colorful scenes depicting early American rural life. A New York art dealer happened to be passing through her tiny upstate town where he saw her work hanging in a drug store. He snatched up every single one, tracked her down at her home, bought ten more, and Bam! Next thing you know, Grandma Moses' paintings are hanging in the Museum of Modern Art in New York City!

Okay, okay, we're not in New York. We're in Atenas, Costa Rica, another hick town like the one Grandma Moses called home. Never underestimate a hick town. We have some splendid artists living right here. Some of these talented folks took up painting after turning fifty years old. One such amazing artist is Sheila Nelson. I was flabbergasted to hear Sheila took up painting a mere handful of years ago. Now I'm not saying Sheila is as old as Grandma Moses was, but I think it's safe to say she was over fifty when she first picked up the brush.

Sheila thought her artist sister got all the talent in the family. It wasn't until she got caught doodling on a telephone pad that her employer, also an artist, did a double-take. "You must paint!" she said. "You really must. Right now. Come with me."



Her first painting was a color chart!

And then came flowers, flowers,



and more flowers.



She dabbled while juggling her busy life in the United States. It wasn't until she moved to Atenas two years ago that she was able to focus on her newfound occupation. Until she took classes from popular art instructor, Larry Felder, she was self-taught.

Larry paved the way for huge improvement and growth. In the short time I have known Sheila, I have seen her progress first hand. Her latest paintings are more vivid and precise. I knew I liked them better, but I didn't know why until Sheila told me she switched from watercolors to oils. Ah so, grasshopper. In the beginning, nobody told her that water color was the most difficult medium.



Her friend used water-colors, so she did the same. Had she known oil was easier she would have done that from the start.

Whatever the medium, I love her work and am thinking about moving to a larger space just so I can hang some on my walls. Sheila paints for the sheer joy of it and has not yet made a business out of it. I'm hoping she will consider having an art show soon.

I visited her in her new studio in barrio Los Angeles. I say it's official; she is a real artist – she has a studio! To quote Sheila, here is what she wrote on her website:

I'm an accidental artist. Painting isn't something "I always wanted to do when I grew up" but, something I stumbled onto, encouraged by someone who saw in me what I could not see in myself. I tipped toed into unfamiliar territory and discovered hidden treasures. In 2004, with very little formal training, I began to play with color. I paint what I want, I paint when I'm inspired and then I go wash the dishes. Sometimes I lose track of time and space and these moments (sometimes hours), are what keep me sane in this crazy world...and sometimes the results are good.

I don't try to define my work, I just do it and let it be.

Thanks for letting me share.

I'm in awe of people who create works of art. Like most of us, I was required to do art in school at various levels. From kindergarten through college I drew the same picture of a house with a smoking chimney and a winding cobblestone path going to the front door, three daisies in the front yard, and pulled back curtains in the windows. Oh yeah, the sun with its curvy rays and a few cumulous clouds in the blue sky. And then there was the time I signed up for Jan Yatsko's *Inner Diva Workshop* thinking it was a seminar on fashion. It wasn't until I checked my list of required supplies and saw art brushes on the list that I realized I had signed up for an art class. With Jan's guidance, I actually created something frame-worthy. Yup. It is hanging on my wall and is my first and last work of art in this lifetime.

I prefer to decorate my home with other people's art. I'm looking forward to Sheila's first art show. In fact. I'm hoping she combines her work with one of my other favorite Atenas artists, Jocelyn Farquhar, in her new location in Barrio Los Angeles, at a magical place called Cabinas Don Francisco. The moment I went through the beautiful gate, and drove up the flower-lined driveway I was engulfed with a peaceful feeling. Throw in a little wine and cheese and we've got ourselves a happening!



Entrance to Cabinas Don Francisco

So, if you find yourself in front of an easel with a paint brush and palette of paint, choose to have fun and give it a go. And if you are past the fifty mark, add a little extra spice!

To see more of Sheila's work go to: <http://www.sheilanelsonpaintings.com/paintings/>

The Cloisters: A Memory from My Past!



by Marietta Arce
marietta.arce@gmail.com

One characteristic of growing up in my family which I have really come to appreciate when I reminisce, is the extent to which my parents made sure that we had a particularly pleasant and extravagant outing or vacation at least once every year.

We visited museums and parks regularly and once in a while, we went out for dinner to a fancy restaurant in Manhattan (Mamma Leone's comes to mind) and did not have to worry too much about the prices on the menu. My mother made it clear that pasta dishes were not her idea of fine dining under any conditions; we were instead encouraged to choose items that could not easily be cooked at home. This "policy" usually affected our father the most because he really loved (and still loves) his pasta!

At some point during my childhood, my parents discovered the Cloisters museum and gardens. The Cloisters is actually a branch of the Metropolitan Museum of Art which is devoted to the art and architecture of medieval Europe. I can't remember exactly how old I

was when we first went or whether we drove there or took the subway but I can still remember the visit as clearly as if I had been there yesterday. I am not sure why I have not returned in so many years but I am determined to do so the next time I visit New York.



The Cloisters – A Hidden Gem in New York

The most memorable impression I have is the ability we had to walk around freely through the gardens without any fear of being quieted or stopped. I kept imagining that Julie Andrews might appear and suddenly burst into song when I walked through the somber and severe pillared courtyard arcade. I remember gazing at the beautiful gardens with an appreciation perhaps not very commonly found in an 11 or 12 year old girl growing up in Brooklyn.



Garden and Courtyard at Cloisters



Interior View of the Pillared Arcade

There are exquisite objects on display and the sad, grave faces of the saints and other religious statues and paintings stirred deep emotions in me. I have a very vague memory of the subjects or stories told in the tapestries, but I do recall that I was inspired by the intricacy and the thought of how much time it must have taken to weave such complicated works of art.



Unicorn Tapestry at Cloisters

I recently attended the semi-annual Board of Directors meeting at the Hogar de Ancianos (Senior citizen residence home) in Atenas. As I sat and listened to the various reports, my eyes rested on the splendid grounds surrounding the buildings. The property is probably a little larger than that designated for the Cloisters! From where I was sitting, I could see a handful of residents sitting comfortably in the open area. They

were talking in whispers so as not to interrupt the meeting.

I was transported back to the Cloisters because my mind made a sudden association when one of the speakers mentioned the chapel and its importance in the lives of the residents of the Hogar. I remembered hearing that the Hogar was originally run by nuns as a shelter for poor and abandoned elderly. I am certain the nuns would be proud and surprised to learn that the Hogar has become a place where many senior citizens make a conscious and cheerful decision to spend the latter part of their lives.



Hogar de Ancianos Chapel

After the meeting and refreshments ended, I took a walk around the corridors before I headed back to my car. One of the residents held out her hand and asked me why I was leaving. I told her I had another engagement but that I would be back very soon so that we could have a nice chat. I left the Hogar as I remember leaving the Cloisters, with an immense feeling of inexplicable joy that having lived a really good day brings.

All Pictures from Bing.com royalty-free pictures except Chapel of Hogar which is from the Hogar de Ancianos Facebook page.

The Atenas Today Art Gallery

The Art Gallery is a regular feature of Atenas Today. Local artists are encouraged to submit photographs of their works to be included in the gallery, and to send a new picture each month. The artists may be contacted via the email addresses shown.



"The Library Lion"

12 1/2" x 22"

Oil on Canvas

Al Alexander

jeanandal@gmail.com

Artist's Statement: The library Lion was aglow in the morning light as we walked down 5th Ave. It was early spring; the tulips were bright red against the new fresh green of the grass and shrubs, and the avenue was alive with strolling people. The long winter's nap was at last over.



"Beach Cat"

9"x12"

Acrylic on gallery wrapped canvas

Diana F. Miskell

Horse and Cattle Art: www.dianamiskell.com

Costa Rica Blog: <http://dianascostaricablog.blogspot.com>

Artist's Statement: This was a cat that lived on the beach at Playa Doña Ana, Puntarenas a few years ago. It is from my own reference photo.



Jungle Bird

Jocelyn Farquhar
Jocelyn@squibblesdesigns.com



"Rainbow over Atenas" on July 9th
Tina Rodriguez @ trodatenas@gmail.com



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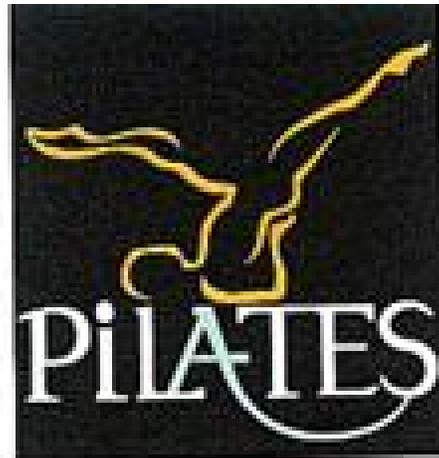
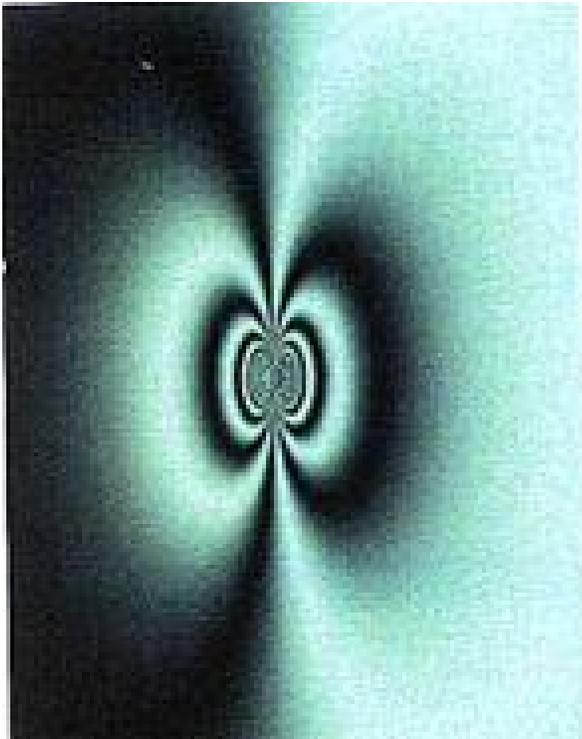
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