Yes! I am interested in supporting a recipe for success—the land trust and local food.

**Membership**

My tax-deductible contribution is enclosed:

- $35
- $50
- $75
- $100
- $250
- $500
- Other

With a donation of $100, choose one of the following gifts or with a donation of $250, choose four:

- 1 dozen ears of corn from Bunnside Acres
- 1 watercolor print from Frani Tapping
- 1 dozen oysters from Nüstig Oyster Farm
- 1 peal & nozzzle bulb fromNarraganset Creamery
- 1 surprise gift fromStony Hill Cattle Co.
- 1 floral arrangement from Judge Farms
- 1 bag of apples or peaches from Baden Orchard
- Honey from South County Honey

With a donation of $500, receive all 8 gifts and become a sponsor of the 2010 Charlestown Farmer’s Market

---

**Marinated Beef over Watercress salad**

1 lb 8 oz / 680 g beef sirloin or tenderloin

Marinate Meat in:

- 1 fl oz / 30 mL pure olive oil
- 1 tbsp / 3 g chopped rosemary
- 1 tbsp / 3 g chopped sage
- 1 tbsp / 3 g chopped thyme
- 1 tbsp / 15 mL balsamic vinegar
- 2 tsp / 6 g kosher salt
- 1 tbsp / 14 g black pepper

Grill to perfection

Slice

Serve over Salad

---

**Watercress Salad**

3 bags or bunches / 330 g Watercress, washed, dried and cut into 2-3” pieces

5 fl oz / 150 mL Lemon Parsley Vinaigrette

---

**Stony Hill Cattle Farm**

*A working farm since the 1600’s*

460 Shumankanuc Hill Rd, Charlestown, RI

---

**Welcome to Vision**

A few months ago, Michael Maynard, Executive Director of the Charlestown Land Trust and I sat down to talk about a project we could do together. Michael had on his wish list a newsletter which would provide a venue to share stories about the volunteers, conservationists, farmers, and students who are part of our land trust community. As an artist interested in the ecological narratives, I had in mind an art project that celebrated the quiet, and often heroic efforts ordinary citizens make to protect wild open spaces. So on that cold March morning our dreamings sparked, and by June, thanks to the generous support of the Rhode Island Humanities, this first edition of Vision is bearing fruit just in time to be distributed during the Charlestown Farmer’s markets, a wonderful weekly event made possible by the contributions of the CLT membership.

Vision will feature interviews with citizens who enrich our local heritage with wise land management, and stewardship that takes many forms. Jim Gibbons, a CLT volunteer with over three decades of experience in land use planning working with towns, institutions and private land owners, will contribute his advice and a column called “Landscripts.” And every month this summer we’ll share recipes with you from our farmers.

Both interviews for this first edition were conducted outdoors in the special places that have shaped Paulla Dove Jennings, a Narragansett story teller, and historian, and Carla and Russell Ricci, seasonal residents of Charlestown since 1971. My recorded conversations with each are filled with the sounds from their larger sense of community. Cardinals, hawks, cedar wax wings, wind in the trees, and bubbling brooks, competed for my audial attention. Certain images from our visits also stay with me, each capturing a facet of their deep sense of land ethic.

Paulla, during my last visit with her, brought out a favorite Indian basket from the collection at the Tomaquag Indian museum to show me. While I looked into an empty basket with painted stenciled decorations on its side, Paulla saw a basket filled with images and stories. For her the basket was an embodiment of all that Mother Nature provided, her tribes cultural history, and a personal narrative of the relative who had made it. Carla Ricci spoke of maintaining the long stone walls leading into their 1750 farmhouse. “The deer jumping over them and frost heaves collapse them, but using the same material and the help of contemporary native stone masons, Hiwatha and John Brown, we continually rebuild them.” This patient reconstruction of history and acceptance of nature’s systems is indicative of the Ricci’s larger efforts to work cooperatively with others in order to conserve their land, the Amos Greene Farm, for perpetuity.

Paulla makes visible the invisible connections with place, Carla and Russell cultivate, and preserve the gift of land they have deeply connected with. They have each, in the words of Henry David Thoreau, made sure to preserve the places and artifacts they love – “so there is enough pasture for the imagination”. We hope “Vision” can add to this pasture for the imagination in inspiring and practical ways.

---

**Dear Friend,**

The South County Conservancy, a private, non-profit organization, recently took the bold step of renaming itself the Charlestown Land Trust to further clarify our main mission of, “preserving and protecting the distinctive character of Charlestown through the acquisition and management of open space.” We hope the name change will avoid past confusion with several similarly named regional organizations. Another innovation is the publication of this newsletter entitled, “Vision.” If we can visualize what we would like Charlestown to look like in the future, we can work together to develop a land use plan that balances conservation and development in our community.

This first edition is dedicated to all who had the vision to work to protect Charlestown’s open spaces. We are forever grateful to South County Conservancy founding members; Carole Brown, Roe LaBoissiere, Jeanne Monk and Gordon Foer, and to those who have served on the Conservancy Board, assisted with membership mailings, participated in trail clearing and made generous annual donations. The Trust and residents of Charlestown thank you for your tireless efforts to protect our community’s unique character and beauty.

We feel the past few years have been exciting and productive for the Trust as we:

- Established the Charlestown Farmers’ Market with an average weekly attendance of 400 enthusiastic visitors. The

---

*Charlestown Land Trust*

460 Shumankanuc Hill Rd, Charlestown, RI

*Carol Brown*

*President*

*Continued on Page 2*
A Dialogue with the Past

A few yards into the Ricci’s gravel drive a small wooden sign nailed on a tree quietly announces “the Amos Greene Farm.” As the dirt road rumbles on, I find myself downshifting not only to a slower speed but also to a slower tempo. I could easily imagine arriving for my visit by foot or by horse. When the tree lined avenue finally ends I see a small clapboard farmhouse surrounded by acres of open farmland, with vistas seen in 18th and 19th century photographs of New England. Close to the house are scattered several patches of colorful perennial gardens and seating areas designed to catch the best breeze or view of the sunset. I find Carla Ricci talking on her cellphone and deadheading flowers in the back. Russell emerges from his office in a converted stone shed. Both greet me warmly. When I compliment them on their magical place, Russell reminds me that this has been a forty year project. “This was the place the real estate agent wouldn’t show. The farm was littered with all the ‘good junk’ collected over a period of thirty years by the dump master of Charlestown. He and his wife raised 11 children here. The hand pump for water had been broken for decades and the place was just dirt because he’d sold off all the topsoil.” But Carla saw through it. “I saw a 1750 farmhouse unchanged.” Carla repeats that last word as if still amazed by the piece of history they came to own. The farm was just what they’d been looking for. Both had professional lives in New York City and this was a project to work on together. The farm became their weekend and summer home, a place to bring up their two children, Katie and Matthew, and much more.

In 1978 their focus of work shifted to Boston and the family moved to a home in Lincoln, Mass. Carla became Associate Provost of Research at Tufts and Russell a physician in Healthcare Information Technology. In Lincoln they were introduced to a very progressive land conservation ethic. “As early as the 1950’s, academics, scientists, and farmers began to work together to create a strategic master plan and protect land that needed to be conserved for the health of the local ecosystem.” Russell tells me. This land ethic helped the Ricci’s take the long view about their farm in Rhode Island and begin to consider preserving their unique site.

Over the past four decades they participated in critical events that shaped the land use of Charlestown in dramatic ways. “Imagine what would have happened if a nuclear power plant had been built on the old airbase, or an industrial park or housing development built on what is now the Carter Preserve?” They were involved in both by protesting against the power plant and serving as board members for the land trust. Understanding the importance of land protected along life corridors—and the fact that the 600 acre Carter Preserve acquired by the Nature Conservancy is across the road from their farm—the Ricci’s worked with the Charlestown Land Trust and Nature Conservancy to conserve their 100 acres and an adjoining 60 acre Fenner farm.

Because of their efforts and generosity, portions of the Amos Green Farm and the Fenner Family Farm are now protected through conservation easements which are held by the Charlestown Land Trust. This conservation easement allows the Ricci family to retain ownership of the land, but specific restrictions legally bind present and future owners from incompatible development that would harm the natural qualities of the property.

“I’d like to see us develop a master plan and map so we have a sense of the big picture for the town.” While Russell proposes the expansive perspective, Carla compliments with her long view of time. The history of their own farm led Carla to explore Carolina, RI, the neighboring mill village and create a compelling documentary entitled,” Carolina, RI. The Smallest of The Small.” Preparing to leave, I thank them for their time and for protecting this piece of landscape so we, and future generations can all experience it’s cultural and ecological richness. As I begin my slow drive back into the fast-paced life of RI I notice the big spreading arms of an old Maple and wonder if it witnessed the time when “Amos Greene bought this land directly from Chief Ninigret,” as Carla discovered in the town records.

A Basket Full of Stories

“My name is Paulla Dove Jennings. I am Niantic-Narragansett. Welcome to my country,” is this way Paulla, a regal woman who wears her greying hair in a long thick braid and dresses in clothing she designs, often introduces herself at meetings. The brevity of her sentence says it all: who she is, where she comes from, and with boldness and grace she reminds us of the other history of this land we now call Rhode Island. Paulla understands the power of words. She is a gifted storyteller and author with a melodious and wise voice. For many years she has been a steward of the power of words, and thanks to the generous support of a DAR scholarship she got a degree at CCRI.

As she coped with her devastating loss Paulla found it too difficult to work with the public at the restaurant. She found solace in books and thanks to the generous support of a DAR scholarship she got a degree at CCRI.

The other door opened for her when she was invited to be part of an internship for curators of native descent at the Boston Children’s museum. “The Museum had a very large Native American collection which they wanted us to help organize. We began to research using primary sources. But these sources were all written by white men and were full of misunderstandings about our people. Our mentors at the museum urged us to correct the misconceptions and record the real facts and stories. There was also a corner of the museum that we had to avoid. Eventually, the three of us interns overcame our dread and discovered a native skeleton stored there. We took it upon ourselves to honor that man and do a burial.”

And for decades Paulla has remained committed to honoring her ancestors and their stories while serving in important positions for the Narragansett tribe, as an educator and as a professional storyteller. This spring she officially retired from her last position as chief curator for the Tomaquag Indian Museum in Exeter. This fall she looked forward to moving down to Mississippi to live with her daughter and finally have time to “write down and edit the many stories I have notes for.” She’ll be sorely missed here, but I sense she’ll also uncover many new stories in Mississippi—that need to be told.