

**Dick Carter:
"You are Welcome Hither."**

A tribute by his friend,
Richard J. Cichelli
1/15/2019

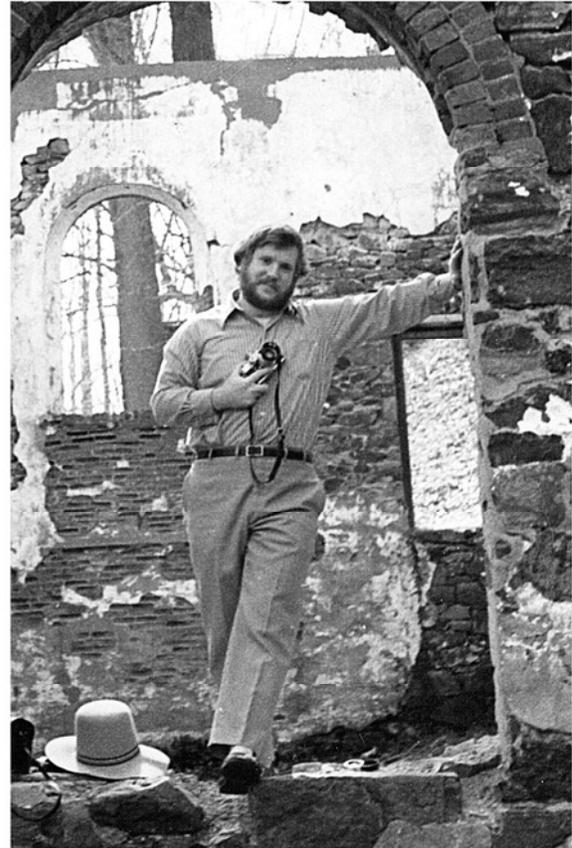
Dick and I met in the mid-60's. We became fast friends. We did some bodacious things together.

We were both University of Delaware drop outs. We were both Arden residents: He, first, in a cottage rental on The Sweep, and me, in apartments on Cherry Lane (The Arden Craft Shop), The Highway and, finally, the big Downing house at 2326 Walnut Lane.

Our time together was the 1960's, over 50 years ago. Dick was a photographer. He always had a camera with him.

We were both supporting members of New Castle County Delaware coffee houses, him at Newark's Phoenix and me at Wilmington's Ankh.

Our coffee house friends included Brenda Lukins (married later to Richard H. Heath, eventually a senior duPont Executive, Brenda died in the 80's. She would have been called a salon mistress in the 18th or 19th century if she had lived then.), George Saxenmeyer (a brilliant polymath, UofD physical chemistry ABD, later IBM senior researcher, died 1997.), Charlie Ford (electronics technician, Pentagon draft protestor, ne're do well), Dick and Jeannette Barnes (Dick is now married to Lynn. They live in The Villages, Florida), Robert Foote, (grandson of Arden founder Donald Stevens, married



to Joe Downing's daughter Joyce. She inherited her father's eidetic memory, graduated summa cum laude from the Wharton School of Economics at U of Penn. She then worked for a while at a large New York consulting firm and eventually settled with Robert at their LightMorning commune in Copper Hill VA. Joyce was the mother of Lauren, who herself is mother of Leo - a child who refers to Martha as his dinosaur-aunt for the Christmas gifts she sends.), George Plerhoples (married to Nancy. He is a retired social worker. And they are likely here with us today.)

One of the best laughs of that time happened when a Federal agent went to Brenda's place to interview her about Charlie Ford, Viet Nam protestor and draft card burner. He sat right down next

to a cookie jar correctly labeled "Marijuana". It is said he turned down an offer of a cookie.

Long time Arden resident, Marcus Aurelius Renzetti (1897-1975) was also my friend. He was Charles Parks' (1922-2012) first mentor. Parks was a close friend of the Carters. Pam posed for one of his most beautiful sculptures.

Living in Arden and socializing at the Ankh brought Martha and me together. Dick had a role in that. Martha and her mother (Sandy) moved into Joe Downing's big house at 2326 Walnut Lane. I rented the top floor of Joe's house. (Joe was a divorced duPont inventor with patents on things like Teflon.)

2326 Walnut Lane

<https://www.google.com/maps/place/2326+Walnut+Ln,+Wilmington,+DE+19810/>

I sublet one of the top floor apartment's big rooms to Charlie and later, George P. Joe said he was going to marry Sandy, so I thought it might be a good idea to marry the other gal. (There's lots more to this funny situation.) Our marriage has gone on for over 50 years, so that must say something for 60's Arden romances.

We had Kilby Snow of autoharp fame performing at the Ankh with his protege, Mike Hudak.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kilby_Snow.

Mike lived in Newark DE. We went to Mike's place after a great performance. Martha's Philadelphia Main-Line friend, Celeste, offered to Mike that she loved the music of Brahms and Beethoven.

Martha said she didn't know what it was called, but she loved whatever it was that she was hearing. Bluegrass was playing live all through the house. I think it was then that I told Dick that I was going to marry that girl.

With apologies to Shakespeare.

Dick took pictures of Martha and me while we were new, young lovers. They are still some of our favorites. Once we sent out Christmas cards with a cover featuring a picture of the Arden sign. Dick took the photo. The sign said "Arden, You are Welcome Hither." It was our favorite card.

I found the sign in the Arden Craft Shop. It is there that I first lived in Arden. The sign greeted folks during the 20's and for many more years thereafter at the Arden train stop. It was later deployed to Arden's Shakespeare in the Round Theater.

The next morning challenge.

There were parties. Sometimes lots of wine was consumed. On one such occasion I was greeted on the next morning with a challenge. "When will you start fixing up the kitchen?" she said. "Oh, which design did you choose?" I had been making sketches as I fixed up the apartment. "The bigger one," came the response. "I thought you said the room was too small." (It wasn't, really.) "The one with the dormer," she said. "Dormer?" And there it was. On my drawing table was a sketch of a kitchen dormer. Things sometimes go bump in the night. So I called Dick and asked him if he was up to cutting a hole in Joe's roof and putting up a dormer for Martha's

kitchen. Both he and Joe were just crazy enough to agree to this ridiculous project. Just when we had an enormous 11'x8' hole in the roof, it started raining. I don't know if the airport weather service ever stopped laughing at the guy who kept calling and wanting to know when it would stop raining at 2326 Walnut Lane in Arden. It was long before there were Internet weather services.

Plastic tarps saved the day. (Also, Dick came very close to falling off the roof.)

Martha served a snack of wine and escargot. Dick talked about that snack and the hole in the roof adventure for years.

Dick and I tackled other projects. We rewired the Arden Gild Hall. It was an electrician's nightmare. Everywhere there were dangers, from the leaking swimming pool lights, theater lights installed in 1928 which were already second hand from the turn of the century and the theater work lights that had caused the stage curtain to catch on fire during a performance. ("It was during a children's show. We just sent out the clowns with fire extinguishers. We didn't want to panic them.")

The curtain was stitched back together.

We had to replace what seemed like miles of Romex house wiring with commercial grade wiring in conduit.

The main hall florescent lights were 19 feet above the floor. We rewired them from the ceiling above. We were working on nothing but boards that we moved about. We did it without a net or

safety ropes in 120 degree summer heat. The crawl space above the library had years of accumulated racoon feces. Don't ask me about what was supposed to be safe wiring for the hall's commercial kitchen.

One not so small difficulty was that the Hall was once a barn and the barn was falling down. Too many layers of roof shingles were laid one on top of another. Dick and I had to have large iron plates made to bolt to the posts and beams to restore structural integrity. The barn had been pulling itself apart in the most scary way.

While I had some class training in electrical wiring, everything that was practical about electrical wiring Dick taught me. I am still very grateful for his training. I apply it very often, even to this day.

We're having a party:

We had some great parties then. Dick and Pam invited us to one at their place. Martha complimented Pam on her exquisite gown. "Could be suitable for a wedding," she said. And it was, right then and there. I think Rev. Andrews, Phoenix founder, was the minister.

Pam brought cats into Dick's allergic life. Then there were the kittens. He seemed stuck with them and asked for any help I could supply. They were Himalayans. Quite valuable, I suppose. He had offered them for \$75 each and found no buyers. Newspaper ads worked then. I wrote: "Fluffy white stocking stuffers, Pure breed Himalayan kittens. Only seven left \$125 each." It was around Christmas. The kittens

were sent to new homes in just a few days.

Dick's parents, Bert and Virginia, gave Martha and me their old washer-dryer combo. It fit nicely into the now bigger kitchen. I think of myself as being invincible. However, disassembling the washer mechanical timing mechanism was a lot easier than reassembling it and making the washer work. It did for years.

Dick and a few others helped move Sandy's baby grand piano up to the apartment. Dick had to take an ax to the header in the staircase to make it fit. We had to fix that when the move was done.

With Martha's patience and help, I got my computer science degree from Delaware in 1971. My parents gave her the graduation present. I changed careers from architectural drafting to computer science. I had such jobs at The Bank of Delaware, Lehigh University and the American Newspaper Publishers Association Research Institute.

We own a company, Software Consulting Services, LLC, now. It supplies computer systems and services to newspapers worldwide. Martha founded SCS in 1976 while pregnant with our daughter. Sharon is fond of saying "Dad, You were so lucky that Mom gave you a job."

We have a hobby that we love. We hold house concerts in our home in Nazareth, PA. Find out more at www.MonocacyCreekHouseConcerts.org.

Last year we added a sign to the porch at the front of our home. It proudly

proclaims "Monocacy Creek House Concerts - You are welcome hither."

To quote Marcus Aurelius (121-180):

"Live a good life. If there are gods and they are just, then they will not care how devout you have been, but will welcome you based on the virtues you have lived by. If there are gods, but unjust, then you should not want to worship them. If there are no gods, then you will be gone, but will have lived a noble life that will live on in the memories of your loved ones."



Richard Carter's Obituary

Richard Carter, age 73 of Kennett Square, PA, passed away Tuesday, December 4th, 2018. He is survived by Pamela Carter, his loving wife of 46 years, his son Benjamin Carter, and his daughters Leslie Carter and Avery Saul. Born in 1945, Richard was the son of Elbert and Virginia Carter of Wilmington, DE. Richard was the youngest of three, preceded in death by his sister Elizabeth "Betsy" Larchian of Nashua, NH, and brother Robert "Bob" Carter of Los Altos, CA.

Richard was a professional photographer by trade, who worked as a staff photographer at DuPont for over 20 years. During his career he also taught photography and lighting classes at Sanford School in Hockessin, DE and Wilmington College. He maintained his own studio in Wilmington, DE for many years and pursued professional and personal photographic projects throughout his life. Most recently he enjoyed teaching photography in the After-The-Bell after-school program at Kennett Middle School.

Known as "Dick" by many, he was a life-long patron and photographer of the arts. Well known in the arts communities of Wilmington and Chester County, he extensively photographed collections for the Brandywine River Museum, as well as for individual artists such as Charles Parks, Eric Parks, Mary Page Evans, Tom Bostelle, Tania Boucher, and many more.

He also photographed the cast and productions of the Delaware Theater Company in Wilmington DE for many years, as well as performed countless

portrait and family photographic sessions over his career.

Always eager to lend a helping hand, strike up a conversation, or simply document the occasion, Dick was well-known, and well-liked in every community he was a part of. He is remembered as a kind, patient, and loving man who valued his relationships with friends and family above all else.

A beacon of optimism, his smile was infectious and ever present.

A memorial service will be held on Saturday, January 19th at the Kennett Friends Meeting, 125 W Sickel St, Kennett Square, PA 19348. The service will begin at 1:00pm, reception to follow. All are welcomed to pay their respects.

In lieu of flowers, memorial contributions can be made to the After-The-Bell program via the KASA/Founders Fund, mailed to the Kennett After-School Association, P.O. Box 1068, Kennett Square, PA 19348. Arrangements by Kuzo & Grieco Funeral Home of Kennett Square, PA.

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Phoenix Coffee House

Dick helped run the Phoenix Coffee House in Newark Delaware.

<http://delawareway.blogspot.com/2015/05/godspeed-reverend-robert-w-andrews.html>

Its founder was the Rev. Robert Andrews.

13th May 2015 by Nancy Willing Godspeed Reverend Robert W. Andrews

"While a UD student in the late 70s, I gravitated to the Phoenix Community at the United Campus Ministry for the social opportunities. Bob Andrews eventually let a few of us set up a coffeehouse with live music in the hour after their famous one dollar Friday night vegetarian dinners. My friends and I knew 'the great era' had passed - those radical, transformative 60's that had paved our way - but I don't think I ever fully knew Bob's role in that so am thankful for the testimony of Phil Bannowsky and others today."

Richard's connection;

(Andrews and the Phoenix community were instrumental in integrating The Deer Park Hotel. It was a bar owned by the mother of Phillippe Andre (Mike) Sinclair. From court records: "In the course of these conversations, the defendant described himself as the successful owner and operator of several businesses, including a computer programming business and a Delaware hotel.[10] The defendant also stated on several occasions that his income was in "six figures."

Mike was a con artist. I lent him some money with a very expensive computer terminal as collateral. (See picture on p. 4) I also designed an extension to the Deer Park, perhaps still in use today. With Joe Biden as my attorney, I kept the DataPoint 3300 as per our agreement. Martha used it when she started SCS. Mike was sued for fraud in England and beat the government. There loser pays and Mike was able to retire and buy a castle with the settlement.

Arden Delaware

It was a very special place, at a very special time where some very special people lived and loved.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Arden,_Delaware

The Village of Arden was founded in 1900 by sculptor Frank Stephens and architect Will Price, both social reformers who sought to create an ideal society based on principles set forth by the American economist Henry George. With funding from Joseph Fels, a wealthy Philadelphia soap manufacturer.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/George_Francis_Stephens and architect Will Price

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Will_Price, based on ideas such as Henry George

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Henry_George's single-tax

<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Georgism>, William Morris

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/William_Morris's Arts and Crafts

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Arts_and_Crafts_movement> principles,^[5]

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Arden,_Delaware#cite_note-NewsJournal-5> ^[6]

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Arden,_Delaware#cite_note-Smithsonian-6> and Peter Kropotkin

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Peter_Kropotkin>'s theories of community. Philanthropist Joseph Fels

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Joseph_Fels> funded the project.

1993 - Arden: The Architecture and Planning of a Delaware Utopia - Eliza Harvey Edwards; University of Pennsylvania.

https://repository.upenn.edu/cgi/viewcontent.cgi?article=1510&context=hp_theses

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/National_Register_of_Historic_Places_listings_in_northern_New_Castle_County,_Delaware
Arden 1973

Notable Arden residents

Among the most notable former residents of Arden are Upton Sinclair (1878–1968), author of *The Jungle*, Harry Kemp (1883–1960), known as the Vagabond Poet, Elizabeth "Lizzie" Magie, inventor of the game Monopoly, Ella Reeve "Mother Bloor" Ware (1862–1951), a founder of the communist party in America, and Scott Nearing (1883–1983) American radical economist,

educator, writer, political activist, and advocate of simple living. Political notables who lived in Arden for a short time include **Joseph Robinette "Joe" Biden, Jr.** (Archmere class of 61, RJC - Class of 62) and Russell W. Peterson, (1916-2011) Delaware governor and friend and co-worker of Joe Downing.

Marcus Aurelius Renzetti (b. Abruzzi, Italy, 1896—d. Arden, Delaware, 1975)

Morning News, Wilmington, Del.,
Monday, June 30, 1975

Artist Renzetti found dead

Marcus Aurelius Renzetti. 78-year-old philosopher and sculptor, was found dead in his home along Naamans Creek in Arden yesterday morning. He was lying on the floor in front of the fireplace, with a pistol nearby.

One of his great passions was building walls with the Brandywine granite. A friend once asked him, "Will you ever finish the wall?" His answer was, "That's something for God to answer." Although he basically regarded himself as a sculptor, Mr. Renzetti delighted in teaching. He was a veteran instructor at the Philadelphia College of Art and although he never had a college degree, he was named teacher of all-time and given an honorary degree.

Scores of sculptors and artists have remembered him as their teacher, visited him in his woodland home and regarded him as their "maestro." Mr. Renzetti was born in the Italian village of San Vito Lanciano. His father thought of himself as a free thinker and hence declined to name his first-born son after a saint in the Catholic church. His father

insisted on the name of Marcus Aurelius, after the famous philosopher of ancient Rome. - The father migrated to Philadelphia in 1899 and several years later brought over his wife and children. As a youth, Marcus Aurelius Renzetti became interested in art and with the help of patrons, studied at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. Influenced by the late Dr. and Mrs. Herman Hurlong, Mr. Renzetti migrated to Arden and converted an abandoned ice house on the Naamans Creek into a studio-home which later became one of the village showplaces. He earned a scholarship for a European tour and upon his return, became part of the faculty of what used to be the Philadelphia School of Industrial Arts, now the Philadelphia College of Art.

Some years ago, he became blinded in one eye when a chip of marble struck him. Undaunted by this handicap, Mr. Renzetti branched out into specialized photography and design. Even when he retired at the age of 70, he continued teaching art and sculpture at the Brandywine YWCA in Ardentown.

Until recently, many people would visit Mr. Renzetti on weekends to listen to his discussions of life, art, and people in general. He was one of the more picturesque residents of Arden with his huge shapeless beard and his way of modeling small ceramics by hand or explaining how to chisel rough granite boulders into squares and oblongs.

Friends said that several weeks ago, he developed a sore throat and this may have contributed to his growing despondency, since he lived alone. His body was discovered yesterday by an Arden resident who went to his home to

visit. The door was unlocked and Mr. Renzetti was found dead on the floor. He is survived by three sons, Peter who is a wrought iron artist in Chadds Ford, Robin and Andrew, of the West Chester area. He was divorced.

For years, Mr. Renzetti, known to admirers simply as Renzi, had been a leading personality in the single tax village of Arden, near - Wilmington. He was a sculptor, stone mason, photographer, philosopher and teacher. Mr. Renzetti loved stone, particularly the Brandywine granite abounding in the Naaman's Creek outside his home. For the past 40 years, he hauled boulders out of the creek by hand and hew the rock into all shapes for a retaining wall and an arch.

{It took me over nine months of training and rock pounding to make the first stone that Renzetti would allow to be cemented into his wall. rjc}

