

Hundred Acres Monastery interviews

at the Open House hosted by Kary Jencks and Noel Sagna

October 2, 2016

The Hundred Acres Monastery was established in 1965 by Father Paul Fitzgerald, using a house built in the late 1700s and its barn. The house is now the home of Noel Sagna and Kary Jencks, on Scobie Road in New Boston, NH near the Frankestown line. Kary's father Bob was a professor at Saint Anselm College, which was the previous owner of Hundred Acres.

In 2016, Kary and Noel hosted an Open House to benefit the New Boston Historical Society. Kary asked the Historical Society to invite anyone who had some connection with the Monastery to share their memories, so we wrote letters and put notices in the local newspapers. We were pleased that 60 or 70 people visited Hundred Acres on that Sunday afternoon.

Dan Rothman of the Historical Society recorded some but not all of the many conversations which buzzed about the old house, and transcribed them into this document. He apologizes to the interviewees if he made any transcription errors due to all the background noise and excitement.

1. Claire Lyons Santerre lived in the house c.1945-1947

Claire Lyons Santerre, that's my married name. L-y-o-n-s. [Looking at photos.] That's my grandfather, here, and my father, and my grandfather's the one that sold it to the priest.

(Betsy Moody: So are you Clem Lyons' sister?) No, I really have no [relatives] here. My father, and my mother, we all lived here. We had it as an inn, and we used to serve meals, and we also had rooms upstairs that we used to rent. Two years we did that.

(Were you here when Nelson Briggs was here?) No, I was long before that, as I say.

(Dan Rothman: What years were you here, and what years was it an inn?) I can't tell you. I tried to figure it out but I'm not good, because I had a heart attack and so I'm a little bit fuzzy on some of it. That was the Lyons that [Father] Paul bought it from. That was my grandfather. My father was involved in that; we all lived here. My grandparents didn't really live here; they did I guess a little after I had left. I was only ten years old when I left here, so you know it was a few years ago because I'm 80.

[Looking at photos.] This is the back yard without snow. Those are the only pictures I could find, because, the kids from school, because I went to school here in New Boston [in the Village School], and the Barss family, I'm still friendly with, which live on the other end of town. The school bus used to bring us up here and we'd have parties when I was a kid, but I couldn't find any of the pictures. I was so mad at myself. I was trying to write down information so I wouldn't forget.

I went to school here, in the third grade, and fourth – two years I went to school here. This is my sister [pointing to a photo] my mother's sister. I wanted to give you what it looked like back then. I've come up a few times since then. The house that used to be down there, the last time I came up it was still there. We used to have chickens in it; we considered it the guest house. *(Noel Sagna: Yeah, we had to tear it down, because it was falling and the kids were playing there.)* Yeah, I can understand that.

When my friend Sylvia gave me the article about the Open House – she lives on the other side of New Boston. *(Betsy: up on Joe English)* Her husband got sick and they couldn't come, but she was looking forward to it, coming together, because she's the only girl I ever invited here. When we were in school, we took the school bus, all the kids, because there weren't too many. I just can't remember all the things that happened. Standing in front of the big window [in the great room] and seeing yourself in every pane of glass... Sylvia had gotten the notice in the New Boston paper so she called me and told me and that's why I came.

I'd never seen the inside of the barn after I left here. I always wanted to see it because the first stall was my bedroom when the house was full of guests, because we used to have guests here and my mother used to make the meals. We used to have people come up from New Boston and have suppers and stuff like that. (*Dan*: The guests who came here, did any come from far away?) Well, people who were on vacation. Usually they stayed a couple of days.

I just was so excited and I wanted to come so bad [to the Open House]. You're not Father Paul? (*Noel*: No, I'm not. Father Paul passed away, and he was buried in the back, but a year after we moved in 2014, 2015 the Monastery came; they took his body to their own cemetery.) But I never saw the barn [since I left]. We had two pigs, down underneath that first stall: James Michael Curley, who was the mayor of Boston, and Francis [Frances?] my father's and my middle name, that was our two pigs. (*Noel*: I will show you the barn.) The other thing that I always wondered about, the fireplace still was here [shows photo]. That was one of the things I was able to find, was [a photo of] the fireplace. (*Noel*: Yes, the fireplace is still here.) I tried to look in the windows one time, a few years ago. (*Noel*: Today you will see the fireplace.)

Senator Wason, I think he was the owner before we bought it. (*Dan*: we have a picture of him for you.) Oh, I've never seen him; I just know that he used to own the place before we came here.

(*Betsy*: Did you ever meet Darla Barss, Sylvia's niece?) You know, Sylva and I, we were young. We were only 10 years old, 8 years old, when we went to school together. Then when her mother died, I happened to see in the paper, so her mother saw when my son died and told Sylvia, so it's like it's been going back and forth. Sylvia was four miles that way, I was four miles this way, so she used to ask me, was there any other kids from school? [This may refer to Claire's mother.] I said, only when the whole school went, and came up here by bus, and had outings here; we had parties and stuff in the back yard. My mother was always great.

[Gives photos to Noel.] I just thought, if they don't want it, they don't have to keep them. They're pictures of the house; I didn't want my pictures in there. If I could have found the ones where we had the school outings and stuff; that I didn't have. We were the only ones that had a big house.

(*Dan*: Your parents' first names were?) My mother's name is Eleanor. And it was Lyons, but not now. She's a hundred years old, and still living. She's going to be 101 in October. She lives in Florida now. My father died quite a few years ago. His name was Gilbert. (Gilbert Francis Lyons?) Yes. We named everything after, my father and I were always, got to have Francis; our pig's name anything we that we had to name, my father and I, because we both had Francis as a middle name. I have a sister, as I said. She's a year older than I am. But we did go to school. I come by here every so often; I can't help it. (*Betsy*: Where are you living now?) I live in Manchester, but I'm a mover; I'm on the move again.

(*Dan*: Senator Wason died in the front room?) Yes, that room over there. I think it was the dining room at that time. It was before I came here; I heard about it. Some things you don't ever forget.

2. Suzanne Wason is the granddaughter of Edward Hills Wason (1865-1941), who lived in the house. Edward Wason was born in New Boston and served in the U.S. House of Representatives from 1915-1933.

(*Dan Rothman*: How are you related to the Senator?) He was my grandfather. My father lived here when he was a little boy, in the 30's. I'm not sure if they lived here all year long, or whether they summered here. I'm not sure; that's some of the things I want to find out. (What do you remember?) I do not remember my grandfather at all, because he died before I was born. This house, I do not remember. I have some pictures I brought with me. When it was the Monastery, I knew someone who lived here and I would visit at that point, but that was the first time I'd ever been in the house, other than knowing it was a Hundred Acres. (Where did the pictures come from?) A family album. From my grandmother; this is my father's parents, obviously. [Discussion of when we might copy the pictures.]

3. **Katie Kachavos** explained the unique features of the front room, and the order of service at Hundred Acres.

(*Dan*: You say this is a Dunlap room?) The Currier [Art Museum] has one of them. (You say the woodcarving is special?) Yes, especially that [the corner] and the mantel. Dentil carving. Some of their stuff is at the Currier. [The Dunlap family of cabinet makers worked in New Hampshire in the late 1700s and early 1800s.]

(*Gail Parker*: Where did he [Father Paul] hold the services?) We started in here – now I was here for 28 years – and we had the first part of the Mass here [in the front room] which is the Scripture readings – those of you who aren't Catholic – in the early Church, that's what happened. People met in a house, and they would sit around, wherever there were chairs, and listen to the Scriptures.

Then they got up, and moved to a small room where they stood in circles and that is where they had the second part of the Mass, which is the Consecration of the Host. And that's in that little chapel. And we had a temporary altar, a wooden support and a square of plywood, with an altar cloth on the top just like chapels in the military. And the only ornamentation was a crucifix, about 7 ½ feet tall and it was done in polychrome, if you're familiar with that. It was a method they used during the Renaissance of many, many colors and it was very lifelike. I personally liked it a lot. But when the Camaldolese [order of Benedictine monks] came it wasn't their style. But Sylvia Nichols, who is a sculptor [in Mont Vernon], you may recognize her name, she has it; I met her last week. She actually had it conserved. With polychrome you get these very vivid colors, if you've seen any of the restorations, like in the Vatican, they almost startle you with how bright the colors are, so I was hoping she'd come with her phone, bring a little picture.

4. Sharing time (everyone gathered in the Great Room)

Welcome! My name is **Kary Jencks**, and I'm the lucky woman who gets to live here. It's nice to have everyone here; the energy... it's really amazing to have folks here, the descendants of Congressman Wason, people that were married here right in this room. My own dad stayed in the barn, as a lot of New Boston dads did, and it's just so special to have everybody that has spent time here be able to share their love of this place. Thank you!

The only request is, if you could say your name, so we can know who you are before you start to share your memories. I remember when Scobie Road was just dirt road and no houses on it and we would get in the back of Dad's truck and go swimming at Scobie Pond. I remember coming with the MacDonalds a couple of times, for church services out there in the chapel, and I remember driving by, a couple of weeks before this place went on the market, looking at it and going, "What's going on there?" You know, this place used to be full of life, always people here, and I just remember thinking what an amazing place this would be to raise a family, and now I'm getting to do that. Thank you for coming and sharing – it's just such a blessing to have you here!

I'm **Katie Kachavos**, and I was part of the faith community here for 28 years. I moved to New Boston in 1970, and Heidi [Palmer] is here some place, but at the closing on January 15th she said, "Oh, do you know there's a monastery not too far from your house?" I said "What?!" and so I showed up here for Mass, and Father Paul was a Trappist, and he was here from 1965 or thereabouts, until he died in 1990. And for those of you who are unfamiliar with his death, he was one whose door was always open, no matter which of the twenty-four hours somebody knocked, and on this particular day he had met with someone and they had left and it was about five in the afternoon. It was in April, the last week in April, and he went for a walk. He walked back out in the wetland, and at eight that night I got a call that he hadn't returned. But it was kind of weather like it is today, kind of foggy, drizzly, and they didn't want to mount a search. We did do a search for the next couple of days and it was pretty clear to me that he

probably died that first night. That was a Monday, and on Friday they were able to put up a helicopter and found him right away. He had a bright blue sweater on. And when they found him, he was prone, looking upward, he was like this. [Katie crossed her arms over her chest.] John Bunting came to my house, and he said, “What’s this all about?” I said, “In the monastic tradition, many of the monks when they go to bed at night, when they go to sleep, that’s what they do. They cross their arms like this and say a night prayer, and I said “I think that was Father Paul’s way of telling us he understood what was happening to him and that it was okay.”

After that we were without a priest for a couple of years. There were maybe ten or twelve of us. We met here for a communion service every Sunday. Father Paul knew priests from all over the place so every once in a while somebody would show up, say Mass and consecrate host so we had a Communion service. And in the mean time, one of the people in that group had been a Trappist. He had connections to a lot of other Benedictine groups. The Trappists followed the rules of St. Benedict as obviously so did the Benedictines at St. A’s [Saint Anselm College]. The group that came were called the Camaldolese because they came from a place in Italy called Camaldoli. They were Benedictines, and they were here until 1998. The reason they didn’t stay is their base was in California near Big Sur and there was only one priest, Father Romuald, who was interested in staying here. They then sold the place to St. A’s. What happened next was sad. We had tried to get in touch with the Abbot at St. A’s at the time and he didn’t return our phone calls or registered letters. I knew when the closing was. The following Sunday, when I came out here, the door was locked, and there was a hand-scrawled note on the door that said “This place is closed for public worship. Go back to your parishes where you belong.”

So the faith community that was here – there was some attempt to continue to meet, but it’s very difficult, and we’ve never had a real reunion to share things with people. I was more than happy to find out that Kary was going to buy this place, because in many ways faith communities are just like families. People come to them, they change, they grow, they remember who took care of them. They learn from everyone else in the community, and that’s what happens when you raise your own family. I know that before Father Paul and the Trappists bought this place, in the previous 200 years there were families that had been here as well.

Suzanne Wason: My connection with One Hundred Acres is an interesting one in that my grandfather was Edward Hills Wason and he and my grandmother and my dad lived here in the 30s, I believe. I’m not sure of the exact time. (*Jim Dane:* That’s right.) Thank you, Jim. I had never been in the house. They had sold; he had died here, I believe, which I just found out. My grandmother sold it and moved to Francestown and Florida. She would go back and forth. I actually physically entered this house when it was the Monastery. My very best friend, Jennifer Vincent Wilson, was the cook here, at some point, and she said “I’m working at a Hundred Acres” and I said “Well, my dad used to live there.” She said, “Come up!” So that was the first time I was actually in the house and saw it. I have since found some photos and things I’ll be sharing. I’m looking forward to finding more about it. And I hear his spirit is here so... (*Claire Lyons:* It comes and goes.) (Laughter.) (He’s a busy man.)

Claire Lyons Santerre: I can tell you about that. You’re talking about Senator Wason, are you not? (*Suzanne Wason:* Not Senator; Representative.) We always called him “Senator” when I lived here. (*Suzanne Wason:* He would have liked that.) I was ten years old, when I lived here. I went to school here, for two years. Sylvia Barss and I have always been friends, and she called me to tell me that she had gotten the newspaper. (You said you went to school here?) Where the fire station is, that used to be the school. (You went to school in New Boston, not here?) The elementary school. Sylvia and I, that’s where we met, as kids. (You knew Senator Wason, somehow?) We always knew about it; that’s where he died, in that room. (*Lisa Rothman:* At the Historical Society, we have a menu, when there was a summer outing here, in 1950. We understand from literature at the Historical Society that it was the Lyons family that named it Hundred Acres. Is that true?) Yes. Yes. (Did you hope to turn it into a venue

that had outings and meals?) We had guests, we had meals, I know. I was ten years old; I used to serve them in the dining room. My mom did the cooking, but then my folks divorced and my grandparents actually sold the place to Father Paul. That's what I was told. That's when we left here. [See timeline for details.] (And where do you currently live?) Manchester. We moved to Goffstown from here. I'm a mover. But Sylvia isn't. The kids all used to come up by bus when we had a picnic or something. The bus came up here and my mother would make them food and we'd picnic outside. I can't believe what it looks like! I think it's unbelievable. I thought the other building here on the side was gone but my girlfriend who is here with me said "Claire, I kept trying to tell you it was over there" because we used to have a surrey with a fringe on top in the front yard, and my sister and I used to do different kind of acrobats' tricks and stuff. And in the barn – so I had never seen it after, because Paul made it into the priests' place and that was all I knew because I never got in, never got to see it. When this [Open House] came available, I had to come! It's so beautiful; it hasn't changed. You stand in front of those windows to see yourself in every pane of glass, and all the silly things that kids did.

Brad Howell: I don't have a direct connection. I live around the corner, in what was David Scobie's house, then the Ordways lived there. My family bought that in 1939, I was born in 1950. We came from Michigan. My grandparents were from Jaffrey [NH]. I spent all my summers here and so we walked by this place many a time before it was a monastery and I have to say in the early 60s before it was a monastery... I can share this one story; there was a family from New York that bought it [Hundred Acres] as a summer place – and there weren't many neighbors around here – reported that they had seen a huge bear and everybody said "Oh, they're just from New York!" (Laughter) And that fall someone shot a big bear on Scobie Road, so... But, I think the monastery, and my wife can tell you, I wasn't raised Catholic, but she did come to service here I know... Some of you may know Mary Sipe, who was my childhood friend, they had a little cottage on Scobie, they were Catholic and they'd come to services here in the summertime. My mother knew Father Paul – a nice man. (*Claire:* My mother said the same thing today when I talked to her; she's 100. I was telling her that I was coming here and she said the same thing what you're saying, that Father Paul was a nice, nice man.) This is a special area. We retired here, and we have a similar vintage old house. It's a special place. I think Scobie had a mill just up, you know, right near the outlet, which I always thought interesting that even though the official name of it is Haunted Lake on the map it's forever been called "Scobie" and part of that I think... There's a lot of theories why it's called "Haunted Lake", most of them apocryphal probably, including someone being murdered by the outlet, and someone killed by a mountain lion or a catamount. I think that maybe why it's got its name, the Scobies who lived here then, they weren't Catholic, they were Scots-Irish and they did a little drinking probably (laughter) but they used to go down where the boat outlet is now, where people put in, and they would scare the heck out of people by building rafts and putting lights, putting sheets up... they kind of perpetuated the myth. That's my theory why it became Scobie Pond. We're very pleased that they've taken over [Kary and Noel] and are putting life again in this great old house. It's a great area with a tremendous history. As you know, Francestown was born from New Boston, so...

Sue Snay: My connection with Father Paul and Hundred Acres goes back to probably the late 60s, early 70s and I had an uncle who had a friend who was a close friend of Father Paul. The friend was from Washington D.C. and he would come up here and visit Father Paul and then my uncle would come up and visit. My uncle's from Massachusetts. Then we got to know the place so that on weekends, in order to get away to the country, we would come up and stay in one of the rooms and participate in the services and just really enjoy this place. I mean, we really loved it and eventually I moved to New York City. I would still come back with my husband from New York City because we wanted to get away. I can't believe it now that we would drive all that way and then stay for a weekend and drive all the way back. We were young. (laughter)

Father Paul was here. The story I heard was that there were several monks that started with him, but they left, either to get married or for whatever. He was left, and then he wanted to start like a monastery, but kind of an alternate kind of monastery where lay people could come and do their spiritual growth or whatever they needed to do, and be part of the community. So later when I left New York City I ended up coming to live at Hundred Acres and at that time there were probably ten or twelve other people living here. And people had jobs in town, we would pay room and board and Father Paul every evening would make a meal and say Mass, and we would sit around the fireplace, had a big, round, green table, and he had tea with a cozy. He was a very, very sweet person. He had quite a stutter and he was just really a unique person. He had a big weaving loom that was behind one of the big couches and he made beautiful tapestries. He was a great gardener. He had beautiful gardens, and he would bring in the flowers and make arrangements. He was really kind of an artist. He was an avid reader. He would sit up in the second story of the barn. You could see him up there with his books. Anyway, then, after he was gone, then the Camaldolese monks came and so I would come to Mass on Sundays so I got to know Father Romuald. Then it was taken over by St. A's and I was working at St. A's and we would have conferences and retreats here, and the students would come and have weekends where they would have weekend retreats. I remember one time being out in that screen house and we were with our staff and we had someone playing a guitar... This place has so many wonderful memories for me.

And then also I did end up meeting my future husband here (laughter) and then we left, and my husband actually passed away in 2009, but we loved this place and when I first lived here, I was from the city, so we decided to have a garden, but we built a garden out in the back there, and it was so huge, it was unrealistic (laughter) and it got full of weeds. It was kind of a disaster, but it was kind of fun too. It's a wonderful place, and I often... through the years I come back and drive down to Scobie Pond... I just love this area. I'm glad that it is a family home now.

I just want to say one more thing about Father Paul. His philosophy was... this was back in the late 60s, when everyone was into all kinds of therapies, you know, everything and his philosophy was what people really need is to be left alone in peace and quiet, and they can grow. He had a hands-off policy.

Claire Lyons: By then, the surrey was probably gone off the front yard anyway, the surrey with the fringe on top. My sister and I used to do acts and stuff. We had taken dancing lessons, acrobat lessons when we were kids. So in the barn, I had the first stall, that was my room when the house was full of guests. My sister had another one. So we used the barn for that before Father Paul came. We had two pigs down underneath my stall, which was called Francis and James Michael Curley, because we came from Massachusetts originally... we came here and I worked my tail off. (laughter)

Katie Kachavos: I just wanted to add something about Father Paul's loom. When I first got here I noticed this thing with pedals and then I looked up top and I said "Well it sure isn't an organ" and I'm a knitter so I did figure out it was a loom. Anyway, one day I think it was around the middle 80s and he knew I was a knitter, after Mass he said "I'm going to give you my loom." I had not done any weaving except as a kid on a little box loom, but I do have that loom. I've used it many, many times, and looms as long as they're well-tended and kept in square, they go on forever. It's a way I feel very connected to him and when he said to me "You will love weaving," he was right.

Frank and Thea Warman: [e-mail read aloud by Lisa Rothman] We attended Sunday Mass at the Monastery from 1997 until Father Rom had to leave. It was the place of our courtship and we were especially appreciative that Thea, a Protestant, was welcomed to participate fully in the Mass. Father Rom was a very special person who made everyone feel so much at home.

Kary, speaking about and to **Heidi Palmer**: Heidi's got a beautiful photo right after Father Paul married them [Heidi and John Palmer] right in front of this hearth. And they're outside the front door, you're wearing like your lederhosen, (laughter) a beautiful German bride. It's a great photo.

Donna O'Keefe: When I was in college, let's see, I'm 72 now. In the early 60's, when I was totally confused, [her sister Sue Snay laughs] totally not knowing what I was about to do, I mean, I graduated from college and I recall the Kent State shootings happened (*Sue*: that was 1970). Because my sister and uncle were involved in this place, I started to get out of town, and came up here many, many weekends. Sometimes for longer than that. Just be part of the Mass, part of the meal, and experience that peace that I needed. And I remember so many days – I can still feel it – walking down to Scobie Pond, just the path, “Which path are you going to take?” (laughter) and just really not knowing who I was. I was in my 20s and it was such a great place! Now I lived in Attleboro Mass then but I was living in Boston eventually and could not wait to get out of that city to come here. And I brought – my husband also passed away, but he also, we came up here, not to stay, but show him the whole place. So the barn, I just saw my room in the barn, and it's amazing how sitting here as if a moment ago Father Paul was sitting here; the tea, with the cozy on it, and with all the beautiful people, the dog (*Sue*: The dog? Yeah, that's right.) So my sister Sue, it all happened at that time. [To Kary:] What a wonderful place for you to bring up your family. Thank you for opening your home to us.

Kary Jencks: I knew a lot of the stories, having grown up in town. There are so many people in town, folks I would meet in Concord, where I work, or run into in Manchester, and the stories they would start to share with me. I said, “OK – hold that thought! We've got to bring this together and we've got to be able to capture these stories.” I know I started crying like a baby but the energy... Father Paul is here... your grandfather is here... these people are here with us. The stories that you're sharing, the energy, it's just... Thank you for bringing it here, so that we can all be a part of the stories.

There were always stories about Jacob, who was the oldest son of Livingston Langdell – no, Livermore, that's right – two last names as first names, and Wayne Daniels, we had just moved in just the day before Thanksgiving, in 2014, right before the big snow started to fall, and here I was thinking “Now that'll be good – we'll get in before snow really starts to fall,” (laughter) yeah joke on me, why I do I think I have control on anything, and Wayne worked with Lisa [actually Paula Lebaron] and they put together this first book [a photo album] of all the history that the Historical Society had. And then they did a second one, this past Christmas, so I've told Wayne you've got to pull another rabbit out of your hat, now that I'm getting used to you giving me all these good nuggets about this property.

Jacob was 12 when he drowned at Scobie, and over the years people used to say that this place was haunted and I remember when we were first buying it a good friend of mine said “Kary, you know this house is haunted,” and I was like “Stop. If it is, that's OK. There's nothing here that shouldn't be here. It's OK.” And I remember, the first time I was actually in this space and thinking, yeah, there's a lot of energy here. There's over 200 years of living and babies and passings and marriages. You know what, there's nothing but peaceful energy. Then, after we had moved in, everybody wanted to know, “Kary – are you... anything moving?” (laughter) And I would just laugh and say “You know, I'm very sorry to disappoint you. Maybe Jacob's just like ‘Whoa! I'm not causing any trouble, because I don't need this mom bellowing at me. I'm just gonna lay low, and I'm just happy to have kids running around again.’”

Carolina was still a baby when we moved here, she had just turned one. And I was coming down the stairs, and my Jacob – he wasn't anywhere around – but I very much remember, it happened a couple of times, Carolina would just do, “Hi, Jacob!” And I was like, I grew up in an old house, I talk to houses, because that's what you do, and I was like “Do you see Jacob? Is he here with us? Howya doing, bud? Everything all right?” I'd just talk to him, and tell him “You're welcome to stay. This is your home.” And then there was one evening when I was just, was really kind of like “You know, Jacob, if I

was your mom, I would really be missing you.” Everyone else was asleep, and the fire was going, and I just talked to him, like “Buddy, it’s OK to go. We’re here. We’re gonna take care.” If I had passed, you know, over and you’re not finding your son after all that time, I was like “You can go.”

And a very good friend of ours, his mother-in-law is quite spiritual, and she came, just this past summer, and was standing right in front of the Captain’s stairway. And all of a sudden she started choking up. And I was “What’s going on?” She had some water with her and I thought she should be OK because she’s got water. The phone rang, and when I came back she said, “Kary, was there a fire here?” I said yes, there had been a fire. She said “That’s what I’m smelling – smoke” and it was really affecting her. We talked about the history a little bit more. She’s the one who says your grandfather [Wason] comes by and checks on the place. Thankfully he seems to be happy with what we’re doing with it. (laughter) Then we started talking about Jacob... I said to her “I really don’t feel him here any more” and she said “Yeah, he’s gone. You might have talked him into The Light.” And I was like, “I’m no ghost whisperer. But you know, I think that if there’s any place where something like that is possible in occurring, I think it’s an environment like Hundred Acres. It was fascinating what she was picking up on... she had no reason to play with me; she was here as my guest. It was lovely to get her read and energy and her knowing... all of a sudden she was looking out back, and she said, “This land is very sacred – was this an old burial site?” I said, “For native Americans? I don’t know. But there’s been a lot of living around here.” And I told her about how Father Paul had been buried out back there, and let’s face it, all the prayers, all the comings and gatherings; definitely there’s been a lot of love cast here. (Lisa: When you’re coming home with the kids, do you ever say “We’re going to Hundred Acres” or do you say “We’re going home”?) My dad loved Christopher Robin, and my sister and I were his Pooh Bears. [Reference to Winnie-the-Pooh.] So, Pooh Bear you know lives in Hundred Acre Woods. I was like, “OK, Dad, I get it.” Yeah, we always say, “We’re going back to Hundred Acre Woods.”

Timeline: Sagna/Jencks house (96 Scobie Road, New Boston NH)

1771-1783	Livermore Langdell built the house, barn, and mills (two saw mills and a grist mill).
c.1800	Zachariah Morgan I came to New Boston and bought the house from Langdell.
1864	Zachariah Morgan II lived here.
1875-1907	Edward Payson Morgan and wife, Mary Richards Kingsbury Morgan lived here.
1907-1926	Emma Copeland of Revere, MA owned it (no relation to composer Aaron Copland)
1926-1945	Home of Mrs. Susan C. Wason, wife of Congressman Edward Hills Wason.
1945-1954	Lyons family purchased property and named it “Hundred Acres”.
1954-1955	Theodore Wilson owned the property briefly.
1955-1963	Furman & Minnie Heefus owned Hundred Acres.
1963-1964	Leo and Anna Roan of Southhold, NY owned the property, but never lived here.
1965-1991	“Hundred Acres Monastery” established by Father Paul Fitzgerald, a Trappist Monk.
1991-1998	Epiphany Monastery, Benedictine Order. Father Romuald lived here for five years.
1998	Saint Anselm College used the property for research, retreats and meetings.
2014	Noel Sagna and Kary Jencks purchased Hundred Acres.