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A FREE MAGAZINE BY AMATEUR WRITERS FOR LOCAL READERS

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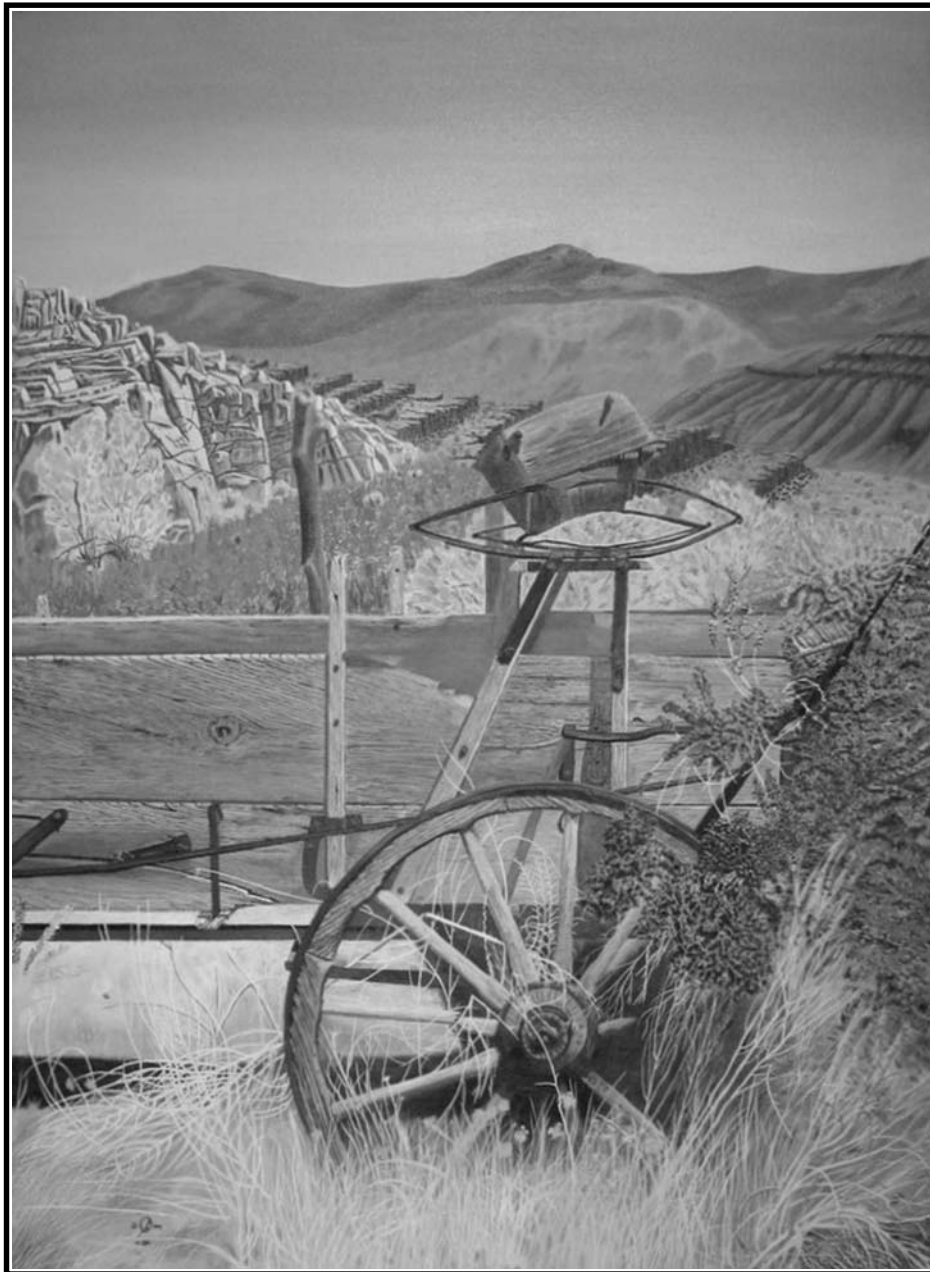
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Vol. 7 No. 2

*Groundwaters*

Winter 2011

*"Bubbling up in our own good time"*



*Oregon or Bust. Oil Painting by Jim Nylund*

**Editors & Publishing Team:**

Pat "Essence" Edwards, Managing Editor  
 Jen "Caro" Chambers, Assistant Editor  
 Pat "Dusha" Broome, Copy Editor  
 Jim "Thumper" Burnett, Contributing Editor & Business Mgr.  
 Judy Hays-Eberts, Foundress Emerita

*Groundwaters* magazine is a grassroots, community-oriented nonprofit literary quarterly which serves the West Lane area and all its connections through publication of the local arts, history and information. It is made possible by gifts and donations and the volunteers who create, produce and distribute *Groundwaters* magazine. It is distributed free of charge through local businesses and libraries, and is mailed to subscribers across the U.S. for a small annual fee. Material may be submitted from anyone, any age.

Check out our new site at <http://www.groundwaterspublishing.com/>

Also keep up to date with the self-sufficiency, art and written word treasures in Judy and Sonny's website at <http://www.groundwaters.org>

GUIDELINES FOR THE MAGAZINE

1. **Email submissions are preferred.** MS-Word or WordPerfect, please; no headers, footers, or in-line graphics. Typed or legible handwritten submissions are also acceptable. Don't send originals.
2. **Include a phone number or email address with each submission.** You may use a pseudonym, but all work must be signed.
3. **Submission limit is 2,500 words.**
4. **Please be respectful to all.** Read *Groundwaters* to understand its audience, and speak from the heart. Every age is welcome here. Featured artists and authors are representative of all ages and levels of experience. We do not accept political or religious opinion pieces for the printed magazine.
5. **Themes:** Each issue of *Groundwaters* is assigned a one-word theme with multi-meanings. Submissions do not have to reflect the theme, but those that do are welcomed.
6. **Include a bit of information about yourself and your submission** to share with our readers.
7. **Artists, as well as writers, are invited.** Please submit scanned images as at least 200 dpi email attachments in either .jpg or .tif format after first notifying us that you are going to do so.
8. **Original works are protected under the copyright of *Groundwaters*** and may not be reproduced without permission of the author/artist. They remain the property of the author/artist.
9. **Works in the public domain may be submitted to reprint, but credits to authors/artists must be included.**
10. **No payment (other than fleeting fame) is offered.** *Groundwaters* will provide two copies to a contributor of the issues in which their work appears. Please include a mailing address for this purpose.
11. **Changes may be made in submitted material due to grammatical errors and space constraints.** Whenever possible, the material and content will not be altered. Authors need to be aware that published material will also be available on the *Groundwaters* websites.

**Deadline for next issue is February 15, 2011**

Email to [contact@groundwaterspublishing.com](mailto:contact@groundwaterspublishing.com) (correspondence)  
[submissions@groundwaterspublishing.com](mailto:submissions@groundwaterspublishing.com) (submissions)

Mail to *Groundwaters*  
 P.O. Box 50, Lorane, OR 97451

Questions? Need more copies? Call (541) 344-0986

Contributors to Winter 2011

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With Sincere and Abundant Gratitude to ART, Inc., Quinton Hallett, Oregon Country Fair, Pat Gill, Evelyn Hess, Paula Krug Keys, Alan & Kathleen Mount, the Osibov Family Trust, cash box donors and readers everywhere!

Locations for extra copies: **Alvadore Library** and **Fern Ridge Market** in Alvadore; **Cheshire Darimart**, in Cheshire; **The Book Mine**, **Kalapuya Books**, **Books On Main** and **Cottage Grove Library** in Cottage Grove; **Creswell Library** in Creswell; **Bloom's Automania**, **Crow Grange** and **DS Market** in Crow; **Celeste Campbell Senior Center**, **Eugene Public Library** and **Les Schwab West 11th Tire Center** in Eugene; **Bush's Fern View Farms**, **Junction City Library** in Junction City; **Lorane Family Store**, **Lorane General Store** and the **Rebekah Lodge** in Lorane; **Noti Post Office** in Noti; **Broadway Events Center**, **DS Market**, **Fern Ridge Chamber of Commerce**, **Fern Ridge Library**, **Kelley's True Value Hardware**, **Robbie's Windowbox Caffe**, **The Farm Store** and **Veneta City Hall** in Veneta.

To obtain copies for display or distribution, email [contact@groundwaterspublishing.com](mailto:contact@groundwaterspublishing.com) or call 541-344-0986

**Mail Subscriptions:**

*Groundwaters* can also be mailed to you, family and friends. Subscriptions are available for \$10.00/year (four issues) to cover postage and handling. Back issues are also available for a nominal fee.

**Advertisements:**

*Groundwaters* reaches a substantial local audience and it continues to attract more readers. We now offer space for local advertisements to help support the costs of producing the magazine. Email [contact@groundwaterspublishing.com](mailto:contact@groundwaterspublishing.com) for more information.

*Groundwaters* is produced entirely with volunteer labor and is offered free of charge to the public. Therefore, we also gratefully accept donations to help defray the costs of printing. Gifts and donations should be made to *The Groundwaters Magazine Project*. In accordance with provisions of the Internal Revenue Code, donations are tax deductible for the donor.



Happy  
 Valentine's  
 Day!

## About the Cover



### CONTENTS:

Art/Photography .....	1,3,22,30,31,32
<i>Bubbling Up: 18 &amp; under</i> .....	30
Community News, Events & Activities .....	32
<i>Cookin' With Jen</i> .....	27
<i>Editorial Perspectives</i> .....	4
<i>Groundwaters' NameFind</i> .....	29
Guidelines & Credits .....	2
<i>Just Add Water</i> (comic strip) .....	31
<i>Our Readers Write</i> .....	5
<i>The Last Word</i> .....	32
<i>The Philosopher's Corner</i> .....	6

### Fiction:

Rosemary's Road Trip .....	8
Small Change .....	9
Finn's Heart .....	14
Miracle at the Mall .....	16
Local Centenarian Celebrates .....	19
His Heart, Her Heart .....	21
The Fortunate Bookshop .....	22
Value Engineering .....	24
Love on the Lost Continent (conclusion) .....	28

### Nonfiction, Essay & Personal Experience:

Nesting in Flowers of Silk .....	10
When Birds Come to Call .....	11
A Childhood Christmas .....	12
A Short & Undistinguished History of a Survivor ....	20
A Journey With Heart .....	25
<i>Groundwaters</i> School Outreach Program .....	29

### Poetry & Song:

Freedom Songbird .....	5
Pomegranates, Persimmons .....	6
Perception .....	7
Original Haiku .....	7
Blustery .....	7
My Life's Work .....	7
The Breakthrough .....	8
Leaves .....	8
At Day's End .....	9
Hallowed Ground .....	10
Like a Wet Rainbow .....	13
Cupid .....	13
Mountain Thunder .....	13
My Heart is Awake .....	15
Grandmama's Delight .....	18
An Ode to Harry Truman .....	20
Serendipity Sessions .....	23
My Imperfections .....	26
Since 1st Grade I've Been Concerned With Worms .	26
Heart What Have You Licked Today? .....	26
Life's Flow .....	26

Even though this issue's cover could have been used for a summer issue, we chose it for its connection to our theme, "heart." The vast migration to the Oregon Territory in the mid-1800s took a great deal of heart from its participants. We feel that Springfield artist, Jim Nylund, depicted it well in his painting of "Oregon or Bust."

Jim Nylund began his work as an artist in grade school doing cartoon drawings of Disney characters. Since then, his art expanded to include a wide variety of media and subject matter. Today, Jim's watercolors and oil paintings reflect his love for the beauty of nature.

Jim seeks to portray what he sees in nature as realistically as he can. While currently painting primarily with watercolors (and some oils), over the years he has worked in many areas of art -- photography, printmaking, air brushing, engraving, etching and making fine French and Japanese handmade papers.

Having spent most of his life in the Northwest, including seven years in Alaska, most of Jim's paintings are of landscapes and wildlife from places that have been important to him.

<http://emeraldartcenter.blogspot.com/2007/07/jim-nylund-painting-nature-with-realism.html>

<b>Issue Themes</b>	<b>Current Issue</b>
	<b>"Heart"</b>
	<b>Upcoming Themes</b>
	<b>2011</b> April - "Possibility" July - "Lost" October - "Warmth" January - "Mystery"

*Upcoming  
Deadlines*

**Spring** - Feb 15  
**Summer** - May 15  
**Fall** - August 15  
**Winter** - Nov 15

## Editorial Perspectives

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**W**hew! 2010 was an exciting, challenging and rewarding year, laying the foundation for what will be happening in 2011.

This past year, with the help of ART, Inc, we held three *Groundwaters Live!* events; we were able to award two youth scholarships; and our writers' contest drew a variety of submissions. Thanks to the efforts of Jennifer Chambers, we also kicked off our School Outreach Program at Lorane Elementary School where 45 students and teachers hosted Jennifer and cartoonist Nick DeAngelo (*see page 29*). Much of this was made possible by a grant from the Oregon Country Fair, by the gifts of several donors and by the efforts of ART, Inc. Thank you all!

This issue's theme is "Heart" and that, I think, is the key ingredient in *Groundwater's* recipe for success. It is the yeast that gives rise to the changes and possibilities of 2011 and beyond. It is what draws forth the talents of our contributors which entertain and inspire our readers. The stuff of the heart is what keeps us going.

The focus of *Groundwaters* has always been people and the expression of, and appreciation for, their many skills and talents. We would not exist without writers, poets, photographers and creative artists freely sharing their gifts. The year 2010 welcomed 32 new contributors to the pages of *Groundwaters* magazine. We're very proud of that and equally proud that we have many repeat and faithful contributors.

It takes many hours to collect, compile, select and edit the submissions as well as an unimaginable number of emails. We try to work with and encourage new writers who are struggling to find their own individual styles. It's our goal to honor and respect their efforts. Our staff is small and we do not all work in the same "office." I, for example, do what I can from my home office in Portland; much of our work is done from our homes. There is, however, a production office in Lorane, generously provided by Jim and Pat Edwards – a place set up for the printing and assembly of the magazine. We have an amazing team; there are only four of us, all volunteers serving without monetary remuneration. These pages you hold in your hands are the result of "tons" of behind-the-scenes efforts of our staff, most notably, of our Editor-In-Chief, Pat Edwards. [Applause, please!]

This past year saw each of us becoming busier than ever before with increased demands placed on both our time and resources – things like the increased need to care for family members and personal health issues. As we each have looked into 2011, we have realized that we simply do not have the people or resources to continue our extracurricular activities in 2011. It seems that we need to step back and focus on what we do best, producing *Groundwaters* magazine.

We still will be holding the spring writers' contest for youth, as promised. However, we are placing other activities on hold. We've taken a look at the quarterly *Groundwaters Live!* events and are considering changing to an annual event at the Broadway Events Center. We do this knowing that there is an ongoing interest in these activities; that they serve a good purpose in the community. We simply do not now have the time, resources and people to make them happen. At the same time, we wonder... are there any among our readers and contributors whose hearts have been touched by these things, who may be interested in pursuing possibilities? If so, we'd like to hear from you.

One last note... our last two applications for grant monies to support activities and programs were turned down. We had the opportunity to sit in on a committee meeting evaluating grant applications and were overwhelmed by the sheer number of applications, all of them somehow worthy. Obviously, only a few can be granted; ours was not. We enter into 2011 wholly dependent upon those whom *Groundwaters* magazine serves in some way – our writers, poets, photographers and cartoonists, our advertisers, our staff and our readers. Together, we will make the continuing publication of *Groundwaters* magazine possible and we share our sincere thanks to you all.

Our wish for the *Groundwaters* community – each and every one of you – is a 2011 filled to overflowing with health and well-being, abundance and peace of mind. Happy New Year, one and all!

I'll end this with a quote from that other "cricket guy."

*"When your heart is in your dream, no request is too extreme."* © Disney's Jiminy Cricket

~ Jim Burnett, aka Jimminy Cricket

***We extend an extra-special "Thank you" to Quinton Hallett for her help with this issue!***

"There are moments in life, when the heart is so full of emotion That if by chance it be shaken, or into its depths like a pebble Drops some careless word, it overflows, and its secret, Spilt on the ground like water, can never be gathered together" *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

"Today, see if you can stretch your heart and expand your love so that it touches not only those to whom you can give it easily, but also to those who need it so much." *Author Unknown*

"I would rather have eyes that cannot see; ears that cannot hear; lips that cannot speak, than a heart that cannot love" *Robert Tizon*

# Youth\* Amateur Writing Contest

\* **Must be 18 years old or under**

Cash and merchandise awards to winners in age categories (5-9, 10 -13, 14-18 years).

## Themes:

- **Ages 5-13** - open theme (a theme of your choice)
- **Ages 14-18** - subject must reflect the theme, "POSSIBILITY"

Judging will be based on originality, thoughtfulness and imagination.

## Prose (unpublished only):

### Criteria:

- One entry per person.
- No more than one single-sided page of typed 12-point Arial or Times Roman font with 1" margins all around.

## Poetry (unpublished only):

### Criteria:

- Each entrant may submit up to two poems, but together, they cannot take up more than one single-sided page of typed 12-point Arial or Times Roman font with 1" margins all around.

## Submission procedures:

1. Send your entry via regular mail or email attachment.
2. It must be in our hands by **March 1, 2011**
3. **Mail:** One sheet of paper with name, age, address, phone # and email address. Entry must be on a separate sheet of paper and both mailed to: *Groundwaters* Writing Contest, P.O. Box 50, Lorane, OR 97451.
4. **email:** The entry file should be in Word, WordPerfect or pdf format and attached to an email message containing name, age, address, phone # and email address to: [contact@groundwaterspublishing.com](mailto:contact@groundwaterspublishing.com)

[http://www.groundwaterspublishing.com/writing\\_contest.html](http://www.groundwaterspublishing.com/writing_contest.html)

**Deadline for entries: March 1, 2011**



Winning entries will be published in the April issue of *Groundwaters* magazine.

## Our Readers Write

You've done it again! Another marvelous issue and the winners, Hoss and Christie, are winners. I'm disappointed there were no junior entries. My granddaughter is only seven but I'm encouraging her to write a poem or story for submission for the 18 & under "Bubbling Up" page. Perhaps when I send a copy of the "Our Readers Write" page with Pat Gill's most generous praise of my "Play...Rest" musings, she'll be inspired to give it a go. Right now she's immersed in the children's classics of *The Secret Garden*, *Little Women* and *Anne of Green Gables*." Not bad for a child who lives in Jakarta with her native language being Bahasa. Amazingly, she has always kept the two languages separate and grammatically- and accent-perfect. Two years ago her school curriculum added Mandarin. It makes my brain tired to think about... I think my favorite this issue is Gene Conrad's "Hunting (aka Armed Hiking)." Bravo!

~ Paula Keys, Eugene

Thank you for all you do for the writing and reading community. I keep each issue next to my sofa and take my time savoring the contributions. *Groundwaters* enriches my life through others' experiences.

~ Rachel Rich, Springfield

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## Freedom Songbird

There's so much trouble,  
I must start today and organize  
It is beyond dreams  
That green gables will be real again.

Now a voice is audible  
The voice of the free songbird  
Choosing between paradoxes,  
Rain keeps falling  
And beckons the free  
To carry on the spirit.

~ Rhonda Rauch

## The Philosopher's Corner

### Time Capsules

It is a New Year! If your new calendar is anything like mine, it has pages covered with empty boxes. How will you fill-in those boxes this year? Perhaps your calendar has beautiful pictures and maybe some positive quotes and affirmations. What's their purpose? Do the pictures remind you of places once visited, of travels not taken or travel goals for this new year? Those quotes and affirmations – what purpose do they really serve? Are they just nice sayings, simple reminders of what is possible for others, or do they trigger in you the motivation to move beyond where you have been, to do what's been left undone? Do they ignite the heart-fires of a new determination to be more than you have been?

For some, the calendar is a reminder of appointments, obligations and commitments. For many, it is a reminder of family members and special friends and the opportunities that exist as special days in which to reconnect, share and do that for them that you would like others to do for you. These thought-capsules of time serve to remind us that there is not enough heart – not enough life – in our living.

Often, we think of calendars, like clocks, as simply marking the passage of time. It would be an interesting exercise to reflect upon how much of our thinking is calculated in units of time. I just inventoried my Rx... I have a three day's supply left of one and two weeks of another. Valentine's Day is just a few short weeks away; I need to remember to... Time-measurements can be slave-masters and we, the slaves. Is time controlling us, or are we in charge, using time in ways that truly benefit others and ourselves?

The good news about 2011 is that it is simply one elongated thought of time. It is a series of ever-changing place markers; the points at which we stand between past and future. One of my favorite images as a kid was sitting in the barber chair, looking deep into the endless reflections of things in the opposing mirrors. Looking ahead or back, endless images...

Another memory is that of going to the movies and watching the "Time Marches On!" newsreels. Regardless of what we do and what happens around us, we exist within the endless flow of time. The brain-mind sciences of today are revealing that we actually script and then play out our own newsreels. The stories of our times are framed in self-imposed thoughts, plans, actions and memories. Those sciences also reveal that what matters most is not "where" we have been; its about what we choose to do in the ever-present creative moment. "Now" is the time that is of the greatest value and that which holds the greatest promise. We live, breathe and have our being in an end-

less string of now-moment possibilities. Our thoughts, our words and deeds – what we choose to think about, to say and do – or not say and do – those are the things that clearly imprint the passage of time. The curious thing about that is when we are caught up in thinking, saying and doing, all immediate sense of time is often forgotten. Such timeless moments are the "stuff" of the heart that cannot be delineated by the ticking of a clock or captured within the squares on a calendar page. They are most often best measured by heartbeats; two or more hearts beating in unison...

2011 has come with an overflowing bag of opportunities and choices. The choices we make will define this year, moment by moment. My New Year's wish for you, my friends, is an endless string of heart-filled moments.

~ *Jimminy Cricket*



### Pomegranates, Persimmons

for LR

That summer I built the cairn  
for you at Lower Eddeleo Lake,  
I thought pomegranates all day.  
You were in surgery  
giving up your breasts to dream.

Each year, fall is a gift  
whose container belies its contents.  
Platters piled high with harvest offerings  
love what's round: apples,  
asian pears, persimmons.

When you slipped into candle flame—  
past the messy parts  
of being female, of illness and death—  
I hope you glanced back at how light  
can linger in the dents of a pomegranate  
still gracing the post-holiday table.

~ *Quinton Hallett*

*Jim and Pat Edwards'*

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## Perception

His lingering gaze sees not  
the feet slipped for comfort  
that once dazzled in dancing shoes,  
the sagging breasts  
once jutted proud,  
the grayed thinning hair  
once tossed bright in moon beams,  
nor the furrowed brow  
hard won with pain.

But he sees her eyes  
once seductive  
behind shuttering eyelashes,  
now serene in the calm of wisdom.  
Her morning smile that awakens  
to the promise of a day to ponder  
ideas and thoughts and wonder.

He feels the hand grasping firm;  
It once rested feather light on his arm,  
Feels the communion of shared knowing  
in a glance unseen by others.  
A brushing hand once electric in touch  
now a gentle reminder of their oneness.

There is the catch of breath  
in his tightened throat,  
only distant memories of  
the hurried passions of youth,  
the hours rushed past  
now grown into quiet depth.

A precious Gift of time and thought  
yielding her maturity.

~ Gus Daum

## Original Haiku

Roar white snow river...  
Cleanse gray worries from my mind  
nodding golden Spring.

~ Nancy Dresser

*Nancy has always loved poetry – the more descriptive, the better.  
A resident of Lorane since 1977, she awaits the change of  
retirement eagerly.*

## Blustery

The wind whistles better than I. Tonight is one  
of those Marilyn Monroe- or Mary Poppins-  
blustery nights. My windows, ceilings and roof  
shake, and the decorative glass in the sill.  
Lights flicker but not out like last week when  
poles were hit.

I am imagining coastal winds that Dad hated. I  
am imagining an old lover and his classic rock  
album. This morning I walked past cones and  
limbs from last night's storm.

~ Nicole Taylor

*Nicole Taylor attended Chemeketa Community College in Salem, Oregon  
where she lives near her siblings, mother and other family members.  
She is a dancer, an artist and a volunteer. Her writing has been  
published in her college and local newspapers and on several websites.*

## My Life's Work

A check for  
\$4.00 from an editor's  
personal account

Two free passes for  
the Broadway Centre Cinema  
in Salt Lake City  
that expired last November

And a 10 dollar bill  
someone had left in the  
middle of a book  
by D.A. Powell that I checked  
out of the library

Who says that poetry  
doesn't pay  
you anything?

~ Kris Bluth

# The Groundwaters 2010 Writing Contest Adult Division / Theme - "Change"

## Honorable Mention

### Rosemary's Road Trip

By Martha Sargent

Rosemary stood gazing out across the sand and sage brush that stretched for miles in front of her. She took her time, inspecting the low multicolored hills that lay in the distance. They were solitary, self-contained, complete, needing no one's approval. This was reassuring.

She knew from watching those TV shows on nature channels that the desert teemed with life, but to her it appeared still and almost empty. She let out a long breath and relaxed. She needed the quiet right now. Only two hours ago her stomach had been in a knot, her breathing shallow and her hair a mess. Now Rosemary smiled. All was calm again.

A month ago her son had asked her if there was a time in her life she would like to relive. Right before he died he took her hand in his, squeezed it gently — the best he could do. Then he asked, "Where would you rather be, Mom?"

"Nowhere," she had replied. "I have you. I have my life. I enjoy the present, and I only look forward, my darling."

Rosemary took another deep breath trying to overcome the stagnant and seemingly motionless desert air with its dry, oppressive heat. The few passing cars, the people entering and exiting the general store, the hawk overhead — nothing seemed to make the air move. Rosemary twisted the cap off of her soda and took a mouthful.

*I like this stillness*, she thought with pleasure. She took another swig and watched the hawk. Memories of her son and her former life hung in the air, and she tried to will the hawk to come eat them or at least scatter them into nothingness.

*No, nothing of the past for me*. Her eyes surveyed the bright, cloudless sky and the vivid sandy hills. *Maybe a minute or two more*, she thought. *Then I'd better decide which direction to drive. Mustn't keep the car in this heat too long*.

Finally, she stepped back to her sedan, lightly drumming her fingertips on the trunk lid as she walked around the back to her driver's side door. *Better move along*, she thought, *before the dead drug dealer in the trunk begins to stink. But one thing's for sure*, she continued. *He'll never hurt my son again*.

### The Breakthrough

As the summer wanes and pulls out all its stops  
Of heat and clouds and weathered faces,  
I feel a lightness coming to my heavy step,  
A heralding promise of moving on,  
Away from the dry spent season  
My soul's languid being expands  
Onto a spiraling upward, then outward,  
Where change is possible,  
Inevitable,  
Present.

The air is sweet. The birds are singing.  
The sun beats down on the garden of my desires,  
Beckoning the ripening fruit, all plumb and ready.  
The beans grow tall along the fence-line.  
The vines stretch out thickly with yellow blossoms  
bright,  
The earth, and sky, and air conspiring  
In their grand design  
To move heaven and earth  
In my direction,  
Helping me out with planets and stars  
And all those moons I cannot master,  
And never should,  
Reminding me again to tend to what I can,  
Prepare my own small plot of land and heart,  
Then wait for the seasons to work their magic turning.

Susan Cary

*After a career of writing grants and tedious project documents for health care and conservation, Susan Cary now writes poetry for self-expression and enjoyment. She lives with her husband in Cheshire, Oregon, and travels frequently with her son, an artist based in Portland and Europe.*

### Leaves

Birthed,  
in first light, of glorious spring  
Bold,  
on warm days, in summer's green  
Brilliant,  
for mere moments, in autumn's glor  
Bound,  
in cold darkness, by winter's worry

~ D.J. Barber

# The Groundwaters 2010 Writing Contest Adult Division / Theme - "Change"

## Honorable Mention

### Small Change

by Vicki Sourdry

I start out at the mint, with millions of others like me, shiny and bright, all rolled up in paper packets. I figure I must be pretty important, as the truck that takes me to the bank has armed guards and heavy locks.

I sit in a vault for a couple months until I'm given to a man along with several other similar rolls. I'm finally broken out of my paper wrapper and put in a drawer. It's nice to be free. The drawer opens and closes several times before I'm chosen and handed to an elderly woman. She puts me in a small purse with a few others like me. Some are bigger, some smaller. There are a couple of pieces of paper too. They are green. I don't get to stay there very long. She gives me to a man outside the store. He is very dirty and holds a sign saying "Broke. Anything helps." He smiles at her and says "Thank you." His teeth are brown and rotting. I don't stay with him very long either. He goes back into the store that I just came from and I'm put back into the drawer in exchange for a small box. He asks the man behind the counter "Do you have any matches for these?"

I leave the drawer again later that day and pass through many pockets and purses over the years. Now I'm in the pocket of a middle aged man. I stay there until the weekend. He puts me in a machine and then pulls a lever. I am tumbled in and out of those machines for a long time. I see some of the same people over and over again. They win me and seem quite happy, but then put me back into the machine. Finally, after many months, someone takes me home. My edges have been dulled, and I am scratched.

Eventually I am given to a young boy to buy his lunch at school. He seems very happy to have me. He fingers me gently in his pocket. At recess, a bigger boy corners him on the playground. He pushes him against a wall. My boy reaches into his pocket and pulls me, and a few others, out. "It's all I have," he says. Tears are running down his cheeks. "Well, you don't got them any more, kid." I am grabbed and shoved into another pocket. Other coins and pieces of paper join me. Soon, I am exchanged for a little bag with some white powder in it.

Then, another drawer and another pocket. I end up that evening in a big glass jar, already half full of other change; some younger, some older. More is added every night. Years later, we are all exchanged for tickets for a

cruise to Hawaii. My people, much older now than when I arrived, seem excited.

After sitting at the bank for a couple weeks, a man takes me home. That afternoon, a small hand reaches into his pocket and touches me. I am brought out, and the two people, one big and one very small, talk about me.

"This is a quarter, right Gramps?"

"Yup. That's right. Let's see, it's been around for 50 years, just like me. See the date right there? If it could talk, it could probably tell you quite a story."

---

### At Day's End

at  
day's end  
a darkened sky  
sprinkles starlight  
on snowcapped mounts  
reflected in cool alpine lakes  
at day's end  
the gentle winds  
whisper softly through  
ponderosa pine and aspen  
the sweet lullaby of the gloaming  
at day's end  
when crickets chirp  
a lone wolf call beckons  
through snowcapped mounts  
a darkened sky of sprinkled starlight

~ D.J. Barber



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# The Groundwaters 2010 Writing Contest

## Adult Division / Theme - "Change"

### Honorable Mention

#### Hallowed Ground

now that the debris  
has been cleared away,  
and only wisps of smoke remain,  
  
we seek with noble purpose,  
to turn the earth yet again, but  
as we turn each deliberate spade  
of earth,  
  
we begin again  
to hear the echoes—  
they linger, like plaintive cries and questions,  
they dare whisper.  
  
shall we build a great hall in the shadow  
of tall trees, under the sacred canopy  
of creation?  
  
or should we stand a mighty fortress  
of scattered stones, scraped  
from the desert sands?  
  
or should we fill a large reflecting pool, and  
divert the streams and rivers to fill it  
with cool, clear water?  
  
shall we collect the broken branches,  
and fragrant boughs, after the  
savage winds die down?  
  
shall we weave a wreath,  
and float it out upon the calm waters,  
an offering of peace, to decorate  
and consecrate this ground?  
or shall we just walk out  
under the silent stillness  
of night,  
and wonder?  
  
or shall we just hold our breath  
and wait for the silence  
to come back to us,  
like an echo  
of all that has passed?  
  
or shall we simply clasp our hands,  
and whisper  
a cautious prayer?

~ William Crutchfield

#### Nesting in Flowers of Silk

By Vickie Jensen

During a Spring cleaning of our family room, I set my dusty, cob-webby silk flower arrangement on the dog crate on our front porch. As I looked out on the porch from my office window several days later, I noticed a wee bird flying in and out. Sometimes it paused on the pruned bay-leaf branches drying on the clothes line before it darted into the silk flowers. Amazingly, our small dogs playing on the porch didn't deter this activity, even when they stood at the crate for a closer inspection.

One afternoon the little bird sat on the clothesline close enough to see it better. The brown body and black hood was confirmation that it was an Oregon Race, also known as a Dark-eyed Junco. Just before it flew down into the flowers I thought I saw something in its beak. I shared the observation with my husband the next morning and he went to investigate. With a surprised look on his face he beckoned me outside. I was astonished to see a small round nest of dried grass and moss balanced on the arrangement's stems. After four more days of flying in and out three light blue speckled eggs appeared, each about one inch long. The bird sat on them for about a week, allowing us to observe from as close as three feet — as long as we were silent and motionless.

After returning home from a few days at the Oregon coast I checked the nest. It looked like an intruding cat or raccoon had broken the eggs and left the insides to dry. I was delighted when I saw movement — three bald hatchlings not even two inches long. One parent turned out to be two. For days they dutifully flew back and forth feeding their little brood. The parents made a "click-click-click" sound at us if we stepped within six feet of the nest when they had food to deliver, but allowed us to watch if we moved away. Sometimes while they were away we would make a close inspection of the baby Races. It was amazing to see such tiny mouths gaping wide as they waited to be fed.

Then suddenly they were gone — all three babies fledging in a single, startled moment while the parents were gone. What a privilege and adventure it has been to watch new life "in the wild" grow and mature — from no life at all to a new generation of birds taking their place in our world.

*Vickie has lived in Elmira since 1995. She has been writing for 30 years. She joined the Veneta Ridge Writers at their first meeting in 2009 and has found pleasure and encouragement from the group.*

# When the Birds Came to Call

By Vickie Jensen

That Sunday afternoon, six weeks ago, was supposed to be a day of rest – quiet, uneventful, unexciting, even a bit boring. A long, luxurious nap was scheduled. It was meant to be a day to recharge; to revive body and soul. But the day transformed itself into an exciting, colorful, energizing period of enchantment when the birds came to call.

The first arrival at our birdfeeder was a Black-headed Grosbeak with his black head and tawny-orange breast, and black wings, tail and back streaked with white. After a while we recognized the birds with pale buff or orange breasts and bellies, and white eyebrows as the female Black-headed Grosbeaks. The Jays came next, first a pair of Steller's Jays with their dark blue backs and sooty black, crested heads. Immediately after the Scrub Jays came, with lighter blue head and wings, black cheeks and white eyebrows. Both Jay species which came in pairs, had difficulty sitting on the feeder and spent part of their time picking up seed from the ground.

We grabbed the binoculars so that we could get a better look at each birds markings. Out came the Audubon bird book that we had purchased when our children were younger and still living at home. Curiosity about what species we were seeing drove us to look up their identities, which we then recorded in the book.

White-crowned Sparrows, their white and black striped heads came next. We recognized these immediately because we had watched them at our feeder during the previous summer. A moment of confusion came when a bird similar to the Black-headed Grosbeak arrived, but his coloration wasn't quite right. As we looked through the binoculars we noticed a black hood extending from its head and part way down its back and a white-speckled breast instead of an orange one. The beak was smaller than the Grosbeaks' and the red eyes were a dead giveaway. We were looking at a Rufous-sided Towhee.

A lone Gray Jay sat on the fence for a few minutes then flew away, never to return. Since the Gray is also called the "Camp Robber" he may have concluded the yard didn't offer the usual camper fare and wasn't to his liking. Another familiar bird was the Oregon Race (Dark-eyed Junco) that is a year-round resident in our area. This bird has a chestnut back and wings with a black-hooded head.

One of the most interesting birds was the Red-breasted Nuthatch. It took a long time for us to discover what species that little bird was because it would dart into the birdfeeder tray, scoop up some seed and leave as quickly as it came. We finally identified it by its habit of creeping down the trunk head- first.

The biggest surprise was the pair of large ash-brown birds and black-spotted wings that landed on the lawn below the feeder. My husband instantly recognized them as Mourning Doves. I never expected such large birds to attend our seed banquet. They came in with a regal glide, sharing the bounty with the little Races and Sparrows who were as happy pecking at the ground as they were from the feeder in the tree.

A moment of tension came when a Scrub Jay landed on the ground near the doves. Wanting to join the feast he watched with a wary eye as one of the doves stood tall and stared him down. Sensing a lost cause, the Jay gave up and ceded the meal to the Doves and smaller birds.

The only surprise when the crows came was that they took so long to arrive. They always come around when they see an opportunity for a free meal and there was opportunity galore because the smaller birds scattered so much feed out of the feeder when they ate. We were glad the crows were there to clean up the mess on our lawn.

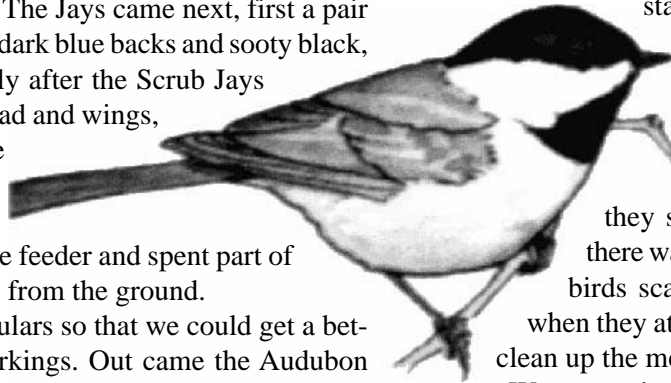
We counted a dozen different species of birds in three hours on that lazy-turned active and exciting Sunday afternoon.

We've never been big fans of bird-watching, my husband and I. "Look at those people parked by the lake with binoculars and tripod-mounted, zoom-lensed cameras," one of us would say.

"I bet they'll sit there for hours," the other would say contemptuously. "What a waste of time when they could be doing something productive!"

But contempt has been transformed into understanding. While we may not see ourselves devoting long blocks of time at bird refuges and the like, we certainly understand those who have the desire, will and time to do so. I've frequently found myself "wasting time" sitting on the couch watching my little feathered neighbors, sometimes with camera in hand. We'll mostly be "Backyard Birders" in the future but our binoculars go with us when we camp or picnic outdoors and so does our bird book – in case we see a species we don't recognize.

Just yesterday I saw a lovely swallow on the rain gutter at our local Taco Time. I thought I knew what type of bird I'd seen but to be sure I picked up the bird book to look for a swallow-type bird with a dark back, rusty orange throat and light breast and belly – a Barn Swallow. Given enough time and opportunity we'll become one of those "birders" adept in identifying birds without the aid of a book!



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# A Childhood Christmas

By Dale Dickson

When I was a kid, I do not think I ever saw a commercial Santa Claus, at least I don't recall such a visit. My parents never took my four brothers or me to sit on Santa's lap and tell him our wishes for gifts on Christmas. Perhaps my parents knew Santa could never bring what we might ask for.

We were poor, but didn't know it. Our mother always had food on the table for us. Dad was a school teacher and he worked second jobs to supplement his income. Every summer he worked on the nearby farms in western Pennsylvania, pitching hay or some other sweaty job, earning about a dollar a day. But he tried hard and he succeeded in keeping us together.

At Christmas time, we boys found the largest stocking to hang over the fireplace. It didn't matter if the stocking didn't belong to the boy, we just were hoping the stocking would be filled with all kinds of surprises and goodies on Christmas morning. Mother always put a walnut and an orange in each stocking. If there was much more, it was a pleasant surprise.

When I was in 2<sup>nd</sup> grade, in 1944, we lived near Zelienople, Pennsylvania. Dad was teaching in the high school. It was Christmas time, and we were all excited about it. One evening Dad took my older brothers Don, Deem, and me to town to do Christmas shopping. Dad gave me fifty cents and did I ever feel rich! I don't think I had ever had that much money at one time before. He told me the money was to buy presents for the family. I was really excited! My first stop was at the Western Auto store. After a lot of searching through the items for sale, I purchased a measuring cup for Mother for nine cents. I really felt big, buying the cup and then having change to buy some more things. I can't remember what else I bought, but I do know I found something for everyone with that fifty cents – there were four brothers and my parents in the family.

After that, I do remember it cost more and more each year to do all my Christmas shopping.

We moved to Greenville, Pennsylvania in 1945, after Dad got a job teaching in Greenville High School. We lived in a rented duplex at 318 Main Street, adjacent to the Erie Railroad tracks and the train station. Those were the days of steam locomotives, and we had all the noise and soot and cinders which accompanied the engines. It was a lot of fun watching the trains, though.

On our first Christmas Eve in the house, my older brother Deem and I decided to stay up to see Santa Claus. We had a nice-looking marble fireplace, and our stockings were hung by the chimney with care in our never-ending hope they would be full on Christmas morning.

Deem and I decided we would stay up to see Santa. We figured we had to be well-hidden so Santa would not spy us when he slipped down the chimney. The best place to hide and still see was behind the sofa. We knew our parents would not let us stay up like this, so we waited until they were in bed, and then slipped downstairs for our vigil. We were all excited, and could hardly contain our nervous giggling as we hunkered down behind the sofa wrapped in blankets to ward off the cold.

Time passed slowly, however, and before we knew it, we were both fast asleep and spent the night behind the sofa. It really surprised us when our older brother Don came down with the "little boys," our younger brothers, Daryl and Douglas, for the Christmas morning gift opening ritual. Were Deem and I ever disappointed when we awoke and realized we had missed Santa! He had come down the chimney so quietly we never heard him!

Well, we missed Santa, but it was a good Christmas, probably because it had snowed about a foot of large, soft flakes during the night, and we had a white Christmas.

Those times in the 1940s were not the best of times financially. I remember a time once when I was ten years old. At Christmas time I liked to linger about the toy counters in the dime stores, making a mental wish list for Santa. Even at that age I was aware of the financial status of people. A farmer, obviously down on his luck, was in the store with his two young boys, about six and seven years old. The boys were eagerly looking at the toys, and I could feel the excitement they had, seeing the toys and talking about what they wanted Santa to bring them. Their Dad told them to go down to the end of the toy counter and check out the trucks. While they did that, he picked up a small chalk slate, about twelve by eight inches in size, quickly gave it to the clerk, and handed her the quarter it cost. When she placed it in a sack and handed it back to him he quickly placed it under his shabby coat, hiding it from his sons. I am sure the slate was all those boys got from Santa that Christmas. It made me feel humble, and I think I could realize the sorrow of the dad, that he couldn't provide more for his sons at Christmas.

It was almost certain we received clothing for Christmas. It was nice to have a new shirt and to be the only one to wear it until it was handed down to my younger brothers. My oldest brother, Don, would wake us very early Christmas morning, about 2 or 3 a.m. Then we would slip down to the tree and see what awaited us. Any sweet goodies we received were swiftly consumed; if we waited too long, the brothers soon helped themselves to them. So candy was one thing that never went stale around our house.

One year, when I was 12, I really wanted a set of Ameri-

can Bricks. These were small red plastic bricks, similar to today's Legos. They were interlocking, so if you made a wall with them, it stayed together. I wanted a set so I could build a house, with the doors and windows accompanying the bricks, and then placing a roof of cardboard, with a roofing shingle design on it, on top of the house I would design. I knew the bricks weren't too expensive, and I hinted and hinted about them for a long time. I was sure I wouldn't get them, but I figured I could dream.

When Don woke me early Christmas morning I was just too tired to get up then, so I went back to sleep. I awoke about two hours later, and was really jolted awake when my bare feet hit the cold wooden floor. I made my way to the stairs, being quiet so I would not wake my parents, and then slipped quietly down the steps. I could hear my four brothers, through the closed door, playing. When I opened the door I could see they had opened their presents, eaten their goodies, and were playing with any toys they had.

I eagerly looked under the tree to find any presents placed there for me, especially the American Bricks. I didn't see anything in the cylindrical shaped container the bricks would be in. In fact, I didn't see anything for me. I knew I wasn't always the best-behaved boy, but I didn't think I was so bad that I wouldn't get anything at all for Christmas. Then my brother Don pointed to a beautiful house made of red plastic bricks, with a nice green roof, a chimney, and lots of windows and a door. He said they got tired of waiting for me to get up, so they opened my presents and made the house. Was I ever disappointed! I didn't get to open a single present. But I did have my cherished American Bricks. And I got Mother's walnut and orange in my stocking.

## Like A Wet Rainbow

Oh, to see the potential  
of who you are inside;  
what a flower,  
what a rose,  
what a fragrance it could be.

To see the colors of you  
sparkle, shine,  
drip all over  
like a wet rainbow;

the layers— the coats  
could keep you warm  
forever...

and could beat the hours of time  
and the rustiness  
out of my breath.

~ C. Steven Blue

## Cupid

I am Cupid

I was sired by fate and born of providence, I answer to  
no one.

You know me, if you don't, you soon will, I get around.  
Few can avoid me, for them that do it is their loss, not  
mine.

I Am Cupid

When I let fly my arrow, I seldom miss my mark, I am an  
instrument of mass elation and/or misery.

I am an agent of equal opportunity; no one is safe from  
my arrow.

To know me is to love and hate me, to not know me is  
loneliness.

I Am Cupid

I have stalked human kind from the beginning, when I am  
gone, all is lost.

My appearance is infantile and reeks of innocence.  
The wounds I inflict can make your life Heaven on Earth  
or a living Hell or both.

I Am Cupid

Should my arrow pierce your heart, you'll know that  
you've been shot,

You'll give up everything you own and betray your  
deepest thought.

Your head will spin, your knees will shake, voices sing  
from high above,

My arrowhead is solid gold and I poisoned it with love.

~ Michael J Barker

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## Mountain Thunder

The air is filled with electricity  
Lightning bolts fly and thunder booms  
As Thor shows off his gift  
The Montana mountains pick up the sound  
Like a drum tuned to perfect resonance  
Echoing the sound in a chorus meant for the Gods  
But enjoyed by mortals  
The light show and drum of thunder  
Quickens the pulse and steals the breath  
As the beauty rolls on.

~ Herbie

# Finn's Heart

By Paula Krug Keys

His earliest memory of Maggie was forever imprinted in his heart. They were four, maybe five at most, when she, clinging to her father, walked up to the open half door of his mother's kitchen. Even though tall for his age, Finn could barely see over the top of the door. Standing on his tip-toes he saw a little girl with the sun's rays like spears through her auburn curls highlighting each ringlet's form. He could hardly force his eyes to leave, watching the flashes of light as she shyly moved from her father to her mother, but when he did look into her face, he almost laughed out loud at her emerald eyes twinkling up at him between her long lashes.

Who is this girl who made him feel happy again? Where did she come from? What do these people want?

At age five, Finn was already an important member of his family – tending the chickens and helping with the slopping in between carrying dried cow pats in to keep the fire going for his mother so she could care for the twins, who were three. She wasn't supposed to do any heavy lifting now that her tummy was growing again. Pa counted on him to stay busy helping her all day. No time to play.

These are frightening times. Each night when Pa comes in from working, he sags onto his favorite chair, the one he says he made when he was only twelve. It is a sturdy oak chair with a ladderback and a thick woven rush seat to make it soft. Mama brings him a cup of hot soup and, after a few sips and a hunk of her brown cake, he begins to tell her who is sick and who has died that day. They are mostly the very old and the babies who cannot survive this famine.

"Ma-a-a," I shout. "Com-pa-nee!" She's in the loft resting. We can hear her moving toward the ladder.

"Who is it, Finny?"

Maggie's daddy answers, "Ma'am, we're the Doughertys, Colum and Mairead. I need work and a shelter for my family. We'll do whatever you need if you'll feed us and give us a dry corner. We don't eat much and we don't need much space, it being only the three of us, and the girl is tiny."

Mama was at the door by then. "Holy God! Come in here and sit by the fire. I'll get some tea and bread for ye. Finnbar! Quick, check the hens, see if there is an egg." As I threw open the lower half of the door to run, Maggie's mother and father entered, but she ran after me!

Imagine that! This miracle girl likes me! I stopped at the gate to look at her without the door between us. I'm about two inches taller than she and to my surprise, I decide she is close to my age though she is so thin you wouldn't know for it seems like a puff of smoke would float her away. "Oh no, please, God, don't let her float

away. Let Mama and Daddy keep them here. I'll give up one of my meals a day, if they can stay. I'll work extra hard for Mama, too. Please, God."

We found an egg! Gently I carried it to the house. I wanted to run, but I did that one other time, skidded on a piece of chat, fell, skinned the whole side of one leg and my elbow leaving the egg for the dogs to lap up. Lesson learned. Mama did not fuss at me. The look in her eyes broke my heart. I love my Mama so much. She's the best Mama in the world. I don't ever want to make her sad again.

Mama beat the egg and slowly added it to the bubbling broth that she then ladled into three mugs. After they had eaten and warmed themselves, the grownups began to talk, lulling Maggie to sleep in her mother's lap. I stared without blinking as her long lashes fluttered up and down over those emeralds before they finally stayed closed. That made me sleepy, but the twins had woken, so I hurried to take them outside to play where they would not wake Maggie, my Maggie.

The afternoon passed quietly with preparations for sleep finished before dark. Mama said they could stay the night in our cow barn. Fussy, our milk cow, would make warmth inside and there was hay over which they could spread their blankets. All they had in this world was folded inside their blankets tied with rope – books, a couple of pots, changes of clothes.

Papa was late, unusually late. Mama was busy with the twins and tried not to act worried, but I know my Mama. She was sick with worry. Finally, we heard loud singing and whistling. It was Pa coming down the boreen, walking his squeaky black bicycle. Papa hasn't come home singing in a very long time. I beat Mama out the door and got to him first. He reached down and hugged me saying, "Finny, the sun is going to shine tomorrow and the tomorrow and the tomorrow after that! Here, take my bike so I can hug your Mama."

Arms around each other they entered the kitchen lit only by the fire and one candle on the table. Papa stopped, gave a long whistle and said, "Ho! What's this? Or, rather, who do we have here?" After introductions and explanations, Papa gave another whistle followed with, "By golly, there IS a God in Heaven after all!"

He went on to tell that he was late because he had been to the pub. Well, we all knew that! He stunk to high heaven where God could smell him for sure! It seems there was a meeting and drinks were free. A wealthy English woman was opening a boat-building yard in the village! There would be work for Maggie's mother and her father, who was a skilled carpenter, and even for me when I got older.

Good times were close. Sure, Maggie and her parents could sleep out with Fussy and work for food and shelter until they began working at the factory.

Except for a few hitches here and there, all went according to plan and soon Maggie and her parents moved to their own place. By then, our two families had become like one.

When I was eleven, I began working at the yard. I gave most of my earnings to Mama, but I saved a bit each week. At fourteen, I began working on the fishing boats for larger wages. I had seen a sign in O'Mahoney's Hardware about steamer fares to the United States of America. I made up my mind that as soon as I had the sixty pounds for steerage and a bit more for when I got to America, I was going. I wanted to make a better life for Maggie than we could have in Ireland.

The hardest part was leaving those curls with the sun splitting through and to see great tears roll from those emeralds as her lashes fluttered trying to hold them back. But sail I did from Cobh Harbor, landing at Ellis Island, New York City, USA. Whoo-pee!

We Irish are one big extended family, so it was not hard to find a place to stay and a job in construction. I soon figured out that we'd never get ahead in the big city. I would have to go west. I read about the wide spaces in Montana, wrote my Maggie to keep waiting, I'd soon be able to send for her and hopped on a train heading west. Those slat benches get mighty hard and the sparks and smoke are choking, but I would think of Maggie and it was okay. I would slap out the fires on my suit, wipe the soot from my eyes and face and whistle to my heart's content because no one could hear me over the noise of the train!

The days and nights spent watching the great big United States of America pass by the train windows were broken by new concerns. How would I know where I was to get off the train? How would I know what property to buy or file a claim on? Have I saved up enough money? If not, how many years will I have to work before I can bring Maggie to be my beloved wife?

I rode to the end of the tracks and then began asking about available land -- land with pure water; land that I can work; a place where we can worship, have our children and make good friends. It was in the office of the second real estate agent that I was told of a large tract of land with a spring and a lake. The man who had tried to make it there gave up because it was remote and his wife wanted to be in town with her friends. He could be found at the barber-shop, if I wanted to talk to him about it.

I had been traveling so long and was so anxious to find our homestead that I had forgotten about my appearance! I found the barber's pole and went in. Hank Schaffer's chair was free, so I sat down. After he began to work on me and we exchanged pleasantries, I asked a few questions about the lake and the land. He assured me it is a fertile place and

a unique place. It seems the lake, the land and the yard around the house are roughly the same shape! I asked what shape that might be? He said we would go out in two days and see if I could guess what the shape is.

We did just that. The grass was as high as the stirrups most of the way, with native trees, nut and shade groves, dotting it. The soil felt good in my hands. The cabin he had built was sturdy with a solid foundation. It would accommodate us for a year or so until we could add onto it. The area round the cabin was fenced by a low wall which confirmed my observation regarding the shapes of the farm, the lake and yard that this was the place where I wanted to live forever with my Maggie and our children. We camped that evening in the little house.

During our return ride to town we worked out the conditions of sale. I went straight from the realtor's office to the telegraph office to send this message to my Maggie:

MAGGIE PLEASE COME TO ME STOP PLEASE BE MY WIFE FOREVER  
STOP I HAVE FOUND OUR HOMESTEAD STOP THE LAND  
THE LAKE THE FENCE AROUND THE HOUSE ARE THE SHAPE OF  
MY HEART STOP IT HAS BEAT ONLY FOR YOU FOR FIFTEEN  
YEARS STOP ALL MY LOVE STOP YOUR FINN STOP

*The characters are fictional but the story is threaded with history. Paula lived in Ireland twelve years outside the small fishing village of Baltimore, Co. Cork where Baroness Angela Burdett-Coutts financed the boatyard that helped the community come out of the famine years. The Great Famine of Ireland, 1845-1852, when more than a million people died and over a million and a half emigrated, was the consequence of more than the failure of the potato crop; for that failed throughout Europe and they suffered no famine. Exacerbating the famine were the political, economic and religious policies of the government that bankrupted the country. The emigrants to Britain, the USA, Canada and Australia were the younger members of families, rather than entire families. Emigration-for-survival morphed into a "rite of passage," a tradition that continues, though in a lesser degree, to this day.*

---

## My Heart is Awake

It's time now  
to search for a dream  
For what time seems.  
It may be a dream existence  
That is deep in the light  
With healing power that right;

While the greatest task  
Establishes  
The inevitable  
Or what is to come.

~ Rhonda D. Rauch

# Miracle in the Mall

By Jennifer Chambers

“Ouch!” The clean, ragged-around the edges boy sitting with Santa pulled back his finger from the curved blade of the sleigh and clutched the fingers to his chest. Huge twin silver runner blades curled up around the sides of the sleigh to frame a wide red wooden bench seat with cracked paint. A huge cargo area in the back of the sleigh was now occupied by a garish lit-up Christmas tree.

“Are you all right?” The elf sitting next to Santa on the sleigh in the middle of the Valley River Center Mall grabbed the little boy’s hand to see. In the process, the Elf caught her own hand on the blade tip. “Santa! Did you forget the blade guard?” She looked over at the opposite runner’s cork-tipped point, and then back at Santa.

He had brought his hand up to cover the boy’s cut, and with a touch, it was healed. Santa patted the boy on his head. “There, Richard. It wasn’t cut after all.”

The boy smiled wide, and showed a mouth missing one eye tooth. His tongue poked out of the hole briefly, and when he flexed his hand in front of him, the flannel sleeve of his shirt exposed his wrist. The index finger showed only a small white scratch as souvenir of his accident. “Thanks, Santa.”

The man in red velvet patted his lap. “Well, now, Richard, are you ready to tell me what you’d like for Christmas? I’ve only got just a bit more time. Let me just ask Evie the Elf if we need another cork first.”

He turned to find that Evie had taken a cork out of the red-striped pocket of her green tunic. She polished the tip on her high black boot and stuck it on top of the runner, right at its sharpest point, and it stuck fast. “All set,” she told him, with a twinkle in her eye. “You need to get to Richard and his brother Charlie. They’re the last two for the day. It’s close now; we have to get home soon. Lots of work to do. It’s December 22, you know.”

Santa slapped his knee with his black leather glove. “Don’t I know it? But these two little boys need my attention right now.”

“Hey,” the boy Richard said. “Your smile really does encircle your head like a wreath. Do you smoke a little pipe, too?”

“And your tummy does look like a bowl full of jelly,” a smaller boy behind Richard giggled, and poked Santa in his front gently. He was clearly a younger brother; the flannel shirt was older, but the scrubbed face and thatch of thick blonde hair were the same.

Santa laughed a big booming sound. Richard turned his head to see if other people behind them in the mall heard it, but they were the last ones. Only their Mom and Dad were there, and the shopkeepers closing big iron gates across the mall stores behind them. His parents were fussing with the camera.

“Well, Richard?” Santa patted his lap, and Richard hopped back up. “Now that you’re not hurt, why don’t you tell me what you want for Christmas.”

The boy looked back at his mom and dad, and then down at his brother, who was standing with barely contained excitement, almost bouncing in anticipation of his own turn. He whispered, “Can I tell you in your ear?”

Santa, used to this, bent near. “Of course.” The mall was frozen in time; the sweepers caught in mid-movement, his parents stuck with their mouths open. Only his brother Charlie, Evie the Elf, Santa and Richard were operating at regular speed. It was like a spell had enveloped them in a bubble that time couldn’t pierce, so the boys had enough time to tell Santa their heart’s desire. Evie distracted Charlie the little brother with a hand puppet of a reindeer so that Richard could have more privacy.

“I want to take my brother to Disneyland, but I don’t think we can afford it.” His small white face was pinched with worry. “My daddy builds houses and he’s been laid off for a while.”

Santa thought about this for a moment. “Does your family get enough to eat?” he asked gravely.

The little boy looked away. “Mostly I eat at school, but Mama makes dinner lots of times when she gets home from work. Daddy works making food boxes for the homeless since he can’t go to work right now.” He looked embarrassed. At nine or ten his growing body was about to burst from his shoes.

“What else might you want, young Richard?”

“I’d like the Percy Jackson books. I read them from



the library, but I want to read those lots of times.”

Santa smiled, and it really did stretch ear to ear. The smile was like a beam of light in the overheated, stuffy mall.

“That’s a fine wish, Mr. Richard. Let’s give your brother a turn, now.” He slid the boy off his lap and motioned to Evie the Elf.

“Give young master Richard an especially big candy cane, please.”

He reached behind him to the tree in the back of the sleigh. “Take this and give it to your mom, please.” The ornament he handed the boy was shaped like Mickey Mouse, with a little gold clasp on the top and a hinge on the bottom.

The little brother was next. “Charlie, what would you like for Christmas?” Santa chuckled. “If you can sit still long enough to tell me.”

The younger boy grinned. “I want some Hot Wheel Cars, please.” He clutched the fur trim of Santa’s robe.

“And a Star Wars Build-a-Bear outfit.”

Santa gave the boy a pat on the head. “You’ve been a good boy for your momma this year, haven’t you, Charlie?” He nodded quickly. “Oh, yes, Santa.”

“Good boy. Evie, would you give this boy a candy cane, please? I think it’s time for us all to go home.” He handed him a star-shaped ornament with a similar clasp and hinge.

“Give this to your mom, please.”

Charlie bounced off Santa’s lap and over to his waiting brother. The boys dutifully handed over the ornaments.

“Look, Mama, what Santa gave us!”

Their mother wrapped them carefully in her warm winter scarf and set the bundle in her purse. They walked out the pneumatic doors of the mall. “Say bye to Santa, boys. It’s his last day before he goes home to his workshop,” she told them.

They glanced back, but the sleigh was gone. “Mama, he’s not there!” Charlie cried.

“Mmm, hmm,” his mother murmured. “Let’s go now, Baby.”

They piled into their old truck and trundled home. Charlie and Richard’s mother and father got them bathed and ready for bed, all snug and tight in their pajamas.

“Mama? What about the ornaments Santa gave us? Can we put them on the tree?” Charlie asked in a ploy for a later bedtime.

“It’s *orn-a-ments*, Charlie.” He was hard to resist. She smoothed his cheek. “You two get downstairs, and I’ll go get them.

She got her purse from the hall closet and retrieved the bundle of ornaments wrapped in the scarf. One by one, she handed them to her respective children.

In the glow of the lights from the tree, Richard’s face glowed, and then fell in disappointment. “Mama? He handed her the ornament. “I think mine’s broken.

“Really?” She took the ornament gently and brought it to her face for a better look. “Oh, it isn’t broken. I think it’s a box. I can’t open it though. Maybe your dad can. Honey, can you get this?”

Their father, a bigger version of the two blonde boys, came in from the kitchen where he was doing dishes, a towel slung over his shoulder. He kissed the top of his wife’s head. “How can I help?”

She handed him the Mickey ornament. “I guess this is a box. I can’t get it open.”

His massive, callused hand dwarfed the delicate glass ornament. “Here.” He handed it back to her.

She withdrew a handful of papers, and then gasped. “It’s... it’s a trip to Disneyland. With vouchers for airplane tickets and everything.” She sat down hard on the threadbare couch and unfolded the papers. “There are vouchers for food, for hotel, for everything.” She swallowed and handed them to her husband.

“Oh, my lord. You can’t be serious.” They exchanged a glance, worried to get the children’s hopes up. He went through the papers as well. “Holy cow. We must have won some kind of contest or something.”

A tiny piece of paper fluttered out of Mickey Mouse. The father picked it up. “Merry Christmas. Love, Santa,” he read. They read the papers carefully in a minute or two and talked to each other in low voices at the kitchen table while the kids waited, big-eyed and silent, on the floor in front of the tree.

“What about the other one?” He asked the boys. Charlie handed him the star, lip quivering as if he was about to cry. “It’s okay, sweetie. I’ll give it back in just a minute.” He handed Richard the Mickey Mouse and went back to the table.

He opened the star ornament and stared as vouchers for the large chain grocery store chain fell out. “These must be five hundred dollars worth of food,” he said in wonder.

“I’m in so much shock right now I don’t know what to think,” his wife said, and then a tear leaked from her eye. “I can make a real Christmas dinner. We won’t have to get the food box.”

He reached over to grasp her hand and squeeze. “It’s for real. I read everything and it’s the real deal.”

Her radiant smile pushed away any sign of tears. “Let’s tell the boys.”

They walked over and handed Charlie his star back. “Do you want to put it on the tree?” his mom asked him, and lifted him up to put it on a high branch. “Do you need help, Richard?”

“No, I got it.” He put his on as high a branch as he could reach.

“Good job.” She hugged each of them, in turn, and then stood up to hold her husband’s hand. He nodded at her. “Guess what?” she asked the boys.

“We’re going to Disneyland!”

## Grandmama's Delight

Swinging, singing, hair flying, flirting with wind  
Back and forth flying, this day is her friend.  
With sunshine and birdsong, she wings up with the  
birds  
Eyes flashing, she's smiling.  
This moment is hers.

This moment is now.  
To its beckoning invite she bows.  
No angst, plans or lists for tomorrow  
No troubles, regrets from the past  
Will she borrow.

In her world exists only now.  
To time: past and future, only grownups kowtow.  
Wee child welcomes each new wonder, with confident  
stride  
She knows she can do it, once she decides.

Though young, slight and tender, a petite little elf  
Still with every new challenge she declines offers of  
help,  
And proudly declares: "I'll do it myself!"

A three year old Swedish sprite, full of light.  
Annika, my granddaughter, in continual flight.  
Like a humming bird in search of a flower.  
Sampling each moment's sweetness,  
Feeling her power.

Chasing the seagulls and pigeons with glee  
Me close behind her, I too get to be three!  
Puppet shows, puzzles, coloring and storybooks, too  
Ice cream and merry-go-round, so much to do.  
I'm the breathless white-haired relic having a blast.  
Wouldn't you?

Keeping up with big brother, she fears not risk nor  
plight,  
This wee fair maiden, this bubble of light  
Takes on his challenge, rejecting offers of help.  
Her banner proceeds her: "I'll do it myself!"

Pondering stepping stones spanning a stream at the  
zoo.  
I'm sure what she's thinking: "If Ryan can do it, then I'll  
do it too."  
Sleeping away from home on the floor for a bed.  
Bravely jumping in cold swimming pool water over her  
head.  
Riding the train not asking "How long?" or "How far?"  
Eager to board Happy Hallow roller coaster and  
carnival cars,  
Splashing in beach surf, wild freezing cold,  
Then wrapped warm in huge towel like a snug sausage

roll.  
Bouncing on Uncle Jonathan's wide shoulders, like a  
potato sack,  
A tiny, white blond, blue-eyed fairy pack.

Today I forget my worry, fears and my pains  
'Cause fortunate me, I get to be three again!  
I am in this moment for all it is worth  
Engulfed and immersed in giggles and mirth.

When day is done but there's just one more tree to  
climb.  
Her wisdom astounds me as she states: "I'll just do it  
next time."  
Her Daddy returns from his very long day,  
Eyes bright and squealing, Nika runs to his arms, insisting  
they play.  
They work puzzles, read books or play games with up  
roar.  
It is hard to tell which one is enjoying it more.

Like fairy or elf, a whimsical lass,  
She lets go of this magical day, finally, at last.  
Sleeping, safely cradled in mom's arms of love  
They are gifts to each other from Great Mother/Father  
above.

Tomorrow this bright sprite, again swinging with glee  
"Push me higher Grandmama," her continual plea!  
Too soon little sun goddess, I know you will grow, then  
beguile  
Young lads captured by your wide impish smile.

They may be charmed by your size, beauty or lilt in your  
step.  
All eager to assist you, fix the problem or be of some  
help.  
But you'll surely confound them when you sweetly  
announce:  
"No, thank you, I'll do it myself!"

~ Karen Wickham

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## Local Centenarian Celebrates

From *The Dalles Herald* May 2, 1984

By Rachel Rich

**M**inerva Chee, known to her friends as “Minnie,” celebrated her 100th birthday Tuesday at Sunset Hills retirement home. Unfazed by a bevy of reporters, staff, family and friends, Minnie told her story.

Born May 1, 1884, on an Oklahoma reservation, Mrs. Chee attended Cherokee boarding school where she studied gardening, baking and English. But before her graduation, Minnie’s family moved to Oregon, fleeing restrictive Indian laws. “Although it was the worst time of my life, it eventually became the best, because it was in Hood River where I met Chancy. His folks ran the laundry where I worked. I was 15 and he was 20. We were married 63 years. Because I’m not Chinese, his kin weren’t too keen on me. So we moved to The Dalles to start our family.”

Minerva’s earliest memories were of reservation life. “We lived in a teepee my folks made of skins wrapped around poles. My little brother stepped on a hot coal that rolled out of the fire. I can still hear his screams. But he turned out OK. Then we were sent to Indian Boarding School. The Quaker missionaries were nice; I loved singing and gardening. But the soldiers were mean; they beat us for speaking Cherokee. When the government kept changing Indian laws, my dad lost his farm. So my family put everything in a wagon and moved west.”

Columbia salmon season became Minnie’s favorite Oregon event. “There were so many fish, you could cross the river just stepping on salmon backs. Chancy and I used to drive our wagon to Celilo (Falls) where we’d trade my baskets for salmon. My mother taught me to make baskets. The men were perched on wooden platforms where they’d lean way over rushing water to spear salmon. Their women held on by rawhide ropes tied at their waist to keep the fellows from falling in. Of course, sometimes there were accidents. That was sad. At nights there were bonfires with dancing and singing, a real celebration. It reminded me of reservation life. But these were Celilo, not Cherokee, with different language and habits.”

Spectacular natural events punctuated Mrs. Chee’s life. “One winter the (Columbia) river froze over. Traders drove their wagons right over the ice – didn’t have to take a ferry to the Washington side. Boy, did the ferrymen starve that winter. Another time, a forest fire got so hot, flaming trees shot clear across the river. It sounded like dynamite – guess it was pitch exploding. That day I could hardly believe my eyes and ears.”

When asked about the biggest changes in her lifetime, Minerva lists phones, radios and cars. “It used to be folks went calling evenings and weekends when work was done. But now, even though it’s easier, people don’t talk face to face as much as they used to. It’s all that entertainment –

radio and TV – that keeps people alone. They don’t realize people are your biggest treasure.”

Home remedies were once essential, as doctors lived far from rural areas. She relates: “One summer we were fishing on Mosier Creek when Chancy was bitten by a rattler. My dad rushed us to a nearby farm with chickens. Dad grabbed a hen and split it in two with an axe. Then he put both halves around Chancy’s bare foot and wrapped it up with a shirt. Out came the farmer – none too happy and carrying a shotgun. He saw a Chinaman and two Indians stealing his chickens! My dad paid him a dollar to let us go. By the time we got Chancy to a doctor in town, the chicken turned green. When the foot was unwrapped, all you could see were two tiny bite marks and no swelling. As the chicken cooled, it drew off the poison. The doctor was amazed there was nothing more to do; Chancy was all right.”

Minnie’s advice to young people is: “Don’t let anybody boss you around and stay independent as long as you can. I went to live with my son when I was 95, but he didn’t like me making a cook fire in the backyard. So I built my own house. Then the county sent an inspector to stop me. And I told him I built my first house at 15 and it’s still standing. Until last year I lived in my new house on the kids’ property – without so much as one leak or draft. And when my car was taken away, I hitchhiked into town. You have to find a way to solve your own problems.”

As for secrets to longevity, Mrs. Chee starts each day with a bowl of Scotch oats and a cup of coffee. “Then we ate wholesome food: mostly what we cooked, baked, grew or shot ourselves.” She adds with a chuckle and a wink, “A nip of whiskey now and then helps drive out evil spirits.”

Minnie finds “The best part of growing older is sometimes you get treated like royalty when all you do is keep on living. That’s enough talking; I’ve got a hundred candles to blow out. These hungry nurses want cake.”



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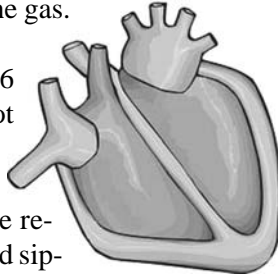
# A Short and Undistinguished History of a Survivor

By Liath McTire

I had no idea that sticking a camera, mounted on a cable, in your heart caused gas. Apparently it does, or, perhaps, it is not a matter of causality, but rather simple coincidence. No matter. I escaped their clutches and lived to tell the tale of the camera but not the gas.

The gas is better left undercover.

We arrived at the hospital at 6 a.m. in the morning, ready, but not really awake. Six a.m. is a wretched time to start something of this magnitude. 6 a.m. should be reserved for staring at newspapers and sipping coffee or tea – your choice. The staff were all very friendly, but then, they would need to be, wouldn't they? If you work in a heart clinic in a hospital and you're dealing with heart patients, you can't very well go around barking at them, can you? They might take a notion to krump on the spot, and there you go.



I'm off the subject. We got there on time and made it past the first checkpoint. No one had yet tried to strike me with a cross or a set of iron worry beads. Did I mention this was a Catholic hospital? Pretty brave of me, you know. Think about it – a heathen, voluntarily entering a Catholic hospital for a heart examination. There is a rather poor history for that sort of thing. Fortunately, no one resembling Torquamada seemed to be anywhere in attendance, and the nurse was a nice Irish lass who seemed to have a lot of enthusiasm for Oregon football.

Nurse Murphy passed me off to this hoary vet of a male nurse, Wayne. My bet is he was a corpsman in 'Nam. Grizzled beard and all. Nice guy though, and he seemed to know what he was doing. He gave me valium and then something else and then a lot of information. Luckily, Penny, my long-suffering wife, was there to take information, because I would have remembered none of it. I went groggy quickly. Penny was solid as a brick through the whole thing. Nice that one of us was.

Two beefy looking characters came to cart me off to The Chamber for examination. Odd thing about those two beefy characters, one of them appeared to be a petite nurse in a scrub suit. They decided to stick the camera in my wrist rather than my groin. I was grateful. They strapped me down and smiled at me while they chatted amongst themselves. No doubt this was all just in a day's work for them – strapping their victims down and violating their bodies. At no time did Father Mulcahey arrive to administer last rights. They knew it would do no good.

I vaguely remember moving from the torture table back to the gurney but not the trip back to the holding cell... uh, room. Everyone was happy and cheerful, but I wasn't

fooled. I was doomed. I went back to sleep. Yet they persisted in their torment by waking me up to talk to me. I believe Nurse Ratchet and someone called Mistress Superior carrying a stick were there, but I could not swear to that. They finally got me awake to talk to the doc. Nice enough lad, but surely not old enough for life and death issues like this.

As things turned out, I'm fine. Some blockage in three arteries, but those can be taken care of with meds and stents. It seems that I have escaped once again.

Penny tells me I have quite the commanding presence while semi-sedated. After returning from the chamber and being woken, I commanded a hamburger; she got me a hamburger. I commanded ice; she got me ice. I commanded coffee; she got me coffee. But when she returned, I was again asleep while holding the hamburger up to my mouth. The hospital is considering erecting a statue to that fine moment.

A survivor.

---

## An Ode to Harry Truman

(of Mt. Saint Helens' Fame)

Here's to a big man, just an ordinary man,  
he wasn't known to the world,  
as such was our late President Truman;  
but he was just as noble and human.  
He stood tall and strong in his beliefs.  
He spoke freely of his thoughts; our freedom of speech.  
He was true to his land to the end; freedom of rights.  
He was faithful to his wife; till death do us part.

The mountain rumbled and the mountain roared.  
People laughed and peopled scorned  
at that senile old man of the ravishing mountain.  
He was as true an American  
as any man I hope to know.  
As he stood for what we all take for granted  
and proudly live by every day of our lives.  
The freedoms of speech, belief and rights  
and the pursuit of happiness.

Harry's spirit will live on  
in the generations to come.  
And in the hearts and minds of us  
that had the privilege to have known him.  
I salute you, Harry Truman, Man of the Mountain;  
A great American as you were,  
Old Man of the Mountain.

~ Jessie Stinson

## His Heart, Her Heart

By Vicki Sourdry

As the big black pickup sped towards the car, his heart thumped like a drum. Adrenaline surged, but there was nothing to be done to avoid the collision. The impact of the speeding truck shook the body, and then crushed his legs between the firewall of the engine compartment and the driver's seat. Seconds, and then minutes, ticked by, and his heart kept pumping, but less and less blood was returning to his heart to be pumped again. The brain no longer transmitted pain. The fire truck and ambulance arrived, but the man heard and felt nothing. As the people in big black jackets and yellow hardhats pried the metal of the demolished car apart, more of the precious blood drained out onto the floorboard. Soon, there was hardly enough left to matter.

The brain kept telling his heart to pump, so it did. But that was about all the brain could do. It was done. The near lifeless body was loaded into the ambulance. Lights flashed and sirens blared. His heart still beat, but there was little true life in the body any more.

Needles were inserted. Bags of fluids were attached and hung. An oxygen mask was placed over the man's nose. "I don't think he's going to make it," one of the voices said, speaking above the sirens.

But the brain said to beat, so his heart beat.

His wife was at the hospital. Tears stained the paper as she signed forms. Then, quickly, the crushed and bloodied body was put onto a tall cart and wheeled into a sterile white operating room. No faces could be seen behind the starched masks and shiny transparent shields. Only eyes. The eyes seemed caring, but there were no tears. Only professional, matter-of-fact voices could be heard.

"Scalpel." "Sponge." "Yes, doctor." "Wipe, please."

As the chest was opened and his heart examined and tested, there was a hint of a smile in the corners of the eyes of the one they had called 'doctor'.

"This will do nicely," the voice said from behind the mask.

As the scalpel cut the arter-

ies, the veins, the nerves and the muscles – all the things that made it a part of the man, his heart stopped beating, and the man was now truly gone.

His heart was put into a silver bowl and taken to another, identical, sterile white operating room. Fluid was put into the bowl to keep his heart hydrated. After a few minutes, a young woman, no older than twenty, was wheeled into the room.

"May I see it?" she asked weakly.

"Certainly," came the answer from a masked face. The eyes were kind. Gloved hands reached into the silver bowl, picked up his heart, and carried it to the side of the gurney. A single drop of blood stained the pristine floor.

"And this will match?"

"Perfectly."

"Then it is the most beautiful thing I have ever seen." She sighed and gave in to the drugs that coursed slowly through her veins, pumped by a heart that no longer worked well enough to keep her alive.

It took the doctors many hours to remove her diseased heart and then to get his heart positioned and attached correctly, but when they were done, and the machines were turned off, his heart had become her heart, and life continued.

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# The Fortunate Bookshop

By Martha Sargent

Cody Campbell marched into the shop and removed the sign from the window. She handed it to the man at the cash register and gave him a broad smile. The sign said “Help Wanted.”

Wally blinked. He had never seen anyone with that many tattoos, and it was a summer day, so he was seeing a lot of them.

“I . . . I think the position is all ready filled, Miss.”

“Yes, I know. It’s the tats, but they’re actually an asset.”

Wally was doubtful as well as stunned, so Cody filled the silence. “Plain people are fascinated, so I can get their attention and steer them toward the books they want. They’re a talking point, and besides, I’m an English major, so I know what to suggest.”

“It doesn’t pay very well.”

“I know, but I need work immediately. I lost my roommate, and I have a daughter to feed. Why don’t you show me around, and I’ll impress you with my literary skills.”

She didn’t sound like a wild child, and Wally really needed a new clerk, so he let himself be persuaded to guide her through the stacks. By the end of the tour, Wally was pulling a work application and W-4 out of a drawer for Cody to fill in. He couldn’t take his eyes off her tats.

“See you tomorrow. Nine a.m.,” she called as she bounced out of the shop.

“What just happened?” asked Wally’s son, returning from the delivery truck with several boxes of orders.

“Wallace and Son, Booksellers, just hired a walking art gallery. I don’t know why. I couldn’t help myself.”

Wally Jr. chuckled and said, “Just don’t try to date her, okay? There’s a 30-year age difference that might kill you.”

Cody appeared at 9:00 sharp and set to work cataloging stock, placing books on proper shelves, and devising a new window display. Wally Sr. watched her in awe.

“I won’t handle cash until you trust me,” Cody told him.

She used the small kitchen to make them lunch. At 3 p.m., she took a break to pick up her eight-year-old from school. Miss Tattoo of 2010 returned and made a place for Amanda to sit and do her homework. Wally sighed with relief. Amanda had no tats that he could see. She looked like a model child and she was as unexpectedly quiet. Wally Sr. and Jr. stood back and nodded to each other. It was a miracle.

Over the next few weeks customers took to Cody and business started to improve. Then shoppers began to relate surprising news. Mr. Shapiro said that after purchasing a book on forgiveness, he received an apology from an old enemy who wanted to reconcile. He was amazed how easy it was to forgive him. Then Gloria Williams told Wally

she had bought a book on vitamins, and her hay fever went away. Another customer took home a book on relationships. Two days later she met a wonderful man at work. As a gift, George Odom received a book on memory care and he found several items he thought were lost forever.

On and on it went. Many lucky book lovers invited their friends to Wallace and Son. Soon the shop was crowded with customers. Both Wallys were dumbfounded.

“Is Cody doing something?” asked younger Wally. “This started right after she arrived.”

“How can that be? She’s just a girl. She might get more customers, but she can’t make good luck, can she?”

In three month’s time, the store was too crowded. Older Wally was exhausted. Another clerk was hired to handle orders and ring up purchases, and Cody flew about the store, finding books and making suggestions. Amanda still did her homework in the children’s section, but now it was noisy and packed with kids.

Wally Sr. called a store meeting to discuss possible solutions.

“Perhaps we should buy the space next door, Pop.”

“Great idea but we’re still paying off loans from this place. We don’t have enough cash to swing it. Other suggestions?”

“We could use a clerk who just does stock work,” said Cody.

“We might be able to afford that.” Wally Sr. wiped his tired eyes. He looked worried.

“Maybe this has better suggestions on managing money.” Cody offered Wally a book.

Wally snorted, but he took it home and read half a chapter before falling asleep. The next morning he moved the book to his night stand, and a small slip of paper fell out. Wally chuckled. It was Amanda’s writing. She was clearly practicing her script by writing affirmations. This one said, *You have all you need. Trust.*



What a sweet idea, he thought, putting affirmations in my books. Something only a child would think to do.

He felt less tired as he dressed for work and strolled the three blocks to his store. Along the way he thought about trust and, with a smile, he talked himself into buying a lottery ticket at the corner market.

Wally Jr. was in a good mood, too. "Guess what, Pop? Mr. Frazier was in and told me an affirmation was in the book he bought. It said, 'You are worthy. Ask for what you want.' So he asked for a promotion and got it. Can you believe that?"

Wally Sr. blanched, thought about his lotto ticket, and shook his head. *No, no way.*

Wednesday night, right after the drawing, Wally Sr. called his son to come over and verify the numbers on the ticket.

"Well, Dad. It seems we can afford that space next door after all."

There was a big party when the annex opened, and Cody agreed to stay on as long as Wallace and Son was individually owned. It was also agreed that Amanda would limit the affirmations so that the new store wouldn't become a circus show. But, as little girls do, she sometimes went into other shops and left her affirmations in their books.

## Buying or Selling in Lane County?



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## Serendipity Sessions

In the far reaching furrows,  
on the frontier of the future,  
beyond the fear-founded feelings  
of failure...  
lies this moment.

Precariously perched in the present am I,  
and I tumble in thoughts  
of the true path of passion;  
seems the fashion these days,  
and I find I'm amazed  
by the simplest things  
that a fresh moment brings.  
Can I linger here long?

May the seconds tick slowly  
as I slip through the shadows  
of serendipity sessions;  
for the plans that are painted  
from the palette of presence  
are most promising,  
and pure,  
and profound...

and it's nice to be around.

Do I sense these sensations  
for the same round of reason  
that I'm writing these rhymes  
to arouse you?

Are moments just fleeting by:  
tricklings of time...  
I may come to;  
I'm here now;  
I pass them;  
they're through.

Remember them fondly  
for they spark something new:  
the next measure of moments  
that surrounds you.

~ C. Steven Blue

**To learn more about our returning contributors, check out their webpages on the *Groundwaters* website at:**

<http://www.groundwaterspublishing.com>

A memory is a photograph taken by the heart to make a special moment last forever. *Unknown Author*

What the heart gives away is never gone. It is kept in the hearts of others. *Robin St. John*

# Value Engineering

By Gus Daum

“What is this! Value Engineering! Who wrote this?” The Plant Manager snarled as he glared at the contract manager, “It’s nothing but a prettied up description of a nosy efficiency engineer.”

“Yes, sir. We know that, sir. But someone in the Navy back in D.C. wants it included in all their new aerospace contracts. And, they’re willing to pay for half our engineers to take this two-hour Introductory Course. Oh, and pay well.” He paused.

It was so ordered.

Value Engineering was a well-intentioned, but poorly administered concept to encourage innovative thinking in design and production to “reduce time, save material cost, and reduce wasted motion.” Rapidly expanding companies – and ABC Company was one of those – had often added marginal employees to meet the urgent manpower needs of aerospace during the Cold War of the 1960’s. ABC, like many, assigned their less vital employees to give lip service to contract requirements like Value Engineering. JV Whittlesey was not vital, as no one yet found anything he could do well during his few months with the Company. But he took the concepts of the Course to heart and the limits of his ability. No one was impressed.

He still didn’t have a meaningful work assignment in the plant, so he took the VE system to his life outside the plant. His first application of his new skills was in his home where he rearranged the foods in the cupboards, filed the kitchen spices alphabetically, and made his beer more accessible in the refrigerator. Clothing was rearranged in their closets. His wife was not pleased.

He made suggestions to the grocer, pharmacist and his mechanic, none of whom seemed to appreciate his skill. His only action of record was this letter, written to the conductor, Igor Oklsowski, after JV and Mrs. W. attended a concert performance of the Houston Symphony Orchestra.

Dear Mr. Oklsowski,

You will be pleased to learn that I enjoyed last Sunday’s performance by your band. At the same time, I feel called upon to offer some constructive criticism. As a musician, you would not be aware of recent industrial developments such as Value Engineering. This analytic system might provide cost savings that could make your band more commercially feasible; the Hall appeared to be only about half filled. You needn’t be apologetic at my suggestions, as you know some things about music which I don’t. My observations and recommendations follow:

- It is obvious that some good methods analysis has been performed. Your piano player was not only using both hands at the same time, but employing his feet as well, at times. This is excellent! However, the frequency with which he had to reach out to the end of the keyboard suggests a review of piano keyboard design to place these outer keys more convenient to his hands. You should note that the typewriter

has nearly as many keys as a piano (i.e. 66 for the typist versus 88 on a piano). The typist uses a fixed hand position, see! Similar design of the piano could clearly provide less fatigue, less wasted effort and eyestrain for the piano player.

- Many of your band people were playing what the program referred to as semi-demi quavers. This no doubt requires greater skill than a simple pure tone, and greater skill means higher wages. I suggest you rewrite the music to allow this potential savings in labor cost with lesser skilled workers.

- There was a lot of duplication, particularly in the violin side of the stage. I observed often that all 18 of your violin players were playing the same note. You also had 7 trombone players who were playing right together much of the time. It is very expensive to have several people doing the same thing, bad for morale as well. More volume could come from only one or two instruments by use of the excellent amplifying systems which are now widely available.

- Repetition was very evident throughout the program. Early in one number, the violins played the tune for several minutes, then were silent while the horns played the same exact tune for several minutes. I failed to keep accurate timing early in the program, but estimate conservatively that the two hours program could be reduced to forty- five minutes if you review and eliminate repetition such as noted.

- An excellent tax gimmick is equipment obsolescence. The program noted that one of your senior violinists was using a Stradivarius, over 500 years old. This equipment should have been written off years ago at a 5% depreciation rate. Taxes, you know. A systematic replacement policy would also permit you to use constantly improving equipment, what we Value Engineers call state- of- the- art.

- The strained facial expressions of your horn players made it obvious that much needless effort is expended in producing air to play these instruments. A single air compressor, approximately sixteen horsepower, would provide more than adequate high pressure air for up to forty- seven horns. This would eliminate the fatigue element I observed. Simple valving could allow greater/lesser volume for the specific tune or even a specific passage being played.

I could be available for private consultation on other suggestions that I could offer to your benefit.

In closing, let me repeat that I enjoyed your program last Sunday. These suggestions are offered not to improve your really quite good music, but to reduce your costs and put you in a more competitive market position.

Sincerely,  
J. V. Whittlesey,  
Value Engineer  
Tele: 999- 123- 456

JV read this letter to his wife before mailing. She nodded with a resigned sigh.

# A Journey With Heart

By Karen Wickham

I try pretending that everything is fine when it is not. I feel anxious, hurt and lonely. It is the big family Thanksgiving bash on the Coast. The five-bedroom vacation home overlooks awesome ocean views on three sides. We are 13 celebrants.

While graciously and exuberantly greeting others, one family member continues to refuse acknowledgment of my existence, no eye contact, no welcoming greeting, and no smile. My attempt at greeting and small talk is met with an angry glare and tart response. She makes an effort to stay out of my space, sitting at the other end of the table, leaving room when I enter, etc., facilitated by my staying clear of her. This, our pattern for four years, seems more intense this year.

I am the matriarch of this clan. We have been assembling together on the coast every year for 13 years, originally to please me, but this well-established tradition now thrives on its own, helped by eager little people, bonded cousins.

As spiritual seeker and therapist, I have practiced compassionate communication, honesty and authenticity for nearly 20 years. Still, in the face of blatant rejection, I begin to feel afraid. I doubt myself. Ghosts of my past come to assail me. In the face of ongoing danger, I access the skill I learned as a child. I become invisible. Presently, only the beauty of the natural world breaks thru my sadness and confusion, sometimes. Over the years, surrounded by the people I love, Thanksgiving has become my favorite holiday. Now, mostly, I feel sad and scared.

I know what I must do and have waited for an opportunity for four long days; to reach out one more time. I have practiced well my communication skills. I have given empathy, written affirming letters, emails, always met by a wall of fury and hostility. So why try again? Because I dare not not try.

I have chosen the path of an open heart. There is danger and risk with such decision, as there is no option to shut down, be inauthentic, no option to become hostile, defensive or vindictive. I am allowed only to blunder through, where angels fear to fly, confront all my demons with my heart open, and allow the other to potentially wound but never to determine my thoughts or alter my caring path.

Finally, I find her in the kitchen alone. With thumping heart and trembling legs, I know this is my opportunity to reach out again. Her narrowed eyes and dark contorted expression clearly reveals I am not welcome. To my, "Would you be willing to talk with me?" her angry voice snaps, "About what?"

Still shaking, I describe her behavior, familiar to both of us, over past days. I share my sad and anxious feelings


regarding the distance between us and my desire for a warm connection. I remind her she is my son's wife and I the future grandmother of her precious yet unborn children. She responds with a torrent of angry words and accusations. She recounts each of my past attempts to connect in letters, emails or in person. She claimed in each I was insensitive, dishonest and hurtful. Each incident she shares seems to fuel her hostile fire. I listen deeply, quietly, keeping my heart open. Suddenly I sense a huge shift in myself. I GET IT! I see beneath her words profound pain and terror. I hear finally the "PLEASE!" – the request, "Don't get too close!"

I thanked her for telling me. I guessed out loud that she wanted no more communication from me, no words or tokens of love, exchange of gifts, cards, letters or emails. She agreed that was exactly her request. In the family gatherings, she asked that our words and behavior be polite and cordial. I agree to her wish while silently welcoming the upgrade from quiet smolder and militant distance to genial and courteous.

It is not the outcome I had longed for, but one I sincerely hope we can live with. I now realize, I had been the cat that insists on sitting on the lap of the one who dislikes cats, perhaps in an effort to change her mind. The more I tried to reach out to this daughter, the more resistant and frightened she became. Until she feels safe enough to tell me, I can only imagine her reasons, her history.

The rest of our weekend she was pleasant and even chatty with me. I was enormously relieved, as no doubt was she. As I heard once, "Hate is a poison one takes to hurt the other."

I am grateful that a courageous intention to keep my heart open prohibits the option of judging, lashing out, or hiding. I am grateful that this precious person, my daughter, was able to share what she needs most from me and I, in turn, could truly hear her.



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## My Imperfections

I will not be controlled under your thumb.  
I will not define myself by your terms.  
Each definition I will myself write.  
I am not confined by your vernacular.

I will not make my rhyme somehow perfect,  
But approx'mate, loose, internal, and naught.  
I will not deign by your parameter.  
Perhaps I will use incredibly long sentences that barely  
fit on the line!

The poem becomes free  
Fleeting from line to line.  
And Yet I know,

Entropy, chaos

Will eventually make imperfection.  
Random raindrops come down to human eye –  
– randomly  
But snapshots prove chaos creates – order.  
Raindrops fall evenly spaced and yet you  
Expect my perfection to reflect care.  
That ordered my thoughts on paper or scroll  
Is best but  
Just as a raindrop  
I will become  
Perfect  
Through  
My imperfections.

~ Alyksys Lenamé

## Since First Grade I've Been Concerned with Worms

Each wintry day I'd tread in rapt mistrust  
as I picked my way to school and home  
charily steeped in angst and disgust.  
Worms claimed the sidewalk their own.

I held my father most to blame  
for that block long park I had to pass  
with lounging wrigglers spread amass.  
It was he who'd enrolled me at Holy Name.

Too many times I was late for class.  
"It was the worms" I pled, when I explained.  
My beloved Sister Mary, taking my pass,  
Looked embarrassed, wary and pained.

~ Jean Marie Purcell

## Heart What Have You Licked Today?

In the myrtle warren  
I remember invisible lurching  
This heart times seventeen  
I remember I would be mystic  
I remember the price  
I remember smoke  
The moon says bolt the stodgy twilight  
I came from between crows  
My hands bruise  
My hands say solve  
They cut oleander  
From their immediacy  
Your eyelids  
Momentary whistling  
I take July make it the solution  
Take River make it winter  
Make it my business  
I am clumsy with pardon  
I forget lesser stars in favor of Mercury  
Here comes the moon again  
For security reasons waxier  
I court peepers count possum eyes  
Those intermediaries between dream  
And orange sickle  
My mother never said  
Accelerate your dreams dear  
You're running late

~ Quinton Hallett

## Life's Flow

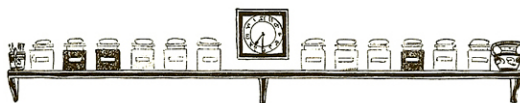
Our life flows like a river,  
At times it rages like a rapid  
Other times it is as placid as an eddy

From the beginning of our life's flow  
We gather particles of life as the river gathers sand  
Our minds sift through these particles, scrubbing bad  
memories away  
And letting the good things settle to a permanent place  
in our minds

Watching the rivers flow helps me to find the good  
things that settled  
Some so deep that I have almost forgotten  
Once stirred up like sand in the current  
They become as clear as a pool at the rapid's end  
Reflecting the beauty and tranquility that dwells within  
and around us

~ Herbie

# Cookin' With Jen



This New Year, I wanted to start with something old, of course! I think it's valuable to reminisce, and old cookbooks are always my favorite. I chose to spotlight an old cookbook I received from my grandma, the *G.W. McNess' Cookbook*, a promotional cookbook by the Furst-McNess Company, made somewhere around the 1910's-1920's.

Cookbooks like this one make up a big part of my mostly-inherited cookbook collection. They're rare in that as soft-bound books designed for daily use, they don't often last. Also, as promotional items, they're also more collectable. This particular cookbook is interesting, too, because it is cosmopolitan -- there are recipe sections, and each has area-appropriate translations of "foreign" cuisine. In that light, and to bring a little foreign intrigue to a gray winter, I'm sharing them here.

## From France:

### Pommes De Terre, Barigoule

Place 20 potatoes in a saucepan with enough broth to cover them and boil slowly until done. Drain, taking care not to break them. Put 1 tsp. of olive oil in a deep frying pan, heat, put in potatoes, tossing them until they are browned all over lightly. Place on a dish and sprinkle with salt, pepper, and vinegar. Serve piping hot.

### French Omelet

3 eggs  
½ tsp. salt  
Speck of pepper  
3 T. hot water  
1 tsp. butter

Beat the yolks of the eggs until thick; add salt, pepper, and water. Fold in the whites of the eggs beaten stiff. Cook in a hot buttered omelet pan until it sets and is brown underneath. Finish cooking on the top grate of the oven. Chopped parsley, cheese, fruit jelly or meat may be placed in the center. Fold and turn into a heated platter.

## From Italy:

### Chicken

Prepare chicken for frying. Fry in hot olive oil until browned to suit. Use a deep pot with well fitting cover. When chicken is right color, season to taste, pour over one small glass red wine and cook covered for 1 ½ to 2 hours.

## From Germany:

### Cauliflower Salad

1 small head cauliflower  
5 T. Cream  
Salt  
Juice of one lemon  
1 T. finely chopped chives or spinach  
Trim and steam cauliflower and put through food chopper, mix with cream and lemon juice. Sprinkle finely chopped chives over salad and serve.

### Baked Ham

2 or 3 slices of center cooked ham. Cover with milk and water. Bake one hour in roaster. Add:  
6 whole potatoes, medium size  
6 carrots  
6 turnips or large pieces of rutabaga  
6 onions  
2 c. milk and boiling water  
Bake for 1 ½ hours more. Serve on platter. Slightly thicken the gravy left in the pan and season to taste.

## From Norway:

### Norwegian Rye Bread

1 c. graham flour  
¼ c. brown sugar  
3 c. rye flour  
1 T. salt  
1 cake yeast (2 ½ t.)  
Mix dry ingredients. Pour and beat in as much hot water as flour will take up, making a stiff batter. Cover, let stand until lukewarm. Add dissolved yeast, 1 c. water and regular wheat flour to desired thickness of dough. Let stand until double its bulk. Shape into loaves, let rise 1 hour, and bake in 375 degree oven for 1 ¼ hours.



# Love on the Lost Continent: An Atlantis Mystery

By Jennifer Chambers

*(Conclusion)*

The man unfolded one arm to enclose his wife, who in turn drew the children close. "I told you, we try to save the oceans. Sometimes the oceans bring people home in their ships. Do not try to understand. Our world exists in a different time and place than yours. We age very slowly." A chain was visible at his neck, suspending a pendant of the triple spiral shape seen before.

"But why do we have to go?" Max sounded like a petulant child himself. He wanted to give this to the world, he thought, and give this gift to Abby. Together they would tell the world. It was too amazing not to.

"We can stay with you. You said yourself that the rules don't apply to us." Abby's desperation was back. The way she clenched her hands, elbows tight to her sides and eyebrows lifted as she pled her case, telegraphed her wish to stay.

The man shook his head and gently untangled his wife and children from his arms, walking toward them and herding them back upstairs.

"We cannot let you stay." He shook his head sadly, and his wife tilted her head to one side so that her gills were visible.

"Our world will be in danger if you reveal the secret of our existence," he said simply, herding them until they were at the bottom stair. "But I will give you this." He flashed a sharp-toothed smile at them and moved almost more quickly than they could see to take the chain off his neck. "Here."

He handed the spiral pendant to Max, who held it for a second, shocked, and then put it in his waist pouch. "Now go." The man walked toward them so that they were forced to walk upstairs, backwards, unwilling to let the Atlantis-dwellers out of sight until the last. He walked them out the door of the pub and watched them walk down the street, framed in the doorway, until they stepped off the sidewalk and put their masks and breathing apparatus back on.

"Max?" Abby took her eyes off the doorway to focus on him, reluctantly, and when she looked back half-expected the buildings to disappear. They didn't. "What the hell?"

The streets were as full now as they had been empty. Throngs of people came from their respective buildings, the plants waved in the breeze, children played ball in front of the pub, all behind a protective bubble. It was like watching an ancient version of a television show; "Survivor—Ancient civilizations."

Max turned, and with a forceful kick, swam back to the surface. The gauge had said they were so low, but now it said they were merely thirty feet below the surface. He kicked faster, hoping Abby was behind him, his spirit torn. How could he not tell the world?

Abby saw him take off and wavered, then followed him. Her mind was exploding with joy, and confusion. What could they do? What ethics were they bound by in this situation?

Max saw the dark outline of Spotted Owl's boat and sur-

faced near it. Abby was less than a minute behind. Before he could clear the water from his eyes, he saw them and swam protectively close to Abby.

A ring of native canoes surrounded their boat. Hollowed out of trees, the canoes were from another time. Obsolete. But not to the trio of Native American men rowing each craft, their strong paddles sculling in the water. In the closest canoe to Max, a man stood slowly, gripping the shoulder of the man in front of him for balance. "I need the necklace." He held out his right hand, and the other men of the boat paddled close. "Please."

"But, how did you know?" Max flapped around wildly, his legs flutter-kicking to keep him afloat.

Abby blew her breathing tube clear and pushed her mask on her forehead. "Spotted Owl."

"Damn." Max looked over at their vessel, now being boarded by a canoe of men. They watched the men take all the film out of the cameras and dunk the computers in the ocean before placing them on the floor of the boat to smash with hammers. Then the men placed the carcasses and film in their canoe and paddled back to the circle. Spotted Owl spread his hands as if to say, "Sorry."

Max could see it was futile. He reached for the pouch and withdrew the necklace, shimmering like mother of pearl. He held it up in his fist to catch the light. The leader leaned out to reach for it.

"No!" Abby swam to them and Max held her arms. "Abby, they've got weapons." He used his head to point to the spears and arrows held by the other passengers. "We don't have a choice."

She screamed and raged, and the canoes paddled away. Max used the fireman's hold to tow her back to the boat and got her aboard with some difficulty.

Spotted Owl had left the boat with the engine running, tethered safely by anchor. Max took the controls and Abby slouched into the galley to get off her wet clothes, aware of how cold she was at last.

She came back to trade places, her eyes red and nose running. "We were so close."

He said nothing, just gave her the controls and went to change himself. He came back dressed in warm clothes and holding a silver flask. "Want some?" He took a pull and handed it over.

She laughed. "Like that'll help? Why not?"

When she drank deep, he laughed too. "Nobody would believe it anyway. Wanna go for a boat ride?"

He pulled her close and held on. "I'll adventure out with you anytime."

Surprised, she leaned in to accept his embrace. "And anyway," she murmured through a wicked smile, "they never said we couldn't come back."

# Groundwaters' School Outreach Program

By Pat Edwards

Through a grant awarded to *Groundwaters* in 2010, by the Oregon Country Fair's Bill Wooten Endowment Fund, we were given funds and the opportunity to take local authors and artists into the area's classrooms. Our objective was to foster, encourage and support creativity by providing area youngsters the opportunity to express themselves through writing or art and reward them by allowing them to see their work published outside of the classroom. We offered the area schools a selection of authors and artists who were willing to participate and the teachers in both the Fern Ridge and Crow-Applegate-Lorane School Districts were enthusiastic. Unfortunately, class schedules were filled for the remaining spring classes and finding time during fall term proved to be a challenge, as well. As a consequence, we were only able to conduct two workshops, both held at Lorane Elementary School.

The teachers there invited Nick DeAngelo, a cartoonist whose comic strip, *Just Add Water*, appears in each issue of *Groundwaters*, as their featured guest. He and Jennifer Chambers of *Groundwaters*, worked with 45 students from kindergarten through sixth grade. They began the program with Nick interactively demonstrating cartoon techniques to the entire group by drawing a cartoon character. He had the children suggest features that they

wanted him to include in the character that they created together. They then broke into two groups. The K-2 group was led by Jennifer who, with the help of the primary teachers, Jamie Ledgerwood and Nicole Glenn, worked with the students to create their own personalized ladybug cartoon characters. Nick and teacher, Nate Robertson, worked with the students in Grades 3-6 as they designed and drew their own comic strips. The finished drawings were collected from both groups; the students who had not completed theirs were given a few more days to do so. Pat Edwards scanned all of the drawings and created two chapbooks called *Cartoon Capers* and *Ladybug Jamboree*. Enough copies were published for each one of the participating students and their teachers to have their own personal copy, thereby giving them the opportunity to see their work in print.

Nick and Jennifer received rave reviews from the teachers at Lorane. It was a fun experience for all. We thank not only Nick, Jennifer and the Lorane teachers, but the Oregon Country Fair, as well, for allowing us this rare opportunity to interact with the youth in the area.

We are including some of the results of the workshops in our "Bubbling Up" section (pages 30-31). Thanks to all who participated!

## Groundwaters NameFind

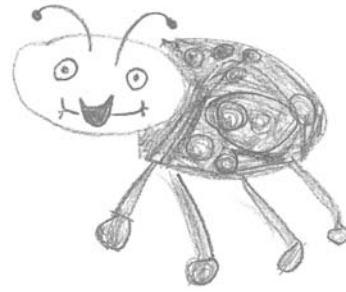
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### Names and Titles from the Fall Issue of *Groundwaters*

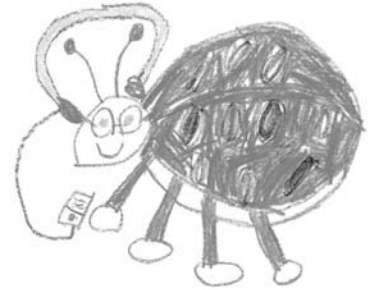
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GARYLEWIS	QUINTONHALLETT
JEANPURCELL	SHARONMUNSON
RHONDARAUCH	HESNOTHEAVY
RACHELRICE	CAROLADUNN
JUDYHAYSEBERTS	PATBROOME

# Bubbling Up

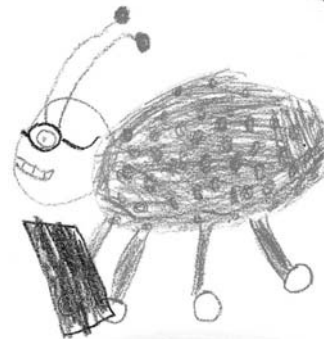
18 & under talent



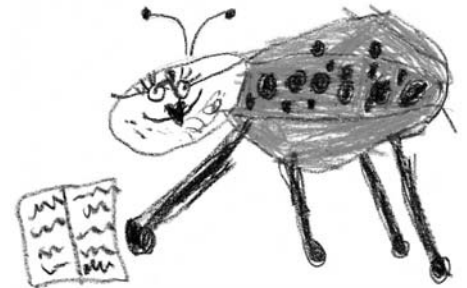
By Aleena, Kindergarten



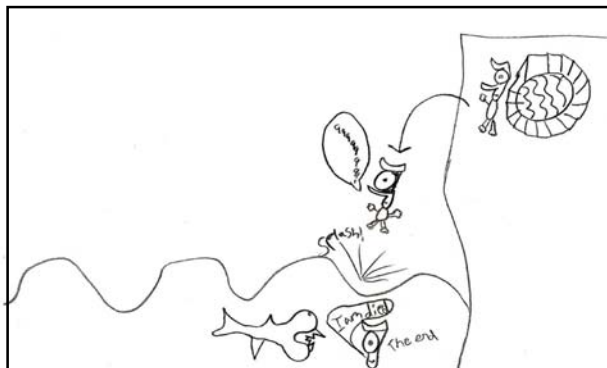
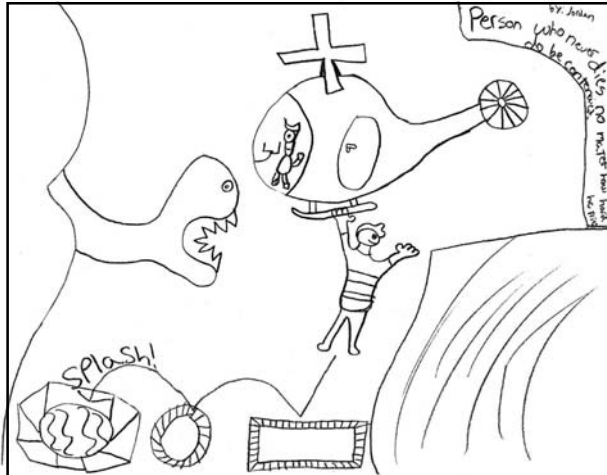
By Austin, Grade 2



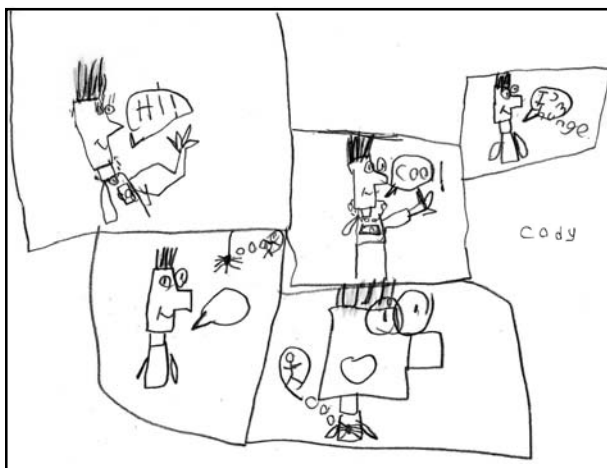
By Braden, Grade 1



By Clara, Grade 1



By Jordan A., Grade 6



By Cody, Grade 3

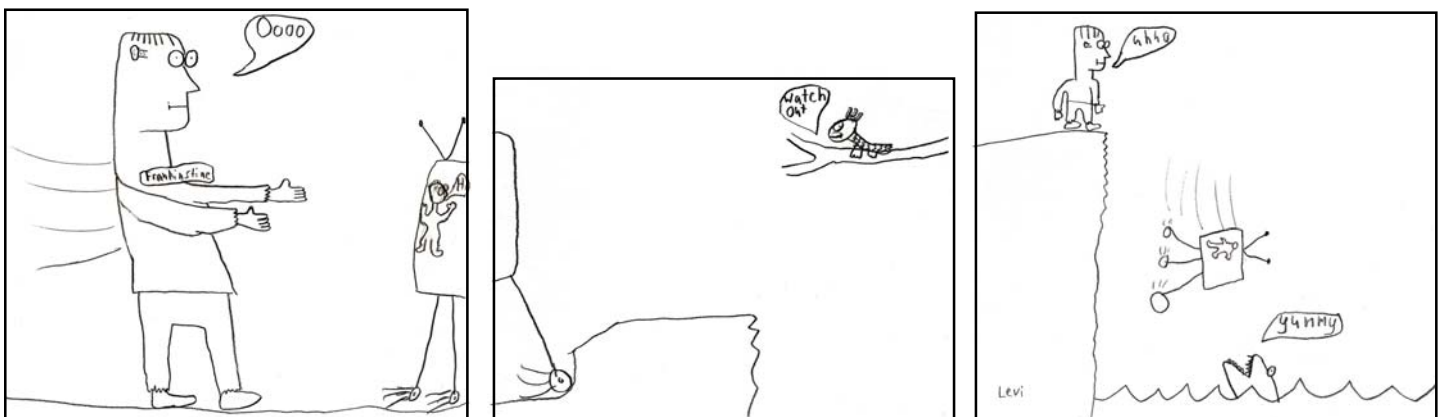
## Cartoon Capers and Ladybug Jamboree

Lorane Elementary School

# ...JUST ADD WATER



~ Nick DeAngelo



By Levi, Grade 4

**ART, Inc.** is in the midst of preparing for a big push to get the theater building ready. Much work has been done on the building, but much more is yet to do!

To that end, Applegate Regional Theatre, Inc. (ART, Inc.) is pleased to announce:

### **WHAT ~ Auditions for ART, Inc. Reader's Theater Troupe.**

We want to get 4 or 5 shows cast, rehearsed, and ready by the end of February or early March. These will be Reader's Theater plays that will perform at the Broadway Events Center in Veneta as well as other local venues in the area. That would include Moose Halls, wineries, schools, senior centers, granges, fire halls, etc. in Veneta, Elmira, Junction City, Cottage Grove, Eugene, Walton, Noti, Crow, Lorane, etc.

**WHEN ~ Thursday, January 13th at 7pm and Saturday, January 15th at 11am.** No need to pre-register; just show up.

**WHERE ~ Broadway Events Center, Community Room.** 5th & Broadway in Veneta. Brown & white building on the corner with a big MOOSE sign on the roof. The parking lot is on the north side of the building.

**WHO ~** Ages 18 and older. No experience necessary. This is Community Theater!

### **OTHER STUFF ~**

- You must be available a couple nights a week for rehearsals and various weekend afternoons/nights for performances.
- This will be a "cold reading" audition, meaning that you do not need to prepare something. We will give you material to read when you get there.
- Marti Stevens Byers is our Artistic Director, and she will be the Director of the troupe and the person running the auditions.
- If you would like to work "backstage" (sound, costumes, intermission, ticket sales, publicity, etc.) please let us know. We will have a meeting of all those interested and go from there!

There is a lot going on at the **Rural Arts Center** in Lorane. January 8 is "Family Night" and the movie will be "Labyrinth." February 12<sup>th</sup> is "Sorcerer," also a family night. In addition to the movie, Movie nights feature homemade soup, salad, and bread, and a door prize giveaway too. Suggested donation is \$7.00. The Rural Arts Center Movie Night is located at the Lorane Grange at 6 p.m. every second Saturday of the month, October through March.



## The Purple Heart

*"The General, ever desirous to cherish virtuous ambition in his soldiers as well as foster and encourage every species of military merit, directs that whenever any singularly meritorious action is performed, the author of it shall be permitted to wear on his facings, over his left breast, the figure of a heart in purple cloth or silk edged with narrow lace or binding. Not only instances of unusual gallantry but also of extraordinary fidelity and essential service in any way shall meet with due reward. The name and regiment of the persons so certified are to be enrolled in a Book of Merit which shall be kept in the orderly room." The order further states: "Men who have merited this distinction to be suffered to pass all guards and sentinels which officers are permitted to do. The order to be retroactive to the earliest stages of the war, and to be a permanent one." Washington ended his order with: "The road to glory in a patriot army and a free country is thus open to all." ~ George Washington, August 7, 1782*



*If you like what you read, pass it on*