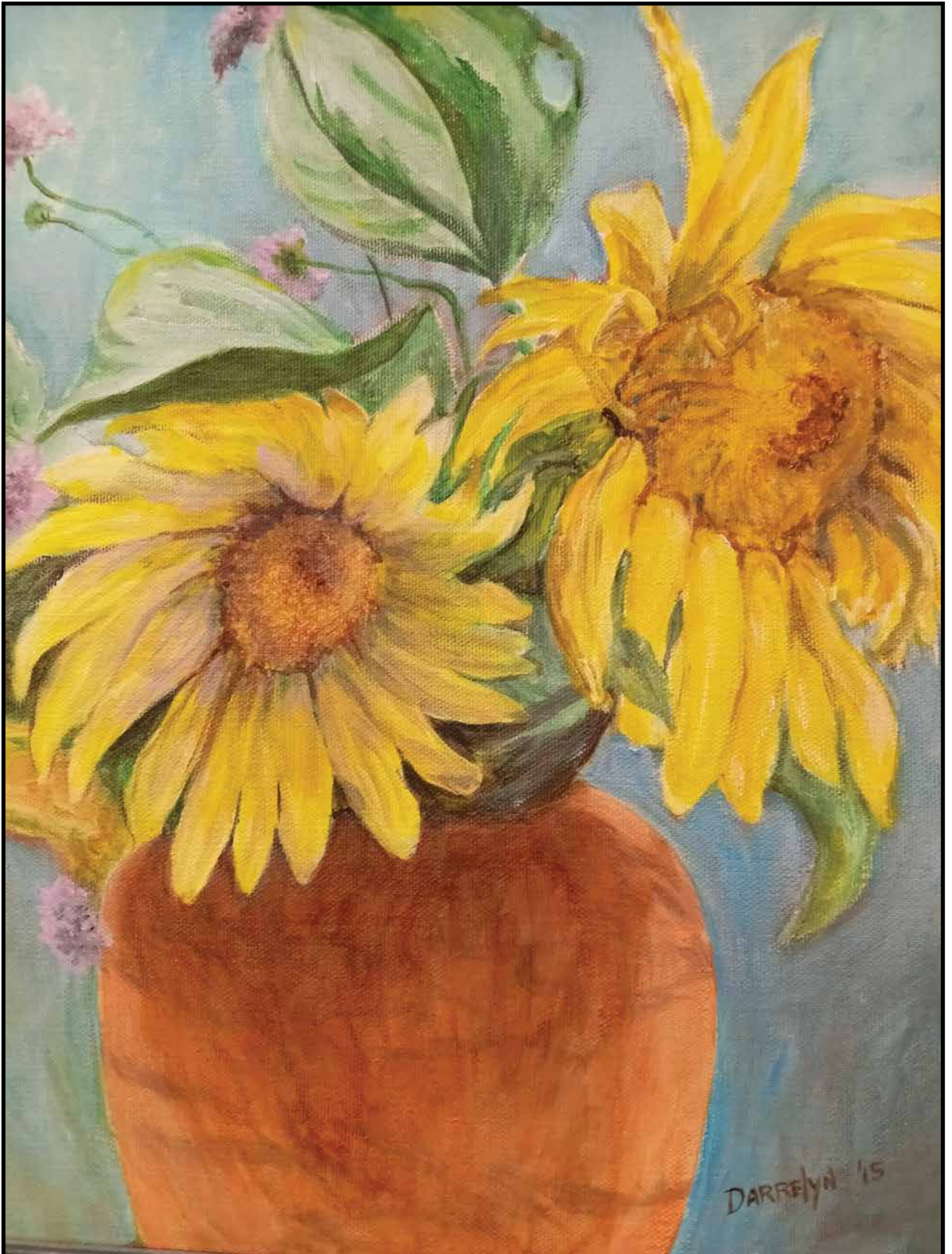


# Northern Journeys

25 YEARS

Volume No.25 Spring/Summer 2022

*A Magazine for the Arts, Humanities & Sciences*



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Some of our artists and authors have died since Northern Journeys was launched 25 years ago. We miss their voices and the threads of beauty, thought, creativity and love they left with us. Those authors who have died and are included in this issue have a \* by their names.

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**Editor's note:** A number of the works printed in this issue appeared in the first Northern Journeys magazine or in some of its very early issues. We celebrate the authors and their early and current contributions.

**THANK YOU** to the writers and artists, young and old, who have graced *Northern Journeys Arts Magazine* over the last 25 years. And to those who have picked it up in coffee shops, libraries, business offices, art galleries, grocery stores, book stores, mini marts, an assortment of retail stores, schools, restaurants, motels, museums, on ferries, and even in someone's burn pile and read it: **Thank You!** That's how Northern Journeys has gotten the word out: We want to hear from artists and writers and to be able to consider their work for publication.

And finally, **our sincere appreciation to our advertisers** over the years who made it possible for these authors and artists to be enjoyed.

A lot of hard work, many learning curves, and much satisfaction have come from working with the public, artists and authors over the 25 years. The publisher and current editor as well as others working on the layout, printing, and distribution have seen improvements made, and at times a scaling back due to circumstances not in our control. But what a gift it has been to be involved!

We look forward to more years of giving those who love to write and create works of art some space! Look for information on how to submit on page 15.

**Special note:** A number of the Montana poets featured in this issue are available on YouTube reading their poetry. These sessions are hosted by Mark Gibbons, Montana Poet Laureate 2021-2023, and supported by a Media Arts Grant. Check it out: YouTube Poets in Montana.

# Swinging in the Rain

by Jan Sarchio

I bought an old yard swing at the beginning of summer and painted it with the mix of paints I had left over from other projects. I wanted to economize and utilize. I also wanted to experiment. So I pried open cans that were dusty and stuck. Their contents, honey-colored oil, skimming skins that had hardened, were discouraging. Knowing that I was trespassing in my husband's tools, I smuggled a screwdriver and used it to poke past the goo to what I hoped would be treasure.

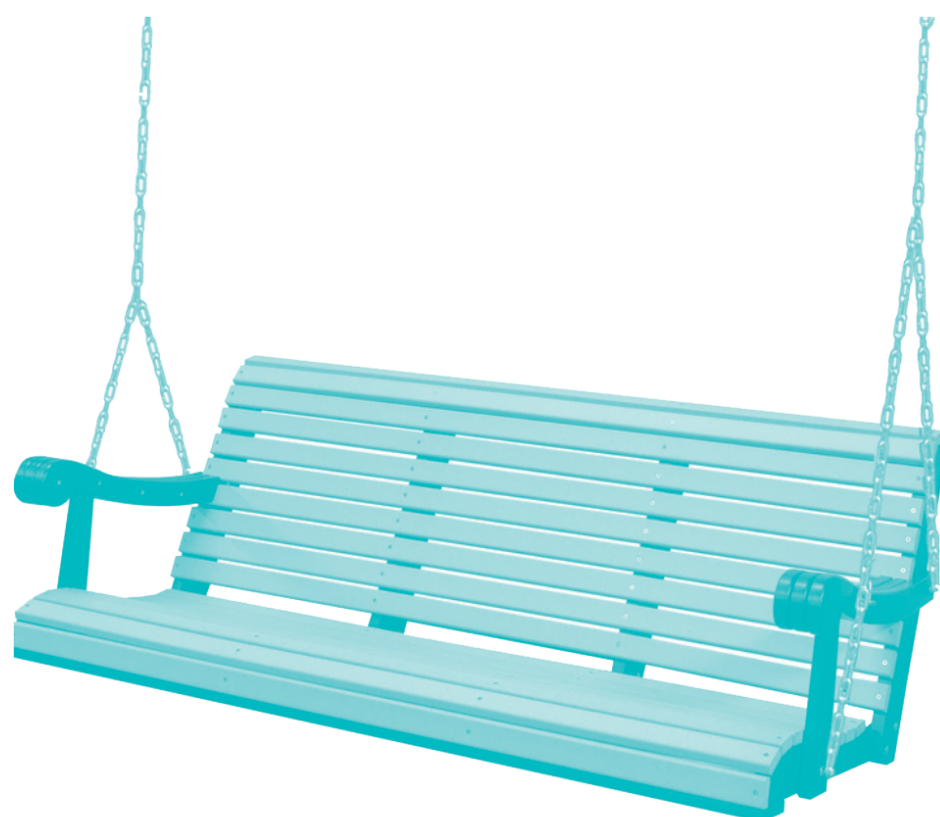
If treasure comes in clumps, I found it. If I were a persnickety type, I'd have sieved the old paints into a clean containers. Instead, I peeled away the gelatinous membranes and flicked them in the trash. Then I hammered the lids back on and shook the daylight out of each can's meager contents.

I was in the backyard doing this and all the while our Corgi pup was nibbling on my toes or jumping and nudging for attention. So I'd shake, and tell her to get down, and she'd smile and jump on me some more. Nothing bad happened, although it could have since I hadn't prepared well, and paint cans and hammers and screwdrivers were all stacked haphazardly on a patio chair. But, it was a perfect day, easy and playful. Immune to accidents.

After shaking, kidding myself that I was getting exercise as a bonus, I got an old newspaper from the garage, spread it on a table under the trees, stacked my paints on it and opened the cans for a second time. Then, in my best kid fashion, I poured dark green into aqua, and swirled.

The colors cheek to cheeked with each other, marbleizing but not altogether joining forces. I hammered the lid back on and shook some more, warning the puppy to stay away, which she almost did, if you don't count the haze of green she got on her coat. When I re-opened the can, it was too something, so I added blue and some white to tone it down. I shook my concoction one last time, deciding whatever color it wanted to be was okay with me.

It took two days to paint the swing, another two for it to dry, and several weeks for the rains to go away so I could go out and use it. But good things come to those who know a good thing when they see it.



My swing is a good thing. I can lay on it and look up through the pines, watch the sunlight flicker and wink and the clouds roll. I can lie there, rocking like a baby in the sacredness of the moment. Yesterday afternoon, I watched the swallows flying. Seems like they're always up there, patrolling the sky for insects and checking each other out. They stroke like they're swimming hard, then stretch their wings out and glide like a balsa wood plane, then they tuck their wings to their bodies and turn themselves into free falling darts.

I watched, trying to feel like I was flying, easily imagining myself as the hard stroker pumping and straining to get somewhere, or as the wings out glider, cruising after I've worked up a head of steam. But when I looked at the faithful free fallers, I shuddered. The problem is, I know the secret to life is in the free fall. It's knowing there's a safety net for all God's aviators. Maybe the swallows know that the sky is their cradle, that the ground isn't any safer than flight, and that whether we know it or not, we're all learning to fly.





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# Hats off to Mark Gibbons

Montana Poet Laureate 2021-2023

## Undercover Cowboy

Up to my chin in bucking horses,  
cowboys, rope and corrals, I snuggle  
down deep under heavy wool blankets,  
rustle and kick to warm cold  
sheets. I peek at the whirling,  
dancing shadows thrown dusty across  
my bedroom floor in a shaft of light  
below the door, crazy as a matador  
rodeo clown – my mother slipping  
into her robe. She's tucked me in,  
won't be back. My dad's already in bed.  
I hear her slippers scraping the tiles  
like hooves in a barn wood stall.

A bullwhip cough cracks my ear,  
and I hear the rasp of my father's rough thumbs  
turning pages of a hardback book.  
I study the panicked mustang on  
my western bedspread: rearing,  
nostrils flared, desperate to be free  
but held down by two lariats. Then wildfire  
erupts in a stick match flash  
and tobacco hisses to life.  
Fresh smoke dusts the arena again  
where punchers die and rarely win like Hoppy  
or Rory Calhoun. My dad gets up,  
makes his final pass at the toilet, kills the light.  
No saloons tonight. No chute gates bang.  
No cow bells clang. No thundering  
battle dance, just bedsprings  
settling to silence. Still.  
All that's left is sheeted dark.

Mark Gibbons

## Dough-Gods

*Throw things at the wall  
and see what sticks!*

My Old Man knew the artist's mantra,  
so he tossed my mother's hotcakes  
at the cupboard door, called them  
"dough-gods," "sweat-pads," and "pot holders."  
He did it for a laugh, our nervous laughs.  
Of course he was drunk and knew  
it pissed her off—two birds, one toss.

That inebriated act was his most successful  
art form, and priceless because it lasts  
forever, passed on and on in us,  
the stories of failure, anger, suck-it-up  
and don't-give-a-fuck. Dumb hope and loss  
continually washing inside, the tides of  
pain and fear and love. Enter the myths

of salvation and redemption, explanations  
for getting out of bed and coming to grips  
with the fact that you can't escape yourself  
just like everyone else floating the blue sea  
alone—in the same boat. My Old Man  
taught me how to be a bastard, a self-aware,  
hard bastard, harder on himself than others.

And Good-Christ he was unmercifully hard  
on others who only cared about feathering  
their own beds—that curse is in my head.  
His mantra I've passed along to my sons  
directly and unwittingly, "Take inventory  
on yourself every day, and remember . . .  
you can shit me, but you can't shit yourself."

—for Naomi and Sheila

Mark Gibbons

## Bone Fragile as Steel

To replace a broken coupler,  
my dad held a boxcar draw-bar up,  
lifted with his legs. The strain  
of steel weight burned his arms and neck  
while the brakeman pinned the plate.  
He'd done the job a hundred times—  
shouldn't have turned his head.

Pain exploded  
in the middle of his back  
like Joe DiMaggio  
hit him with a baseball bat.  
He dropped to his knees,  
couldn't breathe, went down  
between the rails—  
dumb-struck  
as buffalo must have been  
when iron horses came.  
His vertebrae broken  
as coupling knuckles  
rusting in the weeds—  
more railroad steel fractured by stress,  
years of neglect, or maybe  
just a flaw in the cast.

He rose to his feet on the brakeman's arm,  
refused to stay down,  
felt his way to the end of the train,  
and crawled on the caboose to die—  
got twenty more years instead,  
turned to the bottle in his grip  
to ease the pain, a remedy  
that flushed the dust and creosote  
taste stuck in his craw.

It numbed the days  
and fanned the flames  
of self-blame—settling for a job,  
chained to the rails— those work-trains  
that claimed his life.

Whiskey took him back  
to those fields outside Wisdom  
where he grew up working  
horse-drawn drays and beaverslides  
to stack wild hay. He loved  
the sweet morning dark  
of blooming sage, wrangling  
the horses as dawn broke,  
his lungs full as the Big Hole basin.  
Those big-shouldered days  
before booze and freights  
hardened his gaze  
and softened his bones,  
he was strong and fast as  
an Indian pony  
pushing into a bison herd—  
vast as the grass covered plains.

Back then he relished  
and romanticized his role  
as provider for his clan.  
He was young, lithe  
and quiet as wind in pines—  
then thundering sure-footed  
across hollow ground—  
much like his father had run  
tending sheep an ocean  
away and doodling to the drum  
beat of his feet  
treading the stony leas of Erin.

Mark Gibbons

# Maria Tries the Want Ads

Reflection shows me what I have to offer.  
I'm thirty-one but you wouldn't know.  
My figure's nice, brown eyes, a dancer's soul  
when music has a beat my heart can hear.  
I'd move. Love needn't happen here  
but it must happen. I'll keep saying no  
until it does. The pace has to be slow.  
I have no children, but I don't despair.  
Just don't leave me alone. I have been there  
twice already, left by men I didn't know  
would leave until the cock was crowing  
in a neighbor's yard. I picked a pair  
of losers. Now I'm trying to repair  
my view of love. I'll give it one more go  
don't hurry me. The music must be slow  
until I like the image in this mirror.

Mama says I should go back to church.  
She says I'm acting like a whore  
selling myself in the paper this way.  
But two God-fearers left me in the lurch  
I don't pray to Him for love anymore.  
And I'm not selling. I'll give myself away  
to a man who know how much I'm worth.  
A man who is his own but wants to share  
who wants me as a part of every day  
not just the part that makes the bed a church,  
not just the knowing that I will be there.  
Love, I want laughter in the light of day.

**Robert Lee**

## The Universal Sport

We're booting the ball around (la pelota)  
when up come about a dozen Salvadorans.  
They don't speak much English.  
We don't speak much Spanish.  
It's a perfect match.

Some of these guys are pretty good,  
and some of us are pretty good,  
but most of us  
(Ohio, Idaho, El Salvador)  
should stick with croquet.

One Sunday we play against a team  
from out of town and suddenly  
we're all on top of one another.  
No one passes, no one plays position.  
"It's these damn Mezzicans,"  
one of our guys complains at half-time.  
I tell him to shut up,  
and they're from El Salvador anyway,  
the smallest nation in the hemisphere.

In the second half we play together,  
in position, more or less,  
and we win the game on a last minute goal  
headed in by one of the Salvadorans.

Over a few cervezas after the game  
El Salvador expands,  
becomes a great nation,  
bigger than Brazil, more cultured  
than Argentina, calm as Canada.  
We are ready to take on the world.

**Ron McFarland**

## Letter to Gibbons from Hydaburg

*basketball is life—without a ball  
we would be nothing—a town of cedar trees  
rocky roads . . . puddles every step. . .  
wet head to toe, mud toes to knees  
Laura P grade 8, Hydaburg, Alaska*

Hugo wouldn't like it here—too wet, no bars  
and if the women like fat, aging, white men  
they're damned quiet about it, Jesus, Marco,  
I went to church today just to talk to somebody.  
Not Him for Christ's sake—a real somebody—  
blood, booze, and guilt thick in blue veins.  
Proud Haidas didn't know shame before Christian  
whiskey, unless they failed, maybe, to behead you  
for erecting too tall a totem. Haidas were kick-ass warriors.  
Once a bunch of them, canoes lashed together,  
paddled in singing to attack a larger group of Tlingits  
tipped over their canoes, slaughtered every man  
but one. Cut off their victims' heads, threw them all  
into one canoe, made the lone survivor paddle them home.  
Raving mad when he landed.

Now Haidas wage war on hardwood—  
Hydaburg versus Klawock—  
orange balls sail through the air.  
White men keep score.  
Outside, brown men smoke store-boughts  
drink Coors Lite, cuss out referees.  
Unnoticed above them, Raven's cracked beak  
drips tears from constant rains.  
Frog lacks the luster to jump  
Black bear holds a hole in his paws.

Inside its dry. An orange ball reverberates  
off stained brown wood, resounding forest drums.  
A Haida warrior shoots—one more grotesque head  
rolls to the bottom of a cedar canoe.  
War cries redden the air.

"Most people hit rock bottom," declares an elder's  
son, fresh from the sermon, "they try to climb out.  
We Haidas sharpen our shovels."

**Robert Lee**

Originally published in Robert Lee's collection *Breath*,  
Foothills Press, 2018



# Holden

by Karen Seashore

If you really want to hear about it, I'll start with where I met him which was in front of Murphy's Saw Shop in Sandpoint. I had just dropped my broken-down snow blower there and was trying to close the tailgate on my Chevy Suburban, but the latch mechanism is shot. You have to get it exactly right. Slam too hard and it bounces out; slam too light and it won't catch. Why does everything fall apart all the time?

Before that aggravation, when I told the guy at the counter how I needed my machine back in the next couple of days, he grinned straight into my face like I was the funniest person in Bonner County. I mean, this winter everybody and their dog needs a snow blower, now. The guys working at the saw shop must practice their power trips on people at least a jillion times a day. Anyway, I was about to head over to Harold's Foodliner to pick up a gallon of milk when I noticed the kid.

I don't feel like going into how I was dressed, exactly the picture of housewife-gone-to-seed: baggy-kneed sweat pants with a few moth-sized holes here and there from when I pulled the Cherokee's battery, and a black and white nylon jacket that has the word NIKE slashed across the back. If you want the real story, the coat belonged to my oldest daughter Jennifer until this past December when she realized how further use of it would damage her high school career. Only a year ago she and I prowled through three separate shopping malls to find this particular coat and now she won't wear it, not even to take out the compost, so it's mine, the NIKE jacket, men's size XL. Both my kids would have about two hemorrhages a piece if I told you anything about them. So I won't.

I didn't really meet him. I mean we didn't formally exchange names or anything like that. But I knew. Even though I'd never seen him before in my life, I recognized him with a surety I felt in my ankles. It was more than his red hat, his slouch, the way he sneered at the logger who was biting a Husqvarna into a hunk of log they keep out front so you can test drive the chain saws.

It's just that it was him. I had no question it was anyone but Holden, the main character in a book I read about a thousand years ago. I probably read that book at least a hundred times.

I don't know what I thought I was doing when I strolled over to him like that. Did I think I was still in ninth grade for heck sake? Had I forgotten all the Parent Teacher Conferences, the mounds of laundry, the perms and other phony hair stuff I'd undergone since I read *Catcher in the Rye*?

"Aren't you Holden Caulfield?" I asked him, smiling like one of those women who invites you to chug a dinky cup of Surge in front of the produce aisle.

That threw him, his coming all the way Out West, let's say, to North Idaho, and some middle-aged lady walks up to him and blurts out his name.

"You must be thinking of someone else, ma'am" is how he answered me. The way he started to dance away from me, tugging the peak of his red cap around to the front of his face like that, looking at me as if I was the biggest zit on the face of the earth, left me with no doubts whatsoever. It killed me, the way he tried to slip away. Of course it was Holden.

I wished my glasses, with a wad of grimy first aid tape wrapped around the part over my nose, had been mangled in the garbage disposal that morning, and I hadn't worn my irrigation boots to town. I wanted to slough off twenty pounds and order five thousand wrinkles to squiggle away like so many evaporating snakes, like those black gizmos you light on the Fourth of July. If only I could ditch about thirty-six years of my life, my bomber car, the bulky purse and that damn coat.

But I was stuck. How did he get away with it anyhow, staying a cocky young rebel while I mutated into a grownup?

"Honest---I'm not one of those phonies," I said, yelling because he had already edged across Church Street and was making for the tracks that pass where the Farm Store used to be. "How about I buy you a latté?" I asked. Don't ask me why I'd say a thing like that. Of course Holden wouldn't want to drink any coffee, especially not a latté for goodness sakes. It was starting to rain hard, the heavy glop between slush and snow cone. I felt the thighs of my sweat pants sponging up the wet. God, I wish I could have walked the rail of that train track with him.

I climbed in my car and started it up, a miracle right there. When I bumped over the tracks I saw his outline through the blur, following the Burlington Northern line into the distance. I was in a rush then to pick up Phoebe from kindergarten before she got soaked. It's like at this age as soon as you drop them off, it's time to go back and pick them up again.

(Published in *Black Canyon Quarterly*, Winter 2002)

## Reflections on a Café Table

Consider now the nostalgia of this café table  
wearing its best white dinner-dress,  
empty during prime dining hours,  
longing perhaps for the return  
of the beautiful woman now  
nearing her middle years  
who sat alone there  
nursing her drink,  
looking about,  
waiting.  
Ramon  
remembers her  
and her small black dress  
and wanting to ask her something,  
anything, her name, where she came from.  
Often he would watch her scrawling in her  
small black book words in a strange language,  
strange to him, at this very table, to say the least.

Ron McFarland



# Cinema Paradiso

by Wendy Simpson

Eighth in a series of movie reviews from  
Wild Oats Videos, Bonners Ferry, Idaho

Gone are the days of the boring black and white stills with dispassionate narration. Contemporary directors are using documentaries to educate, entertain and delight use with a compelling mix of candid interviews, music and the use of spontaneity. Documentaries have evolved into a new art form that are as comic, dramatic and captivating as any of the best films being made. You owe it to yourself to venture into this exciting and educational film experience.

### \*\*\*Crumb\*\*\*

This truly incredible movie was described by Roger Ebert as “one of the most haunting documentaries ever made.” The film is about the bizarre life stories of Robert Crumb and his two brothers, Max and Charles. Robert is the famous R. Crumb, the Haight-Ashbury comics artist of the late 1960’s who created Mr. Natural and Fritz the Cat and helped establish the visual look of the psychedelic era. If you think you came from a dysfunctional family, this movie may provide you with a new perspective on what dysfunctional really is. Crumb is funny, tragic, and absolutely fascinating.

### \*\*\*Heavy Petting\*\*\*

Pop the popcorn, invite your baby boomer friends over, and get ready to giggle. Made purely for entertainment, *Heavy Petting* interviews famous figures such as David Byrne, Sandra Bernhard, Allen Ginsberg, William S. Burroughs, Abbie Hoffman, Spaulding Gray, Laurie Anderson and others about their adolescence and first encounters with the great mysteries of sex. During and between interviews, hilarious footage of television shows and hygiene films of the 1950’s displays the phobic attitudes we once had.

### \*\*\*Roger and Me\*\*\*

Whether you agree with his politics or not, you’ve got to admit that Michael Moore’s documentary about his hometown of Flint, Michigan is really funny. While Moore waits to have an interviews with Roger Smith, the Chairman of General Motors, he chronicles the growing crime, despair, and homelessness in Flint after the General Motors factory closes down. Although unemployment is not a comic subject, Moore’s camera captures scathingly funny moments with Miss Michigan, a Beach Boys fan, a rabbit farmer, and a ladies golf league. Don’t miss it!

### \*\*\*When We Were Kings\*\*\*

You need not be a boxing fan to enjoy Leon Gast’s nostalgic documentary about Muhammad Ali and his famous fight against George Foreman. Although sports figures have always been idolized, none compare with the charm of young and confident Ali in his prime. This film captures the entertaining spirit of this worldwide event as it unfolded in Zaire. The observations of Norman Mailer, George Plimpton, and Spike Lee are peppered throughout the film as well as music from a three day concert by James Brown, the Crusaders, and B.B. King.

### \*\*\*Brian Wilson

#### I Wasn’t Made For These Times\*\*\*

Beach Boys fans may find that watching this film is like visiting your hometown after it has been devastated by a storm. Brian Wilson, at age 52, weathered by his fame, success, drug use and mental illness, provides us with his candid and almost child like view of his life and career. A poignant and touching look at one of the casualties in America’s music industry.

Editor’s note: This eighth edition of Wendy’s *Cinema Paradiso* columns was published in 2000. The columns always ended with the following: “The films reviewed here are available for rent by mail from Wild Oats Videos.” Wild Oats Videos was a small but extensive video library Wendy and her husband Rich operated out of their garage. Patrons could rent videos by mail or stop by any reasonable time of day and night, sign out a video or two, and leave their payment.





# AGE OF REASON: 1954

by Warren Carlson

In the long days of August when I was seven, I stood one evening on the end of the diving board at Avery Lake for the first time. The board was made from a single plank anchored on a wall of timbers that held back the steeply wooded shore. My father, Herbert, sat on an inner tube on the beach smoking a cigar and watching. He thought I hesitated because I was afraid, but it wasn't true. I was seeing him, perhaps for the first time, as others saw me, as if from a profound vantage point.

My mother, Victoria, swam back and forth in her metronomic style next to the rope marking the boundary of the swimming area. My father, after a brief obligatory swim, would usually lumber back to the beach and settle down to smoke a cigar. But not always. Sometimes he would spend a few minutes teaching me to dive by having me stand in his cupped hands, arms extended, dropping his legs then straightening to launch me towards the sky in a mighty heave as if throwing a caber at the annual Scottish Games.

The lake was in a narrow valley where a dam impounded run-off from the town's reservoir. It was cold and clear with a man-made sandy bottom. The parking lot was a grass field with a small green shed that sold snacks including frozen Three Musketeers bars. It was a free and easy place where children of a certain age might sneak off to play "spin the bottle," and at the far end there was a rope swing on a huge oak that leaned over the water. Older boys decided who could or could not swing out from the very top of the clay bank, under the big blue sky and over the hard looking green water.

The lake was darkening with evening shadow. I bounced lightly up and down on the end of the board, four feet above the water, my arms above my head in the correct diving position. I launched myself out into the temporary world of flying, seeing myself race into my shadow, the two merging, the water swirling, bubbling around my ears, the cold of the water zinging down the nerve ways of my knife-like body that carried by brief flight sliced deep down. When I flattened out, the churned surface of light was another world to which I did not wish to return.

Instead, I held onto the breath that the impact with the cold water had left me and I swam through the darkness beneath the lighted surface as long as possible then reappeared quietly, almost secretly. The raft beyond the ropes lay golden and serene just within the sweep of the setting sun. I set out across the open water for the first time. My father stood up and watched me with concern but did not call out. When I reached the raft, I hauled myself out of this new element and lay in the last rays of sun on the warm boards of the raft and looked back at the beach that I had left far behind.

My mother swam serenely back and forth.

When I returned to the beach, my father wrapped my shivering body in a large towel and in an awkward embrace, rubbed me dry.



## Festival Under the Stars

Maestro Schuller touched another star with his baton. The locals clapped, but we were silent, listening to the space in between movements as if we were listening to the sound of the creek rushing by our bedroom windows.

My father first heard Schubert's Ninth at the Hollywood Bowl, back before he and mother brought me down from the sky to live with them. Tonight the pacing is slower than he remembers and the sound a little less clear than when he was twenty-five. And the crowd is different, too, dressed in logging boots and fringe jackets and caps that say, "Sandpoint Gravel" or "Outside Outfitters" or "Remington."

I have seen the Metropolitan Opera House chandelier retract before the symphony begins but have never seen an osprey settle in a nest on top of a light pole to listen to music from another era. At intermission, my father and I forego the beer garden and smokie dogs and instead sit in our lawn chairs in the baseball field next to Lake Pend O'reille.

We cheer the announcement that the finale fireworks have been canceled because of community concern for the osprey and his nest.

Renée E. D'Aoust

# Hopefully Helpful Notes to Self

by *Loi Eberle, M.A., CPC, CPFC*

Are the insights I wrote about in my yet-to-be-published book relevant now? Although those intense life experiences occurred many years ago, their impact on me remains. Our world is rapidly changing; days fly by. Are yesterday's insights relevant to today's challenges?

Throughout the ages, art, literature and archaeology have expressed the joys and struggles of the human experience. Shown in early petroglyphs, danced in songs and written into cherished poems, descriptions of people's anguish or delight appear in a variety of images, languages and sounds. Though the media used to express the message continually changes, people communicate about their experience to contemplate and communicate lessons they have learned.

Each individual's experience is unique. Sometimes a stranger makes an unexpected remark that provides comforting insight, exactly when needed. By remaining open to receiving 'random acts of kindness' and 'paying it forward' when appropriate, we can learn to live together with greater ease.

Recently I had the honor of performing with skilled musicians in a newly emerging regional symphony. We invited a young woman to speak before our performance because we were donating part of our concert proceeds to Ukraine. She stirred people's emotions as she described her family who lived in Ukraine. Her retired parents, in fear for their lives, escaped to another country with little more than the clothes on their backs. Her brother chose to remain in Ukraine to help others. The energy expressed during our classical music concert deeply affected me and evoked a strong response in the audience.

As the world's population increases, so does our conflict. Our need to develop compassion becomes even more needed. Unless we choose to negotiate our conflicts and share our resources, we risk destruction on a global level. We literally have to insist that atrocities are no longer acceptable. It's no longer a matter of popular opinion, it's a matter of global survival!

Jane Goodall has expressed how important it is to overcome the sense of powerlessness that can lead people to give up. She explained that our "Amazing Human Intellect, the Resilience of Nature, the Power of Young People and the Indomitable Human Spirit" are why she has reason for hope. Goodall described to Abrams, co-author of "The Book of Hope: A Survival Guide for Trying Times" many moving experiences that led her to not give up, emphasizing that there still was work that needed to be done. Goodall has traveled the world to deliver this message to corporate executives, world leaders and children's classrooms: "If you concentrate on doing the things you CAN do ... doing them well, it will make all the difference ... Remember that as individuals we make a difference every day, and millions of our individual ethical choices in how we behave will move us toward a more sustainable world."

When writing about traumatic experiences in my past, I'm moved to communicate gratitude for the kindness, strength and inspiration offered to me when I finally asked for help, which was always very hard for me to do. I wanted to feel capable of doing it myself. It was hard for me to have the courage to recognize I was denying my inadequacies. It was such a wonderful surprise when I'd receive much needed help.

Also, I needed to remind myself not to become embittered. I could choose NOT to dwell in anger and grief. Each challenge helped me develop insight and compassion. Developing a deeper understanding about why people did the things they did helped me develop compassion for others whose untenable situations led them to their deplorable actions. Looking at things in this way helped me to experience more peaceful contentment than I would ever gain through fomenting guilt and hatred. Learning to understand the causes of deplorable acts helps generate more viable solutions for stopping the next deplorable action.

The reports about what at least some people are doing to help each other right now are encouraging. They inspire me to recognize the beauty and resilience of the human spirit that is within each of us. Although in some people it may seem deeply hidden, I'm convinced it's there.

Even when I was able to successfully navigate an extreme difficulty, I noticed I began fearing what upset was going to happen next. Realizing that my fears were monopolizing a lot of my energy, I began to see that even the most terrifying events eventually seemed to work out. Maybe it wasn't the outcome for which I'd hoped, yet there were hidden joys to be found. It's part of our human story, how we can accommodate, learn and grow, sometimes against all odds.

Experiencing gratitude for life and personal contentment with even the simple gifts, regardless of what challenges occur, energizes me to help others. Even though it can be challenging at times to be helpful, I feel it's mutually beneficial. I receive joy from seeing others benefit from my actions. Feeling joy is good for me, and hopefully the beneficial outcome of my actions is serving them as well.

Learning to trust in the Universal Source of Life, God, Cosmos, or whatever term best communicates the Causative Factor for our existence, may at times feel like a contradiction. How can trust be possible in the midst of intolerable situations, especially when it feels impossible to find anything beneficial about what's occurring?

Amidst my fears and confusions in the past, when I had no idea of what new challenge was to unfold, I learned it helped to stop focusing on fear, and trust that I'll find a way to handle whatever occurs. As the poet Rumi expressed in his poem, "The Guest House":

...Even if they're a crowd of sorrows,  
who violently sweep your house  
empty of all its furniture,  
still, treat each guest honorably.  
He may be clearing you out  
for some new delight...

It's a gentle dance and a precarious balance. On the one hand is noticing and appreciating the beauty that exists. On the other, is deepening our awareness and sensitivity. The more sensitive and aware we become, the more difficult it is to see the pain that exists. How to accept suffering, and not be paralyzed by confusion? In my attempts to navigate this dilemma, I follow mystical teachings that encourage going inward to see the truth: the Greater Truth is Acceptance. Sometimes elusive and hard to attain, Acceptance and Trust enable a sense of peace to be found in the midst of the world's terrible pain and suffering. The teaching is to find direction for what action to take to help others. By doing that, I am also helping myself.

My belief in the unlimited energy and power of the cosmos of which we are a microcosm of the great Macrocosm helped sustain me during past crises. It helped me to remember that I can consciously choose to respond to my reality in a good way. Each of us is capable of "right action."

I believe Spirit and humanity are inseparable. We are part of Consciousness that is within us and beyond us. As a participant within the Cosmic Consciousness, my service is learning to better perceive and receive this consciousness. This includes service to myself so that I can enhance my abilities to better serve others in ways that I feel inspired to do. Loving, appreciating and honoring those that are here, and those that have passed, helps me to awaken to the miracles within each moment. My wish to is to inspire others to experience that as well.



# Darrellyn Rose

## Featured Artist

I remember from kindergarten on I loved to paint and draw. I was the first to volunteer for art in junior high, and on into high school I took private art lessons working in pastels. At UC Santa Barbara I received my BA in secondary education and only had time for one art class-color and design.

During 1961 and while living in Santa Barbara I enjoyed time at the local marina and on sailboats. I found the sea and boats natural objects and the play of light on water fascinating. During that time I took oil painting from a professional painter.

About 1970 I attended Costa Mesa Community College and enrolled in 32 units of art in its well respected art school. I enjoyed figure drawing and sculpture classes. I was also influenced by my love of gardening and my husband's orchid collection. After coming upon Georgia O'Keefe's body of flower paintings I was inspired to paint flowers. From there I produced five large paintings of orchids which were shown in the Costa Mesa Community College Gallery and later at the Anaheim Public Library. About 1980 one of my acrylic paintings in the style of the California Impressionists won honorable mention in a juried art show for the opening of the Redding Art Museum.

I began teaching art in northern California in 1976 at Big Valley High School and Junior High and continued there until 1987. My curricula included drawing, painting, ceramics, and sculpture. My work was shown locally and I was a member of the Fall River Mills Art Association.

After moving to San Diego I taught art to fourth through sixth grades and began a new career as a fifth/sixth grade teacher at a Christian school. I painted a commissioned portrait at that time which was well received. Between 1972 and 1994 I painted large murals in two churches.

I retired in 2003 and my husband and I moved to Bonners Ferry. I have a studio in Paradise Valley where I paint and give art lessons. I learned about Jean Mace and joined her art group in 2004.

Currently I am secretary of the Boundary County Artists Association and regularly show my work with BCAA at Mountain West Bank, Boundary County Library, and Boundary Community Hospital. Several works are on display at a local dentist's office and at the Bonners Ferry P1FCU. I have participated in Pend Oreille Arts Council (POAC) shows including the summer Art Walk.

Beginning my artistic career as a draftsman I now work primarily with acrylics and also use watercolor pencils in a combination of drawing and painting. My style is primarily realistic yet sometimes impressionism comes into play at which time I use a palette knife in combination with a brush. Ingres' work impressed me along the way as well. A variety of subjects catch my eye and paint brush: people, landscapes, flowers, and places I have traveled including China.

Darrellyn can be reached at (208)290-6837 or darrellynrose23@gmail.com.



Dolly, circa 1925, 11x14, acrylic, Darrellyn Rose

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**Carol Curtis**, Associate Broker, GRI, PMN, ePro  
(208) 290-5947  
ccurtis@sandpoint.com  
Century 21 RiverStone





**Beijing Interchange**, 16 x 20, acrylic



**Tim at 4**, 24 x 30, acrylic

# *Artist*

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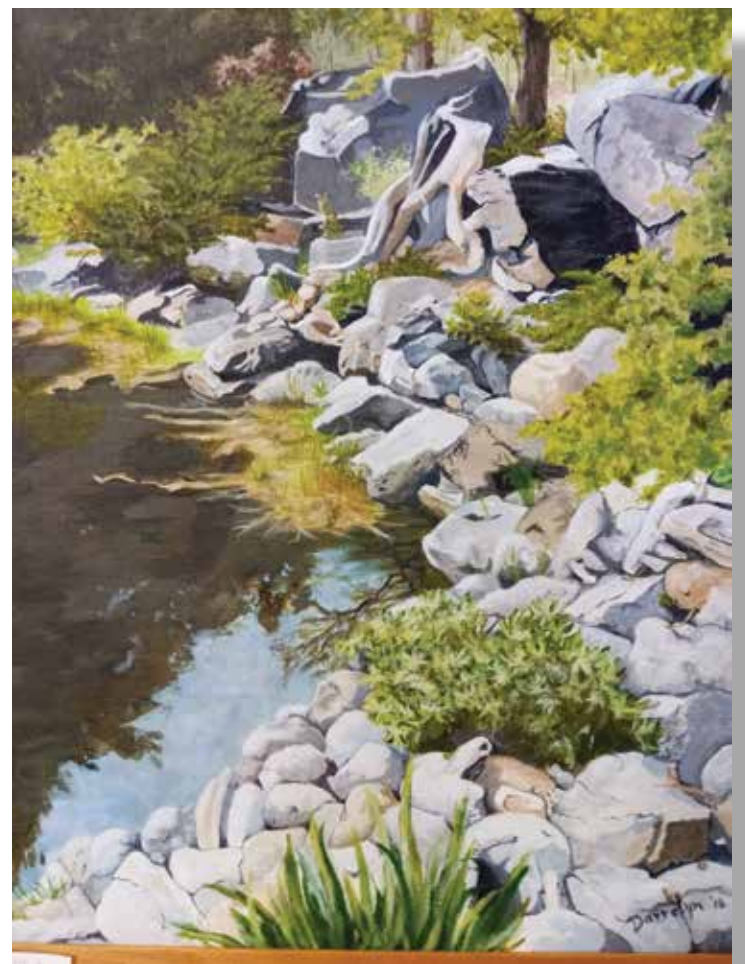
**Old Ford Tractor**, 16 x 20, acrylic



Hong Kong Market, 16 x 20, acrylic

# Gallery

*Darrellyn Rose*



Feist Creek Pond, 16 x 20, acrylic



Summertime, 16 x 20, acrylic

# NORTHERN JOURNEYS

## BUSINESS DIRECTORY

When you use the goods and services of these businesses, you help Northern Journeys.

### IDAHO (208 Area Code)

#### Bonnors Ferry

Bonnors Ferry Chamber of Commerce & Bonnors Ferry Visitor Center, P.O. Box X, 267-5922

#### Antiques

3-Mile Antique Mall, 64376 Hwy 2, 3 Mile Junction at Hwy 95, 267-3376

#### Automobile and Truck Services

9B Autoworks, 177 Bent Twig Lane, 597-2878  
Aamodt Diesel, truck repair, starters, alternators, 267-3269

Bear Auto, David Thompson, Dr., 267-5763  
B.F. Quik Lube, 6878 Main St., 267-7481  
Les Schwab/J.B.'s Tire & Auto, 6804 Denver Ave., 267-2411

Mobileworks, car stereo, security, auto electric, 6714 S. Main, 208-597-3105  
Riverside Auto Center, 6437 Bonner St. (downtown), 267-3100

Al Wilson Quality Auto Repair, 6714 S. Main, 208-610-6032

#### Books

Bonnors Books, 7195 Main St. (downtown), 267-2622

#### Building & Construction

Stephen F. Howlett Building & Remodeling, 267-3791  
Don Jordan Design & Drafting, Inc., construction, 267-4801  
Kuhlman Construction, 267-304-4737  
TrussTek, 64679 Hwy. 2, 267-7471  
Unruh Drywall, 208-290-2210

#### Casinos

Kootenai River Inn, Kootenai River Plaza, 267-8511

#### Chiropractic Services

Moore Chiropractic Center, 6843 Main St., 267-2506  
Pam Svec, DC, 6514 Main, 267-7355

#### Concrete

BB BuildBlock- Stephen F. Howlett Building & Remodeling, 267-3791,  
buildblockshowlett@meadowcrk.com

#### Dentistry

Hank Willis DDS, 6674 Main St., 267-6454

#### Excavation

Wink, Inc., road building, cat work, site prep., 290-1378

#### Farm, Garden & Hardware

Carter Country Farm & Feed, 6127 Main St., 267-1900

#### Financial

Edward Jones, 6797 Eisenhower St. 267-5664

#### Floral

Sugar Plum Floral & Greenhouse, 6368 Main St., 267-1129

#### Glass

Bonnors Ferry Glass and Door Co., 6821 Main St., 267-3195

#### Grocery

Sharon's Country Store, 510752 Hwy. 95, 267-7579

#### Healthcare

Aspen Personal Care Service LLC, 6745 Main St., 267-8777  
Kaniksu Health Services, 6615 Comanche Street, 267-1718

#### Insurance & Financial Services

Kayser Insurance 7156 Main St., 267-5621  
State Farm, 6813 El Paso Street, Suite 2, 267-0577

#### Quilt Shop

Callie's Niche, 6429 Bonner St., 267-1583

#### Real Estate

C.J. Tuma, Coldwell Banker North Woods, 6606 Lincoln, 946-1260  
Pace Kerby & Co. Inc. 7192 Main St. 267-2506  
Shelman Realty, 6737 Cody St., 208-610-4627, 267-5515

#### Restaurants

3-Mile Corner Store & Cafe, 3-Mile Jct., 267-3513, 267-2541  
The Badger Den, 6551 Main, 267-1486  
Chic-N-Chop, Hwy. 95 S., 267-2431  
The Gathering Place, 510752 Hwy 95 N., 267-4100  
Mi Pueblo, 7168 Main St. (downtown), 267-4735  
Mugsys, 7161 Main St., 267-8059  
The Rusty Moose Tavern & Grill, 7211 Main St., 267-1950

#### Specialty Shops & Services

Boundary Consignments, 7196 Main, 267-4466  
Enviro Assessment, PC, Washington/Idaho/Montana, 844-742-7311  
Far North Outfitters, 6791 Main St. # C, 267-5547  
J.R.S. Surveying, Inc., 6476 Main, 267-7555, 888-288-8736  
Northern Air, Inc. 64602 Hwy 2, 267-4359

Northern Treasures, 7202 Main St., 267-8082  
Under the Sun, 7178 Main St., 267-6467  
Universal Welling Drilling, 208-290-1049, 208-610-8429

Vinyl Expressions, 7180 Main, 267-7280  
Woody's Gun & Pawn, 7197 Main, 267-4867

#### Tanning

Badger Tanning, 6551 Main, 267-1486

#### Title & Escrow

Alliance Title & Escrow, 6977 Main, 267-3129  
Community Title LLC, 7184 Main, 267-6500

#### Tree Service

Dirks Tree Care, 208-267-9109

#### Ponderay

##### Automotive

D & Z Auto, 323 McGhee, Ste. 105, Sandpoint, 265-8881

##### Building & Construction

Sandpoint Building Supply, 477421 Hwy. 95 N., 263-5119, 800-881-7380  
Fax: 208-263-4826)

##### Flooring

The Floor Show, 880 Kootenai Cutoff, 263-5198

##### Grocery Store

Yoke's, 212 Bonner Mall Way, 263-4613

##### Healthcare

Kaniksu Health Services, 30410 Hwy 200, 263-7101

##### Machine Shops

Emerald Automotive & Machine Shop, 900 Bonner Mall Way, 263-3483  
Brown's North Side Machine and Gear, 1100 Triangle Dr., 263-4643

##### Mall

Bonner Mall, 1/2 mile North of Sandpoint on Hwy 95, 263-4272

##### Restaurants

Fiesta Bonita, 700 Kootenai Cut-Off Rd., 265-9715

##### Specialty Shops & Services

Monarch Marble & Granite, 336 McNearney Rd., 263-5777  
Pac West Parts, 21 McGhee Rd., 265-5500  
Sandpoint Garage Doors, 351 McGhee Rd., Ste. 103, 263-6040  
Selkirk Power Generation, Inc., 1200 Triangle Dr., 263-125  
Top Dawg Powder Coating, 357 McGhee Rd., 255-2345

#### Priest River

##### Automobile & Truck Services

Les Schwab Tires, Hwy. 2, 448-2311  
Perfection Tire and Auto Repair, W. 311 Walnut, Newport, 509-447-3933  
Priest River Quik Lube, 120 High St., 448-4199

##### Hardware

Priest River Hardware, 1200 Hwy 2, 448-1621

##### Plumbing

East River Plumbing, 208-920-0057, 208-920-0058

##### Real Estate

Suzie Hatfield, Century 21, Priest River, 208-290-7945  
John Weyant, Century 21, Priest River, 208-610-5051

##### Restaurants

Mi Pueblo Mexican Restaurant, 5436 Hwy. 2, 448-011

##### Roofing

Rival Roofing, 309 E. Valley St., So., Oldtown, ID 208-610-6656

#### Sandpoint

##### Antiques & Gifts

Fosters Crossing, 504 Oak St., 263-5911

##### Art Galleries

Art Works Gallery, 214 N. 1st Ave., 263-2642  
Ward Tollbom's Hen's Tooth Studio, 323 N. First, 263-3665

##### Automobile Services

Emerald Automotive, 900 Bonner Mall Way, 263-3483  
Melody Muffler, 602 Pine St., 208-263-2812  
Nelson Automotive, 1111 Michigan St., 208-263-4911

##### Clothing

Eve's Leaves, 326 North First Ave., 263-0712

##### Coffee Houses

Evans Brothers, 524 Church St., 265-5553

##### Events

Festival At Sandpoint 888-265-4554,  
festival@sandpoint.com

##### Health Care

Internal Medicine, Sandpoint Business & Events Center, 102 Euclid Ave., #202, 263-6876

##### Heating & Air Conditioning

Pend Oreille Mechanical, 1207 Hwy. 2, 263-6163

##### Physical Fitness

Natural Fitness Gym, 1103 W. Superior, 263-0674

##### Realty

Carol Curtis, Century 21 Riverstone, 316 N. 2nd Ave., Ste. A-1, 208-290-5947  
Lakeshore Realty North, 116 N. First, 263-3166

##### Restaurants

Bab's Pizzeria, Corner of Hwy 2 & Division, 265-7922  
Café Trinity at City Beach, 58 Bridge St., 255-7558  
Di Luna's American Bistro, 207 Cedar St., 263-0846  
Eichardt's Pub, Grill & Coffeehouse, 212 Cedar St., 263-4005  
Evans Brothers, 524 Church St., 265-5553  
Mr. Sub, 602 N. 5th, 263-3491  
The Pie Hut, corner of 5th & Church, 265-2208  
Second Avenue Pizza, 215 S. 2nd Ave., 263-9321  
Spud's Restaurant, 102 N. 1st, 265-4311  
Tango Cafe', 414 Church St., 263-9514

##### Specialty Shops & Services

Blue Lizard, Native American Gallery, 100 Cedar St., Ste. B., 255-7105  
Carousel Emporium, on the Cedar Street Bridge, 263-4140  
Creations, arts, crafts, children's boutique, Cedar St. Bridge, 304-7384  
Monarch Marble & Granite, 336 McNearney Rd., 263-5777  
Pend Oreille Mechanical, 1207 Dover Hwy., 263-6163  
Sandpoint Garage Doors, 351 McGhee Rd., Ste. 103, 263-4040  
Sharon's Hallmark 306 N. 1st Ave. 263-2811  
Vapor Planet, 819 Hwy 2, Pioneer Square, 263-9561

#### Spirit Lake

##### Restaurant

Mi Pueblo, 6249 W. Maine St., 623-2532

### WASHINGTON (509 Area Code)

#### Newport

##### Arts

Create Art Center, 900 W. 4th, 447-9277  
The Gallery, 331 S. Washington, 447-1036

##### Automobile & Truck Services

Napa Auto Parts, 300 S. Union, 447-4515  
Newport Towing, 137 S. Newport, 447-1200  
Perfection Tire and Auto Repair, W. 311 Walnut, 447-3933  
Salesky Service Center, 333209 Hwy. 2, 447-4767

##### Cable

Concept Cable, 412 S. Union, PO Box 810, 437-4544

##### Real Estate

Northwest Professional Real Estate, 301 N. Union, 447-3144

##### Restaurants

Mi Pueblo, 311 N. Washington, 447-3622

##### Specialty Shops & Services

Clark Electric, 231 Washington Ave., 447-2319  
Griffin's Furniture, Floors, & Mattresses, S. 217 Washington, 447-4511  
North Country Enterprises – excavating, hauling 671-2179

#### Canada

#### Creston

##### Lodging

Creston Valley Motel, 1809 Canyon, 250-428-9823  
Downtowner, 1218 Canyon Street, Hwy 3, 1-800-665-9904  
Valley View Motel, 216 Valley View Dr, 800-758-9334

#### Kaslo

##### Lodging

Kaslo Motel, 330 D. Avenue, 250-353-2431, 877-353-2431

##### Restaurants

Buddy's Front Street Pizza, 417 Front St., 250-353-2282  
The Treehouse Restaurant, 419 Front St., 250-353-2955

#### Nelson

##### Art Centers

Oxygen Art Centre, 3-320 Vernon, 250-352-6322  
Touchstones Nelson-Museum of Art & History, 502 Vernon St., 250-352-9813

##### Specialty Shops & Services

Craft Connection, gift store and fine art gallery, 378 Baker St., 250-352-3006

# OCTOBER VIEWS IN SILVER PARK

Lolo Peak and surrounding  
ridges  
powdered  
with snow  
a drab overcast afternoon  
leaves still  
cling to trees  
waiting the cue  
to change color  
or perhaps missed it altogether  
a murder of crows  
cawing  
a whole damn  
bunch of 'em  
clustered in weeds and tall dry grass  
autumn sun  
casting pale shadows  
through thin clouds  
a lovely slender girl  
and her short stubby dog  
run by  
elusive muscular beauty  
a lone duck  
glides down to a landing  
the crows  
caw and caw.

David E. Thomas

## Counting Swans

Pure, bright pieces of the sky come down,  
to float, suspended  
on the mirror lake.

Only angels could be so white!  
Spirits, gliding  
through the ether.

Trying not to move, nor breathe,  
I counted fifty swans...

Then cursed myself and my left brain!  
The need to quantify, to number,  
banned me from their world.

An exile,  
Peering through the glass.

Brenda Hammond

## NORTHERN JOURNEYS

A Magazine for the Arts, Humanities, and Sciences

We are issuing a call to all authors of prose and poetry and visual artists to send their writing and/or art any time of the year for consideration.

Northern Journeys celebrates 25 years of providing beginning, maturing and established writers and artists a venue to share their work with the region's readers. The magazine is made available primarily to communities throughout northern Idaho, into western Montana, and southern British Columbia. However, when the editor or publisher is traveling, the magazine makes appearances in Washington, California, and Nevada.

**Prose, poetry and art** may be submitted to: [northernjourneys@yahoo.com](mailto:northernjourneys@yahoo.com) as an attachment. Art should be sent in jpeg format with a minimum of 300 dpi. Please contact Denise Thompson, at 208-304-6337 with questions.

Those interested in **advertising** may contact Jason Thomas, Publisher, at 208-597-3963. We hope to hear from you!

**Babs'**  
PIZZERIA  
SANDPOINT, IDAHO  
**208-265-7992**  
CORNER OF HWY 2 & DIVISION  
11 AM - 8 PM Mon-Thurs  
11 AM - 9 PM Fri • 11 AM - 8 PM Sat  
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Authentic Mexican Food



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208 623-2532 509 447-3622  
Spirit Lake, Idaho Newport, WA

Like us on Facebook  Mi Pueblo Authentic Mexican Food  
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**Mi Pueblo** - Authentic Mexican Food. When you have a craving for truly authentic Mexican food, your choice is Mi Pueblo in Priest River, 5436 Hwy 2, and 7168 Main St. downtown Bonners Ferry, Idaho, 6249 W. Maine, Spirit Lake, Idaho, and 311 North Washington, Newport, Washington. You'll find friendly service, fresh ingredients, great menu choices, many vegetarian and gluten free selections available and a surprise after every meal! Fast lunch service! To go orders, too!



**Kootenai River Brewing Company.** Located on the beautiful Kootenai River in downtown Bonners Ferry. Enjoy many handcrafted beers ranging in style from pilsner to stout. Sit at our log bar and watch eagles and ospreys. We're a family restaurant where all recipes are handmade. Dogs are allowed on the outside deck. We are featuring wild caught Bristol Bay, Alaska salmon and BBQ smoked pork. Open at 11:00 AM Thursdays through Mondays. Closed Tuesdays and Wednesdays. We are located at the corner of Riverside and First Street, Bonners Ferry. Kootbrew.com

**Two Tone's Cafe** has a warm & welcoming atmosphere inside or on the patio! We provide family style customer service while offering a diverse global cuisine. You will find everything from American cuisine to comfort food to Asian fusion. You'll just have to come see for yourself! Owned locally by the Fleck family of Bonners Ferry, we offer new flavors from around the world using local ingredients. Comfort casual with strong Italian flare and a touch of the orient. American family dining. Yum!

**Second Avenue PIZZA**  
"out of this world"

215 South Second Avenue  
Sandpoint, Idaho  
263-9321

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5:30 P.M. - 10:00 P.M.  
Winter Weekday Hours 5:30-9:30 P.M.  
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**Business Hours**  
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Friday 11:00 am - 9:30 pm  
Saturday 1:30 pm - 9:30 pm  
Sunday 1:30 am - 9:00 pm  
Closed Mondays

When you think of hot, deliciously melted cheesy pizza and other tastes of Italian and fusion cuisine that makes your mouth water and stomach growl, then come on over to **Second Avenue Pizza**. When you eat with us, you'll be served the best pizza in town! Second Avenue Pizza is your family-friendly home for delectable food and hearty crafted dishes. Plus we are the perfect place to have birthday parties, school team celebrations or any occasion where good food and fun are a must! Our pizza is made with freshest ingredients and homemade dough, fresh and loaded up with quality toppings.


A local favorite, **The Badger Den**, has served hungry diners for decades at 6551 Main Street in Bonners Ferry. Famous for their hearty breakfasts, homemade soup, sandwiches and salad, espresso as well as a large menu of tasty entrees. The Badger Den can please every taste. An added bonus, after you have enjoyed your meal, you can even stop in at the tanning area for a quick tan.

**THE BADGER DEN**

Great Food • Espresso Drinks  
Real Ice Cream

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Kootenai River Brewing Company  
Fresh Beer and Family Dining  
Corner of First and Riverside Streets  
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# Gratitude

by Warren Carlson

I was a soon to be an older man, bereft of family, at odds with employment. I sat irritated through the priest's homily on gratitude; my head and my heart were full of objections to the priest's theological view of the world. I left through a side door rather than standing in line to reluctantly shake his hand. I drove my old car listening, as was my habit, to the sound of the motor, anticipating another costly repair.

With only the briefest warning, my body involuntarily lurched forward. Tears blinded me. I pulled over to the side of the road and shifted the car into park with a shaking hand as if I had just survived a near accident. I wasn't sobbing. Instead my tears were generated by an overwhelming sense of gratitude for life, that is, my life. The tears shot out of my eyes onto the steering wheel with the very velocity that was necessary for them to escape their long imprisonment. It seemed impossible but it was true.

My vessel of tears was deep and clear, supported by visions of love, of clarity and of beauty. These were not memories in the sense of being recalled, but, in a way, fresh entities born of truth and christened by the extreme emotion behind the tears: I am sitting in the passenger seat of my sister's car and a woman I love leans down while hooking her hair behind her ear to say "take care" with her hand resting warmly on my forearm; skiing into my own shadow, a kind of precision falling down the mountain and completely peaceful; the first snow storm of a childhood winter, the huge flakes falling from a still night sky into the aura of a streetlight; a perfect swing that sends the ball arcing toward the promise of the green; the first time I saw legions of stars on a clear, cold Arizona desert night; the sliding together of our bodies on a languid afternoon; passages from Beethoven that fly to heaven and back; and the discovery of the beauty and promise of a well written paragraph. All of this not recalled but flowing, in a way, from the same vessel as the tears.

As the storm passed I became aware of details of my surroundings like the dust on the dashboard and the ragged edges of the windshield wipers. In this returning to the mundane there was a sense of peace and of a journey completed. The May breeze was soft. The sky resolutely blue.

## Loosing It

Losing it is the end of the story and hard to begin  
I sit on the front porch waiting for the sun to come over  
Pleasantview Ridge

Warm late July I need to go inside to the mat  
Do some loose up stretches before I go to the vegetable garden  
I need to hand water young squash  
Keeping the hose on the little moat I've dug around them  
So the blossoms won't get soggy

Being on my knees in the early morning is a prayer I need to make  
A connection to the moment of my life beyond the anxiousness  
That sometimes holds me  
Loosing it is about old age and all that was and is me

Jim Shamus Sedler

## APRIL

Soothes our brows  
with her rough hands.  
We are eager for comfort,  
warmth, sunshine  
and crocuses.  
She teases us with all of these,  
then snatches them away  
in a sudden mood swing.  
Covers the tender violets  
in an angry gust  
with debris and dead leaves,  
twists off the top of a tall  
pine—leaves it lying  
in the road.

The sweet sheltering  
branches of the pine and fir  
wave and reach down  
as if wanting to grab us,  
bouncing on the strings  
of a cruel puppeteer.  
Cold creeps under our hats,  
bites our hands  
right through our gloves.

The floor of my garage  
is covered with maple leaves  
--and there are no maple trees  
in my neighborhood.  
We've been left in the care  
of our crazy aunt—who loves  
us one moment and can't  
stand us the next.  
When April's in a better mood  
I'm going to take a walk  
and try to find that maple tree.

Brenda Hammond

## Ordinary Love

An ordinary day can be perfect,  
dawn till dusk till twilight in search of  
one single extraordinary night  
celebrated with the great horned owl  
calling *hoo-hoo-hooo* from our blue spruce.  
That supernatural lovebird. Who'd have thought?

What? You assumed a snow-white turtledove,  
nightingale, trumpeter swan, skylark,  
at least a chickadee? Let this perfectly  
lovely night attune itself to  
the croon of our predatory owl  
prowling the darkness in search of

rabbits, perhaps a small cat, a mouse,  
an amatory offer to its lady love  
who echoes his *hoo-hoo-hooo* with soft  
whispers from a grand fir down the block.  
Meanwhile, we perfectly ordinary lovers  
spent the night locked in each other's dreams.

**Ron McFarland**

## Quietly Through Our Rooms

It's finally summer and new birds flit  
around the yard, into and out of the trees.  
Yet, a stubborn chill clings to the shadowed.  
Sunshine seeps through the window glass,  
but the side porch, still dark, shivers.

In the backyard, dappled by the new sun,  
squirrel and deer breakfast.  
The natural aroma of earth lifts up, wet  
and dry together, and settles in the air  
around the petals of new daffodils. Sultry  
and full, soft and yellow, like a secret kiss.

We move slowly, carefully, not wanting to  
disturb the season, afraid it might turn  
again away. We speak softly,  
walk quietly through our rooms,  
inquisitive, wondering how it's so  
that we can hold onto nothing  
that's this real.

**Susan M. Botich**



## Meadow Under a Gibbous Moon

Only my cat greets me  
in your grasses  
an hour before the new day,

half of you washed in the shadow  
of trees, the other part  
bathed in the light of moon.

I am writing a poem in my head  
and my feet are wet  
chilled by the night,

on the lookout for thieves  
two-legged or four,  
who steal my sleep.

Coyotes yelp somewhere not far away.  
A train clatters west.  
The cat coaxes me to the edge,

your open arms  
too exposed to sky and owls and cougars  
for her liking.

I am writing a poem  
and my feet are wet  
and the critic sits on my shoulder

counting the string of stars,  
saying nothing.

~ **Kerry Fitzharris**

# In The Days When Trees Spoke In Tongues

In the days when trees spoke in tongues  
the animals understood,  
and the people lived  
not just on the earth but with the earth,  
a story was told by the ocean to the wind,  
carried then to every place:

*The sound of the manifested—birth, life, death—  
is a humming song, an ancient chant  
that lives, itself, in the heart, the primal point  
of everything that is.*

*Rocks, sand, and dust have their tones,  
rain, wind, and snow have their tones,  
grasses, bushes, trees have their tones,  
the things that cling, float, swim have their tones,  
those that crawl, leap, fly have their tones,  
the ones who call, trill, speak have their tones,  
and all the tones are distinct, each their own,  
and all the tones, together, make a mighty resonance,  
a humming song that is undivided.*

And all those living with the earth heard the story  
and understood it to be true.

Then something happened. The people changed.

First, a small group.  
But that group began to believe  
they were meant to conquer the earth  
and all living with the earth,  
so they spread like a great fire throughout the world,  
destroying every living thing in their path  
including the people who did not want to  
be like them.

Then the trees grew silent,  
weary of not being listened to or understood.  
Treated by the conquerors as only a product to exploit  
or an encumbrance toward progress, they held back  
their poems, keeping them tight under skin,  
inside their golden rings.

The leaves would sigh but not sing.  
The grasses would break the pavement laid  
by the conquerors, but always in silence.  
And those who still lived with the earth,  
who survived the conquerors' war with life,  
those who were wise enough and able, hid themselves  
in the places the conquerors thought had no value,  
for they saw nothing there  
to exploit.

Yet, in spite of all this sadness,  
the humming song silently vibrated  
inside all living things  
vibrant with color, full of its memory—  
a resonance in the waters, the resin,  
the blood. Quietly pulsing, the song reached up  
to the air, wind, sky, and even farther still.

Moon agreed to harbor the songs  
so they would not be lost or forgotten.

Now, when night opens its mouth,  
stars gather, settle, and whisper  
the songs from moon,  
back into the void, the womb,  
the sea of all  
beginnings yet hidden.  
Waiting. Knowing.  
All songs, once born,  
never die.

**Susan Botich**

# LOST

Eight socks without mates  
gather in the drawer  
discussing their future,  
a lonely-hearts club  
of wool and cotton,

while under an apron of trees  
sit paradise, innocence,  
opportunity  
and passion,  
craving eye contact

and just down the street,  
the dreams that fade the minute you wake  
meet with the words  
of the tip of your tongue  
in the coffee shop of lost appetites.

~Kerry Fitzharris



# SMALL THINGS

A baby bird flew to my  
window in the morning's long light.

Speckled and wobbly he knew  
not what nor where he was.

On uncertain wings  
he disappeared from sight.

No one marks the coming  
of such small things.

But the world would  
crumble without the morning's long, long light,  
and your wondrous small wings.

**Fay Morris**

## Sonnet II

I never believe departure will come.  
My words pour forth, your attention to keep;  
I grab at half-thoughts, questions and some  
Clever joke, so time, unnoticed, will sleep  
While the gaze from your eyes encircles my  
Arms in light caress, encouraging me  
To prattle on, while the look from my eye  
Tells you words are but a means to see  
That you do not part too soon. I am caught  
In this circle of talk and glances. In  
this unbroken waltz of words I have sought  
through my voice's embrace your heart to win.  
Is it possible you understand why  
I never bring myself to say goodbye?

**Linda Langness**

## Return

What will you do? There will be no one to lead you.

If there is no river, no ibis or chora  
If there is no whisper which way

No pontiff, mother, shaman  
There will be no drum, no waving prayer to guide you

No horizon, no stupa, no star  
No piece of bark or beach of sand to crawl into

No moss or rock or garden  
So how then, will you walk foot before foot to your heaven?

**Christi Kramer**

## ALL THE WATERMARKS ONE WAY

Like rivers in constant commotion,  
over nothing, over everything...  
aren't we moved by water, some of us,  
because we are of the same spirit?  
The metaphor's a comfortable one.  
We relax, commiserate with one another.

Think of the times we're swept along  
in our daily lives bumping here and there  
our little driftwood heads  
against one thing or another. Listen,  
when we get down to it, it being  
occasionally a lack of direction,  
can't we find our course  
picking up steam  
like rivers do their rapids?

Not that far apart, we needn't cast doubt  
on what our rivers and lives are.  
Each can be seen as a series of unfolding events,  
a single complicated image  
with its own rhythm section, jumps, falls,  
deep silent runs, humming things along.

A life swells listening to the music.  
Like something learned for the first time  
and never forgotten, our attention to rivers  
have our interests at heart. Why not,  
the question begs--take care of the things we love:  
each other, our earth, and clean free-flowing water.

(Originally published 1998 in *Bellowing Ark* under a different name)

**John Holbrook**



**Water's Great**, 22x28, acrylic, Darrelyn Rose, artist

## Substitutes

Now that Daddy's passed away  
I'm the man around the house--  
I got a summer job, substitute  
for Lynn Hirst's paper route.  
He shows me how to fold in thirds  
and stuff the littler part inside

the bigger hole--and how to throw  
that Independent Record right  
to the middle of the porch, so then  
when you collect and smile, they tip--  
five dollars for Roman candles  
and firecrackers for the Fourth.

The streets are hard: up Adams, down  
Howie to Olive, then Ming. Go through  
the alley, then Washington, Peosta,  
and finally home in time for Mom  
and dinner before she goes to be  
the nurse for children in Shodair.

I don't fold the Sundays right.  
I put them on the steps or porch  
so folks can read about Korea  
where Harry Truman's killing Commies.  
(I remember Daddy won a hundred  
bucks in his election.) On Monday

The Independent Record's mad at me.  
The Sundays're scattered all over  
town, on the playground at Hawthorne  
School, on Main Street plastered  
to the Corner Bar, up Grizzly Gulch,  
and, they said, I forgot about Peosta.

I'm fired now and I don't care  
because I climb the Cottonwood  
in our front yard, and Mom, she's off  
next week. We'll go to see  
my uncle Glen in Deer Lodge  
who's gonna teach me second base.

**David Dale**



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# Chocolate-Covered Zucchini

by Karen Schneider

Today was tough. After lunch I got a massage then lounged in the hammock finishing Stephen King's "On Writing," which all writers and writer-wanna-be's should read immediately. It made me want to sit right down and work on my novel. Almost.

Instead I dabbled around in the garden where I found an epic zucchini about the size of New Hampshire. As I hauled it into the house, I told it, "I can't let YOU go to waste now, can I?"

I gave it a rinse and shredded it up in the food processor then got out my worn-out handwritten recipe for Chocolate Zucchini Cake. I've made this family favorite, which originally came from one of my kids' high-school friends, zillions of times. I've tweaked it over the years, upping the chocolate the older I get.

Making this moist chocolately, no-frosting-needed dessert is a great way to rid yourself of those monstrous squashes that hide so well under the weeds and leaves. It can even be made on a winter's day with store-bought zucchini because it's great comfort food any time of year and makes the house smell like Willie Wonka's Chocolate Factory. Be careful, because it's highly addictive, but at least you can tell yourself you're getting in your veggies, albeit chocolate-covered. I like it fresh out of the oven with a cold glass of milk, but I've also been known to eat it with whipped cream and every flavor of ice cream you can imagine.

This particular cake is traveling with me tomorrow to my daughter's for a girls' day out, minus one piece. I'm using the excuse that I had to do a photo shoot. I'm not sure my friends and family will buy it, but that's what I'm going with.

## Chocolate Zucchini Cake from Karen

Preheat oven to 325 degrees. Grease 9x13-inch pan.

1 stick butter  
½ cup oil  
1 ¾ cup sugar  
2 eggs  
2 teaspoon vanilla  
½ cup buttermilk OR ½ cup milk w/1 teaspoon vinegar added.  
Let these 2 ingredients mingle for at least 15 minutes  
2 ¼ cups flour  
1 teaspoon baking soda  
½ teaspoon baking powder  
½ teaspoon salt  
6 tablespoons cocoa  
1 teaspoon cinnamon  
2 cups grated zucchini  
2 cups chocolate chips (1 cup for batter and sprinkle on top)

Cream butter and oil w/sugar. Beat in eggs and vanilla. Combine dry ingredients and add to creamed mixture w/buttermilk. Stir in zucchini and 1 cup chocolate chips. Pour into pan. Sprinkle more chocolate chips on top. Bake for 1 hour.



**Autumn Refuge**, 16 x 20, acrylic Darrelyn Rose, artist

## *Water To Sustain The Spirit*

In your life give thought  
to small scale management.  
Live in the middle of it.  
Tend it like an island.

Take time to learn,  
decide how  
most things flow  
with everything else.

Walking along this kind of shore  
first keeps you busy  
then motivates  
while you think of what there is to do.

In this place you need no substance,  
no storehouse dependence  
so concrete it's hard not to stub a toe.  
Amble a willowed gravel bar

populated with sandpipers, wild scent.  
You're safe here away from home.  
South's the direction you face,  
a white water riffle racing west.

Notice how plant roots work to hold  
a river's soil down, how grasses  
and sedges diminish silting  
so on riverbed gravels

algae grow and aquatic insects feed  
and trout slash currents  
slapping their tails in the sun.  
The gnarled, battered cottonwood

a heron rookery tumbles from, let it go.  
In decline, nesting cavities will open  
and soon rise into song. Draft a path  
so carts of firewood from overgrowth

or broken keep you warm.  
Draw in squirrels and jays,  
white-tailed deer,  
warblers spilling out of thickets,

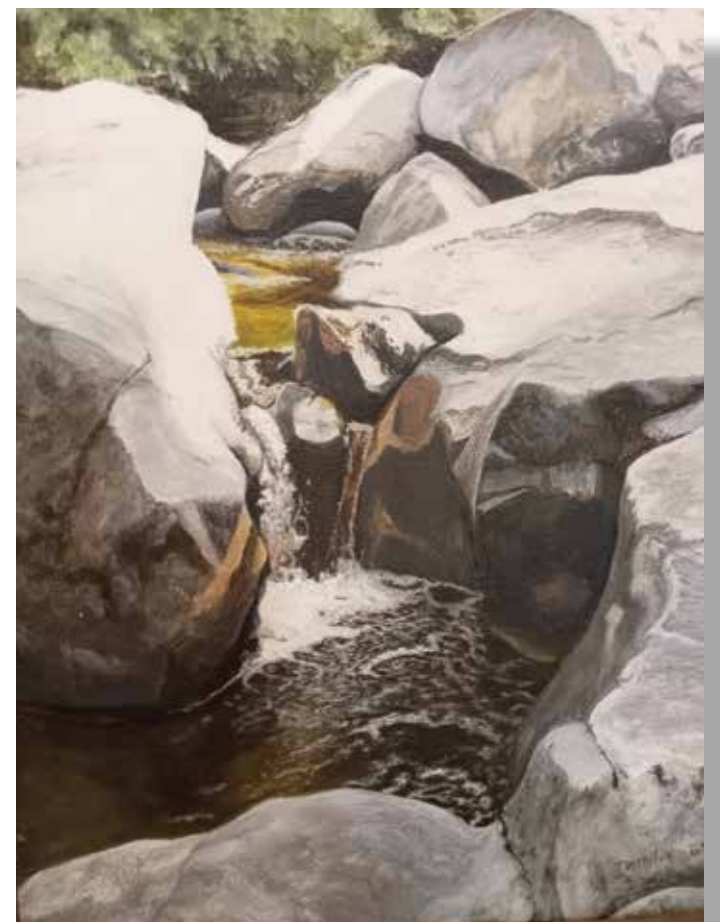
wasps constructing paper domes.  
Pails of morels in spring,  
summer berries by the cup,  
your creel lined with field horsetail

and mint, a single rainbow trout,  
will help you recognize  
how it is again you grow.  
Distinctions, landscapes—

sky, island, slough,  
eagles under cumulus, swallows nesting  
rooted cutbanks, beaver, coyote, weasel,  
damsalfies lifting from water's edge,

their wings igniting in the sun—  
hold and behold the world.  
It is here, there. Everywhere a part of you.  
Take it with you where you go.

**John Holbrook**



**Smith Creek Falls**, 11 x 14, acrylic, Darrelyn Rose, artist