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Beatitudes for the Weird

_Blessed are ye who are mocked for unbridled expression of love in all its forms,_

_Blessed are those who see beauty in ugliness,_

_Blessed are the weird people—poets, misfits, writers, mystics, heretics, painters & troubadours—for they teach us to see the world through different eyes._

_Blessed are those who have endured breaking by life, for they are the resplendent cracks through which the light shines._

_Blessed are ye who embrace the intensity of life's pain and pleasure, for they shall be rewarded with uncommon ecstasy._

_Blessed are those who have endured breaking by life, for they are the resplendent cracks through which the light shines._

_Blessed are ye who see beauty in ugliness,_

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_Blessed are ye who have endured breaking by life, for they are the resplendent cracks through which the light shines._

Jacob Nordby

Author and life coach Jacob Nordby’s work resonates so completely with the mission of _Northern Journeys_ that we contacted him in Boise, Idaho to ask if we could share his inspirational _Beatitudes for the Weird_ in our publication. This generous, beautiful human being who joins us in celebrating the divine magic that resides in all of us, responded immediately and enthusiastically with a resounding “YES!” Be sure to visit Jacob’s web site at www.jacobnordby.com.

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A Note from the Editor:

Last year I spent several months in the Northwest and couldn’t help but notice all the similarities between that region and my beloved Maine. The flora and fauna, especially the trees, were familiar reminders of home and served as touchstones as I wrote, traveled, and experimented with being “a free-range human”. Although I missed Maine and all my dear ones, I loved exploring new territory that included taking my writing in a new direction, hiking up mountains, trying out many restaurants, and making new friends; many of them writers, artists, and musicians. Along the way, I became reacquainted with an old schoolmate of mine from upstate New York, Jason Thomas, who had settled in North Idaho years ago. Connecting with me on Facebook and handily hooking me with a reference to Henry David Thoreau, he and I spent hours together musing over our collective dreams, and reminiscing and laughing a lot.

Besides growing up in the same town, attending the same schools, and having the same teachers and childhood friends, Jason and I had both grown up to make our livings with words. I’m a writer and editor; he owns a publishing business and produces _Northern Journeys_, a well-loved publication that has been read in North Idaho and surrounding regions for nearly 20 years.

During one of our many mountain hikes, Jason and I hit on the bodacious idea of bringing _Northern Journeys_ to mid-coast Maine, a region that’s crammed full of artists, musicians, writers, poets, entrepreneurs, holistic practitioners, dreamers, students, and small-business owners, many of whom I know as friends. Through _Northern Journeys_, I thought I could use my experience as a writer, editor, marketer, and conduit to gather and support all these shiny people who I love and admire.

So after a fashion, Jason followed me back to Maine and here we are, bringing _Northern Journeys_ to you. Our goal is to make this publication as well-read here as it is out west. Our hope is that you will not only enjoy _Northern Journeys_, but that you will want to join us in our mission: _The arts are essential to a community’s well-being. Our intention is to provide a professional forum for artists of all kinds as they follow their creative pursuits. We pledge to support them on their journey._

We invite you to boldly express and share your resplendent selves through your art, through your support, through just being who you are. We’re so grateful to everyone who has helped us get our start, and invite all our readers to come be with us on our _Northern Journey_.

Shine On!
LOSSES

It must be difficult for God, listening
to our voices come up through his floor
of cloud to tell Him what’s been taken away:
Lord, I’ve lost my dog, my period, my hair,
all my money. What can He say, given
we’re so incomplete we can’t stop being
surprised by our condition, while He
is completeness itself? Or is God more
like us, made in His image – shaking his head
because He can’t be expected to keep track
of which voice goes with what name and address,
He being just one God. Either way, we seem
to be left here to discover our losses, everything
from car keys to larger items we can’t search
our pockets for, destined to face them
on our own. Even though the dentist gives us
music to listen to and the assistant looks down
with her lovely smile, it’s still our tooth
he yanks out, leaving a soft spot we ponder
with our tongue for days. Left to ourselves,
we always go over and over what’s missing –
tooth, dog, money, self-control, and even losses
as troubling as the absence the widower can’t stop
reaching for on the other side of his bed a year
later. Then one odd afternoon, watching some
ordinary event, like the way light from the window
holds a vase on the table, or how the leaves
on his backyard tree change colors all at once
in a quick wind, he begins to feel a lightness,
as if all his loss has led to finding just this.
Only God knows where the feeling came from,
or maybe God’s not some knower off on a cloud,
but there in the eye, which tears up now
at the strangest moments, over the smallest things.

-Wesley McNair, Poet Laureate of Maine

Wesley McNair won the PEN New England Award for Poetry with his new
collection, The Lost Child: Ozark Poems. Down East Books is publishing Take
Heart, More Poems from Maine, a second anthology derived from his popu-
lar Take Heart column for Maine newspapers.
Clicking Into Her True Calling

The minute detail of autumn leaves nestled in the crevices of a stone staircase, a broad view of sunrise over a field of corn, a dear one’s beloved face, the majesty of the Maine coastline, or the simplicity of a worn chair or derelict truck—these are all images you will find in photographer Nancy Greindl’s portfolio.

Passionate beyond measure, self-taught, intuitive, and generous, Nancy accomplishes what all photographers strive for. She captures the light: morning glow reflected off a delicate sea rose petal, sparkling rays cascading through the leaves of autumn trees; even the brilliance of a person’s spirit shining through their eyes.

Working from her Topsham studio, Nancy is a native Mainer who was raised in Durham and Brunswick and is a proud Brunswick High School grad. Mother of two children and grandmother to two more, Nancy’s natural capacity for caregiving led her to be employed in the healthcare field and in education, connecting with children of all ages. However, it was when Nancy bought her first camera to document a vacation that she clicked into her true calling, and over these past few years, has come into her own. Her eye for photography is clearly connected to her ever-curious heart as she travels the countryside she has known all her life, finding the familiar, returning again and again to her favorite places, and looking at them anew through the lens with her husband, Dana often at her side. “He’s my biggest supporter and the reason why I can do this,” she said.

Finding it easy to connect with her world, and drawn to subject matter that tells a story, Nancy takes on projects that not only reflect her interests, but also allow her caregiving instincts to shine through. As a matter of fact, Nancy’s first foray into becoming a photographer came about while working at Mt. Ararat High School when she discovered some students weren’t able to have senior portraits taken because they couldn’t afford it. With her new Fuji Point & Shoot in hand, Nancy generously stepped up to offer photo sessions and digital prints to these seniors at no charge. Now Nancy gets paid to do what she loves, taking dozens of senior portraits every year with her characteristic enthusiasm. “I’ve always loved photos of people laughing,” she said. That’s why snapping seniors always brings her so much joy. Along the way, she has invited students on shoots to teach them what she knows, and in turn, they’ve taught her more than a few things about the technology required to succeed in this field.

Currently, Nancy is creating a portfolio entitled, “Lost Arts” that includes images of people engaged in occupations that, indeed, have become a lost art. The project began when she photographed her grandfather, Walter F. Parker, a retired Lisbon shoe cobbler. These photographs were used to illustrate a story about him in a recent edition of Down East Magazine. Among others to be added to this portfolio will be blacksmiths, glass blowers, potters, and masons.

Perhaps Nancy’s most important project to date began recently, when she and her sister, Tammy Fortin Roy made the decision to recognize Breast Cancer Awareness Month in honor of their grandmother, Blanche Bourgoin Parker. (Blanche and Tammy are photographed in “A Grandmother’s Love.”) Nancy and her sister are offering their time and talent to five women with breast cancer by gifting them with a photography session that includes a day of pampering, digital photos, and prints.

This winter, Nancy will focus on what she refers to as “intimate portraits”, photographing women in her new studio and in other natural environments that bring forth their boundless beauty and strength. “Photographing women in this way is more about the experience than the final product. I want women to feel empowered and comfortable with themselves.”

Published in Down East Magazine, Nancy’s photography has also been shown at Central Maine Medical Center, The Plant Home in Bath, Little Pond Gallery on Orr’s Island, and The Sea Dog Restaurant and public library in Topsham. To see more of Nancy’s portfolios, go to Nancy Greindl Photography on Facebook or www.zenfolio.com.

-KS
The Door Within

Vision of hidden realms within
Behind the inner door
A beacon of journey’s end
Obscured by false fog
Lured away with shiny promises
The key won’t turn
Clues change constantly
Secrets guarding the path
Frustrations mount on twisted pathways
Draped with haunted memories
Harsh words, and bitter regrets
Valiant efforts
Yet the door won’t open
Stuck
Warped shut
Blocked by jagged layers of tangled arguments
Veiled misunderstandings
Warped by time
Kicking batters the door
Fevered curses blister the lock
Sinking against the door
Unyielding
Structure hard on weary bones
Despair clings
Heartache swirls
Hope escapes through tears
Lost
Damaged
Broken
An empty shattered husk
Until all is given up
Until all is surrendered
Until all past versions release
Gentle caress of a new breeze
A wedge of light
Another door
No lock
Swung ajar
The true door was present all along
Unseen until freedom permeated old realities
Former ways that no longer served
Beliefs wrapped in false trimmings
Only the journey knew the way

-Amy Dionne

Amy seeks magic in the everyday by dancing, crafting art from fabric, communicating with animals, and trying to bribe the muse with chocolate. Find her at http://heartofautumn.com.
As a fiber artist, color, nature, and all things woolly are some of my greatest passions. I also have a great fondness for bringing people to the world of fiber arts. When I was asked to write this feature, even though I had a new baby and was busy with a small-batch yarn business of my own, I was more than happy to do it, knowing I would be supporting a vibrant group of talented, like-minded people.

Whether raising fiber animals; owning a store front, studio, or on-line shop; volunteering with 4-H; participating in a spinning group; working as a shearer or mill owner, a production weaver, or fiber arts instructor, we in the fiber arts community all have something unique to offer each other. My goal is to gather you all in to tell your own personal fiber tales. Together, we'll weave our stories for these pages.

I inadvertently began forging my own fiber trail around the age of six when I daydreamed about foraging and sewing during school. I couldn’t wait to get home to make clothes for my stuffed animals or wander around our yard and nearby woods to see what was happening. By the time I was a teenager, I knew a sturdy seedling had emerged from the fertile ground of those daydreams. When a neighbor taught me to knit, another bud came out on this seedling. I earnestly managed to squeak out 1.5 inches of wobbly knitting on U.S. No. 3 needles and cheap acrylic yarn before my thumbs couldn’t take any more pokes.

When I arrived at college, I was delighted to see my dorm-mates knitting and joined right in. When I didn’t catch on as fast as I thought I should, I just made it up as I went along. In the process of knitting a giant scarf in sea colors, I had to return to the craft store twice for more yarn. It seems that in my enthusiasm, I had cast on so many stitches that the length of the scarf wasn’t proportional to the width even after knitting up two skeins. With a third skein purchased, I finished it off in a frenzy over Christmas break, returning to campus to walk proudly and contently across the snowy quad unrecognizably bundled up in my luxurious scarf (measuring seven feet by thirty inches). This Christmas will mark that scarf’s 20th birthday. Since then, I’ve learned not only to knit and spin, but to shear sheep and skirt fleece. I’ve attended Cashmere goat husbandry workshops, researched the first textile mills of Maine, attended a lichenology retreat, taught at the New England Fiber Arts Retreat, and The Maine Fiber Frolic. Most importantly, I’ve discovered my true calling-- dyeing fiber naturally, using lichens, mushrooms, and plants.

During my years as a visual arts major in college, I enjoyed a delightful time of discovery here in Maine, interwoven with trips to Ireland. I spent two summers volunteering there, as well as a semester studying at The Burren College of Art. While living in Wicklow one summer, I visited the most famous weaving mill in Ireland, if not in all of Europe; Avoca Handweavers. I was so excited by all the fluffy mohair stretched on the looms that I asked to buy some. I just had to have it! To my surprise, I was gifted with a giant box of mill ends.

Over the moon, I lugged it the two miles home. After evening tea, my Irish friends and I sat together and rolled this yarn into bright colored balls of mohair and bouclé. Invigorated from my experiences, I continued to fall more deeply in love with fiber. In the evenings after work I taught myself to knit hats and mittens, but knitting wasn’t enough, and the itch to spin became so great I purchased a drop spindle made by Peace Fleece at the Common Ground Fair. I still recall the moment my yarn stayed together and my spindle stopped falling to the floor. The ladies of R&R Spinners of West Cumberland took me under their collective wings, loaning me a spinning wheel and offering tips on improving my draft and pull. I was a colorful spinner, using bits of this and that, while the ladies came with giant quantities...
A Veteran Returns to her Artistic Roots

A Maine Army National Guard veteran who served in Operation Desert Storm, artist Angie Blevins shows her appreciation and gratitude for the beauty that surrounds her every day by depicting it in her drawings and paintings. Spending much of her time driving around the state, it seems that she has become especially enamored with trees, no matter what the season, capturing their essence with ink and watercolor. “They each have their own personality and seem to call to me. My soul reaches for the calm that exists in the woods,” Angie said. She has been inspired to create a series entitled: Maine Trees: They Know. Angie portrays her trees as always graceful, and depending on the season, they are sometimes voluptuous and wind-blown, sometimes stark. These are the beings we share our planet with, giving us shade and beauty, and over the years have provided a living to thousands of hard-working individuals in this forested state.

Serving in the U.S. Navy for five years as a drafts person before joining the Maine Army National Guard, Angie now lives the artist’s life she’s always envisioned, allowing nature and her imagination to play together on an ever-evolving journey where her heart leads the way. She works with a variety of mediums: oil, acrylic, watercolor, and pen and ink, in her New Sharon studio, creating scenic landscapes and still life on canvas or paper, surrounded by the trees and sky that serve as inspiration for her work. “When I step into my studio, all my cares and worries stop at the door. Here I find a deep joy, excitement, and freedom that come from being my creative self. Being an artist is not something I do, it’s who I am, what I was meant to be in this lifetime.”

Drawing and painting most of her life, Angie was influenced by her artist mother and older siblings. (Her sister obtained an art degree and her brother was a landscape architect.) She attended graphic art school in her native Nebraska before she made the decision to join the Navy and serve her country as a drafts person. During her service with the Guard, Angie was an illustrator and created the eight pencil portraits, Fallen Soldiers, on display at the front entrance of Camp Keyes in Augusta. She also designed the six unit coins that commanding officers sometimes award to each unit’s soldiers, as well as designing the Maine National Guard’s Family Program logo, “Family is the Heart of the Guard”. This past spring, her military service and art world conjoined when she attended a workshop at Haystack School on Deer Isle. There she participated with other veterans in transforming their old uniforms into paper that they then used for drawings and paintings. Angie is also known as a composite artist for local law enforcement whose drawings have been instrumental in the conviction of over twenty criminals to date.

One of Angie’s more personal works is Salute. She said, “A couple years ago, during my transition to 100% civilian life, I found myself letting go of my bond with the flag which had previously held a very high presence in my life, especially because I was a member of the Honor Guard, folding the flag at funerals. I wanted to do a painting of the flag reflecting the changes in my life. With the hint of red, white and blue present, you can feel the essence, yet there are many layers – a few circles, strokes, dashes… the process of stepping away.”

Most recently, Angie reveals her whimsical side in her colorful series, Cups. Here, she takes the common coffee cup, playing up the vessel’s importance in our lives against an abstract background, reminding the viewer of how beautiful the ordinary can be.

Angie Blevins’ drawings and paintings have been displayed at Cross Office Building and the Maine Arts Commission Building in Augusta, Little Pond Gallery on Orr’s Island, The Harlow Gallery in Hallowell, The Gallery on the Lake in Greenville, The Wile, The Stadler Gallery in Kingfield, The Waterville Arts Society, the Inland Hospital in Waterville and at The Sheepscot Show at River Arts Gallery in Damariscotta. Her colored pencil, ink and watercolor painting “Rainbow Tree Line” recently received an Honorable Mention in Boothbay Regional Art Foundation’s 5th Annual “ArthInME” juried Show. Readers can like Angie Blevins Art on Facebook.
One bright fall day in 1958, (I remember it well) the large and dark upright piano that belonged to Grammy Good arrived in our house. I was only five years old then, but the towering instrument brought joy to my heart. Normally, having that much activity would be exciting to a child...and to the adults as well, but somehow I just KNEW that large piece of furniture contained magic I could learn to unlock.

Grammy was my Dad’s grandmother, and being so much younger, I never got to know her very well. Still, it was the stories Dad told of her indomitable spirit, and how the family would gather round that very upright piano that belonged to Grammy Good arrived in our house. I don’t even remember my first piano lessons, but I can never forget the two-block walk to the home of my teacher. Over the years, passion, dedication and reverence were unlocked for me during those weekly thirty-minute sessions.

Learning to play piano gave me tools I’ve had for a lifetime; tools that made me the center of attention when Nanny or Grammy visited. “Play for your grandmother,” my mother would say. I watched Nanny’s face light up as she closed her eyes and tapped her toes. (Many years later, a relative shared a newspaper clipping with me recalling how this grandmother had run away from home at age fifteen with a friend. Still, it was the stories Dad told of her indomitable spirit, and how the family would gather round that very piano and sing while she played, that captured a piece of my soul.

I don’t even remember my first piano lessons, but I can never forget the two-block walk to the home of my teacher. Over the years, passion, dedication and reverence were unlocked for me during those weekly thirty-minute sessions.

When you play the piano, you actually feel the vibrations of the felt-tipped hammers striking the wires. Your ears instantly receive those vibrations and your brain translates it all into music.

I recall the powerful response a group of children gave me many years ago, when I was teaching classroom music. The little ones were gathered round me and I was telling them the reason we could hear music was because of “vibration.” I explained that ALL sound is vibration. They looked at me and I knew they needed an example. “Touch your throat,” I said. “Then say your name and tell me what you feel.” Suddenly there were twenty raised hands and the electricity of discovery was in the room.

I feel a similar “electricity” every time I sit down to play an instrument. I’ve gone on to play pipe organ for churches, teach band instruments to children, and play many instruments myself, but the flute and piccolo are the instruments of my soul.

To begin with, playing an instrument takes determination and practice. You have to use all your systems to accomplish it: auditory, motor, emotional, and executive functions. You learn to process multiple concepts simultaneously.

A great example I can give you from teaching in the class room is that I used to draw a pizza on the blackboard and beside it draw a whole note. Next I’d draw a half note and ask the kids what it was. If there was no reply, I’d draw a line through the pizza, halving it. We’d go on through quarter notes and eighth notes. That pizza always made us hungry, but it was a great reference that kept their attention! As they got better at recognizing the notes without the pizza, I introduced rhythm instruments, drawing a line of various notes on the board and together we’d “play” what we saw. As we practiced, they got better then I’d write different lines of rhythm for different instruments. What fun!

A wise third grade teacher, at his desk in the back of the room, sat quietly noticing what we did for several weeks. He asked me for copies of the worksheets I’d given his students. Amazed and curious, I asked why. “Because you’ve successfully introduced them to fractions before I get to it in the spring. They already know so much about them, I want to use what they know in their math class.”

Music unlocks a great deal more in our minds that just the joy of listening or playing. Think back to what I’ve said. We’ve discovered a relationship to both science and math, not to mention the social aspect like I had experienced playing for my grandmothers, who were an appreciative audience. They clap, you feel good, and it elevates the mood for both the listener and the performer. Add psychology to the list.

I don’t believe it was happenstance when I noticed that all my high school flute students were also in AP classes and on the honor roll. Students who play instruments have learned a powerful lesson. They manage their time to include school, homework, sports, drama, art, music classes and practice. They go on to play in groups and manage their time so they can include rehearsals in their busy schedules.

Ensemble playing teaches us even more, and yields greater levels of satisfaction, enjoyment and happiness. Ask any adult who’s joined a local town band.

Playing in a group requires a greater level of dedication and commitment. It’s not about just you anymore. Each instrumentalist is listening while playing so they can blend with the other instruments, play loudly enough to be heard, but not so loudly that their instrument overcomes the others. You play with one eye on the music and the other eye on the conductor because THAT person is keeping the entire group on track. Your eyes scan little dots and symbols on rows of little lines (staffs). Your brain translates these “codes,” all at the same time as you move their fingers to the correct places, inhaling, exhaling and forming your mouth in the correct “embouchure” for the instrument. With all this going on, you’re in the midst of all the vibrating sounds, feeling and listening to the blend of chords and melody, while your soul soars to the heavens! At least until you hit a wrong note! I’ve looked on the internet and was tickled to find a schematic of a musician’s brain while playing. Not surprisingly, it was lit up like a Christmas tree!

When I listen to music, it makes me happier. When I play music, it supports me, elevates me and soothes me. It’s no surprise that listening and playing music can lower blood pressure and anxiety. Medical and psychological studies are being done to measure these effects. The results are not surprising to musicians and toe-tappers. Dig out your old turntable and spin a few records, turn on your car radio and tune in some classics, or just grab an instrument and learn to uncover and decode the mystery! It’s never too late to learn!

Artist and musician Marcia Good Townsend is a retired organist and music teacher whose unique experience includes her involvement with The Musical Wonder House and Merry Music Box Shoppes. She has played with a chamber group in Damariscotta and with a Bath-based flute choir, as well as with a local town band for thirty-two years while teaching in Wiscasset, Dresden, Bristol & South Bristol schools and conducting private lessons. She continues to play with Coastal Winds of Freeport and Harpswell Community Band. Thirty-four years of music in Maine...and counting!

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Marcia Good Townsend

Science, Math, Psychology...or Soul?

Mainely Music
Winter 2015-2016 Northern Journeys

**The Healing Power of Guided Imagery**

Joni Larlee, C.H.

In the early 1980’s I had the privilege of meeting a remarkable little lady, whom I shall call Hope, when I had an opportunity to teach a Guided Imagery session at a Center for Spiritual Living in Evanston, IL. After the session, Hope asked if she could have a private session with me because she was experiencing constant fear and anxiety. I agreed to help her. Hope was very petite, quiet and shy, with a waif-like quality about her. When she told me her story, I realized why she had so much fear about the future. Hope had been a diabetic all her life. Her health had been fragile in general, especially her heart. Her parents didn’t allow her to go outside and play with other children, as she had been and was a very sad living the life of a recluse with fearful over-protective parents, hence, she had never been able to experience a life of her own.

When I asked her if she could have anything she wanted in life, she replied, “I’d love to know what it feels like to go out and play with other children. Most of all, I’d love to know what it feels like to dance.” She added that she felt it was too late to have these experiences and that she carried a deep sense of sadness in her heart because of it. I talked to her about the benefits of Guided Imagery and the power of the subconscious mind. I explained to her that there is no time and space beyond this dimension, so anything is possible if she believed in her heart that it could happen.

After working with her for three sessions, Hope was able to experience all she felt she had lost as a child. Her inner child was able to play with other children, and best of all, she was able to dance. She felt the experience in her body as if she had been physically playing and dancing. The subconscious mind is not bound by space and time so everything is happening now.

Hope wrote me a note thanking me for giving her the opportunity to know what it felt like to dance and to be free like the beautiful spirit she truly was. When I last saw her she was radiant and happy, ready to move on to her next adventure. I felt so honored to have been able to help her and was so excited about the progress she had made. After a few days later, however, I received a call that Hope had passed away. She had gone into a diabetic coma and never recovered.

As sad as it was to see her go, I could only think of how much sadness it would have been had she not been able to set her spirit free by playing and dancing in her beautifully vivid imagination. The subconscious mind cannot tell the difference between an actual external event and what images have been created in the mind or felt in the heart. I will always remember this very special soul called Hope, who helped me to have complete trust and faith in miracles and in the healing power of Guided Imagery in our lives.

Today, it is so exciting to see what Guided Imagery can do in healing and in changing people’s lives for the better, and that it is being used successfully in major universities and hospitals around the world. Health practitioners are combining imagery with traditional healing practices as a tool for treatment of catastrophic illnesses, as well as recovery from surgical procedures. This gives credence to what I know has been a powerful healing tool for many people.

I have been using Guided Imagery since 1975, first on myself to heal serious illnesses, and then on others. It has been a powerful healing tool for many people. The Healing Power of Guided Imagery can be used successfully in major universities and hospitals around the world. Health practitioners are combining imagery with traditional healing practices as a tool for treatment of catastrophic illnesses, as well as recovery from surgical procedures. This gives credence to what I know has been a powerful healing tool for many people.

*Finding My Way to Health*

Karen Davis, L.C.S.W.

On the evening of the new moon, and again on the evening of the full moon, a spacious room tucked in the upstairs of an old building in downtown Brunswick comes alive with the activities of Red Tent Temple. Women gather here to reconnect with themselves, with each other, and with the ancient traditions of the Red Tent.

This Red Tent Temple, as well as my healthcare practice, come about as the culmination of seeking answers for my own anxiety and depression over the past thirty-five years. I began a journey of self-discovery that led me to learn what actually works to shift core patterns. Starting with panic attacks in my late 20’s, I was prescribed tranquilizers that numbed my body and soul. I, like many women, turned to therapy and medication for help. The drugs were so mind-numbing that therapy could not access what was actually causing the panic. So began a vicious cycle of attempting to get help and only getting worse. The panic attacks, which were a signal that something was terribly wrong, did not go away by being drugged into oblivion. The message these attacks were trying to send was deep suppressed; therefore, my symptoms flared up to get my attention. A myriad of health concerns followed, even a thought I sought help from both doctors and therapists. Years of anxiety, depression, addictions, and numerous health concerns continued to plague me in spite of a serious commitment to become healthy.

Something seemed so wrong with this picture. Why would I continue to get worse while I was attempting to get better? After what felt like a life-time of searching, I began to understand that the paradigm of the medical model wasn’t working for me. The idea of separating body, mind and spirit was backwards, and the notion of suppressing symptoms was also wrong. I began to look deeper that our deep wounds, traumas, our deepest grief, and our most profound fears need attention and support. They cannot be eliminated, but welcomed and understood.

I continued to go to numerous therapists in search of a safe place for nurturing and support. I became a therapist myself, believing this was the answer, yet the patterns persisted. The well-worn patterns of how to navigate the pain of life are carved deeply into the psyche. We learn to turn away from pain and discomfort, looking for a quick fix. Slowly, we come to challenge the notion that we should feel happy all the time, and that if we don’t, there’s something profoundly wrong. Believing we’re defective in some way, we suffer in isolation and our symptoms deepen.

In the early 80’s, while searching for answers I came across a system of medicine known as homeopathy. It looked very complicated, yet I was intrigued. It was several years before I actually found a homeopath and had my case taken, having several experiences with homeopathy before I had that AHA moment. After taking a remedy, it seemed the whole world unfolded before me while the remedy melted on my tongue. This experience led to extensive changes in the way I pursued health. If, after taking a minute dose of a natural substance, such immediate and deep changes could occur, I must be on to something. I started to study homeopathy, and experiment more with the remedies, continuing to have profound, even miraculous, healing experiences. All paths eventually led to Minneapolis where I moved to attend a four-year program in the study of classical homeopathy.

The addition of homeopathic medicines has made all the difference in what I can bring to the therapeutic healing encounter. These energy medicines can open locked doors in the psyche and shift deep patterns of anxiety and depression, allowing for true change. They help create new pathways to work through old wounds and traumas, and help ground the body/mind/spirit in a new way of being. This is a different experience than having painful symptoms numbed and suppressed. One still has to feel and become fully conscious, which can be a lonely and difficult path. Where do we go with our sorrow, our grief, and our loneliness?

This is where the Red Tent comes in. We cannot separate our need for connection, community, and love from our overall health. We need to feel valued, heard, nurtured; and we need to offer these things to others. It makes us healthier to love and be loved.

The historical red tents were where women came together for three days during their menses (moon time). It was a time for rest, relaxation, and reflection; as well as to be nurtured and taught by other women. In these times, women had their menses in relation to the moon, all at the same time. It was easy to gather at a common time for this monthly community event. This rest time was built into the ebb and flow of life and could be counted on as a way to recharge and rebuild oneself.

Today, this rest time is no longer built into our lives as women. We no longer come together in this biological and spiritual community to connect with each other and honor the divine process of being female. This is a profound loss to women who now struggle with their individual...
POETIC IMAGERY

Patty L. Sparks writes poetry in the Minimalist Image style and Haiku. Her work has been published in Maine and most recently, in Japan. She was the recipient of the 1985 prestigious Thalhimer's (Women's Studies) Essay Writers Scholarship.

JANUARY SNOW

Come, let winter weave her wondrous spell, for all of nature is at peace, in this the month of dreams.

Maine Nor'easter

Seas rage, winds pummel shorelines of granite and pine, as snow falls...on snow.

Winter Quietude

Senses silent stripped of every pretense ...one drifts into a world all their own.

Haiku

tiny birds scurry/neath boughs laden with snow/grateful for berries

The Conversation Ink 10"x8.5" Angie Blevins
Vision  Nancy Greindl

Forgotten  Nancy Greindl

George’s Stairs  Nancy Greindl

A Grandmother’s Love  Nancy Greindl

Winter 2015-2016 Northern Journeys
Blue Sky In Winter  Watercolor & ink  10x12  Angie Blevins

Seasons Change  Watercolor & ink  10x9  Angie Blevins

Stone Wall  Watercolor & ink  11x14  Angie Blevins
Des Niege
(The Snow)

I watched it fall.
White. Fluffy. Snow. I told my mom I could eat it because it looks like fresh out the oven, not touched marshmallow cake. Fresh, but cold. The snow glashed over me like when you jump into the cold pool water on a hot summer day. I was still sitting in the marshmallow cake missing the lightning hot summer days.
I walked through the quicksand snow and got the sled out of the shed and walked my way up the hill. I flopped the burned out red sled on the top of the hill. My body was tired from walking up the fluffernutter snow.
I started digging my hands down in the marshmallow to start myself down the hill. As I went down, I didn’t go fast because the sled was bent in front.

The Red Flag

My shoes made a crunching sound on the loose bits of ice as I strolled across the frozen lake with Mari. This was my first time ice fishing and I was determined to make it good.

The red flags which were set up to show when we catch some fish while ice fishing, hadn’t caught anything in a while. It was beginning to get a little boring. “Clairc?” Mari cut through the silence. I looked at her. Her dark chocolate brown hair was shoulder-length and only two inches were sticking out under her blue hat. She had a few freckles splashed across her face and her warm brown eyes glinted mischievously. She had a big grin on her face so I grinned, too.

I was still grinning when I answered. “Yes?”

“Let’s make this a little more interesting. So here’s the plan…” When she told me I stared at her.

“Could we go over there first?” I pointed to the fire which had candy, chairs, and warmth.

“Oh, okay.” Mari and I walked, still grinning, to the fire. Mari pulled out the Swedish fish bag and Mari, Gus, and I popped some in our mouths. Dad and Mr. Schultz were at the fire warming their feet. I squeezed my stiff, painful toes against the ice warmers. They had been warm at first, but then they lost their magic so now they were just there.

After we had warmed up somewhat, we dragged Gus with us to the flag nearest to us. My Dad and Mr. Schultz were far across the ice checking one of the flags. We carefully raised the flag up the metal pole, so as not to attract any unwanted attention to our little trick. Mari, Gus, and I scared away and watched as the grownups rushed over to the flag.

They checked it and looked right at us! When we hurried away, Mari had a wide grin on her face, holding in laughter. Gus very suddenly burst into a fit of giggles. Mari and I burst into laughter simultaneously.

“That was worth it!” I exclaimed.

Mari and Gus nodded. “Definitely.”

Claire Tankersley

Winter Joy Ride

“Come on, Dad! Hurry up!” Abby and I said as we rush my dad into our house.

“OK, OK! Just let me put my stuff down then I have to show you something.” Dad says as he takes something out of his bag and shows us.

“Thank you, Dad and what is it?” I say slowly to him.

“A snow tube,” Dad says. “We are going to use it tonight!”

“Yes, but is this safe? What if you keep going and going and never stop?” I say, suddenly panicked.

“That will never happen because: A) It will never happen.
B) Dad or I will be going with you so you will not go far. So nothing bad will happen,” Mom said.

We were quiet for a minute.

“Well then maybe we should get our stuff on,” Dad says as he pulls out our snow gear and throws it on the floor.

And I dive in there’s candy or money somewhere in the pile.

“Girls!” Mom says “That’s enough! Olivia, find your clothes, and Abby, wait until she is done.”

As I start to put on my things like my hat, gloves and snowboots, I start to feel nervous, but excited too. As we all finished getting dressed, we head outside to a sharp wind. We approach a huge hill the size of Mt. Everest (which means our hill in our back yard). We hike slowly up the hill. I think, “Why do my mom and dad think I need to go down with them? They will just slow me down. I should go down by myself!”

Shivers run up and down my body. Can’t breathe. Can’t breathe. “Olivia, are you ok?” my mom asks as she pulls me out of the snow. She starts to dust off my face. I must have face-planted right here in the snow.

When we get to the top, Dad went down alone first so we could have a path. He climbed in the sled, and I said, “B: Dad or I will be going with you so you will not go far.

A: It will never happen.

“Thank you, Dad thank…what is it?” I say slowly to him.

And he pulls out something out of his bag and shows us.

Mr. Schultz yells back and says, “Olivia, wait for me at the top so we can go down at the same time.”

I think to myself, “Why do I have to wait for Dad? I am old enough to go by myself!”

I opened the door and put them on. I felt like a winter brother.

As I start to go down, I think to myself, “Why do you have to wait for Dad? I am old enough to go by myself!”

I look quickly over my shoulder, making sure Mom and Abby are distracted and then I feel like I am flying in the air without any resistance. Wind and snow whips my face. I imagine flying into the railroad tracks with my snow tube.

We could get hurt. Or buried? Will Dad find me? Panic and fear are now consuming me.

Resist. Wind and snow whips my face. I imagine flying into the railroad tracks with my snow tube.

I feel like I am flying in the air without any resistance. Wind and snow whips my face. I imagine flying into the railroad tracks with my snow tube.

Would I get hurt? Or buried? Will Dad find me? Panic and fear are now consuming me.

“Thank you, Dad thank…what is it?” I say slowly to him.

“NO!” Abby screams nervously.

“Shivers run up and down my body. Can’t breathe. Can’t breathe. “Olivia, are you ok?” my mom asks as she pulls me out of the snow. She starts to dust off my face. I must have face-planted right here in the snow.

When we get to the top, Dad went down alone first so we could have a path. He climbed in the sled and has Mom push him off. Then he slowly goes down.

“Well, it’s a path now! Jeez, do you and Abby want to come down next?”

“No!” Abby screams nervously.

“Jump out...QUICK!” Dad yells.

I feel my brain working hard, figuring out what to do. I feel like I am flying in the air without any resistance. Wind and snow whips my face. I imagine flying into the railroad tracks with my snow tube.

Would I get hurt? Or buried? Will Dad find me? Panic and fear are now consuming me.

And then...BOOM!

“Olivia, are you ok?” he asks frantically.

“Yes, but, Ouch my foot,” I moan.

“Olivia, are you ok?” he asks frantically.

“I’ll play outside with you tomorrow,” he says.

Mari and Gus nodded. “Definitely.”

Olivia Sullivan

Student Authors
What I Have To Say

Northern Journeys wishes to thank these students and teacher Diana Marc-Aurele for her time and a teacher, or a sponsor who would like to participate in...
One cold, crisp day, at 1:35 p.m., I stepped outside and shut the door behind me. I was wrapped up in my orange coat, my scarf and cozy gloves. As I stood there, my jaw fell open. I watched the grass freeze. I watched animals slither and fly or crawl into their homes. Finally, I watched the last leaf fall. I sniffed the air. A smile tip-toed its way across my face. I whispered one word and one word only... "Winter."
The next morning I slowly awoke from my slumber. I gasped as I remembered the day before. I hopped out of bed and ran over to my window. I grabbed the blinds and pulled them open. Struggling to open the window, I forced it open and leaned outside. "SNOOOW!!!" I jumped up and down, not bothering to close the window, throw on my slippers and started humming "Jingle Bells" to myself as I quickly tip-toed past my sister’s room, down the stairs. Half-way down the stairs, I changed my mind and ran back up the stairs and into her room. I shook her awake, yelling, "Ava, Ava, Wake up!!!" She turned away mumbling, "Lia, go back to sleep. It's five o'clock in the morning."
I leaned closer and whispered in her ear. "It's snowing!!" She burst out of her bed and ran down the stairs like lightning.

We pulled out our old basket full of winter clothing from last year. We quickly got on our snow pants, boots, and warm gloves, our hats and scarves. "Let's go!!" I said as we raced outside. "OK, we have to be back inside and in bed by 8:00 a.m., otherwise Mom and Dad will be mad."

We ran down the steps. Ava jumped and did a 360 in the air and landed in the snow on her back. I just did a belly flop. It was snowing really, really hard. We get a lot of blizzards in Maine. This was the best of them.

"Hey, Ava? What do you want to do?" I said while struggling to stand up.

"Umm, how about hide-and-seek?" asked Ava. I thought about all the snow falling, this really was a blizzard!

I leaned over and whispered, "Are you sure it's safe?" I mean, it is a blizzard.
Ava hopped up and said, "Well, be fine." She held out her hand and pulled me up. "I'll go count by the tree," she said. I followed her until she started to count. "One, two, three..." I ran as fast as I could up the hill. I had a plan. There was a hole in the snow bank. I would hide in there until she found me.

Running, the snow was up to my knees. I climbed up the snow bank and sat down at the top to rest. Suddenly, I fell forward. Tumbling down, down, I heard a large "Crack!!" and my heart raced. When I came to a stop, I tried to get up but could not. I couldn’t feel my leg! I leaned back in the snow, closed my eyes, took a deep breath, and tried to hold back the tears, but of course they came streaming down my face.

My heart dropped lower than the bottom of the ocean. It felt like daggers were pushing into my leg. I started to feel the blizzard's cold, and everything started to feel numb. I felt like I had been sitting there crying for thirty minutes, when my sister came running.

"Lia? Lia? Are you ok?"
"Please help me inside, let’s get Dad and Mom," I said. She picked me up and took me inside and took all my winter clothes off, so gently. She propped my foot up and handed me an ice pack. "Thank you." I said.

"I’m numb. Please help me!"

"Lia? Lia? Are you ok?"
"Please help me inside, let’s get Dad and Mom," I said. She picked me up, and took me inside and took all my winter clothes off, so gently. She propped my foot up and handed me an ice pack. "Thank you." I said.

Softly, Ava said. "No problem, kiddo, I love you."

"I love you too!" I said.

Of course, we did have to wake up Dad and Mom, and they were not even mad. Luckily, my leg was not broken. We get a lot of blizzards here in Maine. This was one of them.

-A Kent Christmas Story

It was a frigid winter night. The snow was glistening in the moonlight. My family and I were driving to Kent, Connecticut for Christmas to celebrate with our grandparents and cousins.
We had been driving all day and we were finally there. We grabbed our suitcases and blankets and started up the porch steps that we were slipping on because of the thick layer of ice.

Christmas time in my family. Then we all sat down to have a delicious Italian dinner of lasagna, pasta, salad, and bread made by Nonna (my grandmother) and us. This is one of my favorite memories; me and my cousin helping Nonna make dinner, even though we just slow her down.

On one cold, crisp day, at 1:35 p.m., I stepped outside and shut the door behind me. I was wrapped up in my orange coat, my scarf and cozy gloves. As I stood there, my jaw fell open. I watched the grass freeze. I watched animals slither and fly or crawl into their homes. Finally, I watched the last leaf fall. I sniffed the air. A smile tip-toed its way across my face. I whispered one word and one word only... "Winter."

The morning after, we woke up to specks of snow piling up on itself on the white, frozen grass.

Once all of the adults woke up, we had a delicious Christmas breakfast of pancakes, bagels and orange juice.

"Hey, everyone! It's noon, which means SLEDDING!!" said my sister. We would either go out to the front yard or down the driveway or go to the sledding hill down the street. We sled for about two-three hours, but it felt like five minutes. Time goes by fast when you are having fun.

We looked up at the sky and there were a million little snowflakes, all different and special in their own way, falling on slanted rooftops. We went inside and had hot chocolate and Christmas cookies shaped as snowmen and gingerbread men and Christmas trees, and got warm again, getting cozy under fuzzy blankets.

Christmas is always special in Kent at our grandparents’ house.

Then it was time to say our goodbyes and go home. Everybody gave hugs and kisses and smiled, but inside, we all wanted to stay. It’s always sad, but the ride home is always fun. We can see the mountains with all of the sparkling snowflakes falling at once.

-Happy Winter!!!

-Makeda Berhanu

...Cont on pg. 21
Who else resides in West Bath besides Zombie Moose? Why, Ghostwriter Marsha Hinton, of course. Here she shares about her newest book, the world of self-publishing, and what keeps her going...

Q: Tell us about the books you’ve written and published...
A: All the books I write are shorter than many publishers like to see. I write fun, fast reads with a satisfying ending. No deep meanings, just fun entertainment. My first book was a clean romance. I write fun, fast reads with a satisfying ending. No deep meanings, just fun entertainment. My first book was a clean romance, Rylee Rising, done by a hybrid publisher. That was a real learning experience for me and I thought I could do the same thing myself, including distribution so I did. Published under my own imprint, Souvenirs is a murder mystery involving a wounded female soldier. My newest book, Zombie Moose of West Bath, Maine is just a hoot.

Q: I hear you lead writing workshops…
A: I’m a business ghostwriter and didn’t start writing fiction until about seven years ago. I didn’t have a clue how to do it, but I didn’t let that stop me. I learned about the whole novel writing process. Recently, I held a two-hour workshop to share what I had learned. I’m currently working on a more intensive offering that includes a blue print for a novel, schemes to avoid, how to find ideas for novels, the true cost for getting your book published, and other little gems I’ve learned the hard way. I’m planning to hold an adult-education class at RSU 1.

Q: What is the best advice you’ve ever received regarding self-publishing?
A: Spend the money and hire a real editor, not your aunt who teaches English or your English major cousin. You need someone who does more than catch typos and misspellings. You need an editor you can work with who will make suggestions for improving your work without marring your voice.

Q: What are the top three lessons you’ve learned along the way?
A: Be business smart, but dream big. Write for the reader. Do what works for you, not what conventional wisdom dictates.

Q: How do you organize your writing time?
A: This is a trick question, isn’t it? I believe that at least 80 percent of writing happens in your head. For example, today I did four loads of laundry, made dinner and a cheese cake, had my car towed to the repair shop, helped my mother figure out her mail, and freaked out when the accumulator sprung a leak and flooded the basement. During that time, I also figured out how to write a scene that has been giving me grief for days. So you can say I was writing all day today but didn’t type a word. I have to be very flexible for a number of reasons. I could be right in the middle of writing a scene, the words flowing from my fingers like water, and the dog will decide she needs to go for a walk RIGHT NOW. I’m so jealous of writers who can actually set aside time just to write.

Q: What keeps you writing day after day?
A: Writing fiction is fun for me. I don’t think of it as work and love the entire process from conception through publication. I don’t beat myself up if I don’t spend x number of hours typing each day. Most of my writing happens in my head and I allow time for my unconscious to work things out. It’s so much easier to put words down on paper when I do that. Rylee Rising was written because someone told me I couldn’t write a novel. What I discovered was not only that I could write a novel AND get it published, but that I loved doing it. Writing fiction is so different from business writing, I can’t keep the ideas out of my head. Keeping it fun and fresh keeps me going day after day.

Q: Where can we purchase your books?
A: Rylee Rising is on Amazon. You can order Souvenirs and Zombie Moose of West Bath at all the major (and many minor) on-line booksellers – Amazon, Barnes and Noble, and Books-A-Million. Any bookstore, including Books-A-Million in Portland where you can grab a copy off the shelves, can order a copy for you as well. For a small self-publishing house like mine, having a national bookseller agree to stock your book in the store is huge. When I saw it on the shelf for the first time, I don’t think my feet touched the floor.

For more information, go to www.marshahinton.com.

“Winter 2015-2016 Northern Journeys

Author Hits Her Stride With Self-publishing

A zombie moose lurking in West Bath, Maine? You betcha.

-An excerpt from Zombie Moose by Marsha Hinton

“We’re almost there. I would ask that you stay on the ship until we get it tied up. I’ll help you get your gear and trophies off after we dock. Did everybody have a good time?” the tour captain asked. He surveyed the group, his eyes lingering on the young man from Omaha, who was still green around the gills. “How are you doing there, Hank?”

“Oh, I reckon I’ll be okay,” Hank mumbled.

“For those of you who signed up for the celebratory dinner, I’ll see you tonight.” Nudging one of the full coolers containing fish with his foot, he added, “We’ll capul deep-water fishing trip with our catches!” Everyone but Hank cheered. “For the rest of you, thank you for choosing Rising Sun Fishing Charters. I hope you’ll come back and see us again. Be sure to tell your friends about us.” The fishing tour boat eased up alongside the dock. Gathering their equipment around them, the fishermen stood awaiting permission to debark.

Hank was just managing to stay on his feet. He stood nearest the edge of the vessel because he couldn’t get off fast enough. He had been sick from the time he had set foot on the pitching vessel and had spent most of the excursion resting below deck. As soon as he could safely do so, he clambered over the gunwale and stumped onto the dock. Falling onto his back, he felt the sway of the dock. Fighting his continuing nausea, he began to crawl his way toward the stability of the shore. Through a seasick haze, Hank saw a dark shape blocking the end of the dock. He shook his head and refocused. Pointing, he exclaimed, “Is that a moose? That’s probably the ugliest thing I’ve ever seen.”

Hank said. He considered some of the fish that had been caught on the overnight trip. “Well, one of the ugliest.”

The attention of the group turned to the moose standing on the beach. The tour captain held up his hand and said, “Stay here folks, you don’t typically see a moose out in the open like that. It could be sick.” Of course, members of the tour group pulled out their cell phones to snap pictures while the captain took a few steps toward the moose, who did not move, but sniffed the air and snorted. The captain pulled out his phone and called his supervisor. “I’m down here at Yeager’s dock. We just got back. There’s a moose just standing on the beach, blocking our way. He’s not moving. I’m concerned because of those reports of problems with a moose.”

“Man, you need to move away and get to safety. Is the tour group still there? You need to get them back on the boat now. That moose could be dangerous. There’s been another attack this morning,” the supervisor replied.

“I’m telling you, he’s just standing here. I’m about ten feet from him and he doesn’t appear to be aggressive. He’s just standing here looking at us.”

Just then, the moose made a sudden movement toward the captain, stopping just within a foot of him. He hurriedly backed away and exclaimed, “Sensys preserve us.” He turned to the fishermen. “Get back into the boat!” The moose was only inches from him, yet the fishermen hesitated. He made a run for the charter boat as the moose snorted, blowing mucus all over his clothes before knocking him down. The captain’s cell phone went flying from his hand, landing on the beach. The moose then turned on the stunned fishermen.

The fishermen scattered, some jumping into the safety of the boat while a few panicked and tried to make a break for the beach. Hank, faced with the prospect of an attacking moose or having to re-board the boat, rolled off the dock into the water. When he surfaced, he witnessed the moose stomping on his fellow fishermen who had attempted to escape across the beach, and eating their brains.

To the horror of the entire group, the tour captain, as well as the remaining live members of the tour group, could be heard screaming over the captain’s phone. The moose stomped to the end of the dock, surveying the fishermen on the boat and Hank, who was clinging to the back of it. The persistent hunger the moose had felt wasn’t as strong. He eyed the water then turned away from the food floating in it. He sniffed as he walked past the weeping tour captain who had taken refuge behind a nearby rowboat.

By the time the police arrived, the moose had returned to the marsh and disappeared. The rescue crews spent over an hour attempting to convince the surviving fishermen that it was safe to return to the dock. Finally, an employee from Rising Sun Fishing Charters came out and piloted the terrified fishermen to the wharf in Bath. Neither the fishermen nor the tour captain showed up for the scheduled celebratory fish fry later that evening. Hank was on the next plane heading for the mid-west.
Pizza Night!

Olga Dolgicer

My pizza story goes back to 1985 when my new British husband and I honeymooned on the Amalfi Coast. Back then, neither of us knew much about Italian cuisine except that we liked it. One day, we hiked the mountains without much planning, walking and walking through the never-ending vineyards and olive groves while the sun got hotter and hotter.

At some point during that amazing journey, we encountered a local elderly couple living in the middle of their vineyards. It was the only house around and we had somehow landed on their property. The stories we had heard about Italian hospitality held true for us – the sweet couple realized we were quite lost and wouldn’t be able to get back to town without their guidance.

As it turned out, they were just having lunch, and we were asked to join them.

My proper English husband inquired if the house was a restaurant as well, and our host answered that if we wanted to call it, “Mid-day Break for Lost Tourists Restaurant,” he wouldn’t mind, but he would not allow us to pay for the meal. The wine made us dizzy very fast and the pizza and salad were out of this world; the best ever. Maria, the lady of the house, offered me a chance to see how a simple pizza is made. The dough was already made up so I was only witness to the pizza’s assembly and baking. I watched Maria crush the tomatoes with her hands and mince the garlic with a knife.

Many years later, I realized the pizza we enjoyed for the first time that day was what is called Pizza Margherita. In time I learned how to make the dough; also how to buy it! When I cooked that first pizza for my little daughter, it instantly became her favorite. I found that the secret to a great Pizza Margherita is to use the best ingredients and use them with restraint, meaning, not much sauce, and not much cheese. The pizza dough is your canvas for bright tomato sauce, fresh mozzarella, and verdant basil leaves. This is the traditional Italian way to make a basic pizza and is a perfect example of “less is more”.

Olga’s Pizza Dough (1 14-inch pizza)

1 package active dry yeast (2 1/4 teaspoons)
1 3/4 cups unbleached all-purpose flour
3/4 cup warm water
1 teaspoon salt
1/2 tablespoon olive oil

Stir together yeast, 1 tablespoon flour, and 1/4 cup warm water, let stand until bubbles form on surface, about 5 minutes. Add 1 1/4 cups flour, 1/2 cup water, salt, and oil. Stir until smooth. Add more flour (1/4 - 1/3 cup) so dough pulls away from the side of the bowl. Dough will be slightly sticky. Knead on a lightly floured surface (lightly re-flouring surface when dough becomes too sticky) until smooth and elastic, about 8 minutes. Place in a bowl and cover with a kitchen towel. Let rise in a warm place until doubled in size, approximately 1-1/4 hours. Do not punch down dough. Oil your hands with olive oil and transfer it to an oiled pizza pan. Pat out dough evenly with your fingers and stretch into a 14-inch round.

Pizza Margherita

1 (14-15-ounces) can whole tomatoes, drained
1-2 garlic cloves, finely chopped
2 tablespoons olive oil
6 ounces fresh mozzarella, cut into 1/4-inch-thick slices, patted dry with paper towels
Freshly ground black pepper
4-6 basil leaves

After draining tomatoes, pulse briefly in a blender briefly to make a chunky purée. Add garlic and salt.
Spread sauce over dough, leaving a 1-inch border. Arrange cheese on top, drizzle with olive oil, and sprinkle with pepper. Bake until cheese bubbles, 10-15 minutes in an oven preheated to 500°F. Remove pizza from oven and add basil leaves.

For a decidedly different, and very American pizza, try this!

Philly Cheesesteak Pizza

1/2 pound Pub-style extra lean shaved steak
2 tablespoons olive oil
1 green or yellow pepper, diced
1 medium onion, sliced
3 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce
1/2 teaspoon salt
8 ounces sliced provolone cheese
Fresh jalapeños (optional)

Sauté steak with Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper in olive oil for 3-4 minutes, until meat juices start caramelizing. Add peppers and onions, cooking until they are almost soft. Spread this on the pizza dough then top with cheese. Bake in an oven preheated to 475 degrees for 10 minutes. Top with jalapeno slices.

Russian-born Olga Dolgicer is owner of The Munroe Inn at 123 Pleasant Street in downtown Auburn. She learned to cook as a small child while spending summers with her grandmother and many cousins in the Ukraine.
Bun Bun’s Bake Shop is the place to sample goodies galore, both sweet and savory. This small-batch kitchen reminiscent of home, serves breakfast all day as well as homemade soups, traditional meat pot pies, and even fried baloney sandwiches. Just remember, you must save room for dessert! Specializing in celebratory cakes and cupcakes, Bun Bun’s also provides creative luncheon catering individually designed to make your event special and worry-free. Come home to Bun Bun’s, where memories are always in the making.

The only free-standing certified green restaurant in the state of Maine, The Great Impasta recently received a three out of four star rating for their certification. Delighting diners since 1984, this well-loved gathering place on Brunswick’s Maine Street, known for their creative Italian dishes and family atmosphere, is now headed by long-time employee Lynn Labonte and carries on the tradition of providing delicious meals complemented with Italian wines. From light lunches, to special celebrations, to catering for memorable events, a warm and welcoming experience at The Great Impasta awaits. Mangiamo!

Frontier is a destination reminiscent of a traveler’s crossroads – where stories, ideas and culture interact in a rich and dynamic environment. Gather in this beautifully reclaimed mill space to enjoy food, film, music and art inspired by the world. Located in historic Fort Andross overlooking the Androscoggin River, Frontier entertains, feeds, inspires and connects our community. Join us…

Dine in | Take out | Catering | Events

Sourcing from regional farms and supporting local artists, Two Hands Crepe & Juice Bar provides a relaxing environment to experience the deliciousness of whole foods in the form of smoothies, juices, crêpes and KamaSoupra soups. We believe that “cooking is nurturing” and are always on the look-out for inventive ways to assure that our customers are getting their veggies! We are closing for the season but will see you in the spring!

Bread and pizza dough are made fresh every day at Mario’s. Looking for a great deal? Feed a family of four with an 18” pizza and a free 2-liter Pepsi product. If a big sandwich is more to your liking, let us tempt you with our steak, meatball or sausage subs, or a yummy Dagwood. Order a side of onion rings or French fries and you’re good to go! Come see what has brought our loyal customers back for 45 years. Come to Mario’s - 54 Centre Street Bath, 207-443-4126.

Open since 1996, The Big Top Deli serves breakfast and lunch seven days a week with a selection of menu choices that take up a whole wall, assuring that you’ll never get tired of eating the same thing. Enjoy one of our creations or get crazy and concoct one of your own. We use only Boars Head meats and cheeses, assuring that our customers are getting the best! You’ll be taken care of under The Big Top!

The Asian Garden serves mouth-watering Asian dishes from China, Japan and Thailand. Our menu offers dozens of choices from our sushi bar as well as a wide variety of lunch and dinner special combinations and favorites. General Tao Chicken, pad thai, teriyaki, and vegetarian dishes are all prepared especially for you. Enjoy a cocktail and a meal of exotic taste treats in our dining room, or take advantage of our extensive take-out menu and order on-line at www.asiangardenme.com.
Sea Dog is the place to enjoy a locally-crafted beer and an extensive choice of appetizers, sandwiches and entrees that focus on local, seasonal ingredients. Join us for our Sunday Brunch, served from 10:00 a.m.-2:00 p.m. Noted for its venue for up and coming artists to show their work, the Sea Dog is a happening place with something for everyone, including Trivia Tuesday, live music on Fridays, and karaoke on Saturdays. Join our Mug Club and reap all the great rewards! 1 Bowdoin Mill Island #100 in Topsham, 207-725-0162.

We’re excited to be celebrating our 10th year at Fish Bones American Grill! We offer creative American cuisine and a casual upscale dining experience where freshness, seasonality and healthy choices are always a priority. Along with our locally sourced and sustainable fish options, we serve an abundance of non-seafood items and salads. Whether you’re planning a romantic dinner for two or an event in our Trophy Room for 22, come visit us at the historic Bates Mill Complex and get hooked!

Sea40 Japanese Cuisine is a fabulous Sushi and Hibachi restaurant that takes dining to a level never before seen in the area. We provide our customers with artistic dishes made from only the freshest ingredients. Our goal is to convey the sense of community offered by hibachi dining, while maintaining an appealing sense of sophistication making your experience one to remember. Sea 40 is uniquely positioned to cater to individual reservations, family parties, business lunches and more, offering great food at reasonable prices.

Cameron’s Lobster House, located near Bowdoin College just past the famous Bowdoin Pines, offers outdoor car-hop service year round as well as indoor dining. Join us when you have a hankering for lobster served several ways, fried seafood, homemade soups and chowders, and great old-fashioned desserts including cobblers and bread pudding and of course, whoopie pies. Find us on YELP and menusinbbt.com. Open for breakfast, lunch, and dinner seven days a week!

At Union Street Bakery & Cake Shop we create unbelievably delicious baked goods. Our neighborhood establishment is much more than a bakery and has a wonderful comfy atmosphere bringing a truly personalized experience to our guests. Scones, cookies, pies, quiches, and cakes are all baked from scratch and served with a smile. Whether you’re looking for a quick snack, a wholesome lunch to be enjoyed in our inviting, sunny space, or want to talk to us about catering your next event, we’ll welcome you with open arms! 40 Union Street, Brunswick, 207-844-1800.

Located in the Bates Mill in the heart of Lewiston, DaVinci’s Italian Eatery is much more than just another neighborhood restaurant; it’s a place where guests truly feel at home. Since 1996, delicious, authentic food has been the cornerstone of DaVinci’s. Our house-made garlic knots and Italian classics are all handcrafted from the finest, freshest ingredients available, made with care and from scratch. Whether you’re craving comforting Baked Manicotti, or a more adventurous entrée like Veal Saltimbocca, we offer something for everyone.

Owned by musician and food artiste Nancy Cuff-Bigelow for nearly 28 years, The Broadway Deli is the place to go for a gourmet breakfast to celebrate the beginning of a new day, especially by ordering a Mimosa or Bellini to go with it! Satisfyingly unique choices are served all day and include cheese blintzes, generous omelets and fluffy pancakes (gluten-free available). If mid-day nourishment is what you’re looking for, try our fresh sandwiches and homemade soups. We’ll see you at The Deli!
WORDS

Hidden
Words written on my soul
Hidden from you and me
Words hidden
In the soundness of sleep
Words not written
Hidden from you and me

Emily Dickinson wrote:
A word is dead
When it is said
Some say
I say it just
Begins to live
That day

- Virginia Sabin

We invite you to use this writing prompt. If you would like to share your poem or a story of 500-1500 words with us, please send it to norjour_tan@yahoo.com
Attention: Editor. We may publish your work in a future edition.
Christmas

“Ring, ring” the phone yelled to me in a deep tone.

“Jacob, can you get the phone?” my nana said, with her feet propped up on the coffee table. I picked up the phone. I pressed the shiny clean talk button.

“Hello,” I said quietly, my grandfather was snoring away on the couch.

“Hello, is this Jacob Haskell?” I heard a deep, perky voice come out of the speaker.

“Ah, yes it is,” I said cautiously.

“Ho, ho, ho” I heard a cheerful voice say.

“Santa!” I said in a loud voice of excitement.

“Oh, well, hello, Jacob!” he said in a strong, loyal, excited way.

“Is it really you?” I said my eyes booming out, like they had little invisible springs on them.

“It’s me all right, and you’ve been a good little boy this year,” he said in an excited tone. I thought he may be excited to give me presents.

“Thanks, Santa!” I said smiling happily.

“Well I better get back to business. I have a lot of presents to deliver tonight.”

“Well, bye Santa” I said in joy. I just talked to a real live, reindeer-sledder, present-giver Santa! That night we listened to Christmas music. We danced, ate sugary sweets, and watched a Christmas movie (The Grinch).

“Cock-a-doodle-doo” my grandfather’s rooster called from the pole that runs across his cage. I got out of bed and stretched eagerly.

“Christmas!” I said loudly.

“Good morning, Nana,” I said to my nana, sitting in her chair drinking her coffee with her feet propped up like always. I went out of the living room to go wake up everybody. I jumped on my grandfather and stepped on my sister’s foot. (Bad idea.)

“Oh!” she hollered. I poked my mom, flicked my dad, and threw Hershey Kisses at my aunt and uncle. They all came out of their rooms with messed-up hair and miserable-looking faces.

“Good morning,” they said, moaning.

“Remember, it’s Christmas!” I said excited.

“I know,” they said, moaning again. I started sorting presents into groups of whose they are.

“There, can I open first?” I asked with puppy dog eyes.

“Sure, why not?” said my nana for everybody else, who was about to fall asleep.

“Thanks!” I said in excitement to see what my first present would be. “No way! The lego set I wanted, the Antarctica dog sled!” I said in joy.

“You’re welcome, Buddy,” my mom whispered, trying to keep her eyes open.

“Thanks, Mom,” I said, smiling.

After that I opened a few more. After I was done with almost all my presents, my hands were low on energy.

“Whoa! A Daisy bb gun! No way!” I looked around to see the grins, to find out who gave it to me. I saw my grandfather smiling in a “I got you this” expression.

“Thanks, Grandpa!” I said in joy and excitement.

“You’re welcome! Oh wait, open that last small one,” my grandfather said, smiling.


“You’re welcome, Buddy,” he said, getting up from his chair to brew some coffee.

“Thanks, Gramps! You’re the best!” I said, picking it up and looking at the shiny tip. “Wow, a real gun!” I thought to myself happily.

—Jacob Haskell

I Remember

P.K. Allen

A prolific writer, P.K. Allen has self-published four books; REFLECTIONS: Some Thoughts on Life and Love; A JOURNEY; IMPRESSIONS From an Ordinary Person of Famous People I’ve Never Met; and The Sands of Time: Life with and Life After Pinky.

When Pinky was a young girl, she was always very inquisitive and outgoing. Things came to her attention that you and I would never have thought of. When she was 11, she wrote to a candy company about their candy bar. She said it seemed the candy bars were getting smaller and smaller. She did get a response from the company. They said that in order to keep quality of the product the same, and not change the price, that reducing the size of the candy bar was a better option.

On another occasion, she wrote to a famous doctor and explained to him that she hated taking needles and if he could please make it easier to take the vaccine. Below is the text of the letter he wrote back to her.

I didn’t find his letter until about seven months after Pinky died. Actually, her uncle found it as he was going through some of her scrapbooks. I had it framed along with the envelope with the 3-cent stamp. It was dated January 26, 1956. I wrote a letter explaining the circumstances and taped it to the back of the frame. Hopefully it will be passed down through generations in the family and will be another possession to remember her by.
The Healing Power of Guided Imagery
Joni Larlee, C.H.

more than just our visual sense. Only about 55% of the population is strongly wired visually. Instead Guided Imagery involves all the senses and almost anyone is able to do it. It involves the whole body, emotions and feelings. That is why it has such a powerful impact on the mind/body connection and its ability to heal. Sensory images are the true language of the body and the only language it understands.

When we are in an altered state, all our senses are heightened. We are more in tune with our intuition and our creative abilities because our brain activity and biochemistry shifts. We are able to do things we would not be able to do in our normal waking state, like being able to move heavy objects to save someone’s life effortlessly, or to shift to a place of being calm when faced with a crisis. There are so many wonderful effective healing techniques that can be used with Guided Imagery. Because we are all unique in nature and how we respond to this healing modality, this is something that can be discussed with your healing practitioner.

My intention is to bring awareness and some sense of understanding to how the mind works, especially the hidden power of the subconscious mind, and how we can change our consciousness through the power of our imagination and the use of Guided Imagery.

Joni Larlee, CH is a certified Hypnotherapist, Intuitive Consultant, Vibrational Energy Practitioner, and Spiritual Teacher and Mentor trained in advanced modalities of the Healing Arts and the Transformational Process. Her work is experimental in nature, and through the use of Guided Imagery, Meditation and Emotional Freedom Techniques (EFT), also known as Meridian Tapping, she is able to assist others in accessing the Inner Wisdom that lives within us all. Joni is presently teaching Self Awareness classes at Greater Brunswick Physical Therapy 11 Bowdoin Mill Island #220 in Topsham and at the office of Dr. Thomas Mogan 184 Webster St., Lewiston. She can be reached at 847-651-6517. For more information regarding Belleruth Naparstek, go to www.healthjourneys.com.

Finding My Way to Health
Karen Davis, L.C.S.W.

Finding My Way to Health
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and collective identities. Pressured to become an idealized image in a magazine, we become lost in the patriarchal battles of competition with each other and with ourselves. It can be a lonely existence leading to despair, anxiety and depression. We know there should be more to life, but we don’t know where to look to find the answer. We stay as busy as possible so as not to feel and not to let in the longing. We strive to achieve, to be beautiful, to parent our children, to have it all, and sometimes the emptiness swallows us whole. We may find community in a church, support group, or other gatherings. This can help immensely, but when we are quiet in the middle of the night with our own thoughts, can we hear the faint sound of a distant drum? Can we feel our body and soul yearning to move in rhythm with other women? Can we remember?

In 1989, Judith Duerk wrote a book called Circle of Stones which asks the questions: “How might your life have been different if there had been a place for you? A place for you to go … a place of women, to help you learn the ways of women…a place where you were nurtured from an ancient flow sustaining you and steadying you as you sought to become yourself. A place of women to help you find and trust the ancient flow already there within yourself…waiting to be released…A place of women…How might your life be different?”

I heard this call and longing inside myself and after many decades of searching, I have answered the yearning by creating a Red Tent Temple. There are Red Tents cropping up all over the world as women come to realize they need this place of connection and rest. Women long for a place of connecting to the Divine Feminine in this fast-paced world. They need a place to reflect, be still and rest, and recuperate from the stress of their daily lives. Sitting with other women in this way is a gift one gives to herself.

Both modern medicine and modern life have suppressed women’s way of knowing. In the early 1900’s there were numerous homeopathy schools and homeopathic hospitals in this country. They provided a safe system of medicine based on natural laws of healing and substances found in nature. These practitioners were eliminated by the introduction of modern medicine and patented drugs. Today there is a resurgence of the demand for safe and effective healing modalities, and the ancient teachings of women’s collective wisdom.

In my practice, I bring together the offerings of homeopathic medicines, psychotherapy, and group experiences for women. When you are able to experience what true health feels like, and how being nurtured can heal you at the deepest level, you won’t settle for anything less.

Karen Davis has a Master’s Degree in Social Work, from Grand Valley State University in Michigan and is a Licensed Clinical Social Worker (LCSW). She also has a Diploma from the Northwestern Academy of Homeopathy in Minneapolis, a four-year program dedicated to the study of classical homeopathy. Karen’s practice, The Roots of Healing, is committed to helping women find more energy, more joy, and more love. Information can be found on Facebook at Brunswick Maine Red Tent Temple and at www.TheRootsofHealing.com. Karen can be reached at 207-844-4885 and karendavis@homeopath@gmail.com.


*We wish to especially thank the members of Write On Writers of Brunswick, ME. for their valuable contributions and continued inspiration.

**Mind**Body**Spirit**
of natural fiber, spinning their yarn to the texture of a spider’s web, compared to my wobbly, chunky efforts. These generous ladies gifted me with their excess fiber which I spun and knit into a sizeable collection of mitten, hat, and scarf sets. I set up a table at the MECA Holiday Sale and was so successful, I was a vendor there for six years. It was so rewarding to share my goods with others, especially when customers returned to my table year after year. At one of those shows, I met a lobsterman from Buxton who happened to have half a dozen sheep and was willing to teach me how to shear them. Afterwards, he handed off all ten pounds of the wool which we stuffed into my Ford Focus and away I drove, wondering how on earth I’d clean it which led me to Bill Huntington, who then operated Hope Spinnery.

By 2006, I had opened my Etsy shop, 44 Clovers and returned to school for a degree in art education through University of Southern Maine. Between working and studying, I knit and spin, taking commissions from my Etsy customers, friends, and even strangers who saw me knitting in the coffee shop (when I should have been studying). Around this time, I walked into the Portland Fiber Gallery and Weaving Studio (now Portfiber) to ask my thousandth question, and my fiber path unfolded in a new direction, although I didn’t realize it at the time. I asked to borrow or rent a drum carder. The owner, who I’d gotten to know, responded, “If you’d be willing to make some batts for the shop, too, come on Wednesday evenings and card up your wool.” I thought it was a great trade! While weavers worked on their projects, I carded all my wool and began to do more projects around the shop, including working with natural dyes. My imagination going wild, I’d walk home up Munjoy Hill from the fiber studio, fascinated with roadside weeds, connecting them to the dyes at the shop. I would snatch up a sprig and bring it home to paint its oil portrait, ruminating on what color the little posy would bring to a snippet of fiber.

Since I wanted to discover which lichens produced purple and pink dye, I began to collect detached lichens to experiment with. I found twigs on the ground covered in curly green lichens and steeped them in a crock pot with some wool. The bath looked like root beer and smelled like a hardworking man chopping wood in a snow-covered forest. So began my obsession with lichen dyes. I experimented with the Earth Hues natural dye kit, testing madder root, logwood, cutch, cochineal, fustic, and pomegranate on four different wool breeds. I spun it all up, knit each one into squares, labeled them and hung them in the shop window for a light test and a demonstration tool. A few years later, when the shop moved to its new space, the samples were returned to me. I unraveled each square and knit them into a blanket that I worked on everywhere I went. I happened to have it with me when I went on my first date with the man who would become my husband. As a matter of fact, when he asked me what I liked to do for fun, I pulled the blanket out and showed him, explaining the components that had gone into making it. He seemed fascinated, and I took it to be a good sign.

I taught natural dyeing as well as other classes at the Fiber Gallery and was introduced to The New England Fiber Retreat by Casey Ryder, now the owner of Portfiber. When she first became the director of the retreat, Casey had come into the shop to recruit us to teach there. I didn’t volunteer, feeling overwhelmed by it all. Just one week before the retreat, however, one of the instructors had a family emergency and I was asked to step in. I still didn’t feel ready, but with my shop-mates and boss encouraging me and giving me ideas, I overcame my self-doubt and went to Medomak. There I joined the other instructors who are now among my closest friends. It was a life-changing week and year after year, I return to teach. It will be my sixth year there come summer. That experience gave me confidence to teach at other retreats and workshops, including Squam Art Workshops, the Taproot Gathering in September 2013, Portfiber, the Maine Fiber Frolic, and workshops at my home on Peaks Island.

I had found the love of my life. Now I wanted to focus more on doing what I loved for a living. I was teaching studio art to adults with disabilities at a Portland non-profit. During my free time, I squeezed in all the hours I could crafting items to sell on Etsy. The tipping point to becoming a full-time fiber artist and starting my own business came when I attended the launch of Taproot at Longfellow Books in Portland. There I met the magazine’s editor, Amanda Soule, and listened to the contributors share their stories, cooing all the daydreams I’d had as a child to the surface. It was like stepping into a dusty attic and unpacking all those daydreams of working with fiber and color, bringing them into the light.

The following night, as I stood in the dark with my soon-to-be husband on the deck of the ferry, I shared my ideas, along with feelings on how the magazine launch affected me. Without skipping a beat, he said, “Okay, let’s make it happen.” I gave notice at my day-job and began to follow my fiber trail full-time.

For the past three years, I’ve been spending my time choosing fleeces then skirting, washing, carding and spinning them at home. I forage material for dyes and tend my vats, coaxing wool to absorb the glowing, sometimes surprising, colors of nature. I design and teach my own foraging and lichen dye classes. This is my day job now, so much more than I ever dreamed when I was that small child wandering in the yard and woods, just knowing that everything I gathered and gazed at had secrets they were holding. Every day I am honored to discover these secrets, and love sharing them all with you.

Rachel Bingham Kessler is a natural dyer and educator. She lives on Peaks Island with her husband, son, and chickens. She creates her signature handspun plant-dyed yarns for her Etsy shop, 44Clovers (etsy.com/shop/44clovers) and designs and teaches natural dye classes. Rachel blogs at 44clovers.blogspot.com.