Community College Moment

Sanctuary

Printing
Lane Community College
Printing and Graphics

Front Cover
Photo by Andrea (Andi) Graham, "A Hobbit's Sanctuary"

Community College Moment
Volume Eighteen • Fall 2018

The Community College Moment is a faculty-led journal offering a forum for progressive works that reflect a new vision of scholarship at the intersection of academic, activist, and community interests. *The Moment* seeks to encourage and enhance the vital, inclusive scholarly culture uniquely possible at a comprehensive community college.

The Moment is published at Lane Community College each year, and is available for institutional subscription at subsidized cost plus shipping and handling.

Address all correspondence to:

Community College Moment
Attn: Russell H. Shitabata
Lane Community College
4000 East 30th Avenue
Eugene, OR 97405

email: Moment@lanecc.edu

Visit us on the web at https://www.lanecc.edu/ccmoment.

Thanks to Tracy Henninger, Cynthia Kimball, Jean LeBlanc, Ce Rosenow, Michael Samano, and Jennifer von Ammon, members of the Review Panel who volunteer their time and expertise reading submissions and offering feedback to contributors. Thanks to President Margaret Hamilton and Faculty Professional Development for their support. Thanks to the capable staff at Lane Printing and Graphics, and to *The Moment* Board of Directors. Thanks to many other faculty, staff, administrators, students, and community members who assist and support *The Moment*.

Community College Moment

Volume Eighteen
Fall 2018

Contents

Editors' Note

Essays

A Place Apart 6
Sandy Brown Jensen

Creating Sanctuaries for Research-Validated High Impact Pedagogies: A Physics Example 10
Dennis Gilbert

On Williams Peak 14
Karla Miller

To Tell a Story 18
Daniel L. Henry

Resistance to Change (A Different Kind of Sanctuary) 24
Sky Schual

A Holy Place 26
Anna Kate Malliris

Beyond the 501(K) Status: Questions to Ask About an Animal Rescue/Sanctuary. . . . 32
Alise Lamoreaux

Sanctuary Syllabus 37
NYU Sanctuary

Art

Portrait of a Woman: I am the Lake. . . . 40
Susan Detroy

Untitled 41
Philos Molina

Communion of the Elders 42
Tom Gettys

Untitled 43
Adrian McLeod

Artists' Statements 44

Fiction

Stories Without Children in Them 47
Anne B. McGrail

Excerpt from *The Boy Who Painted Fire* 59
JS Bird

Loss 65
Kim Leolani Kalama

Poetry

In a Few Years, It Will Be the Twentieth Century 68
Jean LeBlanc

Anachronism: What Was Wrong with Her 69
Jean LeBlanc

Gettysburg 70
Jean LeBlanc

Clearing Customs 71
Quinton Hallett

Courage Sutra 72
Laurence Musgrove

Eden Sutra 73
Laurence Musgrove

Enlightened Society Sutra 74
Laurence Musgrove

Peace 76
Ernest Stromberg

First Rain 77
Ernest Stromberg

Portage (The Journey North) 78
D. Scott Humphries

Is Home 80
D. Scott Humprhies

Refugees 82
D. Scott Humphries

Life in the CC

The Daily-ness of It All 84
Russell H. Shitabata

White Noise @ Gray Space 86
Kathleen Caprario

Contributors

Editors' Note

"Today's colleges and universities … [must] ensure that every member of an academic community is able to participate in conversations without fear of harassment or expulsion. A sanctuary certainly ought to mean a place where someone takes refuge. However, for a university, the concept of a sanctuary also should ensure that the purpose of refuge is to enable the fundamental purpose of academic life — to engage in dialogue with one another in search of a greater good. To the extent that we curtail that dialogue by not protecting every individual of that academic community, we debase the essential role of the university in modern society." — Pullias Center for Higher Education, "The University as Sanctuary"

In 2017, Lane Community College defined itself as a sanctuary school, a site where undocumented students might pursue higher education free from the threat of deportation. This issue of *The Community College Moment* asks: In our contemporary social, political, and educational context, what does it mean to offer sanctuary? To seek it? To find it? In the texts that follow, "sanctuary" is conceptualized not only as a space of welcome, rest, and reflection, but also as a space of expression, relation, learning, and resistance.

Many contributors embraced the natural resonances of sanctuary. Photographers Andrea (Andi) Graham, Susan Detroy, and Philos Molina direct their lenses at water, while JS Bird, Ernest Stromberg, and Karla Miller explore the moments of clarity and insight that emerge from engagement with the natural world. Other contributors took up the opportunity to meditate on the passage of time (Jean LeBlanc), the concept of home (D. Scott Humphries), the aesthetic object (Adrian McLeod), and Buddhist teachings (Laurence Musgrove and Tom Gettys).

Some contributors explored sanctuary as it plays out within the family or other relationships. In Anna Kate Malliris's essay, love and caring produce a "safety net" across generations, while in Anne B. McGrail's short story a daughter is enraptured by her mother's secret creativity. Kim Leolani Kalama depicts the impact of memory loss on family, and Sandy Brown Jensen describes how peace can be built after trauma. Daniel L. Henry and Kathleen Caprario engage with the complexities of cross-cultural understanding and communication, while Quinton Hallett considers the link between sanctuary and national boundaries. Both Sky Schual and Alise Lamoreaux consider sanctuary in the context of the animal world.

Finally, our contributors consider how classroom practices facilitate learning: Dennis Gilbert and Russell H. Shitabata look at the way pedagogical practices in physics and English courses can provide space for engaging with ideas. And NYU Sanctuary invites faculty to incorporate the politics and history of sanctuary into their curricula.

In "The University as a Sanctuary," the Pullias Center for Higher Education reminds us that the most noble and worthwhile goal of higher education is to provide a space to "engage in dialogue with one another in search of a greater good." We believe this issue of *The Moment* embodies the pursuit of that goal.

Russell H. Shitabata and Aryn Bartley
Co-editors, *The Community College Moment*

Works Cited:

Pullias Center for Higher Education. "The University as a Sanctuary." University of Southern California, January 2017. https://pullias.usc.edu/wp-content/uploads/2017/01/The_University_as_a_Sanctuary_Final.pdf

Essays

Remember then: there is only one time that is important — Now! It is the most important time because it is the only time when we have any power.

— Leo Tolstoy

A Place Apart

Sandy Brown Jensen

I woke up in the hospital vomiting blood through jaws wired together. White sheets bloomed with flowers of bright red blood. I heard the sound of a nurse's feet running down the hall. He burst into the room and ungently shoved my head to one side, so blood wouldn't go down my throat and suffocate me. My eight hour facial reconstruction surgery was over. It was July 1988, thirty-four years since the accident happened.

May 23, 1954 was my fourth birthday. I was wearing a white dress my mom made for me. It had a Peter Pan collar and a white sash that tied in the back. I had a brace of toy pistols holstered around my hips. The birthday party was at my grandparent's farm house in Mt. Vernon, Washington. All the women were in the kitchen around the wood stove; the men were out back pitching horseshoes.

I was on my own picking the big-headed yellow dandelions that grew in the pasture that adjoined a stand of Western red cedar. That is where my grandfather single-handedly felled and planked trees during the work week. His gyppo logging rig beckoned me with its tractor seat and steering wheel high over the exposed steel blade of the log-ripping saw.

I tried to climb up to the seat, but I had a fistful of flowers and two sixshooters and a girly girl skirt impeding my usual monkey legs. I made it up on the wheel, and I was stepping up to the rusty metal seat when I slipped and fell face first onto the rig below, missing the saw blade by a fraction of an inch.

I woke up in the grass under the rig with blood flowing out of my mouth blooming bright red flowers onto my white dress, an image which I was to see again so many years later. Somehow, I made it alone back across the pasture to the farmhouse. In the kitchen, I saw the circle of women seeing me, all with an Edvard Munch "O" of horror on their faces. I looked down at the bloody bouquet of dandelions then lifted them wordlessly up to my mother.

During the late 1970s and all of the 1980s, I was extremely fortunate to live in an intentional community as an Emissary of Divine Light (Google it if you're curious). The property was a 19th-century inn and hot springs spa that had made it into the 20th century through a series of structural rethinkings. When I moved into Glen Ivy in January 1977, I lived in the old three-story inn. We were an enthusiastic group of people of all ages, from young families to a 90 year old. I ran with a pack of willing and able young people all on their soul's high adventure. We were all dedicated to our better angels and to a grand mission we said was no less than restoring the entire planet to its original state of grace.

One very important approach to this magnificent obsession was the practice of attunement. Attunement is in one aspect a healing modality such as old-school laying on of hands

(but without hands actually touching) and new-school Reiki, which uses palm healing or (that phrase again) hands-on healing. The idea is that a universal energy is passed back-and-forth and amplified between practitioner and patient/client to enhance healing. When no physical healing is needed, the combined energies can be directed to someone else for remote healing, similar to my grandmother's prayer circles. This time together has its own quiet beauty. As Emerson reminds us, "If eyes were made for seeing, then beauty is its own excuse for being."

For Emissaries, attunement was one of the primary purposes for the existence of the Glen Ivy community, so important that the very first new building built that very first year was a sanctuary to one side and at the back of the old Inn. Built under a huge avocado tree, it was a small frame/stucco, concrete-slab-floor house that looked like a little sister of the Inn with its red-clay barrel-tile roof and wooden sash windows. It had three attunement rooms and a waiting room with a vaulted ceiling. The front entrance was an enclosed courtyard with a tiled octagonal fountain in the middle. The ground around the fountain was paved with hand-hewn granite cobblestones imported from a local quarry sometime about 1915 by earlier owners.

As a Sanctuary should be, it was a place apart from the hustle and bustle of community life. You walked out of the bright sun into the sudden shade of the avocado tree. The noise of construction and children faded away as the white noise of falling water began the calming process. At least once a week, each of us was excused from work for a thirty minute attunement in the Sanctuary. It was a little time apart when you could fall into a meditative state. The attunement practitioner typically stood behind you seated in a chair with his or her hands a couple inches off the back of your neck. Some moved their hands occasionally to hover over the various endocrine glands or chakras, but you just sat there in the quiet with your eyes closed, sinking down into your core inner fire, as intent on giving as getting. We called that "unified radiation."

In 1985, John Gray, the leader of the Glen Ivy pack, approached me to discuss another form of healing. I had lost some baby teeth in the fall I suffered so many years before, but no one ever quite understood medically what had happened until thirty years later when science finally caught up: my face had stopped growing. In addition to a lifetime of headaches, by the time I reached my 30s, I had no chin to speak of at all. I had buck teeth. I was starting to have problems enunciating words, as well as other symptoms. John had read an article about the advances in laser surgery, and discussed the possibility of facial reconstruction with me. Before I knew it, I was a kid again, back in braces for three years. Then the surgery, which took longer and was more difficult than the surgeon had predicted. My lower jaw was extended by an inch and a half, which at that time was record-breaking. Then my upper jaw had to be rebuilt to fit the new lower, and artificial cheek bones were needed to keep my reconstructed face in 3-D sculptural proportion.

After my bloody awakening, I felt like my head had returned from a long journey to a far

country, much the worse for wear. My skull was wrapped in gauze strips, and I drank my food out of a 200 cc syringe, which had a tube that curved around the back of my wired-together jaws where my wisdom teeth had been conveniently removed to make room for it. Within a couple of weeks, the wraps came off, and the bruising receded, and the swelling was deemed at an acceptable level, so I was sent home to Glen Ivy.

I want to say that the healing process was a private kind of hell. To speak metaphorically, I felt every morning as if a Kirlian photograph of my head would show a corona of electrical discharge like a storm on the sun. It wasn't so much pain as an almost unbearable intensity of an out-of-control, pulsating heat. This was something painkillers could not touch. It felt like my soul had been detached from my body and was struggling violently to reconnect.

All that long summer and fall of 1988, I visited the Sanctuary at least twice a day for an hour or more. David Reis was my designated attunement server, as we called practitioners of this high art. He was a quiet, blond young man of my own age, but I would say I never really knew him well, except as you come to know another person in the spiritualized intimacy of the attunement sanctuary.

I would come in with my head on fire, and he would have me lie on a massage table. I would cover myself with a blanket because even though my head was on fire, often I was shivering and tears leaked out of my eyes as I listened to the fountain. David would begin his gentle entry into the minefield of exploding solar flares around my head.

Attunement may be hands off, but I for one, have never thought I stopped at the skin's boundary. I don't remember that we ever spoke. I just remember the intensity of tears slowly slacking off, and David putting tissues into my hand so I could blow my nose. Then, deeper and deeper we went. I relaxed and the shivering stopped; warmth flowed down my legs and into my cold hands. It felt like David reached into my wildly flaring corona, found a resonating frequency, and slowly extended a quieting influence, quenching the fire, cooling my head until I finally felt like the sound the fountain sang.

When I think of those hours and weeks that added up to months of attunement with David in the little Sanctuary at Glen Ivy, I want to say he saved my life. Obviously, my life was never in physical danger, but there are paths through the wilderness of healing where I could've gotten lost. But we traversed them together just as the shamans of other cultures went looking for souls to restore to broken bodies. These are mysterious realms that for all millennia humans like me have tried to describe in metaphor, on rock walls, in liturgy, poems, and dreams.

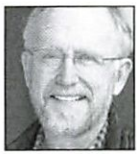
As a way of emphasizing the depth of connection woven in those fragile hours, I recall a random summer day in 2001. I was on an enormous ferry which was crossing from Copenhagen to Sweden. The many decks were crowded with hundreds of people. Threading my way through the masses, I jostled a man's arm. I turned to apologize, and it was David. This was twelve years after I had seen him last and half a world away. We hugged, stammered our amazed hellos, and

each went on our way.

I remember those many hours in the Sanctuary as a centerpoint of quiet around which the rest of my life has turned ever since. To this day, I draw not just on the memory, but on some very real well of soul that deepened and filled up with fresh water that key summer of my life.

The Sanctuary at Glen Ivy is a real place I could return to, but that Sanctuary is also an interior state of healing, of contemplation, of some pure, largely unspoken relationship with David and other soul guides like him. In the end, it is an internal state of grace that has never left me, an interior Sanctuary under the shade of an avocado tree where the fountain never ceases to flow, and the door is always open to the quiet within.

Creating Sanctuaries for Research-Validated High Impact Pedagogies: A Physics Example



Dennis Gilbert

The sense of sanctuary in this essay refers to an environmental enclave in which certain entities can thrive. Such a sanctuary provides safety, shelter, and a home that is not provided in otherwise dominant environments. A bird sanctuary easily comes to mind, as do sanctuaries from persecution in civil wars.

A focus on education brings with it a caution with regard to creating a safe place for aloofness from social concerns in the so-called "extreme ivory tower" sense that goes well beyond needed freedom of thought, reflection and exploration. Thus, sanctuary in the sense of a hideaway, hideout or hiding place is not a direct concern; rather, the focus is on creating a sanctuary in which certain entities can thrive. In an educational "sanctuary," faculty members transparently exercise responsibility for constructing learning environments informed by best pedagogical practices for serving students and informed by the full range of relevant debates.

This essay aims to cast light on a general question by examining the extent to which some appropriate form of sanctuary is needed for beneficial pedagogical practices in my discipline, physics, in the Lane Community College (LCC) setting.

Only relatively recently has the Physics Education community realized that a major difficulty in learning physics is that students must change extensive, deeply held, largely unexamined beliefs about matter and motion. And, despite common pedagogical practices, passively listening or reading a text is not the way most people change such deeply held beliefs.

The difficulty students were having gained solid recognition starting in March 1992 when David Hestenes and Ibrahim Halloun published the Force Concept Inventory (FCI) to measure student improvements in their understanding of basic Newtonian physics concepts. Physics faculty members from all over the country in a wide variety of institutions used pre- and post-testing to measure their students' learning gains in introductory physics classes. On average, students gained only about 15% of what they were intended to learn after they entered the class.

This fact motivated a growing, concerted examination of how physics is understood by students, and a still growing collection of research-validated practices that have been shown to have 200-400% improved impacts on learning. It also gave physics teaching a head start in science education in developing a large and vigorous Physics Education Research (PER) community, now among a growing number of Discipline-Based Education Research communities (DBERs).

These much more effective practices employ research-based and research-validated forms of structuring interactive engagement. Students become more aware of their own thinking, including common, ineffective, and deeply-held beliefs about matter and motion, which they

come to terms with through observation and argument from data they sometimes engage in creating. In contrast to the traditional lecture situation, this pedagogy also involves a regular coordination of classroom-wide presentation/discussion and small group discussions/activities throughout the classroom.

Contrary to reasonable expectations, the vast majority of physics students today are still in relatively ineffective passive learning environments that don't make significant use of effective, research-validated pedagogical approaches. In one of several recent studies of this situation, Corbo et al. note that:

> [N]early all physics faculty are aware of active learning strategies .... However, about one fifth of physics faculty never try to use such strategies, and of those who do try them, about one-third discontinue use after their initial attempt .... Hence, active learning is not widely implemented in physics classrooms despite evidence favoring it and numerous efforts to encourage its use. Typical approaches to educational transformation, like those above, assume that educational practices that are sufficiently well developed, packaged, and disseminated will eventually enjoy broad-scale implementation .... *However, this assumption ignores deep-rooted institutional structures and cultural norms that complicate educational transformation.* (italics added, 010113-1)[1]

In the language of the *Moment*'s theme, there is good reason to consider what kind of sanctuary is needed to implement and sustain good pedagogies.

Before coming to LCC, based on contact with PER at the University of Oregon, I had been on the look-out for successful structural reforms and was particularly impressed by change at the University of Illinois, Champaign (UIUC) some 20 years ago. Faced with unsatisfactory student success, the complexities of many versions of the same course, and the wasted hard work of the faculty in making improvements, the Physics Department faculty changed the institutional environment for its 3-semester calculus-based introduction to physics sequence. For these classes, serving thousands of students per term, the faculty moved away from each colleague individually exercising academic freedom to choosing a form of collective academic freedom in which the faculty as a whole supported a smaller team of colleagues with strong PER connections to design a common curriculum and develop resources that everyone teaching those classes used.

The start-up phase was labor intensive at UIUC, but the results were impressive, and the successful way of working together created a stabilizing culture continuing today. The initial effort is summed up in an aptly titled 1997 paper: "Parallel-Parking an Aircraft Carrier: Revising the Calculus-Based Introductory Physics Sequence at Illinois."[2] This model provided inspiration and direction to me throughout most of my time at LCC.

I suggest that a framework of sanctuary is particularly helpful by encouraging reflection on the nature of pockets of pedagogical progress, the nature of unsupportive dominant institutional

environments, and particularities in the variety of college institutional structures and incentives.

One critical difference between UIUC and LCC is our heavy overuse of part-time positions. Without a long-term commitment from the college, some adjunct colleagues could have little incentive or little time for long-term work to learn new pedagogies and engage in collective involvement for improving them.

This reality can be dealt with gradually over time, however, by recruiting potential new colleagues into the adjunct hiring pool who have a desire for long-term full-time employment in teaching. For these potential colleagues, doing the extra work of becoming part of a discipline employing an established high-impact curriculum built around research-validated pedagogies is a valuable resume-building opportunity for seeking competitive full-time positions elsewhere. These physics colleagues generally do, in fact, find full-time employment elsewhere. And thus, a continuous process of mentoring is needed, which also makes a positive contribution to career advancement and quality education at and beyond LCC.

To make this scenario work, the permanent faculty need to be proactively involved in recruiting and hiring adjunct candidates both in the sense of finding people and setting hiring standards. This creates sufficient numbers of future colleagues committed to implementing common, continuously improving pedagogies, and provides standards of preference for such candidates.

Another critical institutional factor is a major difference in the power of faculty at UIUC and LCC, where the current college governance bottom line is that division managers ultimately hire, schedule, and determine curriculum more like a high school than a university (where faculty largely decide). Thus, there can be instability in maintaining a particular curriculum, if the division dean can oppose it, or is ordered to oppose it, through preferential scheduling and hiring. This is a real danger, which requires attention.

Physics at LCC has demonstrated a workable sanctuary for the use of high impact, research-validated pedagogies. The following is an outline of its elements based on our discipline's experience and development:

1. The permanent faculty members serve as the stewards of a set of developed course curricula based on choices of high-impact research-validated practices, which are collectively revised based on feedback from students and all the faculty teaching in the subject matter area.
2. The permanent faculty have strong connections to the PER community, and adjunct colleagues are encouraged to develop connections as feasible.
3. The permanent faculty guide the course scheduling and staffing, taking into account the professional development needs and professional aims of adjunct colleagues and the long-term development of the courses and curriculum. (Contractual assignment seniority in place at Lane is, of course, followed.)

4. Mentoring by the permanent faculty is required and participation is a preferred expectation of adjunct colleagues with long-term, full-time teaching expectations. And this mentoring is a continuing necessity as adjunct colleagues get full-time jobs elsewhere due to skills and experience gained at LCC.
5. As needed, the permanent faculty recruit potential adjunct colleagues into the part-time assignment pool, who appreciate the opportunity to gain skills and experience with effective pedagogies and are willing to participate in a system of continuously improved curriculums.

PER provides a rich collection of effective pedagogical approaches, and the faculty leads have primary responsibility for making the pedagogical choices in their core areas, while consulting with each other and their adjunct colleagues. This process provides a diversity of effective, validated approaches to meet the learning needs of very different student cohorts and subject matter challenges in the discipline's four major core curriculum areas. For over a decade our discipline has piloted a structural/cultural environment in which effective pedagogies are implemented, which stands in contrast to the significant lack of their implementation generally.

Each discipline will have its own way of organically adopting and preserving pedagogies that are high-impact and research-validated. This brief look at one way forward for my discipline is not presented as a universal solution. But it does provide useful points for conversations that need to take place.

These conversations can inform and define a college environment that fully supports disciplinary sanctuaries for optimal pedagogies. This supportive environment is yet to be fully developed at LCC, but doing so is a challenge well worth engaging.

References

1. J. C. Corbo, D.L. Reinholz, M. H. Dancy, S. Deetz, and N. Finkelstein. "Framework for Transforming Departmental Culture to Support Educational Innovation." Phys. Rev. Phys. Educ. Res. **12**, 010113 (2016).
2. D. K. Campbell, C. M. Elliott, and G. E. Gladding. "Parallel-Parking an Aircraft Carrier: Revising the Calculus-Based Introductory Physics Sequence at Illinois." For. Educ. Am. Phys. Soc., **9-12**, 1, (Summer 1997).

On Williams Peak

Karla Miller

Whenever I hike to the top of the mountain, I'm reluctant to leave. I want to sit on a piece of granite, wrap my arms around my knees, squint into the sun — and stay. Usually it's only a romantic idea, but not always. This summer, I was offered a unique job as a fire lookout for the U.S. Forest Service. My station was Williams Peak, on the Payette National Forest in central Idaho. For the months of July, August and September, I get to stay.

The lookout job wasn't brand new to me. I "manned" a fire tower the first summer after graduating from college. I can even see Pilot Peak, the tower where I worked then, as I'm writing: 12.6 miles north/northeast at 31 degrees and 43 minutes.

So I wasn't uncomfortable with the proposition, 32 years later, of living on a mountain again. But in 1985, I was different. Things were different.

Williams Peak Lookout is located in Idaho's Payette National Forest above the confluence of the Secesh, where the Secesh joins the south fork of the Salmon River. It's a walk-in, meaning it's not accessed by a road. It was built in 1932.

The first lookouts were constructed after a disastrous fire season in 1910, and were often just a makeshift viewpoint, not a place to live. Those sturdy souls who did live atop the mountain were expected to hike to any fire they could see and put it out themselves with a polaski and some grit. During the 30s, as a part of FDR's New Deal, Americans were put to work building trail systems, signage, more fire lookouts, and even phone lines. The number of lookouts reached a peak, with over 900 sites in Idaho. In 1998, 196 lookouts were still standing in the state, 60 of those manned. Now, in the Payette National Forest, only twelve are intact and staffed with Forest Service lookouts.

Twelve lookouts is a lot, compared to other parts of the country. At one point, a federal law was passed that deemed many lookouts dangerous for the public to enter, so these structures built to protect suddenly became liabilities. The decision to dismantle and (ironically) burn many existing lookouts seemed inevitable. Now, technology in our town-based Forest Service (FS) offices can locate lightning strikes; helicopters and planes can fly out to "recon" an area after a storm. Which begs a good question — why hire a handful of hardy loners to do a job that's already being done? Luckily, my bosses consider us a valuable resource — a set of human eyes watching the forest, a human voice on the radio to communicate with crews and the public in the backcountry, and a human being to greet those who explore the mountains. We are PR for the FS. And I'm GLAD.

Still, my friends and other people I run into often ask: What do you DO up there? Fair enough. We are generally asked to be at the lookout from 9 to 1 and 2 to 6, unless thunderstorms are imminent or we have an active fire in our vicinity. We all record the weather; some

of us are part of a bighorn sheep survey.

Lookouts do a lot of watching. We watch the clouds, their development, and eventually their lightning strikes. Sitting on a stool with glass jars on the legs for grounding, we watch to see if a fire starts, and if one does, we pinpoint its location on firefinder (a large sort of sundial in the middle of the room) and call it in to Dispatch on a hand-held radio. We watch airplanes and helicopters fly past to drop firefighters. Sometimes these are smokejumpers with parachutes; other times, they're rappelers from a long line. We watch the fire go out — or not. We raise the alert if existing fires come close to crews, structures, or private land. We also monitor the wind and its direction (or rather, we watch the American flag flap that information). We observe chipmunks, insects, hawks, bluebirds, grouse, badgers, coyote, deer, elk, and bears. We watch the wildflowers blossom and die, the berries ripen and shrivel. We watch the peanut butter and crackers diminish, the days pass on a calendar. We watch sunrises and sunsets, the stars, the moon, the subtle fade of the blue sky in autumn. Sometimes we watch nothing, which might be the same as watching ourselves change. After a while, we're not looking for what's there, but what feels out of the ordinary. That's the job description.

I don't know what other lookouts do with the rest of the time that spreads before us like a desert. We all have our own truck stops, our own pull-outs, our own ways to count the miles. Here, I can only speak for myself. I have noticed that I spend time differently than I did that first lookout summer. I was watching then, too. But, just like binoculars allow one to focus and then blur the image, what I see seems more in focus today than it was then. I care more, perhaps, about the small things of beauty that I would have missed before. And I'm drawn to stop long enough to see them.

Besides watching, I listen: to the FS radio traffic, names and voices I begin to recognize; to the birds which I begin, slowly, to recognize as well. To wolves that I never actually see. To the wind, the bees, the country music station (which is all I can get on the transistor radio).

I learn: every drainage, river, mountain, ridge in my line of sight and its name; the variations of clouds; the types of helicopters and airplanes that fly in the backcountry; the language of Alpha Bravo Romeo Mike; the tracks of animals; my fears.

I practice: how to use the firefinder and not screw up; the fiddle; yoga on a slanted rock.

I read: sometimes all day, always at night. That first lookout summer, in 1985, I recall wading through *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance* like it was required reading. I was on a philosophical assignment. But this summer: historical fiction. Fiction. History. Quirky books from the bartender in the nearest town, which has two bars and not much else. The first chapter of a self-help book. *The Week Magazine. The Sun. Macbeth. The Porcine Chronicles. The Idaho Statesman*, which comes with my food re-supply. Without a deadline, a grade, or a book club. I read like someone who is a reader — again.

I write: one haiku per day
images haphazardly
left out in the sun

I cook: all sorts of weird, desperate things, but mostly oatmeal, noodles, and carrots. I dwell on what I don't have, and taste it. Brie, cabernet, mussels swimming in butter, nachos with too much cheese, chicken wings, waffles, scotch. We are resupplied by helicopter every three to four weeks, but somehow, I am always eating a dream. I make excellent coffee.

I walk. I have no other option. I walk downhill a bit to use the outhouse, fifteen minutes to water, five minutes to the flat rock I like to visit in the morning. And most evenings — unless our hours are extended — I have between one and three hours to walk anywhere I want. Across the Rainbow Ridge, down toward the river in either direction, sometimes on a trail and sometimes not. That's when I see animals or their tracks. That's when I have adventures, get a little lost, remind myself that I'm living in the wilderness. That's when I feel happy, brave, and sometimes scared breathless. If I want to have a shower, see people, get a beer in the nearby settlement of Yellowpine, I walk down the mountain and back up again. I need at least a day off to do it.

I do things that sound romantic but aren't: laundry at a spring; chopping wood. I do old-fashioned things: embroidering a pillowcase, washing my hair in a tub, using an outhouse. And I do things that I don't necessarily want to admit. I take off my shirt while waving to a helicopter. I place a hot water bottle by my feet at night. I kill insects, but never spiders.

Some people see me as a wild mountain girl, which I'm not. Hearing wolves howl at night doesn't make *me* more wild. I'm usually sitting safely in the lookout with a glass of wine and a *Glamour* magazine, being the same person I've always been. And as far as mountain girls go, one of the gals on the fire crew picked up a dead fox from the road and skinned it with her pocketknife. Right. I've got nothing on her. Another one of our lookouts sits in the Frank Church River of No Return Wilderness. Logan is flown to a backcountry airstrip. Then he hikes twelve miles to the lookout on a trail that has to be cleared using crosscut saws. His supplies are brought in by a pack string.

People ask, "Don't you get lonely?" and the answer is "Of course!" Until access was installed at the end of summer, I had no internet or phone service for three months. Lookouts check in twice a day on the Forest Service radio to say, "Good morning!" and "Have a nice evening!" Other conversations are purposefully limited to stilted responses like, "that's affirmative" or "I copy." But we get used to it. And some of us created a code system. "Code 14" means "I'm mad at the boss" and "Little Prince" means, "Gah! That sunset!" I missed talking to my friends and family, but looked forward to when I could. Then, two men dressed in green jumpsuits, from the Wilderness Internet, showed up in a helicopter to heroically hook me up. I can send emails and text. I can check Facebook, watch a movie. I can wonder which way of life is better.

We also get visitors. I count 32 for this summer, which is pretty good. They leave, full of sugary lemonade and dazed from non-stop conversation. And sure, I'm lonely when they go. But the lonely I feel up here isn't depressing; it simply reminds me that I like people. I'm alone on a mountain. It makes sense. The lonely I've felt living in a crowded building without knowing the person who's sleeping on the other side of the wall — that kind of lonely is much more difficult.

Besides, I have my lookout friends. I'm not sure of their last names, and I've spoken fewer than 50 words to them all summer. But I know where they are. Vienna lives on Miner's Peak, 11 miles south; I can hear Logan (roughly 25 miles away at Sheepeater Lookout) on the radio, and Perry is on Pilot Peak, 12 miles north.

When I look toward Pilot Peak, I recall who I was when I lived on that mountain, 32 years ago. Just out of college, looking for an adventure, sure that life was bound to be one lightning strike after another. I was searching for fires, but also searching for more — who I was, what I was supposed to become. I'm still searching, but not so fervently. I can be still. I can focus my binoculars to see beauty in a burnt tree or a green one. I can look out, but also inward with less reservation. I can remain on that piece of granite, squinting into the sun. I can see mountains that have stayed in the same place, unchanging, and imagine they waited for me.

To Tell a Story

Daniel Lee Henry

In June 1979, a hundred years after John Muir first stepped into Alaskan mud in deep drizzle, my Alaska Airlines flight touched down on Juneau tarmac under an ice-blue sky.

As the coach of a successful intercollegiate debate program, I was drawn north by passionate arguments surrounding the bill that President Jimmy Carter would sign as the Alaska National Interest Lands Conservation Act. Red-faced and scolding, environmentalists and loggers locked horns at every turn in the claustrophobic capitol. From Juneau I gravitated a hundred miles north into Lynn Canal, the fjord-riven land called Jilk̲áat *aaní* by its Tlingit inhabitants, where I sought clues about a man who a century earlier had changed the course of the world through his dedication to wildness. In an event all but ignored by his biographers, the wilderness prophet transformed one of America's last enclaves of "heathen savages" in ways that are difficult to reconcile with Muir's legendary status. I needed to know how Nature's foremost American champion might also have been an agent of Manifest Destiny.

Most curious to me was how John Muir could reconcile his vision of wilderness with those who had previously inhabited his hallowed landscapes. As far as I could tell, the fashionable blend of suspicion and pity he held for Native Americans seemed to be the one that shaped their rhetorical role in the twentieth century wilderness debate.

Writers and filmmakers in the 1970s and 1980s popularized Chiefs Seattle, Joseph, and Sitting Bull for their articulate elegies to a vanishing way of life. That was the problem, my inner debate coach insisted. I distrusted metaphorical paeans to a noble end when the evidence seemed plain that that most Native Americans were subject to deliberate cultural trauma. Rhetoric — persuasive communication — implies a society in which a rhetor's audience is allowed to freely choose among ideas. Violence, disease, and poverty deny that choice.

Since its founding, the United States had waged a declared war against Indians. Rather than firepower or ultimatums, however, in Alaska John Muir transformed Native listeners with words and his character, or *ethos*. Whereas he found the Tlingits to be ecologically intact and thriving, Muir maintained racist attitudes about other Native Americans; for the rest of his life he promulgated policies which dispossessed tribes of land deemed better as unpeopled wilderness. Wide public regard for the explorer, scientist, and proclaimer of the mountains supplied Muir with the ethos to reeducate the public, guiding them from regarding wilderness as an enemy to be vanquished, to seeing it rather as a divine gift to be revered, studied, and left alone. In the long run, I wondered, was rhetorical capitulation a means for peace, or just another battle in the war?

When he arrived in Alaska in 1879, Muir was in his ascendance: a self-taught naturalist in pursuit of glaciers, published writer, lecturer. Prior to the journey, Muir dismissed Native Americans as degraded specimens of a people once self-sustaining and wild. As did most

educated white people of his era, he pitied and feared the remnant populations sequestered on the reservations and rural backwaters of a diminished frontier. However, a few months among the Tlingit challenged Muir's assumptions. Abundant natural resources and limited contact with Euro-Americans left much of their original culture intact. Muir observed that Alaskan Indians were keen to the economic and educational advantages of whites, yet still retained their cultural integrity. The northern Tlingit — Chilkat and Chilkoot — resisted altogether the changes that accompanied white immigration. With a fierceness resembling "Macedonians," Muir wrote, "these savages (are) warlike and inflexible in their opposition to the entrance of miners into their mountains."[1] Moreover, they were among the last Native Americans yet touched by missionaries, and a target for Presbyterian forerunners dedicated to spreading the gospel in the nation's newest acquisition.

Accompanied by his missionary friend, S. Hall Young, and a crew of four Tlingits, John Muir embarked on a canoe voyage in poor weather that eventually brought him to the doorstep of the Chilkat-Chilkoot fortress. And, by the strength of the only religious sermon Muir was ever known to deliver, the legendary tribes laid down their arms. Once jealous guardians of secret trade routes into the Yukon, northern Tlingits subsequently acceded their "money trails" to white men seeking gold in unmapped lands. In a letter written six weeks after his speech and published in the *Daily Evening Bulletin* of San Francisco, Muir confirmed that the previously "hostile" Chilkats were prepared to guide miners to the mother lode.[2] The trickle of adventurers drawn by the report became a flood in the late 1890s as news of the Klondike gold strike electrified the nation.

A century after Muir convinced the last hold-outs of God and Eternal Life, a survivor of the New Way assured me that despite the stream of prospectors and soul-savers, Tlingit traditions remained vital among the treasures of his people. Within minutes of our first meeting at his culture camp in 1983, Chilkoot traditional leader Austin Hammond, Sr. showed me a grand weaving that he claimed was the deed to traditional lands. "Some people ask me where is your history," Hammond said. "I'll tell you. We're wearin' our history."

As the seventy-two-year-old headman rose to his feet in the fire-circle, a large Chilkat blanket unfurled from his shoulders revealing an intricate design woven in mountain goat wool. Slowly he pivoted, extending his arms for full display. "Raven showed us why we're gonna own everything," Hammond said as he began a story about the unique relationship between Lukaax̲ádi Tlingit and Sockeye Point on Chilkoot Lake, and how his people can be whole only when they occupy their home again.

"My grandfather told me to dress this way when we're in trouble," Hammond said. Raised by his mother's parents, Jim and Martha David, Hammond bore the name of his great-grandfather, Daanawáak̲, once headman of Yandeist'akyé and friend to John Muir. As Raven House hitsaati, or headman, in 1982, Daanawáak̲ displayed the robe, xaq'naakein, to Haines magistrate Carl

Heinmiller who accepted the woven proof of land ownership. The following summer, Lukaax̲.-ádi clansmen and supporters pioneered the Chilkoot Culture Camp, one of the first Native culture camps in Alaska, and an important step toward reclaiming home.[3]

Over the next three seasons of kids and elders, brown bears and dry-fish, Hammond's culture camp drew me, first as a print and radio journalist, then oral historian and volunteer. In time, relationships with elders grew into projects, then friendships. Once a week for three years, Maria Miller and Rachel "Dixie" Johnson trudged arm-in-arm up a long flight of stairs to meet me in the studio of our lone radio station KHNS for live episodes of "Tlingit Words and Songs." For fifteen minutes a week they spoke and sang in Tlingit, encouraging the white guy's awkward attempts, sometimes responding with giggles. Dixie would ask me to repeat a phrase until she'd cut in with a knowing "Aaaaah." Pause. "Now you're talking like an Indian." Niece and auntie cackled like birds at low tide.

The women contributed to another radio project called Yeil Koo'klak: Raven Stories featuring Miller, Dixie and Pete Johnson, Sr., Austin Hammond, Sr., Matilda and George Lewis, Mary and Richard King, David Andrews, Ann Keener, Charlie Jimmie Sr., and Tommy Jimmie, Jr. — mostly from the Lkoot (Chilkoot) k̲wáan. Five men hefted Hammond's brother Horace Marks in his wheelchair up and down twenty-eight stairsteps to the studio. Over several winter nights in 1986, people squeezed into glass radio booths to sing songs and tell stories from time immemorial.

In the next decade I spent many evenings in local living rooms listening to life histories. Following one such session, Dixie said, "I'm gonna give you an Indian name. Might as well, you know too much already." Stuwukaa. Idea man. "Now you're in cahoots with a lot of big people," she said. "Kaagwaantaan — the whole kit and kaboodle."

At times I ached knowing how much more I could do for my adopted clan, but didn't. Memorial potlatches missed, fish not shared, conversations unspoken. I felt guilty for my name, that I should do more to earn it. By recording oral histories in ensuing years, however, I began to understand my role as memory-keeper.

Like blankets and berry-patches, Tlingit people own their clan stories, so it is not my place to repeat the Sockeye Point narrative told to me by Austin Hammond. Nor, for that matter, is it proper for me to relay the clan stories of more than thirty elders interviewed since the early 1980s. Tlingit anthropologist Nora Dauenhauer says that although traditional Tlingit law allows retelling stories without direct permission, the "oral copyright" requires source attribution, respect, and accuracy. Those stories are for others to tell. On the other hand, access to local Tlingit history is perhaps best gained through relationships — and patience. Researching this story the white-man way only took me so far; I had to earn the trust of a people recovering from generations of outsiders like myself. My book is warmed by the heat of cross-cultural engagement, much of which is public record.

In my early years as a local journalist, some Native leaders were clearly more accessible than others. Concerns about traditional ownership and use of their lands drew vocal Chilkoots to mediagenic projects. Three seasons of my involvement with Hammond's culture camp was enough to elicit warm smiles, handshakes, and free-range opinions. Klukwan folks were more evasive. News from the Chilkats spread along clannish lines, rarely surfacing in public. Several times I drove the forty-mile round-trip for an interview only to find empty houses. I took it as a sign to back off, so satisfied myself with the longer route—basketball games and cultural celebrations, funerals and graduations. Gradually, eye contact increased, then came the ribbing, jokes, and laughter.

After a quarter century of teaching Chilkat kids, recording Chilkat elders, and broadcasting Chilkat culture, our stories wove us together. In 2005 I produced "Tlingit Time," a 52-part Tlingit language radio program featuring language instructor, Marsha Hotch. Two years later, I taught a semester-long University of Alaska public speaking course to village administrators. Rather than open the first week's class with Aristotle, I reviewed two hundred years of rhetorical encounters between Chilkats and white men.

"Are these stories okay for me to tell?" I asked the class at the beginning of the lecture. Characteristic silence filled the room, the sound of minds working, mouths waiting. Council president Kim Strong cleared her throat and smiled like a well-prepared student. Heads nodded once, acknowledging what was to come. White-man history is different than clan stories, she explained. "Your people's history is your business, but for our stories, you get permission and you give credit."[4] No clan claimed colonization stories, so I was free to investigate the ragged line.

For thirty years I walked pathways in search of stories to answer these questions: Did John Muir, as he suggested in Travels in Alaska, play a significant role in the conversion of the Chilkat and Chilkoot Tlingit tribes from shamanism to Christianity? If so, how? What were the effects on Muir and his Native brethren? How do tribal descendants respond today? What does the story reveal about American attitudes and policies toward Native people? My quest resulted in a book published this year by University of Alaska Press, Across the Shaman's River: John Muir, the Tlingit Stronghold, and the Opening of the North, and a new network of paths leading at last to a readership.

Seven generations since the Chilkat and Chilkoot headmen identified the site of a Presbyterian mission for Muir and his companions, the indigenous people of Jil<u>k</u>áat aaní still claim ownership. No treaties were ever signed, no battles lost. Conservative and wary, they first approached white newcomers as intruders, then as business associates and, finally, brethren.

"Our roots are together, no matter what color we are," Austin Hammond/ Daanawáa<u>k</u> said to members of our fire-circle. "You are my family, every one of you. Raven put us together from all the way down."[5] Elders nodded, murmuring assent, remembering.

Flames played in the headman's aviator glasses. The weight of his mission spread across a face as

brown and whorled as a walnut. A smile flickered when I asked Hammond about his birthday. He was born on Alaska Day, October 18, 1910, in a clan house at Taiyasanki Harbor, the only sheltered cove in the narrow fjord between Haines and Skagway. That makes me a "real Alaska man," he joked. His birth father was a Kaagwaantaan (Eagle clan) man named Tom Phillips/Neechku.oowú from the Killer Whale House in Klukwan; mother was Jennie Marks (Kultuyax Sée) of the Lukaax.ádi (Raven clan) at Chilkoot. When Hammond was two, his father and Joe Wright found a canoe in the fjord that contained the murdered bodies of a man, woman, and children. They tied the boat to their canoe and paddled to Haines. A court determined their guilt, and sent them to federal prison at McNeil Island in Washington. When the charges were dropped the next year, the men returned to Haines. Shortly afterward, Phillips succumbed to complications from a prison injury. His mother remarried Willis Hammond from Hoonah, but Austin lived with his grandparents. Shocked by the lost traditions since his return to Haines, Joe Wright composed a traditional song to show his sorrow for a withering homeland. In 1989 Austin Hammond gave permission for the song to be used as the Tlingit national anthem.[6]

Renowned basketball player, fisherman and father, Hammond aspired to the life of a successful "Twentieth Century man." A heart attack in 1975 compelled him to confront his mortality, so he "asked God to give me my life back so I can tell my children the Story." In a dream he found a letter in his mailbox announcing in golden script that he would be widely known for a crusade that enlisted all races to preserve Tlingit culture. "That's why I'm not afraid to tell my white brothers the Story."

He caught my gaze and held it. "I'm tellin' you the Story so you can tell it later. You got to tell the Story."

A pitch-glob sizzled and snapped. In the flare, a brown hand tentatively emerged and grasped a corner of the Sockeye Robe. Twin tears tracked elder Eva Davis' ruddy, round cheeks as she recalled her grandfather telling her that one day she would be the last in the family to tell their stories. "I'm not talkin' about myself, I need to save all my gran'children!" Gently, her hand tugged at the robe with the cadence of her speech. "Now all our people are scared to use this blanket. I'm not afraid to protect all my people, all the way down."[7]

Mrs. Davis clung to the Chilkat robe as her words sunk in. River voices filled the long silence. A raven chortled in the darkness. Austin raised his face, eyes closed, then spoke in prayerful tones of tumbling water and birdcall.

He began to tell the Story.

Notes

1. Muir, John. *John of the Mountains: The Unpublished Journals of John Muir*. Edited by Linnie Marsh Wolfe, U Wisconsin P, 1979, p. 262

2. Muir, John. *Letters from Alaska*. Edited by Robert Engberg and Bruce Merrell, U Wisconsin P, 1993, p. 56.
3. Hammond, Austin in Henry, Daniel, "Chilkoot Heritage: Living on Stories." *Chilkat Valley News*, 16 August 1985, p. 5 (with author notes).
4. Strong, Kim, class discussion, 8 February 2007, Klukwan, Alaska.
5. Henry, Daniel. *Chilkat Valley News*, 1985, p. 4.
6. Dauenhauer, Nora and Richard Dauenhauer, *Haa Kusteeyi, Our Culture: Tlingit Life Stories*. University of Washington and Sealaska Heritage Foundation, 1994.
7. Henry, Daniel. *Chilkat Valley News*, 1985, p. 5 (with author notes).

Resistance to Change (A Different Kind of Sanctuary

Sky Schual

For our old cat, sanctuary comes at night. That is when the new kittens, her tormentors, are locked away in the bathroom. That is when everything returns to how it used to be. Once again, the house is hers. Once again, the past surrounds her in the curves of sleeping people, open expanses of quilts and quiet, dark terrain for prowling, kneading and curling up along favored backbones with tail wrapped, nose tucked.

Exhausted, she drifts back to a time when she was the one-and-only, the cherished first pet of young newlyweds, spoiled with feather mice and table tidbits, outfitted with her own special blanket, name embroidered in pink on one corner.

Even the arrival of babies one and two did not sway her unchallenged post as The Pet. She shared her attentions calmly with first crawlers, then toddlers; put up with tail pulling and "gentle pats" that were more like major thumps; and later succumbed to the inevitable adornment in doll bonnets and the wheeling around in carriages.

She never complained, but took it as her due — until at last, advancing years and stiffening joints made her prickly. "Careful, she bites!" we had to start telling friends. And then the two kittens came.

The kittens are soft, innocent enemies; would-be playmates and teachers; fuzzy, adorable potentials for bringing spring into an old cat's life. Not this old cat. She would rather stretch out stiff and dead as a doornail than play with or learn from these trespassers in her domain.

They bounce after her up the stairs, peek at her from beneath the safety of the hallway bench, lap busily from *her* water cup on the bathroom counter, and with unspeakable disregard, dare to perch on *her* private sunny windowsill with exclusive views of the bird feeder. Their games are wild and free, their discoveries of new things within the house perilous and exciting. The old cat turns her head away and washes her paws.

There is shelter and safety in memories of the past, of how it was — but no longer is. The danger lies in the assumption that it should and will always be that way.

Change must come. The past can never be real again, only the memory of it, only the imagining that it is all the same. The children are so tall now; they know better than to put a doll bonnet on a cat.

Still the curves of sleeping people under covers are outlined now as the first sunlight slivers through curtain edges. The old cat stirs and extends her limbs into a long, body-shaking cat stretch, claws unfurled to grip the air.

Then with the settling of the fur, the sitting upright, the first few smoothing licks of the

ruff, comes her creeping memory — all is not as it once was. New cats have come.

The first note of a cheerful "mew" from downstairs sends the gray fur rising along her backbone, her ears winging back against her skull, and the guttural groan rising, hissing, spitting from her throat. Another long day of her wearying, one-sided battle begins.

She still has her special blanket, atop the washing machine beneath her food and water bowls. But the kittens jump up on it, pay it no heed as they cheerfully share her kibble. They don't understand the faded pink embroidery that spells out her name.

She still has the past. She will wait for the night.

A Holy Place

Anna Kate Malliris

It is what every person deserves: a place of safety from which to journey away and then return to when danger or insecurity wells up in the essence of their being. For a small child, it is a parent's leg that provides the touchstone of safety that allows them to venture forth into the world to explore the newness of places and people unknown. If the adventure is gentle, it may just be a glance that provides reassurance that there is refuge close at hand. If, however, the world becomes uncertain, either from outside threats or inside doubts, it is the leg to which the child clings that provides the solid and tangible place of safety from all that is fearsome. As we grow, there are more and varied touchstones to which we look: people who will stand back-to-back with us as we venture into the world, places that surround and soothe us, and memories that calm and reassure us of our own competence to be out in those fearsome places. The safety nets of our lives are more distant and amorphous but no less critical to our sense of security in the vast wanderings of our lives. But as we age, we begin to lose those safe places in a variety of ways: the loss of a family home, the death of parents, siblings or intimates, financial insecurities, or the loss of the once almost innate sensations of youthful fearlessness and invincibility. The loss of these touchstones erodes our going out into a world seemingly rife with risk. We seem to lose those places that have an almost holiness about them, the places that provided us with protection that transcends space and time.

My sanctuary had always been my parents' home — or more truthfully, the Mishkan (a portable sanctuary, a spiritual place of being in the midst of the desert) that they reassembled around their family and so many other people as they wandered through their lives. I am the child of a Brooklyn Jewish mother and a Boston Jewish father. Both came from poverty and carried with them pride, protectiveness and a large dose of eccentricity. I am the second and last child of my parents. My brother being the first and cherished son of my father, I am here only out of the stubbornness of my mother's longing for a daughter. I came into being after four years of waiting and wanting, four months of bed rest, and the feverish push of superstition to birth me on Friday, August 12th instead of Saturday, August 13th because she knew my birthday would eventually land on Friday the 13th if she waited 20 more minutes. Home was student housing reconstructed from Portland area WWII shipyard worker lodging built in 1947 and 1948. It was a two-bedroom apartment on the first floor in a two-story, six-apartment building at the corner of 24th and Patterson Street in Eugene. My dad was a student, my mom worked as a medical technologist, and we were poor. Our couch was a door that my dad screwed metal legs onto; my mom sewed the cover for the foam pad that sufficed as a cushion. My dad sewed the burlap curtains that hung in the livingroom/diningroom/corner kitchen and my mom made my A-line dresses from whatever fabric could be bought with the green-stamps that you got as

a bonus at the grocery store and gas station. My sanctuary was created by my parents' creativity and love. My mom made sure we all had amazing sweaters that she knit from cheap, washable yarn. She knit them with dots and braids and patterns that protected us from both the cold and the realization that we could not afford to buy heavy coats. She baked our breads, canned our fruits and vegetables, and paid for our YMCA membership with the help of a scholarship. My dad drew cartoons on our lunch bags every day in lieu of buying us the cool lunch boxes that I am sure were beyond our budget. He sanded and painted the secondhand bike that I got for my fourth or fifth birthday so it shined just like a new one. I ventured out into the world on my shiny blue bike knowing that when I fell or felt "stranger danger," all I had to do was walk to the gate in the sad picket fence that surrounded the apartment building and someone would kiss my wound, dry my tears, and cheer me on as I mounted my bike with shaky knees to round the corner of the apartment building on another great adventure. Before there was money or a real house, there was a family, and in that family, there was safety, security, and refuge.

I was ten years old when my parents bought their first and only home. It cost them $10,700. The mortgage payment was $110 per month including property taxes. It was three bedrooms and about 1000 square feet. My mom redecorated it with the colors of the time (olive green, rust orange, and plain old brown) and indestructible materials guaranteed to last (polyester loop shag carpet, green vinyl recliners, and orange and brown floral rubber-lined curtains). It was a glorious mix of 1970s *Better Homes & Gardens* and *Industrial Digest* and it was home. We moved into every corner of that house, spending many weekends at antique auctions where my parents laughed about buying "junk-tiques." We filled up every room with furniture and people and memories. My mom displayed swimming and wrestling trophies on the mantle, school pictures sat on every flat surface, and the refrigerator was covered with magnets holding report cards, drawings, photographs, and the shopping list that my parents always forgot to bring with them when they went to the grocery store.

My grandfather's brother had Parkinson's Disease and when my grandfather died, my dad spent the last $2,000 he had in the world to bring Joe down from his nursing home in Seattle to Eugene so he wouldn't be alone. We spent every evening and most of every weekend day at his nursing home because, as my mother would explain to my brother and me, "he is family and that is what family does for each other." Her words were like a song; I could hear the words but the music was lost on me at such a young age. My mom baked cookies and kugel and had my brother and me deliver them to "anyone who looked lonely." It may have been a vague instruction but we managed easily to find appropriate recipients for her caring, and there were many of them. What my mom knew and we soon learned was that food got you in the room but the real mission was the companionship. These lovely, wrinkled, lonely people were fascinated by the mundane stories of our days and eagerly listened to our victories and defeats with compassion and sage advice and, more often than not, we were the recipients rather than the gift givers.

My dad considered this good piano practice time in the community room and, as far as he was concerned, the larger the audience, the better the practice. My parents singlehandedly brought holiness with them to create a sanctuary for many of the people in that space.

Our home expanded both in size and in space as we grew. When I was in high school, my parents added a second bathroom, family room, and workshop. It was good timing, because shortly after, my mom's parents came to live with us. My grandmother had dementia by then and my grandfather could no longer care for her. The family room became their bedroom and the round dining room table for five was made to hold six with elbows in. My grandparents had found their refuge. My mother patiently cared for her mother and I learned about adult diapers and the limits of a conversation that requires endless repetition. My dad took my grandfather to "run errands" every day and I learned that venturing out is critical to creating a place of safety. My grandfather was the first one to actually use the mezuzah that hung on our doorpost. I watched as he touched his ancient fingers on it and kissed them, both coming and going from our house. If he saw me watching, he always said with a smirk: "I'm bringing the holiness with me on the way out and embracing the holiness on the way in." It became the tangible sign of sanctuary that our home had always been.

Both of my grandparents died while I was in college. My grandfather saw me get married and move away. My parents began to travel and we spent football weekends using their house as a hotel more than a place of belonging. I remember my mom asking me why I rang the doorbell instead of letting myself in with the key they had so ceremoniously insisted I keep. I said, "It's not my house anymore." I am sure I did not recognize the sadness in her eyes as I schlepped my duffle bag to the guest room, nor did she spot the sadness in my eyes when I walked past my room that had been turned into her sewing room. Although the physical space was no longer my daily refuge from my venturing out to work, travel, and new challenges, I would soon learn that the safety net that gave me the courage to go out and find my limits was still very much intact. It was knowing that my parents would always put my needs before their own, that they would always tell me what I needed to hear even if it wasn't what I wanted to hear, and that if fear started to overtake my being, they would create for me a safe space to which I could always return.

As with most of us who venture recklessly into the world, life dealt me a few blows. There was the unexpected plunge into single parenting, the return to school to pursue a long-delayed dream, the cancer, and the worse cancer. Each blow left me adrift, looking around to find that one touchstone that would help me set my direction in the belief that safety would await my arrival. The expansiveness and reach of my parents' refuge was breathtaking at times. I moved in with them the same day as their friend who was going through a difficult divorce moved out. My dad's early retirement was shifted into a cross between grandpa daycare and a man on a mission to help his hearing-impaired granddaughter learn to read phonetically. My mom

left behind the days of my dad doing the cooking to add making dinner and homemade baby food to her list of "free time" activities. And mostly, they went back to being the parents in the park who watched as their toddler wandered out to the strange new world. They watched as I learned to be a mom and to face the challenges of a child with hearing and speech processing issues, never criticizing but often observing and reflecting back what they saw. They stood side-by-side with me as I walked into doctor's office after doctor's office, sat chair-by-chair as the chemotherapy dripped in my veins, and waited hour after hour while I lay in scanning, examining, and operating rooms during my years of cancer treatment — always cheerleading, supporting, and speaking their painful truth of fear, love, and hope. And as the fear would well in me, I could simply scan the corners of my life to see those people who I knew would create safety around and within me. They were the ones who told me my mistakes were okay because "in the best of worlds, we always fail forward." They were the ones who got my "quirkiness" and sometimes even saw the charm in it. They were the ones who always told me that the worst thing that can happen has already happened if I didn't try. It was like flying through the sky with a safety net that followed you wherever you went, was always ready to catch you when you fell, and delighted at the trajectory of your flight and flamboyance of your landing.

On July 11, 2004, my safety net got smaller when my dad died. It was like I was falling to the ground, waiting to feel the soft, flexible net into which my body should land. Instead, I found myself feeling the tear in my net as I clung to the frayed edges around the hole his death had created. The physical space of home remained and my mom, lost and afraid, resided there, but the task of sewing up the net remained before us and was daunting in its magnitude. Like many women of her generation, my mother had left the family finances to my dad and, like many men of his generation, he had not shared a lot of information. She had a Visa card to use at will and he gave her as much cash as she wanted. So it was left to me to sort through their finances and start the process of weaving back together the security that my mom so desperately needed. And I learned … a lot. I learned that my dad was not a bookkeeper, or at least not a good one, but that he was a good money manager. I learned that he knew that something was wrong and had set his priorities in the places he always had: he had stopped building monetary assets and had focused on building lasting effects on his most important relationships. And I learned that even after a person dies, they can continue to create safety for those they love in meaningful and lasting ways. My dad left notes, as short as post-it note directions for finding documents that I needed and as long as love letters to remind each of us over and over again that his love was complete, enduring, and present. This caring was scattered in places where he knew we would find them across time. These precious notes provided a guide to the practical necessities and reassured each of us that the net, that holy safety created by our family, was intact without the confines of space or time. It was poignant when my mom said to me one sunny afternoon in early October: "I know that your dad called himself the Bank of Dad and

I know that is now closed, but lucky for you, the Bank of Mom has just opened its first branch and you are its only customer." And so, my safety net was restored not only with an offer of financial security, an offer routinely made and rarely accepted, but also with a promise of love, acceptance, and connection intended to follow me around the world and through the challenges that continued to present themselves in my life.

On December 22, 2015, my mom died and, for the first time in my life, I was the child at the playground who wandered away from their parent and who, when turning around to make sure she was still there, realized she was gone. I felt the acute pain of thinking "I am an orphan." I vividly remember the feelings of fear, constriction, and indecisiveness — a sense of flying through the air with no one to catch me if I fell, so I planted my feet on the ground. I did not crash through my life as if I were invincible as I always had before. I was not the child who went to college at 16, not the child who traveled the world, not the child who felt fearless and invincible. I was an orphan. I stayed close to home, I asked others to make decisions that I had made for decades, and I felt fear. Without those touchstones, I did not trust that in the face of those fearsome moments I would be able to find a safe haven. I was an orphan. It felt like both my physical and emotional sanctuaries were gone. But, in the midst of this fearfulness, I remembered my one basic truth: I do not believe that things happen for a reason; rather, I believe that we make reason out of the things that happen.

So, I have spent two years trying to understand the reason for this transition in my life, and I have learned some things about myself and where my refuge continues to exist. Here is what I understand fully: a sanctuary exists separate and apart from a physical space, but a physical space helps to find the peace and calm to remember I am safe. For me, a new house gave me the blank canvas and room to build my new sanctuary. I am designing new garden beds and watching the labor of my hands literally blossom into a physical space where I can find quiet and perspective. In that quiet space, I can start to hear my nurse mom's voice again, saying; "Nobody's going to die on the table today, so relax!" I have started to see my daughter as the mature young woman that she has been for years, and have let her become one of the touchstones that tells me the worst thing that can happen is not trying. I hear my mom's voice coming out of my daughter when I protest that I don't want to be a burden and she tells me, "that's what family does for each other." And, as we packed up my parents' house to sell it, there were more of those magical letters of enduring love from my dad: this time, to his wife of 49 years. In one of them, he poignantly wrote about the great gift she had given him of a "safe place to breathe." He spoke of his early wishes to create a home with her where everyone would find acceptance and security from the challenges of life, as he had with her. And he wrote about his children, then seven and three years old, and how he hoped that he and my mom would "make them confident in their ability to venture into the world knowing that we are here to pick up the pieces when they crash."

I realize that my safety net has changed forms: most of what was external is suddenly internal, spoken words are now replaced with written words and memories, and those people that I used to protect are now becoming part of my protection. It seems strangely reasonable in this huge transitional time that my relationships would mature and change and reshape so that the net continues to allow for my going forth and coming back.

As I now turn to the work of leaving behind my own safety net for my daughter, I am compelled to be sure that I am living the same example for her as my parents did for me. I have modeled the building of a Mishkan as I cared for my parents to the end of their lives, creating a refuge for them as they faced illness, forgetfulness, and fear. I have showed her how to have those tender moments and closing conversations with your beloved that can only happen in the safety of a holy space that you create together. I shared with her the words of wisdom that comforted me as I moved through some of the most challenging moments of my life. And I have encouraged my daughter to venture out and fail forward. I have tried to provide some financial security that will reach beyond my life to support her in her future; it's not enough, but it will provide some tangible moments in the future when I can still reach out across time and space to leave a safety net that stops her from crashing to the ground as she flies across the sky. And I am creating for her the library of written words that I hope will sustain her when her physical safety net is gone and she is looking to find reason in the loss and courage in the uncertainty. It was pure delight to see a note my dad had written to her laminated and resting on her bookcase right next to the last Valentine's Day card I gave her. His note simply said, "Papa loves you." My card has every space filled with my words of encouragement over some recent challenges, my belief in her ability to conquer the world, and my reassurance that she always has a safe place to return to when she needs refuge. I believe that if I live my life with the end in mind, she will have all of the materials to build her own holy space of sanctuary. That will be my lasting legacy for her.

Beyond the 501(K) Status: 12 Questions to Ask About an Animal Rescue/Sanctuary

Alise Lamoreaux

Last year I read a book called *The Elephant Whisperer*, by Lawrence Anthony, the acclaimed animal conservationist who saved a rogue herd of wild elephants at his sanctuary in South Africa. The book describes the struggles he went through to save the herd. He faced an uphill battle against poachers, ill-informed people, and ingrained traditions. His book caused me to think more about rescue efforts and what it means to be a sanctuary. The elephants he described sounded like the horses I know.

Horses have a way of surprising me: leading me down paths of personal and social exploration upon which I may not otherwise have ventured and increasing my awareness of the world I live in.

In 2009, the Horses In Need Documentary Project was created though the Equine Photography Network. The goal of the project was to document, through photojournalism, horses in rescue situations around the world. I thought long and hard about whether I could emotionally handle photographing horses who needed rescuing, even though three of my own horses came from our local rescue. I was afraid of what I might see, of the stories I might hear, and that I would want to take all the horses home with me and become part of the problem.

In the past, I tried not to think about my horses' former homes too much. I wanted to believe that a well-off couple who lost their business, were getting divorced, and were losing everything was unusual. I wanted to think hoarding wasn't a common cultural phenomenon and that people only hoarded stuff, not animals. The "crazy cat lady" was just eccentric. I wanted to think that when an older couple dies, their children would be responsible for the animals left behind. I wanted to think that trading exotic animals illegally on the black market rarely transpired. I stayed away from reading the rescue or abuse stories that would appear in news releases or on the Internet. I would send some money to horse rescue groups after a natural disaster occurred, but I kept an emotional distance. I had done my part. I was afraid to know anything beyond my world.

Despite my fears, I decided to try, and I have participated in the project annually since it began. The horses and people I have met through the project taught me to see hope within despair. Through the lens of my camera, I was also able to learn things I was afraid to know — not only about the abuses horses had endured, but also about the dangers of inadequate regulation within the rescue and sanctuary industry.

"One is not called noble who harms living beings.
By not harming living beings one is called noble"
~ Buddha

The word "sanctuary" implies lifelong care for the animal in a natural habitat. Sanctuaries are also generally associated with land, cultural, and historical preservation. Worldwide, sanctuaries preserve millions of acres in places where open land is vanishing. In addition, many sanctuaries serve as educational and advocacy centers. In the US, National Parks have historically been a form of sanctuary for wildlife. The word "rescue" implies rehabilitating animals and finding them new homes and better futures.

The oldest wildlife sanctuary on record was founded in Sri Lanka around 2200 years ago and still exists today. The story behind its creation says that King Devanampiya Tissa was deer hunting in the jungles of Mihintale when he met a Buddhist monk named Mahinda Therea. Therea stopped the king and preached to him that all animals and other creatures enjoy and have equal right to the land. Therea advised the king to designate Mihintale and the surrounding jungle area as a sanctuary for wildlife. The king followed Therea's advice and the sanctuary was created (Abeysinghe).

According to The Wild Animal Sanctuary, a captive wildlife crisis has continued to produce the need for rescues and sanctuaries. In the U.S., it is estimated that 30,000 captive large carnivores live outside the zoo system. Texas alone has around 4,000 tigers living as "pets" in private homes. The animal entertainment industry or "roadside zoos" are also becoming a serious issue. Illicit and illegal trading of exotic wildlife is the third largest source of illegal profits in the world following drugs and weapons.

Globally, there are many organizations that refer to themselves as "sanctuaries" or "rescues" for animals, yet there are no governmental regulations on the use of the words "sanctuary" or "rescue." The animal care industry is poorly regulated; any facility can call itself a "sanctuary." Despite having the same names, the care of the animals and the sustainability of these organizations vary greatly. In today's world of global interactions, social media, and convenient web design templates, it's easy to create a persona online. Trying to determine the legitimacy of a person, business, or non-profit organization is not an easy task.

While putting a project together for the Horses In Need Documentary, I met a horse named Shelby who demonstrated how virtual allure and a lack of verifiable standards can mean trouble to the animal rescued. Shelby was a "hard-to-adopt" case, as are many Mustangs. She was originally from Nevada but ended up at a horse rescue in Oregon. The rescue in Oregon found what they thought was the perfect placement for her. The place was a 1900-acre sanctuary where horses would roam freely with an abundance of grazing land. The sanctuary, 3-Strikes Ranch, was in Morrill County, Nebraska, and had a 501 (k) status as a non-profit organization

with a goal and a mission. Everything checked out on paper.

Arrangements were made to transport Shelby to the ranch. It was supposed to be a place of comfort for horses. Apparently, for a while it was the dream it claimed to be, but over time the facility was mismanaged. According to the Humane Society of the United States, over 200 Mustangs ended up in unhealthy and starving conditions. Ultimately the situation ended up being a multi-state effort to rescue the horses from the sanctuary. Shelby was identified by her brand and transported back to the rescue in Oregon, where I met her. If uniform standards and peer monitoring had been in place, the problems could have been identified before the situation got out of hand.

I have made a commitment to "help the hands that help," but now I want to be sure of who and what I am supporting. I don't want to wonder months down the road about a donation I made or a story I told. For people interested in the care and welfare of animals in need, there ought to be a way to distinguish the organizations with the best practices from the others.

Through learning more about the efforts of sanctuaries worldwide, I discovered the Global Federation of Animal Sanctuaries and its role in the welfare of animals. GFAS was founded in 2007 and does not create sanctuaries, but rather helps set uniformed standards for the humane care of animals and verifies that the sanctuaries meet set standards. GFAS is involved with all types of animals and has specific standards for different species in place (Global Federation of Animal Sanctuaries). Another organization overseeing the quality of sanctuaries is the American Sanctuary Association. The goal of this organization is to form an alliance of organizations that provide services to unwanted/homeless animals. This organization provides a start-up guide for creating a sanctuary and then a process for evaluating the quality control of a sanctuary (American Sanctuary Association).

My point is not to say that all sanctuaries/rescues need to be GFAS or ASA members/verified. Some rescues may be too small or too specific about the animals they serve to participate in these large programs and others may have a different quality control process in place. However, with unclear definitions of what it means to be a sanctuary or rescue, asking questions about the inner workings of the organization is an important part of understanding the care provided to the animals and its overall operation. The guidelines of the GFAS/ASA provide a basis from which to start the questioning process.

Because of my interactions with rescued horses and the people associated with them, I have compiled 12 questions to ask about a rescue or sanctuary to determine if it is a reliable and sustainable organization:

1. What type of rescue does it claim to be? (Owner surrender, law enforcement seizure, breed specific, feed lot saves, buys from auctions, off-the-track racehorses/Greyhounds)
2. Where do the animals in the facility come from? Are they local or shipped in?
3. What services are provided to the animals at the facility? (health care, grooming/farrier

services, training, foster homes, adoption, etc.)

4. Who cares for the animals daily and what is the living situation provided?
5. Can the operators of the facility tell you about the animals in their care and can they account for what happens to the animals placed in their care? Have there been any deaths? Do they believe in euthanasia?
6. Have "accidental" breedings occurred at the facility? (A legitimate rescue does not breed unless it has a bona fide breeding program for endangered or threatened species.)
7. Does the facility provide contracts with the adopters of the animals and provide a plan for taking the animals back if the adoption doesn't work out?
8. How does the organization meet its expenses? Does the sanctuary own its property or have a long-term lease on the land? Can the rescue document how the money is spent and show evidence that the donations go towards the animal's expenses?
9. How long has the rescue organization been in "business"? How many animals have been helped by the organization?
10. Does the facility have a disaster plan?
11. Have any complaints been filed with local authorities regarding the facility?
12. Has the facility met the standards of the Global Federation of Animal Sanctuaries or the American Sanctuary Association? Participation in these organizations is voluntary, so if not a member of either organization, who oversees the quality control of the facility?

Helping the hands that help animals in need is important. Understanding the framework of organizations trying to help these animals and spreading the word about quality sanctuaries and rescues helps to ensure fitting care for abandoned, displaced, abused, and neglected animals in today's world.

By digging deeper into the issues of animal sanctuaries/rescues, I have been able to look at the word sanctuary as it relates to human issues. Thinking about when and why animal sanctuaries became part of society's needs highlights why cities/schools are designating themselves as sanctuaries. What stands out for me is that the issues for animals and people are much the same. Sanctuaries are about lifelong commitments to preservation of the environment, culture, and history of something or someone. Sanctuaries imply values of generations and culture. Along with vision, a strong framework and structure are equally important for a sanctuary's overall success. All too often in the animal world, sanctuaries have good intentions but fail because the backbone of the organization isn't strong. As demonstrated by the story of Shelby, a sanctuary can seem perfect, but if it takes on more that it can handle, it can fail those it intended to help. Therefore, sanctuaries need to be able to self-identify goals and boundaries of their own and have a monitoring process in place so that they can succeed in helping all those they serve to thrive.

Works Cited

Abeysinghe, Nihal P. "Mihintale Sanctuary." *Amazing Lanka*, 2018. http://amazinglanka.com/wp/mihintale-sanctuary/

American Sanctuary Association. www.asaanimalsanctuaries.org

"Five Reasons Why National Parks and Wildlife Sanctuaries Are So Important." *Visitor Guard*, 31 May 2016. https://www.visitorguard.com/five-reasons-why-national-parks-and-wildlife-sanctuaries-are-so-important/

Global Federation of Animal Sanctuaries. www.sanctuaryfederation.org

Humane Society of the United States. "Nebraska Horses Rescued." *The Humane Society of the United States,* 23 April 2009. http://www.humanesociety.org/news/news/2009/04/nebraska_horse_neglect_042309.html?credit=web_id98471710?referrer=https://www.google.com/

The Wild Animal Sanctuary. "How We Got Here." *The Wild Animal Sanctuary*, 2017. https://www.wildanimalsanctuary.org/history

Sanctuary Syllabus

NYU Sanctuary

The following text originally appeared on the Public Books *website. To find the original document and the full syllabus, please see http://www.publicbooks.org/sanctuary-syllabus/ or visit* The Community College Moment *online.*

On January 27, 2017, Executive Order 13769 went into effect, banning foreign nationals from seven Muslim-majority countries from entering the United States. Within hours, Customs and Border Protection agents were detaining travelers, including those with visas and green cards. By the next day, protesters had crammed into airport arrival halls bearing signs of welcome to international travelers, as family members of the detained, lawyers, health workers, clergy, translators, state, local, and city officials, and journalists provided assistance to those affected by the ban. That night, a judge heard the ACLU challenge to the executive order and issued a temporary stay on the ban, but the struggle for immigrants' rights was not over.

In the months since, President Trump has attempted two more versions of the travel ban and announced the repeal of the Obama-era Deferred Action for Childhood Arrival (DACA) policy, stripping rights to work and study from 800,000 young people. The spectacular scenes of detention and border enforcement at the airports brought to light the intersecting roles of war, law, policing, and racism in the current situation. But protesters transformed these spaces of control and surveillance into grounds for civil disobedience and creativity, manifesting the power of the public to demand and create sanctuary.

As educators, we see how new limits on immigration threaten the movement of both people and ideas. We seek to imagine how universities and scholars can participate in the burgeoning movement to build sanctuary for affected immigrants and Americans. The Sanctuary Syllabus emerges in this context.

This course introduces readers to the intellectual and social histories that have given life to today's sanctuary movement. Movements for "sanctuary" can trace their roots back to the stowaway houses and escape routes of the abolitionist movement. They are most associated, however, with efforts to protect Latin American refugees fleeing US-sponsored Cold War violence in the 1980s. Religious leaders along the southern US border established their houses of worship as sanctuaries and coordinated routes for transporting individuals between them. These sanctuaries provided shelter, material goods, publicity, and legal advice.

Today, sanctuary states, cities, congregations, and campuses work to protect their residents, students, and neighbors from detention and deportation by Immigration and Customs Enforcement (ICE), to keep families together, to develop systems of community

support for immigrants seeking refuge, and more broadly to maintain communities in which immigrants, people of color, and people of all religious faiths can safely live, work, and study.

Our syllabus asks readers to cross borders; we've placed the analytical alongside the artistic, the practical alongside the inspiring. Readings in the first section, "Why Sanctuary?," explain the historical and structural causes of immigration, migration, and displacement in the US and globally. In the second section, "Who Needs Sanctuary?," we explore the regulation of citizenship, and its effects on undocumented citizens as well as racially, religiously, and sexually marginalized groups. Finally, the syllabus offers resources and strategies for studying, organizing, and creating sanctuary. Many of the weekly themes take their titles from political calls to action. We offer the syllabus to be used as a dynamic tool, one that students, educators, activists, and those who simply want to know more can shape to the needs of their communities.

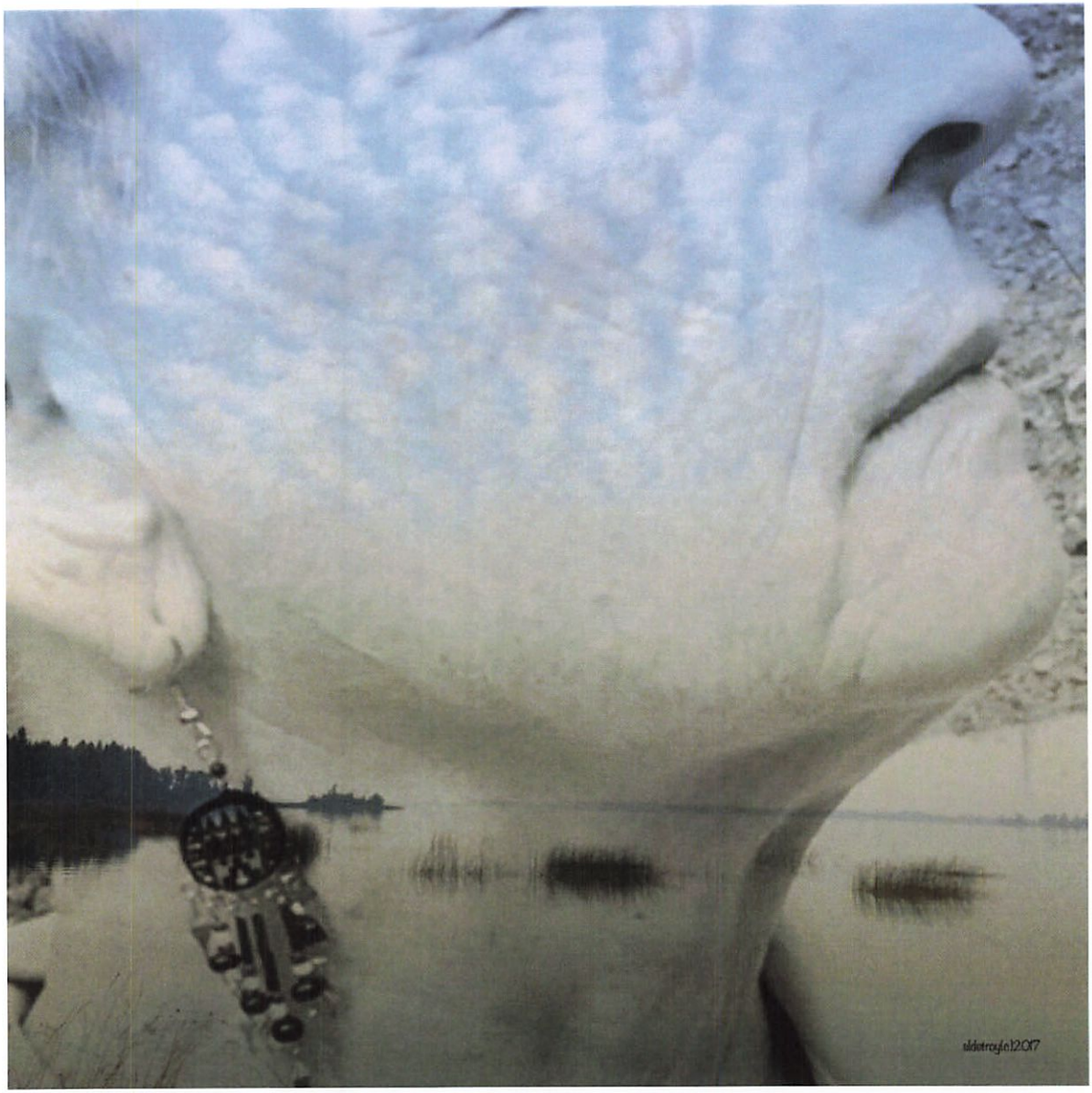
http://www.publicbooks.org/sanctuary-syllabus/

The NYU Sanctuary Syllabus core group includes Paula Chakravartty, Yoav Halperin, Monica Kim, Rachel Kuo, Molly Nolan, Sonya Posmentier, Sarah Sklaw, and Shivani Srivastav. We also thank members of the NYU Sanctuary Coalition, the New Sanctuary Coalition of NYC, and the Cross-Campus Sanctuary Group at The New School, CUNY, and Barnard and Columbia.

Art

All of me feels whole when I create, when I write, when I perform my poetry ... In between words small glimpses of my childhood are present, and slowly I am back in Ecuador, slowly I am able to reconcile with all that I left behind and all that I was not able to say goodbye to .... Through my writing I exist, and none of me is left behind ... and home is a little bit closer.

— Sonia Guiñansaca



Portrait of a Woman: I am the Lake

Susan Detroy
Digital Photography

Untitled

Philos Molina
Digital Photography

Communion of the Elders

Tom Gettys
Digital Media

Untitled

Adrian McLeod
Digital Photography

Artists' Statements

Andrea (Andi) Graham (front and back cover)

The concept of sanctuary resonates deep within me and permeates the way in which I approach my life and work. My career of 13 years has been in higher education, primarily in student and academic affairs as an Advisor. Since coming to Lane, I have realized community college is where I am meant to be. Here, I've been able to help students find refuge from difficult circumstances and find paths toward better, more fulfilling lives. Many of the stories students have shared with me at Lane (dealing with homelessness, navigating difficult relationships, transitioning back to society from war or prison, recovering from addiction, beginning a new career path, and more) are ones I could not have imagined coming from the average student I advised five years ago. These students, as well as clients I support through career advising at a local non-profit, have given me a deeper understanding of the meaning and immeasurable value of sanctuary.

My own refuge from life's stresses is nature and photography. I hike weekly to find my sanctuaries, atop a mountain, along a trail, or at the edge of the Pacific Ocean. In the case of my two pieces in *The Community College Moment*, a river in North Carolina provided the magic and peace of sanctuary. Any of these refuges gently pull my soul back to its proper place. It's a privilege to share them with you and perhaps help you experience a moment of sanctuary.

Susan Detroy

In nature, mountains, forest, lake, and desert, I find sanctuary. I make my "Portrait of a Woman" series to express visually how I feel. I communicate using self-portraits, combining, fusing, and integrating my face with local environments, plants, trees, buildings, bridges, flowers, and clouds. The final portraits tell my experience.

I use iPhone photographs and iPad/iPhone apps. I blend, manipulate, and enhance, creating understanding. I use cameras apps Blackie and Hipstamatic, as well as editing apps Snapseed, Glaze, DistressedFx, Olli, Formulas, PhotoBlender, and ReTouch. The final images are my interpretation of living in our current world. They are shaped to reflect a sense of place, refuge and understanding.

Being female, aging, and woman in US culture is a challenge. As an older woman, it is a task to feel safe, to take up and own a rightful space. As we age, women are expected to take less and less of an allowed presence and are threatened with extinction as full humans. We are classified as grannies, old women, invisible, shrinking, softening forms. We are assumed to be a mere portion of a full self and often classified as waste, used, no longer having value. We must, if we want to be seen fully, claim control of our own opinion, our own bodies, and ultimately our own image.

I offer how I find safety in the barrage of events, information, and threat. I embrace places where I find peace from a world that is too fast, too angry, too mean, and unsafe for me, my friends, and all that I cherish.

Visually I express how I come to know myself and learn to find refuge through connection to the natural world. I hope in creating, I reach out with understanding and empathy, providing sanctuary in visual interpretation.

Philos Molina

Photography has meant for me a way to pay attention to my surroundings. Before obtaining a camera, I could walk through the town of Roseburg, where I reside, without noticing details, spontaneous patterns, natural collages, even in the midst of winter and in the oddest places. It has made me more attentive to this business of living. And yet, there are times when, as attentive as I assume I am, a picture reveals more than I think I see. Take the picture here published, for example. The silhouettes of adjacent trees reflected on one of the many puddles along the way. It was like a mirror of winter, dark and cold. Later I noticed the rocks at the bottom as if hovering over still water and shaken trees. I was lucky the picture found me and that I have a camera at hand.

Tom Gettys

With all photography, mastery of darkroom techniques is essential for revealing the emotional character of the scene that inspired an image to be captured in the first place. Today's digital darkroom offers a vast assortment of tools and filters. In learning how to use them I came upon a technique for creating an abstract image from a photo which really captured my imagination!

Extending and enhancing the technique eventually led to my abstract mandala images. They are characterized by a richness of color and detail. While most are discarded, the ones I keep are because I find them very compelling visually, as well as emotionally evocative.

The present work, Communion of the Elders, has an 8-fold symmetry, which invokes the Noble eight-fold Path of Buddhism. In the May 2017 issue of *Lion's Roar Magazine*, thirteen leading Buddhist teachers published a letter calling on Buddhists and all people of faith to "take a stand against policies of the new administration that will create suffering for the most vulnerable in society." The letter said, in part: "In this time of crisis, we hear the cries of millions who will suffer from regressive policies...targeting our most vulnerable communities. We hear the cries of a nation whose democracy and social fabric are at risk. We join in solidarity with many others who are also hearing these cries, knowing that together we can be a remarkable force for transformation and liberation."

Adrian McLeod

Photography for me means being acutely aware of my surroundings; simplicity and locality are key.

Fiction

For my tribe, the people I found years ago, we've found sanctuary in the irreverent, in the off-center, in the quirky .... And that's how we stay entertained, and that's how we stay engaged in what would otherwise seem to be a really cruel world.

— RuPaul

Stories Without Children in Them

Anne McGrail

For the kids in our family, the dining room was the site of almost everything but dining. And for my parents the empty half of the dining room table — cleared of laundry, mail, and toys, or, when my mother was typing up my father's class notes, her typewriter — served their need for relative peptic quiet. The nine of us climbed over benches and ate in the kitchen at a nine-foot-long conference table that a neighbor had given my mother from office surplus.

The dining room sideboard, too, wasn't used for dining. The scratched surface was a treasure trove of household objects in the process of becoming useful or waiting to be found again: hairbrushes, magazines, decorative plates, church donation envelopes, leather belts, notebooks, spools of thread, bobby pins, broken wind-up toys. Beneath this disarray there remained some vestiges of the social and domestic life my parents lived before the nine of us reached this planet: sliding open the top drawer, you'd find small square linens — heavy, flat wedding gifts folded into starched submission, smelling of cedar, now never used. They were starched and smooth testaments to my parents' past of leisurely adult dinners and smoky late conversations over port.

Each end of the sideboard had a door that was curved and swung open with the rhythmic clap of brass handles resonating with movement. During my childhood this sound became an archetypal noise signaling that someone was in the dining room searching for something.

The center drawer in this sideboard was something of a mystery. We knew my mother kept her typewriter in there, but there was something else in there too. From the outside you could see that it was deep enough to hide my baby sister Aine. But the drawer had a false bottom. If my mother ever heard the tell-tale clack of drawer searching, she would call, "Out of there!" from whatever room she was in. Most of the time our curiosity about the drawer would dissipate, and days or even weeks would go by without trying it again. Eventually, though, one of us would attempt and would hear the familiar call from my mother.

One day, when I was eleven, my grandparents were over and everyone was in the backyard, eating. I snuck into the dining room and slid the drawer open. It smelled like ink, typewriter oil, cedar, and Lemon Pledge. Lifting the false bottom, I saw my mother's familiar blue Corona typewriter case. Piled next to it were neat stacks of drawer-scented onion-skin paper with red square margins. Much of it was typed on, some of it was still blank. Some pages were in manila folders labeled in cursive in my mother's hand. These were the elements of a secret writer.

We heard my mother *type* all the time of course. My father, a college professor, couldn't type, and so my mother would sit at the dining room table typing up his lessons while he smoked in the next room dictating his illegible handwriting off of yellow legal pads. Sometimes, late at night, we would hear her typing — swift, unhesitating strokes and a small fairy bell at the end of each line, then the cranking sound of the carriage-return handle, 70 more key taps, the

carriage, and then the bell.

We knew about dad's stuff, but the onion-skin sheets weren't class notes. These held other, secret writing, products of stolen moments when my mother's fingers flew across the keyboard, self-directed, without legal pads. Nervous of discovery, I leafed through the crinkly sheets of secret stories that my mother wrote, inhabited, and then hid. Digging to the bottom of the drawer without looking, I slid a manila folder out and then read the tab: "Now You'll Stay Forever" it read in my mother's efficient hand. I took the folder up to my bed and started reading; there were paragraphs on pages, not quite connected to one another in a flowing narrative: it was a draft.

Evelyn had been married for three months when she and her handsome new husband Pete moved from their small apartment in Townslynn, Massachusetts to a large house in the next town over, closer to his job at the local car dealership. Evelyn was pretty in a June Lockhart kind of way, with neat chestnut hair and big green eyes. Her makeup was always drawn well, and her dresses fit attractively on her round figure. When she dropped by the dealership today, she was wearing a crisp yellow gingham dress, cinched tightly at her waist with a matching belt. She carried a glazed donut for Pete, who saw her as she walked in but remained in his office behind a glass window to watch her walk by the other salesmen. He indulged a comfortable pride of possession at these moments. Whatever the color of her dress that day, he would unconsciously scan the showroom for a matching car. Today his gaze swung between his wife and the new yellow Plymouth with white vinyl interior he'd been eyeing all day. Car men understood the concept of a well-built woman.

Evelyn had a job herself at the elementary school, and enjoyed bringing her paycheck home every two weeks, feeling independent and modern. Her new neighbors, housewives all of them, were quick to invite her over to their houses for coffee, to satisfy their curiosity about this out-of-towner with the snug blouses and career-girl job.

It was late June, school was out, and Evelyn was dusting off her slacks after unloading boxes from the car. Suzie Boydak called from across the narrow band of grass that separated their driveways.

"Evelyn! Hi!" cried Suzie, reflexively palming her teased hair. "We're stopping for coffee, come on over. We want to hear all about our career girl." Evelyn smiled tightly. She knew the only other "career girl" in the neighborhood was a divorcée, a hairdresser who rented a room from Mrs. O'Toole while her boys were over in Viet Nam.

When Pete and she had agreed to move into his parent's second home, Pete had promised her it would just be for a year until they could save enough money for a place near Boston. Evelyn felt suffocated by the small-town feel of West Lynn; everyone already knew her husband and by extension, thought they knew her. She felt the men approved of her because of her looks and the women disapproved of her for the same reason. "Sure, Suzie. I'd love to come by," she lied. "I made coffee cake this morning for Pete. Shall I bring some over?"

"Oh, don't be silly. I've got date bars I just cut and Jacquie will insist on bringing her ginger

snaps. Just bring yourself."

In the subterranean wars over domestic supremacy, Evelyn had learned early that morning pastries were the weapon of choice. Who had baked most recently, whose coffee clatch offerings were consumed most frequently, these were the means by which the Chestnutt Ladies moved up on their own small town ladder. Several ladies living on the street were excluded from this circle: the Canterlocks, Mrs. Canterlock being a foreigner of some kind and not Catholic; and the Guidis, an extended family with two Italian sisters who operated a small commercial greenhouse on the street, whose ethnicity, working-class manners and unabashed use of Italian kept them from the group in spite of their devout shared faith. The Chestnutt Ladies saw fit to chat with them in the church basement after Sunday 10 am Mass; they considered it "doing good works." But that was the only coffee they shared. Evelyn would have preferred coffee with the Canterlocks and the Guidis, although it would be years of living on Chestnutt Street before she had the guts to do so.

Reading my mother's words on the page, I could partially hear her voice, partially hear some of my neighbors' voices, and then I could also hear something completely unfamiliar and strange. This I now know was my mother's writing voice, directed at other people not in my family and pursuing a train of thinking and narrative unconnected to anything in my own life. These pages held a private world of people I recognized but who did not, really, exist. They revealed the mystery of my mother's thoughts — things that in an era before "oversharing" were always out of reach of us children.

Reading the sheets as quickly as my eyes could move, I felt as if I were listening in on a conversation not meant for me. It was akin to times when I ventured into the dining room and my parents were eating. At such moments they would hurriedly finish their adult talk and turn to me. But this was like listening unseen, from under the table.

Something in the tone of this first story was utterly unfamiliar, however, even more so than the adult tones of my parents' dining room conversations. And then I realized something: there were no children in my mother's stories. No child came into a room; no one was carried from a car seat; no children cried, or laughed, or interrupted. All the conversations happened between adults — men and men, women and women, men and women. And as I read I sensed, without completely understanding, a tension of some kind between all these adults. It wasn't like they were angry, exactly. But like any child listening to adults working through what are now called "issues" knows, there was a seriousness and lack of humor, an implied criticism, and an undertone of rebellion coursing through each page. I felt lonely. As if somehow by having stories that didn't include us, my mother had exposed her deepest wish.

I read hungrily, speeding through some of the descriptions of streets or restaurants and skipping to the dialogue, hoping to find some kind of secret answers there, answers to questions I didn't even know how to articulate. Pete and Evelyn had just been arguing: they were

having a dinner party.

When Pete had first told Evelyn that he had invited his boss and some colleagues from work over for dinner, she was pleased. Since moving into town after the wedding, they had been caught up with unpacking; Evelyn worked hard to turn her in-laws' second home into her first, to use her flair for design to occlude its connection to Josie and Mack and their condescension. They of course had offered to help her furnish the house — Josie had just bought a dining room set at a good price as she updated her home, and told Evelyn what a good deal it was, her insistence about the price making Evelyn uncomfortable, having to press her answer more than she wished.

But while she was happy to begin entertaining, using some of her wedding gifts to serve cocktail olives and hors d'oeuvre, when she heard Pete's rationale for the party, she became uncertain.

"I think it's a great idea to have everyone over," said Pete as he latched his pretty wife's pearl necklace around her neck, brushing his lips against her nape to signal he was finished. "I'm sure I can make a good impression on Winston tonight. I want to make myself indispensable, establish myself, you know? I can go far in this company. I have a feel for it."

Evelyn ran her fingers along the pearls, testing the latch lightly, examining the length of the mirror and smoothing her dress. She wore purple taffeta, a cocktail dress the color of carnival glass, which showed off her figure; her apron was still tied around her waist, deviled egg filling smeared on the front. Her brow wrinkled as she took in the meaning of her husband's words.

"But honey, why do you want to work so hard with Mr. Winston when we'll be leaving so soon? It could have been more fun if we just had over Jack and Sally and Marshall and the guys from the floor. They're a kick. With your boss there, we'll all be working harder tonight."

"Well, just mix up the martinis and it will be fine. I know we said we'd be leaving, but who knows? If I move up quickly at Chase-Winston, we might want to stick around a while."

I was fascinated with "Now You'll Stay Forever." I felt that I was seeing into my mother's mind, into an alternative vision of her life without me. When I chose it from the stack of manila folders, I thought maybe it was going to be a romantic love story, which I was just starting to show an interest in. Pre-teen romance books were just starting to be available, and I loved reading about pretty middle-class girls who are sent to stay with their grandmothers at beach cottages where they meet a cute boy from the other side of the tracks. This was right up my alley, and for a moment I hoped that my mother's story might be a grown-up version of my own fantasy.

But as I read on, I realized that this was the story of how my mother came to live in my great-grandparents' house. She sometimes would let slip that she never knew she'd live in my home town so long, but reading this story, I realized that "Now You'll Stay Forever" was about her own sense of a dystopic eternity — how she got pregnant after a year, and the years went by, and then we never left. And as I read, I started to piece together the characters in her story

and the people I knew from our lives: Suzanne was like Mrs. Stanhope on 362 Prescott; the Canterlocks were the Kollifraths; the Guidis were the Guallattis. And I knew that Evelyn was my mother — only in her story, she had no children, she was leaving in a year, and she was happy.

One day, before I finished reading "Now You'll Stay," I heard my mother come home with groceries, and Donal and Maeve poured into the hall outside my bedroom, blocking the way back to the dining room. Panicked, I put the manila folder between the mattress and box spring in my room and went downstairs. Evelyn Ryan's thoughts still in my head, I looked at my mother, and her face became uncannily unfamiliar: beneath the worn housecoat and uncurled hair, I saw the outlines of Evelyn's neat good looks, trim figure, pretty eyes. I imagined her walking across the sales floor of Chase-Winston motors, the sleek white linoleum a suitable background for her swishing skirt. Lugging a gallon of milk in her arm, suddenly my mother looked mysterious. And I felt a delicious, forbidden sense of power and knowing — perhaps what Evelyn felt, I thought, when she saw things she shouldn't.

Once I had asked Sister Mary Louise if she wore her habit to bed and she said that she had floral pajamas just like I did. It was then that I realized Sister was a person, maybe even a lady. That she had a body, maybe even a childhood. I got the same sense of my mother's humanity after reading Evelyn's story.

I didn't tell my sister Maeve that I had found mom's stories and read them. There were some things we kids did ourselves that we didn't share, knowing that the others may or may not have also done the same. There was so little privacy in our house that some of what we did we kept private, since where we lived, ate, slept, cried, peed and pooped was open to all. I finished the story on a wet Saturday afternoon, when mom was napping, dad smoking in his study, the kids watching TV. I was disappointed by the ending, and puzzled. I had only ever read two kinds of stories by this time in my life: fairy tales, in which fantastic happy endings belied life's cruelties or terrible wolves ate little girls, taught me about the unsafety of the world, the predatory nature of the forest; and, more recently, young adult stories in which a feisty young heroine solved mysteries, met boys, and went on camping adventures with her family. These stories always had a tame, satisfying, happy ending. The heroine learned something, became self-confident, and taught the adults a thing or two.

But mom's short stories had an entirely different trajectory and purpose. This first one, "Now You'll Stay Forever," had a romantic-enough sounding title, and I was looking forward to the storybook ending. But on that Saturday afternoon, and on many subsequent stolen hours, I discovered that these stories were meant to express something between the terror of fairy tales and the timid triumph of Nancy Drew: the disappointment and compromise, the trapped feeling of being alive. Looking into the picture my mother painted, I was disappointed that her alternate universe was not much less troublesome than her real one.

Six months into her job at Clemson Elementary, Evelyn woke up with a violence that was unfamiliar. Dizzy with sleep but aware that something was wrong, she swung her legs over the bed and stepped into her slippers. Instinctively she ran to the bathroom adjacent to their bedroom, and leaned over the toilet, where she retched yellow bile until nothing was left in her stomach. When the sick feeling abated, she rinsed her face in the sink and looked in the mirror.

Evelyn had tried to be "careful" about starting a family. She had followed a calendar and took her temperature and one week a month she tried to be as busy as she could right up until sleep, staving off romantic encounters with Pete without knowing how to talk about what she was doing. Unable to explain her purposes, or even admit them to herself, occasionally Evelyn would helplessly relent even during this week. Pete, meanwhile, was somewhat less conscious of the connections between his attraction to his wife and the consequences, perhaps because family was a decision he had already made in the abstract: Secure in his prospects at Chase-Winston and generally open to the idea of family, he was confident of the economic boost they had living at his parents' house. When he did think about it, he imagined himself bringing a young son into Chase-Winston, playing father-son softball at the yearly company picnic, and he felt proud.

But looking into the mirror that morning, Evelyn felt only dread and claustrophobia. She had managed the coffee clatches with the Chestnutt Ladies in part because she knew they were temporary. Pat's remarks about her "busy life" — her "childless lifestyle" — and Suzie's less barbed admiration about Evelyn's trim figure, made her feel an outsider. In spite of their comments, though, Eveyln had always felt that they were just biding their time, knowing the inevitability of a change in her circumstance would level her, bring her into their fold. Over streudel and apple cake, Chase and Sanborn's with cream and sugar, they occasionally did bring up their lives before marriage: Nancy's application to the Peace Corps (she never went); Jacquie's years at Salem State and her nursing career before marriage. But the stories always ended the same: "But that was before."

"I envy you, Evie," Pat had said on their first meeting, using a rare familiar term only her mother used with her.

What would she say now, with a pregnancy looming and her plans to move to Boston permanently altered? Would they be happy for her? Or happy for themselves?

Over the next few weeks I found moments to pilfer, read and return all the manila folders mom had hidden. As I read these stories and learned about my mother's life in "West Lynn" years before my birth, even the years before dad — "Pete" — I felt like I too suddenly had more of a life, a secret life inhabiting the rooms and towns of my mother's imagination.

But still I was an 11 year-old girl, and not a professional spy, a fact that would have grave consequences after my cover was blown. Having cycled through the stories once, I had begun re-reading them, and wishing that there would be more. Finally, after about a month, there appeared a new manila envelope, this one marked, "Until You Save Me" and I greedily took it

upstairs with me while everyone watched Saturday cartoons.

This story made me feel excited and queasy at the same time. It described Collette Swanson, a blonde and pretty New Yorker who came to a small New England town to be a nurse. She meets a married man at a cocktail party at the hospital. It's clear that there is a spark between them. There is a lot of talk with that tension and seriousness of adults in the story.

Collette saw him again at the drug store, three days later. He stood at the pharmacy counter, leaning over the register with a box of some kind in his hand. She noticed the easy, proprietary way he stood there, the pharmacy an extension of his office, in a way. The white of the counter and his white shirt blended at the hips, and she felt a thrill run up her neck as she listened to his voice.

"We'll have to check with the company and find out how they can keep patients from confusing the two. I know they're both green bottles, but the dose on the blood thinner is much lower than the analgesic."

The pharmacist mumbled something to Dr. Marc.

"Could you do that? That would be terrific. I appreciate it. Get back to me as soon as you hear. Take care."

He turned away from the counter, reentering the world away from pharmaceuticals. A display case of Russell Stover candies stood behind them, the chocolate smell mixing with the smell of bleach. He looked up and saw Collette, who blushed and picked up a box of cough drops.

"I hope you didn't catch a cold last week," he said, not missing a beat.

There are no kisses. The wife is also pretty but she's a brunette and she's on the board of women at the hospital. She suspects the blonde Collette of something. I sensed it was a romantic and dangerous story, and I was frustrated by how it ended. Another story, about a nun at a convent where the vow of silence was taken, intrigued me. It was unfinished but captured my imagination. "Sister's Flight" began:

Sister Mary Matilde walked back to her room after matins. The room was small and cell-like, just 8' x 10', but there was comfort to be taken from the whitewashed walls, the lamp her mother had given her, a portrait of Our Mother floating in a cloud of pink roses and white lilies. Her entry made the floorboards creak in the same spot at the threshold, a slight curve in the wood made by a hundred-years' worth of sisters before her.

Sitting on the narrow cot, Matilde traced the white-on-white patterns in the bedspread and reviewed the day in her head. During morning prayers she had felt lighthearted and unaccountably happy. She spoke her Hail Marys with more enthusiasm than usual, grateful for the opportunity to use her voice. In song that morning, her solo had been clear, bright. She looked up from the chapel into the seats above in the balcony where lay people were allowed to view their routines. Looking at one small girl with her parents, she felt as if she had reached them with her song, shared her joy and love in Christ.

But soon she began to worry once again about the letter that had come that Friday, and what it might mean to reply to it. She had always wanted to be a missionary, but to leave the ease and comfort — in spite of the silence — of the Sterling Convent for the rigors of Calcutta — in spite of the freedoms — this was a hard choice now that it was here. Why had she applied? Why not tell Sister Judith that she wanted to withdraw the application? Surely she could stay home.

This time, while I was reading "Sister's Flight," Maeve entered the room, startling me and sending the papers flying. "What do you have?" A voracious reader, she picked up a piece of onion skin and began to read before I could even start to explain.

"These are mom's stories. You're reading mom's stories. Where did you find them?"

"How do you know they're mom's stories if you haven't read them already?"

"I've read them. They're interesting." Maeve seemed much older, smarter and sophisticated to me, using words such as "interesting" to describe things, which I would never do. I admired her, wanted to impress her. Forgoing the nun story, I picked up "Until You Saved Me" and handed her page one.

"This one's not finished. I think it's about mom and dad."

She went quiet for a moment, reading. Without looking up, she put out a waiting hand to me, silently commanding me to put the next and then the next page into her hand. She read to the end.

"So that's it? When's she going to finish it?"

"I don't know. She hasn't written anything new in a while; I had to begin re-reading before this one. Now we'll have to wait to see how it ends."

Donal wandered in. "Hey, Bridget, when's lunch?" I looked out our bedroom window at the porch clock. Our bedroom was really the kitchen, our closet, a pantry. It was 12:45, and there was a general bustle downstairs as there always was around this time on Saturdays when the prospect of lunch was unclear. I took mental inventory of our refrigerator, remembered we had eggs and cheese and told Donal I'd be right down. Maeve had furtively put the manila folder under my pillow while I talked to Donal, and we all walked downstairs to the kitchen together.

I got out the griddle and put it on the table. Nothing was on TV but golf, but all the kids sat in front of the black and white screen watching, waiting to see when lunch came. The afternoon was relatively quiet, my father was off with friends and my mother seemed relatively calm. She sat reading the *Catholic Weekly* in the dining room, the laundry pile reaching just to her shoulders as she sat down, far from the critical level that initiated the next stage in the cycle.

I waited until the butter started to sputter on the griddle and cracked ten eggs onto the surface, slicing through each yolk as I did so that the entire surface became a shiny rectangle of white and yellow, like a painting at the museum dad took us to in Worcester, only smaller and moving. I pulled out piles of Nissen white bread—poor man's Wonder bread—and put them

under the broiler in the oven to brown. Bread always smelled better than it tasted, I thought with a mild, familiar disappointment. Somehow toasting it brought it closer. Flipping the eggs, I peeled off ten slices of American cheese and covered the leathery fried eggs to melt. When the bread came out of the oven, I buttered it and put a square fried egg on each. I put one on a plate and brought it to my mother, who said, "Thanks, honey," and distractedly asked for pepper. Everyone else came out of the living room for the egg sandwiches. Within two minutes they were all gone, and the kitchen table was littered with plates and ketchup and mismatched milky cups and glasses. I sighed and wondered how I could put mom's story back without her knowing. Mom could sit at the dining room table for hours reading, as it was the only place that we never sat.

Convincing myself I could put it back later that day, I called up Julie to go to McNally's on our bikes. Julie had a quarter, so we extended our trip to Zoll's Hobby, which had a vast array of penny candy. She said I could choose ten pieces, so I took my usual: Squirrel Nuts, Peach Stones, Sweet Tarts, and Atomic Fire Balls. We got two hand-sized candy bags and took our bikes to the town park. I told Julie about the stories.

"The funny thing is, some of the stories seem like they have my mom and dad in them, only they don't have any kids. One of them has a priest in it who is really cute and spends too much time with a woman in town and she gets in trouble. Another one is about a nun. One's about mom — or someone who is a lot like my mother — getting a job at a newspaper in Boston, and leaving her husband. Then there's one where they're in love. Right now she's not finished with one — 'Until You Save Me.' I have to put it back or she'll never finish it."

That evening I was distracted by dinner and by television. "Love, American Style" was on TV, one of my favorite shows. I loved the way all the couples changed week to week. Joanne Worley from "Laugh-In" appeared in fluffy lingerie trying to maintain the spark in her relationship. I wondered what was "American" about it — something about fireworks, it seemed. The fact that the characters and situations were new every week made it seem as if real people inhabited the stories. My father still wasn't home from being out with his friends, and the somewhat leisurely Saturday had left the house in a relatively content moment. Which must be why my mother was moved to take out her typewriter. And I was caught.

A commercial for Dove soap was playing. I was transfixed by the impossible white dove pouring a thin ribbon of cream from a pitcher into a waiting glass form in the shape of the soap bar. My mother came in the living room, her voice elevated and sharp, signaling rage and disappointment. She held a stack of manila folders to her chest. "Which one of you has been in my things?" she demanded, and I instantly reddened, filled with remorse for what I'd done and regret that I'd gotten caught. I stood up and looked at her helplessly. "Where is my story?" she asked of me. Maeve sat on the couch watching, and my other brothers and sister Aine gazed at the scene dumbly. Fear lurked beneath all of their looks; punishments were almost always meted

out collectively in our house. This bred collective guilt even when there was no crime. Daemon had fallen asleep on the couch, the only one still feeling innocent of the theft.

Maeve stood up too, now, and spoke. "We were going to put it right back but Bridget was helping with lunch and then we got busy."

"What gives you the right to invade my privacy? Those are my private thoughts. I suppose you have read all of my folders? Haven't I told you that that drawer is not to be opened? Can't I have one place in this house that you people don't spoil? Haven't you done enough damage that you have to take everything?"

She began to sob in the way that I have only ever seen my mother sob. Her face became completely soft, as if the bones behind her mouth and eyes receded into her head. She held her forehead in her hand and wept, tears coming down, a deep grief wracking her beyond consolation. Any transgression had the potential to bring on this storm. Maeve and I stood there paralyzed, watching her. My brother Dave came up to her and sat in dad's reading chair, the ashtray still full from last night. "Come on, Ma. Don't cry. They didn't mean it. They'll put it all back. How's your typewriter? Does it still work? You can still write more."

Now that she had a male ally, she took fresh aim at us. "I never get to have a single thing that's my own. I work until I can't stand up and these ungrateful children come and steal the only thing I have. They want to destroy me." My brother Dave, not anticipating this result from his words, pulled his hand off of mom's shoulder as if he had received a shock, and looked at us helplessly.

But she didn't look up at us or address us. "Dave, tell your sisters to go and get my papers and give them to you. Then tell them to stay in their rooms until your father gets home."

"We're sorry, Ma," I tried. "We didn't mean it. Your stories are really good. You're a really good writer. Are you going to be published?"

She looked at me as she did her enemies: a gaze devoid of familiarity looked through me to a place on the wall behind me. As we got older, she had stopped hitting us most of the time, but this look was the same as the one that had preceded the random assaults that peppered our younger childhood. Her eyes got wide and her teeth clenched. As she spoke, she didn't open her mouth, but rather kept her teeth bared. "Do you think I would ask your opinion of anything I ever created? Do you think that you have the right to comment on my private thoughts? Get out! Get out!" As she finished, she threw the coffee cup that was in her hand across the wall. It left a thin trail of brown on the wall and the handle came off entirely, a blue ceramic "O" sliding across the wall and landing at Dermott's feet. The rest of the kids were silent, numb, waiting. And then, worn out, my mother looked down, her mouth slack, and went silent, and her hands fell limp in her lap.

I looked at Maeve who stood there angry and twisting her hands together. My own guilt at my curiosity overrode any anger I might feel at my mother's excessiveness. Maeve and I went

upstairs, gave Dave the folder, and spent the rest of the evening waiting for dad to come in and give us the strap.

But he never came into our room at all. When I woke up at 3 am the light in our room was on, Maeve was in her clothes on the bed, asleep, and the house was quiet. I could smell the lingering smoke from dad's cigarettes, but everyone was asleep. I thought we had escaped punishment.

But the next day, Maeve and I both were to discover a new kind of punishment, worse than the scoldings, threats, and strap. I came downstairs into the kitchen to make cereal. My father was already up, a glass of Tab and Vodka on the kitchen counter as he poured cereal. Morning Pro Musica was on its Sunday classical program.

"Hi, dad. How was your visit to Boston?" I asked innocently, thinking still that the whole thing had blown over by the time he came home. He said nothing.

"What kind of cereal do we have?" I asked, shaking the Wheaties box since they often were put away empty by the kids. I poured Cheerios and mixed it with the last of the Granola. "Is Daemon up?" Still silent, he picked up his vodka and left the room.

After cereal I went to check for bacon, thinking I could make breakfast for my mother if she wasn't too mad. Half a pound was still left, the plastic bacon window peeled back over the fat. I took out the griddle and started frying it up. One by one Dave, Donal, and Dermott came downstairs, smelling the bacon and hoping for pancakes too. Maeve came in the kitchen from the dining room with a puzzled look on her face. She mouthed silently, "Did you talk to dad?"

"No," I mouthed, then whispered "He didn't answer me."

"Ya. I know," she whispered. We looked at each other in hopelessness and alarm. What was happening? This silence was both novel and utterly familiar, as was the stomachache I was getting as I waited for mom to come downstairs for breakfast. I stayed in the kitchen, hoping to serve her something and soften her up.

But when finally she did come downstairs, she never came into the kitchen for coffee. Instead, she and my father spoke quietly in the dining room and Dave came into the kitchen to get her coffee. "I think you two are in trouble," he said to us. Letting someone else prepare her coffee was highly unusual, as my mother, a teetotaler, was highly particular about the color and temperature of her coffee.

The rest of that day, I made attempts to get my mother to talk to me, but she either spoke to another of my siblings or else, if we were alone in the room, she wouldn't speak to me at all, but rather just left the room. I couldn't believe that both of my parents could be so cruel, and Maeve and I suffered together as the days went on. All we could think of was that these stories of my mother's were too close to the truth, and that there was some way that my parents were in league with one another in these stories without children in them.

For two weeks, our family contorted itself into camps, as my parents went about their time

at home as if Maeve and I didn't exist. For our parts, my sister and I were even more helpful than usual, cooking dinners, cleaning up afterwards, taking care of Daemon and getting the little kids off to school on time. Nothing we did elicited so much as a glance in our direction. I was stunned by the hardness that our act had brought out in my parents, and I started to see in them Pete and Evelyn, the couple with no children.

One day, after more than two weeks, my mother, perhaps forgetting her vendetta, asked me to pick the sleeping Daemon up from the car carrier and bring him into the house. She said it without special meaning or care, and I realized that the storm had passed.

To this day I don't know what brought on this rage from my mother and docile complicity in this cruel punishment from my father. Was it that we had invaded her private thoughts and she had felt exposed by them? Was it that the words she wrote betrayed a woman whose stories declared a desire too selfish to claim and whose fulfillment was too unlikely for her to entertain anywhere but on a secret page? Was it that she saw Maeve and me as her rivals, and that we were reaching an age when we would move past her and her small private stories? What made her hate us so much that night, I'll never know. But on each of those 14 parentless nights I wept like an orphan, feeling that the childless Pete and Evelyn had come alive by my reading about them, and that Maeve and I had disappeared in the process.

On those rare occasions when I hear the theme song to "Love, American Style," the look in my mother's eye that night comes into view and I feel the helpless woe of a motherless child.

What were those private thoughts that my mother had committed to paper, fictionalized, and allowed to become more real than a mere wish? The only published writing we had ever seen of my mother's were essays written for *Catholic Weekly* magazines and edited by monks and brothers and more liberal members of the Catholic intelligentsia. They were always witty, self-deprecating comments on what it was like to be a good Catholic woman with nine children. My mother's secret fury never showed in her pious essays on forgiveness and god's grace, her self-deprecating features on keeping a clean house with children, a dog and a working husband. In these articles she seemed more like Pat, Jacquie and the Chestnutt Ladies, condescendingly addressing other Catholic mothers with more money and fewer children. Those were the stories she published: ones to which the priests at St. John's parish could extend condescending approval and which the ladies of the auxiliary could safely admire.

But those secret stories in the dining room drawer, like the pressed linen tablecloths, limned a different story — a fantastical one, with a heroine still in youthful and slender control. And like the tablecloths, they disappeared from the drawer. My own interest in stories — with and without children in them — can be traced to that onion-skin paper and the other woman that my sister and I briefly knew in those pages, before they disappeared from the false bottom of the drawer in the dining room where none of us ate.

Excert from *The Boy Who Painted Fire*

JS Bird

The following selection is an excerpt from my novel, The Boy Who Painted Fire. *In this chapter the protagonist, a troubled and angry young man named Jon Baxter, and a peer from his class are assigned to spend solitary time in nature. This experience become a catalyst for Jon's deepening relationship with himself, his artistic expression, and his awareness of love. Minor adjustments have been made for the purpose of republishing in* The Moment.

I looked around for a place to do my own sitting and noticed that the lake curved around the shore a little ways away in the opposite direction from where Cindy was going. I started walking that way. When I reached the end of the point, I discovered a small inlet of shallow water, which eventually gave way to a swampy area, and beyond that, forest. Directly across from the little inlet rose a steep bank of dirt and rock, carved out by erosion, and there, at the crest of the bank, stood a massive hemlock tree, with some of its roots exposed on the face of the steep bank. The tree dwarfed the other young hardwoods around it, like a matriarch with a passel of kids around her. It looked like the perfect place to sit, so I worked my way around the swampy area towards the tree, which took longer than I expected. It was worth the walk, though, because I saw several painted turtles, a kingfisher, and a Great Blue Heron. When I reached the other side, I clambered up the dirt bank to the big tree, using the roots to help me make it to the top of the bank.

The ground under the tree was covered with dead needles, so I sat down and looked back out at the lake. It was a spectacular view: the varied contours of the hills on the far side, one behind the other, fading to the soft, serene blue of great distance, and finally transitioning into the clear blue infinity of the sky. It was absolutely still and quiet. No sound except the gentle whisper of the wind and an occasional squawk of a blue jay or crow. There were no boats or cars or stores or anything — only the silence of trees, rocks, and water.

I sat there a while, and then the view started to lose its hold on me, so I glanced around at the ground and shore around me. I noticed a lot of ants crawling around, doing whatever ant things they were doing, so I watched them for a while. Then I noticed many small bright red dragonflies flicking around at the water's edge. They would land on a rock in the sun, their wings changing positions every once in a while. It seemed as if they were sunbathing. Then a ladybug landed on my arm and crawled around for a while before taking off again. It was so amazing to sit still for a bit and notice all these things going on that I would usually not even see — creatures living their little creature lives. I got to thinking about all the millions of creatures that I shared the earth with, how they all had their own lives to live, basically doing the same things I did: eating, sleeping, finding a mate.

I checked my watch, because it seemed like I had been there about an hour. Twenty minutes had passed! I started to get restless. I felt a knot from the tree digging into my back. Suddenly two hours seemed like a long time, and Cindy wanted to sit for three? Yikes!

I shifted and moved and tried to get comfortable. I felt an ant on my leg. A mosquito buzzed in my ear. I swatted at it. I was quickly getting bored and restless. I remembered that Ahman had said that we would probably get bored, and that we had to move through boredom to the other side, where we would find a place of acceptance. He said if we could do that, we might have a truly profound experience. It sounded great, but could I do it?

Another ten minutes crawled by.

I feel like I'm going crazy with restlessness. My back hurts, and so does my ass, so I move to the other side of the tree and sit facing the woods for a change of pace. The slant of the ground here is away from the trunk of the tree, and the trunk is slightly concave where my back lies against the old tree, so it was more comfortable, too, but now there isn't much to look at, just trees and branches. I contemplate them anyway, and eventually I become aware of the actual lines of the branches through space, like lines on paper. I realize they make very beautiful shapes and elegant arcs through space, one after another. Then I notice a particular branch lined up with another branch in another tree, so that the line continues on with even more graceful curves. It is suddenly easy to connect several branches together to make a long continuous line through the forest, and then it seems as if the trees cease to be separate, but are all connected. Perhaps the dancing lines of branches might connect every tree in the forest into one arabesque of line. I wonder if I can capture that grace and elegance on paper.

As I play this game of connecting branches, I notice a small bird hopping about in one of the branches. Then I see another and another. I wonder how long they have been there, small yellowish birds, I guess some kind of warbler. They don't make any noise as they flit about in the leaves, looking for bugs probably, moving with that peculiar nervous quickness that birds possess. Then, suddenly, I notice a squirrel clambering around way up in the top of a tree, effortlessly executing amazing acrobatics, jumping from one thin branch to the next. With every leap, I am sure the squirrel will miss, or the thin branch give way, and the squirrel will plummet to its death, but it always manages to land safely on the next branch.

I watch the birds and the squirrel and the branches, and at some point time ceases to exist, and calmness and peace settle over me like a blanket dropped from the trees. Eventually I grow drowsy and my eyelids heavy. I try to resist, waking myself up with a start and then nodding off once more, only to wake myself again.

I open my eyes, and there, standing in front of me, about thirty feet away, is a deer — a fawn, about half the size of an adult, with the tiniest antler buttons on his head, signifying his youthful maleness. He has no idea I am there. He is balanced on three legs, one front leg held out in the air as he licks at his back. He finishes licking and then shakes himself, like a dog, and then puts his nose to the ground, sniffing. All the while, his white tail flicks back and forth.

Then I notice behind him, a little ways off, visible through the trees, another fawn and a doe. They are also oblivious to my presence. The little guy in front of me is now sniffing at the air, and I am afraid he will smell me, but I guess he doesn't because he resumes licking his back again. Then he takes a few quick steps and apparently his hoof comes down on a branch because there is a loud crack, and he jumps straight up and then lands on stiff legs, alarmed

and looking foolish. He has scared himself by breaking a branch. I almost bust out laughing, but I hold it back, because I know if I make one sound, one little move, all three deer will all be gone in an instant.

So there they are, the three of them, living their deer lives right in front of me, like the ants and the dragonflies and the birds. I feel honored to be a witness to it all. I don't know how long they stay near me — at least fifteen minutes. It's hard to tell here, in this place, so unrelated to clocks and timelines and structure. This place, this forest, this earth, the deer, the birds — they have their own structure, real and organic and tied to the wind, the moon, the sun. This world of trees, dappled sunlight and shadow, has nothing to do with the made-up institutions that rule my life.

A breeze kicks up and a flock of gold and orange leaves dance from their moorings above, spinning and twisting slowly to the ground all around me, landing delicately and silently on the forest floor. I feel completely at peace, as if there is no other aspect to my life other than being here right now.

Then, at some point something changed, because the doe's head came up real quick, and she looked right at me, her nose wiggling as she scented the air. She moved her head into various positions with quick movements, her eyes never leaving me. It seemed that she was staring right into my eyes — her own eyes so black and depthless, revealing nothing but her wildness. Her ears were forward and moving, searching for any sound that might tell her what I was. She took several quick, deliberate steps towards me, her head and ears constantly moving, then she stopped and stomped her front foot, whump, whump, and then, for some reason unknown to me, she whirled and flashed away, her big white tail flagging her exit. The other fawn followed right behind her, but the fawn closest to me continued to stand in place, looking around alertly, I guess trying to figure out what was happening. He looked at me and began to walk right towards me, closer and closer, his nose wiggling wildly; he came to within ten or twelve feet of me! I had never been so close to a deer in my life. He had his head down now, staring right into my eyes. I dared not even breathe.

Suddenly, he whirled and danced off a couple of steps, so that he was behind a tree, but he was still looking at me, his thin, graceful neck and head the only thing visible as he peeked out from behind the tree, like a little kid playing hide and seek. Gradually he came out from behind the tree and walked towards me again, stomped his small pointed hoof and jumped around a little. Then I heard a snort from off in the distance where the others had gone, and I knew his mother was calling him. He looked towards the sound, then stomped his hoof again. Another snort, this time closer. I guess he finally got the message, because he trotted off towards the others. I watched him go, and I felt as if I had communicated with that deer, or rather, that he had communicated with me.

In that small interval of time, after the little deer left me, I lived in a space and peace that was previously unknown to me. It was a space where I belonged and was accepted, where I was related to everything around me. There was not an ounce of stress or worry in my body. In fact, it seemed that my entire life outside of this time and moment did not exist. I was inside their

dance, and the world of the forest enveloped me. It was like the conscious Jon died; I was nothing and I was everything and I was not separate. The boundaries of my body dissolved, and my being expanded outward into the forest and embraced it and became everything, and yet did not exist except as an extension of this forest world. I felt exalted and knowing and unknown. The colored leaves danced in their slow circles, all the way to the ground, ticking off of branches and each other, falling through me so that I felt their dance, their joy, and their death — a death that was not an ending, but a beginning of something new. I danced with them.

After a time, I coalesced back into myself, into my body and my thoughts. I felt a gratitude which I had never known before for the gift of my life in this world. I knew then that regardless of how I was doing in school, or what any particular professor thought about my work, or what any student might say, my art was important to me. It was indeed a path to myself, and I was determined to see it through.

About an hour later, I left my spot, my back stiff. I worked my way around the swampy area again, and wandered out to the lakeshore to the little point of land. I didn't see Cindy anywhere. Where was she? I looked up and down the shore. She wasn't there. I sat on a rock and gazed at the lake and the far shore. It truly was a perfect day, the deep blue sky and the warm colors of the trees. The sun, now low in the Western sky behind me, illuminated the trees on the far side of the lake, intensifying their colors as if they were electric. Below, in the water, the trees were perfectly reflected upside down, another version of the same scene, the colors as bright as above.

Oddly, I was anticipating seeing Cindy. I was interested to know what it had been like for her, to sit for so long. More than that, I was anxious to tell her about my own experience. Even though she was kind of weird, I had this feeling that she might truly appreciate my experience. Or maybe she might appreciate it *because* she was weird.

Where was she, anyway?

I looked around and saw Cindy working her way along the shore towards me, jumping from rock to rock, arms out for balance, her coat in one hand because of the warm sun. I watched her approach, slender and graceful in her movements. It was hard to believe this was the same Cindy I hated a year ago. As she moved closer I could see her wide smile. She stopped a few steps away, flung her coat on the rocks, looked up into the sky and said, "Thank you, Mother."

She took a few steps closer and peered at me. She asked how my time sitting was, and I said it was good — no, actually, it was awesome.

"My time was magical, Jon. This is a magical place."

I looked at her carefully; it seemed to me there was something different about the way she looked now, like she had suddenly gotten younger. Then I realized why — she wasn't wearing her big glasses. I could see her eyes, light blue-gray and sparkly.

She spread her arms out to the horizon and wiggled her fingers. "Wouldn't it be great to camp out here for, like, days?"

"Yeah, that would be awesome. You like camping?"

"Of course." She sat down near me on a flat rock. She smelled of patchouli and sunshine. The curly tendrils of her hair danced in the light breeze, showing highlights of copper in the sun.

"Can I tell you about my time?" she asked.

"Yeah, sure."

"What I want to tell you about is water. I felt this connection with water out there, like how water could symbolize my life. I had water all around me out there. I realized how water doesn't fight anything. It goes around all obstacles, and that is its strength, to move around and through things instead of fighting them. I thought of how things in water are hidden, you know? Like, all those fish and whatever else lives underwater, hidden from view, there could be fish all around but you can't see them, and that reminded me of a woman's womb, how the baby in there is also hidden, how so many thoughts and feelings are hidden within us, too. I thought then about the things I hide in my life, and about what is hidden from me. Now I want to make a painting about water and what's hidden there, what I hide, and all the things that happen below the surface where no one can see. I want to make paintings about the one thing in my life I have hidden from everyone. Now I think it was silly to hide it. That's what my mother does." Her voice fell to a whisper, so I barely heard the last part.

I stayed quiet for a minute.

"I never thought about water like that before," I said, after a bit. "Do you know how to make a painting like that?"

"Well, right now I don't. But I trust that when I start working, it will come to me."

"I don't know how I'm going to make a painting out of my experience. I think that's what a lot of my thoughts were about, the fact that I'm not sure what to do with my art. But I'm also sure that I want to do my art and that it is important to me."

"Yeah," she said looking at me, and smiling, "It is important. Do you want to tell me about it?"

I told her about the insects and the branches, and I told her about the little deer, and I could tell she took it seriously and wasn't going to laugh at me or think it was stupid. Actually, it felt good to share it with her. After I finished with my story, she looked at me without saying anything, and it made me nervous. I don't know why. So I looked out at the water and the hills.

Finally, she said, "Maybe that deer was telling you about having fun, about being playful. Maybe you should have more fun in your life, or maybe you should have more fun when you paint. Personally I think you've always tried too hard to make your paintings good, when you should be trying to make them real."

"Yeah, that's what Ahman says — I think."

Man, she was smart.

"I had this other thing happen too," I blurted out. "When I was sitting there, when the deer were there in front of me, I had this moment when I, like, disappeared."

"Disappeared? How do you mean?"

"It's hard to explain, but I, like, lost myself and felt like I was part of the woods. And I wasn't separate at all."

"I told you this place was magical."

"Yeah, I guess it is."

She nodded, "That's what I experienced with the water. I melted into the water, and I

became a water goddess."

"A water goddess? What do you mean by that?"

"If you can disappear, I can be a Goddess. Don't spoil this."

"I'm not trying to spoil anything, I just asked."

We sat quietly for a minute. I felt like I had messed something up, but how?

"Anyway, I have every right to be a Water Goddess, like someone else I know."

"Who's that?"

She shook her head and looked sad. "I can't say right now."

Then we sat for a while again, quietly, looking out over the water. Whatever tension had been there vanished, and I felt good. Good, happy, and quiet.

After a little while I sensed Cindy looking at me. "Don't you feel lucky to be alive, Jon?" she asked, gazing at me intently.

"Ummm, actually, I do, yeah, I do." I finally met her eyes, and for a moment I lost myself in the blue-grey of her irises, like I was falling off a cliff. I felt a rush of emotion in my body.

She smiled at me, "Everything's so beautiful! It's perfect."

I looked away and swallowed awkwardly.

"I wonder what's going to happen when we die," she said. "I wonder about that a lot. Do you?"

I shrugged, "I don't think so."

This was quite a conversation.

"Well, I do. And, obviously, I don't know what will happen, but sometimes I think, well, what if it all just ends? What if our life is gone and our consciousness and our spirit and everything is gone when we die? If that's the case, I feel like I have to live every second, every single thing, every rock on this beach, every molecule of water, every breath of wind, everything. I have to soak it up and fill myself with it because some day it will be gone. It will be gone, the way things go, with no warning, and you can't ever get them back, no matter how much you want to."

There was a single tear running down her cheek, but she didn't look sad, she was even smiling a little. I noticed the length of her dark eyelashes, the light constellation of freckles on her nose, a lone pine needle caught in her dark hair.

"That's when I feel lucky to be alive. When I think about death," I heard her say. She wiped at her tear, but said nothing about it. "You know, there have been a lot of artists who say that art is about death, but I know about death, and I think art is about the knowledge that death exists, and to me that means it's about life. Because only in life do we fear death."

She was quiet again, lost in her own world at the moment. I looked out over the water where she was looking. A flock of birds flew over the water, wheeling and diving, then rising, all together like a school of fish, like they were all connected in some way that I could never understand, because I always felt like I was on the outside of everything. Except now. Now I had experienced something else, and I wanted to hold onto it forever.

Loss

Kīm Leolani Kalama

It was the heat that woke Louise, brilliant rays of sunshine streaming unfettered, working their way down her face, filling every line and wrinkle. She turned away only to feel the burn on the back of her head. Why did she forget to close the drapes last night? Spring had arrived, but it felt more like summer, triggering thoughts of Mel and the children racing across the hot sands and diving into the rolling surf. And then they were gone. She wasn't ready to get out of bed. Not just yet. But Ruth, her nurse and companion, had invited her to a picnic today. Would it be okay to stop at the cemetery first and put flowers on her mom's grave, Ruth had asked. Louise remembered her own parents. Gone now. Perhaps they should visit their graves too, although she didn't know where they were. Ruth would know.

Louise kept her back to the open window, her lashes fluttering until she found the strength to keep her eyes open. Throwing off her blanket, she turned on her back, her muscles taut and her joints cracking. It was a cumbersome process some mornings. The spring in her step was a bit rusty these days, but she could still manage. In fact, her seventy-nine years found her pretty spry compared to some of her other friends at the care home.

Spring had sprung, and the flower garden outside Louise's window was filled with nature's bounty. The pride and joy of the garden were the yellow roses Louise so tenderly cared for. They were her favorite because someone had told her a long time ago that it meant she was really special. But who told her that? The gardenia bush was bursting with buds and newly opened blossoms, and as their sweet fragrance wafted in, she closed her eyes and remembered a hand gently stroking her cheek, and she was glad for the open window. She remembered a bouquet of gardenias, bright white with baby's breath and yellow rosebuds, its fragrance light and lilting. She held it tight while her other hand held his, so strong, yet so gentle. Who was that? Her memory flitted away like a sparrow on the wind.

Louise and Ruth left the care home, their picnic lunch on the seat next to Louise's woven basket filled to the brim with bouquets of flowers tied with brightly colored ribbons. They arrived at the cemetery and walked over to place the flowers on Ruth's mother's grave. Louise could see that Ruth came often since the flowers in the vase were still fresh. What a good daughter she was. After a bit, Ruth asked Louise to stay at the gravesite while she checked at the office to see where Louise's parents were buried.

Louise waited, but soon forgot where she was. She wandered up the row of graves, replacing wilted flowers with her freshly picked bouquets. She hadn't gone very far when she noticed a family gathered a little ways ahead. She had plenty of flowers to share. Why not, she thought, as she slowly approached the small group. She was about to tap a woman on the shoulder when the woman turned around and Louise heard her gasp.

"Mom?" The woman stared at her, her tear-stained cheeks flushed red. "What are you doing here, Mom?"

Louise stood looking at the woman. Do I know you, she thought. Everyone was staring at her. Do I know them? She noticed a coffin, long-stemmed yellow roses scattered on top. She walked over to it and saw sitting amid the roses, a gray fedora. Setting her basket down, she lifted the hat and drew it to her chest. She was flooded by a deluge of memories when she turned to see her daughter, Deana. And that was Dorothy who had recognized her. Who were the others? Louise struggled to remember. But she remembered the hat. It was Mel's. He always wore a fedora. Louise remembered her husband, strikingly handsome, his hat slightly askew. He had worn it on their first date when he gave her her first bouquet of yellow roses.

Louise walked over and hugged Deana, pulling her close. She noticed Ruth rushing towards her.

"Ruth, Ruth. This is my daughter, Deana. And this is Dorothy," she told her. Deana spoke before Ruth could say anything.

"What's mommy doing here, Ruth?"

"I'm sorry, but we hadn't seen any of you for a while. I invited your mom to a picnic, but we stopped to put flowers on my mom's grave first. I thought it might be a nice outing for her. I'm so sorry. Who passed?"

"This is our dad. He had a stroke and never recovered. We're burying him today. Mommy hasn't recognized any of us in a long time. We didn't think to include her," Dorothy confessed.

"I'm so sorry for your loss. I should have called you," Ruth told her.

Louise walked back to the coffin with Mel's hat clutched to her heart, and placed it back on top of the coffin. She took her bouquet of yellow roses and set it next to Mel's hat. Her tears flowed as reels of memories jettisoned, vivid images one moment, the next only the faintest of whispers. He was the love of her life. Gone now. Louise turned away and walked over to Ruth.

"I shared my flowers with this nice family, Ruth. How sad. They lost their daddy."

Poetry

I felt it shelter to speak to you.

— Emily Dickinson

In a Few Years, It Will Be the Twentieth Century

Jean LeBlanc

Think of it, I say to the ghosts in the house.
They do not like to think of it.
The ghost of Mother leaves the room.

Father's ghost finds ways to stomp
his disapproval: a heavy book tumbles
off a shelf, a door slams when there is

no breeze to slam it. Austin's ghost
sits and broods, a cold authority
midway up the stairs. He takes my arm

and makes me sit, breathless. Austin,
I tell him, you are worse than Emily,
spending all your time neither

up nor down. Modern times, Austin!
Just think what we might have seen, had we
been born a little later, lived a little longer.

There is talk of flying! But then I find I am
alone. They do not want to hear such things,
my ghosts. They prefer the past.

'Round they go, in constant search
of it, laughter long silenced,
a perpetual Sunday gloom.

Anachronism: What Was Wrong with Her

Jean LeBlanc

The diagnoses begin mild. Social phobia,
anxiety, agoraphobia. Phobia, phobia, phobia.
Say the word a few times, and it begins
to lose all meaning — a game known to children
since the dawn of time. The diagnoses change
with the times. Asperger's. On the spectrum.
Everyone has a theory. Every scholar wishes
for a drop of blood, a molar, an eyelash.
Even better than a diary: some DNA.
Seizure disorder. Consumption. Bipolar.
The exotic and the quaint. Homesick
even while at home. Sensitive.
Disappointed in love.
None of the above.

Gettysburg

Jean LeBlanc

As the newspaper describes it, a town
not unlike Amherst in terrain,
though no doubt a bit less straitlaced.

A few each week return by train,
boys, or what remains of them,
a leg or arm fewer here and there.

I heard one shout a phrase or two
at odd intervals, apropos of nothing —
cordwood, sister, stacked like cordwood —

they hurried him off to some
outlying farm. Perhaps he had been
Austin's substitute, the five hundred

long since spent. But Gettysburg.
The wounded taken into almost
every house, the paper says.

No doubt some recluse privileges
revoked. They have meadows, too.
For bobolink, substitute crow.

Clearing Customs

Quinton Hallett

In line at SFO Arrivals. Spied
on the carpet, a large open safety pin.

Irresistible. Before
questions about length of stay, farm visits,
value of purchases, you pick up the pin
and, as if entering your country's secrets,
you close it.

One half hour later still
in line with a palmed safety pin.

never pin underwear
if you're hit by a bus
someone will see

that poor worm
you'll jab it to death

a lifetime of tiny and tinier pins
clipped to each other then to larger ones
security in a sewing box

Your held safety pin no longer secures
whatever it was holding.
Ahead of you, who gets in? Who can stay?
Is this where sanctuary draws the line?

Courage Sutra

Laurence Musgrove

We were spending the warm afternoon
With the Buddha in sitting meditation,
And afterward he said, "Let me now
Try to answer the questions you have."
A young woman was first to raise her hand,
"Was there a time when you were fearful?"
"Oh, yes, I was fearful before I knew it.
I once believed I could turn fear on and off,
But it's not like that. Fear is always with us.
That's why we meditate: to find fear.
And as soon as fear knows we see it,
It becomes afraid and runs for cover.
But it always returns sooner or later.
Still, we should be thankful for its return.
We can't make our courage without it."

Eden Sutra

Laurence Musgrove

For the most part, I have escaped
The arthritis that sometimes swells
My hand and wrist as I write or draw,
And I asked the Buddha his view
On the tension between the mind
That seeks new territory and the body
That stumbles on its path as we age.
He smiled at me like the morning sun,
"Unlike many of our friends in nature,
We have evolved in our ability
To escape seasonal life and death.
Yet this advancement has only led us
To new degrees of dissatisfaction.
The farther from the annual turn
We wander, the more we believe
In our immortality, and as a result
We feel entitled to permanent
Youthfulness, joy, and freedom.
Whether we have risen above nature
Or fallen from it, many have agreed
That our suffering results from this."

Enlightened Society Sutra

Laurence Musgrove

Saturday morning, I drove over to
The Farmers Market near downtown
To see if the peaches had come in,
And I saw the Buddha had a booth
Set up near the used book tent.
A few people were standing around,
And I heard a young woman ask,
"Can enlightened society really exist?"
He said, "Let's say enlightenment
Is our individual state of joy
And gratitude and respect felt
For our lives and our relationships
With others and the natural world,
A complete embrace of experience,
A mind continually energized
By new knowledge and glad to
Share it in ways that will benefit
Each other and our planet,
And a heart ready and humble,
Brave in its acceptance of its duty
To empty itself into another's cup
No matter how small and cracked,
And a body grounded by breath,
Always muscled in its preparation
To hold itself and others high
Above the riptide of suffering.
Now imagine two people who
Not only experience that joy,
That same gratitude and respect,
But recognize it in each other
With such power and surprise
That they dedicate themselves
To each other's continued joy,
Gratitude and everlasting respect.

Now imagine that you are today
Walking around a market like this,
And everyone you meet is ready
To lift you above your riptide,
You see it in them and they in you.
It can't happen until it's imagined.
Belief is the fuel ready to be lit."

Peace

Ernest Stromberg

Beneath the glassy surface of Ship Island Lake,
small trout winnow between shadows then
Break the surface in a silver arc to splash
beneath the water.
The business of trout: swim, eat, grow, spawn,
and die.

On shore, generations of trees encircle the
lake, ascend a verdant cuneiform up the mountain slopes.
The smallest scatter twisted at the apex where green
becomes granite gray.
Along the upper ridges, a few trunks and branches
Arrayed like sentinels.
Mountain peace broken only by rush of creek, call
of birds, and splash of fish.

In this Edenic calm and emerald radiance,
Could peace be brokered?
In mountains not so different, a world away,
But not so distant,
Soldiers line ridge tops, peer through scopes for
enemy movements.
Mortars thunder, and maps for victory
eclipse visions of peace.

So it was once here, too. To the west, Sheepeater Lake,
a legacy name for Shoshone who once claimed this land.
Now, dislocated descendants hold fast
to downstream territory.

A few miles away, bounty hunters
slaughter packs of wolves in fear's triumph
over spirit.

Cutting through this cascade of thoughts and recollections,
a trout's shadow angles across lake floor,
stretches into a sliver, a dark image, an offering,
something in the mind to carry home.

First Rain

Ernest Stromberg

Penultimate day of January,
record lows in precipitation
calculated for this our state.

Abandoned cars, sofas,
bikes, and chairs
surface in receding reservoirs,
caked like prehistoric beasts preserved
in tar.

Rhythmic patter beats lightly on rooftop.
Before dawn, a steady pulse
of draining downspouts flow.

On the road and along the walk,
pools shimmer and mirror first
rays of sun scattered between
curling masses of gray and white
that scud along the horizon.

A reprieve beyond forecast
predictions, something to
refresh, if not the roots,
at least the surface.

No real dent in
this drought, but
birds find reason to
flit and splash.

Portage (The Journey North)

D. Scott Humphries

A dream so troubling I have had to burn cedar,
also, as fond as the whispering skin of my mother,
barely recalled. When wrapped in furs
and carried, I held the fringe of the pelt
touched to her hair. Thus was I calmed.

She spoke the old legend, how the animals
left Lenape'hokink, Land of Lenape, a time,
and were kept north where the spruce grows.
They returned to us only when we learned
to respect their full being, in life and in death,

to take only what's needed, to honor them and
the land. This we taught to the first Wapsitak –
a Swede married my sister – but now come the
English, who pay us no mind other than to
deceive us, to trick us and conquer those who
would teach them how to hold the animals here.
The sons of our Friend, William Penn, and their
agent, ran man ahead on a deal to mark borders
by walking, then taking the grounds of the Munsee
from the river, inland. I must move again.

I have pushed north to where water ends, where
Lenapewihhituk begins, I can paddle no further,
my arms must now carry my vessel on land,
as I go north to the spruce where the animals hid.
I am tired of killing, I am tired of death, nothing

around me is left of all that I've known. Where
we came to so long ago is now the place we come
from, it is taken and changed. I dreamt of far
away places said to once be our homeland, land
bridges and journeys hundreds of ancestors ago.

Lenape'hokink is all that I've known but for now
I must leave it, like the otter and beaver, until
we live again, here, where the sons of the English
will one day know that my people are truly their
fathers, their mothers, their sisters, their brothers,

their kin. We shall all come again.

Is Home

D. Scott Humphries

A cylinder, ceramic, precarious above an earth floor.
When the kitchen gods, in their random cleaning,
drop it, splinters found for years down the stairs,
round the bend, even in the den, throughout the large,

easy house. When bits or chunks have worked into
so many cracks and corners, is anything complete for this
moment, standing, where does it live? Were you in that
kitchen, balanced for fate, choosing to fall,

since the gods will not own you, although they may try
to dry you and return you to the rack. Once, Saraswati
made a clay heart and painted it real colors, held
it out the window, with pride, too excited to wait until

I got up to the studio to see it. Two beats in her hand,
alive, jumped of its own will two stories down to shatter
on the sidewalk before me, its reds not even dry, running
down through the gaps. Shards could not get back into

ground, though, nor could they be glued back into form.
Where do they really reside, these scattered, puzzled pieces?
In Jersey, Apollo sculpts birds. Once they are fired and firm,
he cements them to walls, grounded, rooted, never to journey

to Europe or Asia. How do they know where to stay?
Not a single one will ever fall in this lifetime. And not
a single one will fly. I just make them, says Apollo,
I don't promise them a thing. Perhaps someone will

pry one off, spirit it to Hong Kong, who knows?
I do, I know in my head but that's all. I move
earth into sand into glass into promise. I have
dropped my creations, like all careless artists. Rather

than sweep up what is left, I visit each sliver, each
character, where it lands, stay with it awhile, thinking
each of those outlying vistas with a single scrap
landed in dust, under carpet flap, or between wall and floor,

is home.

Refugees

D. Scott Humphries

Returning from fourteen years abroad,
a teacher, not a soldier, not that
era anyway, when returning military,
maligned, turned to drug and drink,
still I feel a refugee in the land of my birth,
the state of my youth. Quiet
in heart of forest, endless pine and birch,
oak nearly bald now in the bright November sun –
streams clean enough to drink, clear enough
to see red, brown, black pebbles magnified
to sparkle, but among people awkward,
frightened, unsure of what to say
or how to say it, supposing I'd
been more articulate living in lands
where I didn't speak or hold the tongue,
I still knew how to see a soul and touch it.
Is this how they felt forced out of their homes
back when the dam loomed large,
groundbreaking due any day, then forgotten
as others moved in to build communes
and communities on the fragile wind —
who is stranger when you stand
one town over and up the mountain watching
the Valley change, buildings buried or burned,
history razed. I have returned to renewed,
abandoned land. I stay but I am skittish.
When I feel unsure I drive to find peace
at Pahaquarra, aware that some still cannot cross
the border into the Park without breaking down
on the shoulder of Old Mine Road.

Life in the CC

Education is the point at which we decide whether we love the world enough to assume responsibility for it and by the same token save it from that ruin which, except for renewal, except for the coming of the new and young, would be inevitable.

— Hannah Arendt

The Daily-ness of It All

Russell H. Shitabata

While on sabbatical to research graphic storytelling, I finally found the time to watch the documentary *Stripped*, which presents interviews with comic strip artists and examines our relationship with the medium. At one point, Bill Watterson of Calvin and Hobbes fame reflects on the daily quality of syndicated comic strips:

> A comic strip takes just a few seconds to read, but over the years it creates a surprisingly deep connection with readers. The daily deadlines are brutal for the creator, but there's a real payoff to that daily contact. Seeing the strip every day is a … it's a fun little ritual. And people feel connected to what you've created. Even in a few panels, you can develop characters and express an outlook on life as the months go by, and before you know it readers are seriously invested in the world that you've created. So I think that that incremental aspect, the unpretentious daily-ness of comics is a surprising source of power. Readers do form an emotional bond with your strip.

As I reflected upon his words, I thought about how teaching has a daily quality to it that many educators may overlook. With the contemporary emphasis on things like assessment and core learning outcomes, some things that can't be quantified tend to get lost, part of which may be the daily relationship with students and the emotional connection students form with the learning process and the understanding with which they walk away from our classes. I believe the daily-ness itself matters.

In this regard, over the past few years, I've come to use an assignment adapted from Lynda Barry's *Syllabus: Notes on an Accidental Professor* to begin each of my writing classes. I have my students take out a sheet of paper, divide it into four quadrants, and they spend 30 seconds in one quadrant listing things they saw that morning, 30 seconds in another quadrant listing things they heard that morning, 30 seconds in another quadrant listing things they plan to do that day, and 1 – 2 minutes in the last quadrant drawing a picture (the image at the end is one such picture). Then the students spend one minute drawing a tight spiral emanating from the center of the paper, trying not to allow the lines of the spiral touch while focusing on their breathing.

When I started doing this daily assignment, my initial motivation was to get students centered and focused on the present moment and the class at hand. Students come into the classroom from so many different experiences and places that I wanted them to have a brief meditative/reflective exercise to get everyone into the same place, and that's how I've always explained the purpose of the activity to them. However, I think the assignment takes on a life of its own and comes to mean something quite different for students. How do I know this? Well, as many if not all faculty do, I fall behind schedule here and there at different points in the term, and when that happens I try to find time and skip over things that don't directly pertain

to the course content or learning outcomes. And sometimes when I've found myself having to catch up, I have attempted to "save" five minutes by skipping our daily opening activity now and then, but the students won't let me. They have always objected, sometimes quite vigorously, insisting that it was important and that starting class wouldn't feel right without it.

As resistant as they sometimes are to the concept at the start of the term, occasionally even rolling their eyes in that first week, they invariably to a person come to enjoy and look forward to the activity.

Confronted with their united insistence on performing our opening exercise, I've always relented, of course. Watterson's words crystallize for me why relenting and taking the class through its daily routine has always been the right choice. That exercise is, like comic strips for so many, a "fun little ritual" that makes students "feel connected" to and "invested" in the learning environment.

I'm going to spend more time thinking about how the daily-ness of learning can apply such lessons from the incrementally repetitious power of comics and the present-centered practice of drawing.

White Noise @ Gray Space

Kathleen Caprario

My project, White Noise, explores institutional racism in America. Through the work, viewers are presented with the opportunity to consider and confront their own feelings about race and, for white viewers, the benefits of white privilege and the enculturated biases that inform their attitudes and behaviors toward non-whites. Questions raised by the project include: Where was the guarantee of security, safety and sanctuary for the individuals who died as the result of racially based and institutional killings and are remembered in the artwork? And what are the rest of us going to do about it?

The work identifies and depicts abstracted patterns of culture and behavior. The White Noise project began as a response to Walter Scott's death in 2015; I had never engaged a social issue so directly in my work before. The project is ongoing and includes various platforms from sculptural collaboration (White Noise/The Peacekeeper, with Marissa Solini) to film, drawings, and site-specific installations. I have had to learn new skills including video editing and working with sound, but even more challenging than those technical learning curves, I've had to dig deep into my own assumptions about race/racism and to take a hard look at any biases that I unconsciously or consciously hold or act on.

On Saturday, October 28, 2017, White Noise was presented in Gray Space Project: an adaptable, moveable cube through which art is presented and perceived. The installation included a projected video, graphite drawings, and a Xeroxed list of the remembered. The project was presented at the following locations: the Oak Grove rest stop on the I-5 corridor (mile 206); Skinner's Butte from 6th and Willamette Streets, as well as from the top of the Butte and former site of the city's controversial illuminated white cross; and the historic Mims House in Eugene. The Mims House was the first African American owned home in Eugene and is now the current office location for the Lane County NAACP. All reference different aspects of the Eugene area's relationship to race and extend the current conversation.

Within the Gray Space cube, an abstracted and looped video was projected on a white sheet. Graphite drawings done of each of the remembered individuals and a list acknowledging them were layered and displayed within the cube. The projected static metaphorically represented the status quo and normalcy assumed by those who benefit from white privilege. Symbolic absences, 2/10ths of a second of black, invited viewers to consider their response to the complex cultural dynamics of race in America. The first absence commemorates Trayvon Martin's death, with the remaining absences chronologically spaced within the track to remember specific individuals' deaths. The nine victims of the Emanuel African Methodist Episcopal Church shooting are represented by a longer silence that commemorates their combined loss. These deaths were selected due to the media impact and social action response to their stories — each tragic loss

became a catalyst for social awareness, protest and change. Each tenth of a second experienced in the audio file represents a calendar day beginning on January 1, 2012. The video is periodically updated and extended to reflect the ongoing passage of time and events.

Gray Space is 6'x'6'x6' in dimension and constructed of steel and plexiglass; as a unique artist-driven space and an adaptable, movable mechanism through which art is presented and perceived, it attracts curiosity and contemplation. Gray Space offers a unifying set of constraints for the exhibiting artists and an unexpected form for viewers to engage. Because of the cube's mobility, I could physically bring the White Noise project to several non-traditional art viewing locations and engage in conversations that otherwise would not occur.

At each of the project's temporary locations I had meaningful conversations with passersby. At the Historic Mims House, I spoke at length with one white family on their way to Autzen Stadium and a Ducks game; as it was a beautiful day, they were walking from their downtown hotel to the stadium and were intrigued by the large plexiglass and steel box on a trailer parked in front of a charming, older home. I shared with them the beautiful monument that is installed on the property and designed by Eugene artist, Lisa Ponder. We talked about the history of institutional racism that made the ownership of property within the then city limits a milestone and social breakthrough. Both the parents and their middle-school-aged children were surprised that such exclusion ever existed in the area — thus begins an awareness of white privilege.

Atop Skinner's Butte I spoke with several couples and individuals, including African American, Middle Eastern and Native American folk, as well as whites. All were curious about the project and very interested in discussing issues of race in the Eugene community. Viewers of color hardly needed an explanation for what they saw and the references made — they live it on a daily and generational basis — and brought a laser-focus and insight to the conversation. I listened and learned.

Perhaps the most memorable interaction I had that day was with a white mom and her biracial grade-school-age son at the Oak Grove Rest Stop off I-5. She showed him the drawings in the cube and told him that they were portraits of different African Americans, at which point he proudly told me, "My daddy's an African American." His mom followed with, "And so are you." The boy smiled.

The work fosters dialogue and seeks to find common ground with others involved with issues of justice to create change. The current white backlash against people of color and immigrants needs to be replaced by recognition of the benefits that a diverse society gives to all its members. All.

A question I keep asking myself is — what grounds do I, as a white artist, have to make work commenting on this issue? I can't answer this on my own. Time to listen.

Additional information and links:

For information on the White Noise@Gray Space Project: http://grayspaceproject.com/timeline

A link for the White Noise@Gray Space version the of video is: https://vimeo.com/238695377

My writings on activism and art can be found at: https://whitenoiseartblog.wordpress.com

The video-alone version of "White Noise," screened at the 2017 Oregon International Film Festival (04:08) and can be viewed at: https://vimeo.com/230182234

Contributors

JS Bird received an MA from SUNY Oswego and an MFA from the University of Massachusetts, Amherst. JS has exhibited paintings nationally for the past twenty five years and participated in over 100 group and solo exhibitions, in cities including Boston, NY, Washington DC, Chicago, San Jose, and many others. He is currently in his fifteenth year as an art faculty at Lane Community College in Eugene, OR. JS recently released his first novel, *The Boy Who Painted Fire*, which revolves around the transformational power of art and creativity.

Kathleen Caprario traded the concrete canyons of NYC for the real canyons and broad skies of the Pacific NW in the late 1970s, where she has established herself as a studio artist and art educator. Caprario exhibits her work regionally and nationally and has received an Oregon Arts Commission Individual Artist Fellowship, the Modesto Lanzone Mostra 99 Award, and two Ford Family Foundation Mid-Career Artist Residency Awards. Caprario is a founding member of Gray Space Project and teaches Studio Foundations for Lane's Art Department.

Susan Detroy is a multi-talented visual artist with forty years of art making, working as gallery director/curator and Art/Solutions owner. Susan creates transfer-prints, photography, and mixed media art. Using iPhone and iPad, Ms. Detroy explores and interprets her experience. Susan teaches and offers her art as originals and reproductions.

Tom Gettys is a faculty member in the Mathematics Department at Lane Community College, and has been an administrator of the Photoshop Elements & More forum since its inception. He has always been drawn to the intersection of mathematics and the visual arts.

Dennis Gilbert, Physics faculty member, has served the college and faculty in numerous capacities, including in local/state faculty union positions, Faculty Council positions, and local/national Physics education positions. He has worked on local and national systemic education innovation, the development of Lane's Academic Program Review system, long-range financial planning, and creating Scholarship of Teaching and Learning (SoTL) infrastructure locally and regionally.

Andrea (Andi) Graham earned her M.S. in Sociology from Longwood University in 2003. She has worked in higher education since 2004, joining Lane in November 2014 as an Academic Advisor. Her digital photography has been presented publicly since 2013. Originally from Baltimore, Maryland, Andi finds inspiration from coast to coast.

Quinton Hallett writes and edits from Noti, Oregon. A former art administrator and facilitator of poet visits to Crow High School, Quinton has three poetry chapbooks. Her first full-length collection, *Mrs. Schrödinger's Breast*, (Uttered Chaos 2015), shifts physics vocabulary from the lab to matters of body and heart.

Daniel L. Henry returned to his home state of Oregon after 31 years of living in a remote, off-grid Alaska homestead. He is a full-time communication instructor at LCC. His rhetorical history, *Across the Shaman's River: John Muir, the Tlingit Stronghold, and the Opening of the North*, was published by University of Alaska Press in 2017.

D. Scott Humphries currently teaches English Composition at Sussex County Community College in Newton, N.J. From 2002 until 2016, he lived abroad and taught English in both Germany and Thailand. His poetry has been published in *House Organ*, *Coyote Nation* and *RFD Journal*.

Sandy Brown Jensen teaches in the Writing Program at Lane Community College in Eugene, Oregon. She also is an arts reporter for KLCC.org, NPR for Oregonians, specializing in doing radio interviews with local artists. Sandy pursues photography as her own art form and is an active hiker, kayaker, and birder.

Kim Leolani Kalama, a latecomer to creative writing, earned her Bachelor Degree in English at the University of Hawai'i at Hilo. Her publications are inspired by the people who have graced her with their presence, whether for a lifetime or just a fleeting moment.

Alise Lamoreaux has a long history of teaching non-traditional students at Lane who are preparing for the GED and transitioning to college. Last year, she published an Open Educational Resource (OER) titled *A Different Road to College: A Guide for Transitioning Non-traditional Students.*

Jean LeBlanc is nearing the twenty-year mark at Sussex County Community College in Newton, New Jersey. Voices from American Literature continue to inform her poetry; she has published poems based on the life of Thoreau in *Skating in Concord* (Anaphora, 2014), and a collection of poems from the point of view of Lavinia Dickinson is in the works with Finishing Line Press. She also writes about poetry, art, and the world in general in her blog, www.jeanleblancpoetry.blogspot.com.

Anna Kate Malliris works as the Assistant to the Vice President of Academic and Student Affairs at LCC.

Anne B. McGrail was founding co-editor of *The Community College Moment* and is editor, with Siobhan Senier and Angel David Nieves, of *Institutions, Infrastructure at the Interstices* in the Debates in the Digital Humanities Series (University of Minnesota Press, Forthcoming 2019). She was a beta tester this year for the Commons-in-a-Box Open Lab platform and blogs at https://blogs.lanecc.edu/dhatthecc/

Adrian McLeod earned her BA in Fine Arts from University of Oregon. She has been taking digital images with an iPhone 6s+ for three years. One of her images was selected for an award by Black & White magazine *Looking Back Looking Forward 2018* Smartphone category, June 2018 issue.

Karla J. Miller grew up in central Idaho, and after a career of teaching high school English in Colorado, has returned to familiar territories; rooted and growing, she works in the mountains, the fields and the library.

Philos Molina, from El Salvador, has been an Enrollment Services Advisor at LCC since 2005.

Laurence Musgrove, a graduate of the University of Oregon, is a professor of English at Angelo State University in San Angelo, Texas. His collection of poetry, *Local Bird*, is from Lamar University Literary Press. A recent collection of aphorisms titled *One Kind of Recording* has also just been published.

NYU Sanctuary is a coalition of faculty, students, and staff of New York University who are committed to the rights of immigrants and to ensuring sanctuary to all members of our community at NYU, in New York City, and beyond.

Sky Schual teaches writing in the Academic Learning Skills department. Prior to LCC, she taught reporting and feature writing at her alma mater University of Oregon and at Maui Community College. Sky is a former staff writer for *Maui Magazine* and columnist for *The Maui News*. She loves being a mom and surfing the wild Oregon Coast.

Russell H. Shitabata teaches English at Lane Community College, where he also serves in the union as vice president at large. He is co-editor of *The Community College Moment*. His interests include photography and chess. His photography can be viewed on Instagram via @m43photographer.

Ernest Stromberg is a professor of Rhetoric and Communication at California State University Monterey Bay. He earned a Ph.D. in English from the University of Oregon and is the editor and co-author of *American Indian Rhetorics of Survivance: Word Medicine, Word Magic* (University of Pittsburgh Press, 2006).

Community College Moment Call for Submissions

The Community College Moment has for eighteen years invited submissions relevant to the mission and environment of community colleges. Submissions have provoked meaningful, progressive inquiry that would appeal to an educated, but not specialized, audience. Each issue of *The Moment* has been thematically organized, all or in part, providing multiple perspectives on a given topic.

2019 Theme: Endings, Leave Takings, and Departures

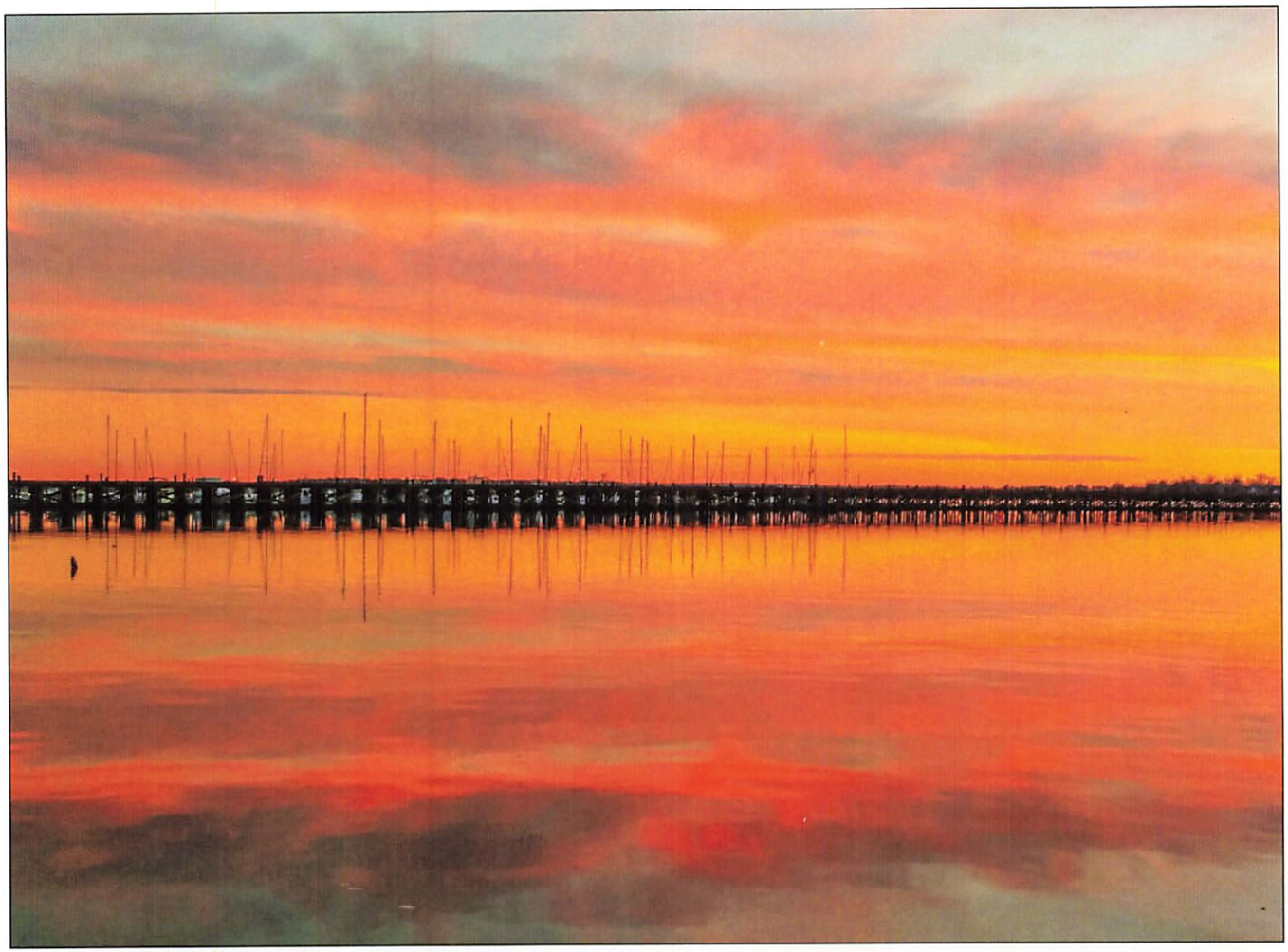
Due to a lack of funding, this is likely the final issue of *The Moment* — at least in its current form. We want to thank LCC President Margaret Hamilton and Faculty Professional Development for providing us with one last run, as well as all who have helped to review, edit, and publish the journal through the years. We have in particular valued the expertise of Dorothy Wearne, whose publishing knowledge and attention to detail helped to make the published journal live up to the most exacting standards. And of course, we want to call out the work, thought, and creativity of our many contributors. As we move forward, let us continue to champion higher education as a space where all, no matter their status or role, are welcome and encouraged to come together in open inquiry, dialogue, and learning.

Should we find a way to continue next year without funding, it will likely be via a very different model. If such proves to be the case, the next issue of *The Moment* would take up and explore endings, leave takings, and departures in various ways: from the private and personal to the public and pedagogical. To what extent do we see such conclusions as final? In what ways might they hold regenerative or transformative opportunities? In what ways might limits be conducive to the educational project? We hope to invite submissions that reflect on these and other questions that arise from a consideration of this theme.

For more up to date information, please go to https://www.lanecc.edu/ccmoment/submission-information

Community College Moment
Attn: Russell H. Shitabata
Lane Community College
4000 East 30th Avenue
Eugene, OR 97405

email: Moment@lanecc.edu



Andrea (Andi) Graham
Harbor Refuge