



Lane Community College's Literary and Arts Magazine
FALL 1996

Minnie

My sister and I were decorating the house for the holidays. We needed more holly to finish the wreath we were making. We knew the best holly grew next to the old abandoned house across the orchard.

Mom yelled at us as we bounded out the door, "You had better bundle up. It snowed last night and it's cold."

We ran across the pasture, and through the old orchard. Laughing, we threw snowballs at each other all the way to the holly trees.

We started cutting some holly sprigs, when we heard a strange sound coming from inside the house. We quietly crossed the old creaky porch to the door swinging in the icy midwinter breeze.

An old woman appeared at the door. "The children will be home any-time. You can wait inside where it's warmer."

The old woman took us to the living room which was filled with old pictures and books. On a small table sat an old Bible and a large scrapbook that were evenly coated with dust. The curtains were torn and faded. The room was covered with a thick layer of dust. In the corner sat a sad Christmas tree with brown strings of popped corn and shriveled berries. Candles were attached to the ends of drooping branches; on top sat a homemade cloth angel.

Underneath the tree were a few dusty packages, their ribbons browned with age. Opening the scrapbook, I started leafing through the brittle pages. Every page was covered with old

newspaper clippings, locks of hair, and handwriting in the old syle with lots of curves and swirls. The old woman pointed to different items on the pages and told us stories about them.

The shadows began to stretch long with the coming of evening. It was getting late. We left promising to return the next day when the children would be home.

Over dinner, we told Mom and Dad about the old woman staying in the abandoned house.

Mom said, "Homesteaders were there a long time ago. It has been empty for over fifty years." She got out a book on local history and read the page about Bear Creek Valley.

"In 1875, the James family moved onto the old Wilson homestead. Norval James and his new bride- to- be Minnie. They had six children. In the winter of 1890, Norval James and the three older children were killed by an avalanche while Minnie and the younger children were in Deadwood caring for her sick mother. In the spring of 1889, the remaining children of the James family were stricken with Cholera and died soon after. Minnie was said to have died a year later, still grieving her children."

"I hear old Minnie is still there waiting for her children to return," Dad said, winking at Mom over the table. "That just might have been old Minnie you met," he chuckled.

Laughing, Mom said, "Tomorrow I'll go with you to get that holly you need."

The dawn light glinted on last night's

fresh fallen snow. Long icicles hung from the eaves shimmering with their cold wetness. The snow crunched under our feet as we started on our way. Mom buttoned up the top of her coat against the morning chill. Our breath made white clouds in the air. We made new trails as we trudged through the snow working our way to the house.

We knocked on the door, but no one answered. We went into the house calling, "Hello, is anyone here?" My sister and I heard the woman calling to us from outside. We turned and ran, leaving Mom standing alone in the dusty room.

Outside, the old woman stood in a small clearing as she called to us again. Just as we sprang off the porch, the house began to creek, pop, and shake. Mom ran out of the house just as the roof fell in. She was white with fright.

We turned back towards the clearing. The old woman was gone. We saw a shaft of light falling across a small graveyard. There were two large and six small graves. All of the graves except one had the same packages lovingly placed on them, that we had seen under the dead tree. On the last grave sat the Bible and scrapbook from the old house.

All together we said, "Minnie has finally found her family." Quickly we clipped some holly and placed it on each of the graves as we left. The walk home was very quiet. We each knew what the others were thinking. Minnie was finally at peace with her family.

Gail Clarno

Christmas Crackers

Dear Mary,

I'm taking a break with a cup of tea as I look out the kitchen window at the blue tits feeding by the cherry tree as I recover from the perils of an English Christmas, which was "over the top" as they say.

As you know, Dennis and I went to Austria the week before to savor the elegance of Vienna and the earthy exuberance of Salzburg. It's so easy to get to the continent from our country world here in Wroxham, near Norwich in East Anglia, so the plan seemed simple. But the gods indeed must be crazy, for the postman brought us the news that we had California acquaintances coming on the 24th via Gatwick to spend the holiday.

It's only been four months since we left sunny vistas of Central California, but we have entered another world -- a slower, easier world with different customs and different concerns. Our community here is more concerned with making than buying, with quiet as opposed to chaos, so the Great Holiday was more focused on creating a feast than purchasing it, more concerned with people than things in this simple, small village. Our acquaintances, despite our warnings, were expecting the conveniences and contraptions of a London Christmas.

Although we told Pete and Barbara from California what the reality of an English country Christmas was like, it was not communicated. England shuts down for Christmas. No public transport in our area, snow, no shops open for four days, no great showing in Norwich of the great Norman Cathedral and Fortress, William the Conqueror's legacy from 1068. Just simple country hospitality. Christmas Day at home feasting and the following day, Boxing Day, out visiting friends and exchanging gifts, toasting and "letting our pants down," which the English do rarely (but when they do it, they do it in a big way!).

The logistics in preparing this Christmas feast were overwhelming. The turkey did not fit in our mini-freezer (the size of one in a small RV in the States). I had to store the sacred bird at my friend's across the lane who has a deep freezer, and I looked high and low for cranberries, a seeming unknown in this neck of the world. After locating the holiday berry at the health food shop in nearby Norwich, I had to show my friend what they

looked like (Ocean Spray from Maryland on the label), so she could remove them from the freezer to thaw for the feast. Stuffing fixings were easy as our American sage recipe is essentially English and the plum pudding had been soaked in booze for some time. I'd put in the order with the milkroundsman for extra bottles of milk, bread, cheese, yogurt (no sour cream available) and bangers. That dear man who delivered milk was like a life line to the outside world during the enforced holiday seclusion. All my friend needed to do was take the turkey and cranberries out of the freezer on Christmas Eve day so when our guests from California arrived, all would be ready -- or so we thought. The plot sickens.

Well Mary, we had a nice time in Austria. Saw where Mozart was born, married, and buried, went to a production of Handel's Messiah at the Opera House, and stayed at an elegant hotel right on the Stephansplatz. Cozy cafes and beer halls. Museums everywhere. We returned to England and met Pete and Barbara in London. Then we took the train from Liverpool Street Station from London to Norwich together and then on home to Wroxham. Before we had reached Wroxham, Barbara had already expressed her dissatisfaction with the cold and dampness, the quality of the tea and coffee, the necessity of walking places, and the porter's rough treatment of her Samsonite. She ought to have been grateful the people had the self control to avoid treating her head with the same irreverence that they treated her luggage! The muscle's in Dennis' jaw were already starting to tense, a sure sign that the Great War would begin soon.

We finally arrived home where the warring parties could retreat to their separate corners. The milkrounds man had delivered what I needed; my turkey and cranberries were resting comfortably in the sink, and our houseguests from hell already started complaining there was nothing to do. Perhaps, if I stuff them as well as the turkey, they will be OK. I suggested we all go to Midnight Mass, so these two thwarted tourists could see the inside of Norwich Cathedral. It's 700 years old, and very English, and Americans are fascinated by its style and history. The evening was a success as the service was very high English, the choir was in good voice, and the whole place was filled with poinsettias and lights. Pete thought they used too much incense, it was too crowded, and the communion wafers were a bit stale, but overall the evening was a success.

We awoke Christmas Day to find snow! While I cooked our Christmas dinner, I suggested Dennis take our company for a walk. Our village is very nice, and down the lane is a small path leading through the fields to the Broads. The Norfolk Broads are a series of shallow lakes and rivers enlarged over the centuries by the removal of peat for fuel. They are just a few miles from the North Sea, and are full of herons, swans, and English tits who nest in the trees on the shore. We love to walk there. When Dennis returned, he told me that they hadn't enjoyed it since they were not walkers, and being from California, thought it was far too cold out to be enjoyable.

Dinner went well. I served the turkey and dressing, plus my plum pudding, which had enough alcohol to make anyone smile even if they weren't happy. Dennis served a very good French wine plus some brandy, and it looked as if we could salvage the holiday after all. Beforehand, I got out the Christmas crackers and explained that in England it is traditional to do this prior to eating Christmas dinner. The cracker is actually a cardboard tube covered with Christmas paper and containing a paper hat, some streamers, and a small toy. When you pull it at both ends it makes a popping sound. Dennis showed them how to do it, and then we donned our Christmas hats, ate the dinner, drank the wine, and had a very nice English Christmas Day.

Thank God they are gone! They did nothing but complain that it was boring here. Perhaps, they should have stayed in California or at least only visited London. Some people should not be allowed outside their own country. Dennis and a friend from college went to the Norwich City versus Ipswich football match in Norwich on the Bank holiday and enjoyed it a lot since Norwich won.

It is nice to have the house to myself while Dennis goes to the green grocer and the news agent down the lane. I think I'll make a suet pie for the birds out in the back garden and then bundle up and go over to my friend Linda's across the road and have a cup of tea. Maybe later a good read and a nice winter's nap.

Well, that is all the holiday news from Wroxham where the men are quiet, the women are hearty, and the children are well-above average.

Love, Kate

Dennis Shine

Salad

Deft hands ply the shining blade,
Skillful cuts sever stems from roots.
Splashing waters remove the dross,
Invigorating carefully selected greens,
Bite sized bits of crispness.

Red globes of radish and tomato,
Orange icicles of carrot,
Pink capital C's of shrimp,
Brown and tan juliennes of meat,
Purple O-rings of onion.

From an old family secret,
Entrusted to the chosen few,
Carefully compounded dressing,
Oils, herbs, vinegars; flavors of Earth,
Just enough garlic rubbed in the bowl.

Gleaming rivulets, piquant and fragrant,
Crisp new breads, mellow old cheese,
Companions, conversation, chablis,
Simple, succulent, sublime,
Salad.

Merele Nichols

Shipboard

Two grande dams, we queened
Into dinner,
Inciting speculation
From the other passengers.
"Are they royalty?
European film stars?"
The captain kissed your hand
And before he had a chance
To bend over mine
I glowered and left the table
In a swirl
Muttering about
"Humiliating me
With every handsome man."
In our stateroom we rolled, laughing
Heedless of our ancient bones,
Memories of other jests
Crowded the room like champagne.
Then we sat on the floor,
Like teenagers
Or crones around a bonfire,
And plotted how we would embarrass
Our grandchildren at their weddings.

Bonita Rinehart

Double See Sandpipers

At Gray's Harbor

A flock of sandpipers flies by tan,
flips over like sloops and turns all white,
and soars straight up, tacks tan again,
then spins, goes white in rainy light.

We wade along the soaking edge
of an airport runway in the rain.
We find a point to sit on in the sedge,
and a flock of sandpipers flies by tan.

I track them with binoculars
hoping to shed a little light
on how they steer like feathered stars,
flip over like sloops, and turn all white.

They disappear against the sky,
bright and invisible in the rain.
Just as I wonder if they're low or high,
they soar straight up, tack tan again.

Do they signal or do they think
as they swirl up all in one flight?
I follow their flock until in a wink
it spins, goes white in rainy light.

Envoi:

I've lost them in the silver light
like sweet beliefs that now are gone.
Suddenly, they swoop to my sight:
that flock of sandpipers flies by tan.

Peter Jensen

Breaking Winter

i looked out my window
to a bleak landscape
moon cold
end of winter desolate,
and you came
with seeds for the garden,
a quilt for the bed,
wicked stepmother apples,
and a slim volume
of Diane Wakoski's poetry.
we sat on the bed
reading poetry and eating apples,
feigning death throes.
later you pressed a forget-me-not
between "my trouble"
and "the mirror of a day chiming marigold."
i found it again
the day after you left.
you are a supreme fiction.
i dream on
in a landscape no longer desolate.

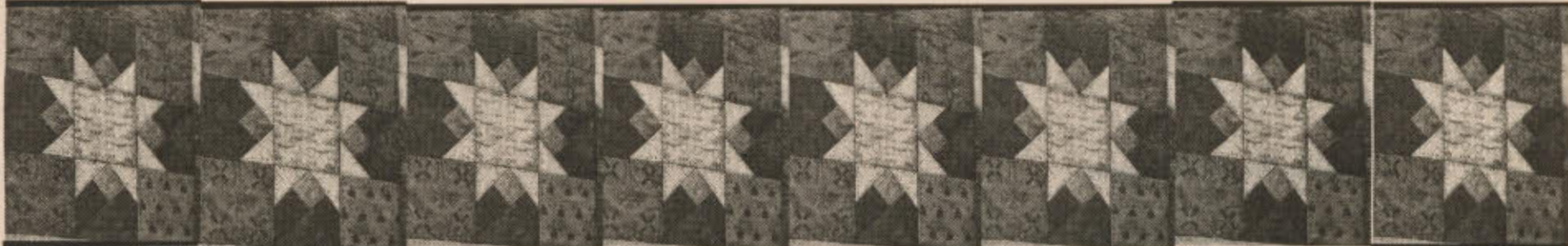
Bonita Rinehart

Snow

Snow falling throughout the air
flinging, rolling into your hair.
Snow blinding in the brightness of white
landing, melting upon the land of sprites
Snow, children of water, becoming one with the land
Humans coming out and playing with her children at hand

Specks of snowflakes falling in the air
flying, falling into Her rippling waves of hair
Her children coming home and becoming one with her.
Snowflakes, specks of white, balls of ice
Snow coming from the clouds so high in the world of winds
Her children, so dear to her, she loves them and kisses
their awakening minds.
Snow falling, flying throughout the air
Flinging rolling into your hair.

Dan Ball



Laura Wright

I recently stopped at an antique shop in Mt. Hood, Oregon. Among various objects, I saw a beautiful old quilt hanging on the wall. Most would divert their attention to the quilt simply because of its beauty, but this quilt compelled me because I saw the powerful processes involved in the making: the traditional craft, the material companion, the project itself, and the memento value.

To comprehend and respect this folk art, I looked into the quilt rather than just at it. It is folkart because it resulted from a traditional process within a traditional framework. For example, the design and colors the quilter chose were most likely ingrained by growing up with quilts and associating with fellow quilters in the community. According to Suzy Jones "... the quilter is working within a folk aesthetic that is part of the cultural inheritance," thus providing and preserving practical knowledge. Even something as simple as the pattern which was the "Pinwheel" preserves folk aesthetics and reinforces community values by the tradition of the pattern.

Although in good shape, the quilt looked heavily used. The stitching in places was coming out, a few panels were missing, and there was what looked like a grape juice stain. The quilt looked as if it had been a material companion in someone's life, and not just a decorative blanket to hang on the wall. The quilt was probably stimuli for reminiscence due to its regular use and presence in the life of the previous owner. I'm sure the quilt accumulated more meaning with each year. You could look at the tear and suddenly be brought back to the time

and place it occurred.

Looking at the detail of the tiny hand-stitched seams made me envision the actual project of making the quilt, and the hours of time and devotion poured into the stitching. The quilt could have been created for any variety of reasons, to distract from problems and relieve boredom, to gain respect and esteem from peers, to express creativity outwardly. The quilt could have been made by a single person to deal with a void or need not fulfilled in her life. It could also have been made in a large social context, by a group of quilters, as a chance to get together for conversation and fun, thus maintaining group solidarity and coherence. In any case, the process of making the quilt was probably more important than the actual finished result.

The more I looked at the quilt, the more I could not believe that someone had given it up. All other aspects aside, the memento value of it would be reason enough to save it. I envisioned a great grandmother quilting it for her baby who in turn passed it down to hers. It seemed to have its own aura about it, even in the fabric itself. One panel could have been a grandfather's tie, another a daughter's favorite dress; all these pieces holding much sentimental value as reminders of past experiences or absent people.

Needless to say, I could not afford the asking price of the quilt and regretfully could not buy it. Having seen and touched the quilt, I felt somehow I shared in its rich history.

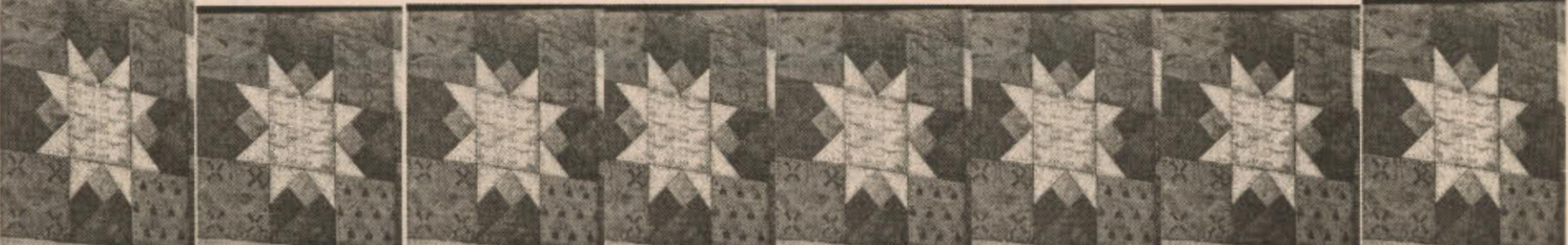
Marlika O' Connell

A quilt carries traditional meanings from generation to generation. It is also a craft handed down through many families.

When I was a little girl, my mom made quilts for my older sister, younger brother, and me. The quilt for me was made out of my favorite drawings. My father put the making of my quilt into a video called "Kids III." The quilt was a bit of a project for my mom because she was doing other things in her life, but over about three months, she made the quilt for my birthday.

My mom asked me what color I wanted the quilt to be. I chose pink because that was my favorite color. She used batik to put my drawings on the quilt. Then mom began sewing all the different pink square patches together. She had hand sewn the pieces just as her aunts and grandmothers had done.

The quilt offers a warm protective cover; it was made with scraps of an outfit my mother made for me, mixed with important self portraits from my young hands. Like other quilts, it is a traditional craft handed down through the family.



Smokestain

Coffee Stand

drive thru mocha tent
planted in the gravel
tinfoil covered styrofoam
next to the wet concrete wall where I
spoke to you and the fountains
as I waited to use the phone beside
the cracked glass doors.
Cold handles next to the phone book
with the pages ripped out.
After you use the phone, the receiver is
warm and ready, and I dial the number
but the three button sticks and beeps
in my ear, but it means nothing to me as I
stare at you walking away
soaked and wrinkled in the rain,
blue jeans and brown boots
with leather laces your beady eyes can stare
me down and up.
I don't care what I should do.
My eyes are red and my hair
is turning orange and I
look like a super hero without
the tight suit.
Like that guy with the torch on his head.
Keep me together.
Your skirts and ruffles
cover me and my eyelids
under the grass and trees with
roots in my ears and potato bugs in my
mouth crawling down my throat to my bad
stomach where my ulcer
would act up, and I would
think of you in the coffee tent,
and how the caffeine
hurt my stomach,
the way you do every day.

Brad Bush

Winter Waits

Geese honk steadily south
in a cool, sapphire evening sky.
Cedar smoke coils and dances
upward through crimson leaves.
The river murmurs its frosty goodnight.
We sit close together
as stars glitter above.
Your face, ruddy, glows as you
dream before the fire.
My fingers, whispering through your hair,
leave sparkling trails of desire.
In the back of mind
I hear the song-
an ancient melody, without sound,
blood beat of my line.
Your arms enfold me
with passion's gentle gift.
Furs and darkness cover us.
For one last Autumn evening,
Winter waits.

Rhonda Linsten

Spoken World

Spilling neon words
into the winter downpouring rain,
the city outside my window
blinks back into my blank
and orphaned stares
the distancing, word-weary world,
the hovering, leper thoughts
of a much overwritten world
now struck dumb.
Pleading night thoughts
stutter pulse beats,
and night sweats to see you
again and again touching the world
through fingered words
and silent, grieving eyes-
to question all the intricate
overwrought and spoken world
into which you will not step to speak.
Hope runs before fear
to say: stand and walk
onto that troubled and unread page.
Step into that spoken world.

Dan Armstrong

Quilts: traditional folk craft, companions of people's lives, they embody the maker and enshrine memories in the patchwork of fabrics. "There, that was a piece of your Grandfather's shirt," a young person might be told as an elder points to the brown striped center of a patchwork star, and a story begins.

Quilts went west with the Oregon settlers, carrying embroidered names of dear friends and neighbors who probably won't meet again. Quilts still greet new babies and celebrate marriages. They embody political and social protest in their symbolic communication. These short essays evolved out of an introduction to Folklore and Myth class, which I teach. They are like a Quilt, a patchwork of craft, flashes of beauty.

Linda L. Danielson

B. Graf

This is the history of the quilt that my grandmother made for me when I married for the first time. I was twenty-one and marrying a much older man. I am sure that Grandma did not entirely approve. This may explain why there was no note or card in the package when the quilt arrived in the mail. Grandma hated to write, but this was a little much even for her. I recognized her handwriting, and the postmark was from the small town in Nebraska where she lived. I would have known upon opening the package anyway. Here were the housedresses and aprons I remembered from childhood.

For Grandma, making this quilt was a traditional craft, which I know dates to her childhood. The quilt is a simple block pattern. I am not sure of the name of the design or if it even has a name, but to me it is special. The quilt was used for about fifteen years, at times on my bed and at times in the spare room. After my son was born and had graduated to a "real" bed, the quilt spent time on his bed.

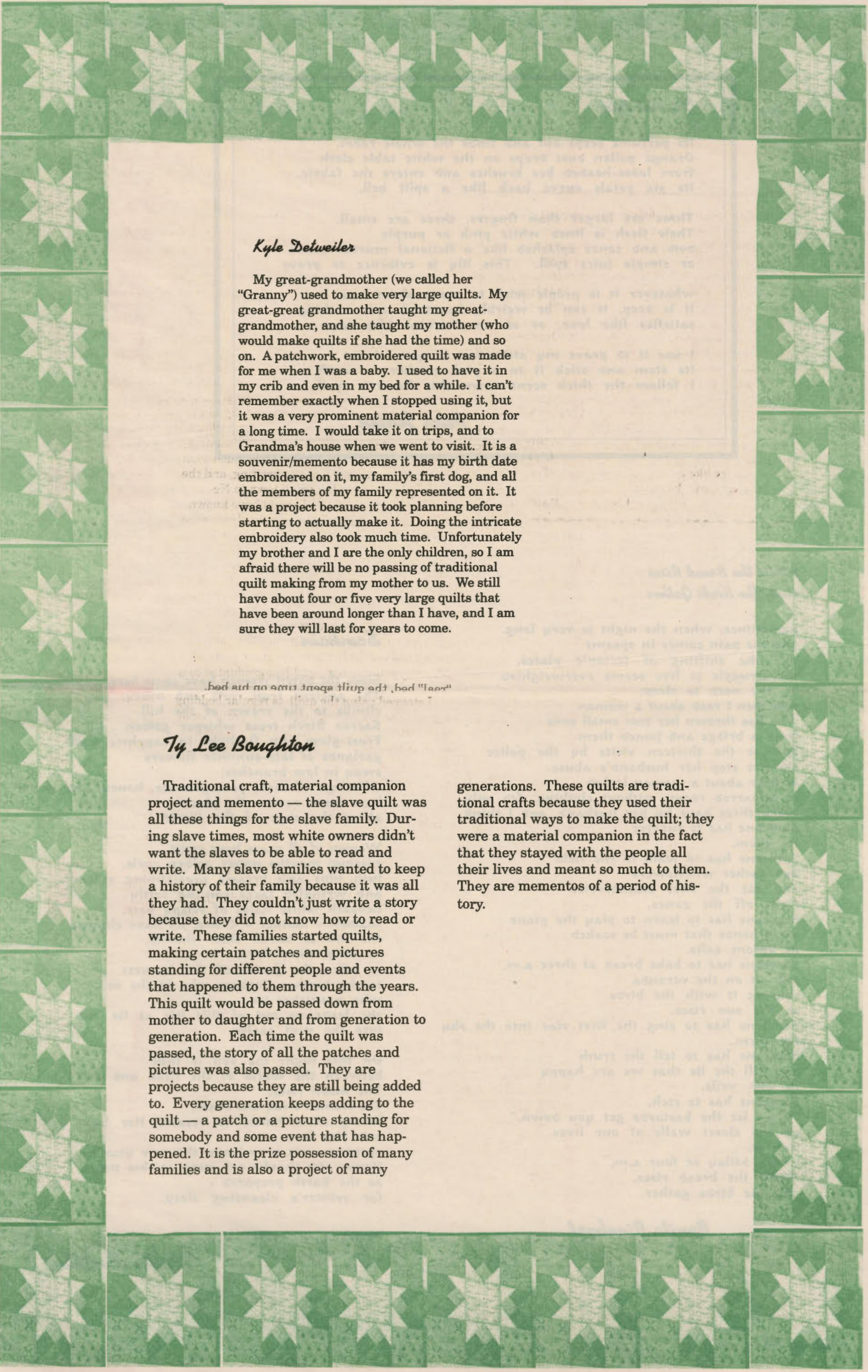
I stopped using the quilt as regular bedding a year or so ago. I had repaired it a number of times since I received it and when my son had cousins spend the night, the week, or in one case, the summer, it took a beating. My grandmother passed away in 1987, and I realized one day that although I have other things she has given me, there is nothing that means as much to me as the quilt. In some way it represents Grandma to me like nothing else ever will. So I put it away and hope some day to convey to my son why this well-used, old quilt means so much to me. I learned to sew and make quilts from my mother and although I haven't used those skills in a while, I am glad I know how.

Jessica Bragg

When I was a baby my Grandma Mac made a quilt for me. She was not a very crafty woman, and this is one thing she had made which she was very proud of. This quilt is white, pink, and blue, with lambs playing on it. It's definitely a quilt made for a baby.

I never got to have this quilt until quite recently when my mother pulled it out of her box of "sentimental crap." For a long time, I thought my mother had lost it. I would always ask for it when I was younger. "My Grandma Mac Quilt," I called it. My mom had said that when I learned to make my bed everyday she'd get it out for me. Needless to say, I never made my bed; I still don't. But I guess she figured that at 25 I could be responsible enough to take care of the quilt.

My Grandma Mac was my favorite grandma. She spoiled me rotten, but died when I was very young. This quilt is very special to me because it reminds me of my grandma. I am comforted in having this quilt to remember her by.



Kyle Detweiler

My great-grandmother (we called her "Granny") used to make very large quilts. My great-great grandmother taught my great-grandmother, and she taught my mother (who would make quilts if she had the time) and so on. A patchwork, embroidered quilt was made for me when I was a baby. I used to have it in my crib and even in my bed for a while. I can't remember exactly when I stopped using it, but it was a very prominent material companion for a long time. I would take it on trips, and to Grandma's house when we went to visit. It is a souvenir/memento because it has my birth date embroidered on it, my family's first dog, and all the members of my family represented on it. It was a project because it took planning before starting to actually make it. Doing the intricate embroidery also took much time. Unfortunately my brother and I are the only children, so I am afraid there will be no passing of traditional quilt making from my mother to us. We still have about four or five very large quilts that have been around longer than I have, and I am sure they will last for years to come.

Ty Lee Boughton

Traditional craft, material companion project and memento — the slave quilt was all these things for the slave family. During slave times, most white owners didn't want the slaves to be able to read and write. Many slave families wanted to keep a history of their family because it was all they had. They couldn't just write a story because they did not know how to read or write. These families started quilts, making certain patches and pictures standing for different people and events that happened to them through the years. This quilt would be passed down from mother to daughter and from generation to generation. Each time the quilt was passed, the story of all the patches and pictures was also passed. They are projects because they are still being added to. Every generation keeps adding to the quilt — a patch or a picture standing for somebody and some event that has happened. It is the prize possession of many families and is also a project of many

generations. These quilts are traditional crafts because they used their traditional ways to make the quilt; they were a material companion in the fact that they stayed with the people all their lives and meant so much to them. They are mementos of a period of history.

Oriental Lily

Its perfume seeps out and finds the whole room.
Orange pollen dust drops on the white table cloth
from loose-headed bee brushes and enters the fabric.
Its six petals curve back like a split bell.

Three are larger than fingers, three are small.
Their flesh is lined white pink or purple
dots and zones splashed like a fictional murder scene
or simple juice spill. This lily is evidence to prove

whatever it is people wish to prove about love.
It is deep, it can be weirdly beautiful, and nothing
satisfies like love, or so an Oriental Lily says.

I use it to prove my attraction to you. I cut
its stem and stick it in a pink pitcher. I sniff.
I follow the thick scent down this flower's trail.

Peter Jensen

While the Bread Rises And The Birds Gather

Sometimes, when the night is very long,
and the pain comes in spasms
like the shifting of tectonic plates,
the struggle to live seems overweighted
by the need to sleep.
And then I read about a woman
who has thrown her two small sons
from a bridge and joined them
because the thirteen visits by the police
did not stop her husband's abuse,
or hear about a woman locked
in a barred room, without clothing, fed only
every three days by her husband, and I think
Someone has to survive
for them.
Someone has to walk in the field
and gather wildflowers
and eat the first blackberries
right off the canes.
Someone has to learn to play the piano
With hands that must be soaked
in epsom salts.
Someone has to bake bread at three a.m.
and sit on the veranda
sharing it with the birds
as the sun rises.
Someone has to sing the first star into the sky
for them.
Someone has to tell the truth
and kill the lie that we are happy
in our veils.
Someone has to etch,
"Don't let the bastards get you down."
on the closet walls of our lives.
And so,
I read Milay at four a.m.
While the bread rises,
and the birds gather.

Bonita Rinehart

Samhain

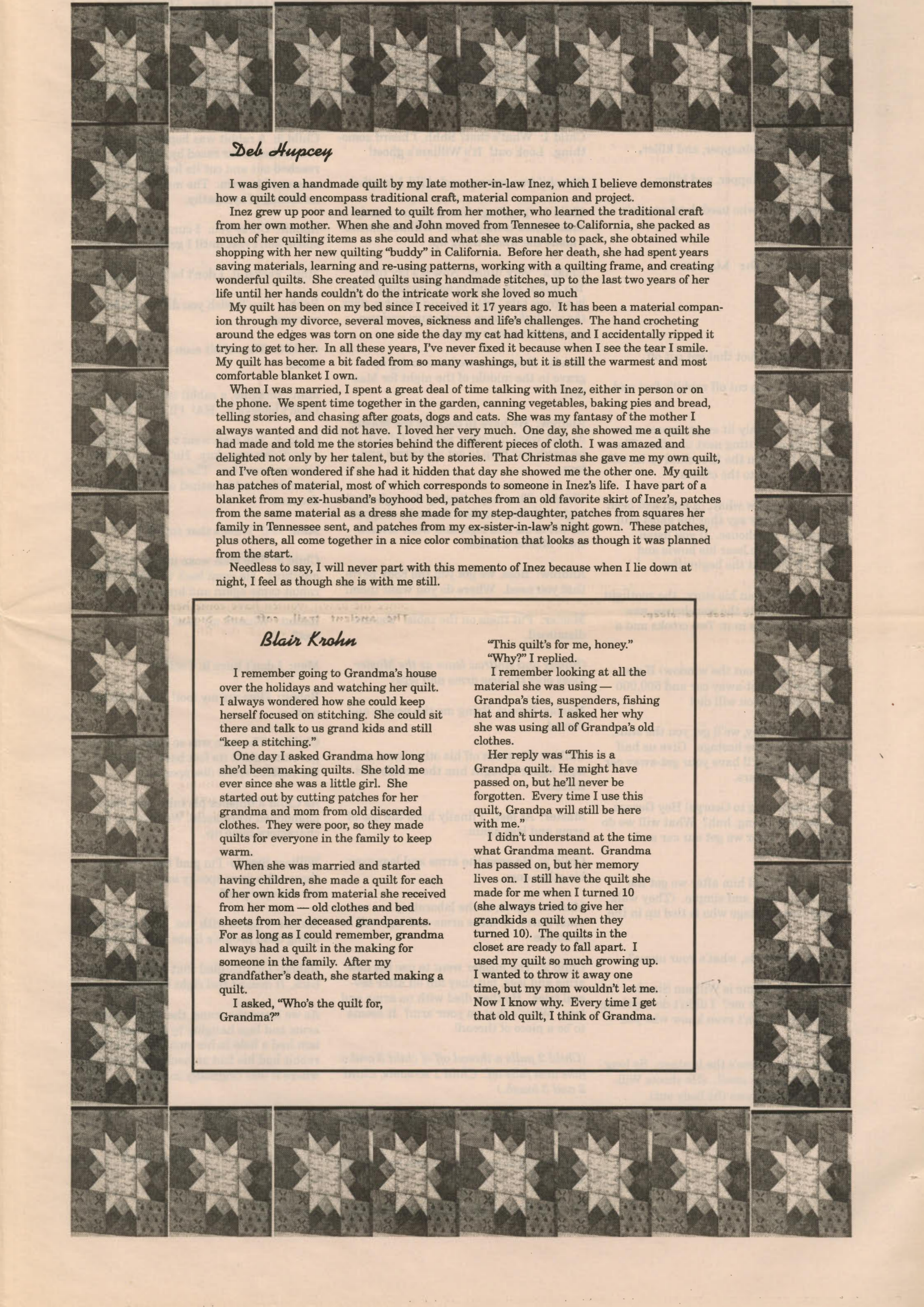
Since the dawn women have come here.
The ancient trail, soft and dusty,
climbs to the crown of the hill.
Sacred Birch trees whisper golden . . .
Frost-glow and firelight in sapphire dusk . . .
garlands of late-summer flowers
sway in low branches.
Offerings of corn, pomegranate, honey, and water
have been reverently placed
about the edge of the Circle.

Women of all years have come
rosebud mouths under golden curls,
lush hips and breasts proclaiming ripeness,
and wrinkled faces smiling softly
beneath white halos of wispy hair.
Maiden - Mother - Crone, all have climbed
the hill to dance their thanks,
to sing their love,
to offer the fruits of the harvest
to the Mother Goddess who births us . . .
who nourishes us . . .
she leads us out of this life at its end
into the next realm.

On this night the veil is thin
between the world of the flesh and the spirit.
The moon rises.
The women sway and chant,
lifting their hands to receive Her light
and Her love . . .
opening arms to welcome the new year.
Honor and thanks are sung at this time,
as the Earth prepared
for winter's cleansing sleep.

(October 31, 1996)

Rhonda Lindsten



Deb Hupcey

I was given a handmade quilt by my late mother-in-law Inez, which I believe demonstrates how a quilt could encompass traditional craft, material companion and project.

Inez grew up poor and learned to quilt from her mother, who learned the traditional craft from her own mother. When she and John moved from Tennessee to California, she packed as much of her quilting items as she could and what she was unable to pack, she obtained while shopping with her new quilting "buddy" in California. Before her death, she had spent years saving materials, learning and re-using patterns, working with a quilting frame, and creating wonderful quilts. She created quilts using handmade stitches, up to the last two years of her life until her hands couldn't do the intricate work she loved so much.

My quilt has been on my bed since I received it 17 years ago. It has been a material companion through my divorce, several moves, sickness and life's challenges. The hand crocheting around the edges was torn on one side the day my cat had kittens, and I accidentally ripped it trying to get to her. In all these years, I've never fixed it because when I see the tear I smile. My quilt has become a bit faded from so many washings, but it is still the warmest and most comfortable blanket I own.

When I was married, I spent a great deal of time talking with Inez, either in person or on the phone. We spent time together in the garden, canning vegetables, baking pies and bread, telling stories, and chasing after goats, dogs and cats. She was my fantasy of the mother I always wanted and did not have. I loved her very much. One day, she showed me a quilt she had made and told me the stories behind the different pieces of cloth. I was amazed and delighted not only by her talent, but by the stories. That Christmas she gave me my own quilt, and I've often wondered if she had it hidden that day she showed me the other one. My quilt has patches of material, most of which corresponds to someone in Inez's life. I have part of a blanket from my ex-husband's boyhood bed, patches from an old favorite skirt of Inez's, patches from the same material as a dress she made for my step-daughter, patches from squares her family in Tennessee sent, and patches from my ex-sister-in-law's night gown. These patches, plus others, all come together in a nice color combination that looks as though it was planned from the start.

Needless to say, I will never part with this memento of Inez because when I lie down at night, I feel as though she is with me still.

Blair Krohn

I remember going to Grandma's house over the holidays and watching her quilt. I always wondered how she could keep herself focused on stitching. She could sit there and talk to us grand kids and still "keep a stitching."

One day I asked Grandma how long she'd been making quilts. She told me ever since she was a little girl. She started out by cutting patches for her grandma and mom from old discarded clothes. They were poor, so they made quilts for everyone in the family to keep warm.

When she was married and started having children, she made a quilt for each of her own kids from material she received from her mom — old clothes and bed sheets from her deceased grandparents. For as long as I could remember, grandma always had a quilt in the making for someone in the family. After my grandfather's death, she started making a quilt.

I asked, "Who's the quilt for, Grandma?"

"This quilt's for me, honey."

"Why?" I replied.

I remember looking at all the material she was using — Grandpa's ties, suspenders, fishing hat and shirts. I asked her why she was using all of Grandpa's old clothes.

Her reply was "This is a Grandpa quilt. He might have passed on, but he'll never be forgotten. Every time I use this quilt, Grandpa will still be here with me."

I didn't understand at the time what Grandma meant. Grandma has passed on, but her memory lives on. I still have the quilt she made for me when I turned 10 (she always tried to give her grandkids a quilt when they turned 10). The quilts in the closet are ready to fall apart. I used my quilt so much growing up. I wanted to throw it away one time, but my mom wouldn't let me. Now I know why. Every time I get that old quilt, I think of Grandma.

Three Tales of Horror

Characters:

Child 1
Child 2
Child 3

William Sinedo- hostage and ghost.

George- crook, kidnapper, and killer.

Paul- crook, kidnapper, and killer.

Master- maniac who used dead people's body parts.

Servants of the Master:

Andrew
Randy
Egour

Rabbit- rabbit's foot that got cut off.

Man- person who cut off rabbit's foot and killed it.

Scene One: A dimly lit empty warehouse. Three kids are sitting next to a fire. The spotlight lands on the first child as he tells his spooky story to the others.

Child 1: You know what? A man had been killed here. They say that his ghost still haunts this warehouse. If you listen carefully, you can hear his howls and wails. I'll start at the beginning.

(As the child began his story, the spotlight moves from him to the warehouse, now with three people in it: Two crooks and a hostage.)

George: (yelling out the window) If you don't give us a get-away car and 500,000 dollars, this person will die!

Police: Okay, okay, we'll get you the stuff, just don't hurt the hostage. Give us half an hour, and you'll have your get-away car and 500,000 dollars.

Paul: (whispering to George) Hey George, our plan is working, huh? What will we do with the guy after we get our car and 500,000 dollars?

George: We'll kill him after we get the stuff, Paul, clean and simple. (They walk toward their hostage who is tied up in the chair)

George: Hey dude, what's your name?

Prisoner: My name is William Sinedo. Why did you take me? I didn't do anything to you guys. I don't even know who you guys are.

George: Okay, here's the hostage. So long William, it's been swell. (He shoots William and then throws the body out).

Police: Open fire! Open fire!

Child 1: The crooks got away and William was buried here in the warehouse. You can see his ghost haunting here. (The spotlight returns to the child as he finishes his tale).

Child 1: What's that? Shhh, I heard something. Look out! It's William's ghost!

(the children scream and child 1 laughs).

Child 1: (giggling) You guys are scardy cats. There is no ghost of William Sinedo. I made the whole thing up.

Child 2: Very funny. Now it's my turn. You might not want to eat anything. This is a gross tale. (As the child tells his story, the spotlight shows a cemetery and two guys digging up a grave).

Randy: How come we have to dig up a grave in the middle of the night for Master?

Andrew: We have to because the Master doesn't want his other arms to fall off, and he needs our help to get new arms and legs.

Child 2: They kept digging throughout the night till they reached the body, chopped off the arms and legs, and went toward their Master's house.

Andrew: Boss, we got you the body parts that you need. Where do you want them?

Master: Put them on the table. You are dismissed.

(Randy and Andrew leave as the Master looks over the new arms and legs).

Master: Egour! Bring me the needle and thread.

Child 2: He tears off his other arms and legs. Egour brought him the needle and thread.

Master: At last. I finally have the use of arms and legs again.

Child 2: He sews the arms and legs over his other ones.

Master: Egour, to the laboratory . . . we must hurry, or these arms and legs will be of no use.

Child 2: The master went to use his new arms and legs, but they fell off after several tries. He then died with no arms and legs. What's that on your arm? It seems to be a piece of thread!

(Child 2 pulls a thread off of child 3 and a fake arm falls off. Child 1 screams, Child 2 and 3 laugh.)

Child 2: Don't worry. It's a fake arm, isn't it?

(Child 2 touches it and the arm moved. He screams.)

Child 3: Ha Ha! Got you back. Now it's

my turn to tell a story. This is about a rabbit that lost its foot to a man who killed it, and was from the Good Luck Rabbit's feet company.

(As the child begins his tale, the spotlight shows a road with a rabbit sitting in it and a car is coming towards it).

Child 3: A rabbit was hopping down the road, when a car raced by, and a man reached out and cut its foot off. The rabbit screamed in pain. The man drove off with no feeling of sympathy.

Rabbit: Curse you. I curse you that my spirit won't rest until I get my foot back.

Man: Forget it. I don't believe in curses.

Rabbit: You'll wish you did and take warning.

Child 3: The rabbit soon died from loss of blood.

Man: Imagine, a rabbit cursing me. Well, I don't believe it. HA! I'll show him.

Child 3: The man went to sleep, thinking everything was okay. He'll wish he had taken precaution. The rabbit's ghost crept up on him and breathed a foul smell over the man.

Man: Oh! What's that smell?

Child 3: The man woke up but didn't see anything. He went back to sleep. The rabbit came again and breathed on him.

Rabbit: Where's my foot? Where's my foot?

Man: I don't have it. I sold it.

Rabbit: Give me my foot! Give it to me now!

Child 3: The man was so scared that he gave the rabbit its foot back. As he did so, the rabbit's spirit disappeared.

As Child 3 finishes his tale, they leave the abandoned warehouse. We then see three characters come up.

William Sinedo- I'm glad that I'm dead. Those tales were spooky enough to make my skin jump off.

Master- I agree with you. That tale of me using dead people's limbs was absurd!!

Rabbit- I'm just glad that I got my foot back. It doesn't feel right however.

As we leave the scene, the Master had arms and legs hanging by a thread, William had a hole in his stomach, and the rabbit had his foot on backwards (next to where it was originally cut off).

Dan Ball

Unconventional Christmas

The celebration of Christmas was done in an unconventional manner in my family when I was young. The accepted manner in our community was decorating the house with colored lights. Setting up a tree and adorning it. Going to church service on Christmas Eve, or morning, depending upon one's faith. And finally, the opening of presents on Christmas morning.

When I say that my family celebrated in an unconventional manner, I don't mean to say that we debased the spirit of the Holiday. Nor, did we seek to cause shock and outrage amongst our neighbors. What I mean is that we celebrated in our own way. We celebrated Christmas in a manner that had meaning to us. Not to spite anyone, or to cause calamity, but to give the season a flavor that would linger in our memories.

We spread out Christmas amongst the households of the families that lived within driving distance. Christmas eve was at my house. My Father, Mother, Sister, and I would have a special dinner and then open the presents we got each other. Christmas day found us going to my grandparents' house for the official family Christmas dinner. Afterwards, we

would again indulge in opening of presents. The next day, we repeated the ritual at my Uncle's. Christmas lasted three days in my family.

We celebrated not just with the stuffing of ourselves with turkey, ham, and cranberries. We just didn't indulge in the obvious exchange of material possessions. First of all, the spreading out of the holiday over three days made the magic last longer. This was sheer joy to a child's mind. Halloween, Thanksgiving, Easter, the Fourth of July, and birthdays were holidays that lasted one day. The sun came up, you did your thing, and the day was a memory. Did you miss it? Too bad, wait till next year. Christmas, though, could be savored like a fine import chocolate. Or, if you were a kid, you could overdose (but in a wholesome kind of way).

The next thing was that Christmas was spread around f-a-m-i-l-y. Nowadays, there are people who blow words about family values, but they don't often walk the walk. My family wasn't worried about being politically correct, though. We spent the holiday season with each other because it felt right and it felt good, period. The children were out of school, the adults took time off from work, and everyone had time to reaffirm the ties that bound us together.

We didn't attend church, but we still recognized the spiritual aspects of Christmas. In our community, there were so many people who only attended services on Christmas, or Easter. As my Mother would say, "Sin like hell and then once or twice a year go to church and ask God to forgive you!" It wasn't that we felt that we were more religious than everyone else; it was that in my family, religion and

morals are something that people carry inside themselves. If you don't carry them with you all the time, then just going to service, singing songs, and nodding your head at the sermon isn't going to make you a better person. We would talk about the meaning of the birth of Jesus and the other symbolism from around the world for this time of year. I feel this gave me a rather well-grounded attitude about different religions. It made me realize that the world is full of positive beliefs and people.

We would also do some of the more mundane things, too. We would decorate our house with colored lights. We would drive around the neighborhoods where a whole street would gaily decorate their houses. When I was a child, the concept of wish tree gifts for poor children hadn't caught on yet, but we still helped out by giving to food drives and joining groups that would sing carols at nursing homes and the like.

Now that I'm a parent myself, I've passed on a lot of the things that made Christmas special for me to my own children. I see the same reactions in them that the season brought out in my sister and me. However one celebrates the mid-winter season, it should be a time of special memories. A strengthening of family bonds and a reminder to children and adults that the world they're in is a wonderful place full of pleasures and positive things.

By: Karl Foster

In The Garden

I am in the garden. It is all Hallows Eve. I have gathered in the last of the season, prepared the ground for wintering over. There is a pile of dead bean vines and corn husks and other debris ready for a bonfire. I remember that in olden times upon this night a man was put into the fire as a sacrifice to ensure a good harvest for the following year. Eventually that practice faded and people burnt their scarecrows each year. They forgot the meaning behind this symbolic act and then forgot to do the act.

I take the scarecrow from his pole, holding his rag stuffed body next to mine. A wind comes up, blowing yellow leaves from the apple trees. I dance with the scarecrow, humming "Loch Lomund." I sing the words "but I and my true love will never meet again. . . ."

The leaves settle onto the ground. I lay the scarecrow down in the pile of dead vines and husks and run my hands over it. If I could weep I would, but I lost the ability to cry long ago. My eyes have been dry, without release, for a long, long time.

The scarecrow is a dead thing, a never was alive thing, a never moaned at my touch thing. I made it from his clothes. I stitched it and stuffed it and painted its unsmiling face on the longest night of the year because night is the only truth I have now. I kiss the unsmiling, painted face and light a match from the box in my pocket. I used to light candles in the room at the top of the house.

the room we gardened each other in. Their light would blaze like a bonfire, and we would plow and seed each other until the candle tapers grew small and finally make one last explosive leap, leaving us in the darkness.

I loved the darkness with him. Now I am always in the darkness. It is always dead Autumn; the frost burns everything.

The pile of garden debris is enveloped in flames. The scarecrow writhes in the fire. I stand near, but I am not warmed. Before the fire dies down, I pull up one of the garden chairs and sit, watching the flames eat the remnant of the garden. There are two chairs. I wonder sometimes why I keep two since I am the only one in the garden now. We used to lie on the newly turned earth and send our shuddering cries deep into the soil. And then, when it was time to harvest, we slept in the garden, wrapped in quilts, throwing them off and melting the moon with our heat.

I rock back and forth in the chair. It is cold in the garden. I say his name, over and over, a chant, a prayer, an invocation, an offering of my soul. The fire burns down to the coals. If the blaze had given me any warmth, it would be past now. I watch the slender tendrils glow harvest moon orange and then fade to ash. I was harvest moon burning. Now I am ash. Even cold coals can hold a seed of fire deep within. Even cold coals can be quickened, with the right wind, the right breath.

I wait in the garden.

Bonita Rinehart

Contributors

Dan Armstrong- would like to live in a society where a poet could become president.

Dan Ball- I would just like to relax, and rest during this winter break...

Brad Bush- I'm not scared of you, I just don't like you.

Gail Clarson- LCC student

Linda Danielson- Teaches folklore Native American Literature and writing at LCC. In her other life she plays fiddle in several local Celtic bands.

Taryn Alves- I'm 24 years old, and have lived in Springfield for almost 3 years. I'm currently working my way towards a degree in forestry. When not attending classes or working, I enjoy spending my time outdoors or with my family.

Karl Foster- Is a Computer Network Operations student at LCC. He is a civilized savage with nerdish tendencies.

Peter Jensen- Peter teaches writing and literature at LCC and LBCC. He will teach Writing Poetry winter term at LCC. His third book of poetry (written with two other poets) was a finalist for the Oregon Book Award. Recently he had poems and a short story published in the *Oregon English Journal*.

Ty Lee Boughton- I'm a twenty year old student here at Lane. I was born in Indiana, but raised in Grants Pass Or. I can honestly say I am one of the few black people that can say that. This is my second year here at Lane, I am a history major and I want to be a history teacher.

Jessica Bragg- I go to school and I have two cats, Nug Z and Sir Bastard (Sir B. for short).

Bea Graff- I grew up in Oregon but have lived in Alaska, Washington, and California. I am back in school after a fifteen year's absence. I have one son.

Blair Krohn- Has served time in the U.S. Coast Gaurd. He enjoys traveling and hanging out. He has attended LCC for the past two years. He's currently employed with U.P.S. and hopes to open his own business in the future.

Marlika O'Connell- I was born in Ontario, Oregon. I am a third year student at LCC.

Laura Wright- First year at LCC. Planning on pursuing a major in Fermentation (wine making). Constantly questing for the meaning of the cosmos, and my place in it.

Rhonda Morie- I am a mother and a priestess. I speak my truth and walk in honor.

M L N- Since I can't do what I used to do, I came back to school to find out what else I want to be now that I'm grown up.

Bonita Rinehart- Has recently been inducted into the Q Continuum.

In the Spring issue of '96, there were several mistakes made concerning a Sabrina Hobson. First off, her name isn't Sabrina it's Sarina. Secondly, an Untitled poem was given wrong credit. The poem is Sarina's not Cindy Ingram. And thirdly, in her bio it said that she worked for PSRB. She has never worked for PSRB in her life. We at Denali apologize for these mistakes concerning her.



Dan Ball
Editor



Bonita Rinehart
Associate Editor



Kurt Jensen
Photo Editor



Peter Jensen
Literary Advisor



Kyle Whelliston
On Line Editor



Dorothy Wearne
Production Advisor



Simon Wisner
Work Study Student

Lane Community College
4000 East 30th Ave.
Eugene OR 97405

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Well, this marks the first issue for Fall '96. This year also marks Denali's 26th "Birth-day." I am happy to see that this issue is out, despite our late start. Even though this is like the Spring '96 issue, there are certain differences. For example, we have color in this issue, and more different designs.

I'd like to thank everyone who submitted for this issue. Without you we wouldn't be here, making your work be in print. The theme for Winter term will be Native American and other culture folklore/mythology. the deadline for this is February 12, 1997.

Anyone who would be interested to be part

of our staff is encouraged to call me, Dan Ball, at 747-4501 x2830. I look forward to meeting you!

Well that's all I have to say for this year. See ya in 1997, and in 60 days.

Dan W.
Ball