

Owl Light News

June 29, 2018 Volume II, Number 13

OwlLightNews.com

Read - Listen - Reflect

Free



Friends Always

*Adapted from *Jātaka number 27 by Cris Riedel*

Once upon a very long time ago, there lived an elephant. Not just any elephant, she was a royal elephant and the rajah's favorite. Painted red flowers spiraled up her trunk. A tall feathered headdress and a golden medallion graced her forehead. The rajah valued her highly and always chose her to carry the howdah, the elegant chair he rode in for parades.

She lived in royal comfort in the stone pilkana, elephant stables, right next to the palace. Her mahout fed her tasty spiced rice, scrubbed her in the river, polished her nails. She enjoyed all special treatments.

One day, a small shaggy dog chanced past the pilkana. Rich smells of cinnamon, honey, cardamom greeted his nose. He ate last three days ago, these aromas enticed him inside. Elephants are not tidy eaters. Clumps of rice littered the floor. No one noticed as the dog stole in and quietly cleaned up the food.

He trotted back the next day hoping for more. That hope was rewarded with much more rice, and the dog left that day with another full belly.

Day after day, meal after meal, the dog returned to the pilkana. He no longer looked stray, but handsome with glossy fur and shiny eyes. The dog and the royal elephant became comfortable with each other. Soon, the dog no longer left the pilkana at night but stayed with his friend all the time. The elephant would swing the dog in her trunk, they splashed together in the river, never apart.

A farmer trundled his cart into town on his way to market. Rolling past the pilkana, he noticed the fine-looking dog.

"I'd like to buy that dog," he said to the mahout. "How much will you sell him for?"

The dog did not belong to the mahout, but he saw a little money there for the taking. They agreed on a price and farmer drove away with the dog.

The royal elephant hung her head in sorrow as her friend disappeared down the road. Her trunk drooped on the floor.

The next day, she did not eat her rice.

The day after that, she did not allow her mahout to wash her in the river. And she still refused to eat her rice.

The day after that she would not emerge from her stall.

The mahout knew he must inform the rajah.

Continued on page 5

Wars Waged

This *Owl Light News* issue features selected submissions for our bi-annual Owl Vision themed readers write: "Wars Waged."

Thank you to all who submitted work to Wars Waged and to those who helped review the many entries!

We received more entries than we were not able to select and fit in.

Our next Owl Vision comes out in January 2019.

We want our readers to choose the next theme.

E-mail or facebook message us with what *you* think the theme should be.

We will compile, narrow and call for themed submissions in the fall.

Cover art by Susanne Allen

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Magical encounters in Turtleland



Turtles are truly magical creatures. It was, thus, delightful that I recently had the pleasure of encountering three of these incredible creatures. My first encounter was while heading north along Canadice Lake, quite near the inlet. There, at the side of the road, was a grand old snapping turtle, her shell blanketed with mud and moss. Not terribly excited to see me, the “Inlet Turtle,” nonetheless, endured my delaying her travels to capture some images. I shared these when I reached my destination, to a chorus of comments about how very large and impressive a creature she – and the entire species – was.

The next turtle I encountered as I walked my dogs near the outlet of Canadice Lake. A large turtle, half dug into the loose dirt at the side of the road, caught the dog’s attention and reacted with a few snapping motions before I caught sight of her and pulled the dogs away. I have seen her a few more times – most recently this past Monday as I looked down at the water. She saw me and swam into the entrance of the recently installed pipe that runs beneath Canadice Hollow Road, lingering there in the darkness, hidden from view. She is of a most impressive size, larger even than the Inlet Turtle, although I have yet to get a photograph of here. Some town workers told me that they saw baby turtles scrambling down the bank from the road to the water below. Many of the baby turtles – hatchlings – will not make it to adulthood, although perhaps she has passed some of her evolutionary wisdom onto them. Clearly, some innate wisdom has allowed her to grow to such a grand old age despite the many threats from human actions and predators.

One constant turtle threat is roadways, which they are apt to need to cross from time to time given that these concrete pathways network across and through turtle habitats. I experienced just such an encounter on the same day that I first became acquainted with the outlet and inlet turtles. I was driving along Canadice Lake, heading toward Naples, when I spotted a turtle in the road. I was in the opposing lane and could not immediately stop. Heading the other way, toward me – and the turtle in the road – was a large beer delivery truck. I flashed my lights heroically, and the truck driver stopped. He agreed, without hesitation and in complete agreement with my efforts, to avoid the turtle as he passed by. While I, in turn, turned around and headed back to rescue the turtle in the road. I slid him over onto my truck floor mat and pulled him to the lake side of the road’s edge, as he repeatedly extended his neck in opposition. It wasn’t until he was on the mat that I realized I had failed to ascertain which direction he had been traveling in when I first saw him. Hopeful that I had accurately helped him continue his journey rather than causing a bit of a setback, and a subsequent attempt to cross the same stretch of road, I turned my truck back around and continued on my way.

I don’t know how old these various turtles are, but they all have the appearance of age and wisdom – a look of being from an ancient part of our earth’s past. When you consider that turtles, as a species, have existed for 220 million years – perhaps twenty million years longer than humans – such a correlation seems inevitable. Despite their earlier arrival and, consequently, first rights to space on our shared, single planet, we pose the largest threat to their survival.

The earliest people to live along Canadice and Canadice lakes understood that these turtles came first. An Iroquois myth tells of how the Sky Woman fell into the vast water that covered all of the earth, and how the frog (another small creature threatened by human intervention) carried mud to the Turtle’s back, creating land on which Sky Woman could live – and create more life.

As summer continues to spread its warmth across the region, I will continue to explore along Canadice’s shores and watch for and care for the turtles – and the many other creatures who call this place home. The Finger Lakes, and especially Canadice Lake, inspire stories and moments of wonder and awe. There is beauty all around us. We are unique in the animal world, with a responsibility to foster friendships across the lands and across the waters. Like the fabled frog, returning again and again to add soil and build the land – life and the wonder of it all depends on us.

D.E. Bentley
Editor, Owl Light News

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Owl Light: The time between night and day (twilight, dusk, dawn); imperfect light, requiring critical observation.

Letters and Commentary

Confederate flag *not* a symbol of proud heritage

I think that most of us would agree that we do not like being told what to do especially as adults. I think that most of us would strongly object when someone or something threatens our livelihood and our way of life. But what if our way of life and our livelihood was only sustainable if we enslaved others?

I recently had the opportunity to read the Articles of Secession* from each state and five states specifically reference the issue of the abolition of slavery. In Georgia, Mississippi, South Carolina, Texas and Virginia states rights were and are inexorably linked to slavery and their objection to the growing and what they considered intrusive interference by the federal government into their way of life.

There has been an ongoing debate over the causes of the Civil War, states rights vs slavery, for many years. Now those who are proponents of the Confederate cause are claiming that their heritage is under attack by the removal of Confederate monuments which were mainly erected in the Jim Crow years between 1877 and the 1950s.

There were three flags that represented the Confederacy. “The best-known Confederate flag, however, was the Battle Flag, the familiar “Southern Cross”. It was carried by Confederate troops in the field which were the vast majority of forces under the confederacy.” <http://www.usflag.org/confederate.stars.and.bars.html> This is the flag that we are most familiar with and it is the flag that we see being flown in our locale.

We, as a species, seem to have a need to express what we stand for but some of the symbols that we adopt as our own are so strongly connected to terrible events in history that that association cannot be severed. An example is the swastika. Before the Nazis adopted it as their symbol it meant “it is, well being, good existence, and good luck” in Sanskrit. What it represents now is far different. The Confederate flag represents to some the fight against the oppression of states rights by the Federal government but behind it lies the other issue involved in that fight which is slavery.

We cannot remake history to suit our own story and our desires. We need to be careful what we adopt as “our cause” and be honest about its origins in their entirety.

Our longing to return to the “good old days” is strong while we overlook the fact that what we remember as the good old days was often, in many respects, not so good. In this instance it was a time when “the subordination and the political and social inequality of the African race was fully conceded by all.” Those who identify with the Confederacy today and who glorify that heritage fail to see that the South of old is a romantic construct. They did not live in that time and prefer a reality that is, in essence, not real save only in their minds. They seem to want to be viewed as defiant and thus powerful by adopting a symbol of that great American struggle thus they fly the Confederate flag. They want to belong to a group known as rebels. A label while, beyond all the labels we apply and that are applied, we are all just human beings. All of us.

Flying the Confederate flag and decrying the loss of southern “heritage” because of the removal of statues of Confederate heroes are indeed about the culture of the South; a culture and heritage that was sustained on the backs of slaves upon whom the economy of the South rested and that is not something to celebrate or be proud of. Nor can it, in all rationality, be denied. The subjugation and oppression of other human beings is not a cause to take up regardless of any other factors in the mix that one identifies with and espouses.

Flying the Confederate flag denies the reality of all those who lived their lives as slaves to others. It is not a symbol of a proud heritage but one of shame and horror.

Martha Ferris
Wayland, NY

*<http://battlefield/learn/primary-sources/declaration-causes-seceding-states>.

Owl contributors

This edition

~in no particular order~

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(see front page)

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Read - Listen - Reflect

Shattered Soul

by Wendy Schreiner



I laugh at work
 I cry at home
 My smile's the frown
 Turned upside down
 Wars Waged
 Within my heart
 Within his mind
 The bipolar monster's
 Raging inside
 Tearing apart
 Both our lives
 The manic highs
 The whirlwind ride
 I want to run away
 Find a place to hide
 Sleepless nights
 I lie awake in worry and wonder
 While his racing thoughts
 Pour out like raging thunder
 Spotted glass lens
 Splattered with tears
 Outpoured shedding
 Of so many fears
 Wars Waged
 Within ones
 Shattered Soul



Wendy Schreiner resides in Warsaw with husband Dave and their two shih tzus Daisy Mae and Paisley Rae. She studied English at Daemen College and loves writing when not at her day job at Wyoming County Dept. of Social Services. She also facilitates "Write Connection" at the Warsaw Public Library.

Safe needle drops - Ontario County

Many prescription and other over the counter medications can be placed in drop boxes located around the county. The county offers 17 medication drop boxes and 4 mobile take back events where unwanted prescription, over-the-counter and pet medication can be safely disposed of.

However, these boxes are limited to pills, patches and inhalers, leaving a large number of other drugs with nowhere to go. Liquid drugs, creams and sharps are not to be placed in the drop boxes because of their risk to the people who transport them to incinerating sites.

Sharps (needles, syringes and lancets) can be placed in the household trash but there are a few steps that must be followed before disposing of them in this manner. First, the sharps need to be placed in a strong plastic container with a lid (i.e. empty laundry detergent or bleach bottle). This prevents anyone from getting poked when they are transporting the sharps to get properly disposed of. Fill the container no more than 3/4th full and seal the lid with duct tape. (safeneedledisposal.org) Write on the container in red ink to indicate a biohazard waste, "BIOHAZARD-DO NOT RECYCLE". (dpw.dc.gov)

Places in Ontario County that will accept the sealed containers of sharps include:

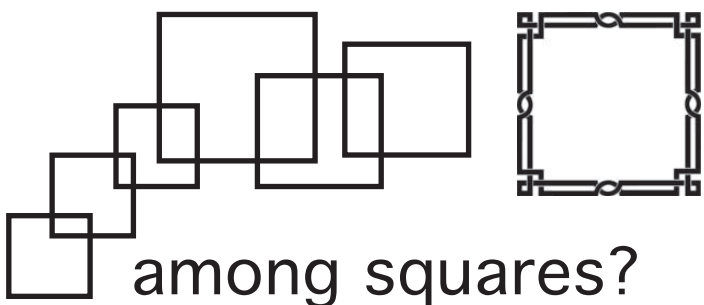
- F.F. Thompson Hospital-Emergency Department Reception Area (Phone: 585-396-6000)
- Clifton Springs Hospital and Clinic-South Entrance, Outpatient Laboratory Window (Phone: 315-462-9561)
- Thompson Health Urgent Care (Phone: 585-924-1510)
- Honeoye Family Practice-ONLY FOR EXISTING PATIENTS (Phone: 585-229-2215)
- Geneva General Hospital-Emergency Department Entrance (Phone: 315-787-4000)

Liquids and cream medication can be dropped off at one of our mobile medication take back events (Fall & Spring) or thrown in the trash. Throwing away medication in your trash is not the most environmentally friendly option but is the most effective when a mobile take back event is not in the near future. There are some steps that must be taken before the medications are disposed of. The first is that they need to be placed in re-sealable zipper storage bag with something that makes the medication unappealing to animals or children. This includes used coffee grounds, dirt or cat litter. Once the bag is full, simply throw it in the trash. (fda.org).

The Substance Abuse Prevention Coalition of Ontario County would like to encourage everyone to utilize one of the methods listed above. Remember NEVER flush or pour medication down the sink. By following these steps, you are helping us protect against addiction and accidental poisoning. To learn more, please contact us at 585-396-4554 or visit our website at drugfreeontariocounty.org.

Submitted by Petrea Rae

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Bristol Valley Theater, the Finger Lakes' award-winning live professional theater, continues their Summer Season with **Chapatti** June 28 – July 8

By Christian O'Reilly Starring Mark Poppleton and Karin Bowersock!

Romance is a distant memory for two lonely animal lovers. When forlorn Dan and his dog Chapatti cross paths with the amiable Betty and her nineteen cats, an unexpected spark begins a funny and poignant story about two people re-discovering the importance of human companionship.


Tickets are available at bvtnaples.org/ or at 585-374-6318



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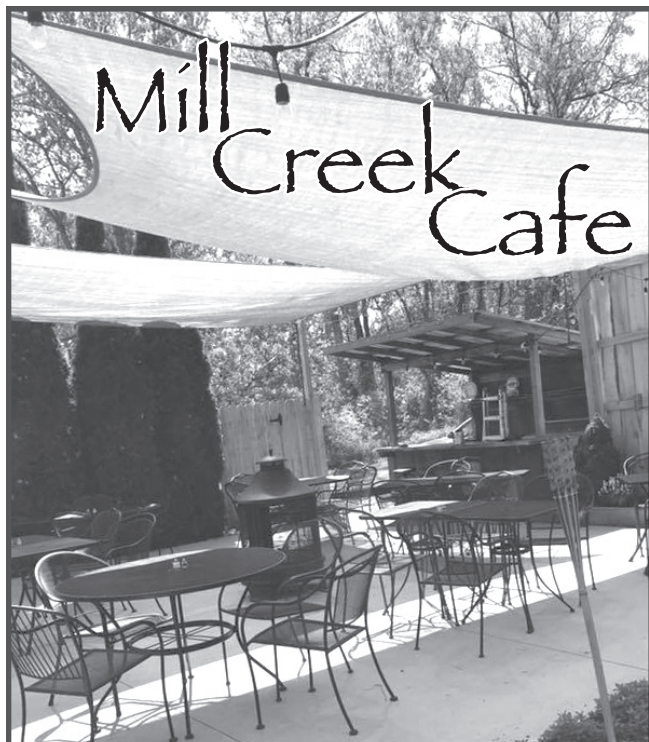
Performances at Honeoye Lake
Friday Evenings • 7-9pm

Town Gazebo, Main St. (Route 20A), Honeoye

- July 6 Paulsen, Baker & Chaapel (Folk)
- July 13 Simple Gifts (Ethnic Folk)
- July 20 Orient Express Band (Big Band)
- July 27 The Dady Brothers (Irish)
- Aug. 3 Honeoye Community Band & Odd Men Out
- Aug. 10 The Bremen Town Musicians-Merry Go Round Theatre
- Aug. 17 The Brothers Blue (Old-Time & Bluegrass)
- Aug. 24 Mambo Kings (Latin Jazz)
- Aug. 31 Mr. Mustard (Beatles Tribute Band)

All performances are free and open to the public!
Rain Location: Honeoye Central School Auditorium - Allens Hill Rd.

Questions? Call the Honeoye Public Library
(585) 229-5020



Saturday night Music on the Patio

June 30: Warren Paul
July 7: Dan Mason
July 28: Steve West
August 4: Gordon Munding
August 11: Dan Mason
August 18: Ben Sheridan

Settle in for an evening
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The Light Lens

by T. Touris



The Grim Reaper

Recent events have led me to having some grim thoughts. I was on the verge of renaming this column The Dark Lens.

This weekend I saw an old implement leaning in our barn. The tool is a scythe. I had tried it a few years ago and decided it was a quaint, but pretty much useless tool of a bygone age. My wife has claimed it's a great tool, but I've yet to see her use it. So I decided to see what it was all about. I pulled it out and immediately noticed that the blade was as dull as an Internet security convention. To the workshop to give it a good grind and honing.

The first swath over our overgrown, slug invested patch of raspberry canes and ash saplings was a revelation. Really? I can cut this down without being spewed with clinging, weedy, sneeze inducing crap? Second cut: wait; this is too easy, don't I really need a gas-sucking, fume spewing machine?

An hour later, our overgrown patch was cleared and our dogs were free to no longer use our garden as their bathroom. More importantly, I had discovered a new tool to reap the grim thoughts of a week's worth of depressing news.

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Friends from front

"Sire, something is wrong with your favorite elephant. She won't eat or come to the river to be scrubbed."

The rajah frowned. "Send for the animal doctor," he commanded.

The doctor visited the elephant to look her over. "Her eyes are damp, that's good. Her toenails are not cracked, that's good. Her trunk is pink inside, that's very good. Her body is just fine!" He thumped her on the flank and hurried away to give his report to the rajah.

The mahout said to himself, "but she doesn't flap her ears or swing her trunk. She doesn't twitch her tail, either. She sleeps during the day. Something else is bothering her, I know it." And he went back to the rajah.

"Sire, your elephant is still not herself. The doctor doesn't see it, but there is still something wrong."

"Send for the wise man, then. Surely he will discover it."

The wise man knew animals as well, and came to see the elephant at once. "She doesn't eat or want to be scrubbed, her ears and trunk hang motionless, yes, I see," he said. He listened to her heart, looked deep into her eyes. "Hmmm, tell me, does she have a friend?"

"Well, not among the elephants. Oh, yes, though--a dog used to come around."

"Used to? Where is he now?"

"I do not know. A stranger took away him three days ago." Which was the truth, if not quite all of it.

The wise man took this news back to the rajah. "I believe your elephant is not sick, but lonesome and grieving for her friend, a dog. Her heart is broken."

"You are right, friendship is most wonderfully powerful. The dog must be found! Her friend restored to her! Where is he?"

"Her mahout does not know, so you must send the message out by drum. Whoever has the dog must return him immediately or face your royal displeasure."

That very day the drums rumbled the message across the land for all to hear.

The farmer knew immediately which dog the drums spoke of. He knew he must give the dog back, and let him loose at once. The instant he was set free the dog ran like a streak back to his friend.

When the elephant saw her friend racing in the door she lifted her trunk high and trumpeted her joy. The two touched noses in greeting. Eyes sparkling, the royal elephant lifted the dog and put him high on her head. All the while, the dog's eyes gleamed and his tail wagged in delight.

Well-pleased that his favorite elephant was once again content, the rajah rewarded the wise man richly for his compassion and insight. The dog received royal recognition and trotted companionably along beside his friend in all the parades.

Elephant and dog, friends always, remained together happily for the rest of their days.

**The Jātaka tales are a rich body of literature native to India concerning the previous births of Gautama Buddha in both human and animal form, in which Buddha may appear as a king, an outcast, a god or an elephant. The Buddha character - in whatever form - often intervenes to resolve problems and bring about happiness.*



A twenty-year veteran of performing stories, Cris likes best to tell the old ones. Folktales of those who solve the problem – and save the day – with their wits. She has performed at the National Storytelling Conference, and the Stone Soup and Lehigh Valley Festivals. This year she celebrated twelve years of receiving grants for telling for summer reading programs in her native western New York state. www.storiesconnect.com

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Dan Mason at Mill Creek Cafe July 7th, 6-9 pm

Dan Mason has been traveling throughout northern New York as a solo acoustic act for the past three years. He has played at hotels, bars, restaurants, wineries, breweries and private parties.

Attempting to stretch the ear of the listener, Dan has incorporated some covers into his repertoire that are varying distances from contemporary. Filling in the rest of his sets with classic covers and originals combined to create a pleasant experience for anyone looking to relax and enjoy a night out. Join him on the patio July 7th!



Simple Gifts on July 13th, 7-9 pm at the Performances at Honeoye Lake

Two women plus twelve instruments equals one good time when Simple Gifts takes the stage. Drawing on an impressive variety of ethnic folk styles, this award-winning duo plays everything from lively Irish jigs and down-home American reels to hard-driving Klezmer frailachs and haunting Gypsy melodies, spicing the mix with the distinctive rhythms of Balkan dance music, the lush sounds of Scandinavian twin fiddling, and original compositions written in a traditional style.

Based in the hills of central Pennsylvania, these women play an amazing array of instruments. Linda Littleton and Karen Hirshon switch with ease among fiddle, mandolin, banjo, guitar, guitjo, recorders, bowed psaltery, hammered dulcimer, baritone fiddle, guitar, and percussion.

More at: <http://simplegiftsmusic.com/>



Charlie Ellis at Fanatics Pub ~ Friday, July 13th, 8 pm

Charlie Ellis offers up an eclectic selection of acoustic rock and country covers and soulful originals from the 1960s to today. We caught his performance at Fanatics Pub on June 9th and spent a delightful evening enjoying a meal and brew while calling out requests - most of which he was able to perform. Everyone joins in! Learn more at: <http://charlieacoustic.net/>

Owl Light News welcomes submissions year round inc. ARTS coverage & reviews - visual / literary / performing / culinary / beverage / anything innovative & creative - commentary, prose and poetry along with community updates, local and world events (images and/or words). E-mail submissions of less than 1000 words (inquiries for longer submissions) to: editor@canadicepress.com.

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~ Country Rain ~ Sat. July 7 at 7 pm
~ Fri. July 13 ~ Charlie Ellis ~ 8 pm
~ Sat. July 14 ~ 2 Young 2B Old ~ 7 pm ... and more



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Sun. July 8 ~ Freight Train ~ 4 pm ~ \$15
Tues. July 10 ~ Sean Chambers ~ 7 pm ~ \$15
Sun. July 15 ~ Tommy Z Band ~ 4 pm ~ \$15

John Németh and the Blue Dreamers
July 16 & 17 ~ 7:00 pm ~ \$20

John Németh and the Blue Dreamers



Lisa Mac

Written~Spoken

An afternoon of Poetry in Canandaigua!

by Jennifer Maloney

On Sunday, June 17, 2018, I was fortunate enough to spend some time in the company of Just Poets member Scott W. Williams and friend of Just Poets Stephen Lewandowski at their poetry reading at the Wood Library in Canandaigua, NY. Scott's friend Victoria Hunter organized the event which included an open mic. Victoria and Scott are old friends from the Rochester Folk Art Guild of Middlesex, NY, and several audience members who came to show their support were also associated with the Guild. Many poets and eager listeners were in attendance as well; Scott and Stephen enjoyed a full house!

Our first featured reader was Stephen Lewandowski. What impressed me initially was how funny many of his poems were; little jewels of brevity with an ironic punch at the end, the kind of work that makes me pause a beat and think, "Wait. What did he just say?"—and burst into laughter. That's a pretty fun way to spend an afternoon, guys.

A departure from this tone occurred with Stephen's poem "Beautiful Dreamer," dedicated to his Aunt Mary Jane Force, who passed away ten years ago. The poem recalls Mary Jane telling the narrator about a dream she keeps having about her long-dead horse, Tanager. Tanager (nicknamed Tanyer) has come to talk to her in her dream, and when the narrator asks his aunt what the horse says, her response is so simple and heart-wrenching it literally made me gasp. She laughs, and tells him, "Tanyer said,

'Now we are old
and no more racing,
I can come home with you.
Now we can talk'."

Smack, right in the kisser.

There were really four discrete sets of poetry last Sunday, with open mics occurring between the featured readers and at the end. I won't list everyone who read in the open mics since I'm certain to forget someone, but I would like to highlight Just Poets treasure, Almeta Whitis, who read her inspiring poem "Womenspace," a work commissioned by the City of Rochester in 1992 as a "toast to the future," and to honor Wilma Mankiller, the first female elected Principal Chief of the Cherokee Nation. Almeta sang and read her powerful piece, then shared with us the story of it's creation—she says these words, this prayer, was very much given by Spirit.

Scott began his reading with a poem about exactly how long he was going to read. He assured us it was going to be a very long time. He let us know he was going to read for so long we "would think we were married and ask for a divorce." So long that we would "forget and remember and forget and remember and forget and remember..." in other words, settle in, friends. It's gonna be a WHILE.

But it was not to be—the time flew! A few of my favorites: a scary/funny piece from A Flash of Dark, Vol. 1, the anthology of speculative flash fiction and poetry he edited earlier this year (and which I encourage everyone reading this review to purchase and read—it's nothing short of FANTASTIC—see what I did there, wink-wink—but I mean it!), a truly harrowing piece about a frightening episode observed from a car window between a woman and her dog, and his last piece, a tribute to his late father, who loved watching trains with Scott, asking, "what's coming on track one? What's coming on track two?", and the final, bittersweet answer to that query. What a way to end Father's Day afternoon!

I'm gonna go ahead and break my own rule here and mention one other open mic performance—one that wasn't poetry. Scott's daughter, Rebekah A. Williams, treated the audience to two songs last Sunday, both beautifully rendered; "The Heartbeat Song" has haunted since. Singing in the Tuscarora language, Rebekah had us clapping along with her: beat-BEAT, beat-BEAT, providing the steady tempo, as her lovely, poignant melody filled

the room. To me, this song did very directly what I always hope poetry will do—connect me, connect US, to our own humanity. To the rhythm of our hearts. To the music of our souls.

This was a special afternoon. I'm so glad I was there!

Ongoing Open Mics



Theatre 101~ 1st Thursday Open Mic
6:30 - 9:30 pm
~ 101 Main Street, Mount Morris, NY•
www.facebook.com/Theatre101MtMorris

Dalai Java's ~1st Thursday Open Mic
6:30 ~9:30 pm
Downtown Canandaigua
dalaijavainfo@gmail.com

Brew and Brats at Arbor Hill ~ Friday open mic, 6 pm
6461 BB State Route 64, Naples, NY
info@brewandbrats.com

Dansville ArtWorks ~ 4th Friday open mic series, 6 pm
153 Main Street, Dansville, NY. ~ dansvilleartworks@gmail.com.

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New Event! First Year! The Golden Palette Art Trail July 21- 22, Saturday & Sunday, 10-5

The Art Trail will take place during Canandaigua's Arts & Music Festival. Just pick up your free passport and map of stops at the information table on Main Street, then take a walk around Downtown Canandaigua! You'll discover a wide variety of original art, fine craft, classes, services and unique gift items.

Huge giveaway! To make the launch of the first Golden Palette Art Trail even more memorable, everyone who visits all the stops can enter to win an enormous gift basket with items from all the participating shops - a retail value of over \$1,000.



Photo provided

Scott Grove of Grove Works is the Jeanne Beck Art Gallery's featured artist for the Golden Palette Art Trail. Scott is a multi-talented creative and sculptor who teaches internationally, builds stunning custom furniture, does architectural restoration and is an inventor. His work is original and stunning; his breadth of knowledge and accomplishments are outstanding. Grove Works sculpture and inlaid wood furniture exhibition will be on view at the gallery July 15 - August 29. On Saturday July 21st Scott will give a special artists's talk from 1-2 pm



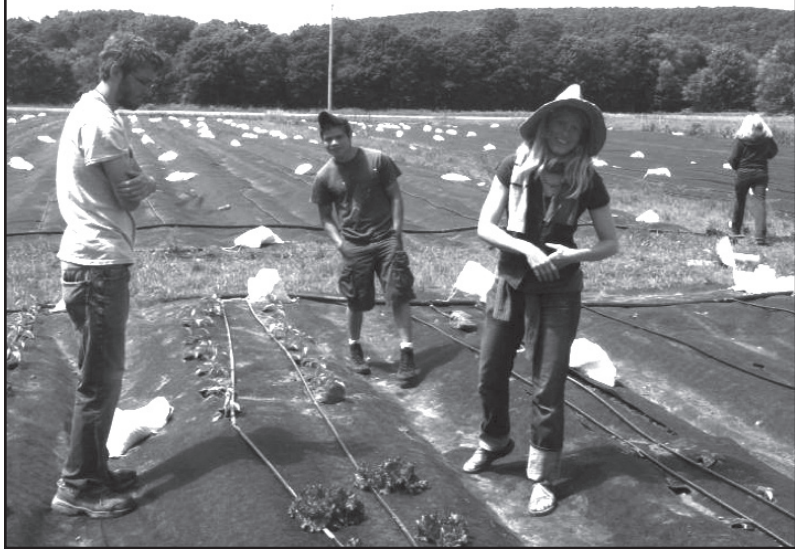
Lakeville, NY ~ Poets' & Writers' Group
1st & 3rd Wednesdays, 10:30- noon, Chip Holt Ctr., Vitale Park, Lakeville.
New members always welcome!!!

Canadice Lake Writers' Group
2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 6-7:30 pm. at Honeoye Public Library, Honeoye.
Info. Darlene at 585-313-7590 ~ New members always welcome!!!

Writing Group in Naples
Meets 2nd Friday of each month, 10:30-noon. Bring a short piece to read aloud.
Naples Library, 118 S. Main St. Naples, NY 14512 ~ 585-374-2757

The Canandaigua Writers Group
First Friday of the month from 10 am to 12:30 pm.
Share your original stories, poems, memoirs, and more in a supportive,
learning community of fellow writers. Ewing Family Community Room ~ Wood Library
134 North Main Street, Canandaigua, NY 14424

I need a vision



Joshua Murphy, Sadrac Cumatz (former Lagom Landing student), and Petra Page-Mann (Fruition Seeds) during a visit to Fruition's fields in Naples, New York. (2012). Photo provided

Today, more than ever it seems, young people are driven to make a big impact on the world around them. Despite the decline of traditional forms of civic engagement in the U.S. over recent decades, The Hartford's 2014 Millennial Leadership Survey found that 83% of Millennials self-identify as a leader in at least one area of their life. It is no surprise in these contentious times that younger generations are becoming influential players by engaging in the many metaphorical wars that are rapidly changing our social landscape. It even seems that we are living through a slight shift (in increasingly powerful) between educating for obedience and educating for leadership, and we are just beginning to see the impact. Overall, I believe that this will have a positive effect on our democracy and society. At the same time, however, the pressure young people today feel to define their purpose and discover their ability to make an impact, or even to be a young success like the idolized leaders in our culture, can become a war within as well.

In light of this challenge facing young people to define themselves and a direction for their life and work, I offer a poem I wrote in 2013 while doing this soul-searching myself during an internship phase of my gap year with Lagom Landing (a local educational non-profit.) The poem is inspired by many things, including a trip the program took to Fruition Seeds to meet with Petra Page-Mann, a visionary leader of the regionally adapted seed movement. It is an homage to all people whose good work inspires others, and to those still looking to find their way to make an impact. Keep doing what you can and helping each other grow and reach their light, while being careful to remember that human beings just develop a bit slower than most plants!



Joshua Murphy holds a B.A. in Psychology from SUNY Geneseo. He is an Academic Advisor at Monroe Community College's Liberty Partnerships Program, a Board Member and Facilitator at Lagom Landing Gap Year, and a student at the University of Pennsylvania's Graduate School of Education.

by Joshua Murphy

I need a vision that will give me some direction like the North Star, or a sextant.

I need a vision that will give me purpose, like a child would, or caring for an ill parent.

I need a vision, and I don't mean some supernatural happenstance. I don't need a burning bush or a visit from an angel. I don't need God to be so blatant, or to go out of her way to perform any miracles. All I need is a vision.

I need a vision in my mind. Something to inhabit the fifteen hundred cubic centimeters between my ears that makes that space different than the 7 billion other cranial cavities being carried over this earth.

I need an idea to be swimming through my cerebrospinal fluid, one that will visit every lobe of the cortex and every fold on the surface, and will bring them all back to life because it is true, I believe, that ideas carry energy.

I need energy. I need the energy that lives inside the souls of the folks we write biographies about. I need the energy that comes from the inspiration behind a documentary. I need the kind of energy that declares "this is what is going to happen", and has the power to make it so. I need that power.

Sometimes, I suppose people have that and it goes dormant.

Like the roughly ten thousand seeds that nestle into every square meter of arable Earth, waiting for their opportunity.

What I need is a dream that will put me back together. That will melt down these 20 plus years of fragmented experiences and that will stir the molten me until every morsel finds a way to work together.

What I need is not the American Dream, because like George Carlin told us; you would have to be asleep to believe in that.

And I need to wake up. I need to get out of bed and take action. I need to see that I can be made useful. After months of sleeping, I need to spring to life with the coming season. To show my colors along with the fields of goldenrod and chicory. I need to grow.

I need to grow, and I need to die, and I need to be replaced. But what I need is for whatever takes my space to benefit from my life, even if they don't realize it. I need to do something that can be taken for granted.

I need to be planted in soil with the proper pH levels, and with complementary neighbors, and I need to be watered regularly. But I can't hand off all of the responsibility. I need to make my own fertilizer, like a black locust tree, or alfalfa.

But first, I need a vision. Because as we all know; no seed ever sat in the dirt and took root without a plan for what they would become.

The ten thousand seeds directly underneath you are left in the ground because they don't know just what they want to be yet. And I don't know just what I want to be yet.

So, I need a vision.

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The Night Sky by Dee Sharples

ISS offers a different night sky opportunity

Date	Brightness (mag)	Start			Highest point			End			Pass type
		Time	Alt.	Az.	Time	Alt.	Az.	Time	Alt.	Az.	
13 Jul	-2.2	02:07:27	36°	NNE	02:07:27	36°	NNE	02:09:50	10°	NE	visible
13 Jul	-1.1	03:41:19	10°	NW	03:43:44	18°	N	03:46:09	10°	NE	visible
14 Jul	-1.2	01:16:45	17°	NE	01:16:45	17°	NE	01:17:36	10°	NE	visible
14 Jul	-1.4	02:49:22	14°	NW	02:51:11	21°	NNW	02:53:49	10°	NE	visible
14 Jul	-1.0	04:26:06	10°	NW	04:28:31	19°	N	04:30:56	10°	NE	visible
15 Jul	-1.8	01:58:36	27°	NNW	01:58:41	27°	NNW	02:01:34	10°	NE	visible
15 Jul	-0.9	03:33:38	10°	NW	03:35:56	17°	N	03:38:15	10°	NE	visible
15 Jul	-1.7	05:10:11	10°	NW	05:13:09	30°	NNE	05:16:07	10°	E	visible
16 Jul	-1.5	01:07:45	23°	NNE	01:07:45	23°	NNE	01:09:20	10°	NE	visible
16 Jul	-1.0	02:40:59	10°	NW	02:43:21	18°	N	02:45:42	10°	NE	visible
16 Jul	-1.2	04:17:56	10°	NW	04:20:39	23°	NNE	04:23:22	10°	ENE	visible
17 Jul	-1.0	00:16:45	12°	NE	00:16:45	12°	NE	00:17:04	10°	NE	visible
17 Jul	-1.1	01:49:20	16°	NW	01:50:46	20°	N	01:53:18	10°	NE	visible
17 Jul	-1.0	03:25:36	10°	NW	03:28:05	19°	N	03:30:33	10°	ENE	visible
17 Jul	-2.9	05:01:52	10°	NW	05:05:06	53°	NNE	05:08:19	10°	ESE	visible
18 Jul	-1.5	00:57:56	24°	NNW	00:58:12	25°	NNW	01:00:59	10°	NE	visible
18 Jul	-0.8	02:33:08	10°	NW	02:35:28	18°	N	02:37:48	10°	NE	visible
18 Jul	-2.0	04:09:35	10°	NW	04:12:39	34°	NNE	04:15:41	10°	E	visible
18 Jul	-2.8	22:26:06	10°	SSW	22:32:19	10°	ENE	22:28:05	29°	S	visible
19 Jul	-2.1	00:04:14	22°	WNW	00:05:40	33°	NNW	00:08:42	10°	NE	visible
19 Jul	-0.8	01:40:31	10°	NW	01:42:51	18°	N	01:45:10	10°	NE	visible
19 Jul	-1.4	03:17:19	10°	NW	03:20:07	25°	NNE	03:22:55	10°	ENE	visible
19 Jul	-3.9	04:53:34	10°	WNW	04:56:51	72°	SW	05:00:07	10°	SE	visible
19 Jul	-2.5	21:34:24	10°	S	21:36:57	21°	SE	21:39:30	10°	E	visible
19 Jul	-3.0	23:10:00	10°	WSW	23:13:12	51°	NNW	23:16:25	10°	NE	visible
20 Jul	-1.0	00:47:45	10°	WNW	00:50:13	19°	N	00:52:41	10°	NE	visible
20 Jul	-1.1	02:24:59	10°	NW	02:27:31	20°	N	02:30:05	10°	ENE	visible
20 Jul	-3.4	04:01:13	10°	NW	04:04:28	64°	NNE	04:07:44	10°	ESE	visible
20 Jul	-3.9	22:17:31	10°	SW	22:20:47	89°	NW	22:24:04	10°	ENE	visible
20 Jul	-1.3	23:54:55	10°	WNW	23:57:36	23°	NNW	00:00:18	10°	NE	visible

An interesting astronomy activity is to watch the International Space Station (ISS) travel across a dark sky, and you won't need any special equipment. The exact date and time, as well as where in the sky you can see it from your specific viewing location, can be found on a website called "Heavens Above."

Go to www.heavens-above.com. In the box in the upper right corner, next to the word Location, click on the blue word "unspecified". This takes you to a different page where you need to enter your approximate location such as Canandaigua, Lima, Canadice in the rectangle box marked Enter place to search for, then click Search. Scroll down to the bottom of that page and click Update.

A page will pop up with the information on when the ISS will pass over your location. (Note that the data shown in the chart included in this article is just an example for Canandaigua for the period July 13-23.) Scroll down to the word Satellites, then 10 day predictions of satellites of special interest, and click on ISS. This will take you to a page that says "ISS - visible passes."

From July 1 to August 11, there will be multiple passes over our area, sometimes several times in the same day. Some will be better targets than others for beginners. Click on the gray right arrow Search period - start and end and it will advance you to the next 10-day period.

Explanation of chart data:

Brightness (mag) - a lower number indicates a brighter magnitude: -3.9 is brighter than -0.9.

Start: Time - is shown on a 24-hour clock. Ex: 02:07:27 is 2:07 & 27 seconds AM and 22:26:06 is 10:26 & 6 seconds PM.

Alt. - Altitude is how high above the horizon the ISS will first become visible: to measure, remember one "fist-width" held at arm's length = 10 degrees.

Az. - Azimuth is the direction in the sky in which to look. Ex: S = South, NNE = North-northeast, SW = Southwest.

Highest point and End columns contain the same type of information as the column Start.

One example is shown in the included chart. On July 20, a pass of the ISS shining brightly at mag -3.9 will appear at 10:17pm, 10 degrees above the horizon in the Southwest. It will climb higher and travel across the sky until it reaches its highest point at 10:20pm at an altitude of 89 degrees in the Northwest, which is almost straight up. It will continue on toward the East-northeast, slowly dropping to 10 degrees before it disappears at 10:24pm.

Check the website on the day you plan to observe to see if the prediction may have been slightly updated. The ISS orbits above the clouds, so if it's cloudy, try another time.

Not all passes will be at a convenient time and bright or high enough in the sky to make them easy to spot. Passes will vary from day to day. Some weeks there will be no visible passes.

The ISS orbits our planet about once every 90 minutes, an average of 240 miles above the Earth's surface. The star-like dot we see traveling across the dark sky is caused by sunlight reflecting off its solar panels. There have been three to six astronauts at a time from 18 different countries aboard the ISS since November 2000 performing experiments in zero gravity.

For people who like to look for planets in the sky, dazzling Venus (mag -4.2) can still be seen in the West in July just as the sky begins to darken. Jupiter (mag -2.2) joins Venus shortly after in the South. Mars (mag -2.6) looking like a reddish star rises in the East around 11:00pm.

Magnitude measures the apparent brightness of a celestial object and is expressed by a decimal. The larger the number, the dimmer the object.

Sun: -26.7
Full Moon: -12.6
Venus at its brightest: -4.4
Bright star: 0.0
Dimmest star visible with the unaided eye: 6.0

How to measure degrees in the sky:

A simple "ruler" is to hold your arm straight out and make a fist. The area of the sky covered by your fist measures roughly 10 degrees. By moving your fist and counting how many "fist widths" it takes to reach an object in the sky, you'll have an approximation of degrees.

Strasenburgh Planetarium

Strasenburgh Planetarium in Rochester has public observing every clear Saturday night. Members of the Astronomy Section of the Rochester Academy of Science will open the two telescopes on the roof of the planetarium. This free event takes place from dark to 10:30 PM. You will need to climb 60 steps to the telescope deck. The entrance is just to the right of the back door of the planetarium. Call the planetarium after 7:30 PM at 585-697-1945 to confirm the telescope will be open that night. If it's cloudy, observing will be cancelled.



Dee Sharples is an amateur astronomer who enjoys observing planets, star clusters and the Moon through her telescope. She is a member of ASRAS (Astronomy Section of the Rochester Academy of Science) and records "Dee's Sky This Month", describing what can be seen in the sky, on the ASRAS website, rochesterastronomy.org. Watch for her monthly Owl feature to learn more about the night sky.

Send comments and questions Re: The Night Sky to editor@canadicepress.com.

Regional Farm and Garden Markets

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Lima Farmers' Market - Tuesdays
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On the lawn of the Lima Presbyterian Church, corner of route 5&20 and 15A, Lima, NY
For information, please contact Market Manager, Sue Muehleisen at 585-752-9238 or smuehleise@aol.com

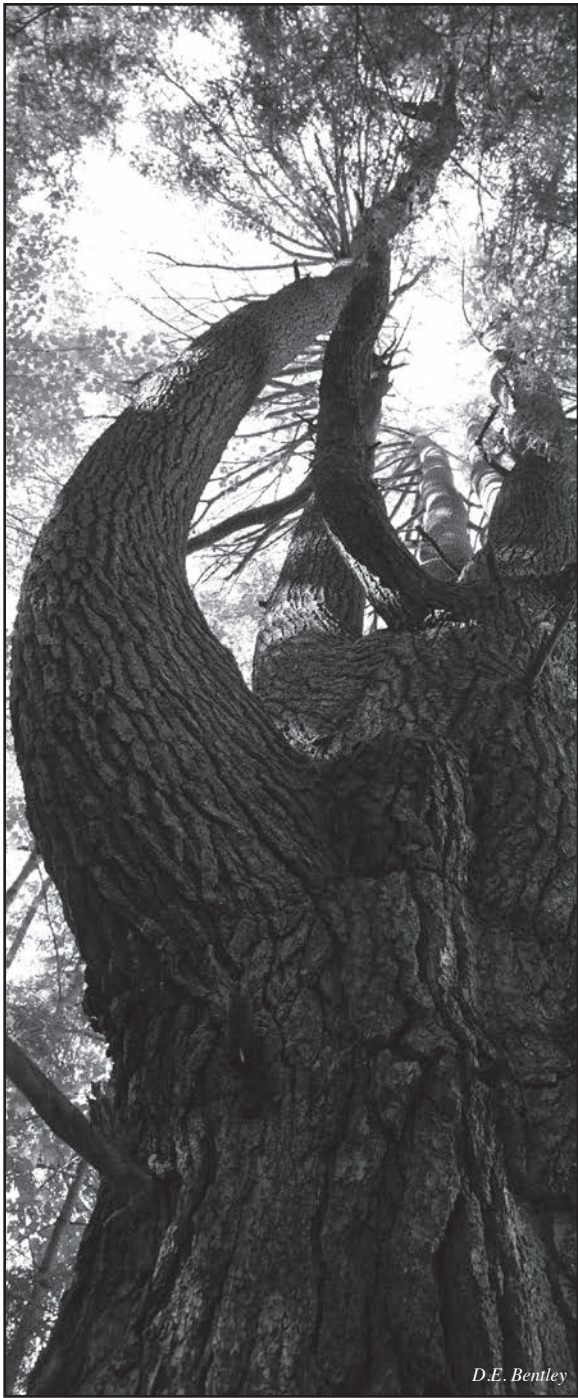
Springwater Farmers Market - Fridays
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<http://www.brightonfarmersmarket.org> or fb.

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Regional Farm and Garden Markets is a free Owl listing for community markets!

Send information and a brief summary of your market to editor@canadicepress.com or www.facebook.com/CanadicePress.



D.E. Bentley

Tracks by Sky Trombly *(In Honor of Robert Frost)*

Cool winds sweep across my face,
Though a silent stillness fills this place.
All around is death or sleep,
Inwardly indecision creeps.

Softly falls the brightest snow,
As if to belie the lack of growth.
Crunching snow on calm white earth,
Waiting for spring's first birth.

And then, by chance, a track is found,
Like mine, but larger all around.
The owner must have walked this way,
After him, my path is laid.

A pre-cut path, a seeming boon,
Begins to sing a mocking tune.
How do I dare to walk this route?
And what am I all about?

The owner of these tracks, I know,
Would not have been questioned so.
Proud and tall, I think, like these trees,
To walk in these woods with ease.

Tiny feet that will no longer grow,
Will never fit these tracks in the snow,
But sprightly songbirds can brave each day,
I guess that this means I can stray.



Sky Trombly is a regular contributor to Owl Light News with her feature "Simple Sustainability." She also hosts a blog - talkwalking.org - part of her ongoing desire to live simply and intimately linked with the earth, "while helping others negotiate the "quagmire of sustainable living."

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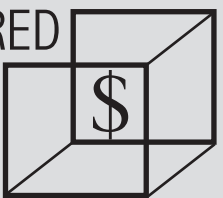
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For more information e-mail
FingerLakesFinancialLiteracy@gmail.com

Fairy Fest!

Join us in downtown Dansville,
Friday July 6th, 5-7 pm



- ~ Free crafts and activities at Dansville Artworks, Dogwood Trading Company, and many downtown businesses
- ~ Storyteller Cris Riedel 6-6:30 pm at Dansville ArtWorks
- ~ Fairy Door Trail: Use the free map to find all 23+ delightful little doors downtown and in Pioneer Park
- ~ Send a postcard to Daisy the Fairy
- ~ Visit Fairy Doors of Dansville on facebook or Instagram for more info! ~

This is a Dansville Chamber of Commerce "First Friday" event, together with the Fairy Doors of Dansville which is made possible in part through funds from the Decentralization Program, a regrant program of the NYS Council on the Arts with the support of Governor Andrew Cuomo and the NYS Legislature and administered by the Genesee Valley Council on the Arts.



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top
of the
hill

UPCOMING EVENTS

Reading Rocks! Summer Reading Program will run Tuesday afternoons 2-3 pm, July 10 - August 15, with different themes each week.

- Week 1 ~ July 10th: Get Acquainted
- Week 2 ~ July 17th: What is a Rock?
- Week 3 ~ July 24th: Make a Storybook Rock Garden

Chicken BBQ, July 21st from 11:30-2. \$11, pre-sale tickets are available. Call the library at: 585-238-5636 to reserve tickets.

To find out more about all our events:

Call the library at 585-229-5636,
Contact Library Director Courtney Statt at cstatt@pls-net.org

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Do Something You've Never Done Before

Canadice Lake Outfitters: Packaged relaxation

by Brittany Touris

Nature

This past Father's Day, I took my dad kayaking out on Canadice Lake, a smaller finger lake between Hemlock and Honeoye. My dad lives less than a mile away from the lake, so we've gone out kayaking plenty of times before. When I'm out on the water, a feeling of calm comes over me. If I look around, the shoreline is natural: plants and water life. Aside from other kayakers, nothing is manmade out there. It's quiet, unlike the bustle of Rochester that I'm used to.

Usually when we go out, there's a bit of a hassle before we actually get to enjoy that serenity. First, we have to figure out exactly how to load several kayaks into the truck securely enough to drive to the launch area. We struggle for a while with a combination of bungee cords and ratchet straps. Then, of course, after the meditative experience on the lake, we're immediately brought back to the reality of repeating this process to get the kayaks home.

On this outing, we decided to forego that process altogether and tried out some rental kayaks from Canadice Lake Outfitters. I had never heard of a kayak or canoe rental place on Canadice Lake before, but their website lays it out simply enough, so I knew what to expect. 1. Call and reserve. 2. Meet at their residence. 3. Follow them to the shore where they set you up with a boats and help you get out there.

It was as simple as that. John Kenney, co-owner with his wife, Gina, helped us out. They had the boats all set up by the shore, ready for us.

As usual, we had a great time exploring the lake. The wildlife was beautiful—we were able to see a Baltimore Oriole and a muskrat— who had made a home out of tree roots that protruded off the shore. My boyfriend, Adym, brought his fishing pole, but to his dismay, didn't catch anything. But looking into the clear water, we could see bass, bluegills, crappies, perch, and others.



Photo by Adym Flowerday

Once back to the shore, I was met with a challenge. "Want to try the paddle board?" John asked me.

I was hesitant, since I'd never tried paddle boarding. I've seen people doing it before, and it always seemed like an activity you needed a level of skill for. Skill that I didn't think I had.

John encouraged me to try, giving me the only instruction I really needed. Start on your knees, when you get your balance, stand up. So I tried, and found that it wasn't nearly as difficult as I thought. I floated around for a bit and started to get a feel for it, watching the life of the lake pass by beneath me.

John and Gina met while attending SUNY Brockport. After graduation, they were looking to buy a house and wanted something far away from suburban life, closer to nature. Their realtor found a place on Canadice Lake Road. They've lived here, in the same house, for twenty years. John describes Canadice Lake Outfitters, which they began four years ago, as their "side hustle, but full time on the weekends." In addition to Canadice Lake, they also service Hemlock, Honeoye, and Conesus for additional costs.

Their events are probably what excited me the most—full moon paddles, wine tastings, and paddle board yoga. Before I had gotten on that paddle board, I would have thought the idea of doing yoga on it was ridiculous. Now, I'm checking my schedule to see if I can

make their weekly Saturday morning classes. They do it in a shallow spot along the South end of the lake, so it's no problem if you fall. Just get right back on. Afterward, you're able to take the paddleboard out for a bit to explore the lake, as part of the \$30 class.

No matter what your skills or experiences are with kayaking, canoeing, or paddle boarding, Canadice Lake Outfitters has a new experience for you. Perhaps you live in the city and want to get away or maybe you may have lived on Canadice Lake your entire life and want to see it through a new angle—how about "downward dog"?

Personally, I love knowing that new experiences are just a short car trip away. It's a chance to unwind after work, or experience some excitement on the weekend.

For more information about events and prices, visit their website www.canadiceLakeoutfitters.com. Here they have information on how to set up a rental and packages that are available.



Paddle across Keuka on August 4th with Finger Lakes Museum & Aquarium!

Learn more and register for sponsorship at
www.fingerlakesmuseum.org/events/paddle-keuka-5k-race-sponsorships

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Evolution

“All of life is suffering,” and every creature including humans experience a series of hardships that must be taken in order to achieve any sort of growth or new strand of evolution. When we are born we have many trials to overcome and an array of steps to undergo before we can successfully exist on our own. We learn the basic elements of survival and how to operate as a human being in the culture to which we are born. Eventually, we adapt to a position where we can do these things independently, effortlessly and without much thought. We unconsciously walk, speak and eat and think nothing of it. We forget that we endured countless initiations and tests that brought us to this very point, paired with an immense amount of determination to surpass that element of challenge. Because we have evolved so far past infancy, we forget that to read and understand these words took time and effort. Even at this point where it appears we so “easily” exist because we've come so far in our growth- we are still faced with challenges everyday.

It may not appear immediately the depth to which any individual or living creature has, or still continues, to struggle. Yet, farther than the eye can see there is always a story reaching out and a constant change that's occurring. From an outside perspective it may appear an easy feat: how certain people have found financial, physical or mental success. That what brought them to that point was nothing more than luck and they aren't deserving of the position life has handed them. Yet, even on this other side of “perfection,” we aren't aware of are the challenges they still face. Majority of the time we reach immediate conclusions without looking past the cover of the book. We take one look at another, rarely questioning the story behind the person; the trials and challenges that led to that point, or the life endured prior. When we form face-value opinions on others based on the outward and physical appearances, we see only one small percentage and portion of the person in their entirety. Without taking the time to truly see or understand what lies beyond the physical, we will never see eye to eye.

Everything is a result; a series of efforts that have accumulated over time to become what is being observed. These opinions are nothing more than stacked layers of angles, grown from some learned perspective. We take and tend to alternate versions of observation and evaluation as if each new perspective is another branch in a tree. If we decide to branch out and take this next step of evolution then we must continue to push ourselves past our immediate mindset and deep-seated opinions. When we perceive even wider and gain a deeper perspective into one other's life, we surpass yet another challenge; we stretch beyond these physical constraints and the conclusions that follow, reaching greater heights than ever before.



Charlie Dempster's War

fiction by Gary Catt

Charlie Dempster was by most measure, a doofus. He was also a cop and by most measure, not a bad cop.

But, he was Charlie. His service hat always found its way over his ears, giving the impression that some scold jammed it over his head. From the brim of that hat, his ears bowed outward. His dark rimmed glasses rode high atop a sliver of a nose, forcing him to constantly poke at his face to keep his glasses in the correct position. Charlie was skinny to be scrawny which made his blue police uniform hang from his shoulders like a bad drapery and the trousers to form a blue puddle around his ankles.

To his fellow officers, Charlie was a punching bag. If there was a joke, a rib to be played, it was usually aimed at Charlie. The lack of respect manifested in other ways. If there was a crap assignment to be handed out, Charlie got it. Bundled together, Charlie was a man with no reliable friends nor did he have notable enemies. Charlie merely took up space in the biosphere.

He had a wife, although no one on the force had actually seen her. It was generally accepted that there was a Mrs. Dempster. It was something his fellow officers found incredible...that a woman would actually marry Charlie. Jokes about "Charlie's wife" were rife. Photos of aliens purported to be Charlie's wife were posted on his locker. Notes confessing infidelity were slipped into Charlie's pockets. He silently endured the torment hoping it would stop. It didn't. And that is how Charlie's war was triggered.

His crap assignment for the weekend was to stand guard at the entrance to the party venue of the regional air show. It was hot. July hot. While other cops assigned to the show were able to move in an out of air conditioned tents and mingle with the groupies who often followed such events, Charlie stood in the sun.

When the shift sergeant came to make sure he was at his post, he offered the snide question, asking Charlie where his wife might be on this gorgeous summer weekend. Charlie didn't bite. As the sergeant walked away he said, "You know Charlie, I betcha Billy Quinn knows where your wife is." Charlie said nothing. He didn't know the joke was just starting to unfold.

Over the next few hours a succession of cops made obnoxious inquiries about Charlie's wife and Billy Quinn — the department's notorious womanizer.

So the day wore on under a searing sun. Airplanes for sale, aerobatic airplanes, antique airplanes all flew overhead as Charlie baked. Standing his post. The crowd inside the party tent was teetering on drunk and noisy as the day stretch.

Charlie stood in the heat, his dark uniform turned darker by sweat.

The key event of the day brought the crowds out of the various tents and display areas to Charlie's guard post adjacent the runway. The U.S. Air force Thunderbirds in six newly minted F-16C Fighting Falcons roared into the air filling the atmosphere with all-consuming roar.

The roar in Charlie's head was louder. Red flares of fright went off in his brain. Heat, noise, sun and insult came together in his daze as a singular threat.

The ground shook as the performance thundered on. Six warrior jets flying low, less than 100 feet above the runway, sucked any sound from the cheering crowd

as the jets powered up in unison for a rocket-like turn toward the heavens.

No one heard the first pop or really saw the spinning collapse of a cop near the party tent. A second pop came as the jets climbed at full power. Another cop went down.

Detectives who were scattered in the crowd ran toward the sound. They found Charlie at the second he placed his service revolver to his head and pulled the trigger.

For Charlie, the war was over.



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Canandaigua
FLCC (Keuka Wing)
The Medicine Shop
Ontario County DMV Office
Thompson Hospital (lobby)
Mental Health Clinic
Police Station (lobby)

Shortsville/Manchester
Red Jacket Pharmacy

Rushville
Village Hall

Farmington
State Troopers

Victor
Mead Square Pharmacy

Clifton Springs
Hospital (lobby)

Richmond
Town Hall
CVS Pharmacy



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Wars waged around us, & within us, all the time

by Harold Bauer

“Conflict is a part of life” is a cliché, as is, that “war has a long human history and prehistory.” Rarely are canards researched. The German, Nobel Laureate in Medicine, Konrad Lorenz, suggested, strange members of the same species placed in a small container, like fish, lizards, robins, rats or primates, will fight. Strangers with no flight exit, no relationship, thus, fight. Different species don’t. This sounded simplistic, so I went on to the field-studies of behaving vertebrates.

As a psychology graduate student, I studied “territory in Yellow Warblers” in a marsh. I learned how bird territory functioned as a system of sharing with kin, while dispersing interlopers. These warblers had conscientious mates, zipping about for food, building nests, raising young and defending a small area from interlopers with some success. Continuing to the forests of East Africa, I studied chimpanzees, our closest living ancestors, in fact, for years. We learned how they loved their young, were kind to friends and respected strangers in their hunter-gatherer community. Interloping males had to run away. After years we understood from the inside, how they defended their separate communities, and mutually found mates, in a version of chimpanzee us versus them. Communities were patrolled repelling interloping males. Relationships became stressed, due to human over-population leading to near total deforestation, aka habitat destruction, so, my chimpanzee relatives are dwindling.

Our proto-human, hunter-gatherer ape societies evolved 6 million years ago, from our least common African ape ancestors. Recently, humans dispersed from Africa, globally. Dispersal of hunter-gatherers over the earth, they were imagined as barbarians, thieves, rapists, murderers and so forth. Humans became agrarian and, now, global and industrial. Villages, cities and states became the norm. Barbarians were still them. I grew up with loving parents, as millions do, in fearful-ignorant bigotry. Public college, SUNY educations, excelled us away from bigotry to a liberal, we the people, understanding of the world.

Now this American public education is being undermined. Americans are now subjected to regular taunts of white nationalism, as well as, discouragement from civil and voting rights. Conscientious tax-paying workers are deported or imprisoned, rather than finding a negotiated, legislative solution. Apparently, if you cannot afford health care, you don’t deserve it, as no replacement was supported in dozens of Congressional votes. If you cannot afford to get old, don’t, seems to be another current American regression to the 19th Century. So, why is gross violence moving towards tyranny, so surprising to us? Maybe it’s the scale, frame and rationale.

Look at current events. Immorality starts tyranny with making an exception for itself. American aren’t exceptional. On Monday, May 14, 2018, over two thousand unarmed Palestinians were shot by Israeli soldiers in the Gaza Strip, protesting the U.S. President’s recognition of Jerusalem as Israeli’s capital. Amazon’s Human Flow documents Gaza’s plight. Trump broke with recent Western agreements, which wanted good for three Abrahamic religion’s historic interests in Jerusalem. It’s a world city. The Gaza Strip is walled off from Egypt and Israeli, caging in over a million people. Over a hundred died that Monday. Many hundreds of the massacre’s survivors received minimal care, nursing life-long disabilities. The U.S. gives Israeli billions in military aid yearly, yet, where is morality? Forty miles away, that day, Israeli leaders and the Trump family spoke of inevitability in front of a new plaque for a Jerusalem, U.S. embassy. They claimed the shootings were staged for Iranian propaganda. Trump also broke the long negotiated, Iranian Nuclear Treaty, and last year, the epic Paris Climate Accords. Breaking nuke & climate treaties put us on a thinner edge of existence.

We doubled human population numbers, since the 60s, while social media instantly, promotes opinion or fallacies as truth or fact. Civil democracies require informed, caring and inclusive actions based upon scientific facts. Critical journalism is needed, and, now, candidate nominations and voter participation. Social media confabulations are attention getting, instant echo chambers of mob rule, that diminish argument and critical thought, for feel-good fallacies.

In the 1960s, Marshall McLuhan of the University of Toronto admonished us that the media was the message. Your relationship to “others” was changing electronically, now, digitally. Although debates continue, the unprecedented rise of digital social media challenge our constitutional democracies, founded on a science educated, critically informed electorate. External enemies now immediately troll the internet, on several platforms, to exploit our internal strife. The American institutional balance of power, the very roots of our 18th Century U.S. Constitution, is being pulled apart without legislative or judicial deliberation.

For example, currently, our U.S. Senate Majority leader wants to appoint Federal judges post haste, while blocking them previously. Isolating media silos in the 21st Century, creates social media nationalism, due to people spending hours per day interacting with strangers, rather than real, complicated relationships and policy nuances.

So, where are we, nearly 8 billion people, now? NASA astronauts see how amazingly thin, our atmosphere is compared to the endless void of black space. Burning fossil fuels is causing rapid climate change in our spaceship earth’s atmosphere. Renewable energy and passive design are positive choices. Climate change hits the poorest, and is a cause of the tragic, human induced, sixth mass extinction event. Climate change is a fact, not a Chinese conspiracy, to act on.

The conflicts waged in brains, between flight-fight, versus stay-share, are contained by an amazingly thin veneer of civilized greetings, conversations and departures that maintain facts in trusted relationships of women & men’s empowerment and choice. Such framing diplomacy and civility may be distrusted as annoying or even political correctness, but consider the alternatives of war deaths or even the risk of human extinction. Climate change and war are existentially serious. In both arenas of willful, apocalypse, we can expect to fall off these amazingly thin edges.

Inner Conflict by Jo Wall

Is it simply natural to contain inner conflict?

I think so. More or less.

Bearing in mind that the physical structure of the human mind, the brain, contains two lobes, two alternating thought processes, the rational and the intuitive, inner paradox is inevitable.

In Buddhist philosophy this dichotomy is called wisdom and method. But many terms can describe these modes that interface and create a third force, in both the inner, as well as the outer, worlds.

Beyond conflict is the unique transformative power of reconciliation.

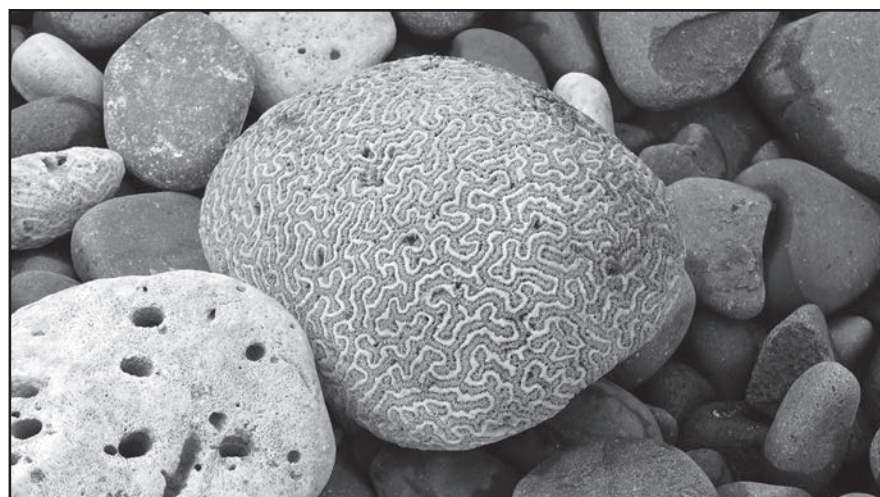
Resolution, peace, and beauty.

That, I think, is our goal as human beings: To move beyond the duality of conflict.

It is a process. It is life.

Like the rearrangement of a chrysalis into a butterfly, or a butterfly’s egg into a consuming caterpillar, all is process.

All is change.

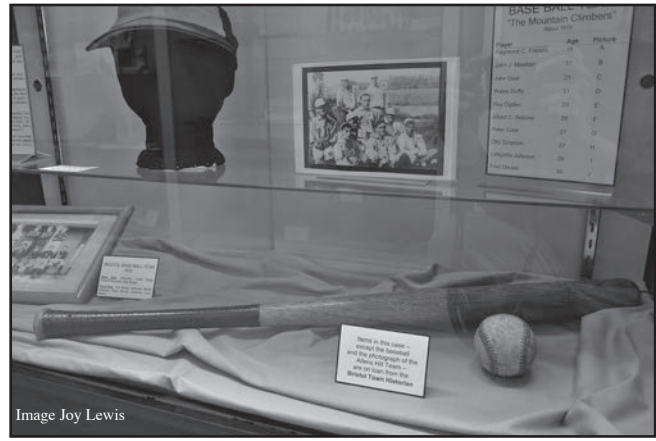


**Please take it slooowww
on our rural roads!** 

The speed limit may be 55, but taking your time lets you see the beauty all around ... and helps to keep the wildlife - *and our children, and animal companions*, alive.

If you like color, check out
OwlLightNews.com

Honeoye-Richmond Historical Society Museum
The museum provides a wonderful and enlightening glimpse into the past and is open free of charge (donations are appreciated). It is located in the back room of Richmond Town Hall, 8690 Main Street, Honeoye, NY 14471.



Summer Hours
Saturday mornings
9:30 to 11:30

Memorial Day
Weekend
until
Labor Day
Weekend.

585-229-1128
historian@
townofrichmond.org

Image Joy Lewis

Community Calendar

West Bloomfield Historical Society 27th Annual Community Yard Sale

— 8966 Rt. 5 & 20 —

•Sat., July 14 – 9 to 4* •Sun., July 15 – 9 to 2

Hundreds of items + other vendors on the grounds.

*Lunch available on Saturday wbhsny.org

Rummage and Bake Sale Saturday, July 21st, 8-2 pm

Allens Hill United Methodist Church
3894 County Road 40 (Allens Hill Rd.)
Just (4) miles north of Honeoye Lake!

Antique Wireless Museum “After Hours at the Museum” series continues Wednesday July 11, 2018, 7:30 pm with “Telegraph and Rochester Tombstones” by Bruce Roloson

Many of the early pioneers in the development of the telegraph industry in the US were Rochesterians and are buried in Mt Hope Cemetery.

Bruce Roloson, Curator Emeritus will provide a fascinating look at telegraph pioneers. Tickets are available in advance at the Museum or at the door. Admission for adults is \$10 or \$5 for Museum members. The Antique Wireless Museum is located at 6925 Route 5 in Bloomfield just east of the corner of Route 444.

There may be some tickets remaining at the door on the night of the event, but seating is necessarily limited.

Come visit on July 11th & have some fun.

Perhaps enjoy dinner at a local restaurant beforehand.

www.facebook.com/antiquewirelessmuseum ~ <http://www.antiquewireless.org/>

Branchport Sunday Crusin’

at the Modeste Bedient Memorial Library

Branchport, NY ~ Sunday, July 29, 2018 ~ 11 am - 3 pm

Chicken BBQ, Food/Soft drinks, 50-50 Drawing, Door Prizes, and Wine Tasting

Call MaryLou 315-595-2252 or Donna 315-536-7175

Faith in Community

“Imagine No Racism” Series: Sponsored by area churches.

All meetings begin at 7 pm at:

Springwater United Methodist Church, Thursday, July 12th;

Conesus United Church, Thursday, August 16th;

Sparta Center UMC, Monday, September 17th;

Groveland Federated Parish, Thursday, October 18th; and

West Sparta UMC, Monday, October 29th.

Saturday, July 14th, 10 am - Finger Lakes Forest Church.

The Finger Lakes Forest Church meets the second Saturday of each month. All meetings start at 10 AM, unless otherwise noted, and are approximately one hour in length. Locations change each month. Our July meeting takes the form of a labyrinth walk. Come prepared with a question, quandary, or difficulty you are currently facing, and seek insight through the age-old technique of contemplative walking through a labyrinth. Location: Quiet Meadows, 5787 Barnes Rd., Canandaigua. Directions available at <http://www.quietmeadows.org/directions.html>.

For more information, contact FLForestChurch@gmail.com.

Wednesday, July 18th, 6:30 - 8 pm - Free Spirit Book Club

This book club, with a broadly spiritual focus, meets the third Wednesday of each month. It is an open-hearted, open-minded group, focused on reading and discussing texts from spiritual disciplines around the world. All are welcome - even if you haven't read the text. Location: Honeoye United Church of Christ, 8758 Main Street, Honeoye, NY. For more information, including information on the text chosen for an upcoming meeting, contact emily.pecora@gmail.com.

Lighthouse Food Pantry

Every Saturday, until Jan 5, 2019

Lighthouse Wesleyan Church, 101 South Lackawanna St, Wayland

We recognize as a church that it is not only important to feed people's spiritual hunger but to feed their physical needs as well. Lighthouse Food Pantry is open to anyone in the Wayland Cohoston Central School District Area.



Honeoye: St. Mary's Church 33rd Annual Garage Sale

Friday, July 20 (9am-7pm), and Saturday, July 21 (9am-2pm).

Hot Dogs, Hamburgs, Drinks, and Baked Goods. Children's items, clothing, collectibles, furniture, tools and much more.

Monday, July 2 ~ Honeoye ALA Unit 1278, 4931 Co. Rd. 36 presents our

Annual Baked Ziti Dinner with salad, dessert and beverage. \$6.

4pm till gone. Community Welcome. All proceeds to benefit our local Veterans.

Area Food Pantries

All welcome and appreciate community contributions and volunteers.

Please let Owl know if there are other pantries that should be included.

Geneseo/Groveland Emergency Food Pantry

31 Center Street, Geneseo (the lower level of CPC).

Tuesdays and Thursdays 10-2 am and Wednesdays 4-6:30 pm

Springwater Food Pantry

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Spring's Self-Imposed War by Renee Thornton

Every spring I wage a war with myself that consists of a series of small battles. Unfortunately, my husband often becomes an unwilling participant in those battles and hence a casualty of my war.

It all starts with my spring cleaning list. This year I only had 51 items on my list! It ranged from things as simple as washing and dusting all my knick-knacks and book shelves and culminated with cleaning the garage (Item #51). After I was done compiling my list, I caught sight of my husband as he walked by, picked it up from the kitchen counter, read the front, flipped it over, read the back and just slowly shook his head. I know he was counting the items requiring a bit more muscle or height which were earmarked for him.

I am not sure why I do this to us every year, maybe it's some romantic image I have of the pioneer women who after a long and cooped up winter, hung their rugs and bedding over a clothesline and beat them silly until they were dust free. All I know is that happy feeling when everything is washed, my tile grout cleaned, my stove hauled out and the gunk down the sides from my often-sloppy cooking removed. When my carpets are steam cleaned and all my floors are hand washed, not to mention the cabin logs vacuumed (one of the 'need the husband's height' tasks), I feel very sated.

With the list 'almost' done, we both took a deep breath and then saw Item #51. My husband asked me how that ended up on the spring cleaning list to begin with. What I wanted to say is if he kept it clean during the year it wouldn't be, but I just bit my tongue.

Rather, I shrugged my shoulders and we hauled our tired bodies outside to start cleaning the garage. I think my husband may have been giving me dirty looks, but I was too exhausted to care. Hours later with Item #51 done, we were euphoric.

As soon as the last item was crossed off the spring cleaning list, I started compiling the spring 'outside' list. Oh, you know, getting the lawn mowers tuned up, the canoe down from the garage rafters and washed, the boat cleaned and batteries charged, the camper de-winterized and cleaned and all that other 'stuff' that comes from having overly materialistic wants and needs. Also on the 'outside' list is the weeding of the (too many) gardens, rototilling, planting and mulching.

This year it was 3 1/2 weeks of non-ending battle fatigue, but we got it done!

Many of my friends do not understand this compulsion of mine for spring cleaning. To be honest, I am not sure I do completely either. I am often asked when I get done with my house, would I be willing to come over and clean theirs. I always take a pass. I am way too busy with the payback - kissing my husband's ass.



Coexisting with our animal neighbors

Words and image by William Wayne Page

In the deer's belly is the earth and moon, neighbors like we are with animals



We share the earth but not the roads. We share the air but not the modes...of travel. Sharing intention to live we both share but not from the same point of reference. We imagine deer on reigns pulling Santa's sled, we see them often crumpled, dead.

We bear a burden we humans. Our educated experiences make us want to be one with the Universe while we have to balance our conscious with grim reality. We hunt, we eat deer, we drive, we collide, we have animal pets, we feel guilt and loss, we know better and can do worse. Deer teach me that. They are furred incense and reminders that life is never guaranteed. We say prayers under our breaths for protection then accidentally run over and kill deer. We become the grim reaper and have car dents and fur in the grill of our vehicles to prove it.

Hunters hunt for the game eating history of humanity and remind themselves of that edge of survival with sport and trophies. Those of us that eat chicken or just vegetables, creatures with no eyes as friends pit it, cry over our steering wheels after we accidentally hit and kill deer. Human beings live with the burden of diverse meanings to life. It is difficult. If we could align with the stars maybe we could have peace on earth.

LIFE is a call to reason to survive. Conflicts around our planet show the true challenge. An arsenal for destruction corrupts our perceptions of other nations of human beings. The deer bring those splices of understanding each other to our own drive ways. They wide eye us in the center of our yards and neighborhoods. What do we then see? Can we see the deer as Zen Masters of learning to make life comparable with desire? Can we see DEER as 4-legged sacrifices of altered Jesuses, sacrificing to bring more LOVE to our planet?

I did this painting to reason the strangeness of it all. You know what...it drove me to share this deerly.

Sponsor the Little Lakes Community Center for our Second Annual "Barn Fest"



An all-day event with family-friendly activities, music, vendors, and food. All sponsors will be honored by announcements at the event and in local media.

Save these Saturday Dates!
Upcoming events at the Little Lakes Community Center in Hemlock

- August 11 - "Brothers Blue" Concert
- September 22 - Second Annual "Barn Fest"
- October 13 - Antiques Appraisal

www.LittleLakesNY.org or (585)455-2518 (text/call)

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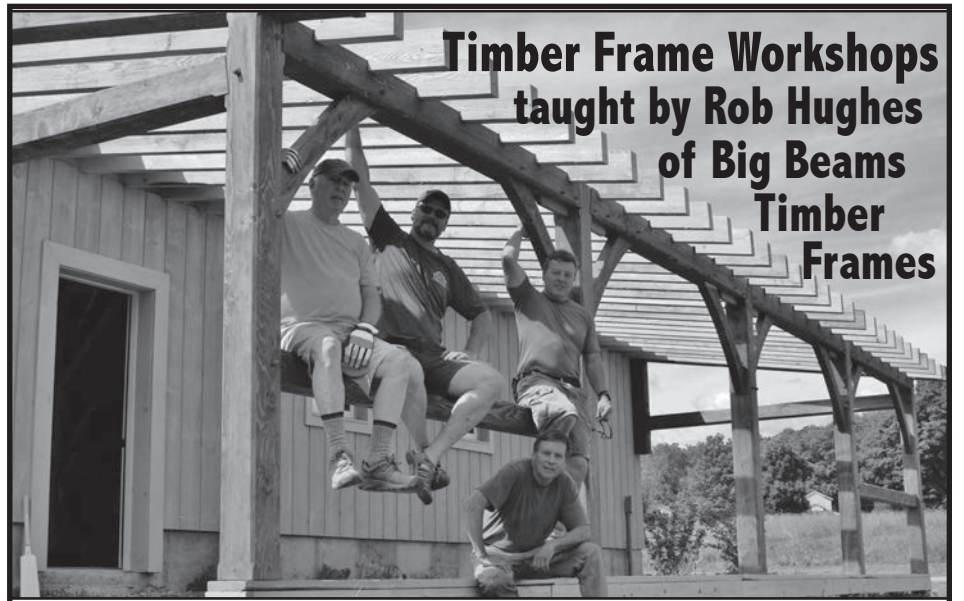
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We are *always* on the go and rarely pick up, but we do return calls *if we have a name and number*.



Timber Frame Workshops taught by Rob Hughes of Big Beams Timber Frames

The Finger Lakes Museum & Aquarium

3369 Guyanoga Road, Branchport, NY 14418



Intro to Timber Framing Workshop

Mon, July 23–Fri, July 27, 2018

8:00 am–4:00 pm each day

Cost: \$300

(includes instruction, tools, & daily lunch)

No experience required.

Advanced Timber Framing Workshop

Mon, Aug 13–Sat, Aug 18, 2018

8:00 am–4:00 pm each day

Cost: \$350

(includes instruction, tools, & daily lunch)

Previous experience preferred.

\$50 discount
for participants
who sign up for
both Intro &
Advanced
Workshops.

These experiential learning workshops will demonstrate intensive hands-on timber framing skills, while constructing permanent program and public-use structures at the Finger Lakes Museum & Aquarium in Branchport. Participants can expect to fully embrace both “learning” and “doing.”

Specific skills are introduced in a precise sequence to build attendees confidence and anticipation. Participants will walk away with a deeper appreciation of the history and craft of Timber Frame construction, and the ability to take the next step in designing and building a frame of their very own.

For more details and to register, please visit www.FingerLakesMuseum.org.

Call us with any questions: (315) 595-2200.

The Back Page

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Next submission deadline

Owl Light News Submission Deadlines - clip and save

Final Deadline is	For issue published on
Sunday, July 8, 2018	Friday, July 13, 2018
Sunday, July 22, 2018	Friday, July 27, 2018
Sunday, August 5, 2018	Friday, August 10, 2018
Sunday, August 19, 2018	Friday, August 24, 2018
Sunday, September 2, 2018	Friday, September 7, 2018
Sunday, September 16, 2018	Friday, September 21, 2018



Owl Light News content and ad space fills up *fast*.

Submissions that are not time sensitive should be submitted as early as possible.

Last minute submissions will be considered on a case by case basis, depending on space.

The submission deadline is the Sunday prior to the next issue, at midnight.

Send submissions to: editor@canadicepress.com

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