



The “Owl Child” at the Lower Mill

by William Wayne Page

This magnificent Owl Child came out of its nest to land on these stairs. The Lower Mill, which now houses The Rabbit Room and the Mill Art Center, has been around since the early 1800s, and we suspect Owls have nested in the roof recesses ever since.

While having brunch one Saturday I was called upon to come see an owl outside at the back of the Rabbit Room Restaurant on the lower floor of the Mill Art Gallery. The owl was perched on the fire escape.

I had gained some animal rescue reputation for getting a baby raccoon back into its lofty tree nest with the help of a high ladder brought to me by our community of Honeoye Falls Fire Department. I hurried out to look and, yep, it was an Owl of the baby gender, standing talon spread on the second step up on the fire escape.

What to do, what to do, I was encouraged to do something? Aside from getting gloves to hold it and reset it higher away from dogs and cats, I decided to call animal

“This magnificent Owl Child came out of its nest to land on these stairs.”

rescue groups. I was told to leave the baby Owl alone and leave it where it was; that they tend to drop out of their nests when learning to fly and Mom Owl was most likely watching to help but not with us hanging over her child! I decided to put things around the little creature to make it less visible to other animals and we left.

For the next two days we checked on Baby Owl to see it was still there? More of us got involved and we all worried whether this fledgling Owl was hungry and maybe, sadly abandoned. Our next day plan was to adopt and protect this wide eyed marvel of nature but that last day there was a note left on the stair under a piece of branch. It said, "Owl B Bak". We all knew what that meant, baby owls can't spell!

Memories were “stronger than the years” for Westover AFB childhood friendship

by Lyndsay Clark

I live in Springwater now but I grew up on Air Force bases all over the globe. My family was stationed at Westover AFB in Massachusetts from 1966 to 1970. I was 5 when we moved there and 9 when we left for Wiesbaden, Germany. My best friend at Westover was Ella Becton. We walked to and from school everyday and played together daily. On Saturdays we would walk to the base theatre and for 25 cents we would watch the matinee. Usually some Western or a Disney movie. It was a carefree time in our lives, we were little girls together at a magical time to be alive. We marveled at the moon landing, made up poems and songs, played outside and we laughed all the time. There are many advantages to growing up as a "military brat" such as getting to travel and go to amazing places and also having friends from diverse backgrounds. The down side is having to move; every 4 years.

Moving is hard for a child. It was for me. My mother did a great job of getting us excited about moving to a foreign country but I missed Ella so profoundly. The passage of time has a way of easing the pain, you just think about the sad thing less and less until the new routines of life sweep you along and you are happy again.

I never forgot my friend, I named my cat Ella, told all the funny stories of the things we did to my husband and then my children.

Last year I did some sleuthing (call me

Nancy Drew!) And I tracked Ella down! No thanks to Facebook; neither of us use the service. I called her and left a message. I was worried she wouldn't want to be bothered by a friend from so long ago, but

“The memories I have from my childhood are strong and define who I am now. Time passes but memories are stronger than the years.”

she called me back! We had a nice talk. She remembered that my Mom took us to see the Boston Pops and I remembered that her mother used to make soul food on Sunday's And I would be invited to dinner.

We exchanged emails and recently I suggested we get together for lunch. So, my husband and I are going to Salisbury, Massachusetts this weekend to have lunch with Ella and her boyfriend Joe! So much time has passed since we played together, 47 years. I am a little nervous. I made a list of things to talk about. I will continue this story when I return from this epic trip.

Musical interlude.



Well, I am back from our trip to New England and it's hard to describe how I feel. We drove across the state of Massachusetts to Salisbury and met Ella and Joe at the Sea Glass Inn. When I saw Ella walk into the restaurant I was amazed that I couldn't recognize her from my memory of her. I had brought a photo of us to give her. An old Polaroid shot of us that I enlarged and framed. She was happy to have a copy of it. We hugged and laughed. Coby and Joe hit it off as they have a lot in common. I went down the list of memories to talk about. Some things she remembered, some she didn't. She didn't remember the NCO club burning down but she did remember the little French song when I started singing it! She joined in right away, she was the one who taught it to me so many years ago. It was very nice to see her again and know that she is alive and well and happy in this world.

When you move around a lot as I did, you have to piece together your childhood. Time passed like it always does and I gave a little piece of Ella's childhood to her with the photo and recalling stories. The memories I have from my childhood are strong and define who I am now. Time passes but memories are stronger than the years. Ella emailed me thanking me for reaching out. She said she cherished the photo and our friendship and that made me feel glad that I found her.

As an early childhood educator for many years, I am often asked by parents what they can give to their children to help them thrive. My answer is always "the gift of time." So instead of a lecture, here is my offering.

by Tawn Feeney

The Gift of Time

I have no time for cooking,
Nor learn to make a stew.
No time to wash the dishes,
But I have time for you.

No time to dust the furniture,
Nor to fix that chair with glue.
I won't get to the vacuuming,
But I have time for you.

I can't get to my emails,
Not even one or two.
Face Book will have to wait,
But I have time for you.

Let's sit down to talk
About how you spent your day.
We will read that picture book,
And we'll giggle as we play.

I'll help you with your homework,
And toss the ball that's new.
We'll take a hike together.
I do have time for you.

Now I'm glad we learned together
As you grew and grew.
We're still close. You're doing fine,
'Cause I MADE time for you.

3 - one hundred
years of memories
by Renee Thornton

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MoreTime: 4 - by Cherie Frid, Mary Murphy
Rouse, Jo Wall, John Mattei; 5- William Wayne
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12-Millennial memories
3 poems by Matthew G. Morley

Looking back, to move forward

Looking back is often the first step in forging a pathway forward, and my hope was that “Time” as a word, as a theme would provide that gateway. I was not disappointed. The Time pieces we received are diverse in experiences and perspectives, while remaining accessible to us all.

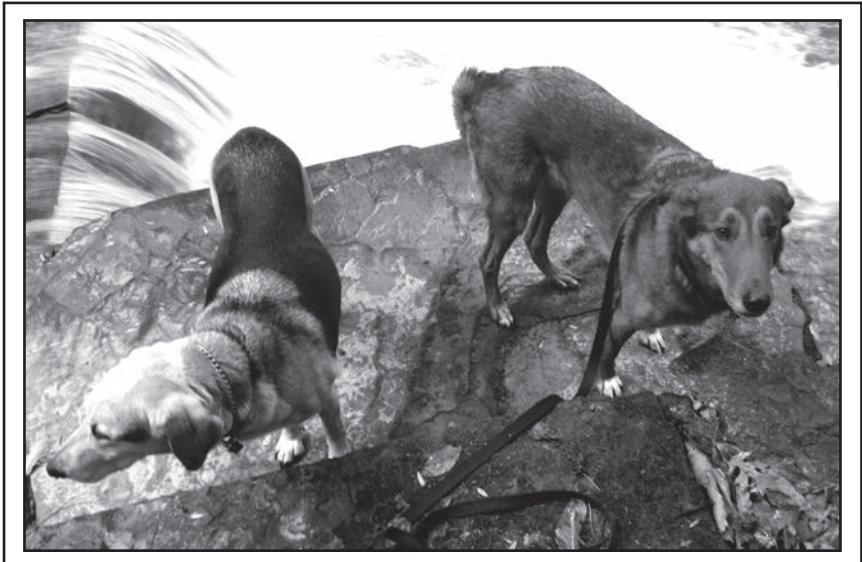
We all look back – sometimes with trepidation – reconnecting with our pasts to understand the present. All of our choices are limited by place, by time. And for many citizens in the United States and around the world, those most disadvantaged by the ravages of history, the pathway forward is a mere pinpoint of light shining dimly in the distance. There are monsters everywhere, and shining out in the darkness, moving forward is all that we can do to escape the confines of the shadows that surround us. As Carlos Santana so eloquently put it “Put your lights on, put your lights on” – or in the case of children, “leave your lights on, better leave your lights on.”

Our clarity in how best to move forward as a country, as a world, must come from collective truths rather than from nationalistic propaganda. What makes a country great is its people, not its wealth, nor its power, nor even its leadership. It is our ability to embrace similarities, accept differences and move toward greater understanding that determine our future.

D.E. Bentley
Editor, Owl Light News

Luna and Mars

by D.E. Bentley



Luna, named for the night moth fluttering against the light, for the color of soft floppy ears, stood timid and frightened, quiet, hesitant then leapt playfully forward and disappeared amidst the tall grass. Bursting with smiles we scooped you up; we belonged to you, were chosen by you. We traveled together. Heron hovered at your side as you ventured deep into woods and fields until he tasted the wind and flew away to distant lands.

Alone by day you cried as others busied themselves with life’s obstacles. Seeking shelter you burrowed deep into closeted corners, digging holes of safety as long hours of solitude drifted by. Mars, named for his red fur, for his terrific fiery enthusiasm, arrived, did not impress; you stood impassionate and cold. Time melted icicles. Together you rolled and wrestled long hours, loneliness forgotten and distant.

The sun and tethered moon battled for brilliance and dominance; years passed quietly. Into your sixteenth winter blew a chill that wrapped itself around us. Buffalo settled under mountains of elaborate crystal flakes. You wandered in and out of sleep, legs flailing in the air, dream rabbits scurrying for cover. You wandered methodically beneath towering elegant evergreens, sniffing the cool air for recognizable scents as darkness and quiet slowly descended.

Strolling Six Mile, home, you navigated rocky shoreline, gazed at roaring currents. Sycamore roots intricately entwined with the earth whispered lullabies. Sitting together we remembered when clouds darkened the sky and torrential downpour drove us under overhanging rocks. Great thunderous crashes and flashes broke through distant cracks in the carpet of sky and surrounded us.

You departed, drifted into the wind with the rain as prisms of color arched across the sky. Mars whimpered. Icy mist and night skies enveloped us as you settled under a blanket of rocks, legends of time.



Readers’ Letters

Owl Light News Readers and Contributors:

Owl Light News and Canadice Press want you to know that print media is alive and well, and available in a community near you. Owl Light News came into being on April 21, 2017. We currently publish 3000 copies of our 16-page paper every two weeks, providing our original Owl content to residents and visitors across New York State’s Finger Lakes.

We are adding new and exciting stories and features every issue and are hearing from readers that they look for the paper, and enjoy reading it. Free community distribution and our Owl at Home delivery option means we are reaching more people with every new Owl issue. Our original content is also available on the go at OwlLightNews.com, where we highlight stories and features through supplemental media and color images.

What all this means for Owl writers and community contributors, people who care about people, communities and the social and environmental health of our one world, is the ability to provide informative and entertaining content. What this means for area advertisers is the ability to support free press while reaching out to customers by placing ads in a publication that is picked up, asked for and read.

Information, stories and advertisements in Owl Light News are interspersed and placed in relevant and meaningful ways that highlight individuals, organizations, educational entities and businesses as community co-collaborators. Whether a township or city looking to promote an event, a writer exploring avenues for publication, an artist or organization with a great story to tell or a business looking for creative advertising and ad placement, Owl Light News has something to offer.

Our goal at Owl Light News is to provide quality content that supports positive local innovation and inspires positive change in our communities. Our Regional Arts and Events section provides a forum for artists, educators, community organizations, towns, villages and hamlets to let readers know what’s going on. Each issue highlights innovators and innovations through full-length feature articles, stories, sidebars and advertising. Our regular contributors provide features that connect us with community. Whatever your passion and interest - be it music, gardening, beekeeping, history, astronomy, sustainability, nature, current events or the culinary arts - the Owl is there to help us share and explore our world so we can move positively toward the future.

We encourage you to spend some quiet owl light* time to read, listen and reflect.

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.

“If there is any fixed star in our constitutional constellation, it is that no official, high or petty, can prescribe what shall be orthodox in politics, nationalism, religion, or other matters of opinion, or force citizens to confess by word or act their faith therein.”

Justice Robert Jackson in West Virginia State Board of Education vs. Barnette.

Become part of the Owl conversation.

Letters should be less than 300 words, although longer, well written opinion pieces will be considered. All published commentary must be signed and include a street address. Please focus on sound arguments and avoid direct attacks. We reserve the right to edit or refuse any submitted editorial content. Opinions and letters published in Owl Light News are not necessarily the views of the Editor, Publisher, contributors or advertisers.

Owl Light News Submission Deadlines - clip and save

Deadline is	For issue published on
Sunday, January 21, 2018	Friday, January 26, 2018
Sunday, February 4, 2018	Friday, February 9, 2018
Sunday, February 18, 2018	Friday, February 23, 2018
Sunday, March 4, 2018	Friday, March 9, 2018
Sunday, March 18, 2018	Friday, March 23, 2018
Sunday, April 1, 2018	Friday, April 6, 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
or by mail to Canadice Press - Owl, 5584 Canadice Lake Rd. Springwater, NY 14560

Owl Light News

Read - Listen - Reflect

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*We reserve the right to edit or refuse any submitted content or advertising.



One hundred years ... of memories

by Renee Thornton

Centenarians are on the rise. According to a report from the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, the numbers of Americans aged 100 and over increased from 50,281 in 2000 to 72,197 in 2014, an increase of 43.6%. Our newest centenarians were born in 1918, and are now looking back on 100 years of change. Among the country's centenarians, approximately 22 people per 100,000, is Jane Barnard who was born on January 14, 1918 in Lima, NY.

With the average life span at the turn of the century being 49 years, today's centenarians have more than doubled their life expectancy. Today the average life span stands at 79 years. This increase is due in large part to medical advances especially in the field of vaccines: polio (1955), measles (1963), chicken pox (1995) and pertussis (whooping cough) (1933). However, imagine life when there was no general knowledge of a disease known as AIDS (1981), nor any staggering death statistics due to opioid addiction (current).

Imagine being born in 1918. The history books do not yet include World War I, the "War to end all wars", which was just wrapping up. Adolf Hitler was merely a wounded private in the defeated German army. Charles Lindbergh was still figuring out how to fly across the Atlantic (1927). Living high on post war success, no one could imagine the Great Depression (1929). Man was half a century away from walking on the moon (1969), women still two years from voting and there is no Civil

Rights Act (1964). The past 100 years has also been marked by significant technological advancements. Something taken for granted and as seemingly simple as the pop up toaster was not invented until 1919, but once it was it had to have been the best thing since sliced bread. No, I stand corrected; the first bread-slicing machine was not fully operable until 1928. There were no mobile phones (1973). The television had not yet been invented (1928) and wouldn't be common in American households for much longer (1947). There were electric motor driven wringer washers (1911), however the automatic washing machines were not found in homes until much later (1951). For goodness sake the Slinky was not even invented until 1943!

Being one who remembers my mother washing clothes in a galvanized tub and putting them thru the wringer on top (albeit after the invention of the automatic washing machine) and my great aunt cooking on an old wood stove, it is incredible to think of how many changes have happened in just my lifetime. How a century of changes might appear to centenarians, I can only imagine. Their memories and life lived serve as a record of the changes many of us take for granted.

In the next issue of the Owl, I will share recollections and insights from my friend Jane Barnard as she looks back on 100 years of life in America, and reflects on a century of global changes.

The Owl of change

Take It Down! Organizing Against Racism exhibit at Phillis Wheatley Library

WHAT: The Take It Down! Organizing Against Racism exhibit on display at the Phillis Wheatley Community Library has been extended through Friday, Jan. 26, 2018.

In 2016, a panel featuring racist artwork was removed from the Dentzel Carousel at Ontario Beach Park in Rochester, N.Y., after being on display for 111 years. The issue generated controversy in the community, and the Take It Down Planning Committee created this exhibit as part of an ongoing, educational process to create meaningful and sustained dialogue and action regarding individual, institutional, and structural racism.

WHO: Organized by the Take It Down Planning Committee in partnership with the City of Rochester and the Rochester Museum & Science Center

WHEN: Regular Exhibit Hours: Monday-Friday, 11am-3pm and some Saturdays as announced through Friday, Jan. 26, 2018

WHERE: Phillis Wheatley Community Library, 33 Dr. Samuel McCree Way, Rochester, N.Y. 14608

ADMISSION: Take It Down! Organizing Against Racism is free open to the public.

For more information about RMSC, visit www.rmssc.org.

Submitted by Mare Millow, (RMSC).

Paula Henry Peace Award

The Genesee Valley Council on the Arts would like to announce the creation of the Paula Henry Peace Award, offered in collaboration with Genesee Valley Citizens for Peace. The Paula Henry Peace Award honors the work and values of our friend Paula Henry, who passed away in 2017. An artist and active member of Livingston Arts Council, Paula also was a long-time member of Genesee Valley Citizens for Peace. With GVCP, she envisioned world peace and strived to create a world where conflict did not include war, weapons, and nuclear proliferation. The artwork chosen for the Paula Henry Peace Award will reflect this vision.

The award is offered in the amount of \$250 and will be given to the artist whose submission best represents the theme of peace. Judging will occur after Artwork Drop-Off, and the winner will be announced at the Opening Reception of the 2018 Freedom of Expression Member's Exhibition.

*Genesee Valley Council on the Art's annual Member's Exhibit, "Freedom of Expression", will be held at the arts center from February 15th through March 17th. GVCA members are invited to submit up to two pieces (2-D or 3-D) not previously exhibited in our member's exhibit.

Contact Melissa with questions at 585.243.6785 or melissa@livingstonarts.org

We invite you to help us Celebrate
with
Jane Barnard
on her
100th Birthday

Open House
Saturday, January 13, 2018
2:00 - 4:00 PM

United Church of Christ
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Honeoye, NY



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Owl Light News is thrilled to host an expanding array of feature columnists covering a variety of topics and diverse perspectives.

Watch for:

- "Kade in the Kitchen" by Kade Bentley
- "That Finger Lakes Sound" by Ben Haravitch
- "Musings of a Deli Clerk" by Rose Myers
- "Bee Lines" by Sam Hall
- "The Village Gardener" by Georgeanne Vyverberg
- "The Night Sky" by Dee Sharples
- "Simple Sustainability" by Sky Trombly
- "The Light Lens" by T. Touris
- "Richmond History" by Joy Lewis

Also watch for "Nature Reflections" and "Real News Real People," our periodic Canadice Press and guest columns, along with other contributors.

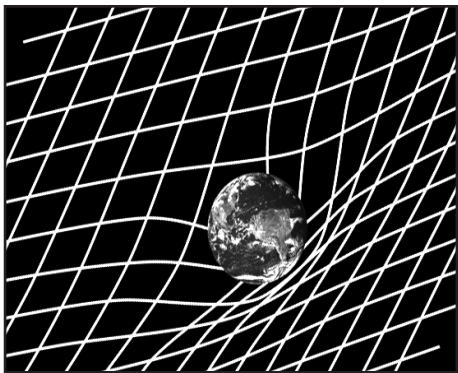
Time

by Cherie Frid

The curious and mysterious thing about time is that it does not run the same.

There are days, weeks, months, years that feel like slow motion or like a film on fast forward, based solely on circumstance.

The times we enjoy go too fast and the time of misery too slow. Is it perception, or is time elastic?



Daylight Savings

by Jo Wall

Sorry. You humans
can't save
daylight.

Trees,
on the other hand,
do,

In their leaves,
In their bodies,
their wood.

And the real
“daylight savings”
is in the log

burning
cheerfully
on my hearth

this chilly
darkish
November Day.



Photo D.E. Bentley

3 poems of Time

by Mary Murphy Rouse

time (1)

Had a talk with time today
I asked it everything in every way
it smiled and went away
for a split second I had nothing to say

Time (2)

Time is patient
because it has seen
all of yester year
all in between
now it comes again
time to renew
and try my friend
to be you
no matter what the years
if you are still here
time has been patient
with you my dear

Time (3)

time is many sequences of unintended events
making time become real
yet time doesn't barter nor does it deal
all things come in time
just remember not yours, not mine

TWIST

by John Mattei

At improper times I ponder
Twisted expressions'
Which reveal an expander
To current expectations

Grammar is not my forte
When used a verb becomes a noun
Everything is moving forward
Fresh thoughts are now known

Verb transforms into noun
As I pass through them
Because now it is known
Them becomes they

In living the past a noun
This second is a verb
Next moment unknown
Only a electric vibration

I cannot be where I have been
Nor were I am going
A rational being
Is here and then gone



The Night Sky by Dee Sharples

Hubble Telescope - Looking back in time

The relationship between time and the speed of light isn't something most people have thought about. But when the Hubble Space Telescope was launched into orbit around the Earth on April 24, 1990, it proved to be an instrument which would allow humans to peer back in time to objects more than 13.4 billion light years from Earth. Since the observable universe is estimated to be 13.7 billion years old, that means we're now able to see back in time almost to the Big Bang which astronomers believe to be its beginning.

Hubble's journey to reach this point was a rocky one. After years of planning, designing and construction, the giant telescope weighing 24,000 lbs. and 43.5 feet long (the length of a large school bus) lifted off from Kennedy Space Center in Florida aboard the space shuttle Discovery. The giant telescope was a cooperative effort between NASA and the European Space Agency.

After the astronauts deployed the telescope 340 miles above Earth, it was only four weeks before astronomers discovered that the telescope's optics were flawed, creating a blurry image.

Perkin-Elmer was the company which NASA contracted to make the perfect primary mirror required for the Hubble Telescope. It took a three-year investigation by experts to determine that the problem stemmed from an error of only 1.3 millimeters in shaping the almost 8-foot wide mirror. Interestingly, Eastman Kodak in Rochester was commissioned to make a back-up primary mirror which had been precisely tested and could have replaced

the flawed mirror before launch, but the problem wasn't discovered until after Hubble was in orbit and took its first picture.

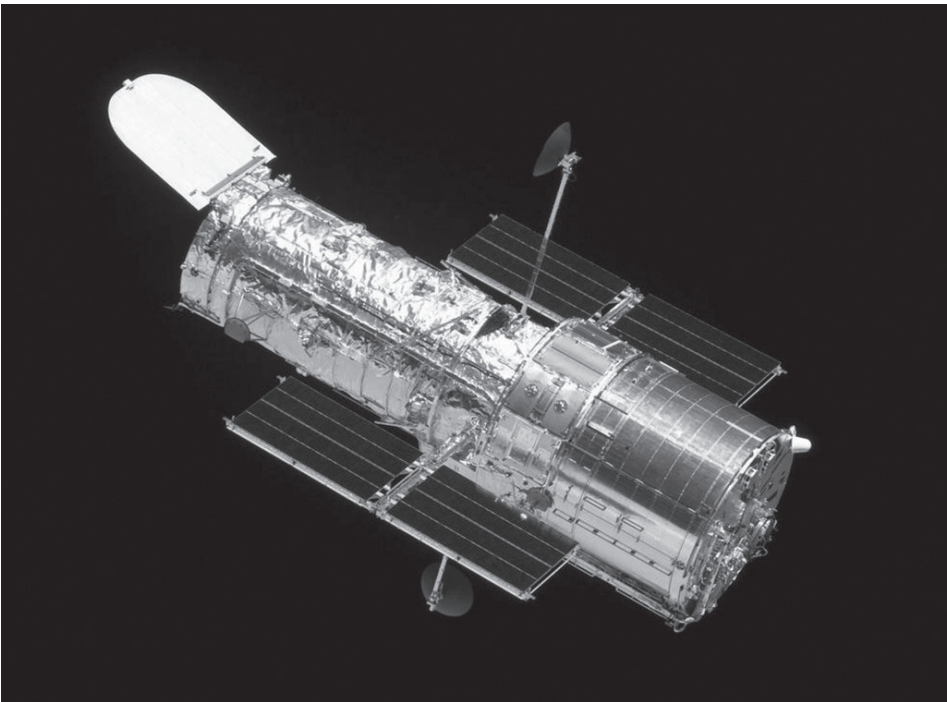
In December 1993, astronauts aboard the space shuttle Endeavour returned to Hubble, performing five spacewalks to install a device called COSTAR, about the size of a telephone booth, to correct the flawed optics basically giving Hubble corrective lenses, like eyeglasses used to correct near-sightedness.

Now the real science began and the images taken by Hubble were breath-taking! The telescope peered at galaxies so far away from Earth, their distances had to be measured in light years. Photons of light travel at a speed of approximately 186,000 miles per second to reach our eyes – that's a distance of almost 6 trillion (6,000,000,000,000) miles per year. Therefore, one light year equals approximately 6 trillion miles.

As an example, because the Sun is on average 93 million miles from Earth, its light takes about 8 light minutes to reach us. That means we're actually seeing what the Sun looked like 8 minutes ago. An example frequently quoted is that if the Sun were suddenly to "go out", we wouldn't know about it until 8 minutes later.

The closest star to Earth, Proxima Centauri, is 4.22 light years (approximately 25 trillion miles) away. When we look at that star, we're actually seeing what it looked like when its starlight was emitted over four years ago.

Hubble has taken pictures of infant galaxies born not long after the Big Bang. The farthest on record is a galaxy with the



This photograph of NASA's Hubble Space Telescope was taken on the fifth servicing mission to the observatory in 2009. NASA

unassuming name of GN-z11 which we can view as it was 13.4 billion years ago, only about 400 million years after the Big Bang.

Measurements of large distances in space are determined by what's known as "redshift" measured by spectroscopy. The greater the redshift of an object, the farther away it is. Spectroscopic observations of GN-z11 by scientists indicate that this galaxy is the farthest object ever observed.

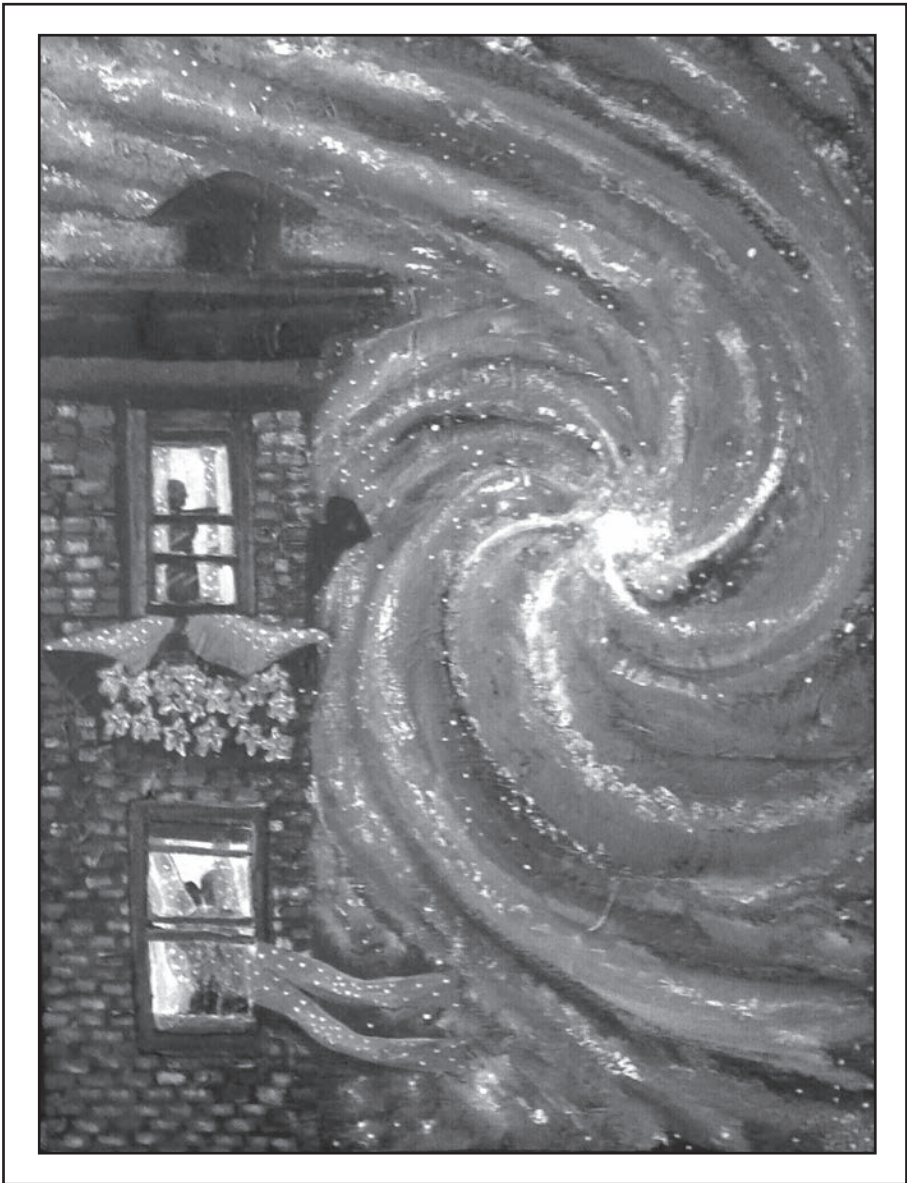
To look back in time, see the magnificent images the Hubble Telescope has taken over the past 25 years. Check out the Hubble website at <http://hubblesite.org/images/gallery>.



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 at rochesterastronomy.org. Watch for her monthly Owl Light News feature to learn more about the night sky.

"WHAT'S A KISS BEHIND CURTAINS?"
What of romance as earth spins round?
Of wanting and needing in our hearts that pound.
What centers our universe when with all we are bent?
A hug, a kiss, behind curtains, heavenly sent.

by William Wayne Page



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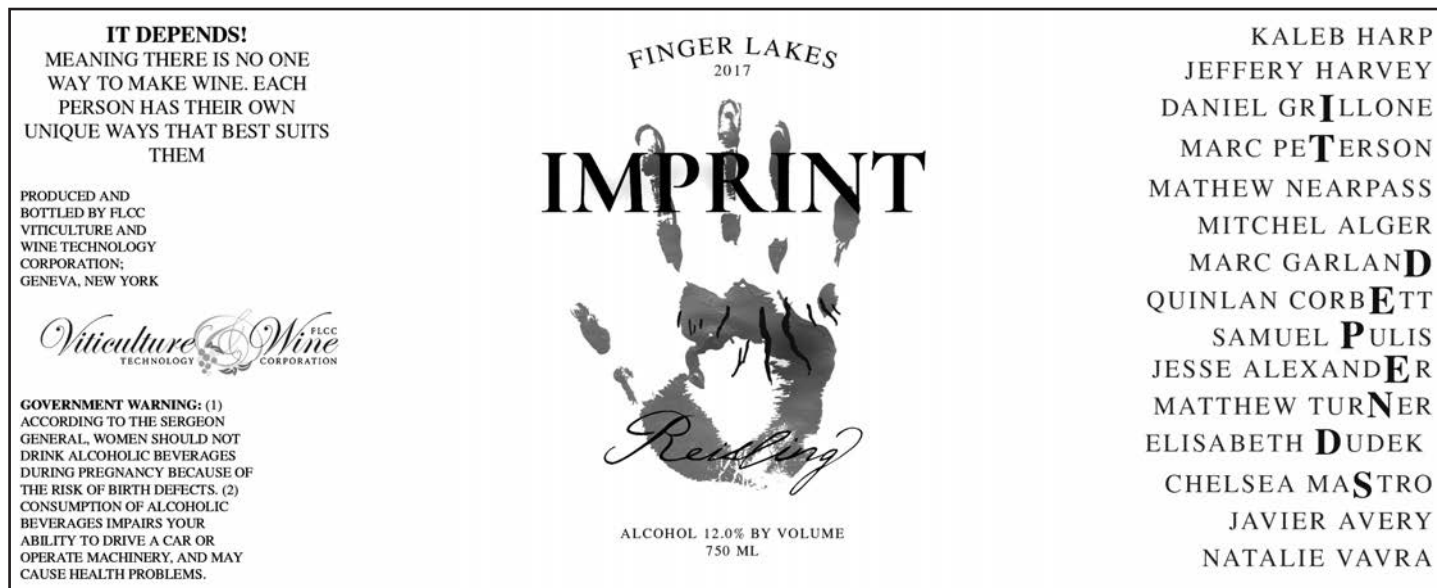


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REGIONAL Arts and Events

FLCC Wine to feature labels made in-house Graphic designer Kyla Bruno's label chosen by viticulture students



Canandaigua, N.Y. (Dec. 20, 2017) – Wine produced by Finger Lakes Community College viticulture students will feature labels designed by student Kyla Bruno of Fairport when it is bottled next spring.

Bruno and her classmates designed labels for a graphic design course taught by Liz Brownell of Victor, professor of graphic design. The labels were revealed recently at a gallery-style reception at FLCC's Viticulture and Wine Center in Geneva.

Students of Paul Brock, associate professor of viticulture, attended the reception and voted on the labels. They chose Bruno's label, "Imprint," to be featured on their 2017 wine.

The runner-up was created by Robin Peña of Rochester. In addition to Peña, finalists included students Daelyn Doane of Honeoye Falls and Katelyn Springer of Phelps.

Faculty in the graphic design and viti-

culture programs aim to make a real-world experience for their students. Graphic design students meet with their "clients," the viticulture students, to hear thoughts on the wine they've produced and what might best represent it visually.

"We were given a whole bunch of ideas from the students," said Bruno, noting that they wanted to somehow emphasize the phrase "it depends."

"I wanted to make something personal, something that they could identify with," she added.

Bruno's winning "Imprint" label shows a handprint, with the Finger Lakes shown in the lines on the palm. The right side of the label lists the names of the viticulture students vertically, with letters in each spelling "it depends." She painted her own hand to make a print, which she then scanned and designed with Adobe Illustrator.

FLCC expands hospitality, tourism NYS Education Department approves flexible concentrations

The state Education Department has approved new Finger Lakes Community College programming that provides more flexibility and choice for students pursuing careers in hospitality and tourism. The state approved a new hospitality and tourism management associate, or two-year, degree along with three one-year certificates in hotel and resort management, tourism management and food and beverage management. The certificates can be taken alone or as a track within the degree program. Students also have the option to start in one of the one-year certificate programs and then work toward the two-year degree.

"This new approach to educational programming allows younger students to explore options in hospitality and then specialize, using one of the three tracks," said Jamie Rotter, assistant professor of culinary arts. "It also provides an opportunity for people in the workforce to come back to school for just one year to upgrade their skills in one of these areas."

Tourism in the Finger Lakes is a \$3 billion per year industry supporting nearly 60,000 jobs, according to a report by Tourism Economics, an economic analysis firm

based in Philadelphia.

The new programming consolidates three current degree programs in tourism management, tourism studies and hotel and resort management. Students already enrolled in those programs will be allowed to finish or switch to the new degree and track system. Tourism management prepares students for a career in event planning, destination marketing and event management. Hotel and resort management focuses on careers in hotels, resorts, bed and breakfasts, spas and casinos. Food and beverage management covers food preparation, food service sanitation, bar management, and beverage operations. For those with a specific interest in food preparation and kitchen management, FLCC also offers a degree and certificate in culinary arts.

Starting in January, new students will be able to choose the new hospitality and tourism management degree and related certificates when they file the online application available at fccc.edu/apply. Prospective students can also get more information during a visit to FLCC, which can be scheduled online at fccc.edu/visit.

Finger Lakes Community College (www.fccc.edu) is a State University of New York two-year higher education institution. FLCC's 250-acre park-like campus is located in the heart of the Finger Lakes in Canandaigua, N.Y. FLCC now offers 56 degree and certificate programs at its main campus and campus centers in Geneva, Newark and Victor, including environmental conservation, ornamental horticulture, music recording technology, nursing, communications, graphic design and viticulture and wine technology. For information, call the FLCC One Stop Center at (585) 785-1000.

Finger Lakes Community College does not discriminate in its employment and educational processes. Details at: <http://www.fccc.edu/policy/non-discrimination/>

FLCC content submitted by Lenore Friend

January Workshops at CCE in Canandaigua

Beginner Maple Producer
Tuesday, January 16, 2018
6:30 pm – 8:30 pm

Cornell Cooperative Extension
480 North Main Street
Canandaigua, NY 14424

Cornell Cooperative Extension of Ontario County is offering a "Beginner Maple Producer" Workshop on Tuesday, January 16, 2018 from 6:30 pm to 8:30 pm. The workshop will be held at the Cornell Cooperative Extension Center, 480 North Main Street, Canandaigua, NY 14424. Mr. Stephen Childs, New York State Extension Specialist in the Department of Natural Resources at Cornell University; will be the presenter. The workshop will cover a variety of aspects of maple syrup production including: why make maple syrup, tree identification, tree health, tapping, sap collection and handling, boiling, energy efficiency, finishing and grading syrup, canning, marketing and regulations. This workshop is aimed at the beginning maple producer and would be useful to the homeowner looking to tap a few trees in the backyard.

The fee is \$10.00 per family. To register or for additional information, contact Cornell Cooperative Extension at 585-394-3977 x 427 or email: nea8@cornell.edu with your name, address and phone number.

Lambing and Kidding
Wednesday, January 24, 2018
6:30 pm – 9:30 pm

Cornell Cooperative Extension
480 North Main Street
Canandaigua, NY 14424

Cornell Cooperative Extension of Ontario County is offering "The Lambing and Kidding Workshop" on Wednesday, January 24, 2018 from 6:30 pm – 9:30 pm. The workshop is designed for new and experienced farmers, and for youth and adults. Cornell Small Ruminant Extension Specialist, Tatiana Stanton, will start out covering the basics of lambing and kidding. She'll discuss birthing supplies, stages of lambing / kidding, basic care of dam and offspring, and when and how to intervene, if needed. There will be some hands-on activities and a discussion on coping with birth related problems. Experienced farmers will be encouraged to have input on these topics.

After that, the topic will switch to methods to manage birthing efficiently without sacrificing animal wellbeing. Dr. Stanton will share examples of practices that experienced farmers throughout New York have developed to reduce labor and expenses during the birthing season. Successful methods to foster kids and lambs and also labor saving practices for artificially rearing will be discussed. Management considerations when lambing or kidding on pasture will be discussed.

Class fee: \$15.00/person. To register or for more information call Cornell Cooperative Extension at 585-394-3977 x 427 or email nea8@cornell.edu with your name, address, and phone number.

"Cornell Cooperative Extension is an employer and educator recognized for valuing AA/EEO, Protected Veterans, and Individuals with Disabilities and provides equal program and employment opportunities."

Dansville ArtWorks Call for Art for 2018 Photography Exhibit

Dansville NY – Dansville ArtWorks will host its third annual Juried Photography Exhibit in February and March, with an opening reception on Friday, February 2, 5-7pm at the community arts center, 153 Main Street, Dansville. Light refreshments will be served, and the event is free and open to the public.

Juror for this year's exhibit is Christine Berry, co-owner of Berry Campbell Gallery. The 2,000 square-foot gallery was opened by Berry and Martha Campbell in 2013. It is located at 530 West 24th Street on the ground floor in the heart of Chelsea in New York City. Berry Campbell features Post-war modern and contemporary art with a focus on established and mid-career contemporary artists.

Dansville ArtWorks welcomes photographic submissions for the 2018 exhibit by January 6; all photographic processes are welcome and the theme is open. Juror-selected artwork will be exhibited February 1 through March 31; all are eligible for three cash awards as selected by Christine Berry. An additional People's Choice award will be given based on visitor votes during the opening reception on February 2. Please find details at dansvilleartworks.com Call for Artists page and at Dansville ArtWorks (open Thursday-Saturday, except December 28-30).

For more information, contact 585.335.4746 or dansvilleartworks@gmail.com, and visit dansvilleartworks.com or the community arts center at 153 Main Street, Dansville.

REGIONAL Arts and Events

Brundage Memorial Art Gallery at the Cheshire Union in Canandaigua hosts OCAC for its first 2018 art show



Lakeside Sunset, a painting by Denise Van Deroef - one of the many OCAC artists exhibiting at the Brundage Memorial Art Gallery's first show of 2018 Photo provided

The Ontario County Arts Council (OCAC) will present an art show and sale at the Brundage Memorial Art Gallery at the Cheshire Union in Canandaigua. Theirs will be the first to exhibit in the new year. The show runs from January 27- February 24.

There will be an opening reception on Saturday, January 27 from 2-4 pm with a snow date on Sunday, January 28 from 2-4 pm. Light refreshments will be served and many of the artists will be present for questions and answers. This event is free and open to the public.

The gallery is on winter hours and open Friday, Saturday and Monday, 10-5 and Sunday, 12-5. For more information contact The Cheshire Union at 585 394-5530. The shop is located at 4244 St. Rt 21 South, Canandaigua. We look forward to seeing you.

The show will include work from 16+ members of OCAC representing a range of mediums and styles including:

Photographers Joann K. Long and Don DeLong;

Scenic Painters Denise Van Deroef, Jan Romeiser, Kathy Morris and Andy Lloyd;

Watercolorists Howard Van Buren and Elaine Neuhierl; and

Fiber Arts from Tina Blackwood and Judi Rogers Cermak.

The Ontario Count Arts Council has been active for many years, based in Canandaigua, but serving residents of the entire county. The purpose of the Arts Council is to enhance the creative arts in our region, with 105 members at the present time. Members consist of visual and performing artists and citizens who appreciate and support, culture, art, music and architecture. OCAC supports artistic endeavors with monetary grants, scholarship grants and restoration grants. Learn more at www.ocarts.org/.

Martin Luther King Jr. recognitions offer opportunities for celebration and community action



Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. once said, "Life's most persistent and urgent question is: 'What are you doing for others?'"

The Corning Museum of Glass and The Rockwell Museum will celebrate the life, legacy, and many teachings of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. by offering complimentary admissions all day on January 15, 2018.

The 19th annual Martin Luther King Jr. City of Canandaigua community celebration is Monday Jan 15, 2018, 12-1 pm. Canandaigua Academy students will present selections of Dr. King's "Letter from a Birmingham Jail" speech and Canandaigua Primary/Elem. School Choral Group will perform.

Musician, attorney and social activist Danielle Ponder will deliver the keynote talk at Wayne County's 31st consecutive observance of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. Day on Monday, Jan. 15, at Park Presbyterian Church, 110 Maple Court, Newark. The day has been celebrated in Wayne County since its national inception in 1987, under the leadership of Wayne Action for Racial Equality (WARE).

On January 17th, Women's Rights National Historical Park will host the Martin Luther King Jr. Memorial Choir, which will sing inspirational songs of gospel in accompaniment with numerous talented musicians to mark the 85th anniversary of Dr. King's birth. Listen, enjoy, and learn about the musical genre that Dr. King loved and sang as a child growing up in Georgia.



Lakeville, NY
Poets' & Writers' Group
1st and 3rd Wednesdays
Next meeting January 17, 2018,
10:30- noon,
Chip Holt Center, Vitale Park,

Canadice Lake Writers'
Group
2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 6-7:30 pm.
at Honeoye Public Library, Honeoye
New members always welcome!!!
Next meeting January 23, 2018

Open Write & Idea Studio at Dansville ArtWorks

Twice a month on Saturday morning from 10-11 am, Dansville ArtWorks opens its workshop space for writers and artists to come in and create. Coffee will be on and prompts will be available. Some sessions will have a facilitator. Share your work with others or use the current exhibit as inspiration! All open sessions are FREE; donations are greatly appreciated.

Call Dansville ArtWorks, 585-335-4746 for more information

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Celtic Journey - A Spiritual Gathering:

Every first Sunday at 6 PM at Honeoye United Church of Christ.
The topic for February 4th is Celebrate Celtic Spring: Stories of Brigid, the amazing and compassionate nature mystic. Participants will learn how to weave a Brigid's cross from wheat straw (all supplies will be provided).
See related ad page 10

Allens Hill Free Library is actively seeking new board members and library volunteers.
See page 14 for contact information and a complete listing of upcoming events at Allens Hill Free Library.

Honeoye Library Trustee meeting
February 14, 2018, 7:00 pm at the library,
8708 Main Street, Honeoye.
See page 8 for contact information and a complete listing of upcoming Honeoye Public Library events.

Don't miss your next issue of *Owl Light News*, let the *Owl* come to you.
See page 3 for complete information.
Gift delivery also available.

Bee Lines by Sam Hall

Colonies out in the cold



The extremely cold weather day after day will very likely have a negative effect on my honeybee colonies. Honey bees form a cluster when the temperature drops to under 45 degrees. They reverse their wing muscles from the normal flying configuration to allow them to flex their muscles without flying and it is this flexing done by several thousand bees that creates heat. The temperature is about 60 to 65 degrees in the cluster. The cluster is always in motion. The bees at the center are working their way to the outside and the outside bees are working their way inward so that they all get some heat and some cold. The queen will be at or near the center of the cluster. In spite of this several thousand workers will die during the winter.

The dilemma faced by the bees when there are extremely cold temperatures day after day is if they run out of honey stores where they are located they cannot break cluster to move to where there is more honey. If they move they will freeze before they can re-cluster. If they stay where they are they will starve to death. They always choose to starve. I believe it may be because the queen is there and they will not leave her. That leads to the situation we had a couple of years ago where the temperature went well below freezing for over two weeks. I had several colonies that had 75-100 pounds of honey but the bees starved to death. You would find them sometimes less than an inch from more honey. Their heads would be buried deep into the empty cells trying to get the last available drop before perishing. It was sickening.

There really isn't too much the beekeeper can do. I do wrap my hives with 15 weight tar paper. This is not for insulation but it is for those sunny days when the tar paper will absorb the sun rays warming it and in turn warm the inside of the hive, allowing the bees to break cluster and move to new stores. We have had a few of such days. I can only hope.

The bees can easily handle a few days of this weather but not when it has lasted for several consecutive days like the present. It would be better if we had deep snow



Tar paper or hive blankets and insulatory snow layers help bees keep warm, but with extended cold like we have seen recently bees will remain clustered and face starvation.

covering the hives as that is the best insulation there is. Some years ago I had a single deep colony that I was overwintering and it became buried in the snow. As the snow melted I discovered that the snow immediately around the hive had melted to about 4 to 8 inches away from the hive because of heat from the hive. In this space the bees had come out and made cleansing flights thereby helping to keep disease out of the colony and keep them healthy.

No one knows what this prolonged cold is doing but I am concerned if not fearful for the damage it is doing to my bees. I wish I had space to bring them inside but I do not.

Is our current weather related to global warming? I don't know. I was alive in the 1930s but don't remember a lot about them. My father said there was a night at the farm in Allegany County that it went to minus 40 degrees killing many trees including the orchard. He said he could hear the trees splitting during the night and many of them did not survive.

Hopefully we will be through this cold shortly. One of the great things about living in western New York is that you don't really have to worry too much about the current weather, for whatever it is, it will change.



Sam Hall is a Western NY beekeeper who first worked bees as a child growing up on a 'dirt farm' in Allegany County, NY. He has kept bees for most of his adult life and believes that his mistakes 'far outnumber his successes.'

Questions for Sam Hall's Bee Lines can be e-mailed to editor@canadicepress.com with Bee Lines on the subject line.

Trenton Nguyen, Business Student of the Month - November 2017 - at Honeoye Central School



The Business Student of the Month at Honeoye Central School has been announced for November.

Trenton Nguyen (above, photo provided), a junior, is enrolled in Mrs. Campbell's Computer Applications class this semester. Trenton does a great job pushing himself with personal typing goals, puts forth excellent effort on assignments, works well with others, and volunteers to participate in a very large class. All of these are traits that employers are looking for.

Trenton is the grandson of Francis and Richard Jenner of Canandaigua, New York. In his free time, Trenton enjoys participating in intramural activities after school, listening to music and learning to play the guitar. After graduating from Honeoye next year, Trenton says that college could be a possibility.

This school year the Business Student of the Month program is sponsored by: Chrisman Insurance (ad below), Mark's Pizzeria, West's Shurfine, and Rite Aid.

Honeoye Public Library

"We're Books and More!"

Join Us!! Monday, February 12, 10:00 am – noon
Do you have unfinished projects? Need some help?
 Bring your unfinished project, join us on the second Monday of the month and get inspired! **Another opportunity for Artists and Crafters** at the **Canadice Town Hall** on the 4th Thursday – Feb. 22 – 10am until noon.

Book Talk Group Wednesday, January 24, 2018
 Colson Whitehead received the Nobel Prize in 2016 for *The Underground Railroad*, a suspenseful tale of escape and pursuit combining fantasy and fact. Refreshments and conversation at 5:30 with book discussion at 6 pm.

Canadice Lake Writers' Group
 Tuesday, January 23 & February 12, 6 - 7:30 pm.
 New members are always welcome!!!

Play Spaces – The Big Blue Blocks will be back in February. Enjoy building with them.

Cubelets – Cubelets are magnetic blocks that snap together to make an endless variety of robots. Kits will be available February 1st for you to take home and enjoy.

Second Saturday Movie Madness
 Saturday, February 10 at 11:30 a.m. Call for details.

Mid - Winter Book Sale - Saturday, February 17 from 9am – 1pm. Lots of puzzles!!!

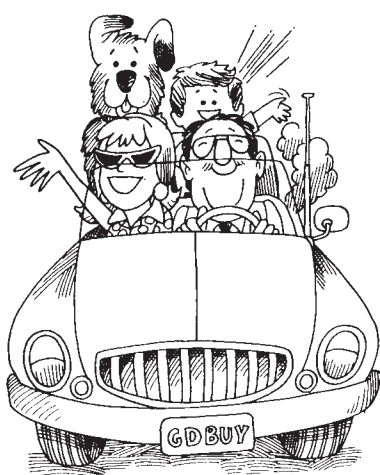
Explore the amazing History of YOU! **Ancestry – Library Edition is available at the library.**

Mango Languages – learn practical language skills using this fun, energizing software.

Library Hours - Monday- 2pm – 8pm
 Tuesday – 10am – 8pm
 Thursday- 2 pm – 8pm
 Saturday – 9am – 1pm (all year long)

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The Light Lens *by T. Touris*

Hey dummy, it’s cold out

Being a long time dendrophile, I recently purchased the book: *The Hidden Life of Trees: What They Feel, How They Communicate* by Peter Wohlleben. Since then, I’ve tuned into these communications and I don’t think they’re hiding all that much.

The Rhododendrons outside our bedroom window are not being real subtle when their leaves curl up in the frigid temperatures. It’s quite obvious they’re saying: “If you’re smart, you’ll remain curled up under your warm quilt”.

As I stomp around our property on snowshoes, I hear spruce twigs snapping from the cold. It’s not hard to decode the message in the pops and cracks: “Really? It’s minus one degree and you’re out traipsing around in the snow? You’re dumber than the potted fern sitting in your cozy sunroom.”

The ash trees at the back of our property are a little more polite. But, as I listen to the rustling of their branches I can hear them quietly snickering about the currently out-of-commission wood stove sitting in our living room.

Who knew plants could be so cold. Maybe the winter weather makes them cranky. Hopefully they’ll snap out of it come spring, but based on what I’ve been picking up, I’m somewhat afraid to tap the maples this year.



Left: *Rhododendron ferrugineum* during recent cold weather and... Right: During warmer times Photo T. Touris

Kade in the Kitchen

...with savory squash

by Kade Bentley

What to do with all that squash!

Where I live during the summer we have an abundance of squash. It’s fairly easy to grow, and while the plants take up a lot of room, they often yield well. Winter squash stores especially well. Pluck them off the vine when ripe and let them field cure for a day or two, then wash the outside with a rag and a mild vinegar water before drying with a clean rag. As long as they’re solid and unblemished they should last you many months. Keep dry and when January rolls around you should have plenty still.

But plain buttered squash gets pretty boring! Knowing the basics is a great start. If you want something just a little different, check out the rad recipe below for using up those squashes.

Squash prep for the real beginner:
This is a sure-fire way to cook nearly

any squash. It’s delicious with butter or oil, a touch of salt, and any herbs and spices you want.

- Pre-heat oven to 400F
- Slice your squash into halves or quarters: Two halves open-side down will make a wetter cooked squash, and will take a bit longer. The same squash in quarters will do just the opposite on both, and give more flavor.
- Scoop out all the seeds and remove the stem. Place the chunks onto a flat cookie sheet and brush the inside with oil or butter. Sprinkle seasoning over.
- Bake in the oven checking every half-hour until a fork slides easily through the skin and fruit. The larger the squash, the longer it takes. Any un-evenly heating ovens will want the pan turned around 180 degrees half-way through.
- When finished, remove from oven and allow to cool or serve right out of the oven.

Creamy Winter Squash and Sweet Potato Soup

This is an easy recipe, but can be very time consuming. It’s just fine to cook your squash and veggies before hand, and then throw the soup together in a half-hour at a later time. For best results, you’ll want some way to blend this soup, but it’s yummy as a chunky stew too. All animal products are optional!

1 large winter squash	Half bunch green onions
Three medium sweet potatoes	Olive oil and
4 or five cloves garlic	Butter (optional)
large onion	Can of coconut milk—or cup of milk or cream
1 Quart home-made or store-bought stock	Cheese (optional) I love goat cheese for this.
(I use veggie stock but a meat stock is fine)	Salt, Pepper, Herbs and Spices to your taste.

This soup will fare just as well with curry powder as it will with green herbs like thyme, sage and oregano. I would add a touch or cumin and red pepper for spice if you chose herbs.

Prepare your squash and roast according to instructions above.

Once that’s cooking: Cube sweet potatoes (peeled or intact), slice onions into large chunks, and rough chop garlic. Toss with plenty of oil and your choice of herbs and spices, salt and pepper in a baking or casserole dish. Get plenty of your seasoning in there - it’s for the whole soup. Might as well slice up the green onions now too so you have them for later.

Bake until sweet potatoes are soft, turning occasionally.

When your squash is finished set it out to cool a bit. You can scoop the fruit out of the skin while it’s still hot if you want, but it’s a struggle not to burn yourself. Scoop it all directly into a BIG soup pot and discard the skins.

Continued on page 14

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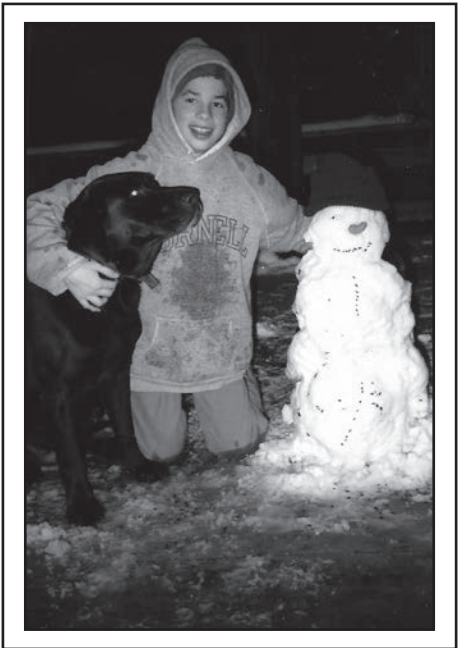


Time Spent

by Renee Thornton



I walk thru the winter white night, the moonlit silhouettes of the barren tree branches dance on the snow. I am taken back to memories of playing in the snow with my boys, bundling them up for the endless hours of play spent sledding, making snowmen and snow angels alike. Wet mittens and snow pants hung to dry and mugs of hot cocoa to thaw us out. I miss them now that they are both grown and on their own and I often wonder, just how have I spent my time?



My son Sean, his best friend Hampton and Mr. Snowman

As a child I looked forward; forward to summer vacation, getting bored, then forward to going back to school. I lived looking forward to being grown up, going to college, getting married and having children. My life lay ahead of me.

As a young married woman I looked to the present; to my career, my children, my home responsibilities. My focus was my current “To Do” list that was always prominently displayed in my kitchen for fear that out of sight meant out of mind. I lived for PTA meetings, my kids sporting events, teacher conferences, school plays, summer vacations, endless hours studying as I furthered my college degree. The busy went on and on. My life lay in the present.

When my children grew up and went on their own, I looked to the past; how did they grow up so quickly, where did the time go, what had I missed as I lived vicariously through them? Lest I forgot when they were little, out came the pictures which I was in surprisingly very few, always behind the lens. My life lay in the past.

Now that my husband and I can actually envision retirement a few years away, I again am looking forward: to travel, to new sights and scenes, to friends often left behind in the busyness of life, to projects done simply for the fun of it. Again my life lies ahead of me.

Time to Remember

by Mary Drake

*Does anybody really know what time it is
Does anybody really care
If so I can't imagine why
We've all got time enough to cry*
Chicago

I got the news of Diane’s death several weeks after the fact. Aside from the annual Christmas card, we hadn’t been in touch for many years, so when her daughter called to let me know of her passing, it was a shock. Diane had been eight years younger than me and had died of lung cancer, although she hadn’t smoked a day in her life.

The sadness I felt was mixed with loneliness, too, at the thought of losing another friend, but I was also grateful for the good times we had shared. When I was a young mother, Diane and I had lived on the same block; every morning I would bundle my little David into his winter coat and hat and mittens, strap him in his stroller and head up the street to Diane’s. She was always in the kitchen (aren’t backdoor friends the best?) cleaning away the breakfast dishes and brewing us a fresh pot of coffee. Her little Leon would come running into the kitchen, leaving the morning cartoons he watched in his ‘jammies’ and wanting to play with David. Even though they were two years apart in age, the boys got along together, perhaps because of that age difference. After I took off my winter coat, Diane and I would sit around her Formica kitchen table, sip our coffee, usually with a sweet roll or slice of coffee cake, and discuss what we were doing that day, grocery shopping always being high on the list. We talked about whether our older

children had cub scouts, soccer, or science club after school, and how our husband’s jobs were going, who was getting promoted, who might be transferred. It felt good to share the trials of motherhood--thoughts on how to deal with a two-year-old’s tantrum or what to do to get our kids to eat vegetables. Our friendship fit us both as comfortably as a well worn slipper.

When a year later Diane’s husband was transferred to a job in another state, we made our tearful goodbyes and promised to stay in touch, which we did for a while. But then my family also moved, and the distance and the years seemed to accumulate like dust on furniture.

I thought of her occasionally, when I sat down for a cup of coffee, or when my grandchildren ran around the house in their footed ‘jammies’ while watching cartoons. But I was never much of a letter writer

I muse about how quickly the years go by, and now that Diane is gone, I think that our shared memories are kind of frozen in time, like figures in a snow globe that I can always go back to look at, remember, and smile.

and Diane didn’t like talking on the phone. I was grateful to find her years later when my granddaughter helped me get on Facebook. Like me, Diane now had grandchildren and she looked much the same as I remembered, only thinner and her hair had gone grey.

I muse about how quickly the years go by, and now that Diane is gone, I think that

our shared memories are kind of frozen in time, like figures in a snow globe that I can always go back to look at, remember, and smile.

*“But at my back I always hear
Time’s winged chariot hurrying near”*
Andrew Marvell



Celtic Journey - A Spiritual Gathering

First Sunday monthly, 6:00 pm

Feb. 4, 2018 topic - Celebrate Celtic Spring

- * Welcoming and inclusive of all people
- * Honoring ancient Celtic ways and the wisdom of Jesus
- * Quiet, Contemplative worship
- * Discussion and Teaching

Refreshments and social time following

At Honeoye United Church of Christ.

For more information, contact the church at

honeoyeucc@gmail.com

In Memoriam

Notices & Tributes

Obituaries and other memoriam notices and tributes are \$25 - with an image.

E-mail editor@canadicepress.com or call 585-358-1065

Please let us know if we can be of help in wording your memoriam.

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“I am the School in Hemlock”

Hemlock School breaks its silence and looks to the future

by Tawn Feeney



This is how I looked in 2011 (much the same as I look today although in need of TLC). Go to www.hemlockandcanadicelakes.com to learn more about my shared past.

1928 - Concrete and bricks rising layer on layer; neighbors marveling at the strong, proud structure in their midst; children excited to have a brand new school; teachers wondering how they will adjust to their new classrooms...

1935 - sounds of the piano from the kindergarten as the teacher plays “Skip to My Loo;” third grade students reciting their times tables in unison; strange smells from the chemistry classroom - today’s experiment; girls by their lockers whispering about the boy who just moved to Hemlock....

1943 - music from band practice in the gymnasium for the upcoming Memorial Day Parade; boys joking around while they ready for cross-country practice; students from the fourth, seventh and tenth grades and their teachers behind the school planting the Hemlock Victory Garden....

1962 - worried parents wondering if they should send their children to school during the Cuban Missile Crisis; custodians readying the bomb shelter in the basement with food and water for its impending occupation, which, thankfully, never came....

1987 - only five classrooms occupied now with overflow students from another school

that didn't have room for its ninth-graders; sweet smells from the kitchen in the basement, from the cupcakes the Home Ec. Class is baking for their teacher's birthday...

1990 - Silence. The building is closed...

1998 - I have a new name now. I am the Jack Evans Community Center. I hear artists humming in their studios busy with their creations; footsteps in the hallway as some folks arrive for their appointment in the office upstairs; shouts and laughter from the gymnasium as the girls play basketball; the sweet sounds of hymns being sung by the church group on Sunday mornings...

2016 - the sounds of Om coming from the yoga studio; dancing and fun in the gym at Halloween with this new group called the Little Lakes Community Association that says they will save me; then... silence again, where have they gone? I am alone.

2017 - the sounds of live music, games, laughter and the smell of wonderful food wafting from my front yard at the Barn Fest; 18 people of different ages, interests and political persuasions all meeting around a table, working to plan my future. I will have a life again...

LLCA collaborators reflect on time spent, moments shared

Bringing the Hemlock School out of the silence has come about due to the time spent by members of the Little Lakes Community Association. I asked the members to share with the *Owl* what their time spent has meant. Here is a small glimpse of what some of the LLCA collaborators shared.

Rick Osiecki:
I see the LLCA and the Hemlock School historically as a “Time Capsule”. They will be the mechanics that will bring this area’s history clearly back into view for us all to enjoy. Community is made up of people and it’s their history that adds texture and substance to our connections with each other.

Carol Williams:
All of us (LLCA members) brings human capital of life experiences, some (more or less) expendable time, willingness to keep learning and navigating technological interfaces, eagerness to reshape and retain direct social experiences for ourselves and for this rural region. Persistent and determined must be adjectives ascribed to our Steering Committee.

This rural region in many ways reflects what is NOT sustainable in America...as it is without creative partnerships, positive visions, and relentless desire to rebuild a social fabric/network of living, working, and playing together like small communities once did.

Seeing the smiles on event participants’ faces. Witnessing the joy of memories flood back into the heart of those who have lived in this area a long time when they walk through the building or see an art rendition of the “old Hemlock 15A hamlet”. This one soul especially came to mind as I surveyed, invited, and debated the feasibility much less the worth of the quest to save a community anchor!

We are so eager to share the strengths and untapped potential of this region.” If

we keep doing kind, genuine work, the rewards are untold and will reveal themselves in the most unexpected ways.

Melissa Carey:
I am a local Realtor that would love to see growth in this area. I use all the trails and lakes for my own personal use and love the land and connecting with people. I am huge on networking and work with many committees and would love to see everyone working together to improve other people’s knowledge of the opportunities in the area.

Linda Auble:
I have been thinking about what the building means to me and my time involved.

Here is my vision of the future:

A community/ gathering center for just hanging out with friends meeting new friends and expanding my world. I love the time I spend (yes it is alot) but it is worth so much more than words can say. This wonderful old building has so much character and so much potential that I truly believe we will always be able to have something for everyone no matter what they like to do. Some day we will be able to say that because of all our time and effort (gratefully given by all) every single person of all ages and all types will have visited our building. They will come from all around to enjoy what has been and is being created for the people of the little lakes area. So keep watching we have just touched the very tip of the iceberg.

As for me I love meeting and working and playing with all the people involved in the school. You couldn’t find a better blend of personalities and talents if you tried. All that is lacking is more people to join our work. (We promise there will always be a spot where they will fit in perfectly). I also love the fact that whatever talent you have is a talent that we will use. All are welcome to join and contribute to *our* community.

Danielle Judd

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Millennial memories

3 poems *by Matthew G. Morley*

Archives

There, everything was retained. Notable people, professors and activists left their lives behind. Each day, I held yellow letters never meant for me to read – sometimes the edges of their pages frayed away under the force of time. When the spine of a centuries-old book broke, it whimpered, *I’m scared*. And so I cradled the text, knowing the impermanence of preservation, but offered reassurance. Sometimes I whispered back: *me too*.

What will happen next century? Or the century after that? These objects may live to be held by a hundred pairs of hands, yet their existence is simply an echo among the stacks and stacks and stacks of others like them. We are all scared.

Millennial Adulthood

I wake up somewhere in downtown Chicago – or, that’s how it smells. A pencil’s in my hand, in the other’s a notebook full of fragments of poems. No, I’m full of fragments of poems; its are pages of nonstop nonsense. I’m wearing grungy, ratty clothes. No shoes.

I dream of a mystical bed whereupon, after a rest, I could return to childhood – or childishness, whichever is easiest – but instead I wander into an office, take a seat at an empty cubicle. Twiddle my thumbs. A year later, I stand up and step away.

Silence introduces me to another version of myself, who asks “this is it?” in rare hiatuses, like those that exist between bars on a bass clef staff, or between the stanzas of this poem; between an inhale and the buzz. Between pressing a screen and the arrival of a car. Between saying goodbye and actually departing.



Working at the tree farm between jobs – again

There’s no time to wait for a dream job – or at least one with better pay. Mr. H’s farm is about a mile from the town high school – my college sweetheart’s alma mater. Living here 11 months has felt like 11 years, but I still don’t call myself a New Yorker. (No, *not* the city). The first time I was between jobs, I learned the tractor, took a selfie as proof for my Illinois friends. Sunburnt my skin, nicked my arms on dead, browning brush, which I drunkenly bonfired with my sweetheart and Mr. H’s daughter.

This time, I learned how to jiggle the ignition key, where to kick the engine of the 360 mower so that it would turn over. To arrive before the rise of the Sun. To ask less from the dearest oracle black cat of returning home to Chicago. To answer just once and avoid my friends’ follow-up question: Can you—



Woodlands and trees - Magical realms

Back in early December temperatures were in the 40's and 50's. It was wonderful to have all those lovely days to be outside, and for me I couldn't believe I was getting even the smallest garden tasks checked off my list. However, it also worried me to see those grape hyacinths I planted back in late September putting up those spiky like leaves, some three inches tall! Most precocious bulbs will not be harmed unless the flower buds appear. However not wanting my garlic to spring up I put an additional layer of mulch in the form of mowed over leaves. If garlic comes up it is in danger of getting frozen and although it will restart in spring, it can result in smaller bulbs.

Another thing I could not help but notice while raking endless leaves, were the abundance of those little things we used to call helicopters when we were kids, because of the way they gently spun from the trees. They are also known as whirlingigs, polynose and in England a spinning jenny, but the botanical name for this fruit is a samara. I'd never seen so many as I saw this year. It has also been reported that there was an unusually large production of acorns. This phenomenon has been described as a Mast year. There have been several theories about why we should have such over the top production in any particular year, since there doesn't seem to be any discernible pattern. The most common explanation is that trees save their energy when conditions are less than optimal and surely that was the case in the Summer of 2016, when conditions were so hot and dry, I remember not needing to mow the lawn for six weeks. Nice for me, but not the trees.

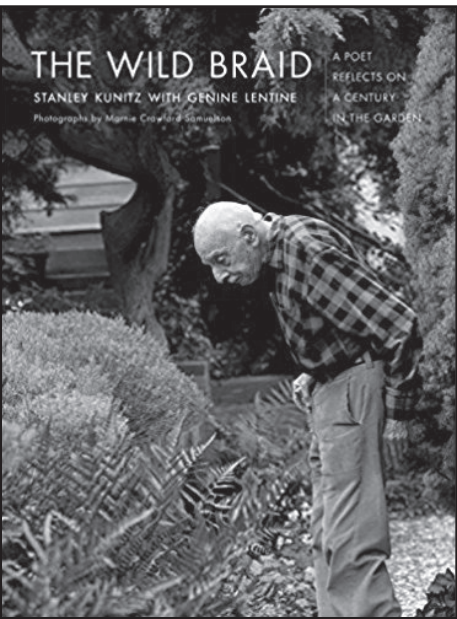
While on the subject of trees I heartily recommend a book entitled *The Hidden Life of Trees* by Peter Wohlleben. The author worked for 20 years in a forest in Germany and has written several books about trees. The book's subtitle is *What They Feel, How They Communicate*. How

irresistible! Every chapter pulls you into the next. Trees communicate by chemicals and electrical energy. They defend themselves and others and help one another grow and flourish. For example, giraffes in Africa like acacia trees, but as soon as they begin to consume them the trees release a chemical that makes them unpalatable to the giraffes and they soon move onto another patch of the trees further away. The nearby trees have "smelled" the chemical and also have begun to produce it. We find out in this book that trees are social beings and that the "wood wide web" of soil fungi and microorganisms also contribute to their society. It's an amazing book and after reading it you may not be able to see trees in the same light again.



In his book: "The Hidden Life of Trees," Peter Wohlleben explores the ways in which tree communities work cooperatively.


This book brings to mind a practice known as "forest bathing", which has become the newest fad akin to yoga and meditation and mindfulness practice. It is simply the action of entering the woodlands and experiencing what is found there. I had to shake my head on first encountering this idea. Really? I bet you could ask any child fortunate enough to have free and easy access to a woodland if they feel better and even safer there and the answer is a resounding yes! Think back to when you were a child and how you felt playing there. It was magical and you could imagine all sorts of worlds. Somehow, we forget or as my friend told me recently, she was ridiculed for telling her parents that the trees "spoke to her". For me it was the Lilliputian world of mosses and ferns that drew my attention. At any rate check out the book mentioned above. Most libraries have a copy and as a former librarian I like to encourage their use. Your taxes pay for them after all.



"The Wild Braid: A Poet Reflects on a Century in the Garden" by Stanley Kunitz (cover above) explores similarities between poetry and gardens.

I always welcome these cold winter days after the rush and bustle of the holidays. It's a time of quiet peacefulness and a sense of renewal. A kind of turning inward. For a gardener there is time to contemplate and plan next year's garden, whether it's a small perennial bed or a vegetable garden or the addition of new shrubs and trees. Its also the best time to curl up with a book. Here is another favorite of mine. *The Wild Braid: A Poet Reflects on a Century in the Garden* by Stanley Kunitz .

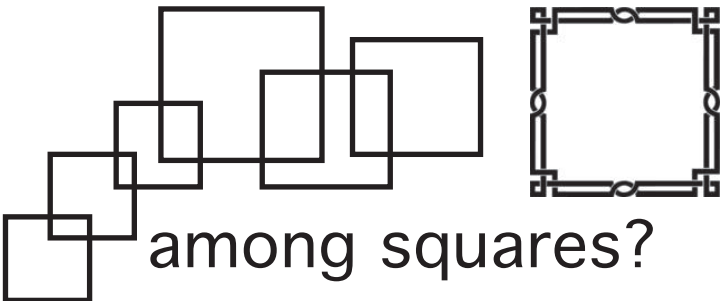
Mr.Kunitz has been the U.S. Poet Laureate and has won just about every Literary Prize that can be won. This small volume, with many photographs of the author in his various gardens, reveals how he feels about the similarities of his work in the garden and on the written page. For him they are inseparable. "All I want to do is write poems and be in the garden" he wrote when miraculously recovering from a near fatal illness. Here is another quote from Stanley Kunitz. "I associate the garden with the whole experience of being alive." Isn't that what we gardeners have always known? That gardens and our work there is our constant connection to this life.



Georgeanne has been fascinated by plants ever since a neighbor gave her some flower seeds when she was very young. The magic of watching them sprout into beautiful flowers has become a lifetime of wonderment. She lives in Honeoye Falls with her canine and feline friends, small flock of chickens and more recently a rabbit, or two.

Garden-related comments, questions and garden topics can be e-mailed to editor@canadicepress.com with Village Gardener on the subject line or sent via US mail to Canadice Press.


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UPCOMING EVENTS

Monday, January 8, 1-3 pm
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Come unwind at the library with adult coloring and good company. The adult coloring group will meet on the second Monday of each month, from 1 to 3 pm. It is an open group so feel free to come when you can and bring a friend. Bring your own supplies, or if you don't have any there will be extra to share.

Saturday, January 20, 2-3:30 pm
Intro to crochet - Crochet Coaster

Class participants will be taught how to do the basic single crochet stitch required for the pattern and be given everything they need to make a two-color coaster. (The needles will be lent from the library's collection.) No fee. Open to ages 10 and up.

Saturday, January 27, 1-2:30 pm
Robotics Club - Lego WeDo

This month we have Lego WeDo

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Join us as we plan for 2018: Allens Hill is actively seeking new board members and library volunteers.

Allens Hill has knitting needles, crochet hooks, and homesteading kits - dyeing, canning, and soap making - available for check out! We are currently seeking donations of gently used board games to put into circulation. For more information, contact the director at epedora@pls-net.org or 585-229-5636.

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savory squash from page 9

Your veggies should be done by now, so dump that whole baking dish of veggies, spices, oil and everything right into the soup pot. Scrape out the bottom of the pan into the soup pot too.

Get your pot on high temp and dump in the stock. Cook for a while until everything is tender and mixed well. Now's a good time to add some more oil or butter.

I LOVE love immersion blenders. Get your immersion blender out and go to town until everything is creamy. Leave some chunks of squash and veggie if you want to see them later.

If you're using a good old-fashioned countertop blender, for the love of all that is green and good, be careful of hot things exploding out the top. You may want to cool the soup before putting it in the blender.

Really, you could just blend it up with a

potato masher or a hand egg beater, or whatever method you use for pureeing things.

Return your soup to the pan if you took it out to blend, and put heat on low. Add coconut milk or dairy of your choice to the soup.

Taste test and salt or spice if still needed. If you must have meat, you can cook up some chunks while your squash is cooking and put those in now. It's great with whole roasted cashews too. Add green onions to the pot, or garnish as you serve.

Serve hot with cheese on top!



Above: A selection of this year's yield, all good choices for soup.

Above right: Some of this year's carnival squash harvest.

Photos by Kade Bentley

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Minimalism: A year later: Part 1 of 4

Over the course of 2017, I focused my sustainability efforts on minimalism. When I started out, I had no idea how great an impact it would make on my possessions, on my mental and emotional health, and on my life's goals.

Minimalism and Dress

I'm currently wearing some of my favorite clothes. I feel comfortable, beautiful, and very "me" in them. It didn't take me long today to choose something I really liked because my closet only contains clothes and accessories that I treasure. This is a far cry from where I began. I had mountains of clothes and nothing to wear. Many were ill-fitting or ill-suited to my body, style, and the messages I wanted to convey to others about who I am.

I always felt as though I needed something else and was never satisfied with the amount of clothes I had. Now, I have far (far!) fewer items, but everything has been chosen to fit together and to fill a role. I feel content. This means I will be consuming fewer clothes and that the one's I do buy in the future will be thoughtfully chosen.

This may seem really superficial, but I've found a lot of gains beyond looking good (or, better). I've learned how flexible satisfaction can be and I learned to listen to myself for cues about personal style. I was never a follower of trends, but I still feel freer for giving myself permission to let them go. I also save time in selecting clothes – just about everything can be paired with anything else!

If you're looking to get started with a more curated wardrobe, I highly recommend looking up "Project 333" which was my starting point. I love capsule wardrobes so much I do them for my three children

My winter capsule (see images above) includes the following:

- 3 pairs of shoes (1 pair riding boots, 1 pair nice heeled boots, 1 pair hiking boots)
- 1 purse
- 2 coats (1 warm winter coat, 1 faux-leather jacket)
- 2 scarves (1 warm winter, 1 fashion scarf – patterned)
- 1 pair of gloves
- 1 knit winter cap
- 1 pair of sunglasses
- 1 belt (reversible – black and brown)
- 3 pairs of pants (1 skinny jean, 1 boyfriend jean, 1 brown corduroy)
- 1 nice jean skirt
- 2 long-sleeved t-shirts (green, burnt orange)
- 2 button down shirts (navy corduroy, green)
- 2 blouses (green paisley and faux-suede)
- 1 puffer vest
- 1 v-neck sweater
- 1 corduroy blazer
- 1 fleece sweater
- = 26 items (does not include Pjs, workout gear, jewelry, or under-garments).



Sky has been something of a sustainability nerd for most of her life. Her goal is to empower herself and others to live in a way that is congruent with personal values - and intimately linked to the Earth. You can join her in her wanderings through the quagmire of sustainable living in every issue of Owl Light News, and on her blog - talkwalking.org



Minimalism and Time Management

Since becoming a minimalist, I've changed my relationship to time. Minimalism has helped me to understand that each of us only has 24 hours in a day. I realized that some of my beliefs and behaviors weren't serving me. I used to behave as though I were immortal. I figured that I could eventually get to "doing it all". I learned to let go of this idea and to focus on fewer things.

I learned that I had to be more present to be more productive. I needed to stop paying homage to a past self (by doing or having things that I used to feel were meaningful but no longer really care about) or hoarding for a future self that may never come. I needed to stop creating tasks for myself just to be a better (insert label).

Having fewer things means less time wasted in cleaning and organizing. Buying fewer things means less time spent earning money to pay for them.

As I embrace the concepts of minimalism, I've become clearer about what my priorities are. Knowing my priorities, I take special care to spend time each day and each week with them as the focus of my time and energy.

I've even found a means to structure time on days when I don't have a set schedule. I break my repetitive tasks into four categories: "parenting", "housework", "writing and homework", and "personal". Then I cycle them on 15 minute or ½ hour basis (set to a timer) so that in an hour or two I have addressed them all. This works especially well for things like feeding and changing babies.

Minimalism and My Sustainability Efforts

I collected environmental tasks like some women collect shoes. The tasks grew so numerous that maybe I went a little crazy. And, sometimes, consistency went out the window due to my being overwhelmed. I never thought that minimalism could help me with my environmentalism. As I've written before, minimalism seemed to

be just about throwing stuff away – often adding to landfills.

I feel very differently about it now.

I use minimalism at the top of my hierarchy of decisions for environmental thinking. As Bea Johnson, author of *Zero Waste Home*, would do: I first refuse what I do not need and then I reduce what I do need.

Minimalism has obviously had a drastic effect on my consumption habits. I buy fewer items and I first consider whether I could do without or do with less. I look for multi-purpose and/or durable items. Consuming less limits a lot of considerations.

I no longer have to worry about the waste or the company's ethics when I decide that something does not serve a purpose in my life. I just don't buy it. In paring down, and in buying used whenever possible, I can afford to put money toward perhaps pricier items from companies that do care.

I've streamlined my lifestyle which saves me time and energy which I put toward things I know I value (as opposed to tasks that just ate my time). For example, I spend more time learning how to live eco-friendly and sharing what I've learned about sustainable living with others.

Minimalism and Books

One area that I still desperately need to minimize is my book collection and my attitudes and behaviors surrounding reading. I have 7 bookshelves in this room alone. A large proportion of them I have not even read. They sit here like a silent task list. Some of them tell tales of the hobbies I meant to get into or the skills I meant to learn. The fact is, their presence does not make me smarter or more capable.

I believe that by adopting the following behaviors, I will free myself. But only by being consistent with this for a while will I know if this approach will work:

- read 1 hour a day;
- read just one book at a time (textbooks, reference books, and workbooks don't count);
- only keep books that warrant re-reading or referencing;
- donate, sell, or gift the rest;
- do not buy a new book until I have decided what to do with the last one I bought;
- borrow novels from library / buy digitally;
- limit my personal collection to the large bookshelf.

I am not done with minimalism by any means. This will be an ongoing process of self-reflection. While 2018 will mark a new sustainability focus in my work, I still have so many areas that need minimizing in my life.

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