



The Allure of flowers

The earliest flowering plants appeared around 130 million years ago, evolving into the most diverse group of land plants. Like many other species, the human attraction to flowers is rooted in survival instincts. They also delight our senses. Flowers have a magical and mythical appeal that has inspired art, literature and love throughout history.

The earliest confirmed use of flowers for ceremony and decoration was 25000 BCE in Ancient Egypt. Egyptian carvings show carefully arranged flowers. In Ancient Greece and Rome, flowers were used in garlands as well as for food and medicine. Paintings from Ancient China include images of flowering plants used for adornment and in religious ceremony.

The human attraction to flowers may not be as strong as the instinctual attraction of insects and the other pollinators that their accidental beauty was meant to attract, but there is an undeniable allure for humans as well - an allure that continues today.

People plant and collect flowers not just for their utilitarian uses, but because they are beautiful, because their scents are soothing, stimulating or intoxicating. Gardens provide a sense of peace, and arrangements of flowers offer adornment and a means of expressing affections or endearment or to acknowledge grief.

Our Owl exploration of flowers provides a regional perspective just in time for Valentine's Day. Two local florists - Bloomers Floral and Gift in East Bloomfield and Dogwood Floral Company in Dansville - share their experiences in the floral industry, and their love of flowers.

All throughout this issue of Owl Light News, we touch upon the magic of flowers, including an exploration into the meaning of flowers by Mary Drake. For the chocolate lovers in our midst, fear not, there is a touch of that too. Whether its flowers, chocolate or a chance meeting, there's plenty to inspire and explore.

The Language of flowers

by Mary Drake

Color

Probably the most obvious feature of flowers is their color, and what a rainbow of shades there are!



D.E. Bentley
A fiery red Amaryllis

White typically means purity or innocence, which is why white flowers are traditional at weddings, but they are appropriate any time of the year. The array of white flowers includes daisies, carnations, and of course the beautiful rose.

If your loved one has a sunny disposition, consider yellow flowers. Yellow is associated with the sun, with the happiness and joy we tend to feel when the sun is out. Yellow flowers are a good choice for anyone who spreads positive energy and can be appreciated both by your loved ones as well as by friends. They speak of friendship and appreciation, whether for a job well done in the workplace or in sympathy

Red typically indicates passion, which is why red roses are so popular on Valentine's Day when we all declare our love. But other flowers besides roses come in red, such as tulips, carnations, and geraniums.

to a friend who is ill. They are also associated with filial love, which is why they are also appropriate for Mother's Day. So yellow is an all-around positive color that can be found in sunflowers, daisies, daffodils and chrysanthemums. And don't forget yellow roses.

Pink is often associated with gentleness and femininity, which is why this color flower is used for Mother's Day bouquets. It is another versatile any time of the year flower color choice for lovers of pink. Some pink flowers are peonies, carnations, azaleas, and more roses.

Orange flowers make a bold statement and therefore indicate enthusiasm, excitement, and happiness. Marigolds, tulips, and zinnias usually come in eye-catching shades of orange.

Blue is a peaceful color, like the sky on a summer day. Blue flowers are said to make one feel peaceful and help soothe negative emotions. Blue flowers include hydrangeas and delphinium.

Close on the color wheel to blue is purple, but purple flowers come in shades of light and dark. Dark purple flowers like iris, allium (the lovely globe-like flower related to onions), and bellflowers indicate success and are associated with royalty. Light purple flowers, those that are lavender colored, typically indicate grace, elegance and youth. Everyone appreciates purple flowers like lilacs, petunias, or the rare orchid.

Association & Season

Often because of their color or because of the season when they bloom, certain flowers are associated with particular holidays or occasions.

As mentioned earlier, roses, mostly red and pink, are associated with love and are therefore a favorite Valentine flowers. But because they bloom in June, a popular time for weddings, they are also much prized as wedding flowers. Roses are considered a symbol of beauty and were the favorite flower of Venus, the Roman goddess of love.

Lilies, which are most often white, are associated with death and rebirth, which is why they are often seen both at funerals and at Easter.

We usually don't consider negative emotions when we think of flowers, but the narcissus flower is thought to symbolize selfishness and cold heartedness. This is due to the Greek myth of Narcissus, a beautiful youth who was loved by the nymph Echo, but who rejected her and fell in love with his own reflection in a pool of water. He pined away for himself and was changed into the flower that bears his name. Narcissus flowers are a type of daffodil but with white outer petals and an orange or yellow trumpet in the center.

Violets, low growing purple flowers, are associated with the virtue of humility, perhaps because they don't assume to hold

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Finding ourselves in others

Finding ourselves is often intricately tied to our bonds with others. I thought about this some during a recent viewing of *The Mountain Between Us*, an adventure story turned love story (at least in the movie version). *Spoiler Alert, I give it all away here so read no further if that matters at all.* The movie, directed by Hany Abu-Assad, is based on the novel of the same name written by Charles Martin. The movie stars Idris Elba as a Doctor, Ben, and Kate Winslet as a photographer, Ashley, with Beau Bridges in a brief cameo as Walter, the ill-fated pilot. Due to a weather-related grounded commercial flight, the two strangers charter a small plane to ferry them to their destinations (Ashley to her wedding and Ben to a surgery he is scheduled to perform). When the plane crashes in the mountains due to an apparent pilot mid-air stroke, a struggle for survival ensues.

I try to read literary renditions of stories before watching TV or movie adaptations. There are often many differences between the movie versions and the novel versions, and directors do not always convey what the author meant to say. I also avoid reading movie reviews – not always a good thing, but it does allow me to make my own movie viewing decisions. This movie got pretty poor reviews, but perhaps people missed the underlying threads that I believe made it interesting and that were, I hope, more profound in the novel. In the movie, one cited example of diversion from the novel storyline is that the adorable and affectionate yellow Lab, who was the pilot's companion (the pup never gets a name in the movie, the acting part is played by two dogs, Raleigh and Austin), survives and accompanies the two main characters through their adventure. In the novel, the dog dies when the plane crashes (per online information).

Not one for cuddly love stories, I was nonetheless struck by the movie version's exploration of how human (and canine) bonds develop, and how experience can redefine relationship lines. Despite a short time knowing each other, the characters develop a deep and lasting bond due to their shared experience of survival on the mountain. Such adversity tends to compress time.

Love is defined in many different ways - an intense affection or a deep romantic or sexual feeling (yes there *is* a sex scene in *The Mountain Between Us*). Although there are some people we connect with right away, as if we have known them forever, even these bonds are deepened by shared experience and shared memories – by time. This is true not just for people, but other creatures – even *Owls*. As the John Butler Trio so nicely tells us, "So I'm thanking you today because of you I am now me." (from "Fool for You" off the *April Uprising* Album).

D.E. Bentley
Editor, Owl Light News



No mountains between us, although an occasional stove pipe division is not unheard of.
Happy Valentine's Day to the guy at the other end - Because of you I am me.

Owl Light News

Read - Listen - Reflect

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On the cover: An *Amaryllis* about to bloom.
Native to Peru and South Africa, the genus *Amaryllis* name comes from the Greek word *amarysso* which means "to sparkle." Bulbs were brought to Europe in the 1700s. Valued for their large, trumpet-like flowers, most *amaryllis* today are hybrids of the genus *Hippeastrum*.
Check out OwlLightNews.com for color images of this plant's impressive blooms.

photo D.E. Bentley

Readers' Letters

Library System budget cuts threaten equal access to technological and educational resources in rural areas

Governor Cuomo's 2018 budget proposes a 3% cut in State Library Aid. As the Executive Director of the Pioneer Library System, I know this cut will hurt rural communities.

After a decade of underfunding libraries, the Governor's most recent cuts bring library funding to 2002 levels. Yet libraries are now operating in a technology landscape that requires high levels of expertise and continued investment in new technologies.

Last year the Pioneer Library System helped our 42 member libraries quadruple their bandwidth without any impact on local budgets. We operate a complicated automated library catalog system (Owwl.org), coordinate the digitization of local history resources, manage the internet networks of 42 libraries, and provide onsite support to maintain every library's technology.

These services guarantee equitable access to technology across the region. Because of the System, a resident of Pike (population 1,100) and a resident of Canandaigua (population 25,000) both have access to up-to-date computers, adequate bandwidth, and a modern collection of digital books.

Although library systems like Pioneer are the models of shared service, the increased costs of delivering technology services are outstripping found efficiencies. If the state is unable to provide funding to support library systems, our services will stagnate and access to technology will lag in the communities that need access the most.

In New York, public library systems provide rural libraries with the tools they need, including technology, expertise, and economies of scale to tackle big issues. By continuing to underfund systems, we threaten to take away the tools our libraries need to deliver equitable access to education.

If we truly value equity, democracy, and opportunity, then New York needs to place libraries at the top of its agenda. Through libraries, we guarantee that every New Yorker has access to the lifelong education they need to participate fully in this information economy. For libraries to maintain this critical role, we need to support the massive shift they are undertaking to a technological model of service.

The last major shift in the delivery of library services was fueled by massive investments by philanthropists like Andrew Carnegie who believed public libraries were critical to democracy. If we still believe that every New Yorker has a basic right to lifelong education, then we need to make a public investment to that same scale in our library systems today. Otherwise, we risk leaving our rural communities behind.

Lauren Moore
Canandaigua, NY



What was once a caterpillar ...

Owl thanks to Jo Mosely Wall of the "West River Swamp" region of Italy NY for identifying the caterpillar on page 2 of the Owl, 1-26-18 and letting me know what it was on its way to becoming.

The caterpillar becomes the Hermit sphinx moth. The scientific name for this interesting creature is *Lintneria eremitus* (Hübner, 1823) - formerly classified as *Sphinx eremitus*. It is in the Family: Sphingidae; Subfamily: Sphinginae. The caterpillar feeds on beebalm (*Monarda*), mints (*Mentha*), bugleweed (*Lycopsis*), and sage (*Salvia*), while the adult (moth) feeds on Deep-throated flowers including Japanese honeysuckle (*Lonicera japonica*), bouncing bet (*Saponaria officinalis*), petunia (*Petunia* species), and catalpa (*Catalpa speciosa*).

Ranging from Maine south to North Carolina, west to Manitoba, South Dakota, and Missouri, Canadice – where the image was taken - is central to their range. The fully-grown caterpillars pupate in chambers underground and mature late summer, early fall.

Once Jo – who by the way is the editor of the *West River News* (an eclectic mix of local lore which I often pick up at the Grainery in Naples, NY), offered this identification, it reminded me of an earlier Sphinx moth encounter. I was not initially sure what it was but later identified it as a *Paonias myops* – also known as the Small-eyed Sphinx (J.E. Smith, 1797). These moths have always fascinated me as many resemble hummingbirds when feeding as they hover above the flowers. Jo's initial identification of the caterpillar was from *Caterpillars of Eastern North America: A Guide to Identification and Natural History* (Princeton Field Guides) by David L. Wagner. The updated taxonomy information was from www.butterfliesandmoths.org.



A Canadice caterpillar, on its way to becoming... a Hermit Sphinx moth

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.

Dogwood Floral Company and Tux Shop

Our business is Dogwood Floral Company and Tux Shop located at 142 Main Street, Dansville NY. My name is Rodney Johnson. My wife Sandy and myself own the business. We have been in business since 2005. I earned my degree in Floriculture Merchandising from Alfred State College in 1985. After college I worked in Florists & Greenhouses in the Rochester Area. My lead designer Carrie Davin has also been in the floral industry for many years. Between Carrie and myself we have 64 years in combined experience in floral design. I have been on the Board of The Upstate New York Teleflora Unit since 2006 and have served as president of the unit twice. The Upstate New York Teleflora Unit goal is to help local florists by bringing in top designers from

all over the United States to do programs for local florist so we can keep up with the latest techniques and design trends. Continuing education for local florists is a must for our industry if we expect to survive in this economy. Our unit serves florist from Buffalo to Syracuse.

I have seen many changes in the floral industry in the last 30 years. I have seen towns with 2 to 3 floral shops, which now have 1 or no shops. There is a lot of competition now for fresh flowers: every corner store and grocery store now carry flowers. To combat this, the traditional florist has had to make many changes. The local florist #1 concern must be "Customer Service." Our customers depend on us delivering their flowers on time, with high quality designs. This is why continuing education for florist is a must. Technology is one area that has helped us with customer service. With my Point Of Sale System I can confirm an order with the customer and also send a confirmation of the deliver of their order once it has been delivered. This is something you are not going to get at the grocery store or convenience store.

Our point of sales system also allows us to keep track of special occasions like birthday's or anniversary's for our customers which allows us to be able to send reminders for these special occasions. Personal touches like this keeps our customers loyal to us.

The internet has made a big difference in the way people now shop. We have had a web-

site since 2005, this has allowed our customers the ability to shop our store 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. With today's busy life styles Internet shopping has grown by leaps and bounds.

The 3 busiest times of the year for us are Christmas, Valentine's Day, and Mother's Day. Besides flowers for holidays we provide flowers for birthday's, anniversaries, get well's and I love you. We also provide flowers for those special days like your weddings, and flowers to remember the life of a loved one who has passed away.

We have been preparing for Valentine's Day since December. Right after Christmas we started pre-booking flowers for Valentine's Day. In January our containers and other non-perishable supplies arrive. Our flowers will start arriving around Feb 8. We will start pre-greening containers this year starting mid-week the week before the holiday. This year should be a very busy Valentine's Day because it is in the middle of the week on Wednesday. Traditionally, Mid-week Valentines Day are the best for florist (Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursdays are the best days). The reason for this is because if the holiday falls near or on the weekend the customers have other options because most do not work the weekends, so they have the option of going out to dinner or a romantic get away for the weekend. So our customers may opt to send a small arrangement, because of the other options they have.

Roses are still the #1 flower at Valentine's Day. We have ordered 1600 roses



The Dogwood Floral Company window is cheerfully decorated for Valentine's Day Photo provided

for this year's holiday. Alternate options which go good with roses are cymbidium orchids or oriental lilies, these are a big hit in our store.

My favorite combination of flowers is a mixture of seasonal spring and summer flowers. I have a great supplier of local grown flowers, Janice Phelps from Phelps Family Farm in Arkport, NY. (see highlight below) who supplies me with local flowers from spring to fall. I always hate to see the frosts in the fall because this means I have to wait for Spring to get these beautiful local flowers again.

You can find Dogwood Floral online at www.dogwoodfloralcompany.com or facebook @ Dogwood Floral Company



Mixed flower arrangements, like these ones ready for pick up, are customized created for different occasions. Photo provided

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Backyard Blossoms in Arkport

I am a cut flower grower located on a rural family farm just north of Arkport, NY. Area florists love my flowers for their freshness and old fashioned charm. Varieties include tulips, peonies, zinnias, snapdragons, dahlias and sunflowers to name only a few. Local farmer's markets sell our hand tied bouquets to appreciative customers. I pride myself in providing a locally grown product that is high quality and unique.



Owl Light News Submission Deadlines - clip and save

Deadline is	For issue published on
Sunday, March 4, 2018	Friday, March 9, 2018
Sunday, March 18, 2018	Friday, March 23, 2018
Sunday, April 1, 2018	Friday, April 6, 2018
Sunday, April 15, 2018	Friday, April 20, 2018
Sunday, April 29, 2018	Friday, May 4, 2018
Sunday, May 13, 2018	Friday, May 18, 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

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Swept off her feet by Diane Shirley

(fiction)

The wind howled. The sunlit snow blinded her. She pushed on, struggling toward the lights of the building ahead. A patch of ice and she skidded, arms flying. As she fell backward strong hands caught her. She was guided firmly to the lighted doorway and led into its warm interior.

Free of the hands holding her, she tore of her hat and shook off the snow. Turning around, she saw a tall, dark-haired man doing the same. Melting snow scattered from their coats. She smiled at him. He returned the smile.

"Thank you so much," she said.

"You're welcome." He bowed, an arm across his chest.

"It's so cold out there, and getting worse. I could have been badly hurt."

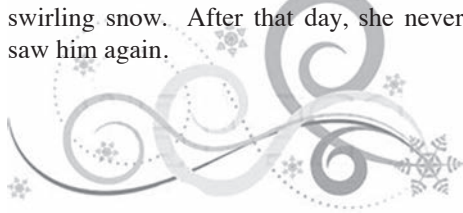
"But you're safe now." His smile was so warm she almost melted.

She took a step closer, wanting to be in his arms again.

He took a step back and re-buttoned his coat. It was then she saw the gold band on his finger.

"Well, I gotta go," he said, turning back to the door. More damsels in distress to rescue."

And with a wave he was gone. She watched him disappear into the blowing, swirling snow. After that day, she never saw him again.



Language from front

up their heads too high.

Iris flowers, which are typically purple, were named after the Greek goddess of the rainbow who acted as a messenger for the gods. Her name "Iris" means "eye of heaven," since this goddess carried messages from heaven by traveling down to earth on a rainbow. Of course the iris is also the part of the eye which contains pigment and so determines the eyes' color. So if you love someone's eyes, consider giving them irises.

Then there is the story of a nymph named Clytie who fell in love with Helios, the Sun god. When he spurned her, it's said that she sat on a rock all day staring up at her lover, the Sun, turning her head to follow his progress through the sky. So it is also thought (wrongly) that the Sunflower turns its head towards the Sun.

And did you know that there is a flower

associated with every month? Check out the box at the bottom to learn more about monthly flowers. The next time you buy flowers for someone's birthday this might be a consideration.

If that isn't enough flower lore, recent scientific research also suggests that flower petals have a static electric charge that attracts bees. It's similar to the static electricity that often makes dry hair stand on end when it's brushed. In the same way, "the static electric charge on a flower's petals pulls on the hair on the bumblebee."* It's a very subtle electrical charge and each flower species has its own distinct electrical charge that helps identify that flower to the bee. Maybe we, like the bees, are attracted to certain flowers because of their charge. So, there is much that flowers have to say to us if we understand their language.

*www.pri.org flowers_give_electrical_signal_bees

A Flower for Each Month

January - carnation.

February - iris.

March - daffodil

April - sweet pea

May - lily of the valley

June - rose

July - delphinium

August - gladiolus

September - aster

October - calendula

November - chrysanthemum

December - poinsettia.

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Christie's Candies

A Short Story by Wendy Schreiner

Cassidy Lewis was working as a freelance contributor for two local papers and a community magazine. She was finally making money doing what she loved; writing. Her recent assignment was to profile the new chocolate store in town - Christie's Candies. This assignment would be right up her alley, as she loved chocolate almost as much as writing.

It was a cold January day in Newburg, New York. Cassidy grabbed her warmest coat, gloves and recently finished knitted scarf and ran out the door. Arriving at Christie's Candies, she was greeted by a giant chocolate bar character. The grand opening celebration had begun. She interviewed the owner, Christie Carlson, got some great pictures and couldn't resist the delicious samples. She even got to take a box of assorted chocolates home. "This is my sweetest assignment ever," thought Cassidy.

In the early evening, Cassidy began working on her article for the local magazine. She usually had no trouble beginning her articles, but she was sidetracked thinking about Christie's offer to come work for her part-time. Ever since she was a little girl, she had wanted to work in a candy store. This would be the perfect opportunity for that to happen. The owner liked her personality and they seemed to get along well. The extra money would be great. She had her eye on a very expensive hounds tooth print reclining chair. Maybe she would be able to afford it after all.

An hour later and her article was completed, with great pictures of the candy shop, the fun chocolate characters and even the colorful walls and decorations inside. She forwarded the email to the magazine and headed into the kitchen to prepare a light salad for her late dinner. Tomorrow, I will call Christie at her shop and tell her that I am interested in the job.

After a great night's sleep and a quick morning jog, Cassidy nervously dialed the store's number.

"Hello, Christie's Candy, how may I help you?"

"Hi, this is Cassidy, I was in your store yesterday to do the magazine article."

"Yes, Cassidy, how are you?" "I am well. I am calling to let you know that I am very interested in the part-time job."

"Oh, that's great," replied Christie, "When can you start?"

"As soon as you need me," excitedly stated Cassidy.

"Tomorrow at ten would be great."

"Good, I will see you tomorrow at ten."

"The dress code is black pants and a white shirt."

"That sounds great," said Cassidy, "I will see you tomorrow and thank you very much."

"You're welcome and have a great day." "Bye."

"Bye," said Cassidy as she hung up the phone and jumped up and down in her living room excited to have a fun new job.

Cassidy went into her room and opened her closet. She found her favorite most comfortable black pants and grabbed a black belt. She proceeded to look through her shirts, locating a few white ones. She chose a tuxedo style shirt with white pearl buttons. It looked pretty wrinkle free which was a good thing. She had the perfect necklace to wear too. It was a fake chocolate bar with a bite out of it. Cassidy was in a great mood and very excited. Tomorrow couldn't get here quick enough.

The next morning, Cassidy arrived at Christie's Candies eager to learn all she could about the chocolate business. Christie greeted Cassidy and handed her the cute pink and turquoise apron featuring a candy pattern all over it. She was first shown the time clock and learned how to punch in. It was 9:50 am, so she was early; which looked good on her first day. Next, was a demonstration on how to weigh the chocolates and how to use the cash register. Customers were steady as it was the grand opening week. Five o'clock arrived quickly and it was time to go. Christie asked Cassidy when she could come back and they agreed on Monday.

The weekend went by fast. Monday got there quickly. It would be a fun day as she would be actually making chocolates. Mondays were usually slow days in the candy business except around holidays, but it was a little busy due to the recent grand opening. Cassidy worked on making a few of her favorite chocolate pieces. These included pecan turtles, buttercrunch, orange chocolate, sponge candy and milk chocolate coconut clusters. She was careful not to sample any, but they were very tempting to say the least.

The next few weeks went by quickly. Cassidy worked three days a week at the candy store and also did her writing on the other days. At home, she was busy typing up her articles and enjoyed getting out to meet people in such a fun cheerful environment. It was two weeks before Valentine's Day and Christie's was always busy. From the moment the store opened until the closing time, people were purchasing special heart shaped boxes of candies for their loved ones.

There was a handsome man named Rick who stood out in Cassidy's mind. He bought his mother a box of candy. "It's been a tradition since I was eighteen," he had told Cassidy.

Valentine's Day arrived and the familiar gentleman, Rick, walked through the door again.

This time, he bought a small box of chocolates and had them gift-wrapped. After paying for them, he handed them to Cassidy saying, "Happy Valentine's Day."

Blushing, Cassidy said, "Thank you. Happy Valentine's Day to you too."

After giving Rick her phone number, she wistfully thought to herself, *Yes, this is a very sweet job after all.*

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Memory is a funny thing:

An interview with Jane Barnard by Renee Thornton

They say we all have regrets in life and I suppose that is true. Having lost both my parents when I was still a young woman, one of my regrets is that I had not been able to spend more time with them. Not just for their company, but also to have had the opportunity to listen to more of their 'stories'. I recall how they would tell us about their growing up years in Sodus Center, NY and their shenanigans living as next-door neighbors. When my dad used to tell me they walked 4 miles to get to school in Sodus, I believed him (well minus the barefoot in the snow part). I feel I have been cheated in losing them both so young because I find myself now with so many questions I wish I had been given the opportunity to ask them. My hope would have been that with their telling, it would have allowed me to meld their memories into my own.

So when we moved to the Honeoye area 24 years ago we were happy to meet Jane and Howard Barnard through our church. We enjoyed visiting them from time to time, as Howard, in his wonderful soft-spoken way, was a wonderful storyteller. Howard has been gone 6 years now and his memories and stories - their memories and stories - are held closely to the heart by his wife Jane. As my friend Jane turned 100 years old on January 14th, I asked her if she would share a few of her memories of the last century.

Jane started our conversation by saying "Memory is a funny thing". All I could think was how that single sentence would make a fantastic opening line of the next great epic novel!

Renee: What did you mean by "memory is a funny thing?"

Jane: I find that the things we remember might not necessarily be in the chronological order of our lives that we should remember them in. Somehow that has a tendency to distort one's memory.

Renee: What is your earliest memory?

Jane: I was 2 years old and standing out in the yard with my mother who was hanging clothes on the line. My mother was a widow and she was talking to our neighbor. My father had died that September after being terribly hurt in a horse wagon accident and I remember my mom talking to our neighbor about it.

Another early memory I have is I used to have a little tea table and a tea set and I

played tea with my doll. My brother and next door neighbor used to come and get under that table and upset it. I used to get so mad!

Renee: What was your first car?

Jane: In 1939 when I was 21 I bought a 1935 Ford which I named Sally. I did not know how to drive yet. I do recall that car took as much oil as it did gas! Interestingly, the day I got that car is the same day of the first date I ever had with Howard.

Renee: On a personal note how did you meet Howard?

Jane: The first time we met it was Howard's birthday. We met at a square dance, which was a big social event back in those days. It was in Wayland at a place called 'Happy Land'. We started dating soon after that, for 3 years before we married.



Jane and Howard on their wedding day. Photo provided

Renee: How did the great depression impact your family?

Jane: It really did not. We lived on a farm and were poor even before the depression. All of our neighbors were equally as poor. Since we grew our own food, had our own milking cow and lived off the land we were not nearly as impacted in the rural areas as they were in other sectors of the country.

Renee: You were a teacher so I assume you attended college. Was it normal for a woman to attend college back then?

Jane: I attended College at Geneseo. In those days if you had a vocation, a woman was either a teacher or a secretary,

there we no opportunities in other fields. I worked for my room and board by caring for the son of the local undertaker. Teaching was a 3-year course and the tuition was free, but there were fees to pay that amounted to about \$250 for the 3 years. My cousin lent me the money and I was very grateful for that.

Renee: How has technology changed your life?

Jane: Considering we did not even have electricity until I was married, it has changed my life in every way. Electrification in the rural areas was a huge thing. The electricity used to run as far as the schoolhouse, but to get it run to one's home was very expensive. We did not even have running water until much later.

I remember the radio was a big thing. We did not have a radio since we did not have electricity, but once we did we thought that radio was a big deal.

Bottom line, technology has changed all aspects of my life. I know I will never own a cell phone and these smart phones today boggle my mind. I do however have a life alert that I wear around my neck and which I have mistakenly set off 2 times, getting all the ambulance and fire trucks to come to my house!

Renee: Who do you feel was the most influential president?

Jane: I have mixed emotions. I am a Republican, but I have always thought Harry Truman was underappreciated. I also have always had a soft spot for Herbert Hoover and of course who could ever forget Ronald Reagan and "Honey I should have ducked."

Renee: Are these the best of times or the worst of times?

Jane: The best of times would be when people treat each other with dignity, be kind to others and see the glass as half full and not half empty. Isn't it sad that we cannot seem to make progress and stop wars with those basic human qualities intact. I doubt I will live long enough to see the best of times.

Renee: What advice do you have for people today who think this world is a mess?

Jane: Try a lot harder to do your part to make your own corner of the world better. Say please and thank you. Be nice and always assume the best in others. If everyone just did those small things the world would be a better place.



Jane Barnard at Lima High school alumni banquet in 2014. Photo Ruth Barber Decker

I could have spent many more hours talking to Jane that day. As long as I have known her, Jane's wisdom, humor and wit are unmatched. I laugh as she would tell me many 'side-stories' and then say, "Oh but don't include that in the article!"

The overwhelming opinion that came through in our conversation is that today she feels we take so many things for granted. This from a woman who remembers not having an icebox let alone a refrigerator. Who remembers a time before pop up toasters, television, ballpoint pens, microwave ovens, computers, cell phones, and so much more. Do you know what? I believe she is absolutely correct.

In all of this I come out hoping someday my grandchildren will ask me to share my memories. Memory may be a funny thing, but I'll happily share, and in the telling hope to become part of their memories.



Jane and Howard at the Hemlock Fair. Photo provided

Fond memories of Jane Barnard from her former student, and friend, Betty Briggs Ebersold

Editors note: Betty Briggs Ebersold flew from Florida to celebrate Jane Barnard's 100th birthday. While she was in the area, she saw the Owl story by Renee Thornton and asked that we send along our Jane Barnard follow up. Along with that request, she also shared some of her own memories and reflections about her friend and teacher.

Getting to the party —

When I heard about Jane Barnard's Birthday Party, I immediately booked a flight from Florida. In the meantime, I wrote Jane a letter to share with her how much she meant to me and to say I was flying up. Later, Jane told me how much that letter meant to her.

The trip turned into quite an experience.

The day before the party, I flew to Rochester. Then the catastrophic snowstorm hit. It was almost comical that there was the possibility I would have to tell Jane, "I made it from Florida to Rochester but can't make it to your party. At the Rochester hotel, I awoke the day of the party to the news reporting a State of Emergency and Travel Advisory. It looked bad. My plan was to take the hotel shuttle back to the airport and rent a car for the day to drive to Honeoye. Then I would fly back to Florida the next day.

From the hotel window I could see there was almost no traffic but roads did look passable. Still uncertain, I decided that I would take the shuttle to the airport and, if the roads looked safe, I would continue with my plan. If not, I would just fly back to Florida.

As it turned out, I did get to the party but I would not have if the conditions were any worse. When Mrs. Barnard saw me, her reaction was worth every penny.

She was my 1st and 2nd grade teacher—'Back then', First and Second Grades were so small that they were held in the same classroom. Our class only had 6 students, 5 girls and one boy. Mrs. Barnard has always stood out in my life as one of the rare friends / teacher that one never forgets. My precious memories of her have never faded.

I have lived in Florida for many years, but have often seen Mrs. Barnard, once almost every year. What is most amazing about her is her memory and her commitment to students, to making sure they knew they were

special. My Birthday is February 29. Most people don't 'get it'; that it only comes on the calendar every four years so I only get a 'real' Birthday every 4 years. Of course every year was special, but for us Leap Year People, the 'real' birthday is extra special.

When I turned 4 and had my first real Birthday, I got my picture in the paper. Same for my second birthday. Throughout my life, being a Leap Year Person has given me many special opportunities. What was so amazing about Mrs. Barnard, even if I didn't see her for years, every time we'd meet she would say, "Oh, you get a Real Birthday this year", or "You don't get a birthday for 2 years".

In my letter to Mrs. Barnard, I shared with her some of the special stories that her other students have shared with me.

REGIONAL Arts and Events

Historic Chimney in Letchworth to be restored Friends of Letchworth group has done it again



Left: The Big Bend Camp Chimney (located on the east side of the park near the Cabin 'E' area) is part of the enduring CCC Legacy of support for public parks. The restoration of the Big Bend Chimney - made possible by a Finger Lakes Regional Economic Development / Historic Preservation grant secured by the "Friends of Letchworth" group - is another step in their continuing mission to restore and safeguard this historic piece of the park's history which also included the restoration of a lean to, stone tables and the stone chimney at the Gibsonville Camp (image right). Photos provided

In a place as rich in historic value as Letchworth State Park, one of the iconic symbols of the history in the park is all the Civilian Conservation Corps, known as the CCC stone work throughout the park.

Just about everywhere you travel within the park you'll come across stone walls, bridges, picnic tables and shelters that were all created during the 1930's when the New Deal Program gave work to countless citizens and in turn what resulted was infrastructure improvements throughout the United States.

In Letchworth, there were several CCC

participants housed in buildings that have long since vanished; however, the chimneys in those buildings for the workers still remain and it has been a mission of the 'Friends of Letchworth' to restore and preserve these jewels of historic significance.

In an ongoing effort to preserve the remaining chimneys, "The Friends" have secured grants through the Finger Lakes Regional Economic Development Consolidated Funding Application process.

The most recent CFA award of \$28,000 from the Environmental Protection Fund Historic Preservation grant was just allo-

cated for the restoration of the Big Bend Camp Chimney on the east side of the park near the Cabin 'E' area.

The Big Bend Chimney restoration should be completed prior to the National CCC Legacy convention being held in Letchworth, September 2019.

"This project is another step in the Friends of Letchworth effort to preserve the CCC Legacy in the Park. The Friends restored a CCC-built Adirondack-style lean to that sits on the west side of the Genesee Gorge in 2016, a stone chimney at the site of the former CCC in 2017 and

restoration of stone picnic tables near the Parade Grounds is now in progress." notes Carol Rathbun, President of the Friends of Letchworth.

The Friends of Letchworth are dependent on membership dues, fundraising efforts and community donations to raise money to work on the multitude of projects they spear-head in Letchworth State Park.

To become a member, visit their website, FriendsOfLetchworth.com or call them at 585-493-3600. 585-493-3600.

Submitted by Lisa Tremblay Burns

Ontario County Historical Society to share space with Ontario County Arts Council The first exhibit, "Art in Bloom," will open on April 7, 2018

The Ontario County Historical Society will begin hosting exhibits by the Ontario County Arts Council this spring as part of a partnership to offer visitors a richer and more varied experience.

The first exhibit, "Art in Bloom," will open in the North Gallery of the historical society museum at 55 N. Main St. April 7th.

The arts council will organize three exhibits during 2018 in this large gallery. Each will have a seasonal theme and include selected artifacts from the historical society collection.

"Our community loves art and history. The museum exhibits will make for a better visitor experience. This partnership and its exhibits will offer the public the best of what our cultural resources have to offer," said Ed Varno, executive director of the historical society.

Both organizations say the arrangement will provide added value for their current members and encourage new members to join one or both organizations.

The partnership also solves a problem for the arts council, which has not had a home base since All Things Art closed several years ago.

"Not having a physical space like we had at All Things Art has been difficult," said Judi Cermak, president of the arts council. "People looked forward to the variety of exhibits that we had put together

there. When Ed Varno offered the North Gallery space to the arts council, my wheels began to spin. I have so many ideas for sharing and coordinating this gallery space with the museum. This is the start of a beautiful partnership."

Since its downtown location closed, the arts council has remained active, staging events and providing grants for art-related projects. The council board recently voted to provide funding for an art display system in the Naples Library. It has previously provided display systems for the Bloomfield Library, Bristol Library, Victor-Farmington Library and Wood Library in Canandaigua.

In addition, the council has permanent exhibit space at 10 Ontario County locations, including Canandaigua City Hall.

The arts council's next event is an Irish Day on Sunday, March 11, at noon at Ferris Hills at West Lake, featuring music and a corned-beef and cabbage buffet. Tickets at \$25 per person are available at www.oca-arts.org.

The historical society's newest exhibit opened on Feb. 2 and features a collection of moto meters, the precursors to today's auto temperature gauges. For details, visit the historical society at ochs.org.

Submitted by Ed Varno

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7 P.M. TIL.....

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REGIONAL Arts and Events



Community

Game and Puzzle Event

Saturday, February 10th 2-5pm,

Livonia Community Church, 9 High St., Livonia

Families, couples, and singles are invited to join in for a fun afternoon playing board or card games, putting together a puzzle, or just hanging around!

Bring a game and snack to share while there. There will also be a 'SWAP'... Bring any games you want to give away...and take one that you want to play.

Invite someone and come meet some great folks.

Questions...call Cynthia 585-943-3653

Springwater Food Pantry

Open Tuesday and Saturdays 9-11 AM.

South Main Street, Springwater - next to Sammy's Restaurant.

*Serves Springwater Canadice & Webster's Crossing area.

Honeoye Library Trustee meeting

February 14, 2018, 7:00 pm at the library, 8708 Main Street, Honeoye.

See page 8 for a complete listing of Honeoye Public Library events.

American Legion Post 1278 Community Fundraisers

4931 Co Rd. 36, Honeoye

Saturday February 17, 2018: Great Chili Cook off Sponsored by ALA Unit 1278. Entry Fee \$10. All chili entries need to be in the Legion kitchen by 4:30 pm. Judging starts at 5pm. There are 1st, 2nd, and 3rd place prizes AND Frozen Fingers Horse Shoe Tournament Registration at Noon, Start time of 1pm. Prizes awarded for 1st, 2nd and 3rd place teams (50% Proceeds go to Sands Cancer Center).

Sunday February 18, 2018 :All U Can Eat Breakfast, 8:00-11:30 am. Cooked to order eggs, pancakes, French toast, Sausage, hash browns, monthly special, beverage. All proceeds benefit our Veterans. Community Welcome.



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Warsaw's Write Connection

2nd Tuesday of the month, 6:45 PM - Warsaw Public Library

(no meetings June, July or August)

Now in its seventh year; new members always welcome!

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

New members always welcome!!!

Info. Darlene at 585-313-7590

Open Write & Idea Studio at Dansville ArtWorks

Twice monthly on Saturday morning from 10-11 am.

All open sessions are FREE; donations are greatly appreciated.

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



March is...Music In Our Schools Month!!!

The Honeoye Central School Department of Music is proud to feature our student musicians in a number of fantastic concerts. All evening performances begin at 7 pm in the school auditorium.

Thank you for supporting music in our schools!

- Saturday, March 3 - Senior High Choir Sheets and Sweets Concert (admission to benefit scholarship fund); refreshments
- Thursday, March 8 - Elementary Band & Choir Concert
- Friday, March 9 - Senior High Jazz Ensemble and Alumni Jazz Ensemble Concert at Jack Evans Community Center aka Old Hemlock School 7:30pm, refreshments
- Thursday, March 15 - Middle School Bands Concert
- Thursday, March 22 - Middle School Choirs Concert
- Monday, March 26 - 38th Annual Senior High Bands Concert (admission to benefit scholarship fund); refreshments at intermission

Attention Alumni of the Honeoye Central School Jazz Ensemble

You are invited to perform with the Honeoye Senior High Jazz Ensemble, Friday, March 9, 2018, 7:30pm Hemlock Community Building (aka the old Hemlock School).

Contact Grace Wood gwood@honeoye.org for music and further details.

Owl Space is Community Space

Are you looking to get the word out about all the awesome things your town, village, hamlet or community / small business group has to offer?

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See page 3 for complete information.

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Owl is original!

Owl Light News is jam packed with local, original content from regional authors, community contributors and businesses that care. We do news the old fashioned way, one piece at a time. All of us live and work in upstate NY. We care about our communities and only place content, including press releases, that foster fairness, equity & respect for *all*.

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, February 28, 2018
Charles Belfore's novel, *The Paris Architect*, follows Lucien Bernard, a man paid to create hiding places for Jews in Nazi occupied Paris during WWII. Refreshments and conversation at 5:30 with book discussion at 6:00 pm.

Canadice Lake Writers' Group
Tuesday, February 13 and 27, 6 - 7:30 pm.
New members are always welcome!!!

Play Spaces – The Big Blue Blocks are back for 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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My fiery valentine

My lips burned. Beads of sweat dripped from my forehead. Tears ran down my cheeks. I craved for more. These were the early years of my long passionate affair with the chicken wing.

I remember the rise of the chicken wing craze as a young lad growing up in the Buffalo region in the 1970's. Back then; five bucks would get you a big bucket of crispy, spicy, greasy love. Those early years were a frenzied search for ever hotter, intense gratification. The wing craze went national, the chickens bulked up on steroids and my waistline bulked up on chicken wings.

As if those chickens could suddenly fly, things went south. Wings tricked up in breading, exotic sauces; Chicken fingers masquerading as wings. Madness set in as fools decided that undercooked, flabby wings was a thing. Like '80's rock music, the chicken wing was reduced to an artificial, vapid, flavorless, soulless, staple of mass consumption. The loss of crispy innocence and the horror of having to ask for wings well done, forced me to turn inward.

Years of experimentation led to the discovery of a true homemade wing. I'm now in domestic bliss. Enjoying wings whenever I like and no longer at the mercy of some fry cook who thinks chicken skin should be yellow and mushy.

The recipe is included here.

Enjoy!

The Classic Buffalo Chicken Wing (home version)

Ingredients:

5 - 6 whole high quality chicken wings cut into sections - organic free range is best in every way. (*do not* use precut, frozen wings). To avoid waste, place the tips in a quart of water to make a delicious broth for soup.

Salt and Fresh ground black pepper

¼ cup Frank's Redhot Sauce

½ tsp Celery seed

½ tsp Garlic powder

Hot pepper flakes (optional for additional heat, to taste)

1 Tbsp Butter (optional)

Parchment paper (not an ingredient, but an indispensable part of the recipe)

Wing Instructions:

- Preheat oven to 500 degrees (450 degrees if using a convection oven)
- Line a baking sheet with a sheet parchment paper. Make a 1" upward fold on each edge of the sheet.
- Spread the wings on the sheet. Sprinkle salt and ground pepper on both sides of the wings.
- Spread the wings across the sheet, spaced about 1" apart, as if baking cookies.
- Place the pan into the oven on a top or middle rack.
- Bake for approximately 15 minutes.
- Flip the wings using tongs being careful to keep each wing in the pool of its own fat that has begun to render on the sheet (THINK FRYING BACON!).
- Bake another 15 minutes.
- Examine the wings. The skin should appear crispy and a deep golden brown. The parchment paper should also be turning brown. If not, allow to bake until so, then remove the wings from oven.
- Place wings on a plate in a single layer and drizzle the sauce over each wing. Gently move the plate back and forth so wings slide in the sauce resulting in a uniform coating of sauce on all the wings.
- Serve with a high quality blue cheese dressing and celery.

Sauce Instructions:

If using butter, place the butter in a small saucepan over low heat.

When the butter has melted, add celery seed, garlic powder and optional pepper flakes, leave over low heat for a few minutes.

Add the Frank's Red Hot Sauce. Allow to warm over low heat until wings are ready.



photo by T. Touris

Kade in the Kitchen... with Ganache by Kade Bentley

Ganache

Ganache (guh-nosh) is a decadent dessert using heavy cream and chocolate. It's often served as a cake frosting, but has versatility as a candy dipped into the center of a chocolate truffle, or atop a slice of pie. To be honest, I just eat it out of the bowl with a spoon.

a note on consistency

An average ganache, made using a ratio of 1:1 cream to semi-sweet chocolate, is about as firm as a chunk of fudge, but is more fragile when cold, and much meltier when warm. More cream will produce a *softer* final product, typical of a cake frosting. More chocolate will produce a *harder* final product, good for covering in chocolate or rolling in cocoa powder. If cooled ganache is allowed to become warm it will melt.

Kade's Curry Ganache

Time: Half hour cooking time, a few hours chilling time

Ingredients:

- 9 oz Semi-sweet or dark chocolate as chips, or crushed into tiny pieces
- 1 cup Heavy cream (I have sub'd coconut cream. Delicious, but never solidified the way dairy did)
- 1 Tbsp coconut oil (for consistency. optional)
- 1 tsp Curry Powder (or cinnamon or fruit liquor or any other flavor, tbh)
- pinch Sea salt

Instructions:

Slowly heat cream in a small heavy-bottom sauce pan or double boiler. Watch like a hawk, and keep moving so cream doesn't scorch. Whisk curry powder into cream. As soon as a slow simmer forms remove pan from heat and immediately dump all the chocolate into the pan. Make sure the chocolate is covered evenly. Also add coconut oil. Allow to melt without intervention for 5 minutes (pan is still off the heat). Poke at it with a spoon to see if the chocolate is mostly melted. If it is, proceed to next step. If not, wait some more. With a whisk, briskly mix chocolate and cream together until well blended into a glossy dark brown.

If dressing a cake: allow ganache to cool slightly until workable. Stir well and dress cake. Allow to chill in fridge a couple hours.

If molding: grease molds, pour, and chill in fridge a couple hours.

If serving by itself: pour into single-serve vessels such as tiny bowls, glassware, or little paper cups (such as for cupcakes or chocolates) and chill in fridge a couple hours. OR just scrape it all into one bowl, chill, and carve chunks off separately to serve on ice cream, pie, in coffee, or on a spoon in-between meals.

Whenever your ganache is where it needs to be, sprinkle the top with a touch of sea salt crystals and/or curry powder for a bit of fashion and flare.

Can be stored for weeks or more in an airtight container in the fridge.

To use stored ganache as a frosting, warm slowly while stirring to melt, then re-chill to set.



A cacao tree with fruit pods in various stages of ripening. wiki

What is chocolate?

Chocolate is a bean originating in south-central America, having been cultivated in the area for millennia. It grows in a pod on the theobroma cacao tree. The bean is harvested, removed from the pod, fermented, cleaned, roasted and ground before being processed into the chocolate candy most people are familiar with.

Ethical consumption?

The production and distribution chain of chocolate is a result of the labor of many skilled workers including growers, harvesters, chocolate makers, chocolatiers, sellers, and consumers like yourselves.

Chocolate is grown almost exclusively in previously colonized (developing) nations near the equator to be sold as a commodity on the global market, including large portions grown in western Africa and Ivory Coast.

In order to limit costs, (and maximize profit) multi-national conglomerates and other buyers "compensate" cocoa workers with unfair wages and harsh working conditions contributing to conditions of poverty in these regions. Production of chocolate relies upon child labor and contributes to the trafficking of children for agricultural work.

Fair Trade practices have been established by some companies to counteract exploitation of workers and children. Despite ethical concerns, there is no global standard for working conditions or compensation, and global chocolate manufacturers continue to support cocoa production using child labor and modern-day slavery.

A consumer could do some research into the brands of chocolate they are purchasing to find out how their cocoa is produced. Unfortunately, this information is not easily available, and fairly traded chocolate is more expensive to produce and ultimately purchase in stores. This causes any ethically produced chocolate to be an extravagance, making it difficult for working people to find and afford.

Kade Bentley has collected experience from commercial kitchens, vegetarian and vegan collective living, organic farming, and a general love of food. They can cook for one or 100. As a "kitchen witch," They believe that how and with what we sustain ourselves has a spiritual significance, and sees eating and cooking as agricultural acts. They support small farms, the right to whole nutritious food, generous use of butter and coconut oil, and the creation of a more just food system.


In Memoriam

Notices & Tributes

Warren H. West – January 28, 2018



Honeoye: January 28, 2018 at age 90. Predeceased by his wife Lorraine (Barnett) West, his parents Harvey and Millie West, sister Doris Dorn, and son-in-law Jimmy Marlow. Survived by children; Maureen Marlow, Mark (Mary) West, Susan (Bill) Schneider, and Tim West. Grandchildren: Dan (Jaimie), Zach (Megan), Cody, Matthew, Thomas. Great-grandchildren; Kendall, Braiden, and Ameilia. Sister-in-law Beverly Barnett, former son-in-law Rick (Kathy) Towner and several nieces & nephews.

Warren was born in Richmond, NY on May 10, 1927 to parents Harvey West and Millie (Rowley) West. He graduated from Hemlock School and was a life long dairy farmer. He was married to Lorraine for 68 years before she passed in 2015.

At Warren's request no calling or funeral services will be held. The family will have a private burial in the Spring at Richmond Center Cemetery, Honeoye, NY. Memorial contributions may be made to the Richmond Fire Dept. & Ambulance, PO Box 469, Honeoye, NY 14471.

To send a condolence or share a memory please visit: www.doughertyfuneralhomes.com



*God saw you getting tired
 And a cure was not to be.
 So he put His arms around you and
 He whispered, "Come with me..."
 With tearful eyes we watched you
 And saw you pass away
 Although we loved you dearly,
 We couldn't make you stay.
 A golden heart stopped beating,
 hard working hands to rest.
 God broke our hearts to prove to us
 He only takes the best.*

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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SPIRITUAL FACT-CHECKING:

Separating Falsehood from Truth

We live in a world where the line between truth and falsehood is becoming increasingly blurred. Michiko Kakutani, New York Times literary critic, wrote: "Throughout our culture, the old notions of 'truth' and 'knowledge' are in danger of being replaced by the new ones of 'opinion,' 'perception,' and 'credibility'" and as "people (become) increasingly...convinced of the authenticity of their own emotions and increasingly inclined to trust their own ideological reflexives," we will ultimately find ourselves in "a universe in which truths are replaced by opinions."

In a similar vein, Arun Gandhi wrote, "In American law, speech is protected. But I think we fool ourselves when we pretend that all positions have equal credibility."

The problem has become so endemic that a proliferation of groups have sprung up to address the problem. A quick search of the internet quickly yields a long list of fact checking groups.

Is it any wonder then that the way we think about secular matters would carry over into the way we think about spiritual matters? Just as we trust our own opinions and feelings in our worldly affairs and transactions, so we trust our own opinions and feelings in spiritual matters as exhibited by a popular bumper sticker that reads "Worship at the church of your choice." Not God's choice, but your choice. In Deut. 12: 8, Moses warned the Israelites against doing what was right in their own eyes. Almost 3,000 years later, people continue to believe and do what is right in their own eyes.

Contrary to what the world would have us believe, the apostle Paul tells us that there is only one body (Eph. 4:4). Before His crucifixion, Jesus prayed that his followers would be one so that the world might believe (Jn. 17: 21). Yet today, we see a proliferation of churches all teaching different doctrines and all professing to proclaim the truth. How is this possible? If two bodies proclaim two different "truths," either one is right and one is false, or both are false, but both cannot be true.

Does it matter what one believes? Jesus said "the way is narrow that leads to life and there are few who find it" (Matt. 7: 20) and "Not everyone who says to me, 'Lord, Lord,' will enter the kingdom of heaven" (7: 20). Jesus is the door (Jn. 10:7), and no one cometh to the Father but through (Him)" (Jn. 14: 6).

Yes, it matters what we believe. Our salvation depends on it.

If our salvation depends on knowing the truth, what then is the solution? In affairs of this world, we have fact-checking organizations that can check claims against existing data bases and records.

In affairs of the soul, we also have a way to separate truth from falsehood. It is called the Bible. The apostle John wrote, "These things I have written to you who believe in the name of the Son of God, so that you may know that you have eternal life" (I Jn. 5: 13). In both the Old Testament and the New Testament, God warned against adding or taking away from his Word (Deut. 4: 2, Rev. 22: 18, 19). We are not to add or take away from God's Word because it is perfect. The apostle Paul told the young gospel preacher Timothy that "all Scripture was inspired by God" and was "sufficient" to equip the man of God "for every good work" (II Tim. 3: 16, 17). Because the Word of God is perfect, Paul warned the Galatians, "If we or an angel from heaven should preach to you any other gospel contrary to what we have preached to you, he is to be accursed" (1: 8). Our Savior Himself declared, "But in vain do they worship me, teaching as doctrines the precepts of men" (Matt. 15: 9). Sadly, Paul prophesied that "the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but wanting to have their ears tickled, they will accumulate for themselves teachers in accordance to their own desires, and will turn away their ears from the truth and will turn aside to myths" (II Tim. 4: 3, 4).

So what are you waiting for? Search the scriptures daily for in them you have salvation. Discard the traditions and teachings of men. Follow God's commandments to be saved. Find a New Testament church to worship with, a church that has the Bible as its sole authority, its beginnings in Jerusalem on the Day of Pentecost, and its worship practices founded in the Word of God.

"The churches of Christ salute you" (Rom. 16: 16 KJV).

For a free Bible, write to Genesee Valley church of Christ,
P. O. Box 324, Dansville, NY 14437.

Paid Advertisement: Genesee Valley church of Christ

Richmond History

Native American Presence in the Honeoye Lake Area

by Joy Lewis

Earliest Settlement at the Lakeshore
Early Woodland Period – 600 BC
 More than two thousand years ago the northern shore of Honeoye Lake was home to a small settlement of native people. Nomadic hunter-gatherers, these early residents fished the waters of the lake with fiber-woven nets, and hunted woodland game using a bow and stone-tipped arrows, spears, and atlatls. Evidence of their presence has been unearthed at an 85-acre property situated at the foot of Honeoye Lake known as the Morrow Site (in reference to the property owner at the time the site was first excavated). Archaeological finds of this period include flint blades, fabric-imprinted pottery, tubular ceramic tobacco pipes, large net sinkers, and trapezoid slate gorgets (ornaments worn around the neck).

For a space of time, perhaps 70 to 80 years, the site was occupied, then abandoned. More than six decades passed during which the site remained uninhabited.

Next at the Lake Shore
 Middle Woodland Period
 – “Time of Christ”

Some long time later, another small band of indigenous peoples made their home on acreage identified as the Morrow Site. This population grew maize, squash, and beans. They took bluegill, perch, bass, and pike from the lake and creeks. The men hunted the woodlands for deer, bear, wolf, beaver, and other wildlife.

Twentieth century excavations at the Morrow Site unearthed evidence of a fortified village of several hundred inhabitants during this period, with more than forty burials discovered. Relics dug up at the foot of the lake and at various other sites on the west side of Honeoye Lake included incised pottery, right angle trumpet pipes, small triangular Madison projectile points, bone tools, ornamental antler combs, small bar celts, and marine shell beads.

On September 11, 1779, General John Sullivan’s Continental Army arrived at Honeoye Lake. The Seneca village they found deserted, for the inhabitants had fled to Fort Niagara where many of them died during the harsh winter of 1779-80.

At Creek Side
 Late Woodland Period – 1550 AD

An Iroquoian-speaking tribe presumed to have moved from the Ohio River Valley by the eleventh century populated western New York from the Niagara River to the Genesee. They called themselves the Onondowaga: “People of the Great Hill.” The Dutch of New Amsterdam called this native group sinnikins in reference to one of their largest villages Osininka; this eventually became “Seneca.”

The Seneca lived in small, palisaded, hilltop villages of about fifty inhabitants: matriarchal extended family groups. The tribe was divided into two moieties of four clans each: Wolf, Bear, Turtle, Sandpiper; and Deer, Beaver, Heron, and Hawk. Intermarriage within a moiety was forbidden. The men were hunters and fishermen, the women, farmers. After occupying a spot for a decade or two, a village would pack up and move on to a new location.

In the decades of the 1540s to the 1560s these small family groups, responding to aggression from other tribes, began to organize themselves into larger affiliated bands. Two principal Seneca settlements of this time period have been identified in the present day township of Richmond: the Belcher Site (near the intersection of Belcher Road and CR 37, on the creek) and Reed Fort (on the west side of Reed Road, just to the east of the Livonia town line).

It was around this time, at mid-century, that the Seneca joined with four other New York tribes to form the Iroquois League. The five tribes, occupying territory from east of the Hudson River westward to Lake

Erie were the Mohawk, Oneida, Onondaga, Cayuga, and Seneca – Keepers of the Western Door. The Iroquois’ name for themselves is Haudenosaunee, meaning “The People of the Longhouse.” It was the French settlers and their Algonquian allies along the St. Lawrence River who used the name Iroquois. Linguists offer two theories of the meaning and origin for the word. It may be a Huron word – ininakhioiw – meaning “poisonous snakes” or, perhaps, the French interpretation of the Iroquoian words hiro kone: “I have spoken.”

The settlement known as Reed Fort was a five-acre site on property once belonging to George Reed. It was a sizeable Seneca (pre-Iroquoian) village, situated in a natural fortification between two ravines on the Hemlock Outlet creek. In 1850 the area was covered by a dense growth of oak and pine. When Mr. Reed began preparations to clear the lower slope, he discovered evidence of the Indian village. Four excavations conducted by Arthur C. Parker, archeologist of the New York State Museum, were performed between 1905 and 1916. In 1912 the Buffalo Society of Natural Sciences found the only known grave site.

Historians believe that 150 to 200 Seneca occupied the site for about fifty years. This was a community composed of a score of longhouses, the traditional Seneca dwelling. Excavations, both formal and informal, have unearthed thousands of artifacts, as well as the footprint of a longhouse, 45 feet long by 20 feet wide. Reed Fort is one of the oldest and richest pre-Iroquoian sites in western New York and provides invaluable insight into the Indian

culture of its time. Finds at Reed Fort included the bones of several animals: deer, moose, elk, black bear, raccoon, rabbit, woodchuck, muskrat, skunk, gray squirrel, fox, bat, otter, mink, wildcat, panther, wolf, dog, and beaver. Residue of foodstuffs found there suggests they grew corn, squash, beans, and tobacco, and gathered hickory nuts, acorns, and butternuts.

Shortly before 1600 the native people living in the future township of Richmond moved, consolidating with other groups to form large Iroquois villages in Lima, Avon, Livonia, Honeoye Falls, and Victor. It is estimated that there were more than 17,000 Seneca living in western New York in 1687, the year their territory was invaded by French Canadian forces under the leadership of Jacques Denonville, Governor General of New France. Four principal Seneca villages were destroyed by that summertime raid and many lesser settlements routed. Sixty years elapsed before the Seneca returned to the area of Honeoye Lake.

Third Lakeside Settlement
 Iroquoian Period – 1750 AD

About the year 1750 a small band of Seneca settled at the north end of the lake at, or very near, the former site occupied by two different cultures centuries earlier: the Morrow Site. Contact with European settlers along the St. Lawrence, Mohawk, Susquehanna, and Delaware Rivers had influenced the Iroquois during the previous century. This third settlement at the Morrow Site was a village of about 80 people, living in single- and double-family log cabins.

On September 11, 1779, General John Sullivan’s Continental Army arrived at Honeoye Lake. The Seneca village they found deserted, for the inhabitants had fled to Fort Niagara where many of them died during the harsh winter of 1779-80.

Town of Richmond: Historian’s Programs – 2018

All Town of Richmond Historian’s Programs are held at the Honeoye-Richmond Historical Society Museum in the Richmond Town Hall, and will be an “Open House” format (unless otherwise noted.)



Irish Heritage Day
 March 24, 9-11:30 a.m.



Do you have Irish roots? Ten-percent of Americans do. Learn about Ireland, Irish customs, and the many contributions made to our town by the folks from Ireland who settled here. Names of Richmond’s Irish families include: Duffy, Farrell, Foye, Kelly, Kennedy, Lynch, McGowan, McGreevey, Meehan, Menihan, O’Hanlon, O’Neill, Quick, Sullivan, and Ward. Bring YOUR Irish story to share. You need not have Irish roots in Richmond to enjoy the day.

...And just for fun – Wear Green!

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.



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Bloomers Floral & Gift in Bloomfield

My name is Josette Vest and I have been the owner / operator of Bloomers Floral & Gift for the past 20 years. We opened November 1997 and just celebrated our 20-year anniversary. I opened Bloomers because of a love of flowers and a desire to own my own business. I had worked at Canandaigua National Bank for the previous 10 years, while creating arrangements for weddings on the side. I took the plunge in 1997 and here I am. My sister, Leah, helped pull it all together and has worked in some capacity here since, along with her own career.

I love the floral industry and constantly try to keep myself educated and up on current trends and techniques. I am 2 time past president of the Upstate NY Unit of Teleflora, a Member of the Society of American Florists, past Member of the, now closed, Association of Florists in Rochester and am currently a board member on Niagara International Florist Association.

These activities keep me on top of the latest trends and ideas.

Retail florists are closing by the hundreds every year due to competition from grocery stores, online order gatherers and big box stores, most of which use flowers and plants as a loss leader, making it very difficult for a traditional florist to compete with price. Local florists compete by offering stellar service and talent in design.



Weddings provide opportunities to create unique floral designs that help make that special day... special!

Everyday occasions such as birthdays, anniversaries, weddings and funerals account for most of our business, but the big holidays like Valentine's Day and Mother's Day keep us in the black.

Because of the spike in business these holidays bring, we start early looking for extra help. We have a great group of friends and customers that pitch in every year to help us succeed.

Roses remain a traditional gift for Valentine's Day, but gifters are starting to transition to more elegant, large mixed

arrangements of roses, lilies, snapdragons and other flowers.

My favorite flowers are any that have a great fragrance, such as stock (genus Matthiola) or jasmine. I love bright colors in spring but am drawn to soft colors most of the time.

I love to design weddings the most. It is a real honor to be a part of a bride and grooms special day.

My final thought to flower purchasers... shop for your flowers at a real brick and mortar florist, you will get the best service,



Photos provided

most for your money and a real appreciation of your business from owners that a corporate grocery or big box store will never have. Be careful online ordering, there should never be a service charge at the end of an order from a brick and mortar shop. Be a smart shopper!

Find us online at www.bloomersfloral.com. We now offer classes monthly: check out our fb @ Bloomers Floral & Gift to keep on top of it all. Please join us!

In the Eye of the Beholder

A tale of love by Mary Drake

Some tell of how a single flower once spoke to a Lady's heart louder than anything else. The story goes like this:

Once, there was a damsel named Flora, a waiting woman to a Duchess. Every day she would sit with the Duchess to embroider fine tapestries, after which they would take a walk in the castle garden.

Flora loved to stop along the garden path and admire whatever flowers were in bloom, but she was particularly fond of the purple iris that bloomed in the late spring. Partly she loved their color, but also she knew that they signaled the beginning of summer.

Now there was also a knight loyal to the Duke who was called Sir Gavin the Proud, for he was the best joustier of all the Duke's knights and flaunted his accomplishments. He hit his mark more often than any other knight, and he was considered the best horseman as well. One day, Gavin's eyes fell upon Lady Flora while she was out walking in the garden, and he was smitten with her, thinking what a fine couple they would make.

Serving this knight was a squire of the name of Hugh. He also observed the lovely Flora as she stopped to admire the iris, and he longed to kneel before her as she walked the garden path and spread his cloak on the ground so that her delicate feet would not become damp or muddy. He thought there was nothing he would not do to serve her but knew that his master fancied her and assumed the lady would never look his way. After all, he was only a squire.

That year, as summer began unfolding its promise of long, warm days, the Duke generously decided to host a tournament, and the castle was abuzz with preparations. Sir Gavin gloried in the chance to display his prowess before Lady Flora, and he set Hugh to work polishing all his armor. He also decided to send the Lady his emblem of the Duke's colors which he wore over his armor. Thus, by sewing

it onto her sleeve, she would announce to the assembled crowd her intention to become his. He wrapped the emblem in pure silk and instructed Hugh to deliver it to the lovely Flora, never doubting that she would wear it.

Thrilled by the chance to approach lovely Flora, Hugh was nevertheless troubled to give her Gavin's token rather than one of his own. But he had not yet been knighted and therefore had no emblem as yet from the Duke. Crossing the courtyard and approaching the castle residence, he spied the Duchess's garden and remembered Flora's love of irises, so he furtively picked one and slipped it inside the package with Gavin's emblem.

When he presented the package and Flora opened it, she asked with surprise how his master had known the iris to be her favorite flower, adding that she had just that morning finished embroidering the beautiful flower onto the sleeves of her dress.

For a few moments, Hugh was flustered and didn't know how to respond, but gathering his courage he finally admitted the flower was from him. He admitted his humble wish to serve her, even though he knew himself to be unworthy. He told her he had seen her in the garden admiring the irises and their color reminded him of her violet eyes.

She bestowed on him her amazing smile and thanked him for his attentiveness.

The day of the tournament, the Lady Flora accompanied the Duchess into the grandstand, but instead of wearing the knight's emblem, she wore a purple dress with irises embroidered on each sleeve, and an iris in her hair.

Hugh thought he had never seen anyone more beautiful, and the flower in her hair was a secret message shared. He felt sure that no matter how long it took for him to attain knighthood, she would be waiting.



Murphy's greenhouse

A tale of tossed memory by D.E. Bentley

Simple moments often stand out in our memories like scattered leaves on a windswept day.

Our time there was short, punctuated by a brisk November and the tall, unkempt grass of the following fall. Our cabin was wedged between a shadowing hill to the south and another to the north. That winter, we stapled cardboard to the inside walls to slow the wind's entry, rolled logs down the back hill to generate heat in the small wood stove and bathed in the claw foot bath tub – supplied by cold and gloriously hot garden hoses.

I learned a few mandolin chords during long nights bracing against the chill, and the changes to come. It was the early 1980's, a time when our only mode of transportation was our feet and factors seemingly beyond our control compelled a settled, contemplative existence. With state forest stretching for miles around us, and the sweet smells of spring wafting through the valley, we wandered beneath the canopies exploding with green life.

As winter's wrath receded, we ventured across the road to the only other structure, save for a distant cell tower, visible through the small six-lite windows. Noticeably larger than our cabin (really little more than a shack – which was well suited to our "landlord" its regular inhabitant a single man in his fifties), seemed somehow more alone due to its positioning closer to the high hill's encroaching shadows. The structure announced its existence as a business with a small sign made of carefully stenciled letters joined by a pleasant spray of hand-painted flowers.

Murphy's Greenhouse consisted of a series of wooden ribs that supported plastic sheathing. The plastic was translucent rather than clear – clouded by layers of years and the dust that kicked up off the road. Like the obscured exterior of the greenhouse, Murphy, the man the structure was named for, seemed mysteriously obscured by time, although warm and welcoming. The entrance to the greenhouse was a recycled wooden door accentuated by squares of magenta, ochre and blue

glass panes surrounding a clear glass center meticulously cleaned to offer a glimpse inside. Stepping over a garden hose that wound its way down a slope and under the edge of the plastic, we stepped through the doorway and into a community of lush blooms prospering from the concentrated rays of light that had eked their way in though the filtering sheath. Potted plants hung suspended from hooks everywhere and delicate seedlings greened long rows of tables that lined the pathway. We chose a fuchsia plant, attracted by the deep reds of its flowers and stems nestled within the green warmth of its leaves.

Long walks into the nearest town and exploring the vast wilderness that surrounded us left little time for planning futures. Our cabin paradise hiatus ended with the arrival of the return of Bob from Florida, where he had watched Bald Eagle nestlings hatch and take flight as we, sheltered between his humbled walls back home marveled at night owl voices and ran with soaring Red Tails.

Our pursuits had left little time for daily rituals, and his lawn – we thought he liked it that way – had grown into a dense tangled mop in need of a trim. The fuchsia, moved to a hook outside, had withered with our inattentiveness, its bright reds faded to dull brittle browns. With backpacks of memories and a soulful mandolin we walked away.

We visited once, several years later, when the grass in the front lawn, neatly mowed, was a luscious spring green. The cabin had been expanded and was now inhabited by Bob and his partner. Its windows had been replaced and insulation added. The area remained the same, quiet and wildness all around. There was little traffic with the exception of periodic customers selecting baskets of flowers from Murphy's.

"You should stop over," Bob the sign painter said quietly that spring day shortly

continued on page 13

The Village Gardener ~ Seeds

by Georgeanne Vyverberg

"I have great faith in a seed"

— Henry David Thoreau

Nursery and seed catalogs began arriving around the beginning of the Holidays, and while sorely tempted I delayed my gratification for this pleasant yearly ritual. With nearly two feet of snow on the ground and single digit temperatures it was time. I began by sorting them into two piles, one for organically grown and the rest in the other pile. Mostly I buy organically grown seeds or plants despite the fact that they are more expensive. It is worth the extra expense to know that my seeds have been given the proper environment and that they have not been altered genetically. I also try to only purchase open pollinated varieties as I like to save seed and money.

Open pollinated" generally refers to seeds that will "breed true". When the plants of an open-pollinated variety self-pollinate, or are pollinated by another representative of the same variety, the resulting seeds will produce plants roughly identical to their parents. A hybrid variety on the other hand will produce seeds having many more characteristics and most likely won't look like your original plant. If you have lots of garden space this can be fun to play with and produce seeds that are best suited to your garden in your neighborhood. It takes about seven generations to produce a new variety. For me I like to experiment with both flowers and vegetables. There is so much to learn about plants. They are so amazing. A neighbor gave me some flower seeds when I was a youngster, and knowing nothing, I simply dug some holes and planted them. By some stroke of luck, some sprouted and I was amazed. It was magic! These little specs of hard grit like things were alive! I've been hooked ever since.

So, what exactly IS a seed? Carol Baskin, who teaches at the University of Kentucky likes to tell her students that a "seed is a baby plant in a box with its lunch." It simply needs the right elements in its environment to sprout. And you might ask what are those elements? Of course, water, light, and warmth are necessary to begin, but the soil plays an important role as well in how well it can continue to grow. The genetic material within the seed is vast. Say you plant a packet of bean seed and they sprout, and you do a good job of caring for your row of beans but notice that one or two plants do better than the others during a droughty hot summer, or a wet season. You can mark these plants and save the seed for the next season

and see if they work out better. You have become a plant breeder! After selecting the best plants every year for seven generations you have created a new variety that grows best in the soil of YOUR garden. Since beans can be re sown 2-3 times in a season it really doesn't take so much time. Now it can take longer for something like a tomato or a pepper' but it's worth it. Saving seed is not only money saving, it is saving genetic diversity. Have you ever had the experience of suddenly not finding your favorite tomato or pepper variety? I have. In the mid-90s I was unable to find a tomato called New Yorker, which I had grown for over a decade. I liked it because it produced fruit early in the season, and is known as a determinate variety, meaning it produced flowers and fruit early, but then stopped producing. Although I would plant several varieties, I had tomatoes early before the other non-determinate varieties began producing. When other favorites began disappearing I found out the reason. Large companies began buying up the small seed companies, and their purpose was to sell seeds that would grow anywhere and not just in YOUR backyard. Many of the smaller seed companies grew seed that was locally sustainable, and might not necessarily grow country wide.

They disappeared when this happened. Simply dropped from the catalog of these mega corporations. It's still happening and on a world-wide scale. I am happy to report that the New Yorker tomato is available again because new small seed companies rediscovered it before it was lost completely. This is becoming more common as people find what is happening to our seed diversity. Since the early 20th century we have lost forever nearly 90% of the food varieties grown then. We can't totally blame it on the mega corporations.

It happened when we were lured into the convenience of buying little packets of seeds at the farm store, and figured it was easier than saving seed from year to year. That's how we are. We seldom think about the consequences. If something saves us time then it's got to be good...or is it? We felt the same about nuclear energy when it was first discovered, and plastics which are filling our garbage dumps and strangling sea turtles among other things.

We need to be careful in what we embrace, and nothing is as important as what we eat. Seeds comprise 60-70 percent of our food. Take a quick inventory of your pantry and you will see what I mean. Meat



A tree seed pushes its way through the soil and spreads its leaves to the light. Photos D.E. Bentley

is produced from grains and grasses as well. Seeds are important and magical and in many cultures sacred. We need to be mindful of this, and prepared to save our seed diversity. There are many threats to our heritage and food sources.


Among these threats are genetically modified organisms (GMOs), which are mostly owned by big corporations. These are seeds made in a laboratory where bacteria and mutagens or DNA from other species are introduced, some of which, like e-coli, are dangerous to our health. It's interesting to know that most have not been tested for safety. Also, the companies have fought to keep GMO labeling off products containing them.

Another problem concerns the pollinating insects so vitally important in the natural production of most of the worlds plants. A recent article by Sam Hall, who writes the Bee Lines column for the *Owl Light News* told how 75% of pollinating insects have disappeared in the past quarter century. I urge you to read it. He tells how just one group of pesticides that contain nicotine are coated on seeds to keep them from rotting, are also killing these pollinating insects.

There is so much to think about when it comes to our food supply. It can be overwhelming, but you can do something about it. Start by becoming educated about GMOs and patents and pesticides, and most importantly start saving seeds. Thousands of backyard gardeners are doing it. Its fun, its addicting really. I have the same strain of

garlic that I have been growing out for three decades. Since I moved a few years ago, I have noticed that it doesn't have the same vitality as it had in my old gardens, except for some, and so I have begun selecting the best of these. In two years there is a definite change as it becomes acclimated to this very different soil.

Now back to those catalogs. Choose wisely and carefully. I want to recommend a book to you which I believe is the best I have read on the multiple aspects of seeds and seed diversity. It's called *The Seed Underground*, A growing revolution to save food by Janisse Ray. She is a gifted writer and seed activist. You might find it at your local library, but this is one you will want to keep.


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.

Murphy's from page 12

before you and I also said our goodbyes. There was something in his tone said this may be the last chance and yet, in our shared complacency, we instead walked away. Murphy died shortly after.

Once, while we still lived in that small cabin, out there across from Murphy's Greenhouse, when Murphy was still there, I had a dream. In the dream the cabin was beneath a towering highway with bumper-to-bumper cars twisting and turning around a cloverleaf assemblage of asphalt and steel – the trees gone. Murphy's Greenhouse, in the dream that rang out so vivid that it remains in my memory today as so much from the time fades to indistinguishable grey, was a McDonalds. It all seemed so crazy then to think of so severe a change over time.

This all came back years later, when I drove down that road, past the sign painter's house that I once lived in, past the broken down greenhouse structure and back toward town. Is that dream of mine so crazy, I wondered – life is, after all, about change, and saying goodbye.

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

Watch for:

Additional feature articles from Mary Drake & Renee Thornton

And regular feature columns:

"Kade in the Kitchen" by Kade Bentley

"That Finger Lakes Sound" by Ben Haravitch

"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

Community Narcan Training in Bristol



Saturday, February 24, 2018, 9– 10 am
Bristol Volunteer Fire Department
4350 St. Rt. 64, Town of Bristol

The event is free and open to the public.
For more information, call the Partnership
at 585-396-4554.

The Substance Abuse Prevention Coalition of Ontario County, an initiative of the Partnership for Ontario County, has partnered with Ontario County Public Health, Town of Bristol and the Bristol Volunteer Fire Department to provide a community Narcan training on Saturday, February 24, 2018.

Naloxone (Narcan) is used to reverse the effects of an overdose from an opioid or opiate. Attendees will learn how to recognize, respond and use a narcan kit to reverse an opioid overdose. All attendees will receive a free naloxone (narcan) kit after completing the training.

Bristol Town Supervisor and Partnership Board Member, Bob Green, states that "I am most appreciative of the collaborative effort being put forth by all of the stakeholders by providing this community outreach. Together, we can make a difference."

Coalition members and resources will be available during and after the training for attendees to learn more about our efforts to prevent the drug epidemic in our region.

Please RSVP if you plan to attend by emailing partnershipsvp1@gmail.com or by calling 585-396-4554.

Community Donations

Allens Hill Free Library is seeking donations of gently used board games to put into circulation. Contact the Library Director Emily Pecora at epedora@pls-net.org, call 585-229-5636, or stop in.

Are you a community non-profit looking for donations or volunteers?

Let us know! Editor@canadicepress.com

Taking your furry friend for a drive?



Whether you're a dog owner or a cat owner - or both - chances are you want the best care for your pet if he or she is injured in your car.

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Is Your Medicine Safe at Home?
Only YOU Can Secure your RX!
Help us prevent addiction, accidental poisoning & protect the environment!

MONITOR - count your medication regularly
SECURE - lock up any medication you do not want anyone else to access
DISPOSE - drop off and unwanted/unused and expired medication to your local disposal site



Medication Drop Box Locations

Bristol
Town Hall

Phelps
Community Center

Geneva
North Street Pharmacy
Police Station

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

Shortsville
Red Jacket Pharmacy

Rushville
Village Hall

Farmington
State Troopers

Victor
Mead Square Pharmacy

Clifton Springs
Hospital (lobby)

Richmond
Town Hall



Questions, please call us at
585-396-4554



Minimalism: A year later - part 2 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 physical, mental and emotional health and on my life's goals. I also realized that the first year was just the start of my journey.

Possessions: Minimalism and Personal Care Routines

I began my minimalist journey with my closet and so it just seemed logical to continue revamping my personal care and appearance. I began to tackle my beauty routines and possessions.

Some things I tried didn't stick (like buzzing my hair - image below), but overall my routines became more streamlined and better reflect my values.



I've gone for a simplified look: no elaborate hair styling, make-up, or perfume simply because I currently find no value in it (if I one day do, then so be it). Minimalists can certainly be beauticians as well, but this doesn't interest me personally.

My selection favors routines that don't take up too much time or space, but also that have as few ingredients as possible. I don't use products that have been tested on animals or have animal-derived ingredients.



Minimalist personal care product selection takes into consideration the preferences of the individual as well as factors such as packaging and other environmental considerations, including whether or not products have been tested on animals.

Oral Hygiene:

- tongue scraper (mornings)
- dental floss (evenings)
- toothbrush (2x/day)
- tooth powder or toothpaste (2x/day)
- mouth rinse (2x/day)
- Face Care: (1x/day)
 - witch hazel (in roller bottle)
 - oil blend (in roller bottle)
 - chap stick

In The Shower: (3-4x/week)

- shampoo
- conditioner
- liquid Soap
- Body Skin Care: (Variable)
 - dry skin brush (1x/day)
 - lip and scar balm (for stretch marks, 1x/day)
 - Nova Scotia Fisherman: Xtreme Skin Care (for my super dry hands, as needed)
 - salt deodorant

Misc. Body: (1x/week)

- safety razor and coconut oil (shaving)
- fingernail clipper
- toenail clipper
- tweezers
- small scissors

Hair: (daily)

- wooden comb
- small baggy of assorted hair ties, bobby pins, and clips
- fancy leaf/feather hair clip (1)
- fancy hair piece (with stick)

Women's Health:

- cloth pads (x9)
- Diva cup
- basal body thermometer (not shown in picture)

HHealth: Minimalism and Fitness
During my pregnancy, I did try to stay fit with varying degrees of success over 9 long months. It was actually at the

end of the pregnancy and when dealing with a newborn that my fitness suffered the most. As anyone involved in fitness can attest, with a break in practice, your fitness gains can easily be lost. Still carrying the baby weight, I feel as though I'm starting from scratch. My core is especially weak.

I have three kids, have very little personal time, and very little daylight at this time of the year. With these factors in mind, I've fashioned a simple routine that has already shown itself to be beneficial.

Early in the morning, before the kids wake up and my husband leaves, I spend about 30 minutes doing the following:

- 4 Sun Salutations
- App assisted, body weight training:
 - Leg Challenge Apps on my cell phone (Right now, I'm working on a squat challenge.)
 - Core Challenge Apps on my cell phone (Right now, I'm doing an app that has 5 different body weight exercises.)
 - Arm Challenge Apps (Right now, I'm using an app that has multiple exercises and a set of light weights I already had at home.)
 - 7 Minute Full Body Workout App
 - Stretching

I also try to incorporate more movement into my day by: writing while sitting on an exercise ball, moving the baby changing station up the stairs, parking further from my destination and walking, housecleaning as exercise.

I'm one of those crazy people who enjoys exercise, but it can be difficult to slip it into a busy day. By simplifying my routine and lowering my expectations somewhat (I tell myself that in warmer months I'll get to doing more) as well as being consistent, I feel as though my fitness is not being neglected.

Goal: Health

Health is a very important, life-long value for me. After all, as it is often noted, if you don't have your health, you haven't got anything.

I didn't expect minimalism to improve my physical health. Sure, I kind of figured it could have a positive impact on my mental and emotional health as I removed clutter and excessive obligations from my life and home, but how could paring down help build my health?

As noted above, by simplifying my exercise routine, I am able to do it more consistently which is crucial to keeping those fitness gains I do make.

I apply a lot fewer chemicals to my body while preparing for the day, keeping the ingredients simple and less toxic.

I also clean my home with little more than vinegar, water, baking soda, and castile soap. With less stress, I feel freer to add

routines to increase the quality of my sleep such as winding down at night with self-massage, daily gratitude journal, a cup of chamomile tea, and meditation.

Beyond striving for simplicity and "do-ability", minimalism has filled my life with more intention. I think about what I do and whether or not it serves me and my goals. For instance, I choose not to get drunk because I am acutely aware of the financial cost, potential weight gain, and the cost to next day's productivity and emotional state.

Still to Come: Minimalism and Diet

I don't eat less. That might be a bit contrary to what one might expect from minimalism and diet being linked.

So far, minimalism has begun to affect my dietary habits but I haven't hit that magic groove that tells me that my decluttering has reached a satisfactory level for me right now. It is a feeling I get when the level of decluttering reveals the possessions and routines that are in alignment my values and sense of self.

I also have to make more compromises here as my husband and I have very different cooking styles and goals. This is shared territory.

Some adjustments I've made so far:

- organized and decluttered (a bit) in the kitchen
- purchasing packaged foods with fewer ingredients
- cooking simpler meals that are less time, ingredient and utensil intensive
- meal prep my lunches, cooking a big batch that lasts for about five days (this has decreased the amount of processed foods I eat)
- employing a meal plan and making a shopping list from it
- not worrying over the "perfect" diet, just making incremental changes

Minimalism has positively impacted my health in non-minimal ways. It should be fun to see how these changes magnify themselves, when done consistently, over the course of another year.

Until next time, be the light by living lightly!



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





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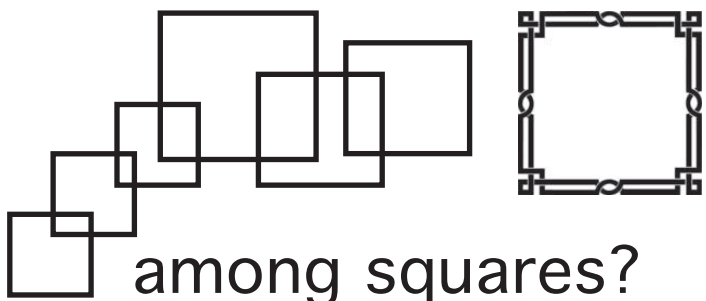
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