



Writing the future

Youth writers turn free time into fiction

Clone Wars

by Drew Glitch

Chapter 1

"Ok, bye, Mom!" I called out after the silver convertible that was pulling out of the driveway.

"Dinner is in the fridge! And, Jenna, no boys!" yelled my mother sticking her head out the window. I stood in the doorway waving to my mother until the car was sufficiently out of view. With a sigh, I walked across the marble floor towards the kitchen, letting the front door shut behind me. I waited just a few minutes to make sure my mother wasn't going to return for a forgotten toothbrush or tampon before I whipped my phone out of my pocket and dialed.

"Hey, Molly! Yeah, she's gone," I giggled into the phone.

"And you're sure she's not coming back?" the girl on the other end murmured.

"Yes, absolutely. Her flight leaves in twenty minutes, so if she comes back now, she'll miss it." I tucked a curl of my black hair behind my ear and waited for an answer.

"Ok, fine. I'll be right over."

"Great!" I cheered. Hanging up the phone, I kicked it into high gear. I straightened up the blue throw pillows nestled into the brown couch, organized the many shades and flavors of shampoo lining the shower, used a bobby pin to pop open the wine cooler and pristinely placed two glasses, half full of expensive red wine. My mother was sure to notice that it was gone, but better to ask for forgiveness than permission, right? Soon enough, the doorbell rang and standing there was Molly. Her honey blonde hair was draped gently over her shoulder and her crystal blue eyes popped against her sun-kissed skin. She looked beautiful.

"You look, uh, you look-"

"Thanks," she cut me off, brushing past

me and into the kitchen. She sat upon a barstool at the island in the center of the kitchen and picked up the wine glass set out for her. I joined her at the stool next to her and raised my own glass. "To business trips," she smirked.

"To business trips," I replied, taking a sip.

"So, when does your mom get back?"

"Two days," I mused, falling deep into her eyes. Her tight red dress matched perfectly in hue to her lipstick. "Clearly she made an effort, which means she's into me..." I thought.

"So, is anyone else coming?" she took another long sip of her wine.

"No, uh, just you," I stuttered, tapping my glass with my finger tips. Suddenly, the sound of shattering glass echoed throughout the house. Molly jumped off of her stool and clutched my arm. It wasn't a wine glass that broke.

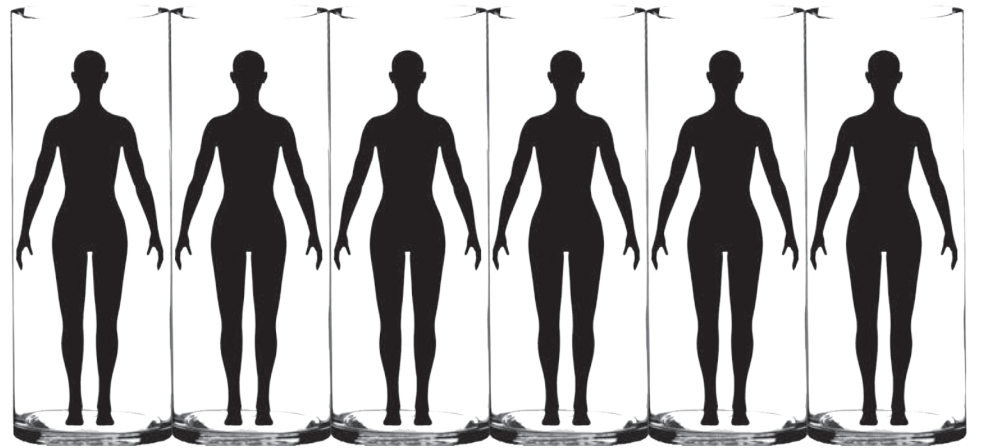
I set my glass down on the counter in front of me and starting walking towards the origin of the sound. Molly still clung tightly to me as we tip toed forward. Gingerly, I pushed opened the door to my mother's office and looked in. It almost felt like I was in a horror movie and I was yelling to myself, Don't go in there you stupid bitch! And yet there I was, stepping through towards the sound.

"Jenna-" Molly whimpered slightly.

"Hello!" I called out. "I called the cops they're on their way!" I made my way to the dead fireplace and grabbed one of the metal pokers. Whoever was in here, they must've left the house.

"Jenna. There's no broken glass," Molly said letting go of me and looking around the room.

"What?" I gasped slightly looking down. She was right, whatever broke had definitely come from here, but there was no glass any-



where. Molly and I both searched around the room looking for any sign that someone had been here, but the room was spotless.

"Jenna! Look!" Molly called out. She was standing in front of a bookcase with a red book in her hand titled *Close*. Inside there was a small red button. Molly shot me a puzzled look before slowly lowering her finger onto the button. My heart raced as she got closer and closer to pushing it, I had no clue what pressing that button may do, or might release. Finally, she pressed it down and with a gentle 'click' nothing happened. She pressed it again and still nothing.

"Wait, it says 'close!' There has to be another book that says open, right?" I said, scanning both bookshelves, but there was nothing.

"Maybe it isn't a book." Molly set down *Close* and began scanning the room. With a gasp she zipped to the far corner and picked up a cigar box. On the side in gold letters it said "Open". She opened it and pressed the small green button inside. The room began to creak and shift as the bookshelf behind me moved out of the way and revealed a secret tunnel.

"What the hell?" I sighed, moving towards the darkness in front of me. I crept in with Molly close behind me.

"It's way too dark in there to see." Molly stopped.

"We'll just have to brave the darkness,

trudge ahead at our own peril and hope that-" I was cut off when the lights turned on all around me.

"Or we could just flip the switch," Molly laughed.

"Yeah, that too..." I said, awkwardly shuffling forth down the tunnel. Soon the narrow cement walkway widened into a giant space the size of an airplane hanger. In front of me was a large console with multiple monitors and keyboards, like the *Batcomputer™*. I approached it and began typing, trying my best to turn everything on.

"Jenna."

"What was my mom doing down here?" I murmured as the monitor finally started to turn on.

"Jenna, look." Molly sounded scared, but I was too focused on the monitor to look up.

"Project Footmen? What in the world is that?" I continued reading the bright blue text in front of me.

"Jenna, Goddamnit look!" Molly screeched finally pulling my attention away from the screen.

"What-" I started looking over the lab. Finally, I noticed what made Molly so scared. Rows and rows of tubes filled the large space and inside each and every one of them was a girl. And they all looked exactly the same. "Is that?"

"It's you, Jenna." Molly clung onto me again, "They're all you."

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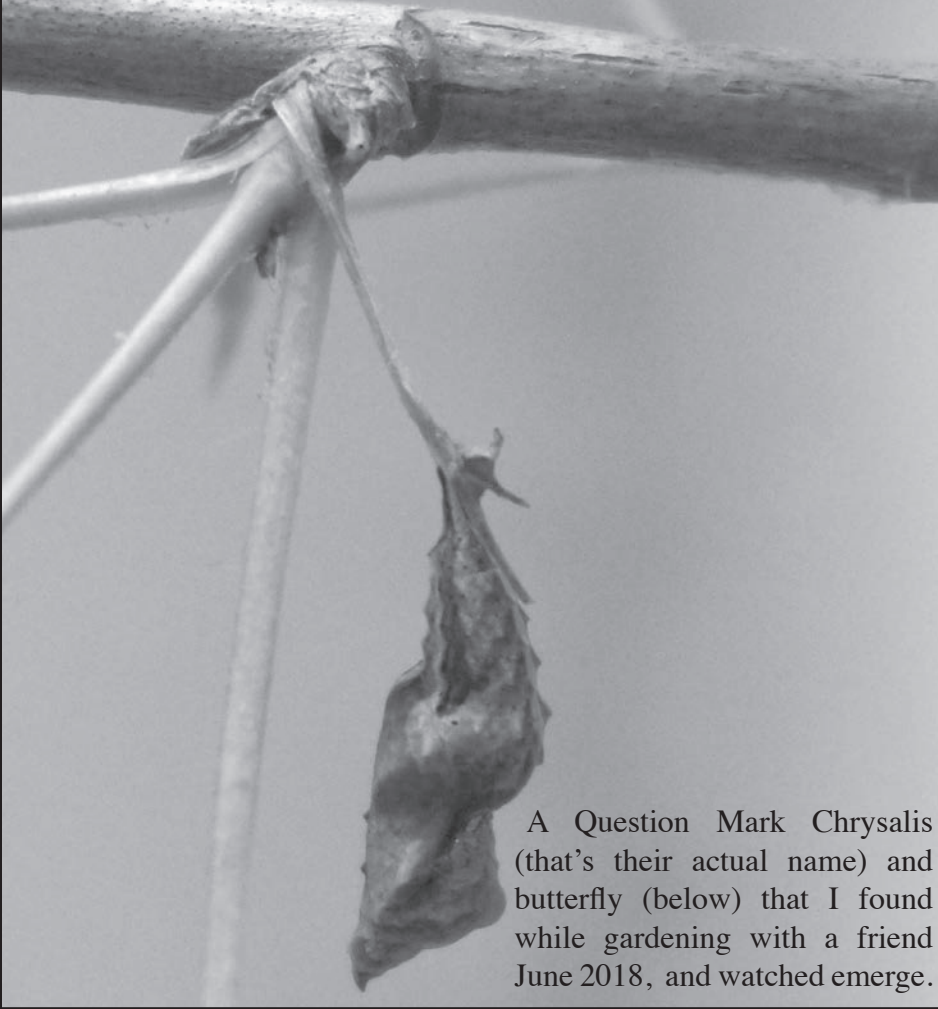
Magic Happens with the Owl!
Magic happens with every issue of *Owl Light News*. This issue is rich with the magic of youthful creativity - just in time for back to school. I had the incredible pleasure of reading—and consequently sharing with *Owl* readers everywhere—not 1, not 2, not 3, but 4 incredible fiction stories and/or excerpts from young writers (part of a writing group hosted by the Wood Library in Canandaigua, NY- see p. 3). Inside you can also find stories about several summer youth theatre experiences. I also had the pleasure of speaking to several young chalk artists—and a few adult artists, young at heart—at this year's Dansville Art Festival. Go online at OwlLightNews.com to see some of the awesome chalk art and to see more images and stories on the go - in color.

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Check out OwlLightNews.com for more great articles on the go!

Watching the future unfold



A Question Mark Chrysalis (that's their actual name) and butterfly (below) that I found while gardening with a friend June 2018, and watched emerge.

Often information comes to me from seemingly disparate directions and is tied together in intricate and meaningful ways. Sometimes this results from an initial interview, inquiry or story from one of our regular feature writers. Other times ideas grow and meld magically into related themes with little prompting or intervention on our part.

Somehow it always seems more magical when I don't plan. Such was the influx of material and opportunities related to creative young people across the region that has found its way to me over the past few weeks. After our recent theatre coverage, I heard about some local youth theatre programs and wanted to learn more. This initial inquiry mushroomed as I subsequently learned about a new writing workshop for youth taking place at the Wood Library in Canandaigua. Next thing I knew, I had four stories written by young people, and had moved from theatre to fiction.

There are other connections, such as the connection between the Park Theatre and the newly opened Geek Chic Floral Boutique on Genesee Street in Avon. Or the farm safety course press release from CCE that rolled in moments before I heard about a tractor roll-over fatality, also in Avon.

There are connections all around us and the true slight of hand comes from recognizing, exploring and sharing the right things, at the right time. Seeing what is there and acting on it. As a creative writer, nothing is sweeter than reading new fiction, and being able to read new fiction from creative and insightful new writers is the best – being able to share this with a wider audience is the stuff that dreams are made of. It inspires, and in this case it inspired me to connect a bit more with the creative young, and young at heart.

Many connections that I see with the *Owl* circle back to personal experiences. So much of my life now is here, behind the screen. Still, I do manage to connect with people who I have closer ties with. Such was the case a month or so ago when I spoke with a long time friend of our family about our shared interest in science fiction. He shared with me a list of his favorite authors. I thought of this encounter – and my need to explore his author offerings - as I read the futuristic and future-minded fiction pieces that I was able to highlight in this issue of *Owl Light News*.

There is so much that is rich and inspiring all around us, so much creativity that is as yet undiscovered, and I am often left wondering how best to bring this or that into the light. Like it is a process, an evolution. Finding our paths as unique individuals and artists takes time, and pathways change with time. Young people, including our own children, often lament that they are unsure what they want to do. Yet, I see in this generation of young people – the tweens, teens and twenty-somethings all around us – a creative drive that far surpasses my abilities at their age. These young people know so much more than we ever did at their ages. They have the world at their finger tips and, unlike the first generation of media – immersed youth (where entertainment and novelty dominated), they are more attuned to the use of the internet as a tool for learning and creating, and are (although I am not sure they all realize it) boldly exploring where no generation has gone before. They are seeing the connections. There is magic in the air, and it is exciting to be an educator, to be a writer able to observe and watch the future unfold.

D.E. Bentley
Editor, *Owl Light*

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

Letters and Commentary

Call for changes to help with Honeoye algae

To the Editor:

Honeoye Lake is unique among the Finger Lakes battling toxic algae. There is a solution for Honeoye Lake, unlike the others. The fix is to treat the lake with aluminum sulfate, a chemical compound already used across the U.S. in municipal water purification as well as to clarify ponds and lakes. It is an EPA-approved treatment everywhere except New York.

Unfortunately the New York DEC has decided without substance that aluminum sulfate is a “herbicide” even though not one other regulatory body classifies it as such. What’s more, the same stonewalling DEC treated Honeoye Lake in 2006 with half the required chemical. The outcome produced three consecutive years of crystalline Honeoye Lake waters with no toxic algae blooms or ill-effects to the environment, reports the Honeoye Valley Association – a group known for its exacting attention to the health of Honeoye Lake.

Still, the DEC has taken Gov. Andrew Cuomo’s proposed \$65 million to fight toxic algae and is using it to produce useless dog and pony shows around the Finger Lakes to tell residents and local government officials what they already know: HABs exist. Can be harmful. No one has a solid solution. More government regulation is needed.

The rub in that glossy argument is Honeoye. Honeoye Lake is shallow. The nutrients that feed the blooming of HABs are at the bottom of the lake. The impact of external sources of pollutants is minimal. Neutralize the lake bottom nutrients and you stifle the growth of HABs. It is that simple.

I’m sure the DEC can provide some convoluted, mumbo jumbo chatter to find fault with that explanation, but the scientists at Cornell can tell you otherwise. It is that simple—for Honeoye Lake, alone. Not the big lakes.

So, although the other lakes may have to look to develop more complicated solutions to the toxic algae problem, the fix for Honeoye Lake is staring into the DEC’s intransigent face, as the agency stonewalls behind fake science, despite pleas from local and state elected officials.

Gary Catt
Honeoye, NY

Become part of the *Owl* conversation.

Submissions to editor@canadicepress.com

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.

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~in no particular order~

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On the Cover: The first of four stories by guest fiction writers.



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Read - Listen - Reflect

Sam-Sam, the FBI Man

by Teagan Acoff



Samuel Johnson does not hate his job, per say. There are a lot of benefits. He is paid well, has decent healthcare, and gets a good dental plan. Sure, maybe he's seen one too many naked teenage girls, or had to watch hours upon hours of frog-fighting videos, or listened to that god-awful Rick Astley song on repeat for days straight, but can he really complain? If people find out he spies on them through their webcams, the hell to pay will be far worse than a few weeks of "Heartbreak Playlist #67".

Sam cracks open his sixth bottle of vodka that morning and witnesses a man with a beard only covering his third and fourth chins film himself mixing two liters of Mountain Dew and one bag of Sweet Chili Doritos in a monstrous blender. Yeah. His job is great.

He's not even really sure of what he is watching for. Anyone smart enough to build a bomb or hatch a functional (or even completely disastrous) doomsday plot is smart enough not to plan it online. Everyone is afraid of the government these days.

Half the webcams he peers through are covered by tape, and most of the "red flag" web searches are done on highly protected servers. The biggest national threat he's come across in fifteen years was a very fat man eating furry and blue mayonnaise directly out of the jar.

Sandwich dinners at the Johnson house got a lot more complicated after that. Who knew you could get PTSD from moldy condiments?

Sam's focus is blurring between the screen and his liquid lunch when Blake walks in, covered in purple goop and missing the left lens of his government-issued sunglasses. Sam does not notice him at first, not until the bottle he is nursing on like a wounded baby calf is removed from his hands and placed out of his reach on the control panel.

"Guess what I did?" Blake smiles down at him like he shot down Hitler himself. A drop of purple goop drips onto Sam's shoulder. He brushes it off uncaringly. He really isn't in the mood for another adventure tale, but there Blake goes, talking

loudly about some weird device made with purple dish soap, a nuclear reactor, and baking soda, while gesticulating wildly with both hands.

Blake is shorter than he, and less muscular, but still was chosen to be a field agent over Sam's stocky, thick build. Not that Sam's jealous, of course. His husband is fast, stronger than he looks, quick with his gun, and good at talking people away from their various villainous devices. Blake is practically a superhero, even if he looks like the lovechild of a pageant drag queen and the color pink.

Yay for Blake.

Sam looks at the flickering fluorescent lights, pointedly ignoring the story. For such a high stakes operation, his office is extremely low-quality. He found thirteen roaches having a lovely Last Supper moment over his Twinkie last Wednesday. Maybe he should make a call to HQ, warn them about his "aversion" to mold, demand-

Blake whaps the back of his head. "Samuel, pretend to be excited, for like five seconds, please?"

Sam turns his head and smiles and pretends his teeth aren't gritting.

"Yay for Blake."

His husband sighs and leans against the control panel. "Listen, honey, I get it. But can you try just a little harder to care about what I do? This is big stuff, and it could mean a raise, and that could mean - I don't know, a kid or something, or an actual house, or full meals instead of bread, whiskey, and a nap. Your job sucks. I won't take that away from you. I wouldn't want to be stuck watching..." Blake peers into the screen. "What exactly is this I'm watching?"

"Uh," Sam squints and leans forward. "That would be a man drinking a concoction of chips and soda out of a fedora with a bendy straw."

"Right." He sighs again, heavier this time, and lets Sam reach by him for the vodka. The emergency alarm is blaring in the hallway anyway. "Make an effort. For me. And will you please stop drinking that shit? It's a wonder you haven't keeled over by now." Blake's hands stroke his short black hair once and then he's gone, back to the field, back to saving the world, while Sam watches a strange man choke on rogue Dorito.

And no, he isn't going to call an ambulance.

It takes him a few minutes to sink back into his drunken haze, where he can blissfully fade in and out of consciousness, and a few more to realize that the alarm outside has not yet stopped blaring, and the base is far more silent than it had been in years. Sam could not even hear Bobby Brown's post-lunch trumpet show across the hall. Taco Tuesday does a number on that man.

Sam stands, stumbling only slightly (truly a feat), and pokes his head out of his office. Papers are strewn throughout the hallway, the water cooler is tipped to the side, and someone managed to lose their pants - on the ceiling? He's known this base was a mess, but this seemed wrong, even for them.

A loud, unnatural roar echoes from somewhere to the left, where the President's secret apocalypse bunker is hidden, followed by screams. Sam draws his gun. Unless Bobby got into the beans again, this day is about to get a lot more life threatening.

Eh. Whatever. Beats the dying fedora man.

Wood Library's new 2018 summer writing workshop offers inspiration!

This summer, Wood Library in Canandaigua, NY hosted a week-long summer Writing Workshop for teens grades 6-12. The group worked with Canandaigua Academy creative writing teacher, Mike Sisson, to create their characters and story and met with author, Erin McRae, to learn about self-publishing in both print and in e-book format.

Each day is a chapter (or page break) in a story. Many decided halfway through the week that they wanted to continue on with their story so while some may end on a cliffhanger, know that our teens are working away to further their stories. Four of their works in progress are included in this issue of *Owl Light News*. Hopefully some of them will share their continuing sagas (or future works of fiction or non-fiction) as they continue to explore the art of writing.

Readers, please give us a shout if you want to explore the next chapter in any of these futurist and forward-thinking tales. We do! Thanks to Katie Smith - Teen Services Librarian, Wood Library and these contributing writers for sharing and inspiring the *Owl Light News* - and writers everywhere!

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Summer Children's Theater christens the stage in the new Little Lakes Community Center

by Tawn Feeney

The six children who participated in the Summer Theater Workshop at Little Lakes Community Center were very excited to learn that they were taking part in the first play to be staged at the old Hemlock School in many years. The school is now officially Little Lakes Community Center, which offered this two-week drama experience in July, under the direction of Bonnie Sykes from Honeoye. The children, ages 5 to 13, embodied the Center's outreach to the entire Little Lakes region, as they came from Bristol, Canandaigua, Honeoye and Hemlock to take part in the experience. The opportunity was previously advertised through brochures and on-line.

Over the course of the workshop, the children attended three hours per day, and prepared for several scenes from the children's play "The Beloved Dearly," by Doug Cooney, culminating in a performance on Friday evening, the last day of the workshop. To prepare for their performance, the children worked on improvisation, and movement by acting as machines or various animals, as well as improving their diction, by practicing tongue-twisters. To help develop characterization, they drew artwork on T-shirts and posters to represent their character. The children created puppet masks for which they wrote and performed their own plays. They learned about the history of theater and the parts of the stage. Choreography and music was also a part of their learning experience.

The Beloved Dearly is comedy about a group of children who decide to become entrepreneurs by providing funerals for pets in their back yard. They each have their official duties, such as the "crier" who is assigned to cry for each pet. One of the girls in the play is named Swimming Pool, because when she is born, her six older brothers tell their parents, "We would rather have a swimming pool!" The play was thoroughly enjoyed by the 40 or so in the audience for the performance. The children were equally proud of their accomplishment.

The Little Lakes Community Association plans to provide a similar theater experience for children next summer, as well as to present on its stage a full-fledged play with an adult cast. To learn more about LLCA, visit its website at LittleLakesNY.org.



Molly Asquino (L) and Brooke Covey in a scene from *The Beloved Dearly*. Photo Provided

The streets were made for chalking. There were many young artists participating in the Dansville Chalk Fest including Dansville CSD Senior Leahana Gilbert, who drew a ladybug on a flower. Learn more about Leahana and other artists and check out some great images online at OwlLightNews.com.



Honeoye Public Library

LIBRARIES ROCK "We're Books and More"



Summer Reading Party
~ Saturday, August 11
@ 1 pm!!

- American Red Cross Citizen Preparedness Workshop**
~ Thursday, Sept., 13, 6-7:30 pm.
- Book Talk Group**
~ 4th Wednesday @ 5:30 pm
- Writers' Group**
~ 2nd & 4th Tuesday @ 6:00 pm
- Join Us! ~ 2nd Monday @ 10am**
- Second Saturday Movie & popcorn**
@ 11:30am

Hours: Mon. & Thurs. 2-8, Tues. - 10 - 8, Sat. 9-1 honeoye.pls-net.org
8708 Main St. - Honeoye 585-229-5020

Merry-Go-Round Youth Theatre presents The Bremen Town Musicians at Performances at Honeoye Lake Friday, August 10th, 7-9 pm



Merry-Go-Round Youth Theatre will tour a brand new adaptation of the classic Brothers' Grimm fairytale, *The Bremen Town Musicians!* Our play follows four outcasts: a donkey, a dog, a cat, and a rooster who have all left their homes because they have been told they are no longer useful. Their misfortune brings them together and sets them off on a whirlwind, musical adventure. In the end, the four friends learn that their unique talents are what make them special. Through teamwork, creativity, and a little music, they can do anything! More info. and shows at <https://mgreducation.com/about-us/summer-tour/>

Honeoye Public Library
Presents

2018 **FREE**

Performances at Honeoye Lake
Friday Evenings • 7-9pm
Town Gazebo, Main St. (Route 20A), Honeoye

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

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

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

Park Theater renovation project moves forward

by D.E. Bentley

Under new ownership, this iconic 1938 Avon movie theater will be renovated and reopened for movies, music & live theatre



Long time Avon resident Ann Younger purchased the Park Theatre on Genesee Street in Avon, NY, and is working with area residents and the Village of Avon to revitalize this depression-era movie venue. Younger closed on the theater on Friday, July 27th, and is already moving forward toward making her dream – shared by many others – a reality. In keeping with the theater’s roots, Younger’s plans for the theater includes showing of movies from the theater’s heyday as well as providing a stage for regional performance arts and entertainments. She has already connected with a number of artists interested in using the refurbished space.

The Park Theater showed movies in Avon from 1938 until 2003. In 1940s, not long after it first opened, the theater became part of the Kallet chain of movie theaters. Younger shared that this was a time when theaters “really started selling popcorn,” as they transitioned from an upper-class pastime to an entertainment option for the masses. The Park Theater was one of the first movie theaters in the Rochester area to have air conditioning – which added to its popularity as a summer-time entertainment destination. The Park – and many other smaller movie theaters in the area – remained economically viable until television and videos gradually usurped going out to the movies. The Park showed its last movie in 2003, when the major movie studios changed from film to digital format distribution. The Park was sold and used for storage for the next 15 years.

Fast forward to 2018: Younger has now purchased The Park Theater and the Village of Avon has secured a \$400,000 grant to restore and renovate the building. Like many other historic performance venues, the theater is set to become a feature, future attraction. There is much to be done: The building needs a new roof, exterior masonry work and energy upgrades. The interior – which is still adorned with movie posters and other remnants of its more than half century movies – also needs extensive work. A new digital projection system will be installed to host themed movie events and a stage will be built to accommodate live performances. The retail spaces on either side of the theater entrance will also be renovated and leased out, adding to this vibrant downtown street.



The Park Theater marquee advertises the renovation. There is strong community interest in the project. Some interior reminders of the movie theatre’s past (images left) remain. Photos D.E. Bentley



Despite the immense task that stands before her, Ann Younger is dedicated to helping the Park Theater shine out in the community brighter than it ever has. She has initiated the process for becoming a non-profit and already has a large number of like-minded folks ready to assist with the project. Her enthusiasm and the support of the Town of Avon and the community are already having a ripple effect. After talking with Younger I met up with Anna Prouty as she added finishing touches to her soon to open business, *Geek Chic Floral Boutique. At twenty-six, Prouty gave up full-time work as an accountant to open the store – where she will sell her wares and those of other local artisans. She chose her new Genesee Street retail location, in part, due to the planned reopening of Park Theater.

* See related story page 11



Call for young actors for A Christmas Carol

Geva will be holding auditions for young actors ages of 5-13 for its production of A Christmas Carol, on Thursday, Sept. 13 from 3- 6:30 pm and Friday, Sept. 14 from 3-7 pm. Callbacks are Saturday, September 15 from 12-3 pm.

Performances begin on Nov. 29 and run in the Wilson Stage through Dec 29. Rehearsals will commence on Nov. 4th.

There are eight children’s roles and two casts of children will alternate performances. Geva encourages children of all colors and backgrounds to audition.

Auditions are at Geva Theatre Center, 75 Woodbury Blvd, Rochester NY, 14607 and are by appointment only. To schedule an appointment, call (585) 232-1366, between 9 am and 5 pm, M - F

Geva’s Summer Academy culminates in Free Showcase of Shakespeare shorts on August 11 ~ open to the public

For the past several weeks, twenty-six enthusiastic students between the ages of 12 - 18 have been sharing the building on 75 Woodbury Blvd and honing their theatre skills at Geva's Summer Academy.

Geva’s Summer Academy is Rochester’s premier young actor training program. Alumni include Kara Lindsey (Broadway productions of Newsies and Wicked), Kyle Zingler (Cirque du Soleil), Chris Perfetti (Roundabout Theatre’s critically-acclaimed Sons of the Prophet) and Rachel Wallace (1st national tour of Mary Poppins).

Auditions were held in March for the Academy which accepted students of all levels of experience. This year’s focus is Shakespeare and students selected for the program took classes in acting, movement, expansions, monologues, voice and diction, text analysis and scansion, singing and dance ensembles, and rehearsal/production, and participated in weekly master classes led by industry professionals.

The Summer Academy concludes with a showcase at 1pm on Saturday, August 11th that is free and open to the public.

The showcase features scenes and songs from Equivocation, Othello, The Merry Wives of Windsor, Love’s Labour’s Lost, The Merchant of Venice, Romeo & Juliet, West Side Story, Much Ado About Nothing, Rough Magic, Henry IV Part 1, Richard III, The Book of Will, and Once on This Island.

Tickets are free, but must be reserved in advance. Reserve Tickets at:

<https://www.gevatheatre.org/event/summer-academy-showcase-2/> or call the Box Office at 585-232-Geva

Check out the back page for more great area events and venues!

REBA THE LIZARD QUEEN by Quinten Sager



Memories of red beaches swirled through Reba's head as she slept under her custom sized heat lamp. Her tail hung off the end of a queen-sized bed, with just one too many pillows. She was used to the luxury of her palace back on Mars, but those days were far behind her now.

An iPhone on the nightstand beside her began to chirp and rouse Reba from her sleep. She reached over in an attempt to silence the phone, but the touch screen had difficulty reading her movements through her scaly hide. After some struggle, she managed to silence her phone and looked at all the notifications she received overnight. Twitter rant, twitter rant, twitter rant, five likes on her new instagram post, and a few daily reminders. Everything was normal.

With a heavy yawn, she rolled out of bed and rubbed her eyes. Reba let out a sharp hiss as her feet hit the floor, a nasty habit that she developed over eons of life. She took her claw and picked out the last remnants of last night's hunt. The town none the wiser about her making a feast out of the local pets. Thanks to her Martian technology she could glamour herself into any form she wished which prevented her from ever getting caught.

At the moment, however, she was pushing back her annoyance at a certain Reba sharing her name. Luckily for the country singer, Reba Reptillia, Queen of Mars was more focused on eating than claiming revenge.

Reba made her way to the closet and pulled out one of her many camouflage devices. She slid a sterling silver necklace with a comically large turquoise gem at the center. With a few twists of the stone, Reba went from her regular dilophosaurus features to a kindly old woman vaguely resembling Elizabeth the Second.

With a jaunty whistle, the lone Martian made her way downtown to grab her morning coffee before the weekly Alien Support Group. Today happened to be Reba's turn to pick up the coffee and donuts for the group, a task she did so with great care. Shmebulon had nine different stomachs--four of which required Turquoise different types of donuts, and the other five enjoyed different varieties of tea, Norvinalexa, on the other hand, only wanted black coffee gently flavoured with the tears of an orphan, and Ooblek was just an amorphous blob so no one really knew what he craved.

Reba entered the Tim Horton's, shuffling awkwardly to the counter. Her hands were close to her chest like a mantis' before they strike their prey.

"Hi, what can I get for you?" asked a young girl with a ponytail pulled ever so slightly too tight.

"I would like, five small assorted teas, a medium black coffee, a medium hazelnut iced coffee with cream, a dozen donuts of any kind, and a twenty pack of Timbits." Reba's eyes stared in two different directions, one at the cashier and the other down at the pin pad. The girl instructed Reba to insert her card while trying to decide which orb to make eye contact with. She chose correctly.

"Thank you, and your order will be right up!"

Reba's pin pad eye re-centered onto the girl and she gave a content nod, "Give me one second dearie! I have a hard candy somewhere in here."

"Oh. You really don't have to do that."

"Of course, of course I do! You're such a sweet girl, and when the reptiles take over you shall be made ruler of any sector you wish." With that, Reba fished out a rather old looking hard candy from an oddly shaped handbag and gave it to the confused cashier. Who, in stunned silence looked at the candy and then back to the old lizard waddling to the pick up lane.

Written ~ Spoken

Reading by author George Guida Tuesday, August 14th, 6-6:45 pm Honeoye Public Library

Canadice Lake Writers Group is thrilled to welcome author George Guida on Tuesday, August 14, 2018 from 6-6:45 pm at Honeoye Public Library for a reading and discussion of his new fiction. The reading is free and opened to the public.

George Guida has published seven books, including *The Pope Stories* (2012) and four collections of poems, most recently *Pugilistic* (2015) and *The Sleeping Gulf* (2015). His work appeared lately in *Aethlon*, *J Journal*, *the Maine Review*, *Mudfish*, *Poetry Daily*, *the Tishman Review*, and *Verse Daily*. Earlier this year George completed both a full-length poetry manuscript called "*In a Time When the Ghosts were Alive*," which has been shortlisted for the Lauria/Frasca Poetry Prize; and a chapbook of poems called "*Zen of Pop*," which was a runner-up in the Foundlings Press Chapbook Contest. At the moment he is working on a novel called *The Uniform* and on a non-fiction book about communities of poets across America, called *Virtue at the Coffee House*.

George also teaches writing and literature, as Professor in English at New York City College of Technology and Contributing Faculty Member at Walden University. Having just stepped down as Poetry Editor for 2 Bridges Review, he now serves as the journal's Senior Advisory Editor. Since 2015, he has coordinated the Authors Series at Dansville ArtWorks. He lives with his family in Dansville and in Lynbrook, his hometown on Long Island.

The reading will be followed by a workshop opportunity from 6:45 - 8 pm for writers interested in further exploring the dynamics of works in progress. If you are interested in the workshop opportunity, please RSVP the group facilitator in advance at editor@canadicepress.com for additional information. Workshop space is limited.

A special thanks to HPL for providing the space for this free community event!



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Collecting Art in the Finger Lakes

Collecting small

by Jeanne Beck



Carolyn Phillip's collection of art has grown and now covers walls throughout her house. Phillips - standing with her dog in the picture below - has collected so many pieces that she is now contemplating how to retire or rotate pieces to make room for her newest acquisitions. Photos by Jeanne Beck



Can you really find original works at budget prices? Carolyn Phillips, who has a large collection and still keeps adding more, demonstrates convincingly that yes, you really can.

Consider specializing in small works as Carolyn does. They tend to be inexpensive and fit well in small spaces. For larger walls, they can be combined to create an interesting grouping by color, technique or subject matter.

I recently visited Carolyn Phillips' home to see her collection and talk about how it has developed over the years. She has been an avid collector since she moved to Fairport in 1998 and most of her works have been purchased for \$100-\$200.

Her small investments have added up to a big collection. Almost every wall in every room of Carolyn's home is filled with an eclectic assortment of small works. The breakfast nook is nature-themed. The living room walls are filled with pieces about people and places. She laughingly calls her bathroom "the ladies room" with its drawings and paintings devoted to images of women. Several rooms have small solo artist collections.

Over the years Carolyn has acquired pieces by attending First Friday open studios in Rochester, particularly Rochester Contemporary, Anderson Alley and the Hungerford Building. She attends art fairs and

special art exhibits as well.

She tries to attend as many art openings and events as possible, because in addition to looking at art works she derives great pleasure from getting to know the artists. "I really like to meet the artists whose works I purchase," Carolyn says. Many of them have become friends over the years and that makes the works she's collected by them more meaningful. She signs up for artists' mailing lists and her artist friends let her know when interesting events and shows are happening.


She chooses pieces that "that hold my interest visually," and is influenced by color, design, texture and the type of image. She adds, "I also love it when the price is good!" Her collection has grown so large, she's now considering how she might rotate or retire some works to make space to add new ones.

When asked if she can offer any advice to others interested in collecting, she says to "just enjoy it". "Collecting brings me a lot of joy. The longer you collect, the more you will see how you have grown in your appreciation of art."

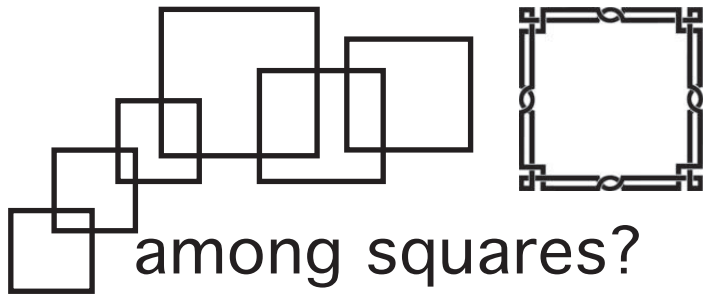


Jeanne Beck is a mixed media artist who owns Jeanne Beck Art Gallery & Studio, 154 Mill Street, in Downtown Canandaigua. www.jeannebeck.com for hours and events. I'd love to share how your interest in art started and grew. Please call me at 585-704-6419 or write jeannerbeck@gmail.com



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

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Brighton High School Parking Lot
on Winton at 12 Corners

• Sundays, 9 am - 1 pm

Brighton Farmers' Market is pleased to offer EBT/SNAP Bonus Program -- Fresh Connect Checks to SNAP customers. This state-funded program allows us to give a \$2 Fresh Connect Check with each \$5 in tokens purchased with an EBT/SNAP card, which can be used to purchase any SNAP-eligible foods at the market.
<http://www.brightonfarmersmarket.org> or fb.

Springwater Farmers Market - Fridays

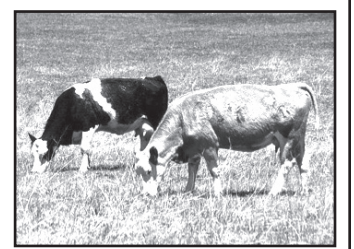
• June 22 thru October, 3-6.

At the "4-corners" in downtown Springwater.

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The Ontario County Local Food Guide is available for viewing and download on the Cornell Cooperative Extension of Ontario County website, www.cceontario.org. The guide will also be available at Ontario County farmers' markets while supplies last. Be sure to get your copy today for your guide to a summer full of local food, farms, and fun!

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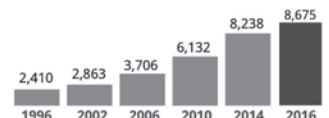
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Farmers Market Coalition

Why Farmers Markets?



Number of markets in the USDA Farmers Market Directory



Stimulate Local Economies

Growers selling locally create **13 full time jobs** per \$1 million in revenue earned. Those not selling locally create 3.



Locally-owned retailers, such as farmers markets, **return more than three times as much of their sales to the local economy** compared to chain competitors.



Preserve Farmland & Rural Livelihoods

The U.S. loses an acre of farmland a minute to development.

The 7 Seattle farmers markets hosted by the Neighborhood Farmers Market Alliance support **9,491 acres of farmland in diversified production.**

25% of vendors derive their sole source of income from the market.



Increase Access to Fresh Food

\$20.2 million in SNAP benefits (food stamps) were spent at farmers markets in 2016. That's fresh food for low-income Americans and increased revenue for local farmers.

60% of farmers market shoppers in low-income neighborhoods say that **their market had better prices than the grocery store.**

Markets bring fresh food to the neighborhoods that need it most.



Support Healthy Communities

People who shop at farmers markets have **15-20 social interactions per visit.**

They would have only **1-2 per visit** to the grocery store.

Proximity to farmers markets is associated with lower body mass index.

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The Village Gardener by Georganne Vyverberg

Chickens in your backyard



The smaller birds are the Bantams which have since found a home. The large brown and white girl is an Auracana .
Photo by Georganne Vyverberg



I have mentioned chickens on occasion in this column and some readers have asked about the pros and cons of keeping them. Are they worth it? How much work are they? I admit that for me they are definitely worthwhile, but then I also admit to just plain liking them. They are quirky and colorful and fun to watch. I have a chair next to the chicken pen and can often be found there watching their interactions. “Who needs television?” I often muse. There is drama, comedy and even pathos to be experienced.

So where to start but I suppose at the beginning. If you are thinking about getting chickens, first do your research. There are so many great books out there it’s hard to recommend just one. Go to the library and check out several and read as much as possible, but also, I encourage you to find others who do have a flock and go observe and ask questions. Some urban areas do allow chickens, but limit the flock size and often roosters are not allowed because some find their crowing disagreeable. I myself much prefer a rooster crowing to a dog that barks nonstop for hours on end. In truth I love the lusty sound of a crowing rooster.

So, if you decide to get chickens and have built the perfect coop and outdoor pen I heartily recommend that you start with pullets, which are hens about 4-6 months old and near laying age rather than chicks. Yes, baby fluffy chicks are adorable, but trust me they are a ton of work and while it can be fun, it also can be overwhelming at the same time. I wanted to replace a couple of birds I lost this past year.

Debating in my mind whether I should raise chicks or purchase pullets I was ambushed when I stopped into Tractor Supply for dog food shortly before Easter. I heard chirping from the front of the store and hypnotized I followed the sweet sound and there they were, just what I had been dreaming about... the Amerucana breed (they lay beautiful blue green eggs) scratching for food and chirping “buy me buy me.” I did. Four of them and because State law says you cannot buy less than 6 because they need at least that many for companionship and warmth I decided to get two of another breed and thought “Okay I’ll just give them away when they are old enough”. Then the clerk said “Pick four Bantams..free today when you buy six regular birds”. Bantams are a general term for miniature chickens and as my Mom used to say, “cute as the dickens”. In some sort of trance, I picked four Bantam chicks, which were unsexed and of uncertain heritage because a few boxes of chicks had broken and they were all mixed up. Hence the free deal. At that point as I look backwards on that cold and rainy April day at Tractor Supply I wished the Guardian Angel of my youth would have swooped down and tapped heavily on my shoulder, but she had abandoned me decades ago.

I arrive home and quickly find a cage as I am totally unprepared for chicks...nine of them. Remember I really only need two. But I am smitten with the little fluffy darlings. The next morning, I gaze into the same cage and am sure they grew overnight and things are a bit messy. I have them in the small room, which has already been taken over by my rabbits. I’ll explain about them in another article. The room by the end of a week has a fine layer of white dust from food and shavings being busily scratched about and has the unmistakable odor of a chicken coop, although I try to keep things tidy several times daily. In a short three weeks it is time for new accommodations. Even the rabbits are sneezing. The purchase of heat lamps and unearthing a larger cage and they are moved to the garage where I worry they will be too cold but they survive. The little Bantams easily half the size of the others snuggle underneath their larger companions. Over the next two months this scene is relived several times and the fluffy chicks now miraculously have feathers and I find I have not one but three roosters. The chicken sexing person must have been tired on that fateful day my chickens were born. I understand it’s a difficult job and seriously what does one say when asked what one does at work? I sympathize.

So, my friend unless you are retired and are seriously bored don’t start with chicks. I remember now that I had a couple of Broody hens who loved to sit and hatch out eggs and they did all the work of protecting and keeping them warm and nothing is as lovely to see. Buying pullets are considerably cheaper and by July you will see many ads and indeed pleas on social media to help downsize their flocks. I cringe whenever I see them as I did intrinsically know better, but I am impulsive about animals as well as plants for the garden.


Reasons other than loving these birds are many. Those of you who have read this column know how much I value compost. Well adding chicken manure and bedding to the compost pile really makes it work. I had 5 hens through last winter and the cleanout of their pen in Spring gave me enough material to significantly add to the compost pile. The straw, shavings and manure on the bottom six inches was already finished compost and the warmth from that bedding had helped keep my hens comfortable all winter. Thermometer readings in the pen averaged 10-20 degrees warmer than outside temperatures. Of course, body heat also contributed to that as well. I like the use of sawdust or shavings for their bedding because chickens love to scratch and this constantly mixes it up keeping things fairly clean. There is never a strong ammonia smell. On a daily basis a bit more shavings are placed in the pen. I still like to use straw or hay for nest boxes. Chickens love to arrange it and make it cozy for their egg laying. Shavings tend to be scratched out.

The primary reason most people want chickens is the eggs. Once you have eaten eggs that were produced that day or within a few days you will never want store bought eggs again. My girls have the best of organic feeds and lots of greens to eat. Even in winter I scour the produce shelves for marked down salad greens that have expired their shelf lives. They will eat most anything and leftovers from your table as well as the scraps that come from preparing food are like candy to them. I love that very little food is ever wasted when you have a flock of hens. While free ranging hens are happiest when they can forage for bugs and greens to their heart’s content they also LOVE your gardens and can make quite a mess if allowed to run free in your yard and your neighbors won’t be very happy either so they must be contained. I make it a practice to collect greens from my yard and gardens daily for the chickens in summer. Recently I visited friends who own Menagerie Farm in Tuscarora, New York. They have built a grazing box for their 30 plus chickens. Its simply a box about four inches high filled with soil and planted with clover and other nutritious grasses for hens. It is covered with hardware cloth wire so the grasses can grow through and the chickens can eat them, but are not able to scratch the ground. Once you have chickens you will see how they can totally denude a pen of anything growing there so this box works quite nicely. You can find these grazing box plans on line. Just Google “grazing boxes”

I realize now that I have failed to mention the cons of chicken keeping in your backyard. I find it hard to come up with any. They really are a joy and easy to keep once you have things set up. Cleaning out the coop once or twice a year may be the most labor intensive, but then the rewards of compost and healthier garden soils are worth that chore.



Scratching boxes, such as these at Menagerie Farm in Tuscarora, N.Y., allow chickens to feed while maintaining their pasture areas.
Photo by Georganne Vyverberg

 Georganne 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, a small flock of chickens and more recently a rabbit, or two.

Check out OwlLightNews.com for more great articles and images.

Scouting for Myself

“Scout, sweetie, time to get up! It’s the first day of school!” called my mom up the stairs. Ugh. Why? Why do I have to go to school?

Who thought school was a good idea? Who said to themselves, “What is the best way to torture myself and others, even though other people did absolutely nothing wrong to me? Oh, I know. Let’s make school a thing. Let’s make anti-social people have to socialize. Yeah! Let’s do that.”

I, unfortunately, peeled myself off of my galaxy bed sheets and out from under my comforter. Why do kindergarteners have a nap time, but teenagers don’t? Little children are full of energy and never utilize their nap time. For me, during the duration of nap time, I would read books. How I regret that now! For a whole school year, I had fifteen minutes of nap time everyday that I never utilized. What was I thinking?!

After contemplating why I never took a freaking nap during freaking naptime, I drowsily made my way to my dresser. I pulled out some blue jeans and a black and white striped t-shirt. I walked over to my bed and reached under the bed for my black and white Vans™. I then proceeded to the bathroom to comb my curly ginger locks. Of course, the gosh dang comb got stuck in the curls. Ugh! This is why no one likes curly hair!

“Audrey! Can you help me?” I called to my fellow ginger-haired sister.

“What do you need help with this time?” she asked, still inside her room.

“Um, I may have gotten the comb stuck in my hair,” I replied awkwardly.

“Scout, we all have curly hair in this family. How are you the only one who gets a comb stuck in his hair?” she asked. I genuinely couldn’t answer that question. Audrey swiftly walked out of her room and entered the bathroom, which we shared. “Goddamn you,” she stated as she began to tug at the comb in my hair.

“OW!” I yelped as she aggressively pulled out the comb from its entanglement.

Meanwhile, Audrey stood there smiling evilly, “It’s not my damn fault that you got your comb stuck in your hair.”

“Audrey, we have almost the same exact hair.”

“Yes, but I never get my brush stuck in mine,” she retorted. I could hear her faintly say, “You’re welcome” as she went back down the hallway and into her bedroom again.

She was so annoying, but I didn’t have time to argue with her. I opened the bathroom door and ran down the spiral staircase.

While I wasn’t exactly of the richest

sorts, I still did come from a family of decent wealth. My father was an author, hence why my name is Scout and why I have a certain affiliation with books, and my mother was a doctor. Therefore, our amount of annual income was a pretty good number, but my parents put their money entirely into their work, donation, and only our necessities. So, pretty needless to say that I am not one of those wealthy bitches who brag about all of the money they are bathing in.

I walked through the entry way and into the pristine kitchen with top of the line kitchenware...Okay, maybe not 100% of our money went to pure necessities, but my father loves to cook. He comes from Italian descent, so needless to say he has a fascination with food.

“Hey, sport, good to see you finally decided to join us!” my dad exclaimed as I walked towards him and the food that he sprawled across the marble countertop. He had waffles topped with whip cream and strawberries, French toast that was drizzled with raspberry sauce, and scrambled eggs. Scrambled eggs were my mother’s favorite. At least once a week,

“I wish I didn’t have to get up,” I stated while rubbing my eyes.

“Well, I wish I didn’t have to see my patients dear, but I still have to go,” stated my mother rather quickly upon hearing what I had to say, “Scout, would you be willing to take your sisters to school as well?”

“Why?”

“Because-” started my sister Taylor, entering from the living room that was just off of the kitchen, “-we really just don’t want to go on the bus. No offense to him, but bus driver Pete is creepy as hell.”

“He must be really creepy if he creeps you out, being that you bathe in creepiness with that snaggle-tooth and all,” I stated jokingly; Taylor didn’t like that joke.

“Mom? Dad? Aren’t you going to say something about how rude Scout just was?” she asked.

My mother turned to my dad and asked, “Richard, what do you think?”

My father glanced between Taylor and I for a couple seconds before saying, “-I thought that was goddamn hilarious.”

“Dad!” exclaimed my sister in disbelief.

“Maybe I could write that line into my next book. I don’t know where the hell I would put that, but I’ll find somewhere to appropriately place it. Nice one son-” said my father as he gave me a fist bump that I wasn’t ready for, so I accidentally went for a handshake, “-Well, one of these days you’ll come out of your awkward phase.”

I hoped this was true, but I highly doubted that would ever happen.

“Oh!-” exclaimed my mother as she looked at the clock, “-It’s 6:45. You better start heading to school.” I

picked up my Harry Potter Hufflepuff backpack, that I bought at Hot Topic™, and I watched as my sisters did the same, except they didn’t have backpacks as cool as mine. I went to the entryway and removed my car keys from the hooks and jogged directly to the left of the front door. I jogged back to the kitchen and told my sisters, “Hey! If you want to avoid creepy Pete, then let’s get going.”

Just as I went to make my way towards the door, my mother called, “Scout? Could you come here sweetie?” Oh no.

I turned back towards my mother; my sisters snickered at me as they made their way to the door. “Yeah, mom?” I asked.

“I know you aren’t exactly the most confident of sorts, but you will blossom. You will turn into a beautiful peacock who just wants to show off his feathers.”

“Honey-” interjected my dad “-if our son were a peacock, scientists would come and take him away and experiment on him.”

“Oh, Richard, must you take everything so literally?”

“I’m a realistic fiction author. I have to take things literally,” answered my father, getting a smile out of my mother and me.

My mother turned back to me, “Sweetie, just try and associate with others. Maybe you will build enough confidence to where you aren’t so awkward, but so that you aren’t an animal in the zoo.”

“Okay, Mom.”

“Oh, and would you please wear these-” she said holding out a dark green hoodie and a grey beanie, “-I heard it’s going to be a little chilly out, and I don’t want you to catch a cold.”

“Fine, Mom.”

“Good choice to not argue with someone who has to do an open heart surgery today,” she said in a chipper voice.

“Bye!” I said as I put on the grey beanie and ran towards the door.

“Bye son! Let me know if you meet any cute girls!” said my father teasing. I paused for a moment.

If only he knew that I’m not interested in girls.

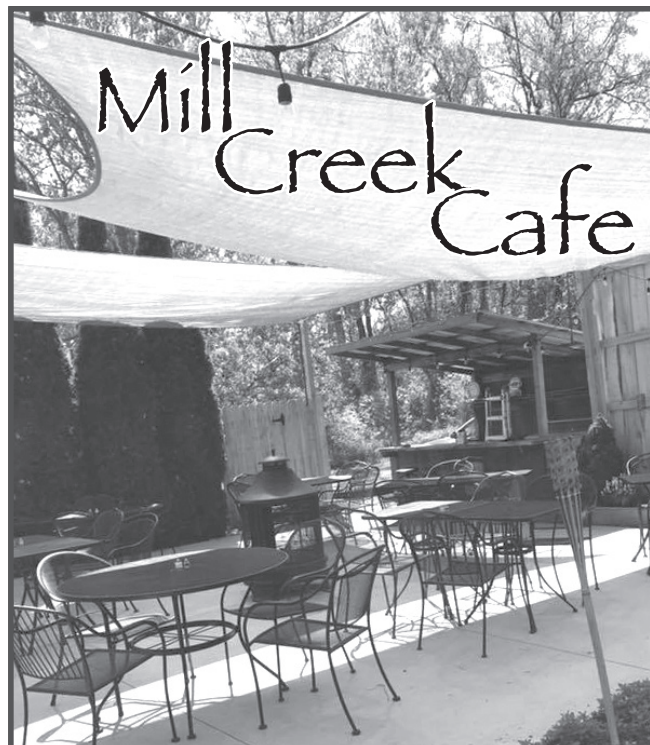
My sisters had burst through the doors



of Bradshaw Academy before I was even out of the car. The school’s title sounds very posh, but the interior of the school was not as luxurious as it sounded. The drinking fountains hardly ever worked, and when they did the water was warm. Also, the classrooms were no bigger than a small guest room. To be honest, I kind of liked how small the rooms were. It meant I didn’t have to associate with so many people every single class. Well, when I say “associate,” my way of “associating” is cowering in the far corner and hoping that no one makes any eye contact with me. Well, hopefully, this year would be the year that I actually made eye contact with someone other than my friend, Ziggy.

Ziggy is just her nickname. Her real name is Zigana Williams. Ziggy is stuck in her emo phase, and she has been for four years now. At this point, I’m starting to think it’s not a phase. However, she is completely aware that she is emo and she takes great pride in it. She always says, and I quote, “My skin is just as dark my soul.” She is just so angsty. Every morning, Ziggy draws a cracked heart on her cheek with eyeliner; she is THAT kind of emo. She also puts all of this black eye shadow around her eyes. To be fair, the black makes her chocolate brown eyes pop. She wears a black velvet choker almost everyday. If she’s not wearing that damn choker, then she must be ill. Her hair is usually in a side-braid because she doesn’t want her long hair getting all over the place when she is painting. For such an angsty woman, she loves to paint beautiful things, such as butterflies settled on tulips.

I finally decided that I would have to get out of my white, volkswagen beetle, from 1963, and face the hell that was school. Luckily, it was only the first day so I wouldn’t really have homework. I would only have to get parent signatures for the courses I was taking. Whoopity-doo! The same papers that I had signed every single year. Maybe I could have one good day of the school year. Of course, that was not going to happen.



Saturday night Music on the Patio

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

Settle in for an evening of live music on the patio, Saturdays 6-9 pm.

Mill Creek Cafe
8705 Main St
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www.millcreekcafe.com

Established in 2005, Mill Creek Café is a seasonal café and Ice Cream shoppe offering an expansive and creative menu. We strive to utilize the abundant seasonal offerings from our surrounding farms. Whether you are looking for a unique meal, stopping by for some live music, or meeting a friend for a quick drink, Mill Creek will leave you happy and looking forward to our next meeting. Stop by and say hello! And don’t forget the ice cream!

Simple Sustainability by Sky Trombly

Until next time, be the light
by living lightly!

The Reverse Minimalist Game

When we begin our minimalist journey, we often focus on what to get rid of. We start tossing, sometimes indiscriminately, but this can lead to not having our needs met or to feeling deprived and then to binge buying. I have noticed that the vast majority of the decluttering methods out there are focused on what to get rid of – not what to keep.

Consider the Minimalist Game put out by the celebrated minimalists Joshua Fields Milburn and Ryan Nicodemus, two men that I admire. In this game, participants begin at the beginning of the month and get rid of the same number of items as the day of the month – so beginning on the first of the month, one declutters a single item. On the 15th, participants will toss 15 items and by the 30th, after tossing 30 items, participants have gotten rid of 465 items in total over the month.

(A quick note: when I use the word “toss” I don’t mean throw in the garbage unless the item in question cannot be sold, donated, or gifted to another, cannot be composted or recycled, and is safe to throw away by conventional means.)

This game works well for motivating you to address large amounts of clutter, but its main flaw is that it doesn’t provide any guidance in what is worth keeping, so you may have reduced possessions but not any new insight as to what holds value to your life. In fact, if you toss too indiscriminately, you may find yourself in trouble. I continue to play the Minimalist game, don’t get me wrong, in order to help me reduce bulk clutter, but I’d like to offer an alternative game to do first.

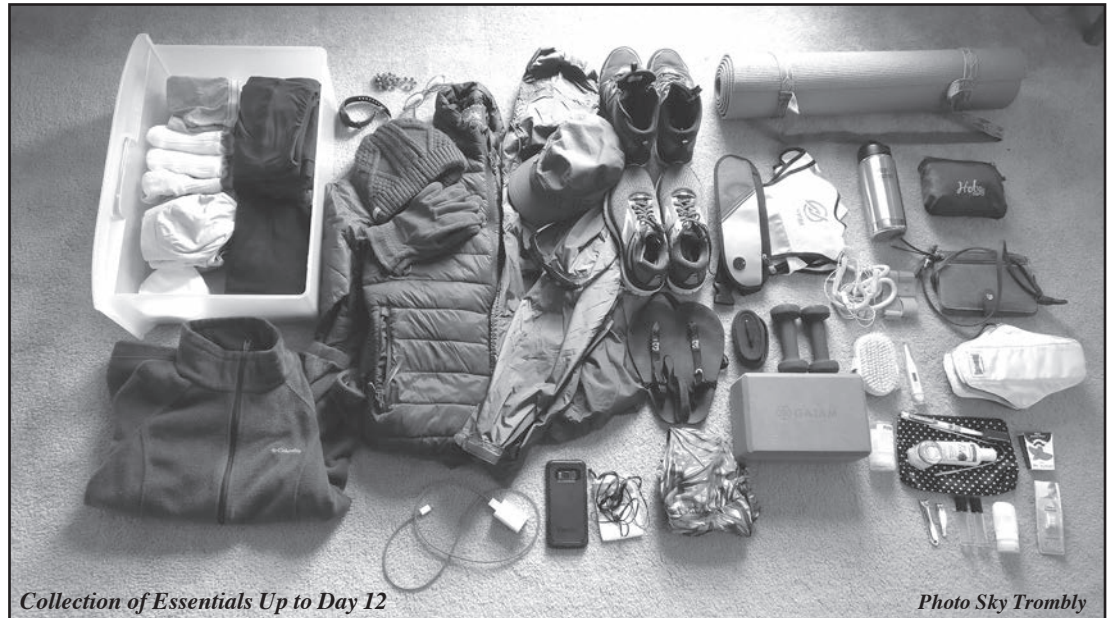
I’m calling this game the Reverse-Minimalist Game and it works just about the same way as the Minimalists’ version (the details of their game can be found here: <https://www.theminimalists.com/game/>). In this game, on the first day of the month, you find something essential to your life. One of my first items was my eyeglasses, for example. You may even want to hold a thought of gratitude for this thing you have, if that is your jam. Then, you consider where its home should be. Even good stuff becomes clutter if it gets kicked around and you can’t find it when you need it.

So, at the end of the month, you’ll have found 465 items that serve you in your life. They’ll have homes, and you’ll have a strong insight on your needs, priorities, and what not to toss during subsequent minimalist games you may want to try. By starting with the essential, you’ll unlock the key to fast tracking minimalist success.

Another bonus, by starting a minimalist journey on a positive note, you’ll have the benefit of leading with gratitude instead of guilt and shame, which may bolster you when you come face to face with the haunting reality of poor purchases from yesteryear.

If you’re the type of minimalist who wants to shoot for a particular number, this has the additional benefit of putting a number on your essential possessions to date and serves as a good baseline for your goals.

We need to focus first and foremost on what to keep in our lives, and what to emphasize, before we can declutter intelligently. I believe successful minimalists become successful not because they’ve decluttered a lot of stuff from their lives but because they’ve decluttered the right stuff from their lives after determining what is essential to them.



Collection of Essentials Up to Day 12

Photo Sky Trombly

Simple Sustainability - related comments, topics and questions can be e-mailed to editor@canadicepress.com with Simple Sustainability in the subject line.



Something of a sustainability nerd for most of her life, Sky Trombly’s 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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Geek Chic Floral Boutique An alternative flower store (and so much more)



Prouty’s growing excitement and her love of flowers were both evident.

Photos D.E. Bentley

Geek Chic Floral Boutique – An alternative flower store (and so much more) has opened at 57 Genesee Street in Avon, NY. The twenty-six year old owner of the store, Anna Prouty, is an accountant turned maker. Prouty first created her signature sola wood and recycled paper bouquets for her own wedding, as an alternative to cut flowers that she could keep and display. This small gesture grew into a passion that soon outgrew her home.

The store’s grand opening was August 4th and I spoke with Prouty as she was wrapping up the finishing touches for her retail space, which is just doors away from the Park Theatre. The theatres planned renovation was, she shared, one of the reasons for the Genesee Street location choice.

Prouty wants the space to not only showcase her work, but also the work of other area crafts people. She already has works on display from eleven other local businesses, including Avon-based Evening Star Coffee Roasters and several members of her family. Prouty wants the space to be a welcoming makers’ space, and each artist will have a “shelf talker” with a picture for a more personal shopping experience.

There is also a sustainability focus, both in the store interior – much of which was made from locally salvaged material – and in the products.

One of Prouty’s favorite product lines is “Knitters on a Mission,” knitted goods made by Mother-daughter trio Linda and Lillian Sliwoski and Alannah DeHond, where 100% of the proceeds (including the store’s usual commission) will go to Romanian women and orphanages.

A woman walking by on Genesee Street stepped in, hopeful that the store was open. A bit disappointed that it was not, she promised to stop back and check it out soon. I have no doubt that Anna Prouty will be ready for the eager visitors likely to stroll in, attracted by the bright welcoming décor, the large selection of interesting creations and, of course, the flowers displayed throughout the store.



A “Knitters on a Mission” hat.

The Empty Chair ~ Auction benefits local youth

View chairs and place your bid for this benefit auction until September 3rd at The Cheshire Union

Rusty Brundage Memorial Art Gallery ~ 4424 Rt. 21 S, Canandaigua

Fourteen (14) vintage student chairs were designed by individuals or groups using positive images and messages of hope and encouragement

In light of the recent tragic events in our country with so many school shootings, the Cheshire Union invited local artists to design student chairs. The Cheshire Union is hosting an exhibit of the completed chairs at the Rusty Brundage Memorial Art Gallery. This event is dedicated to a generation of young people who have seen peers lost to violence to encourage them moving forward.

The exhibit will continue until September 3, 2018 and anyone can bid on the chairs. Bidders can stop by again or call Dory or Mary at the Union for bidding updates at 585-394-5530. Winning bidders will be announced just prior to the start of the 2018-2019 school year.

One hundred percent of the proceeds will benefit The Partnership for Ontario County.

The Partnership for Ontario County is an independent non-profit organization. It has served Ontario County since 1998, creating, supporting and administering alliances to cultivate positive social change, serving as the umbrella organization for six programs and initiatives.

Visit <https://partnershipforontariocounty.org/> for more information about their programs.

For more information about the auction, please contact Dory or Mary at The Cheshire Union.



Many people attended and placed bids during the chairs' reception on August 5th.



In Memoriam Notices & Tributes

Obituaries and other In 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 assistance in wording your In Memoriam.

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Brandon Vick Photography

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Richmond History

Allens Hill: The People

Part Four of the Early History of Allens Hill

John Nicholas Norton wrote of those intrepid pioneers who settled Allen's Hill: "The inhabitants of that township were a most respectable class of people, superior to those that usually take possession of a new country. Most of them were moral, many religious, and the leading men would have been distinguished anywhere for their noble spirit of resolution and enterprise, together with a good degree of intelligence."

Prominent among those early settlers was Nathaniel Allen, the community's namesake. Attaining the rank of Major in the county militia during the War of 1812, he carried the honorific for the remainder of his life. Returned to his home, Major Allen was elected Ontario County sheriff, then was sent by his neighbors to the state legislature, serving two terms.

Nathaniel's daughter Almira and her husband Robert Lawton Rose eventually came into ownership of the stately Allen home atop the hill. Rose, "who was a Virginian, and quite the aristocrat of the village," served for more than a decade in the U. S. Congress. He and Almira raised a respectable family, the sons being educated at West Point and Yale, and the daughters being married into "society." After Mrs. Rose died (too young!) the Congressman remarried. He sold his Richmond holdings and returned to Geneva for a season, then retired to Maryland. His lovely home burned in 1896, replaced by "a plain farm-house" which stands today.

A number of Richmond's earliest settlers were men who had participated in the Revolution. Two of those lived in Allen's Hill: Ichabod Perry and Daniel Bissell. Squire Perry – "a large, red-faced man, [who prided] himself on the fact that he [resembled] Lafayette" – had done service in the Continental Navy, aboard the Bon Homme Richard under the command of John Paul Jones.



Allen's Hill resident Ichabod Perry had done service in the Continental Navy, aboard the Bon Homme Richard under the command of John Paul Jones. Historian's photo archive

In the early years of the nineteenth century the squire penned his memoir, which he called Reminiscences of the Revolution. He wrote colorfully of the decisive battle between the Richard and the English ship Serapis: "Jones and his men fought with Desperation for about three hours from the Commencement till the Richard's sides was shivered to pieces. The water was gaining very fast in the hold. There was then a little cessation of firing, when the enemy hailed and asked if we had struck colors. Jones replied, 'I have no notion of it. I have only just begun to fight.'"

Daniel Bissell, also a Connecticut native, served in the Continental Army. Functioning as a spy for General George Washington, he spent thirteen months behind enemy lines. On June 8, 1783, he was awarded the Badge of Military Merit, one of only three conferred to Revolutionary soldiers. The citation he personally received from Washington reads: "Sergeant Bissell of the 2nd Connecticut Regt. having performed some important service within the immediate knowledge of the Commander-in-chief in which the fidelity, perseverance, and good sense of the said Sergeant Bissell were conspicuously manifested, it is therefore ordered that he be honored with the Badge of Merit. He will call at headquarters on Tuesday next for the insignia and certificate to which he is hereby entitled."

Both Squire Perry and Sergeant Bissell are buried in Allens Hill Cemetery.

A list of the celebrated early dwellers of Allen's Hill includes Mary Jane (Hawes) Holmes, a schoolteacher and prolific novelist; Lucious Pierpont, principal of Honeoye Union School and for many years Ontario County School Commissioner; Noah Lambert, blacksmith; Alanson Welton, first minister of St. Paul's Episcopal Church who went as a missionary to Michigan in 1821; Marcuis Willson, author of a series of grammar school textbooks which were used nationwide; Mortimer Worthy, merchant; and William Henry Shelton, born in 1840, who wrote a comprehensive memoir of his hometown.

Among the townsmen during the latter years of the nineteenth century were a number of unsung residents: the village doctors. There were no medical men living in Allen's Hill until 1832. All health-related issues before that time must be attended to by Dr. Lyman Cook at Richmond Center. Rev. George Norton recorded in his diary of the early 1820s: "We were much alarmed about little Arthur in the night, and by daybreak, I dispatched a boy on horseback for the doctor. It is not convenient for us that he should reside at The Center, but of course he must make his home at the point which best suits his business. What a treasure a good family physician is!"

Seasonal fevers, consumption (tuberculosis), croup, and cholera were ever-present. Dr. Cyrus Wells came to take up his profession in Allen's Hill in the early thirties, followed by Harvey Jewett, Samuel West (brother to John West, an early blacksmith), Ellis Sayre, and Willard Hastings. W. H. Shelton wrote of the doctor's work in the 1840s: "The country doctor's office was a drugstore and an apothecary's shop combined, for besides prescribing the remedy he must furnish the medicine...When the roads were good he visited patients in a sulky; when the roads were deep in mud or snow he went on horseback...The doctor's fee for ordinary calls was half a dollar but he took butter and eggs and all sorts of country produce in payment."

There were, alas, those village inhabitants who did not bring glory to the scene. Although later in the century Richmond purported to be a "Temperance Town," the "evils of strong drink" were evident during her early years. The local minister lamented, "This dram-drinking is a bad business. Several of our neighbors pass the door every morning and evening on their way to the tavern for their daily portion of bitters." Many an upright citizen deplored the presence of "Old Tompy", who "was quite a character in his way. His large and powerful frame and active mind had become much enfeebled by long habits of intemperance, and he generally made his appearance arrayed in rags, and as untidy as possible...He was a wreck [of a man] who might have been a most valuable citizen, [but for the drink.]"

Sam Tongate, whose later life took a tragic turn, came to Allen's Hill as a teenager. His father was a respectable shoemaker and for a time Sam followed his father's example. He married and fathered a clutch of children. By his mid-thirties he'd found other work – as driver of the Canadice-Canandaigua mail stage. The temptation apparently proved too much to resist; on December 20, 1873, Samuel Tongate was hanged for having robbed the mail three years earlier.

And then there was John Pierpont, the older brother of school principal Lucius. From an early age it was evident that John was a "simple" soul. In his own quiet way he contributed much to village life. Shelton provides a descriptive narrative from John's youth to his old age: "There was a half-witted [young man] in the village who offered himself to all the girls, drove the cows to pasture, pumped the organ on Sunday [and dug the graves in the church yard]...John Pierpont [died in 1890, aged sixty-two]; he remained one of the last early inhabitants, bent with age, watching the traffic of the cross-road from behind the potted geraniums in the recessed porch... He was a feeble old man who had never married because all the girls were in a league against him, and many of whom he had buried, for he had long been the village sexton."

The inscription on John Pierpont's tombstone in Allens Hill Cemetery reads:

*We shall meet, we shall sing,
In the land where the saved never die.
We shall rest free from sorrow and pain
Safe at home in the sweet bye and bye.*



Early dwellers of Allen's Hill included Mary Jane (Hawes) Holmes (Top) - a school teacher and prolific novelist - and William Henry Shelton - who wrote a comprehensive memoir of his hometown.

Historian's photo archive



Joy Lewis has been the Town of Richmond Historian since 2013. For town of Richmond history you can contact the Historian by Phone: 585-229-1128; or Email: historian@townofrichmond.org

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Honeoye-Richmond Historical Society Museum

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

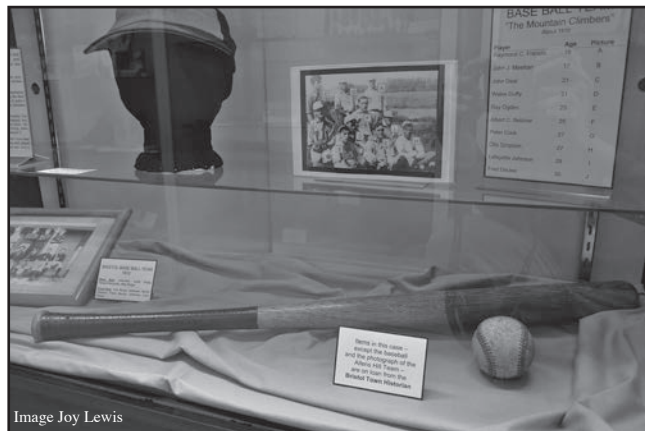


Image Joy Lewis

Summer Hours
Saturday mornings
9:30 to 11:30

Memorial Day
Weekend
until
Labor Day
Weekend.

585-229-1128
historian@
townofrichmond.org

Community Calendar

Honeoye Class of 2019 Bottle Drive & Furniture Sale
August 11th from 9-noon
Honeoye Valley Redemption Center
4839 Honeoye Business Park, Honeoye, NY.

Wednesday, August 22, at 10:00 am, Chet Fery the "Bread Man" is coming to St. Mary's Church, 8961 Main Street, Honeoye. He promotes doing random acts of kindness. He believes the world can be changed one loaf of bread at a time. Since he will be giving each person a loaf of bread, please call St. Mary's at (585) 229-5007 to register to attend this great presentation.

Save these Saturday Dates! Upcoming events at the Little Lakes Community Center in Hemlock
September 22 – Second Annual "Barn Fest"
October 13 – Antiques Appraisal

Antique Wireless Museum
"After Hours at the Museum" series
continues Wednesday September 5, 2018, 7:30 pm
with

"The Impact of Radio on Society" by Robert Hobday

After Hours at the Museum - A series of entertaining and informative bi-monthly presentations at the Antique Wireless Museum. The next presentation is "The Impact of Radio on Society" by Robert Hobday, AWA Deputy Director, on September 5, 2018 beginning at 7:30 pm. Unlike other major communication technologies, the "magic" of radio had an almost immediate and amazing impact on society. Bob will provide a fascinating look at the growth and reach of radio in the United States.

Tickets are available in advance at the Museum or at the door. Admission for adults is \$10 or \$5 for Museum members. The Antique Wireless Museum is located at 6925 Route 5 in Bloomfield just east of the corner of Route 444.

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

Come visit on September 5th for an informative and fun evening.
Perhaps enjoy dinner at a local restaurant beforehand.
www.facebook.com/antiquewirelessmuseum
~ <http://www.antiquewireless.org/>

Area Food Pantries

All welcome and appreciate community contributions and volunteers.

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

Geneseo/Groveland Emergency Food Pantry

31 Center Street, Geneseo (the lower level of CPC).
Tuesdays and Thursdays 10-2 am and Wednesdays 4-6:30 pm

Springwater Food Pantry

Open Tuesdays 6:30-8:30 pm and Saturdays 9-11 pm.
South Main Street, Springwater
*Serves Springwater Canadice & Webster's Crossing area.
*No one in need will be turned away!

Lighthouse Food Pantry

Every Saturday, until Jan 5, 2019
Lighthouse Wesleyan Church, 101 South Lackawanna St, Wayland
We recognize as a church that it is not only important to feed people's spiritual hunger but to feed their physical needs as well. Lighthouse Food Pantry is open to anyone in the Wayland Cohoston Central School District Area.

2nd Annual Bikers Against Animal Neglect & Abuse Motorcycle Run Saturday, August 25 at 12:05 pm
Tony's Pizzeria ~ 140 Main St, Dansville, New York 14437
Registration 11:45 to 12:45 kickstands up at 1 pm \$10 per bike

100% of the \$ goes to the animal shelters for dog or cat food and toys.

The ride is about 100 miles and ends at Birdsall Inn and they will be providing food. We are also looking for donations to raffle off. This is open to all if you don't have a motorcycle you can drive your vehicle hope to see y'all there. And a big thank you to Cathy Crego at the Birdsall Inn. For more info on this ride call or text 585-519-1931
www.facebook.com/Bikers-Against-Animal-Neglect-Abuse-2051066314905433/



Maddie's Motor Sports is hosting a group ride every Tuesday night during the summer months of July, and August. We will meet at the dealership between 5:30 pm and 6 pm every Tuesday and leave sharply at 6 pm. We have picked 12 local restaurants, and ice cream shops to ride to all within an hours ride. This is meant to get some of our staff and our great customers together on a weekly basis and go for an enjoyable ride. All makes and model of bikes are welcome. The more the merrier.

Let us know what your community or community - based group is doing to work toward positive change for ALL!

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Faith in Community

Saturday, Aug. 11th, 10 am - Finger Lakes Forest Church.

The Finger Lakes Forest Church meets the second Saturday of each month. All meetings start at 10 AM, unless otherwise noted, and are approximately one hour in length. Locations change each month. The theme for our August meeting is "a little child shall lead us." For this meeting, we will invite insights from children to help us connect with nature. Young ones more than welcome; they are required! Location: Hemlock Lake Park, located off Route 15A at the north end of Hemlock Lake. Meet near the gazebo. Look for the Forest Church signs. For more information, contact FLForestChurch@gmail.com.

Wednesday, Aug. 15th, 6:30 - 8 pm - Free Spirit Book Club

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

"Imagine No Racism" Series: Sponsored by area churches.

All meetings begin at 7 pm at:

Conesus United Church, Thursday, August 16th;
Sparta Center UMC, Monday, September 17th;
Groveland Federated Parish, Thursday, October 18th; and
West Sparta UMC, Monday, October 29th.

Progressive Agriculture Safety Day Saturday, August 18, 2018, 9 am- 3 pm

There are many challenges in farming today: increasing government regulations, falling milk and commodity prices, labor supply uncertainties, just to mention a few. But, the most daunting daily challenge may be keeping everyone on the farm safe!

To address farm family safety, Cornell Cooperative Extension of Ontario County is partnering with New York Center for Agriculture Health and Medicine as well as others to put together an Ag Safety Day for the whole family. Progressive Publication has been sponsoring Ag Safety Days for over 20 years, nationally; and, it is time to bring the event to Ontario County to make a local impact.

The date is 8-18-18 at the New York Steam Engine Pageant Ground, 3349 Gehan Road, Canandaigua, NY 14424 from 9:00 am-3:00 pm. We are planning a variety of demonstrations on family and farm safety including:

- PTO entanglement demonstration by NYCAMH
- Grain Bin Rescue Tube demonstration by Benton Fire Department
- Bike Safety, Bicycle Rodeo, and Kids Safe ID by Ontario County Sheriff
- Fire Extinguisher demonstration and Fire Safety
- ATV and UTV Safety Instructor presentation
- First Aid / CPR Demonstrations, by Ontario County Public Health Office

The day will include lots of "give-away" items in a "Progressive Day" gift bag, free lunch, and free t-shirt to all who pre-register by July 16, 2018. Come join your friends and neighbors for a few hours of sharing and caring; it could save your life!!

Register by July 16, 2018 to be sure we have enough free food and "give-aways".

All youth must have a registration/release form signed by a parent. Space is limited, so sign up the whole family today! Registration/release form needs to be sent to Cornell Cooperative Extension, Attn: Farm Safety, 480 North Main Street, Canandaigua, NY 14424.

A confirmation will be sent by email when your registration is received.

Questions? Contact: Amy Morrisey at 585-394-3977 x429 or email alm72@cornell.edu

Regional News

Rollover tractor accident, fatality in Avon, NY

Sheriff Thomas J. Dougherty reports the death of Avon man following a tractor rollover accident over the weekend.

On Saturday August 4, 2018 at approximately 9:47am the Livingston County Emergency Communications Center (E-911) received a call for a man pinned under a tractor in the Town of Avon.

Deputy Sheriffs, along with emergency personnel with fire and EMS were immediately dispatched to the scene of a residential property on Linden Street where emergency crews found the male unresponsive.

Life saving measures were attempted but were unsuccessful in reviving the man, 66 year old Charles T. "Tom" Moran; he was pronounced deceased at the scene by the Livingston County Coroner's Office.

The preliminary investigation by the Sheriff's Office revealed that Moran was operating a compact tractor (tractor with a front bucket) in attempt to recover a zero turn lawn mower that had broken down in the back lawn of the property. Moran was driving the compact tractor on a path that led down to the rear lot and the path had a downward decline which was also wet from the morning dew. Those factors caused the tractor to go into a slide and eventually rollover, pinning Moran underneath.

Investigating the incident for the Sheriff's Office were several members of the Sheriff's Office from the Patrol Division, Criminal Investigations Division, Forensic Identification Unit and Command Staff.

In addition to the Sheriff's Office responders included the Avon Village Police Department, Office of Emergency Management, Avon Fire Department, East Avon Fire Department, Avon EMS, and CHS Ambulance Services.

Honoring Our Roots, Tending Our Future ~ 2018 NOFA Summer Conference August 10-12, 2018 Hampshire College, Amherst, MA

During the weekend of August 10-12, 2018 we will gather again at Hampshire College in Amherst, Massachusetts for the 44th Annual NOFA SC. This immersive annual gathering is an opportunity to come together as the regional organic community from the seven NOFA states – NY, NJ, VT, MA, RI, NH, CT. The conference is a three day event packed with amazing education programming for adults and children, an array of fun spirited activities and the opportunity to be nourished by the collective wisdom and knowledge of decades of farming, gardening and activism that makes up the work of our NOFA chapters.

This year's conference program is woven with workshops and activities that will pay homage to the agricultural wisdom that has been instructive to us through the ages. We will celebrate the wisdom of the rich indigenous agricultural past that has provided the basis of the organic movement and the ecologically based practices we have used to be successful.

Our keynote speakers, Rowen White and Eric Holt-Giménez, are two very passionate, ambitious educators, both working diligently to share their knowledge and experience with small agricultural communities. We are looking forward to this year's conference and hope you are as well!



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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/Manchester
Red Jacket Pharmacy

Rushville
Village Hall

Farmington
State Troopers

Victor
Mead Square Pharmacy

Clifton Springs
Hospital (lobby)

Richmond
Town Hall
CVS Pharmacy



Questions, please call us at
585-396-4554

Evening of Blues on Sunday, August 19th

Two of the great Blues men are coming to the Geneseo Riviera Theater for an incredible night of blues. Doors open at 5:00pm - show at 6:00 pm

Tickets at <http://geneseoriviera.com/music/an-evening-of-blues-featuring-joe-louis-walker/>

Joe Louis Walker: A LEGENDARY BOUNDARY-PUSHING ICON OF MODERN BLUES, - NP

Grammy Award winner, Joe Louis Walker, a Blues Hall of Fame inductee and four-time Blues Music Award winner celebrates a career that exceeds a half a century. His new album Everybody Wants A Piece cements his legacy as a prolific torchbearer for the blues. Looking back on his rich history, Walker shares, Id like to be known for the credibility of a lifetime of being true to my music and the blues.

For more of Joe Louis Walkers Bio go to: www.joelouiswalker.com



Johnny Rawls: "Keeping the Blues Alive"

Award winning, Johnny Rawls was born in Columbia, Mississippi in 1951 and raised in Purvis and Gulfport, Mississippi.

He acquired an early interest in music when hearing his grandfather play the blues guitar one Christmas morning.

Johnny has played many times at Fanatics Pub giving his all and the crowds love it!

Take a look at his website at: www.johnnyrawlsblues.com

Dan Mason at Mill Creek Cafe Honeoye, NY August 11th, 6-9 pm



Dan Mason has been traveling throughout northern New York as a solo acoustic act for the past three years. He has played at hotels, bars, restaurants, wineries, breweries and private parties. Attempting to stretch the ear of the listener, Dan has incorporated some covers into his repertoire that are varying distances from contemporary. Filling in the rest of his sets with classic covers and originals combine to create a pleasant experience for anyone looking to relax and enjoy a night out!

Night of Music by The Brothers Blue Aug. 11th, 7 - 9 pm, Little Lakes Community Center 4707 S. Main Street, Hemlock, New York 14466



Aaron Lipp Benefit concert for Hospice House Brew & Brats at Arbor Hill, Naples, NY Thursday August 30th, 4-9 pm

The Owl is Original

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www.owllightnews.com/owl-advertising/

Next submission deadline

Owl Light News Submission Deadlines - clip and save

Final Deadline is	For issue published on
Sunday, August 19, 2018	Friday, August 24, 2018
Sunday, September 2, 2018	Friday, September 7, 2018
Sunday, September 16, 2018	Friday, September 21, 2018
Sunday, September 30, 2018	Friday, October 5, 2018 and
Sunday, September 30, 2018	Early submission date for Oct. 19th!!!



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

is August 19th