



Discover More in the Owl Light

Cover photo:
Canadice Lake in the owl light
by Rob Ryer

Canadice resident Rob Ryer enjoys capturing moments in time, primarily rural and wooded scenes of NYS. See more images at ryersmugmug.com/ & Like/follow him on facebook and (instagram) @RobRyerPhoto(s).

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Down is up

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Owl Light News Subscription-only as of July

If *Owl Light News* could be defined in a single word, that word would be change. We have been evolving from our first issue, published in April 2017. Change has transformed all of our lives in the past few months. Just venturing out the door is more of a chore. Before isolation due to Covid-19 became essential, and essential took on an eerie new meaning—with millions of Americans suddenly out of work—newspapers everywhere were already questioning the feasibility of print. Digital technology will now grow even more, as will the role of workplace automation. I don't believe that we will be taken over by the machines, but I do believe that the new normal will have us all looking at our (perhaps-smarter-than-us) machines more often. I also believe that how people use their time and who is, or is not, essential will shift, as more workplaces look to automation and remote work to safeguard productivity against human vulnerability.

Like so many small businesses, we have used this time in history to reevaluate where we are, and where we want to be. When it comes to *Owl Light News*, our readers—and the writers we publish, as well as other contributors—are central to that decision-making process. Many newspapers, including local print newspapers, responded to recent isolation by stopping print publication. Some have shut down altogether. Canadice Press has continued to print and

distribute copies of *Owl Light News* to many community locations, but getting *Owl Light News* to our readers has been challenging. With so many businesses closed, we have fewer distribution locations and people are (wisely) venturing out less frequently.

Free distribution papers are no longer able to ignore what we have known for a long time: that a reader-supported model is more feasible than an advertiser-supported model. It is especially important to explore this during these somewhat dark times. Businesses that might have relied on print advertising—and supported print media—in the past are needing to focus more than ever on the bottom line.

Nonetheless, *Owl Light* readers have continued to read. Many are adapting to the social and cultural pandemic-related shift by requesting *Owl Light News* mailed subscriptions: for themselves, their friends, and their family members. (Thank you to everyone who has recently subscribed, and to our ongoing subscribers—some of whom have been with us from the beginning). More people are also reading online at OwlLightNews.com.

We believe in print, and love being able to offer *Owl Light News* as a print (and online) publication. That will not change! *Owl Light News* will continue as a print monthly; hopefully, for many years to come. We had initially hoped (like so many) that the new normal would be much like the old normal.

Alas, this is not to be. As mentioned previously, change is a word that defines *Owl Light News*. There will be some changes.

Given the recent increase in subscriptions—and the ongoing challenges of community free distribution—we will go to a subscription-only print (and online) distribution starting with the July issue of *Owl Light News*. *Owl Light News* will also be available for sale at select retail locations across the Finger Lakes (with a gradual expansion of locations). We will be expanding our online (paywall-free) news site to include more regular updates and stories relevant to New York State's rural regions and lifestyles. This community-submitted and community-focused content will include press releases, original and expanded stories and articles, and community information. Our online site will also include select local advertising, but will remain free of intrusive pop ups. Our calendar will move online-only permanently. Community members are welcome to add and explore posted events anytime.

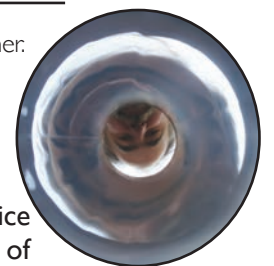
These changes allow us to deliver our print *Owl Light News* directly to our readers, our customers, without myself—and the many other people who assisted with delivery—venturing out in these (and future) uncertain times. It also lessens our carbon footprint, something that is important to us.

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The Light Lens

By T. Touris

T. Touris is a wanna-be-retired- computer-programmer. He spends his free time designing and working in wood, while dreaming up the next Light Lens.



Party like it's 1899



This is a spotted salamander who is a resident of the Canadice Lake watershed. His views do not necessarily reflect those of the *Owl Light News*.

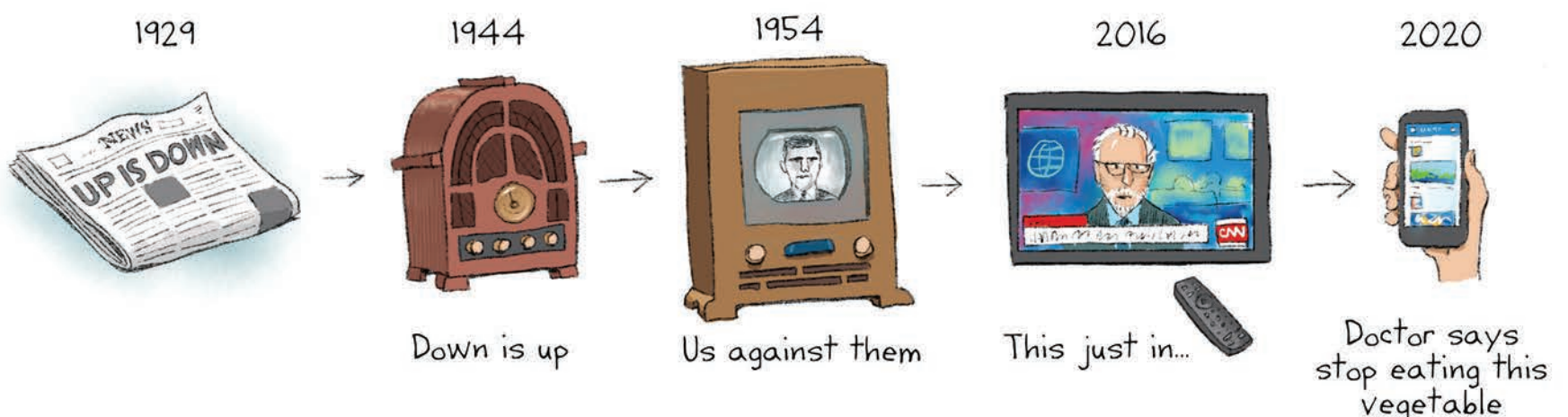
Frogs, toads, fellow salamanders, lend me your tympanum covered ears. Have you noticed there are fewer rolling frog flatteners zooming around nowadays? Yes, our century long nightmare may finally be coming to an end. For some mysterious reason, something is causing the humans to leave their high-speed death machines sitting in their driveways. This could be the beginning of a new era for amphibians everywhere.

Heck, I might even be able to visit the vernal pool my great-great-great grandfather migrated from many years ago. I've only heard stories about how back in the day a guy could freely crawl (or hop) from pool to pool without worrying about becoming a roadside pancake breakfast for a crow or some other nasty scavenger. Some friends and I are heading over to the pond across the road to chow down on some tasty slugs. I know, I know—the experts are saying to take things slow and that the two-ton toad crushers will soon be back with a vengeance. I don't care, I'm going to party like it's 1899—before that jerk Henry Ford came along.

Cartoon by Sally Gardner sallygardner.com



EVOLUTION OF MEDIA MANIPULATION



Speaking of Death by Linda Starkweather

As an only child of loving but detached parents, I think I first became painfully aware of the anxiety our culture has in talking about death and dying when I was eleven. It was Christmas Eve and we had traveled the 150 miles to my grandma Ruth's house to spend the holiday with extended family. When we arrived, my dog and best friend Sandy was acting very strange. So, early evening, my uncle and my father took Sandy to the vet. I waited anxiously for them to return, and within an hour they were back—without my dog. No one explained anything, and I was too afraid to ask. To this day, I can't remember how or when or who finally told me that they had to "put her down"—a term I've always found curious. I, of course was devastated. I was also now privy to the practice of 'Death Denial' that has plagued humans since time immemorial.

I'm occasionally asked what books I've read that changed my life. The first that always comes to mind, especially in these iniquitous times, is Ernest Becker's treatise, *The Denial of Death*. I was assigned the book during my freshman year in college and re-read it 30 years later while working on a master's degree. Ernest Becker was an American cultural anthropologist and writer. He won the 1974 Pulitzer Prize for his book and followed it with a sequel called *Escape from Evil*. In it, he argues that "the basic motivation for human behavior is our biological need to control our most basic anxiety, to deny the reality and the terror of our own mortality"

Of course, one of the most potent and prevailing mechanism to mitigate our fear of dying was to create religion with all of its rules and prescriptions. Religion had its origin in relation to death, by introducing a belief system that helps to reduce the fear of it—to promise a gilded, eternally peaceful afterlife. But, as we know from ancient history to the currant perverse evangelical fervor, religion has also been used to have power over others: to condone war, slavery, misogyny, unbridled wealth, racism, dominion over the earth, her resources and her animals.

Second to religion as a way of coping with our fear of death is nationalism, war and the drive toward heroism. This explains why, throughout history, our young men, and now our young women, would sign up to march off to war and certain death. It is counter intuitive, to take up arms as a means of Death Denial. But, becoming part of something bigger than one's self, especially in the service of God and country is an insurance policy that one will live eternally as a hero and a worthy crusader. Becker explains that humanity has a unique quality distinct from all other animals—we distrust, even when no immediate danger is present. We see this now, playing out on the world stage, making people of different belief systems or cultures or religious beliefs the enemy without proof of wrongdoing. As humanity steps closer to the possibility of extinction, we deny that we all are the real enemy poisoning the planet. We have plundered, raped and abused our mother, until she is gasping for breath. Perhaps the Covid virus is her way of communicating what is happening to her lungs as we deforest the Amazon—the literal lungs of our planet. The climate crisis denial of many of our citizens is also the Denial of Death as we now stand on the brink of a potentially real, human extinction. We imagine God will somehow intervene, or that technology will solve our problems and save us without changing our obscene, consuming habits and the status quo.

Our death-defying coping tools are many. Surprisingly, shopping still seems to fend off anxiety, at least for a while. Endorphins are actually released with each purchase and the addiction is aided by our uniquely American religion of consumerism.

Another result of our Death Denial is our obsession with staying alive, and often results in useless medical intervention, especially at the end of our lives. Ninety percent of healthcare costs are accrued in the last ninety days of a person's life. Drugs, tests and procedures believed to extend life are more often than not extending our death and our suffering.

I have been aware of my own existential angst since I was a kid. As a result, I became an addict . . . a TV addict. I would sneak the TV into my bedroom at night when the terror became overwhelming and watch *Ozzie and Harriet* or *Father Knows Best* or *Leave it to Beaver* in order to stave off my anxiety and fear about death and the possibility of nothingness.

Those TV families seemed happy and oblivious to the night terrors I was experiencing. That was another early foray into the Denial of Death.

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A Soft Exit by D.E. Bentley

Everyone loves a soft exit. You know the type of departure where there is a quiet peaceful transition from here, to there. I often thought of this in relation to parties, nice to not have to get into too many of those last-minute conversations about frivolities when you are trying to find the exit. Nicer to simply slip away. I had not, until recently, given much thought to the idea of a soft exit as it relates to end of life departures. Our family's end of life experience with Hospeace House, in Naples, NY, changed that. In late October, on her birthday, we transferred our mother, Leona J. Gardner Bentley to Hospeace House. The home where she had been sent by the hospital—following an unexpected terminal diagnosis—had over-burdened, albeit caring, workers. We knew immediately it was not where we wanted our mother to die.

For those not familiar with hospice care, it offers people who have decided that comfort care—void of any medical intervention beyond pain control and basic care of body and mind—with no end of life heroics is how they want to die. Our mother was adamant that this was her choice. There are networks of hospice organizations, staffed by a network of employees and an even larger network of volunteers, across New York State. These organizations—the one that oversaw mom's care was the Ontario-Yates Hospice—offer end of life services in people's homes, in nursing facilities, and in residential homes like Hospeace House.

I had heard of Hospeace House, but my perceptions, although accurate in some ways, did not begin to touch on the experience of joining the family of caregivers who make this type of "soft exit" possible. When I arrived at the home, the ambulance had just arrived. I greeted my mother and followed the ambulance attendants carrying her inside.

The home is designed such that there are large deck areas outside each of the two resident rooms, which allow for easy entrance for transported patients. These also provide residents the sights, sounds, smells and feel of the outside. "Just the wind on her face or the smell of a familiar scent can offer comfort," one of the many volunteers offered, as they settled mom in. It was her birthday, and I could not have imagined a better birthday present.

Our mother's stay at Hospeace House was short—as might be expected—but offered all of us a chance to say good-bye. Her sister, our Aunt Emily, and her husband, Dave, were able to stay overnight in the guest area. My sisters from Ithaca, Trumansburg and New Hampshire were able to visit, as were our cousins, from out of town. There are walking trails and gardens outside, for quiet contemplation. More than a house, Hospeace House is truly a home.

I was the closest geographically to the residence and tried to sit bedside with mom most days during her short stay, especially when it was evident that death was imminent. When I was not there, the many dedicated staff and volunteers kept watch, faithful and comforting guardians.

Our mother was an avid reader throughout her life. The very rapid progression of her cancer took this away in a matter of days. Mostly she drifted further and further from the shore of lucidity. I brought in *Tuck Everlasting* by Natalie Babbitt, and began reading it aloud—as much to help me pass the time as to offer something loved to comfort my mother. For those not familiar with this young adult fiction story, it is about a young girl named Winnie who encounters and becomes friends with the Tucks—who have inadvertently (and regretfully) taken drinks from a spring that has "gifted" them eternal life. It seemed an appropriate title. Before beginning, I said, "This is a short book mom; let's see if we can get through it." After that first read, I set the book down on the bedside table. I returned the next day, and the next, and read a bit more each day. On each occasion, I picked up where someone else had left off, as in my absence others read aloud as well. On the final night, as I turned the last page, a deep breath told me that this would be the final visit. As I finished the last sentence, she slipped softly away.

The staff and volunteers were there, when I was ready to leave the room. They opened the door that led onto the deck, "to let her fly," they offered, by way of explanation. I have already forgotten their faces and names, but the kindness they offered has left me with a lasting memory. What amazed me most was how in sync we were in those final days, hours, minutes. We all knew; Leona knew too. Never one to not finish a book once she started reading, she waited for those final words to be read before making that soft exit.

To anyone looking to volunteer, consider Hospeace House or one of the other programs that offer hospice care. A friend of mine, after hearing about the care mom received, about our experience, did just that. She now volunteers at Hospeace House. For more information, visit their web site at hospeacehouse.org/.

*Prior to the arrival of Covid-19, I had mentioned to my sisters the possibility of doing a fundraiser for Hospeace House. In wondering how that would look, I thought about the analogy of death as a journey across the water, as referenced in a recent reading of *The Buried Giant*, by Kazuo Ishiguro. My husband's father and mother, Paul and Alice Touris, had collected light house figurines over the years, and a portion of their collection came to us when Alice died and Paul moved to a smaller residence alone. Those light houses will be part of an upcoming fundraiser that my three sisters and I will be hosting on behalf of Hospeace House, in memory of our mother. We had initially planned to have the light houses displayed publicly for auction, but are now setting up a virtual auction site. My oldest sister has created many beautiful quilts over the years, and she is currently working on a quilt that will be part of the fundraising. The quilt is a pattern called *Storm at Sea*, and features square "watercolor" images of the light houses that will be auctioned off.*

Auction information will be posted on our website: www.owllightnews.com, on the Facebook and Instagram sites for Canadice Press, and through Hospeace House. Please watch for our launch and consider contributing to this great cause.

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5584 Canadice Lake Rd. Springwater, NY 14560
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From the News Room

Canadice Press will be publishing a literary journal —out late in 2020. Submissions deadline is just after Midnight on June 1st, 2020. Before submitting, review guidelines at www.owllightnews.com/owl-light-literary-2020-submissions-open-april-1/.

Something for young—and young at heart—readers.

Mary Drake, who offers us “The Monthly Read,” continues her young adult fantasy story, *Where the Path Leads*. A starter paragraph for new chapters will be found in print each month, below her monthly review. Chapters will continue online at OwlLightNews.com/Where-the-Path-Leads. Although written with the young adult reader in mind, this story can be enjoyed by anyone who enjoys fantasy, and wants to come along on the journey to see where the path leads.

Content may be submitted anytime, including news stories and literary pieces. The deadline for all content for the July 2020 issue of *Owl Light News* is June 10th. *Owl Light News* pages fill up FAST! We place online content ongoing.

Calendar items (for community events) may be entered for free online at: www.owllightnews.com/events/. If you have a cancellation on a previously added event, please email us at editor@canadicepress.com or message us on [fb@CanadicePress](https://www.facebook.com/CanadicePress).

All submissions can be sent directly to [Editor@Canadice Press](mailto:Editor@CanadicePress). Feel free to contact me in advance with queries, if desired. Please specify the type of submission in the subject line of the email (i.e. news story, poetry, editorial, opinion, fiction etc.). Include your name and phone number in the email, as well as an attachment of the submission. We consider all submissions on a case by case basis for publication in print or online.

How do I submit a calendar item?

Go to www.owllightnews.com/events/community/add and fill in the form. Once your venue/contact information has been added by you once, it will be available in a pull down for subsequent entries. Posted events **must be open to all individuals, offer some direct community enrichment, and be noncommercial in nature**. Meetings—such as writing/reading/art groups, community services, or community/local government—that meet on a regular basis may also be added, **provided these are entered individually by date (no multi-date entries please) and are open community meetings**. Virtual events may also be added. There is no charge for calendar entries and entries may be added at anytime.

To find events (as we unpaue and more events are slowly added) go to www.owllightnews.com/events/.

Canadice Press is a small press serving the Finger Lakes Region of New York State. We publish *Owl Light News*, a free alternative and arts publication—“Where Inspiration & Inquiry Converge.” We also publish a periodic *Owl Light Literary* journal.

Like us: [facebook@canadicepress.com](https://www.facebook.com/canadicepress.com) and follow us on Instagram.



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

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Owl Light Subscription-only continued...

One thing that will remain the same is our commitment to quality writing and engaging local news stories. All sixteen of our regular monthly contributors have expressed an interest in continuing to contribute, and new submissions continue to come in. Our readers value *Owl Light News* as a place where diverse voices can be shared, where they can share and interact with others about the things that matter most: friendship, family, leisure, creative expression and thought, literary musings, meaningful occupation, protecting and appreciating our remaining natural areas, preserving the livelihood of our smaller rural communities, and defining and preserving a global future for all of us.

As we move away from multi-site free community distribution, we would like to thank the many retail locations that are supportive of local press and have offered up their counters and racks for free distribution of *Owl Light News*—and other regional publications. Please let us know if you would like to be a retail location for *Owl Light News*.

Thank you, also, to our advertisers, for your ongoing support—we appreciate the trust you have placed in us. Print continues to be one of the most direct and affordable ways to advertise your *great local services and products*. *Owl Light News* is a paper meant to be read, so your advertisement is seen. Readers, please support these businesses who support small press.

Thank you to the many regular and new contributors who share their voices and expertise. It is a delight to read your insights in each and every new issue. Thank you also to those who work behind the scenes, including the many people who have assisted with delivery, offered IT and design support and editing. You are the *Owl Light*.

Thank you to our readers, for valuing our work and continuing to offer feedback about what you want from an alternative local media source. Let us be your sounding board as we collectively explore diverse perspectives; as we seek common ground and evolve to adapt to an ever-changing world.

Please read and enjoy this issue of *Owl Light News*. We look forward to an exciting new issue in July and hope many more will join in that journey.

Thank you also to the print staff at the *Canandaigua Messenger Post*. Printing at the Buffalo Street facility will cease mid-June, and those who helped put out our paper (and many other local papers), who, in essence, brought *Owl Light* to life these past three years, will no longer be employed. Best wishes to all as you venture out and find new opportunities in these uncertain times.

Due to the change in our print location, our July issue will have a slightly different format and look. It will include all of our current contributors, including our new “Owl Light Puzzle,” created by Canandaigua resident George Urich. This addition offers us one more way to enjoy the quiet owl moments, as our days begin and end in and around these beautiful Finger Lakes.

Support local, small press; subscribe to *Owl Light News*—
Where Inspiration & Inquiry Converge.

The Finer Print:

Subscribers: Our \$5 off Covid-19 discount for *new subscribers* will remain in effect for all subscription orders received before June 20, 2020. If you are a new subscriber, your first year of mailed *Owl Light News* will be just \$20. Renewal invoices will be emailed annually. Beginning with the July issue, all new subscriptions (as well as renewals) will be at the regular annual rate (currently \$25 for twelve regular issues).

Advertisers: Our rates will remain the same through 2020. Ad sizes will change slightly, due to a change in our print facility and formatting, beginning with the July issue. Please check online—www.owllightnews.com/owl-advertising/ to see our rates and other relevant information before designing/placing a new ad; or let us design an ad for you. Beginning in July, and for the remainder of the year, all paid print ads will also be posted on our web site. Although subscription choice guarantees that your ad is seen in print by readers who read, we want to provide you the best exposure possible as we build our print and online subscription base. Moving forward, we will offer print and online separately.

Readers: Share your stories, ideas, thoughts, opinions and creative lines with us. Like us on Facebook and Instagram. Most of all, enjoy, learn, and share what our many contributors have to offer. Thank them for their time, energy, and words by letting them and us know that their voices are heard.

How can I find out more?

To learn and read more, go to OwlLightNews.com. Follow the links at the top of the page to go where you need to go. Follow and like our small press on [Facebook@CanadicePress](https://www.facebook.com/CanadicePress) and [Instagram@CanadicePress](https://www.instagram.com/CanadicePress). We will provide information there about *Owl Light News*, *Owl Light Literary: Turning Points*, our life in Canadice, and future projects.

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What if I have additional questions?

Email me anytime at: Editor@CanadicePress.com, or leave a detailed message at 585-358-1065 and we will return your call. Email works best for us.

Pathways to Democracy By Doug Garnar

Democratic Leadership in Turbulent Times: Perspectives from our Past



Upon becoming President in 1861, with seven states having already left the Union, Abraham Lincoln argued that the central political issue was “whether in a free government the minority have the right to break up the government whenever they choose. If we fail it will go far to prove the incapacity of the people to govern themselves.”

Seventy-two years later, when FDR was sworn in as President, he faced a 25% unemployment rate; 5000 small banks had failed since 1929; savings of millions of Americans had been lost; house and farm foreclosures occurred at a record rate, and food riots were a common event. Roosevelt’s predecessor, Herbert Hoover, lamented that “We are at the end of our string.” On the day of FDR’s inauguration, the NY Stock Exchange issued a terse message that it would be closed for the indeterminate future.

Once again America is faced with an extraordinary moment in time. While history never repeats itself (unless you failed my history course!) there are patterns and rhythms in history worth looking at. Dr. Doris Kearns Goodwin’s recent book, *Leadership in Turbulent Times*, offers fascinating insights on the leadership styles of Abraham Lincoln, Theodore and Franklin Roosevelt, as well as Lyndon B. Johnson. Much of the rest of this column will look at Dr. Goodwin’s analysis of Lincoln, focusing on his Emancipation Proclamation, and FDR’s First Hundred Days.

In putting his cabinet together, Lincoln included a diverse group of Republicans, former Whigs and Free Soilers, anti-slavery Democrats, radicals, conservatives, moderates, easterners, and westerners. He encouraged spirited debate on key issues. He understood the need to acknowledge when policies had failed and what was necessary to move in a new direction: to exhaust all avenues of compromise; to set a standard of mutual respect for his colleagues and the importance of controlling one’s anger; the need to maintain perspective in face of praise and abuse; to shield cabinet members from blame and abuse by the press/public; to keep one’s word; and to know when to hold back and when to move forward. He recognized the need for private space (he went to Soldiers Home to have a place to think while also visiting with retired soldiers). Lincoln also recognized the need to relieve stress and avoid depression, which he did by going to the theater.

Lincoln had made it clear that if to keep the Union together slavery would need to continue in the South so be it, and that if to keep the Union together the abolition of slavery would ensure unity, then he would act accordingly. The early battles of the Civil War did not go well for Lincoln. One of the things he came to realize is that the South depended on slaves for a major logistical part of its army, doing grudge work and keeping plantations productive. By early summer he began to look at emancipating slaves in the breakaway southern states, using the argument that he could do this by executive order based on the military value of slaves. An executive order precluded his need to force the issue in Congress—something he would do on a much grander scale with the passage of the 13th Amendment in January 1865. Debates within his cabinet, reaching out to the four border states who still maintained slaves, as well as discussions with his military leaders continued for weeks. In July 1862 he floated the idea of emancipating slaves in just the southern breakaway states. The Battle of Antietam, a bloody victory won by the North gave Lincoln the catalyst for enacting the Emancipation Proclamation, effective January 1, 1863. Chants for peace at any cost faded away. In the first 18 months of the war only a third of the Union soldiers listed ending slavery as their reason for fighting, but after the Proclamation that rose to 70%. Over 200,000 blacks enlisted in the Union armies, going on to fight with courage and gallantry.

Lincoln used “transactional” strategies to win support, as evidenced by his giving up the idea that the loyal border states be paid to end slavery within their borders. His willingness to pursue the Proclamation to its ultimate enactment is a classic example of “transformational” change—where the common good of the nation is the underlying goal. It also shows us Lincoln’s evolving views on the need to abolish all slavery, which he logistically achieved with the passage of the 13th Amendment. In the words of Dr. Goodwin, perhaps the most important consequence of the Proclamation is that Lincoln’s leadership provided a moral and meaning for the four long years of bloodshed and misery—a transformational change which we are still wrestling with today.

Turn Around Leadership

Historians including Dr. Doris Kearns Goodwin have viewed Franklin Delano Roosevelt (FDR) as the “Turn Around Leader.” Consider that Weimar Germany saw Hitler come to power two months earlier than FDR and by the end of March Hitler was seen as the Fuehrer in both name and practice. While it would take him until early July 1934 to eliminate all opposition, he rivaled Stalin and Mussolini as one of the most ruthless totalitarian leaders of the first half of the 20th Century. The problems facing FDR in terms of economic disaster rivaled those facing Hitler. He had a keen sense of despair, and feared for the present and future preservation of democracy. So, the most important question is what did FDR do to turn around the United States without abandoning the core principles of its democracy? Central to his success was his gift of communication, his ability to clarify for the citizenry the key problems, to mobilize action to solve them, and to earn the peoples’ trust. Shortly after FDR’s death, the New York Times reported that many Americas said that they had lost a friend.

Two main problems that Roosevelt faced on his inaugural day were a banking crisis and the worst unemployment rate in American history. He wrestled with the first problem by announcing a four day banking holiday, to help shore up the banking system. He created the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation (FDIC) to protect people’s savings should a bank fail. And, much to the chagrin of the banking community, created the Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC), to oversee banks and ensure they did not speculate using the people’s savings.

FDR created a host of programs designed to create jobs (e.g. the WPA, CPA, CWA, PWA, etc.). Perhaps the most famous and successful was the Civilian Conservation Corps, which originally brought in 250,000 young men to work on a host of environmental tasks, ranging from the planting of trees to the managing of forests. The first camp was set up in two weeks under the leadership of Colonel George Marshall. Over 2.5 million young men would work in the CCC before mobilization for war began in 1940, and Marshall would become the head of the US armed forces in WW2. Characteristic of FDR’s leadership style was the creation of a cabinet made up of a diverse group of Democrats, a Republican and a woman (Francis Perkins was the first woman to ever serve in a cabinet position). Second, he initiated a series of “fireside” radio chats which would begin with the words, “My friends...I want to tell you what has been done in the last few days, why it was done, and what the next steps are going to be.” He would invite the press into his office for informal bi-weekly press conferences—one rule was that the press secretary would authorize on-the-record comments. FDR’s wife also had her own press conferences, but only women reporters were invited—none were allowed in FDR’s!

In addition to reading 6 daily national papers, FDR had his DAILY BUGLE, a compilation of select stories and editorials from hundred of smaller papers throughout the country. He also depended on upwards of 6000 letters written daily (read by aides) to hear what was on the public’s mind. It was also a common occurrence for FDR to invite a young department employee to his office, to hear what was going on—breaking the normal chain of command. Conversations with Governors gave him another “local” point of view. Finally, his wife Eleanor, would also provide him with information that was never sugar coated.

FDR built on the “progressive tradition” of his cousin, Teddy Roosevelt, and Woodrow Wilson—a tradition that argued unregulated capitalism needed the state to intervene to protect the citizenry from the latter’s selfishness.

FDR, like Lincoln made mistakes, but each showed the capacity to learn from them. For FDR, constantly experimenting with different ways the government could help the average citizen was paramount in his leadership skill set.

Much of American history has been a struggle between those who see the government as a progressive force and those who have read the works of Ayn Rand, among others, and would relegate the role of government to national defense, enforcing contracts, and an originalist conception of the Constitution.

As we look at the world of the COVID-19 pandemic, we should reflect on the role of governors, county executives, and mayors as well as the President and the U.S. Congress. The tension between individual rights and the common good is paramount in our daily news. One might consider the successful leadership styles of both Lincoln and FDR as we judge our current generation of leaders.

End of Life, What Should We Do to Help the Dying?

I have moderated scores of different deliberative forums since the early 2000s at senior citizen centers, faith communities, the Binghamton University Lyceum program, public libraries and at SUNY Broome Community College. Of all the forums I have moderated, the most powerful one, in my opinion, is “End of Life: what should we do for the dying?”

For those who still get daily newspapers, a major feature is the obituaries. The current COVID-19 pandemic has hit the elderly quite severely, especially those in nursing homes. A revised edition of the NFI deliberation on end of life choices offers the whole age spectrum a thoughtful framework for discussing a very difficult topic which impacts all of us. The three deliberative options include: Preserve Life at All Costs; Maintain Quality of Life; My Right, My Choice. While the deliberative forum seems geared to the elderly, there are other groups of people who fall into end of life discussions (infants through middle age people who suddenly suffer severe terminal illnesses and injuries).

On January 1, 2020 Maine became the 9th state to implement the right of people of a sound mind to utilize physician assisted suicide, otherwise known as “Death with Dignity.” The New York Legislature has talked about passing similar legislation but has yet to take any action. In a future issue of the *Owl Light News*, I will write a more in-depth column looking at each option in greater detail.

Anyone wishing to learn more about this deliberative forum can go to nifi.org or contact Professor Doug Garnar at garnardc@sunybroome.edu.

Doug Garnar works with the Kettering Foundation and NIFI (National Issues Forums Institute) to help citizens find “pathways to democracy.” He has taught since 1971 at SUNY Broome Community College. He lives in Binghamton, NY. Contact email: garnardc@sunybroome.edu.

The Homestead Gardener

By Derrick Gentry

Gardening Among the Ruins



No other Spring in my memory has felt as uncanny as this one. This time around, walking out to enjoy the first days of Spring weather felt like waking up to breathe the air of a strange new world.

I thought of the eerie opening lines of a book I had not read in a long time, a book by Richard Jefferies in 1885 *After London (Or, Wild England)*, one of the earliest modern examples of what we would now call post-apocalyptic fiction:

The old men say their fathers told them that soon after the fields were left to themselves a change began to be visible. It became green everywhere in the first spring, after London ended, so that all the country looked alike.

Jefferies never discloses what catastrophe emptied out the great city on the Thames and left the fields to themselves. The details are not important. The book also reminds us that there is often no important distinction between utopian and dystopian visions. *After London* is simply meditation on what it would be like if the tide of progress and modernity were slowed to a still pond. And for late-modern utopian dreamers like Jefferies and William Morris, the idea of a world-changing catastrophe was not necessarily a bad thing.

I was reminded of the opening passage of Jefferies' book when I came across a similar vision in a recent *New York Times* op-ed essay titled "Now We Know How Quickly Our Trashed Planet Can Heal" and the subtitle: "Clean air, wandering goats ... The pandemic is teaching us that all is not yet lost." Accompanying the essay is a photo of goats wandering

the depopulated streets of a town in Wales where, as in London and most other places, the people were sheltering in place and out of sight.

The author of the *Times* piece observes that the pandemic "has turned us all into window gazers... In cities the world over, songbirds seem louder now that they aren't competing with the sound of traffic." In the end, however, the author is resigned to the fact that this moral and sensory re-awakening will be just a brief pause, with a meaning no larger than the sum of our various window-perch epiphanies:

"None of these changes will last—the human race cannot stay cooped up indoors forever—but while we have both the time to observe and the window perch to watch from, we can use this cultural moment to rethink our relationship to wildness. We can ponder what it truly means to share the planet."

I lived for many years in the heart of a big city, where I took a break from gardening to enjoy some of the many benefits of city life – most of them, as I recall, involving activities outside my apartment. I must say that I feel very fortunate not to live in a city at this particular moment, and I have never felt so privileged to have a private garden space that I can look at from the window and go out and work in on a sunny day. Being cooped up during Springtime is truly a form of psychological torture, and I hope that my former neighbors in New York City are soon released from their sensory deprivation chambers. And while I now have much deeper misgivings about the long-term sustainability of urban and suburban living as the dominant models, I cannot fantasize about the depopulation of cities without envisioning crowded roads of refugees with the faces of the wonderful people I used to live with.

It is strange that the dystopian fantasies of progress being reversed and cities going to ruin took hold at precisely the historic moment when most people began moving to the cities. The flight from the countryside was already well underway in 1885 when Jefferies imagined history taking a different course. In the 21st century, of course, we have other reasons for

desiring a reversal of trends and for a real change in the way we live our lives.

The Book of Job and thousands of years of human nature notwithstanding, the urge to moralize a catastrophe remains a dangerous past time, and very often a pointless and undignified one. That may explain why utopian and dystopian fiction rarely get high marks as literature or as thought. Jefferies' *After London*, for example, indulges in a shallow fantasy that now seems rather dated, the fantasy of an idealized medieval period (a period and a way of life that were brought to an end by the grand tragic fluke of a pandemic).

You may have noticed that this column is not really an advice column or a source of practical gardening tips. I have never presented myself as an expert on these matters, and there are many other resources out there if you want that sort of hands-on advice. Here, I want to devote more space to thinking over questions about the meaning of gardening. That means reflecting upon the stories that we tell ourselves about what we do.

For example: While I certainly welcome the cleaner air and fewer cars on the road and planes in the air, I have mixed feelings about stories that involve the fantasy of "rewilding," stories that are premised on an ethic of "letting be/letting go." I see signs of this in Jefferies' book (its subtitle is "Wild England") as well as in the recent *New York Times* piece with the photo of the goats roaming the streets.

Powerful as it is, the rewilding fantasy does not quite line up with the ethos of the average gardener, who works – and "works" is the right word – to achieve the right balance between the wild and the cultivated. The fascinating question is where that balance lies. Gardening constantly invites us to "rethink our relationship to wildness." There is always something to ponder while in the garden, and that is the perfect place for cultivating such grounded thoughts.

Continued on Page 10





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Dragonfly Tales By Steve Melcher

The Swallows Return to Odonata Sanctuary

The Barn swallow (*Hirundo rustica*)

The barn swallow is the most widespread species of swallow in the world. It's found in Asia, Europe, Africa and the Americas. Barn swallows, in our neck of the woods, spend only a few months here. The ones we see in our barns and sheds come here to build nests and have young but spend their winters elsewhere. Southbound fall migration for Barn swallows to Central or South America may begin as early as mid-July around the Finger Lakes. They return in the spring, usually in late April. These beauties are short time visitors to the region, swooping down on Willow's Pond scooping up a drink of water or perhaps catching a few flying insects. Swallows are the farmer's best insecticides. A single barn swallow can consume 60 insects per hour or an impressive 850 per day! I'm not sure why they are called 'swallows' (and I'm not sure why their family name is Hirundinae, which is the same as the leech's - subclass Hirundinae), but they certainly do "swallow" a mouthful of insects.

The barn swallows arrive here at Odonata Sanctuary just after the tree swallows. The barn swallow's first arrival is often missed because they look so similar to the tree swallows as they fly through the sky like little Parodi cigars with wings. Although they are easily told apart by their coloring, the white belly of the Tree Swallow and the barn red chin of the Barn swallow, it's the chattering sound the barn swallows make that announces their arrival in the spring. Like other swallows, barn swallows migrate long distances from Alaska to South and Central America most of the time returning each spring to the very same nest! They'll make the necessary repairs if the nest has been damaged over the winter or removed by the barn owner. Swallows will look for a protected nook or cranny to set up housekeeping. Every year when the barn swallows return, I have to make sure our garage doors are kept closed for the few weeks of nest building. But, every year I forget and we end up with "garage swallows" and I have to keep a garage door open until they successfully fledge. The nests are cup shaped affairs made of grass, feathers and most importantly, mud: spit and mud. Both parents help repair or build a new nest. Males and females look very similar, however, females tend to be less brightly colored and have shorter tails. Both adults will collect feathers, spit and mud in their bills, creating small pellets that are used like bricks to, layer by layer, form the cup shaped nest. What dedication! Imagine carrying mouthfuls of mud to make your home comfy.

Tree Swallows (*Tachycineta bicolor*)

"There is arguably no bird in the world that combines graceful flight, beauty of feather, pleasing song, and accessibility; plus tameness and abundance, more than the tree swallows." Bernd Heinrich

I place my nest boxes in pairs to enable the tree swallows to nest with the eastern bluebirds. This is still a study in progress and the subject of some heated debates amongst nestbox trail keepers. The bluebird crew believes that tree swallows help protect the area surrounding the nest boxes from the hassling house sparrows and European starlings - the bane

True Hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings.

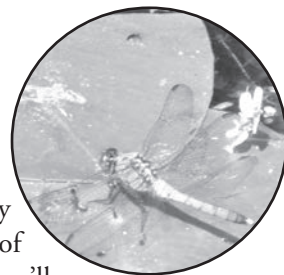
William Shakespeare



of bluebird lovers. It's interesting that Europeans set up nest boxes to attract English (house) sparrows and European starlings, but here we consider them invasive pests. Both house sparrows and European starlings will try to set up housekeeping in a nestbox set up for bluebirds and tree swallows. The foreign invaders will pull bluebirds or tree swallows from their nests or even just build their nest on top of the existing nest. This is why it is so important that if you decide to set up a nest box for a bluebird that you monitor the box and remove any nesting material created by the sparrows and starlings. The female tree swallow is the nest builder of the species. She gathers the materials and constructs the nest while the male 'stands guard'. Tree swallows are very good at defending their nest box against these two invasive species. When you approach a tree swallow nest box you're going to get dive bombed by the occupants and a few others that may join in just for fun while the meek and mild (nonaggressive) cerulean bluebird huddles in its nest. We believe that the tree swallow's aggressive behavior protects the more docile bluebird. The tree swallows folks believe that any animosity felt towards tree swallows by bluebirders is derived from the widespread belief that bluebirds are in trouble, their very survival in danger unless humans come to their rescue and that bluebirds should be given preferential treatment when it comes to nestbox occupation. I don't know of any bluebird-er who would remove or discourage a tree swallow from nesting in one of their nest boxes but there is an initial competition for nest boxes if the pairings are too close together. I recommend a distance of 3 meters for the pairs and then 100 meters between the pairs of boxes. This social distancing will flatten the curve of cavity nesting competition and provide for a more successful nesting season for both the bluebirds and swallows. Maybe I'll find a volunteer, Scout or grad student, to do a study on the 50 acres in the Eastern section of our Bluebird Trail.

Time to Feather Your Nest

Research has shown that well-feathered nests cool off much slower than nests with few or no feathers, keeping eggs and young warmer during times when the female swallow must be away. An interesting Tree Swallow nest design factor is the inclusion of white feathers. Bluebird nests don't have them, neither do barn swallow nests. House sparrows may have white feathers, but house sparrows will have everything: string, straw, balloon ribbons, the kitchen sink if they could carry it. In Bernd Heinrich's book *White Feather: The Nesting Lives of Tree Swallows*, he says that the white feathers are added after the eggs are laid. He asks the question: Why does a pair of swallows in a nest-box close to his Maine cabin show a peculiar preference for white feathers to line their nests, feathers that are not easily locally accessible? Scientist that he is, he actually counted 110 white feathers in one tree swallow nest while



writing the book. We may never solve the mystery of the white feathers, but we'll certainly look forward to the return of the swallows next spring.

Birding, aka bird watching, is the perfect activity during these times of practicing social distancing. Alone in the woods, kayaking on one of our beautiful Finger Lakes or sitting at your kitchen window, watching bird life can be enormously entertaining, educational and is no longer considered esoteric. This is a time to pause and feather your own nest. Perhaps provide any extra nesting material you may have to those not so fortunate.

Sparrow Fun Facts:

- The airspeed of an unladen swallow (European, African or tree) can be 31-40 mph.
- Throw a white feather in the air near an active tree swallow nest box, and the swallows will dive and catch the feather. It's like watching an aerial dog fight between Snoopy and the Red Baron.
- I was going to write about the 'Crows of Odonata' but their family name, *Corvidae*, reminded me too much of something very unpleasant.

Further Historical Research:

Where did Barn swallows nest before there were barns to nest in?

Further Reading:

White Feather: The Nesting Lives of Tree Swallow by Bernd Heinrich

Further Viewing:

Monty Python's *The Search for the Holy Grail*.

I was walking across our compound last month when a queen termite began building her miraculous city. I saw it because I looked down. One night three fruit bats flew across the face of the moon. I saw it because I looked up.

William Beebe

An aside from a vegan perspective: Bird's Nest Soup. The bird's nests used for this Chinese 'delicacy' belong to the swiftlet not a swallow, although it may be on the menu as 'Chinese Swallow Soup'. Swifts and swallows are superficially similar in appearance. However, they are only distant cousins. Swifts are more closely related to hummingbirds. Both the swiftlet and the swallow use saliva to glue their nests together. What makes the soups so 'delicious' is the fact that the swiftlet's nest is made entirely of gummy saliva whereas barn swallow nests are made of saliva, grass, sticks, feathers and mud. So you probably shouldn't make soup from a barn swallow's nest. These swiftlets are a small bird usually found in Southeast Asia that live in dark caves and, similar to bats, use echolocation to move around and catch their prey. Ah, bats...that should raise a red flag.



Steve Melcher is the primary caretaker, hoof trimmer & poop scooper at Odonata Sanctuary, Mendon. His studies included using members of the Order "Odonata," as bioindicators of freshwater ecosystems. He has written/coauthored in journals, magazines, and books re: environmental literacy and ecological issues. Steve now works with environmental and educational organizations whose goal is to have "no child left inside". Learn more: fb Odonata Sanctuary.



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The Night Sky By Dee Sharples

Several Naked Eye Planets visible in June

The Amazing Moons of Jupiter—There are 79



Summer officially arrives this month. On June 20 at 5:43 PM, the summer solstice occurs. This is the moment when the northern hemisphere has its maximum tilt towards the Sun and the Sun is at its highest point in the sky. It's also the longest day of the year with 15 hours, 22 minutes, 52 seconds of daylight [written as 15:22:52].

Several naked-eye planets will now appear in the morning sky, including brilliant Venus, which had graced the evening sky for the past several months. Venus will pass between the Earth and the Sun in early June, and we will no longer be able to see it as it crosses the face of the Sun. Toward the end of June it emerges on the other side of the Sun's face and becomes an early morning object rising before dawn. On June 30, it will be only 8 degrees above the horizon, shining at a brilliant magnitude -4.7. Because Venus can be seen in either the morning or evening, the ancient Greeks and Egyptians thought they were seeing two separate objects, a morning star and an evening star.

Two naked-eye gas giant planets will be positioned in the south-southwest in the early morning sky this month. Around 4:00 AM, Jupiter and Saturn will lie 30 degrees above the horizon, only 5 degrees apart – that's less than one fist-width! Jupiter will shine brightly at magnitude -2.7 with a much dimmer Saturn above and to its left at magnitude 0.3.

Galileo invented his telescope in 1609. His first observing target was the Moon, then he turned it toward Jupiter, one of the objects in the night sky which the ancient Greeks called “planetes” or “wanderers” because their motion across the sky was unlike all the other stars.

South-southwest

June - around 4:00 AM



Illus. Dee Sharples

Jupiter and Galilean moons



Callisto

you'd be able to see the stripes, bands, and swirls which are made up of ammonia and water. The so-called Great Red Spot which can also be seen through a telescope is a giant storm larger than Earth and has been raging for hundreds of years.

Several spacecraft have visited Jupiter, the most famous of which was Galileo launched in 1989. It took six years to reach Jupiter and was in the perfect position to witness Comet Shoemaker-Levy 9 as it plunged into Jupiter's atmosphere in 1994.

The Galileo spacecraft arrived at and began orbiting Jupiter in December 1995. It had previously launched a small probe that became the first to sample the atmosphere of a gas giant planet. The probe measured temperature, pressure, chemical composition, cloud characteristics, winds of 450 mph, and detected lightening. It survived 58 minutes, descending 95 miles into Jupiter's violent atmosphere before it was destroyed by the crushing pressure and extreme heat it encountered.

One of the exciting discoveries made by the Galileo spacecraft was finding evidence that supported the theory that an ocean of water currently exists below the surface of the moon Europa. In an effort to eliminate the risk of contaminating the surface of Europa with the remote possibility of an unplanned collision, the Galileo spacecraft was deliberately destroyed by directing it to dive into Jupiter's atmosphere in 2003.



If you want to know more about Jupiter, an excellent website is solarsystem.nasa.gov/planets/jupiter/overview/.

Dee Sharples is an amateur astronomer who enjoys observing planets, star clusters and the Moon through her telescope. She is a member of ASRAS (Astronomy Section of the Rochester Academy of Science) and records “Dee's Sky This Month,” describing what can be seen in the sky on the ASRAS website, rochesterastronomy.org.

Strasenburgh Planetarium

June 2020

Public observing on Saturday nights from the roof of Strasenburgh Planetarium, which would have normally resumed in April, will be canceled until further notice due to the COVID-19 outbreak.

For updates go to: rochesterastronomy.org. Once viewing resumes, observation information is available at: www.rochesterastronomy.org/the-strasenburgh-scope/.

June 24, 2020
telescopic view

Illus. Dee Sharples

What he saw were three points of light very close to Jupiter, which at first he thought were background stars. As he continued to observe the planet on clear nights, he realized that the three star-like objects had been joined by a fourth and were changing their positions around Jupiter. He was observing the four major moons of Jupiter, now called the Galilean moons in his honor, each one with different characteristics and surface features. They are named Io, Europa, Ganymede, and Callisto. Today we know Jupiter actually has a total of 79 moons, 53 which have been named and another 26 awaiting that distinction.

Jupiter is the largest planet in our solar system and is the fifth planet out from the Sun. Jupiter doesn't have a solid surface although it may have a rocky core. Its atmosphere is made of hydrogen and helium and through a telescope,

Magnitude

Magnitude measures the apparent brightness of a celestial object and is expressed by a decimal. An object with a negative number like our Sun is brighter.

Sun: -26.7

Full Moon: -12.6

Venus: -4.7 (morning of June 30)

Jupiter: -2.7

Bright star: 0.0

Saturn: 0.3

Dimmest star visible with the unaided eye: 6.0-6.5

How to measure degrees in the sky

A simple “ruler” is to hold your arm straight out and make a fist. The area of the sky covered by your fist measures about 10°. Start at the horizon and by moving your fist up and counting how many “fist-widths” it takes to reach an object in the sky, you'll have an approximation of its height. To measure 1°, hold your little finger out at arm's length. The area of the sky covered by your finger is about 1°.

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Bee Lines Swarming Season is Upon Us By Sam Hall



Swarming season is upon us. I don't know why it always takes me by surprise. I guess it is the belief that I have taken such good care of my bees that they couldn't possibly want to leave. Actually, swarming is to some extent confirmation that the beekeeper has been successful and the bees have increased in numbers such that they can, and need to, divide. It is nature's way of increasing their numbers. A somewhat human analogy is when a child leaves for college or gets their first apartment. When a colony swarms, it is the old queen who leaves, along with about 50% to 60% of the population of the colony. In preparation for swarming, the bees put the old queen on a diet as she would normally be too heavy to fly. They have also created several swarm queen cells, maybe as many as nine. These are usually located on the bottom of a frame near the center of the brood nest.

When the old queen and entourage first leave the old location they usually do not go too far, as the old queen tires easily. She is minimally one year old and likely older. Usually their first landing is within 100 to 200 yards of the old location. Also the bees who leave with the queen have gorged themselves with honey, both to live on while in transit and to have some available initially at their new home. So they are not necessarily adverse to flying a short distance at first. The longer they are in transit, the greater danger of them running out of food and actually starving.

During swarming, the bees are very vulnerable to weather, predators, and beekeepers. When they first leave they really don't know where they are going. There are several scout bees out looking for that perfect cavity of about 40 quarts or the size of about a deep ten frame super. This is why hollow trees—preferably with an entrance several feet in the air—are a favorite.

For many years, beekeepers wondered what eventually caused the swarm to move from the bushes or trees where they first landed to a more permanent home. Tom Seeley from Cornell has devoted much of his academic life to answering that ques-



tion. He learned that when the scout bees return to the cluster, they do a waggle dance on the surface of the cluster. His book *Honey Bee Democracy* sets forth his observation that the cluster will not move until all of the scout bees are doing the same waggle dance on the cluster.

Seeley uses the word democracy, as at this point what the bees do is similar to a human political convention in that some scout bees will come back and do a blase waggle dance, as if saying, "I've found something; it's not much but it'll do." Sort of like a political delegate saying, "I have this candidate, but there is some baggage." Then another scout will dance a vigorous waggle dance basically saying, "I've found it, I've found it." In human parlance it's as if the scout is introducing our next president, or whatever.

Some of the bees in the cluster will also visit the sites and eventually the best found location will start

When the old queen and entourage first leave the old location they usually do not go too far (as with this swarm, that landed in nearby bushes).

having bees that have voted with their wings and feet for this location. But it is not until all of the scouts on the cluster do the same enthusiastic routine that the entire cluster takes flight again and moves to the new location.

Back at the old location, with the bees that stayed, another drama is unfolding. Usually within a very short time after the old queen and retinue has departed one of the swarm queens will emerge. Her first job is to go and sting to death all of her sister queens who have not emerged. I will not go into detail about what happens thereafter, as that would extend this note longer and it is long enough already.

Hopefully you can see a swarm and indeed capture it. This time of year it is advisable to carry everything with you that will need to take a swarm. This would include a sheet, swarm box (deep super) with screened bottom and hinged screened top (with frames, some of which have drawn comb).

There used to be an old adage, "A swarm of bees in June is worth a silver spoon. A swarm of bees in July is not worth a fly." I'm happy to say that this is not true for modern beekeeping. The old adage was true if you were relying upon the swarm in July to lay in adequate stores for the winter. Today the beekeeper—as I did with a September swarm—simply adds a full honey super for them to feed on. One probably could accomplish the same thing with a candy board and pollen patty.

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

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We want your visit to be enjoyable and safe, as NYS begins to unpause. We have a larger space. Masks will be in use by all, hand sanitizer will be available, and daily disinfecting cleaning will be done for your safety.



Gardening Among the Ruins

The Gardening for Victory Story

Moralizing is not quite the same as looking for silver linings and seizing the opportunity to do something different. For many of us, the world-changing events of the Spring of 2020 simply mean we have a bit more time at home to begin a home garden and do what we had long wished we had time to do. End of story.

This year, the chickens are literally coming home to roost. Hatcheries selling broilers and layer hens have struggled to keep up with demand from individuals. Territorial Seed Company was among the first seed companies to send out an email back in March telling customers that they were overwhelmed with orders and should expect delays. The Cornell Co-operative extension office in my county is offering online classes on Victory Gardens that have attracted a huge audience.

The Victory Garden is another cultural fantasy that has undergone periodic revival, and it seems to be experiencing a predictable surge of interest this season. It obviously comes with a narrative built into the package. Before I say a few words about the phenomenon, I must confess that when I hear the term "Victory Garden," my first thought is not of plucky Brits on the home front in World War 2. The vision that comes to my mind, rather, is of a man wearing overalls and an Amish-style beard: the loveable and inimitable Roger Swain, who hosted the 1980s PBS show "The Victory Garden." I have fond childhood memories of watching this show. Old episodes are now available on youtube along with all of the latter-day gardening vlogs.

The original Victory Garden, as a morale-boosting activity, goes back to World War I. There is no evidence that planting carrots and tomatoes won that war. Nevertheless, it did keep people out of trouble, and it was deemed enough of a success to revive for the next world war. I hate to sound cranky, and I certainly do not want to undermine morale, but of all the oxymorons that involve



the word "garden," two of the silliest ones I can think of are "master gardener" and "victory garden." Gardening as I know it is a slow, steady, process; a squiggly learning curve that bears little resemblance to a triumphant arc; more of a humbling immersion process than a hero's journey to mastery. There is simply pleasant sweaty work to be done, alternating every now and then with unpleasant sweaty work, and therein (I would argue) lies the grounding, therapeutic satisfaction of allowing oneself to be absorbed by tasks at ground-level.

The basic problem with the victory garden, from a psychological and storytelling point view, is the same problem that occurs with keeping new year's resolutions. Victory gardens are occasional by definition, and they typically do not last beyond the war or other crisis, when things typically go back to "normal" and people go right back to the grocery stores. It has been 75 years since V-E day, and in spite of all its brexiting bravado England today grows very little of its own food and is one of the least self-reliant countries in the developed world.

There is nothing wrong with a one or two-season gardening fling. The real challenge, though, is how to make the practice of gardening a part of the regular cycle of one's day to day life, as undramatic and as quietly meaningful as a cup of coffee in the morning followed by a daily walk. "To plant a garden is to believe in tomorrow," as Audrey Hepburn put it. Tomorrow is not victory; tomorrow is tomorrow, followed by the day after and then the season after. How do we parlay the idea of the victory garden into a long-term commitment and begin thinking about what we do as a long-term vision of the future? I have found—as explained below—that this question answers itself.

Derrick Gentry lives in Honeoye with his wife and son, and numerous furred and feathered friends. He teaches in the Humanities Department at Finger Lakes Community College. E-mail: Derrick.Gentry@fllc.edu.

Seven Signs that You Have Begun to Think of Your Homestead/Garden as a Long-Term Commitment:

Sign #1: The Closing-the-Loop Fetish: You have begun to think more about on-site sources of fertility (cover cropping, fall leaves, etc.) that do not involve purchasing or transporting material from afar.

Sign #2: The Soil Building Fetish: You have begun to think about building soil tilth and fertility as a long-term project (which might mean, for example, that instead of food you plant cover crops for part of one season or several waves over the course of an entire season).

Sign #3: The Weeding Fetish: You begin to get carried away with weeding, even enjoy it. I spent several days early this Spring pulling up garlic mustard, an invasive plant that exudes chemicals that inhibit the growth of other plants (in the garden and in the woods). Garlic mustard is a biennial, so you will need to stay on task and do follow-up work next year to pull up any remaining plants before they go to seed on the two-year cycle. (I recall a large patch of garlic mustard that had taken over a "green space" near my apartment building in New York City.)

Sign #4: Obsessing Over What Will Go Where Next: You have begun to think about how you will rotate crops over time ... not just what you are planting this year, but what you will be planting after the harvest or the following season, or even two seasons from now.

Sign #5: The End of Ordering Seeds: You have begun to save your own seeds, and you calculate ahead of time how many onions, heads of garlic, and potatoes you will set aside from your harvest for replanting next season. And over time, you will notice how saved garlic in particular adapts to local conditions and comes to taste different. (In a future column, I would like to say a few words about so-called multiplier onions, which have the complex flavor of shallots and are the perfectly suited for household seed savers...)

Sign #6: Having Others Do the Work For You: You have begun to ponder how you might integrate animals in your homestead garden. Pigs are probably too much to handle at first, but chickens are an excellent place to start. You might even consider building a portable chicken tractor.

It will only be a matter of time before you begin to appreciate the multi-functional benefits of small-scale animal husbandry. We have some five-year-old laying hens who are still going strong giving us lots of eggs, but who have also played an integral role in the building of many new garden beds.

Sign #7: Thinking of How to Provide Shade and Musical Entertainment to Unborn Others: One of the great classics of long-term utopian thinking, published right before the first Great Depression in 1929, is Joseph Russell Smith's *Tree Crops: A Permanent Agriculture*. Reading this book inspired me to plant hybrid chestnuts for the nuts, black locust trees for garden fence posts, and mulberries at the corners of one of my chicken runs. The dropped fruit of a mulberry tree is a highly nutritious feed for chickens and other livestock, reducing or eliminating the need for bought feed. There are few trees, moreover, that attract a greater density of birds and insects

One of the great utopian aphorisms has to do with trees: "A society grows great when old men plant trees in whose shade they know they shall never sit." This middle-aged man likes to imagine that his mulberry trees will one day offer shade to someone, perhaps a former city dweller, who is looking to shelter in place and enjoy the shade while listening to the song of the birds that have gathered above.



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Crafting Your Own Cuisine By Eileen Perkins

This simple dish is one of my go-to comfort foods, especially topped by a pat of butter.



Eileen Perkins

Mellow Black Beans with Green Onions (or Scallions)

Makes 2-3 servings

Preparation:

In medium sauce pan, slowly cook together until veggie is lightly browned:

- 2 tsp. butter, non-dairy spread or neutral flavored oil
- 1/3 cup chopped spring onion bulbs (white part) or white and light green parts of scallion (5-6 onions/ yellow onion may be substituted)

Add to pan:

- 1 3/4 cups cooked black beans (15 oz can, drained and rinsed)
- 1 tsp whole fennel seed (or sub ground fennel seed to taste)
- 1/2 cup water

Cover pan and cook on medium low heat for 7-9 minutes until some beans burst and liquid becomes like thick gravy. Do not allow to cook dry and stick to the bottom of the pan. Add a little more water if it gets to that stage.

Stir in:

- 1/4 tsp.-1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. lemon juice
- 2 Tbsp. chopped fresh cilantro or parsley

Top with choice of sweet pepper or scallion rings, chopped cooked bacon, sour cream, salsa, a drizzle of olive oil or pat of butter. Serve hot or cold.

Can be Gluten free, Dairy free and Vegan, if appropriate ingredient choice and safe handling procedures are adhered to.

Cookbook Review: *The Vegetable Dishes I Can't Live Without* By Mollie Katzen

This book's title obviously presumes one already knows the memorable collection of Mollie Katzen's cookery works. Let me say, I surely do, and this slim volume impressed me enough to purchase a copy both for the inspiration, that I was confident would follow, and for the gentle charm that I hoped would cradle me as I thumbed its artful, hand-lettered-and-illustrated pages.

It may be hard to imagine, given the profusion of vegetarian products and cooking advice that glut our lives these days, but back when the authoress first began her career as a vegetarian cookbook writer, the field was very much open and awaiting transformation. A member of the Moosewood Collective in Ithaca, N.Y., she was one

in a group of dedicated cooks who gave birth to what would become the world famous Moosewood Restaurant. Her first book, *Moosewood Cookbook* was named to the James Beard Foundation's Cookbook Hall of Fame in 2007. Amazon reports that *The New York Times* listed the book as being one of the ten best-selling cookbooks of all time. Mollie Katzen knows her stuff and to say she revolutionized how people approach vegetarian cooking is believable. I know she made a big impression on me and countless folks, who have prized her cookbooks over the past 46 years.

Although this book is a collection of "vegetable dishes", advertised to be recipes for vegetable side dishes and appetizers, I actually see that there are

plenty of recipes that might be utilized as main dishes too, with a pile of pasta or grain alongside. Here's a taste of what this book has to offer: whimsically named "Ruby Chard, Decorated with Itself"; "Broccoli Stem Pickles" (finally, a use for those extra stems not needed for soup or slaw!); "Asparagus Crepes with Mushroom Sauce", some of its components can be made and held refrigerated for several days ahead of service, she confides; "Arugula-Pecan Pesto" (who woulda thought?!). Another surprise, this maven of vegetarian cookery is not a vegetarian herself! But she sure does know her vegetables, and the sharing is fun. *The Vegetables I Can't Live Without* is an older book, can be inexpensively purchased online, and is part of many public library collections.



Eileen Perkins is a professional cook, who sees wellness and food choices as intimately connected. She and her husband owned and operated "Eileen's Bakery an' Soup Kitchen", in Brockport and Rochester, N.Y. Her interest in special diets was reinforced while working in area natural food stores. Currently, when Eileen is not engrossed in recipe development, freezing food from the garden, or presenting special dietary needs programs, she enjoys soaking in the quiet beauty of the woodland home she shares with her husband and pup, doing her Falun Gong practice, reading and volunteering.

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The Monthly Read By Mary Drake

Invisible in Quarantine



A review of *Calling Invisible Women*
by Jeanne Ray

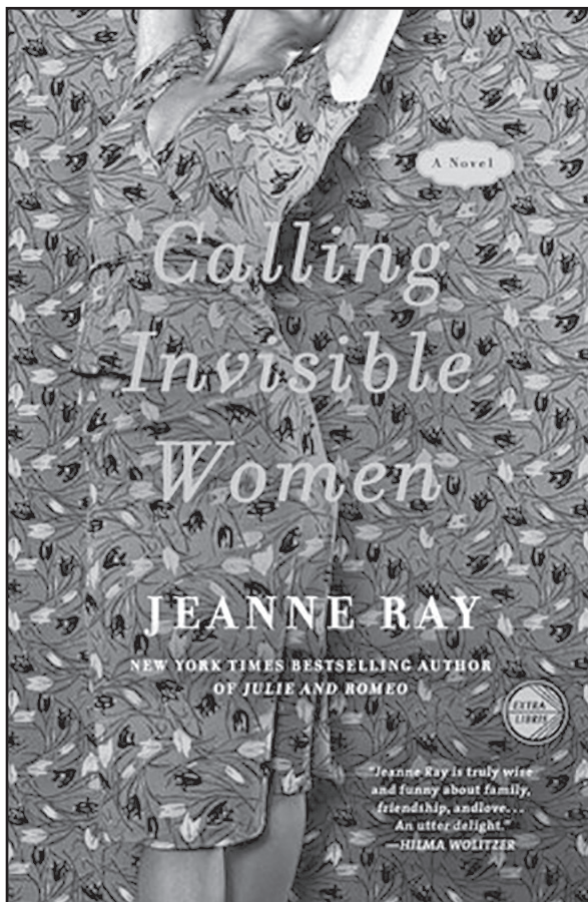
Calling Invisible Women
246 pages
Broadway Paperbacks (2012)

Many of us feel invisible right now as we stay home and don't see others. But imagine taking that literally and waking up one morning, looking in the mirror, and finding that your body has disappeared. That's the premise of *Calling Invisible Women* by Jeanne Ray, a book which is variously classified as humor, fantasy, and domestic fiction.

It's domestic fiction because the fifty-four-year-old protagonist, a former newspaper reporter named Clover Hobart whose job has pretty much dried up (now she only writes a weekly gardening column) has in reality become a housewife. Married to a loving pediatrician, the couple has a college-graduated son who lives at home while looking for a job and a daughter who is still in college. Clover cares uncomplainingly for both her husband and son, cooking meals, running clothes to the dry cleaner, keeping the house clean, so it comes as a surprise when neither of them notices she has disappeared.

She starts dressing for maximum coverage so that people will see her, but, in addition to her own family, even casual contacts like the postman, sales clerks, and her neighbors don't notice that she's not there. It comes as something of a revelation that "No one cared how I looked. No one saw. I felt like I was under quarantine, except that I could go wherever I liked." But her best friend Gilda notices immediately, telling Clover that she herself has been invisible for years. "It's just the plight of women after a certain age," she tells her. Gilda suggests Clover see a doctor for her "condition," but alas, when she does, the doctor spends all his time in the examining room meticulously washing his hands and reading her chart, never even glancing at her.

Clover's husband tells everyone that she's depressed, which of course she is because she feels overlooked and lonely. Imagine her surprise when she finds an ad in the newspaper classifieds calling invisible women. Can there be others out there like her? In fact, at a downtown meeting of invisible women that's run somewhat like AA, she meets about a dozen others like herself, although there may be more who just aren't speaking up. The women at the meeting make themselves truly invisible by taking off their clothes; in this way they can use a conference room at the Sheraton which they haven't reserved. There's nothing scandalous about



being naked because no one can see them. At the meeting, Clover finds out two important things: one, that invisible people never get hot or cold (convenient when you're naked), and two, that all the invisible women take the same combination of three drugs: a hormone replacement, a calcium supplement, and an anti-depressant, all typical medications for middle-aged women. You might see where this is going: the invisible women approach the pharmaceutical company which makes these drugs to determine if they know about the side effects, and Clover, having once been a reporter, sees her chance to write an exposé.

There are several important ideas which this book examines, the main one being the plight of older women within society and how they are overlooked. The flip side of this is society's over-emphasis on youth and beauty, which are both superficial and temporary. Clover says to other invisible women, "Beauty is the easy part. We relied on it, we got used to it, and then when it faded we faded along with it. . . invisible women have to work a

lot harder to be seen . . . We have to find our light so people still know that we're here."

But the book is also about how to look at life and how to live it. At first, Clover is depressed over being invisible, but then she realizes its advantages. She no longer has to spend hours on personal grooming nor does she care about her weight. But a bigger advantage is being able to foil a bank robbery and save lives by grabbing the gun out of a would-be robber's hand while he can't see her.

Both Clover and her husband realize that we can all become invisible to one another when we don't pay attention to those we love. Therefore, it's important to take time out of our busy lives for our dreams. Clover's husband, the crazy-busy pediatrician, wants the two of them to take a lazy boat trip down a river, but they must make it happen. Gilda and Clover have promised one another to take a yearly trip to Florida to sit on the beach, but it takes almost getting killed in a bank robbery to remind them of these plans.

Jeanne Ray's book is even about parent-child relationships, how parents need to be understanding while their children struggle to find their way. Clover's son Nick has been out of work for a long time and wants to get a tattoo of the word "unemployed." Clover is appalled both by his wanting to get a tattoo and by his identification with a life situation. Just as she may not be forever invisible, he will not forever be unemployed.

The amazing thing about the author Jeannie Ray is that she didn't start her writing career until she was sixty, and she didn't write *Calling Invisible Women* until she was nearly seventy-five, so she has firsthand experience of her subject. Her daughter is the successful novelist Ann Patchett, and literary talent seems to run in the family.

Calling Invisible Women is a fun and quick read during this difficult time when we all may feel a little invisible. But it's helpful to remember that what at first might seem like a disadvantage can later turn out to be our superpower.



Mary Drake - Mary Drake is a novelist and freelance writer living in western New York. Visit her online at marydrake.online to learn more about her books

Where the Path Leads

By Mary Drake

Last month, Emily went on a school field trip to a Renaissance Faire and had her fortune told by a gypsy who said she is confused and lost. Then she and her friends enter a labyrinth at the Faire and she becomes truly lost.

New chapters of *Where the Path Leads* appears monthly in the online edition of the *Owl Light News*. If you want to find out more about the book, go to marydrake.online, or you can purchase the ebook on Amazon.

Need to catch up? Go to:

www.owllightnews.com/where-the-path-leads/ to read earlier chapters.

Chapter 3: A Strange Exit

The place felt too secluded, too secret...

She had gotten more lost in the labyrinth than she could have imagined. "Lost" wasn't even the word for it.

When they first entered, she and Lyn were amazed by the realistic pictures of a medieval village painted on the walls of the corridors. They went past a cobbler's shop, a sign shaped like a shoe hanging over the door; a blacksmith's, where he stood

pounding his anvil, sparks flying; past a shepherd guiding his flock through the town; and past women filling their buckets at a well or kneeling to tend small gardens alongside equally small cottages. They let the murals draw them along until Lyn thought she heard footsteps and wondered if Damien was following them.

Continued online...

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Two Poems By Dale Reed

Late Spring Snowfall

The granny gray
April day
silently, breathlessly,
slips into her cobalt blue evening.

Flakes
like goose down
falling so gently
come to rest amongst the yellow daffodils.

Cross armed and hatless.
I stand listening
to the peepers protesting
the late spring snowfall.

4/30/2020

If I WAZ-A DINOSAUR

If I was a dinosaur
A Tyrannosaurus Rex.
I would come right over to your house,
for a bit to eat.

You can't hide
beneath your bed.
I would find you
and when do...

I would have myself
a little treat.
Then head back down
the street.



Dale Reed is a self-described "older dude" who—due to the Covid-forced sequester—has had time to reflect on the many poems he has written over the years, but never published. Maybe it is time he did... or maybe not? He works for Habitat for Humanity of Ontario County, a job which pretty much consumes his time and energy (ungrudgingly). He shares: "It has been fun to look back through my diaries and revisit my loves, dreams and observation in life."

Stephen Lewandowski

CHAMBER MUSIC

Music for a small group,
or larger, in small room
or larger, lit by lamps,
played by friends for friends.
On a choir tour of Europe
we boys stumbled, literally
into a chamber in Vienna
a string quartet performed
gathered around two table lamps
for a comfortably seated
audience of twenty. Mozart.

Not virtuosic at first but
becoming later: the Boieldieu
Harp Concerto rehearsed over
and over in the practice room
by my love-at-the-time:
small woman with a big harp.

Stephen Lewandowski was born in Canandaigua and turns into a poet and essayist every year from April until October. The rest of the year he hibernates. After a late wake up—given that spring has finally arrived—he is out of hibernation at last.

Wendy Schreiner

Beach Bound

splish splash
little one's
feet play
at water's
edge
summertime
beach time
has just begun
hot sunny
days
many rays
shine down
on me
happy to
be beach bound
at last



Wendy Schreiner resides in Warsaw with husband Dave and their two shih tzus Daisy Mae and Paisley Rae. She studied English at Daemen College and does freelance writing for Warsaw's Country Courier. She also facilitates "Write Connection" at the Warsaw Public Library.

Submissions for *Owl Light Literary: Turning Points* Close on June 1 at MIDNIGHT:01!

Announcements on publication, including how to place an advance order,
will be available soon. SO STAY TUNED

The Conscious Crow

Right Here, Right Now

Wherever we are on our path and wherever this pandemic has taken us to, it has brought in its wake such incredible change. Right now we are being stretched to grow in ways we are not familiar with, stepping into pockets of uncomfortable challenge, facing things we never thought we would, or imagine we could, ever, possibly handle. Each and every one of us are making adjustments and seeking new ways to find meaningful connection in order to stay healthy. Most of us find ourselves turning toward technology in its amazing ability to instantaneously connect us, and we learn more about the wonders of internet, how this timely invention so drastically alters our relation with each other and the world.

In this life there are so many things that exceed our comprehension and yet they continue to happen nonetheless. We, ourselves, are one of these marvelous creations that extend beyond the scope of complete understanding. Our bodies are continuously working without full awareness or consciousness. Electricity runs through circuits allowing light to shine through. The stars, planets and galaxies synchronize, operating in harmony and without endangering on our planet. Even though we do not see or understand these processes do not mean they cease to exist. In his book, *The Power of Positive Thinking*, Norman Vincent Peale exclaims this wonder, how "Again and again proofs are offered that this is a dynamic universe, surcharged with mystic, electric, electronic, atomic forces, and ... we have never yet comprehended them." We do not fully get it all, and yet it all continues on.

This extraordinary network that creates our bodily system simultaneously operates the solar system and every other system that grows and goes. The expansiveness and dual micro and macrocosm of our existence is truly unfathomable when we pause to consider it. In his book, *Astrophysics for People in a Hurry*, Neil Degraffe Tyson enlightens our understanding of how extensively far and wide light can travel with "Cosmic distances so vast that the travel time for light to reach us can be millions or even billions of years." This is a glimpse into the insatiable depth and wonder of the world with its limitless largeness and exacting simplicity of a singular moment we are experiencing now.

The pandemic has given way for a radical shift in how we live, what sense we make of our world, and in our attempts to understand the great organization and orchestration of it all, questioning with what will be next. Though we do not have all the answers—what we do have—is this very moment where we have arrived. Right now we are experiencing and remembering the vastness, the preciousness, and fleeting miraculous nature that surrounds us everywhere at all times. Even amidst turbulence. Wherever we go from here we are starting from where we are right now. And what has risen from the ashes in this very moment is the beauty of our human nature against all odds. A massive reminder to count our blessings. A flash of the miraculous enormity we all get to share in this lifetime together.



We can try to fathom, but will never completely grasp how it all continues to exist in such a remarkable way amidst the chaos. The sun still shines through it all. Blades of grass still grow. And we maintain life on earth with the most perfect blend of elements allowing for us to exist right here, right now.

The world is beyond our understanding and yet we still grow. Maybe now though, we walk a little slower than before. Gaze at the sunset just a little while longer. Maybe now, when we gather with our loved ones it will be a bit sweeter and much more meaningful after such absence. Maybe now we will notice the underlying magic and beauty that prevails. The mystery of the world and how it unites us all; from the dirt to the trees, the stars and galaxies—we are each brought here right now—with a chance to remember.

A choice to be grateful for getting an opportunity to play our unique part in this enchanting and simultaneously confusing mystery that continues to hold us all. Wherever we step in lieu of this sweeping change maybe now is exactly where we need to be. Right here. Maybe now, more than ever before, we appreciate our lungs and the breath we are given. Maybe now we see everything in a new light. Now we see what was once out of sight. A shining light on what was once forgotten.

We are, because of now.



The Conscious Crow—Reminding you to Grow

Voices in the Wilderness by Carol Elaine Deys

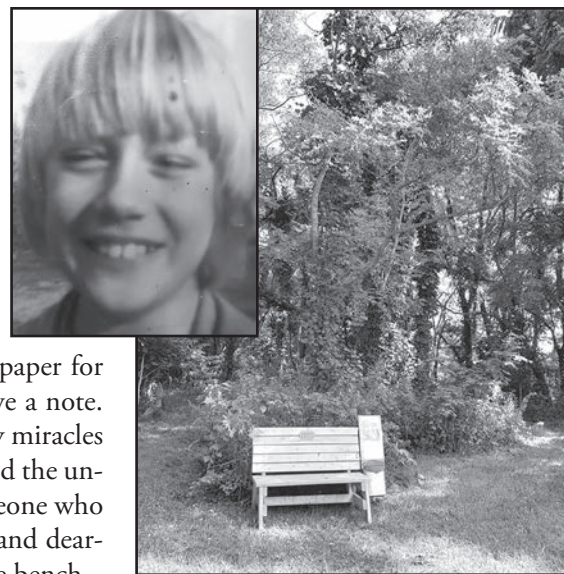
Sometimes we need a time to reflect upon the Promises. Those which have been given to us along the way. Those which have descended from places heretofore unknown to us—but they are there! This has been one of those times.

1981—A place of changing times for me and mine. The phone rang. On the other end was a friend who said to me, "they have taken your son Johnny to the hospital. He is not breathing." Words no parent wants to hear! Johnny was fourteen and a half. His life was before him, and he hadn't a clue that his time on earth had almost completed. The morning of his transition, he looked so beautiful to me. He had a light shining all around him, and I noticed it. When he went out the door, I hugged him, telling him "I love you!" He ran off to the school bus, happy in his newly evolving space. John was running track at Victor High School when he fell to the ground. His brother tried to help him. His coach and all who surrounded tried to help him. By the time he was at the hospital, he had passed.

As a Visionary, I had seen many things happening during that transition and it is these experiences which reminded me that there is so much more "than meets the eye" in this world of ours. While we were driving to Thompson Hospital in Canandaigua, something suddenly hit me in the chest; I actually jumped back in the car. At the moment when I felt that push, they were using the electric paddles on John. They wouldn't let me go into the room where he was. I "stood guard" outside of the door and looked up, seeing him in his full measure standing before me. I said to him, "Get back in there where you belong" and he said, "No way, Mom. You've got to be kidding," and he disappeared.

John Andrew Deys-Bruinix was and is our beautiful son. Although he has physically passed in so many ways, his Spirit is large upon our property of hope. It took us a long time to decide what we wanted to do special in his memory. Several years ago we placed a bench near his grave at South Perinton Cemetery, hoping that people would take out time to rest for awhile. The bench was taken, along with the wind chime that we had placed there. Our prayer was that whoever had the bench would treat it well.

Late in 2018, it again came to me that we should place another bench in our woods, where those who were passing by could rest a bit. My husband built the bench, and we framed one of Johnny's happy pictures - one with a big grin, there. We also placed a little mailbox with pen and paper for those who would like to leave a note. I have borne witness to many miracles in my life. Yesterday I watched the unfolding of another one. Someone who had recently lost his nearest and dearest son in a tragic fire saw the bench.



He happened to be driving down the road in a torrential downpour - saw the bench, and turned around stopping to share for awhile. It was raining when he got out of his car. He told me that the sun came out as he sat there.

It continues to be my prayer that Johnny's Bench will bless many as the years go by. Yesterday it was a blessing to our new friend. Tomorrow, we have no idea who it will touch. Our Johnny loved the woods. We placed the bench by the woods, hoping that all who enter into that space would be blessed. It is a happening upon our property. Already, we have been expansively blessed and so are those who pass by and just "rest awhile". In some ways it has been a time out in this mixed up, crazy upside down world that we are witnessing. Each in our own way, we are trying to make a difference!

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Simple Sustainability

Goals Made Simple

By Sky Trombly



We all have big hopes and dreams for ourselves, our lives and our families. We have wants and desires for our futures. We have goals.

The sad truth is that many of our goals will never be achieved. Sometimes the goal is just so remote that we give up.

The key reason that goals remain remote for us is that we've often not been taught how to approach them. Here, I will discuss some simple strategies that will help you achieve your goals.

Start Now

We often think of goal setting as a New Year's activity. That, or we plan to start our diets (or whatever) when Monday rolls around again. Or we'll only start a new goal at the start of the month. We think that goals have limited windows of opportunity.

If you only set goals on New Year's, you'll miss 364 opportunities.

Avoid Perfectionism

No successful endeavor ends the way that it started. We can't know what hurdles we will have to jump when we first begin a venture.

The end of a diet isn't when the brownie is eaten, the diet ends when the dieter thinks "now my diet is ruined".

If the vast majority of actions toward a goal are in the right direction, then a few slip ups should be ignored. Don't make a mountain out of a molehill. If you stop your journey, you'll never get where you are going.

Habits are King

When it comes to the hierarchy of goal setting, resolutions aren't worth much and goals are only slightly better. The real mover and shaker is the habit that you start doing consistently.

Habits > Goals > Resolutions
Establish the habits that will lead you to success in your goal.

Be the Tortoise

There's a reason that the fable of the tortoise and the hare is so well loved. We recognize the truth in the concept that small, consistent effort is more likely to win out over frequent and flashy starts and stops.

The small habits might be laughable, but if done on a regular basis, they can amount to a whole lot of accomplishment.

Features of Good Habits

Good Habits that help us accomplish set goals have some key features in common.

1 Habits lead logically to your goal.

They don't have to get you there, but doing them consistently will set you up to eventually achieve your goal.

For example, if I have the goal to look fabulous in a bathing suit this summer, then doing some muscle work to tone my body might be a good habit to form. This might not be the only habit I decide to form to meet this goal. There will probably be several habits that support the goal and the habits I choose will relate to my current condition. Perhaps, I also do some cardio and skip sugary drinks. Whatever makes sense with my current circumstances.



Now, I might not achieve the deadline, perhaps I start thinking of my "rocking beach bod" just before summer begins, but consistent effort will probably mean that I am fitter and toned when summer does roll around. I won't regret the effort I put into good habits.

2

The habits are small and achievable.

The reason goals don't work is that they are often too large and too vague to get done. So, continuing on my beach body example, as a beginner, I might make the habit to do twenty squats per day. After I've got my 20 squats in, I can count the habit as done.

3

Habits are adjustable.

Maybe after a week, I find that 20 squats are no longer challenging. I add in another 10 squats to my regular workout and I might add some triceps dips to start toning my arms. I can always build on what I have as I get more fit. Or, if my habit was too unrealistic, I can start a little smaller and build over time. Perhaps, I need to take my squat repetitions down to 10 to start.

4

Habits are positive actions.

Say, for example, I decide that the amount of soda I drink is a problem for achieving my goal (the rocking summer beach bod). If I write a goal that says: don't drink soda, then the whole day I have to think about the habit. Thinking so much about soda might even make me crave it more.

Goal: My Rockin' Beach Bod ☺							
WEEK 1							
HABITS	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
Treadmill walk (30min)	X	X	X				
Squats (20 reps)	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Triceps Dips (10 reps)	X						DAY OFF
Crunches (20 reps)	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Drink 8 glasses of water	4	5	4	6	8	8	
Swap daily soda for seltzer	X	X	X	X	X	X	
WEEK 2							
HABITS	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
Treadmill walk (20 min.)	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Squats (30 reps)	X	X	X	X	X	X	

The negative habit can be more exhausting than helpful. The best habits are things you can check off and be done with.

One way to deal with this kind of problem is the "substitution" method. Instead of focusing on the daily soda, consider swapping it for a healthier alternative. Such as a flavored seltzer water. The beauty of this system is that we might only have to think about the switch while we're out grocery shopping.

5

Habits are repeatable.

Habits are, by definition, actions that are repeatedly taken. To clear this criteria, habits should be small enough to fit into busy daily and weekly schedules. I wouldn't try to set a habit that happens any less frequently than once per week.

When habits are done over and over again, they become ingrained and easier to perform.

Most of my habits are daily habits. My goal is to do them 6 out of 7 days in a week. I give myself one day a week off from worry. I also think this keeps me from becoming overly regimented and keeps perfectionism at bay. This is the strategy that works best for me, your mileage may vary.

6

Habits are trackable.

For the purpose of this article, I will use getting fit for the summer as a familiar example of a goal. Habits that might lead to this goal are illustrated in the chart shown. The best habits are trackable. They have a finite point of accomplishment that can be checked off repeatedly.

The Habit Tracker

The Habit Tracker is a really cool tool for establishing your habits and reaching your goals. There are many formats available, but I find I am more likely to be consistent with a simple system.

Many of my habits are set to

daily actions and I expect them done 6 days a week. It is deeply satisfying to check off my little squares and shade them in. This is pretty cheap but effective motivation, but for especially challenging habits, I might set up additional rewards for a week of check offs.

Keeping a habit tracker also helps with another difficulty that humans have. We tend to fudge our memories a bit when it comes to our goals. We might think that we're doing better than we are or, if we're especially pessimistic, we might believe we're doing worse.

Having a record of our successes and failures gives us the data to move forward more intelligently. If we're consistently missing a goal, is it because it is too hard or not compelling enough? Is the goal being easily achieved and perhaps would benefit from an increase in difficulty?

Rocking Beach Bod... And, You Know, Other Goals

Being able to reach your goals is a valuable asset for anyone. We can apply this approach to anything that we find compelling. Perhaps, we'd like to feel physically more healthy or attractive, perhaps we'd like to start a little homestead or develop a minimalist lifestyle. Our goals are as variable as we are but hopefully more of us will now have the tools to reach them.

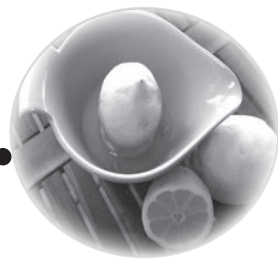


Until next time, live lightly!

Sky Trombly has been 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.

Making Lemonade...

By Barb Stahl



“New Normal”

The “New Normal” during a pandemic takes many unusual forms. For one thing going out on a Saturday night now means to me that I will pour myself a glass of Cabernet wine and step out onto my porch hoping someone walks by that I can wave to or have a friendly conversation with while having a mask on and staying six-feet apart in my driveway. Actually, in truth, I don’t wait until Saturday for this exercise.

I have rediscovered my “inner chef” which has been missing for a very long time. It has been way too easy, and tasty, to get semi-prepared meals that I could bring home from the supermarket to finish cooking. It turns out I’m not too bad at it, and the many years of practice I had while raising a family has been lying dormant. The bonus turns out to be that I am finally cleaning out my freezer and cupboards while combining unusual concoctions. Mostly, they have been edible. I am careful NOT to check the “Use by” date.

When I flipped over my cloth-quilted placements, I discovered there could be a totally different look to my table setting. Having something new to look at is, I discovered, important in a pandemic situation.

My piano was tuned a few weeks before the quarantine. I had hardly played it at all in the year in between tunings. That inspired me to play it some, which I did. I am enjoying it, but Tarzan does not like it one bit. He meows continually while I’m playing and I don’t think I’m that bad.

Recently, I had two guests come to my driveway for a visit as I stood the appropriate distance on my porch to chat. Before they got there I caught myself using mouthwash and applying lipstick and made myself chuckle when I realized what I was doing. I hadn’t worn lipstick in weeks!

Reconnecting with friends I haven’t been in touch with for a long time has become a great joy. The question to myself is why haven’t I been doing that regularly in the normal times?

My favorite “New Normal” story came from my son. Years and years ago he sold Kirby vacuum cleaners door-to-door. In selling them he had to demonstrate how to use all the attachments. Yesterday in a family ZOOM conversation he shared that he had cut his own hair with the Kirby vacuum cleaner hair clipper attachment that takes care of trimming hair. Now, I found that hard to believe but I know he is a man of

Now I am talking to myself a lot these days, but I had to laugh out loud when I found myself communicating with the kitty litter as I was scooping it.

his word. He showed the family the results on ZOOM, and I must say it looks pretty good. I submit that may be a prize-winning idea right now. Should I have him videotape this process the next time he needs a haircut, YouTube it, and perhaps it would go viral? I am thinking as his mother I must not have been paying attention years ago to his demonstration of this Kirby attachment, as I was totally surprised when he told the story. I point out here that because of this “New Normal” I am learning a great deal!

Each day at 1 pm I am connecting with my daughter and friends to dance to rock n’ roll music. It is a high point of the day seeing actual “people” faces while jiving around my kitchen with a crazy hat on, or a flower between my teeth, or perhaps peeking out from behind a fancy fan. Goofy is good!

Tarzan is sometimes getting “whiny” and wanting extra attention. After getting it he runs around the house like a crazy cat messing up rugs, fighting with his climbing tree, and sitting on his scratching board. What am I to make of this? Was he doing this when I was out socializing? Hmmmmmm.....I wonder.

Now I am talking to myself a lot these days, but I had to laugh out loud when I found myself communicating with the kitty litter as I was scooping it.

I have always been pretty good about “cleaning my plate” as I was taught growing up. I find myself now even eating the last crumb. I don’t think I did that before. It doesn’t hurt to realize that in many cultures that is a daily normal.

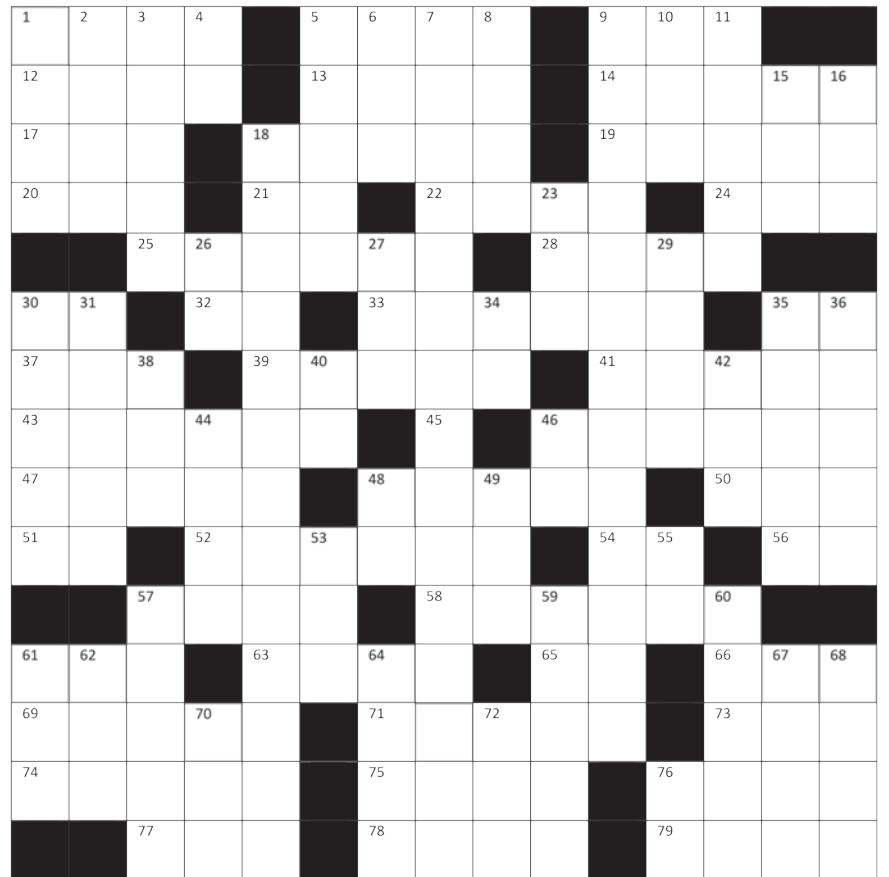
For just a moment of seriousness, I want to join the chorus of thanking the medical personnel, first responders, police, teachers, grocery store workers, post office and mail delivery people, truck drivers, recycling and garbage collectors, and everyone who is working so hard to keep us safe.

You are truly our heroes and we celebrate your work!



Barb Stahl is a mother, grandmother, great-grandmother, retired school library media specialist, and a western New York/Finger Lakes area lover who did a previous column for Canandaigua Daily Messenger. She loves her family, circle of friends, reading, writing, history, music, theater, and Tarzan the cat who critiques her articles. Contact: makinglemonadeOwl@gmail.com

Owl Light Puzzle 2[©] by George Urich



Clues

Across

- 1 Engrave
- 5 Type of bridge
- 9 Airline to Oslo
- 12 In ___ land, unrealistic
- 13 March madness sponsor
- 14 Response to a knock on the door
- 17 Retirement nest egg, Abbr.
- 18 King of ketchup
- 19 Smart and fashionable
- 20 A spike of corn
- 21 Letter following el
- 22 A song by Kizz Daniel
- 24 Verse of praise
- 25 ___ Joy, Hershey candy bar
- 28 Cover on stagnant pond
- 30 Metric measurement of length
- 32 FL western neighbor
- 33 Where engine lubricant is stored
- 35 Addition to a letter, Abbr.
- 37 Family member
- 39 How many like their Scotch
- 41 Outdated computer data storage
- 43 Hard to find
- 45 What you get for effort
- 46 Scribble in the margins
- 47 ___ Orthodox Church
- 48 Pipe connected to a sink
- 50 French salt
- 51 Until
- 52 A group of fish
- 54 Letter following em
- 56 Canonized person, Abbr.
- 57 Thrust a knife
- 58 Where to store linen
- 61 Longtime racing car sponsor
- 63 City in Pennsylvania
- 65 Chemical symbol for gold
- 66 Why you put money into a savings account, Abbr.
- 69 Usually marshy or sluggish bodies of water
- 71 Sty noises
- 73 What people must show to enter a club
- 74 A tine
- 75 Combining form meaning foot
- 76 Rug rat
- 77 Teachers Union, Abbr.
- 78 This in Spanish
- 79 Prefix related to flying
- 79 Washington DC train
- 80 Prosecutors abbr

Down

- 1 Nobel laureate ___ Wiesel
- 2 O’Hara mansion
- 3 First name of American Red Cross founder
- 4 Half a laugh
- 5 Combining form for wind
- 6 Last three letters of French thank you
- 7 A Finger Lake and a Northwestern Mountain Range
- 8 Not clear.
- 9 Two Finger Lakes
- 10 Organization supporting the interest of many nurses abbr.
- 11 One of the American Virgins for short
- 15 Airline schedule abbreviation
- 16 Sandwich bread
- 18 Two Finger Lakes
- 23 Psychic powers abbr.
- 26 Sol follower
- 27 “___ won’t”, response of a defiant child
- 29 Reverse the effect
- 30 High ranking military NCO, Abbr.
- 31 Prefix meaning very small
- 34 French article
- 35 People living in Warsaw
- 36 Small shiny fish
- 38 It developed a rating system for motor oil viscosity, Abbr.
- 40 Opposite of SW
- 42 What we drive on, Abbr.
- 44 Take a break
- 46 Princess killed in car crash, familiarly
- 48 “Just ___ it!”
- 49 Everyone
- 53 Premium TV channel
- 55 Midwestern state Abbr.
- 57 Sneak a peek
- 59 Steinbeck’s Dust Bowl evacuees Var. spelling
- 60 Over used
- 61 initials of American author of “Life as we Knew It”
- 62 Roofing goo
- 64 What non-sailors call a line
- 67 Distinctive smell
- 68 Words used when working ratios
- 70 Song from musical “Chorus Line”
- 72 Analyzing without destroying, Abbr.
- 76 Highest egg grade



George Urich is a retired Xerox engineer living in Canandaigua, NY. He solves and creates crossword puzzles to keep his brain active. A new puzzle will be shared each month, for the puzzling enjoyment of Owl Light readers. Contact: gurich@frontier.com

Richmond History

By Joy Lewis



Law and Order Of the Olden-Days

Part One—One Hundred Fifty Years of Crime and Crime Prevention: 1800-1950

The township of Pittstown was organized in 1796, only seven years after the first settlers arrived. Approximately one hundred families lived in the area that today encompasses Livonia, Richmond, and Canadice. When the eligible voters – they were all men over the age of twenty-one – met in the spring of the year at the tavern in Allen’s Hill, they elected Lemuel Chipman Town Supervisor. Six other men were chosen as councilmen. These seven men set about the task of bringing law and order to the frontier.

By 1830 the towns of Livonia and Canadice had been separately established, leaving Richmond, in name and boundaries, as we know it today. Though the geography is recognizable, the governance of two hundred years ago would be quite unfamiliar.

The principle peace officer in every township was the Justice of the Peace; Richmond had two Justices. The JP was responsible for rendering judgment in civil cases, such as default of debt or trespass. Court was held once a month at the home of the Justice. Judgment was rendered, a fine assessed, and the fine was taxed. The successful suitor was responsible for collecting the fine from the other party; the tax was paid to the court. Early justices included Philip Reed, Noah Ashley, Joel Roberts, Wickes Smith, and Philip Short.

Constables—there were four appointed annually in the years prior to the Civil War—supported the Justices by serving written notice to those who were to appear in court. If a man summoned to court could not read, the constable read the notice to him in the presence of at least two witnesses, then the constable and the witnesses all signed the summons. It was the constable who kept order on court days and who collected the tax to be paid on the fine. Jacob Wimble, Cyrus Wells, Joshua Philips, Chauncey Ward, Thomas Briggs, and George Thayer all served as Richmond Constables in the 1820s.

Other offices designed to aid in civil order included the fence viewer, the pound master, the path master, and the keeper of weights and measures. These men were appointed by the Town Board to serve a year’s term. The fence viewer visited properties in his area to inspect a farmer’s fence. The owner of an improperly maintained fence was instructed to make repairs or face a stiff fine. Each school district (there were ten in Richmond) had a fence viewer. The pound master was authorized to round up wandering livestock and impound the stray beasts in his enclosed yard. The owner was notified and obliged to pay a fine to the pound master in order to retrieve his animal. The path master was in charge of road maintenance. Not that he did the work by himself; it was his responsibility to see that each land owner whose property bordered a pathway did the grading and ditching needed to sustain the road.

At the county level there was a sheriff and a jail, both established at the county seat in Canandaigua. Two Richmond men were early Ontario County Sheriffs: Nathaniel Allen (served 1815-1819) and Joseph Garlinghouse (served 1825-1831).

There were in the olden-days crimes which we would recognize: robberies, assaults, public drunkenness, murder. But there were some activities which were deemed to be criminal then, which are not today. During the 1850s it was illegal to help a fugitive slave escape. There were many in Richmond who ignored this unjust law, as the Underground Railroad was quite active in town.

In 1864 Richmond voters decided to outlaw the buying, selling, or drinking of spirituous liquors in town. And, since it was illegal for women to vote, this was the men’s idea. Temperance was an important social movement of the time. Many believed that the abuse of intoxicating beverages was largely responsible for crime and contributed to the neglect of family duty. A Geneva newspaper headline in 1906 screamed, “Another Murder Charged up to Whiskey.”

Although there was a large block of responsible men in Richmond who endorsed the Temperance Pledge, there was an equally large group who bemoaned the loss of easy access to booze. An enterprising coterie of youths improvised their

own Temperance Pledge: “Recognizing the evils of drunkenness and resolved to check its alarming increase, we do solemnly pledge ourselves not to get drunk, except on Christmas, at Sheep Shearing, Independence Day, and Muster Day.”

Fifteen distilleries had been in operation in Richmond when the law went into effect; three or four of them went “underground.” Though Richmond was officially “dry” for eighty years, not all her citizens were temperate. If an intoxicating beverage were wanted, many there were who knew where to find one. Burton Deuel, in his memoir *Reminiscences*, tells a number of tales of illegal imbibing.

“Years ago,” Burton wrote, “Lester Washburn was taken to court for selling hard cider and booze. When the excise man served him a warrant, he said, ‘I understand you’ve been selling hard cider.’ ‘Humph!’ was Lester’s reply. ‘I’ve never sold any hard cider in my life.’ Which was true – he always gave it away.”

Burton wrote about Irishman Pat Sullivan, an itinerant farm hand who lived in Honeoye a hundred years ago. In the summer of 1911 Pat went home to Ireland to see his mother. He planned to return to America in April of 1912 and had a ticket on the Titanic. But the night before, he got drunk and missed the boat. Pat took the next ship leaving for America and showed up in Honeoye a few weeks later. There he ran into a friend who said, “I thought you went down with the Titanic.” Burton recounted Pat’s reply: “I got too much whiskey and I missed the boat. Sure and begorra, I’ll never give up that whiskey that saved me life as long as I live.’ And he never did.”

It was illegal in the 1800s to commit adultery. It did, however, occur. A newspaper story of August 14, 1880 reported: “A very disgraceful affair occurred in the town of Richmond a few days ago. One Henry Randolph, colored, had been hunting, and on his return caught a well-to-do nursery man, named A. Randolph Pennell, and his wife in improper intimacy. The outraged husband leveled his gun at the destroyer of his happiness and fired, the charge by mistake taking effect in his wife’s leg. Afterwards he gave the man a severe pounding with the stock of his gun. The affair has created considerable excitement in the neighborhood of its occurrence, and very properly the people generally sympathize with the outraged [husband].” The husband, by the way, was not charged with wrong-doing. Nor did he bring an accusation against Mr. Pennell in court; the beating was deemed sufficient.

Abortion was illegal throughout the land in the early years of the twentieth century, during the time when Dr. Harold Trott was practicing in Hemlock. In 1944 Dr. Trott wrote a memoir called *Campus Shadows* in which he discussed his experience with abortion. When he first came to town he met an old doctor in a nearby town who was going through a spell of illness and Dr. Trott offered to handle his referrals. He was, however, unprepared for who turned up.

He writes: “I found awaiting me an attractive young lady accompanied by a man of about forty... The man introduced himself in a patronizing way, [then said], ‘This young lady is my stenographer. She’s in the family way and we’d like you to fix her up.’ ... They were from Buffalo. Moreover, they were in a hurry... I told these people that I thought there had been a slight misunderstanding as to just what type of cases [the old doctor] had in mind... Within the next week I turned away seven more [such] surgical patients.”

Occasionally one of Dr. Trott’s female patients would come to him and be worried about an unexpected pregnancy. The doctor followed the advice of an older man whose practice he admired, and would send the-mother-to-be home with a bottle of sugar pills, telling her, “Now, you just let me do the worrying for you. Take one of these pills each morning and evening with plenty of water and come back and see me in two weeks.” In most cases when the woman returned her worries had evaporated. Dr. Trott did say that a few women needed another two-week round of “worry-free days,” but inevitably there came the day when “these same mothers wouldn’t sell one of [those children] for all the money in the Treasury.” His mentor spoke of a particular young man in town, “Sixteen years ago I did the worrying for that boy’s mother... This year he was valedictorian of his high school.”



Part Two will feature some notorious crimes that took place locally, beginning with a kidnapping in 1826 that shocked the nation, and ending with another hei-

Joy Lewis has served as Town of Richmond, Historian since 2013. She offers reflections on the history of Richmond, NY in every other issue of *Owl Light News*.

No Extravaganza Here: just quality content by local contributors and personal service close to home—where it matters most!

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Solution to Owl Light Puzzle 2, on page 16

1	E	T	C	H		5	A	R	C	H		9	S	A	S					
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COVID-19

Sources for updates & information

- Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC) 800-CDC-INFO (800-232-4636) www.cdc.gov/coronavirus/2019-ncov/index.html
- NYS Department of Health - www.health.ny.gov/
- Rochester Medical Center U of R. <https://www.urmc.rochester.edu/coronavirus.aspx> www.facebook.com/UniversityofRochesterMedicalCenter/

HOUSEHOLD HAZARDOUS WASTE COLLECTION DAY

Saturday, June 20, 2020
7:00 am to 3:00 pm

Casella Recycling Facility
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PRE-REGISTRATION and *PROOF of RESIDENCY* are required.

Registration open June 1st - June 18th
To pre-register call Cornell Cooperative Extension of Ontario County at (585) 394-3977 x427
The event is limited to 700 residents who pre-register.
Time slots are every 15 minutes starting at 7:00 am and the last one at 2:45 pm.
No business or farm waste will be accepted.

FREE to
Ontario
County
Residents
ONLY

Materials Accepted at the Event:
Acids, Adhesives, Aerosols, Antifreeze, Batteries, Boric Acid, Brake Fluid, Cements, Charcoal Lighters, Chlorine, Cleaning Fluid, Degreasers, Disinfectants, Drain Cleaners, Dry Gas, Dyes, Epoxies, Fiberglass Resins, Flea Powders, Furniture Strippers, Hair Removers, Herbicides, Insect Repellents, Lacquers, Lubricants, Mothballs or Flakes, Motor Oil, Nail Polish Removers, Oven Cleaners, Only Oil-based Paints, Paint Removers, Paint Thinners, Permanent Solutions, Pesticides, Photo chemicals, Rat Poisons, Rug & Upholstery Cleaners, Rust Solvents, Wood Preservatives, Spot Removers, Tub and Tile Cleaners, Turpentine, Varnish, Weed Killers, Wood Polishes & Stains. Products containing mercury, LED lightbulbs, and florescent light tubes will also be accepted.

Materials NOT Accepted at the Event:
NO LATEX PAINT, Household Electronics (TVs -flat screen and CRTs, computer monitors, cell phones, DVD players, VCRs, etc.) Automobile and truck tires, Compressed Gas Cylinders, Explosives or Shock-Sensitive Materials, Ammunition, Radioactive Wastes, Pathological Wastes, Infectious Waste, Medicines, PCB's, Freon containing devices (i.e. Air conditioners, dehumidifiers).

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Fairies & Elves & Gnomes! Oh my!

At the Sugar Bowl



A magical trail of fairy doors is in place year round in downtown Dansville. Discover more in the trees of Pioneer Park in the village. Find the map on our Facebook or Instagram page to get started!

Maps also available at the North Dansville Town Hall and fairy door hosts who are open. Brought to you by Dansville ArtWorks, our many hosts, and by supporters of creativity and whimsy!

Fairy Doors of Dansville @FairyDoorsofDansville

MARGARET "MARGIE" TERESA FARREN

Margaret "Margie" Teresa Farren arrived June 4th, 1952 in Rochester, NY and left terra firma March 2020.

Margie - explorer, seeker, writer, poet, dear friend, sweet caregiver and healer, tireless Worker, your independent, strong, caring, creative, kind and resilient soul is so cherished.

Companion of nature (even bugs), lover of flowers, the sound of birds, the ocean, beachcombing for driftwood, seaglass, shells and stones ... champion of animals (especially lambs, horses and bears), weaver, collage maker, folk and celtic music enthusiast, pertinacious punster. You were happiest living on your own in the woods by the pond in "Shinbone Shack".



Her cousin Eileen remembers ...

"Margie was selfless. Life for her was all about others first. Margie would ask with true sincerity how your heart was, and/or if you were happy. She was generous, real, fun, engaging, humorous, gentle, trusting, kind, devoted, faithful, spiritual, and compassionate.

I have many wonderful remembrances of Margie like the time we drove 4 or 5 baby lambs from Canandaigua, NY to the Trappist Monastery in Spencer, MA. Margie removed the back seat of her big old car and put down newspaper and hay and we were on our way. A crowd always gathered at the rest stops we pulled into to bottle feed those sweet little lambs whose hungry bleats were loud and clear!"

Margie's cousin Rich remembers ...

"Margie's adventures with Fatoumi Raccoon of Arnett Boulevard who was not a backyard nocturnal sneak but a loving and loved adopted garden resident for its and everyone's enjoyment and surprise. Margie just did things like that...all her life."

While a hermit at heart, she was also a Catholic Worker to the bone. For a time, she was a dedicated part of the Mustard Seed Catholic Worker in Worcester, Mass.

Insights she shared and her 38 years of sobriety, were an inspiration to many folks at AA meetings.

Margie sensed the true good in life, and then shared it as a sage. She was more inclined to make change than to challenge what she could not change.

As a courageous and steadfast war tax resister, Margie chose to live below the poverty line. An activist who stood up and protested for many causes including help for the impoverished and homeless, anti-war and the environment, she remained strong and resilient in her willingness to be arrested in her stand with others at the Titon missile site.

Possessing the soul of a poet, combined with a keen and elfish sense of humor, Margie reveled in playing with words including "peeps" (people), "perfs" (perfect), "moosed" (missed), and "tayki teasy." She loved keeping track of the weather, phases of the moon and meteor showers and pulled others into her excitement about nature.

In younger years, she worked as a CNA (Certified Nursing Assistant). In later years she spend quality time as a volunteer with lonely nursing home residents and those with dementia. She gave up several years of her own life-style caring for her father, brother and mother through their illnesses, aging and deaths and lovingly vigiled with several other people during their dying process.

Margie, you will continue to be remembered and carried by so many; those your deep spirit touched, those your generous heart listened to and helped, those you lifted to more laughter through your unbound joy, those you loved, and those who loved you.

We hear your voice in this poem:

Roads by Ruth Bidgood

No need to wonder what heron-haunted lake
lay in the other valley,
Or regret the songs in the forest
I chose not to traverse.
No need to ask where other roads might have led,
since they led elsewhere;
For nowhere but this here and now
is my true destination.
The river is gentle in the soft evening,
And all the steps in my life have brought me home.

Fare thee well Margie.....

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Speaking of Death

But, in recent years there have been two concepts that I have found quite comforting. The first was learning of a question the Greek philosopher Lucretius posed. He asked, "Were you afraid of the time before you were born? Then why would you be afraid of the time after you die?" The second is the Buddhist teaching that, "We are of a nature to grow old; we are of a nature to become ill; we are of a nature to die . . . what a relief!" I love this because this teaching is about the end of suffering and of our anxiety.

On a lighter note, as I'm sure we could use at this point, I want to tell you about an interesting and I believe timely movement. Perhaps some of you are already aware of this, and have hosted or attended a Death Cafe? Death Cafes are intimate gatherings held all over the world for the purpose of bringing death out of the dark, taboo closet and into the light. Small groups are convened in a festive gathering, providing a chance to talk about this most grave topic. (Pun intended.) These are not morbid gatherings at all but are very alive, engaging, and often hilarious conversations about death with a small group of friends or strangers in an informal setting.

Talking about death won't cause you to die. But not talking about it may result in a life less fully lived and appreciated. The more we recognize, accept, and incorporate the reality of death, the more precious and vivid our lives become. And perhaps the evil that is so ubiquitous in our world will begin to wane.

There is an upcoming virtual Death Cafe: June 21, 2020, 3-4:30pm.

You can request to join the Zoom Meeting at: us02web.zoom.us/j/8995643722?pwd=ZzRUcUoxYzQlby9vTE8wYURVNHE5QT09.

The link will be also be posted on the Naples Library FB page on June 20th.

Note: This essay is an excerpt. Linda Starkweather's essay in its entirety can be found at www.owllightnews.com/speaking-of-death/.



If you would like to place an In Memoriam notice in *Owl Light News*, please contact Darlene at editor@owllightnews.com or call 585-358-1065.

Side Steet Sounds

By Steve West



Sound Solutions

Area Music Venues and Musicians Tune into the New Normal to Keep the Music Alive

As we continue to figure out what normal is going to look like in a post-Covid19 world, the music scene is ever adapting. Jim Shelley, owner of Fanatics Pub & Pizza in Lima, has come up with an innovative way to bring live music back in the era of social distancing. He has announced his Drive-In Concert Series.



Fanatics is located adjacent to the now-closed Sav-a-lot grocery store in Lima. With the permission of the property owners, Jim has come up with a plan to use the store parking lot to hold concerts. The concept is that approximately 30 cars will be allowed to enter the property. Each will be assigned a parking space, with a space left open between cars.

Concert attendees will be allowed to exit their cars on one side of the vehicle only, and will be restricted to the empty space next to their cars, thereby keeping a consistent social distance between everyone. Some restrictions will apply. Motorcycles and pets are not allowed. Patrons can order food and soft drinks from Fanatics by phone or on their website, and it will be delivered to your vehicle. Alcoholic beverages will not be served during the concerts.

"I'm just really excited to bring back live music," said Mr. Shelley. "So many things have been cancelled because of the virus, and this is one way we can still get together and enjoy concerts while still being socially responsible." He has been in contact with county and town officials and has their respective blessings to go ahead with the idea.

The concert lineup is as follows:

- Tues. June 2 - Steve Grills and the Roadmasters
- Tues. June 9 - Pete Griffith Band
- Tues. June 16 TBA
- Tues. June 23 - Hanna PK
- Tues. June 30 - Gabe Stillman

Please visit Fanatics website at www.fanaticspub.com for guidelines.

Until we're all able to get outside and enjoy live music, here are a few local performers who are live streaming on a regular basis. Please note that all times and performances are subject to change. Please check with the individual performers for times and changes and explore other options not listed here.

• Steve West streams live on Facebook every Sunday at 11 AM on his page, Steve West Music.

• Teagan Ward performs Wednesday evenings on the Teagan and the Tweeds Facebook page.

• Chris Wilson Live By Request, Wednesdays 7pm-8pm and Songs of Faith Sundays 7-8 PM. www.youtube.com/c/chriswilsonchannel

• Mike Joseph hosts "Quarantine Open Mic" on Sundays and Wednesdays on his Facebook page.

• Chris Cady performs on his Facebook page on Saturday evenings at 8 PM.

Steve West streams live on Facebook every Sunday, 11am-2pm. Other gigs and info. can be found at: www.stevewestmusic.com/

Creativity in Isolation

Featured Artist: Jeanne Beck

Jeanne Beck creates mixed media paintings and large installations, exploring color, texture, line and shape as she translates ideas to visual expression. Jeanne Beck Art Gallery and Studio is in Canadagua, NY. Learn more at www.jeannebeck.com



Sheltered Spring Painting by Jeanne Beck

I kept waiting for spring and warmer weather while trying to figure out what to do to complete this piece, which has had a number of major revisions. We enjoyed a few days of sunny, clear weather and I was able to get outside for long walks with my iPhone 11 and take lots of photos, including small streams and creeks. Suddenly the middle section of this piece shifted into feeling like flowing water. I wanted it to be surrounded by a greening, blossoming world of foliage and spring flowers. It is unabashedly "pretty" and has many layers of glazes to add depth.

It is painted paper mounted to a cradled panel, 21" x 29". The watercolor paper I painted this on was 22" x 30" (I'm challenging myself to use up what I have on hand), so I needed to purchase a custom-made board to mount it. I will remember to mark dimensions on future pieces so they fit standard size cradled panels!

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