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OWLIGHT News



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Where Inspiration & Inquiry Converge

September 2020



Many Hands

Community Contributions have Paved the Way for Changes at Rawley Park, in Richford, NY

As I walked the pathway that winds around the green fields of Rawley Park, in Richford, NY, my mind wandered, remembering the many people who came before. The visit there was sad in some ways. It is in this small-town place that my parents, two of my grandparents and numerous other relatives (mine and those of folks I know or have known) have been laid to rest—at Highland Cemetery. The park itself holds happy memories of family gatherings, including the Talcott Family Reunions.

Earlier this summer, we picnicked on a bench alongside the open-air pavilion. We marveled at the brightly colored and intricately adorned mosaic as we sat enjoying the warm air and gentle breeze—looking out at the surrounding countryside...and looking back.



Vicki Davis 2016

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Continued on page 8

IN THIS ISSUE



From the News Room

The Homestead Gardener and Cartoon by Sally are taking a break. Back soon! We have a guest piece this issue from Gwenn Voelckers and a new strip cartoon that will appear in every issue. We also have poetry and essays from several guest contributors.

Correction: In the August 2020 write up about Macedon Canal Park's Butterfly/Nature Trail, it's Lock #30, not #29 at Macedon.

Submissions for *Owl Light News* can be sent to Editor@Canadice Press. Feel free to contact us in advance with queries, if desired. Please specify the type of submission in the subject line of the email (i.e. news story, feature story, press release, poetry, editorial, opinion, fiction etc.). Include your name and phone number in the email, as well as a word doc attachment of the submission. All submissions will be considered on a case by case basis for publication in future issues (in print and/or online). Content is accepted on a rolling basis. The general deadline for all content for upcoming issues is the 10th of the month prior to publication. *Owl Light News* pages fill up FAST! We place online content ongoing and welcome community press releases.

Publication of *Owl Light Literary: Turning Points* has been delayed until 2021. Advance sales for the journal will be announced as soon as we have a firm publication date. Everyone who submitted will be notified as soon as final decisions for publication have been made. Thank you one and all!

ON THE COVER

Above Fold: Part of the Mosaic on the Rawley Park Picnic pavilion (Photo D.E. BENTLEY). **Piper Davis and other community collaborators work on the wall** (Photo courtesy of Vicki Davis).

The OWL LIGHT News

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JOIN THE OWL LIGHT CONVERSATION

As our slogan states, *Owl Light News* is where "Inspiration and Inquiry Converge." As such, we welcome creative content and ideas along with active inquiry and commentary around the things that matter in the more rural places we live in—"where trees outnumber people."

Our contributors welcome comments, which may be sent directly to them or to editor@canadicepress.com

Letters to the editor and longer opinion pieces can be sent to editor@canadicepress.com. We ask that letters be topical, with sound arguments focused on ideas and information that inspires discussion and fosters positive community growth. Open exchange and change requires a willingness on the part of many to share divergent thoughts and listen carefully; to explore the validity as well as the weaknesses in dissenting views.

View and Add Events ONLINE

View Events at www.owllightnews.com/events.
Add events at www.owllightnews.com/events/community/add.

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 e-mail us at editor@canadicepress.com or message us on fb@CanadicePress. 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 and must offer some direct community enrichment** (we review before posting goes live).

From the Editor

Breathless Beauty



There are no enemies amongst the towering spruce; the goal is singular, and all encompassing. Yet in this impulse for survival, to defend at all costs, to nurture and feed, there are moments of immense joy. I see this in the red tails, leaning into the winds below gathering droplets of potential downpour. I have felt it this summer. It was

there in nesting Robins, building nest upon nest on collected sticks destined for Slöjd mastery, or not. It was there in the house wrens, nesting in the copper birdhouse that has been vacant for decades—rejected for its interior metallic walls (or perhaps its exterior flowery decor). It remained in the interwoven flights of the sharp-shinned hawks' parallel passes between the trees while feeding on their favorite virtuoso.

It was there (perhaps) in the adolescent squirrels spiraling in an ascending chase, gathering speed rather than caches destined to be forgotten. They set aside play when the hazelnuts hung in clusters, too early for gathering in human hands; ripe enough for bands of foraging poses—longtails (reds and greys)—steadfast in their bounty hunting. Chattering out their triumphant thievery, mocking our forlorn fruitlessness.

It was there in the swarm of bees, grounded by inclement weather, building mathematical cells on the bark of a roadside ash. It was there in the journeys of the field workers, launching into the warm air. It was there as the multitudes of winged pollinators gathered roadside like flashing gems accentuating the blooms—mining hearts and anthers. It was there in the dragonfly-fueled jet trails, doodles, ethereal sky lines left behind in their pursuit of airborne bees. They know where to gather as the nectar beckons.

It was there in the bluegill constructing, circling, safeguarding his offspring. It was there in the nearby young, navigating the shallows in search of microscopic minions. It remained as bass shot shoreward, splashes of disaster, schools scattering in the wake. Only to return, moments later, to their sheltered deeps. It was there, still, in the silent, stealth heron navigating the shore. There, even, in the osprey perched overhead, secure in her superiority feasting on high. She was oblivious to our clicking camera, immortalizing her as she

circled into the waiting lens and beyond, then diving feet first into the pool of unsuspecting fry.

It was there in the dancing trees, excelling in their rooted lofty existence. It was there in the pileated woodpecker navigating the side of an ash, his head tilting in anticipation as he systematically peeled away the layers of bark. It was there in the nuthatch tagging along for the picnic. It was there in intricate patterns revealed beneath the bark, etched into the wood; and in the shimmering emerald bodies. There, too, in the graceful grains revealed in the stickered slabs: ash for tool handles, spalted maple, spruce, and cherry for furniture and trim.

It was there in the mice and moles burrowing into the soft blanketed understorey. It was there in the barred owls silhouetted in the approaching darkness, almost within reach of my outstretched hand. It was there in the bats' all-consuming acrobatics above the waters dark. It was there in the fleeting tail of Comet NEOWISE, and in the Perseids. It was there, is there now, in the insect and amphibian orchestral arrangement emanating from the canopy; an endless deafening cacophony seeps into the room through the open window. And in the rain dance overhead. It is there, too, as I step into the night, small beneath the tethered moons and planets, breathless beneath the endless points of dying light.



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• I renewed our yearly subscription, as my wife and sister like your Who-Who Light monthly ["Light Lens"]. My wife likes the "Dragonfly Tales" & recipe possibilities to try. My sister near Fulton also likes the majority of the content. Just a little outside feedback. Of course, for me anything history related is informative and potential for further research. Cheers! Mert

• "Thanks for all you do for the community with your paper. I actually sat down last night and had time to read your June issue as it was at CCE. My power was out due to the storm and I was reading it by flashlight." Nancy

• "I ♥ love your pages.!" Carol

• "We love your paper, having found it a couple years ago at a local store. I hope you can continue with print—to me nothing compares to the feel + look + smell of real printed pages." Amelia

• "I wanted to tell you that I enjoy the book recommendations by Mary Drake in the Owl (as well as the rest of the paper and your editorial reflections.) I just purchased the book *My Sister the Serial Killer* by Oyinkan Braithwaite, which made me laugh a lot. I am beginning to feel part of your community (long distance member)." Sandra, Plymouth, Mass.

Oddities and After Thoughts of (president) No. 18

DUOLOGUE By MERTON BARTELS



ULYSSES S. GRANT, Brady-Handy© Photo Collection, Library of Congress.

NARRATOR: *Quite often great men of history are never really known because of too enthusiastic and unchecked reporting by the media of that time, true today as well as over a century and a half ago. The following could have been an insightful interview by a respected and*

accurate reporter with an American of distinction. So, listen in as reporter Harry Sharp delves into the past of the General of the Union Army, Ulysses S. Grant, an Ohio native, a future politician and biographer.

MR. SHARP: Mr. President, I earnestly thank you for allowing me time to review your life's significant highlights.

PRESIDENT GRANT: I find myself fortunate to have you explore my past, and your reputation is well founded. Many nowadays ignore revealing the whole truth. Your credibility does not go unnoticed, Mr. Sharp.

SHARP: Again, I thank you. I must say that I am amazed as your height of 59 inches is dwarfed by your tower of accomplishments. Obviously, those that know you closely admire your persistence, your focus, your daring, and your commitment to complete objectives.

GRANT: At West Point, thanks to my father Jesse who steered me there, I learned in mathematics if one does the steps as required things simply add up. A side point of my 1848 wedding to Julia Dent, eventual Confederate General James "Pete" Longstreet was my best man. Together, we played a British card game called "brag", which introduced the concept of wild cards.

SHARP: Would you agree that your various military assignments before the Civil War were valuable when once appointed general of the Union Army by President Lincoln?

GRANT: Ha! Initially, no. Other than providing me some field battle and quartermaster experience I could see no future by staying in, so I left.

NARRATOR: *Gen. Montgomery C. Meigs, the Union quartermaster, was the unsung hero of the northern victory. Meigs was a logistical supply genius judged by Lincoln, Stanton and Seward as the indispensable architect that made the Union victorious. Without adequate supplies, battles are seldom won. Meigs had also designed an aqueduct system (1858) that brought fresh water to Washington, DC, plus was involved in design and construction of the Capitol dome.*

SHARP: Your field reputation has earned you this nickname: "Unconditional Surrender."

GRANT: In Tennessee, at Ft. Donelson, February 1862, to rebel General S.S. Buckner, I demanded, "No terms except unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted." Perhaps that made history. The object of war is to defeat your enemy even when both sides are worn down, since he who continues the attack wins. Moreover Mr. Sharp, "I learned the enemy is more afraid of me than I am of him."

SHARP: What made you successful? Any comment on some of your failures?

GRANT: Whittling and whiskey when it came to battlefield analysis. Time to think behind the battle lines and evaluate is essential to deciding how best to deploy troops for maximum gain. "My failures have been errors of judgement, not of intent."

SHARP: Do you have a moral guide of sort?

GRANT: "Hold onto the Bible. To the influence of this book we are indebted to the progress made in true civilization and to this we must look to our guide in the future."

SHARP: Is it true you did say: "The most confident critics are generally those who know the least about the matter criticized?" Many of your critics have objected to your field campaign approaches.

GRANT: My political friends with no military experience offer solutions un-executable to obtain victory. Too bad a surplus of disgruntled and un-pragmatic foes exist. A nation suffers through false analysis and biased reporting. Timely knowledge if examined and used is of paramount importance every time.

SHARP: Why did President Lincoln make you the responsible general in charge?

GRANT: Union generals, namely McClellan and Burnside, were unwilling to engage Lee's boys, simply not taking the necessary initiative. Also, both President Lincoln and Secretary of War Stanton determined the prior appointed generals had for two years no desire to engage Robert E. Lee and his highly mobile cavalries. From those inactions, I have learned "two generals on the same side are always one too many."

SHARP: Why?

GRANT: Lincoln referred to those generals as having a condition of "the too slows." And he said that more than once, even to General Henry Wager Halleck, head of the Army of the Potomac until 1864.

SHARP: What were the reasons Generals William T. Sherman and Philip Sheridan were so effective in their assorted campaigns along the Mississippi?

GRANT: Tenacity. Each was given a reasonable and achievable objective with some command flexibility. They did not hesitate, they steadily

advanced with prudent caution and shifted tactic when warranted.

SHARP: What was your greatest shock of the war?

GRANT: The surprising assassination of President Lincoln. The country was in disbelief initially. "It was the darkest day of my life. ... I did not know what it meant. Here was the rebellion put down in the field and rising up from the gutters." (1865)

SHARP: War versus peace. What are your thoughts on this topic?

GRANT: "Though I have been trained as a soldier, and participated in many battles, there never was a time when, in my opinion, some way could not be found to prevent the drawing of the sword. Although as a soldier by profession, I have never felt any fondness for war, and I have never advocated it, except as a means of peace. (1868). To maintain peace in the future, it is necessary to be prepared for war."

SHARP: When you became president after Andrew Johnson you helped achieve Lincoln's goal of a transcontinental railroad. Did that seem particularly important at that time?

GRANT Yes, an achievable one. Connecting the future state of California to the eastern part of the nation would be beneficial and send a message to foreign governments this nation was doing much since its internal struggle ceased. "That endeavor cost \$65 million and yielded a surprising repayment of the loans on railroad bonds and \$125 million on bond interest. A good initial investment. I might add."

SHARP: In reflection, what are your views on slavery?

GRANT: "If the Republic shall continue its existence, slavery must be let go; consequently, slavery must fail. I earnestly recommend that the freedom of negroes be acknowledged..."

SHARP: Mr. President, from my perspective, revealed truth is 100 times more relevant than fiction. And I thank you for your service to our nation. May its citizens realize your leadership in war and in peace.

Grant and his wife are buried in a mausoleum in northern Manhattan.



Mert Bartels, a retired technical writer and editor with a half century experience, is a member of Macedon's Wayne Writers Guild. He specializes in 600 word essays, people characterization poems and observations of NYS. He also enjoys creating duologues.

Editor's note: *This duologue (a play or part of a play with speaking roles for only two actors) is a fictional conversation between a reporter and Ulysses S. Grant, with added quotes attributed to Grant.*

Pathways to Democracy

The Strength of the Constitution By DOUG GARNAR with Guest Contributors



231 YEARS: A Time To Celebrate Or Rethink Our Constitution?

Since 1776 the United States has been guided by two “foundational” documents—the “Declaration of Independence” and the “Constitution”. Perhaps the most famous quote from Jefferson’s “declaration” is his assertion that “All men are created equal, endowed by the Creator with certain unalienable rights. That among them are Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness.” Curious words for a young slave owner. The document was penned to rally colonists to break with England; to secure aid from foreign powers, and to announce to the world the creation of a new country. On its best days, the “Declaration” was among other things a statement of moral/political principles crafted by human beings not God(s).

Thirteen years later a new “Constitution” was ratified, starting with perhaps its three most important words, “We the people...” Nowhere is the word democracy used but in its opening words. It firmly suggests that political power does not rest in a king or a Congress, rather the “People.” To be sure the people in 1789 included only white male property owners. Women, African Americans and Native Americans need not apply! As talented as were the Founding Fathers (Madison perhaps the most important) the fear of a chief executive who became tyrannical and citizens who could succumb to their passions and become a mobocracy required a series of restraints. Elements are still embedded in the document today.

Today many people see the passage of a series of Amendments and Supreme Court rulings as moving the nation from a “Republic” to a “near democracy”. Yet, there are numerous cracks in the “Civic Foundation.” Among these are a historical lack of confidence in the Federal Govt.; that elected officials are for the most part incompetent/corrupt; that only 50 % of the citizenry feel that votes will be counted fairly in the 2020 election ; a rising number of registered voters lack confidence in either the Dems or the GOP; and the list goes on.

As we take time to reflect on the 231 years of the longest continuous constitution still in practice, are the aforementioned civic cracks and toxic political culture due to a Constitution increasingly out of date, or might there be other explanations? Three civic colleagues of mine, Erik Jensen, Scott Corley, and Carla Michalak, agreed with me to survey a small number of citizens (in no way a scientific poll).

We agreed to use the following questions:

Question One: “September 17 is Constitution Day.”
Is it time to celebrate this “foundational” document, or is it time to rethink it?

Question Two: What do you view as the direct impact of the Constitution on your day-by-day life experiences?

Our unscientific poll drew upon a diverse cross section of citizen including the following: (2) in their 20s; (5) in their 30s; (2) in their 40s; (1) in his 50s; (1) in his 60s; (3) in their 70s and (1) 80+ year old. Gender-wise there were (1) self-identified as LGBT; (6) as women and (9) as men (we reached out to more women, but they did not respond within our time frame). (2) identified as African American, (1) as Latino; (1) of mixed race and the rest as Caucasian.

What follows in an interesting cross section of views regarding question Number One:

- Of the 16 interviewees, the oldest responded that the “Constitution was priceless,” as it had guided us through the Civil War and two World Wars.
- One person argued that the document needed major change by amending it. He also said that our nation was too divided to make such changes. At the same time, he argued both parties should consider a bipartisan study commission to research possible changes, conceding, in the current toxic climate, this would be a tall order.
- One interviewee argued that it was not time to celebrate as “...the Constitution is being made into a mockery.”

“The strength of the Constitution lies entirely in the determination of our citizens to defend it. Only if every citizen feels duty bound to do his share in this defense are the Constitution’s rights secure.”

Albert Einstein

- Another person argued that the nation has lost its moral way—especially in the treatment of children—those of color, and those who are economically disadvantaged.
- Over a third responded by saying it was time to both celebrate and revisit. In this group several argued that the document should be viewed as a “living” constitution, and the amendment process should be made easier. In this group one person stated that change, economic/technological/demographic, requires us to adjust the Constitution to a world that is in flux and will be for the foreseeable future.
- Yet another interviewee argued that it was time to get back to the ideals of the Founding Fathers—that lies, special interest groups, a biased media etc. were fundamental problems afflicting our country, not the Constitution.
- Close to a third of the respondents argued that the electoral college needed to be abolished or significantly changed.
- Finally, several argued that the Constitution needed to address the problems of racism, sexism and social injustice.

How interviewees saw the Constitution impact their day-by-day life experiences produced some important commonalities as well as some unique points of view:

- Over half cited the 1st Amendment providing them not only the right to speak their mind but to hear different points of view as important to their daily experience.
- One person argued that the failure of the Constitution has been a catalyst “...to apply for my gun license...the Constitution protects my right to bear arms.”
- Another point of view maintained that, “The Constitution is the law of the land”—that it shapes who he will vote for.
- Several cited the importance of the Constitution providing for a postal service which they viewed as important for 1st Amendment rights and the more practical aspect of ensuring people are able to get items shipped to them in a timely fashion. People are concerned that the postal system might be used to suppress mail in ballots and negatively impact the 2020 election.
- An interviewee argued that the US vs THEM culture might be addressed by using the principle of truth and reconciliation commissions, as used in South Africa after the fall of apartheid.
- As if out of a govt. text, one person said that as ruling document, the Constitution establishes a “balance of power, provides civil liberties and rights....” among other things.

So, what final conclusions might be drawn from these sixteen fellow Americans asked to think about the Constitution as we approach its 231st anniversary?

Consider the following:

Many of those interviewed had a very general understanding of some of the main features of the document, but beyond that there were distinct information gaps. For those interested, *The U.S. Constitution and Fascinating Facts About It* (published by Oak Hill Company) offers in 96 pages a terrific introduction to everything from the Articles of Confederation, the Constitution, all twenty-seven amendments, key Supreme Court rulings etc.

Continued on page 8

Side Steet Sounds

Musical Metal Art in Livonia

By STEVE WEST

A new art exhibition was unveiled in Livonia on August 5 at the corner of Main and Commercial Streets. Under the guidance of Livonia art teachers Laura James and Kathy O'Neil, and Genesee Valley BOCES Metalworks instructor Olie Olson, students from Livonia High School spent over two years designing and creating the artwork that now adorns the side of the building adjacent to the Livonia Art Park at the corner of Main and Commercial Streets.

Livonia's mayor, Cal Lathan, said it is a concept that has been in the works for nearly 12 years, when the Village took possession of the site of the former Keystone gas station that stood on the property for years. The park will be used for community gatherings, like the annual Christmas tree lighting and the Autumn in the Village Festival.

A Mural that was also unveiled was two years in the making. It salutes Livonia's agricultural heritage. First designed on an iPad, it was then projected onto a large canvas while students copied the image. The metal frame in which it now hangs was fabricated by the Livonia BOCES metalworks students. Two other frames were mounted at the site and will be filled with historical images of Livonia's village and hamlets.

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

Art & **Music**
in the Time of COVID19.



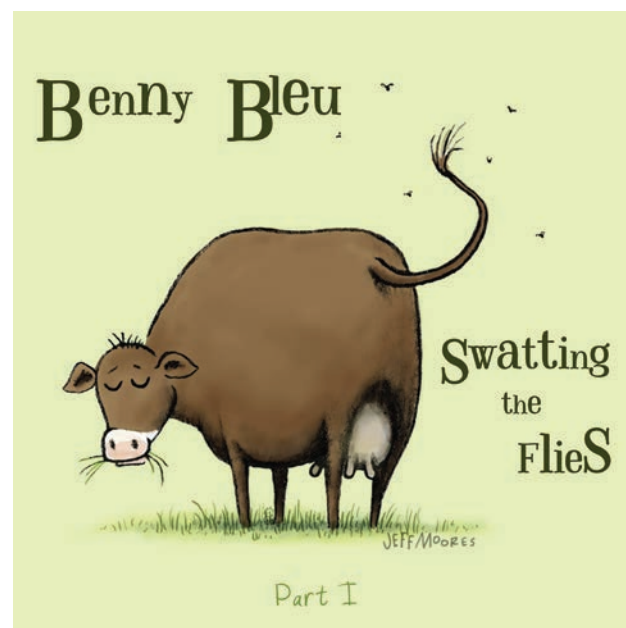
Painting by Paul Taylor. Image courtesy of The Village Gallery

"...students from Livonia High School spent over two years designing and creating the artwork that now adorns the side of the building adjacent to the Livonia Art Park..."



Livonia Mayor Cal Lathan looks on while Olie Olson introduces the Genesee Valley BOCES students from Livonia who designed and created the metal work at Livonia Art Park. Inset: The unveiled agricultural mural. Photos courtesy of Steve West.

Live music is in a state of flux. Regulations from the state are unclear, and several venues that started presenting live music have since halted their entertainment program for fear of facing penalties from the State Liquor Authority. While some venues are doing their best to follow the guidelines that have come from Albany, it is a good idea for anyone venturing out to see live music to call ahead to make sure the show is still going on as scheduled. In the meantime, several local artists have released or will be releasing new music since the start of the Covid19 pandemic. One familiar to readers is former *Owl Light News* contributor, Ben Haravitch. His band Benny Bleu recently released the EP "Swatting the Flies, Part 1" in digital format. It can be found at bennybleu.bandcamp.com/album/swatting-the-flies-part-i.



Paul Taylor Art Exhibit

The Village Gallery would like to welcome you back for our first exhibition of the year 2020. Our featured artist for the month of September is Paul Allen Taylor. Paul is well known in the Rochester area for his watercolors as well as oil paintings with an emphasis on water and boats. Please join us for the opening reception:

First Friday--September 4, 2020 from 5-8pm
Regular hours: Friday-Sunday 10-4

The Village Gallery, 3119 Main Street, Caledonia, NY 14423
585-294-3009

We will require masks and limit our guests to 6-8 at a time.

Subscribe: www.owllightnews.com/subscribe, or see form on page 3.

The Light Lens

A conversation with *Cat Stevens*

With apologies to Yusuf Islam

By T. TOURIS



We've been having a mouse problem in our workshop. Over the objections of our two dogs, we decided to get a shop and office cat. I recently sat down with *Cat Stevens* to find out how he's liking his new home.



Here is a transcript of our conversation.

Me: So, how are you liking your new place?

CS: It's nice, but you really need to clean up a bit.

Me: I'm working on it. But, now that you've had a few days to settle in, what's your assessment of the mouse problem?

CS: What mouse problem?

Me: You know, the mice that are running around in the shop.

CS: Oh! Yeah, no they don't bother me. It's not a problem.

Me: Well it's a problem for me! Why do you think we brought you in? Cats are supposed to catch mice.

CS: Whoa, hold on now! I'm a cat of peace. Haven't you heard my song Peace Train?

Me: You're not *that* Cat! He's a different cat, and he's not Cat anymore.

CS: Well you named me Cat Stevens. Why would you insult a great songwriter and man of peace by naming a killer after him?

Me: It was supposed to be ironic.

CS: It was just plain mean. Good thing for you I'm a cat of peace, otherwise I'd be using your leg as a scratching post.

Me: Sigh.

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.

For a conversation with the "Hyde" side of Mr. Stevens, the Cat, go to: [www.owllightnews.com/another-side-of-\(cat\)-stevens/](http://www.owllightnews.com/another-side-of-(cat)-stevens/).



& More...



HARPER AND MIDWEST KIND
Tuesday, October 20, 2020, 7 – 9:30PM
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FEATURING...

Peter D Harper—vocals, harmonica, didgeridoo;
Lee Lewis—Bass guitar;
Bobbi Llewellyn—backing vocals;
Austin Johnson—lead guitar;
Bud Smith—drums

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If you love reading the *Owl Light News*, others will to. Looking for the perfect gift for friends near, and far? Gift subscriptions are a great way to share something every month, and with every turn of the page. There is always something new to see in the *Owl Light*.

Many Hands from front

The passing of time was evident from where we sat. Just visible above the trees, I could see a silo and the roof of a farmhouse, safe within the towering vegetation that was once, not so long ago, field. The progression of time was also evident in the park. Much had changed within the the park. There was the walking trail, and more open green area within it. A physical fitness circuit had also been added. There was a mosaic on the pavilion and a mural on the dugout wall. There were more ways to play: a jungle gym and tandem swing; an outdoor ping pong table (how cool is that); and an octagonal pit for *ga-ga ball (something I knew nothing about, but my sisters were versed in). Some things, like the train tracks that traverse the back edge of the park—and the east branch of Owego Creek that winds its way beyond them—remained the same.

A month after my July 2020 visit with two of my sisters, I returned again to Rawley Park—this time to meet with and interview Vicki and Charles Davis. Charles is, I learned at the time of our meeting, Richford's Town Supervisor; Vicki works in the Energy and Sustainability Department, at Cornell University. Both have played major roles in the park's revitalization. I was drawn back initially by a community mosaic that now graces the wall of the pavilion. I discovered far more. During our almost two-hour meeting, the Davis'—who were joined by their daughter Piper—shared with me details of the transformation in the park, and the surrounding community.

If people are the main "ingredient" in a recipe for progress, money is inevitably the second one. In the case of the walking trail that defines and expands the park's usability—as an off-road course for bicyclists-in-training, a walking trail for caregivers with strollers, a path to physical fitness, or a strolling circle for friends—\$150,000 in grant monies, which covered much of the cost, were the result of a video made for a USA Today grant application. The video made it into the hands of NYS Senator Fred Akshar (NYS Senate District 52), who was supportive of the project and secured funding through the Dormitory Authority of the State of New York (DASNY). The eight-month-long project was completed by local companies: it was engineered by Delta Engineers, Architects, & Land Surveyors, DPC of Endwell, NY; the paving was contracted to Broome Bituminous Products Inc. of Vestal with support from Town of Richford Highway department.

Throughout our conversation, the role of people in the community dominated. There are the people who take care of the logistics and day-to-day details: Richford's Deputy Superintendent, Cyndi Herrick—who is the founder of Friends of Rawley Park and worked to secure almost all of the grants.



Time was evident in the towering vegetation that was once, not so long ago, field.

Barbara Keener, a regular contributor, was collectively referred to as the "Town's Super Woman." Vicki Davis elaborated: "She is the park attendant, lawn mower, coordinator of memorials, fire department volunteer, Friends of Rawley Park volunteer, and she cleans and sets up for the kids food program—you name it, she is there."

There are those who give money and goods, including the Floyd Hooker Foundation (playground and exercise equipment); the Northern Tioga Chamber of Commerce; the Mildred Faulkner Truman Foundation (security cameras); Arts Council of the Southern Finger Lakes (mosaic); and Community Foundation for South Central New York (one of the funders of the original playground and the funder of the first concert in the park); and Lowes (rehab of pavilion). There is the Frederici Family, who gave land for park expansion to the south. Most of all, there are the many, many people who give pieces of themselves, all offering something. The Friends of Rawley Park Facebook site is a who's who of community members who have helped out along the way, along with a continuing call for volunteers to join in on the fun.

Continued on page 12

231 YEARS from page 5

• The sense that things seem out of whack regarding our political system offers an interesting opportunity for citizens to establish small study circles (perhaps after the 2020 election is over) using the aforementioned text, among other materials/videos to deliberate in more depth about the Constitution and to answer the proverbial question: "What is to be done?" Driving this deliberative democracy approach is the fact the we are a nation of close to 330 million people. Within twenty-five years the white male Europeans who constituted the generation of the Founding Fathers will be a minority. How do we wrestle with the fundamental problems of an American Dream that seems to be receding for most citizens: the issue of health care in the wake of a horrific pandemic; a climate revolution accelerating each year; a sense of racial injustice/lack of social justice for all; and a Doomsday Clock that now suggests the planet is in the worst shape since the advent of nuclear weapons?

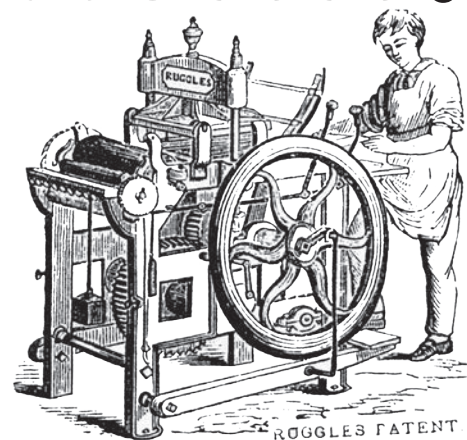
Perhaps the historian Jill Lepore says it best:

"The Constitution is ink on parchment. It is 4,400 words. And it is, too, the accreted set of meanings that have been made of those words, the amendments, the failed amendments, the struggles, the debates—the course of events—over more than two centuries. It is not easy, but it is everyone's."

-Historian Jill Lepore

This column was developed by Scott Corley, Carla Michalak, Erik Jensen, and Doug Garnar—all are engaged members of SUNY Broome Garnar Center for Civic Engagement. Any questions/observations or those interesting in developing deliberative democracy groups in their local communities should contact Doug Garnar at garndc@sunybroome.edu.

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The Night Sky

Earlier Sunsets; Later Sunrises: More Time to View The Night Sky

By DEE SHARPLES



September is here and with it earlier sunsets and later sunrises. The month starts out with 13 hours, 4 minutes of daylight and ends with 11 hours, 47 minutes. Evening observing of the night sky can begin at an earlier hour with likely less humidity and more comfortable temperatures.

The bright planet Jupiter and its companion Saturn will dominate the southern sky this month. Jupiter will be obvious shining like a bright star at magnitude -2.5 about 30 degrees above the horizon as the sky becomes dark. Dimmer Saturn will be to its left and slightly lower in the sky at only magnitude 0.4.

At 12:30 AM on September 6, the moon and the planet Mars will appear together for a pretty sight. Because the moon will be just four days past full phase, it will be quite bright. But you'll be able to spot Mars looking like a bright reddish star above the moon shining at magnitude -2.1.

Use binoculars to view this area of the sky on a moonless night to find the ice giant planet Uranus looking like a faint bluish star, below and east of Mars. Continue on this same path a little farther east to stumble upon the beautiful Pleiades open star cluster, also known as the Seven Sisters, which will be obvious through your binoculars even with a bright moon nearby.

Continued on page 13

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: -4.2

Jupiter: -2.5

Mars: -2.1

Bright star: 0.0

Saturn: 0.4

Uranus: 5.7

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°.

GAPING: An Out-of-the-Village Experience

By STEPHEN LEWANDOWSKI

It's been my home village for the past twelve years. Before that the other 663 residents had to carry what became my load. There has been a fairly steady attrition.

So tonight at 8:30, a friend mentioned that there was a comet that would appear in the northwestern sky for half an hour after sunset. Had I seen it? No, but I said I would look. There's a pattern here. I hardly ever go outside after dark, and if I'm looking up my mouth falls open. And I think of how I would look, but there's no one out to see me.

I went out at 9:30. There were only four or five stars showing. There were airplanes racing leaving great pencil streaks behind them, except one was going to the Big City, and the other was coming from there, almost like a changing of the guard. As if the Big City was full at 9:30, every seam, crack, crevice, every bed and living room floor, couldn't hold one more person unless some people got out, and the plane was the fastest way. The pilots did a real sharp job with those trails.

There were thin, high clouds drifting by which, if I weren't embarrassed by the word, I would call gossamer. But I am embarrassed so let's just call them flimsy.

In fact, this whole trip of mine is flimsy, and I will tell you why. In the center of the village, we used to have a flashing light at the four corners which I would use to give directions, but then I realized it had been removed, gone for years and I'd never noticed. I tell people that I live on the edge of the village, but this is no help in locating me because the whole village is an edge. There is a miniscule downtown which like New Hampshire has precisely one of each thing, no more and most

of it in one store. I live within walking distance of downtown, even in winter. But if I walk the other ways a similar amount of time I'm out of the village and next to a corn field or climbing up Lazarus Hill (there was a Lazarus Family here, I've seen their stones in the graveyard) or going off toward an even smaller village a couple miles south.

So first I walked north, past the cornfields, turned west onto the kids baseball field (built last year, unplayed on this year) where I found a particularly dark spot in center field. Dark because I could position the one streetlight behind its pole. In center field, I heard a bat flutter over, and its wings did make a muffled little fluttering sound, flap flap flap, and it was gone. What is German for bat? Fledermaus, or Flutter Mouse, exactly. Bat seems far too abrupt for the little fluttering thing. Standing there for 20 minutes, I watched the stars come out, fifteen joining the original five, scattered. No comet.

So I moved on, back to the road, down the road to the cemetery, another dark spot with a view to the northwest. Saw more planes going out, coming in, busy at night between 9:30 and 10:30. Blinking lights moving, maybe somewhat like those floating lights the Seneca used to scare their kids and themselves with. No moaning sounds though, maybe a little swishing. Big plane loaded with scared people makes a swishing sound a long way off. Oooh.

Scared myself. It's dark out here and I'm dressed in dark clothes. Now we're getting somewhere with the stars and even planets. Got big ones in the east and the south. There's the Big Dipper off in the northwest sky, where the comet's supposed to be. Something bops me in the head, prob-



ably a big flying beetle. I feel around but there's nothing in my hair. A guy on a motorbike goes by on the road and then slows and beeps his horn at some deer in the road. They were scared and fleeing before he beeped.

Except for being scared of all the things unseen because of the dark, it's nice being out on a summer night near midsummer. I am unseen myself, so I guess that makes me a little scary too, and I finger my pocketknife speculatively. Quickdraw Steve.

Another bug flies into my head in the dark. Good thing I wasn't gaping. My neck gets stiff. It wasn't a firefly though they are out in force doing their maneuvers while signaling. I understand their signals make them prey to predators about as often as it attracts a mate. I know how they feel.

But no sign of the big bad comet, no sign at all. Maybe it's down low and lost in the trees, maybe veiled (yeah!) by the clouds and doing the Dance of the Seven Veils. Now you see it, no you don't. I turn and re-enter the village. My house looks funny in the dark. Is this my driveway? Is this my beautiful wife? No, wait, there's no waiting.

All I can say is that Rushville's residents and visitors are safe for another evening. 10:45 I've done my duty and I retreat to a well-earned sleep. That comet is on its own.

Tuesday, June 13, 2020

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ON THE EDGE OF FALL

Here we are again, same deal, I hear that tonight and tomorrow night are like the “sure-find-field” of meteorite gazing, the arrival of stones originating in the Perseid galaxy and showing up here for a display. So I go out and walk to the little league ballfield again in the warm night with the crickets, katydids and tree frogs singing their hearts out. Pulses of song. Desire. How short life is. I hear that these crickets singing so energetically now are completely different from that batch of crickets which crowd the night with their song in the spring. A fresh crew.

At 9:05, I take up my station around second base but facing away from homeplate and position myself so that the one streetlight that might cause a problem is behind its own pole. There are clouds but like in June they are thin and wispy and there’s almost always a clearing where I can see deep into space. It is clear enough to the southwest so that the Big Dipper or Great Bear is all there. It is upended more than the last time I saw it, promising rain, because if it’s half full of water, it would start spilling right about now.

There are many planes in the sky, blinking lights and a low rumble of engine, adding to the cloudiness with their jet trails. Down here, the same guy on a motorized bicycle goes zipping by on some errand, and then returns. He’s got lights and a horn he likes to beep at intervals, even though this time there are no deer to warn off. I don’t know why he beeps, maybe just the joy of being out on the road on a warm night going 30 mph on his bike. I briefly wonder how good his brakes are. Good enough, so far.

After all, those planes up in the sky, what kind of brakes do they have, when after taking frail humans up into the clouds, to Rochester, Syracuse, maybe all the way to Puttsburgh, they have to come down, and when they do all of us suddenly feel how big and clumsy and frail they are, and they go WHUMP as they touch down and bounce a little, then the braking begins and the roar of the engines reversing to assist. Finally things calm down and it’s just another ride on the tarmac toward bright lights and a gate.

I admit I’m having these thoughts while I gaze skyward, my head thrown back, my mouth involuntarily gaping, like a nighthawk. You see their picture, huge mouth with wings. They have a cry like the hinge on a garden gate, never oiled. I keep seeing, something, something makes my head twitch and my eyes slide around, never quickly enough, a flash passing away. Corner of my eye too late to focus. Gone. Oh I did see one from start to finish beginning in the north and traveling six inches with a flash and a gentle ssszzzzss to the south where it pops out, pft.

Now about that streetlight. I am having some trouble keeping it behind its pole. I know I’m turning and wandering some out into centerfield, but suddenly along the road I see a wall of corn. The streetlight perfectly illuminates the wall of perfectly identical corn plants, each one with its ear which began standing straight up but not have begun to weaken at the joint which attaches them to the stalks, drooping just as it was genetically planned. There are several reasons why this wall of corn, each identical plant 16 inches apart, each plant

7.5 feet tall, bears an ear of corn that droops down at its side. First, it makes mechanical harvest easier. Second, when the rains come in the fall as they always do, the rainwater won’t run into the ear where it would cause rot, it will run off and the ear will get drier and harder all by itself. Sometimes, the corn will dry so much that the farmer won’t have to dry it using propane or natural gas. But back to the wall of corn, it has indentations (doorways?) in its monotony where the planter must have skipped and left an opening for Shoeless Joe. Another place some large animal, bear or deer, came barging out of the field, probably lost and disoriented and suddenly on the road with a trail of trampled and crushed corn left behind to mark the spot and car lights approaching.

I see four or five meteorites but only that one perfect and entire one. Once again I begin wondering what might be slipping up on me as I gaze stupidly at the sky. Well, nothing. Nothing there. The night is so dark that I can see the long shadow of the pole I have been in. It reminds of me of Lovecraft’s “The Dunwich Horror,” when the only glimpse we have of the monster are the stars it blots out flying away. I’ve been out for an hour, during which the sun finally took down all its splendor with it in the West. The stars came out, from my point-of-view. The earth turns I suppose. Little by little there were more natural lights, stars and planets, in the sky and fewer planes and satellites. I turn toward home a five minute walk, looking up through the trees and avoiding the streetlights. In their homes, some people had lights burning, it’s only ten o’clock, someone’s getting snack in the kitchen and here and there there’s that unholy blue glow of a tube, the dreaded tv, the machine that makes you stupid when you watch and finally believe. Wouldn’t you rather have a glimpse, a glimpse of reality rather than all that television can show you?



Steve Lewandowski was born in Canandaigua. He has published widely in journals such as Rolling Stone, Country Journal, The Northern Forest Forum, and Hanging Loose. He has fourteen books of poetry and essays from a variety of literary publishers. His fifteenth, *Hard Work in Low Places*, will be published at the end of this year by Tigers Bark Press of Rochester.



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Dragonfly Tales

Thoreau in the Time of COVID 19

By STEVE MELCHER



Walking, or sauntering as Henry liked to call it, is something everyone can do during these times of social distancing. Here in the Finger Lakes we're fortunate to have miles of trails where we might walk and see only one other sojourning soul. The word sauntering may have come from the latin sans terre, not a type of wine, but rather meaning without land, and referring to someone who is homeless or landless. It could be said that we are all homeless in the very fact that few of us own our own home and have full rights to the use of the property on which the mortgaged house sits. Saunter could have also come from sainte-terre-ers or "those seeking the holy lands" during the crusades. We all could benefit from a pilgrimage to commiserate with the forest, to express empathy for nature or rest by still waters and hear the song of the wood thrush. During these times of isolation, we all need to allow nature to console us. You can commune with nature in the deep woods of the Finger Lakes or Schmooze with the wild dandelion of your unmown lawn. Get outside. Take a walk. Eat your veggies. Sound familiar?

I walk every day; saunter some days. August is blackberry season, and this has been a bumper year for berries. Berry picking entails long thoughtful walks. This is walking with a purpose but on a few occasions, I allow myself to saunter and find myself at one of the shrines here on the holy land of Odonata Sanctuary.

One such Kaaba is a wolf tree we call the 'Pitcher Tree' where I found myself in need of rest. I sat down and leaned against the adorned Pitcher Tree and commenced to nap.

During this post saunter slumber, I had the following dream.

Raising my head, and squinting into the rising sun, I gazed upon the image of a man wearing the formal clothes of another century and a well-worn straw hat. There was something familiar about the middle aged, bearded gentleman but I could not quite place him. I stared into his cool blue eyes as he introduced himself as Henry; Henry David Thoreau of Concord and what follows is our short conversation.

"In wildness is the preservation of the world."

Henry David Thoreau

ODONATA SANCTUARY (OS): 'You're quite a long way from home, Henry.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU (HDT) : Well, wherever you go, there you are, and wherever you've been is really not far.

OS: (*Oy, I thought. This is going to be a sing-songy conversation.*) What brings you to our little neck of the woods?

HDT: Obviously I'm lost. No, just kidding. I'm on my way to Mackinac Island in Michigan with my friend Horace Mann and I thought I would stop by and chat. (*Henry, gently coughed and held a handkerchief to his mouth. I stepped back wondering if he had contracted SARS-CoV-2 in his travels.*)

OS: Are you alright, Henry?

HDT: Not really, Steve. I know you are concerned today about the current pandemic that you've named COVID-19, but I am afraid I am a victim of an early curse called tuberculosis. I first contracted the curse while attending Harvard College. It's been a battle for years now. I believe my love of the outdoors and exposure to nature have enabled me to survive all these years. Folks of your time could greatly benefit from such exposure to the fresh air and pheromones of the forests that surround you here in the frontier. TB also claimed my grandfather, my father, and my older sister. My brother John, who died from tetanus, was also living with tuberculosis. So many members of my family have died of tuberculosis. Of course, in my hometown of Concord, we have had outbreaks of all manner of plagues: dysentery, cholera, malaria, pneumonia, smallpox, typhoid fever and whooping cough to name a few. We had little knowledge of the causes or cures of many of these diseases. Most of these diseases are unthought of today in a time as advanced as yours. If only we had a better healthcare system and organized scientific agencies to study these diseases back then. (*He lowered his head contemplating the great losses of his time. I lowered mine thinking of the great losses of mine.*)

HDT: What, by the way, was the source of this dreaded COVID?

OS: The virus was first detected all the way around the world in Wuhan City, China. The first infections were linked to an animal market where the disease spread from animals who were confined in unhealthy conditions. The virus spread from infected animals to humans and is now spreading from person-to-person.

HDT: So, if we treated animals better or didn't eat them, there would be no current pandemic? You keep animals here at the sanctuary. Do you eat them?

OS: Odonata Sanctuary is a hospice for farm animals. The critters here live out their lives in the fields and forests of as natural a setting as we can provide. My family eats only a plant-based diet, primarily for health reasons. Are you a vegetarian?

HDT: I've experimented with vegetarianism as a more ethical way of living. Though I did have a woodchuck bothering my beans last week that became dinner. I am certainly mindful, but never rigid about my diet. I'd call myself a "reducetarian". I've reduced the amount of meat I consume. But a primary difference is I know where that groundhog came from and that he wasn't raised in some massive slaughterhouse factory. I guess as long as there are meat eaters among you, there is the recipe for a stew of sickness.

OS: I'm very sorry to hear of your illness, Henry. And yes, we do know more today than during your time. We're working on a health care system for everyone and we have an agency set up just to study infectious diseases around the world. We've developed vaccines for most of the diseases that plagued your century. We've even developed simple protocols to help stop the spread of those diseases. Simple things, like wearing a mask or washing your hands and what we're calling "social distancing."

HDT: If I knew it would save my father or sister, I would certainly be willing to wash my hands and wear a mask! Such simple things. And I know a thing or two about social distancing. Mr. Emerson was kind enough to allow me to squat on his land for a time to carry out an experiment I'd been contemplating since the death of my brother, John. I wanted to separate myself from the buzz of society, to slow down and ask nature who I am. I wrote my first book there, in a cabin I built, mostly myself, by the shores of Walden Pond. Have you read it?

OS: Yes, indeed I have and many of your other works. I find them gushing with optimism and spiced with your wit. But I'm afraid the modern American is afraid of solitude and shuns being alone. We pride ourselves on multitasking and being 'busy'.

HDT: Ah yes, busy, busy, busy. It is not enough to be busy. So are the ants. The question is: What are we busy about?

Continued on page 14

Top: Steve Melcher wearing a Henry David Thoreau mask, a gift from the 'Thoreau Society'.
Location: the 'Pitcher Tree', Odonata Sanctuary

Many Hands from page 8

Many of those who have given time and energy to Rawley Park are young people—including Piper Davis, who assisted with the creation of the video that secured funding for the pathway around the park and the mosaic. There is Girl Scout Troop 40276, who were some of the core creators of the mosaic. There is Corey Coombs, an Eagle Scout who refurbished the benches for the pavilion. And a Newark Valley High School Alumni painted the back of the dugout. There are the two young women, Joslyn Wright and Kaitlyn Babcock, who led the building of the ga-ga ball pit for their Girl Scout silver award project. There were the many girl scouts and others, from “little bits” on up, who worked together on the mosaic.

I asked Piper what she thought of her generation being referred to as a “me” generation. She was quick to defend her peers. “Many [young people] see the state of the world, that the world is in crisis and think, this is what we are inheriting. We want to do what we can to change it. We can’t vote [yet] so we are making changes where we can.” Based on the many, many young people who have given of themselves for the projects at Rawley Park, it is evident that many young people truly do care.

Charles Davis agreed with Piper. “We are a town with possibilities.” It appears to me that that possibility is taking hold, at the park and in the wider community. Yes, there is still work to be done. There are ongoing issues with flooding from Owego Creek that will need to be remedied to safeguard the park and its users. This work requires coordination with the New York State Department of Environmental Conservation (NYSDEC), to safeguard the sensitive environmental wetlands beyond the railroad tracks. And the ballfield needs to be refurbished. I have no doubt that these projects, and many others, will find the people and money needed to become realities.

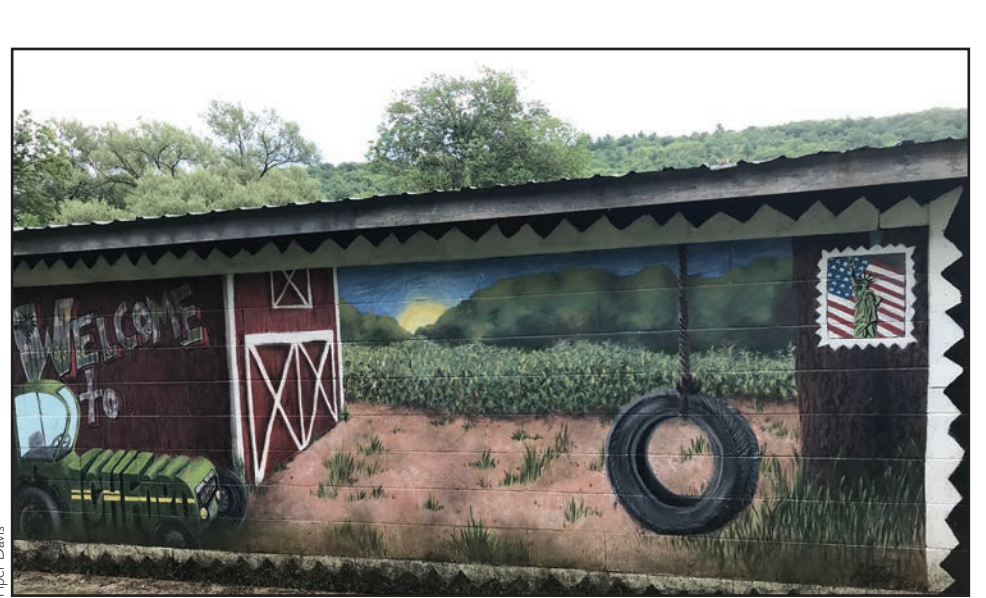
The benefits of these community initiatives are evidenced by increased use of the building and grounds. As our conversation wound down, a car pulled up. The door opened, releasing three young children. They were shadowed by their father and grandmother. I watched as they ran here, and there, playing on the spring animals and getting pushed on the swings. I talked with the grandmother, Allie Zukowski. They traveled to the park from Berkshire, NY, to give the children some outside time to play.



Sisters Alicia and Brie Zukowski, of Berkshire, NY, visited with their father and grandmother and spent some time kid-testing playground equipment.

Having grown up in and visited many small towns across New York State, I can say without hesitation that small town change is a slow process. Seeing the progress made at Rawley Park in just a few years reminds me that it does happen. Small changes can mushroom into larger changes.

As I headed out, I stopped and watched workers completing the sidewalk in front of a new development at the crossroads of Richford, NY (Image right). The Davises had mentioned this project and shared their excitement about this local community investment in the Richford Plaza. An Italian restaurant, ice cream shop, hardware store, and hair salon in the plaza will join the existing local businesses.



Many of those who have given their time and energy are young people, such as Joslyn Wright and Kaitlyn Babcock, who spearheaded the building of the gaga ball pit for their Girl Scout Silver Award projects (Top) and a Newark Valley High School Alumni who painted the back of the dugout (Above).

I love small towns, and this one has a special place in my heart. Giving is nothing new here. The Richford namesake came from an early settler, Ezekiel Rich, who donated land for half of the public square.** This collaborative spirit of multi-generational giving is immortalized in the mosaic, which includes handprints from many who joined in—including those of the Wright Family, with four generations represented. As with many such initiatives, the many changes to the park, and the town, including the mosaic that first drew me back here to learn more, is the work of many hands.

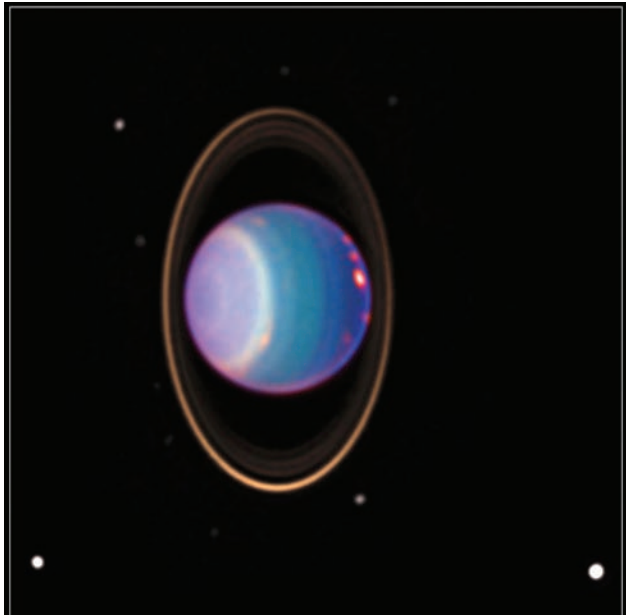
*Ga-ga, according to my sisters, is a bit like dodgeball, but is played in a ga-ga “pit” with everyone throwing and dodging the ball. There is dodging, striking, running, and jumping, with the objective of being the last person standing.

** For more information about the history of Richford and other Tioga County destinations visit The Tioga County Historical Society (tiogahistory.org).

To follow the progress at the park—or become involved—visit them at: www.facebook.com/Friendsofrawleypark.



Night Sky from page 9



Left: Uranus surrounded by its four major rings and by ten of its moons. This image has colors added to show the different altitudes and thicknesses of clouds in the atmosphere. Green and blue areas show where the atmosphere is clear and sunlight can get through. The yellow and grey parts have thicker clouds. Orange and red colors mean very high clouds, similar to cirrus clouds on Earth. Image and description -NASA.

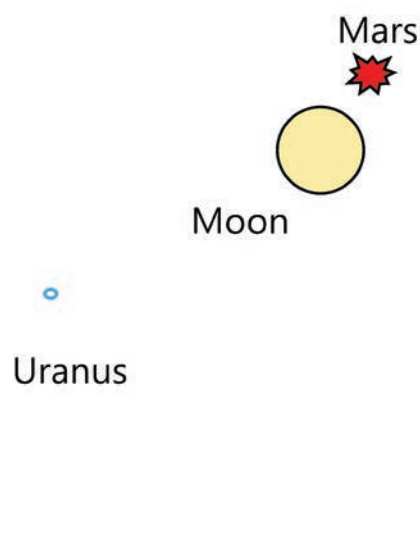
Uranus is one of the outer planets, the seventh from the sun, an ice giant four times wider than the Earth. Its day is only 17 hours long, but it takes 84 Earth years to orbit the sun once. It was visited in January 1986 by the spacecraft Voyager 2. The spacecraft came within 50,600 miles of Uranus in a fly-by which provided thousands of images and an enormous amount of scientific data about the planet and its 27 known moons. Uranus has an atmosphere made mostly of hydrogen and helium and is circled by 13 dim rings. The planet is extremely cold at -371 degrees Fahrenheit with winds of 560 miles per hour. Uranus is unique in that it's the only planet in our solar system that rotates on its side. Scientists theorize it was hit by an Earth-size object when the solar system was forming 4.5 billion years ago.

For early morning risers, look for the spectacular planet Venus shining brilliantly at magnitude -4.2 in the eastern sky before the sun rises.

The autumn equinox occurs at 9:30 AM on September 22. This is the moment the Northern Hemisphere experiences approximately an equal number of hours of daylight and darkness. ★

Sept. 6, 12:30 AM

Looking east



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

Public observing on Saturday nights from the roof of Strasenburgh Planetarium has been canceled until further notice. For updates go to: rochesterastronomy.org. Once viewing resumes, observation information is available at: www.rochesterastronomy.org/the-strasenburgh-scope/.

Illus. Dee Sharples



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Thoreau from page 11

I recommend everyone read Walden during your time of isolation. Especially my words about solitude and simplicity. "Simplicity, simplicity, simplicity! I say, let your affairs be as two or three, and not a hundred or a thousand." (*He was walking in a circle, ranting now and growing a bit red in the face.*) This is a time to spend with your family. What an opportunity! Why should I feel lonely? Is not our planet in the Milky Way? What do we really need and what do we want? My greatest skill has been to want but little.

OS: I tell folks you don't have to read your book as a novel. I find solace in opening to a chapter and reading. Would you read something for me? (*Handing him my copy, he pulled a pair of thick lensed reading glasses from his jacket pocket and balanced them on his aquiline nose. He turned to a random page and read.*)

HDT: "Let us settle ourselves, and work and wedge our feet downward through the mud and slush of opinion, and prejudice, and tradition, and delusion, and appearance, that alluvion which covers the globe, through Paris and London, through New York and Boston and Concord, through Church and State, through poetry and philosophy and religion, till we come to a hard bottom and rocks in place, which we can call reality..." (*He raised his head from the book and reflected.*)

My retreat to Walden Pond is often mistaken for an escape from society, to live like a hermit. I did seek to escape from the shackles of society, but I certainly did not live as a hermit. I had many visitors, some human, most not. I worked on my bean field along a busy road where I could banter with

many who passed by. I had dinner most evenings at home or with the Emersons! I was no hermit, but I wanted to find my own reality. To know myself. To know what I wanted and what I needed. To know what is necessary. (He bowed his head to read another passage.) "I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived. I did not wish to live what was not life, living is so dear; nor did I wish to practice resignation, unless it was quite necessary. I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life, to live so sturdily and Spartan-like as to put to rout all that was not life, to cut a broad swath and shave close, to drive life into a corner, and reduce it to its lowest terms." (*He looked up at me and spoke again in a voice pleading to be heard.*) This pandemic can be a time of reflection and inner searching. And, when this pandemic passes, we should never take for granted that hug from a friend or kiss on the cheek from a parent. This should be a time to decide what is most important in your life. What to let go and what to treasure. How is your life different now? How will your life be different in a year? What have you found to be precious and truly important in your life? What changes are you willing to make? What are you willing to give up? Ask yourself not just how COVID-19 has altered your lifestyle, but ask yourself what lifestyle changes are you willing to make because of the COVID-19 experience.

I awoke to the sight of a damselfly, an Ebony Jewelwing (*Calopteryx maculata*), the patron saint of the holy land of Odonata Sanctuary; a symbol of wisdom, change, transformation, light and adaptability in life.

Note: HDT's first book, written at Walden Pond, was *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers* and not his more famous *Walden Pond*. Henry's life has so much to tell us today. As an abolitionist and one who practiced civil disobedience he certainly would have been involved in the Black Lives Matter movement and the politics of today.

WolfTree

Every farm field and village has a 'wolf tree'. During the early 19th century most of the landscape of the Northeast was cut and cleared for farming and firewood. At its peak deforestation, 60 to 80 percent of the land was cleared for pasture, tillage, orchards and buildings. There are more trees in the northeast today than when the first Erie Canal was completed in 1825. Some trees remained in pastures as shade trees for livestock or grew along boundaries as land and property markers. When folks moved into the cities and farms were abandoned, pastures and fields developed rapidly into forests and the old, wide-spreading pasture trees were encircled by young trees. Many of these older trees are still prominent features of our forests and are commonly known as wolf trees. This term came from farmers who believed that the wide-spreading, old trees were exhausting forest resources and should be eradicated to make way for profitable wood, much as wolves had been eradicated from the landscape because they were viewed as harmful predators.

One such wolf tree at Odonata Sanctuary is a grand old oak with a gaping chest high hole large enough to hide a small child in, we call the "Pitcher Tree". The Pitcher Tree has its own story that involves a local Romeo and Juliet which I will tell in another segment of Dragonfly Tales.

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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Richmond History

By JOY LEWIS



This and That... Bits and Pieces

Old newspaper stories provide a treasure trove of miscellany. What follows is a collection of short bits culled from area papers between 1878 and 1928 in which Richmond residents played a part.

A Dreadful Accident

March 9, 1878: "A [Honeoye] lady who resides on the main avenue was hastening over to one of her neighbors before breakfast the other morning, to relate a bit of precious news just arrived by early telephone. As she hurried along inhaling large draughts of the morning air, its pungency compelled her to sneeze. Such was the shock of arms, that out came her false teeth with great violence, and which ricocheted through the air, and finally took a gentleman in the eye like a charge of grape and canister. The gentleman commenced dancing up and down on one foot and holding his hand over his eye, as if in great pain. The lady gave a low shriek, which brought several small boys and loafers to the scene with a telegraphic dispatch. By the assistance of the crowd, the lady recovered her teeth and hastened home, forgetting her news entirely."

The World's Columbia Exposition

The Chicago World's Fair was held in the summer and fall of 1893 to celebrate the 400th anniversary of Columbus' discovery of the New World. The grounds covered more than six hundred acres with two hundred buildings, lavish exhibits, and miles of canals and walkways. The fair was open for six months and attended by more than 27 million people. Those who traveled to Chicago from Richmond were mentioned each week in the Ontario County Journal. "September 22: Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Franklin, Geo. W. Patterson, Wm. Bartlett, Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Short and Louis D. and Mary Short. October 6: Mrs. H.H. Jerome and Miss Florence. October 13: Rev. Mr. Day and his daughter, Mrs. G. W. Patterson, Geo. Patterson, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. John P. Abbey, Mr. and Mrs. Tisdale Ashley, Miss Bertha White, Tom and Geo. Blackmer, Geo. Reed, Scott Short, and Mrs. F. G. Pennell."

Burglary. May 22, 1896: "The house of Frank Watterous of Honeoye was burglarized Friday night, and two boxes stolen which contained \$634 in gold and currency, and papers of value. Mr. and Mrs. Watterous left their house about 10 o'clock and went out to the yard and it was during their absence that the robbery took place. Mr. Watterous had two strong boxes, about a foot square, in which he kept his money and business papers, and both of them were taken away. Dennis Hollis, a young man who worked for John Cotter, and who has not borne a very enviable reputation, was suspected. He was charged with the crime, and subsequently confessed to the robbery. He told where one box was, and the contents were found intact. It contained \$357 in gold, and had not been opened. [A search by the authorities turned up the other box hidden in a stable.] Hollis was taken before Justice Patterson Saturday for examination and committed to the Canandaigua Jail to await the action of the grand jury."

Railroad Coming to Honeoye. May 18, 1899: "The survey for the railroad comes just above the upper side of the highway on the west side of the lake and will run to the east of the Rev. Mr. Day's residence. It will then swing around east and continue to Baptist Hill, running a little south of Abbey's tile factory. Fortunately there is little doubt that the road will be built."

Snow Storm. January 30, 1920: "One of the worst blizzards of the season raged for about four hours last Tuesday and filled the roads full. Hugh and Carl Drain were nearly four hours driving from Livonia to Honeoye. The horse lost a shoe and the cutter tipped over several times, breaking it. They had to walk part of the way and were nearly frozen when they finally reached Honeoye. Raymond Olmstead started from Livonia in the blizzard with a load of coal, but his load became stuck in a bank and his horses were tired out, so he was obliged to stay all night at Solon Barnard's. Mrs. William Ashley and her son left Honeoye for their home two miles and a half west, but the cutter got stuck in a drift near Charlie Mason's. They had to leave the horse at Mr. Mason's and later after the wind had gone down somewhat they made the rest of the distance on foot."

Thunder Storm. July 10, 1928: "A Honeoye woman is in critical condition and a Hemlock child is recovering from shock received when a bolt of



Top: Eldridge Pharmacy. Above: Patterson Buggies.

Photos courtesy of Joy Lewis.

lightning struck them. Telephone service in the vicinity of Honeoye is said to be disrupted and a barn on Bates Street was destroyed. This city [Canandaigua] is a smoldering mass of ruins today as the result of the severe electrical storm which swept over the county about 5:30 yesterday afternoon. Mrs. Cornelius Masten, 45, a resident of Honeoye, is in serious condition at her home after being struck late yesterday afternoon by a bolt of lightning, badly burned and rendered unconscious. [She was struck as she was descending a stairway in her home.] A 10-year-old girl, Alice Webster, of Hemlock, staying with Mrs. Masten, was

stunned but quickly recovered. Mrs. Feathers and Marion Webster, sister of Alice, who were downstairs, were unhurt. They notified neighbors who called Dr. F.S. Tillaugh of Honeoye to the aid of the injured woman who regained consciousness late last night. She is suffering from burns and severe shock."

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*.

The Honeoye-Richmond Historical Society Museum is open by appointment only. Please call Joy Lewis at 585-229-7303 to set up a time to visit. Social Distancing, including wearing masks, is in force at the Town Hall.



The Monthly Read

Learning from History

An Interview with local author George Rollie Adams on his Debut novel, *South of Little Rock*

South of Little Rock
Barn Loft Press
(2nd Edition, 2019)



By MARY DRAKE

The time is 1957, not long after the Supreme Court ruled in the case of Brown vs. Board of Education, which declared that segregation was unconstitutional. Across the nation, school districts were ordered to integrate. But Governor Orval Faubus of Arkansas was dead-set against integrating the all-white Central High School of Little Rock. In an eerily familiar showdown between states' rights and the federal government, President Eisenhower sent federal troops into the capital to uphold the Supreme court ruling. Even as a young boy, George "Rollie" Adams recognized this moment as history in the making.

In his novel *South of Little Rock*, Adams has interwoven history with small town life, which included high-school football games, Sunday church services, and colorful residents like Crow Hicks, a gun-toting night watchman; Boomer Jenkins, an outdoorsman with a wooden leg; and Orville and Lester Grimes, the main street barbers who provide all the gossip in town along with haircuts. There is also a love story between the protagonist Sam Tate, a local businessman, and Becky Reeves, a Yankee schoolteacher. They must overcome the fears and prejudices of a small town on the verge of dramatic change.

Named after the major-league catcher Ralston Helmsley, Rollie grew up in a small Arkansas town much like the fictional Unionville depicted in his novel but has now lived in Rochester for 30 years. By career a teacher, historian and museum professional (the last as CEO of The Strong Museum of Play), Rollie has already written non-fiction but always wanted to try his hand at a novel. Now, in his retirement, he has written two. The following is an interview with Rollie in which I asked him about his experiences as a debut novelist.

MARY DRAKE (MD) : Please tell me something about the process of writing this novel. How long did it take you? How many revisions did you go through? I understand that, even though you lived through this time period, you still did some research, took classes in novel writing, and had an experienced writer friend tear it to pieces when critiquing. Did you ever get discouraged with the writing? Were there times you questioned your ability to see the novel through?

GEORGE ROLLIE ADAMS (GRA) : It's difficult to say how long it took me to write *South of Little Rock*, because after I first thought about it, there were long periods when I wasn't able to work on it at all. Let's just say it took me several years to get from idea to book, counting time for research, writing workshops, and the like, with only the final eighteen months or so involving relatively concentrated work. It's also difficult to say how many versions I went through, because I made a number of adjustments as I went along, but there

were two major revisions. As an editor myself, I appreciated the value of critique and advice, and I never really considered not seeing the thing through. Regarding research, I read extensively in secondary historical literature and in relevant newspapers of the time.

MD: From reading about your background, I know that you have extensive writing experience—your dissertation, your biography of General William S. Harney, and other history-related works. But these are all non-fiction. How did you find the experience of writing fiction? How is it different from writing non-fiction? Did you enjoy it more or less?

GRA: For me, writing good history and writing good fiction both involve good storytelling. Because my fiction is historical, it requires research, so it also has that in common with nonfiction. I have enjoyed doing both. Right now, though, I like writing fiction better because it allows me to imagine and create stories and characters of my own, and to make greater use of dialog.

MD: The dialogue of the characters in *South of Little Rock* clearly reflects their rural southern background. They say things like "dadgum," "I swan!," "go ahead on," and "You sound like an old sitting hen that's been run off her nest." Was that kind of idiomatic language easy to write and incorporate into the story? Or had you forgotten a lot of the lingo because of living up North for so long?

GRA: I found the idiomatic aspects of the dialogue in *South of Little Rock* relatively easy to write, and also a lot of fun. I heard so much of that language in so many different settings growing up that I never lost it even though I no longer use it in real life. Also, trips back home were a bit like refresher courses, and I could always watch a few episodes of the Andy Griffith Show to brush up.

MD: Please tell me about *Found in Pieces*, the sequel to *South of Little Rock* that you're currently writing. How far along are you in the writing? Is this novel about gender inequality in the South?

GRA: Whether my next novel, *Found in Pieces*, is a sequel is probably a matter of interpretation. I suppose in one sense it is, because the story occurs in the same fictional setting and involves some of the same characters. However, the principal characters in *Found in Pieces* are either new ones or ones that appeared in secondary roles in *South of Little Rock*. The primary theme of *Found in Pieces* is still racism and segregation, but the novel also deals with gender inequality. The two

main characters—one white and one black—are both businesswomen. One of them is a newspaper publisher-editor operating at a time when few women anywhere filled those roles, and it's no coincidence that the book is dedicated to the ideal of truth, honesty, and integrity in journalism. It also includes a murder mystery. It's finished and will be out shortly.

MD: As I understand it, your sequel takes place one year later (1958) and is also set in the fictional southern town of Unionville, Arkansas. This brings to mind Faulkner's fictional Yoknapatawpha county, also in the South, where all his novels take place. Did this similarity occur to you when you were writing? Do you see yourself as part of a southern tradition of writers?

GRA: Yes, *Found in Pieces* takes place one year later, in 1958. And no, I was not thinking about Faulkner when I was writing. I do think of myself as a Southern writer, and it would please me if others did, too, even though I've lived in the North for the last 30 plus years. However, for me to say that I see myself as "part of a Southern tradition of writers" in the way most people use that term would be unseemly. Not that I'd mind it, you understand, but as my grandmother might say, "That's some pretty high cotton."

MD: We are always affected by the places and experiences of our childhood, but are there particular reasons why you write about the South? Because you love it? Because you want other people to be aware of the rich traditions of southern life? Because you want to explore some of the problems endemic to the south? All of the above?

GRA: I write about the South, or at least about aspects of Southern life I grew up with, partly because I'm familiar with it and partly because there are so many connections between that history and issues that Americans continue to struggle with every day all across the country. I want readers to know that not all white Southerners in the Jim Crow era fell neatly into the stereotypical roles of either fighting desegregation or simply going along with the way things were. Some whites worked hard early on for racial equality, and others were willing to change, and did. Chiefly, however, I want to shine light on the inhumanity and injustice of racial prejudice and bigotry.



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

By **MERTON BARTELS**

Gradually You See Me

You know me as number nine
Or the third of four,
Or the twice a year divider,
And the educator's starting line
You see my name is September
I am nearly the last season
Spring and fall equinoxes I make equal
Schools reopen at my arrival
Thirty are the days I provide
Some call me the summer closer
Cooler Libra nights are what I bring
Enjoy my treat until our annual meet

By **WILLIAM PRESTON**

ON LOOKING AGAIN AT KEATS'S ODE, "TO AUTUMN"

I've often wondered why I love the fall
so much, for other seasons have appeal
as well: the winter with its whitened zeal;
the springtime with its cheer-up robin-call;
and even summer holds me in its thrall
when green fields seem too shimmered to be real.
Surely the autumn colors will anneal
their way into my soul, but after all,
the images that stay with me the most
are those of mists and mellow fruitfulness
and winnowing winds that still conduct surprise;
the sifting sights and sounds of Keats, mine host,
carry their timeless power to impress
as gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

©2020, William Preston

By **STEPHEN LEWANDOWSKI**

MISSING A BUTTON

To Ilene Unknown

When I said, "I've been thinking
about you," I didn't like that
it could mistaken for a threat.
You guessed correctly the gift
I planned to give you, so I tried
to find another. I thought,
"Am I that transparent?"
but I try to be clear.

I sought a surprising gift that
only I would think to give,
reflecting your tastes
even if I don't know them that well
from a few conversations and calls.
Maybe I make this too hard:
What about flowers?
Flowers wilt and get thrown out.
Okay, the last ditch—
what about a poem written from
my ignorance and nerves—
a poem just for you.

See bio for Merton Bartels on page 4;
and for Stephen Lewandowski on page 10.

Owl Light News welcomes submissions of poetry,
fiction, creative nonfiction, and hybrid literary art for
our monthly "Pen and Prose."
Submissions to editor@canadicepress.com.

William Preston is a retired medical writer and editor who at present does general freelance editing and writes poetry. He especially enjoys experimenting with various poetic forms. He and his wife, Marti, live in Macedon, New York.

What My Garden Has Taught Me By GWENN VOELCKERS

As September approaches, my gardens are in the throes of their last hurrahs. The garlic has been harvested, my tomato vines are picked clean, and the sweet peas are on their last legs.

It's always with a twinge of sadness that I put my gardens to bed. I'll miss the growing season, but – true confession – I'm looking forward to the respite that autumn offers. I am ready to downshift and enjoy New York's fabulous fall season.

The COVID pandemic inspired a rebirth of interest in gardening. During these challenging times, gardening has helped folks stay physically, mentally, and spiritually grounded. It has providing a welcome relief from the stress and feelings of isolation many of us have been experiencing.

And so, what better time to reflect on the life lessons that gardening offers to those who live alone or are sheltering in place? Gardening has taught me the value of planning, preparation, patience, and pleasure – four essential “P’s” for a bountiful garden and . . . a bountiful life.

Fertile ground exists in each of us, and a little tending can produce beautiful results. Here's what I have learned:

Plan

Realizing the garden of your dreams begins in your imagination, followed by careful planning. Diagram your garden and it will help you avoid planting bulbs on top of bulbs or mistaking a poppy for a weed. Likewise, envisioning your life goals and committing them to writing can help you flourish and grow.

Cultivate

Good, cultivated soil promotes healthy, deep roots. When you add fertilizer to your garden you are rewarded with abundance. Adding “essential ingredients” to the foundation of your dream garden (and your dream life) will nourish all that follows.

You can't go wrong when you fill your life with family and friends; good, nutritious food; walks in nature; good books; inspiring music; contemplative time; or saying “yes” to a new adventure that's been tugging at your heart.

Plant

So many choices! Revisit your plan and embed your carefully selected seeds or seedlings with a tender, loving touch, being careful not to overcrowd or plant more than you can manage.

And remember: We reap what we sow, so follow your dreams. Plant a rose and you get a rose; plant a dandelion and you get a dandelion. Seed your future with healthy choices that promote well-being.

Weed

We all need room to breathe and positive space in which to blossom. It holds true for your garden and your life. Gardening is all about consistent caretaking. Slack off, even for a few days, and all things unwelcome show up and take root. Weed out the negativity and any dream-stealing toxins that contaminate your life, dash your hopes, or spoil your fun. When you pull out the bad, you can more easily focus on the good in your life.

Prune

When weeding is not enough, a major pruning may be just what the arborist ordered. A job, relationship, or home that no longer satisfies or meets your needs may need a hard look. It may be time to pull out that pair of “life loppers.”

Mulch

Mulching keeps weeds at bay and the ground moist, and returns nutrients to the soil. It also adds a finishing touch. Mulch offers a blanket of protection, in the same way that regular doctor appointments, insurances, and safety measures protect our lives. We can learn a lot from mulching.



All of these photos were taken at the author's home and B&B-House Content. “I inherited the name when I purchased the 1830's homestead over 20 years ago.” Photos courtesy of Gwenn Voelckers.

Wait

We all know that “good things come to those who wait.” When we exercise patience, go slowly, and enjoy the gradual unfolding of a flower, an idea, or a friendship, your life can be savored and more deeply appreciated. Each year, I look to my garden to remind me that growth takes time.

Enjoy

Before you know it, your labor of love and patience will pay off. Take pleasure in the transformation as the colors, textures, and fragrances emerge. Too often, we fail to “stop and smell the roses” in our gardens and in our lives.

By osmosis, gardening has taught me how to take better care of myself. I have absorbed its rich messages and learned how to nurture my inner garden and growth as a woman on her own.

Beauty, growth, and an energizing sense of renewal can be yours, season after season after season.



Gwenn Voelckers is author of "Alone and Content," a collection of inspiring essays for those who live alone. Visit her online at www.aloneandcontent.com to learn more about her book and workshops.



Crafting Your Own Cuisine By EILEEN PERKINS

Spaghetti Squash is a lesser known hard squash, and can be a little tricky to work with, but I think it's worth the effort. Its keeping quality is not as good as that of other winter varieties, so if your garden was studded with an abundance of these golden, football-shaped vegetables, don't imagine they'll linger happily on your kitchen shelf until you finally get around to eating them all. Acorns and Butternuts are patient winter keepers. Spaghetti squash is not, which is a good reason for making a lot of this dish, if you enjoy it, and portioning servings up for your grab and go freezer meal collection.

The texture of cooked spaghetti squash can resemble strands of its namesake pasta, providing a low carb, thread-like bed for all kinds of adornments, both smooth and chunky. I've heard its flavor described as bland, although I find it more "subtly nutty", but admittedly, it's best served with an assertive embellishment. One satisfying and simple prep. is to cook the squash, until slightly crunchy strands can be pried up from its shell, toss with fat of choice, a generous application of a flavorful hard cheese, salt and a couple grinds of black pepper. Bake until cheese melts. Nutritional yeast (or "nooch" as it's sometimes called) may be subbed for dairy cheese.

This "Italian style" recipe involves cooking two parts separately, as one would if serving pasta with sauce. The squash can be scooped out of its shell and served like spaghetti, or left intact, and assembled as instructions below detail. Personally, I like the image of the intact squash, adorned with its chunky topping, but both presentations yield an equally good meal.



Italian Style Stuffed Spaghetti Squash

Part One

- 2-2 ½ lb. Spaghetti Squash
- Oil of choice
- Garlic salt

Rinse and dry the squash. Snap off stem and prick with fork several times. Microwave on high for around three minutes, then carefully flip over and microwave two more minutes or until soft enough to safely cut in half lengthwise. Scoop seeds out of each half. Turn each piece of squash over to lay flat on the cutting board and carefully shave a sliver off of the squash to make a kind of level platform on which it might rest wobble-free. Baste squash flesh with oil. Position both halves with cut edge up in a suitably sized baking pan, and cook at 375° for 15 minutes. Flip halves over and finish cooking, testing after another 17 minutes. The time your squash will take to cook will depend on its size and weight. You need to be vigilant to catch it before overcooking. Check every few minutes when it gets close to perfect. Pull from the oven when squash fibers separate into strands when tested with a fork and is like al dente cooked pasta, slightly firm. Sprinkle with garlic salt to taste. Set aside.

Part Two

- 1 lb. loose Italian sausage, mild or hot (Or a 12 oz. package of tempeh bacon, diced, with 2 Tbsp. oil may be substituted. See note for working with the adjustment below)
- 1 cup diced onion
- 2 cloves garlic, crushed
- 1 tsp. fennel seed, whole
- 1 cup peeled diced tomatoes with juice (3-4 medium tomatoes)
- ¼ tsp. hot pepper flakes, if desired
- ¼ tsp salt
- 1 Tbsp. basil leaves, chopped
- Grated Parmesan or Romano cheese to taste



In a large skillet, fry sausage until lightly brown. Drain excess fat. Add onion; cook a few minutes on low, before adding tomatoes, garlic, fennel seed, hot pepper flakes, and salt. Cook gently until liquid from the tomatoes evaporates. Stir in basil. Adjust seasoning to taste. Load filling into squash halves. Use fork to separate strands of the squash encircling the filling. Top with grated hard cheese if desired.

**If substituting Tempeh Bacon for sausage, sauté the onions in half the oil until translucent. Next add rest of oil, and tempeh, cooking until bacon is lightly browned. Proceed with rest of recipe as written.*

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

Well Preserved-Small Batch Preserving for the New Cook by Mary Anne Dragan

I am hardly a new cook, but I confess, I was very happy to discover the material in this book. I am a novice jam maker, you see. The mysteries of pectin have gotten the better of me in the past (...remembering the cherry jam that could not be pried out of the jar, well, let's not go there...) Suffice to say, this book has demonstrated that I can in fact make a lovely jam of desirable taste and consistency, finally! And I bet you can too if you give this book a try.

I can imagine all the seasoned jam makers out there chuckling at the idea of someone have difficulty turning fruit into delightful toast toppings like they have been cooking up in their kitchens for years, but I will bet I am not the only person who needed this book to taste success as I define it here. And it is timely, I think, that as more people are looking for ways to use home grown abundance, it's appropriate to imagine developing a broader skill set in the process. Jellies, pickles, chutneys and the like are historically honored avenues for "putting foods by". Offered in this collection are recipes for all manner of fruit preserves as well as pickles, relishes, infused vinegars and ketchups (two made from fruits other than tomatoes, even).

Also included is a big chapter on "Cooking with Preserves". The only question I have not yet found an answer to, in this book, is if doubling a jam recipe will still yield the same jelling result. I did not see any use of the ingredient "pectin", which gave me so much trouble in the past; natural sources of it are included in the author's formulas. The mysteries of the stuff still elude me.

A recipe for something she calls "Winter Marmalade", made primarily from dried fruit, is especially intriguing. I also see that there are many formulas for preserves aimed at those possessing sophisticated taste, with quite a number of optional alcohol add-ins, so this book is not just for beginners. Published in 2009, "Well Preserved" has found a place in some library collections and is obtainable online and in local book stores.



Eileen Perkins is a native of Rochester N.Y., who cooked professionally, in a wide range of venues, for many years, before moving to the Finger Lakes. She and her husband owned and operated "Eileen's Bakery an' Soup Kitchen", a business that emphasized vegetarian cuisine and the craft of artisan baking. Recipe adaptation for people with special dietary needs is a passion she enjoys sharing. Among Eileen's current priorities is preservation of food from the garden, developing more comprehensive communication skills, her Falun Gong practice, and educating compassionate people about human rights in Communist-ruled China, and elsewhere.

Making Lemonade

KEEP READING

By **BARB STAHL**

Did you “get reading” last month? That was how I ended the August “Making Lemonade.” It was an invitation to join me in learning about and trying to understand how we can begin to think differently. Reading is what I always return to for whatever is bothering me. Using both the Goodreads online source and the New York Times Best Seller List I chose two books to get myself going.

The book I read first is *Between the World and Me*, by Ta-Nehisi Coates. It is a heartfelt but difficult book to read as he writes the entire book to his son explaining the problems he will likely face as a young Black man. Coates grew up in Baltimore and spent most of his childhood being afraid and consequently not able to learn at school. Ultimately, he went to Howard University which, as he claims over and over again throughout the book, became, and still is, like “Mecca” to him. He is a National Book Award winning author and journalist whose writings can be found in such magazines as *The Atlantic*, *Time Magazine*, *The Washington Post*, and others.

In addition to reading that book I began looking for talk-style shows. *Time Magazine* has a *Time Talks* series online and I have attended several of those. There is a mix of people being interviewed about a wide variety of topics, but there is most often always one, at least, who is discussing the

current Black Lives Matter’s issues.

I have also reviewed letters written by Frederick Douglass, which a group I worked with transcribed for the University of Rochester’s Archives Department. One of my loves is history; and so often that’s a good place to turn to try to understand something. An excellent book about this amazing man is David W. Blight’s recent book, *Frederick Douglass: Prophet of Freedom*.

Jo Ann Jenkins, CEO of AARP, in the July/August 2020 *AARP Bulletin* said the following: “... Let us all unite to create a society that values hope over hate, faith over fear, and compassion over confrontation.” (pg. 44)

There has been much wisdom from John Lewis who died Friday, July 17th—at different times throughout his life he has said, “When you see something unfair it’s time to do something...Keep going...Be consistent...You will get there...See the power in Black stories and freedom.” His courage throughout his life was incredible.

I have also turned to music -- another love of mine. When I need help thinking, understanding difficult concepts, or becoming calm I quickly go to music...so I will end with the chorus of the song “Get Together,” which was on the 1967 Youngbloods Album. If you want to hear the tune, google it, and sing along.* I did.....

“Come on people now
Smile on your brother
Everybody get together
Try to love one another
Right now.



Come on people now
Smile on your brother
Everybody get together
Try to love one another
Right now
If you hear the song I sing
You will understand (listen!)
You hold the key...

I cannot tell you what to do nor how to do it, but I believe we can, and must, change to make a difference. Reading, learning, and trying to understand gives me hope. It appears as if I have assumed my librarian role once again...so much for retirement. Let’s keep reading and listening – particularly to each other!



*[youtube.com/watch?v=XRbTvoxRNxM](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XRbTvoxRNxM)

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

Getting to Know Reverend Dawn Garrett-Larsen

By **BARB STAHL**

As a member of the First Congregational Church of Canandaigua, I have had the pleasure of knowing Dawn Garrett-Larsen who became our pastor a little over a year ago. Imagine within the first year of being a pastor of a church and adjusting to new “everything” a pandemic takes over the country. No longer can one attend church in large groups safely. No longer can the choir sing as was one of the highlights of a church service for me. No longer can we have those most important social coffee visits after church. What can be done?

Well, Dawn, who is technically very savvy, quickly developed a strong online presence. Check it out at www.canandaiguachurch.org. The website details the church’s history, membership, and provides weekly church services. The services are rich with music, scripture, prayer, and thoughtful sermons fitting the difficult times we are facing. She sets up ZOOM meetings, and most of the functions of the Council, committees, and other necessary get-togethers are accomplished in this format. Interestingly, our “online” church is getting people from out of town and out of state to attend.

Dawn grew up in Elyria Ohio, graduated from The College of Wooster and Andover Newton



Theological School, served the Federated Church in Marlborough, New Hampshire for eight years, and finished a nineteen-year pastorate at Nelson Congregational Church in New Hampshire.

She and her husband Jay have been married since 1992. They have two adult children, Annie and Jesse, and two golden doodles named Gracie and Luna. Her interests include singing, dancing, playing games, paddling, hiking, reading, walking, photography, and much more! There is more to learn about Dawn by going to her website at dawn Garrett-Larsen.wixsite.com/mysite.

When she searched for her next calling before coming to Canandaigua, Dawn was seeking “a welcoming, mission-oriented, progressive, for-

ward-thinking congregation that is ready to discern God’s call.” She claims, “she found us.”

“Since first stepping foot in Canandaigua, this has felt like the right match.”

She added that she has “fallen in love with the people, the church, and the town.”

I know the feeling is mutual.

Dawn has been very pro-active in meeting her congregation, listening to their concerns, asking questions, hearing their ideas and hopes for the future. She is most concerned that she knows about people who need her care and counsel, so we are strongly encouraged to make sure she is aware of any of those needs. Little did she know in those early days (not so many months ago) how her life as our pastor would swiftly change to requiring her technical knowledge to serve in a pandemic situation.

She is now setting up driveway or garage visits so she can meet with small groups in a safe way. Again, I encourage you to meet her and visit the congregation online.

We’re a Different Kind of Church
We value and respect diversity in the ways we express our faith. We enjoy thoughtful dialogue about faith issues. We encourage each other to work for justice and to care for people in need in our community and in our world.

Owl Light Puzzle 5[©] By GEORGE URICH

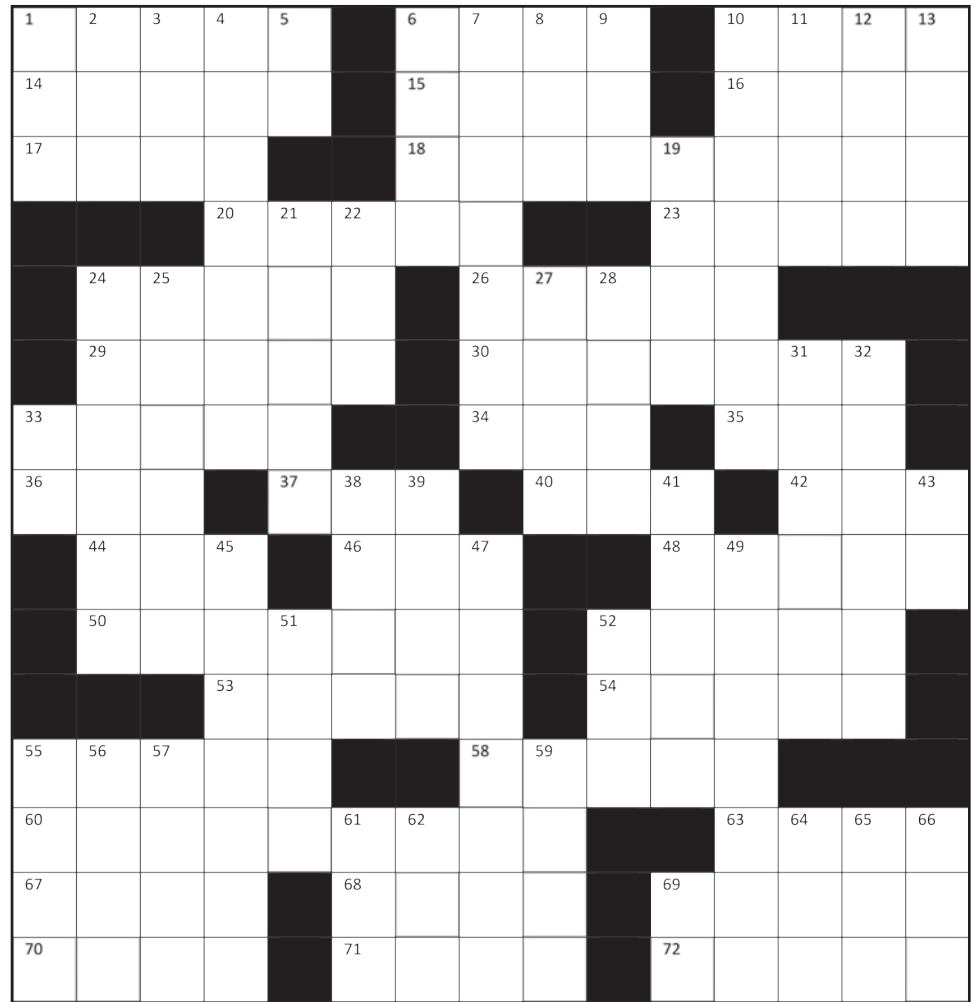
ACROSS

- 1 Objects used on a stage
- 6 They took us to the Moon
- 10 Flat bottomed boat used mainly in harbor services
- 14 Where cruise ships dock
- 15 Enthusiastic
- 16 Etna spews it.
- 17 A person who thinks his/her taste or status is superior to others
- 18 A naval vessel used to escort 31-down
- 20 Movie award
- 23 Where metals are found
- 24 Author of "Becoming", Michelle
- 26 Neighbor of an Iraqi
- 29 Indonesian dying technique
- 30 Intestinal surgery, _____ pass
- 33 In geology, a raised fault
- 34 French water
- 35 Sponsor of annual Oshkosh Fly-In, abbr.
- 36 Small bird, ___mouse
- 37 Wall St. acronym
- 40 Where you register your vehicle
- 42 In Aviation, an area with special controls due to heavy activity, Abbr.
- 44 What 18 across operates in
- 46 Thing that is helpful or beneficial
- 48 Big name in pest killing products
- 50 Koppel, and Tolstoy heroine (two names)
- 52 Speak highly of
- 53 In the middle off
- 54 National hardware chain
- 55 Indian cheese
- 58 Hebrew name meaning God is my light
- 60 The right side of a ship

- 63 Doing nothing
- 67 Ingrid Bergman played her in Casablanca
- 68 A unit of sweat
- 69 Desirable or perfect
- 70 A marine mammal
- 71 Medical, A liver transplant procedure, acronym
- 72 Legal documents regarding ownership

DOWN

- 1 An afterthought after an afterthought in ending a letter
- 2 Movie and TV Director Howard
- 3 Spanish gold
- 4 The type of naval vessels that JFK served on
- 5 Hitler's security organization
- 6 Spanish nothing
- 7 A deadly sin
- 8 Family member
- 9 Home security service
- 10 An abbreviated road sign and half a golf course (two words)
- 11 A small island (Latin American)
- 12 Ended
- 13 It runs a computer, soft_____
- 19 A name given to liberal Republican politicians by detractors
- 21 Strike sharply with an implement
- 22 Akron-Canyon Airport Code
- 24 A reed player in an orchestra
- 25 Two things usually found in a Golf Club
- 27 A paved surface made for auto travel
- 28 Chemical compound often used for



- skin tightening
- 31 Large naval vessel named after states, _____ ship
- 32 Luxury boats
- 33 Vertical measurement, Abbr
- 38 Very small lake
- 39 Male progenies
- 41 Manufacturer of record turntables
- 43 First and fourth vowel
- 45 High naval rank
- 47 Person regarded as having an innate gift or talent
- 49 Doggie treat
- 51 A place to stay, _____nb

- 52 One of football's Manning
- 55 Tires air pressure units, Abbr.
- 56 Scandinavian name meaning father
- 57 What constitutes the Western Hemisphere, Abbr
- 59 War games website
- 61 Forties child actress Margaret _____ien
- 62 Agency established By Truman to control peacetime Atomic science, abbr.
- 64 Letter after cee
- 65 Young boy
- 66 Building additions
- 69 Comics kingdom



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.

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The Conscious Crow Our Own Accord



How often do we pause and listen to ourselves? To truly take the time and intentionally, purposefully, mindfully, listen? There is a wellspring of inner wisdom and insight available to us if we are only quiet enough to hear it. Yet, the noise outside has become louder than our own sound. We are so caught up in the stories, distractions and behaviors of everyone in the world around us that we tend to overlook our own inner realities. In leading a conscious life one must consistently and insistently question our intentions. To ask "where is this motive coming from? Am I acting out of my own intentions, or that of another?" We tend to disregard and devalue ourselves- ignoring the fascination of our own curious unfolding stories- in favor of the opinions and ideas of our outer surroundings. We could learn more about our own road map as we go along, but instead we take a fascination and predominant focus on what is happening "out there," with little primary care or concern for how we, ourselves occupy our own lives. Because our society is attuned to acting quickly and impulsively, we obsess over going, doing, achieving, and value appearances on the outside more-so than what is on the inside. Our current educational approach pays very little attention to the inquiry of our own nature. We have not been taught to pause, reflect, reconsider, or even honor our own wisdom before turning primarily to the world for validation and understanding of our existence. This limited approach reflects our unconscious inbred beliefs, as we respond to the newest, greatest thing - focusing completely on the external - rather than the internal.

We are curious creatures and bask in the complexity of what others are doing, have done, did not do, might do, what they are wearing, saying, and everything in between. Our stories are now documented on social media for viewing and consuming pleasure. It is o.k. to be interested in the world around us—but not to the degree that we lose sight of ourselves in the process. So much of our time is devoted to the world beyond us that we essentially ignore our own internal compass and fail to recognize our own frequencies.

How often do we pause and listen to ourselves? To **truly take the time** and intentionally, purposefully, mindfully, listen?

What would our life look like if we applied that same keen, steady interest and constant, curious observation to our own paths? If we spend that much time focusing on others, what if we instead apply that energy and effort to deeply understand ourselves? Asking ourselves first, those very same questions we ask others so frequently. If we look close at the details of our own disposition, we recognize how little we actually pay such careful attention to our inner workings and in such an intimate way. We mainly identify ourselves through the lens of another. Though curiously enough, if we turn the dial first and foremost upon ourselves, and then to each other, our understanding for one other surprisingly amplifies.

An exercise we can use to strengthen and expand our awareness is remembering to pause more frequently. Pausing gives us the chance to ask questions and become active investigators of our own lives. If we turn the arrow of the compass first within, we can begin to notice where and when we are taking a greater fascination and interest in another person in lieu of ourselves. When we stop to reconsider where our directive is coming from, we create the space to thoroughly observe where we may be neglecting or avoiding our own stories. It is a lifelong practice adjusting our awareness and state of being to align with our own conscious integrity. Pausing to question ourselves ignites this process. Pausing, reflecting and questioning enables us to awaken our own inner power, rerouting our attention upon our own unique makeup, mindfully attending to our own accord and consciously tending to the inherent abilities within.

The Conscious Crow—Reminding you to Grow

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Extension of Ontario County at (585) 394-3977 x427

Time slots are every 15 minutes starting at 7:00 am and the last one at 2:45 pm.

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No business or farm waste will be accepted.

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Solution to Owl Light Puzzle 5, (found on page 21).

1	P	2	R	3	O	4	P	5	S	6	N	7	A	8	S	9	A	10	S	11	C	12	O	13	W	
14	P	15	O	16	R	17	T	18	S	19	A	20	V	21	I	22	D	23	L	24	A	25	V	26	A	
27	S	28	N	29	O	30	B	31	D	32	E	33	S	34	T	35	R	36	O	37	Y	38	E	39	R	
40	O	41	S	42	C	43	A	44	R	45	I	46	N	47	O	48	R	49	E	50	40	41	42	43	44	
45	O	46	B	47	A	48	M	49	A	50	I	51	R	52	A	53	N	54	I	55	56	57	58	59	60	
61	B	62	A	63	T	64	I	65	K	66	C	67	O	68	L	69	O	70	N	71	B	72	Y	73	74	
75	H	76	O	77	R	78	S	79	T	80	E	81	A	82	U	83	E	84	A	85	A	86	87	88	89	90
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107	S	108	E	109	A	110	O	111	O	112	N	113	O	114	R	115	T	116	H	117	O	118	119	120	121	122
123	T	124	E	125	D	126	A	127	N	128	N	129	A	130	E	131	X	132	A	133	L	134	135	136	137	138
139	M	140	I	141	D	142	S	143	T	144	L	145	O	146	W	147	E	148	S	149	150	151	152	153	154	
155	P	156	A	157	N	158	I	159	R	160	U	161	R	162	I	163	A	164	H	165	166	167	168	169	170	
171	S	172	T	173	A	174	R	175	B	176	O	177	A	178	R	179	D	180	I	181	182	183	184	185	186	
187	I	188	L	189	S	190	A	191	B	192	E	193	A	194	D	195	I	196	D	197	198	199	200	201	202	
203	S	204	E	205	A	206	L	207	R	208	C	209	L	210	T	211	D	212	E	213	214	215	216	217	218	

Jennifer Marshall Hubble,
 May 5, 1980 - September 19, 2016

It's been four long years since we
 said goodbye, Jen.
 We think of you daily, with happy
 memories and tears shed.
 Miss & Love you.

With all our Love,
 Grandma & Grandpa M.,
 and all of your family

Medication Drop Box Locations

<p>Bristol Town Hall</p> <p>Canandaigua DMV Office FLCC (near gym) Police Department The Medicine Shoppe Thompson Hospital (lobby)</p> <p>Clifton Springs Hospital & Clinic (lobby)</p> <p>East Bloomfield Town Hall</p>	<p>Farmington State Trooper Barracks</p> <p>Geneva Police Station North Street Pharmacy</p> <p>Hopewell Mental Health Clinic (3019 County Complex Drive)</p> <p>Naples Village Hall</p>	<p>Phelps Community Center</p> <p>Richmond Town Hall CVS Pharmacy</p> <p>Rushville Village Hall</p> <p>Shortsville Fire Department</p> <p>Victor Mead Square Pharmacy</p>
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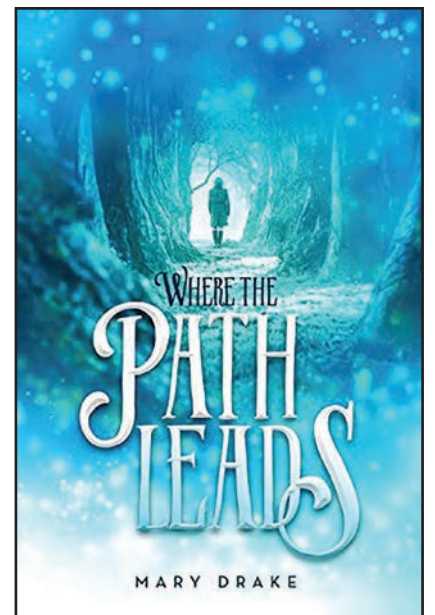
TUNE IN MONTHLY FOR PAKO DA PUDGY PIGEON!
By PIPER DAVIS

Piper Davis, author and illustrator of Pako Da Pudgy Pigeon is in the 11th grade. She loves art, writing, photography, and making people smile. She hopes you enjoy this comic strip series! If you are interested in seeing more, feel free to check out her socials; Youtube: Wandering Phoenix Productions; Instagram: @wandering_pheonix_productions.

Where the Path Leads - Chapter 6

In the previous chapter, Emily became increasingly discouraged with the primitive place where she ended up. Life is much more difficult and daily tasks don't come easily. But a pair of hand-made shoes suddenly gives her the confidence to look forward.

Bees and flies hummed in the afternoon sun that slanted in the open doorway. Emily thought it would have been the perfect time to take a nap, but she was counting threads and had to pay attention. Sophia had finally set her to work on her first weaving project, although as of yet, she hadn't gotten anywhere near the loom. Instead, she was kneeling in front of a warping board that had wooden pegs on it and looping yarn around the pegs to measure the number and length of threads that would go onto the loom. Like so many tasks Sophia gave her, it was tedious and boring, her knees ached, and the wool she measured was nothing like the silk Sophia had used for the green cloth, which had been packaged up and delivered as soon as it was finished. This stuff was a dull grey and she knew that whatever she made from it would not be lovely. Continued online...



Something for young—and young at heart—readers. Mary Drake, who offers us "The Monthly Read," (page 16) continues her young adult fantasy story, *Where the Path Leads*. A starter paragraph for new chapters will be found in print each month. Chapters will continue online. 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.

Read Online:

www.owllightnews.com/where-the-path-leads-chapter-6/

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-chapter-_/ to read earlier chapters.

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