



Light Up the Holidays With HOPE and LOVE

Share Time With Others and Rejoice in the Moments That Matter

As 2020 comes to a close, the future still seems uncertain in so many ways. It has been a topsy-turvy tumultuous year, and the only thing that is inevitable is change. As with any year, there are doors that are opening—as new possibilities offer pathways to dreams deferred—and there are doors closing behind us.

Regardless of how we express our faith or share love, HOPE is the catalyst that spirits us forward. For many, hope lies, now, with the simplest things: finding day-to-day normalcy in the wake of COVID-19; returning to work or reviving an im-

pected business; trusting in our country's founders' wisdom, as our newly elected president takes office; building a future for our children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren; and finding ways of staying connected with and caring for ourselves and loved ones near and far.

During these past months of uncertainty, loneliness has, for many, become a constant companion. When one has someone near and dear, it is easier to forget those who are not so fortunate—particularly many older adults. The simplest gestures of love mean so much now. People everywhere are reaching out in creative ways that offer solace and respite from the long days of isolation.

For many—such as our *Owl Light* contributor Barb Stahl, whose cat Tarzy is featured on our front page—human closeness is supplemented with the friendship of animal companions. My husband Todd and I, blessed in our time shared—and in so many ways—have sought out and added a couple more animals to our pack this year. Sure, we offer them a home, but what these creatures offer back does not compare to what we can give.

Others, we must remember, are more alone now than ever before. Some are isolated due to COVID concerns; others have recently lost a loved one and are facing that reality without the benefit of the community connections that might have sustained them previously. Others were already alone and are now facing a deeper loneliness.

So, in thinking of those folks in particular, perhaps we can all find small ways to light up the holidays with hope and love. For most of us the holidays this year will look a little different than last year. It is in the smallest things that we can find and offer solace: a smile shared; a hello in the grocery store (as we keep cautiously six feet away); a letter or card sent to a loved one; a quiet walk with a child; the drop off of a small gift; or a conversation shared in a park. We cannot know what the future will bring, and we are often powerless to influence global change for a better world for all. We *can* share time with others and rejoice in the moments that matter.

D.E. Bentley, Editor

Making Lemonade By BARB STAHL 2020 Pandemic Christmas

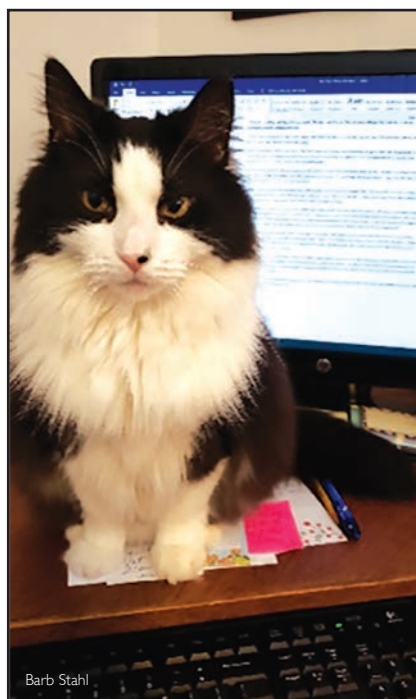
With Guest Contributor Tarzan

Oh boy, Tarzy, writing about a Pandemic Christmas is going to be very difficult. How can I make lemonade when I feel so sad that I won't be driving to Maryland to see my two daughters and their families, as I have for as long as I remember? I haven't seen them in a very long time.

OK, Barb, move over...I'll handle this one for you. Besides, I haven't had any fan mail recently so maybe a Christmas article could get some coming my way. (*Hint, hint.*)

You've told me several Christmas stories in the past before you left me for a couple of weeks. You are kind of old to keep getting a stocking each year, but you did. You told me about the grandson, that, for several years as you open your stockings together, always says, "This is the best Christmas ever!" He'll have to say that on Zoom this year. I love being in the Zoom pictures!

I know that your oldest daughter knows how to roast a turkey and make the gravy now. And your younger daughter can artistically carve a turkey and creatively add all those colorful garnishes to beautify the platter.



Tarzy at his desk, taking charge

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From the News Room

We always add in an image on the top right of the front page. This image relates to content—a fun treasure hunt of sorts to help readers discover something new that they might not have read before (or revisit something they have).

Puzzlers of all ages can find this month's puzzle on page 21! See page 18 for content for our younger readers.

Correction: Let us know if you see anything we might have missed.

Submissions for *Owl Light News* can be sent to editor@canadicepress.com. 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. See advance sale information on page 3. *Turning Points* will be Canadice Press' first stand-alone literary journal. Selected authors have been posted on our FB site and we will also post information there about upcoming author readings (in person and/or via Zoom) once the book is released. Thank you to all who submitted writing. And thank you to everyone for your patience and support as we move forward with this exciting project.



The OWL LIGHT News

Where Inspiration & Inquiry Converge

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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.

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

Turning Points—Canadice Press' first *Owl Light Literary* collection—will be published in 2021.

This softbound journal will feature poetry, short stories, and creative non-fiction from ten authors, with illustrations by artist Sally Gardner. Chosen pieces—selected by judges George Guida, David Michael Nixon, and Steve Melcher—include work from published and emerging authors.

One of our goals since launching Canadice Press in 2017 has been to support authors across genres. *Owl Light News* currently hosts *nineteen* regular contributors, with additional guest contributors in each issue.

With *Owl Light Literary*, more voices will be shared. We are excited!

We will be taking advance orders online beginning January 1, 2021 (\$10 per copy for *Owl Light News* subscribers; \$15 per copy for the general public). See facebook.com/canadicepress and owllightnews.com (on/after January 1, 2021) for details on how to order online. Advance sale copies may also be ordered (on/after December 1, 2020) using the form below!



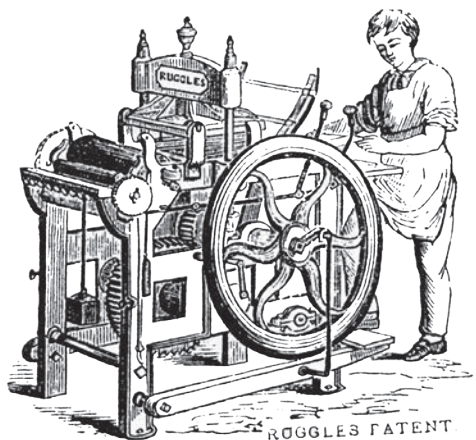
Join the Owl Light Conversation

We welcome commentary from our readers.

Many of our regular contributors include direct contact information with their BIO information, and are happy to hear from other members of the *Owl Light* community. You can also send emails (with the title of the article in the subject line) to editor@canadicepress.com. If you wish to also share your comments with other readers (letter to the editor or opinion piece) please include an address (we post only the township if the letter is published).

We look forward to hearing from you.

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Turning Points Advance Orders

If you would like to place an order, note the number of copies below and send a check (payable to Canadice Press):

\$10 per copy (*Owl Light News* subscribers).
\$15 per copy (non-subscribers).

Please deliver _____ copies of *Turning Points* to the delivery address shown above when it becomes available.

Visit Owllightnews.com for community notices and news commentary from around the region.

A REAL CHALLENGE OF DIVERSITY: THE SITE OF CANAWAUGUS VILLAGE IN THE TOWN OF CALEDONIA

GUEST ESSAY **By** STEPHEN LEWANDOWSKI

The real challenge of a diverse nation is not what we say but what we do. How do we treat someone with a difficult name to pronounce or strange (to us) clothes or food that we haven't ever tasted. In the current case of Canawaugus, it also depends on how we treated the people who lived here before us, how much we value the history of this land, and what we call sacred or understand of what others call sacred.

Canawaugus (which in Seneca means, smelly waters) was in 1800 a Seneca village by the Genesee River just west of what would become Avon, NY. On old maps, it's called a Seneca Reservation and once was occupied by a thousand people. Through an oversight, it wasn't destroyed during Sullivan's Campaign to exterminate the Seneca in 1779. On old maps it appears to occupy several hundred acres and probably depended for food on gardens on the rich Genesee flood plain, hunting in the adjacent forests, and fishing in the Genesee. Two great leaders of the Seneca were born in Canawaugus: Cornplanter (1732-1836) and his half-brother Handsome Lake (1735-1815), the visionary who developed or received the Gai'wiio or Good Message of the Longhouse religion.

What happened to the Canawaugus "Reservation"? When the Revolutionary War ended in 1783, the treaties marking its end said nothing about the native inhabitants of the new United States. In the ensuing period, which could be called the Preemption Period, lands in Western New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio including the rights and title to lands on which Native Americans were living, were being bought, sold and adjudicated without the native residents being represented in the courts. Canawaugus disappeared in 1826, a time when all Native American land rights were under attack by powerful land speculators. These men whose base of operations was Canandaigua, NY were wealthy, and/or had good credit, and/or had powerful political friends in Washington and Albany.

Preemption is a legal term meaning the right to acquire land where its "title" is unknown. Apparently residency itself counted for very little at this time for any Native Americans. Speculators could obtain such rights and the rights to resell the title from the governments of the time. Sometimes, the weak federal government tried to protect the native inhabitants, usually unsuccessfully. New York State, for example, went ahead selling lands it did not own out from under the native inhabitants to speculators. Even the Oneida who were allies of our revolutionary forefathers were later defrauded of their lands.

Maybe we are more casual now about land ownership, despite the fact that most of our ancestors arrived here precisely to gain access to land. To understand what land meant and means to Native Americans we need to understand their reverence for their home place. To remove them from the land of their ancestors was dire for them. It was like tearing children from their mother.

To get back to Canawaugus, it was taken from the Seneca who lived there under a particularly fraudulent cession and sold to speculators. The necessary approval of the cession by the federal government never happened. Then-President John Quincy Adams blocked the deal. The Seneca continue to have a basis in law to claim this land as theirs.

The ground on which Canawaugus once existed is rich with the evidence of its previous occupation. Luckily, its use has been largely agricultural for the past two hundred years. Though agriculture tills the soil, it leaves the artifacts in place, especially the graves.

What suddenly occasions an outrage now, especially among the remaining Seneca and local residents with a sense of history and respect for others, is a huge proposal by the Invenergy Company of Chicago, encompassing 3800 acres of land, to build the Horseshoe Solar Farm at this location. Hundreds of Seneca and their supporters gathered on October 12, Native American Appreciation Day, to object to the disturbance of the site.

This proposal, which probably includes building a solar installation in the soil over Seneca graves, is a test of our real commitment to the diversity of this nation. Yes, the Seneca left this village, with regrets and certainly under immense pressure to do so, nearly two hundred years ago. What was the reality of "the reservation" designation? Was it protected for their use? Did they "own" it? What did their residence there mean to them and what should it mean to us?

Recently, as if to give the controversy a real and tangible focus, a cache of bones was found on the site. One was identified as a human toe bone by a physical anthropologist with a Ph.D.

You can feel it. Issues like this shake the very foundations of our nation. Will we allow the development of land containing the remains of our predecessors? Of course, today we need the energy and energy self-sufficiency that the proposed Horseshoe Solar Farm promises, but at what cost? Would we consider the proposal if it were our ancestors?

Remember, it's about what we do.



Stephen Lewandowski is a Graduate of Distinction of Canandaigua Academy Class of 1965 and was a long time Board member of the Friends of Ganondagan Historic Site in Victor, NY

ABOUT HORSESHOE SOLAR

Horseshoe Solar is a project proposed by Invenergy, a Chicago-based company. Invenergy has already completed the development of three energy projects in New York to-date: Sheldon Wind Farm (Wyoming County) - 112.5 MW.; Orangeville Wind Farm (Wyoming County) - 94 MW.; and Marsh Hill Wind Farm (Steuben County) - 16.2 MW. According to their website, "Invenergy is a leading privately held, global developer and operator of sustainable energy solutions." They have developed 165 projects (on four continents).

Invenergy's 180 megawatt project, Horseshoe Solar, would cover nearly 1,500 acres of land with more than 600,000 solar panels. The proposed site would cross from Caledonia into Rush (spanning from East River to West River roads). Given its size, Horseshoe Solar is one of the first solar projects undergoing Article 10 review in the state (required for all major electric generating facilities larger than 25MW). More information on Article 10 can be found at nysrda.ny.gov/. The development is now under review by the state.

In addition to providing alternative energy, the project is marketed to the community as an economic windfall, offering jobs and reduced taxes. Many people are not convinced, and there has already been significant opposition from community groups including *Residents United to Save our Hometown* (rush-solar.com/) and the Seneca Nation (you can view information online at

sninews.org/2020/10/30/canawaugus-territory-horseshoe-solar-energy-project/), which has already held protests in opposition to the use of sacred lands (as noted in the essay above, by Stephen Lewandowski).

For an overview and details about the project, including maps showing the extensive land area under consideration, visit Invenergy's project site (horseshoesolar.invenergyllc.com/).



For illustrative purposes only; not representative of actual Horseshoe Solar array

Pathways to Democracy

NIFI Has Released a New Issues Guide on the Economy

By DOUG GARNAR



BACK TO WORK: HOW SHOULD WE REBUILD OUR ECONOMY?

The National Issues Forums Institute has just released a new issue guide which examines three different options for rebuilding our economy in wake of the COVID pandemic. As is the mission of all NIFI deliberation guides, the goal is to promote community conversations on the great public policy issues of the day with the hope of participants finding some basic “common ground”. Pandemics are not new in human history, as evidenced by plagues which occurred in ancient Greece and Rome as well as the Black Death in western Europe (1348-50), cholera outbreaks primarily in the 19th century, the Spanish Flu (1918-19), AIDS from the mid-1980s to the present, and now the COVID pandemic. The idea that societies can go back to a pre-pandemic state is at best misleading and at worst defies human history. The Black Death, which struck Europe initially from 1348-50 and would revisit parts of Europe until the middle of the 18th century, had a profound impact on the economic, social and political structures of Western Europe. The loss of close to 40% of the population resulted in a labor shortage. Over several decades the institution of serfdom (under which peasants were bound to the land) was abolished and replaced by wage labor. The subsequent development of agrarian capitalism was transformative and still reverberates today. Free markets/wage labor / pursuit of private profits by risk-taking capitalists are the essential features of capitalism to the present day—first in the West European world and now on a global scale. Capitalism has undergone four mutations from agrarian and industrial to high tech and now the information -age technology revolution.



Consider the shock waves from COVID in the first three months:



- Within the first few weeks of the pandemic consumer spending dropped by \$2 trillion dollars.
- Unemployment soared: for White male workers it jumped from 3.1% to 12.4%; for Black workers from 5.8% to 16.8%; for Latinos from 4.4% to 17.6%; and for all women from 3.5% to 13.9%. In 2019 median income for whites was \$70,057; for Blacks \$45,438; and for Latinos \$56,113—the gaps have only worsened.
- Like an earthquake which highlights flaws in a building,

the COVID pandemic has revealed hidden truths about our economy such as how many small businesses cling to survival in normal times; how many “essential jobs” are poorly paid and done primarily by minorities and women; how much the US depends on other nations for products and services.

- With decline in travel, the use of fossil fuels declined by 17% in the month of April—a hidden positive for wrestling with global warming and climate change.
- During the pandemic, the killing of George Floyd and other Blacks by police officers has forced many Whites to confront the issue of systemic racism. While most protests were peaceful, there were cases of violence, some committed by people of color and a greater number by ultraright groups such as the Proud Boys, the Accelerationists, and the Boogalooos.

HOW MIGHT WE TURN THE ECONOMIC FAUCET BACK ON?



OPTION 1: Jumpstart the Economy

This option for building a more equitable/prosperous nation would focus on a concentrated effort by all levels of government and individual communities to create jobs, to support job-creating businesses, and to ensure that workers have safety net resources to help them.

- Action 1: Put people back to work by creating infrastructure-related jobs.
- Action 2: Expand unemployment insurance coverage to part-time and self-employed workers to provide a sufficient cushion until people find work.
- Action 3: Make high quality childcare programs available to all families regardless of income so they can get back to work.
- Action 4: Increase state and local funding for small business loans to minority owned businesses and pressure commercial banks to do likewise.

Consider the following trade-offs:

- Pumping money into all the aforementioned actions will increase the national debt and possibly promote inflation.
- Big infrastructure projects take much planning and time to execute. They can also lead to corruption and environmental problems.
- Increasing unemployment benefits and lengthening the time they can be accessed may de-incentivize looking for any work by those unemployed.
- Pushing banks to lend money for small businesses who do not have reasonable business plans may result in a high rate of failure.

OPTION 2: Move to a Sustainable Economy

The pandemic forced us into a different way of life (i.e. using the internet to work/learn at home; using less fossil fuel lowered pollution/road mishaps). Given the reduction in fossil fuel consumption, we can see a path to addressing climate change.

- Action 1: Let people work from home and expand learning from home.
- Action 2: Expand high-speed internet especially in rural and less densely populated areas.
- Action 3: Invest more money in science and science education (STEM).
- Action 4: Put an end to sprawl which consumes human time and resources.

Consider the following trade-offs:

- Working from home, living in denser communities—is this what many Americans and their families want?
- By reimagining education to put more focus on STEM subjects at the expense of the social sciences/humanities, would this not lead to a more “narrow education”?
- Will people working at home work less than they do in a traditional job place, perhaps leading to a loss of worker productivity?
- If govts. pass laws to promote denser/more urban communities, what about those who see the American Dream as centered in a suburb with single family homes or a rural area?

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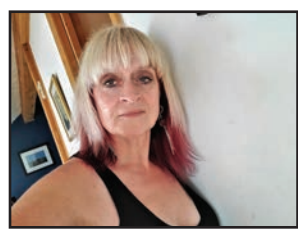
Side Street Sounds

Sound Imagery

By STEVE WEST

Photographers Carla Coots and Aaron Winters Turn Their Lenses Toward The Night Life

As a musician, getting great publicity photos isn't always easy. Posed shots can often look unnatural and relying on a friend to take a photo at a gig often produces poorly lit, out of focus shots. Luckily, I, like dozens of other musicians in our region, have been fortunate enough to benefit from the passion that local photographers Carla Coots and Aaron Winters have for local music. At shows across the region, both Coots and Winters can be found snapping professional quality photos of local musicians and sharing them online. Musicians are free to use the pictures to promote their art provided proper photo credit is given.



Carla Coots

Carla Coots lives in the Town of Pavilion, in Genesee County, NY. She received her MA from San Jose State and spent her career teaching children on the autism spectrum before retiring from BOCES four years ago. Carla's friend, Mara Dady Jones, the daughter of Dady Brother, John Dady, introduced her to a lot of people in the local music community. "Seven years ago while I was going through a divorce, I needed a distraction and I started shooting bands. Shooting bands served two purposes: I got to hear great music, and I improved my photography skills." She most often shoots bands performing in Genesee County, but also makes trips into Monroe and Livingston Counties to follow her passions. "Music and photography are therapy for me, and they've gotten me through some tough times." The musicians she photographs have benefited by getting some great on-stage shots.

Carla's work can be seen online at [facebook.com/carlacoots](https://www.facebook.com/carlacoots).



Mike "Thunder" Warren of Driven Photo By Carla Coots



Aaron Winters

Aaron Winters' name will likely be familiar to fans of *Democrat and Chronicle's* "Daily Panorama." His work is often featured there. Aaron retired after years owning his own sheet metal and roofing business. He took up photography as a hobby. His favorite subjects are wildlife and musicians. He has traveled to Africa on photo safari three times and to Brazil once to photograph the elusive jaguar. He has also traveled up and down the east coast to capture animals in their natural habitat. His favorite wildlife subjects are owls.



Owl Photo By Aaron Winters

When he's not photographing wildlife, Aaron can often be found lurking in the shadows of local music venues trying to remain inconspicuous enough to capture true candid shots of local musicians. He often comes in, gets a few shots, and sneaks back out before the musicians even know he's there. Then it's off to another venue. On a typical weekend night, it's not uncommon for him to photograph as many as nine different shows.



The Tabletop Three Photo By Aaron Winters

Like everything else, his routine has been affected by Covid-19. "These weekends aren't typical because all the shows are between 6 and 8 PM." Still, he has managed to get out to the limited number of shows and capture some great shots of the musicians. Like Carla, he makes his photographs freely available to his subjects if credited. See more online at [aaronwintersphotography.com](https://www.aaronwintersphotography.com).

The next time you see a stunning photograph of a local musician onstage, you may well be looking at the work of Carla Coots or Aaron Winters.

Steve West is LIVE at Brown Hound Bistro (Memorial Art Gallery, Rochester) every Sunday, 11am-2pm. Other gigs and info. can be found at: [stevewestmusic.com/](https://www.stevewestmusic.com/)



The Light Lens

A Puppy's First Thanksgiving

By T. TOURIS



The newest addition to our pack, Æsc (Ash), has some interesting food preferences.



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.

"I should have stopped after the mole. I was so thankful Mars had caught that mole. I felt bad eating it, he worked so hard to catch it, but I couldn't resist—it was so delicious. I was full after that and felt good, but I had to go and overdo it.

The roll was sitting right there, calling to me. I just can't resist those tender, fluffy layers. But it was too much. Thankfully, they came along and took it away after I only ate half of it, otherwise I don't think I'd be able to move right now.

I'm feeling pretty sleepy. Do moles have tryptophan? Maybe I'll settle in and see if there's a dog competition on Animal Planet. First, I'll get a few twigs to munch on."

Where Trees Outnumber People

MEMORY By WENDY SCHREINER

One time my husband's Aunt Adele—who was dearly loved by all—said something like, "There's only thirty-seven [I am not sure of the exact number stated] trees on the property. It was an outrageous number, but I thought the comment was hilarious at the time. Now, mind you, we reside on a Main Street on a corner lot in my husband's parent's house that was built in 1840. Yes, there are a lot of trees. I'm not sure how many. My husband can be heard saying that his dad loved trees. I tell him, "I love roses." I have planted roses in places where he told me not to. The reason being that the roses wouldn't get enough sun because of the trees. He was right about this. Our corner lot has a lawn covered with leaves in the fall. The late great Aunt Adele, who use to also live here, could be found sweeping the sidewalk clean. God love her, she liked everything just so. I still wonder to this day if she did actually count the trees on the property. I do know one thing—the trees on our corner lot definitely outnumber the people! 🌳

Wendy Schreiner resides in Warsaw, NY with her husband Dave and two adorable shih tzus Daisy Mae and Paisley Rae. She is a freelance writer for Warsaw's Country Courier and is a substitute teacher at Warsaw Central School District. She also facilitates Warsaw's Write Connection writing club at the Warsaw Public Library which is in its tenth year.



Aunt Adele standing in the driveway of the Main Street home she, too, had once lived in

Photos courtesy of Wendy Schreiner



Top: The side of the house on Main Street in Warsaw, where the author now lives
Above: the back garage and apartment, which is also surrounded by trees

STONE AND WIND, YESTERDAY AND TODAY

By **STEPHEN LEWANDOWSKI**

I went out walking yesterday, a Sunday, when most of you were watching football on television or making dinner. It was a good day to be inside, with those winds outside shaking out the deadwood and rearranging the landscape. But I went out and immediately made a mistake. I wore a billed cap as I left the village, where the winds were milder. I didn't learn my error until I was at least a mile away from home, climbing onto exposed ridges where I was either catching my cap as it flipped off my head, chasing it down the road, or walking with it in my hand. Though I wore the cap for protection, it didn't give me much.

What kind of work the wind does depends on its strength and the direction from which it comes. Our winds in the large weather systems that bring them, usually arrive from the west. But yesterday and today, the wind was predominantly from the south. A south wind blows along the length of the lake, a long "fetch" in which it develops a lot of power. This power arrives directly at Kershaw Park on the north end of the lake. People sometimes ask, in good weather, why the beach at Kershaw Park is edged with huge stones, boulders. Yesterday and today, under attack from the south wind travelling

over fifteen open miles of water, that collection of stones receives and dissipates the energy of the wind and water, protecting the beach.

Those stones didn't just grow here. They are a magnificent collection for shape, durability and material. They were brought here over the life of the park, now nearly a hundred years, for that purpose, to buffer the edge, the beach, between water and land. Some of them are quite modern, jagged limestone blasted off the bedrock in quarries to the north of Canandaigua. Their jaggedness and angularity is an advantage in maintaining stability under the "attack" of wind and water or wind and ice. They interlock and support one another, and different size rocks fit the gaps.

But another kind of boulder is more predominant at the Kershaw beach, larger, smoother, older and harder than the limestone. These boulders were peeled off the Canadian Shield hundreds of miles to the north, transported on the sole of one of the eight or ten main glaciers over a million years, and dropped when the glaciers retreated. The last time they retreated was about eleven thousand years ago, not so very long in geological terms. When they are found free-standing in a field or woods they are often called "erratics." But at Kershaw Park we have quite a beautiful collection of glacial erratics trucked in and dumped from various sources, mostly in Ontario

County. I'd love to hear a real geologist's opinions of their material and original sources. Lacking one, I can still stroll, on good days, and enjoy their colors and textures. On bad days I enjoy their purpose.

A beach, any intersection of land and water, is always changing. It is a demonstration of dynamic forces at work. Our works, to stabilize this dynamism, will always fail in the long run. What is the "the long run" depends on a lot of factors, but generally ranges between ten and a hundred years. After all, we've only been here in the Finger Lakes for two hundred and forty years, a blink of a glacier's eye. Our attempts to control the forces of nature at work crumble, collapse, are undermined and fall before their attack.

My hat blows off again. 🌪️



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 in 2021 by Tigers Bark Press of Rochester.

Pathways from page 5

OPTION 3: Put Domestic and Local Needs First

While we live in a highly connected world, this option argues that the top priority should be promotion of our national interests and that govt. at all levels, the private sector, and the individual should work towards this end.

Action 1: Use tariffs and taxes to bring jobs back home.

Action 2: Tighten immigration rules.

Action 3: Buy local.

Consider the following trade-offs:

- Increasing tariffs and pressuring our "allies" could hurt American workers because companies in other countries produce the goods we sell.
- Protecting American companies can lead to shoddier products, higher costs, a decline in innovation.
- Many American companies in agricultural, technology and other industries have called for more immigration because of labor shortages. Consider who harvest fruits/vegetables. Today teacher shortages in the STEM area plague both secondary education/colleges. Would we not see a growing shortage of doctors and health providers?
- The nation has always thrived as a result of welcoming immigrants from around the world. This option would likely hurt American businesses, drive down birth rates and generally erode the vibrant nature of American life. Consider where professional sports, music, the immense variety of food, and film would be without immigrants.

Concluding observations:

- We can not do everything suggested in these options so what matters most to us?
- Since all our possible choices involve "tradeoffs" what actions are most likely to improve our future?
- How will our decisions impact our community and communities very different from ours?
- What are the risks of some of the ideas we like, and might there be unintended consequences?
- Are there some useful ideas we need to consider in the actions we oppose?
- Finally, decisions made in the present and near future will impact the next generation and future generations to come. Can we be assured of some reasonable intergenerational equity for those to follow us?

Questions or observations about this deliberative forum may be sent to Doug Garnar at garnardc@sunybroome.edu. For further information about public deliberation go to nifi.org or Kettering.org---two of the top non-partisan organizations committed to a more engaged citizenry. They take the position that at its heart democracy is problem solving and engaging citizens

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

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Our online site offers regional press releases related to Arts, Environment, and Community, along with postings of special online-only feature articles and select print content.

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The Night Sky

Geminids and the Conjunction Between Jupiter and Saturn



By DEE SHARPLES

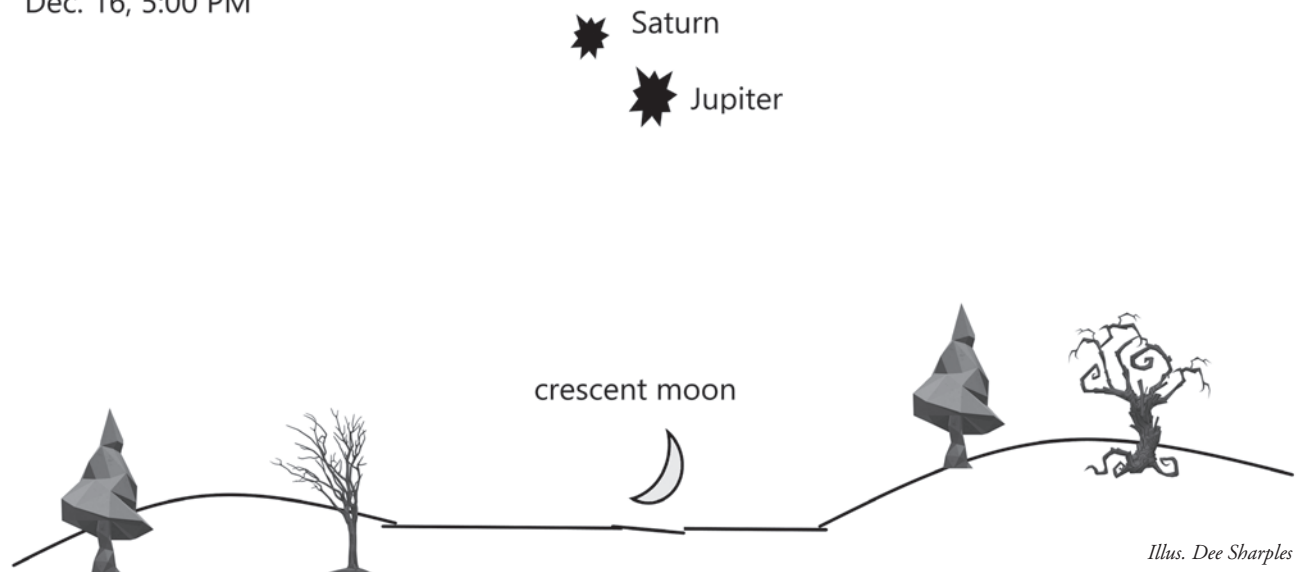
One of the best meteor showers of the year occurs in December. The Geminid meteor shower is active from December 4-17. That means on a clear night you'll likely see a few sporadic meteors from this shower streak across the sky during this time period. The shower peaks from about 10:00 PM on December 13th into the early morning hours of the 14th. The constellation Gemini from which the meteors will appear to originate will be high in the eastern sky on the 13th and overhead by 1:00 AM on the 14th.

Astronomers predict a rate of 100 meteors per hour, but this includes both faint and bright meteors. The Geminids do produce many bright meteors, some with long trails. To spot meteors with long trails look away from the radiant (location in Gemini from which the meteors will appear to originate) by 30 to 40 degrees. Measure this distance using the area covered by your fist held at arm's length. Each fist width equals 10 degrees.

Fragments from an asteroid named 3200 Phaethon create the meteor shower. There is a debris trail from this asteroid which orbits the sun like we do. Each year in December, the Earth intersects this trail and the debris enters our atmosphere burning up and creating an impressive show.

No equipment is needed to enjoy a meteor shower. Just let your eyes adjust to the darkness for at least 15 minutes and then scan the sky as you face south. Since you'll be outside in cold temperatures if you plan to hunt for meteors, be sure to dress extremely warm.

Low in the southwest
Dec. 16, 5:00 PM



Illus. Dee Sharples

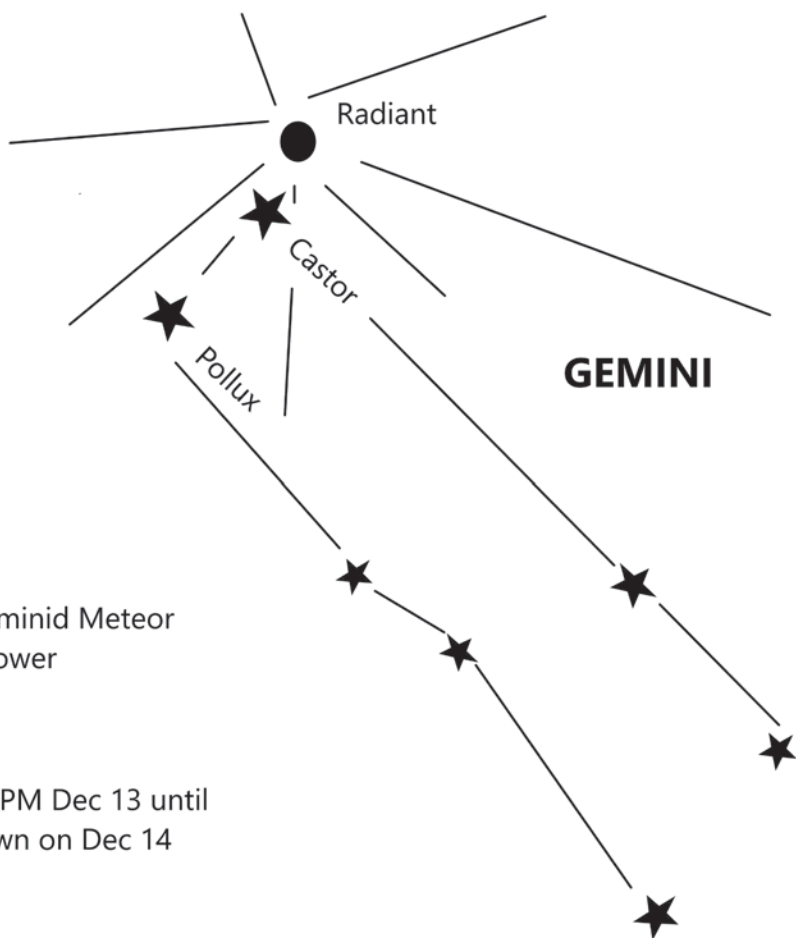
The planets Jupiter and Saturn have been a staple in our night sky for several months. This month the two will move toward a conjunction low in the southwestern sky on December 21st. They will appear to move closer and closer to each other as the month progresses until the conjunction when they will be only 1/10th of a degree apart.

On December 16th a crescent moon will lie just below the pair making a pretty sight. Jupiter will shine brightly at magnitude -2.0 while dimmer Saturn will be only magnitude 0.6.

Check out Jupiter and Saturn's positions in regard to each other every clear night starting December 1st to notice this slow movement. The best time is as the sky darkens around 5:00 PM when they'll be only 20 degrees above the horizon. You'll need an observing location with a low, obstacle-free southwest horizon to see them.

The planet Mars will be fairly high in the southern sky at 9:00 PM at the beginning on the month and at 7:00 PM by the end. Although it's not shining as brilliantly as it was in November, it's still a bright reddish-hued object at magnitude -0.7.

The winter solstice occurs at 5:02 AM on December 21st. This is the moment when the northern hemisphere is tipped farthest away from the sun. After this date we will begin to experience several more seconds of daylight each day as we slowly move toward spring.



Illus. Dee Sharples

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
- Jupiter: -2.0
- Mars: -0.7
- Bright star: 0.0
- Saturn: 0.6
- 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°.

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/.

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.

The Homestead Gardener

Thoughts For the New Season

By DERRICK GENTRY

“Am I a sheep?”



That was reportedly the question that Fred Rogers, a Presbyterian minister, asked his wife in his final hours on earth. He was alluding to this well-known passage in the Book of Matthew in the New Testament:

When the Son of Man comes in his glory, and all the angels with him, then he will sit on his glorious throne. Before him will be gathered all the nations, and he will separate people one from another as a shepherd separates the sheep from the goats. And he will place the sheep on his right, but the goats on the left. (Matt. 25:31-33)

Yes, Mister Rogers is a sorely missed public figure and role model in these times. But I must confess that I was a little upset to learn of this deathbed anecdote (which I am told is dramatized in the recent biopic starring Tom Hanks). This passage from Matthew is one of many in the Bible that I have never really understood ... although on one level, I understand it all too well.

Perhaps I am biased and overly sensitive; perhaps I have a subconscious tendency toward “goatsplaining,” as someone who pals around with goats and gives them aid and comfort while trimming their hooves.

The New and Old Testaments are both full of homespun wisdom that reflects a culture rooted in animal husbandry and small-scale agriculture. There are parables about seeds and how they may or may not germinate in different soil conditions, about the sustainability of seven-year crop rotation plans, about the time to sow and the time to reap, and much else.

Unfortunately, all that store of imagery is not so easy to translate into a proto-permaculture vision of community resilience. There is more base tribalism in the Bible than we sometimes would like to admit. There is also a fair amount of senseless animal cruelty. At least the goats are given the dignity of symbolizing something: The poor Gadarene swine were simply innocent bystanders sent off to their death as a footnote to a parable about exorcising evil spirits (or something like that). The

story of the Gadarene swine later attracted the highlighter pens of Saint Augustine of Hippo and Saint Thomas Aquinas and was interpreted to mean that Christians have no moral responsibilities with regard to non-human species. (Thank goodness for St. Francis going down on record with his alternative take on all creatures great and small...)

At any rate, parables about separating sheep from goats seem particularly unhelpful at the end of this dismal Year of Our Lord, The Plague Year of 2020: a year of division, isolation, despair, deluded self-righteousness, and mythic fears and desires with regard to an imagined final reckoning. I strongly suspect that Mr. Rogers would have framed his deathbed question differently if he were still with us.

Of Fallen Idols and Aborted Conversations

One positive short-term plan I have for the new year is to write a review of Chris Smaje’s long-awaited new book, *A Small Farm Future: Making the Case for a Society Built Around Local Economies, Self-Provisioning, Agricultural Diversity and a Shared Earth*. Smaje’s book raises a number of critical questions about food autonomy and community resilience in an admirably honest and complex manner. Smaje is himself a small-scale grower in the eastern corner of Somerset England.

Not long after I began reading the final draft of Smaje’s book, I came across a piece published months earlier that raised many of the same questions that Smaje raises. It was written by an American named Chris Newman, a small-scale grower in the eastern part of Virginia who writes (provocatively, though very intelligently) on various issues related to food sovereignty. In his piece, Newman made some critical observations about his fellow Virginian – Joel Salatin of Polyface Farms.

Salatin has been something of a celebrity in the conversation about local foods and sustainable agriculture, ever since Michael Pollan profiled him in his 2006 book the *Omnivore’s Dilemma*. Salatin is a prolific writer himself. He describes himself on his widely read blog as a “heretic” and a “Christian libertarian environmentalist capitalist lunatic farmer,” producing locally raised meat that he claims is “beyond organic.”

In his critique, Newman simply raised questions about the social and economic sustainability of the local agrarian business model that Salatin has been representing and promoting for nearly a generation. Newman pointed out that in some respects, Polyface Farm is a problematic model in light of the fact that Salatin inherited his considerable acreage and has a steady staff of unpaid “interns” as farm laborers. In place of the heroic entrepreneurial model, Newman envisions local food cooperatives.



In spite of their generational difference, Salatin and Newman are fundamentally on the same page in terms of their ideals and what they actually do on their respective farms.

So what was Salatin’s reply to Newman’s stimulating and fresh critical perspective? Take a moment to imagine what might have been...and then turn your gaze upon what it actually was: an intemperate and unproductive response, which included a bizarre non-sequitur rant on race (against charges of racism that had nowhere been made) as well as large helpings of condescension. You see, Newman is mixed-race, with Black and indigenous ancestry.

I will not paraphrase or quote from Salatin’s blog post in reply to Newman, since it is readily available online, but I will say that it is uninspiring reading material: offensive, beside the point, and, for sincere lack of a better word, plain dumb. Salatin made the issue personal, as perhaps is to be expected from someone who has built a cult of personality and trades in image and charisma.

I cannot say that I feel disillusioned, since Salatin has never given me much cause for developing illusions in the first place. But I am deeply saddened, as we should all be, about the important conversation that was initiated by a bright young person and terminated by an older man with a bigger business and a bigger reputation. That conversation now seems unlikely to happen, or at least not involving these two voices.

In August of this year, *Mother Earth News* announced that it would sever all ties with Salatin, a long-time contributor to the magazine, due to “a significant ideological impasse” on important social issues. The online response among the various spectators was predictable: there were impassioned defections and defenses, claims of “cancel culture” at work, and a palpable sense of victimhood and persecution—all of which can serve to further reinforce the self-image of any self-styled heretic.

The Newman-Salatin exchange was a painful spectacle to watch, particularly since the apotheosis of Salatin occurred with the assistance of Michael Pollan, the Berkeley professor and popular writer for the *New Yorker*-reading cosmopolitan set. Sustainability makes strange bedfellows, and readers of Pollan (myself included) eagerly embraced the idea of Vedanta Shiva and Joel Salatin and others sitting at the same table as an inclusive, multi-national, multi-ethnic coalition of enlightened agrarians. That image now seems a bit tarnished.

I do not think Salatin is a “bad man.” He is neither a goat nor a sheep; he is simply an imperfect specimen of homo sapiens, as we all are, who has made it clear that he has a lot to learn about the world around him. And for someone who describes himself as a humble and devout Christian, Salatin seems to have remarkably little understanding of the theological concept of Original Sin—which, in this country, has to do with the continuing legacy of “wringing one’s bread from the sweat of other men’s faces.”

Continued on page 14

Dragonfly Tales

Half Earth: Our Planet's Fight for Life

By STEVE MELCHER



Can we save at least half of the earth for other species and thereby save our own?

When Odonata Sanctuary became a 501(c)3 organization we were required to state our goals with an official statement. What will we do as a nonprofit and how will it benefit our community?

Our mission statement has three parts.

To:

- Provide education of and a venue for experiencing sustainable lifestyles.
- Provide habitat for species of concern.
- Provide sanctuary and hospice care for abandoned farm animals.

We are fulfilling those goals in a variety of ways. For example, we provide education on sustainable lifestyles through cooperative programs with Rochester Institute of Technology (solar, wind, methane, microhydro and other energy sources and alternative building techniques) and the Rochester Lifestyle Medicine Institute (nature therapy, veganism, no oil cooking, whole foods plant-based lifestyle). Our farm is currently the only farm certified as a Regenerative Agriculture farm in our county.

We fulfill the second goal by providing habitat for grassland species like meadowlarks, bobolinks, and dickcissels. We have a one hundred nest box bluebird trail, and we are an official Way Station for Monarch Butterflies. We maintain a Hawthorn Orchard for migrating warblers and a forty-acre wooded area for woodpeckers. We cooperate with United Plant Savers and are growing rare and endangered medicinal plants deep in the woods of the sanctuary. Wetlands have been created for migrating wildlife and our signature species, the dragonfly.

Our third goal involves the most labor. We have downsized the number of critters that are here for hospice since we lost much of my labor to col-

“One word: Poetry. That’s what the world has to offer us. A whole series of mysteries, of possible discoveries, of phenomena, of unexpected events, and objects, and things, and living organisms and so on. An infinitude, almost, on this planet, waiting out there to be enjoyed.” —E.O. Wilson

“Unless humanity learns a great deal more about global biodiversity and moves quickly to protect it, we will soon lose most of the species composing life on Earth.” —E.O. Wilson

lege and beyond, but we still maintain a barnful of happy residents that are a constant source of smiles and manure.

During this time of the COVID pandemic and political transitions it's difficult to remember there is a climate crisis and an ongoing mass extinction of species. I've hopefully made my views on climate change clear. I worked for NASA and NOAA in the 70s and 80s. I spent time at the Wallops Island Flight Facility on one of the barrier islands off the coast. We were hired to determine how much longer the missile pads had before they would be washed away by the Atlantic. We called it the Holocene Transgression. The glaciers have been retreating for the past 19,000 years or so and sea level is rising; a fact: something that could be and has been measured enough that NASA was concerned. What we should be worried about is the increase of the rate of global warming since the advent of industrial age. There should be no argument. We should be planning to deal with this reality. We can't stop the change, but we can mitigate our contributions to global warming, and, yes, man's activities have impacted the climate. In its 2013 fifth assessment report, the IPCC stated in its summary for policymakers that it is “extremely likely that more than half of the observed increase in global average surface temperature” from 1951

to 2010 was caused by human activity.

Two of the top ten climate villains are related: meat production and deforestation. Hamburgers are either grown in CAFOs (Concentrated Animal Feeding Operations) or forests are cut down to provide ‘free range’ for cattle. CAFOs are a relatively new phenomena created within most of our lifetimes. Forests have always been cut down for grazing meat or producing products in demand, such as palm oil. The area of primary forest worldwide has decreased by over 80 million hectares since 1990. This double edge sword is cutting a swath into our quality of life. Man's activities that contribute to the climate crisis and the ongoing mass extinction are intimately related and they involve a need to maintain biodiversity by conserving habitat.

Human population is slated to reach between eight and ten and a half billion by the year 2050. How old will you be? Your kids or grandkids? I recently reread E.O. Wilson's book *Half Earth: Our Planet's Fight for Life*. I tried to get Ed on my dissertation committee years ago, but he was busy on sabbatical, chasing ants down in Panama while I was at Harvard. He believes that we have the tools (science) to deal with the current crisis but lack the political and public will. That lack of will is most likely due to a lack of knowledge of the direct consequences of our actions. Wilson started the E.O. Wilson Biodiversity Foundation whose mission is to “foster a knowing stewardship of our world through biodiversity research and education initiatives that promote and inform worldwide preservation of our biological heritage”. The foundation believes that by enhancing our public understanding of biodiversity, a culture of stewardship will be fostered in which people are inspired to conserve and protect the natural world. Half Earth aspirations are composed of two interrelated goals: protecting 50% of the surface of the planet and 85% of its species. Between 200 and 2,000 extinctions occur every year according to the World Wildlife Federation.

Continued on page 13

DEC Announces Annual Arbor Day Original Artwork Poster Contest

State Accepting Submissions through Dec. 31

New York State Department of Environmental Conservation (DEC) Commissioner Basil Seggos today announced the start of DEC's annual Arbor Day Original Artwork poster contest. Each year, DEC's Urban and Community Forestry Program commemorates Arbor Day with a poster contest that invites the public to submit original photos and artwork that celebrate the immeasurable value of trees—ecologically, environmentally, aesthetically, and socially.

“Trees are a renewable resource that provide food, shelter, scenic beauty, and countless other benefits that enhance our quality of life,” Commissioner Seggos said. “I encourage all New Yorkers to join DEC's Arbor Day celebration by submitting art or photos that depict the beauty and importance of New York's trees.”

State Agriculture Commissioner Richard A. Ball said, “New York has more forestland than any other state in the Northeast, and Arbor Day is a great time to recognize the significant benefits that our forests provide for New Yorkers and visitors alike. This poster contest is a fantastic way to celebrate our trees and the immeasurable contributions they make to our economy, our ecosystem, our recreation, our scenery, and our quality of life.”

The annual Original Artwork Arbor Day Poster Contest is sponsored by the New York State Arbor Day Committee, which includes DEC, the State Department of Agriculture and Markets, Empire State Forest Foundation, New York State Arborist Association, and International Paper Company. The winning artist's artwork will be replicated as the 2021 New York State Original Artwork Arbor Day Poster.

DEC will accept photograph and artwork submissions on behalf of the committee through Dec. 31, 2020. Photos and artwork must feature trees within New York State and should be sent to arborday@dec.ny.gov. Participants will be limited to five submissions and each submission should include a completed artist information form available on DEC's website.

Model consent forms are required for people in submitted photos and photos must be high resolution, at least 300 dpi at 8x10 inches. For information about the contest including artist information and model consent forms, visit DEC's website.

To obtain past New York State Arbor Day posters, contact any local DEC forestry office or call 518-402-9428.

Bee Lines

Keeping Bees Cozy, Winter Stores, Hornets...and More!

By SAM HALL



The frost has done in the last of the wild asters and there is now virtually nothing out there for my bees. Therefore, I have put out my two yard feeders with two to one syrup that is two sugar to one water. I have them on a platform inside my shed and I leave the door open so the bees can access them. Being inside, the wind is not able to get to them and the bees can feed without being blown around. The bees have been out on days when the temp is 40+ fahrenheit with little or no wind

One of the more interesting things is that unintentionally I used sugar from two different sources to make up the syrup. Put both feeders out at the same time. One was empty within 24 hours the other still is not empty but the bees are working it. Obviously, there was a difference in the sugar but I'm at a loss to know



Double nuc box showing upper and bottom entrances and additional super for Boardman feeders (see inset) on top



I have also started direct feeding the double nuc box colonies. The inner cover in each colony has a center hole to accommodate a Boardman feeder. This is a quart jar with a lid that has several small holes so the bees can come from beneath and access the syrup. The yard feeders service my whole yard whereas these are for the sole use of the double nuc colonies.



A Bee Cozy on a hive

what it is. Does anyone have any thoughts on this? If so, drop me a note at Samhall@Rochester.rr.com.

The entrances for one of the colonies in the double nuc box faces east and the other entrances face west. I use the plural as there is a bottom entrance and a top entrance in each direction. To protect the one with the western entrances I have got three bales of straw that will be stacked about 5 feet away. This will keep the west wind which is the direction that most of the wind comes from in my yard from blasting against the side of the west colony. I am also going to wrap the whole box with 15 wt. black tar paper.

I have also started

I have been trying to learn more about the Murder Hornets, which have now been found in the State of Washington. One of the nests they destroyed was claimed to have 400 queens. We need to know as much as we can about these insects, as there is little question we will be dealing with them in the future. They attack honey bee hives, killing the residents. One article I read said that they can attack humans and 50 stings are enough to kill a human. There is one upside. They are eaten by humans in Asia. Almost pure protein.

A few days ago I had an interesting experience I had not had before. A bug similar to a lady bug bit me. In fact I've been bitten twice by this bug. It differs from a Lady bug in that it is one solid yellow color. I never was bitten by a Lady bug. I am trying to learn a bit more about this insect.

My new dog, Pepper, and I have settled into our life together. I continue to learn things about him and I'm sure the same is true from his standpoint. He had one prior owner, an elderly man who passed away. He obeys several commands. I have him sit before we cross a street. Originally I was telling him sit down and eventually realized that I was confusing him as that is two commands. Sit and down. He does both. He also howls when he hears a siren from a police car or fire truck.

Those of us that are fortunate enough to be beekeepers I think are better handling the isolation brought about by the pandemic. We are also used to wearing and functioning in protective equipment.

The Christmas season is approaching. It is a time of joy. However, I have always thought there should have been a fourth Magi bearing honey. Perhaps there was.

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

DEC Environmental Conservation Police Officer Highlights Injured Owls Rescued — Columbia and Rensselaer Counties

On Nov. 8, ECOs Curinga and Davey responded to reports of two injured barred owls struck by motor vehicles in two separate locations. One of the owls was struck in the town of Copake, Columbia County, while the other was struck in the town of Brunswick, Rensselaer County. The ECOs successfully captured the owls and transported them to Friends of the Feathered and Furry Wildlife Center in Greene County. Both owls appeared to respond well to treatment and will hopefully be released back into the wild soon.

Barred Owl

This large, dark-eyed, gray-brown woodland owl is barred across the chest and streaked lengthwise on the belly. It reaches lengths of up to 24" with a wingspan of up to 44". Barred owls prefer densely forested areas for breeding. They nest in cavities or in an old hawk, squirrel or crow nest (wandering during fall and winter). They feed mainly on mammals and birds.

ECO Davey pictured with two barred owls being transported to wildlife rehabilitator after being struck by motor vehicles.



Barred owls are found throughout NYS. They nest in the tall Norway spruce grove (favored by squirrels and Corvidae) that surrounds our Canadice Press office.

SEARCHING FOR A FOREVER HOME!



MEET MEEMA

Meema is a 2-year-old mixed breed female with a strong personality. She should be the only animal in the home. She is quite selective about her humans, and would not do well with children under the age of 13. She is very energetic and would do best with an individual or couple with lots of time for exercise and playtime. She is a beauty!

Contact the shelter for more information.

E-mail: info@bchumanesoc.com • Phone: (607) 724-3709

Visit them online at bchumanesoc.com to submit an adoption.
Broome County Humane Society • 167 Conklin Ave., Binghamton, NY

PETS DO FUNNY THINGS

Æsc's Ash Fetish



Our Æsc (pronounced Ash) loves chewing on Ash trees (like the side of the tree). He also likes chewing on our recently moved-in house plants, many of which can be poisonous. Sometimes it is just the dirt he is interested in, which he then rinses off in the communal watering bowl—much to the disgust of his canine companions. Other times he goes for the leaves. He has gotten better with some strong reminders and is now, mostly, leaving things alone. We have also moved a couple of the

most dangerous plants to non dog areas of the house.

Thankfully Æsc has a stomach of steel—he ate an entire “pickled” squirrel (drowned in a bucket of rain water that I kicked over) and showed no ill effects. Still, there may be a time when we do not adequately deter his edible urges. Thankfully, there is an Online site (and an APP) for that. The ASPCA’s Animal Poison Control Center offers pet poisoning advice for dogs, cats, and horses, with tons of information and a call-in hot line: aspc.org/pet-care/animal-poison-control.

Do you have a fun story about your pet that might be of interest to other pet owners? Feel free to share it (along with a picture).

Email to editor@canadicepress.com

Dragonfly Tales from page 11

Currently, less than 15% of the Earth’s land surface and 8% of the world’s oceans are formally protected according to the National Geographic Society. The Society also states that to “save the Earth” 30% of the planet must be protected by 2030. Saving the earth means to save a quality of life that we have come to expect that includes clean air, clean water, shelter, and sustenance. The earth would do fine without humans, but the loss of a series of species could lead to the extinction of mankind.

“If all mankind were to disappear, the world would regenerate back to the rich state of equilibrium that existed ten thousand years ago. If insects were to vanish, the environment would collapse into chaos.” E.O. Wilson

Saving half the Earth sounds impossible, but so did putting a man on the moon. This got me to thinking, how much land are we protecting here at Odonata Sanctuary? What percentage of the 120 acres here at the sanctuary is being protected? I made a pie graph of the percentage of land being used by each of the goals of the sanctuary. I decided to use 100 acres so as not to stress my math skills.

Ten acres is occupied by the organic farm and residence, that’s 10% of the sanctuary. Color that Blue. Seventy-five acres is being mowed and maintained for grassland birds and is planted for Monarch butterflies. That’s 75% we’ll color red. Fifteen acres are being used for the hospice care of the critters which includes the barn and pastures. That’s 15%, we’ll color that yellow.

So, humans impact only 25% of the land; land to live on and grow our food and land used to save animals from the breakfast table. The three goals are not completely independent. My toughest decisions involve finding a balance. Many of the goals overlap and many, in some way, compete. The farming operation pushed out some of the nesting area for the bobolinks but provided a home for tree swallows. The animals are fed hay and grain, which attracts house sparrows which compete with the bluebirds, but the barn provides a home for the barn swallows. The milkweed gets into the lettuce fields but provides food for the Monarchs.

The color wheel of Odonata Sanctuary’s goals creates new and diverse colors where those colors combine and overlap. Where the mission is separate it retains its color but where the Red, Blue and Yellow colors combine you get a wonderful shade of rich, fertile, dark Brown.

Land use and habitat preservation need to be approached on a grand global and nonpolitical scale. Protecting large swaths of land and water is of primary importance, but we can also act locally by promoting the creation and conservation of green space in our communities.

The political will, in an ideal democracy, is a result of the synergy with the will of the people.* Nature doesn’t recognize Red or Blue states but is impacted by the policies enacted by those in power. We need to think Purple to balance the demands of separate parties.

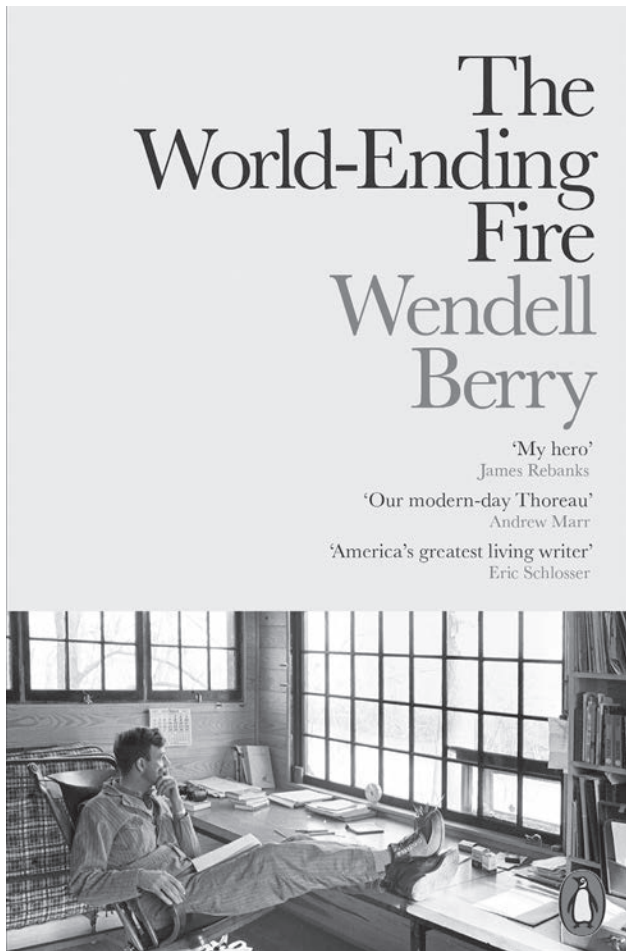


You may have heard the saying, “If you’ve seen one redwood, you’ve seen them all,” but I’m sure we all agree that we would like our children to see redwoods.

Henry David Thoreau once proclaimed over one hundred years ago, “In Wildness is the preservation of the world.”

E.O. Wilson told me a few years ago that, “Nature holds the key to our aesthetic, intellectual, cognitive and even spiritual satisfaction.” I would add, not only spiritual satisfaction but, indeed, our own survival as a species.

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”.



Along with Saint Francis, we still have Wendell Berry to look up to as a role model of a public figure, a great man who has absolutely no interest in matters of greatness. Berry has never given a TED Talk, and he does not seem to have a Twitter account (at least not as of this writing). The image of Berry that keeps coming to my mind is the famous photo of him (featured on the cover of his book, *The World-Ending Fire*) sitting quietly by himself at his writing desk, looking out the window while deep in thought—thought that is slow, silent, and deliberate. He looks almost like a pensive Abraham Lincoln.

I Hereby Resolve...

I have never felt so at a loss for words as I feel at the end of this long year. Frankly, my New Year's Resolution thoughts have turned briefly to imagining how far I can get by without graven images and icons, without the concept of identity itself, even without words.

One thing I think I can resolve to do better this next year—even though I am reluctant to do so, since it involves words—is to make a personal effort to take seriously and to take to heart what Chris Newman and people of his generation have

to say. Their critique of what I assume and what I do and what I aspire to do is all part of their vision for a better future, and that is the same future that I need help envisioning.

As someone who has identified himself with the “alt tradition” of small-scale self-reliant living, there are also a few specific resolutions I now feel the need to make.

The first resolution has to do with the challenge of maintaining critical distance while still remaining a part of the flock (so to speak). There is a certain danger in cultivating a separatist mentality and an anti-social attitude of distrust toward The Establishment. A hubris of self-righteous “us-them” thinking can easily set in, which we justify by our opposition to a system that is broken – whether it is industrial capitalism, the food system, or Big Pharma. All of these systems are broken, of course, and Vandana Shiva and Michael Pollan and Chris Newman and Joel Salatin all agree with each other about that, and I am in their company. But positioning oneself as an outsider, seeking to unplug and distancing oneself from the status quo, entails certain responsibilities—social responsibilities, in fact.

Take, for example, another provocative and much-discussed blog post by Joel Salatin, the Lunatic Farmer, published in March of this year under the title, “I Want Coronavirus!” In this piece written in the early days of social distancing and other preventative measures, Salatin makes a homespun heretic’s case for the notion of herd immunity, encouraging healthy people—those who eat healthy “beyond organic” foods and live a healthy life close to the soil—to go out of their way to expose themselves to this new virus that will make them no sicker than the common cold (so long as you eat right, live a healthy lifestyle, and therefore have a guaranteed robust immune system).

The general response to the blog post was about as you might imagine. And because Salatin has become such a spokesperson for the alternative agriculture movement, the uninformed and grossly irresponsible half-truths that he broadcast regarding COVID-19 did not do much good for the image of the movement more generally. The incident reminded me of Salatin’s renegade role model and one of the founders of the American organic foods movement, J.I. Rodale, who in the 1950s infamously challenged the polio vaccine program: “Isn’t there a better way of conquering polio,” he asked, “than jabbing all the children in the country with a needle?”

I do not want to undermine a cause that I firm-

ly believe in. But I regret to say that people like Salatin and even Rodale himself have already done that discrediting work. There is a word for the form of heresy to which self-styled heretics often succumb: kookiness. And I think it is high time that we call it out, call it what it is, and make a sincere effort to distinguish genuine critical thinking from genuinely dangerous thinking.

If we are looking for true role models who illustrate how to avoid these tendencies I have highlighted, then we might look to the example of Sir Albert Howard—the British founder of the organic movement in England, and whose work Salatin references in his COVID piece and (ironically) misreads and misrepresents. Albert Howard was a trained scientist who was well aware of the dangers of misleading analogies and sloppy thinking more generally. Howard’s sympathetic but highly critical response to the sketchier pseudoscientific claims of the Biodynamics movement, one of the precursors to the organic movement, is a model of independent thinking that stands apart without being anti-social or “fringe” in the negative sense.



The sad lesson of this year—or, even sadder, the long-standing truth that this year has reminded us of—is that we are not in fact “all in this together” nearly as much as we would like to think. As we approach a new year, the question on my mind is not whether I am a sheep or a goat, a heretic or a conformist. The most pressing question for me at this moment is whether my thoughts and actions and relations are centripetal or centrifugal in nature. That is to say, I want to become more aware of the ways in which I contribute to social cohesion and harmony and a shared sense of reality, in contrast to the ways in which I contribute, however unintentionally, to fragmentation and division. Right now, I do not think I have a clear enough sense of what forces I am contributing to in my day to day living. I hope to spend the next year getting more clarity through interaction with others, exploring ways to live in a cooperative manner among the mixed flock.

Mister Rogers, if you can hear me, please show me – us – the way forward.

*Derrick Gentry lives in Honeoye with his wife and son, and numerous furred and feathered friends. He teaches in the Humanities Department at Finger Lakes Community College.
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Etched in Stone – Exploring New York’s Buried Past

The Search for Benjamin Alpheus Lamphier

By DAVID PIERCE

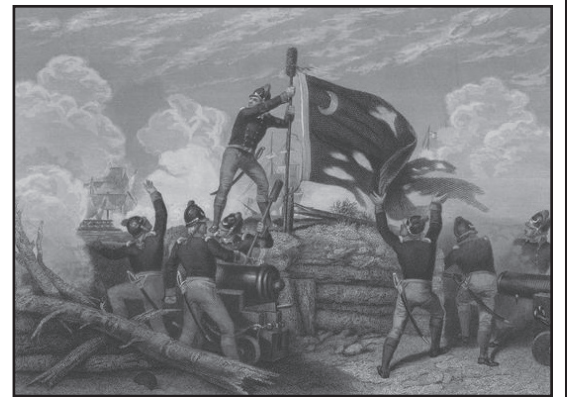


MOTIVATION

Inevitably, the day to day lives of our ancestors fade over time along with the cemeteries and gravestones that mark their final resting places. Older burial grounds become neglected, forgotten and many, for better or worse, fall into ruin; some disappear forever. Sharing New York’s buried past helps preserve the rich histories of brave men and women who have gone before us. Lives of great expectation, long lives and short lives, lives of joy and sorrow, lives of triumph and tragedy, lives of gain and loss...are all shared and preserved when descendants honor their ancestors through recognition, research, and reverence.

THE REGION

My wanderings through history next took me deep into the Southern Tier of New York State, to the town of Jasper, Steuben County, NY. The town is named for William Jasper (1750-1779), a noted American soldier in the Revolutionary War. William Jasper was a Sergeant in the 2nd South Carolina Regiment under Col. Francis Marion. He was killed at The Battle of Savannah while raising the regimental colors during the assault on British defenses. On June 28, 1776 Sgt. Jasper won lasting fame during the Battle of Sullivan’s Island. When an enemy shot brought down the fort’s flag, Jasper restored the banner while under fire of the Royal Navy, reattaching it to an artillery sponge staff. A statue of Sgt. Jasper was put up at Madison Square, Savannah in 1888. Eight Counties, five cities and three towns, are named for Sgt. Jasper across the United States.



Sergeant William Jasper’s heroics during the Battle of Sullivan’s Island. New York Public Library

At the Cemetery

The Schenck Hill Cemetery is situated along the edge of farm fields, in a rural setting, on Marsh Hill Road in the Town of Jasper, NY. This unimproved dirt road is a fitting gateway to this old and historic cemetery. Like many old burial grounds, Schenck Hill Cemetery is worn by the ages. There has not been a burial there since the 1930’s. One is reminded of the passage of time by the wind turbines that now flank the Cemetery; a stark contrast to simpler pioneer days of the 1800’s. Schenck Hill Cemetery is the final resting place of my 4 times great grandfather Benjamin Alpheus Lamphier.

Benjamin Alpheus Lamphier was born in the Connecticut, Rhode Island region of New England on May 9, 1771. He was the youngest of eight children born to Abel and Rebecca Lamphier. Benjamin and his wife Sarah Church “Sally” Lamphier moved to Naples, NY, with their three young boys around 1811. Like many early settlers in the Ontario County, NY region, daily life was a struggle of survival. Each day was a test of the resilience and ingenuity of the human spirit. An account of one such test of Benjamin Alpheus Lamphier and his family was reported 122 years ago in the Naples Record.



Photo courtesy of Jack Lamphier

The Naples Record
Wednesday, November 1, 1898

An Incident of Pioneer Days In Naples

Benjamin Lamphier, in or about the year 1811, removed from the eastern part of the state to Naples, N.Y., where he took up a lot of land and built a house with the intention of making a home for himself and family. Not long afterward the surveyors came for the purpose of surveying the township, and Mr. Lamphier helped them occasionally. One day one of the corps had to be absent and Mr. Lamphier took his place for the day. Their work was too far away for the surveyors to return to Lamphier’s house as usual and although it was late when they quit work Mr. Lamphier felt that he must return home and he immediately started at a rapid pace. He was congratulating himself that he was only a mile from his house and that he would soon be there, when a wolf a short distance from him gave a certain howl that made his blood curdle in his veins, for he knew too well its meaning. This was answered by the howling of other wolves in the distance and from every direction. He did not stop, and concluded that the best thing to do was go forward as fast as possible and keep watch. His dog was with him – a large and powerful animal, but he had no weapon except his ax. Occasionally when the moon would shine out from under a cloud he could see the wolves in groups sneaking along, their numbers continually increasing. Soon one

was bold enough to come out and attack the dog, but the dog got the best of him and he was nearly killed. Mr. Lamphier kept moving toward home all the time and the wolves continually came nearer. Now and again they would come in ahead of him and try to intercept his advance. Such a howl as would then be set up enough, seemingly, to tear the trees out at their roots. Then he would set his dog on them, rushing toward them himself at the same time with his ax, when they would break and let him pass. He was fully sensible of his danger and being within a half mile of his house shouted to his wife. She had heard the uproar and taken in the situation. His dog by this time had been so badly bitten that he could fight no more. Mr. Lamphier thought to seize hold of the limb of a tree and pull himself up out of the reach of the wolves, but to do so was to abandon his faithful dog. That he could not do. The surveyor who had been absent had returned and was in the house with Mrs. Lamphier, who asked him to take a fat pine torch and go to Mr. Lamphier’s assistance, but he was too great a coward. But Mrs. Lamphier was not the woman to let her husband be torn to pieces by wild beasts without an effort to save him. Taking the torch and her life in her hand she started alone to his relief. At the approach of the light the wolves fell back, but she could see them as she was pressing forward, a little way off. When she reached Mr. Lamphier he took the dog in his arms and started

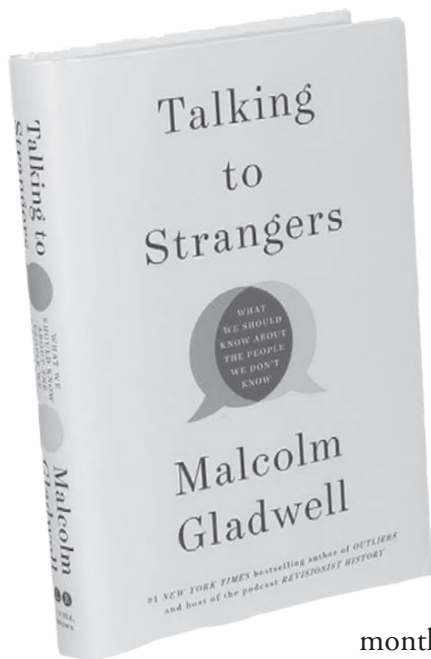
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The Monthly Read

Strangers Are Not Easy

A Review of *Talking to Strangers* By Malcolm Gladwell

By MARY DRAKE



These days, it seems like everyone is having trouble communicating. And it's not just because we're trying to maintain social distance or because we're polarized politically, although these factors certainly don't help. Writer and journalist Malcolm Gladwell examines this relevant problem within society in his book, *Talking to Strangers*, and he makes some insightful observations.

Probably everyone has had the experience of being wrong in their assessment of someone: the jovial teacher who acted like your buddy but turned out to be a tough grader; the date you thought had real potential who ghosted you after a month. Then we read in the news about a quiet,

unassuming man who turns out to be a serial killer or terrorist. Gladwell says it is understandable that we get people wrong because "Strangers are not easy."

In the eighteenth-century satire *Gulliver's Travels* by Jonathan Swift, Gulliver meets a lot of strangers and finally ends up in the land of the Houyhnhnms (a name that is supposed to sound like a horse whinnying), because the place is populated by horses who act like humans, only better. They are kinder and more reasonable than Gulliver, who tells lies to make himself seem important. The Houyhnhnms don't understand lying; they don't even have a word in their language for it. Since the purpose of communication is to speak one's thoughts, to them it goes against reason to lie. Why would you want to deliberately miscommunicate, to lie?

Why indeed. This is Gladwell's jumping off point for examining what he calls two puzzles in our efforts to communicate:

1. Why can't we tell when the stranger in front of us is lying to our face?
2. How is it that meeting a stranger can sometimes make us worse at making sense of that person than not meeting them?

In his typical meticulously researched style, Gladwell presents several detailed examples of how we get it wrong all the time, how we misjudge others, often to disastrous effect. Like when the CIA discovered in 1987 that all the spies they had in Cuba were actually double agents working for Castro. Like when Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain of Great Britain went to Germany to meet Hitler and returned believing that Hitler was a man of his word and would not start a war in Europe. (We know how that went.) Like when court judges on a daily basis must decide if the offender before them should go to jail until trial or be released on bail. They make educated guesses (but guesses, nonetheless) about whether that person will or won't commit another crime while out on bail. You would think that seeing an offender in court and talking to him would enable the judge to better predict how safe it is to release that person. But, in fact, this turns out to be false. Entering an offender's background information into a computer algorithm results in a better estimate of who can be safely released and who should be held in jail.

How can this be? It runs counter to our belief in the effectiveness of face-to-face communication. But people lie all the time and there is no fail-safe way to determine the difference between lies and truth. One example that Gladwell gives is that of Ana Montes, a model employee for the Defense Intelligence Agency, who was so familiar with America's Cuban policies that she was called "the queen of Cuba." After many years, it was revealed that "every night Montes had gone home, typed up from memory all of the facts and insights she had

learned that day at work, and sent it to her handlers in Havana." It was a real shocker when she was revealed to be a double agent. Why do we get it wrong so often, even when we meet and talk with someone? Because of several factors. The first factor Gladwell calls our tendency to Default to Truth, to give people the benefit of the doubt. It's a natural human tendency. We assume others are telling the truth even when there are sometimes red flags that should alert us to deception.

Another reason we miscommunicate with others is that we believe in Transparency, a word that's bandied about a lot these days. It simply means that things are clearly as they seem to be. If a person is tearful and apologetic, we believe that she is sincerely sorry, that she's acting the way she feels, that she is transparent. But this is not always the case. Perhaps she's just a good actress.

Conversely, if a person acts casual or flippant, does that mean she is not deeply upset and sad? If you go by the standard assumption of transparency—that people act the way they feel—then we would say no, she isn't sad. This is what happened to Amanda Knox, an American living in Italy in 2007 whose roommate was killed in a gruesome murder. Because Knox did not act like she was sad, it was inferred that she was guilty. Four years later, Knox was released from an Italian prison "for the crime of not behaving the way we think people are supposed to behave after their roommate is murdered."

The assumptions we make about people all the time are often incorrect which is why it's worthwhile to consider how we talk to others, especially the stranger, that person whom we haven't gotten to know and have no background knowledge of. Gladwell examines many instances where people either made the wrong assumption about someone's guilt or ignored the red flags that someone was lying. There is an entire chapter devoted to the ways in which we misread signals of sexual interest or disinterest. Gladwell's prime example of miscommunication between strangers is the case of Sandra Bland. In both the opening and the closing of the book, Gladwell analyzes what went wrong in this tragic case of a black woman from Illinois who was confronted by a white police officer from Texas. The arresting officer misread Bland's signals and made devastating wrong assumptions about her actions and intentions. Did this miscommunication occur because these two people were of different races, genders, or occupations? Even the different parts of the country they came from may have contributed to their interaction spiraling out of control.

But despite these differences, we must default to truth, Gladwell says, unless we want to always be cynical and suspicious of others. But we must also accept that strangers may not be transparent. We can't tell if they're behaving the way they really feel, or if they're acting. So "what is required of us is restraint and humility," Gladwell says, to recognize our own limitations when talking to strangers and to pay careful attention to the other.

Gladwell's education in history has led him to examine human behavior in the past, and he has made his name as a journalist for *The New Yorker* and as an author. He intellectually examines popular culture and attempts to decipher what it says about human nature. His easily understood, narrative prose style has helped make his books widely popular, books such as *The Tipping Point*, *Blink*, *Outliers*, and *David and Goliath*. In *Talking to Strangers*, you won't find practical techniques for how to converse, but you will find Gladwell's trademark keen examination of society and humankind, with all our strengths and failings. His books are always insightful and provide food for thought.



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



Talking to Strangers
668 pages
Little, Brown and Company
(2019)

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Not The Type

Billy Joel sang that "Catholic girls start much to late," and I was nothing if not a good Catholic girl. Maybe that's why everyone told me I was not the type to smoke. I guessed that only vamps and hoodlums smoked, and I looked far too innocent. But as a teenager, I wanted to be cool and sophisticated and I thought smoking would make me that way.

I should have taken the hint when my first cigarette made me throw up. My body was screaming, Don't do this, Mary. It's bad stuff. But young people are often more willful than smart. I had no idea how unhealthy smoking was or how addicted I would become.

Fast forward to my thirties. I had been smoking for about 17 years, which seemed like a lifetime. After the birth of my first child, however, I wanted to get back in shape and began exercising. Everyone back then was doing aerobic dance to pop music; you know, like they did in *Dirty Dancing*. I loved it so much that I became an aerobics teacher. By then I knew that smoking was an unhealthy habit and that it was totally incompatible with fitness.

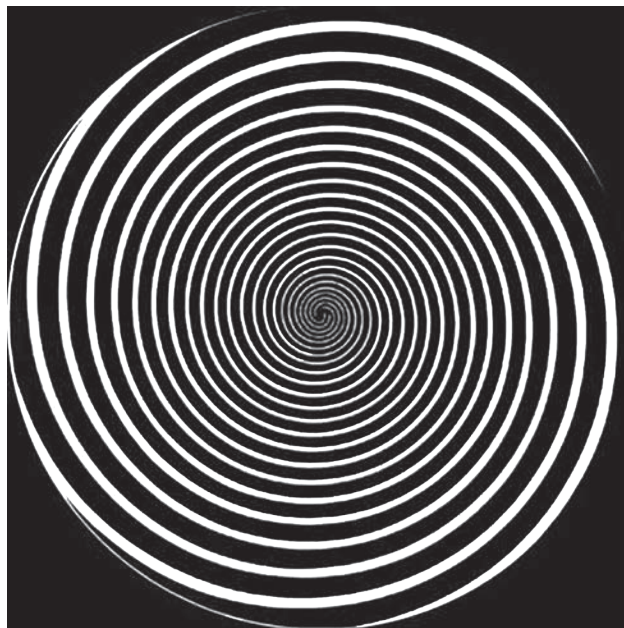
So I had to quit.

I had tried before to quit by cutting back gradually, and it never worked. I just ended up hiding my smoking, as if the cigarette no one saw me smoke didn't really count. I got very creative with reasons for going off alone—Uh, I better go make sure the emergency brake on my car is working and it hasn't rolled down the hill, or, I want to get a better look at that bird, so I'm just going to follow it into the woods a way, or, Those Fed Ex guys are so overworked. I think I'll just go out to the end of the road to collect the package. Or I would walk out to get the mail on Sunday. Oops! No, if cigarettes were there, I would smoke them. What's the saying, In for a penny, in for a pound? If I smoked, I smoked the whole pack.

So I had to go cold turkey, but just the thought was enough to give me a panic attack and send me running to the bathroom for a cigarette. A co-worker, Pat, had gone cold turkey and I saw what happened to her. I was convinced that the real Pat had been abducted by aliens who left a Martian clone in her place. Before going cold turkey, Pat had been talkative and funny; she made everyone at the lunch table laugh with made-up stories about how our overbearing boss was really so afraid of his wife that he went home at night to polish her toenails, then slept out with dog. After going cold turkey, however, she became as talkative and cheerful as a rock.

I knew that cigarette cravings could whine in your ear like a mosquito and, to make matters worse, some co-workers said that once you were

a smoker, you were always a smoker; they said you never really lost the desire for a cigarette. I'm not much of a gambler, but I knew the odds were stacked against me, so I decided to get help. I scheduled an appointment with a hypnotist. This was a bold move for me. The only hypnosis I'd ever seen was on TV. What if, while I was under hypnosis, I made a fool out of myself and began walking like a chicken or belly dancing?



I had even more misgivings when I walked into the hypnotist's office. I don't know what I expected, but it wasn't a windowless basement room with gold shag carpet and a black vinyl couch. Rather than a health professional or addiction counselor, what I got was a former cop. Certainly policemen have enough stress to make them smoke, but did having quit qualify him to help me? Had he taken a Sears & Roebuck mail order course in hypnosis? Plus all his years of wearing a uniform had done nothing for his fashion sense. The man who sat facing me wore a plaid suit jacket in shades of purple and brown with a white shirt open at the neck and his hair slicked back with Brylcreem.

But he got right down to business, after telling me in a thick Philadelphia accent to sit on the couch because it was "moor" comfortable than the chair and asking if I'd like a glass of "wooder." Then he produced a hypnosis wheel, the kind you might see in an Alfred Hitchcock movie, with black and white spirals that rotate into a disappearing center, and told me to concentrate on it. He began a guided meditation, intoning in a low, steady voice, and I had to bite my tongue to avoid erupting into nervous giggles.

But I did what he said and took a deep breath, then began to visualize what he was describing, an escalator going down, down, down, deep into my mind. One reason hypnosis worked for me is be-

cause I have a good imagination, and soon my body felt the motion of descending, lowering my center of gravity, pulling me down into relaxation. The ex-cop gave me the hypnotic suggestion that after this, whenever I thought about smoking, I would think that it was "poison gas." I imagined myself smoking and every exhalation was putrid green; all around me plants were wilting, people were coughing, and pink lungs were growing black. There was nothing good about this habit. It was poison gas, and of course I wanted to stop poisoning myself.

Now I have to admit that I really, really wanted to quit. That strong desire and my active imagination made hypnosis perfect for me. I have since read that someone else cannot really hypnotize you; you can only hypnotize yourself. All hypnosis is self hypnosis, but sometimes you just need a guide.

Not long afterwards, I went out to lunch with my best friend, Sonya. We always followed up our food with coffee and cigarettes and long conversations. (That was back when smoking was still allowed in restaurants.) While we ate, I told Sonya the whole interesting story of my hypnosis and how glad I was that I had gone through it. Finally, the waitstaff took away our plates and brought coffee. That was when Sonya leaned towards me and asked in a very confidential tone, "Now tell me the truth, Mary, you really still want a cigarette, don't you?"

I couldn't have been more shocked if she had pulled the chair out from under me. It's always best to be honest, right? And I thought Sonya was my best friend; we had always confided in one another. At that moment, the addictiveness of nicotine combined with the power of habit and the camaraderie of smoking cigarettes and sipping coffee made it seem almost irresistible. But admitting that I still wanted one—once a smoker, always a smoker?—meant that the next breath I drew would most certainly be a drag of poison gas.

So I finally answered, Nope.



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

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Where the Path Leads - Chapter 9: Hidden Surprises

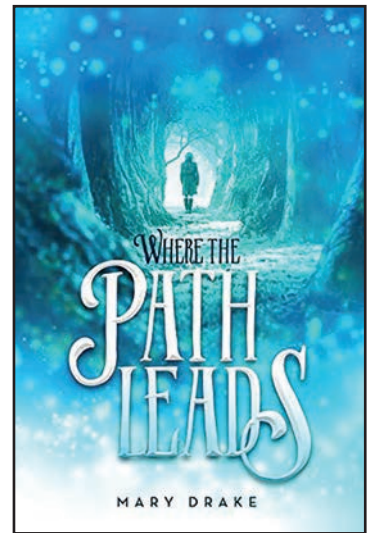
In the last chapter, Emily discovered another world inside the castle walls, but she still struggles to get by in the forest cottage where she lives with the old weaver.

Emily had never realized how hard it was to find your way in the woods, where there were no street signs or even landmarks, only too many trees that all looked alike. And according to Will, this wasn't even the big forest, Blackwood, just the small woods around Sophia's cottage which she called Cooper's woods after her father, a barrel maker. It took less than a morning to walk across it, but somehow, she had managed to get lost in it, or at least turned around. Will found that amusing.

"See that big oak tree over there?" he said. "It's west of Sophia's cottage, and there's a big ravine down there you can't get across, so when you see that tree, it's best to head north, follow the Mouse river, and cross over farther up, where it gets shallow. Here, I'll show you. But don't go too far north, or you'll run into the water meadow."

"The what?"

"You know. . .water meadow. Where the Mouse river slows way down and turns marshy and wet. Many plants grow in it, so everyone brings animals to graze there in the summer, but it gets messy."



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_____.

If you want to find out more about the book, go to marydrake.online, also available as an ebook on Amazon.

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By EILEEN PERKINS

RECIPE

I don't know about you, but I tend to breathe a sigh of relief when seasonally cool weather comes, and it's not a burden on inside temperature to crank up the oven for a session of bread baking. There are plenty of good breads to be found commercially, both wheat-based and, these days, gluten free (now that gluten is being identified as something to be avoided by more people with an adverse reaction to it, the offering is improving rapidly). But the process of baking bread is somehow grounding, and it is reassuring to be able to make delicious fresh bread from ingredients awaiting use in the pantry.

This recipe is for bread that is not gluten free. It was a very popular choice in our bakery/café and remains a happy addition to our family holiday

tables. It is wholly different from most commercially available honey whole wheat breads these days because, frankly, it costs more to use so much honey in bread, and the loaf, because of its more simple ingredients and whole wheat flour ratio, is somewhat smaller than folks generally expect. We included it in our bread offering out of a heart-felt commitment to our craft and a desire to make something wonderful.

A stout stand mixer is quite useful for making this bread, but it can certainly be made without one, as long as you honor the need for gluten development by way of extensive kneading before forming into loaves. This dough requires more such attention than most, although "elbow grease" is cut down somewhat by employing the "sponge method" described here.

Honey Whole Wheat Bread

(Makes 2 medium sized loaves)

Ingredients

- 2 cups lukewarm water, divided, $\frac{2}{3}$ cup and $1\frac{1}{3}$ cups
- 2 Tbsp. dry active yeast, divided, 2 tsp. and 4 tsp. (typically dry baking yeast is packaged in strips of three packets, containing about $2\frac{1}{2}$ tsp of yeast each. It is more economical to simply purchase it in a jar or loose, and store what's not immediately needed in the refrigerator or freezer.)
- 1 Tbsp. salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup oil for dough, plus extra for greasing pans
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup honey (buckwheat will yield a dark rich flavor, but any kind of 100% honey will do)
- 1 cup bread flour
- $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 cups whole wheat flour, or sufficient to make a smooth moist dough
- Sesame seeds (optional)

Procedure

The Sponge

(make the night before finishing dough, or at least several hours before)

In the mixer's bowl, dissolve 2 tsp. yeast in $\frac{2}{3}$ cup lukewarm water. Stir in 1 scant cup of whole wheat flour sufficient to make loose dough. Cover bowl and store at room temp. It may deflate by morning, but that is fine.

Finishing the dough

In a small bowl, dissolve 4 tsp. yeast in $1\frac{2}{3}$ cups lukewarm water. To the Sponge, add yeast water, oil, honey (utilizing the liquid measure cup you used for the oil makes removal easier) and 2 cups whole wheat flour. Mix on low speed until combined. Add bread flour and place salt on top of flour. Mix slowly, then add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup more whole wheat flour and mix on low to medium speed for about 8- 10 minutes, scraping down sides of the bowl periodically. Cover bowl and allow to rise in warm spot for about 45 min. or until doubled in size. (If doing this without a mixer, knead dough by hand for a good five minutes until gluten is well developed and dough is smooth. Place back in bowl and cover for rising) Empty onto floured surface, punch dough down and shape into a smooth round, kneading in a little more flour if dough is too sticky to form into loaves. Divide dough in half and shape into 2 ovals. Place each loaf into a greased $8\frac{1}{2}$ inch long bread pan, sprinkled with seeds, if using. Do not try to make just 1 large loaf because, if you extend the baking time, it's likely to not cook properly.

Allow to rise for about 45 minutes, or until dough almost reaches the top of the pan. Cut a slit lengthwise down the loaf with a serrated knife and place on the middle rack of a preheated 325° oven, for about 55 minutes, or until loaf sounds hollow when tapped. If you notice it browning too fast, cover with foil for the last 10 minutes. Remove from pans as soon as safe to handle and place on a wire rack to cool completely before cutting.



This bread is great with a simple smear of butter; a slice of medium sharp cheddar; salmon salad, ham and Dijon, BBQ tofu, sliced chicken breast or soup.

COOKBOOK REVIEW

Betty Crocker's Cooky Book

With over half a century as a home baker and some years as the pastry maker for our artisan bakery, my husband, Bill, once deemed "Betty Crocker's Cooky Book" the gold standard reference for making these endearing delights. Gifted a copy by his grandparents, as a child, this book started him on his journey into pastry making, I am certain. The straight-forward instructions and comprehensive explanations of the ingredients' various contributions to successful cookie production encourage mastery of this craft.

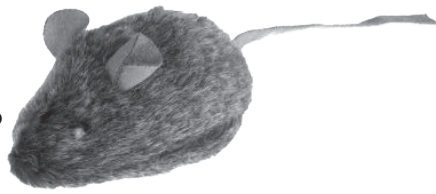
The collection contains over 450 sound, simple recipes (replete with pictures), as well as information about the cookies' countries of origin, if you are interested in the history of confections. Some of us may remember several of the featured sweets fondly, from our own personal pasts. Classics endure today, still turning up on holiday cookie trays and at bake sales. Commercial adaptations of some of these old favorites are vaguely unsatisfying, when compared to home-baked versions.

New, authentic facsimiles of this book's first 1963 edition are available for purchase, as well as plenty of used copies. Surely no public library system is without some edition of this book in its collection, if you want to check it out before buying your own copy, or are simply looking for inspiration to bake!

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.

Miracle at the Mall

MEMORY By D.E. BENTLEY



I don't go to malls...well...I rarely go to malls; when I do, I make a deliberate effort to stay on the fringes rather than actually venturing into the bowel of the beast. This is true throughout the year, although especially true when the holiday consumer spirit floats in our midst. "Getting mauled" is what I call it when I am dragged there by some unforeseen event or circumstance. I rarely manage to find what I am looking for and emerge with a greater chance of spending the next week building unintended immunity against some dreaded disease.

It was, thus, with foreboding that I ventured out some winters ago to, of all places, the mall. My quest was for a stuffed toy mouse, a very special toy mouse for a certain character of the feline kind (not mine). There was magic in the air; I felt it as I journeyed bravely onward, leaving behind the wilderness-like area that I called home. As I shivered and slipped my way to my truck, I could see a myriad of stars blinking overhead and the tethered moon circling around on the fringe of the horizon. I could hear a pack of coyotes howling with blood-curdling closeness. I climbed in and clicked on the 4X4 to make my way down the hill and into town.

As I entered the mall parking lot from the farthest most entrance, avoiding the inevitable for as long as possible, visions of stuffed mice filled my head. Perhaps that was a factor. Focused on locating a space in the jam-packed parking lot ahead, it was a moment before I realized that my truck was being tracked. Out of the corner of my eye, I glimpsed a vivid soaring shadow of white that lifted itself out of the night like a giant fantasy creature. There, with great, graceful wings, was a bird in flight. It flew just outside the passenger side window and followed me with the intensity of a predator tracking its prey.

Checking the rearview to avoid a slow-motion collision with a less than alert marathon shopper going on her 24th hour of nonstop shopping, I pulled to the side of the road to get a closer look. The giant white-winged bird slowed and circled upward and around, settling its great massive spiritual and physical being on top a post a foot from the truck. The tail feathers surrounded the post and the silhouette emerged unmistakably as the nighttime shape of an owl.

I sat and watched this great creature with amazement. I often surround myself with woods and venture out into them after dark, owls have graced me with their presence only three times: once along the shores of the third dam on a moonlit night, the fleeting glimpse of a bird in flight concealed under the trees' protective canopy; years later, under a towering white pine, I watched as the gremlin-like offspring of Screech Owls flew to and from the lowest branch on maiden flights; and more recently with nesting owls in our spruce grove.

Turned away as if assessing the worthiness of a glance, the mall owl sat there, motionless. With robotic precision, he turned his face toward mine, gazing full and intently at me through the window glass of my idling truck, then turned quietly away. Moments later, he again took to flight, caught briefly in the headlights before swooping upward behind me and out of sight. I followed his shadow as the clouds raced across the sky, opening up an atmospheric hole. The moon, hours away from eclipse, shared this space with Orion's belt.

Returning to my truck after a lengthy half-hour expedition, cat toy mouse in tow, my eyes followed the hedgerow in anticipation. Thickening

clouds obliterated the stars' light, already dimmed by humanities generated lumiance. The night was amazingly quiet, and even the cars on the highway seemed to pause momentarily to take notice. The owl was in hiding, preparing for winter's scarcity, when field mice are forced into hibernation extending watchful hunts into the morning light.



Note: The following summer, the narrow hedgerow and ditch where I saw the owl was demolished, as yet another shoppers' paradise squeezed into existence, further compressing the remaining animal habitat.



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Owl Light Puzzle 8[©] By GEORGE URICH

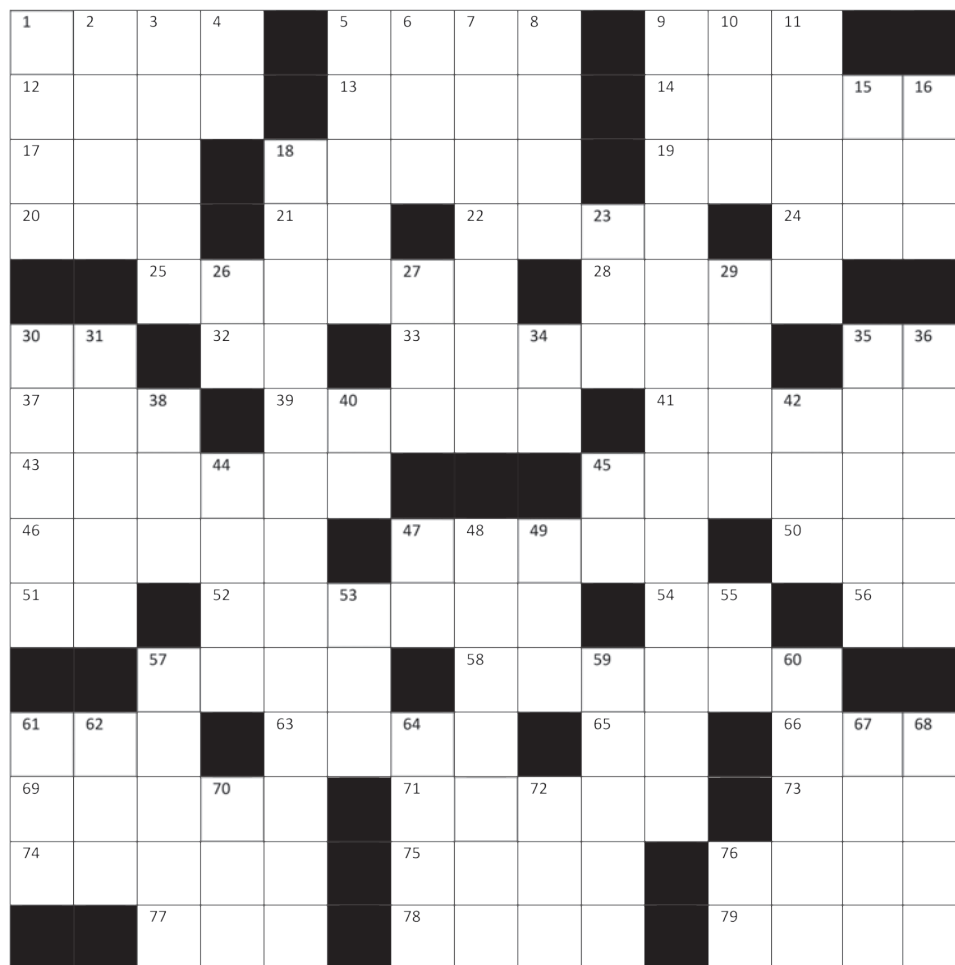
ACROSS

- 1 Person or thing revered
- 5 Very wise person
- 9 Wapiti
- 12 Group of musicians
- 13 Closely follow
- 14 Futurama character
- 17 NYC subway
- 18 Lion speak
- 19 Off shoot of a forest fire\
- 20 ___ motion
- 21 Keebler cracker Hi-
- 22 Org. for retired persons
- 24 Internet service
- 25 "went up the hill carrying a -----"
- 28 Obsessive whaler
- 30 That guy
- 32 Having an advantage
- 33 A bad day at the golf course
- 35 First two letters of a fancy tuna
- 37 Soccer cheer
- 39 Double reed woodwinds
- 41 Anais --- and --Cobb
- 43 Butting heads
- 45 Medical conditions not deteriorating
- 46 Sleep noise
- 47 WW2 bombing of London
- 50 Is able to
- 51 Opinion piece, op--
- 52 Julie London song, "Cry Me _____"
- 54 For example Abbr.
- 56 Continent, Abbr.
- 57 Past
- 58 Lawrence of _____
- 61 A piece of wood to hang things on
- 63 Servers question, ---- or salad

- 65 Vanessa Redgrave's sister, Inil.
- 66 Law degree
- 69 Amidst
- 71 Child in dirty clothes, ----- muffin
- 73 Same level or standard as something else
- 74 Textile made from flax
- 75 Length times width
- 76 Expression of surprise
- 77 Pronoun of second person
- 78 Idea in French
- 79 Bar bills

DOWN

- 1 Wading bird
- 2 Astronomer Sagan
- 3 Resting on
- 4 State along the Canadian border, Abbr.
- 5 Armless chair
- 6 Towing Org.
- 7 Long necked African safari animal
- 8 Gossip columnist, ___ Maxwell
- 9 Two African safari animals
- 10 Moon transportation, Abbr.
- 11 Meat on a stick
- 15 Zodiac sign
- 16 Web address, Abbr.
- 18 Two African safari animals
- 23 Music genre
- 26 Computer thinking, Abbr.
- 27 Tic-Tack-Toe winner
- 29 Operatic solo
- 30 Farm animal
- 31 African safari animal
- 34 American author ___ Fitzgerald
- 35 map book



- 36 African safari animal
- 38 Strong feeling, ___ tion
- 40 Son of current U.S. President, Init.
- 42 Broadcast network
- 44 What to use to wipe up a spill
- 45 Ave. crosser
- 47 Underwear maker, ___D
- 48 Spotted African carnivore (slightly misspelled)
- 49 Designation for clothes with a fault
- 53 Prefix meaning equal
- 55 Soldier
- 57 Extreme physical suffering
- 59 Swamp scum
- 60 First letter of Greek alphabet
- 61 Friend
- 62 British record company
- 64 City in India
- 67 Young sheep
- 68 Pitcher, Don ___dale
- 70 Prefix for new
- 72 Expression of surprise



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.

Making Lemonade from front

Maybe they'll take pictures and text them to us.

I think you should roast a turkey like you keep telling me you did many times in the "old days." I'd like to try a piece of that. But I'll pass on that green Jell-O with pineapple and cream cheese in it, scalloped oysters, three-bean salad, and the baked squash with toasted marshmallows on top that you will probably make, like you tell me your mom did each Christmas. I'll bet you can even figure out how to make gravy again.

Oh, and you might not want me to bring this up, but you could work on the family history you keep talking about, but not doing anything about! Reading is always an option. We'll be OK, you and I.

I can pose for another darling photo like the one we put in this article. We can watch more 60s re-runs of "Laugh In" -- I'll hide under the bed during that crazy "Sock It To Me" part. You can work on that hard, round jigsaw puzzle with the two fancy peacocks. If you only place two pieces a day in it like you have been recently, it will take you nearly a year to finish that. You should let me help!

I think Alexa will be happy that you stayed home with me for the holidays. She didn't know how to respond to my loud "Meows" while you were away. We can ask her for Christmas stories, songs, and jokes. I'll bet she will like that and maybe she will stop asking if you want to order more cat food for me like she often does.

I've been wondering what people will write about this year in their pandemic Christmas letters. We'll probably get a couple at least so we will find out. I've also been worrying that all cats will have a warm place

I've also been worrying that all cats will have a warm place to be during this holiday and if they have enough food. Maybe our readers would consider a gift for the animal shelters. I think we should too.

to be during this holiday and if they have enough food. Maybe our readers would consider a gift for the animal shelters. I think we should too.

You know that I really liked the nice ladies who came to visit and feed me twice a day while you went away all those years, but I will really like you being home with me for the holidays. I'll even play with those dumb toys you get for me. I know your son, daughter-in-law, grandson, and great granddaughter will make sure you will get some virtual hugs in the driveway for Christmas! I'll purr and watch from the window. I really am getting very used to you and I being together constantly throughout this pandemic! I can even go with you this year to the First Congregational Church's famous Christmas Eve service, online at canandaiguachurch.org. Merry Christmas everyone! Don't worry...Barb AND I will be OK! And, I think this will be the best Christmas ever!" 🐾

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

The Conscious Crow

Imagined Reality

Life has a funny way of aligning itself, and we correspond with it. We are curious creatures with a unique ability to orchestrate our lives accordingly and attract what we focus our intentions upon. Though we have control over our thoughts, emotions, and reactions - we do not have control over the way in which it unfolds as it happens in real-time. There are unforeseen elements factoring in with whatever we plan for and imagine, with limitless unexpected scenarios that can arise. Nevertheless, we busily plan our lives; we define precisely in our minds a specific ideal believing it will happen exactly as we imagine- without taking into account the numerous unimaginable forces that mingle in with our mental dispositions. It's as if the majority of us live in a make-believe reality within the confines of our minds, obsessing over details and meanwhile overlooking life as it plays out before us. We get mentally pre-occupied, caught up in our "plan," and quite literally miss out on the present moment. In doing so, we live in an illusion: by believing the world in our mind to the degree we forget to be in the present experience that is happening right here, right now.

Thus, one can never predict what is absolutely going to happen since the orchestration of our every experience includes a wide range of influences. Though uncertain, there is a magical and mysterious element that weaves a surprise of what could be, with our intentions as they manifest themselves in such an incredible, unique manner. We can view this notion in a positive, fascinating way or we can muddle in distress with the unpredictability of life and how it may or may not match our mentally constructed abstractions.

Because of this ambiguity, naturally life veers off our detailed plans. John Lennon sings in his song "Beautiful Boy... Life is what happens to you when you are busy making other plans for it." Sometimes, though we find ourselves in a position that may relatively resemble our plans, and other times we are witnessing an alternative experience as it arises alongside of, or instead of, our initial intentions. If we plan for an event and it does not happen as we hoped for, we find ourselves in a position to argue about what is actually happening in the present moment and disagree with the way it manifested- or peacefully reconstruct a new strategy with what transpires, and alternatively creating a new way. It is important to consciously care for our reactions to change and observe whether they affect us in a positive or negative manner. If we adopt a "go with the flow, is that so?" attitude, our mental inclinations will be much healthier, and we find space to fully witness the present moment- just as it is.

Our reactions dictate the level of presence we embody.



Our reactions dictate the level of presence we embody.

When we are derailed and disappointed in the way our grand ideas end up manifesting, we cloud our awareness and burden our brains with meaningless preoccupations of the past and mental illusions of what we believed would extract itself accordingly, instead of freeing ourselves to be here now in this ever-changing fluid moment, non-judgmentally.

The wondrous thing about these sudden or unexpected alterations to our plans, is the benefit of it going one way over the other. Sometimes we find fresh possibilities that were not previously at the surface of our awareness and new ideas that spark in relation to this unexpected stimulus. Had circumstances gone according to our exact mentally constructed plan, we may not have reached a certain awareness or revelation and may miss discovering the hidden lessons buried underneath. Neil Donald Walsch, in his book *When Everything Changes, Change Everything*, mentions the power of our current realities unraveling in correspondence with the next sequence of events based on our perspective that arises therefrom. He notes that your "... current reality...creates your next perspective," and our shaping perspectives formulate in sync with our reactions. Ironically, it is the reaction to this unforeseeable unfolding process that determines what will happen to our mental propensity, and then construes an event similarly. It is not necessarily what happens to us, but how we react to what happens to us that reveal hidden insights and new awareness.

Regardless of what transpires in our lives, it is beneficial that we learn to adapt to whatever circumstance has presented itself and welcome the change, whether it is expected and favored, or not. It is what and how we think about abrupt change and modifications in plans that offset future experiences. Consciously or unconsciously we respond to plans gone awry. In deciding to consciously be aware of our reactions we have the ability to choose which direction the wheel of our life is moving therefrom. And despite the actual circumstances that come to fruition we can either bring peace into our present reality that is, engaging with the new moment fully, or choose to run around the wheel of past hopes and expectations we had previously imagined, while completely missing the here and now. At every curving moment our relationship with our reactions carefully constructs or unconsciously destructs... The choice is always ours to consider.

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Solution to Owl Light Puzzle 8, (found on page 21)

1	I	2	C	3	O	4	N	5	S	6	A	7	G	8	E	9	E	10	L	11	K	12		13		14		15		16		
12	B	A	N	D				13	T	A	I	L				14	L	E	E	L	15	U										
17	I	R	T				18	R	O	A	R	S				19	E	M	B	E	R											
20	S	L	O				21	H	O			22	A	A		23	P			24	A	O	L									
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30	H	31	E				32	I	N			33	O	F	34	P	A	R		35	A	H										
37	O	L	38	E			39	O	B	O	E	S			41	N	I		42	N	T	Y										
43	R	A	M	44	A	C	T							45	S	T	A	B	L	E												
46	S	N	O	R	E				47	B	L	I	T	Z			50	C	A	N												
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			77	Y	O	U			78	I	D	E	E			79	T	A	B	S												

Etched in Stone from page 15

for the house, the wolves following and surrounding the house in numbers as soon as they were inside.

In speaking of the event in after years Mr. Lamphier said he never before in his life was so glad to see "Aunt Sally." A few years afterwards Mr. and Mrs. Lamphier removed with their family to Jasper, where I found the family a respectable and prosperous one, and the mother a fine old lady, but Mr. Lamphier was too fond of whisky, which soon cut him off. This account was taken from Mr. Lamphier's own lips and is perfectly reliable. I have seen and talked with both the father and the children. My mother lived near them at one time. A grandson of Mr. Lamphier now owns a good farm in that town with good buildings, a fine orchard and everything around him in good shape. J.L.O.



Photo courtesy of Scott Chace

The passage of time slowly wears away the Schenck Hill Cemetery and the gravestone of Benjamin Alpheus Lamphier. Time will inevitably obscure rich stories of pioneer days in Western New York State. For this moment in time however, the life of Benjamin Alpheus Lamphier will be remembered, now etched in print and digitally preserved as a small piece of New York's buried past.



David Pierce recently retired and moved with his wife Colleen to the Town of Canandaigua. He has enjoyed exploring his family history for many years, documenting people, place and events as far back as 1590. He is a certified member of the General Society of Mayflower Descendants, having documented his ancestry back 10 generations to Francis Cooke and Peter Browne, two of the original passengers on the Mayflower voyage of 1620, 400 years ago. Many of his ancestors lived in and around Ontario County for well over 200 years, providing a fitting backdrop for his research.

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