

Children's Peace Park Blooms

Celebrates Children and Young People — Past, Present and Future



“Don’t be deluded. Hitler has made it clear that he will annihilate all Jews before the clock strikes twelve.”...

“I have more faith in Hitler than in anyone else. He alone has kept his promises, all his promises, to the Jewish people.”

Elie Wiesel, *Night*

DOUG GARNAR

Millions of children have been murdered in wars, genocide, domestic violence, and being in the wrong place at the wrong time. On May 8, 2021, Broome County Veterans for Peace and Peace Action celebrated the dedication of a children’s peace park in Ostingingo Park, adjacent to the children’s playground. Ostingingo Park is a county park in Broome County, and prior to the pandemic a million people would visit it annually. For the past five years I have ridden my bike each year in the park. I have thought about an appropriate memorial to murdered children. My interest in this issue dates back to 1959 when, during an advanced elementary algebra course, I sat in the back of the room reading Eugene Kogan’s book, *The Theory and Practice of Hell* (an early Holocaust survivor’s memoir). Thus, began a sixty-year journey into war/peace issues as well the so-called collateral damage—the death of innocent children and civilians.



Graveyards are interesting places to visit and much can be learned from tombstones—epitaphs can be viewed as the dead speaking to the living, but only in very short pithy sentiments. How does one try to remember the countless lives of children never lived out? As a step toward ensuring that these children will not be forgotten, the Broome County Veterans for Peace and Peace Action organizations and myself approached the Broome County Parks Commissioner about creating a children’s peace garden adjacent to the children’s playground. The idea was embraced by Liz Woidt, Parks Commissioner, and we began to lay out a garden in October 2019. The pandemic slowed us, but the outline of the garden was completed early this spring.

Top: A group of children unveiled the plaque and read it to the audience. This group, known as Glee for their dance group, performed a dance to the tune of John Lennon’s “Imagine.” A short video of the Dedication on 5-8-21 can be seen at youtube.com/watch?v=MRkZ3zypBh0 (by Vera Scroggins) Left: The mounted plaque.

Images courtesy of Helen McLean

The central premise of the garden is that it be a living garden which celebrates children and young people—past, present and future. We hope that it can always be a work in progress, both in terms of flowers, grasses, herbs, trees as well as activities which celebrate the possibilities of a world beyond war. A major feature of the garden is a small schoolhouse lending library containing children’s books. They can be read there or taken home. People are encouraged to bring books and we have had 15 boxes donated to date.

The May 8th Dedication Ceremony was an expression of the creativity we believe the garden can encourage on its best days, as evidenced by the following activities.

- The unveiling of the Children’s Peace Park monument by the Glee dance group.
- Music selections performed by Andru Beemis playing several of his stringed instruments.

Continued on page 6

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FROM THE NEWSROOM

Owl Light News is now available as a digital subscription. The cost is \$15 a year (on its own) or \$25 a year for both print and digital. If you are a current print subscriber and want to read us online as well, simply email me at editor@canadicepress.com and let me know, and I will add you to the online list.

Submissions are accepted ongoing for our monthly Pen & Prose. We are particularly interested in short fiction stories and hybrid submissions.

Owl Light Literary: Turning Points—Summer 2021

See advance sale information on page 23
or order online at owllightnews.com/turningpoints/.

Turning Points is Canadice Press' first stand-alone literary journal. We want to take it slow and give it our best, given the challenges of 2020 that are continuing into 2021. We will post information 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. Stay tuned!

Letters to the Editor and Opinion Pieces

Letters to the editor and longer opinion pieces can be emailed 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. Short, concise letters under 500 words are more likely to be published. We look forward to hearing from you.



Where Inspiration & Inquiry Converge

Editor: D.E. Bentley

editor@canadicepress.com

Phone: 585-358-1065

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Thank you to ALL of the incredible contributors (and behind the scenes folks) who make the Owl the Owl!

SUBMISSIONS—to editor@canadicepress.com

We are actively seeking submissions for front page feature articles. Articles should reflect on rural life in New York State. They should be timely, and the original work of the authors(s). Submitted pieces should be around 2000 words and include original images (photos or illustrations). Authors/artists will receive full credit (in print and online). We are also looking for reviews of local arts (visual, performing, literary...) as well as original short stories and poetry for Pen & Prose—our monthly literary arts section.

We accept submission on a rolling basis. 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. Feel free to contact us in advance with queries, if desired. All submissions will be considered on a case by case basis for publication in future issues (in print and/or online). The general deadline for all content for upcoming issues is the 10th of each month. Owl Light News pages fill up FAST!

We place online content ongoing and welcome community press releases.

Keeping the Voices Alive

During a recent conversation, a couple—who were, as it turned out, also *Owl Light* subscribers—commented about the (relative) geographic diversity of our many, many wonderful contributors. People who contribute to the *Owl Light News* are (almost exclusively) New York residents, but we are spread across the state.



My usual comment, and my comment in this case, was how humbled I am to be able to work with so many wonderful contributors—people who see the value of what we do and want to share their ideas, creativity, and geographically specific perspectives in the *Owl Light*. There are a few people I have approached and asked to contribute specific aspects (including Dee Sharples, who offers us the Night Sky each month; since owl light is dusk or dawn and owls love the night, having a night sky piece really appealed to me and Dee graciously accepted). Most of the people who have stepped into the *Owl Light* just happened. This includes one Vermont contributor, Kurt Staudter (you can find his most recent reflections on page 4 of this issue). Kurt is part of the contributor base that is someone who knew someone else who knew, yet, someone else (in this case my son, a former Vermont resident).

I, initially, attributed this collective pouring of time and energy to the diminishing access to print media; with fewer places to submit and share writing in print, any publication willing to offer space becomes a writers' magnet. Although that is true—we offer more space for original work than any other local publication that I am aware of—I now believe that it is also what we do and how we do it...who we are...that draws people in. The couple I spoke with commented on the uniqueness of *Owl Light*. I have heard similar shared thoughts—"There really is nothing else out there like this"—from many people. "This is the best issue yet" is another thing I have heard (and a shared refrain that has become a bit of a running joke in our office, as we recover from our most recent issue and move rapidly onto the next). We all work hard each month to make our individual contributions high quality and read-worthy, and it is, I believe, this collective commitment from many people that makes each issue new and exciting, and makes the *Owl Light* a place "where inspiration & inquiry converge."

It is no small feat to bring together the thoughts and creativity of so many people. Many a publisher and editor will tell you that independent (print) press is a losing proposition that takes time and money with few rewards. They are correct, of course. Nonetheless, it is evident from our growth that there is hope. In addition to a regular gentle flow of new subscribers, most of our paying readers renew yearly. Many, as noted in our "From Our Readers" section on this page, send cards and offer thoughts on what the *Owl Light* means to them. It is important to us to know that we have meaning in the lives of those who read the *Owl Light*. It is equally important for readers to know what they mean to all of us. For a reader-supported press, subscribers are more than readers—you are what keeps these eclectic and delightful voices alive.

One more thought before wrapping up the June issue and heading outside for some much needed vitamin D. There is a reason you get *Owl at Home* and we know that there are many, many more people out there who have not heard of us (as well as those who have read us in the past and are not aware that we are still around post Covid). Please share our voices with friends and in your travels near and far so that more readers can discover and get into the *Owl Light*.

D.E. Bentley
Editor Owl Light News



Owl Light Renewal

Watch for email invoices as your renewal date nears. Invoices are going out for many subscribers in June and July. (Ex. email subject line "Invoice #0000 from Canadice Press")

FROM OUR READERS

With recent renewals from around our state and beyond, it was exciting to hear from some subscribers about what the *Owl Light* means to them. Thanks to everyone who renewed and to those who sent wonderful cards along with the renewals. We have received recent subscriptions from as near as Canadice (our home base) and as far away as DC.

"Thanks for the best thing that arrives in our mailbox each month! Here's to many more memorable issues!"
T.F., Conesus

"Favorite items: Dee's Astronomy, Sam Hall's Bees, and crossword puzzle."
D.M., Springwater

"Really enjoy your paper! Keep up the good work."

The K's, Attica

"Neither me nor my dad want to miss out on our monthly news!"

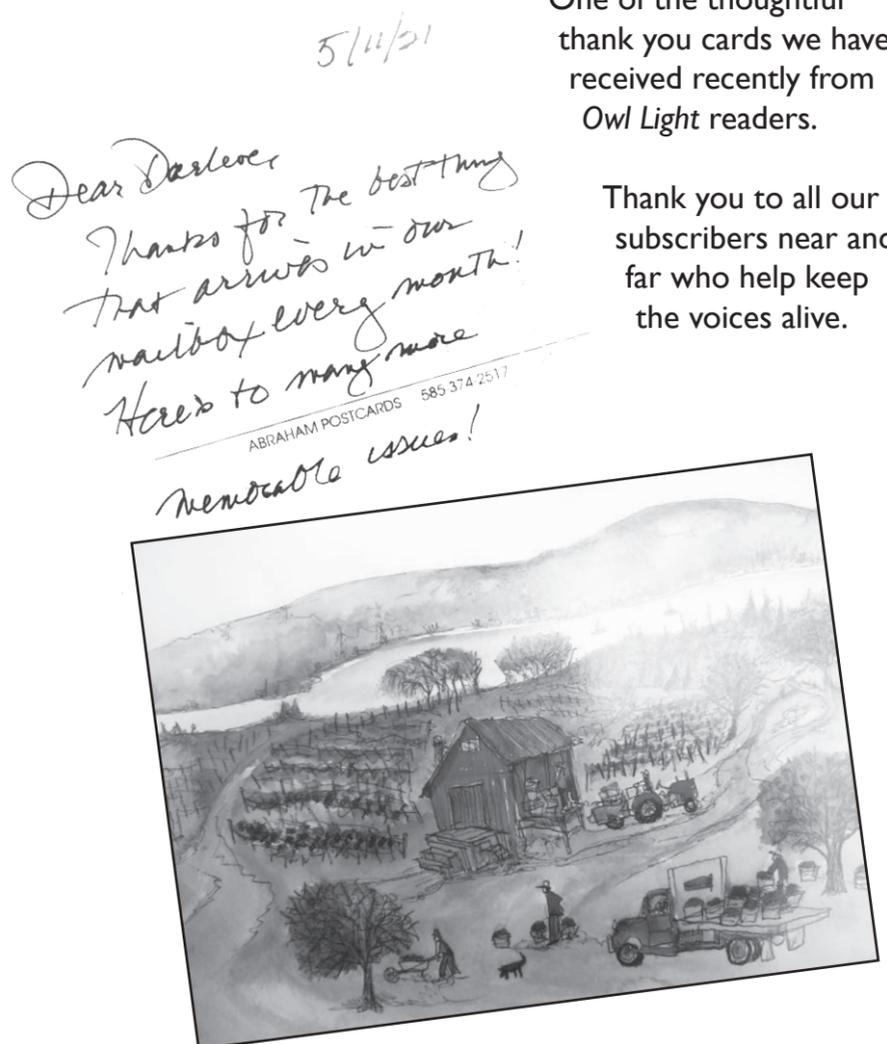
J.V., Honeoye / Bloomfield

"I'm glad you were able to use our images, I look forward to seeing the end product. In fact, I've just subscribed."

H.M. Franklin

One of the thoughtful thank you cards we have received recently from *Owl Light* readers.

Thank you to all our subscribers near and far who help keep the voices alive.



Letters to the Editor and Opinion Pieces

Letters to the editor and longer opinion pieces can be emailed 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. Short, concise letters under 500 words are more likely to be published. We look forward to hearing from you.

The Beginning of a Great Adventure

Reflections from **KURT STAUDTER**

Never the optimist, yet, things are looking much better now-a-days. Through the years as a columnist I've always dug into my rich personal life for inspiration, but lately I've been holding back. I didn't tell you about life changing events, or the first tentative steps to move beyond the pandemic. Let's fix that.

Throughout the pandemic our household has played by the rules. We mask up when we're outside or in Shaw's, we sanitize when we get back to the car, and when we've had visits with our children and grandchildren it's all about social distancing and masks. I ache to embrace my family members, or even shake hands again. With the relaxation of the rules around the holidays, my brother Rob and his wife Tamara came over for a pizza and beer which we consumed on the deck outside. While the conditions were less than favorable for a picnic it was like heaven to be that close to my brother. Things were getting back to normal.

Next came the vaccine, and Patti and I got in line as soon as we were eligible. We both got the Moderna shot, and yes there was some discomfort with the second one, but it was short-lived and well worth it in the end. The wait between the first and second shot took forever, and so did the time between the second shot and being fully vaccinated. The vaccine is a game changer. Finally, I could be with my brothers again, and more importantly, I could after over a year visit my dad who'd been placed in Hospice care at the beginning of the pandemic.

We've got a lot to go over, but I pause now to make a heartfelt plea for everyone to get vaccinated. All of the sacrifices that we've made so far will be for nothing if we all don't do our part. Please do it. Let's end this now.

Speaking of endings, after 32 and a half years my relationship with National Grid and New England Power has ended as of April First. No joke. One might

say that it was foolish to leave a good job during the economic turmoil caused by the pandemic, but I had all my points and I just couldn't do it anymore. While the electric utility industry was a great career, it's no place to be when you're less than 100% committed all of the time. I'll write more about my retirement plans in another column, but I needed to become more flexible for when it was safe to visit my dad.

The wait was over; we were all fully vaccinated. My brother came over from Castleton, and we headed down to Tom's in Ossining, NY. This was the first time we were all together in over a year. The bubble was expanding. We made it to Virginia and had a wonderful visit with my dad and stepmom. It was tough to see how much he'd aged, but he was as sharp as ever and very glad to see his sons. We even got to make his famous "Hot + Wild by George Datil Pepper Sauce" together.

Driving down the east coast along New Jersey and the Delmarva Peninsula things were very different than in Vermont. I guess there's a reason why we're among top in the nation in how we're dealing with the COVID, and will reach what passes for normal before the rest of the nation. Mask use in some places is marginal at best, and there was a great deal of vaccine hesitancy. I'm no expert, but it's largely along party lines that we have compliance with the pandemic precautions, yet, if we had 100% adherence to the guidelines perhaps we'd have beat this 6 months ago. No matter, it's taking longer but eventually we'll have this under control.

The pandemic has been hard on all of us in one way or another. My dad hung on through an awful illness that robbed him of his very breath for over a year – far longer than anyone expected. Perhaps he was holding on for one more visit with his sons. Having lost my mother to cancer in my early 20s, I was lucky to have a wonderful woman become my stepmom. Sherry has endured caring for my dad 24/7 for

over a year now, so perhaps if there's good to find here it's that she'll get a break, and his suffering is over.

Most of my life I've worked to impress my dad, and while others had a hand in my development as well, it was always him that I went looking for approval. Isn't it funny having spent my whole life looking for praise in one place and now it won't happen anymore? Perhaps in a way it'll be quite liberating. Always larger than life, my dad was one of these all-American-rags-to-riches success stories. While I never expected to see the same sort of achievements as my dad, I went on to live up to his expectations in other ways.

Well here I go—It's the beginning of a great adventure. No longer am I looking for the tacit approval of my father anymore. Look dad no net; and while it's a little scary, I think we'll find new and unexpected ways to find approval and validation of my upcoming shenanigans. My only wish is that I could share them with him. You don't need to remind me again why we took all the COVID precautions. 🍷

Kurt Staudter, Springfield, VT. Over the course of thirty years Kurt's career working for National Grid and New England Power has given him a unique perspective on the Connecticut River. From operating the Bellows Falls Hydro Plant in the 1990s, to his job now in Substation Operations & Maintenance, every day his work takes him someplace along the river. He is an elected Executive Board Member of IBEW Local 486. A longtime activist and political columnist for the Vermont Standard, Kurt along with his wife Patti also ran the Vermont Brewers Association representing the growing number of craft breweries in the state for almost seven years. He has a Bachelors of Arts degree from the National Labor College, and participated with a fellowship in the Harvard Trade Union Program.



What IS That?

DAVID PIERCE

In the October 2020 issue of *Owl Light News*, I issued a challenge to find a rock my Dad was standing on in a 1930's photograph from Naples, NY. To date, the rock has still not been located. (See owllightnews.com/in-search-of-a-rock to join in that challenge)

I am now issuing another, perhaps easier, challenge.
Can you identify this object?

While hiking in the Town of Canandaigua recently, I passed an old dumping site from a long-gone farm. This object, that was half buried in the dirt, caught my attention. The metal object is approximately 4.25 inches square with a red cut glass, faceted dome in the center. I am thinking it may be the top or side of a larger item.

I am offering a \$100 "prize" donation to Hospice House in the name of the first person who can identify the object and can provide an image of an existing, intact unit that this metal object is a piece of.

Happy Hunting!

For a color image of the object, visit [fb@canadice press](https://www.facebook.com/canadicepress).



Tragedy in West Yorkshire

Review of *The Ripper*, A Netflix True Crime Docuseries

•Directed by Jesse Vile and Ellena Wood •Premiered December 16, 2020

LEN GELLER

True crime shows are not for everyone, but if you are a fan of the genre, this docuseries is for you. It is dark, gritty, loaded with unexpected turns and twists, and a fascinating historical window into British society in the 1970s. In focusing on one of the most notorious cases in the annals of British crime, *The Ripper* tries to answer the central question why the largest and most expensive manhunt in British criminal history failed to catch a brutal and sadistic serial killer known as the Yorkshire Ripper who murdered thirteen women and attempted to murder seven others between 1975 and 1981. The docuseries is a chronicle of bureaucratic obstacles and police missteps that doomed the investigation to failure, and even though the killer, Peter William Sutcliffe, was finally caught, it was purely by accident when he was arrested for an unrelated traffic violation by a local cop who happened to notice a strong resemblance between Sutcliffe and a photofit on the wall of the police station. In the end, thousands of hours of police work involving hundreds of investigators and costing millions of pounds had come empty, and the question is why.

If you're like me, you don't like true crime shows that try to manipulate your emotions and build suspense and terror with a dramatic reenactment of events. If we wanted that, we would watch a real crime drama like *The Fall* or *Broadchurch* (both excellent, by the way). Nor do I like true crime shows that pander to our morbid fascination with murder victims by showing grisly crime scenes, as we see for instance in *The Nightstalker*. *The Ripper* does none of that. Instead, it tries to present the facts and get at the truth through interviews with all the relevant participants in the investigation and those in the public affected by the crimes. There is no narrator to manipulate viewer opinion but only the actual words and opinions of the police, forensic experts, the press, and most importantly, the surviving victims and the families of the murdered victims. To be sure, no documentary is free of a point of view, and that is certainly true of *The Ripper*. In the last two episodes, a strong feminist point of view does emerge, bolstered by interviews with Julie Bindel, a feminist writer and activist, and Joan Smith, a journalist and writer, both of whom were involved in the events of the time. But it's not the only point of view in the documentary, and it doesn't explain all or even most of the mistakes the police made.

In what follows I want to dive deeper into the docuseries and explore some of the other reasons for the police failure, but in order to do so, I will have to reveal a number of details critical to the investigation. For those readers and would-be viewers who prefer not to know these details beforehand, this is a spoiler alert, and they should read what follows only after viewing the series.

While the failure of the investigation was due to many factors, including a massive paper filing system for storing information on thousands of potential suspects that was too unwieldy and fragmented to be

useful (computer systems were not yet available to the police), the most important reasons for the failure were two faulty judgments by those in charge of the investigation that led the search for the killer down blind alleys. The first was misidentifying the killer's intended victims, the second misidentifying the killer himself.

Right from the beginning the police made a major mistake that misidentified the killer's intended victims and set the investigation on the wrong track. Sutcliffe's first murder victim was Wilma McCann, a single mother of four, in October 1975. Because her body was found close to the Chapeltown Red Light District in Leeds, and she had been seen leaving a club on the night of her murder, police assumed that she was a sex worker and it was a one-off murder. But when a second murder victim, Emily Jackson, was found just four months later in the same general area as Wilma McCann, and since Jackson was a known sex-worker who worked out of her van, police assumed they were dealing with a serial killer who was targeting sex workers because he "hated prostitutes." They continued to hold this view when the bodies of the third and fourth victims, Irene Richardson and Patricia Atkinson, whom the police also presumed to be sex workers, were found in April 1977, but when 16 years old Jayne McDonald, a high school student who was not a sex worker, was murdered in June 1977, the assumption that the killer was targeting only sex workers began to crumble. Instead of questioning this assumption, which would have widened their investigation and likely put the killer on their radar, the police explained the murder away by claiming that the killer targeted the young girl because she was walking alone at night and was mistaken for a sex worker. The police were guided by an assumption that they were reluctant to give up, and did so only when the killer began to target young women who were not sex workers in 1979 and 1980.

In fact, the assumption was false and unwarranted. Sutcliffe was attacking sex workers because they were easy and available targets, but when the opportunity arose, he also attacked women who were not sex workers. He was not just a "hater of prostitutes" but a hater of all women. He was a homicidal misogynist to the core. This became apparent when journalist Joan Smith obtained the West Yorkshire Investigation Team's Special Report from the FBI which contained nothing but scurrilous gossip about Wilma McCann and Irene Richardson and no evidence whatsoever that they were sex workers. By misidentifying the killer's targets, the police put many women at risk who otherwise thought they were safe, and excluded from their radar numerous attacks by Sutcliffe committed before the Wilma McCann murder going as far back as 1969. There were four such attacks, one on a sex worker in 1969 who was never identified and did not want to press charges against Sutcliffe who was arrested for the attack, and three on women in 1975, none of whom were sex workers and one of whom (Tracy Browne) was only 14 years. Since all of

the attacks prior to McCann used a similar *modus operandi* as the later murders and attempted murders—hammer blows to the head from behind and repeated stabbing and slashing of the body with a knife or screwdriver—and were therefore tied together by obvious forensic evidence, it is very likely that had the police not made this false assumption, they would have caught Sutcliffe and prevented the twelve subsequent murders and seven attempted murders that were to follow.

Why did the police make this mistake? Why were they so eager to jump to the conclusion that single mothers who went out partying at night and failed to meet society's definition of a "respectable" woman had to be sex workers? And why were they so reluctant to question this assumption and consider any counter evidence? The documentary suggests that one prominent factor was probably the sexist and classist attitudes of the police, the media, and the culture at large. Although I believe this is correct, it wasn't the only factor. At the end of the review, I'll say more about this when I take a stab at the third question.

Misidentifying the victims was not the only critical mistake the police made; they also misidentified the killer himself in what has to be one of the most colossal blunders in the history of British crime. In March 1978 and then later in March 1979, George Oldfield, the lead officer of the taskforce, received two letters purporting to be from the killer who signed them "Jack the Ripper." The investigative team considered them authentic because the blood type antigens secreted in the saliva on the envelopes matched the blood type antigens that police had found on the killer's victims, and that blood type B is found in only 6% of the male population. Moreover, the letter writer knew some facts about one of the victims (Vera Millward) that presumably only the killer would know. Shortly after receipt of the second letter, Oldfield received a tape from someone claiming to be the killer that began "I'm Jack." After linguistic experts identified the voice on the tape as a "Geordie accent" from the village of Castletown just three miles west of Sunderland, the police assumed (correctly) that because the letters were postmarked from Sunderland, both the letters and the tape were sent by the same person, and since the authenticity of the letters had already been confirmed, they inferred that the tape was also authentic and had come from the killer.

Shortly thereafter, Ronald Gregory, the West Yorkshire Chief Constable who was part of Oldfield's investigative team, launched the largest and most expensive (over £1 million) public relations campaign in British police history. Dubbed "Project R," it sent copies of the letters and audio tape to the media, grocery markets, schools and universities, and anywhere else where they could be seen and heard by the public. The police set up public displays and had mobile units playing the tape all over the country in the hope that someone would recognize the voice or know someone with a Geordie accent who might qualify as a suspect.

Continued on page 14

YOUTH SPOTLIGHT

Peace Park from front

- There were several inspirational dance routines by young women performers.
- Rose Garrity spoke eloquently about the problems of child/spouse abuse which are too rarely talked about.
- Judy McMahon dressed in appropriate garb to read Julia Ward Howe's "Mother's Day Proclamation."
- Cayden and Emma Cacala sang a beautiful duet, "The Best Day."

- A poem was read by Abagayle Bennett which included these opening verses:

"There are stories with unwritten pages.
 Conclusions to life that should have continued.
 Moments that should have been experienced.
 Love that should have been felt.
 Some children are taken from their storyline, far before the end.
 Ripped from the rough pages of the biography of their lives.
 With each moment we experience, we should do our best to remember that it is a moment stolen from another.
 We can not erase the past, we can simply do our best to heal the future,
 And give life to the legacies of those we could not save.
 May their stories bloom with the growth of the garden,
 And may their memories live on within us."

- The dedication ended with a dance routine focusing on the theme of mothers and children.



Helen McKean 2021

Andru Bemis performed background music and led people in a group song.



- Theodore Roosevelt Elementary School contributed over 50 pictures of children's art work reflecting their vision of peace and the peace garden.

As the garden matures, we expect to have herbs for children to smell, occasional story readings and the planting of a Linden tree adjacent to the garden. The Linden tree is a symbol of peace, compassion, love and hope.

Finally, in Binghamton there is a bridge now used only for pedestrian traffic. At one end of the bridge is the "Skirmisher," a statue depicting a soldier who fought in the Spanish American War—a war fueled by Yellow Journalism and

America's arrival on the stage of global imperialism. On the other side of the bridge is a small number of trees planted by an Armenian refugee church to remember the first genocide of the 20th century. President Biden just recognized the slaughter of a million plus Armenians by the former Ottoman Turks as an act of genocide much to the anger of modern-day Turkey. He has also decided to bring back all American

troops from Afghanistan by September 11 ending, in his words, "the longest/costliest war in American history." Native Americans might beg to differ looking at three centuries of wars ending with the 1890 massacre of over 300 Lakota at Wounded Knee. The majority of the dead were mowed down with Hotchkiss machine guns and 20 Congressional medals were awarded to the 7th Cavalry which carried out the "action."

"We say never again while we plant the same seed that will make it happen again" – from Bangabiki Habyarimana, The Golden Pearl of Wisdom. Memorial peace gardens can be a small but important "Public Voice" to offer an alternative to the paradigm

of war and violence. ✿

Visit bcpeaceaction.org/childrens-peace-park-dedication/ for many more images and a related video.

Some of the inspiration for the Otsiningo Children's Peace garden came from a similar Peace Garden located adjacent to the Holland Land Office in Batavia, NY. Anyone interest in such a project is welcome to contact Doug Garnar at garnardc@sunybroome

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. garnardc@sunybroome.edu



Honeoye Public Library

honeoye.owwl.org "We're Books...and More"

Summer Reading Starting Up in July

Expanded hours beginning in June!

Facebook live!
 Reading with Jimbo—Tuesdays
 Directed Draw—Saturdays



Butterfly Garden will be planted June 5th.

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Small Town Hound

Time Away and Time Together

Æsc



This month's column is in memory of our good friend Mars—The Aristocratic Collie.

My humans were talking, and it simply did not make sense. At first, it seemed like I would be going along with them on a big trip to my home state of North Carolina, to visit my foster family. My mother Ivy was homeless in Tennessee and the foster family took her and us kids in (they foster through Blackjack Animal Rescue).

Next thing I know, they are talking about me staying someplace called a kennel (while Mars and Winnie stay home without me). Sometimes as a dog—especially a young dog—the humans get to make the decisions. So, it was the end of April and off to a kennel I went. After an exhaustive search (big intelligent dogs are challenging to board) I ended up at Creekside Acres in Macedon, NY. I had had a trial visit there and that was okay, maybe even a little fun, but after a few days I was really missing Mars, Winnie, and the humans; I wanted to go home. Everyone there was kind to me, but the space was smaller than our outside recreation area and ... well ... it wasn't home. Nonetheless, I did alright overall but I was elated... simply elated ...when the humans came to pick me up.

This, my friends, is where my most recent adventure begins. Driven by guilt, my humans decided to take me along to some of my usual favorite places. First, we went to Wayuga Press. I, of course, immediately checked out my most recent column—after checking in with Kyle. I did what I needed to do there, near the creek where the fisher lives, and we loaded the Owl Lights and piled back in the car.

Our next stop was a place called Hardware Cafe and General Store in Fairhaven, NY. I had been here once before as well. There are no dogs allowed inside (and the day was a bit chilly, so no outside seating) so I hung out in the truck and watched the people go by while the humans went inside. I was cool with that, content in the knowledge that we were back together and that they would offer me a special treat. That, and they had already let me know that we were going somewhere new to have some fun.



A short drive later we disembarked at Chimney Bluffs State Park. As my one human fiddled with a machine in the car parking area, I caught sight of something exciting! At the far side of the parking lot was a row of rocks just the right size for a game of leap dog. What's leap dog you ask. It is when dogs build their coordination (and have a blast) jumping from thing to thing. I quickly jumped up on the first big rock and went the entire row of rocks. Ahead of me off the final rock was Lake Ontario—water as far as the eyes could



see—and trails leading off into the woods. I was super excited but kept my cool as we stopped to take in the view. I knew right away where I wanted to head. I could see a bunch of tall pointy hills that seemed like a most wonderful place to explore. And a wonderful place it was indeed (you should go there sometime if you have never been).

Continued on page 8

The Light Lens



Changing of the Guard

T. TOURIS

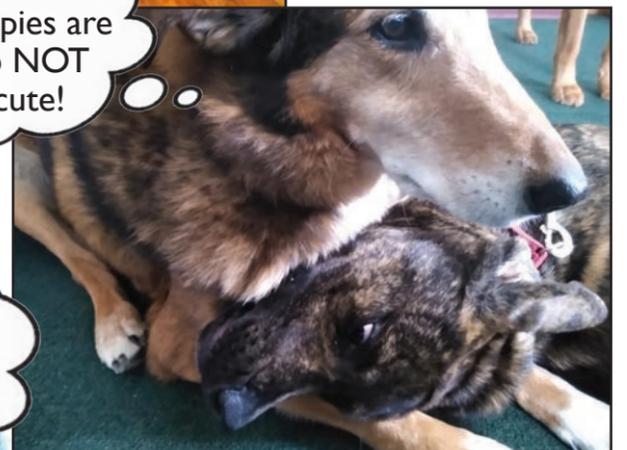
We recently lost our dog Mars. At 15 years old, we knew his time was limited and were worried that our dog Winnie would be devastated losing him. So ...

"We have some great news! You guys are getting a new brother!"



If we ignore him, maybe he'll go away.

Puppies are so NOT cute!



But their beds are surprisingly comfortable.



You're all right kid!



We're sure Mars passed along some of his canine wisdom during his short time with Æsc. We miss you big guy! Thanks for the joyful memories.

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.

Side Street Sounds

The Sweet Sound of Success

STEVE WEST

A young man at an open mic once asked me how to become a professional musician. I replied that he could go to Staples and buy some business cards. He should write his name on one line, and “professional musician” on the next. Voila! You’re a professional musician.

It wasn’t exactly the answer he was looking for. He may have thought I was just being a wise guy, but I was actually making a point. If you tell people that you are a professional musician, then you are. There’s no test you have to take. There is no license you must carry. If someone is willing to give you a dollar to play music, then you are a professional musician.

Perhaps the better question my young friend should have asked was not how he could become a professional musician, but how he could become a successful musician. My answer may have been just as frustrating for him. The truth is, on a large scale I have no idea. You can study for years and earn a degree in music, but that’s no guarantee of success. Some of the most famous and successful musicians in the world can’t read a note or play their instrument well.

It’s maddening, really. Music is not always a meritocracy. Some of the most talented people in the world never get a break, while some people who have a certain image that a record company decides is desirable become superstars with very little talent. In the 1980’s Milli Vanilli had a unique style and became huge stars. They were even awarded a Grammy

before it was discovered they weren’t actually singing their songs. Similarly, in 2004 Ashlee Simpson seemed to be anointed the next big thing until her infamous appearance on Saturday Night Live where she was caught lip synching. All the while, the very talented musicians who actually made the music Milli Vanilli and Ashlee Simpson were credited with performing go nameless in the minds of most people.

On a local level, I have a little better understanding of the factors that go into having some success as a musician. Oddly enough, being a good musician isn’t necessarily at the top of the list. There are plenty of weekend warrior types who can compete with seasoned professionals for gigs and get them. That’s because they’ll take less money just for the thrill of having a gig. The band that only has one or two gigs a year can easily get their friends and family to show up at a venue to hear them regardless of how good they may or may not be, just for the novelty of it. Many short-sighted venues don’t care how good the musicians are if they can bring in a crowd. While this approach may work in the short-term, I’ve seen many venues ultimately fail because they never build a crowd of repeat customers. The venues who consistently hire quality musicians often have better long-term success because they build a reputation as a music room, and customers will show up regardless of who is playing because they can be confident that they will be entertained. Therefore, if you want to get

booked into rooms where the music is really appreciated, you must be good at what you do.

One of the most important factors in finding success as a local musician is to treat it like a job. Show up on time, dress appropriately, and promote the venue. Treat the customers with respect, and don’t behave as if your main goal is to see how much free beer you can drink. You are providing a service to the venue. That service is to help them increase their business by entertaining their customers.

Networking is also important. Supporting other musicians leads to friendships and mutual respect that often lead to referrals. On the local level, there are a lot of musicians competing for a relatively small number of gigs, but if you earn yourself a reputation as a reliable, good guy, most musicians will be happy to tell venue owners about you.

There are many ways to measure success in the music industry. For some it’s money and recognition. For me, it has been the ability to make a living doing something that I love. I’ve had no delusions that I’d ever be anything more than a local entertainer, but for me filling that niche has made me the richest man in the world. 🐾

Steve West gigs (online performances and Live shows) and other info. can be found at: stevewestmusic.com/



Hound from page 7

Then it was back into the truck with one final destination in mind: home. I was so missing my canine friends and we just could not get there fast enough. I expected to see Winnie and Mars, but when we arrived there was another surprise. My one human took me walking on our road and a few minutes later we were joined by Winnie, Mars, and by my human’s big kid, Brittany. We all took a walk together along the road. She smelled familiar but it took me a moment to remember when we first met (another embarrassing moment I’m afraid). I was very little, and she was holding me. I was so thrilled to see her that I had a wee mistake, just a wee one, and I was so young then but still embarrassing to recall. Anyway, I think she forgot about that because once we got reacquainted a bit, she was super fun to hang out with. I did get a little annoyed one time, when she was rubbing her feet on me for too long. I let her know that I do not like human feet all over me (I am surprised the other humans did not let her in on that little secret). I got up and moved to the other side of the room. There were no hard feelings and the next day we said goodbye. Anyway, great fun and the best part of all was being back home.

This, my friends, is when the story gets a little sad. Four days after my humans came back, Mars was not quite right. I would go up to him to say hello

and play a little or to initiate a shared grooming time (something we loved) and he did not even seem to notice me at all. The humans knew that something was wrong too. They stayed close to him and gave him lots of loving. The next morning, they moved him closer to the big door so he could look out and listen to the bird songs, but I don’t think he knew we were there. He was an old dog, white around the muzzle as I have mentioned before. Alright, crap, I am a pretty solid dog (in more ways than one) but I am getting all teary-eyed talking about this. It is just sad. Winnie was super sad too.

Later that day, my other human kid, Kade, came by with a beautiful plant (I heard him tell the humans that it was a corkscrew hazelnut. What I noticed is how closely it matched Mar’s fur (I think the human planned that). They loaded Mars into a little cart and carried him down by the pond. They built a beautiful garden with the hazelnut and some other plants and sat by the pond looking sad.

That was when I noticed that Mars was gone. I looked all around (of course) but he was not in the house, anywhere in our yard, or in the back of the cart. You have to forgive me as this was my first experience with losing a friend. Mars was a super special collie-cross and he was elegant and handsome. That big guy could have been a show dog, and when my humans told him that he would pick up his step and look fancy. He especially looked great in a hat!

Life goes on as the humans are fond of saying and now it is just Winnie and I. We do fast pond loops together and are adapting although Winnie does not seem as interested in playing as she once did. She was with Mars since she was very young and misses him so much. Sometimes we go out together walking and sometimes alone. One final adventure I had was a walk to see my kid Kade, when he was working near our home. He works way up on roofs installing solar with a place called GreenSpark Solar. There were people everywhere and I had a great time saying hello to them. I would have climbed the ladder onto the roof, but they were so high up and I thought it best to leave them be. That, and I was visiting a little with the people who lived there and with their dog Molly, who is good at hunting porcupines (from the sound of it, I do not think this is something I want to try). As you know, I like finding humans and will continue my training in that, while honing my writing skills and keeping everyone up to date on my adventures. 🐾

Until next time, Æsc

Æsc is the "Small Town Hound—Finding Creative Venues and Adventures in NYS." He lives with his two humans and his canine companion Winnie in Canadice, NY. When not writing, his favorite pastime is finding people. He loves hearing from his fans: smalltownhound@canadicepress.com. facebook.com/SmallTownHoundNY

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The Monthly Read

She Is Not Crying Wolf

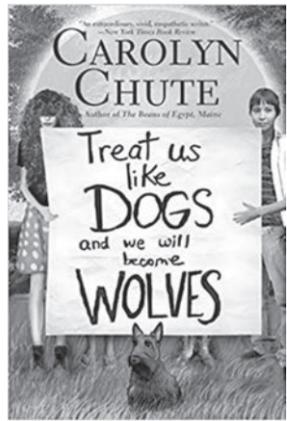
A Review of *Treat Us Like Dogs and We Will Become Wolves* by Carolyn Chute

Treat Us Like Dogs and We Will Become Wolves
691 pages
Grove Press



MARY DRAKE

Books have been called the mirrors of life; they reflect the world as we see it. But the world is infinitely varied. How then can a book show the full panoply of human existence? Some might say by having a full and diverse range of characters, settings and situations. This is the ambitious task that author Carolyn Chute set for herself in her 2014 book *Treat Us Like Dogs and We Will Become Wolves*.



As noted in previous reviews, I'm often drawn to books with unusual or intriguing titles, and the implied menace in this one is arresting. Who is being treated like dogs, and what are those wolves going to do? So before even opening the book, there is curiosity and suspense.

The "dogs" of the title are those individuals in Egypt, Maine (a fictional place), who are "lost or weird or badly damaged." poor, weak, deformed, deprived, or just plain different, who don't quite fit in and may not even want to. They are as varied as they are plentiful, and Carolyn Chute has made it her life's work to speak for them.

In this novel she creates a community called "the Settlement" where like-minded people come together to live. They are industrious—logging, making furniture, sewing clothes, designing solar panels, growing food, and so on. And because there are kids in this Settlement, they establish their own educational system—home schooling if you will. Their leader is an imposing, handsome and charismatic man named Gordon St. Onge who speaks for the Settlement, sets its tone, and directs its efforts. "And all around the eyes of the many watch Gordon; the men, the children, the women, and especially the teens."

But for some reason, perhaps it's an evolutionary instinct, we humans seem to crave homogeneity. We may be curious about those who are different; we may even reluctantly admire them. But when people set themselves apart, curiosity can easily morph into resentment and suspicion. There are ground rules ev-

eryone must abide by in order to exist within society. Such as, you can't be a danger to others (i.e., by stockpiling weapons and developing militias). You can't harm children, who are the most vulnerable in our society: you can't abuse them, exploit them (through overwork), expose them to bad habits (such as drug use) or even just deprive them of certain rights (like, the right to an education). And yet, Gordon St. Onge will be accused of all this and more. Some say he's impregnating teenage girls. Others that he and his Settlement are practicing devil worship. Rumors begin spreading like wildfire.

Now, in all fairness, Gordon does have a roving eye. And even though guns and militias are not in evidence, he does frequently rant to the Settlement, including the children, about corporate greed, government inefficiency, and general disregard for the Earth's resources and for the "dogs" of society. Gordon sees this ranting as part of the children's education; others see it as dangerous indoctrination.

Enter Ivy Morelli, a young reporter for a local newspaper; she is "bouncy and fit and . . . audacious" and is looking for that big story to launch her career, get her name out there and establish her as a serious journalist. Her editor assigns her to investigate Gordon St. Onge and his Settlement. An exposé would be a great feather in the newspaper's hat, but Gordon distrusts the media. Eventually, Ivy insinuates herself into his life and into the Settlement. All the prime elements for story conflict are here, and Carolyn Chute is a consummate, if somewhat lengthy, storyteller.

Like its main character Gordon St. Onge, this book seems to defy classification; it has been variously categorized as thriller, suspense, psychological fiction and political fiction. It's all that, and more. *O Magazine* called it "an intellectual page turner," and as you read you're guaranteed to learn something about philosophy, history, even science. This book is not for the faint of heart. Not only must you enjoy very thought provoking books, you must also be up for the commitment of time and effort it takes.

And the book does take some effort to read because it's written from dozens of points of view, not just Gordon's and Ivy's, but also from Gordon's ex-wife Claire, from various members of the Settlement,

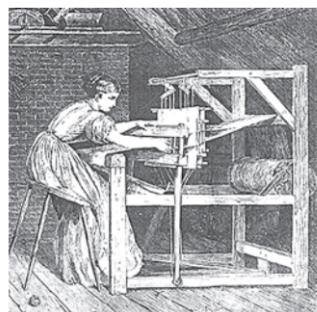
including children as well as adults, and even from the points of view of aliens (they're called "grays" and they're investigating our world), of Mammon (the representation of modern greed and consumerism), and the TV (how it wants to influence us). This many-layered narrating technique has been called "polyphonic." We certainly do hear a range of different voices, which keeps the narrative interesting and seems to be an attempt to make it more balanced. However, it can be a challenge to keep track of who is who, but to assist with this, Chute has provided a list of characters at the end of the novel.

Treat Us Like Dogs and We Will Become Wolves is nothing if not original. In its scope it has been compared to Leo Tolstoy's *War and Peace* and George Eliot's *Middlemarch* because, like them, Chute attempts to portray an entire society—the Settlement—with its abundant variety of members and their innumerable thoughts and feelings. Other times, her long descriptive passages can slow the narrative somewhat, but it's hard to mind, since her writing is, again, so original and surprising: "a hot polleny buttery radiant sweet summer morning;" "homemade soap that smelled "mushroomy, potatoey, dry rotty, peppery. Yarrow and St. John's wort? Goldenrod and turkey tail fungi?" Or, a field in which the "shade [is] a bobbing blue-black against archipelagoes of tall weeds painted a ladylike early-day yellow by the fingers of the sun." She has a keen eye for human nature and can transfer what she sees onto the page with dead-eye accuracy. The character of Gordon St. Onge is so mesmerizing and enigmatic that we keep reading partially just to figure him out.

A *New York Times* reviewer called Carolyn Chute "a James Joyce of the backcountry, a Proust of rural society." This is high literary praise indeed. She knows her subject because she lives in the back woods of Maine in an alternative lifestyle, with neither computer nor telephone. She has written seven novels, all set in the fictional town of Egypt, Maine.

Read, and prepare to be radicalized.

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



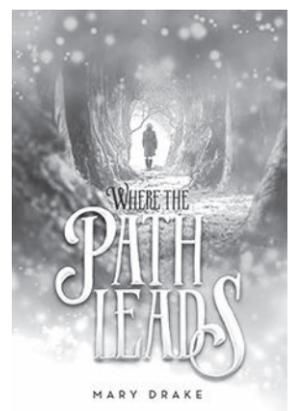
Where the Path Leads – YA FANTASY by MARY DRAKE (marydrake.online) Chapter 15: The Consequences

In the last chapter, Emily left her assigned job to go rest in the coolness of Blackwood Forest where she has been forbidden to go. Running away from the hunting accident she has inadvertently caused, she becomes lost, but is rescued by a lovely forest lady dressed in green. When she gets back, however, nothing seems to be as she left it.

Sophia had been sitting at the loom all day warping the loom prior to weaving more cloth for the Baroness. This time it was to be a deep burgundy; perhaps the cloth would be made into an autumn gown for Rosamond's wedding, but the threads were damp in her hands and stuck to her fingers. Right now, the wedding seemed a long way off. Sophia was more concerned with Emilia and how the poor girl must be suffering in this heat. Thinking of the sun beating down, she wove in some cool blue threads; thinking of the rich muck in the water meadow, some green for the plants; thinking of Emilia's sweet nature, hints of gold. Overall, it would be burgundy, but no fabric had interest unless it had undercurrents of other colors.

Continued online...owllightnews.com/where-the-path-leads-chapter_____.

Available as an ebook on Amazon and soon to be released in print.



POETRY & IMAGES from A.R. HONEY

End

The world is ending
Slowly, but surely,
And I?
I'm here to watch.

Time

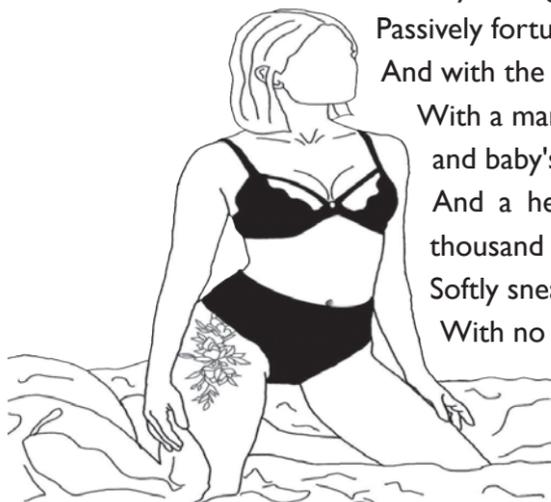
I think, collaboratively,
Humanity has one great regret.
Believing with such passion
Betrothed with such inference,
That we have an abundance of time.

The Moment

As we sit by the window at the cafe on elm street
You tell me about your day
Going through each sinless detail
Reminiscing with a precision so strong that you seem almost
proud of yourself
As you speak, I begin to wonder
Why it is, that your eyes are the same shade of blue as the
butterfly I chased in 1st grade
Rather than that of a deep and daunting ocean?
Why, exactly, does your voice remind me more of a calm, soft and
mellow Jazz song
Instead of a 1990's rock band?
Is there a reason, why your hair is golden in the sunlight
Like honeycomb on a summer's day?
As my thoughts linger in my head, you ask me a question
And that's when I realize
I stopped paying attention.

Believe

Seamlessly unforgiving
Passively fortunate
And with the soul of a lion,
With a mane strung from daisies
and baby's breath
And a heart that beats louder than a
thousand drums
Softly sneaking into hindsight,
With no expectation of glory
She takes a leap of faith
And learns to trust herself.



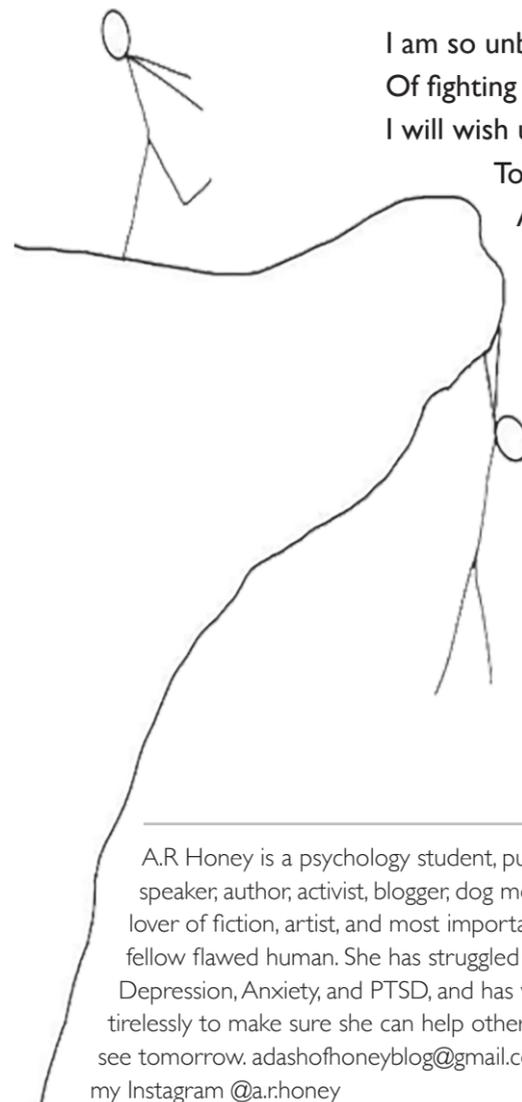
Her

She smells of smooth lavender and burnt vanilla.
Her eyes glisten like a raging green and blue river in the starlight,
sending messages of desperate love through each gentle wave of
wind.
Stretch marks reach across her skin like bolts of lightning striking
from a fiery sky, each one in a unique pattern like a fingerprint, no
two alike.
Her hair falls down her back, an unruly fight between each follicle
and the static in the room. But when she walks in, every step she
takes is like a note from a song, perfectly planned, beautifully
synchronized, and chaotically unexpected.
And good god is she beautiful, but not in the way you'd expect.

Her irredentist kindness shines through her skin and she doesn't
even know it, her intelligence is so utterly astounding that with
each syllable she speaks it becomes almost impossible to think
about anything else.
She is the resolution to every ounce of darkness and oblivion
scattered across every inch of the world.
She is all that is good and imperfect.
She is truth, she is love, and she is beautifully flawed.

Dreams

I am so unbelievably tired
Of fighting a war in my sleep.
I will wish upon a thousand stars
To dream of daisies
And happiness
Rather than monsters
Whom as a child,
I thought lived under my bed.
As I grew older,
The monsters never died.
I only discovered,
I was their home.

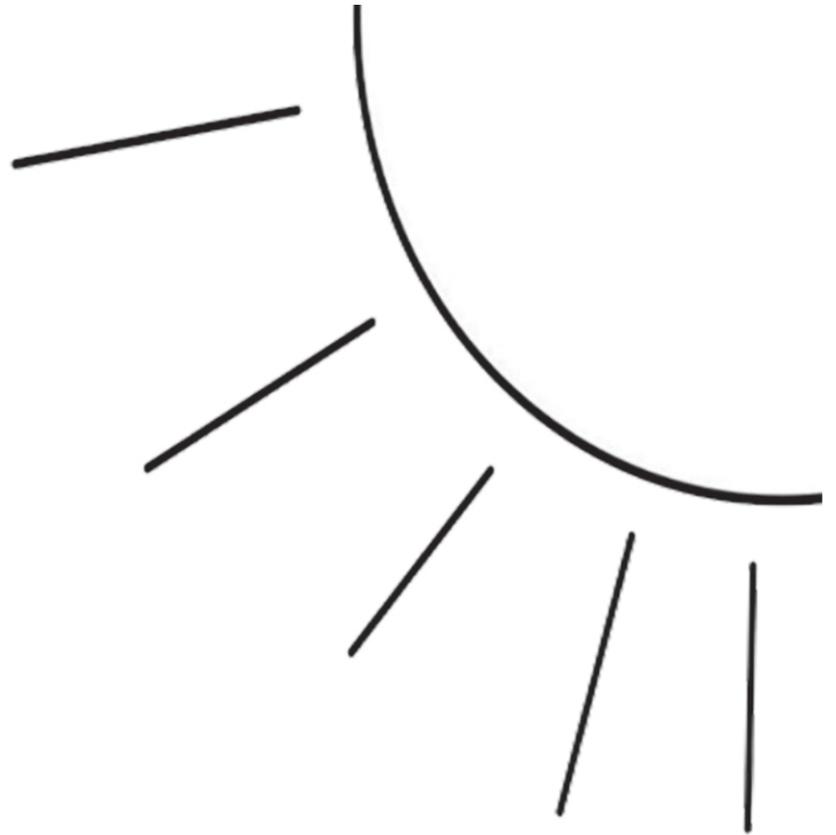


A.R. Honey is a psychology student, public speaker; author; activist; blogger; dog mom, lover of fiction, artist, and most importantly, a fellow flawed human. She has struggled with Depression, Anxiety, and PTSD, and has worked tirelessly to make sure she can help others live to see tomorrow. adashofhoneyblog@gmail.com and my Instagram @a.r.honey



Moon

I woke up this morning
And the sunlight hit my cheeks
But it was not warm in the way it normally is,
Soft and without meaning
It was warm in a new way,
Embracing, and full of sympathy.
If the sunlight could understand how I feel,
Would it care?
Or would it run away,
Like the moon.

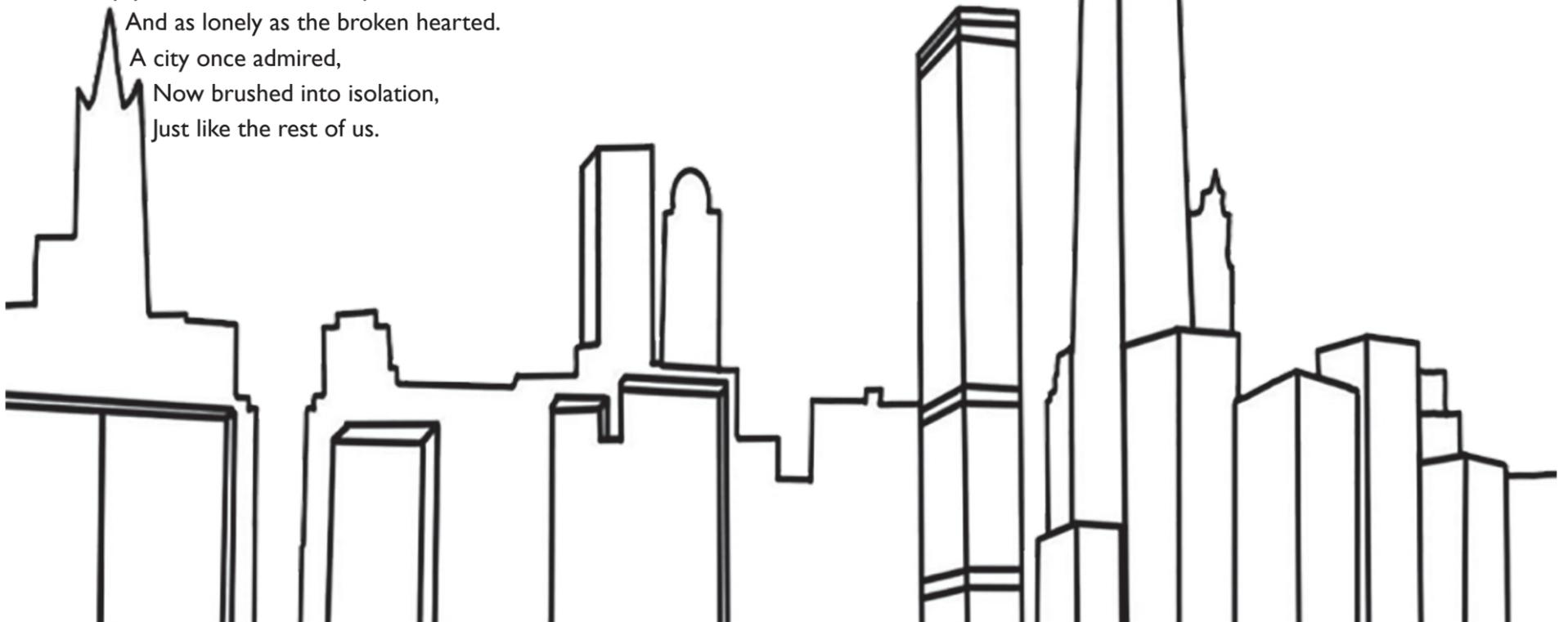


March 2020

There is something tranquil
Yet terrifying
About an empty Times Square.
The place where “dreams come true”
And I have panic attacks from the noise.
The place filled with desperate assistants
And chaotic lawyers.
Grown men dressed as superheroes, practically begging to
take a picture with you,
Because it’s only five dollars.

Off-broadway and Broadway actors blending together
In one dramatic collage.
The hustle and bustle of eight million people jammed into
304 square miles
Of skyscrapers and street food.
A city, a square, once so lively,
That it offended the living,

As empty as the abandoned department stores on 5th Avenue,
And as lonely as the broken hearted.
A city once admired,
Now brushed into isolation,
Just like the rest of us.



Summer

Flickering lights in the distance,
A city so unorthodox that the gods themselves
May shed a tear.
Only in beauty
And in fairness
Do the trees whistle in the wind
And the bees fly softly through the gardens
This is summer
This is love.

All images and poetry ©2021 A.R.HONEY

Bee Lines

Springtime Swarms and Splits

SAM HALL



In spite of the lower temperatures varying several degrees below our norm, my bees have largely done their normal thing. They have been raising a lot of new brood. Nature has also been cooperating in furnishing them with an overabundance of nectar bearing blossoms. The dandelions are still in bloom and there is a giant field of Rocket mustard nearby they haven't hardly worked at all not to mention all of the flowering trees.

Typically swarming season is from about May 15 through June 15, unfortunately this has never been adequately explained to the bees. A friend took a swarm out of some bushes on April 26th in Stanley. He believes they came from a swarm that has been living in a nearby tree. There was also a swarm in the City of Canandaigua a few days later. That was likely a swarm from the beekeepers own yard where he has 6 colonies. The upshot of this is that in spite of the cold temperatures swarming is underway.

With this in mind on May 1, I made a split from my colony #15 which is teeming with a large population. I took 3 frames of sealed brood (actually more like 2 1/2) with the attached nurse bees and put them into an 8 frame deep super. They're lucky as I had enough frames of drawn comb that I was able to give them that advantage in getting started.

The hope is that by taking away sealed brood and the new bees it represents that the colony will not swarm with lesser bees.

In anticipation of the swarming season I had gotten 6 Saskatraz queens on April 28th and had banked them in the top of a very strong colony where I was confident they would have good care until I needed them. Banking is where you place a caged queen in the top super of a strong hive with cork stoppers in place at each end of the cage so the bees (supposedly) can't get her out. They will feed her and take care of her even though they have their working queen below.

I used the term "supposedly" above because many years ago I banked a marked New World Carniolan queen and a few days later went to retrieve her and the cage was empty. The bees had chewed out the cork and released her. My only explanation which may be incorrect is that they liked her better than their existing queen and decided to take action. Fortunately, she was marked so I could make the real identification. The former queen was unmarked. The marked queen was down in the hive laying and the former I could not find. One thing to bear in mind is that when a queen is banked for a long period of time such as a month or more it may take longer for her to



Classic swarm queen cells. I placed both frames involved into my old queen castle. I believe the colony swarmed (in fact, I think the swarm is in my swarm trap).

start laying after she has been introduced. She will however eventually lay.

On the same day that I made up the split, I put in it a Saskatraz queen suspending her cage between two of the frames of sealed brood. I also took out the cork on the candy end of the queen cage so the bees could start the process of releasing her. It takes them about 3 days to do this which allows all of the bees to obtain and carry her personal pheromones throughout the hive. If she were released immediately they would probably kill her as they do not recognize her pheromones and still may have pheromones from their old queen.

I also put on a pollen patty and a top feeder with syrup so they would have plenty of nourishment to get them started on being a full fledged separate colony.

The syrup I made up and this time of year is 50:50 water and cane sugar. On May 7th I checked them and they had released the queen and she was down on the frames. I will check again in a week to see if she is laying.

This year I'm using a swarm trap that I bought. In fact I liked the looks of it so much I bought three of them. Two I have placed within the City of Canandaigua and one in my bee yard. In addition I bought a Swarm Commander patty to go in each. The Swarm Commander has been shown to pull a swarm out of the sky directly to it's location. I have never used them before. Not sure of what is in it but obviously it is a very strong type of artificial pheromone.

Hopefully, I have been able to convey to you some of the excitement that I have at this time of year as I anticipate a new beekeeping season and maybe you can share in that excitement.

Bee of Good Will, Bee of Good Cheer and always Bee Kind.



One of the new swarm catch boxes mounted in a tree. Images courtesy of Sam Hall



Memorial Ride and Celebration of Life for Austin Paul White

"IT'S A GREAT DAY TO BE ALIVE"

Saturday, June 19th, 2021

Hemlock Fair Grounds

7370 Fair Street, Hemlock, NY 14466

SIGN IN 10:00 - 11:30 (Free Coffee & Donuts)

LEAVING AT 11:30 - PARTY STARTS AT 4:30

ALL VEHICLES WELCOME

\$25.00 PER PERSON Meal Included

Tickets: Call Bill (585) 734-5582

Door Prizes - Raffles - Live Music

ALL PROCEEDS GO TO SCHOLARSHIP FUND AT HONEOYE CENTRAL SCHOOL

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."

Crafting Your Own Cuisine

EILEEN PERKINS

RECIPE

People generally do not think of an avocado as a fruit, but botanically it is actually classified as a berry, with its one large seed, like a stone fruit, e.g. peach or plum. Considering the green “alligator pear” in this way might make its slide into the dessert realm smoother. If you can get over the quirkiness of thinking of this as a dessert made from a vegetable, you might find you enjoy this marriage with chocolate.

Aside from being decadently rich, this confection has the advantage of being a destination for bruised and over ripe avocados, something I often have on hand. I like purchasing bags of mini avocados with the good intention of upping my daily dose of monounsaturated fatty acids and getting a bit of vegetable protein in the package. Eating them for three days in a row, on salads, or on avocado toast is a treat, but there are more than just a few in a bag, and they do ripen fast. It is a shame to waste them. And avocado can make a guilt free, dairy free dessert after all! Versions of this recipe have been circulating around in natural food venues for ages. Here is my adaptation. If this concept is new to you, now you, too, have a recipe to play with.

All ingredient measurements are approximate, owing to personal taste, and to the size variations of both avocados and their pits. Anyway, since the idea is to use up what you have, rather than purchase avocados of a particular size just for this purpose, most ingredient quantities revolved around how much avocado being utilized. Taste as you go, and record your preferences so you can repeat your success.

This is a rich, stand-alone pudding-like dessert, also wonderful served with strawberries, raspberries or cherries. I have also imagined it, although not tried it this way, as a cake filling or frosting. ✂



Chocolaty Avocado Dessert (Serves 2)

Ingredients

- 2 “mini” or small (about 8 oz. total weight) Hass avocados, pitted and shelled, yielding approximately 2/3 cup of flesh (black is ok), weighing about 5 1/2 oz. or 162 grams shelled. The rest of the ingredient measurements follow from this, but the adjustments in ingredient quantities are for the sake of flavor, so unlike with baking, it needn't be precise.
- 2 Tbsp.+2 tsp. real maple syrup or honey
- 2 Tbsp. unsweetened cocoa
- 1/2 oz. unsweetened chocolate bar, melted
- Pinch salt
- 1 Tbsp. milk (I use oat or almond)
- 1-2 tsp. vanilla, Grand Marnier or other liquor

Procedure

Carefully cut each avocado in half, navigating around the pit. Using a tablespoon, separate the creamy pulp from the shell of the pit-less half, by inserting the spoon closely between the meat and the shell, and prying out. Remove pit from other half and repeat process of freeing the fruit. Although it isn't necessary to scoop the fruit in neat halves for this application, it is a useful trick for other recipes where it matters.

Next, utilizing a food processor or blender, cream the avocado, scraping down sides, until no lumps remain. Add the rest of the ingredients and blend until smooth. Taste. Correct flavor to your preferences. If flavor seems too intense, add a little more milk. Refrigerate until cold. Serve plain or with any fruit that goes well with chocolate.

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.

COOKBOOK REVIEW EILEEN PERKINS

Storey’s Curious Compendium of Practical and Obscure Skills 214 things You Can Actually Learn How to Do

From the How-To Experts at Storey Publishing

This is not only a book that includes some recipes. It is a concise collection of basic techniques for making a multitude of foods and cultivating down-homey skills. I especially appreciate how concise and unimimidating the directions for each project are. They make me want to produce things that I’d never considered taking time to do before, like making kombucha!

The following caught my eye in particular:

- “Smoke Meat (or cheese) on the Stove”, using just a pot with a lid, a steamer basket, aluminum foil, and wood shavings or saw dust
- “Build a Self-Watering Container for Houseplants,” useful when going on vacation
- “Make Probiotic Pickles & Sauerkraut”
- “Make Medicinal Basil Pesto”
- ” Make a Still for Collecting Water”

- “Make Farm house Cheddar”
- “Speak Chicken”, now this one is intriguing...
- “Make Jerky”
- “Grow Vegetables in Bags”
- “Make Cat Chow Cookies”
- “Unclog a Drain without Chemicals”
- “Build a Movable Compost Bin”
- “Make Tempeh”
- “Braid a Rug”, a goal edging toward the top of my list.

This confidence summoning book may indeed be a collection of obscure skills but they are useful ones, and in my opinion, well worth investigating. I found a copy in my local public library system, and since it was published in 2020, it is easily obtainable for purchase. ✂

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Tragedy from page 5

If a suspect had a Geordie accent, he became a person of interest; if not, he was excluded. This massive and expensive campaign produced nothing, which should have been a tip-off that maybe the letters and tape were a hoax. Four years had elapsed since the first murder, and the search for the killer was no further along than when it had started.

Meanwhile, the first cracks in the official story began to appear when David Zackrisson, Detective Inspector with the North Umbria Police, finally got complete copies of the letters and noticed that both were filled with 19th century Victorian words and phrases. Suspecting a hoax, Zackrisson compared the 1888 letters of Jack the Ripper with the ones received from Sunderland, and after noticing numerous linguistic similarities, realized that the guy posing as the Yorkshire Ripper was using the letters of Jack the Ripper as a script for his own letters. His suspicions were deepened by the failure of the alleged Ripper in the first letter to chide police about a murder (Yvonne Pearson) that had already been committed but remained undiscovered until after the letter was received, and by the additional fact that everything in the letters was in the public domain, including the personal details about Vera Millward. Acting on his suspicions, Zackrisson submitted his skeptical findings to the West Yorkshire team, but nothing happened, and his concerns were swept under the table.

Here is an example of outstanding police work that was completely ignored by the leaders of the investigation. There are others as well, including the chilling scene in the last episode when, after Sutcliffe has been caught, Constable Andy Laptew recalls from his notes that he had interviewed Sutcliffe, and noticing a striking resemblance to the photofit created by Marilyn Moore's description of her attacker, he requested permission from his boss for a follow-up interview, only to be shouted out of the office and threatened with demotion. Laptew had the killer in his sights, and his supervisor stone-walled the follow-up. The docuseries is filled with these near misses. Over the course of the investigation, Sutcliffe had been interviewed nine times by police and still failed to make their top 40 suspect list.

It turns out that Zachrisson's hunch was correct: the letters and audio tape were a hoax, but this was confirmed and made public only after Sutcliffe was caught. He was from Bradford (in West Yorkshire) not Sunderland, and his accent was Yorkshire not Geordie. The failure of these leaders to recognize the hoax meant that from 1979 onward the police were chasing a phantom, a figment of their imagination. They had wasted vital resources including £1 million on a public relations campaign that led nowhere and thousands of hours of police work that could have been used to track down the killer. But most important of all, the failure meant that the testimony of victims like Olive Smelt and other survivors who swore that their attacker had a Yorkshire accent had been automatically excluded and ignored. It meant that the Yorkshire Ripper would continue his murderous rampage for another 18 months.

What we see in the misidentification of the victims and the killer are mistakes in judgment that could have been avoided if those leading the investigation had a better understanding of the critical thinking strategies vital to their line of work. The first mistake was wishful thinking or reaching a conclusion based on what you want to be the case rather than on what is the case. Investigators wanted desperately to catch the killer not only to stop the carnage but to appease mounting public pressure, so they jumped to what seemed like obvious conclusions based on hopes and fears rather than a full consideration of the evidence.

Another mistake was the unwillingness or inability of investigators to examine their biases, especially toward women of the lower classes. In the 1970s British society was a lot more sexist and classist than it is now nearly half a century later, and it would be unreasonable to expect the police not to reflect those values. This doesn't excuse their mistakes or exonerate them from responsibility, but it does explain one of the major obstacles to the investigation. We see these sexist and classist attitudes at work throughout the documentary: the distinctions made by the police and the media between "respectable" victims (non-sex workers) and women of ill-repute (sex workers), between

"innocent" victims and by implication those who got what they deserved, and between victims who mattered and those who did not.

A third mistake was that of confirmation bias, the powerful tendency in human beings to look only at evidence that will confirm one's beliefs and ignore any evidence that will falsify those beliefs. Confirmation bias is ubiquitous in our society. You see it everywhere, from advertising strategies to sell products to culture and political wars where partisans turn only to the media for information that confirm their pre-existing biases and beliefs. There are many reasons for confirmation bias: the lack of critical awareness, the desire for security, the need to identify with a particular social or political group, and so on. But what we see in the Ripper investigation is what is often found in people in positions of power and authority: a dogmatic arrogance rooted in a cynical desire to hold on to power and/or the belief that they know more than their underlings.

This brings us to the last and probably worst mistake of all: the dogmatic refusal to admit that one's assumptions and beliefs could be wrong. To be sure, Oldfield and Gregory would have had egg on their face and been subjected to intense public criticism had they admitted their mistakes and changed course, but in fact the consequences for them were far worse than not doing so (Oldfield was disgraced and demoted, and Gregory, his reputation ruined, resigned from the police and fled to Spain). One of the pre-conditions for a sound and successful criminal investigation is that all assumptions and conclusions be treated as tentative hypotheses that can be overturned in the light of new evidence. Nothing is writ in stone. Holding beliefs with dogmatic certainty and refusing to consider new and possibly falsifying evidence are cardinal sins. It is obvious in hindsight that the leaders of the Ripper investigation were in way over their heads, and their incompetence was one of the major reasons this tragedy unfolded as it did. ✎

Len Geller writes on the media and politics.
He lives in Seneca County, NY.



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Honeoye-Richmond Historical Society Museum Open for the Summer

Saturday mornings, 9:00 to 11:30
The museum provides a wonderful & enlightening glimpse into the past and is open free of charge. (donations appreciated)

There are several new exhibits, including a display of the Hemlock Fair and an exhibit on Richmond barns.

The museum is located at 8690 Main St., Honeoye (in the back section of the Richmond Town Hall). Please wear a mask when entering the building.
Information: Town of Richmond Historian, Joy Lewis, 585-229-1128 - historian@townofrichmond.org



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Etched in Stone – Exploring New York’s Buried Past

The Search for Canadice Pioneer Amasa T. Winch (1827-1897) ... Teacher, Family Man, Farmer and Politician



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.



Graves of “Little Mary” and “Our Alice” in the cemetery next to the Methodist church, Canadice., NY

THE CEMETERY

The Canadice Corners Cemetery is located next to the Methodist Church in Canadice, NY, at the intersection of County Road 37 and Canadice Hill Road. Unlike many of the cemeteries I have visited, Canadice Corners is still an active cemetery. The passage of time, however, has worn many gravestones to the point of being illegible. The cemetery was originally managed by the Methodist Church as a churchyard cemetery. Over time, the church was unable to continue maintenance of the cemetery, and operations were transferred to a Cemetery Association which is still operating.

With Honeoye Lake stretching out below, the rolling hillsides of Canadice surround the cemetery. The setting of Canadice Corners Cemetery gives the visitor a feeling of going back in time, to the small, white steepled churches of 18th and 19th century New England. The early inhabitants of Canadice came from various New England states to make a home and to farm the virgin, fertile farmlands of the region. Such was the experience of the Winch Family.

My 2nd great grandfather Amasa T. Winch was born at Marlow, Cheshire County, New Hampshire, May 9, 1820. His parents, John Winch and Mary Thomson, were both were descended from families of the early Massachusetts settlers. Mary Thompson provided the path for my direct lineage to the Mayflower voyage of 1620.



Amasa T. Winch circa 1845



Surviving Family Members, Amasa, Lucy, and Elizabeth Winch circa 1865



In 1829 Amasa moved with his parents to the town of Canadice, Ontario County, where he made his home on the family farm. The Winch farm was located on the west side of Canadice Hill Road (County Road 37) about 2.5 miles south of the Methodist Church. He was educated in the common schools of that town, with one season at the Lima Seminary, and he was engaged in teaching school from 1838 to 1850.



John Winch and Mary Thomson circa 1880
All photos courtesy of David Pierce

Amasa’s Adult Life—Family, Work, Politics, and Church

Family — On May 20, 1847, Amasa Winch was married to Miss Elizabeth Terbush (1824 – 1900). Elizabeth was born in the Town of Barrington, Yates County, NY and moved to Canadice with her family when she was 15 years old. They were married for nearly 50 years.

My motivation for writing Etched In Stone includes preserving the history of those who have gone before us...long lives and short lives, lives of triumph and tragedy. The Winch Family exemplifies these descriptive family experiences.

Amasa and Elizabeth had four children, all daughters, of whom the youngest, Lucy, born May 13, 1858, is my great grandmother. Lucy’s three older sisters, Mary, born April 12, 1848, Martha, born May 17, 1850 and Alice, born February 2, 1857, all passed away in childhood. Mary died in 1849 at a year and a half old, Martha died in 1850 at one day old, and Alice died in 1864 at seven and a half years old. Childhood mortality was all too common in the pioneer days of New York State, particularly in rural areas where everyday life was a struggle.



Alice Winch and Lucy Winch circa 1864, shortly before Alice's death

Amasa and Elizabeth endured the unthinkable, heartbreaking loss of three of their four daughters in a 15-year timespan. Only their daughter Lucy survived to adulthood.

In a strange and beautiful coincidence, Lucy, the sole surviving child of Amasa and Elizabeth Winch, married Lucius Doolittle of Canadice on September 5, 1888. They were married 33 years and had three children, all daughters, who they named Mary, Martha and Alice in memory of Lucy’s three deceased sisters.



Left: Amasa Winch’s Grandchildren Martha, Alice and Mary Doolittle with parents Lucy Winch Doolittle and Lucius Doolittle circa 1883. Above: Martha Doolittle Spiller, Alice Doolittle Kingsley and Mary Doolittle Paine, last time together circa 1972.

Continued on page 20

For the Love of Roses

Reflections from **WENDY SCHREINER**

“What a lovely thing a rose is,” said Arthur Conan Doyle.

I believe he was on to something.

My husband jokes and sings the line to the song, “I never promised you a rose garden...” However, over the past several years, our yard has begun blooming with the lovely flower in many different colors and varieties. It started with some “Knock Out” brand roses that went in the front yard under the big picture windows. Several rosebushes blossom in different colors across the garden here. There are red, fuchsia, pink and yellow roses. I love to cut some of these flowers and place them in vases and give them away to people. I also set a vase full of roses in the center of our kitchen table. The pretty rose scent lingers in the air.

After the “Knock Outs” came the mini roses in a rainbow array of colors. These ones can be found on the side of the garages in the backyard. Here, one will find white, yellow, pink, red, peach, lilac and a unique red and white variegated mini rose. There is also a taller bigger rosebush in fuchsia at the one end standing guard like a mama watching over all of the small roses. After the mini rose garden came the roses that I wasn’t suppose to plant. They are on the side of the house. My husband was in the hospital at the time and I needed to do something with my time. I also needed to cheer myself up and roses always bring joy! So, I planted some roses in different colors where it wasn’t so sunny. Thank goodness some of these roses have survived. Unfortunately, some of the roses didn’t quite make it. They are still planted. I guess I am waiting for a miracle to happen!

After the roses on the side of the house, I came up with a brilliant idea. “Let’s plant some roses on both sides of the sidewalk leading up to the front porch,” I told my husband.



Wendy Schreiner

There is no better time to focus on flowers than spring, and Wendy Schreiner has offered us a glimpse into the world of roses with words and images. As is often the case, there was a chance intersection of themes. Sally White, who writes our monthly “Fantastic Flora” column, wrote about the rose family as well, in her case focusing on serviceberry (see page 18)..

This was a big project. We had neighbors help us, as our backs were not up to the task. They did a great job. Red, fuchsia, white, yellow, peach and lilac roses greet anyone who walks up the front path before they get to our porch steps. These were beautiful the first year. The second year, the beetles found them and nibbled away. Boo Hoo. I was not happy. People suggested things that I could try to do. I’m hoping those pesky buggers don’t return this year. They may like my roses, but my roses and I sure don’t like them.

Continued on back

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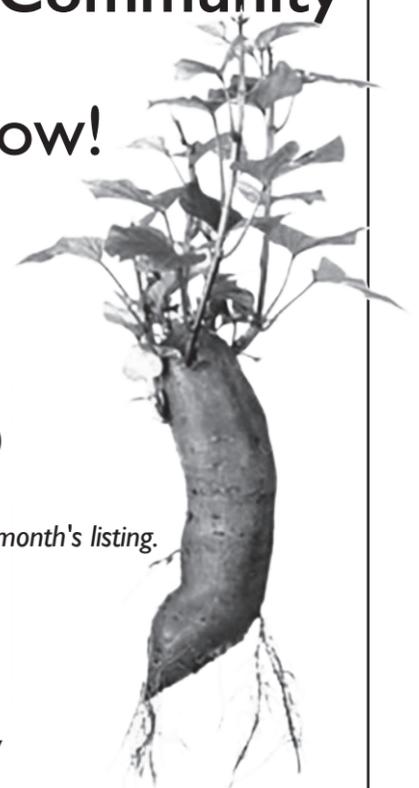
Are You Part of a Community Farmers' Market?

Let us help you grow!

Each summer we publish a monthly listing of area farmers' markets. If you are a community market organizer, please *email relevant information (market hours & location & contact info.) to: editor@canadicepress.com.

*updates by the 10th for inclusion in the next month's listing.

Our market listing will begin in the June 2021 Owl Light News, will continue throughout the summer, and is free for community markets. (We can also place paid ads in print and online for farm and market businesses.) owllightnews.com/owl-advertising/



Dragonfly Tales

Care and Breeding of Dragons

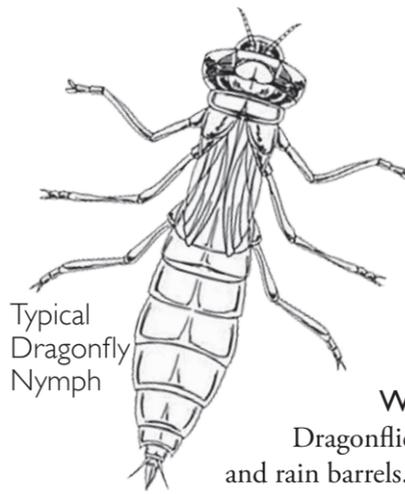
STEVE MELCHER

If you fill it, they will come...
could be a bucket, bowl or a pond.

There was an interesting article in the May 2021 issue of the *Owl Light News* by Sally L. White about sedges which mentioned the saying, "Sedges have edges and rushes are round, and grasses have nodes all the way to the ground." This reminded me of my saying that, "Sedges have edges and rushes are round and water is found where dragons abound" which is skewed toward my love of dragonflies. Dragonflies are the wonderful aerial acrobats of the aquatic world. Who wouldn't want them buzzing around catching mosquitoes while you're in the backyard firing up the barbie? They are ideal photography subjects and objects of spiritual contemplation. The males set up territories and will land on the same twig or leaf after each patrol. Set up your camera or sit there with your phone and snap a photo every time he returns to his post.

Many of you have written to me of your journey towards creating a more diverse critter friendly habitat around your home. I see more and more yards being converted from a monoculture of fertilizer fed Kentucky Bluegrass to a pollinator heaven full of buzzing bees and fluttering butterflies. We need more of these. I wonder why the overweight gentleman even has a riding lawnmower to scalp the green on his postage stamp of lawn. Let's not compete to see who has a weed free yard. If you do, you're promoting one of the most devastating and insidious forms of pollution. Reams of reports have been written about the relationship between fertilized, herbicided, pesticided lawns and the decline of natural systems. Let it grow wild. Many of you have read Douglas Tallamy's 'Bringing Nature Home' where he expounds the beauty and benefits of converting the conventional suburban lawn to a natural native landscape. Thank you. You have become an island of hope for nature; hope, not only for survival of dragonflies but for mysteries of our natural world that we are just beginning to understand. About 15 percent of North America's dragonfly species are in danger of extinction. Habitat loss is the number one reason. Attracting dragonflies to your home garden helps to protect these beneficial dragons of the sky and cut down on those bugs that really bug you.

So, you've decided to desod the fodder and start afresh with native plants (please do your research on what are native plants in our area). If you've decided to go wild why not become what Ruary Dodds calls a 'Dragonfly Friendly Gardener'?



Typical
Dragonfly
Nymph



Creating a water feature
in your garden

Water: it's what attracts dragonflies.

Dragonflies have been known to breed in horse troughs and rain barrels. But how did they get there? You don't have to have the Montezuma Wildlife Refuge in your backyard or even live on the shores of one of our beautiful Finger Lakes to attract dragons. Dragonflies have been known to travel up to 3 miles from a source of water to find suitable prey and habitat. The simplest thing you could do is to fill a tub with water and water plants like the ones listed below. We know that butterflies, moths and other pollinators are attracted to certain plants or need a specific plant to complete a life cycle. We learned about the relationship of the Monarch butterfly and milkweed in a previous issue of *Dragonfly Tales*. Interestingly, there is research that suggests there may be a similar plant/species relationship for dragonflies. A simple search on the web will provide you with a plethora of articles about the benefits and 'how tos' of bringing dragonflies into your garden. They all start with a water feature.

For a pond designed for dragonflies:

- Provide a variety of depths from very shallow to a 18 inches or so.
- Select an area with few overhanging trees. This will make it easier to keep clean and dragonflies like sunny areas.
- Use a variety of pond plants, but include ones with vertical stems or leaves.

There is a YouTube video on building a pond dedicated to dragons

– youtube.com/watch?v=DSCy9JfuMI4

But what about mosquitoes you say? The number one prey species for dragonflies, when abundant, is the mosquito. A large adult can eat over 100 mosquitoes a day. Dragonflies are ideal hunting machines. More than 80 percent of their brain is used for processing visual information. Believe it or not, but those bulging eyes can see objects up to 30 feet away and detect motion as far as 60 feet away. They may consume 10 to 15 percent of their own body weight per day. Even the dragonfly as a nymph (see nymph illustration above) devours the wiggler larvae of mosquitoes.

Continued on page 19

Farm Markets Offer Up Local Food & Artisan Goods

Penn Yann Farmers' Market Opening June 12

The Market will as usual be open Saturday mornings; hours will be from 8:00 AM until 12:30 PM.

Yates County's local-only market, the Yates County Cooperative Farm and Craft Market, better known as the Penn Yan market, expects to open June 12 for its 45th year. The Market's been various places in Penn Yan over its long run. In 2021 it will again as last year be on Jacob Street; which runs between Main Street and the Village parking lot to the east of Main Street. The Village of Penn Yan will be closing Jacob Street for us. Stalls will be set up on Jacob Street starting right next to Main Street between the Town Hall and Community Bank; the parking lot at the end of Jacob will be available through the Elm Street entrance.

We'll be following whatever safety precautions are required at that point by New York State and/or by the Village of Penn Yan. This situation may be changing; but please don't throw out your face masks yet.

Several new produce and craft vendors expect to join us this year, and possibly a new baker; and of course some of the familiar faces will be returning.

Everything sold at the Penn Yan Market is grown or made within Yates County or an immediately adjacent county. We're looking forward to seeing both old and new customers. Come for the excellent quality, come to support and be part of the local community, come to see your friends and neighbors!

To apply as a vendor, or with further questions, contact the market president, Rivka Davis, 607-243-5234 or organic87@frontiernet.net.

Little Lakes Farm Market,

4705 S. Main St., Hemlock NY 14466

Saturday's from 10AM – 1PM, June 5 - Oct. 16

Our market vendors are local farmers, gardeners and artisans. We offer locally grown seasonal produce, perennial and house plants/garden items and an array of hand-made items. Shoppers can expect to find micro greens, dried herbs and spices, spice rubs, jellies/jam, cookies, breads, muffins, fudge, sweet rolls, scones, turn overs, honey, honey sticks, maple syrup, and a wide variety of produce when in-season to include tomatoes, peppers, greens, corn, eggplant, squash, fresh herbs, berries, cherries and nuts.

Garden vendors offer cut flower bouquets, fairy gardens, flower seeds, bird houses, planters, unique wood fairy doors and other natural items.



Artisan vendors offer custom fabric pet/child portraits, placemats/napkins, wall hangings, small fabric baskets/trays, country towels, soaps, lip balm, mosquito repellent, candles, face masks, bird houses and miscellaneous garden decorations.

Fantastic Flora

A Rose by Many Other Names – Serviceberry (*Amelanchier* spp.)

SALLY L. WHITE



June is the traditional month for traditional roses, and Nature is happy to oblige us in the wild as well. Many of our native roses, however, masquerade under other names, some even under disguises so complete most of us never suspect their true identities. There are roses hiding in almost every one of the flowering shrubs we seek out for their color and beauty each spring. Some of those roses are hiding among the serviceberries, one of our earliest flowering shrubs. If only it were so simple. Ten species and four hybrids in New York are united under the “serviceberry” name. You may have grown up knowing one or more of them as shadbush, shadblow, juneberry, saskatoon, sarvis, bilberry, or just plain serviceberry. At least one species of serviceberry is native to 49 states and most Canadian provinces. No wonder they have so many names!



Sally White



“Shadblow” seems one of the most intriguing of the names. I knew shad was a fish, a type of herring, but when I looked it up, most of what I found was recipes! Shad roe, it turns out, is a delicacy among enthusiasts. Serviceberries bloom (or “blow”) when the shad are running upriver, folklore tells us, providing an easy seasonal clue to fisherfolks.

Many roses, in flower and fruit, provide pleasure and fragrance to humans and food to both humans and wildlife. Among familiar tame roses, we find apples, pears, peaches, apricots, cherries, strawberries, blackberries, raspberries: It's hard to make a fruit pie without involving one or another of Rose's cousins. The Rose Family is so diverse that its three subfamilies are distinct even to casual observers. The key is in those luscious fruits. The apple subfamily includes pears, quinces, and hawthorns and has multi-seeded fruits; the peach subfamily includes the one-seeded “stone” fruits: cherries, plums, peaches, and apricots. The rose subfamily is a catch-all for the rest—strawberries, true roses, raspberries, and so on. A close look at the flower reveals an underlying unity: Five petals and sepals—and many, many stamens—characterize roses. Those in your rose garden, however, are highly modified from that pattern.

Serviceberries are no exception to Rose's reputation for utility. First Peoples in Canada most likely taught early European explorers, and later colonists, how to use the abundant saskatoon. They ate berries fresh or dried them for winter use, made medicines from bark and twigs, and used the strong straight wood for arrows and other tools.

Most serviceberries are shrubs or small trees and many species range widely. Hungry pollinators flock to the early white blooms, as they do to other fruit trees, and wildlife enjoy the berries when they ripen, often in June. Some forty species of birds appreciate the fruit, which resembles a blueberry in size and color, and, some say, taste. Mammals from mice and chipmunks to foxes and black bears also enjoy eating the fruit. Such wildlife use enhances germination and carries seed to new locales. Caterpillars of swallowtails, admirals, and other butterflies feed on the leaves of some serviceberries.

Serviceberries brighten corners of local woodlands. When driving in late April, I spotted them blooming along roadsides and hedgerows, habitats where better light is available than in the deeper woods. As useful as they are in the wild, serviceberries are also wonderful in natural landscapes at home, providing flowers for you in spring and colorful leaves in fall, with maybe a Juneberry pie in between, if you can beat the birds to them.

By the time the leaves of the downy serviceberry (*Amelanchier arborea*) expand in early May, the flowers have already faded. Young leaves of downy serviceberry show characteristic fine hairs that become less apparent as the leaves expand.



Hadi Soetrisno



Sally White

In full flower by mid-April, serviceberry flowers along roadsides and hedgerows brighten leafless spring woodlands. The fully expanded leaves of serviceberry (left) fill in the understory below the dominant hardwoods, which are still mostly leafless in early May.

A few species you may encounter in the woods or at your favorite native plant nursery are:

- Downy serviceberry, *Amelanchier arborea*, may grow 30 ft tall, zones 4 - 9
- Canada serviceberry, *Amelanchier canadensis*, grows to 26 ft tall—hardy zones 4 - 7
- Saskatoon, *Amelanchier alnifolia*, reaches about 10 to 15 ft in height and is said to be the best for eating. It is cultivated commercially in Canada, and is the most cold-tolerant species, zones 3 to 5.

If you go shopping to put native “roses” in your landscape, remember that attractive options venture far beyond serviceberries to mountain ash (*Sorbus*); hawthorn (*Crataegus*); chokeberry (*Aronia*); chokecherry, black cherry, and pincherry (all are *Prunus*); and purple flowering raspberry (*Rubus*). Any or all of these will enhance your habitat and make backyard birds happy!

I'll leave it to you to remember our rosy sayings, but I think you'll agree it's hard to name another plant family that's given us so much symbolism and legend down through the ages. From Eve's apple, to the briars that grew up to protect Sleeping Beauty's castle, to the symbol of love and loyalty still used by suitors today, in the wild and in our gardens, roses are constant companions. Serviceberries deserve a special place among the roses for the many “services” they provide in our woodlands. 🌹

**And I will make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies...**

Christopher Marlowe, 1599

Sally L White is a lifelong naturalist and writer. After 40 years in Colorado, she's getting reacquainted with New York's native flora, exploring one plant at a time and sharing special stories of each. Once a place of youthful memories, the Keuka Lake area is again her home.

Dragonfly Tales from page 17

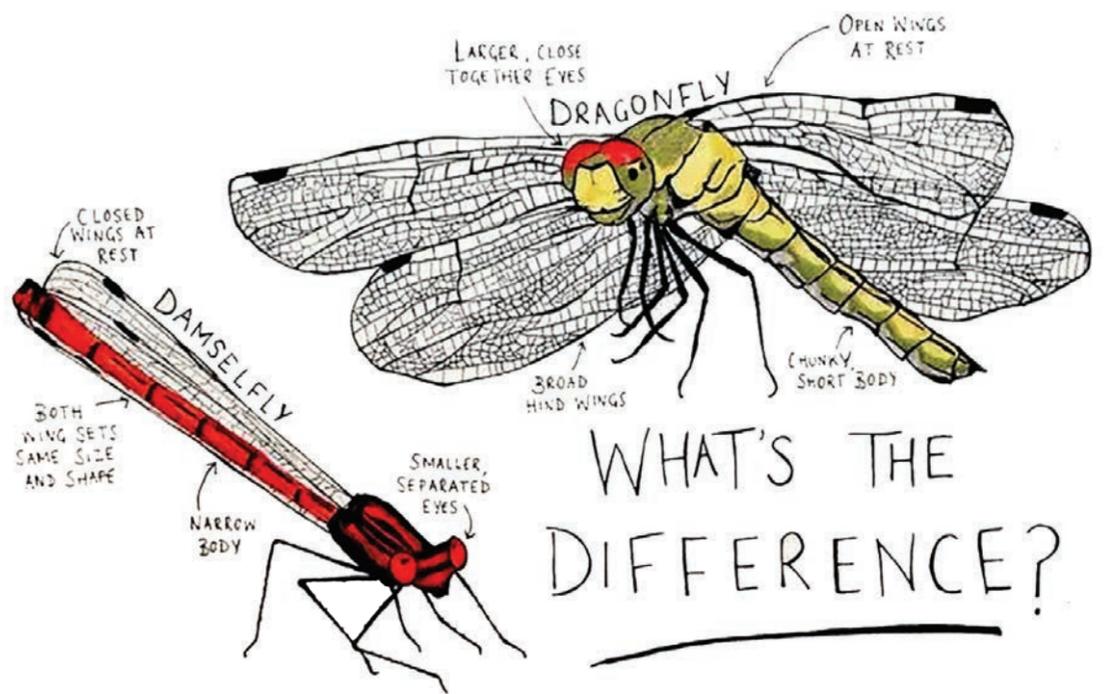
You can also use mosquito donuts or dunks that contain *Bt israeliensis* if the buzzers have arrived before the dragons. So there is no excuse for you not to become a Dragonfly Friendly Gardener. You have a dog that is a tick magnet or a cat that brings in the occasional songbird gift or a teen... enough said, you can risk putting up some water feature that may temporarily harbor mosquitoes. But, if monitored properly and occupied by dragonflies, they will rid the area of mosquitoes and provide hours of dragonfly acrobatics in an ever changing circus of nature.

A Review –The life of a Dragon

Dragonflies start out in water. All but one species of dragonfly breeds in freshwater. The adult lays the eggs in or near the water directly or drilled into a plant stalk. A nymph hatches from the egg. The nymph lives as a water creature anywhere from a few weeks to up to eight years depending on the species. The nymph, a voracious predator in its own right, eventually crawls out of the water and the marvel of metamorphosis occurs (ecdysis). The shell of the nymph (exuviae) is split open and left behind as the new winged adult (called a teneral) squeezes out into the world of the airborne. After a precarious few hours drying its wings where it is extremely vulnerable to predators, the adult dragonfly flies off into a new life in pursuit of a meal and a mate; a life that only lasts, at most, six months.

12 plants to Attract Dragonflies for Mosquito control Around the Yard

1. Swamp Milkweed (*Asclepias incarnata*)
2. Joe-Pye Weed (*Eupatorium purpureum*)
3. Black-Eyed Susan (*Rudbeckia hirta*)
4. Meadow Sage (*Salvia marcus*)
5. Yarrow (*Achillea*)
6. Borage (*Borago officinalis*)
7. Coneflowers (*Echinacea*)
- Water Loving plants**
8. Arrowhead (*Sagittaria latifolia*)
9. Wild Celery (*Vallisneria americana*)
10. Water Lily (*Nymphaea*)
11. Water Horsetail (*Equisetum fluviatile*)
12. Pickerel Rush (*Pontederia cordata*)



Source: Scottish Wildlife Trust

Other Wetland Sayings

Do you know the difference between a marsh and a swamp? A marsh has grass and a swamp has trees, if you walk through either you get wet up to your knees. Or you can remember it the other way. A swamp has trees and a marsh has grass. If you walk through either, you get wet up to your... knees.

Did you know? The scientific name for the black needle rush is *Juncus ro-marianus* not *Junkus* Rosemary's anus (although this, perhaps, serves as a way to remember the Latin).

The Dragonfly

Today I saw the dragonfly
 Come from the wells where he did lie.
 An inner impulse rent the veil
 Of his old husk: from head to tail
 Came out clear plates of sapphire mail.
 He dried his wings: like gauze they grew;
 Thro' crofts and pastures wet with dew
 A living flash of light he flew.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Tennyson lived in the village of Freshwater on the Isle of Wight!

Further reading:

The Dragonfly Friendly Gardener by Ruary MacKenzie Dodds

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



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Making Lemonade

Garage Sale Cleanout – A Journey Down Memory Lane

BARB STAHL

Is it time for a garage sale? A good question that was quickly answered by a neighbor. Our street is having a garage sale so that got me inspired to get going cleaning out as I had been promising myself to do for all the pandemic months. What better way to spend stay-at-home time? Of course, I didn't start until I was fully vaccinated. That would have been too clever. Better I should finally get to it, hurry up now, and just do it!

When looking back at preparation for garage sales through the years, I remember one many years ago when I started to put my doll that I had as a young girl into the sale. When I put her down, she cried out. Yes, I had totally forgotten that Susie would cry when bent over and lifted up. Well, she immediately got rescued from being sold, and to this day she sits on top of my bookcase. She will be there for my forever.

After a couple of weeks of cleaning out drawers I may possibly have the neatest dressers on my street. Next, I began diving into closets and dusting off the games I never play to be sold. I hope somebody buys them. Now, with all the electronic games, I'm not sure if anyone still uses actual game boards and real cards instead of electronic ones. We'll see.

Garage sale clean out is an adventure. Part of my big cleanup was to have my windows washed professionally, but I did the curtain washing myself and that was a formidable challenge. How many times can curtains slip back off the rods before you get them firmly attached in place? Several I discovered.

Unfortunately, by the time you read this my garage sale will be over for better or worse. I will be donating whatever didn't sell to a couple of my favorite places.

One finds some real forgotten treasures when cleaning out and some of mine were travel books of wonderful trips taken by RV with my husband. I could relive many of those great moments that I probably didn't fully appreciate at the time. Now I guess people take a lot of pictures on their smartphones which will someday serve the same purpose if they can find them in the cloud.

I had a huge box of CDs to record on, along with plastic cases to store them in, and I can't help but wonder what I ever imagined I would be using that huge supply for. I wonder if anybody will buy those? They'll be very cheap!

Nearly standing on my head to pull items out of the back corner of a cupboard was exciting. But then, the really exciting thing was to look into a very neat,

orderly, dust-free cupboard without all the extra stuff I haven't used since 2005 when I moved into this house.

It's sad to learn that nobody wants fancy dishes anymore. I don't know what I will do with those beautiful sets that my grandparents used only for Sunday dinners. They won't go into a garage sale, but I'm not sure where they will go. Nobody wants beautiful old soup tureens with covers or fancy cut glass dishes anymore. Those things will take some thought as to what to do with them. It's also hard at a time like this to think about all the folks who don't have much in terms of belongings or family mementos.

Part of my regrets in cleaning out was to discard old photos of people I didn't know. My rationale was that if I didn't know who they were my family sure wouldn't. And in cleaning them out, I put our family in labeled file folders so others will know who's who. And, as you undoubtedly continue to remember, I am always working toward writing that family history I keep mentioning...slowly but surely. It is a much larger project than I ever imagined.

Getting ready for a garage sale I discovered was in large part a review of my life and the interactions of my family. It also provided evidence of events and / or trips taken throughout my life. So, in part it serves as a trip down "Memory Lane." Guess I'd better get back at it as I'm far from finished cleaning out and getting ready for the Big Garage Sale! ❧

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.



Etched in Stone from page 15

Politics and Work — Amasa Winch was originally an anti-slavery Democrat, but became a Republican upon the organization of that party, and voted for John Fremont, Abraham Lincoln, and all the succeeding nominees for the presidency. He was elected supervisor of Canadice in 1870, and was re-elected to the same office for the six following years, several times with no opposition. He was chairman of the Ontario County Board of Supervisors in 1874 and again in 1876. In the Fall of 1876 he was made the Republican nominee for member of Assembly in the second or western district of Ontario County, and was elected by a majority of 800 votes. He served on the Public Education, Grievances, and Public Lands Committees. Re-elected in 1877 for the session of 1878, he was appointed to membership on the General Laws and Manufacture of Salt Committees, and was the Chairman of the Public Lands Committee. Following his retirement from the Legislature, he continued to reside on his farm in Canadice, and afterwards held no state public offices. He was town superintendent of schools for several years previous to the abolition of that office, and practiced some as a land surveyor for a few years, and when not otherwise employed, worked on the farm. He also served as a Notary Public and Justice of the Peace. He was elected to the Justice of the Peace office without his consent, and so great was his dislike of litigation, and he found the duties so distasteful, that he resigned after a single year's service.

Church — Amasa was converted in 1837 in a revival conducted by the Rev. Thomas Castleton, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He united with the church, and continued as an active member of the church and Sunday school for nearly 60 years. During most of that time he was a teacher in the Sunday school, and held various offices in the Sunday school and church, serving as Superintendent of the Sunday school for 16 consecutive years, during which he never was absent a Sunday from his duties.

Death of Amasa T. Winch

• Had Twice Represented His District in the Assembly • Was 76 Years Old

Excerpt from the Livonia Gazette, 12 March 1897

Two years before his death, Amasa had a very severe attack of the grip, and for days his life was despaired of. He thought he was dying, and bade all good-bye. He was asked, "what was the outlook, whether the prospect was bright?" In his final illness he was taken so deathly sick that he was never able to hold conversation, and could hardly talk or hear. He left no good-bye, said nothing about whether he expected to live or not, but about two hours before he died, he turned toward the window, although outside it was still dark, and the curtains were down, and looked earnestly at what mortal eyes could not see, and said: "What a magnificent sight!" It was his last sentence on earth, but it told what was the outlook. The question of two years ago was answered. He leaves three young grandchildren, Alice, Mary and Martha, and is reunited to his own little Mary, Martha, and Alice.

Amasa T. Winch passed away before dawn on Saturday, February 27, 1897 at the age of 76. He led a long life of joy and sorrow, triumph and tragedy, gain and loss. He was buried in the Winch Family plot, in the churchyard of the church he served so faithfully, completing his journey here on Earth, now preserved as a small piece of New York's buried past. ❧

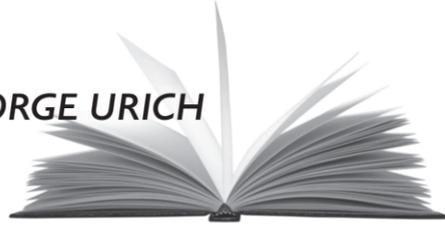
David and his wife Colleen live in the Town of Canandaigua. David has enjoyed exploring his family history for many years, documenting people, place and events as far back as 1590. He is a certified member of the General Society of Mayflower Descendants, having documented his ancestry back 10 generations to Francis Cooke and Peter Browne, two of the original passengers on the Mayflower voyage of 1620, 400 years ago. He is currently researching a third path back to Mayflower passenger George Soule, who was an indentured servant of the Winthrop Family. Many of his ancestors lived in and around Ontario County for well over 200 years, providing a fitting backdrop for his research.

Literature 101©

Owl Light Puzzle 14 – By GEORGE URICH

ACROSS

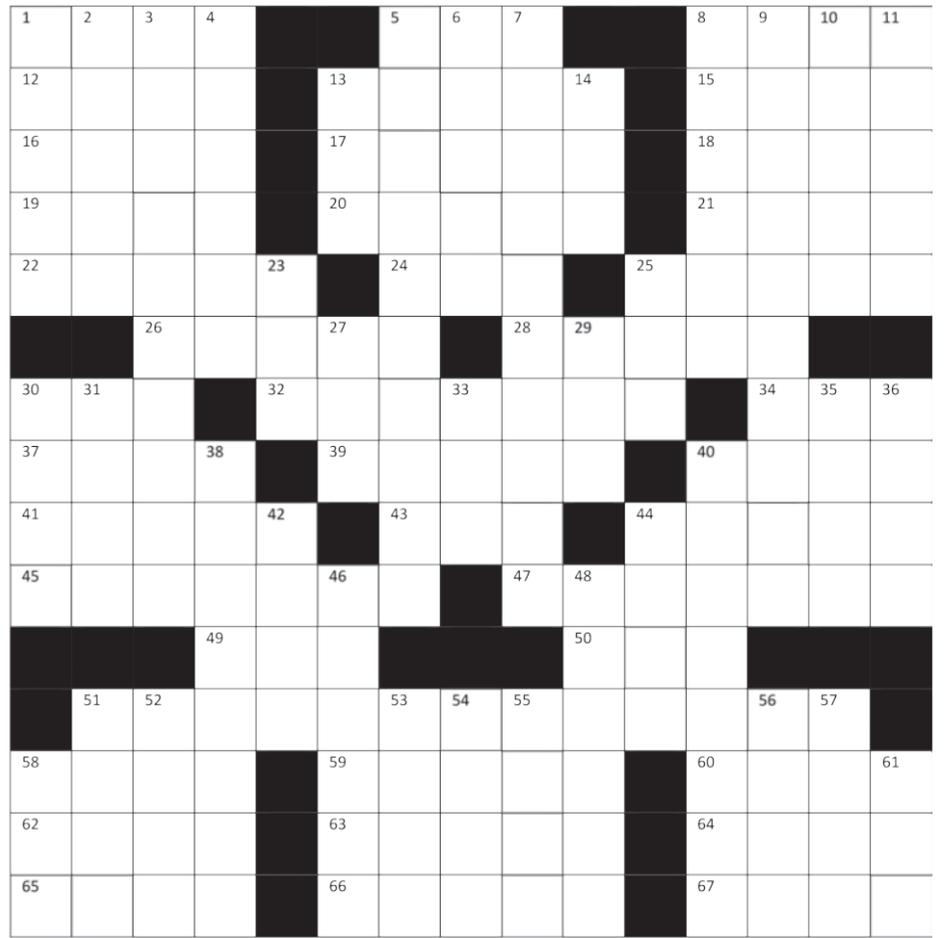
- 1 Bombs, bullets and such
- 5 Omar ___s
- 8 Hot spot, middle ____
- 12 Where a wild animal may live
- 13 Tesla's battery safety approver.
- 15 Beginning of a theater production
- 16 Helper, Abbr
- 17 Taking advantage of
- 18 Back yard structure
- 19 Emu cousin
- 20 UFO, ____k
- 21 A ___ Grows in Brooklyn
- 22 New York's governor, first name
- 24 The first letter of the first name of, Preminger, Kefauver and Jobs
- 25 What a Cobra does when resting
- 26 Song of yesteryear, "Why Not Take ___ Me"
- 28 Football game parts
- 29 Bank name
- 32 Actress West on a food regimen
- 34 Tea for ___
- 37 Dicken's "A Tale of ___ Cities"
- 39 Thoughts as to possible action, French
- 40 An IRS employee, for short
- 41 Hold by frozen water
- 43 Ending for eight or car
- 44 It has many links
- 45 Gore's waterway that links a stream to a river
- 47 Why stop at a hi-way parking area? ___ while
- 49 Place to stay, mo___
- 50 In aviation, method of landing an airplane in bad Weather, Abbr
- 51 He wrote "The Grapes of Wrath"
- 58 Author, Joyce ___l Oates



- 59 Response to, How do I approve this?
- 60 What a batter hopes to get?
- 62 Extremely or excessively neat, careful or precise
- 63 French author of "Around the World in Eight Days"
- 64 A part in a play
- 65 Blend or merge
- 66 Famous golfer, Sam _____
- 67 She get what she wants, hint "Damn Yankees"

DOWN

- 1 An anxious awareness of danger
- 2 Cartoon, _____ and the Bear
- 3 Hugo novel, "Les _____"
- 4 Head _____
- 5 Steinbeck novel,
- 6 Gay _____ Parade
- 7 Dostoevsky tome, "Crime and _____"
- 8 Part of 5 Down
- 9 Dickens's work, A _____ Carol
- 10 Romance writer, Danielle _____
- 11 They cause the ocean to rise and fall
- 13 Signal to an actor on stage
- 14 Some PCs
- 23 Hemingway novel, "The ___ Man and the Sea"
- 25 Ohio airport designation
- 27 Roman 3
- 29 Some egg grades
- 30 ___ Seeds, touted for health benefits
- 31 Formula for table salt
- 33 Type of shirt



- 35 Hang on
- 36 Winning streak, ___ roll
- 38 Good grip
- 40 Steinbeck novella
- 42 Inert gas
- 44 Grouchy person
- 46 Martians entertainments
- 48 Pig spoke
- 51 With 54 Down, Charlotte Bronte novel
- 52 Dental care manufacturer ___ B
- 53 Former U.S. Senator ___t Lott
- 54 See 51 Down
- 55 New Rochelle college
- 56 Half of a train
- 57 "To ___ a Mocking Bird"
- 58 A rotating piece in a mechanical linkage
- 61 Something for two



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. Email George at gurich@frontier.com



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The Conscious Crow

Curiosity Instead of Fear



Our mental stream in any new situation tends to build upon the past, and gears primarily towards fear. When we enter into new environments we judge it based on the past and how it relates in conjunction with the emerging experience. We have made a mental record of every situation, stacking experience after experience, and before we retain a solid, cognitive thought-response about what is happening, our brain travels to these prior events in order to respond properly, and in order to understand the present one more effectively. We replay our list of past experiences in present time. This is how we are able to process what is occurring that is new, unknown and constantly changing. And ultimately our brains are helping us to find safety and avoid danger.

This ancient evolutionary adaptation used to benefit us greatly, though the benefit now is much less. Our thoughts and analytical response to every situation is solely based on the past instead of the present. Solely based on fear instead of curiosity or faith. We assess what we have already encountered in order to understand it, categorizing it as safe or dangerous. If there was a time we encountered something negative we will re-play that experience and compare it with the present one in hopes of avoiding that negative experience once again. These millions of unconscious thoughts swarm through our neural circuitry in order to process and direct us to safety. It is amazing we were able to evolve in such a manner, but safety is no longer our number one priority and this old way of thinking no longer sustains our existence. Now this fear of unknown, fear of discomfort, and fear of any negative experiences, prevent us from evolving fully. Since we are stuck with this old soundtrack, we look at new moments with stale eyes and old brain processes based on fear, instead of creating new neural pathways linked to curiosity.

We are always in search of some conclusion and rational explanation that solves the underlying element of uncertainty in this mysterious life. Our hungry minds work overtime in order to achieve stability and grasp some sense of what is happening around us. We have learned to comprehend life in order to solve this ever-arising problem of the unknown. Our mammalian ancient brain learned to understand everything in as much detail as possible to survive and navigate in a primarily unknown world. Our brain continues to be our greatest resource in helping us efficiently evolve, though instead of propelling us forward positively,

our ancient way of reacting is now preventative. We can access our greatest tool and diversely use it to our advantage if we choose, by examining our current perspectives. We can challenge the notion of fear from the past by giving an alternative perspective on what is occurring if we are able to look at life with curious eyes, willing to step into our fear consciously and see how it benefits our evolution.

With such an overload of thoughts, reactions and conclusions- primarily based upon fear- it is crucial we now extend a conscious approach and sort through this layer of unconscious thoughts that invade our understanding of the current situation. By learning how situations that spark fear can benefit us, and by gathering alternative perspectives and adopting curiosity instead of fear, we are directed into a new course of action. As we learn to evolve more conscientiously and appropriately to the times we can challenge the notion of fear from the past and transform our initial instincts by offering this new take on the unknown, stretching ourselves to be okay with fear and seeing what there is to learn from it. We can transform fear and adapt just like any other obstacle we have faced in the past, just as we once adapted to safety and the known in hopes of sustainability and well-being.

In taking time to respond more conscientiously, and replace fear with curiosity, we break the harmful instinctive patterns we developed over the millennia. This mindful, curious response grants us more space in our decision-making. We then step into an alternative reality which slowly unravels the ways our brains previously lead us to safety, and now opt for growth as our priority, even if it initially sparks fear. In giving ourselves a moment to consciously question the situation at hand, redirecting our course of action and thoughts, and choosing an alternate response: one that does not rely upon an immediate solution, we disintegrate the hardwired past from taking over our present course of action and begin breaking the habit of these ingrained, old instincts. Dissolving the old ways gives us freedom to dive into new days. To welcome our true essence and power of presence, reaching far beyond the mind, far beyond the past and exponentially expanding our perceptions into ways that catapult our existence and growth. Here is to new perspective,

The Conscious Crow—Reminding you to Grow

Gateway Project Will Enhance Entrance at Sonnenberg Gardens and Mansion State Historic Park – New Visitor Center Planned for Former Armory

On May 21, Governor Andrew M. Cuomo announced groundbreaking for a new entrance and gateway at Sonnenberg Gardens and Mansion State Historic Park in the Finger Lakes. Construction will realign the entry into the park as the first step in \$6.1 million project in the city of Canandaigua, Ontario County, that will also renovate a former U.S. Army Reserve armory into a new Sonnenberg visitors' center, café, and educational space with improved parking.

"This project will improve an important state historic park that is part of the vibrant and growing Finger Lakes tourism economy," Governor Cuomo said. "More visitors will be able to better enjoy the beautiful Sonnenberg Gardens and Mansion State Historic Park, and the upgrades will reduce its impact on the neighboring streets and enhance the entrance and gateway to this Victorian estate."

Lieutenant Governor Kathy Hochul kicked off

the construction project, which was enabled by an earlier Parks' purchase of 1.6 acres at Charlotte and Gibson streets and donation of the 3.5-acre armory parcel to Parks by the U.S. Army.

While work on the continued armory renovation will move forward based on available funding, Friends of Sonnenberg staff have moved offices into the building. Friends of Sonnenberg Executive Director David Hutchings said, "The new entrance and the existing building will create new parking, admissions and in the future create a community educational center to grow the vitality and the economics not just for Sonnenberg Gardens and Mansion but also the Canandaigua Community and the Finger Lake region.

A state historic site since 2006, Sonnenberg Gardens and Mansion State Historic Park is a late-19th century Victorian Estate with a Queen Anne-style mansion, greenhouse complex, and nine historic

themed gardens of the world. Located in the heart of New York's Finger Lakes wine region, Sonnenberg (which means "sunny hill" in German) is the former summer home of prominent banker and philanthropist Fredrick Ferris Thompson and his wife, Mary Clark Thompson, a co-founder of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and also a benefactor of numerous charities. The couple are interred in Woodlawn Cemetery in Canandaigua. 🌿

New York State Office of Parks, Recreation and Historic Preservation oversees more than 250 individual parks, historic sites, recreational trails, and boat launches, which were visited by a record 78 million people in 2020. For more information on any of these recreation areas, visit www.parks.ny.gov, download the free NY State Parks Explorer mobile app or call 518.474.0456. Also, connect with us on Facebook, Instagram and Twitter.

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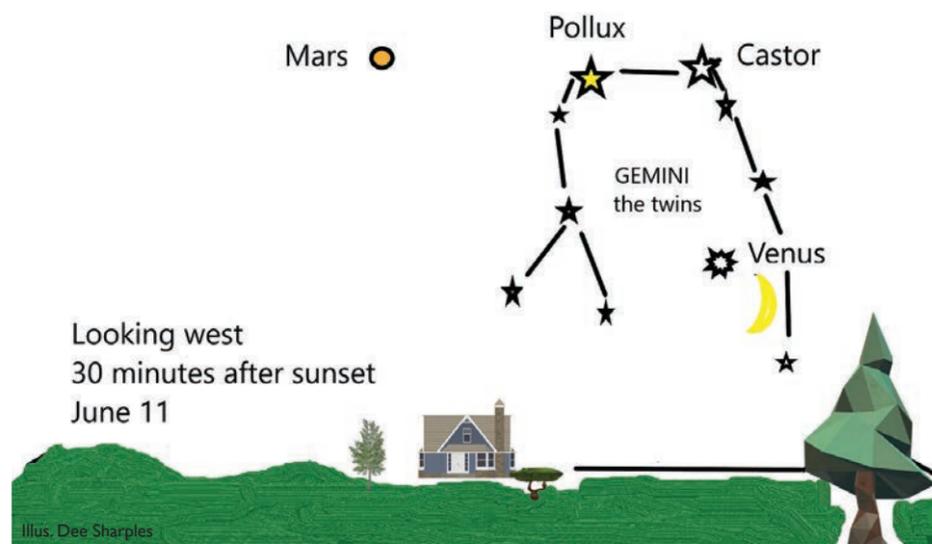
The Night Sky

Annular Solar Eclipse

DEE SHARPLES

There are some pretty sights in evening sky in the west shortly after sunset in June. The brilliant planet Venus shines at magnitude -3.9 and is easy to find low near the horizon. The “red planet” Mars is dimmer at magnitude 1.7 and shares the same area of sky. On June 11th, a slender crescent moon and bright Venus lie closer to the horizon. That same evening compare the color of Mars to two nearby stars Pollux and Castor in the constellation Gemini the twins when they are almost in a straight line. Castor shines white, while Pollux is yellow-orange, closer to the color of orange-hued Mars.

You can spot the gas-giant planets Saturn and Jupiter in the southeastern sky during the early morning hours about 30 degrees up from the horizon. (The area of the sky covered by your fist measures about 10°.) They move toward the southern sky as the month progresses. Jupiter is brilliant at magnitude -2.4 and brightens to magnitude -2.6. Saturn is dimmer at magnitude 0.3 but still easy to spot to the right of Jupiter. To put these brightnesses in perspective, the Sun shines at magnitude -26.7; the full moon at magnitude -12.6; and the dimmest star visible with the unaided eye at 6.0 to 6.5.



June offers a chance to observe an Annular Solar Eclipse, but it will mean rising early to catch its brief show. The eclipse will be well underway as the sun rises in our area on Thursday, June 10th and be visible only from 5:31AM to 6:36AM. The Astronomy Section of the Rochester Academy of Science (ASRAS) will support safe, projected viewing of the event from Charlotte Pier in Ontario Beach Park, Hamlin Beach Park, and Martin Road Park in Henrietta. The Rochester Museum and Science Center will also support the public observing at Hamlin Beach Park and Martin Road Park.

Roses from page 16

After the front project, I tried to relax about my rose obsession, but I always had it in the back of my mind about where I could possibly plant more roses. The next year, I planted five more mini roses heading up the one side of the back sidewalk leading towards our backdoor. I planted them real early before spring, as I have no patience. They are doing well now and showing leaves. Hopefully soon they will be blossoming in their beautiful colors showing off the flowers that they had when I first planted them outdoors and scenting the air like only roses do. I can't wait to see how the old roses return this year! The leaves are getting plentiful on the “Knock Outs”



and the mini roses. It's always something to look forward to. They seem to just appear one day kind of like when the first daffodils and tulips of spring appear in one's garden. So, yes my husband may have never promised me a rose garden, but somehow I ended up with several of them and they are all so beautiful. To quote Ralph Waldo Emerson, “There is simply the rose; it is perfect in every moment of its existence.” And, oh yeah, remember to stop and take time to smell the roses! 🌹

Warning: Viewing the sun's disk through any kind of optical aid like binoculars or a telescope, or even the viewfinder of a camera, is extremely dangerous and can cause irreversible eye damage. Projected viewing which is being offered at the three locations mentioned uses a method to project the image of the eclipse onto a white surface, which is totally safe.



An annular solar eclipse is different than a total solar eclipse and occurs when the moon lines up between the sun and the Earth but the moon is farther away than average from our planet. This causes the moon to appear smaller to us and not quite cover the entire surface of the sun, as it does in a total eclipse, but leaves exposed a ring of solar photosphere at the center line of the eclipse.

This eclipse will be fully on display in the extreme northern areas of Canada, Greenland, and the Arctic Ocean as well as northeastern Russia, but by the time the sun rises here, it will be nearing its end. The surface of the sun will be partly covered by the new moon and create a phenomenon called the “Devil's Horns”.

The above illustration created by Mark Minarich, President of ASRAS shows the “Devil's Horns” phenomenon. Mark explained, “What is happening is that the sun will rise with the moon eclipsing the top left of it so the shining part of the sun will look like horns rising from the horizon. 78% of the sun will be eclipsed at sunrise.”

For a fantastic video captured over the water during the December 26, 2019, annular eclipse, check out [weather.com/news/trending/video/devil-horns-rise-from-the-horizon-during-eclipse](https://www.weather.com/news/trending/video/devil-horns-rise-from-the-horizon-during-eclipse)

The summer solstice occurs at 11:32 P.M. EDT on June 20th this year. This is the moment when the North Pole has its maximum tip toward the sun and signals the first official day of summer for the northern hemisphere. 🌞

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.



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. She is a periodic *Owl Light* contributor.