



By D.E. BENTLEY

There's more to venturing out on the ice than a bucket of fish... although a bucket of fish is nice

When we first visited the area where we now live, it was winter, and cold. As we edged our way past Canadice Lake, we could see, dotted across the ice, a village of ice fishing huts. Since then, I have often wondered what—beyond the thrill of being able to walk on water—draws crowds of people to this chilling sport. During a recent drive by of Conesus Lake, I decided to stop and find out.

As it turns out, there are a wide range of reasons to venture out. For those not familiar with ice fishing (like me for instance), the basic idea is that instead of catching fish by casting a line into the water from the shore or a boat, you instead drill a hole in the ice and drop hook, line and sinkers into the hole. It gets more complicated and higher tech from there (at least for some people), but that is the basic idea.

Needless to say, there are some safety precautions, to make sure you don't fall through the ice or die of hypothermia (or both). An obvious first safety step is making sure that the ice is thick enough to support you, and your gear—everything from a

sled with the essentials (warm clothes, safety equipment, an ice auger, an ice fishing rod, bait/lures, and a bucket or bag and scoop) to Global Positioning Systems, heaters, huts, and an ATV or pick-up truck. According to *Fishing-Booker* blog, thick enough ranges from 4 inches (for people) to 14-16 inches (for full sized trucks). On Conesus when I stopped, there were many people and a few ATV's out on the lake and—according to the first ice angler I encountered—11 inches of ice (I found this out before I ventured out on the lake).

It was getting late in the day when I stopped, and people were starting to come to shore. "What," I asked, "gets you out there on the ice?" The first person I encountered was Pennsylvania resident Larry Morrison, as he pulled his sled toward the Vitale Park parking lot. For Morrison, the answer to my questions was, unequivocally, "the fish." When I asked why he drove to New York, he told me that "New York is where the fishing is." For ice fishing, he often goes to Silver Lake, and, this time, Conesus.



Morrison also gave me some insight about what kind of fish one could expect to pull up from the depths: perch, blue gill, wall-eye, and (for those fishing further out) northern pike. He was one of many who told me it was a slow day on the ice. Like everyone I encountered, he had a great sense of humor about the sport—which might be more accurately

described as an art, higher tech and less rugged than I initially imagined. "That's what you do when you make it big," Morrison joked, pointing to a fellow ice fishing enthusiast—pulling a sled with an ATV—returning from a rough day on the lake. The approaching ATV was driven by Hamlin resident Dan Campbell, who, with a partial bucket of perch, had something to show for his time on the ice. For Campbell, the catch is incidental to the less tangible rewards. Apparently, there is no better cure for cabin fever than being out on a frozen lake.

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FROM THE NEWSROOM

***ON THE FRONT COVER:** This issue's front cover features Conesus Lake and some of the ice anglers who made their way out there in February. The man walking in at the center of the image is Dansville resident Jerry Engler (who I caught in the distance just as my camera died).

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.

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 there about upcoming author readings (in person and/or via Zoom) once the book is released. Thank you to all who submitted writing.

And thank you to everyone for your patience and support as we move forward with this exciting project. Stay tuned!

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

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Published Monthly by Canadice Press

Available by subscription (print and online pdf).

*Submissions via email to: editor@canadicepress.com

or—last resort—via our postal address.

5584 Canadice Lake Road, Springwater, NY 14560

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Canadice Press is a print alternative/arts press. We publish *Owl Light News* and *Owl Light Literary*—a literary/arts journal (inaugural issue out in 2021). Community news content and our community calendar are available online (with no paywall or intrusive popups) at owllightnews.com.

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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 except 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.

The Fallen Man

“Turn around!”

“What?”

“Turn around. He’s fallen down.”

As passenger, I internalize the panes; traverse passing frames,
unravel images retraced—replaced
by time.

Buffalo snow,
an unplowed drive,
21 degrees
on the cusp of 2021.

A second’s glance.
A second chance.

Perhaps.

Another passer-by who hadn’t seen would not have known.

He was there, concealed—still—in that white blanket chill.

“I’m your guardian angel,” I said; influenced, perhaps, by a recent viewing of
It’s a wonderful Life. He looked up, saw me hovering above.

“The letters?”
Adrift in an ocean of white.

“Here.”
I had retrieved these first, shook off the snow,
tucked them into my pocket for safekeeping.

I retrieved, then, his cane—knee deep to his right
—and placed it in his hand.

I thought of bitter cold not broken bones
as I brought him to his feet.

He steadied himself on his cane and made his way
inside.

Three steps up—illuminated by the light
—he offered blessings.

We flagged his letters in the box
at the end of the drive.

We drove away.

Our next hours spent:

watching youth sled down a snowy slope in the wintry cold;

then, in a warm apartment—listening to *Music Choice’s Singers & Swingers*
with a ninety-three to ninety-four-year-old
(depending on who you ask).

The music took us back.

He was already there.

“Don’t forget this generation,” he said—at the end of the long hallway—
as we bid farewell.

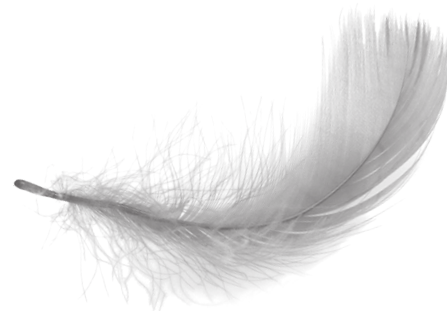
We stepped outside. Snow shifted and swirled and settled on the pavement.

I reached into my pocket for warmth and found, instead, the feather.
It had touched down, soft—a seemingly endless ethereal descent
—on that snowy drive.

I don’t believe in angels,
only fate.

He said he was okay,
the fallen man.

I believe he was.



United Nations Universal Declaration of Human Rights –Article 19

“Everyone has the right to freedom of opinion and expression; this right includes freedom to hold opinions without interference and to seek, receive and impart information and ideas through any media and regardless of frontiers.”

Pathways to Democracy

Youth and Opportunity: What Should We Do For Future Generations To Thrive?

By DOUG GARNAR



My mother lived to be one month shy of a century, dying in 2007. She lived to see five generations. I was born in the last year of the Dutiful generation (1945), followed by the Baby Boomers, the Gen Xers, the Millennials, Generation Z and now Generation Alpha. From the Dutiful generation through the Gen Xers, educational, economic and social mobility opportunities expanded for white Americans. The American Dream beckoned for those willing to work hard and play by the rules. But since the 1980s, the American Dream seems to be fading away for many Whites, and while notable people of color in the world of sports/entertainment and other professions have made their mark—along with the election of a Black President—millions remain impoverished and subject to systemic racism. The future for young people is anything but an assured American Dream.

Consider the following:

- Today young adults are earning less income and are saddled with crippling student debt far greater than any past generation including those of their parents.
- The growing climate change which the whole planet faces will ensure a world different than that experienced by earlier generations.
- Rising national debt will force elected officials at all levels to make very difficult public policy choices. Unlike the Federal Government, state and local governments can't borrow money/run a up a large debt.
- The current COVID-19 pandemic is leading to diminished job prospects/the ruin of many businesses, small and large, while an education system is still coming to terms with a change in the tradition teaching venue.

Young people wish to inherit a stable economy/climate, a cleaner environment, and a more equitable society reflecting a nation in which no racial/ethnic group will be in the majority by mid-century. But there is great uncertainty that elected officials will be able to strike a good balance between meeting current needs and preparing the next generation for a future which allows them to achieve their innermost potential.



The National Issues Forums Institute has created the following guide designed to help Americans of all ages and ethnic/racial groups to deliberate together about what we should do to address the forementioned challenges. As with all NIFI forums, multiple options(3) have been created to guide the deliberation, understanding that each will create tensions and trade-offs.

There are no easy answers, but we should consider the following as we deliberate each option:

- Like past generations, will the next generation be able to build an economically secure future, or will current unprecedented challenges undermine its prospects?
- Should present day priorities be more important than our obligations to future generations?
- Is the next generation receiving an adequate education/support for it to succeed?
- Are there disparities that we should be addressing today to enable future generations to prosper tomorrow?

OPTION ONE—Equip people to succeed

This option argues that society has not adequately prepared the members of the next generation for the challenges that await them especially when compared to other developed nations.

Actions that should be done to remedy this include the following:

- Boost K-12 achievement by reducing class sizes and providing extra support for students who need it.
- Cancel student loan debt if students complete a year of national service in underserved communities.
- Greatly expand mentorship and internship programs that expose young people to the work skills that jobs require or encourage them to complete their schooling.
- Increase mental health and well-being services to improve the quality of life for all ages.

“Who will take the responsibility for raising the next generation?” — Ruth Bader Ginsberg

Trade-offs:

- To provide additional services including reducing class size would require significant tax increases.
- Exchanging cancellation of student loan debt for national service would allow some students who can afford their college cost to have an unfair economic advantage.
- Companies and communities rarely have the time to develop meaningful internships/high quality mentoring programs.
- Providing increased mental health opportunities results in medicalizing every problem and does not encourage self-reliance.

Some of the aforementioned actions require new monies—where will they come from and what sorts of other budget cuts would citizens be willing to endure? Should more effort be put into the better training of teachers and to retaining them especially in poor communities? Finally, is it fair for families who save money for college and students who work their way through college to see college debts cancelled for all students?

OPTION TWO—Give everyone a fair chance

Entrenched biases rooted in racism, sexism, religion and sexual orientation create uneven playing fields. This results in many students who otherwise could make valuable contributions to society being outside the playing field. Actions that could be taken to address these concerns include:

- Increase the minimum wage to improve household incomes/reduce child poverty.
- Eliminate standardized tests, which disadvantage minority students, and instead assess students through teacher evaluations.
- Make community colleges free and guarantee their graduates can continue on at a four-year college.
- Make the K-12 history curriculum more inclusive by acknowledging the contributions/experiences of slaves, immigrants and indigenous peoples.

Trade-offs:

- There are economic costs to such actions as raising the minimum wage.
- Standardized tests provide an impartial metric for assessing student competencies as compared to subjective teacher judgments.
- There are more urgent needs for tax dollars than making community colleges free.
- Redesigning the K-12 history curriculum would take massive amounts of time/debate as well as school monies to achieve.

This option assumes that creating a more equitable society can be done by public policy changes/legislation—has this worked in the past? Is raising the minimum wage the most effective means for reducing child poverty or are there other options? If we eliminate standardized tests for K-12 what about tests/licensing exams for doctors, lawyers and accountants? Do standardized tests produce any benefits for society?

OPTION THREE—Focus on economic security

An aging population coupled with a culture of “safety net” programs like Social Security, Medicare/Medicaid are creating a national/state debt load that leaves little monies for programs designed to help young people prepare for the future. A growing weaker economy/income divide, a degraded environment coupled with a broken Federal political system cast a great shadow over the next 30 years. Actions that could mitigate this dark future include the following:

- Fully fund all new Federal programs either through higher taxes, spending or a combination of both.

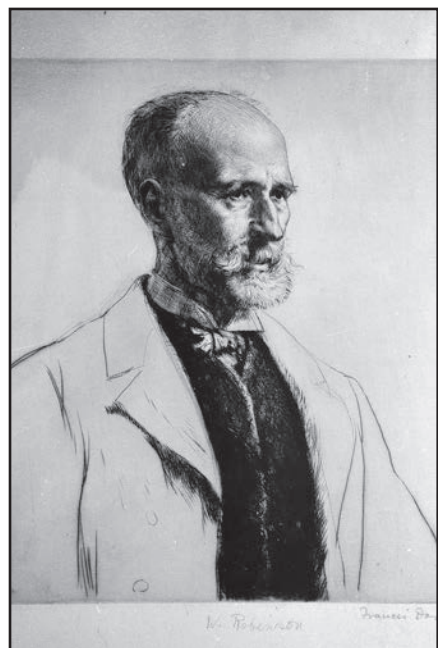
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The Homestead Gardener

Going Wild and Going Native

By DERRICK GENTRY

Englishman William Robinson's book *The Wild Garden* is one of those classic revolutionary books that retains the power to provoke. That really says something about a book published a century and a half ago (first edition appearing in 1870). The reasons for *The Wild Garden's* perennial interest are perfectly clear. Although it has gained momentum in recent decades, the revolution that Robinson called for has barely begun. At the dawn of this century, moreover, there has never been a more urgent need to rethink gardening in the way Robinson proposed.



public domain

The very title of the book remains provocative. Isn't a wild garden a contradiction in terms? Isn't a cultivated garden by definition not the same as wild nature? We don't weed or prune or mulch the woods, do we? All of which leads to the common suspicion that a wild garden is perhaps just another name for what our neighbors fear: an unkempt, unweeded garden that grows to seed. ("Fie on't! Ah, fie!" cry the counter-revolutionary neighbors.)

Robinson was certainly an advocate for designing gardens that were low-maintenance and what we would now call resilient. And he had many things to say that sound like familiar rallying cries of today: Stop mowing so much lawn (and this before the time of gas-powered mowers); go with native, wild plants rather than fussy exotics; plant easy-to-establish perennials, as opposed to the more labor-intensive bedding out of annuals. Perhaps most importantly: Learn to appreciate the aesthetics of spontaneity, live with and embrace the delicious paradox of cultivated wildness.

Robinson knew he was a bad boy shaking things up, and *The Wild Garden* is just plain fun to read on that level (his personality coming through on just about every page). But while still an exciting book to read, it also contains passages that are likely to provoke a different response from a 21st-century reader. He was not opposed in principle to non-native plants, so long as they had aesthetic interest and could look out for themselves—hardy perennials, reliable self-seeders. In hindsight, though, it is painfully clear that Robinson sometimes failed to distinguish between the vigorous plants that could naturalize on their own and those other robust, eager-to-naturalize plants that we would now designate as "invasive."

One non-native plant he singled out for praise, as having "large and noble tufts of lively green, which increase in beauty from year to year" and as a "capital plant for the small-town garden," so long as it wasn't allowed to get too big and go to seed. The plant he is describing here is giant hogweed, which is now one of the most dreaded invasive species in North America. Somebody, apparently, allowed it to get too big and go to seed! Robinson expressed similar enthusiasm for Japanese knotweed, another invasive that needs no advocacy today (at least not where I live).

Robinson, in short, did not have a modern grasp of ecology and did not prioritize biodiversity in quite the same way we do today. On the other hand, *The Wild Garden* is filled with many reminders and qualifications that a 21st-century reader would do well to hear. In his bold but subtle way, Robinson was trying to redefine the role of the gardener, not relinquish it in the interests of that problematic ideal known as "rewilding." Biodiversity does not just happen as soon as we step out of the picture and let nature take its course, as soon as we stop mowing the lawn and stop cutting down dead ash trees. Invasive species—garlic mustard, water reed, purple loosestrife, Japanese knotweed, and many more—are ready and waiting to step in and fill the vacuum and prevent other species from getting a foothold. It is worth noting that many of these ecologically devastating invasives are quite pretty. And then there are the hungry deer who will clear the landscape of any unprotected tree saplings and prevent a future overstory from replacing older generations of trees that have been cut down (or that are dying from pests and diseases that

humans have brought into the picture).

And so the gardener today who wants to carry on in the spirit of William Robinson now faces a more complicated task and must contemplate a far more complex vision than he did, and one that carefully avoids any simplistic notions of wildness. Today we value native, locally adapted species as much as Robinson and his equally legendary friend Gertrude Jekyll, but for a greater depth and range of reasons than they were able to appreciate in their day. When we talk of a flowering plant's "period of interest," we now need to take into account various points of view, including not just shapes and colors but also the interests of birds and insects and wildlife. Regenerative gardening (as good a term for it as any) requires the gardener to be a visual artist and lover of plants as well as a student of ecology.

Nevertheless, many of the guiding values are still recognizably those of the traditional gardener. In Gertrude Jekyll's iconic herbaceous border, for example, the challenge is to design a panorama with a constant and carefully timed succession of color and "interest." We can aim for something similar in a wild woodland garden, even though a walk through the woods is not a straight or even path. The main difference is that out in the woods we need to up our game a bit and train ourselves to think spatially, temporally, as well as systemically. A healthy and aesthetically beautiful woodland should have multiple layers: tall, majestic trees providing an overstory (ash, maple, oak, etc.); shade-tolerant trees nestling in the understory (dogwood, serviceberry, witch hazel, elderberry, etc.); and then the herbaceous layers below, where we see an ever-changing cast of Spring ephemerals and late-bloomers and everything in between, and where it is often surprising to see such magnificent color in near-total shade.



There is a lot to think about and a lot to learn. I have recently learned, for example, that Mayapple, stonecrop and wild ginger can share the same space and make an excellent groundcover polyculture in the dappled shade of a woodland garden "bed."

But I am still a novice, still cultivating my wild ways, and I confess to sometimes feeling overwhelmed. Fortunately, there is help available. The spirit of Robinson and Jekyll is alive and well at Amanda's Garden, one of only a handful of native plant nurseries in our area.

For those who know it and love it, Amanda's Garden is something of a local institution, and its founder, Ellen Folts, offers a wealth of generously shared wisdom and expertise on native plants and the role they play. Ellen has gone completely wild and native and has spent much of her life promoting the twins causes of beauty and biodiversity. She is a well-known consultant, and in addition to individual gardeners her long list of clients has included Central Park, Letchworth State Park, and the Roemer Arboretum at SUNY Geneseo.

Named after Ellen's now fully grown daughter, Amanda's Garden has been in business for three decades. In 2016, the nursery moved from Springwater to Dansville, to escape a quarter-century of increasing shade from an overstory of oaks (overhead costs?).

And mention must be made of the Amanda's Garden website, amandasnativeplants.com, which is a wonderful resource of gorgeous images and information on individual locally adapted plants (grouped into "woodland," "meadow," and "wetland" plants). If you go to the website, you will see at the bottom right of the screen an image of Ellen with the words "let's chat!" I once took her up on the invitation and discovered that she really means it.

What follows is a transcript of a recent chat with Ellen that took place a couple of months before the debut of the skunk cabbage...



How did you first develop a passion for the cause of promoting and propagating native plants? How did Amanda's Garden come into being?

When I was young my hobby was identifying wildflowers. I had a field guide I carried with me and I would try to learn the flowers that grow in the wild. I lived in the Adirondacks until I was 14. Growing up there I was used to seeing plants in the wild. I fell in love with wild plants. My sister and I had a cutting garden with non-natives too.

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Side Street Sounds

Area Music Venues Put Performers Back in the Spotlight

By STEVE WEST

The Lifting of Orange and Yellow Zone Restrictions Offer a Tentative But Hopeful Green Light for Live Music Venues

The great jazz trumpeter Wynton Marsalis tells a story about his first solo in a school band concert. His father, Ellis—a well-known jazz musician and educator in his own right—was going to be in the audience, and Wynton wanted to impress him. Marsalis tells of playing a wild flurry of notes, culminating in a circular breathing trick whereby he held a single note for what seemed like an eternity. The audience rose to their feet and cheered. After the concert, Wynton eagerly asked his father what he thought. The elder Marsalis responded, “Son, those who play for applause...that’s all they get.”

While the point of his story is well taken, there are a lot of musicians who are aching for a little applause right now, and there’s nothing wrong with that. There’s a certain energy that comes from playing in front of people and getting instantaneous feedback. When a musician is really on their game, you can feel the dynamics of a room change as they move from a raucous house rocker to a slow ballad. The thrill you get when you hold a crowd in the palm of your hands is indescribable. And yes, there is a certain satisfaction that one gets from a sincere round of applause. The restrictions placed on music venues due to the Covid-19 pandemic have taken that

satisfaction away from the majority of musicians in our area for the better part of the past year. While live streaming has served to fill the void, it’s just not the same as having people in the room.

Thankfully, Orange and Yellow zone restrictions were recently lifted in the Finger Lakes region. That opened the doors to venues being allowed to seat patrons indoors again. They are still only allowed to operate at 50% capacity, but at least it allows for some entertainment, albeit on a scaled down level. Full band performances are few and far between because of the cost to the venue, and the social distancing requirements. However, many venues have started to book solo or duo acoustic acts in an effort to keep the live music scene afloat.

The B-Side in Fairport is featuring live acoustic music Wednesdays through Saturdays. Many of the craft breweries like Peacemaker in Canandaigua and No BS in Lakeville have jump started their live music programs. The Brown Hound Downtown features live music by Steve West (that’s me!) every Sunday for brunch. Some of the traditional outdoor venues have started to book music for the summer, with the understanding that everything could change between now and then.

Fanatics Pub in Lima is once again scheduling ticketed concerts. The first will feature Buffalo area musician Michael Hund. Hund is in great part responsible for the return of live music. He successfully sued New York State over their rule that venues could only have music that was “incidental to the



Mike Hund—Buffalo Music Hall Of Fame Class of 1992—Re-opened the Fanatics' stage for live music on February 13th and 14th.

dining experience,” and were not allowed to advertise live music, or sell tickets. U.S. District Judge John L. Sinatra ruled that the state’s restrictions were arbitrary and capricious, opening the door for venues like Fanatics to schedule shows once again.

Live music this summer will almost certainly be scaled back from pre-pandemic levels. Restrictions on how and when will continue to evolve. That doesn’t mean we can’t enjoy music when it is offered. Please continue to support live, local music whenever you can, and support the venues that sponsor the music.

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



D.E. Bentley 2021

Ice from front

“It is, simply, something to do in the winter. If you live here, you have to embrace it.” Campbell was the first to dispel my naïve notion that being out *there* was a hardship, something to be endured. Not so. He revealed some of the secrets to a catch in comfort, as he removed his gear from his ATV, before driving it up ramps into his truck bed. Most folks out on the ice have huts, heaters, and electronics. Electronics, I inquired further, which resulted in my seeing Campbell’s fish finder—the device used by many to detect the fish under the ice (his is a Garmin).



D.E. Bentley 2021

It’s all about the gear. Sleds are the go to and can hold all the essentials—as with the sled (top left) pulled in by Pennsylvania resident Larry Morrison. ATVs—like this one driven in by Hamlin resident Dan Campbell—allow for expanded options, like huts and heaters.

“The fish move slower and expend less energy this time of year,” added Brian McBride, as he pulled up a screen and showed me how a Hummingbird Fishfinder works—sonar that blips at the lure and shows another blip when a fish comes near, making it possible to more easily entice the fish by putting the bait right there within easy reach. For McBride, tradition is the biggest lure keeping him out on the ice. McBride has been ice fishing since he was five years old—once you are hooked, you are hooked. This was not the first time I would hear this sentiment expressed.



Tom Morsch (orange jacket) and company.

D.E. Bentley 2021



Many ice anglers use fish finders—like Campbell’s Garmin.

For some, like Tom Morsch, it’s all about getting out—“I’m just Sick and tired of being cooped up.” Morsch was out fishing with two friends (and, by the sound of it, they are frequent companions on and off the ice). One friend chimed in that, “Tom calls, says it’s time to go, and we go.” “Really, it’s just nice to be outside,” he added lightheartedly. It was evident that the three had had an enjoyable outing, but that maybe it was time to get inside.

Continued on page 8

Small Town Hound

Metal and Mush and More

By Æsc

There are some places that are really exciting to visit. One place I visited a while back—and recently revisited—is Twisted Willow Fabrication, in Geneseo, NY (42°79'59"N 77°81'69"W). How exciting, you ask, well...I was so excited the first time I walked into Twisted Willow that I...well...never mind. Anyway, I was months younger then and Doug Mothersell—who is the main human there—was so cool about it. They understand dogs there. In addition to their shop, which is way shinier and more organized than my two humans' workspaces, he and his wife, Mandy Lu, also have a few dogs. Well, actually, seventeen dogs—which is more than I can count. They are beautiful, and I knew right away when I saw them that they were working dogs with important jobs to do.



Photo courtesy of Twisted Willow

42°79'59"N 77°81'69"W

Back to the big building and our first visit. I loved the openness of the shop as I walked around and sniffed things. There were machines everywhere. My human had stopped to get a metal piece on a magnifying light fixed. Doug was able to quickly fix this and, more importantly, he wanted to fix it. The model the shop uses is one that includes meeting both commercial (75%) and non-commercial / residential (25%) customers' needs. Doug told my human that many fabrication shops capable of doing commercial work don't want to do non-commercial work. Custom work for individuals is challenging, and this makes it tempting to just go production. Twisted Willow wants local, custom projects to be a part of what they do.



At Twisted Willow with Doug and Mandy Lu.

Doug put it this way:

"That 25% that we do get is magic. That's the soul food. It's the stuff the customer can get nowhere else, and it's the stuff we wouldn't do without them. And it's not just soul food for us, it's also offers us experiences working outside the box. Each custom job gives us more experience and techniques for future custom jobs. So, there is continuing growth. Constant flow. Life shouldn't be stagnant."

Although Doug is the primary person in the shop—he has many years' experience and knows how to work with the machines and with his hands to make absolutely anything—he kept saying WE. A part of the WE he talks about is the people who want quality custom work done locally; the people that make that magic happen.

Continued on page 19

The Light Lens

Canine COVID fatigue



By T. TOURIS

Georgie



Farley

Images courtesy of Doug Jacobs-Perkins

I recently had a Zoom meeting with a colleague about the development of a new algorithm in a piece of software I've been working on. His two dogs were barking in the background and I was curious to know what they were saying, so I had it translated. The following is a transcript of their comments during the meeting.

Georgie: Here we go again.

Farley: Yeah, they're violating the understanding that has been in place for millennia: feed us, walk us, let us sleep in peace—in return you get cute puppy eyes.

Georgie: Now we're cooped up with them 24/7 and forced to listen to endless droning about trivial things not relating to food.

Farley: The curse of the opposable thumb. They can't help themselves.

Georgie: Don't they realize that all this technology is destroying their basic humanity which is solidly founded upon direct social interaction?

Farley: Stupid COVID-19.

Georgie: Yeah. Now they've caught on to the fact that driving back and forth to a germ factory every day wasn't such a bright idea.

Farley: Unfortunately, the simpler days of dozing off by the campfire after a nice meal of fresh game are long gone. We're stuck with them now.

Georgie: Sigh.

Farley: I still can't believe they think that algorithm is going to work.

Georgie: Woof.

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.

DEC Statewide Forest Ranger Highlights

Recent Forest Ranger Actions

New York State Department of Environmental Conservation (DEC) Forest Rangers respond to search and rescue incidents statewide. Working with other state agencies, local emergency response organizations, and volunteer search and rescue groups, Forest Rangers locate and extract lost, injured, or distressed people from across New York State.

In 2020, DEC Forest Rangers conducted 492 search and rescue missions, extinguished 192 wildfires that burned a total of more than 1,122 acres, participated in eight prescribed fires that served to rejuvenate more than 203 acres, and worked on cases that resulted in 3,131 tickets or arrests.

"During New York's response to the COVID-19 pandemic, more people are enjoying the outdoors than ever before and our Forest Rangers are on the front lines to help people get outside responsibly and get home safely," said DEC Commissioner Basil Seggos. "Rangers' knowledge of first aid, land navigation, and technical rescue techniques are critical to the success of their missions, which for more than a century have taken them from remote wilderness areas with rugged mountain peaks, to white water rivers, and throughout our vast forests statewide."

Town of Lisle, Broome County—Airboat Training:

On Feb. 4, DEC Forest Rangers from Regions 7 and 8 conducted a joint flat ice airboat training with the Broome County Sheriff's Department on the Whitney Point Reservoir. Crews trained in tandem airboat operations on flat ice and snow to practice maneuvering boats through various challenging conditions.



Region 7 Forest Ranger airboat team at Whitney Point Reservoir
Photo courtesy of NYS DEC



DEC Forest Ranger and Broome County Sheriff airboat operators with their respective boats.

Photo courtesy of Broome County Sheriff's Office

The Forest Ranger airboat stationed in Region 7 is utilized for search and rescue operations statewide and can operate on swift and flat water, in flooded areas, and on flat ice. These training sessions are important for maintaining and sharpening operator proficiency, sharing knowledge and experience, and developing strong working relationships with other agencies to protect public safety.



Ranger Sabo navigates steep ice-covered terrain while being belayed. Photo courtesy of NYS DEC

Region 5—Ice Training:

On Jan. 29, Feb. 1 and 4, Forest Rangers participated in three sessions of steep/vertical ice training in the Adirondacks. The training focused on climbing steep ice, mixed snow/ice, and rock-covered terrain to prepare Rangers for difficult and dangerous rescues on mountain slides and ice-filled gullies where wintertime accidents are frequent.



Forest Ranger airboat "Miss Susie Q II" with crew.
Photo courtesy of NYS DEC

New York State DEC staff continue to serve in leadership roles at COVID-19 testing and vaccination sites across the state. For information about efforts to vaccinate New Yorkers and to check eligibility for vaccinations, go to: [covid19vaccine.health.ny.gov/](https://www.health.ny.gov/covid19vaccine)

Be sure to properly prepare and plan before entering the backcountry. Visit DEC's [Hike Smart NY](#), [Adirondack Backcountry Information](#) and [Catskill Backcountry Information](#) webpages for more information.

Ice from page 6

By this point, I was shivering and trying to tuck my hands into my warm gloves, while retrieving my fallen hood. But the sun *was* shining, and it *was* beautiful out there.

As I walked, finally, out onto the ice, I encountered one more person pulling his gear along the well-trod sled path that extended from the distant huts to the shore. Dansville resident Jerry Engler has been ice fishing for forty years. For him it had also been a slow day. According to Engler, fishing will improve in a couple weeks, when the fish begin to spawn. As with many of those I spoke with, the quantity of fish is less important than the quality of the experience. Engler highlighted for me the fine line between old-school and new-school ice anglers. Although he has a fish finder, a gift from family, he did not have it with him. He often prefers a more essential set of gear. He also believes that since everyone is now using fish finders to find the fish, more limits may need to be placed on how many each person can take.

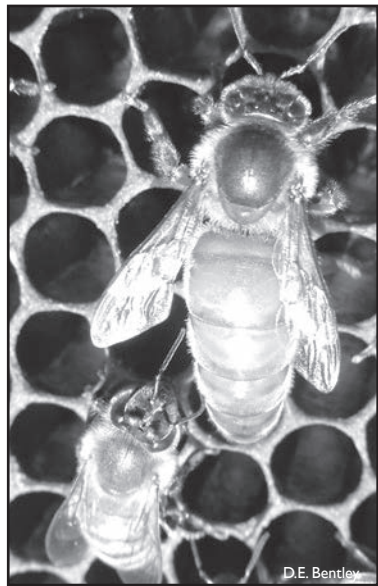
People want more and more (fish as well as deer, which are also being hunted more with technologies that were not used when Engler started fishing and hunting). Some people sell portions of their catch. "What I catch goes to family, and if there is too much, I give it away to friends and neighbors."

I'm not sure if I will get out on the ice this season, but I do love fish, and can definitely imagine exploring fishing more (something I have not done since I fished 6-Mile Creek as a child; so much has changed since then). I have to agree that getting out and enjoying all that this lake-rich area has to offer—especially at a time when cabin fever seems a bit more entrenched than in years past—is a good idea for all of us. For everyone I spoke with, being out there is about way more than the fish. As we walked back toward the shore, Engler summed up well what so many of those I met found so luring about this icy outing — "It's nice to get out of the house, to just get tied up with Mother Nature for a while." ❧

Bee Lines

Spring Magic and Killer Hornets

By SAM HALL



A queen bee lays an egg, magic in the beehive.

It is mid-February and something beautiful, cyclical and almost magical is taking place in the beehive. As the days lengthen the queen, who never totally stops egg production but slows to almost no egg production by the end of December, will increase production so that there will be a sufficient work force to bring in the pollen and nectar from the willows in generally mid to late March and even earlier the skunk cabbage in the swamps, then followed by spring and the numerous blossoms in April.

Accompanying this is also an equally almost mystifying happening amongst the workers. Remember these are the workers who are now about 6 months old. They are old bees considering that in the summer a worker lives only about 3 weeks. Also remember it is the very young worker bees that act as nurse bees to the newly hatched larva. These old bees visit the apiarian fountain of youth and revert to being nurse bees.

One of the things the beekeeper must monitor and check and make sure of is that the bees have food. When the bees are clustered during the winter, they use very little food but with the queen increasing egg production it results in hungry brood and they may run out of food very quickly. How I check this is that on one of the warmer days I will pop the inner cover. If the bees are right up against the bottom of the inner cover, they are going to be starving before the end of March and must be fed.

There are different ways to feed the colony at this time. I prefer the use of candy boards. The boards can be bought, or they are simple to make if you have the time and material. To fill them I take cane sugar and mix just enough water with it to make it stay together in the board. Then I let it dry so that it sets up in the board. The candy boards have a hole in the center for the bees to come up through to get the food. However, after years of doing it that way, I now turn it upside down so the entire sugar surface is facing downward directly on top of the bees and they can access it without exposing themselves to the cold. I believe that a candy board for a 10-frame hive holds the equivalent of almost a full frame of honey.



A worker honey bee returning to the hive with pollen, her wings tattered from the environmental hazards she encounters with each foraging journey.

“The men of experiment are like the ant, they only collect and use; the reasoners resemble spiders, who make cobwebs out of their own substance. But the bee takes the middle course: it gathers its material from the flowers of the garden and field, but transforms and digests it by a power of its own.” — Francis Bacon

It seems that we no more than get adjusted to dealing with one honey bee predator than another one appears. Killer hornets may be making their way toward us from Blaine, Washington which is north of Seattle near the Canadian border. They were first discovered there in October of 2020. Extensive measures were taken trying to limit them to that area. I have been unable to ascertain how far east



they have been sighted as of now. They are bigger than honey bees and 50 stings reportedly will kill an adult human. Luckily, we don't seem to interest them. Not so honey bee colonies. In a manner of a few minutes they can wipe out an entire honey bee colony. Beekeepers need to learn how to identify this new threat so we can tell when it has arrived in our area.



Top (R)—a worker bee on a crocus flower. Above—Skunk cabbage have a magic of their own. The flower buds can warm up to 70° F, which melts the snow around the plant offering honey bees one of their earliest spring foods.

The honey bees are not totally defenseless. In Japan honey bees have been seen ganging up on a hornet and literally covering it with their bodies and then they are able to raise the temperature enough to cook the entrapped hornet. But this only works if there are only one or two hornets. Another thing honey bees have been observed doing—though it is unknown if it works—is decorating the entrances to their hives with other animals feces.

Beekeeping is an ever evolving learning process whether you are a commercial producer, a side-liner, or a hobbyist. 🐝

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

POEM By MERTON BARTELS

Winter Illuminance

What a wondrous sight in morning light
When sun rises over snow clean and white
While the day fleets by, brilliance surrounds us
As squirrels scoot amidst the trees in randomness

The cool crisp air carries yells and horn blasts
As earlier sleepy-eyed risers begin the day's tasks
Going to work the landscape often blanketed thick
Over highways motorists slowed, travel not quick

On no school days, children seen sliding and playing
Their laughter they emit as snowballs come a flying
Snowmen, fat and tall, are built on front of lawns
While moms cook dinner between afternoon yawns

The sun sets early to end a winter's day with a chill
Bringing many hues while going below the hills
Families settle in whether a clear or clouded night
To declare oh Lord, you gave us a day of delight

Perhaps the shiniest gift of all arrives after dark
As the full moon radiance exceeds a million sparks
The geese honk overhead, and coyotes eerily wail
While tomorrow not yet bright, surely it will prevail

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



Homestead from page 5



Ellen Folts

Image courtesy of Amanda's Garden

Amanda's Garden came into being because I worked in a Nursery growing ornamental plants. We did a lot of propagation. Every once in a while, someone would come in and ask for a native plant. Mostly plants like bloodroot and Blue eyed grass, that type of thing. I was growing native perennials in my own garden. The native wild plants had become my passion, particularly the woodland types.

These take a while to propagate from seed due to many species having double dormancy of the seed. One day I said to a coworker I should grow and sell these plants. I started

collecting seeds and sowing them. About two to three years later I was ready to open. The first year we opened I had very few plants and only about 10 species.

Why did you move from Springwater to Dansville? Has your operation changed at all since the move?

We moved the nursery because it was behind our house which is on a hill. The forest behind our house is mostly oak and as the trees grew larger the canopy closed. We lost a lot of sunlight. It became difficult to grow some sun loving species because of this. Pollinator plants were becoming more popular due to their ability to support many insects. Many of the sun loving plants that flower in the summer need full sun. We looked for a level property that would get plenty of sun, had shady areas, had a water supply, and would keep snow cover throughout the winter. Perennials are subject to winter kill if the crowns are subject to freezing and thawing temperatures. The snow protects them from that.

The move helped us to double our production. We have a potting shed that has all the necessary equipment to make potting and seed sowing efficient. We have areas to overwinter the flats with the seeds that keeps them orderly and safe. We have 14 more growing frames and 7 raised beds for stock plants. We have a large production bench for custom sows. We have benches to display our plants with description cards. People have a lot of space to come and wander around. There is a table for picnics, a bench near the pond to watch the dragonflies, butterflies and other insects. We have a trail for use when it's not too wet.

More and more people seem to be aware of why native plants are important, but would you review some of the reasons for choosing native plants over non-native? Do you find that a case still needs to be made for going with native plants?

As gardeners, what we plant can and does make a difference. Native plants are desirable not only because they are lovely to look at, but also because they are the right plants for the ecological community in which they are planted. Native plants assist in the survival of native flora and fauna. They co-evolved with native bees, butterflies and birds. They provide food, cover and habitat for these species that alien species simply cannot. Planting native species helps to preserve and recreate native habitats. Creating corridors for migrating native birds and butterflies increases their chance for survival in the face of development and introduction of alien species.

Gardens that include native plants require less maintenance since they are adapted to local conditions. They are also more resistant to pests because of their

local genetics. At Amanda's Garden we grow most of our plants from seed collected from local sources. Because we grow many of our plants from seed, they are not genetically identical and they can continue to adapt to changing pests and conditions.

In my experience, many people don't know the value of using native plants. I find that when people are educated about the connection between wildlife and plants they are very excited about choosing native plants. When people come to the nursery and see a butterfly and you can say, "That is a fritillary butterfly; its host plant is a violet. If you want them to be at home on your property, you need violets." They start making connections.

We like to contrast native plants to invasive species, even though "non-native" does not necessarily mean "invasive" and a number of aggressive "invaders" (such as the common dandelion and the black locust tree) have since naturalized and now play a beneficial role in the ecosystem. Can you talk a bit about the basis for distinguishing between native and invasive?

Iwould say that because plants are native that does not mean they aren't invasive, and conversely non-native isn't always invasive.

Natives such as cattails can overrun a wet area. Canada anemone can overrun a small garden. Plants need to be used properly. The problem occurs when non native plants are used or escape into areas where they out compete our native plants. Many of these non-native produce a lot of seed or are dispersed by birds. With no natural enemies, they overrun our native plants so we lose genetic diversity.

We are still in the middle of winter, and apart from Red Osier there is little color out there at the moment in the woodland garden. Take us on an imaginary journey over the next three seasons, and tell us about some of the visual highlights that we can look forward to -- about what we might see simultaneously in bloom at a few different moments between early Spring and the end of the year, and about some of your personal favorite combinations/juxtapositions of woodland plants...

In the early spring, March, we will see skunk cabbage, beautiful spath enclosed flowers. The plant actually produces heat to melt the snow so flies and other early insects can pollinate it.

The next plants in April, Dutchman's Breeches, Bloodroot, Trout lily, toothwort and hepatica (all beautiful and welcome after the winter)

Later in April into May, we see blue cohosh, wild leek leaves, trillium, woodland phlox, foam flower, wild geranium, early meadow rue, merry bells, wild ginger and wood poppy

Late May into June, the false solomon's seal, wild columbine, willow blue amsonia, Virginia anemone, Spiderwort, Penstemon, goat's beard and golden alexanders show off in the garden.

June into July, Monarda, both bee balm and wild bergamot, turk's cap lily, Canada lily, black cohosh, black eyed Susan, blue eyed grass, Swamp milkweed, white wood aster and summer phlox.

August brings both lobelias, cardinal flower and great blue lobelia, as well as wild senna, green coneflower, mountain mints and anise hyssop.

In September we see goldenrods, Blue stem, zig zag in the shade, showy and stiff in the sun. Asters like New England, New York, flat topped white aster and smooth aster. There are the beautiful mauve flowers of Joe Pye weed, purple flowers of ironweed, yellow flowers of wingstem and white turtlehead.

October is the lovely lingering flowers of asters and blue mist flowers.

Continued on page 12

During these rapidly changing times, find us online!

OwlLightNews.com

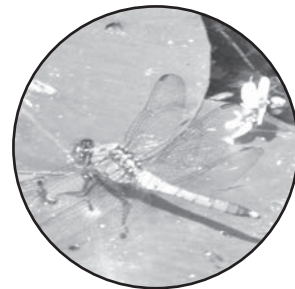
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Dragonfly Tales

(E)scape goats of Odonata Sanctuary

By **STEVE MELCHER**



At a recent meeting of the Odonata Sanctuary board, the word ‘scapegoat’ came up from an NPR article we all had read in relationship to the pandemic. The author said scapegoating was part of “a pattern of stigma against others in every disease outbreak.” In 14th-century Europe, Jews were blamed—and thousands of them slaughtered—by mobs who accused them of spreading bubonic plague by poisoning wells and streams. America in the 1800s saw immigrants from Ireland, Italy and China being accused of bringing cholera and polio, among other feared infections, to America’s shores. We’re living in a time of dangerous misinformation on the internet and rampant scapegoating.

We just wanted to know the origin of the word ‘scapegoating’, so we went to the most convenient source - the internet. According to Wikipedia, a scapegoat is “one of two kid goats. as a pair, one goat was sacrificed (not a scapegoat) and the living ‘scapegoat’ was released into the wilderness, taking with it all sins and impurities.” This brought up stories of sin eaters, and other rites and rituals of riddance. I reminded the board of Barry Commoner’s second law of ecology, ‘Everything must go somewhere’ and that there is no such thing as ‘away’ in nature. So, the desert would become a horrible place with all those sins accumulating after years of sending goats out there. This also reminded me of watching the Kumbh Mela festival while living in Haridwar, where pilgrims would place their sins and shortcomings into the camphor flame resting on a lotus leaf that was floated downstream and “away.” I always wondered what happened to the poor villagers living downstream receiving all those sins.

We still weren’t sure of the use of the word ‘scape’. I offered that perhaps the goats were protected by garlic ‘scapes’ so they could make their way far enough out into the desert and ‘away’ from the village. But then we found a quote from the bard himself that confirmed that the word ‘scape’ was used for ‘escape’. Still, “why would you call a goat an escape goat?” Don, our secretary, asked.

To which I offered the following story of Cheddar:

One of our mission statements here at Odonata Sanctuary is to create a safe harbor for rescued farm animals and attempt to the best of our ability to ensure a happy, peaceful life for their remaining days. We are now at a point in our twenty-year history that we have more animals underground in our own Pet Sematary (sic) than we do roaming the fields of Upper, Middle and Lower Earth. Death is a part of life and our family has had to learn to say goodbye to many critters who became close friends during their stay. One such rascal that recently crossed over the Rainbow Bridge was Cheddar. Cheddar was Stilton’s twin brother. The brothers were escape artists and affectionately known as our Escape Goats. Stilton passed away a few years ago and Cheddar carried on the tradition of finding a way to the greener grass on the other side. Known as the two ‘Cheeses’ (what we would say when they’d get out again), Cheddar and Stilton were from Lollypop Farm where they were more than a handful and given to us with a warning of their Papillon abilities. “Any fence that holds water, will hold a goat,” Johanna, Lollypop’s farm manager, told me. Our fences wouldn’t hold water, but we had a crew that could yell ‘Cheeses!’ and all we had to do is rattle a can of grain and Stilton and Cheddar would race to see who could be first to the treat. Hearing ‘Cheeses!’ being yelled as a curse always reminded me of another scapegoat from a few millennia ago. The twins did finally settle down realizing that they had all they needed here at the sanctuary. We have learned to accommodate our guests by providing what we think would make them happy or at least comfortable. We would take the goats on walks and found that everyone liked to follow VanDer the Elder, a huge Alpine black and white handsome ‘fellow’. We found out that VanDer was short for Lavender and was indeed an Amazon among goats. The other goats would follow VanDer, so we would put a lead on her and go for walks through the bramble. The Cheese twins enjoyed their walks and seemed to settle into a routine of ‘escaping’ with the rest every Sunday.

“some innocents scape not the thunderbolt”

—William Shakespeare

The Cheese Cottage was built for the twins as a place to rest in the shade. We’ve built warm caves for Charlotte and Wilbur the pigs, flight mazes for the peafowl, and had to import stones to build Dovregubben’s Throne for the sheep and goats. There’s a paucity of precious stones or rocks here at the farm, which is due to events that occurred over 10,000 years ago when the glaciers came through and left their mark. A mile or two away, farmers have to use rock pickers when they clear a field, but here at Odonata most of the rocks have been imported. We have rocks brought back from places as far away as Maine and Arizona. Someday a geologist studying the area is going to be very confused. The rocks of Dovregubben’s Throne were imported by our own local bass player, friend, fence builder, and swimming pool excavator, Dave Ferguson. Dave offered some recently retrieved sofa sized boulders and placed them, along with a few cement culverts, in the Middle Earth goat pasture to provide a climbing challenge, and hoof abrading opportunity, for the ungulates. We were also challenged when Danny, a rescued Boer goat with Polioencephalomalacia, came to stay. Polioencephalomalacia (PEM) is a relatively common nutritional disorder in sheep and goats. If treated early with thiamine, goats with PEM can live a normal life. However, Danny was too far along when he was given to us by a local goat breeder. Danny eventually became paralyzed from the waist down having only the use of his front legs. We built a zip line from the barn out to Grandmother Willow Tree for Danny, who would race out and back with the other goats to the shade of the willow. He seemed comfortable in his parachute harness and could graze along his zip line path and make his way back and forth using only his front legs. Eventually, Danny lost so much weight that he would slide down to Grandmother and not be able to reach the ground to get a footing to make his way back. We would have to bring him back to the barn with a rope tied to his harness - like bringing in the laundry on a clothesline.

We did enjoy taking the goats on walks. Goats are like deer in that they prefer to browse on bushes and trees rather than graze like sheep on grasses and forbs. Goats can clear an area of poison ivy or wild grape in as short of time as an afternoon picnic. One of the worse things that could happen to your milking goats is for them to get into a field of wild garlic or onions. The milk will taste like my friend’s ‘Death by Garlic’ dish. We don’t milk our goats here at the sanctuary, but at one time I actually raised and bred Saanen/Nubian goats and was a proud member of the Delaware Dairy Goat Association. My first goat was actually a one-eyed pregnant female abandoned at an Amish auction. I stayed late into the night until the end of the auction to see if anyone would claim ‘Lizzy’ the one eyed, one horned goat. No one did, so I took her home and a few weeks later she gave birth to Tofu and Mikey. I named the buck Mikey because of his enormous and eclectic appetite- “give it to Mikey, he’ll eat anything.” A local witch and I neutered Mikey by tearing out his testes...a story I will tell in a later issue. I had a lactating goat and was in business.

The demand for goat milk had spiked due to the discovery that many folks are ‘lactose intolerant’. Of course, now we know that goat milk is for goats just like cow’s milk is for cows. This is where the ‘garlic scapes’ comes in. What if the ‘scapegoat’ got into scapes and the milk became spoiled? What a goat eats affects the flavor of the milk. I did have proof of this fact. I’ve always been a scavenger and once a farmer gave me permission to glean his carrot fields. The carrot wagon had become overloaded and on every corner of the field lay a pile of carrots. I left that Saturday with 12 large feed bags brimming with orange gold. The goats ate carrots for the next few weeks. Usually a treat, the carrots became a substitute for the expensive Shepherd 16 goat feed.

Continued on page 12

The Little Lakes Community Association presents its 6th Annual Sustainability Series—through May, 2021

The 3rd Thursday evening of each month - 6:30 to 8:00 p.m. Little Lakes Community Center 4705 S. Main St., Hemlock, NY

Cost: \$10 each session—Advance registration is required at www.littlelakesny.org for either in-person or Zoom participation.

Walk-in registration at LLCC M-F, 6 – 9 p. m., Sat. 10 – 2 or call 585-367-1046.

Presentations include:

- 3/18/21 - Extending The Table for Pollinators, People, and The Planet—Patty Love of Barefoot Permaculture, Rochester NY
- 4/15/21 - 7 Keys to Resilient Gardening in a Changing Climate—Petra Page-Mann of Fruition Seeds, Naples, NY
- 5/2021 - Planning Meeting for LLCC Landscape Design



Homestead from page 10



Trout Lily (early Spring)

bluestem goldenrod keep the pollinators happy while keeping color in our garden.

For a moist soil red cardinal flower, bluestem goldenrod and bottle gentian are a stunning combination.



Foam flower (Spring)

your buck with caterpillar production. Caterpillars are what our songbirds need to rear their young.

Native cherries are great too.

I am particularly fond of combinations of foamflower, woodland phlox, yellow wood poppy and early meadow rue. Adding some sedges and ferns make the garden look more natural. Virginia anemone, wild columbine

add continuing color. Black Eyed Susan, white wood aster and

Many people around here have been cutting down dead and dying ash trees and hemlock and altering the overstory of our woodlands. Do you have any thoughts about what kinds of trees we might plant to restore and provide a canopy for the native understory plants that we have talking about? Are there any beneficial native trees that deserve special mention?

Oaks: plant lots of acorns and small oaks, and you are getting the best bang for your buck with caterpillar production. Caterpillars are what our songbirds need to rear their young.



False Solomon's Seal (early Summer)

It seems to me that nurseries like yours follow an interesting business model. Once you give someone a plant and teach them how to divide and save seed and graft and take cuttings on their own, you are essentially teaching them how to be less dependent on people like you. How do you see yourself as educator/advocate/business proprietor? How do these roles relate to one another?

There are not enough native plant nurseries. Especially when you consider it is best to plant plants with local genetics. I am happy to help people learn to grow their own plants. People can grow their own non-native plants, too, but many people choose not to. It isn't as easy to grow quality plants as people think. We grow for the people who choose not to or who don't have a lot of success or who don't

have the time to grow their own. There is a lot of space that could be planted with natives. I don't worry about spreading the knowledge I have. As people are becoming more aware of the value of native plants, they will want them in their own gardens. This becomes our market.



Joe Pye Weed (September)

Thank you, Ellen! Thanks for all the great work you do, and for always being there when we have a question. 🌿

Derrick Gentry lives in Honeoye with his wife and son, and numerous furred and feathered friends. He teaches in the Humanities Department at Finger Lakes Community College.

Dragonfly Tales from page 11



Melcher and Cheddar;—"a 'Human Whisperer'... she always liked to get up close and sniff."

The milk was actually pale orange and tasted like carrots. It was really quite tasty. I thought I had a market for carrot milk that had the added benefit of carotene for improved nighttime goat vision. But I couldn't sell it.

The Delaware Dairy Goat Association had tried to standardize the health department's requirements for milk

producers. The stainless-steel sanitary setup required by the state to sell milk was far too expensive for the small farmer. We couldn't sell milk unless we were licensed by the state, but we could sell goat poop. So, for \$3.50 you could buy a small paper bag of goat poop and get a gallon of goat milk for free. That lasted a few months until we were shut down for selling poop in a bag.

So, let this be a warning to those who lack the will or skill to do some critical thinking during your internet searches. There is plenty of poop for sale out there today about Giants in Kandahar and COVID-19 being a hoax. You will not be surprised to find a plethora of sites by simply using the keywords 'pandemic' and 'scapegoat'. There are reputable sources out there for health-related information—like *J-Hops.org*, *cdc.gov*, and *who.int*. If you're looking anywhere else, you're in danger of finding a few wondering scapegoats. 🌿

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.

WORLD WATER DAY

March 22nd, World Water Day, is about what water means to people, its true value and how we can protect this vital resource.

Spend time this month learning about your water; how it is important to your home & family life, your livelihood, your cultural practices, your wellbeing and your local environment.

Learn more about your water!
585-624-4000
WaterTreatmentbyCulligan.com

Culligan Water

Crafting Your Own Cuisine

By EILEEN PERKINS

RECIPE

Having salmon for a meal doesn't have to mean a big expenditure of time or money. This is a tasty lunch or dinner entrée, utilizing canned salmon. We often enjoy this with just a lemon wedge or dill mayo, but it is also delicious as a seafood sandwich on a bun with greens and tartar sauce or a bit of Dijon.



The burger cooked to perfection, served up with lemon and mixed greens.

COOKBOOK REVIEW

200 Best Canned Fish & Seafood Recipes

By Susan Sampson

For anyone needing practical solutions for stretching their food dollars, ideas for working more self-stable animal protein into their meal rotation, or simply looking for ways to use up excess canned seafood purchased for use in emergencies, this book offers much. Susan Sampson was at one time the food editor for *The Toronto Star*, the largest daily newspaper in Canada, so I imagine she has seen, and no doubt experimented with, a lion's share of the recipes crossing her desk. It is understandable to me that her food writing has garnered her acclaim. *200 Best Canned Fish & Seafood Recipes* is a demonstration of seasoned resourcefulness utilizing an unassuming collection of products that wait patiently on grocery shelves for a chance to shine. One noteworthy aspect of this collection is her allowance for the substitution of totally different kinds of seafood in some recipes, yielding a "variation" of the recipe's original theme. This book can easily prompt using up orphaned canned seafood ingredients in the pantry.

At the onset of this manual, most readers' understanding of the "world of canned seafood" is expanded. Starting from the category of "Fish", subjects stretch into the domains of "Crustacean," "Mollusks," and "Cephalopods." This chapter was useful to me. To begin with, I had wondered about what an anchovy actually was, beyond being a Caesar salad dressing ingredient. I was also curious to know if others also removed the round backbone from canned salmon as I do (she does, personal preference. She says it's unnecessary with canned salmon though, by the way.)

Included in the collection are well known favorites like Spaghetti with Red Clam Sauce, both New England (the creamy one) and Manhattan Clam Chowders, and two Tuna Noodle Casserole recipes, one "Old-Fashioned" and one "Updated", spun out from the original with some sophisticated flourishes. Try East Coast Lobster Rolls for a quick special lunch or Easy Ham and Clam Jambalaya for a tasty one pot family dinner. I especially liked the recipe she called "Faux Pho", utilizing canned salmon, of all things! Pho is a Vietnamese soup I am especially fond of, and her unconventional approach, including a quick and easy Asian broth formula she includes, makes me foresee even more of it in my future.

All in all, this book, with its bigger-than-life, sumptuous looking photos has a nostalgic quality about it. Granted, it was published seven years ago, before our romance with slick food blogs took hold, but the quality I'm referring to has



Salmon Burgers

(Makes 7 -9)

Ingredients

- 2 (14-15 oz.) cans pink or red salmon, drained, with any perceived-to-be objectionable bones or skin removed*
- ½ cup sliced scallion rings, white and light green parts
- ½ cup butter or neutral flavored oil, divided
- ¼ cup fresh parsley, chopped or 2 Tbsp. dried
- ¼ cup coarsely grated carrot
- 1 cup plain bread crumbs, fine texture is preferred, divided
- 2 eggs, lightly beaten
- 1 Tbsp. Dijon mustard
- ½ tsp.-¾ tsp. salt
- Desired toppings

Method

- Put 3 Tbsp. butter or oil in large fry pan and heat. Add scallion and sauté on low heat for about 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Remove scallion from pan with slotted spoon, and place in a bowl large enough to accommodate the rest of ingredients.
- Set pan aside to use later for frying patties.
- To the cooked scallion add salmon, and mash together well, breaking up any bones, if you left them in.
- Stir in carrot, parsley, 1/4 cup bread crumbs, Dijon and salt.
- Stir egg in completely.
- Measure out level 1/2 cup portions per burger and flatten evenly, forming uniform rounds as much as possible.
- Measure out 3/4 cup bread crumbs in a shallow wide bowl and one by one, coat each side of the patties with bread crumbs, and place on a cookie sheet.
- Chill for an hour or so to firm up. If short on time, making them smaller will help them hold their shape.
- Add 5 tbsp. butter or oil to reserved fry pan and heat until a little bit of the salmon mixture sizzles when flicked into the pan. (You can enjoy that tasty morsel when it's brown!)
- Turn heat to Low setting and carefully arrange salmon in hot fat. Cook several minutes, -brown without burning- and carefully flip. Cook until temperature reaches 165 °.
- Enjoy with lemon (juice) or tartar sauce and your choice of toppings.
- These burgers keep conveniently in the freezer for a quick meal. Freeze flat, then place in a container that will protect them from breakage

*The bones of canned salmon are soft, since they have been cooked to that state during processing, so they can be consumed. I usually remove the bigger round ones, and crush the others into the meat, grateful for the calcium they provide. If you don't want to eat the bones, purchasing boneless might be a better choice for you. The skin of canned salmon is rich in omega-3 fats so I just mix it in, but you can pull it out, if it doesn't appeal.

more to do with the book's presentation and approachability. The recipes are broken down and explained in such a way that makes following them undemanding and confidence inspiring. It has occurred to me that I might want to add this to my collection, for when I really am tired of cooking and might prefer to eat in a restaurant but can't. Many recipe ingredients are likely to be found in my pantry and refrigerator already. For a little adventure, why not just choose a can of seafood, open a page that uses it, and follow step by step to assemble a low effort, maybe a little exotic, home cooked meal?

An older book, *200 Best Canned Fish & Seafood Recipes* can be purchased new and used ...or you may just luck out and find it at your public library. 🐾



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.

The Night Sky

Early Morning Planet Viewing and Vernal Equinox in March

By DEE SHARPLES



If you're a fan of spotting the planets in the evening sky, you're going to need to move your observing schedule to the early morning hours.

Saturn and Jupiter, two bright planets that have been a constant in our evening sky for several months, have now become early morning celestial objects. Thirty minutes before sunrise on March 10th, they'll be a highlight in the southeastern sky along with the planet Mercury and a thin crescent moon. Find an observing location free from obstacles like trees and houses, and look about 20 degrees (two fist-widths) up from the horizon. Saturn at magnitude 0.6 will be the dimmest of the three planets, followed by brighter Mercury at magnitude 0.3, and Jupiter, the brightest at magnitude -2.0. The crescent moon will be very slim and delicate but will add a pretty accent near the three star-like planets.

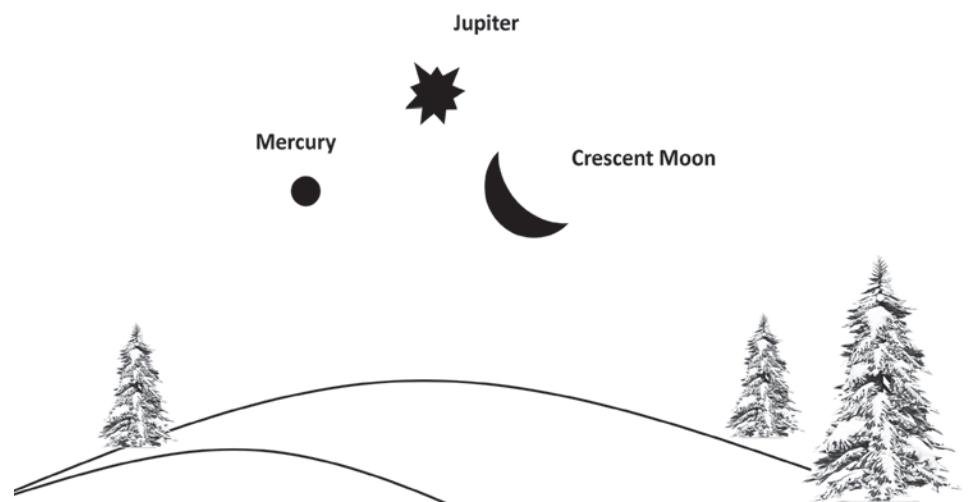
But one planet can still be found in the evening sky—Mars shining fairly brightly at magnitude 0.9 at the beginning of the month. It fades gradually to magnitude 1.3 as the month progresses but still retains its distinctly reddish hue which is caused by the oxidization of the iron found in the surface material on Mars.

Look for the planet in the west-southwest around 8:00 PM. If you're familiar with the distinctive constellation Orion, it will help you to locate Mars. Notice the red giant star Aldebaran shining at magnitude 0.85 which lies just to the left of Mars. A beautiful star cluster called the Pleiades, or Seven Sisters, lies fairly close and to the right of Mars. With your naked eye, the Pleiades will look like a hazy group of stars, but binoculars will reveal its true beauty of several bright individual stars. On March 18, Mars and the Pleiades will be joined by a crescent moon which will be five degrees from the Pleiades, with Mars eight degrees to the northeast.

Daylight Savings Time begins on March 14th this year. The sun is higher in the sky each day and we can feel its warmth. However, we'll have to wait an extra hour for the sky to darken in the evening before being able to observe. But since the sun will rise an hour later, you can observe that beautiful gathering of planets at a later time in the morning.

The vernal equinox, signaling the first official day of spring, occurs on March 20th at 5:37 A.M. We can now look forward to the warmer days of spring as the northern hemisphere continues to tip more and more toward the sun. 🦉

Looking southeast
March 10 - 6:00 A.M.



Looking west-southwest
March 18 - 8:00 P.M.



Illus. Dee Sharples

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.

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

Sun: -26.7
Full Moon: -12.6
Jupiter: -2.0
Mercury: 0.3
Saturn: 0.6
Aldebaran: 0.85
Mars: 0.9 to 1.3
Dimmest star visible with the unaided eye: 6.0-6.5

How to measure degrees in the sky
A simple "ruler" is to hold your arm straight out and make a fist. The area of the sky covered by your fist measures about 10°. Start at the horizon and by moving your fist up and counting how many "fist-widths" it takes to reach an object in the sky, you'll have an approximation of its height. To measure 1°, hold your little finger out at arm's length. The area of the sky covered by your finger is about 1°. Also use this method to measure how far apart two objects are from each other in the sky.

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Richmond History

The Museum Experience

By JOY LEWIS



Six years old I was when I first experienced a museum, in a dim and musty room at Hemlock School. Mr. Thorpe the janitor led our second grade class downstairs to the basement. We marched in a column past the brightly-lit lunch room and the always-shut door of the boiler room to the far end of the hallway. Before a mysterious closed door we came to a halt. Our teacher cautioned us, “Don’t touch anything,” and the door was slowly opened on its creaking hinges. Within, was a shadowy cavern stuffed with treasures.

Arranged around three walls were cabinets and shelves brim full of artifacts and in the center of the room was a long table overflowing with a jumble of trinkets. A few things in that room gave me the creeps. At the back of one shelf was a transparent glass jar filled with slightly-off-color water with a dead frog floating within—a very big frog! I didn’t like the look of the animal traps suspended from the ceiling, nor the throng of stuffed birds ranged on tall shelves; some of them looked like they were about to take flight. I remained vigilant, ready to duck.

More enjoyable than the things which sent shivers down my back were the pretty things, the antiques, and the arrowheads. Mrs. Barnard explained the purpose of the winnowing basket hanging on the wall. She let us study the spinning wheel and the nid-

dy-noddy partnered with it. We had a mini tutorial on the relationship between sheep and wool. The rifles and shotguns ranged along the far wall captivated the boys, who peppered Mr. Thorpe with questions. The girls peered into every trinket-filled cabinet and read out loud the needlework sentiments that ornamented the shelves.

In a large bowl was a collection of “lake glass” — bits of broken bottles that had washed around in the lake so long that they’d been worn smooth. Jade and azure, cloudy, amber and gold, these uneven chunks of glass touched my fancy. Mr. Thorpe held out the bowl and invited each of us to take a handful while he described the process which had formed these jewels and how they’d been found and accumulated. We were also allowed to handle an arrowhead, passed from hand to hand and much admired.

Since that long ago day I’ve visited many another museum, the list of which runs to more than a hundred words, so I’ve settled for a synopsis. Over the course of six decades I’ve explored museums dedicated to Native Americans; African Americans; Pilgrims and pioneers; the military, including Civil War sites and colonial forts; classic cars; trains; airplanes and spaceships; presidents and governors; plantations; Laura Ingalls Wilder; movie and television personalities; artworks; farm implements; Sherlock Holmes;

ice cream; teddy bears; mountains and rivers; toys; quilts; boats; and granite.

Among that lot I have a few favorites. About ten years ago my husband and I visited the Museum of the Fur Trade in Chadron, Nebraska. We were on a trip to drive across the U.S. on Route 20 from its start in Boston to its terminus in Oregon. The Fur Trade Museum was one of the highlights of that trip. Their interpretative signs were well-written and interesting. The display of bateaux was impressive. Illustrations covered nearly every wall and the artifacts were out in the open for inspection.

A few of the places I’ve visited stand out in my memory: London’s National Gallery; the battlefield site at Fredericksburg, Virginia; Plimouth Plantation in Massachusetts; and the Erie Canal Village in Rome, New York. Another favorite museum experience I had was in North Carolina at the Mount Airy Museum in Surry County. Mount Airy was the birthplace of Andy Griffith and is the site of the world’s largest open-faced granite quarry. Surry County was also home for many years to the world-famous Siamese twins, Chang and Eng Bunker (1811-1874). Mount Airy Museum pays tribute to these three “claims to fame” — and much more besides.

Continued on back

Pathways to Democracy from page 4

- Local utilities should invest in switching to renewable energy sources to combat climate change and create opportunities for clean jobs.
- Invest in building and repairing deteriorating roads/bridges and in other infrastructure projects.
- Cities and counties, as well as consumers, should do business only with companies that hire more American workers and open new factories in the US. It is time to end the outsourcing of jobs and production to other countries.

Trade-offs:

- Paying for all Federal Government programs by taxes rather than deficit spending could result in cutting important safety net programs, stunt economic growth and led to endless legislative gridlock
- To move to renewable energy will require utilities to make large up-front capital investments, the costs being passed on to consumers in the form of higher rates.
- Larger scale infrastructure programs will require higher taxes, or diverting funds from other programs.
- Ending or significantly reducing importation of foreign products will drive up prices on consumer goods.

Major trade-off: Such dramatic changes could take decades and would require significant changes in our way of life

Given the COVID 19 pandemic and the resulting economic downturn is it reasonable to end deficit spending now? Deficit spending has been going on for forty years. What specific spending cuts would you be willing to support? Whose jobs would be replaced by the development of renewable energies and how would such workers be retrained? Is it reasonable to think we can keep most factories open and protect all American workers?

Closing Thoughts:

- What should be done to make sure young people live up to their potential?
- We can not do everything so what matters most to you?
- Since all choices have trade-offs what ones stand the greatest chance of succeeding?
- What are the risks of some of the choices we would endorse/are there unintended consequences?
- Are there actions we oppose that we should seriously consider?
- When we make choices at the ballot box how might our decisions affect others in different circumstances?
- Should the needs of future generations take precedence over our current needs?
- What do older and younger generations owe each other? Consider older citizens with serious health problems.

Can we in our deliberations find “common ground”? What else do we need to know? How do the actions in this guide affect what we do as individuals or as a member of our community/nation?

Any readers with questions or observations should contact nifi.org (source of this issue guide) or Doug Garnar at garnardc@sunybroome.edu

“A righteous person is one who has love for the next generation”
— Dietrich Bonhoeffer

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

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The Monthly Read

Does Love Conquer All?

A Review of *My Dark Vanessa* By Kate Elizabeth Russell

By MARY DRAKE

Some of us are hopeless romantics who want to think that nothing—not wealth, looks, social standing or age—can stand in the way of true love. It’s an age-old story: poor Cinderella who is rescued by a wealthy prince; Beauty, who can see into the soul of the ugly Beast; even the May-December romance of a young woman and an older man, such as Charlotte Brontë’s *Jane Eyre*, in which the young, plain, poor heroine attracts the older, wealthy, aristocratic Mr. Rochester.

Nowadays, though, we view May-December romances more skeptically. Is the young person mature enough to know what is happening? Currently, the legal age of consent is between 16 and 18 years of age, depending on the state. So, the relationship described in *My Dark Vanessa* between a 15-year-old girl and a 42-year-old man immediately raises a red flag. And if that 42-year-old man happens to be the girl’s teacher, that raises even more questions about professionalism and trust. These are the difficult topics that author Kate Elizabeth Russell addresses.

The book’s title comes from the teacher’s own words when he tells Vanessa that, “I started to think, my god, this girl is the same as me. Separate from others, craving dark things. . . . When we’re together . . . it feels as though the dark things inside me rise to the surface and brush against the dark things inside you.” His voice shakes with feeling and his eyes are big and glassy, full of love.” At least, 15-year-old Vanessa thinks it’s love. Do we agree? Or do we hear only the lyrical words of seduction?

The tall, handsome English teacher Jacob Strane works at Browick, a boarding school in Maine where his student Vanessa is friendless and away from her family. Surely Strane sees this loneliness and vulnerability, and what he does next might be considered “grooming,” that is, winning her trust through flattery and attention: “He says that for me the sky is the limit, that I possess a rare kind of intelligence, something that can’t be measured in grades or test scores. . . . ‘Just remember,’ he says, ‘you’re special. You have something these dime-a-dozen overachievers can only dream of.’” Who wouldn’t want to feel so extraordinary? Especially the young and unsure. Vanessa comes to think that “to be groomed is to be loved and handled like a precious, delicate thing.”

Outsiders however may view Strane’s behavior as manipulative and opportunistic, but Russell questions such hasty assumptions. Vanessa encourages his sexual advances and gradually falls in what she thinks is love. She even continues seeing Strane as she gets older. He doesn’t consider himself a sexual predator, only a man who “had the bad luck of falling in love with a teenager.”

The story is told entirely from Vanessa’s point of view. Russell made the novel a deliberate reversal of *Lolita*, a classic book by Vladimir Nabokov told from the point of view of a much older man who seduces a very young girl. What would such an affair seem like to the young girl? How would it affect her? Deeply and painfully, Russell seems to say. We’re privy to Vanessa’s every thought, emotion and impression, and this lends the book immediacy but can also sometimes be exhausting. A teenage girl’s feelings can change like the weather, and we get all of Vanessa’s emotions in excruciating detail. She is ambivalent, sometimes worshipping Strane, sometimes hating him. But she recognizes that he will always be her

first love and that he has marked her life indelibly.

The time frame of the book moves back and forth between 2001, when the relationship began, and 2017, when Vanessa is 31 and looking back. The shifting chronology can sometimes make the storyline difficult to follow, but it does give readers perspective on what happens, since we already partially know how it turns out.

In 2007, the burgeoning Me Too movement emboldens another of Strane’s students to come forward and accuse him of sexual misconduct; she pressures Vanessa to do the same. Only Vanessa doesn’t hear “the siren song of victimhood.” She thinks, “I wasn’t abused, not like other women are claiming to have been.” She considers herself to have been a willing participant. Strane made her “someone somebody else is in love with, not just some dumb boy my own age but a man who has already lived an entire life, who has done and seen so much and still thinks I’m worthy of his love.” But she also recognizes that, as a younger person, she was swept along: “I know I have the power to say no, but that isn’t the same as being in charge.”

Just as the character of Vanessa is swept along, so Russell’s book was also taken in unforeseen directions, but as the saying goes, even bad publicity is better than no publicity. The plagiarism controversy that has swirled around *My Dark Vanessa* is just one more reason to talk about it, though the publishing industry has also been dragged into the scandal. What happened is that the Latina author, Wendy Ortiz, claimed Russell’s novel bore “eerie similarities” to her memoir, *Excavation*, both of which concerned young students having sexual relationships with older teachers. But Ortiz’s book was rejected by the publishing industry as “unsaleable,” while Russell received a seven-figure advance and all the publicity the monolithic book industry could give, making *My Dark Vanessa* a book that is seen, read and talked about everywhere. It’s easy to see this as a case of the mostly white publishing industry preferring a white woman’s story to that of a brown woman’s. There is also the question of appropriation: Ortiz wrote a true memoir about something that really happened to her, but Russell’s book is classified as fiction. Russell tried to maintain some privacy by including a disclaimer in the book that the character of Vanessa should not be confused with her. But some questioned whether she was really qualified to write about this. Must authors always experience what they write about? What happened to using one’s imagination? Russell, however, felt compelled to justify herself by admitting to having been sexually abused as a teen.

Whether based on a true story or entirely a work of fiction, *My Dark Vanessa* is a compelling character study of the psychology of a young girl. Although the book goes on for too long, in order to neatly tie up all the threads of Vanessa’s life, it does raise some thought provoking issues that might make you question what it really means to be in love. ✨

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. See her YA story excerpt below.

Where the Path Leads—Chapter 12: Two Feasts, Two Men – By MARY DRAKE

In the previous chapter, Emily and the other laborers are given a day off from their work to attend a feast at the castle in celebration of May Day.

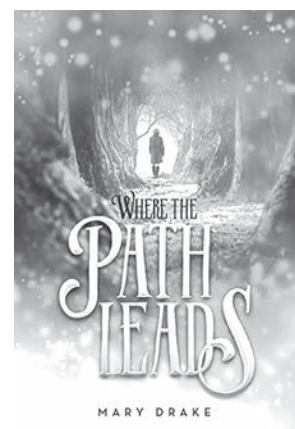
After the Maypole dance everyone spread out to find a place at the trestle tables since the food was being brought out. Before anyone could partake, however, a small round man in white brocade who wore an elaborately jeweled gold medallion shaped like the sun and a crescent moon, stood to speak. Everyone was quiet and all heads bowed as he lit a tall white candle, tossed some fresh herbs onto the dais as he walked around, intoning strange words and making gestures with his pale pudgy hands. Emily looked around, unsure what was happening. At the high table where the man droned on was Simon Poyntz who was glaring at her. She quickly looked away. Then the man in white brocade spoke about their duty to the Higher Power, represented here on Earth by the their illustrious and courageous Baron Longsword who was away fighting to keep them all safe from invaders.

The feast finally began after the portly, bejeweled man sat down, but she soon realized there were two feasts going on, the ordinary one, and the spectacular one.

Read Online: www.owllightnews.com/where-the-path-leads-chapter_____.

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

My Dark Vanessa
384 pages
William Morrow
(2020)



Voices of Alhambra

Dancing beneath curtains of stalactite showered in midday sun,
Weaving around vegetal designs of geometric harmony,
The voices gather in secluded shadows.

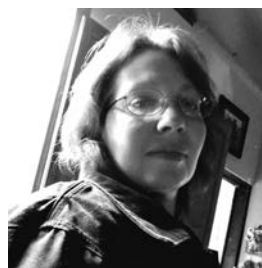
Echoing shouts deflect from sultry pillared halls,
Captured by cool alcoves, opposing thoughts converge,
Humming with intensity.

Silenced by towering parapets, heard again in gurgling fountains,
Distant voices blend gracefully to form the tapestries of time,
Whispered conversations giggle past beehive arches.

Composed in the bold patterns of intricate inlaid walls,
History finds her voice, resonating through cobbled corridors,
Singing the eternal grace and beauty of Alhambra.

Antarctica 1911

Alight on the last earthly frontier
Never before traversed by man
Tabula rasa past an exploratory age
Alluring in its frigid white shroud
Remaining hidden by circumstance
Calling now all travelers who dare
Taunting aged man, brave and rash
Icy pole stuck in her heart the consequence
Carefully planned expeditions triumph and fail
Alas, now what, explorers ask, even as they walk to death.



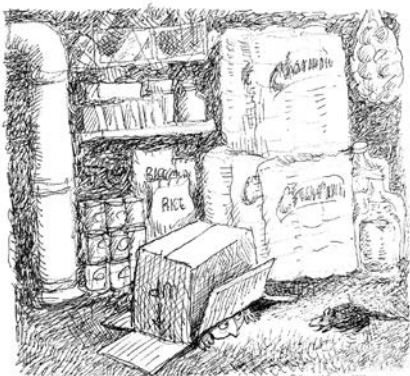
Susanne Allen—a lifelong New Yorker— spends much of her free time renovating and exploring the history of the very old farmhouse where she lives—along with a multitude of cats that are a perpetual source of amusement (and sometimes the subjects of poems). Susanne is currently focusing on writing poetry that celebrates special places. She also enjoys genealogical research, photography, model horse collecting and painting.

Turning Points

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

ADVANCE ORDERS can now be placed online: *
owllightnews.com/turningpoints (or mail in form on p. 23).

This softbound journal will feature poetry, short stories, and creative non-fiction from ten authors, with illustrations by artist Sally Gardner.



Chosen pieces—selected by judges George Guida, David Michael Nixon, and Steve Melcher—include work from published and emerging authors.

One of our goals since launching Canadice Press in 2017 has been to support authors across genres. *Owl Light News* currently hosts nineteen regular contributors, with additional guest contributors in each issue. With *Owl Light Literary*, more voices will be shared. We are excited!

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(Current *Owl Light News* subscribers receive a \$5 discount on their order).

Advance sale copies may also be ordered using the form on page 23!
Follow facebook.com/canadicepress for updates and information about publication/delivery schedule and readings by the authors.



“This Is the House that Jack Built...”

—Illustration by Sally Gardner

Fantastic Flora

A Towering Tree's Complex History —Eastern White Pine (*Pinus strobus*)

By SALLY L. WHITE



The eastern white pine is the only native five-needled pine in New York State. The term “five-needled” refers to the fact that, in pines, the needles are always in bundles—an easy way to separate pines from spruces or firs. White pine is also easily recognized by its feathery, graceful twigs and branches. It occurs in virtually every county of New York and its range extends from eastern Canada and Maine, where it is the state tree, all the way to Minnesota and south to Georgia. Once it towered over other trees in the northeastern U.S. forests.

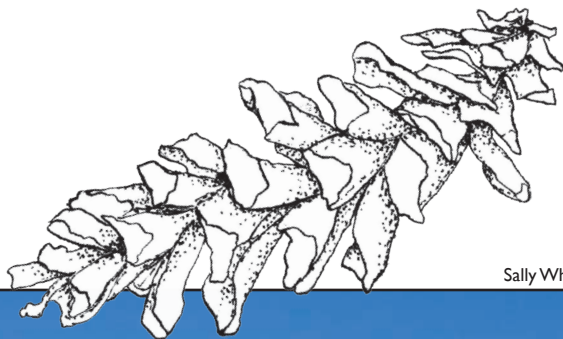
In the oral history of the Haudenosaunee Confederacy, eastern white pine plays a central role as the “Tree of Peace.” Its five needles represent the five nations who came together to create a new alliance and an end to wars among their people. To signify their commitment, leaders buried weapons of war under a great white pine tree. The pine symbol at the center of the Confederacy’s purple-and-white banner represents this Tree of Peace.

The advancing colonists had no such tender feelings for the majestic white pine forests, focusing instead on their utility. To the early Puritans, such looming wilderness was “hideous and desolate.” Beyond providing materials for their own homes and settlements, the vast forests represented only marketable wealth. England had been largely deforested long before, and British kings needed tall straight timbers for the masts of the sailing vessels that were extending their empire. King Charles II asserted control over the New England forests, and his surveyors marked any mast-size trees with the king’s broad arrow. By the 1700s, the “infinite supply” of the 1600s was severely diminished, and illegal cutting was no longer tolerated. The white pine was at the center of two riots, the Mast Tree Riot of 1734 and the Pine Tree Riot of 1772, revealing the colonists did not accept the king’s appropriation. The latter riot presaged the Boston Tea Party a year later, laying the basis for the American Revolution. Soon the masts were being cut for American ships, rather than British ones.

“[White pine] was the driving engine of the Early American economy, and the foundation of its trade relationships...” — from a New England Forests film

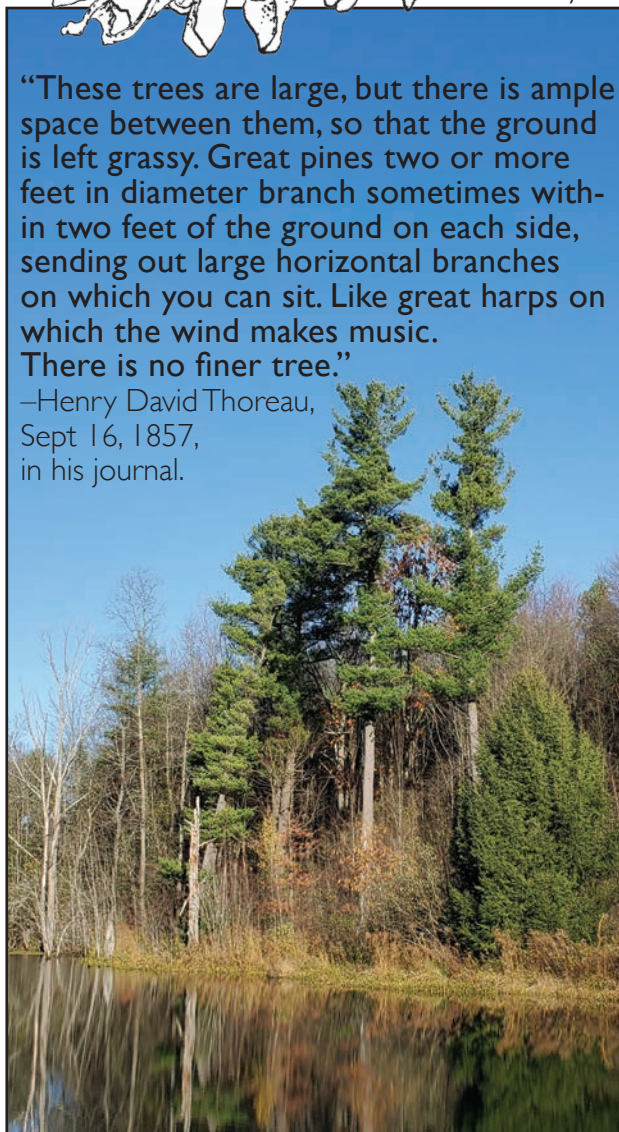
The clearcutting continued after the Revolution, and by the Civil War the great forests of white pine had all but disappeared. Major clearcutting continued westward across the U.S. as the timber companies packed up lumberjacks and even sawmills to find new forests to cut. After initial logging of the virgin forests, abandoned agricultural fields gave white pine an opportunity to recover. By the early 1900s, these trees grew large enough to be commercially valuable, and the second-growth forests were also cut and sold.

We’re fortunate that eastern white pine survived the challenges of these last few centuries, for its ecological values are significant. These trees, especially large ones, provide homes, cover, and livelihoods for dozens of species of eastern birds and mammals. Trees begin producing cones when they are five to ten years old, and the seeds are readily used by small mammals and birds.



Sally White

“These trees are large, but there is ample space between them, so that the ground is left grassy. Great pines two or more feet in diameter branch sometimes within two feet of the ground on each side, sending out large horizontal branches on which you can sit. Like great harps on which the wind makes music. There is no finer tree.”
—Henry David Thoreau, Sept 16, 1857, in his journal.



Squirrels cut cones and strip the seeds; mice and voles bury caches of twenty to thirty seeds. Some are forgotten by their hoarders, potentially germinating and starting new forests. The odds may be against individual seeds, but the tree only needs to reproduce once in its long lifetime to ensure the forest continues.

Larger trees provide forest residents more benefits. Older trees are well suited for occupancy by pileated and other woodpeckers, who carve holes that can later be used by other cavity-dwelling birds or mammals. Bald eagles make nests in the tops of tall pines, and black bear cubs scamper up them for safety and shade.

Eastern white pine still occupies its original range, but it has not yet returned to its original glory. The “cathedral effect” of forests of white pines 200 feet tall and more than three feet in diameter challenges the imagination. Members of the Eastern Native Tree Society, or “ENTS,” seek old-growth forests and measure the biggest surviving trees; they have recorded remnants of old-growth white pine and other species across the Eastern U.S. In New York, however, most old-growth forests seem to be hardwoods or hemlock. We can get a sense of those imposing early pine forests only by traveling to nearby states.

Recommended:

Eastern White Pine: The Tree Rooted in American History, video from *New England Forests*, available on *YouTube*.

[*The Writings of Henry David Thoreau: Journal 1837-1846, 1850-Nov. 3, 1861*]

Sally L White, a recent transplant from Colorado, is still adjusting her botanical expectations to this new environment. Although she grew up in the Southern Tier, that was before she studied botany in college and grad school. Much is familiar but she finds even more to remember and relearn. This column is part of her effort to expand her understanding of our local flora.

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Small Town Hound from page 7



Mandy Lu—and me—in the CAD and laser lab.

Another big part of the WE is Mandy Lu, who six years ago supported Doug's dream of making Twisted Willow Fabrication a reality. Mandy Lu spends a lot of time these days with the pack, but she used to do a different kind of work away from home. She knows how to talk with her hands, which can help people who do not hear well understand spoken language. My humans use hand signals some-time, when they ask me to come or sit or drop. In Mandy Lu's case, she knows so many hand words—a language called American Sign Language (ASL)—that she can talk to other people in. And it's not just for humans. Sometimes I pretend to not hear, but some dogs really can't hear. Some of them are learning ASL, so they can better communicate with their humans. * So cool!

Humans are amazing in so many ways, including their ability to communicate ideas and create things. Twisted Willow calls this process of making things from an idea fabrication. The Twisted Willow shop was built in 2015, and Doug talks about how his investment in the building and machines helps him create work that is better than what humans can do on their own—he called it precision work. Like I mentioned earlier, Twisted Willow has so many machines and shiny things to do small to mid-sized projects—with mid-sized being the size of a car. They do bending and rolling of square and round tubing, something other small shops cannot do. They're proficient in CAD and do CNC plasma cutting and have lots of materials in stock so they can do jobs quickly and competitively, as well as emergency work. They offer the latest welding processes. They offer full laser engraving, marking and processing, including using engineering plastics in some of the custom fabrication. They can form and roll sheet metal and form thicker plate. All this means they can make fancy things that are exactly what people in busy workplaces or in their homes need.

I am a dog, remember, so I am trying to understand all this as I listen to the humans talk. There was one thing in the shop that helped me better understand not only what these humans can do with metal and other materials, but what their dog companions do for work. As I write this, there is snow outside, everywhere. I love being out in the snow, but the Twisted Willow dogs really love being out in the snow. These dogs are Siberian huskies. I am a mixed-breed dog, which means it's hard to tell what my roots are, although I know I have some French ancestors. These dogs know who they are; they were born to pull sleds in the snow, and they have thick, double coats (like my collie friend Mars) to keep them warm in the cold. They are so graceful and beautiful. Although we just had a nice snow, here in the western part of New York State where we live, there are many times of the year when there is no snow, and during those times, what's a working sled dog to do? Doug and Mandy Lu have the answer.

Continued on back

SEARCHING FOR A FOREVER HOME!

Meet Stocking

This lump of beauty is Stocking! He's a very dignified man and would rather not be treated like a kitten or a toy. Stocking would purrr-furrrr a home where he can rule his castle without interruption. Life hasn't always been easy for Stocking and sadly, he came to the shelter after the death of his previous owner. Stocking is pretty upset and rightfully so, but would do better in a home than shelter life. The stress of many people coming in and out of the shelter as well as the playful cats in his room are just too much for him to adjust to. The ideal home for Mr. Stocking would be one without children. He would like a calm environment where he can relax on a cat tower and catch up on his beauty sleep. When visiting Stocking, you will most likely find him in the top corner shelf. He hides there and has claimed it his own. He does not like being petted right away but treats and patience in a home will warm his frosty heart again. If you are willing to give this gentleman the second chance he deserves, please fill out an application or call/email with further questions



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DA
PUDGY
PIGEON!

By PIPER DAVIS

Making Lemonade

What a Year! And Lessons for 2021

By **BARB STAHL**

This certainly has been an “if you can’t believe what just happened, wait until next week, or even tomorrow” year. I plan to summarize what I learned, what surprised me, and what could change going forward. The last time I had guests inside my house was for The Really Reads Them Book Club on March 12, 2020, but I entertained several times in my driveway and / or my garage during the nice weather.

Learning new things became more important. Probably the biggest thing I learned was how to manipulate Zoom. That quickly became my conduit to the world. It accommodated family meetings, book club meetings, celebrations, game nights (yes, my grandchildren taught me to play virtually). Have you ever tried to navigate a mouse to draw a picture on Zoom for Pictionary, draw with your finger for Tee K.O. from Jackbox.tv (talk about learning curves!! – pun in-tended!), or think up clever punch lines for jokes in what seems like only five seconds for Whiplash? These grandchildren are definitely testing my “thinking fast” skills!

Another amazing thing I learned was that you can play Solitaire with real cards on a table and don’t need an electronic gizmo to do that. Speaking of electronic gizmos, let me gratefully count the ways: Zoom, streaming, internet, email, word processing, smartphone, texting, and telephone conversations.

Zoom provided, on many occasions, the smiling faces that I so sorely missed. Tarzan particularly enjoyed Zoom and many folks got lots of glimpses of his fluffy black tail—and occasionally his handsome face!

Every day, except Sundays, I danced in my kitchen by myself with Zoom on my laptop on the counter. It was a lifesaver for me to see happy faces, plus getting exercise, and at least making my smartphone somewhat happy for the steps it demanded toward my daily goal.

In recent years I have resisted cooking and baking. This year I had to admit that I actually still could, and did, cook. One recipe tip—did you know Craisons are really good in pretty much everything? I returned to a habit I had in the early days, which was to make up my own concoctions with what’s in my cupboard. These generally turned out fine, and I was proud that I could still do that.

Happy March!



Laughter is the best medicine, so I have watched lots of humorous Netflix and Prime shows. I particularly want to highlight Jim Gaffigan, whom I think is excellent, and he doesn’t feel compelled to use four letter words throughout. Don’t get me wrong, I can take a few, but you must admit there are comedians who can’t put a single sentence together without them laced throughout...and I get distracted by being annoyed.

I think remembering and appreciating that family is forever, friends are essential, pets are marvelous companions, music soothes, nature is to be appreciated, and humor heals, have been my “rocks” this difficult year. These must not be forgotten.

Reading and writing became essential. How lucky that I love both as they are certainly things to do by oneself!

Getting my Covid vaccination is a high priority; I have an appointment for April, so will have to continue to do all of the above in the safety of my home longer unless I can get the vaccination sooner. I do look forward to venturing out into the world with others once again.

I will close by thanking you, my readers, for your role in my ongoing therapy this difficult year, and Tarzan says, “Me too”!

My dad, who loved poetry, would appreciate me quoting the first two lines of a poem from *The Writer’s Almanac Newsletter, Prairie Home Productions* (Jan.15 2021)

From: Solitude by Ella Wheeler Wilcox

*Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone*

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



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POEM By **WENDY SCHREINER**

Happy St. Patrick’s Day

Gold coins
found at
the end
of the rainbow
luck of the
Irish
Happy St. Patrick’s Day
leprechauns
frolic about
four leaf clover
covered grounds
emerald aisles
of Ireland



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 10th year.



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Owl Light Puzzle 11 – By **GEORGE URICH**

ACROSS

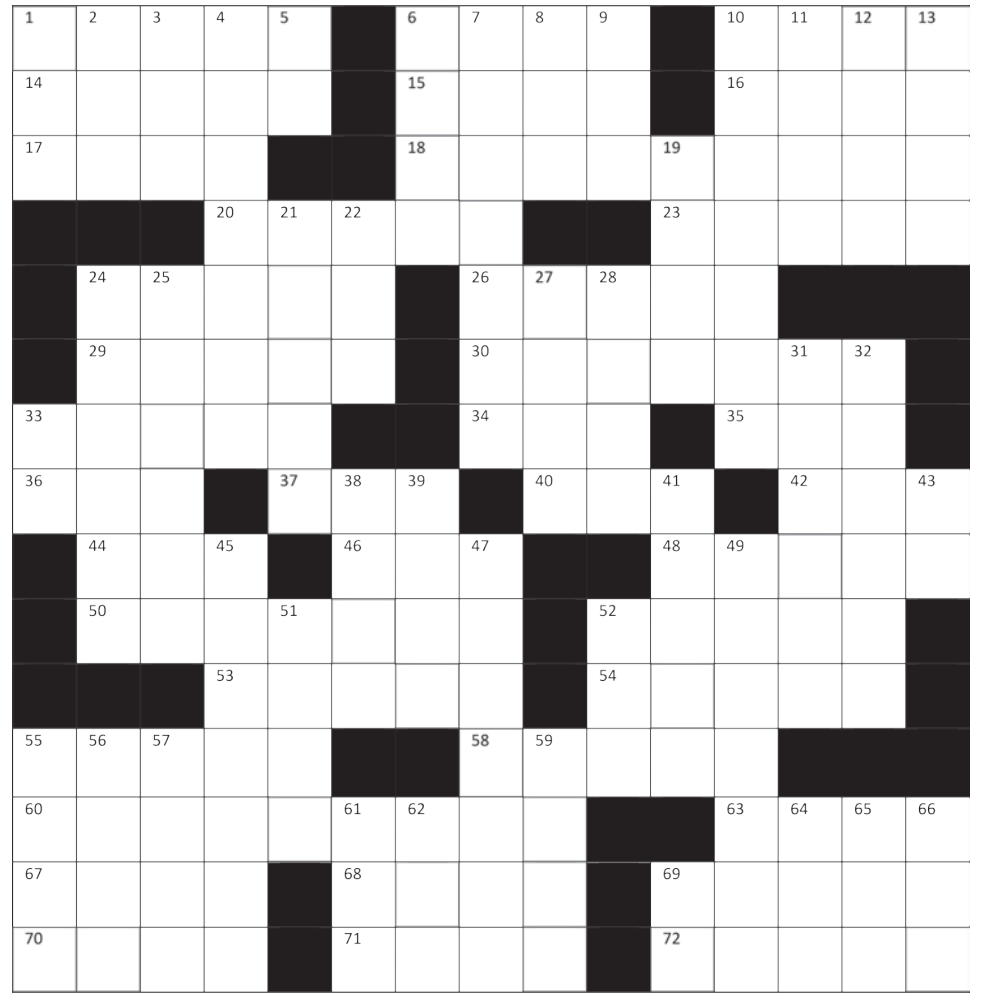
- 1 Fall flower
- 6 "A ____ by any other name would smell as sweet."
- 10 A happy feeling
- 14 A preference of some flowers
- 15 Showy flower, also the name of a Greek goddess
- 16 Distinctive atmosphere surrounding a given source
- 17 The USA is in the Northern ____ spere
- 18 Sammy Davis, Peter Lawford, Dean Martin, etal
- 20 Uncivil
- 23 Getting past TSA
- 24 Edible mixture
- 26 Very popular staying place
- 29 Stilettos
- 30 Jumping into water four feet first
- 33 What your English teacher made you do to a sentence
- 34 Brazilian city ____ Paulo
- 35 Not well
- 36 ____ magnon
- 37 Activist org. in the 1960s
- 40 Alts
- 42 Choose
- 44 Japanese singer
- 46 Not original, ____ tation
- 48 Where lung disease research may be conducted. Abbr
- 50 Fraction of a minute fraction.
- 52 Actresses Dunne and Papas, with the "n" missing
- 53 Show host.
- 54 Disagree, I ____ differ.
- 55 For Vitamin C, ____ orange.

- 58 Short appearance by well known people.
- 60 Perennial flower in the Iris family
- 63 Studious person lacking social skills.
- 67 Postal Code for Georgia and Massachusetts.
- 68 Netanyahu's nickname.
- 69 Tomlin and Pons
- 70 Sterilize animal.
- 71 Middle of March.
- 72 Cigarette



DOWN

- 1 Volcano material
- 2 That woman
- 3 Scottish hat
- 4 Food products that contain cannabis
- 5 Confederate General, __ _ Lee
- 6 River inlet
- 7 Flowering ornamental plants
- 8 Order to a dog
- 9 Able to be understood by a small group of people, ____ teric
- 10 Showy flower, missing "e"
- 11 Hawaiian party
- 12 The A in MA degree
- 13 Obsolete form of daze
- 19 outer part of some fruit
- 21 Small clicking, bubbling or rattling sounds in lungs
- 22 What TV is full of
- 24 Bush, Rose of ____
- 25 To do with aviation , ____ utics
- 27 Captain of the Ark
- 28 Gershwin song, _ ____ Rhythm
- 31 Early Spring flowering
- 32 Southwestern border town
- 33 iMac competitor



- 38 Sport played with frisbees, ____ Golf
- 39 Captain Hook's boatswain
- 41 Popular Indian horror movie released in 2018
- 43 Lung disease, Abbr.
- 45 Popular vitamin brand
- 47 Something clinking in a cocktail
- 49 Popular annual garden flower.
- 51 Former Dodge model
- 52 Well known computer co.
- 55 Ova
- 56 Once around the track
- 57 Mexican entrée, ____ le
- 59 Bargain basement caveat
- 61 Japanese belt
- 62 Hat, slang
- 64 Shade tree
- 65 Deli bread
- 66 Internet provided over a telephone line.
- 69 Borden cow?



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

Values

Each one of us has a special and unique journey that lends itself to uncovering our truest Selves. Throughout this process we discover what does and does not work for us, what we do and do not like, so forth and so on. What works for one may not work for some - and the reality of that is: there is absolutely nothing wrong with it. Nature expresses itself perfectly through us, as us, always.

The problem we face in continually expressing our fullest truth lies in the unconscious shield of comparison between ourselves and the world. We have this obsession contrasting ourselves with others we know and then believe we are not good enough because we do not meet a "status quo," or look like they do, or choose a path others would normally choose, or do what is expected of us, etc. Again, the reality of this truth is there is no specific status quo to live up to, or under. This is another one of the many conditioned side effects society has bred into our conscience and one that is completely erroneous.

We gain understanding of our self through our relationships and interactions, learning a great deal from others, yet there is this foggy line we cross through constant analysis of our own true nature and what we feel and ultimately know to be true- with turning over the foundation of our own values and self-worth directly from a standpoint outside of ourselves. Our perceptions cloud and we forget the truth about ourselves along the way in valuing the perspectives and opinions of those outside of us- above and over our own. It is a problem when we see ourselves solely through the eyes of others and believe we must measure up to be or do something - (since we were conditioned to assume we ought to) - or else; Or else we will be a failure. Or else we will be criticized. Or else we will be judged. Or else we will lose the respect of others. Or else we run the risk of being noticed for our choices- but when it honestly comes down to it - who honestly cares what they think of you if you are listening to your own deep values and being true to your Self?

Inside each and every one of us is this unique core set of values that is designed with our specific Being in mind. We have a "unique and inspired destiny," as Dr. John DeMartini preaches throughout his book *The Values Factor*. No two people are alike, nor are their core set of values and beliefs. DeMartini helps

Right now, we have the chance to intentionally shake off the inauthentic and false layers that bind us to expectations, ideals, and pressures of society and others, and fully reclaim ourselves.

us notice where we lack authenticity, and instead fall prey and "live up to another person's highest values... injecting their values into [our] life..." thereby confusing our own unique vision, and eventually forgetting what it is that we care about and what makes us happy, thereby we "abandon, ignore, or suppress" our own genuineness and live under society's ideals, imitating what someone else wants for us, instead of heeding our own call. Living in this way is akin to the preoccupation of listening to everyone else's favorite songs and slowly forgetting what genre of music we even like anymore. We have stopped dancing to the soundtrack of our own song and given up our destiny for the sole purpose of pleasing those around us and society at large. We therefore are living under expectation instead of rising toward elevation. We have become too immersed in what we feel we "should" do instead of ultimately doing what we want to do and what we truthfully know is best for us.

We are not helping anyone when we falsely identify or associate with another individual's journey over and above of our own. We make believe we are "okay," when in essence we are lying to ourselves- acting about what we think is important—instead of remembering that the most important conversation is actually the very one happening within our own heart and mind. We suffer a far worse disease in lying to ourselves, acting as an impostor to our truth, than we do from the hesitation and fear of being rejected for being fully alive as we are - and truly living our highest values. Living for others and their wants and needs causes us to only half exist; we ignore our own unique Being and never take the necessary time to actually stop and listen.

Pause and non-judgmentally notice where you have done this in your own life. (We are all accountable at some point or another.) Witnessing this is an act of awareness and a seed of transformation of itself. When we pause to notice how frequently we ignore our own Selves and value another's words and expectations above our own, we start this process of awakening.

We start to make the shift into a new sphere where we realize we actually have a say in what we do. We can choose something else. And there is always an alternative way and alternate route to take beyond what we have been shown in the past and led to believe otherwise.

Right now, we have the chance to intentionally shake off the inauthentic and false layers that bind us to expectations, ideals, and pressures of society and others, and fully reclaim ourselves. To take the time, pause, and become aware enough to remember who we really are, listening long enough to hear our own symphony. Observing our habits and thoughts as we live through experience is part of becoming conscious and begetting the journey toward becoming fully alive. When we take time to deeply listen, we may find our values do not line up with what others want for us - and that is completely okay.

We are extraordinary creatures that deserve to live a deeply fulfilling life with joy and satisfaction at the core. It is our birthright to be who we are, how we are, and heed that call to our deepest yearnings. We owe it to ourselves and to the world - to live authentically, honestly, and fully aligned with our own unique, remarkable path- living up to, and respecting our own set of core values first and foremost. We have a rare opportunity as humans to practice and gift ourselves this understanding, and fully embody and embrace our own way amidst everyone else's. To observe ourselves consciously and plant the seeds for a new way of life, sprouting a healthy, new growth. To honor that voice within that is always speaking to us and sing along to the sweet soundtrack of your own exquisite soul. 🐦



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Solution to Owl Light Puzzle II (found on page 21)

1	A	2	S	3	T	4	E	5	R	6	R	7	O	8	S	9	E	10	G	11	L	12	A	13	D
14	S	15	H	16	A	17	D	18	E	19	I	20	R	21	I	22	S	23	A	24	U	25	R	26	A
27	H	28	E	29	M	30	I	31	A	32	C	33	T	34	O	35	R	36	R	37	A	38	T	39	S
40	B	41	R	42	A	43	S	44	H	45	I	46	D	47	U	48	S	49	E	50					
51	S	52	A	53	L	54	A	55	D	56	I	57	N	58	I	59	N	60	N	61					
62	H	63	E	64	E	65	L	66	S	67	D	68	O	69	G	70	D	71	I	72	31	32			
73	P	74	A	75	R	76	S	77	E	78	S	79	A	80	O	81	A	82	I	83	35	36			
84	C	85	R	86	O	87	S	88	D	89	S	90	H	91	T	92	S	93	O	94	P	95	43		
96	O	97	N	98	O	99	I	100	M	101	I	102	T	103	B	104	L	105	A	106	B				
107	N	108	A	109	N	110	O	111	S	112	E	113	C	114	I	115	R	116	E	117	E	118	S		
119	E	120	M	121	C	122	E	123	E	124	B	125	E	126	G	127	T	128	O						
129	E	130	A	131	T	132	A	133	N	134	C	135	A	136	M	137	E	138	O						
139	G	140	L	141	A	142	D	143	I	144	O	145	L	146	U	147	S	148	N	149	E	150	R	151	D
152	G	153	A	154	M	155	A	156	B	157	I	158	B	159	I	160	L	161	I	162	L	163	Y	164	S
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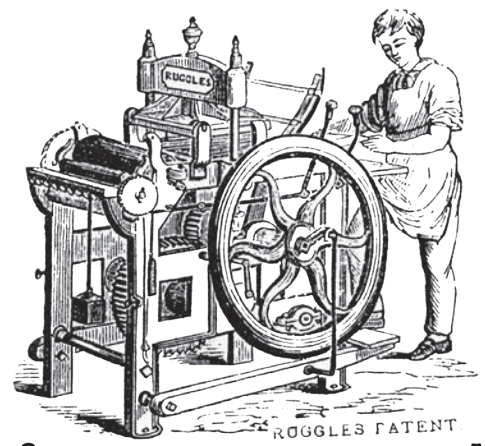
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Small Town Hound from page 19

One of the things Doug makes at the shop is carts with wheels for sled dogs to pull on dry ground. These are shiny and beautiful and keep the Siberians from getting bored when there is too little snow for sleds. They make these for other packs too. Doug let me sit on top of one of the carts, which was great fun.



As I mentioned in my last post, we have been staying in, so I did not get to see too much else in Geneseo. Sometimes we stop at CountryMax—which has a great selection of things for dogs, and cats, and fish, rodents and reptiles too...and don't forget the birds. We also go into Tractor Supply—which I love, as they give me treats. My human gets coffee from a place with a big insect in the window—

she explained that it is a cricket and that I can hear them in the summertime. The place is called Crickets. This is right near a fancy fountain (I love fountains) that features a bear, named Emmeline. My human also gets something in a bag in Geneseo (Pierogi she called them, from the EuroCafé that smelled so delicious, but I did not get to try any. I did get a piece of ham when we stopped there. You see, my human—for the first time ever—hooked my leash around a post when she went inside. I was cool with that, but there were so many things to look at that I kept turning around and around until I was all wrapped up in my leash. Just as my human came out, another human came out of a place called Aunt Cookie's Sub Shop to untangle me. The best part is, she gave me a piece of something called ham. If that is what their subs are made of, I love subs!

Before heading home, we stopped quickly at a place called Sundance Books (such a cool name for a cool bookstore; I love dancing around in the sun)



We also stopped at a place with music playing where I met a guy named Buzzo—who seemed to really like me (I think he likes everyone). He does not like dogs in his store though, so we took a picture together out front. My human had to wear her mask thing everywhere we went, so we didn't go to all the places we wanted to. Geneseo is a college town, so there are many things to see and do, there is no way we could do them all or mention every place here. I suggest you visit when you can, and let me know what *your* favorite place is in Geneseo. 🐾

**Many dog owners combine hand signals with verbal cues in obedience training. This can offer an added level of safety in situations where your pup can see you but can't hear you (and is especially important with deaf dogs). These are simple non-verbal cues: Pointing to your eyes for attention; open hand palm up for sit; open hand down for down; open palm out for stay; and hand across the chest for come. Read more at: deafdogsrock.com/beginning-sign-training*

More at twistedwillowfabrication.com/ (see ad p. 20)

Æsc is the "Small Town Hound—Finding Creative Venues and Adventures in NYS." He lives with his two humans and his two canine companions, Winnie and Mars, in Canadice, NY. When not writing, his favorite pastime is finding people.

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Museums from page 15

Years ago I lived only a few miles from Mount Airy and visited the museum often. I spent a lot of hours there accompanied by a little boy of my acquaintance. He was ten, recovering from a family trauma, and I was his "community helper." Ronnie (not his real name) and I would visit the museum on an almost weekly basis where I taught him to play "I Spy." Rather than passing by each exhibit on flying feet we would pick one display at each visit to explore in depth. At my urging Ronnie would choose a particular object that interested him. It was a way to get him talking. He'd ask questions and I'd explain. Then it was my turn to choose an object—something I felt confident he would know—and Ronnie's turn to explain. A museum experience is meant to be enjoyable, not stuffy or rushed.



I enjoy visiting museums, and I've worked at a few as well, including Genesee Country Village in Mumfords, NY and Horne Creek Living History Farm in Pinnacle, NC. As the Town of Richmond Historian, I now curate the Honeoye-Richmond Historical Society Museum (H-RHS). Which brings me full circle to my opening paragraphs, for some of the exhibits we have on display have come from the museum in the old Hemlock School building—in particular some of the Native American artifacts and the stuffed birds of Noah Reed (not so scary now that I'm taller).

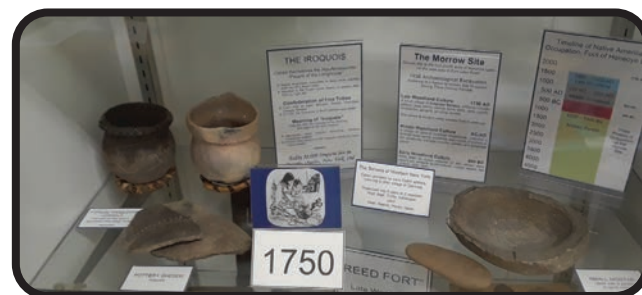
Noah Reed and his twin brother Robert were born in Richmond October 19, 1876, to John A. Reed and his wife Mary Ashley. He was an intelligent, though sickly, boy, unable to join his siblings in their outdoor play. In his early teens he began to read books about birds and taught himself taxidermy. He kept a bird journal for many years in which he recorded daily bird sightings. His brothers and friends brought him birds they'd shot or snared, which he stuffed and mounted. Noah was six months short of his twentieth birthday when he died.



A pair of Robins (L) and ring-necked pheasant (above) two of Noah's birds. H-RHS collection includes 35 birds.

His collection of birds was kept at his mother's home for many years until it was donated to the Hemlock School Museum in 1930. After the museum was closed in the eighties, the bird collection was returned, briefly, to the Reed family. The birds were gifted to the Honeoye Museum, where they were on display for many years in the basement of the library. Noah Reed's bird collection remains an important component of the H-RHS Museum, and may be seen in the back room of the Richmond Town Hall.

Last summer the Museum was not open, due to corona virus restrictions. I have high hopes for this season: I hope we'll be able to open on Memorial Day weekend (as per tradition); I hope we'll have a remarkable attendance all summer long of individuals, families, and community groups; I hope those who visit will discover something they didn't know about Richmond's unique Native American heritage; I hope attendees will enjoy their visit and will learn about and appreciate Richmond's distinctive history. 🐾



Part of R-HHS's collection of Native American Artifacts.

All Photos courtesy of Joy Lewis

Top: Before Centralization in the 1940s, Richmond had ten District Schools. Above: This Basket Quilt, with 1930s fabrics, was pieced by a woman of Richmond nearly one hundred years ago.

Joy Lewis has served as Town of Richmond Historian since 2013. She offers reflections on the history of Richmond, NY in every other issue of *Owl Light News*. The Honeoye-Richmond Historical Society Museum is open by appointment only. Please call Joy Lewis at 585-229-7303 to set up a time to visit. Social Distancing, including wearing masks, is in force at the Town Hall.