

O P I N I O N



Letters to the Editor...

The Nugget welcomes contributions from its readers, which must include the writer's name, address and phone number. Letters to the Editor is an open forum for the community and contains unsolicited opinions not necessarily shared by the Editor. The Nugget reserves the right to edit, omit, respond or ask for a response to letters submitted to the Editor. Letters should be no longer than 300 words. Unpublished items are not acknowledged or returned. The deadline for all letters is noon Monday.

To the Editor:

My wife and I visited Sisters in June 2016 and stayed at the Sisters Creekside Campground. While there I went for a run on the Peterson Ridge Trail. Unfortunately, I fell and needed EMT and ambulance assistance to retrieve me and take me to the hospital in Bend.

A few days later I had surgery to repair a ruptured quadriceps tendon, am spending two weeks in a hotel in Bend recovering and returning to the orthopedist for the follow-up visit, and then will return home to Colorado to begin physical therapy and continue healing.

I am writing to thank so many people in the community who helped us: the bicycle rider who happened upon me laying on the trail and then went for help; the three EMTs; the police department person who connected me with the bicycle-rider angel; the staff at Creekside who looked for creative solutions to move and store our fifth-wheel trailer; the company that towed our trailer to storage; the storage place that accepted our trailer before

they were officially open for business; the campground guest who loaded my bike into our truck; the veterinarian who cared for our sick cat; the owner of a second-hand store who offered the use of her ranch to store the trailer; and in Bend the emergency room and orthopedic doctors and nursing staff.

So, in sum, we are very grateful to so many residents in the Sisters community who reached out to us in our time of need. It made a wonderful impression and a lasting memory. I am very grateful and was deeply touched by the outpouring of support and assistance, especially from total strangers. Thank you for the warmth and hospitality extended to my wife and me during our time of need. We'll be back.

With deepest thanks,
Ted Settle
Fort Collins, CO

♦ ♦ ♦

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Sisters Weather Forecast

Courtesy of the National Weather Service, Pendleton, Oregon

Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday	Monday
Sunny 79/43	Sunny 81/45	Sunny 79/44	Sunny 75/45	Mostly sunny 73/45	Mostly sunny 71/na

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The sound of freedom

By Jeff Taylor
Guest Columnist

About that noisy Sisters airport...

I was able to spend the better part of last Sunday at the Sisters Airport 4th of July party.

Boy oh boy was it noisy. Can you hear a smile? I like to think you can. If so, those smiles were loud.

I heard old friends reconnecting, new friends being made.

I heard grownups acting like children, gleeful while being able to look over a hot rod or an airplane.

I heard children acting like grownups, getting to sit in an airplane for the first time. Listening to a pilot explain the controls and instruments with attention. Asking intelligent questions. Soaking up information like a sponge.

I heard the owner of a 1940s aircraft explain why he continues to step up to keep the old girl going. The aircraft is older than he is, and will likely outlive him. He explained that his name may be on the registration, but he is simply a caretaker. Keeping the past alive for future generations, passing it along to the next caretaker when the time is right.

I heard the humble pride of a friend showing off his hot rod. He didn't buy it, he built it. He scrounged and fabricated and borrowed nearly everything on the car. It took him years of sweat and actual blood to make it. I'm embarrassed to say I thought he'd never be able to see it through. But he did it. There may be fancier or shinier cars, but none like his.

I heard the words of a proud mother watching her helicopter pilot son show a child how his aircraft works from afar. He's from Sisters, and now an instructor working his way up the aviation ladder. He was there early, stayed late and has a grown-up's haircut. How's that for one of our oft maligned millennials?

I heard the airport owners and their team busily keeping the show going. Happy to sacrifice their time and money to bring this varied community together.

I heard people softly singing along with the National Anthem. Watching

our flag coming to earth via skydiver.

I heard people cheering for the drag races. I guess the world has changed when a whisper-quiet all-electric Tesla is putting the beat down on some pretty quick cars.

I didn't think about it until later, but do you know what I didn't hear? Complaining. And not a word about Hillary's emails or The Donald's hair.

“ I heard grownups acting like children, gleeful while being able to look over a hot rod or an airplane.”

I did hear the occasional aircraft engine and propeller straining against air, pulling airframes skyward to their next adventure. Of course most of the planes were simply being flown to their home airports to be safely tucked away in their hangar on a decidedly breezy afternoon. But do you know what? That was their pilot's choice. There are 360 degrees on a compass, leading to millions of destinations and experiences.

“ I heard children acting like grownups.. Asking intelligent questions. Soaking up information like a sponge.”

And those, my friends, are the sounds of freedom.

There is an inherent problem with freedom. Our freedom in America is so ever-present, so all-encompassing, so pervasive that it becomes almost like white noise. We simply take it for granted most of the time. If you don't, you are a better person than I. Freedoms paid for by both my grandfathers, both my brothers, friends and neighbors. Probably yours, too.

On my 4th of July, the sound of freedom was deafening.

Opinions expressed in this column are solely those of the writer and are not necessarily shared by the Editor or The Nugget Newspaper.