

In MEMORY of ARIEL WATERWOMAN

The sparkle in her eyes

The quality I'll remember most about Ariel from the six months that I wrote for *Just Out* is the twinkle she got in her eyes when she laughed. I don't think I've met anyone who had the same sparkle in her eyes when happy. You could just tell that her laughter was genuine and from the heart.

Pam Lyons
Ashland

Kindred spirits

As salam alaykum. I am responding to your recent issue in regard to remembering Ariel Waterwoman.

I first met Ariel in 1988. We had been called on individually to help support collectively a young California couple concerning their shared healing journey. One woman was healing her body's cancer; her partner's journey: perpetual support.

I did not meet Ariel again until 1990, when she arrived at the Bradley-Angle House. She had come to interview a small group of us who were working through, and trying to regain our balance and peace after having survived, the effects of physically abusive relationships. I remember clearly that evening as the circle discussed the terms and agreements to the interview. We wanted to remain anonymous. "You're still protecting your offenders," she said, in a quiet yet strong, determined voice. My heart opened, hearing these words. That night Ariel was not only offering support by creating an article on lesbian domestic violence, she was speaking from what our hearts were experiencing.

I will always appreciate Ariel for having been brave and courageous for many of us who couldn't be, at that time. Her article, "Breaking the Voice of Silence," spoke clearly from an in-depth investigation and research of fact concerning aspects of our community that it is a pattern to deny. She took a great risk in writing this article—for some of us, an opportunity to acknowledge and voice ourselves.

It was during the last steps of the 150-mile Walk for Love and Justice in 1991 that I last saw Ariel. She smiled and congratulated me as I walked those final steps for personal and community freedom.

Ariel and I were never social friends. I often felt a sense of fear about her. It wasn't she I feared. It was the power she emitted and reflected in me that I feared. We were more like kindred spirits on an unconditional pathway towards freedom. Flying in and out of each other's spheres of experience like hummingbirds seeking drops of nectar. We just happened to gather at the same flower from time to time.

I can only describe Ariel Waterwoman as some-

one who had human integrity and was not afraid to express it for the sake of others. I will remember Ariel with respect and regard for taking great risks and making sacrifices to contribute for the good of her community and, ultimately, humanity.

Ariel's heart touched mine in flight and flower. I am grateful for having known her in those fleeting moments of freedom and integrity.
Peace and blessings,

Nur Iman Dahl
Portland

Her womanly ways

I met Ariel in 1987, and I realized that she was magical. Though we didn't become best of friends we had something special; it was noticeable when our paths crossed. We would acknowledge each other in a womanly way, with robust hugs, sparkling eyes, and unspoken words. Those few moments in each other's arms were all the means to communication we needed; we could hear each other and share ourselves.

I have come upon great treasures, knowing Ariel; she has shared her spirit, energy, vision, and her heritage with me. Ariel came to my home and brought a beautiful blue and gray handmade

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—Nur Iman Dahl

ceramic goblet filled with blue cornmeal. As she placed this goblet into my hands she stated, "It's customary to place this goblet near your door, for it will bring you protection." I will always treasure and respect this gift from her. Ariel, I will miss your womanly ways.

Juanita L. Baldwin
Portland

Miss her smiling face

I am an enriched person for having known Ariel.

Our friendship began quietly by Ariel and Renée coming into the Bijou Cafe, where I work. I felt drawn to her power as a charming, interesting, assertive, knowledgeable human being. Her talents for healing prompted our first encounter. She was able to suggest an herbal remedy for an ongoing health problem that I was experiencing. It helped.

As time went on, unfortunately, she began her own health struggles. I will remember small visits: discussions of animals, the spirit world, political issues, Ballot Measure 13, relationships, personal histories, etc. Memories of several very pleasant dinners this last summer, followed by



trips to the ice cream shop to cool us and lengthen our visit, will always be cherished.

Although I didn't know Ariel very long or very well, I will miss her smiling face. I know that she is happy and in sound health now, and can feel her presence everywhere. So long, Ariel, see you soon.

Jon W. Murray
Portland

Soothed my spirit

You came to see me the first time when my heart hurt and I didn't feel very well. You prescribed hawthorn berries and other herbs to support my heart and nourishing food to help me feel better. You spoke with me. You understood me.

Then you came when I was ready to leave this world. You let my mothers know what I needed to go peacefully. That last day, when I had stopped eating and was quite weak, you urged them to take me to the ocean for one last visit. Ahhhhhh, the ocean! Always so soothing for my spirit.

I am forever grateful for your presence in my life and for all the other animal friends you talked with, touched, helped, healed.

Go peacefully like I did,

Spirit
(Corrie and Wendy's sweet doggie pie)

The best of editors

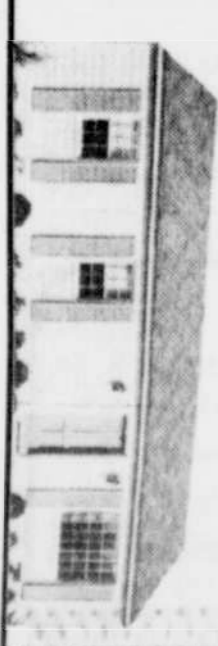
I am so very sorry personally and as a member of our community to lose Ariel the woman, and to lose Ariel's incisive mind, buoying humor, determined honesty, and sensitivity to what really matters in the world. Her editorials often knocked me off my feet into a new level of understanding whatever issue she addressed. She was what the best of editors should be: a teacher.

Lee Lynch
Southern Oregon

My very favorite moment with Ariel

We were all on the floor: Ariel, my dog Sheyna—the focus of this gathering—Lore, and I. Sheyna's head was in Ariel's lap. There was radically intense energy in the room, when all of a sudden Ariel burst out laughing. This was not a giggle, which I had been familiar with from Ariel, but literally a burst of laughter—big and bawdy. When Lore and I asked what had happened, Ariel began to tell us. After about five words, Sheyna looked up at Ariel and growled. At that very

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