

moment, Ariel stopped everything and sincerely apologized for breaking Sheyna's confidentiality by telling us what she had communicated to Ariel. Sheyna put her head back in Ariel's lap and they continued...

From that day on, Sheyna's behavior changed. She has remained more mellow and secure in life and always connected to Ariel.

Paddy Lazar  
Portland

### I carry her in my heart

I was greatly saddened to hear of Ariel Waterwoman's death. A waterwoman, however, knows in this life and the next that there is no separation: The basic goodness in all things sustains us and preserves us. Ariel is in the arms of a great and powerful energy, and she is dancing, and she loves us.

I shall never forget submitting an obituary past the deadline. She came around the counter and hugged me, asking if I was OK going home alone. Her compassion brought me through some difficult days.

I will miss Ariel's presence in our community, but I carry her with me in my heart and mind.

Dolph Schreck  
Portland

### The language of puppies

I found out when I read it in *The Oregonian*, over fries and a Coke. My heart felt a mighty "Ouch!" and my eyes became buckets as I wept in the corner of BurgerVille.

Ariel—a mystic, a magical imp who knew the secret language of puppies. A soul filled with power, beauty and unspeakable kindness (even to strangers). I was shocked by your thin, gaunt appearance the day you suddenly appeared at the Waldport coffee house where I worked last summer. I hoped the pain wasn't too bad, and that your trip to the seashore was a soothing tonic. I am so, so sorry you had to leave. I hope that St. Peter greets you at the gate with a zoo-full of animals, and that they'll all know you by name. Bless You.

Beth Hamon  
Portland

### Bearer of the flow of life

I had the good fortune to have worked closely with Ariel over the past year. I saw many sides of Ariel and felt blessed to have known her and have been a part of her life.

In the time that I knew Ariel, I saw her grow



*I know that if Ariel was here right now, she would want to give to others a Pitcher of Love and remind them it was never empty and always full. She would say to them that if anyone ever felt alone and unloved, they would only have to say her name, Ariel Waterwoman, and she would be there for them and love them forever.*

—Mark J. Bans

tremendously. Instead of giving up, like many might want to do in her situation, I saw Ariel challenged by her disease, and Ariel took that challenge. She faced her disease with determination and courage, and, when she died, she died with honor and with a clarity of mind that left her peaceful and resolved, knowing that she had done all that she came here to do.

Ariel died having fully learned her gift, her purpose, and her lesson in life.

Her purpose was to love people (including herself) who did not think that they were lovable, and she became so accepting of everyone that she allowed them to love her in return.

Her lesson was to learn the difference between humility and humbleness. Humility has to do with shame and lack. Humbleness has to do with the simplicity of life and who we are.

Her gift was to be the Waterwoman, or the Bearer of the Flow of Life, which is Love.

I will miss Ariel. I will miss her smile, her laugh, her childlike innocence that I came to love

and know. When she died, she had made the best of her disease and had become a truly transformed human being. She died a beautiful being full of light and love. I hope that she will be an inspiration to us all.

I know that if Ariel was here right now, she would want to give to others a Pitcher of Love and remind them it was never empty and always full. She would say to them that if anyone ever felt alone and unloved, they would only have to say her name, Ariel Waterwoman, and she would be there for them and love them forever.

Mark J. Bans, D.C.  
Portland

### Oregon queer press' loss

Ariel Waterwoman's death Jan. 3 is the third major loss to Oregon's queer press in less than a year. Unlike the foldings of *The Alternative Connection* and *The Lavender Network*, however, the

loss of Ariel to cancer is one from which there is no reprieve. Papers come and papers go—but journalists like Waterwoman are irreplaceable. The presses continue to roll; the unique contributions and insights of the individual are lost forever.

Ariel's willingness to use her editorial powers to provide a diversity of opinion in the pages of *Just Out* epitomizes newspapering at its best. If we would honor her memory and preserve her contributions we would do well to guard the queer press from further losses and work to provide ever greater access to the disempowered.

As a newspaperwoman, even if Ariel Waterwoman didn't agree with another's opinion, she understood the importance of that opinion being heard. If we remember her for nothing else, we should remember her for that.

Margaret Deirdre O'Hartigan  
Portland

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