

Rhapsody

"Do You Remember"

It happens when families get together or when old friends meet and sometimes, even, when mere acquaintances have some memories of the same past events. Sooner or later the magic words are spoken, "Do you remember when?"

Every family or group has its stories. They all intertwine to become a part of us and the persons which we will eventually become.

My grandsons, Tony and Gordon, have a favorite story. Whenever the family gathers and talk drifts to things that have happened, one or the other will say, "Do you remember the night that grandma fell on the pizza?" and they will go on from there, both talking at once.

They were quite small at the time, but not small enough to forget what happened. Spending a night with grandma was a big event and we had big plans for the evening.

We walked to Milwaukie and our first stop was at the Southgate Cinemas to see the children's show that was running. The name has been lost in the passage of time.

It was after we left the theater and stopped at Pietros to pick up a pizza that it happened. With a grandson on each side, and the box held carefully out in front of me, I started across the dark parking

lot. The board was there, but I didn't see it. My first warning was when my foot caught, and I was falling forward. Poor pizza, you could almost hear it moan when I landed on it. The box gave out a great loud "WOOSH!"

That pizza really was a life saver because I fell in coarse gravel and could have been scratched badly. It cushioned my fall.

We laughed so hard that we could hardly make it to the Milwaukie City Mall. We sat on the benches out in front bubbling over with laughter so that we could no longer walk. We ate the squashed pizza. It was still edible, although it was very flat. The box had protected it. Still, stopping to laugh every few minutes, we walked the mile home through the night.

Now it is all a part of our family history. A favorite story to tell when the family is together.

Looking into the future I can see Tony and Gordon, elderly and walking with canes, saying to each other, "Do you remember when grandma fell on the pizza?"

It's part of our family stories, although with an evening full of plans when we started out, we had no idea something was going to happen that was going to become one of our memories.

by Bee Hall

"Walking is Beautiful"



Walking along there is a dream.
The beauty and wonder of God's skill
Makes the eyes of mortals beam.
As we see the glories of divine will.
I see the fjords of branches in the trees of Norway.
The peppermint, refreshing, snow caresses
My cheek, as I stroll through the white, carpeted doorway.
The winter wonderland, my soul and heart addresses.
There is no season as peaceful as the warm snow
Settling quietly, gently, cheerfully, on the cedars and pines.
Pure, bright luscious, making rosey cheeks glow.
The escort of trees, with me along the road, winds.
Mountains, the Alps of the German-Swiss nestle the log cabin.
And the yodeling wind, skips and dances in the trees.
Swirling flakes silently bounce and I have in
My mind's eye, drifts to places faraway, dreams carried in a breeze.
Holland's windmills are the trees, tulips are the rows
Of fence posts, and waterfalls of snow heaps.
And China's soaring peaks of Sinkiang, sweeps.
The sleeping earth nurses under the windsong blows.
New Zealand meadows in the breath taking highlands
Sparkling under the broad, wide, river of clouds.
Thank you Jehovah, for the inspiration of this, my land.
The ball gown of snow on the needles, a painting enshrouds.
I am walking on my home road, all of this in Pinecreek, Idaho.
Which bears the mark of many places I will see someday.
Why so many people ignore the sky and trees, I don't know.
Foreign lands are here, in Idaho, on the road my way.

by Patsy Kurrelmeyer

A Potpourri of the Arts

— Supplement to The Print

