Floating art installed at Pacifica Garden pond

BY PEG PRAG

Jaime Filipe, a land artist from Portugal, has been staying at Pacifica for the last year, waiting out COVID-19 restrictions. During that time he's made some very cool art installations. One is a "One-Star Bird Hotel" that reflects in the big pond and draws birds with its shelter and food. Another is an incredibly colorful set of tetrahedrons that float in the pond. When you're up for a relaxing sit by a pond or a short hike, come see them.

Pacifica's main mission is education, which we continue to pursue in any and all avenues. This

fall we hope to have a new classroombarn available for kids with home-school networks, after-school programs, and field trips. In addition, we're working on a list of classes for adults, such as nature, science, pioneer history, dance, music, ceramics, woodwork, sewing, horsemanship, wood carving, and others.

At the moment (until the building is finished), we are definitely offering the following weaving and watercolor classes:

- Beginning and Advanced Weaving. Professional, knowledgeable teacher. New Ashford table looms. Basic: three hours/day, two days/week, four weeks. \$350 for 24 total hours instruction. Call 530-339-5670.
- Beginning watercolor. Jan Su, teacher. 20 years experience. Beginning supplies provided. 9 am-noon Thursdays beginning September 2. \$75/month. Call 541-602-8004.

If you are interested in taking one of these classes or teaching a class, please let us know by calling 541-660-4295.

Pacifica Outdoor School is grateful to receive a grant from Oregon State



One of a set of tetrahedrons ready to launch into the Pacifica pond. Photo: Jaime Felipe.

University to help us update our facilities to be more alter-abled friendly and accessible to all. These changes include an ADA bathroom to accompany the new outdoor tents, an ADA dock for the pond, a betterleveled Powell Creek Trail (this is used for our solo-hike at Outdoor School), and fire-safety improvements for the Cedar Center. First, however, the site will receive an accessibility audit, and the staff will receive training to help those with any accessibility challenges to have a great time at Outdoor School and at Pacifica. We're excited to move forward with this project.

You can also watch this fall and winter as a new pavilion is constructed by Peter Gauss from natural wood in front of the Cedar Center. In addition to allowing people to spread out at events, as recurring COVID threats indicate is necessary, the pavilion will also allow visitors to pursue activities or relax out of inclement weather or out of the hot sun. We've been working on this project for well over a year!

Peg Prag peg@pacificagarden.org

Twice-bearing memories: Essay Every experience holds two joys

BY CHRISTINA AMMON

My raspberry patch bears fruit twice a year, once in early summer and again in the fall. It comes from rootstock from a farm where I was employed. I've put these berries in pies, added them to smoothies, and eaten them one-by-one, straight from the bush.



Raspberry vines can bear more than one kind of crop. Artwork: Christina Ammon.

One season, I harvested them with an old best friend; another, I watched a friend

I once used the berries as currency. A kind-hearted attorney (Dan Thorndike) accepted basketfuls in trade for filing paperwork for a nonprofit I helped start (now Rogue Valley Farm-to-School).

lie under the bush and pluck berries with

his mouth. "This is how you make love to

a raspberry patch," he explained.

This berry patch now holds the lineage of these farm memories. Rootstock is like this; it has a generational feeling, sort of like the transfer of DNA, or sharing sourdough starter. One small bit can multiply and propagate more.

The spring I took the cuttings from the farm and moved them to my home garden was difficult. I was in the midst of a breakup, sad at the sudden and jarring loneliness, but also awake to newfound possibility. On the day I planted the raspberry bush, my ex-partner contacted me to let me know his father, Piero, had passed away.

Piero lived in a leafy Milan neighborhood. I'd stayed in his flat for three weeks one spring. My partner was immersed in a project that had him buried in the computer. I helped Piero with

errands, the Italian way: walking first to the bread shop, then to the cheese shop, then to the supermarket deli for his treasured mortadella. In these routines, we formed a quiet bond.

Piero and I stayed in touch, occasionally exchanging a few

words on Skype. I was sad to open my Skype after he died and find a message from him that I had left unanswered.

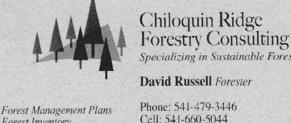
After getting the news of his passing, I went back to planting the berry canes. I decided to dedicate the patch to him—a sweet, small tribute to a man who saved me in small ways during a drifting, shapeless time. I painted a little yellow-and-red sign: "The Piero Pagnacco Raspberry Patch" and sent a picture of it to my ex-partner, along with my condolences. "My dad would be pleased to know there is a raspberry patch in Oregon named after him," he said.

That was years ago, but still, in the summer and the fall when the berries ripen, I am reminded of old friends, old endeavors, and Piero: our walks around his Milan neighborhood, a day trip we took to see his relatives in Bologna, and the way he set the table—cups, saucers, plate, knife, fork, and spoon—for afternoon snacks.

The two rounds of raspberries I get each year are a testament to the way all of our experiences are twice-bearing: Each holds two joys—the one we feel in the moment and the one we have again in our memories.

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