

A moment with Mary:

by Mary Halvorsen

I want a garden, ready-made, preferably. I want to be able to open a gate, weed and pick vegetables, then sit at its edge in a blue Adirondack chair, scanning my accomplishments. I have talked about having a garden every year for a long time, but have so far only managed a straggling patch of wild flowers from a couple packets my dad brought from Iowa many years ago. What I have really wanted all these years is the image of the gardens I have seen in Sunset, Country Living, and Martha Stewart.

While I envision opening a rustic wood gate, stepping onto a flagstone path surrounded by lush green foliage, my husband talks about hauling compost. As I think of where I will place a comfortable chair to sit and breathe in the smells of the garden, my husband ponders treated posts, wire fencing, and what the height should be. Digging on my hands and knees, sweating, and swatting away bugs, usually doesn't accompany the picture of my dream garden.

Years ago, visiting friends in Gold Hill, we told them we were buying the five acres we had been renting. One of the first questions was, "Are you going to have a garden?" From the corner of my eye I surveyed their fenced off jungle with its separate plots of crops and alternating watering schedules, that seemed to take up most of their time. A checker-shirted scarecrow with a straw hat hung at its center, and I thought, "Why don't I just dance a waltz on the moon instead?"

Growing up in the city, our backyard with its basketball court, swing set, and large, log- encased sand box was devoted to keeping nine children busy. But at one point our mom had our dad put in two apple trees. She loved rhubarb and our neighbor grew a line of it for her along the back fence. Mom would send us over throughout the summer to pick stalks, urging us to, "just pull them out of the ground and eat them, they are so good that way."

She had grown up on a farm, and as a teen I was

disdainful of her stories of picking tomatoes from the vine and eating them where she stood, thinking "That's why we have stores." "There is nothing better" she would declare, and I realize now she was probably speaking of not just the taste, but the place, the barns, the home with the wooden walkway and porch, her mother inside, chickens squawking around, the white clouds gliding by above. I didn't know then, that she had lived a way on that farm, in that garden, that I would never know.

When we had all grown and moved out, my parents went back to her hometown in rural Iowa, and bought a house on a huge lot. Ninety percent of it became beds of tulips, chrysanthemums, gladiolas, roses, and wild flowers, with thick, grass walkways in between. My dad put in rows of tomatoes and rhubarb for her, and she would walk from the patch to the back door, eating a tomato as if it were a golden delicious apple.

Co-workers, women and men, every spring, report the amount of hours spent in their garden, what was planted, amendments added to the soil, if the sun was on their backs, the breeze in their hair, and how it felt to be finished for the day. It was as if they had attended an all day workshop on the meaning of life, and would eventually be rewarded with fresh produce. It crept into my consciousness that I had possibly been missing out.

A gardener is defined as "...a caretaker...a grower..." As I remember my mother urging us to eat straight from the earth, and think of people from work carrying in baskets of overabundance from their gardens to share, I know it is an accurate definition.

So far, with a box scraper, my husband has roughed up the ground of a south facing patch of earth, next to the house, pulling up a rock the size of a foot stool in the process. I have shown him a picture of the fence I want and am considering raised beds. But I don't know. I have a lot to learn.

Save the date

March 30
IVHS Softball and Baseball home against Bandon 12 noon and 2 p.m.

April 3
IVHS Track at North Valley High School

April 6
Saturday, April 6 at 10 a.m. Wildflower Walk. An easy hike, mostly flat ground, parts are wheel chair accessible. Meeting at Rough and Ready Botanical Wayside off of Hwy. 199 (at the 34 mile marker.)

For more information call Suzanne Vautier at 541-291-8860.

April 26-27
Join the Fun at the Illinois Valley Rivers and Forests Festival, April 26-27, 2013 in Cave Junction, Oregon

What would Southern Oregon be like without lush forests and flowing rivers? These features define our beautiful Oregon landscape, attract visitors from across the globe, and sustain our way of life. All of us have an

enormous responsibility—and opportunity!—to ensure the health of our rivers and forests. Rogue Living and the Illinois Valley SWCD & Watershed Council invite you to share our vision of protecting and enhancing our environment as we 'connect the drops' from ridge top to riverbed at the Illinois Valley Rivers and Forests Festival.

The Illinois Valley Rivers and Forests Festival in Cave Junction is a hands-on, interactive environmental educational event designed for students in grades K-8 (adults are welcome too!) that celebrates our region's interconnected natural resources and inspires each of us to care for our environment.

Continual
Free. Strength and balance exercise for seniors. M., W. & F. 9 - 10 a.m. at 113 Caves Ave. 541-592-2614.

IVHS Alumni needs members. Any 70, 80 or 90's alums interested please call Ryan Nolan at 541-592-2156.

Letters to the Editor

Illinois Valley News welcomes Letters to the Editor.
Please e-mail them to dan@illinois-valley-news.com

POLICY ON LETTERS:
'Illinois Valley News' encourages letters to the editor provided they are legible and not libelous or scurrilous. All letters must be signed, including name, address and telephone number. The latter need not be published, but will be used to verify authenticity. The "News" reserves the right to edit letters. Letters are used

at the discretion of the publisher.

(Editor's Note: Views and commentary, including statements made as fact are strictly those of the letter writers)

Dear Illinois Valley Community Members,
I am writing to thank you for your support of the Illinois Valley

Safe House Alliance (IVSHA) and to let you know that our annual Soup for the Souls event for 2013 has been furloughed for this year. Due to our need to guard our use of limited funding, the IVSHA Board of Directors made this difficult decision. We plan to bring back Soup for the Souls in the spring of 2014 when we anticipate restoration of our grant funding.

We thank you for your dramatic

increase in contributions to our organization during this time of severe financial hardship. It is because of you that survivors of domestic violence can continue to access direct services right here in our valley. Surviving is difficult and we, like the survivors we serve, do not waiver in the face of difficulties. Our survival, like the survivors we serve, is possible because of your commitment and generosity. Thank you.

In determining how best to utilize our limited funding we decided that continuing our direct and core services would be the best use of these funds, leading to our decision to forego this year's Soup for the Souls. Our plan is that Soup for the Souls 2014 will be a celebration to remember!

In Sincere Gratitude,
Gray Conway
IVSHA Board President

Obituaries

Joyce Nadyne Heald, age 88, of Grants Pass, died Friday, March 15, 2013 at Royale Gardens Health & Rehabilitation Center.

Private interment will be at Laurel Cemetery in Cave Junction. Hull & Hull Funeral Directors are in charge of arrangements.

A memorial service will be held at later date.

Remembrances may be made to Laurel Cemetery Association, PO Box 994, Cave Junction, Oregon 97523.

She was born Joyce N. Payne to James & Lena (Tyner) Payne at home on the family farm. She was a descendant of Valley pioneers who came to the Illinois Valley in the late 1800s. Her great-grandparents arrived in Oregon from the State of Missouri in the wagon train of 1853. In May 1943 she graduated from Kerby Union High School with 14 classmates that she had grown up with and that remained lifelong friends. On May 29, 1943 Joyce married Montee Dean Heald and they were married for

52-years until Montee died in 1995. They had five children. Together, she and Montee owned and operated Wayside Market located on the highway to Oregon Caves which was a favorite spot for local folks, logging crews, and friends who came not just for groceries but for a chat with Joyce & Montee. She also worked for Eggers Sporting Goods and Ed Adkins Valley Drug.

Joyce was a lifetime member of the Marguerite Rebecca Lodge. She volunteered at the Senior Thrift Store.

She enjoyed cooking, flowers and her family and friends.

Joyce was preceded in death by her husband, Montee; her sister, Yvonne Dipple; and her good friend, Dolores Nolan.

Survivors include a brother, Dick Payne and wife Phylis of Warrenton, Oregon; five children, Sonnie Stone and husband Greg, Jenny Coyle and husband Milton, Dean Heald and wife Kathy all of Grants Pass, Oregon, Deana Lahti and husband Jeff of Hood River, Oregon and Brad Heald and wife Lori of Palm Desert, California; 16 grandchildren; 22 great-

grandchildren; four great-great-grandchildren; and many nieces, nephews and cousins.

James H. Nix, age 79, of Cave Junction, died Monday, March 18, 2013 at Three Rivers Medical Center.

A memorial service will be at 4:00 p.m., Saturday, March 23, 2013 at the Seventh-day Adventist Church in Cave Junction. Illinois Valley Funeral Directors are in charge of arrangements.

Please sign the family guest book at www.since1928hull.com

Memorial donations may be made to Teen Challenge USA (417-581-2181) in Honor of James H. Nix.

James was born April 30, 1933 in Osceola, Arkansas to Alton & Anne Nix. He graduated from Sequim High School in Washington. In 1954 in Sequim, Washington he married Jean Dunlap. He retired in 1998 as a Metal Shop Fabricator that adjusted brakes and shears across the United States. He moved from Medford to Cave Junction 22 years ago.

He was a member of the Seventh-day

Adventist Church where he was a School Board Member for many years. He was a lifelong musician and enjoyed teaching guitar to others.

James enjoyed gardening and loved his pet Sandy the Cat. He especially enjoyed sharing with others the wonderful characteristics of Jesus Christ.

Survivors include his wife, Jean M. Nix of Cave Junction; six children, Susan D. Gee and husband Mark of Tacoma, Washington; Robert A. Nix and wife Giuseppina of Fairport, New York, Kathy L. Griffin and husband Michael of Tacoma, Washington, Joan M. Price and husband Brent of Lakewood, Washington, David W. Nix of Fairport, New York; a daughter-in-law Maureen D. Nix of Fairport, New York; two sisters, Billie Sue Anders and husband Dave of Sequim, Washington and Anne Gaither and husband Michael of Atlanta, Georgia; a brother, Wayne Nix and wife Pauline of St. Maria, California; 11 grandchildren and nine great-grandchildren.

He was preceded in death by parents, Alton & Anne Nix; a brother, David Nix; a son, Ronald James Nix.

Estate Sale



Nice quiet setting on 4+ acres. We offer a 4 bedroom, 2 bath manufactured home with almost 1800 sq.ft. of living area. Home features split bedroom design, vaulted ceilings and an extra room that could be a den, family room or an office, you decide. Property is wooded and situated on a dead end road for added privacy. \$179,000 #1223

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LORRAINE STORZ

HAPPY
90th
BIRTHDAY!
April 1

Your family loves you!!
-Lorna, Bill, Lisa, Randy and great-grandkids.

Rummage Sale:

County building
on April 6th,
from
8 a.m. to 2 p.m.
All kinds of great
goods.

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