

In your mind, what are the makings of a community? When you think of the community that makes up the Town of Butte Falls, what does your mind's eye see? More often than not, the answer is something generic such as "a nice place to live."

I would like to take that answer one step further and use this space to remind everyone that "a nice place to live" does not just happen. "A nice place to live" is achieved by everyone in the community working toward that goal. "A nice place to live" is a delicate balance of interwoven threads creating a strong foundation for a town.

Making YOURSELF accountable for the community surviving, I feel, is the first step and *the key* to the success of the Town of Butte Falls. This is a hard pill to swallow for a lot of us. We are much more comfortable making our NEIGHBOR accountable. The problem is always *their* kids, *their* dog, and *their* lifestyle. They work wrong, they play wrong, and they live wrong.

Another comfortable trait is to let somebody else do it, and then complain about it. We don't have to be on a committee, or on the fire department, or the school board. We don't have to give constructive input about anything, but we will surely let them know when we think they've screwed up.

The end result of this behavior is a fragmented community, which removes part of the threads that weave people together and make Butte Falls "a nice place to live." As parents leave more and more of their children's moral education to the already overworked teachers in our schools, kids lose the ability to communicate with adults. They don't

talk to, or with, their parents, and are not held accountable by their parents to atone for their actions; therefore they roam the streets, do whatever they want, and think it's ok. Any adult that questions those actions is the bad guy. It has become politically incorrect to question children.

This is not acceptable and kids need to know that it's not ok, and here is why. Because most people want to settle in a safe environment and a community that shows pride in ownership, the kid that is free to roam the streets with no accountability is writing a death warrant for our town. Each act of vandalism that occurs, and each time someone is threatened or put in danger by the careless act of another, two more threads, safety and pride, are removed from the woven intricacies of our "nice place to live."

The foundation of our town is unraveling, and leaving Butte Falls to some long-range consequences that are frightening. We lost our economic base when we lost MEDCO. We lost additional revenue for the town when the tavern and Willow Lake closed their doors. Now we are facing the possible closure of the Fish Hatchery. If we should lose our school base due to a lack of interest to move here, it doesn't take a rocket scientist to figure out that we are done. Please, instead of throwing this article down and calling me names, think about what I have just said. Then use the energy that it would take to complain about this article to take a look at yourself, and see where you can begin to be accountable.



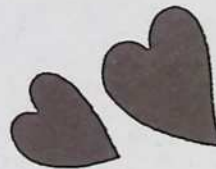
Have you heard the Good News?

Butte Falls Community

Bible Church will soon be starting a major remodel as soon as the

weather permits..... We are so excited and thankful to be part of this project!

Following is a poem submitted by Carol Anderson that Emogene Abbott shared with her. They were talking one day about how so many things are done around our dining room tables. Emogene shared with Carol that she had a special poem on the subject. The next day when Carol went to her mailbox it was in there. It was not written by Emogene but one that she read from a magazine dated May 30th, 1937. It meant a lot to her, she had it taped underneath her "old round dining room table". It was found while moving their furniture to her daughter, Beth's, home.



The Old Round Table

(May 30, 1937)

Who remembers a dining room, table smooth and round,
I know is able, to know as well,
to have and hold pockets full of childhood gold.

There, patterns were pinned and scissors flew,
cutting fine silks and yards of blue.
Then, reading, writing and arithmetic too.

Long winter evenings went slow, went quick,
as rosy apples and smelling like heaven,
and bowls of popcorn appearing at seven.

Then valentines with newsprint lace
were cut and pasted with hard won grace.

The petaled lamp swung from a chain above,
with a width of warmth that enclosed on love.
So the past is kept for the hearts long night
in a firm gold circle of warmth and light.

(In loving memory of Emogene Abbott -
We miss you)