

Off come the gardening gloves. I'd like to continue weeding, but this article does have a deadline. "What," I wonder, "could possibly prompt a person, like myself, to spend the weekend doing yard work? That is what I do Monday through Friday. Pulling weeds, trimming this and that, playing in the dirt. Why do I do what I do? What motivates people to work? Fear, money, society, love?"

Somehow fear does not seem to be my answer. The image of myself clawing frantically at a patch of horsetails, spittle shooting from my crazed mouth, all because they just might take over my precious lilies, is really too embarrassing. Money? Please. Nuff said. Society? Oh yes, have you heard? 4 out of 5 neighbors recommend you "Do something about your yard!" I may live across the street from the Better Homes and Gardens Yard 1993, but I promise, there is no pressure to compete.

That leaves me with "LOVE". Are work and love synonymous? In a culture where employment leans towards material gains, more so than sheer survival, the appreciation does not appear much better than it did during the industrial boom. There is work, and then there's work. What makes a parent come home from a teaching job, and still help their child with homework? What makes an athlete exercise rigorously, for hours? Why will a musician play a particular passage over and over, until it's right? Van Gogh went crazy over it. Salieri too. Their love for their work was evident. One cannot deny the pleasure of a job well done, especially if it happens to be the forte of that person.

I also am inclined to think boredom has never been anyone's best friend. Genteel women of old, though in a state of luxury, always had a project, needlework, reading the most current novels, flower arrangement, etc. When a child is bored, they inevitably find something to do. It is not our nature to sit around and "do nothing". Nowadays, a person ultimately chooses to work a specific job not because they are forced to, but for some reason they feel they need or want to. Not to forget one person's work is another person's pleasure.

Fortunately, we have a copious variety of avenues to choose from where work is concerned. People are creating "tailored" labor at every turn. I find it thrilling to be able to construct something that puts a smile on my soul. Which is why I don't mind working for hours in my yard, so that I may be surrounded by color and fragrance, or in someone else's yard so that they might be too.

So long as a person does something they can be proud of, that is all that matters, because as Florynce Kennedy once put it, "The biggest sin is sitting on your ass!"

Carrie

### Work!

Thank God for the might of it.  
The ardor, the urge, the delight of it.  
Work that springs from the heart's desire,  
Setting the brain and the soul on fire.

Angela Morgan

cannon beach

arts association

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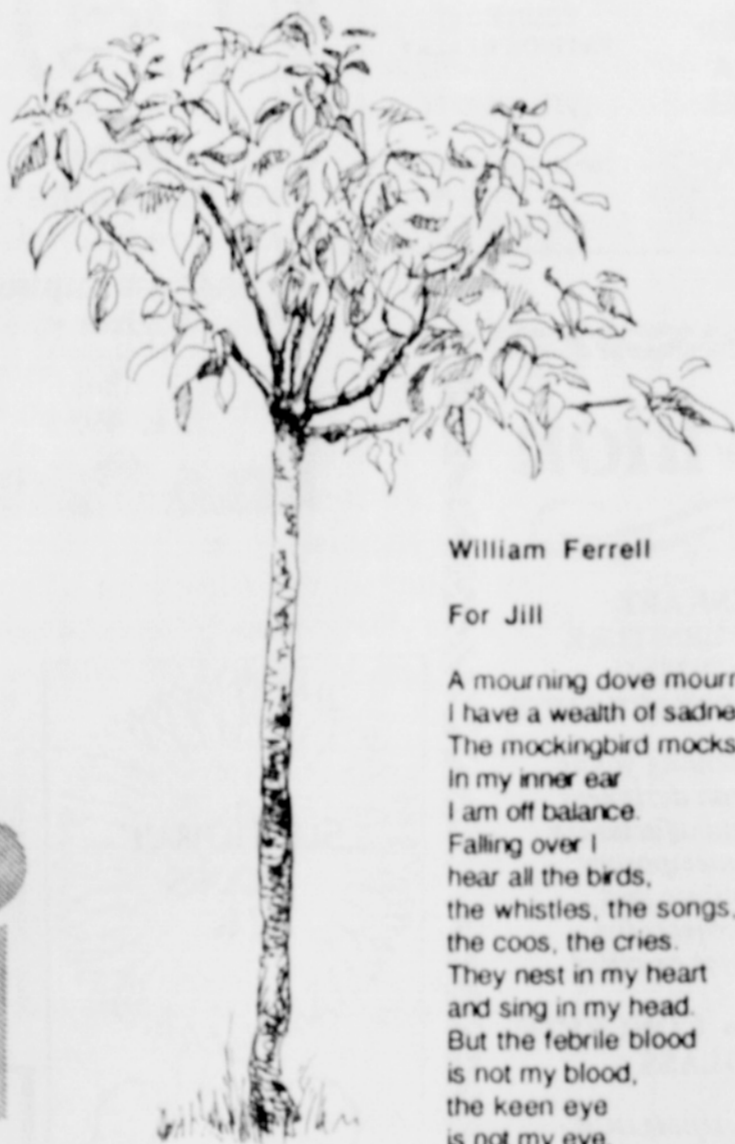
### Writing

My thoughts are timid deer  
grazing nervously  
in the forest of sensation.  
Untrusting, they will flee  
at the slightest snap of a twig  
Under the careless feet of a hunter  
Who comes with gun in hand  
Seeking to possess  
a taxidermied trophy  
To display proudly on a wall  
in the house of words.

My deer thoughts run free  
through the forest  
Following hidden paths that  
hunters cannot see  
Keen of sight and hearing,  
constantly scanning the scents  
of plants, water, wind,  
and approaching predators  
They cannot easily be tracked.

But sometimes they are found in clearings,  
frolicking with small dirt-stained children  
Who bring them gifts  
of tender grasses  
And smooth the hair  
behind their ears  
And seek in whispers to learn their secrets  
And do not carry guns.

Marina Trammell



William Ferrell

For Jill

A mourning dove mourns.  
I have a wealth of sadness.  
The mockingbird mocks  
in my inner ear  
I am off balance.  
Falling over I  
hear all the birds,  
the whistles, the songs,  
the coos, the cries.  
They nest in my heart  
and sing in my head.  
But the febrile blood  
is not my blood,  
the keen eye  
is not my eye.  
I am slow to flight,  
mammalian, descended  
from the trees never to return.  
My thighs are like tree trunks,  
my feet like roots.

my friend has died. with advance warning. she had no vision that she would be struck by lightning a week from tuesday next. rather, a medical professional identified a progressed cancer and pronounced she would (probably) only have a matter of weeks to live. i could talk about the power of words. talk about how angry i am at professionals ascribing time frames - projecting a chronology to a human frame, but this isn't about that.

it's about living with dying. sudden death is one thing. it's an anvil that falls on the heads of many people - striking them with an overwhelming sense of loss. a dramatic absence. death from a degenerative disease is another kind of blow entirely. it provides so much time to think, to observe and react.

### a quote i remember...

... reading at 16 years of age in a collection of poetry on friendship was written by Rod McKuen -

My friend lay dying. I said,  
"Lift your head a little and I will show you Spain."

deeply impacted and newly acquainted with the process of someone close to me dying i thought this was an excellent reminder. do what you can for those you love while they are with you. over the years the reality of death has invited itself to my party many times. now, less fearful of this visitor, i come to see death as a very pervasive part of life. there are deaths, endings of sorts, about each of us, every day.

i discussed this attitude with a client last year who had recently lost a friend to AIDS; i wrote for her -

"those who perceive eternity in the sea know there is no death, only change; there is no loss, only difficult gifts.

i believed this when i wrote it. i still believe it. but, i viewed it with a great deal of anger a few weeks ago when i received the news that a dear friend, Frankie Kehl, had pancreatic cancer and (professionally speaking) was not long expected to live.

... NO LOSS? what was i thinking when i dared write that? i would have loss. loss of her easy laughter, loss of her effusive spirit, loss of her community service, loss of her spontaneous playfulness, loss of her zestiness, loss of her interesting philosophy... "only difficult gifts" oh, i remember what i meant. in this instance i hold so many gifts from Frankie's life to mine. and those gifts continue to give ...

i remember making an assignment to frankie as she served on the energy conservation project. "now, don't feel obligated to do this," i started.

"obligated? oh honey, let me tell you." she said, "obligation has nothing to do with it. i don't get out of bed every wednesday morning to be at 8 am meetings because of obligation. i do this because i want to, because it's right for me. obligation is for the birds. i do stuff because i want to, not because i have to."

Frankie's words rubbed into me over time. another time i asked Frankie about the "whole obligation thing."

she told stories of a lifetime of "have tos" and "ought tos" and spoke of her commitment now to a simple life. a life where she acted, with intention, for things which held value and meaning. for example sorting through papers at the post office to recycle what would otherwise be thrown away. she explained that saving trees by recycling was important to her and it was something she could do.

yet another difficult gift. the realization that we all die. we end. this part stops. the point truly is to maximize the quality of my own life. to make sure i strive for life with no regret. make my decisions viably with intention. live on purpose, not by accident.

yes - difficult gifts. Frankie gave me a fuller picture of living in her dying.

so, decades after reading the McKuen piece it is strangely reversed. for now my friend lay dying and she said to me, "raise your head a little so i can show you spain."

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\* TIMES MAY VARY SLIGHTLY DEPENDING ON CONDITIONS \*

GOING SOUTH		Leaves from: Les Shirley Park (Northpoint)														
Les Shirley Park	10:00	10:30	11:00	11:30	12:00	12:30	1:00	—	2:30	3:00	3:30	4:00	4:30	5:00	5:30	6:00
Candy Kitchen	10:03	10:33	11:03	11:33	12:03	12:33	1:03	—	2:33	3:03	3:33	4:03	4:33	5:03	5:33	6:03
Coaster	10:06	10:36	11:06	11:36	12:06	12:36	1:06	—	2:36	3:06	3:36	4:06	4:36	5:06	5:36	6:06
Midtown	10:09	10:39	11:09	11:39	12:09	12:39	1:09	—	2:39	3:09	3:39	4:09	4:39	5:09	5:39	—
Surfcrest	10:10	10:40	11:10	11:40	12:10	12:40	—	2:10	2:40	3:10	3:40	4:10	4:40	5:10	5:40	—
Tolovana Wayside	10:13	10:43	11:13	11:43	12:13	12:43	—	2:13	2:43	3:13	3:43	4:13	4:43	5:13	5:43	—
Wave Crest	10:15	10:45	11:15	11:45	12:15	12:45	—	2:15	2:45	3:15	3:45	4:15	4:45	5:15	5:45	—
Maher	10:15	10:45	11:15	11:45	12:15	12:45	—	2:15	2:45	3:15	3:45	4:15	4:45	5:15	5:45	—

GOING NORTH		Leaves from: Maher & Hemlock (Southpoint)														
Maher & Hemlock	10:15	10:45	11:15	11:45	12:15	12:45	—	2:15	2:45	3:15	3:45	4:15	4:45	5:15	5:45	—
Tolovana Wayside	10:18	10:48	11:18	11:48	12:18	12:48	—	2:18	2:48	3:18	3:48	4:18	4:48	5:18	5:48	—
R.V. Park	10:24	10:54	11:24	11:54	12:24	12:54	—	2:24	2:54	3:24	3:54	4:24	4:54	5:24	5:54	—
Midtown	10:25	10:55	11:25	11:55	12:25	12:55	—	2:25	2:55	3:25	3:55	4:25	4:55	5:25	5:55	—
Ecota Square	10:26	10:56	11:26	11:56	12:26	12:56	—	2:26	2:56	3:26	3:56	4:26	4:56	5:26	5:56	—
White Bird Gallery	10:28	10:58	11:28	11:58	12:28	12:58	—	2:28	2:58	3:28	3:58	4:28	4:58	5:28	5:58	—
Les Shirley Park	10:30	11:00	11:30	12:00	12:30	1:00	—	2:30	3:00	3:30	4:00	4:30	5:00	5:30	6:00	—

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