

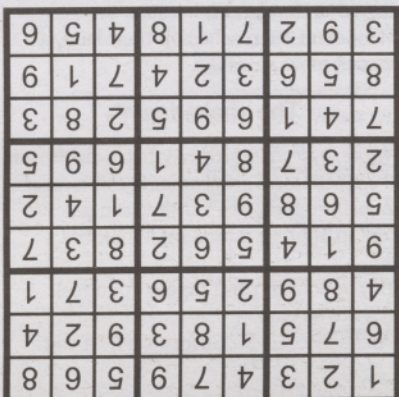
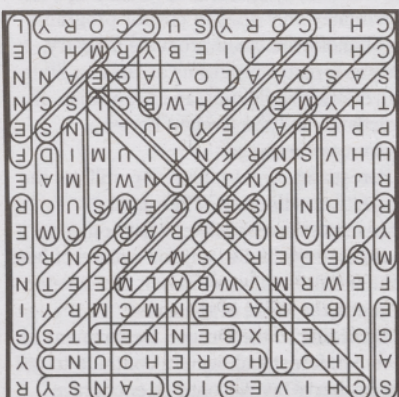
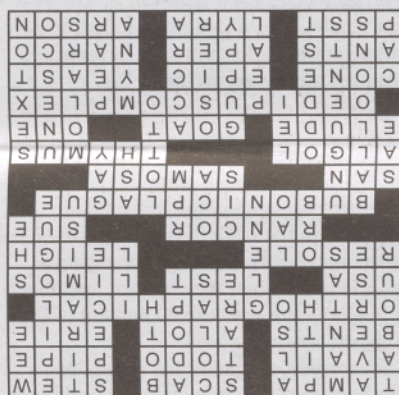
Untitled

by Mary Daniels

There is always wiggle room to act between fate and freedom. With good fortune the room is full of choices; With ill, the choices are few. In both rooms, when the need arises creativity makes new places to act with capacities we never knew. (Remember the mom lifting the truck that pinned down her child).

We may have bodies conditioned and unfree but always, always we can be unbound by our imagination eternally at liberty.

Answers to Page 15 Puzzles



VENDOR PROFILE

Paul West

BY LEONORA KO
STAFF WRITER

Paul West has something very special: the ability to have a good day no matter what.

"I always get up and say: It's going to be a good day," Paul said. "I never have a bad day. Well, I do, but I try not to. Life's too short for that. I've been doing it all my life. I've been on my own since I was 13."

Paul grew up in northern Idaho in a mining town called Wallace. He was a beloved grandson whose grandmother Irene and great grandmother took away from an abusive mother to keep him safe.

He said Grandma Irene "taught me a lot. Manners, respect, loyalty. Very important. Nice lady."

Irene owned an old rooming house where miners and "all kinds of people" lived. Paul helped out by cleaning floors and painting the building. His resourceful grandmother also owned three gold mines, which she passed on to Paul's Uncle Bob.

Paul stayed away from the mining industry, "a dangerous, dangerous job," but he used to dig some gold out of his uncle's mines for fun. "I was 13, 14. It was just me and my uncle."

"I was really, really close to my uncle," Paul said. "Spent a lot of time with him. I lived with him for a while. We used to go waterskiing all summer. I love waterskiing. I miss waterskiing. Out on Lake Coeur d'Alene, I'd waterski all day."

When his grandmothers died, Paul felt the loss deeply and left Idaho.

Early on, Paul ran a White's

Concessions food trailer.

"I traveled all over the United States. Elephant ears. Curly fries. Buffalo sausage. Bloomin' onions. Fajitas. All kinds of stuff," he said.

When Paul got to Oregon, he made cabinets in Forest Grove for several years, did landscaping and stocked goods at Safeway and Albertsons grocery stores.

Paul especially liked managing a gas station in Beaverton.

"That was a cool job," he said. "I had a lot of good friends there. Everybody was very nice."

That job ended when his marriage ended. "I'll never do that again," he said. "I lost my house. Lost my job. Everything."

These days Paul relies on what he learned from Uncle Bob: "If you have a bad attitude, you have a bad day. Have a good

attitude, have a good day."

Paul sleeps on the street to avoid "the drama" and body lice he once caught at the shelters. His tent and phone were stolen, so he carries an 80-pound backpack to keep his remaining possessions safe.

Often starting at 6 a.m., he sells the Street Roots newspaper at the corner of Southwest Fourth Avenue and Alder Street, outside a pharmacy and Starbucks. There, he said, "I like to make people happy. I like to treat people with respect and show them respect."

Paul has even sold the newspaper to Gov. Kate Brown.

"The governor, she's a nice lady, really nice lady. (She asked) 'How's your day going?' Acted like a regular person to me," he said.

"It's the little stuff that's important; it's not the big stuff, you know?" Paul said about the connections made, back and forth, when selling the paper. "The little stuff means a lot. 'Good morning. How you doing? How's your day? Have a great day.' It always means something."

While many people hurry by his street corner, Paul easily makes friends with the people who stop. He has regular customers who worried about him when he was in the hospital,

"awesome cops" who keep him out of trouble, and a pharmacy owner who exchanges gifts with him at Christmas.

Paul said that he takes things day by day and that friends are all you really need.

"Most of my customers, they've become friends," he said. "Just the way we talk with each other, the way we treat each other. We're equals out here."



IN MEMORIAM

Rebekah Lynne LaBar

February 2, 1956 – September 1, 2018

Rebekah LaBar was born Feb. 11, 1956, in Salem, Ore. She attended a Washington Elementary School, Waldo Junior High School and North Salem High School.

Rebekah also attended Portland State University where she achieved her bachelor's degree and later her master's degree. Post graduate studies continued until her death on Saturday, Sept 1. She died from pancreatic cancer.

She loved to be on the go, as indicated by her adventures down Route 66, all over the United States, and Mexico. Her true love was her cat, Stinky.

Rebekah taught herself to sky dive and scuba dive, as well as other fascinating pursuits. Most of her friends knew of her culinary skills and enjoyed many fine meals with her.

She joined Street Roots as a vendor in 2015 and sold the newspaper outside the Arlington Club and Starbucks at Southwest Ninth Avenue and Taylor Street.

She was a member of the local Cherokee tribe and participated in traditional customs such as vision quests, sweat lodges, sacred songs and dance, in addition to other fascinating ceremonies.

She achieved Kappa Delta Pi International Honor Society with a master's degree of science. She was loved by all who knew her and well known throughout her community. She will be missed.

