

# THE EGGS AND I

By MURIEL JENSEN

My life is filled with miracles, big and small.

I should no longer be surprised at this point.

I mean, my mother died when I was 4 months old and I ended up with the coolest, kindest adoptive parents anyone could ever ask for.

In Los Angeles, a mega-city filled with fast-moving strangers, I found the one man in the world who would understand my need for kids, cats and chocolate — and he fell in love with me.

Despite a body that refused to give me children, I prayed that we'd be able to adopt a baby, and two months later (when we were told it would be two years) we were gifted with a family of three, ages 4, 8, and 10. Our family is now enormous with spouses, grandchildren, great-grandchildren and wonderful in-laws.

I still have my husband after more than a dozen MRSA infections and diabetes that's grown very erratic after a lifetime of predictability. (It's no wonder women see firemen as such heroes. They were here recently in the middle of the night when Ron's blood sugar had dropped to 25. I was so scared and they were so calm and competent.)

So, I've grown used to the big miracles in my life, but the little ones continued to confound and amaze me. The most recent miracle began when the larder was

*It's the little miracles that continue to confound and amaze me.*



## Writer's Notebook



Muriel Jensen

low and Ron was feeling too poorly to leave alone while I went to the store. So I ran across the street to borrow two eggs for breakfast. My neighbor, working under the hood of his car, pointed a wrench toward his house and said, "Take whatever you need."

I could not find one egg. His wife is a caterer on the side and had been working at a quilt show since early morning. I concluded she must have taken every egg in the house with her.

So I walked a few houses up the street and tried another neighbor who said she'd just used the last one in a brownie mix. I thanked her and walked home thinking that if I couldn't have the egg, a brownie mix was a noble end for it.

I made hot cereal — not

Ron's favorite — then took the dog quickly around the block. By the time I got home — I swear this is true — Ron was at the door in his walker with a big smile. "You've done it again!" he said.

All the possibilities of what I could have "done again" ran through my mind. Melted the tea kettle onto the burner? Forgot to turn off the phone? Left the

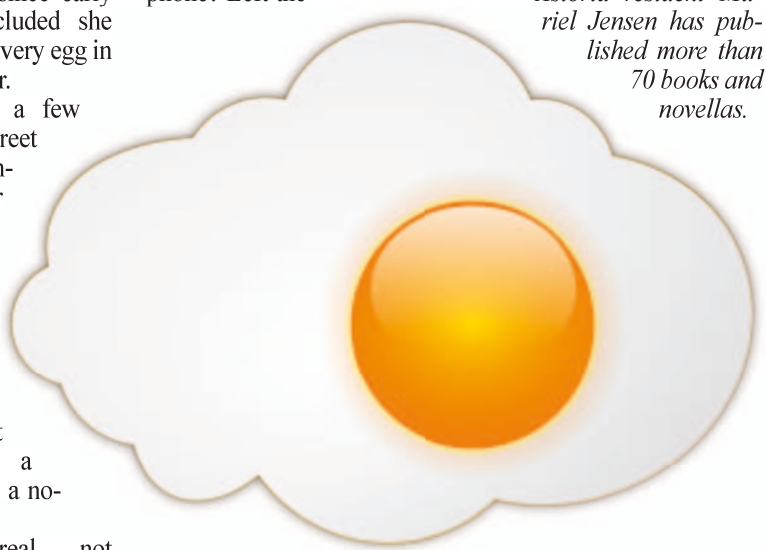
ice cream out? But he was smiling. Hm.

"Follow me," he said, and led the way to the kitchen. On the counter were four dozen eggs. I stared in disbelief. There were two one-dozen cartons and one 24-pack.

"After you left, Curt remembered that Rosemary had taken all the eggs," he explained, "so he went to the store to get us a dozen. Barbara used her last egg, went to get herself another dozen and got one for us too, then Rosemary came home from the quilt show with two dozen eggs she didn't use." He grinned at me. "You prayed for eggs, didn't you?"

This is all attributable to God's goodness and the kindness of neighbors, but on the chance that my skills play any part, I'm turning my focus to the Middle East, world hunger and racial injustice. But I might need some help. Who's with me?

*Astoria resident Muriel Jensen has published more than 70 books and novellas.*



## Open forum

### The real treasure

During my flight back to reality I had time to reflect on my days spent on the Oregon coast for "The Goonies" 30th Anniversary. The trip, in my eyes was an absolute success. My wife and I traveled across the country from Portland, Maine, to celebrate one of the greatest films ever made, recapture some true childhood nostalgia and maybe even find some "Rich Stuff."

The weather, though not very Goonie-like, was terrific. Not so much as a single drop of rain fell during the entire trip. The hotel we picked was great. The location was central, the beds were comfortable, and they even offered free breakfast.

The Rich Stuff was plentiful. How amazing is it to be able to stand in the actual house from "The Goonies," line up a doubloon at Cannon Beach or pose in the jail cell? How much fun is it to watch the movie in a theater, go bowling at Chunk's bowling alley or find that newest Goonies-gear for your collection?

How can you even begin to describe to someone the feeling you get when Haystack Rock first enters your view? The goose bumps you feel when you drive on the road to Ecola State Park? The excitement of meeting Chunk in person? All of this and more represents the "Rich Stuff" that I found during my trip.

These experiences make up an exciting piece of Goonies fandom, but they do not represent the real gems of the trip. The truth is, the real treasure I found in Astoria was the people. The people made this trip a success.

Never before have I experienced so many people from so many different walks of life and different parts of the world come together and show unconditional love for one another. Strangers made into family by a common invisible bond. The people fostered a wonderful environment, where everyone was free to be who they really were, free of judgment and embraced for their idiosyncrasies. A group of outcasts that through their shared love of a movie, overcame great obstacles to make an event like this happen.

Need a place to stay? A ride from the airport? A ticket to an event? Another Goonie will have your back. I am proud to say I was a part of such a great selfless group of people. Without the people, my movie quotes would have waned silently in the night, my Warren Field pyramid would have been pretty weak, and most importantly — this event would never have happened.

Watching "The Goonies" on a 40-foot screen is an awesome experience. Watching "The Goonies" on a 40-foot screen with 2,000 other Goonies was magical.

I would trade all the rich stuff in the world for the treasure that is my fellow Goonies. I love you guys. Thank you all for making my trip so memorable.

RHAD DAVIS  
Portland, Maine

### Infrastructure needs

Enthusiastically took part in promoting tourism in Astoria when I worked for the Chamber of Commerce from 1994 through 2004. Now, it may be time to change course.

Astoria has become a very desirable tourism destination, and our many visitors help support the businesses and attractions we locals enjoy. But any destination has a point at which more is not better, where crowding and traffic begin to degrade the experience for visitors and residents alike. Last summer, for the first time, I think we approached that point.

Lodging taxes generate a significant amount of revenue in Astoria, but a change in state law in 2003 restricts how that money can be used. At this point, I believe we need to spend less promoting tourism and more on the infrastructure that helps things run smoothly when our visitors are here. It may take a modification of the law to free up more funds for that purpose.

Tourism has largely been good for Astoria, providing profits, jobs and amenities. The attractiveness of our community and word-of-mouth will likely keep visitors coming. So let's begin a community conversation about how best to embrace our visitors, while maintaining the character and quality of life that we — and they — hold dear.

ROGER ROCKA  
Astoria

### Rethink decision

The city of Astoria's council meeting on June 1 was a joke. Allowing three people to change the entire look of Astoria is almost criminal. This is of enough importance that the people who live in Astoria should be able to vote on this.

Also, what's the hurry? They have been working on this plan for many years, but why not take a little more time and do it right? Astoria can have their cake and eat it, too. Leave the river side alone so that the people using the Riverwalk can continue to admire the scenery. Then develop on the south side, with some height restrictions, which could be made easily enough to make most people happy.

One of the best things that has happened to Astoria is our trolley. If we develop the river side, we might just as well get rid of the trolley, because it will become useless.

Please Mayor Arline Lamear and Councilors Russ Warr and Zetty Nemlowill: Rethink your decision, and do what's right for Astoria.

SYLVIA DAVIS  
Astoria

### Show some respect

This letter is in regard to the article, "Long Beach pursues path to skating dreams" (*The Daily Astorian*, May 29).

The idea of a skating park is all well and good, but I am really bothered by Long Beach Councilman Del Murry's comment, "It's mind-boggling to me that there is such resistance. We do all this stuff for veterans and retired people."

If it wasn't for all of the veterans, there possibly wouldn't be a place to do anything like there is now. Memorial Day is not just another day off. Maybe Murry has no idea what it really means, like most of the young people. As for the retired people, show them some respect. After all, his folks might be retired — or even a veteran.

Murry says the biggest obstacle may be winning support from the public. With a comment like that, I don't see how he could raise much support.

JACK WEICHAL  
Retired Vietnam veteran  
Nehalem

## Where to write

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• **U.S. Sen. Jeff Merkley (D):** 313 Hart Senate Office Building,

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