

PORTLAND

OBSERVER

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There was an old woman

who lived in a shoe — a rhyme from
our youth — a time when we thought
how exciting it was to be an Indian
and live in a teepee or to be an
Eskimo and live in an igloo,
and especially how
adventurous to be
a cowboy because
they didn't seem
to live
anywhere .

And then we grew up.

And we found we were committed to houses, and to families and to friends.

We all want to protect our homes, and our families and our friends.

But we often do not protect them in the time of the greatest crisis in life . . .

the death of a loved one.