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One dollar



DANIEL
WATTENBURGER
Comment

Gratitude isn't meant to be easy

You say "please" when you want something and "thank you" when you get it.

For children of polite police parents, if the password isn't spoken the reward is withheld. It's a simple verbal transaction taught to toddlers and expected to lead to a lifetime of good manners.

But we know manners aren't the same as graciousness. Saying thank you is part of, but not the entirety of, being thankful — just like apologizing isn't the same as asking forgiveness and talking the talk isn't the same as walking the walk.

In other words, being thankful is hard work, and often runs counter to our nature. It can't be forced upon us or required of us, but can be practiced.

So on Thanksgiving, a uniquely American holiday dedicated to gratitude and humility, let's practice. I'll start here.

I'm thankful for my job, my family and this country.

Too easy. I'll try again.

I'm thankful that local newspapers still exist, and that the one covering my hometown of Hermiston had an opening when I needed a job more than a decade ago. I'm thankful that the people I've worked with along the way have believed in me and supported me. I'm thankful that we have a community interested enough in their neighbors and community to support our publication. I'm also thankful for

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RENO DREAMS OF SUSHI

Four Japanese restaurants open in Umatilla County

By **PHIL WRIGHT**
and **JADE MCDOWELL**
East Oregonian

Chef Reno Lin recognized sushi would swim in Pendleton, so in the spring he helped open Momiji Sushi & Hibachi.

Momiji was the first restaurant to offer Japanese cuisine in Umatilla County. That has paved the way for Mitori Teriyaki in Pendleton and two other sushi establishments to Hermiston. All four will occupy sites that last housed Mexican restaurants.

Lin, 28, said he fell head over fin for sushi years ago.

"It's so simple, yet tasty," he said, and without monosodium glutamate (MSG) or other additives or spices.

Lin is from China and was living in Tokyo when his study and preparation of sushi began six-and-a-half years ago under a master sushi chef he called Kobayashi. While his English is fair, he asked his friend, Angie Zhang, to help translate during an interview Tuesday. Zhang said her father, Steven Zhang, and Lin were the master's only students.

(Zhang said Reno is not Lin's original name but an



Sushi chef Reno Lin plates a dragonfly roll while working at Momiji Sushi and Hibachi recently in Pendleton.

homage to his first sushi master who had an affinity for the Nevada city.)

Lin smiled when he recalled the Tsukiji Market in central Tokyo, the world's largest wholesale fish

market, and the sheer variety of fish there. Yet Tokyo, he said, was a constant din he did not enjoy.

Two years later, he landed in New York City and continued to refine his skills.

Life there also was "every day busy, busy, busy," he said.

He then trekked to Washington, where he worked as a sushi chef in Walla Walla and the Tri-Cities. Plenty of

diners, he said, made the trip from Pendleton.

Zhang said Lin talked to her father about the possibility of opening a Japanese

See SUSHI/8A

One family's journey of grief

Cason's Place will provide haven for grieving children and their families

By **KATHY ANEY**
East Oregonian

Cason Terjeson loved the crooning of Frank Sinatra. If his life had a theme song, Cason once said, it would be Ol' Blue Eyes' "My Way."

"He reveled in his nerdiness," said Cason's father, Matt.

The teenager sported a fedora hat and had encyclopedic recall of show tunes, Weird Al Yankovic lyrics and Greek mythology. He competed in Pokémon tournaments at the world level, but lacked the killer instinct — he often took inexperienced competitors under his wing. He attracted friends with ease, earned top grades and had aspirations of being an engineer. His family moved from Pendleton to Hawaii and then to Beaverton, but Cason returned to his family's Helix wheat farm each summer to work alongside his grandparents, uncles and



Matt, Jan and Lydia Terjeson pose with a photo of Cason, who died in a farm accident at age 16.

cousins. On July 14, 2007, Cason maneuvered a truck loaded with wheat down a steep dirt road at the farm. When the engine died, along with the brakes and steering, the 16-year-old fought to control

the heavy vehicle as it hit a curve. The truck tipped and slammed into a dirt bank.

Cason died. For Cason's 12-year-old sister Lydia Terjeson, and parents Matt Terjeson and Jan Peterson-Terjeson,

the accident became the dividing line between before and after. In the aftermath, Matt, Jan and Lydia fell into the disorienting funk of grief.

See CASON/8A

How to help children grieve

By **KATHY ANEY**
East Oregonian

Children don't experience grief quite the same way as adults.

"Children pop in and out of pain and sadness," said children's counselor and author Donna Schuurman. "Adults tend to be more steeped in their grief — they don't bounce in and out as much and often sleepwalk through their grief."

This is Children's Grief Awareness Month, a time to consider the needs of these sometimes forgotten mourners.

Schuurman, author of the book "Never the Same: Coming to Terms with the Death of a Parent," knows a little

See GRIEF/8A

