

Parenting with your whole heart

I stood as quietly on the other side of the stock trailer door as I could. It seemed ridiculous because I'm certain the cows and calves could see my tennis shoes sticking out underneath, but nonetheless I was quiet. The flies were swarming almost as bad as bees — biting at my ankles that already ached from the scrapes with alfalfa earlier in the week. I couldn't see a thing and had to let my ears guide me as to what was happening on the other side of the aluminum door.

The boys pushed the four pairs into the pen we had made with a few trusty panels without much trouble, and things were moving along fairly quickly. The cows got sorted back out, and then it only took two tries to load the calves.

I breathed a sigh of relief to myself, thinking that this was going better than expected ... when suddenly things didn't go so well. Aren't most things like that though? Smooth sailing and then chaos — which then seems to lead to tears, hurt feelings and someone getting covered in crap.

Seconds. That's all it took to go from good to bad. Just a few stupid seconds. I stared at the ground, not exactly sure what had happened for one boy to be closing the trailer door and the other to be lying in the greasy, stinky crap. But somehow in those messy moments, everything went wrong.

As it turned out, one boy wasn't doing something the other thought he should be

doing, and instead of using kind words, frustration won. Shoving and kicking won. Piles of crap won.

I grabbed my younger son up off the ground, quickly said goodbye to our friend who had witnessed the entire scene, and put a blanket down on the pickup seat for him to sit on. (If only I had a shower on the side of the pickup.) My older son pulled the pickup back around to the road and then got into the back seat. I latched the gate, and then drove the 30 miles home in silence.

As I drove, I contemplated what I could have done differently, what I could have modeled perhaps, what I could have said, and I came up with nothing. And then I thought about the last chapter of "Daring Greatly" by Brene Brown. It's a chapter that I need to reread at least once a month as a simple reminder of the importance of self respect, practicing courage by showing up and letting myself be seen, as well as honoring vulnerability.

I questioned my wholeheartedness and the shaming I've caught myself in with my boys, and even with myself, about perfection and never messing up, about being right, and about not clearly asking for what I want and/or talking about how I really feel when caught in hard, quick moments like the one that had just occurred. It was a long 30 minutes.

It was during the last few miles before

home that I realized that the pile of crap was exactly what needed to happen. The turning of my head was a gift, along with the deep sigh, and the bits of embarrassment scooped up and put into the pickup.

I didn't fix the problem for the boys or take away the pain, but I did remind them that no matter what choices they make, together we will learn from them so they don't become a habit. When reality looks you in the face during those seconds that go all wrong, it's then you are challenged to wholeheartedness — moments where you can be brave, hopeful and risk being vulnerable in the best sort of ways.

Letting my boys struggle and experience adversity was exactly what they needed, even if it was mortifying to watch. My discomfort of the situations they seem to be in hourly with each other, and even with themselves, can't dictate my behavior — or more importantly, my reactions to the things they're doing. It cannot make or break the love I have for them or the great responsibility I have as their parent. I have to let them fall and fail, all the while praying they know that getting back up and trying again are two of the most hopeful things they can do.

We got home, I made them lunch, and then I took an hour-long nap. I let them figure out how to get along without me, and wouldn't you know — they did.

Parenting wholeheartedly is hard. It is uncomfortable. It strays away from normal and suggests to throw perfection and prerequisites out the window. It's teaching my boys that pleasing others is important, but not when it risks you losing your soul. It is showing them how to live a life where

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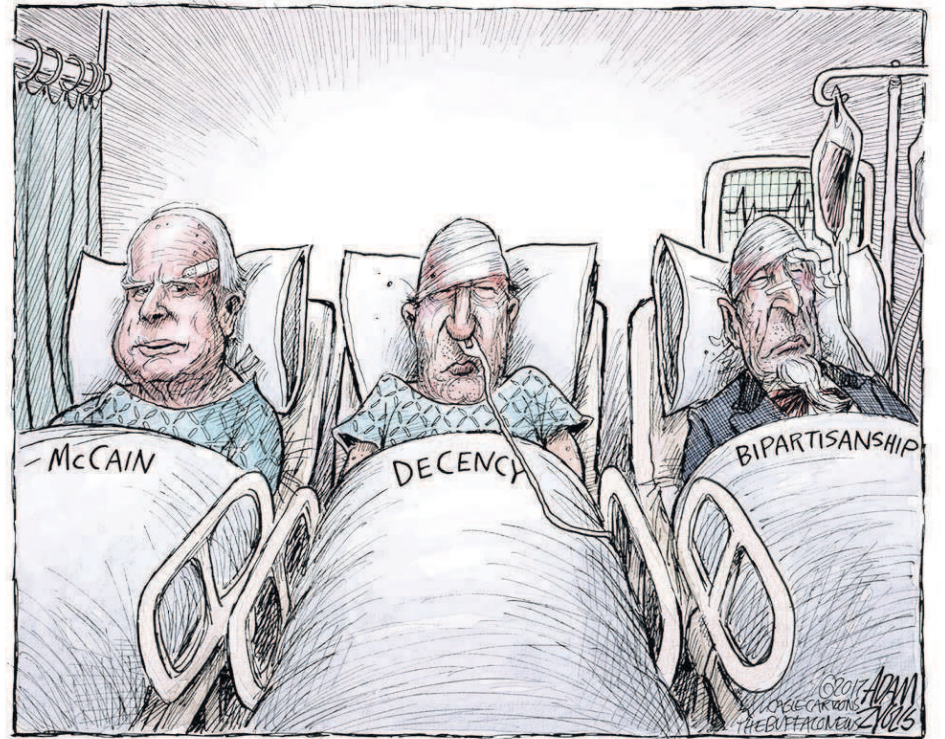


LINDSAY MURDOCK
FROM SUN UP TO SUN DOWN

losing isn't always bad, and having the ability to fail with grace and get back up with humbleness is essential.

It's letting my boys see me for who I really am and in turn allowing them to see themselves. I'd say I've got my work cut out for me at the Umatilla County Fair in just three short weeks. I'd say we all do.

Lindsay Murdock lives in Echo and teaches in the Hermiston School District.



Look at what just happened in Antarctica

Forget for a minute that President Trump recently pulled us out of the Paris Climate Accord. Or that a burgeoning list of corporations and communities are proceeding with the agreement's goals anyway. Instead, look at what just happened in Antarctica.

On July 12, after months of anticipation, one of the largest icebergs ever observed sheered away from the Larsen C Ice Shelf on the West Antarctica Peninsula. The thing is over 2,000 square miles in size and nearly a quarter-mile deep in places. It's the size of Glacier National Park, or the state of Delaware.

The first thing to acknowledge is scientists do not agree whether climate change prompted the iceberg's release. The discharge of sometimes massive bergs naturally occurs on Antarctica ice shelves, and signs of the eventually 120-mile fissure that produced the berg were observed as early as the 1960s.

Nevertheless, the event puts on display the type of process climate change can trigger. And it foreshadows what scientists ominously warn will occur in Antarctica if humanity does not quickly curb fossil fuel emissions.

It all has to do with the way Larsen C broke off, more than its impressive size. Peeling away from two bedrock anchor points over 100 miles apart, scientists say it may have destabilized the entire Larsen C Ice Shelf, fourth-largest in Antarctica. Two neighboring ice shelves to the north, Larsen A and Larsen B, suffered the same fate in 1995 and 2002, respectively.

No one knows how long the ice shelf would take to break up, and it could take many years. On the other hand, Larsen B shattered like a giant glass plate in just one month, startling Antarctica observers because it had been stable for millennia.

Importantly, disintegration of the Larsen C would add virtually nothing to global sea level rise, as its entire mass is already afloat on the ocean. But ice shelves act like dams, holding back sometimes enormous land-based glaciers. If Larsen C goes, currently stable glaciers will begin pouring into the ocean. That new freshet would increase sea-level rise, which European researchers recently showed tripled since 1990.

A related process already happens across Alaska and Greenland. It's easy to think of glaciers as simply melting because temperatures are rising. And that's certainly happening. But glaciers terminating in oceans have an added vulnerability of catastrophic collapse, which occurs when they become unhinged from their anchors. Whether it's a pinch-point between mountains or a bit of



TIM LYDON
Comment

shallow ocean floor, once a glacier loses its grip, it can quickly break apart, redefining the notion of "glacial speed."

In Alaska, we've watched this for years. Warming likely nudged the Columbia Glacier in Prince William Sound, the South Sawyer Glacier south of Juneau, and others from previously stable positions, prompting retreats so rapid that local maps quickly became obsolete. The ongoing melting adds to rising seas.

A long-simmering concern is that the same will begin happening in Antarctica, unraveling its massive store of ice and tipping projections of global sea-level rise toward worst-case scenarios. So in the wake of the giant Larsen C berg, it's worth noting two nearby ice shelves disappeared in the last two decades, and a third is now in potential jeopardy. The progression has been southward, toward the continent's main body of ice. Even as climate is not clearly implicated, it presents a warning.

Already, people are squeezed by sea-level rise. It contributes to the destruction of homes, roads and infrastructure in several Alaska villages, where U.S. citizens are losing livelihoods and cultural traditions and imminently approaching climate refugee status. Meanwhile, the West's low-lying coastal cities are taking stock of damage in Alaska. From San Diego to Seattle, municipalities map where seas are projected to inundate streets, wetlands and neighborhoods in the years ahead.

But in the West, it's not just coastal cities that should be concerned. At our border with Mexico, long a place of violence and injustice, climate change already fuels illegal immigration. Floods, fires, drought and conflict in Central America increasingly push people northward. In the years ahead, rising seas are expected to prompt further migration globally, potentially compounding concerns in the West. And Republicans think they need a border wall now?

Which brings us back to Trump's Republican-backed Paris pullout. Science shows we are already locked in to some degree of climate warming and rising seas in the years ahead. The accelerative effect from Antarctica is yet uncertain. Nevertheless, science shows global cooperation toward swift cuts to coal and oil can reduce surface melting of ice across the planet, easing us back from worst-case scenarios. That must be why hundreds of U.S. corporations and communities are scrambling to support the Paris Agreement.

Tim Lydon writes for High Country News.

SeaBees celebrate 75 years of service

By JACK REMILLARD

Being somewhat disappointed in not seeing anything in the media regarding the 75th anniversary of the U.S. Navy SeaBees, I felt it my obligation to write a short history of this often overlooked branch of the U.S. Navy.

During the early part of World War II, Admiral Ben Moreell recommended establishing Navy construction battalions (CBs) to carry out the construction of airstrips on forward bases, mostly located in the Pacific. On January 5, 1942, he was given the go-ahead, and the SeaBees were launched.

More than 300,000 men enlisted, with the average age being 37, the youngest being 18 and the oldest 50. Men were accepted due to skill and knowledge in the trades rather than physical ability. They were trained in combat by U. S. Marines in Illinois, New Jersey, New York and Virginia.

SeaBees played an unprecedented role in establishing a foothold on the islands in the Pacific during World War II, as they constructed or improved 111 major airstrips, 441 piers, bridges, roads and tanks for storage of over 100,000,000 gallons of fuel. In addition, hospitals for more than 700,000 patients and housing for 1.5 million men were built.

My uncle, Ion Follett, was stationed on "Island X" from 1943-1945, as a construction mechanic. I believe "Island X" was in the Fiji Islands as I have a yearbook, if you will, of the time spent on these islands with names and photos of the islands and the men of CBMU 503.

There are seven SeaBee roles, or occupational ratings: equipment operator, utilitiesman, steel worker, engineering aid, construction mechanic, builder and construction electrician. The rates classify the type of work each man will perform.

SeaBees have been assigned worldwide on all seven continents, from the conflicts of WWII, Korea, Vietnam, Iraq, Afghanistan, and others too numerous to count.

Women joined the ranks of the SeaBees

in 1972, the first being constructionman Camella Jones, who trained as an equipment operator.

Most SeaBees serve in a construction battalion; others are assigned to a public works division of a naval base, such as Naval Communication Station Adak Alaska, where I served for more than three years, from July 1971 to November 1975. I have very fond memories of that time, as

anyone who really knows me will tell you.

One thing I would like to mention, that even though the SeaBee motto is "We build, we fight!" SeaBees are not usually near combat. This is not to say SeaBees have not seen combat action or fought the enemy. Third class construction mechanic Marvin Glenn Shields was posthumously awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for actions at the battle of Dong Xoai, Vietnam, on June 10, 1965. He was 25 years

old. The destroyer USS Marvin Shields was named in his honor. To date, Shields is the only SeaBee to receive this honor.

Most SeaBees I know would identify with the two other mottoes: "Can do!" and "The difficult we do now, the impossible takes a little longer."

When I joined the Navy in December of '71, I wanted to be a Navy SEAL like my brother Pierre, who had served two tours in Vietnam. Once I learned of the SeaBees, my sights were set on becoming a construction mechanic and getting stationed in Alaska. I sometimes wish I would have gone to other stations around the world, instead of staying on the island of Adak, but I really enjoyed my time there and don't regret a thing. And of course I am full of stories about Adak, if only someone would listen!

I would like to thank and congratulate all of you SeaBees on 75 years of service and history. You have made the world a safer place.

If any SeaBees out there would like to contact me, please do at 541-310-0583.

Jack Remillard is a Pendleton resident, and retired assistant fire chief and fire marshal for the city of Pendleton.