The Record

POLICE

Dec. 18

• Fire was reported in the 300 block of Ninth Street.

• Theft was reported in the 1100 block of Sixth Street.

• Assault was reported in the 1600 block of Rhododendron Drive.

• Dispute was reported in the 2000 block of 15th Street.

• Assault was reported in the 87000 block of Rice Road.

Dec. 19

• Criminal mischief was reported in the 18000 block of Highway 36.

• Accident, with unknown injury, was reported at milepost 179 on Highway 101.

• Criminal mischief was reported in the 1700 block of 43rd Street.

• Arrest, with warrant, was reported in the 900 block of Greenwood Street.

Local DUII enforcement continues through Jan. 2

The Florence Police Department will be participating in extra DUII Enforcement through Jan. 2.

Law enforcement agencies throughout Oregon and the rest of the United States will be participating in this nationwide effort to get impaired drivers off the street.

High-visibility enforcement, accomplished by increasing the number of officers on the streets aggressively seeking out impaired drivers, is designed to deter people from driving after they have been drinking.

Dunes City seeks to fill Planning Commission vacancies

Dunes City is accepting applications for a Planning Commissioner. Applicants must reside in Dunes City and complete an Application for Appointive Office, available at Dunes City Hall or from the City's website, www.dunescity.com/permits-and-forms.

Applications can be mailed or delivered to Dunes City Hall, 82877 Spruce St., Westlake, Ore. 97493, or emailed to plan ning@dunescityor.com.

This is a volunteer position with a term ending date of Jan. 12, 2022. The Dunes City Council will consider applications during its Jan. 9 meeting. Applications should be submitted to Dunes City before Jan. 3, 2019.

The Planning Commission considers land use applications and revisions to Dunes City's land use code. The commission also provides oversight of Dunes City's Citizen Involvement Program. This position offers an opportunity to learn how the implementation of land use code takes place, what must be done to change codes and the process of conducting public hearings.

The Planning Commission meets at Dunes City Hall on the fourth Thursday of the month at 5 p.m. and in special sessions as necessary.

County releases study of courthouse replacement cost

Lane County worked with Robertson|Sherwood|Architects and courthouse consultant DLR Group to conduct a scoping study to validate the former City Hall lot as a viable site for the new courthouse and to refine the needed square footage to accommodate current and future needs.

The study includes a recommended program and potential floor plan diagrams that address the significant concerns regarding security and access for people with limited mobility.

The cost estimate — based on detailed pre-design analysis — includes approximately $94 million in matching state funds and an approximately $158 million in local funds.

"The opportunity to leverage nearly $100 million in State funds is critical to help us make space for justice in Lane County," said Lane County Administrator Steve Mokrohisky.

When the Board of County Commissioners reconvenes in 2019, commissioners will have the opportunity to discuss next steps, including local funding and placing a potential General Obligation Bond before voters.

The current Lane County Courthouse, opened in 1959, is not sized to handle the over 33,000 cases filed each year. In addition, the way the building is designed makes it impossible to provide a se-cure, private setting for victims and opposing parties.

The design also restricts access to individuals with limited mobility.

In Oregon, counties are responsible for providing the buildings in which the state circuit courts operate while the State is responsible for funding the operations. In response to the growing statewide need for new Courthouse facilities, the Oregon Legislature will provide up to 50 percent match funding for the State portions of a courthouse building.

"A new Lane County Courthouse would represent our community's commitment to fair and impartial justice and strengthen the central element in our public safety system," said Lane County Circuit Court Presiding Judge Debra Vogt. "A new courthouse would bring together our community's heritage and future in a building responsibly designed to serve Lane County for generations."

The Lane County Courthouse is home to the Circuit Court, District Attorney's Office, Sheriff's Office, and Victim Services.

Since it was built 60 years ago, the population it serves has more than doubled and it was built for a vision of justice that no longer represents our community or our expectations for equal access to justice.

Today, the building can't support the use it receives, and its physical systems are failing.

THE WALL THAT HEALS
HONORING VIETNAM VETERANS

The Wall That Heals exhibit features a three-quarter scale replica of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Washington, D.C. and mobile Education Center that gives visitors a better understanding of the legacy of The Wall and educates about the impact of the Vietnam War.
Here's hat we need help with now to prepare for The Wall That Heals:

- VOLUNTEERS -
- FOOD-
- MONEY DONATIONS -

Be part of something special in the Florence community. An account has been setup at Banner Bank for money donations. Please contact Kim or Janet for additional details. We hope to see you there!

When
April 4th, 2019 through April 7th, 2019
Questions
Kim Pruitt or Janet Engel
Phone: 541-997-6111
Email: Kim.Pruitt@avalonseniorliving.com

Spruce Point Assisted Living & Memory Care Community
375 9th St. | Florence, OR 97439 | 541-997-6611
spruce-point.com

*The **staff at Coast Radio** would like to share this poignant letter written to a charitable organization that goes quietly about its business every week of the year. The **Friends of Florence** has been providing low cost transportation for cancer treatments from **Florence to Eugene since 1985**. This letter was sent years ago but its messages still ring true today. We wish you health and happiness and hope you cherish each day of the New Year.*

Under ordinary circumstances, we might never have done more than nod and give a passing smile. But these were not ordinary circumstances. We were both passengers on a small bus that transported cancer patients from the small community of Florence sixty miles away into the larger city of Eugene to receive daily radiation.

For the first eight days on the Cancer Bus, I locked myself behind a wall of fear and distrust, uncertain of the radiation treatment I was undertaking and how it would affect me. Unhappy because I had to travel three hours for a one-minute treatment every day of the week…. 33 times… and never one to waste a moment, I brought along old Martha Stewart Living Magazines, leafing through and tearing out tons of recipes and project ideas that I will never try. From the beginning, I felt separated from the other riders… like an observer along for the ride. Most of the passengers were elderly, battling for a few bonus months or years. They seemed locked behind walls of silence, embracing their personal pain and private thoughts. Though conversation was sparse, "cancer" was the number one topic. I brought along a portable CD player with earphones to shut out all disagreeable sounds.

On my ninth day, forty-five minutes into our journey, the Cancer Bus stopped to pick up a new passenger at the small community of Walton. She emerged from a red pickup and, with the help of her husband, laboriously made her way to the bus. With a great effort and a deep sigh, she would collapse into a seat and lay her head on a pillow. At first Deborah sat at the front of the bus, while I preferred the back locked in my surround-sound music and Martha Stewart Living Magazines. Slyly, I studied her.

She was young, in her forties. There was a pallor to her skin that indicated the extent of her illness, yet she wore no make-up. She wore glasses and a cloche-style hat that covered her bald head, a result of recent chemotherapy. The hat was adorned with baubles and pretty applique. She wore large crystal earrings. The hat and the earrings contradicted her general appearance and called attention to her baldness in a way that said, "It's okay. Stare at me. I can handle this." As soon as I began to converse with her, I no longer saw the baldness nor her illness.

After two days, she moved to the seat across from me. I don't remember the initial small talk, perhaps because there was so little of it. When someone talks about the imminence of their death, small talk is inappropriate. Instead of "How many grandchildren do you have?" It was, "Tell me about your relationship with your grandchildren." We were able to speak immediately of our faith in God and his hand in comforting us in our distress. From the moment she moved into the seat across from me, we never stopped talking. Deborah never again laid her head on the pillow. I never put on my headphones nor read my stack of magazines while she was on the bus. It was an immediate bonding and because of our circumstances, we could not waste a moment. Time was too precious.

We spoke of life and death, and of our acceptance of each. We shared intimate things about ourselves. "I don't know why I'm spilling my guts to you," she said. We spoke of our failings and of our successes. Both perfectionists, we recognized that we were too hard on ourselves and much too serious. We both wanted to smile and laugh more. To our delight, we discovered we both loved to write. Deborah wrote poetry and I wrote short stories. We brought samples of our writing to share – intimate things we were too embarrassed to show to anyone else. We were suddenly the most brilliant writers in the world. We revealed to one another our artistic side, shyly handing over our artwork; hers in the form of a beautiful journal artistically decorated with flowers surrounding the lovely handwritten script. I told her she was leaving a priceless treasure to her family. My artwork was assorted drawings of large colorful flowers. She praised them and encouraged me to turn them into greetings cards for my friends.

The hour and a half together on the bus flew by at a dizzying pace. Each day I could hardly wait to see her again. The forty-five minute ride to Walton, until we picked her up, was slow and plodding. I began to resent any day I needed to travel in my own car, because it was time away from my friend.

Towards the end of the third week, she told me of her increased pain and how she was praying for the energy to have a tea party for her six-year-old grand daughter's birthday on Saturday. The following Monday she was ecstatic. The tea party had been a big success and very heart-warming for her. God had given her the energy to make it through the afternoon, as well as the energy to go to church the next day to see the program on "faith" that she had helped to write.

After that, things began to decline for Deborah. She experienced bad nights, more and more pain. An increasing amount of morphine was required. We never dwelled on the subject of pain, or cancer, or dying. Instead, we crammed as much happiness as we could into the little time allotted to our friendship. Her period of radiation was coming to an end when we decided we must exchange phone numbers so we could keep in touch.

On her last day of radiation therapy, the bus drove right past Walton! There was no red pick-up waiting! Panicked, I inquired of the driver and learned that Deborah had been crossed off the list. I didn't even know her last name. When I reached the clinic, the receptionist called me to the phone. It was Deborah. She decided it was pointless to continue treatment, but she wanted me to know how special it was to have developed a friendship with me. We muttered a few platitudes and promised to keep in touch. We spoke again on the phone two days later, reaffirming our affection for one another. I promised to write her a long letter right after Christmas, three days away. When I hung up the phone, I thought about how I would maintain my long-distance friendship with Deborah. Certainly I would call her often, maybe even visit her in Walton. I searched for inspirational scripture and other writings to share with her, and I looked forward with hopefulness to our next conversation. That night, I dreamed I was in the boxcar of a fast moving train. I was leaning out the door holding on to another woman, begging her to hang on…. Don't let go….

When I returned to the clinic the day after the holiday the nurse called me into a private room. Deborah had told her of our special bond that had formed between us. And then, ever so gently, the nurse told me that Deborah passed away the day after Christmas. The tears well up inside my eyes like a rising tide. A pressure in my chest crushes down a feeling of nausea. A lump in my throat makes it difficult to breathe. I must not cry until I reach the privacy of my home. No one on this Cancer Bus would understand how I could have found a soul sister in such a brief time. None of these would understand my attachment to Deborah. Each time I say her name the tidal wave of tears rise higher. I'll close my eyes for a while and listen to Yanni on my earphones. Tomorrow I'll finish the rest of my Martha Stewart Living Magazine.

By Marycleave Boehi

VAN FANS is a volunteer support group with the sole purpose of raising funds to help cover the expenses of Friends of Florence transport operations.

To join or for more info Call: 541-997-8629