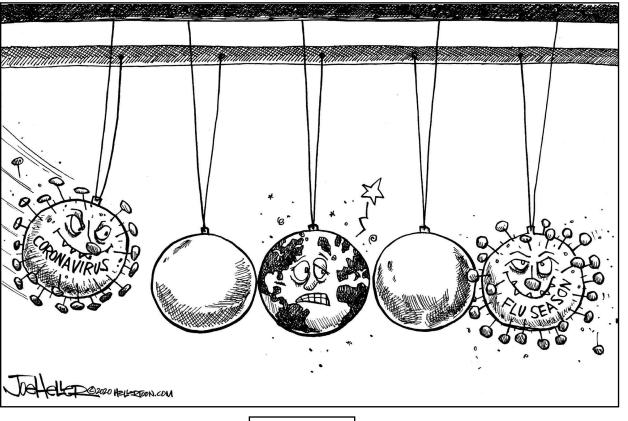
Cottage Grove Sentinel 116 N. Sixth St. Cottage Grove, Ore. 97424



# The First Amendment

Congress shall make no law respect-ing an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press, or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.

"I never considered a difference of opinion in politics, in religion, in philosophy, as cause for withdrawing from a friend." — Thomas Jefferson (1800)



#### **THANKS FOR HEARTS ON** MAIN SUPPORT

You have probably seen the hearts on Main Street. This was for Main Street Cottage Grove's Hearts on Main fundraiser. We would like to give a huge Thank You to our wonderful donors:

Michele Lyn Rose, Alisha Slate, Danny Solesbee, Simone Johnson, Amanda Ferguson, Candace Solesbee, Shane May, Ruth Linoz, Chalice Savage, Jim Gilroy, Judy Smith, Marnie Steber, Melanie Stuhlmiller, Eddie Bock, Joyce Cameron, Carmen Dowell, Shanti Rios, Tracy

# LETTERS

Laub, Shauna Neigh, Richard Meyers, George Devine, Mandy Biehler, Melany Klemmer, Mike Cummings, Debbie Chalmers, and the Cottage Grove Police Department.

The funds raised will support the Main Street Program activities and events. The Main Street Program works to ensure that Cottage Grove has a thriving local economy, is rich in character and features inviting public spaces that invoke a feeling of belonging among residents and visitors alike.

The program was implemented to revitalize downtowns that had fallen into decline.

The interstate system and the creation of shopping malls had an adverse effect on our downtowns. Thanks to the Main Street Program, downtowns across America are springing back to life, and our community is one of them.

We appreciate the generous donation to the Main Street Program and support to the revitalization of Cottage Grove.

> —Molly Murai Main Street Program



I've mentioned be

# The message of Rufus Valentine

Braves-loving Cupid on our hands.

I'd dealt with worse things.

The complaints started soon after we opened. Since ed "fettuccini Alfredo." our restaurant was situated closest to the mall entrance,

and realized we had a noticed that his black hands were worn and callused. His fingernails had dried to the point of splitting. He gave me an appreciative nod and sipped, then blurt-

He could become someone else's headache.

Unfortunately for Rufus Valentine, that's exactly what happened.

When my shift ended, it was near dusk. Along He laid the menu down the sidewalks, automated lamps had started hum

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## Letters to the Editor Policy

The Sentinel welcomes letters to the editor as part of a community discussion of issues on the local, state and national level.

Emailed letters are preferred. Handwritten or typed letters must be signed. All letters need to include full name, address and phone number; only name and city will be printed. Letters should be limited to about 300 words. Letters are subject to editing for length, grammar and clarity. Publication of any letter is not guaranteed and depends on space available and the volume of letters received.

Letters that are anonymous, libelous, argumentative, sarcastic or contain accusations that are unsourced or without documentation will not be published.

Letters containing poetry or from outside The Sentinel readership area will only be published at the discretion of the editor.

## Political/Election Letters:

Election-related letters must address pertinent or timely issues of interest to our readers at-large.

Letters must: 1) Not be a part of letter-writing campaigns on behalf of (or by) candidates; 2) Ensure any information about a candidate is accurate, fair and not from second-hand knowledge or hearsay; and 3) explain the reasons to support candidates based on personal experience and perspective rather than partisanship and campaign-style rhetoric.

Candidates themselves may not use the letters to the editor column to outline their views and platforms or to ask for votes; this constitutes paid political advertising.

As with all letters and advertising content, the newspaper, at the sole discretion of the publisher, general manager and editor, reserves the right to reject any letter that doesn't follow the above criteria.

> Send letters to: nhickson@cgsentinel.com

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fore, I lived in the South for 10 years, with six of those years spent in the suburbs of Atlanta. In the early 1990s, I was a restaurant chef operating in one of Georgia's largest shopping malls three stories of glass, sale banners and merchants spanning six football fields' worth of mall space.

As you can imagine, I've dealt with as many personalities as there are seats in a 280-capacity dining room. The fact that Rufus Valentine dug such a deep groove in my memory should tell you a little something about the man's character.

The first time I saw Rufus Valentine was during the Braves' heyday in February of 1992, when all of Atlanta was anticipating the spring and a run at the World Series. Essentially, you could be completely naked; but as long as you had a Braves cap on you were considered properly attired by most Atlantans.

So, when Rufus appeared in his red tights, heartshaped wings and Braves cap at the west entrance of the Lenox Square mall Valentine's Day weekend, like most people I assumed he was there to express his love for Atlanta's baseball team.

At least until I saw the bow and arrows. But even then, I could see that he was harmless; the arrows in his quiver were tipped with foam rubber red, of course and in the shape of hearts.

Considering the date, I made the connection

we got the brunt of unhappy mall dwellers.

"Hey, there's some guy shooting people with rubber arrows out there," one of them said, brandishing the arrow in question and rubbing his cheek.

With security nowhere to be found, I decided to settle the matter myself and

# From the Editor's Desk Ned Hickson

strode out the door and was immediately tagged.

"Got you! Spread the love, brother," Rufus said, as if he'd tossed me a box of chocolates instead of nailing me with a rubber arrow. "Excuse me, but you'll have to stop with the arrows. My customers are complaining," I said.

In that same instant, he plugged a passerby who turned and gave me a dirty look, spouting something about restaurant promotions getting out of hand.

A sudden ebb in the shopping current allowed me to grab his attention. "Hey, it's almost noon. How about lunch on me?"

"What'cha got?"

"Come in and find out," I said, ushering him inside and up to the counter in hopes of containing him through the lunch rush. Sitting there at one of the stools, his wings protruding from either side of the chair back, he drew more than a few stares.

Handing him a soda, I myself lucky.

and pointed to the item, as if I wouldn't know it other- ming to life. wise.

"Coming right up," I said, and took the menu. As I turned to ring in his order, I saw him reach for his quiver.

"Hey," I said, one hand on his drawing arm. "Here's the deal. No matchmaking until after lunch."

He studied me for a mo-

ment, then set his bow on

the counter. "I'm no match-

maker. I'm just tryin' to

spread the love one brother,

"That's a nice sentiment;

just don't do it in here,

OK?" I said, and released

I think everyone has

said things they wish they

hadn't. In the top 10 of

my own regrettable phras-

es, that one ranks right up

there. First, because of my

Second, because

And third, because I

With the smell of parme-

san and cream sauce in the

air, this obviously hungry

man stood from the count-

er, grabbed his bow and

quiver, and left the counter.

than I needed fettuccini

Alfredo," he said, and ex-

ited the restaurant. When

he kept going, I considered

"People need love more

wouldn't get the chance to

he

tactics to control him.

called me on it.

take it back.

one sister at a time."

his arm.

As I approached the

parking tower, I noticed flashes of red and blue spilling from the shadows of the underground level where I was parked.

The closer I got, the more patrol cars I saw. At the edge of the drive, yellow crime scene tape had been strung. Taking a spot among a crowd of onlookers, I saw a white sheet and, portruding from beneath it, the callused hand of Rufus Valentine.

Next to him, his wings lay in a crumpled pile.

I later learned that Rufus Valentine born Rufus Jones in 1936 had left the mall that day and taken his message to the parking garage. It was there that he encountered a street gang and attempted to "spread the love."

He met the faces of prejudice and hatred instead.

With the approach of Valentine's Day and the reflection on our nation's history of racisim during Black History Month, he always comes to mind.

And also, no small measure of guilt. Had I left him alone to do his work or brought him lunch instead, things might have turned out differently.

Even though he's no longer here to sling his arrows, I hope we can take his message to heart particularly in these times and spread the love:

One brother, one sister at a time.



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No subscription for less than 10 weeks. Subscription rates are subject to change upon 30 days' notice. All subscriptions must be paid prior to beginning the subscription and are non-refundable.

Periodicals postage paid at Cottage Grove, Oregon. Postmaster: Send address changes to P.O. Box 35, Cottage Grove, OR 97424.

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If you don't receive your Cottage Grove Sentinel on the THURSDAY of publication, call 541-942-3325 between 8:30 a.m. and 5 p.m.

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