

## Bend's Tommy Ford is headed to his third Winter Olympics

By MARK MORICAL  
The Bulletin

BEND — A little more than a year after suffering a devastating knee injury and being airlifted from a Swiss mountainside, Bend skier Tommy Ford is writing the ultimate comeback story: He's headed to his third Winter Olympics.

Ford, 32 and a lifelong Bend resident, was included among the six men named to the U.S. Olympic Alpine Team by U.S. Ski & Snowboard on Friday, Jan. 21. The Beijing Games are set for Feb. 4-20, and the men's giant slalom, Ford's specialty, is scheduled for Feb. 13.

Ford has reached the Olympics again after enduring four surgeries and a concussion he is still recovering from.

"This is such a cool opportunity!" Ford was quoted in a Friday press release from U.S. Ski and Snowboard. "I'm stoked to be a part of the team. It is freeing to be able to do what I know how to do with the support of those who believe in it."

Ford's nomination to the team comes as somewhat of a surprise because he has not raced at all on the World Cup this season. In fact, he has not raced a World Cup since Jan. 9,

2021, when he had a horrific crash in Adelboden, Switzerland, in the midst of a banner year. He was knocked unconscious and suffered significant injuries to his knee, wrist and head.

The past year has been a painful, often emotional challenge for Ford, who has dealt with bouts of depression while simultaneously rehabilitating his knee so he can return to racing.

Before the crash, Ford had posted four World Cup top-10 results in giant slalom in the 2020-21 season, including a podium finish. He was on his way to one of the best seasons of his long career.

Ford said he tore two ligaments in his right knee, broke his tibial plateau and tore his meniscus. After his surgeries, he spent most of the offseason home in Bend recovering.

"I'm feeling more and more normal," Ford said in an interview with The Bulletin one month ago. "I'm able to ski in a comfortable way, and I'm just trying to push back into some training and run some gates. The knee's been feeling really good and responding really well to training."

Ford was first able to get back on snow in mid-November at the U.S. Ski Team training camp in Copper, Colorado.

## SHOOTING THE BREEZE What kind of hunter are you, anyway?

I like to do some backpack hunting, but a friend was telling me about a great deer hunt we should do. We only needed to hike in 10 miles. That was an immediate "Nope!"

I'm going to leave that type of hunt up to the guys I like to call "Navy Seal hunters." I'm just not that crazy.

And, to be honest, I don't think you need to be in order to have a good hunt. Now, if that is your jam, if you thrive on that kind of punishment, then by all means, carry on.

However, the hunting world needs all kinds of hunters. We don't all need to be putting on 12 miles a day, skipping from peak to peak, for seven days in a row.

When I was young, I gave that a try, but today I prefer to use more brains and less legs. It cuts down on my Advil consumption.

One of my hunting buddies puts up a comfortable wall tent camp complete with stove and shower. For him, the camping is as much a part of the trip as the hunting.

Another friend loves his horses.



Rod Carpenter



Contributed Photo

The author, having fun.

Hunting is an excuse to be out packing in the mountains. I'm not sure he even cares if he kills anything.

There is nothing wrong with being a weekend warrior, either. Maybe you're not into hunting days on end. A day here or a day there is all you need. Maybe even just some mornings or afternoons. Nothing wrong with that as long as you're having fun.

These days it seems like all the

hype and advertising suggests that if you're not an archery hunter or able to nail a gnat at 700 yards, then by golly, you're just not much of a hunter. If you settle for a buck less than 200 inches or a 350 bull, then you just don't have what it takes.

What a load of bull dust.

Hunting is supposed to be recreation, not a contest. It is supposed to be fun. You want to take a forky with grandpa's .32 special? Carry on. You really want to exert yourself and hold down a camp chair and keep the fire going for the crew? Be my guest.

There is room for all types of (law-abiding) folks in the hunting community.

That guy nursing the fire isn't being lazy, and that guy that was on Strawberry this morning and is now on Aldrich isn't crazy. They are just having fun.

Don't let some YouTube expert or ad executive dictate what kind of hunter you are. Do whatever trips your trigger.

What kind of hunting do you like to do? Let us know at shootingthebreezebme@gmail.com.

Rod Carpenter is a husband, father and huntin' fool.

# SENIOR Outlook

Chester's

### Prairie City Seniors

Rose Coombs



Welcome to the frontier! That's what the governmental deciders have designated us now. We are

no longer rural. We are more than that! We are frontier! Why? Who knows... But don't you feel special? You have been noticed! Which recalls the statement, "Space. The Final Frontier." Hmmm. Well, we do have space – between houses, between towns, between people. It's called 'elbow room.' And I love it!

Okay, back to business. The sponsor of the meal was Joel Coombs General Contractor. And we had sauerkraut and franks, potato salad, pears, and apple crisp for dessert. And the sponsor was even here to get a meal! Thanks to cook Pam for these great meals. Which brings up the question: what's the difference between franks, wieners, and hot dogs? Only answer I got was the size. Okay. Now I know and so do you.

Our volunteers included Tom, Pam, Pam, Ginger, Mary, Carlos, Gwynne, and Del. We really had a 'Pam' demic today with 3 Pams in the building! Thanks to all our volunteers.

We had our monthly board meeting also and that's where we found out that we were on the frontier. There are grants for such as we to help in our endeavors to provide a place for senior meals. Now if the government regulators would let us have in-

house dining – like the restaurants can do. Enough said.

Got a letter from The New Yorker magazine. Yeah, yeah. I get letters all the time from all kinds of entities. But this one is different. They do want me to subscribe, but I get – hold on to your hat – a professional discount! Of 88%! Boy do I feel special. After all, the magazine costs \$450 a year. (Cough, cough.) But I can get 26 weeks for only \$26. There was a note that said: "In order to guarantee that we reach the audience we are meant to serve, the Publisher has authorized us to offer THE NEW YORKER to selected professionals at a special rate." Did you get that? 'Selected Professionals' – out here on the frontier. And 'audience we are meant to serve.' Gives one pause doesn't it? Just what kind of 'audience' would that be? Can they even find me on a map? So they made my day. I can now call myself a 'Professional' ... something. Did all the columnists of the BME get such a letter? Should I put this in my scrapbook?

Started a new book about Yogi Berra, the man of unusual statements. Here are a couple: "Be careful if you don't know where you're going in life, because you might not get there." "If the world was perfect, it wouldn't be." Now those are words from a professional!

*Luke 21:15 "For I will give you words and wisdom that none... will be able to resist or contradict."*

*Luke 21:33 "Heaven and earth will pass away, but My words will never pass away."*

### Monument Seniors

Soo Yukawa



Looks like the first month of the year 2022 is coming to a close already! Wow, time is just flying by. I don't know

everything that is going on in the world. Since I don't have TV, I don't always hear the depressing news of what is going on. I think it is a good thing. Mostly, I try and keep my eyes focused on the Lord. As I put my trust in Him, I have nothing to fear.

Our cooks were Carrie Jewell and Rebecca Grassl. They made us a hearty meal of spaghetti, garlic bread, fresh green salad, and sugar cookies for our dessert. You know I just had to get a second serving. It was a good meal and we thank our cooks. We appreciate them so much.

Our greeters at the table were Kristi Guimont and Linda Blakeslee. Kristi and Linda checked in all the guests, counted up the money, filled out the paperwork. Kristi made the announcements and yours truly prayed the blessing over the meal.

We had 23 guests dining in and 24 takeouts. Bingo will be held the last Saturday of the month at 6 p.m. There will be a potluck in between the games. Hope you can join in on the fun.

I want to give a shout-out of thanks to Mr. Peter Jorgensen of Eugene for his donation to the Monument Senior Center of \$75. We appreciate your interest and support of our community center.

The snow outside is either really slushy or very crunchy and slippery. I've almost lost my footing a few times, but luckily, I did not fall on my butt yet. Ha. I just thank the Lord for the snow. We will take

it! I pray that it melts slowly into the ground and then we get another snowfall. That is just what we need out here.

It looks like Scotty knows that he gets to eat his grain outside the pen and Belle eats hers in the pen. He comes right out and knows where to go for his grain. I guess the little stinker is smart. Here I thought he had such dull, innocent eyes!

Ha. He sure fooled me. He is a greedy little piggy, though. He would hog up all the grain for himself if I let him.

The other day, after Scotty had finished his grain and he and Belle were following me around, I saw Scotty's big, round, fat tummy. So, I bent over and patted his sides, saying, "Oh, my goodness, look at your big fat tummy!" Well, I guess I squeezed a little too hard because the next thing I know, little pellets came out of his back end! Ha. Well, I don't think he is starving at all. I really like that both Belle and Scotty follow me around and come when I call them.

*Acts 2: 17-21 And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith the Lord, I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams: and on My servants and on My handmaidens I will pour out in those days of My Spirit, and they shall prophesy. And I will show wonders in heaven above, and signs on the earth beneath, blood, and fire, and vapor of smoke. The sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, before that great and notable day of the Lord come. And it shall come to pass, that whosoever shall call on the Name of the Lord, shall be saved.*

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