

Morgan's Moment...

We're building a boat together...
 "we" being grandson Max
 and me.
I did the same thing
 20 years ago
 with another grandson.
No matter that we have boats on the beach...
 10 at last count...
 none exactly right.
He wants a boat he can carry...
 one that will hold
 himself and one other.
So we settle on a plan...
 it's a "stitch and glue"
 fiberglass and resin.
We choose and list what we need
 going in Max's truck
 to haul it back to the cabin.
Then we mark and saw
 and drill tiny holes
 to stitch with thin wire.
He has good tools and is smart
 I stand back and hold stuff for him
 as he works.
Slowly piece by piece
 step by step
 it begins to look like a boat
I am very aware
 that what we are building
 is more than a boat.
Art Morgan

SUMMER PROCRASTINATION

A few kind inquiries wonder why I haven't been sending some of my writing out. It boils down to procrastination. I've written a lot of pages but haven't taken time to get them ready to go.

I'm complimented that even a few noticed

I'll not try to reclaim postponed wisdom but will try collecting some of what we've been doing and thinking.

My page will not begin to tell our story. It's still only the middle of August. We have at least a month to go before the sailboat is brought in for storage and we head into our fall schedule.

I'm beginning to hate using the word "fall" as you will understand as you read this report.

LAST INSTRUCTIONS FOR SUMMER TO ME...as we prepared our annual move to Puget Sound:

"Remember, you're not 85 anymore!"

As if one needs reminding of such things.

We actually went north via California. A great-grandson to greet and a graduation to attend.

Summer really started with a fall...in Menlo Park. Jean fell and had an ambulance trip to Stanford Medical Center emergency and stayed overnight in the hospital. She got out in time to meet newest great-grandson, Elliott and to attend Grandson Andrew's graduation as a DPT (Doctor of Physical Therapy).

600 driving miles later to Corvallis with a couple rest days before going on to the cabin. We were given pages of instructions for Jean. Head trauma injuries just take a bit of time. We have stayed in camp most of the time. Jean does drive 8 miles to Key Center for massage therapy each week and do her library, thrift shop, grocery and coffee shop circuit. She began to go down to the beach (100 stairs) in mid-July. She's OK on her feet but regrets not being allowed to chop wood. Most of the time no one would know anything had happened. Lucky lady, actually.

Max and Hannah, (youngest grandson) back from a year at the South Pole together, were here most of the summer. What a help they were! He left the boat for me to finish but will come in September to bring in the sailboat for the winter.

Our type of camp has unending things to fix. Some of them are my size, so I've been active every day.

Several small groups of family and some of their friends have visited. Very few weeks without people overnight. The place is too good not to share. Some come every year.

I was sitting on the deck thinking about all the people who have been here. Of course I can't think of everyone. We hear from grown-ups who had been here years ago as children. I think we've given a lot of memories. It's fun hearing of those memories.

Summers are not all sunshine and roses. We always have a list of a few people waiting out biopsies. If you haven't waited out a test report for yourself or someone you care about, you can't imagine the gut-wrenching experience it really is. Yes, literally, gut-wrenching. We share the wait even from the cabin.

When the reports are good we cheer, when not...well...in truth some news does not come without tears. We also follow those who face treatment or are living beyond it. Unfortunately such things are part of life all year round. We check our messages daily.

The Eclipse goes through Oregon very soon. It's a big deal. No matter that we can't see the sun on lots of days. People by the are coming to "see" the sun go dark for 2 minutes or so. Of course it could be cloudy that day. Bad luck. If it's not cloudy you're not supposed to look. You could go blind. Go figure.

My theology has been shaped by observation of the cycles of life and death on our beach and by looking into the stars our corner of one of multi-millions of galaxies more than by 3 seminary degrees. My theology begins with wonder and awe. I say, "Wow! I am part of something grand!" And so are we all.