

MM Email Summer Blue Sheet for August 13, 2011 — a-morgan@peak.org

We're even, I believe...I don't have enough time to write and you don't have enough time to read. And little I've written I haven't sent. I thought I'd at least skim some "moments" to send along.

VISITORS...Fewer folks come in June and July, more in August and even September as days grow warmer and summer suddenly seems to be ending. One night we had all five sleeping areas occupied, but that rarely happens. Jean's birthday party drew the largest crowd, mostly beach neighbors who don't stay overnight!

SPECIAL EVENTS...We've only been away a few nights this summer, all to Oregon for Max's graduation from HS, with visits to Ashland for some final moments with friend, Ken, and for meeting our great-granddaughter, Mikaila, in Medford.

OTHER MOMENTS FROM PUGET SOUND....

- **A toast of a sip of Scotch** with Tom and Barbara Strout, along with Don and Beth Whitney, in a memorial moment appropriate for our mutual friend, Ken Salter.
- **The birth of a baby seal** one supper time on the neighbor's raft, seeing the baby's first meal, its first reluctant swim (pushed in by mama), carried away on her back.
- **An eagle on the neighbor's raft**, the next morning, cleaning up some of the seal's after-birth, before flying away carrying some of it, presumably back to her nest.
- **18 year-old grandson Max**, riding 500 miles round trip mainly to get a look at a beach neighbor's 10 month-old grandson that was named after him. He beamed at the wonder of anyone naming a child after a teen-age kid. His beaming made was a special moment.
- **The mother and aunt visiting next door** of the 10-month-old twins took them for their first "swim." The boy named after Max was especially delighted to be lowered into the water. Why does the moment stir me? Is it the memory of that mother and sister first being led into the water by the grandparents of these twins? Is it the thought of generations passing and days turning into half centuries? Is it realization that we have moved from the youngest couple on the beach to the oldest? Sometimes "moment" buttons get pushed when you don't expect it.
- **Participating with neighbors** in attempting to develop an easement agreement satisfactory to a dozen or more of us. I just counted my e-mail exchanges — 126 so far! And counting. Love your neighbors, I guess, but get it in writing. And notarized!
- **Meeting folks on our walks**. We know neighbors here better than at home, mostly because everyone seems to walk the road at one time or another. Even folks not speaking meet one another. Lots of business gets done, information (gossip) exchanged and even invitations made. If the sun is out and tide is low we also meet during walks on the beach. Walks are more than exercise.
- **Our clothesline is a special feature**. Nobody has clotheslines at home. Just electric dryers. Ours is especially artistic when Jean does her dozens of scarfs!
- **We hang Christmas lights** along the driveway to our cabin. A welcome sight coming home from late walks.
- **No one has a better place for doing dishes**. An outdoor sink with only cold running water, but the tea kettle is close and there is an endless view of the Sound and mountains and often a sunset. I do the dishes as often as I can.
- **My first sight in the morning** out our bedroom window is of Jean by her campfire reading or writing. She stirs up the fire built of wood she splits herself. The sight warms me.
- **I usually listen to NPR** for a few minutes after waking up. I give Jean the stock market report (she's not interested) and the weather report (she already knows since she's been up 2 hours!).
- **A deer passed within a yard of me** as I was eating breakfast and reading the paper on our deck. I got my camera out just as she stopped at our last blooming rose bush. She took blossoms and buds as I moved toward her. She moved reluctantly then paused for a picture. I think she was thinking "Whose place do you think this is, anyway?" I wondered if that was a theological question. I've wondered the same thing myself. — Art Morgan, August 13, 2011