

# *MM Summer Blue Sheet from Puget Sound...*

*Moment Ministries Summer Headquarters* 2412 N Herron Rd (KPN) Lakebay WA 98349



## *The New 80*

Jean is having a big party  
on July 21<sup>st</sup>,  
Her 80th birthday.  
She's embarrassed at the fuss...  
but ready to enjoy it all.  
Beach neighbors are semi-hosting  
at our camp.  
I've celebrated 65 of those with her.  
The photo is rare for us...  
caught dressed up  
for a fancy wedding.  
Wanted to show her as  
a new 80.  
Picture her coming down the path  
as a walking brush pile...  
four times just today!  
Or swinging a splitting maul  
making her firewood.  
Or sitting by her fire  
At 5:30 every morning.



Or reading one of a dozen books  
she always has at hand...  
Or making contact by email...  
note or cell phone  
to people on her heart.  
Or passing her daily minimum  
10,000 walking steps  
by at least 3,000.  
She's a class lady  
with spirit to match.  
She's a living example  
of the *new 80*.

— Art Morgan

Celebrate Jean's 80th birthday!  
When: Saturday, July 21, 2012, 3:30 p.m.  
Where: Art and Jean's cabin, North Herron Road  
Theme: beach, woods, or summer, very czech!  
Bring: A dish to share and beverage of choice  
Please RSVP to Judi Cleghorn at  
[judicleghorn@yahoo.com](mailto:judicleghorn@yahoo.com), or at 253 209 9031,

## WHOSE PLACE IS THIS ANYWAY?

When deer walk through our place, as a three point buck just did yesterday, I often speak their unspoken thoughts as they stare at us, "*Whose place is this anyway?*"

Before my ancestor's bought this property from a logging company it was treaty land. Native people did not understand that anything could be owned by anyone. Just like that buck.

We have title to the lots on some Puget Sound waterfront. Some came by shared inheritance. Other parts I bought from relatives over the years. I still think of the property as my grandparent's place. It is Anna and Arthur Weage's property.

For about 60 years of summers it has been our vacation place. We've tried to be respectful of early and rightful occupiers. I speak of oysters, mussels, berries, squirrels, deer, birds, as well as a great variety of shrubs and trees. We try to keep the place open to them.

I must confess that occasional hornet nests have not been welcome, and that we've driven raccoons out of camp on a number of occasions. We lock all outside cupboards and screw down all covered containers on the kitchen deck. They are not content to pass through. They try to tear into, or drag away, just about anything.

We've had some uninvited human visitors that we'd as soon didn't return. Cabin break-ins happen at the end of a quiet road. Our place is no exception. I want to ask them, "*Whose place is this anyway?*" They have their own idea.

Of course they can't steal the true value of this place. I refer to the beach, the open water on which we have sailed all these years, the beach with all its tidal wonders, the views of the Olympic Mountains, and the sunsets. Who claims exclusive ownership of that?

From the beginning we have thought the property too valuable not to share. So we have practiced an "open camp" and "open table. We have built three bunk cabins with padded bunks and beds for 13 people. We've had as many as 38 stay overnight. Some had tents or RV's. The open table works because people bring food and share it. How many meals in 60 years?

We added electricity and running water, flush toilets and showers in recent years. Many came before such amenities to claim personal ownership of unforgotten memories. They come back and others too, some for a few hours and a meal, maybe a sail or some beach time, some with sleeping bags for the night.

I learned early on that every kid (they come in all ages) really wants his/her own "command," so we have five or six boats of various types where anyone can be "captain."

We've sat around the campfire singing, "*This land is your land, this land is my land...*" but I've never felt that it was anyone's to own exclusively. It is mine to use, share, care for and pass on. "In the beginning, God..." Also in the end.

— Art Morgan, July 13, 2012

Note: Jean's actual birthday is July 18. We're just partying on the 21<sup>st</sup>!