

CARS IN OUR DRIVEWAY — CHATTER IN THE LIVING ROOM

I count 10 cars and a bicycle from my window...and I hear chatter in the living room. It's an annual thing that happens just before we move north for the summer. A reunion of Jean's teaching friends who still gather even a dozen years after she retired. They've been coming here for at least 20 years to celebrate the end of a school year. Only this year they are most all retired.

What this means to me is that we're packing to get out of here. I'm trying to get the postal part of this list in the mail before we go. Part of me is already up north. The newspaper has been ordered. The phone people have me connected to the Internet. The electricity and plumbing are both up and running.

In a little while all those cars will be departing. We won't be far behind.

CARS IN OUR DRIVEWAY — LAUGHTER ON THE BEACH

It's not uncommon to have several cars in the driveway by our Puget Sound cabin. We have an open camp...meaning that we welcome relatives and friends, with or without notice. I wish we had kept track of all who have parked in our driveway one time or another.

The main thing people have to know is that it's a camp. We live mostly outdoors, except for sleeping. Some even choose to sleep outdoors. We have several little cabins with bunks and mattresses. Most people bring their own bedding, although we keep a few sleeping bags for those who can't bring their own.

To let us know if you might come our best summer phone # is **Jean's cell which is 541-207-2018**. Our place is a half hour west of Tacoma and can be found on GPS or even road-maps

DALAI LAMA ON OUR BEACH

The story is that many years ago the Dalai Lama visited our beach. He must not have attracted the throngs he drew this past week during a visit to Oregon. He has rock star appeal, especially to younger people. His message of love and justice and peace and care for the planet rings bells for many. He comes across as a true holy man.

Some might think our beach more holy because the Dalai Lama walked on it. I would rather think that the Dalai Lama was more holy because he walked on our beach. I hope he walked at low tide where he could take off his sandals and feel the wet sand between his toes. I hope that he could wonder at all the life scurrying at his feet. I hope that the beauty of the water and mountains spoke spirit to spirit to him, as it did to the native people who lived here long ago...and as that spirit has spoken to me all my life long.

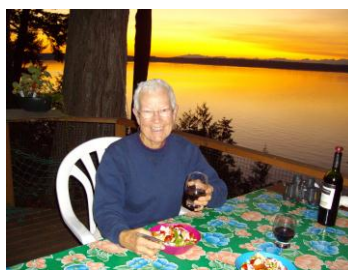
I'm not sure that people make places sacred as much as sacred places make people sacred. Our fear...the Dalai Lama's fear...is that humans are *desecrating* — *de-sacred-ing* the whole planet on which we all depend for our very existence.

We all seem to agree with the Dalai Lama but our indifference toward the planet we claim to love tells another story. Even the technicolor sunsets we watch with wonder are magnified by the waste and carelessness of human technology.

In a book I just finished, noted nature writer Kathleen Dean Moore says: "*We nature writers are called to do more than watch and wonder. We are called to witness—to tell the hard truths, to dive after the meaning of our grief, to stand in defense of this green and beloved world.*" (*Holdfast* p. 143)

On Wednesday we return to Puget Sound. As soon as possible I will be on the beach, hopefully at low tide with my bare feet walking where the Dalai Lama walked. I hope that all who walk such a beach will come away with the Dalai Lama's passion for taking care of this precious planet.

— Art Morgan, 5/18/2013



“SAY YAY!” at anchor out from our beach.

JEAN at sunset supper on our camp deck.