

MM For our local group.... From Art.... Early Summer Report

WHAT THE HECK HAVE I BEEN DOING LATELY?

Feeling a big guilty, for one thing because we didn't have all the Thursday Moments I had hoped for. Our best days were the Christmas Brunch and Easter at Inavale Farm. Scheduling has been a problem with me gone, then Paul. I miss it when our local folk don't gather from time to time. But that's past.

We've moved back to the cabin...just beginning to get things in order. The cabins are cleaned up and sailboat launched.

First thing we did was leave...back to Oregon — Portland — for the end of May, first of June party and graduation of **Erin Conner** from OHSU Medical School...**Andrew and Erin** moved to Stanford University Medical Center in Palo Alto and have a condo in nearby Menlo Park. Got to see **Grace** and **Kyle and Sabrina** as well.

Linda was proud mother and mother-in-law...celebrating the achievements of both Andrew and Erin.

Max was at the cabin a few days helping with heavy stuff like launching the boat and raising the mast. He was finishing up his second year and LBCC and anticipating another season operating big equipment during the harvest. **Aram and 2-year-old Mikalea** came for several great days, while **Alia** was back home with month old **Annika**.

Paul and Mary came overnight allowing us time to catch up with each other. They were coming south from their time share near the Canadian Border. They had to detour around the fallen I-5 Skagit River bridge. A busy summer awaits.

We left the cabin a second time...back to Oregon — Portland again — for **Lauren's** bridal shower. **Sabrina** was hostess. **Kyle** was away, leaving ladies to their party. **Karen** as mother of the bride was there of course, as was **Linda**, the bride's aunt.

I had three hours free time until time to pick up Jean from the shower. I looked up **Joe and Barbara** on the GPS and located them about a mile and a half from Kyle and Sabrina's. I found **Joe** at their apartment. We went to lunch together and were joined by **Barbara** for a few minutes of good talk before she had to leave to help with a Unitarian rummage sale. They like Portland and their neighborhood and apartment. They look good. It was a mini-moment.

Back at the shower I had time to see Pete and Lauren's new car...She's very happy about it.

On our way out of Portland we drove by Kyle and Sabrina's new house...They just purchased it not too far from their present condo. They will be moving in soon and are eager to get to work on it.

Our odometer was just turning over to 78000 miles...somewhere past Castle Rock when **Bardon** called. We had just been talking about him a couple of hours earlier at lunch with **Joe and Barbara**. It was good to hear Jean and Bardon talk while I drove. We had only spoken with him once since Lupe's memorial service. He says he's doing well.

This is a busy time for the Glass family and Inavale Farm...You in Corvallis will probably have news of the big horse doings. We will miss seeing the dozens and dozens of horse trailers going by our house.

I'm hoping Nancy is about done finishing up her mom's business and house. Time for a break (not the shoulder kind!)

Barbara and Joe are the first to tell us of plans for a summer visit to our camp. We still have to settle on a date. We will be gone — again! — for **Lauren and Pete's Wedding on July 12 in Bend**. Other than that we should be here into September.



PAUL AND MARY

At the Ken Salter Memorial Fire Pit at our cabin waiting for potatoes to bake on the fire. Paul may have been resting after splitting some wood.

“YOUR SACRED SPACE”

Someone wrote those words about our Puget Sound camp. I know that many people have places that are “sacred” for one reason or another. Hilltops, mountains, wooded places, rivers, seaside...are all commonly named. Some call their church a “sacred” place.

A place may become sacred to us because of what happened or happens there...like a place where you proposed, or were married... or where you scattered someone's ashes.

Places where most meaningful moments happen or have happened may claim to be sacred. I wouldn't limit such places to only one location. Over the course of many years with our families and friends there are memories of moments...real moments.

I propose another “sacred space” that I especially value. It is the “space” I experience in the silences. When I can sit without any props except what is before me...water, sky, campfire...just sit and let my mind free-flow...that is sacred space for me.

People ask what I like about sailing. There's a lot I like, but times when my mind is out of gear and cell phone beepers are off and the book is closed (assuming that I am awake, of course!) when some depth from somewhere rises in conversation with the depth in me, that is sacred space. Do you have sacred space like that?