



seasons

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A large, stylized tree branch with several leaves is positioned on the left side of the page, arching over the text. The leaves are a light brown color with white veins. The branch is a solid, light brown color. The background is white.

## EDITOR'S NOTE

The theme for this quarterly issue of Seasons is “Harvest.” A significant word. Both noun and verb. And while we may associate it with the gathering of fruits and vegetables at their maturity, harvest also means to “gain, win, acquire, or use” and “a result, consequence, or product” (<http://dictionary.reference.com>—courtesy of Elizabeth Zimmerman). Applications can range from the conversion of wind into electricity, the gathering of friends, the collecting of mementos, and the use of assorted materials to make a collage.

From first-day-of-school experiences to the recollection of a beloved, the poems, interviews, and photographs in this issue reflect the myriad definitions of harvest. They invite you to explore the meaning of harvest in your life; to embrace its breadth—lifelong, seasonal, and day-to-day; and to discern its significance in your individual faith journeys. Enjoy.

Rebecca Warren, *Editor*

## SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

SEASONS is a quarterly literary/art publication featuring the original works of the Montavilla UMC community. Online it is a full color publication at [www.montavillaumc.org](http://www.montavillaumc.org) but is printed in black-and-white only. Submissions must be the original work of the author or artist with contributors retaining all rights of ownership.

## Guest Artist | Royella Burge

Each issue of Seasons will feature a guest artist. This issue's guest is Royella Burge, a member of Montavilla United Methodist Church.

She may be the youngest artist you know...certainly one of the most talented youngsters in our midst. Royella Burge is 5 years old and winner of a 2nd place ribbon at Montavilla's Spring Art Show. The winning painting is a colorful self-portrait of Royella, shown here. She used oil pastels to create this masterpiece.

Royella tells me she has been painting "for awhile" and likes to use watercolors and crayons in her process. "There's a big painting kit at my Grandma's house," she says with a creative twinkle in her eye. She enjoys painting pictures of her friends and "lots of other stuff."

She is having a good summer, she reports, with swimming lessons and a recent visit to Build-A-Bear. This fall, Royella will enter the first grade at Seth Lewelling Elementary School in Milwaukie.

Regarding her future as an artist, Royella reassures me she will be entering her art into many more contests.

—by M. Frost



*Royella Burge,  
Artist Extraordinaire  
and her self-portrait*

photos: Becky Warren



## Poetry | Michelle Frost

### FIRST CUP OF AUTUMN TEA

Night cools the room

A cold breeze sweeps in

September dwindles

I lower each window

Kettle boils and whistles

Nothing today is unbearable

White mug gleams in candlelight

This gift of tea from New Mexico

Steeping        Steaming        Cardamom

Summer's end looms

Evening clock ticks

Loved ones slip into sleep and dream

A restless wind wrestles the trees

Surface of tea shimmers

Eternity    Peace    Hope

*Michelle Frost; 9.09*



*Maple Tree in Autumn*

photo: Kate Shirley

## PANCAKES

Summer's last rays  
illuminate kitchen's silver  
clean white counters  
A small curly dog  
asleep in a spot of sun

Blonde wood floor glows buttery  
Cat in the sill with a pancake scrap  
The week unwinds this way  
Sunday breakfast and Etta James  
pouring-out her song like syrup

Pancakes gold and steaming  
Maple sausage links stacked  
Eggs peppered to perfection  
A feast to feed a family  
I eat alone now

Every leaf in the breeze is me  
Every bird still sings your name

*Michelle Frost; 9.09*



*For Michelle Frost everyday  
images inspire her poetry.*

photo: Becky Warren

## ACORN

Wild geese need only the cool breeze  
broad gray clouds  
They honk above our heads  
flying into Vs  
simply being geese

Wild things are wise  
animal sapling insect fish  
wise with instinct and purpose

All around us Nature keeps her pace  
meandering streams  
Maiden's fern unfurling  
cool air heavy with dampness

Far into trees we forget  
time and expectations  
Let go and breathe-in  
the calm peace of the forest

Far into green we begin  
as innocents again  
Squirrels entertain in leaps and bounds  
Nuthatch chitters  
Not one creature needs more  
than its own coat and a song

We carry too much too fast too long  
when all we need sleeps inside  
the acorn of our disquieted heart

*Michelle Frost; 9.09*

## Poetry | Sue Dolan

### SEPTEMBER PREDICTIONS

The first day of school  
spawns epidemics  
of academic panic.  
Take comfort in plaid jumpers,  
new paper, pencils and shoes.  
Hone your newest slouch  
perfect for hallway gatherings.  
Old teachers in new rooms  
brings a momentary shock  
calmed by newly waxed floors.  
New books offer wisdom but,  
new locker partners come first.  
Familiar faces on taller bodies  
brings a momentary shock  
soothed by the panacea of  
cafeteria macaroni and cheese.  
It always smells the same.

*Sue Dolan; 2010*

### OCTOBER REWARDS

Riotous color invokes  
autumn hazes and migrating flights.  
Energy shouts from the sun,  
“Get up and get out!”  
Enjoy the wet garden dirt,  
it’s Mother Earth’s perfume.  
Toothy pumpkin grins welcome  
costumed candy marauders.  
The final harvest  
is the fullest.  
Everything loves this season.  
“Get up and get out”  
while there is still time  
to play without your jacket.  
Join the squirrel scurry,  
store up what you can.  
That chill is winter’s messenger.

*Sue Dolan; 2010*



*Sue Dolan*

photo: Becky Warren

*Beech Trees*

photo: Kate Shirley

## Autumn Recipe | Glenna Brinker

My grandmother, my dad's mother, was from a German family where the word for "Mother" is "Mudi." In time she was known as "muddie" by our family. My mother saved many of her recipes and cooked them for our family. This is one of the recipes:

### MUDDIE'S GREEN FRIED TOMATOES

- Slice some full-sized green tomatoes and roll the slices in flour.
- Fry slices in hot oil for one minute.
- Serve them on toast.

My dad put syrup on them. They were dark green to black, but my dad loved them.



*Glenna Brinker • Glenna has grown vegetables for a long time and uses them in her kitchen*

photo: Becky Warren

*Green Tomatoes*

photo: Kate Shirley



## Costume Designing | Elizabeth Zimmerman

In a corner of her basement studio, Elizabeth Zimmerman transforms fabric, silk purses, feathered boas, rhinestone jewelry, sequined butterflies, and paints into costumes. She is a Costume Designer. “Ever since the Barbies got taken away at age twelve,” Elizabeth explains, “I been searching for a socially acceptable way to play dress up all the time.”

Now the dolls are life size. They include characters in the West Coast premier of Pippin (1977), Portland Light Opera, Grant High School, Northwest Children’s Theatre, Oregon Ballet Theatre, Oregon Children’s Theatre, Portland State University Opera, St. Mary’s Academy, and Sylvia’s Dinner Theatre. She has three degrees in Theatrical Design and “over 41 years of shows.”

Challenges delight Elizabeth. She loves the “cruel and unusual” aspects of costuming: Creating a Baby Yeti, reversible plaid outfits, monogrammed tuxedos, and break-away costumes. “My quick-change record is unchallenged at .05 seconds, and I am fully capable of pulling a rabbit out of a hat.”

Her love for Theatre crystallized in eighth grade when she learned she could take drama in high school. In those classes she learned how to memorize, improvise, and analyze scripts; how to speak in front of large groups of people; and how to work as a team for a common goal. “I had so much fun; I signed up for it every year and participated in every show. It became my passion.”

In her senior year she was awarded the J. Alden Thespian Award and Scholarship. She attended Portland State University and following graduation continued to work in local theatres with her husband and daughter. “I directed, produced and performed, but once a company found out I could sew, I would become the Costume Mistress. I love helping actors realize their dream by helping them dress the part.”

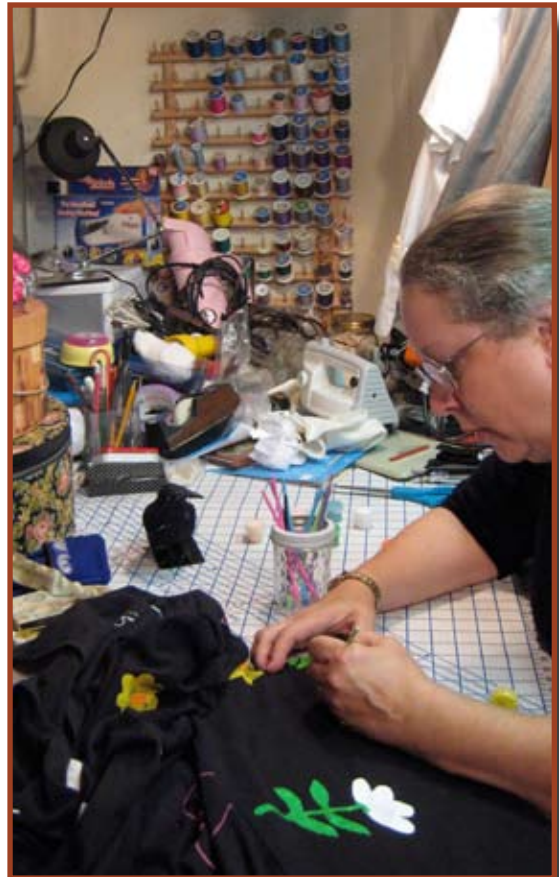
She has worked with all ages—from four-year-old Lenny playing the Langostino in Little Dragon Lost to 89-year old teacher-turned-gangster in Guys and Dolls.

Her costume designs reflect the breadth of human history reaching back to Neanderthal. Patterns are filed by eras, i.e., Egyptian, Byzantine, Celtic, Renaissance, and decades beginning in 1770. Her wardrobe racks hold a full-length seal coat, wedding dress, leopard coat, black velvet gown with lace collar, Hawaiian shirt, and vintage gray-linen dress with silk cuffs. Each item has a story. Some came from thrift shops, some from vintage stores, and others are on-line purchases from Elizabeth’s “Internet Archive” listing Western Wear specialists, Civil War attire, African waiters outfits, police and civilian uniforms, and even household livery. Military uniforms require special attention to detail. “There is no interpretation for a military uniform,” Elizabeth explains. “Even the medals must be exact.”

Her on-line Archives also include specialty documents: “How to make chains look old”, build a Bride of Frankenstein, make boot tops, and



*Spools of thread*



*Elizabeth paints fabric in her studio*

fashion fake-fruit headdresses. She can make a bustle, whip out a Spanish snap buttonhole, and affix wireless lights to a costume.

But a red tackle box resting on a file cabinet reveals a costume designer's crisis moments. "This is the Uh-Oh Box," Elizabeth points out. It contains tape, pins, eye lashes, and assorted items for those times when an actor exclaims, "I just broke..." Or "I really need..." Prior to opening night actors will have two or three dress rehearsals. Changes in setting and make-up might mean a change in costume. The Uh-Oh Box and Elizabeth's expertise rise to the occasion.

"I love what I do. I help people gain confidence. I help them realize dreams," Elizabeth says. She has seen Theatre change lives. "The shy person becomes more assured. The overactive person finds a way to channel excess energy constructively. Everyone involved in a play winds up redefining their personal boundaries and limitations. Aside from the tangibles that are learned, there is undeniable growth that comes from being part of a shared effort."



File label reflects the variety of costumes that Elizabeth creates

Elizabeth also believes that Theatre makes history come alive. "You can explain Nazi oppression until you're blue in the face, but performing *The Sound of Music* makes the nightmare of fascism tangible. Talking about Victorian society is just another dull history lesson, but working on a production of *Oliver* can bring distant history to life."

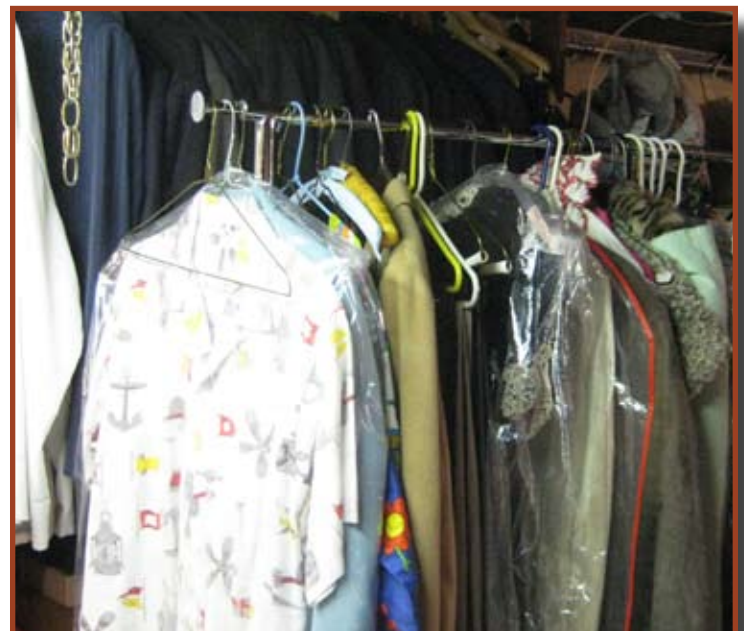
Something Frederick Buechner wrote resonates with Elizabeth. "There are all different kinds of voices calling you to all different kinds of work, and the place God calls you to is the place where your deep gladness and the world's deep hunger meet."

For Elizabeth, that place is the Theatre. She accumulates bits and pieces of costuming. They rest in drawers, hang on racks, or share space with hundreds of thread-and-thimble notions until transformed into a production—the harvest of a writer's skill, an actor's longing, and a costume designer's creativity.

*By Becky Warren*



Elizabeth, draped in a lavender fox-fur boa, strikes a theatrical pose



Racks of costumes line a studio wall

## Poetry | Eileen Joy Winson

### AUTUMN SONG

Fragrant are the flowers that around the house do grow.  
Out in the garden the vegetables mature, thanks to nature  
and my care.

No longer do I preserve the bounty, nor make pickles, jelly,  
and jam. When my family was growing, I did these things,  
and gloried in the pantry's rows of good things put away  
for the winter ahead.

The leaves on the trees are changing now. How glorious  
the colors! As the weather changes, the grass once again  
is turning green. I do not like the dwindling daylight hours,  
but it goes with the change of seasons.

After a long, busy day, I retire to my welcoming bed.

As I turn out the light, and settle down,

I hear the cricket's song.

*Eileen Joy Winson*



*October in Rockaway Beach*

photo: Kate Shirley

## 'TIS AUTUMN

See the lovely colors!  
Oh, it must be autumn.  
I am sure God has called every artist  
who ever lived  
to paint the leaves , and  
tint the sky:  
To color the meadows and trees  
for all to enjoy.  
Thank you, God,  
for your wondrous gift.

*Eileen Joy Winson; 2006*



*Eileen likes to write; she can't recall a time when she didn't write.*

photo: Becky Warren

## IN MY MEMORY BOOK

My memory book is peopled with many persons that I have met along my way.

The great Indian Chief who asked us not to grieve for him because he was not there—"I am the wind."

There are lovely women wearing old lace and silk "growing lovely, growing old."

There is my dear Alan who, I remember, had a pilot guide along life's rugged way.

There are sailors who remained at Pearl Harbor to sleep beneath the sea.

Alan's leaving me "in the silence of the night" and the loneliness it brought me still, how sweet were the words when we first fell in love. "I saw a hummingbird in the rain."

There are words from the Bible and other sources including The Lovely Sanskrit Salutation to the Dawn.

*Bits* by Lucy Maude Montgomery, John Donne's *No Man is an Island* and many other gifted people.

Some leave stirring words but their authorship is unknown.

But all the little treasures of words to read again and again add to and share.

Each of us must find our own.

*Eileen Joy Winson; 5.10*

## Painting | Daniel Nellist

Daniel's copy of El Greco's "The Agony in the Garden" depicts Jesus praying at Gethsemane right before His arrest. "I copied the picture freehand, and would spend a few hours at a time concentrating on specific parts of the painting," Daniel says. "This was difficult because sometimes I'm impatient and try to paint everything at once!" Listening to gospel singer Mahalia Jackson and classical music helped him to concentrate while he worked. Daniel created the painting with gouache, a method of painting with opaque watercolors.

In the painting, Judas and soldiers can be seen coming to arrest Jesus. To the left of this scene, three disciples sleep in a cave. The angel descends to offer a cup to Jesus. Daniel says, "This motif reflects Jesus' words, 'my Father, if it is possible, let this cup pass from me; yet not what I want but what You want'...and, 'my Father, if this cannot pass unless I drink, Your will be done.'"

Daniel moved with his family from England to Kalamazoo, Michigan in 2000 after a visit in 1999. The United Methodist Exchange Program sponsored their relocation. Daniel's father is a methodist pastor and the Nellist family currently still resides in Kalamazoo. When asked about his background in art, Daniel explains, "My grandma paints and she always encouraged me." His dad taught him at a young age to paint with watercolors. When the family moved from England to the U.S., Daniel and his father studied oil painting at The Kalamazoo Institute of Arts in Michigan.

To my questions, "What inspires an artist to create and how important is creativity, really?" Daniel told me. "I recently had this thought about creativity: God is the original Creator and we were made in His image, so, when we engage in our creativity, we are expressing that which is God-like within us." – A beautiful and selfless perspective from a modest and accomplished artist.



*Daniel Nellist,  
Inspiring Artist  
and MUMC Custodian*

by M.Frost

photo: Becky Warren



**AN URBAN WILDLIFE REFUGE**

Skirting the dry creek bed,  
a sawdust trail serpentines  
through hummocks of brown and bent end-of-summer grass.

On this first day of fall  
I gasp at summer's carnage  
but dread autumn's daily clouds and steady rain.

Walking the trail I glimpse  
blush-pink wild pea blossoms,  
chicory, green-and-yellow locust leaves,  
rose hips and nightshade berries.

A wildlife benediction --  
tokens of resilience and  
the signature of a rabbinic God.

*Becky Warren*



*Trail at Clear Lake*  
photo: Kate Shirley

## Poetry | Stan Clayville

### THE HARVEST OF THE HEART

To harvest the Fruits of the Spirit  
Means the planting of many seeds.  
When God created this amazing earth  
He knew all about mankind's needs.

The first of these is growing food  
To keep the body humming along,  
So prepare your garden spot carefully  
and hear birds sing as they look on.

The world seems so right when spring is here  
And Mother Earth is ready to begin  
The cycle of planting and watering and tending,  
Then the joy of bringing the harvest in.

Our heart is our Lord's Garden Spot  
Where He cultivates and weeds.  
Removing our worldly wishes and wants  
So He can grow our spiritual needs.

*Stan Clayville*



*Chard; Sunflower*

Photos: Becky Warren