



# seasons

w i n t e r  
2 0 1 0



w i n t e r  
2 0 1 0

Rebecca Warren  
beccanaturalist@gmail.com  
| editor

Michelle Frost  
cmfrosty@hotmail.com  
| associate editor

Kate Shirley  
katenben@comcast.net  
| graphic design

Guest Artist   Bob Lindberg .....	5
Prose   Eileen Joy Winson .....	8
Poetry   Sue Dolan.....	9
Poetry   Sue Dolan.....	10
Poetry   Sue Dolan.....	11
Poetry   Paul Baker.....	12
Poetry   Michelle Frost .....	13
Poetry   Michelle Frost .....	14
Poetry   Michelle Frost .....	15
Poetry   Stan Clayville .....	16



## **EDITOR'S NOTE**

Welcome to "Winter: The Resting Season," the 3rd issue of Seasons. We are pleased to introduce to you a guitar master, several poets and photographs by our editor and graphic designer.

In the Pacific Northwest, winter wraps us in rain, sleet and sometimes snow. Days are shorter and we hunker down beneath the blanket of gray weather, taking shelter in the comfort of our rooms. Candles flicker and cups of tea steam while rain pelts the windows. We read and stitch and rest in the lingering aromas of baking bread and simmering stew. We count our blessings and pray for those who are in need.

Soon, we will prepare feasts for celebrating holidays and relish the time spent with family and pets in the cozy sanctuary of our homes. Stories, poetry and music are ways we share grace with one another and endure the long winter months. Thank you to everyone who contributed to this issue. With these pages we celebrate our fellowship.

Peace,

*Michelle Frost, Associate 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 | Bob Lindberg

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

"What we make," Bob Lindberg explains, "is a testament to human ingenuity." Bob makes guitars. Technically, he is a luthier or one who makes stringed instruments—ingenious creations combining wood and metal to make music. In the photograph Bob holds a 6-string acoustic guitar he made "from scratch." There are four basic guitar body styles and this one is the Orchestra Model, or OM style.

Made during a class this past July, Bob spent two weeks working 11 to 12 hours a day—one day for 14.5 hours. The guitar had to be finished by the end of the two-week-long class. "Basically," Bob recounted, "you made a guitar, went home, slept, and came back to continue work on the guitar."

The class, led by a nationally renown instructor with 40-plus years of experience, was limited to four students, three of whom came from out of state—two from Arkansas and one from Arizona. The classes fill up quickly and Bob felt fortunate to get in.

...continued on next page



Bob Lindberg displays the Orchestra Model guitar he made.

photo: Becky Warren

## Guest Artist | Bob Lindberg

But this OM style guitar was not the first one Bob has made. Back in 1993 when he owned an antique shop and was making furniture, a customer suggested, “Why don’t you make a guitar, you have the skills.” So Bob contacted the company Martin Guitar whose Guitarmaker’s Connection sells kits and parts. The company sent a catalog, and Bob purchased a kit in 1994.

A guitar-making kit is nearly like making one from scratch, but some things have been pre-done that a person would not have the equipment to do, i.e., grooves for the frets have been cut and the guitar’s wooden sides bent. Still, the guitar comes in parts. A booklet enclosed with the kit warned, “This isn’t enough information to put this together.” Over the next six years, while furniture making remained a priority for him, Bob researched how to put a guitar together. He learned there is a Guild of American Luthiers and contacted two local luthiers who willingly shared information with him.

When asked, “Why do you make guitars?” Bob answered, “I’ve been a woodworker for 40 years. I love woodworking and playing guitars so it’s a natural thing to make them. People who play a musical instrument are always wishing they could have the better playing instrument that inspires them to do better. Most guitarists begin with an inexpensive one and in time wish they had a custom-made guitar that sounded beautiful. Making one yourself is not that far off.”

Pieces to a third guitar rest on a worktable in Bob’s shop. The spruce top and rosewood back of the guitar are pieces of wood sawn in half. Opening like a book, the wood grains are mirror images. Neck parts include an ebony fret board, steel truss rods and carbon fiber stiffeners. There are strips of perfling and binding wood.

At the present time Bob does not have all of the equipment to make a guitar; construction requires dozens of patterns, or “jigs.” The sides must be steamed bent. As he describes the assembly, the complexity of the project becomes evident: “The truss rods go in the neck in a groove and are used to control the shape of the neck which must have a slight concave curve with the low point being under the sixth fret. The idea is when you put the six-steel strings on, there is a lot of tension on the neck and the rods help control this.”

And this is only the neck of the guitar. Softer wood is always used for the top of the guitar and hardwoods, usually brittle imparting a ring when tapped, for the back and sides. Bracings, long, narrow spans of wood, are added to both top and back pieces to provide additional support. “If they were not added to the top, the tension would buckle the softer wood. The less bracing there is, the more vibrating results. Too much bracing would support the guitar structurally but reduce vibration, and, subsequently, tone. Some scalloping, accomplished through careful chiseling,



## Guest Artist | Bob Lindberg

occurs on all of the bracings. Such chiseling reduces structure thereby maintaining tone. In making a guitar," Bob concludes, "a luthier is looking for balance between structure and tone."

This guitar will take six to eight weeks to complete because the jigs have to be made. The average time for a luthier doing this fulltime would be 1.5 to 2 weeks, or 25 to 40 guitars per year. Bob sees himself making guitars instead of furniture in the future. Where custom-made guitars are expensive, sometimes five to eight thousand dollars, he aims to build the type of guitars that a player would like to have but is more affordable. He has to figure how to keep the cost down while not compromising quality.

Where the OM guitar has an abalone-shell inlaid design, called a rosette, around the sound hole, some guitars have fancy inlay in the fingerboard. These are only decorative and do not affect guitar tone. In the future Bob will have an inlaid logo in the neck's headstock to identify him as the maker. His son Jeff surprised him by arranging for a graphic designer to design the logo.

Bob's right. What we make is indeed a testament to human ingenuity.

—Becky Warren  
photos: Bob Lindberg



### SLOWING DOWN

Just as earth slows down in the winter season, we too begin to change. No longer are we outdoors doing yard work. We now do more indoors. This is not all bad because it is good to turn to other activities.

God has given us a wonderful world to enjoy. We have only to look around us. Outside my window, I have a real entertainment center. So many birds of all varieties have discovered the new feeders. Squirrels come often to eat endlessly. They don't seem to be storing food for the long winter months unless it is in the form of body fat!

A large flock of pigeons has converged on this feeding center. At first there were only a few, but soon the word must have spread and now sometimes I count up to twenty. Their luminous colors are beautiful, though no two are exactly alike. Some smaller ones have feathers on their feet. They sometimes coo when they are happy. At other times, a greedy one will bite another's neck and hang on, with much flapping of feathers. This never lasts long before all is peaceful again.

Soon we will be preparing for the holiday season. We remember once again the celebration of our Savior's birth. Again we send cards, buy gifts, give to our church and favorite charities, and prepare special foods for our families and friends.

So we celebrate the Advent season with all that it offers us. Then we slow down for the long winter months, the fallow time in our lives.

*Eileen Joy Winson*

*Winter 2010*



*Eileen Joy Winson*

photo: Becky Warren

*Yellow Birds*

photo: Kate Shirley

**DECEMBER GIFTS**

Welcome back the arctic air  
Greet the ice and snow  
Give thanks for a cozy fire  
A winter's nap is calling  
Blessings arrive every day  
Sing heartily and share joyously  
Play with your old toys  
Make space for new ones  
Bundle up against the cold  
Welcome back the arctic air  
Your snow angels will melt  
But the real ones won't  
Evening stars lead the Magi  
The shepherds are wide awake  
Unwrap your inner manger  
Open your heart and rejoice  
The King of Kings is here!

*Sue Dolan, 2010*



*Sue Dolan*

photo: Becky Warren

*Moon and Snowy Branches*

photo: Kate Shirley



## Poetry | Sue Dolan

### JANUARY SURPRISES

A blank gray skyline  
gives birth  
to ice and snow  
surprising us with  
their sudden appearance.  
We are asked to accept  
deepening silence that falls  
as frozen fluff  
spreading a wintry blanket  
hiding every outdoor space.  
A January thaw  
reveals hidden warmth  
beneath the surface.  
Green messengers of hope  
push up from the soggy earth  
surprising us with  
their sudden appearance.

*Sue Dolan, 2010*

### FEBRUARY DREAD

Wet newspapers begin the day  
everyone is so easily annoyed.  
Mother Nature's whims  
can become so irksome.  
It seems blasphemous  
to pull sleeping rodents  
from their cozy burrows  
and ask for predictions of  
Mother Nature's whims.  
Messages of love and devotion  
and bags of candy kisses  
momentarily soothe frayed nerves.  
And now disgusted nutritionists  
announce the sugar count.  
Oh, annoying month of unsure days –  
be gone, you wretched teaser.  
Snow flurries are expected tomorrow.

*Sue Dolan, 2010*



*Blizzard*

photo: Kate Shirley

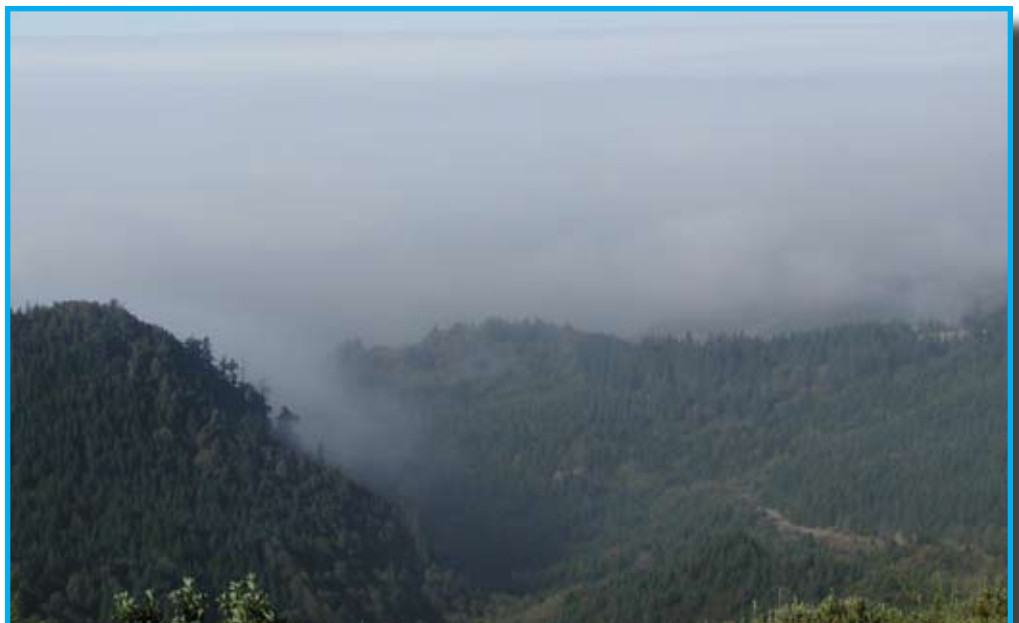
**QUIET TIME**

Left empty and windswept  
relieved of productivity  
a crop of peace waits  
for all parched souls  
who over-think their choices  
and long for empty spaces.  
A time will come again  
for seeds and activity.  
But now there is quiet.  
A time to cultivate patience,  
sow a bushel of contemplation,  
glean a harvest of quiet.  
Heed the whispers from God  
carried on the idle wind.  
Rain to refresh your soul  
a crop of peace waits  
a harvest of promised salvation

*Sue Dolan, 2010*

*Fog Creeping In*

photo: Kate Shirley



## Poetry | Paul Baker

### CHIPMUNK

Today I met a little fellow  
all decked out in brown  
with black and white stripes  
on his back, a fluffy  
long tail and bright black eyes.  
He watched me from behind  
a bright green weed nearly as big as he.  
I said hello and he looked  
at me; then I walked on,  
thinking about him.  
From his behavior  
and his smile  
I knew he was  
a chipmunk.

*Paul Baker, 2010*



*Chipmunk*

photo: Kate Shirley

**INSPIRATION AT THE TIME OF FALLING LEAVES**

Leaves are nearly gone  
fly from trees in windy gusts  
blown wild then settling in eaves and gutters

Autumn's slow wheel churns a cold breeze  
this early darkness  
these rainy eves  
when poets take to stoops and sills

A line of geese on high  
Their sound before they appear  
A vibration of inspiration

I wait to watch the air change  
the way a hummingbird changes the air  
or clouds moving together and apart  
subtle and nearly unseen

Poets chew their pens in thought  
wrangle words and sounds  
capture the shift and shimmer  
the moment that inspires us

*Michelle Frost, 2010*



*Michelle Frost*

photo: Becky Warren

*Fall comes to Seattle*

photo: Becky Warren



## Poetry | Michelle Frost

### TRAGEDY AND GRACE

Like the classic optical illusion--  
the young woman's beautiful profile  
her neck turning from us slightly  
Then the crone wrapped in a shawl

So we live between tragedy and grace

Where a young woman had been a hag appears  
Playing with my focus I see one then the next  
young woman  
crone in a shawl  
young woman

And so it is I am surrounded  
even now by tragedy and grace

Disasters on every newscast  
Beauty in the golden leaves blowing

Tragedy  
Grace

What hurts us is inevitable  
Unavoidable loss and grieving  
Goodness will be there waiting

I must live both to know  
to understand how life unfolds

And so it goes  
Tragedy hand-in-hand with Grace  
Inseparable and nearly the same

*Michelle Frost, 2010*



*Young Lady/Crone*

### HOT COCOA HAPPINESS

A little boy with a big cup of hot cocoa  
reaches his lips to the top of a straw  
baby bird neck stretched long  
feet dangling and kicking  
small on his chair across from his dad

“Watch this! Dad! Watch me!”  
exaggerated sipping and “Yum?”  
eyebrows up tongue licks  
“Dad, watch me!” he repeats again  
and again until the cup topples  
hot cocoa puddle and disappointment  
below him the wasted tastes  
the chocolatey delight

But wait! The waitress  
quick with another cup  
approaches them before tears come  
a fresh hot cup like magic  
and his eyebrows up again

oh happiness  
how fleeting and how swiftly it returns  
one waitress paying attention  
doing her best to keep alive  
hot cocoa happiness

*Michelle Frost, 2010*



## Poetry | Stan Clayville

### REPLENISHING TIME

The daylight hours seem less and less  
As stars brighten the nighttime sky  
The sun nears its winter solstice now  
Bringing seasonal change to you and to I

Quietly each little snowflake will fall  
Now is the time for Mother Earth to sleep  
The harvest is all gathered into the barn  
Now her blanket of white soon will be deep

The moisture each little snowflake brings  
Is what thirsty Mother Earth needs the most  
The summer bounty she gave so freely to us all  
Fills our tables and goblets raised for a toast

Now the journey each little snowflake will travel  
Is guided by the wisdom and grace from above  
For God sees how we each use Mother Earth's blessings  
And decides who becomes replenished with God's heavenly love.

*Stan Clayville*



*Snow-covered Field in  
Jestetten, Germany*

Photo: Becky Warren