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## EDITOR'S NOTE

**“RECREATION AND RE-CREATION”** • Residents of the Pacific Northwest have many reasons for being outdoors in all seasons, but summer offers unique opportunities—walks through alpine meadows, picnics in old-growth forests, bicycle rides through scenic neighborhoods, and camping beside mountain streams.

Time slows and we meander during these “Heatwaves” as Sue Dolan titles this hotter-than-spring season or maybe daydream like Eileen Winson describes in “Summer Dreaming.” Like Michelle Frost we can “Choose Happy” or join with Paul Baker in contemplating how quickly the years pass.

Choosing recreation changes our routines; we vacate homes for seaside cabins and foreign shores. The re-creation of time, place, and people may surprise us, as Lila Lee writes how her visit to Ste. Chapelle in Paris, France, deepened her faith, and Stan Clayville’s “fishie in the brook” becomes a metaphor for his faith journey.

Through recreation—whether in a writing group as Kathleen Baker notes in her devotion “Observe with Interest and Care,” or in my pilgrimage to poetry posts—we open ourselves to change, to the transformation that Paul alludes to in Romans 12:2—the renewal of our minds, the restoration of the souls, the re-creation of new beings in Christ. Enjoy!

Rebecca Lowe 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.

**SEASONS**

The seasons of  
my life flow  
so rapidly – at  
least I thought  
it was only a  
few weeks ago  
I was fifty –  
and it couldn't  
have been more  
than a couple  
of years since  
I was ten –  
could it? Time  
flies so fast  
leaving only the  
present that's  
real!

*Paul Baker*  
*May 11, 2011*



*Malheur Field Station*

Photo: Becky Warren

## Essay | Lila Lee

**LA SAINTE-CHAPELLE AND NOTRE DAME DE PARIS SPEAK TO ME** • Imagine a Gothic chapel, sited on an island, in the very heart of Paris. This chapel is constructed, walls and ceiling, almost entirely of jewel-toned stained glass. No, this is not a fairy tale or a film animation, it actually exists: La Sainte-Chapelle, on Île de la Cité, in Paris, surrounded by the waters of that very old river, the Seine.

When I was privileged to walk slowly through La Sainte-Chapelle this April, it changed my being. My heart lifted, inner cords of tension within my body melted, and my imagination expanded. Surrounded, sheltered, enclosed and uplifted by waves of light—light that human artisans had stained ruby and sapphire, emerald and citron, azure and amethyst, olivine and crystal-white. Over my head, converging arches of gilded wood. Heart-shaped panels of wood painted with human and holy figures. The fairy clusters of candelabra that adorned the air above the altar. The giant rose window, a stilled kaleidoscope of tears and hearts and roundels.

Standing in La Sainte-Chapelle I was given a vision of God. She was revealed to me as a friendly if formidable French Grand Mere, timeless tribal elder, who created for us her grandchildren in her chapel a forest full of jeweled Easter eggs, an endless field of spritely multi-colored tulips, and an artist's studio with shimmering light and an inexhaustible supply of brilliant paint-box pigments.

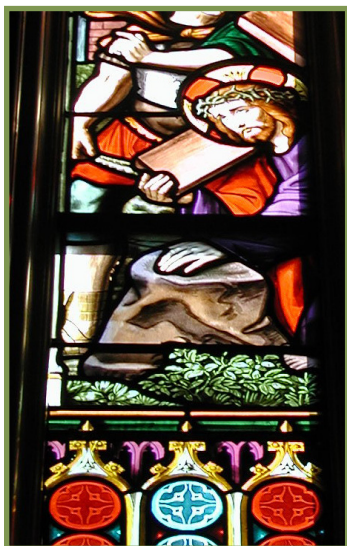
Yes, this French Grand'Mere, among all the color and beauty of her cathedral, had provided spaces for kneeling in obedience, for confessing in accountability. But the main message and provision of La Sainte-Chapelle, for me, was that we mortals in our childishness are loved, sheltered, and encouraged to celebrate the beauty of this universe with sacred play. Each of us in our creativity, our love of finding and making beauty, is a tiny part and reflection of our Creator's creativity. Just as each tiny pane of stained glass had its own part in making up the magnificent shelter that is La Sainte Chapelle.

My vision of La Sainte-Chapelle as playful beauty was counterpointed by my vision of Notre Dame as pain in a war zone. This cathedral, older and more massive than Ste. Chapelle, has its own beauty, but it is a beauty steeped in human pain. The impossibly slender and elongated pillars on the external façade look as bare and vulnerable as stretched human bones. The spiky metal ornaments on the turrets are an uncomfortable reminder of medieval torture devices. The gargoyles speak of beings caught endlessly between heaven and hell.

The dizzying nine-story height of the cathedral's ceiling reminds me of how small the human body is.

The statue of Sainte Jeanne d'Arc, with its cool marble beauty, reminds me that this heroic teen-aged girl was burned alive not just despite her faith and her good works, but because of her faith and good works.

Notre Dame memorializes the fragility of the human body, the pain and deprivation and annihilation the human body can endure, and yet the faith of that body's soul that humans can, with God's help, transcend time and pain. The peasants who first started construction of Notre Dame almost certainly did not have enough to eat. They knew their lives would be relatively short, knew they would be lucky to raise one child out of three. And yet they lifted the stones of this cathedral. It was an act of defiance. Our faith will transcend any hardship that our bodies have withstood: starvation, torture, the early deaths of our children, the burning alive of our young saints. Our faith survives, defies, and endures. Thus, Notre Dame stands as mute testimony of how the human spirit and will can transcend the sufferings of the body.



The cathedral has other voices, too, in addition to its architecture. There are five bells at Notre Dame. The greatest, named Emmanuel, is located in the South Tower, and weighs just over 13 tons. In the night of 24 August 1944, as the Île de la Cité was reclaimed from Nazi German's occupation by an advance column of French and Allied armored troops and elements of the Resistance, it was the tolling of the Emmanuel that announced to the city that its liberation was under way.

**HEATWAVES**

Search out the cooling shade  
My treasure for a breeze  
There is no forward progress  
I have become a solid  
Kin to the Missoula rocks  
My glacier has vanished  
I no longer crave movement  
Heat removes all ambition  
There is a limited future  
My mind cannot wander  
Nor can my body move  
My treasure for a breeze  
Energy is only a memory  
I have become useless baggage  
Parched and tormented  
Dip your fingers in the water  
Come to cool my soul.

*Sue Dolan, 2011*



*Summer Sunset*

Photo: Kate Shirley

## Prose | Becky Warren

### A PILGRIMAGE THROUGH POETRY

Perhaps you have seen one—a 6' high post with a 10" x 13" box displaying a poem. This is a poetry post and they are sprouting up in Portland like hosta shoots in late spring.

On a rainy morning in June I consulted Doug Trotter's Poetry Posts website at [drtrrotter@juno.com](mailto:drtrrotter@juno.com) and jotted down the addresses of the poetry posts in the Mt. Tabor neighborhood. I was changing my morning routine as I planned to wander through words in a self-directed pilgrimage of poetry posts.

At 10:19 AM I left home saddled with a backpack, laminated Portland map, pocket-size notebook, umbrella, and snacks. There were nine addresses of poetry posts and en route to the first I chanced upon an unlisted one at the corner of 65th and E. Burnside. "Stanley" by Charles Dallman, an award-winning poet living in Alsea, Oregon, told of a young student who "didn't get much" from foster parents. Once when students were giving their assigned speeches, Stanley revealed he had prepared no speech, but the teacher forced him to stand before the class for the allotted five minutes. During those five minutes Stanley said nothing.

In the silence that followed,  
we seemed to stop breathing,  
listening for the minute hand  
to jump ahead each time.

Raising my eyes,  
I saw you then  
as I see you now,  
head high,  
a statue,  
hard as granite  
when the minute hand  
jerked  
for the last time.

This poem evoked memories...of times when I was a 7th grade student forced to stand in front of the class and deliver the mandatory weekly current event. Unlike the silent hard-as-granite Stanley, I raced through the narrative, and hemmed and hawed my way through events set in exotic Egypt or faraway Washington, D.C.

Around the corner from "Stanley", at 42 SE 62nd, Patricia Salter's "Peace on Earth" counsels passersby to "Lift up your eyes lovely souls of this world,...Hear the birdsong...Stop disagreeing...What does it matter who's right or who's wrong?...Abandon contention, embrace the intention Of being only at peace, never at war..."

I left attuned to the distinctive chick-a-dee-dee-dee call of the common Black-capped Chickadee, listening hopefully for thunder "like the voice of God" and wishing for peace.

I walked south on SE 62nd and crossed Stark St. to ascend SE Scott going past the house whose former residents, in a housecleaning frenzy, had placed a metal urn labeled "Francis Christie" out on the curb— orphan ashes.

The next post is at 6922 SE Morrison, a multi-family dwelling constructed in the early 1900s. Usually the poetry post holds a poem but on this morning there was a note. “Dear Neighbors” it began and went on to announce that for the first time in five years there was a room to rent in this historic building.

At 808 SE 68th there was a photograph of Monet’s Garden in Giverny, France. The post, instead of the stenciled “poetry” says “photograph”. Initial disappointment morphed into contemplation as I considered what the photograph might reveal about the residents – their love of gardens, a possible visit to France, their affinity for an artist whose diminishing sight coalesced elements of nature.

A pleasant surprise awaited me at 6715 SE Yamhill, home of Evona, a longtime acquaintance. In “A Hand” from Given Sugar, Given Salt, poet Janet Hirshfield tells what a hand is not: “not four fingers and a thumb”...“not the thick thatch of its line”...nor is the hand what it shapes or what it writes. She says:

The maple’s green hands do not cup  
The proliferant rain.  
What empties itself falls into the place that is open.

A hand turned upward holds only a single, transparent question.

Unanswerable, humming like bees, it rises, swarms, departs.

How appropriate. Evona was one of my mentors when I became president of the Portland Branch of the American Association of University Women. She gave me “a hand” answering my questions and suggesting reasoned responses.

The wandering through words continued down SE 71st to 1055 where Emily Dickinson’s “A Man May Make a Remark” peeked out behind a bank of ripening thimbleberry plants. The final four lines of her eight-line poem give good advice to persons, families, and church communities:

Let us deport – with skill  
Let us discourse – with care  
Powder exists in Charcoal  
Before it exists in Fire

Maple Trees

Photo: Kate Shirley



## Prose | Becky Warren

The next two stops were uneventful: 1240 SE 73rd displayed a photograph titled “Argentinean Tango on the Streets of Buenos Aires” and the poetry box, whose post is stenciled with “Buen Día at 1050 SE 73rd, was empty. While I was jotting down the address, a woman raced out of the house asking, “Is there a poem there?” When I answered “no” and explained my reason for wandering through her neighborhood in search of poems, she told me how the last poem she set out had been taken. “That’s what I want,” she said. “So now I am going to put out multiple copies. I’m getting ready to go run one off now. That’s why there’s no poem there. Once a woman asked me if she could have the poem by farmer-poet Wendell Barry because her father had been a farmer. Isn’t that what poetry is all about?” She recommended the poetry post at 73rd and SE Yamhill. “That’s Tom’s place and he often writes his own poems. He’s very good.”

At Tom’s place the poetry post yielded Charles Wright’s “Bedtime Story” from Scar Tissue. This is a philosophical piece and Tom has been considerate enough to print out a glossary of terms, i.e., “Noumena, are the basic realities behind all sensory experience,” and Ding an sich, a German phrase meaning “Thing-in-itself.” Immanuel Kant’s philosophy supposedly leaps from the first phrase, “The generator hums like a distant ding an sich” but may be diffused with the final line, “The Something Dance, the welcoming Something Dance? I think we should, love, I think we should.”

Perhaps in my next visit to this post one of Tom’s poems will be displayed.

Two hours after leaving home I returned to the poetry post at the end of our driveway. “Coastal” by Mark Doty narrates a neighbor girl’s rescue of a sick loon. “She is carrying the bird back from indifference...and the loon allows her – its bent stem across her arm...in a nest she’s made of her pink parka.” The girl plans to call the Center for Coastal Studies. “Stubborn girl,” the poem concludes.

“Stubborn girl,” I repeated thinking how sometimes our affirmation of life ignores the obvious, defies the odds, and succeeds in making us look stubborn, if not downright foolish. Aren’t these traits the cost of discipleship?

My walk, a common form of recreation, became a lesson in re-creation – how spaces set aside for words share insights and spur introspection. The poems reminded me of our life webs – of the need to get along, to embrace ideals, to share. They bestow phrases that help us recreate ourselves, one poem at a time, into God’s image.

*Becky Warren, 2011*



*A Bowl of Summer Fruit*

Photo: Becky Warren

## SUMMER DREAMING

Summer is for dreaming! We put our daily chores aside and steal quiet times 'neath skies of blue with floating white clouds. We may drift away to the land of Nod, and into the days of yore.

We visit the time of knighthood, and fair ladies. The knights are so romantic with their various helmets, armor, plumes, and swords. Probably a bloodthirsty lot, but so gallant!

We learn that a knight may be described as a mounted man-at-arms, serving a feudal superior; a man ceremoniously inducted into a special military rank, usually after completing service as a page or squire, sometimes devoted to the service of a lady as her attendant or champion.

Then there was a knight of the most ancient and lowest order of English knights, a knight bachelor—not to be confused with a knight errant, defined as “a knight traveling in search of adventures in which to exhibit military skill, prowess, and generosity.”

We dream that our favorite knight rides up to us on his beautiful white steed. He is prepared to compete in a war game.

We offer him a scented scarf. He affixes it to his visor, and off he rides.

Our hearts are beating madly.

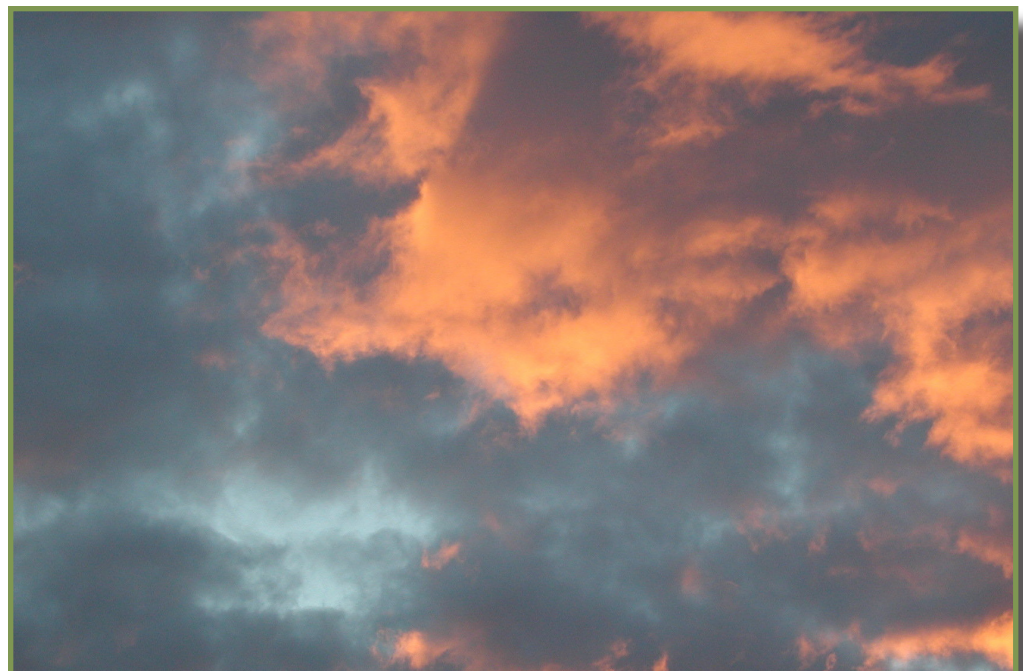
But, alas, it is only a lovely dream. We look around us; see the lovely flowers, the birds, small creatures, and other gifts of nature.

We enjoy the warm sun on our skin.

Yes indeed, summer was made for dreaming.

*Eileen Joy Winson*

*June 2011*



*Summer Sky*

Photo: Kate Shirley

## Poetry | Sue Dolan

### BACKYARD DAYS

The summer sun glows white  
Even in the shade  
Bugs create a humming rhythm  
Their joyous song welcomes summer  
The kids are playing  
Bats, balls and water slides  
Filling the yard with noise  
Their joyous song welcomes summer  
Burned skin and bug bites  
Bike bells ringing with joy  
Cameras grab a moment  
Preserving the smiles and fun  
Treasures to be remembered  
When crisp cold leaves fall  
And snow covers the ground  
Winter's chill will bring dreams  
Of summer's backyard days.

*Sue Dolan, 2011*



*Swing*

Photo: Morgan Shirley

**CHOOSE HAPPY**

Happiness is a choice he said  
Abe Lincoln our tallest president perhaps  
tall even without his hat and kind  
We choose how happy to be  
We see the best or the worst  
like an optical illusion  
What we see depends on our focus

Plenty of terrible surrounds us  
Terrible interwoven with grace  
We look at bad news in anger  
We see people coming to help  
A community gathers in support

The positive reaction  
upswell and release

Wisdom lies in temperance  
This too shall pass

Enduring the worst we grow  
happier for having got past  
hurdles of hurt  
sleepless hours suffering  
Quieted by moonlight again

Love's arm draping you  
Solace in the music of rain

*Michelle Frost, 6.3.11*



Pansy

Photo: Kate Shirley

## Poetry | Stan Clayville

### RECREATION

fishie fishie in the brook

*I send you worms upon a hook*

An invitation from this fisherman

please come to dinner in my frying pan

### RE-CREATION

As a fish is immersed in water—enclosed and encircled by the sea  
even so, I am surrounded on all sides by God's love

As a fingerling swims eagerly to find food and keep growing  
even so, I seek forgiveness from heaven above

As a salmon must return to its place of beginnings

even so, my bible study resumes after a divine gentle shove

And then when God's plan and my plan are again synchronistic  
even so, the summer flies by on the wings of a dove.

*Stan Clayville*



*Koi*

Photo: Kate Shirley

**JUNE**

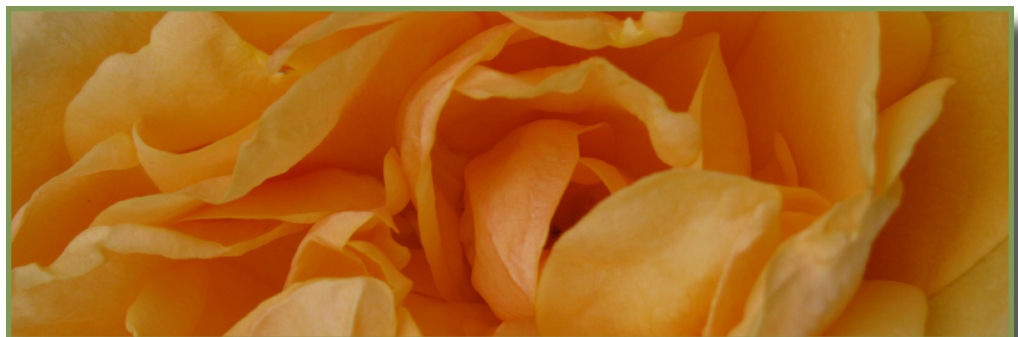
June is the elusive maiden  
flowers in her flowing tresses  
    flowing strands floating on breezes  
        rose's scent on her skin  
She peeks from behind a tree  
    smiles and in a moment turns  
Fleeting sun   glimpse of joy

Green emperors circle the arena  
Their horses are the sturdy trees  
    steadfast healthy steeds  
        holding up the lush green leaves  
Sunlight glints in rays like blades  
    shining piercing sunbeams

June the fair maiden flits  
    conceals her full face  
        shows us only the percent we can take in  
She reveals her beauty by small degrees  
Her fragrance emanates  
    intoxicates our sensibilities

She is a lovely bouquet by month's end  
    radiant delicate petals  
        gleaming resilient reflection  
Her graceful arms reach  
    embrace us finally like children  
        lure us gently to the circle for story  
June invites all the little birds to sing

*Michelle Frost, 6.29.11*



*June Rose*

Photo: Kate Shirley

## Essay | Kathleen Baker

### OBSERVE WITH INTEREST AND CARE

It is interesting to observe patterns of actions in groups of people.

In this creative writing group, we have enjoyed hearing the readings of each person. From past experience, we know each writer has a distinct style and topics of major interest. Within the framework of a supportive group we also are excited about times when members go outside their comfort zones and write in a different style or about a new topic. This same excitement surfaces when new people join the group as we learn what they can bring to share.

With interest and care, we do not judge or decide ahead of time what a person has to share; we only know what style, theme or project they have typically shared in the past.

This small writing group has been using faith interactive skills. What a world it would be if those patterns were used with interest, care and love in the world! We might truly be what our great Creator has in mind for us.

*Kathleen Baker*  
*June 5, 2011*



*Creation*

Photo: Kate Shirley

## PEACE WITH JUSTICE AT MONTAVILLA UMC

Once again we are reminded of the talented crew here at Montavilla UMC, with the recent exhibition of art and crafts in the “Peace With Justice” art show on June 12.

Fellowship Hall was a hive of artistic activity, with 21 artists and writers displaying their work, and the usual suspects enjoying the show after Sunday service.

The art represented ‘Peace’ in any form and by any definition. Peace is many things... Peace is “Grandma’s House” as painted by Wanda Adams; Peace is a wedding dress and years of daily routine with a spouse, knowing you are secure in your civil liberties, as shown by Elizabeth Zimmerman’s wedding dress montage; Peace is a lake in the trees, an ocean view, a river’s grassy bank, all depicted in paint by artists Deborah Snow, Keith Caywood, Irene Tweedy, Bharati Ravel, Mark Dunlop, and Leslie Anderson; Peace is the comfort of pillows, quilts and tapestries stitched with love by Wanda Adams, Sandy Thompson, Peg Lofsvold, Judy Walker and Emmy Lou, and prayer shawls created by ‘Becky & Company’ and blessed for giving to those in need; Peace is the ocean views photographed by Tara Ellis and Ashley Weaver; Peace is the beauty of an old bible illustrated in watercolor by Daniel Nellist; and Peace is the poetry written in times of solitude, by poets Sue Dolan, Paul Baker, Stan Clayville, Jim Edmonds, Sandy Thompson, and Yours Truly (Michelle Frost).

Paul Baker coordinated this event, gathering the submitted pieces and working with volunteers to set-up the fine display. Each participant was awarded a red Peacemaker ribbon, in appreciation of their efforts. Thank you to all who participated and to everyone at Montavilla UMC for the many ways they express peace daily.

*Michelle Frost*