

SEASONS is a quarterly literary and art publication featuring the original works of the Montavilla UMC community.

Submissions must be the original work of the author or artist with contributors retaining all rights of ownership.



October

October peeks around the gate
a schoolboy with a mischievous grin
he loads fallen apples into his rucksack
for no good use later with friends

Warm wild gusts have begun
big hands in the hair of trees
mussing rustling-up all the leaves
like a careless inpatient running free

A pony racing across the plain
Wind has its way with every loose
strand scarf and skirt
tossing teasing us along our way

Birds veer in-sync above
Swoop low sweep yards then up
fast and around that steeple
One quick thoughtless gesture

Trees sway Young women hold their dresses
Leaves change to brilliant gold and red
a vibrant display before farewell
Before winter's old white wagon rolls-in

We celebrate with hot cider and soup
Unpack sweaters and scarves again
We hold pumpkins and smile for the camera
A substantial orange joy at summer's end

Michelle Frost
September 28, 2011

Memories of Miss Griebel

This has been an unusual year as to weather. Never in many years have we had so many dark, wet days. Terrible storms have destroyed many parts of the country, leaving mass destruction in its wake.

One day I got to thinking about a special teacher I had enjoyed a very long time ago. Her name was Miss Emma Griebel, and she taught science class. She was of Scandinavian descent, and still had a slight accent. I knew nothing of her personal life, but as a teacher, she was a delight. One of the first things she taught her students was a verse starting, "Twinkle, twinkle, little star, I know *exactly* what you are." She followed this with an explanation of a star's composition. She brought our world into plain view. Her classes were always interesting and informative. How I wish that I could attend some of them now.



She could explain why La Nina is causing so much trouble and why hurricanes and tornadoes wreak such devastation. She could also explain the great problems facing Japan, and what the nuclear situation there is all about. It would all be revealed in a way that our own unscientific minds could understand.

Only as I have grown much older do I appreciate what a fine teacher she was.

As an adult I was compelled, because of Miss Griebel's influence, to look up the meaning of *quark*: "A hypothetical particle that carries a fractional electric charge, is thought to come in several types -- up, down, strange, chemical, and bottom, and is thought to be a constituent of *hadrons* which are "thick, heavy, any of the subatomic particles that take part in a strong interaction."

No heaven can come to us unless our hearts find rest in today. Take heaven.

No peace lies in the future which is not hidden in this present instant. Take peace.

The Gloom of the world is but a shadow; behind it, yet within our reach, is joy. Take Joy!

Fra Giovanni
1513 A.D.

They can be seen with a very strong telescope. Now my curiosity is satisfied, even though I really don't understand it.

Miss Griebel stimulated my curiosity of the world and taught me to seek out information on subjects of interest.

So thank you, Miss Griebel, for opening my eyes to amazing wonders -- like infinite space and subatomic mysteries. This is a priceless gift from a great teacher.

Eileen Joy Winson

**"Curiosity killed the cat.
Satisfaction brought it back."**

- Miss Griebel

School Supplies

Mothers love the sound
Filling papers and TV ads
“Back to School Sales” begin
This surly signals summers end
New backpacks come in plaid
Black ones are tossed aside
New pencils are always yellow
Erasers that work are pink
The strength of new binders
The crack of new folders
Mothers love the sound
An empty house signals
Noise diverted to the classroom
The reality of school mornings
The clutter is cleared out
Quiet and calm momentarily return
Time for the Mother’s Prayer

Sue Dolan



The theme for this issue of SEASONS is “Preparation.” Fall is the time to gather supplies for school, to harvest crops, to winterize a home, to begin new Sunday School classes, and practice for holiday concerts.

Preparations reveal our priorities.





Grey Skies

Grey skies and wintery clouds
Partnering with fog and mist
present gifts of winter rain.
Coming gently like angel kisses
or with speed and lightning.
Gutters overflow with watery abundance
gurgling towards our muddy rivers.
We pull up our hoods
and move forward umbrellas unfurled
partnering with fog and mist.
In the Pacific Northwest
this common gift from nature
is what makes Oregon green.
Then a sudden unexpected visitor,
the arrival of wet snow
falls with heaven's gifts.
Memories to savor in July.
- Sue Dolan

The wind plays,
the seas grow --
soon we have
a storm, a being
knowing only itself,
only its own dreams.
It grows strong as
the winds blow,
stirring the seas
to great heights --
Still the wind
blows and the storm
becomes chaos!

As great waves attack
the land, treating
rocks and trees and
ships rudely, breaking
and destroying our
dreams, our hopes, we
wonder -- why?
Then we pick up
the pieces of our lives and put them
back together
again.

- Paul Baker
September 30, 2011

The next issue of SEASONS will be published in Jan. 2012. "Contentment" will be the theme. Please send your contributions to Michelle Frost at mfrosty@hotmail.com or Becky Warren, beccanaturalist@gmail.com

Photographs in this issue are by Becky Warren.



Wintery Storms



Predictions of weather warnings rain, snow and ice combinations feed the fears of commuters, walkers and bikers everywhere. School children and teachers dream snow days on the calendar. Sleep in and play indoors. Will the weathermen cooperate? Their predictions could materialize or will these wintery treats disappoint like melted ice cream? Homework must be completed. Sleds and mittens must wait. Wind must follow a path and the moisture must arrive. We rejoice in Winter's gifts snow days on the calendar.

Sue Dolan, 2011