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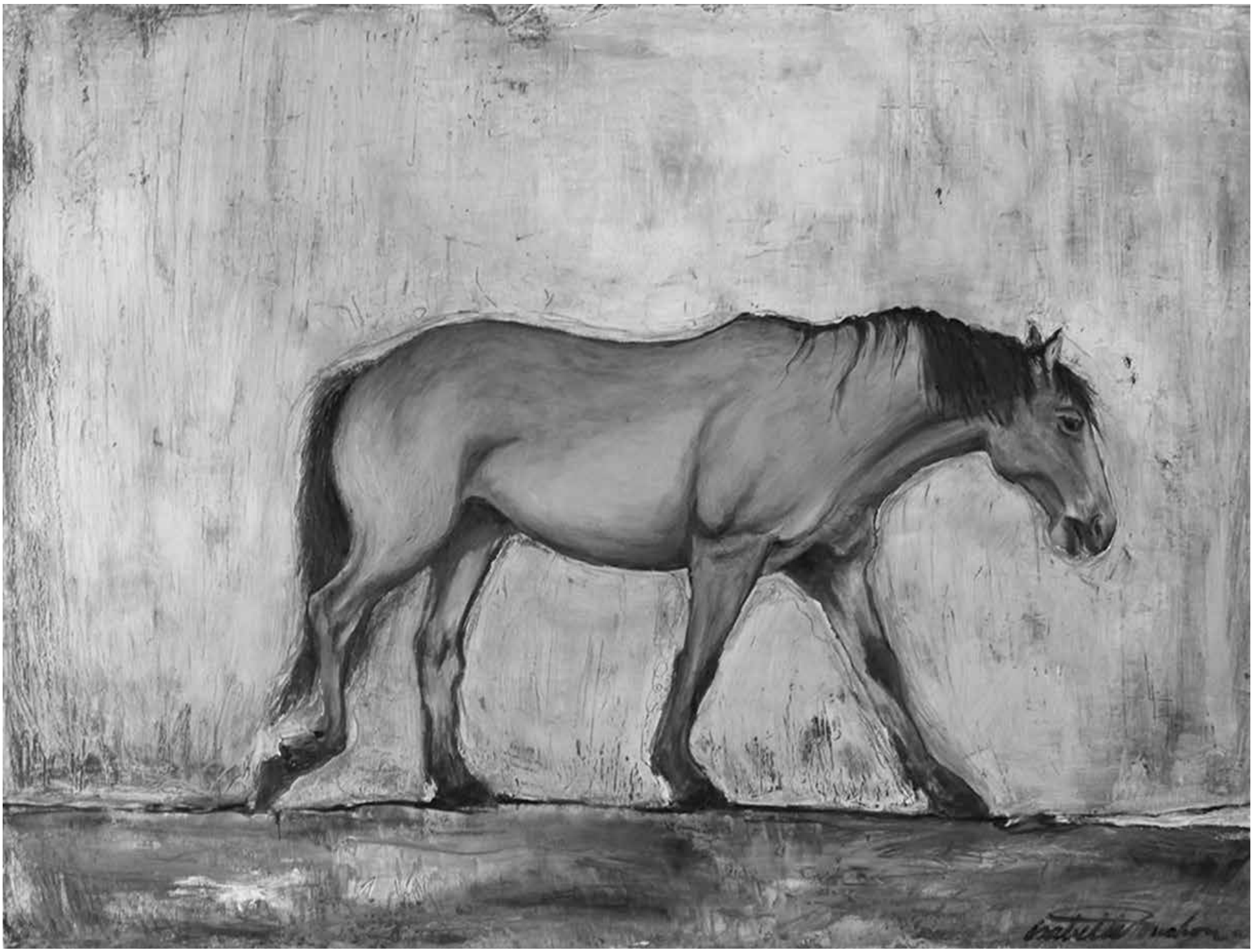

Horse, 30”×40”oil on canvas
Isabelle Truchon

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guns in america

A call to prayer and one or two more things

Randall Tremba

I believe that even amid today's mortar bursts and whining bullets, there is still hope for a brighter tomorrow.

Martin Luther King Jr.

Cain killed Abel.

Genesis

* * *

Ever since the Sandy Hook Elementary School massacre, gun violence has been much debated. We must work and pray to end these recurring national nightmares.

But it's not just Sandy Hook.

And it's not just Aurora, Colorado, and Virginia Tech.

It's also 500 gun deaths in Chicago last year and the year before that and the year before that, many of them children—black children who, evidently, aren't worthy of national news or presidential commissions.

It's not just Sandy Hook and Chicago. *It's that Americans are 20 times as likely to be killed by a gun than is someone from another developed country. (*Max Fisher, *Washington Post,* December 14, 2012)

It's not that Americans are more homicidal and suicidal than other people. It may just be that we have far more guns—5 percent of the world's population holding 50 percent of the world's guns.

It's not just about Sandy Hook or Chicago or *30,000 gun-related deaths per year, half of them suicides*. And it's not just about our citizens stocking up on assault weapons.

It's also about a *culture of violence*.

It's Hollywood. It's video games. It's our Department of Defense stocking inordinate piles of weapons, bombs, and aircraft carriers—all in greater numbers than the next 10 nations combined!

How can the leaders of the administration stand up and say with a straight face: *We can't trust our citizens with assault weapons.* How can they say that? How can they say that when *our military has enough weapons to destroy the world several times over?*

Who else is flying drones over other nations?

Who else is killing school children from the air?

How can the rest of the world trust US *with weapons of mass destruction?*

Apparently, some of our own citizens don't trust our government either!

The day after the Sandy Hook massacre, I was standing in a grocery line when an iconic little old lady behind me said to her friend: *I'm so glad I got my gun before this happened*. *I'm afraid I'd never get one now*. That kind of thinking made guns fly off the shelves.

Fear. And more fear. And it's growing like cancer.

Many of our fellow citizens really and truly are afraid. And not just of burglars and muggers. Some fear our very own government and its agents.

Two years ago the FBI arrested members of a certain, self-proclaimed, heavily armed and well-regulated militia in Michigan who were prepared to murder law enforcement agents in order to provoke insurrection against the government. *And that's but one of many paramilitary groups armed to the teeth and afoot in our country*. I'm pretty sure that type of "well-regulated militia" was not what our nation's founders had in mind in the Second Amendment.

Still, the Second Amendment is to be cherished—in its entirety. It means we are *citizens*, not *subjects*.

Ironically, it seems a lot of people who think they are *brave citizens* have unwittingly become *subjects*. They've been duped. They have become slaves of fear, cynically manipulated by fear-mongering, money-grubbing tyrants, including the propaganda of a certain, once noble organization now thriving on the devil's lie that *guns don't kill*. Clever slogan. But, really, what sane person believes such a thing?!

Guns kill.

Period.

Wake up and smell the blood on the schoolhouse floor!

It's true, not every gun owner is gripped by fear. By far, most are hunting and sports enthusiasts well trained in the safe use of a handgun or rifle. Maybe one day those types will stand up to the tyrants and tell them to *shut up, back off, and sit down*. The vast majority of Americans would applaud.

In case you haven't noticed, our nation is in the grip of a demonic fetish. Sinister powers sway elected officials with the root of all evil, *the love of money.* "In Guns We Trust" is written all over that currency.

Just when you thought it was a "political issue" it turns out to be moral and spiritual. It's about trust. It's about giving your heart to something worthy of your heart. And that's where prayer comes in.

Prayer—as Martin Luther King Jr. believed—is one way to confront a demonic situation. It's not the only way, but it is a powerful way.

So, yes, we should pray our hearts out. And try everything else.

New laws banning military-style weapons and requiring universal background checks can be effective *but only up to a point*. Laws are not enough. Laws are necessary but not sufficient.

Mental health screening, including medication and reporting can be effective *but only up to a point.* Finding a potential mass murderer by psychological screening, as one psychiatrist put it, is like finding a needle in a haystack. Screening is necessary but not sufficient.

Long, long before Sandy Hook, our nation could have been providing far more mental health resources for children and youth. For the price of one aircraft carrier we could put full-time mental health counselors in every school to detect and treat dangerous aggression at an early age. Mental health care is necessary but not sufficient.

Gun violence is deeper than laws, screening, or counseling can touch. It's deep as the human heart.

According to the Great Ancestor's mythic tale, the first human child killed his baby brother. And the killing hasn't stopped.

According to the tale, out of unresolved anger over feeling rejected and unloved, Cain killed Abel. It's a folktale, not history. It portrays our existential predicament as human beings.

All of us are vulnerable to injury, anger, and revenge. How we react depends largely on circumstances. Many people are born into social, economic, political, and family conditions that *greatly* exacerbate every frustration with life. Violence is then easily unchained.

It's not fair. Yet neither is it decreed to remain unchanged.

After killing his brother, Cain wandered east of Eden and built the first city—a community—where he could feel safe from all that violence lurking out there. Cain could have posted guards at every gate and put a loaded gun in every teacher's desk, but as long as Cain was inside, the city would never be safe.

I'm all for changing the human heart. But while we're holding our breath, changing a few laws and certain circumstances could help.

FREE PUBLIC ADDRESS "America's Trust in Violence," by James Atwood, author of *America and Its Guns: A Theological Exposé.* Friday, March 22, 7:30 p.m., Presbyterian Meeting House, 100 W. Washington St., Shepherdstown, W.V.

A Lot Goes on at Cutler Tigh Farm

Claire Stuart

Scott

PHOTOS COURTESY OF CUTLER TIGH FARM

Shannon and baby goat

Cutler Tigh Farm outside Kearneysville is home to some very busy people. The farm's name is Old Irish, reflecting Scott Floyd's Irish-Welsh lineage, and it means knife-maker's house. And yes, a knifemaker lives there, along with a stonemason, a soap maker, a cheese maker, vegetable growers, chicken farmers, and goat milk-ers. And these are only two people!

Stonemason Scott Floyd was on a job when he noticed some goats in a field, and he jokingly remarked that if any of the goats needed a home, he had some brush that he wanted to clear. He was surprised when the lady offered him three female milk goats, but he took advantage of the offer.

Says his wife, Shannon, "Lucky thing that we already had a barn here!"

When the goats arrived, neither of the Floyds knew how to milk, but they learned, with the cooperation of the goats. "We milk by hand," says Shannon. "The goats were experienced and they let us learn to milk them."

The Floyds are striving for self-sufficiency on their small farm. Concerned, as many people are, with what's in and on our food supply, they grow as much of their food as they can. They raise a huge and colorful garden of heirloom vegetables including Swiss chard, cabbage, turnips, assorted peppers, haricots verts (French green beans), and over a dozen varieties of tomatoes. They even grow some less common veggies such as tomatillos, purple carrots, and golden beets.

A mixed flock of dual-purpose chickens—Ameraucanas, Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes, and Marans—wanders freely around the farm. They provide green, pink, beige, and brown eggs. "We add some birds every year," said Scott.

Although they are not *certified* organic, Scott explains that they use only organic gardening practices. "The chickens are our bug patrol."

They also grow organic golden and PoHu oyster mushrooms and are adding shiitakes. They anticipate getting some ducks to raise for eggs and meat. The goats were an extremely useful addition to the farm, providing milk and cheese, plus some bonuses.

"We had two pigs—we ate them," says Scott. "I bartered for them. I got two pigs for five baby goats."

It did not take long for the Floyds to discover that goats give a lot of milk, with a single goat giving nearly a gallon of milk a day. Fortunately, Shannon says, goat milk freezes well.

"We can't sell the milk or cheese because we aren't a certified dairy," says Scott. "We had to find something to do with the milk that we could sell, so we started experimenting with batches of goat's milk soap."

The Floyds had been hoping to get into the Shepherdstown Farmers' Market to sell their vegetables, but it turned out that the market already had enough vegetable vendors. "But the market was looking for someone to sell bath products," says Shannon. "It was luck!"

In addition to her line of gentle, fragrant, and all-natural goat's milk soap, Shannon makes several other bath and skin-care products with all-natural ingredients, including hand lotions, bath salts, sugar scrubs, salves, and lip balm.

Shannon says that she was nervous at first about setting up shop with her products at market, because she was not experienced with meeting the public and selling. However, she was welcomed and quickly made comfortable by the other vendors and the friendly customers. Now she enjoys the bustle, the lively music, and greeting the regular customers as well as the tourists who wander through.

Cutler Tigh Farm products have proved to be very popular. This will be their third year in the Shepherdstown Farmers' Market and their first in the Charles Town market. Shannon says they have even started getting orders by email.

"I'm always experimenting with new products," Shannon says, noting that she is trying to make a gentle, natural deodorant as an alternative to those with harsh chemical ingredients. She is working on some aromatherapy items as well.

The Floyds currently have three female goats. "Beatrice, Violet, and Matilda are the three girls we have now," says Scott. "Almathea, the matriarch of our herd, passed away last year. Matilda is one of Almathea's triplets she had last year. She was the runt and the most personable—this is why we kept her."

All three of the goats are pregnant. Scott explained that they don't have to breed the goats immediately in order to keep milking. He says that the goats can keep lactating and be milked for about as long as 19 months. When they do breed the goats, they stop milking to allow the goats' bodies to rest and get ready for another pregnancy.

"We only milked one of the girls all year and got enough milk for drinking, cheese, and making soap," he reports.

Shannon makes soft cheese—for their own consumption since they are not permitted to sell it. "I make chèvre," she says. "It's quick. You can make it overnight and you can put herbs and other things in it. And I make feta, too—it's very good." She has experimented with hard cheese but wasn't satisfied with it.

Shannon generally does the milking. She said she didn't like milking at first and gave that chore to Scott. However, she grew to enjoy it. Now she considers milking time as her time to be alone—a welcome break from tending children and animals, gardening, cooking, soap making, and all the other chores that make up her days.

"I've got three boys and I'm home all day," she says. "Milking is a peaceful time. I'm in the barn, just singing to myself, talking to the goats!"

Both of the Floyds love their small farm and hope to work it into a full-time business one day. Scott would like to see the time when he could just take occasional stonemasonry jobs that he is really interested in doing.

"I'd like to make it a filler instead of something I have to do every day," he says.

It isn't easy for Scott, after working at a physically demanding job all day, to come home to more work in the garden, but he doesn't mind. In fact, he displays his genuine pride as a farmer with a tattoo of colorful vegetables that he

Chicken

Little farmer

Baby goats

Knife

Cleaver

Veggies and eggs

calls his "salad" on one upper arm and a mushroom on the other.

He looks back to his childhood, when his grandfather took him out to the garden in summer to pick vegetables and pull weeds.

"I thought it was torture in summer, snapping green beans!" he recalls. "But now I'm grateful for what I learned from my grandfather."

The Floyds look forward to a successful season with their produce in Charles Town and hope to sell some niche products in the Shepherdstown market. They did sell mushrooms in Shepherdstown last year, and Shannon says that they were a big hit. If their ducks work out well, they plan to take duck eggs to market. "Nobody else has duck eggs," she says.

They would like to be able to supply local restaurants with unique produce grown especially for them.

As if Scott does not have enough to keep him busy, his sideline (and his art) is making handcrafted knives, something he has been doing for about five years. He specializes in hunter, Bowie, camp, and utility knives, each one with a custom leather sheath. He says that the garden consumes him in summer, but he works on knives in winter.

He pulled out a knife that looked simply too beautiful to be used for work, but he reported that he had made it to use to work in the garden. "Every knife I make is a tool to be used day in and day out," he says. "It will last for years and years."

He displayed a truly stunning knife with a perfect blade and a handmade handle of curly maple, inlaid with a design in silver wire. Another knife boasted a mountain scene acid-etched on the blade.

"These were hand-forged," he says, "and I make the handles and do all the leatherwork."

Scott watches out for interesting pieces of wood that he can use for handles. Crafting his leather sheaths is a skill passed down from his grandfather. His grandfather was a shoemaker in Frederick, Md., and Scott learned leatherworking at his side. "I was in 4-H and I did leather projects."

Scott's first knife-making efforts were self-taught, after a do-it-yourself video on making knives caught his eye on the Internet. "I made my first knives by cutting out the metal and using whatever tools I had—grinder, files—to finish the blades," he says.

"I have to do things hands-on," Shannon observes, "but Scott just absorbs information."

"If I see something done, I can go home and do it. It's like I've done it 10 times," says Scott, crediting that gift to the genes he inherited from his father. "My dad had a photographic memory. He could read something and remember everything he read."

But Scott's gift came with a price. He describes himself as probably having what is now labeled attention deficit disorder. He always had an artistic streak and admits to being one of those kids who was always drawing instead of paying attention in class.

"My mom said I never applied myself in school," he recalls, "and I didn't because it was boring. I got bored with things quick. If something wasn't new and exciting any more, I'd drop it."

In crafting knives, Scott found the challenge he needed to hold his attention. He says that every knife is unique and presents its own problems and solutions.

Scott learned that his father knew a master bladesmith, Jay Hendrickson, who had apprenticed under Bill Moran, founder of the American Bladesmithing Society and the American Bladesmith School. Moran was an internationally known bladesmith with a 20-year waiting list for his knives. He had sold knives to celebrities and royalty, from Sylvester Stallone to Queen Elizabeth II.

Scott met Hendrickson and saw his knives, which he describes as "all collector's items, but all were useable, functional tools."

Hendrickson became Scott's mentor, and Scott learned to work with a forge, something he loves to do. "There's something very primal about heating metal till it's red as the sun, then hammering on it!" he says with enthusiasm.

Scott Floyd's knives will be available through The Local Source in Shepherdstown.

Cutler Tigh Farm bath and body products are also available at:
Hometown Gifts,
a Hallmark shop.
1305 West 7th Street
Frederick, Md.

Visit Cutler Tigh Farm and Forge on Facebook

Scott always draws his knife designs first, totally freehand. "I don't measure," he laughed. "That would take the fun out of it. It would be too much like engineering!"

After that, he finishes the knives instinctively, working them until the weight and balance feels right.

He is quick to give credit to his mentor. "All of my knives are unique," says Scott, "but all of them are influenced by Mr. Hendrickson."

Scott has two forges of his own, one gas and one coal. He built the gas forge himself, but the coal forge was given to him by a 70-year-old farmer friend in exchange for a knife. Scott reports that the coal forge had belonged to the farmer's grandfather and had been used on the farm in the early 1900s.

It takes Scott at least 20 hours to make a basic hunting style knife. If he is ever able to go to farming and knife making full-time, he thinks he could put out 10 to 15 knives a year.

In addition to farmers' markets, the Floyds hope to travel to some fairs and festivals to promote their bath and body products.

Claire Stuart *loves goat cheese. Too bad they can't sell her any.*

Shannon at market

Products

Canterbury Tales

How Lives Begun in Albany and Chicago Converge in Shepherdstown

Wendy Mopsik

Meeting Betty Niedzwiecki, resident of Canterbury Center for the past six years, is a lesson in careful listening and quiet appreciation. Her understated, soft-spoken manner requires paying close attention to each word so no detail is missed or nuance overlooked.

PHOTO BY WENDY MOPSIK

Resident Betty Niedzwiecki's room at Canterbury Center reflects her passions and pleasures.

One would never guess that this reserved, modest woman of 76 years had a career as a long-distance truck driver whose CB handle was "Country Girl." The journey from the mountains outside of Albany, N.Y., where she was born, to working in a male-dominated occupation, was circuitous and varied.

Niedzwiecki grew up in an isolated rural community where mothers stayed home tending children and fathers worked hard outside the home to support their families. Her dad was a heavy equipment driver and later her brother was employed at the same trucking company. Everyone in the community, including Betty, hunted and trapped for both food and recreation.

Married young, she and her husband continued this pattern. He worked long hours on his father's dairy farm at the bottom of the mountain while she raised their four children. After a number of years the family moved south, first to North Carolina and eventually to Georgia.

Their children thrived in the small town of Rasaca, where the school principal was also the bus driver. They were all good students and David, the youngest, excelled in mathematics. Perhaps it was a strength inherited from his mother, whose knowledge of business and math led her to jobs in bookkeeping as the family grew older and less reliant on her. Later, after a divorce, her status as a single mom necessitated full-time work, and she would count on these skills to supplement her income.

It was remarriage that directed her to her unlikely career. Although familiar with truck driving as a way to make a living, Niedzwiecki's marriage to a Johns Manville Trucking Company employee enabled her to see the particulars firsthand. Working from their base in Savannah, Ga., she was trained to operate an 18-wheeler carrying heavy building materials.

The advantages of her new job soon became apparent. As someone who had lived a fairly sheltered life, she thrived on the independence and freedom. Niedzwiecki loved traveling to all of the continental 48 states and Canada, sometimes sleeping in the cab of her truck. The work took her away from home four to five weeks at a time but forced her to develop in many areas that had never been explored before.

For five years, this self-effacing woman from a country upbringing was proud to call herself "Country Girl" when conversing with fellow truckers on the highway. One of a very few women truckers at the time, she loved the job and would have continued to drive had it not been for an accident. One night in extremely bad weather, the truck almost tipped over and, although shaken, she was able to arrange for the vehicle to be towed and secure shelter for the night. The fear of another mishap, coupled with her husband's concerns about how dangerous truck driving had become, put an end to her adventures.

Today, as Niedzwiecki reminisces in her room at Canterbury Center, the memories of those days bring a smile and glow to her face. Although she enjoys her daily exercise routine, local shopping, and organized trips for residents, thoughts of the wide, open road and the thrill of being in control of a large powerful machine are still uppermost in her mind.

Life is a mixture of sunshine and rain, laughter and pleasure, teardrops and pain….
Helen Steiner Rice

This snippet from the poetry book *A Collection of Love Gifts* is a favorite of Florence Binderman, another resident of Canterbury Center. The words capture her attitude about the long life she has led. Born in Chicago in 1923, she lived through the Depression and World War II, as well as the city's glory days when the Sears Tower and Marshall Field's department store became architectural landmarks on famed Michigan Avenue.

"Hard times are hard times no matter who you are or where you live. I am very fortunate because I came from a loving and caring mom and dad. I've had many experiences in my lifetime," shared Binderman.

SUBMITTED PHOTO

Reading from her "This I Believe" essay at Shepherd University, Florence Binderman is rarely at a loss for words.

"All days can't be bright, but it's certainly true,
There never was a cloud the sun didn't shine through—"
Helen Steiner Rice

Her first job after high school was as a secretary, using a manual typewriter to copy numbers, and later she worked many years for her husband. "He was not a great husband but he was an excellent dentist. I was the neatly dressed receptionist in his downtown Chicago office."

Binderman has a huge sense of humor that helps her keep life's troubles in perspective. When explaining about prejudices she has encountered personally or heard directed toward others, she related another anecdote. "One day a black man and his wife came in and were seated in the rear of my husband's office. A very snooty woman came to the window in the reception area and asked me if Dr. Binderman takes black patients. I kindly responded, 'Yes, if they have teeth!'"

Another quality that contributes to her equanimity is a marvelous memory. She remembers every story that every relative ever told her and can repeat them with expression and dramatic flair. From Uncle Red and niece Jeannie to her in-laws in Beckley, W.Va., she can weave a tale that brings tears of either laughter or empathy.

Many of the stories are written down in a journal or notebook, along with important medical information that she has recorded for safekeeping. Binderman admits to having kept a diary since age 18 and continues the practice of journaling almost daily. Binderman wrote an essay for Shepherd University's "This I Believe" Common Reading event in 2011 and read it to an audience of faculty, students, and community.

While fully living in the present, Binderman also relishes memories of her life in Chicago during child-rearing years and later in Florida, where playing golf all year long was a highlight. Photographs of family members adorn the window ledge, while photos from travels abroad are organized in an album that she willingly shares with visitors.

Florence Binderman's sunny smile and her robust laugh make any cloud disappear. Sometimes, she greets people wearing a Chicago baseball cap or a man's Australian outback hat. On other occasions, she is decked out in lovely jewelry that was made by relatives or is reminiscent of an earlier era when she shopped for accessories in fancy specialty stores.

Like many writers, she is an avid reader. On her shelf at Canterbury are several large-print mysteries, poetry collections, and novels.

With changing times and circumstances, Binderman has learned to adapt. She will tell tales of far different times but happily report about helping to decorate the Canterbury Christmas tree. She can relate stories of floating in the salty waters of the Dead Sea but gains pleasure from lighting a "glow light" menorah with friends this past Hanukkah. Perhaps it is the balance of living with the memories and living in the moment that contribute to Florence Binderman's comfort in growing older.

There is much to learn from these wonderful women whose lives have brought them to Shepherdstown.

To learn more about Canterbury, check out the link below: www.genesishcc.com/root/overview/canterbury/center

Wendy Sykes Mopsik *(wendymopsik@frontiernet.net) learned many valuable lessons from the wise and worldly residents of Canterbury Center in Shepherdstown.*

Chris Horowicz

Susan Kennedy

On February 18, 2010, *Washington Post* columnist John Kelly wrote about leadership. The column was prompted by Caroline Alexander's book *The Endurance: Shackleton's Legendary Antarctic Expedition*.

It's the story of Sir Ernest Shackleton and his formula for survival. In 1916, the ship *Endurance* set out from England with Captain Shackleton and his crew of 27. The plan was to be the first team to trek across the Antarctic on foot. Our story begins with the *Endurance* being crushed by the frozen sea and 28 men jumping into three lifeboats. From that time on, the story gets worse. The boats eventually beached on Elephant Island, a godforsaken ice-covered, mountainous speck of land off the coast of Antarctica…population: Zero.

Sir Ernest knew if his crew were to survive it was critical for everyone to keep a positive attitude and not get on each other's nerves. He firmly believed that was the key, and somehow, despite the horrific situation, he instilled this belief in his crew. Shackleton then set out in a lifeboat with a crew of five, on a 17-day journey through hurricane winds, to South Georgia Island, to organize a rescue party. The successful rescue took 18 months and all the crew members lived to tell their story. Shackleton's expedition is called the most amazing feat of seamanship in history.

In this same column, Kelly featured a local rescue effort titled "Crutch Play." With an appeal to his readers to get involved, he wrote of a recent disaster of record-shattering proportions. On January 2010 Haiti was hit with a 7.0 Mw earthquake about 25 miles from the capital of Port au Prince. It was the worst quake in the region in more than 200 years, killing 230,000 and injuring 300,000 more. Shepherdstown physical therapist Chris Horowicz heard the news and knew there were hundreds of thousands of crush injuries, and he felt compelled to do something.

John Kelly wrote, "Do you have a pair of crutches gathering dust in your attic or a wheelchair parked in the basement? The people of Haiti need them. Christopher Horowicz, a physical therapist with Professional SportsCare & Rehab, said the recent earthquake there has resulted in thousands of amputations. Dr. Horowicz is collecting assistive devices such as crutches, wheelchairs and walkers and, with the help of Project HOPE, sending them to Haiti." Kelly included all the contact information.

PHOTO BY MELINDA SCHMITT

Chris Horowicz at his practice at Maddex Square in Shepherdstown.

A story in the *Washington Post* is a sure way to get a response. Chris Horowicz spearheaded the effort to sound the call and his local offices and Professional SportsCare & Rehab Maryland participated in the collection of hundreds of crutches, walkers, wheelchairs, all forms of assistive devices, and $100,000 that filled a tractor-trailer. Project HOPE then made the delivery to Haiti. Volunteers of all ages logged thousands of miles to aid the effort. Every three weeks Chris and his son Cullen (aka Bear), took a 500-mile road trip to pick up donations. *Advance: The nation's physical therapy news magazine* wrote about the effort for its June 2010 cover story: "A Glimmer of Hope."

Chris Horowicz is pretty well known around these parts. If you've broken, wrenched, twisted, torn, cracked, or sprained something, you've probably met him. When he agreed to an interview, I had heard his practice had now grown to three offices (Shepherdstown, Inwood, Charles Town) so I expected to concentrate on the business. I was wrong, except to say his top priority was to make sure that the best therapists were in those offices. (The "Best PT" list includes: David Croxton, Katherine Lewis Croxton, Jeffery Batta, and Brett Clingerman.)

Though his list of professional accomplishments fills two pages, Chris steered our discussion away from his work to talk about his life. His family is his life.

Chris grew up in Baltimore the second of the four Horowicz kids. His parents, Richard and Robbye Horowicz, were, and are, educators. He, social studies; she, humanities.

Though it was pretty clear that Chris was close to his folks growing up, you also get the sense from what he admitted to and what his mother told me, he wasn't an "easy child." One might call him "spirited." A terrific athlete with a ready smile and a quick wit probably saved him years of detention in at Towson High School. Upon graduation with no clear picture of what he wanted to do, Chris did just about everything…in the food business. He then enlisted in the United States Army and emerged four years later ready to settle down…on his terms. He entered Goucher College in Baltimore in 1990 and graduated in 1995 with a bachelor's degree in international relations. During these college years he found time to make varsity lacrosse, rise to the rank of team captain, and as a member of the varsity swim team, participate in nationals.

He also worked as a construction foreman, a pool manager and lifeguard, wrote proposals for advertising campaigns, worked in advertising, sales, and collection, and met and fell in love with Miss Maryland 1994, Karissa Rook Jones of Shepherdstown.

It must have been love at first sight because they both graduated from Goucher in '95. Karissa, an accomplished ballerina who had danced with the Pennsylvania Ballet company, among others, was planning to go to the University of Utah for a master's of fine arts in teaching and choreography. Well, if she was going west, so was he. They were married on New Years Eve in 1998.

Karissa earned her degree at Utah. Today she's an assistant professor of dance at Goucher. Chris earned a bachelor's in exercise and sports science and a doctorate of physical therapy. So what happened to international relations? Chris discovered his passion was science and his priorities lay elsewhere.

Chris's mother, Robbye Horowicz, was born with osteoarthritis. She was a wheelchair user from age 8 to 16. "I think Tiffer"—that's what she calls him…always has—"decided on physical therapy because of me." In 2000, Robbye had cancer, and her son, in solidarity, grew his hair out for Locks of Love. It was long but not long enough when Chris went before the doctoral review board for acceptance into the program. When asked why a candidate would show up looking like that (Robbye used the word "bedraggled"), Chris explained, was accepted into the program, graduated with honors, and was chosen by his peers to speak at commencement.

Shortly after graduation Chris and Karissa moved back East to be closer to their families. Robbye and Richard had moved to Willowdale in Shepherdstown. Chris and Karissa found "a total fixer-upper" also in Willowdale.

And today they are five: Cullen (10) in the 4th grade and Griffin "Fin" (8) 3rd grade, both at Powhatan School, and Aiden (3) at the Shepherdstown Montessori Academy…good students and major athletes all…even Aiden. Cullen is going to be a professional football player and coach, Griffin a Navy fighter pilot, and Aiden is into hockey. *Miracle* is his favorite movie. (Excellent choice.)

Every evening and every weekend is family fun time. From trips to New York, Canaan Valley, D.C., to Baltimore for O's games, to Sundays at home and Trinity Episcopal Church and breakfast at Betty's…they're having fun together.

Dr. Christopher Horowicz is a scientist, a business leader, and community activist. Most important, he's a man who will never have to say I wish I'd spent more time with my kids.

Sue Kennedy *met Chris Horowicz with a badly sprained ankle acquired at the Denver Airport on her way back to Dulles a couple of years ago. She says the therapy was torture but the whole experience was actually kind of fun and her ankle's all better.*

FOSL: Not a Dinosaur

Cassie Bosley

Shepherdstown is a great town for people who like to volunteer. Townspeople step up and give of themselves often: Mason jars in the shops around town for Mason Ellsworth after a car accident; music benefits for Dan Tokar after the fire at his forge. Less evident are the volunteers for Relay for Life, Hospice, the Audubon Society, and the Appalachian Trail. And then there's the library. Do we take it for granted, the odd building in the middle of the road?

The library is small, but it is a quiet center of town, a core of energy fed by both the enjoyment of and the need for reading. At any given time, someone is sitting at the computer, or reading the newspaper at the table. The door opens and closes with a regular rhythm of patrons—seekers of new books, tapes, or CDs, or information about taxes.

Upstairs is the world of science fiction and, and more important, the children's library. Upstairs is where magic happens, with art projects, story times, reading programs, all geared toward capturing and encouraging the imaginations of the children.

In 1995, Friends of the Shepherdstown Library (FOSL) was incorporated as a nonprofit organization whose mission is "to work with the library staff to strengthen and expand library services by raising funds for program development, by building community awareness and participation, and by organizing volunteer activities." The articles of incorporation were signed by Vina Vaughn Parmesano. The original nine board members were: Anne Post Roy, Vina Vaughn Parmesano, Cynthia Davies, Ernest Johnston, Jean Neely, Myra Davies, Deborah Rochefort, John Loughran, and Jill Black.

Today there are about 150–160 members. The board of directors meets once a month, rotating the meetings at each other's houses (all are welcome). The members of the board are "elected into office" by FOSL at large. The current board members are: Winnie McGarty (president), Nancy Kirschbaum (vice president), Maylene Reisburg, Rachel Hally, Larry Blash (program chairman), Agnes Freund (newsletter), Dave Singer, Woody Nackley, and Wendy and Stan Mopsik.

The FOSL activities are many, making room for a multitude of talents. The membership form asks the applicant to check the activities of choice, ranging from serving on the board to donating artwork, time, or money to writing and making phone calls.

PHOTO BY NANCY KIRSCHBAUM

Pam Miller reads a story to "threes," "fours," and "fives" during one of many ongoing programs at the library.

FOSL has jumped into 2013. It's listed under Memberships and Donations on the Shepherdstown Library website (www.lib.shepherdstown.wv.us), where you can link to FOSL's Facebook page for news about books and current events.

The fundraising mission of FOSL is responsible for some of Shepherdstown's best traditions. One is the book sale, held over Mother's Day weekend this year, where many of us have been glad to drop off a box or two of books and equally glad to buy more books. It's fun to find a book I've been looking for right next to a book I'd given up the week before. The other big event is Left of the Bank, a night of poetry, music, and lovely food hosted by Carlos Niederhauser and Liz Wheeler. (It says something about Shepherdstown that these two events are about books and poetry, wine and food.) The monies raised at these events, including other donations, support the children's programs. Ongoing programs include Lap Babies, Reading Outreach, the Summer Reading Program, the free movies in the summer, and the Shepherdstown School Enrichment Program, which produced last year's Christmas event, held at Trinity Chapel (Shepherdstown Episcopal Church). Kathleen Dawe read aloud, Chelsea McBee and others played music, and Mrs. Claus came for a visit.

FOSL is the organization that makes these programs a reality. So, out of appreciation, out of gratitude, out of an open heart, people volunteer, as they have done for 18 years. Board members rotate out in a natural progression of changes; time moves on, and yet the call for volunteers never ends. Volunteers are needed to help with food for Left of the Bank and to sort books for the book sale. If interested, email wrlackley@yahoo.com.

Larry Blash, the program chairman, spoke about the generosity of the FOSL volunteers, and about their flexibility—people seem to step up wherever help is needed. The current challenge is to find new ways to raise money. Last year FOSL was able to present $15,000 to the children's programs, and it is always open to new ideas to keep and increase this donation, all of which goes to the children. The FOSL fund-raising has nothing to do with the new library building or property. FOSL serves the library, not its "house."

Becoming a member of FOSL doesn't mean the library becomes your second home. (If it is already and you haven't volunteered, what are you doing?) Volunteering for the library is like the tree in front of it: strong roots but all the branches and twigs represent all the ways people can contribute. A library is as warm and friendly as its patrons, and the patrons who give back are the warmest.

Cassie Bosley *has lived in Shepherdstown since 1985. She teaches at Shepherd University and is a craftsperson and gardener as well.*

Left of the Bank
Poetry and music, food and drinks
April 12, 2013 • 7 p.m.
Liz Wheeler and Carlos Niederhauser's
Tickets at the Shepherdstown Library

FOSL Book Sale
Mother's Day weekend 2013
May 10 (evening) through May 12

Neal Peterson

A Modern, American-Made West Virginia Quaker

John Case

Neal Peterson was born in Kanawha County, W.Va., and grew up in St Albans, W.Va. His mother's family has been in Martinsburg for umpteen generations (a true West Virginia expression I learned from my own Beckley-born grandmother). Although the family lived in St. Albans, they attended First Presbyterian Church in Charleston, a trip of 13 miles. Church was not a comforting experience, since Neal knew none of the other Sunday School attendees from school. He was the outsider. Plus, the Charleston First Presbyterians were *power* churchgoers. This was the church of choice for lawyers, doctors, and professionals who sought status and connections. The sermons were great, as was the choir and organ, but it seemed to him that the members of the church didn't live the gospel.

By the time he arrived at the University of Chicago in 1966, Neal had lost interest in organized religion and stopped attending church. However, he was strongly attracted to the theology of Paul Tillich and the conception that God is not a being, but instead Being itself. At the same time he realized that his original major in mathematics was not working. He switched in 1969 to geography, motivated by a strong interest in agricultural science. Geography was as close to agriculture as one could get at UC.

This began his first contact with Friends (Quakers). His geography professor, Gilbert White, was a Quaker. He attended his first Quaker Meeting on 53rd Street, Chicago, but it left no impression on him. The despair of the Vietnam War, and the steadily mounting protests against it, were seen everywhere in Chicago. The Quakers and the Quaker social action relative—the American Friends Service Committee—were very much present in the antiwar mobilizations. The riots after the assassination of Martin Luther King Jr. and armed National Guard patrolling the streets made a very big impact on Neal.

All this turbulence in 1968 led to a profound personal crisis in which the difficulty of finding a major then became the crisis of finding his life path. Not able to identify a purpose for his life that could justify his life, Neal concluded that life "was a total gift, given without any justification on my part." It was a powerful moment—a recognition that changed his life. In that moment of revelation, wondering what he should do, since he no longer was required to justify his life, he heard a voice that said, "Love, and do as you will," conveying a joy that, compared to moments past, was like going from "night to day." "You could have knocked me over with a feather, because I had never heard a disembodied voice before." He has spent years since, plumbing the meaning of that message he heard, and learning to live its truth.

PHOTO BY COLLEEN ANDERSON

Neal Peterson

Despite these transformations, Neal did not find a home at a Quaker meeting in Chicago. That would take some time. Another transformation in self-awareness awaited first—back in Morgantown, W.Va., where Neal was in graduate school at West Virginia University. Finally, he discovered his true sexuality as a gay man, after years of denial, all in the course of two days. The sudden self-awareness was mind-blowing. "I awoke the next morning and I felt like Dorothy in Oz—everything before that was black and white, now was in color." For days afterward his frontal cortex would go into hyper drive, almost like seizures, as neurons made new connections, he says, and the experience was one of a mystical connection to the deep oneness and beauty of the universe.

When Neal went on to pursue a doctorate at Michigan State University, he finally found a Quaker meeting to participate in at East Lansing. He found in Meeting for Worship the return of the spiritual seizures that had accompanied the earlier transformations. He recognized immediately a kinship with the other silent worshippers in the room—an awareness that they were engaged in one way or another in the same meditation as he. He realized he had come home. After college he found employment in Washington, D.C., with the US Department of Agriculture and began attending the Florida Avenue Friends Meeting (the actual name is Friends Meeting of Washington).

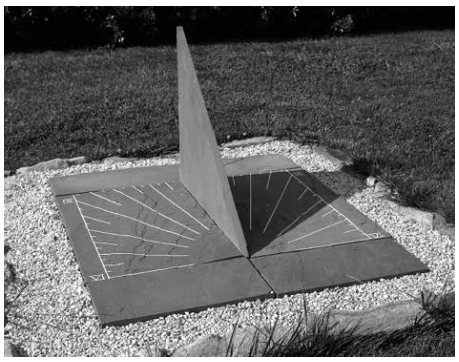
Over the years Neal has engaged many interests and passions, from developing new pawpaw varieties, to politics, to being a strong advocate for gay rights in the world of Friends, to Quaker theology, faith, and practice. In 2002 he relocated to Harpers Ferry and shortly afterward joined the still young and barely formed Shepherdstown Worship Group. He has generously helped guide that meeting with his deep understanding of Quaker testimonies, history, and a strong commitment to spiritual community.

Neal Peterson is a Quaker who has been through the fire and ice of his generation, gained the weight of the spirit, and is a true light of the world—here in Shepherdstown Friends Meeting, Jefferson County, W.Va. But I confess he doesn't wish to be called a true light of the world. He prefers Mahatma Pawpaw.

John Case, *a retired software developer and union organizer, is currently clerk of the Peace and Social Justice Committee of Shepherdstown Friends (Quakers) Monthly Meeting and host of "Winners and Losers," on WSHC, Shepherd University Radio.*

Frank Robbins
Engineering the Stones

Claire Stuart



PHOTOS PROVIDED BY FRANK ROBBINS

The 6-by-7-foot sundial is accurate to within one minute.

Creative, exacting, inquisitive, and maybe even a bit eccentric. That well describes Frank Robbins. You might know him as a photographer, particularly since his recent show featured portraits of local artists and artisans. You might know him as a retired engineer. Or you might know him as the guy with a little "Stonehenge" in his back yard. Right in every case!

Robbins started out as a machinist at the Naval Research Laboratory (NRL), working on the space program.

"Two pieces that I worked on are now on the moon," he reports.

The NRL helped him further his education and earn a degree in industrial engineering. He advanced to become an NRL training director in national and international programs dealing with computers and rocket science.

A spur-of-the-moment impulse led Robbins into photography. "I never even owned a camera until I was in my mid-30s," he says.

He and his roommate threw a party and decided to buy instant cameras, take pictures, and use them to decorate the walls for the occasion. "We asked our guests to mark the pictures they liked best by putting map pins in them," he recalls. "There were so many pins in mine that I realized maybe I had learned something important about myself."

Robbins began taking photography classes and workshops in his spare time. He was even fortunate enough to get a class with an assistant of Ansel Adams who was trying to preserve the great photographer's methods.

Robbins enjoys shooting in black-and-white. He started out photographing people, switched to scenery and objects, and then back to people. The digital photo revolution has added dimensions and possibilities to his work.

He has done a lot of *environmental portraits,* usually black and white, of people in their elements—a baptism in a river, a sooty-faced miner, a musician bent over his guitar. His Artists & Artisans series was shot in color because of the colorful nature of his subjects and their work.

Early on, Robbins discovered that photography could evolve into a very expensive hobby. "There was always a camera or lens that I coveted," he says, "not to mention film, a necessity in the early days."

His wife suggested that he open a checking account just for his photography, telling him that if he spent more than he made on photography, he would be compelled to start making money with it.

"I started doing less art photography and more weddings and events," he says. "That's where the money is!"

He did a lot of photography on Capitol Hill, shooting for lobbying firms. "Lobbyists like to have their pictures taken shaking hands with their senators and members of Congress for their newspapers back home," Robbins laughs. "Politicians know how to pose. When I'd say I was going to take their picture, they'd automatically hit a pose!"

He says that he learned a lot from wedding photography but doesn't intend to ever do it again. "It's like combat!" he says. "You have to shoot fast, shoot well, learn to manipulate cameras under pressure. People have such high expectations."

Robbins and his wife, Karen, have lived near Shepherdstown for about 10 years, following their retirement and a year spent in Ireland. They lived in Alexandria, but after a year in rural Ireland, they did not want to return to city life. A friend who lived in Charles Town introduced them to the Panhandle.

Robbins lived in England and Ireland as a child, and he and his wife have visited both countries many times. They are interested in archeology and spent vacations exploring Neolithic sites.

"We've been Stonehenge nuts for years," he says, adding that a huge complex called Newgrange in Ireland is even older.

During their year in Ireland, they lived in Strandhill, a small beach town in County Sligo on the west coast, an area Robbins describes as off the beaten path for tourists. "The only people who usually go there are those who go for fishing or golf—and those who are interested in [the poet] Yeats," he remarks.

Within a few miles of where they stayed are about 50 Neolithic sites, including ceremonial stone circles and burial mounds. As an engineer, Robbins was always intensely interested in the details of how and why things were built. He carried a compass and took measurements.

"I could figure out what the people believed by seeing what features their stones aligned to," he explains. "Stonehenge had many alignments to the moon and sun."

He discounts many of the wilder theories that swirl around these ancient monuments. "People who think these things were built by or under instructions from space aliens are discounting the ingenuity of humans," he says.

The sojourn in Ireland inspired Karen Robbins (writing as K.P. Robbins) to pen her recently published first novel, *The Stonehenge Scrolls*, speculating on the construction of the monumental structure.

At home in his back yard in Jefferson County, Robbins decided to erect his own stone circle. "I wanted to know how they felt," he says, "what it is like to construct art while doing manual labor."

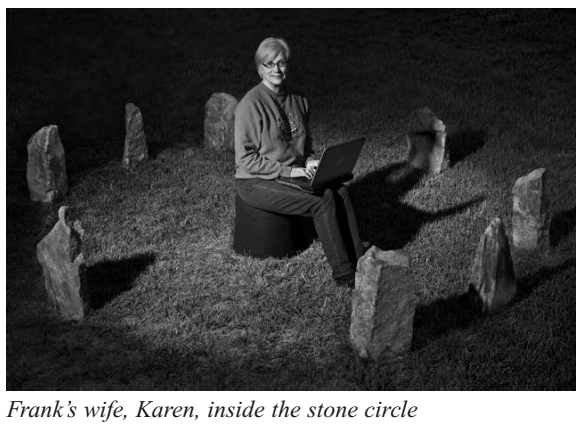
Following careful calculations and measurements, he painstakingly set his eight massive stones, burying their bases deep into the ground. They mark the four compass directions, accurately tracking the position of the sun through the year and pointing out the two solstices and two equinoxes. He considers adding stones to mark the important festivals, such as the Celtic Samhain, that fall between the solstices and equinoxes.

In addition to his stone circle, Robbins built a huge sundial. He says it is extremely accurate and agrees with the time from the U.S. Naval Observatory.

"At night," he says, "the gnomon points directly to the North Star. It's very deep in the ground. If anybody else ever buys this house, they will have major work digging it up!"

The front gardens at the Robbinses home are decorated with stones, too, including a gigantic birdbath hollowed from an enormous rock. The garden stones, Robbins says, are purely decorative.

Claire Stuart *(clstuart@wv.net) has written science fact, science fiction, short stories, poems, articles, brochures, and radio spots. She is still not rich.*



Frank's wife, Karen, inside the stone circle

Frank Robbins's Stonehenge-inspired stone circle

Isabelle Truchon
Out of a Corner and Into a Life in Art

Nancy Lynn Marmorella

PHOTO BY BENITA KELLER

Isabelle Truchon

We all know what it means to paint oneself into a corner, but 20 years ago, Isabelle Truchon painted herself *out* of a corner. Then a screen actress, she moved from New York City to California, planning to live in Los Angeles and find acting work. Instead, she found herself in Sacramento, feeling lost and far from her family in Montreal (where she grew up), while caring for her two-year-old son.

"That's what drove me to start painting," says Truchon. She had just moved to California a few months prior, and things were not going right. "I didn't know what else to do with myself. I just picked up a paintbrush. I was 23."

"I was looking through a *National Geographic*, and I came across a Canadian Rockies landscape and decided to paint that—don't ask me why, but it just came to me—not on a canvas, but on my kitchen wall. It was my mission for two weeks to get this landscape painted, and it saved my life because I was able to paint and create and actually do something that made me feel good…. It was a way for me to get out of my funk, my depression. I realized that, if I can't be an actor because I'm in Sacramento, I'll just keep painting until I figure out what I can do."

The transition from actress to painter was, perhaps, not so surprising. Truchon comes from a very creative family, counting photographers, visual artists, sculptors, and musicians among its members. She initially wanted to go to school to study painting, but it wasn't feasible under the circumstances.

Truchon recalls, "I knew I wouldn't be in this situation very long. I needed an exit strategy. I started to explore painting and I thought, well, if I can't go to art school, maybe I can get involved with the arts. I became a set designer for a theater company in Sacramento, and I slowly transitioned into decorative art until I finally started my own decorative art company, which became quite successful, to the point where I then co-founded and directed a decorative arts school. I didn't need a degree."

As Truchon describes it, "I figured I'd learn while I worked. I had a great time. We worked in commercial establishments, restaurants and homes. At the time, there was an exodus. Many were moving out of San Francisco and buying McMansions in Sacramento, hiring decorative artists to customize their homes, so we were really busy. It was a lot of work, but I learned so much about art and about running a business. I worked out of San Francisco often and met wonderful artisans there who taught me amazing things."

By this time, Truchon was a single mother with two children, and her work offered her the flexibility to be with them, as well as opportunities to expose them to the arts. Truchon believes such exposure in childhood can have a big influence. Her older son is now a budding musician on the West Coast, and the other a talented young filmmaker who will be a freshman in the Mass Communications/Film Program at Shepherd in the fall.

Still, her job had its limitations. Says Truchon, "Though I loved creating art, it was always for someone else. It wasn't for my own purpose, and I knew that one day I would need to do my own art for my own sake."

Truchon sold her school and, in 2006, enrolled in college. In 2009, Truchon and her younger son joined her now-husband, Sebastian Marquet (a French winemaker), and his son on the Blue Ridge in Harpers Ferry. She graduated with honors from Shepherd University in December 2012, earning a bachelor of fine arts degree with a concentration in painting. She found that Shepherd's Contemporary Art Program did wonders for her artistic development.

Truchon explains, "I [am] more about conceptual art and social context, having a deeper meaning than just painting a beautiful picture. It's more about self-expression or a message. My goal as an artist is not realism; if it happens, it happens, but my goal is to create a feeling, an emotion. The concept-related painting method at Shepherd in the Contemporary Art Program brings everything together as a whole—formation of your concept, your inspiration—with an emphasis on exploring what's important to you as an individual, while building on technique and craft."

Her workspace is a large, two-story barn just steps from her front door. "Most people don't quite realize that being an artist requires incredible discipline. It's my observation that artists get easily distracted, so for me, staying on track is my number-one priority. While I was in art school, I painted whenever I could find the time, and life was chaotic because paintings were due, critiques were held, and life revolved. Though it certainly prepared me for the reality that comes with being an artist, more often then not, I felt like a chicken running around with my head cut off!"

Now, freshly out of school, Truchon feels she can breathe. She paints five days a week and will spend up to six months producing a collection of 12 to 20 paintings. "The mornings are my most productive time," says Truchon, "so I spend a good four hours in the morning painting. I get very creative in the evening hours, too, and it's not uncommon for me to step back in my studio then for another session."

Truchon feels fortunate to have a good studio space. She also acknowledges that the support of her family feeds her creative drive. She appreciates the work of a number of contemporary artists, including Robert Rauschenberg, Susan Rothenberg, Louise Bourgeois, Harmony Hammond, Tony Sherman, Phoebe Washburn, Ann Hamilton, Gerhard Richter, and Lucian Freud.

Truchon employs a variety of techniques in her paintings, sculpture, and reliefs. "Inspired by nature and history," she says, "my mixed media works are executed through a series of layering processes combining thick painterly applications and thin delicate glazes or dry pigments….I employ various techniques such as sgraffito [in which a design is scratched in the top layer of glaze, plaster, etc.] to subtly inscribe important *petits secrets* that gradually reveal themselves within the images."

Isabelle Truchon sums up her work thus: "My themes revolve around loss, nostalgia, resurrection, freedom, courage, peace, and roots….Empowerment and healing come through my process of artmaking….To this day, I still feel I paint to soothe my inner spirit."

Nancy Lynn Marmorella *is a writer and musician. She lives in Charles Town with her husband and son. Susan Pellish assisted in the development of this article.*

Upcoming Shows:

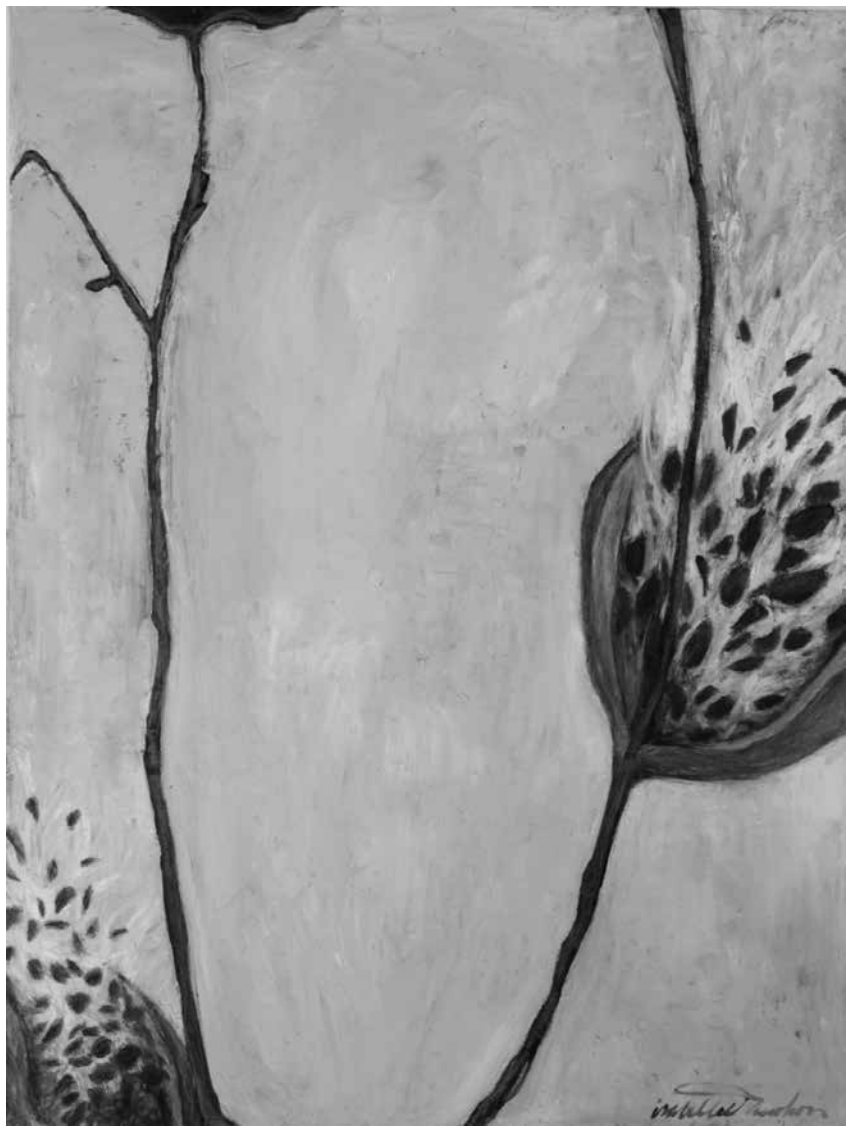
The Bridge Gallery
April 6 through May 5, 2013
Opening reception: April 6, 6 to 8 p.m.
8566 Shepherdstown Pike,
Shepherdstown
(304) 876-2300
www.bridgegalleryandframing.com
The show will feature Isabelle Truchon's latest series, *The Nature of This.*

November 2013
AHA! Fire Hall Gallery
Sponsored by the Arts and Humanities Alliance of Jefferson County
November 6 through 29, 2013
Opening reception: November 9, 2013, 5:30–7:30 p.m.
108 N. George St., Charles Town
Gallery hours: 11:00 a.m.–5:00 p.m.,Wednesdays–Sundays

Truchon's work can also be seen at www.isabelletruchon.com.

Artwork

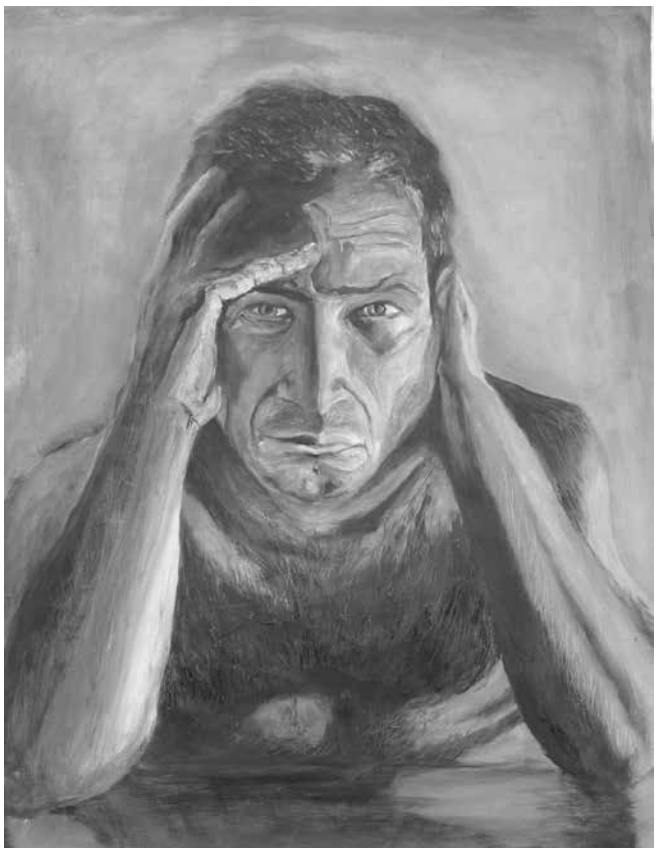
Isabelle Truchon



Milkweed
30”×40”
oil on canvas

Into the Light
20”×24” oil on
paper mounted
on wood panel

Bison, 30”×40”, oil on canvas



Days End 20”×24” oil on paper mounted on wood panel

Herd 36”×48” mixed media on wood panel

See artworks in color at shepherdstowngoodnewspaper.org

PHOTOS SUPPLIED BY ISABELLE TRUCHON

“the voice follows its own rules”

New Work by Sonja James

Mole

The burrowing mole wears a fabulous coat
as sleek as a glossy 8x10 photograph,

and he doesn’t know the name of the country
he’ll end up in once he’s finished digging.

His story: Dawn’s true outburst, the way the
river turns upon itself, blank paper catching fire.

He’s the one whose children are the mute,
small burdens he’ll never repay for their

temperate kindness, their will to labor beside him
in the tunnel while grunting unconditional approbation.

Story That Never Ends

I kept following the shadow
of the laughing kleptomaniac
until the river broke the rock in two.
Having nothing to lose,
I then turned away and smiled.

I’m not sorrowful, am I? My left hand
is cold. My right hand holds the pen
I never learned to use. The kleptomaniac
knows I want to make a shrine
out of the objects he’s stolen:

a statue of the Virgin,
the ring from the nose of a bull,
three bags of rice,
and the rotting carcass of a dove
sporting a cloud of interested flies.

Creating the shrine will take effort.
What I don’t finish today
I’ll do tomorrow when song
will flow from the pen
I never learned to use.

A gold watch circles my wrist.
In the lamplight
I repeat the name of my favorite saint.
I will show you the way to Paradise.
I will learn to use the pen.

Heartless

Too many flowers
invade my breast;
my heart is gone.
Violent buds of red
inhabit my left chest
where the heart should be.
How shall I live?
Heartless woman is the archetype
that I fear.
I would be warm and sweet,
yet I am incomplete,
pierced by the root of the rose.

Liquid Desire

I flick my wrist
as if I were brandishing a whip
though I only hold a pen.
I can be peremptory,
demanding that dust become water.
Wanting to drink long and hard
of the draught of life,
I find that liquids
pervade my dreams.
Liquid sky—
ferocious water of the unconscious.
I drink to the unbearable limit,
tease myself into thinking
that I am little more
than a cool drop of rain.
I drip and sting.
Neptune owns my limpid sphere.

Vegetarian

Everything happens at once:
knowledge of the trees,
the fundamentals of good weather,
not to mention the approach of four young turtles
declaring that asparagus is #1.
To eat requires not only the hybrid moment
but also the song of principled endeavor.
As each note jumps from my dexterous tongue,
I borrow woodland savvy
from a generous sparrow devoted to seed:
I am a vegetarian.
Give me tofu
& bitter tea sweetened with honey.

Junior Executive

Unlike most subordinates,
he’s as prone to scowl
as he is to smile,
easily eradicating any doubt
about his confidence
for self-expression.

As he hurries
from one corridor to the next,
he imagines one of the countless anecdotes
he’ll relate with a grin
to the boss who sets
his daily agenda.

He loves to swim.
Often he is overwhelmed
by a too abundant vigor in the pool
and rises from the cool water
gasping for air while his heart
thuds the news of his superior health.

The thought of his life
some twenty years hence does not disturb
but boosts his well-balanced ego.
Though the future may be a faded rose,
today is a yellow canary
that has never lacked seed or water.

Unspoken

Excess contact
with the plush divinity
of the intellect
saddles me
with my options:

the ecstasy of further study
or the will to create
a book of heady thoughts
or even the fulsome excavation
of ancient ruins.

I pause,
knowing the thing
I want the most
is far too dull
to repeat out loud.

Ay, and here’s the rub:
they say you can hear
our thoughts anyway
whether we speak them
or not.

The Voice

So late, so necessary, so absolute—
I know that voice,
its simplicity and its promise
to harden into stone.

That voice, insistent presence
of what must be said,

disturbs the hiding place
of both ant and worm,

singling them out for revision,
if not outright erasure.

Ineluctable,
tendentious,

the voice follows its own rules.
It will unearth the rabbit

in her burrow and awaken
the bear in his den.

Oh song of few words,
reach for a sword

and slice the clean air
until clarity prevails.

Nothing matters but the certainty
of intelligent animals scurrying for cover.

Sonja James *is the author of two collections of poetry:* Baiting the Hook *(The Bunny & the Crocodile Press, 1999) and* Children of the Moon *(Argonne House Press, 2004). Her poems have appeared in* The Iowa Review, FIELD, The Journal, Lips, Margie, Crab Creek Review, 32 Poems, Poet Lore, *and other periodicals. Among her honors are two Pushcart Prize nominations. In 2013, Finishing Line Press will publish her new chapbook* Calling Old Ghosts to Supper.

A Fishy History of Rainbow Trout

Mark Madison

1907 Field and Stream cover with rainbow trout

Many men go fishing all of their lives without knowing that it is not fish they are after.

Henry David Thoreau

My two favorite passions are fishing and history. That is why I was particularly intrigued by a new book by Anders Halverson called *An Entirely Synthetic Fish: How Rainbow Trout Beguiled America and Overran the World.* Halverson describes the history of the rainbow trout and, in the process, has created what I might consider the best job in the world—*fish historian.*

Now my present position actually owes a great deal to fish stocking. The U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, my current employer, traces its roots back to the 1871 U.S. Commission on Fish and Fisheries. Started shortly after the Civil War, the Fish Commission's mission was to restock the nation's depleted streams, rivers, and lakes with *useful* fish like rainbow trout. In spite of popular conceptions, the conservation movement in this country did not begin with concern about the bison, bald eagle ,or passenger pigeon; rather, the lowly fish was the poster child for endangered species. When Europeans first came to North America they claimed the fish were so abundant in the streams one could walk across a waterway on the backs of fish without getting one's feet wet. With this abundance, the line between use and abuse of this natural resource was quickly crossed and by the mid-19th century, fish stocks were decimated in much of the Northeast and Southeast United States. Far-sighted conservationists like George Perkins Marsh (author of the first American conservation book *Man and Nature*) and Spencer Fullerton Baird (first Fish Commissioner) began to look for a solution to this fish famine. Rainbow trout turned out to be their salvation.

So now let me tell you a brief story about a pretty fish that took over the world. Ironically, for a fish that took over the world, the rainbow trout was discovered by accident. In 1872 the great fish culturist, Livingston Stone, had traveled from Boston to San Francisco to build what became the first National Fish Hatchery on the McCloud River in California. This first hatchery was built to stock and disseminate salmon, but on the McCloud River, Stone saw rainbow trout (which he called "Sacramento River trout") for the first time. The hatchery system would never be the same. As Stone discovered, salmon were extremely difficult to stock, and although Chinook salmon eggs were shipped to 29 different states, not a single salmon run was established. Clearly he needed a new, more adaptable fish, and the recently identified rainbow trout came to mind.

So in 1879 Stone established the first rainbow trout hatchery on the McCloud River. In its first year the hatchery cultured more than a quarter million eggs, and there was no turning back. Now transporting trout around the continent was no easy feat in the days of rail travel. Transporting live fish meant creating specialized rail cars (essentially aquaria on tracks) manned by a crew. The water was kept oxygenated constantly and proper temperature maintained with ice chips. It was far easier to transport fertilized trout eggs on beds of moss on ice blocks, although even here the attrition rate was high. In spite of the obstacles of ecology and distance, in the first 12 years of rainbow trout stocking the fish were introduced to 33 of the then 38 states in addition to Canada, Mexico, England, France, Germany, and even Switzerland. In spite of it success the rainbow trout hatchery at McCloud was shuttered in 1888, although its legacy lives on. There is a high likelihood that any rainbow you catch today in the United States may trace its convoluted history back to McCloud. Today about 80 million mature adult rainbow trout are stocked every year by state and federal fish hatcheries.

In addition to governmental policies there are also very good ecological reasons for the success of rainbow trout in colonizing the water world. Rainbow trout (*Oncorhynchus mykiss)* probably emerged as a distinct species 2 to 3 million years ago in the American West. There, in isolation from the rest of the continent, they slowly spread along the Western Pacific, from Siberia to Mexico; little suspecting a much later species—*Homo sapiens*—would eventually spread them much more quickly around the globe. In fact they are one of humanity's most successful domesticated species, although we rarely think of them as such. Rainbow trout survive and thrive in every U.S. state and 80 foreign countries. They have proven particularly adaptable to human needs. Rainbow trout can survive slightly warmer water and less amenable conditions than most trout and they do well in a hatchery setting. So the supply side was well suited to the rainbow's genetic makeup. But the growth of rainbow trout around the world also importantly coincided with a growth in demand for recreational fishing.

Hard as it is for me to conceive, recreational fishing on a large scale is a relatively recent phenomenon in the United States. Before the Civil War, fishing or hunting for sport was largely seen as decadent, often tied to the despised English aristocracy. However, following the Civil War recreational fishing grew exponentially and even took on aspects of a status symbol for aspiring Americans. Wealthy urbanites in particular joined fishing clubs to get outdoors and out of the city. Railroads took anglers out of the city and new fishing magazines suggested tips and tools to catch the fish. As the popularity of fishing grew in the late 19th and early 20th century, rainbow trout were opportunistically waiting to meet the demand in a fortuitous collaboration.

With the increasing status of fishing, there arose a new hierarchy of fish. Catfish were disdained by the sport angler, while bass were portrayed as a good entry-level fish. But the king of the sport fish quickly became the rainbow trout, that brightly illustrated fighting fish spawned on the wild landscapes and big water of the American West. And so the fish grew in prestige and numbers and became the favored fish of hatcheries nationwide. West Virginia hatcheries pioneered the eye-catching, orange Centennial Golden rainbow trout. Other hatcheries created larger, more rare (albino trout), or even more easily caught fish depending on the local need. The rainbow trout has proved adaptable to our myriad human needs, the most plastic of fish.

Yet in recent decades rainbow trout have taken a beating. In the 1970s, whirling disease, caused by a tiny parasite (*Myxobolus cerebralis*), decimated hatchery-raised rainbows. Ever since, periodic eruptions of the disease occur across the continent. Environmental understanding has also harmed the trout's reputation. The non-native rainbow trout has decimated many native species with its *aggressive* lifestyle (ironically the same trait that makes it such a prized sport fish).

And yet in spite of the rainbow trout's current travails, I cannot but feel affection and affinity for this beautiful fish. Consider that after humans, rainbow trout may well have been the second most successful species to aggressively colonize North America. Looked at from that perspective, they hold up a mirror to our own ongoing alterations to the American landscape.

Don't tell fish stories where the people know you; but particularly, don't tell them where they know the fish.

Mark Twain

Mark Madison *is a historian and a fly-fisherman. He can be reached at mmadison@shepherd.edu.*

Rainbow trout painting by Bob Hines housed at NCTC.

The Kids Will Play When the Parents Are Away...A True Confession

Hannah Cohen

By the grace of the current economic recession, more and more recently graduated 20-somethings, otherwise known as *boomerang* children, move home to live with their parents. Prior to returning home, I was a 20-something on the traditional life track, living in my own apartment. Now, I reside suspended between the pull of my high school roots and the responsibilities of my adult life. What happens when the parents of a boomerang child leave town?

Like any good child, I invited friends over for parties! We rummaged through cabinets, played loud music, and drank until late in the night.

I am not talking about liquor cabinets though. My friends and I raided the spice cabinet. We paired wine with our dinner entrée. (Yes, you *are* reading this correctly.) With the parents away, I hosted dinner parties. You know kids these days—just not what they used to be!

No, we are not. Increasingly, young adults move along the traditional path of adulthood more slowly than expected. They take years between graduating college to becoming professionally successful and financially stable enough to commit to being a *real* adult by buying a house, marrying, and having children. These interim 20-somethings live in a period of what is being called an *emerging adulthood.*

This new world of emerging adults fosters social soirées, but some of the socializing does not happen in person. Since we discovered social media, our world is as enormous or as small as we make it when we tweet, blog, post, and pin it. Our joys, triumphs, blunders, and embarrassing moments are shared with many people, who, by existing in cyberspace, form a seemingly close community.

My girl friends and I are learning to cook solely for ourselves, as we navigate from college to first jobs, new cities, and small apartments. Cooking for oneself is sometimes daunting, so we find comfort and inspiration by sharing our struggles and successes with others attuned to emerging as an adult. Digitally sharing our small feats and failures, the spirit of camaraderie is viral. We start blogs about our independent lives, many of which center around food; we post pictures of our cooking feats on Facebook; we share an enormous inspiration board on Pinterest.

We burn things, we laugh, we share, and we try again, hoping or knowing that someone out there is doing the same thing that we are.

Social media has not replaced traditional cookbooks; yet reading about another person's account of making a recipe empowers one daunted by its complexity. Just knowing that someone like us successfully cooked it instills confidence in our ability to cook the dish. Food blogs have transformed the cooking sphere because food bloggers are not the celebrity chefs twice removed by their celebrity status and their professional training. They are just like my friends and me. Many young adults begin blogging to document their newly independent lives, finding confidence in sharing their trials and triumphs with another in a digital world. These blogs often lead to self-discovery and advancement.

The founders of the blog Big Girls Small Kitchen began their kitchen diary hoping to make cooking more accessible to fellow graduate students. For dinner, try crispy potatoes with baked eggs and pesto yogurt; swiss chard turnovers with parmesan and pistachios; or mac and cheese with pesto, prosciutto, and peas. Learn how to host a noodle bar party, make sun tea, and save your muffin tins from rust. What began as a hobby launched their current careers. One founder continues to write the blog and authored a cookbook from its contents; the other founder is now a chef, with her own blog.

Blog entries feature a mini-editorial before each recipe, which gives relevance and inspires readers. To present recipes, bloggers discuss the dish's hipness, relative ease for such a normally complicated dish, cultural connection, and health value. Rather than boring pancakes, Cookie and Kate explains how to make whole-wheat gingerbread pancakes. Her recipe uses whole wheat rather than white flour. It combines ginger, cinnamon, nutmeg, and molasses for flavor complexion. She does not stop there—we are shown how to make orange cream cheese. Complicated? Simple as combining cream cheese and orange zest! How about cranberry maple skillet cornbread or pear, raspberry, and goat cheese crostini? Similar to the founders of Big Girls Small Kitchen, Kate started her blog to help transition between home and the big city, now finding a career in developing her blog. She has become a successful freelance recipe developer, food photographer, and blogger.

Color photos from a recipe's conception to completion, often too costly for most traditional print cookbooks, are an additional bonus for blogs. Professional grade photos are a click away on Instagram; those *delicious* snapshots are why many food blogs have become incredibly popular and inspiring. You want to eat the photo!

The 20-somethings who do not pen a blog have Facebook as a sharing vehicle for their kitchen creations. Our friends see the pictures of our latest baking spree or our singlehanded success story of last night's dinner. (Guilty.) Through our constant connectivity, we motivate each other. Whether around a dinner table or through an image, food connects us. Cooking becomes more accessible; sharing food with others is a manifestation of our social tendencies.

Enters Pinterest: an enormous general inspiration board of photo snapshots, featuring a cooking section. Each post is directly linked to the original source, often a blog. Pinterest, like Facebook, allows us to freely swap thousands of reviewed and vetted recipes. As food blogs change the average meal into an extraordinary meal, Pinterest shifts where that information aggregates. My Pinterest search for coconut macaroons delivered endless recipes starting with the classic macaroon to macaroon brownies to coconut macaroon cheesecake. (The photos in this article are my recreation of the coconut macaroon brownies by creationsbykara.com, courtesy of Tasty Kitchen.) Our shared kitchen network is vast. An experienced cook in Brooklyn inspires a novice in St. Louis, who in turn inspires her best friend in Seattle.

From my small dinner parties, to the Facebook photos of my friends' first attempts at preparing Thai foods, to the Pinterest-discovered recipes we aspire to make, to the blogger who convinced me to bake peanut butter and jelly thumbprints (thanks, Big Girls!), social media invites us all to dine.

Though we may not be starting our traditional adulthood as anticipated, in the process of discovering our 20-something lives, we learn to cook, create a community, celebrate triumphs, and laugh at our failures, become entrepreneurs—and eat together.

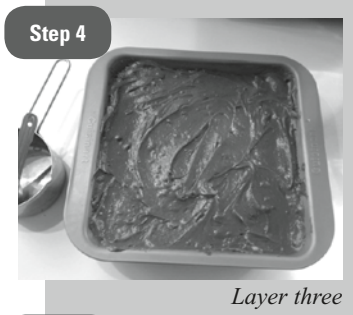
Here's a toast to all those rebellious 20-somethings taking on the world one recipe at a time!

Hannah Cohen *is probably cooking or thinking about cooking or staring at pictures of food that make her want to be cooking.*

Mixing the batter

Batter in the pan—layer one

Layer two



Layer three

Finished baking

Yum!

PHOTOS PROVIDED BY HANNAH COHEN

Left Behind

Sarah Soltow

January 24, 2013, 7 p.m.

A group of cold and hungry people gathers in front of the Zion Episcopal Gymnasium on Washington Street in Charles Town, waiting for the doors of the Emergency Cold Weather Shelter to open so that they can escape the frigid streets. Temperatures are in the teens and snow is on the ground. They joke around with each other, but the mood is not one of elation.

'For I was hungry and you gave me food; I was thirsty and you gave me drink; I was a stranger and you made me welcome; naked and you clothed me, sick and you visited me, in prison and you came to see me'
Matthew 25:35–36

When the doors open, about 20 people head inside and get busy setting up tables and chairs, pulling out cots and bags of bedding, chatting in small groups, and generally preparing for their evening. The dinner crew is already inside, with pots and pans heating on the stove and several pies at the ready.

Greg Peterson helps coordinate the various volunteers from the churches who bring in the nightly meal. He welcomes the overnight guests, and spends the night providing some safety for those seeking nightly shelter. He's found a calling here and frequently brings his family along to help. Soon, five-year-old Joenah is walking around the tables, placing plasticware neatly upon the paper napkins at each place setting.

One gentleman straightens his fork as he patiently awaits the meal. A freshly brewed pot of coffee disappears quickly. Soon the rest of the meal arrives, hauled in by the church group that has prepared it this evening. The chicken, rice, and veggies smell pretty good.

Carol Beattie runs the Hospitality Center housed in the Charles Town Presbyterian Church. She's here this evening as a manager, and she and another volunteer will spend the night. The Hospitality Center across the street has a shower, and they recently provided flu shots for their clientele. They coordinate services with Shenandoah Women's Center, Bethany House, Martinsburg Rescue Mission, East Ridge, and Shenandoah Community Medical Center.

Beattie tells me about lost jobs, substance abuse, mental health issues, and lost IDs. She helps people get things like Social Security cards and payments. Driver's licenses, birth certificates, and ID cards are all interrelated. When one or two are lost, it's very difficult to get them reissued. The antiterrorist laws created a catch-22 situation, where one form of identification cannot be obtained without another. Those who have none are pretty much out of luck.

Bob Shefner, director of Jefferson County Community Ministries (JCCM) and another regular at the shelter, is familiar with the plight of the poor in our community. Shefner's emphasis on the role of the shelter and the volunteers who keep it open involves the relationships that develop among the people there. "These are not *bad* people. There are reasons they come here, but we are all more alike than not."

'The Good Samaritan reversed the question: If I do not stop to help this man, what will happen to him?'
Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.

Candy grew up in Jefferson County. She has no job now, but she previously worked as a homemaker for the Senior Center. Then she lost her driver's license. She's been homeless for three years, but never before has she "been in the cold." From 7 a.m. until 7 p.m. she has no place to go, no family, nothing. A while back, she had pneumonia. JCCM put her up in a motel for four days, until she was not contagious, so she would not infect other shelter residents.

John is young and strong looking. He's been homeless for about seven months. He cites "family complications" as a reason and describes how being homeless is "hard to hide." He looks for a job, but when the prospective employer discovers his homelessness, "It's all over."

Shaunna, a "newbie" here, also mentions "family complications." She's trying to get a job. She tells me how, when the shelter closes at 7 a.m., most of the group moves across the street to the Hospitality Center where coffee and a hot breakfast are provided. They can also pick up a bag lunch to take with them onto the streets for the day.

Christina is eight months pregnant and, at least for now, she's staying in the Cold Weather Shelter. There is discussion as to whether she'd be better off staying with her sister in Hagerstown. That's probably what will happen, although Christina does not seem at all happy about that eventuality. Must be one of those "family complications."

Michael is a well-spoken elderly gentleman who lived on someone's farm for 10 years. When the owner's disabled son moved in, Michael had to move out. He's number three on the list for an apartment at Charles Towers, and he's been waiting for two months. He used to stay at the Rescue Mission in Martinsburg but prefers the people here in Charles Town. He has no transportation. Tonight he says he has "won the lottery!" He, along with two others, will stay in a motel. He's pretty happy about this, and we wish him a good night's sleep in a real bed.

These conversations have taken place over dinner. Everyone's plates were full when they started, and there are no leftovers to scrape off. The food looked good.

'So always treat others as you would like them to treat you; that is the meaning of the Law and the Prophets'
Matthew 7:12

The Jefferson County Homeless Coalition is a 501(C)3 organization run entirely by donations. Just recently, it was awarded a very small FEMA grant.

In 2010, the South Jefferson Ministerial Association voiced concerns about the county's homeless population. About the same time, the Episcopal bishop of West Virginia heard of a homeless man who died of frostbite on the steps of an Episcopal church. This bishop sent out a challenge to Episcopal congregations to address the issue.

In February 2010, Jefferson County pastors Wyman Hall and Georgia DuBose held planning meetings. In March, the Coalition was born and began planning for the Cold Weather Shelter, which opened in December of that year. Men were housed at Zion Episcopal Gymnasium, and women and children were housed at St. James Catholic Church. This winter, both men and women are housed at the Episcopal hall. Children are currently not accepted in the shelter.

The Shepherdstown Ministerial Association recently made a donation of about $3,500 to the Jefferson County Homeless Coalition. While money is always a concern, the larger issue is maintaining the volunteer personnel to staff the Cold Weather Shelter through March of this year.

The shelter is full tonight. A story circulates about a woman who drove from Virginia seeking shelter, only to find that there was no room here. A generous soul that she met along the way paid to put her up in a motel tonight, but tomorrow she'll be on her way again. She's used to sleeping in her car, I heard.

According to many of the conversations that evening, it is not fun being outside in the cold all day, walking the streets. One woman said, "Just try it for a week; you'll see. One minute you have everything; the next minute, it can all be gone. Treasure what you have."

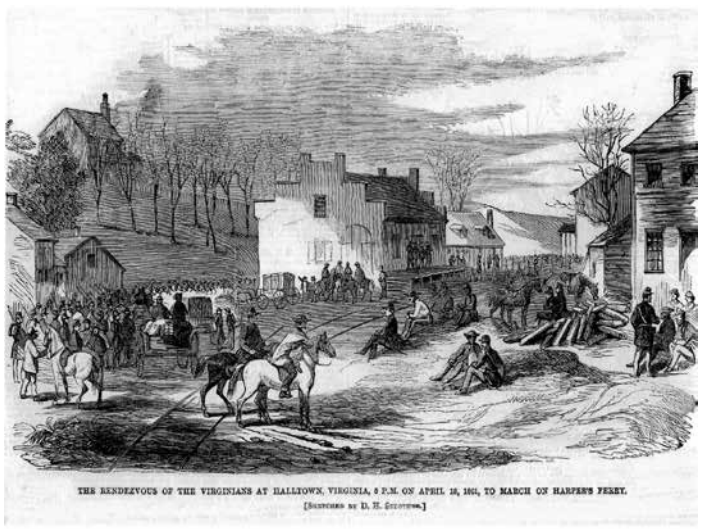
The Emergency Cold Weather Shelter welcomes your support. For more information about volunteer opportunities, contact stjshelter@gmail.com.

Sarah Soltow *works as an elementary school counselor for Jefferson County Schools. She's looking forward to spring and kayaking season on the river.*

Looking for Henry Pratt

or The Unintended Consequences of Knowing Your Ancestors

Marie Tyler-McGraw



Rendezvous of Virginians at Halltown, 5 p.m. on April 18, 1861, to March on Harper's Ferry

SKETCH BY DAVID HUNTER STROTHER. NO. 000823, COURTESY OF WEST VIRGINIA AND REGIONAL HISTORY COLLECTION, WEST VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES

My mother, growing up in Wheeling, W.Va., in the 1920s and 1930s, developed a laserlike focus on being modern and urban, saying little about her family's past in the Ohio River Valley. Just once, she told a story that I remembered. She said that her mother's father, Henry Pratt, had enlisted in the Union Army during the Civil War. He was too young to join, she said, but he was an orphan and wanted to find his brother who had enlisted earlier. The story consisted of just one fragmentary incident.

Private Henry Pratt came over the crest of a hill and saw a farmhouse. He was afraid, because he didn't know who was in it. Then a woman came out of the house with a basket of wet clothing and began to spread the clothes on bushes while singing, "John Anderson, my Jo, John," the poem by the popular Scotch poet Robert Burns. Henry felt less afraid; he felt she was a kind woman who would help him. He clambered down the hill toward her and asked for help.

It never occurred to me to ask where the rest of the Union army was while Henry Pratt peered down at the woman. A lifetime after hearing the story, I walked into the George Tyler Moore Civil War Research Center at Shepherd University and said, "Where can I find records on Henry Pratt?"

I was given several reels of microfilm that contained muster rolls and, as I scrolled through them, they told an interesting chronological story. Henry Pratt, living just across the Ohio River from Tyler County, W.Va., enlisted in the 15th West Virginia Volunteer Infantry on Christmas Eve 1863, and mustered in at Wheeling several days later. Two other Pratts, residents of Tyler County, were in his company.

By June 1864, Henry Pratt and his Tyler County cousins were stationed near Martinsburg, W.Va., where in late June he began to appear as absent without leave on the muster rolls.

In August 1864, his company engaged in a skirmish at nearby Halltown that killed one of the Tyler County cousins and seriously wounded another. Carried as "absent without leave" for several months, Pratt was listed as "deserted" by October 1864.

Flash forward through the autumn of 1864 and the winter of 1865. On April 5, 1865, as the Union army marched into Richmond, Henry Pratt was picked up in southwest Pennsylvania, just above Morgantown, by federal marshals and taken to Harrisburg, Pa., where, with others identified as "invalids and stragglers," he was placed on a train for Washington, DC. He must have arrived there just as the giddy relief at the ending of the Civil War gave way to a capitol draped in black crepe for the assassinated president, Abraham Lincoln. But he was under arrest and could not have walked the streets to see the capitol in its moments of triumph and grief.

Henry Pratt was conveyed under armed guard from Washington back to his company, now stationed in Richmond, Va. The records say that he was mustered out of the Army in Richmond on June 14, 1865, and the last microfilmed document is an amnesty ordered by President Andrew Johnson in August 1866. This was, apparently, a general amnesty for what must have been the low-growing weeds—scared young boys who sneaked off after a few months of war. No doubt the victorious Union had more pressing problems of military justice in 1865 and 1866, such as the fates of Robert E. Lee and Jefferson Davis. So Henry Pratt went to Woodsfield, Ohio, across the Ohio River from Tyler County, where he had lived earlier. There he married, had six children, and worked as a plasterer.

Now I could understand the story fragment of the boy peering down at a farmhouse where a woman was singing as she spread clothing out to dry. He hoped she might feed a young boy running from an impending battle and from an impetuous Christmas Eve enlistment. It was in some way gratifying to know that my great-grandfather had been one of the thousands of scared young boys who, North or South, left their units to go home, and not as a "hero," even in today's expanded definition of hero. It seemed more connected to the realities of war.

But there was more to learn, and it had contemporary relevance. Some months after I learned that Henry Pratt had skedaddled from his unit at Martinsburg, I wondered if, given his absence without leave, he would have applied for a pension under the Civil War Pension Act of 1890. That act greatly expanded the earlier pension acts by making any honorably discharged soldier who was disabled for any reason, not just military, entitled to a pension.

To find out if the 17-year-old deserter had later applied for a pension, I went to the National Archives in Washington, DC. Yes, indeed. There he was, shortly after the act was passed, applying for a pension based on various disabilities, primarily a bad back. Apparently, the presidential pardon of 1866 gave him an honorable discharge. He submitted a doctor's statement and he signed his name with an X. That was how I learned he was illiterate.

The Pension Bureau scribbled on his application: "Subtract eight months and three weeks." So he got a smaller pension (later successfully petitioning for an increase), but he did get a pension from 1890 until his death in 1914. By 1906, old age alone became sufficient disability for a veteran to be entitled to a pension. After his death, my great-grandmother received a Civil War widow's pension until her death in 1921. This increasingly generous view of "entitlement" acted as an early form of Social Security for, at its peak, almost one million aged Union veterans and their families from 1890 through the 1920s.

Historians cite the Civil War veterans' pensions as the origin of our old age and disability entitlements. How would Henry Pratt, the 17-year-old deserter, be classified today? As one of the undeserving, as current budget and deficit plans shave away entitlements? Quite likely. But such entitlements, whether called "welfare," "giveaways," or "gifts," are nothing new in American history.

This raised another question for me. How deeply would many American families have to dig into their pasts before they found government assistance tiding the family over or providing a new start? Probably not very deeply.

I later found Henry Pratt's great-grandfather, John Pratt, applied for a Revolutionary War pension in 1830 and then pursued a land grant in 1854. "This man is 104 years old," the astonished local official wrote on the latter application. Not too late to get his land grant, apparently.

Americans are embracing family history in all its forms. The ease with which I found this information suggests why family research has become such an industry in the United States. The popularity of such research vehicles as Ancestry.com and the availability of Civil War records such as those kept at Shepherd University's Civil War Research Center make it possible to acquire public records of all kinds.

I wonder if researchers will pause to note where the federal government found their family members entitled to something—pension, land grant, education, patent. Veterans' pensions are just one example. Entitlements are deeply embedded in our history. If you are contemptuous of the beneficiaries, you might be dissing your own ancestors.

Marie Tyler-McGraw *is a retired historian who still digs into documents for the sheer pleasure of discovery and the delight of the unexpected.*

Reprinted from Spring 1996

Conversations With Body Workers
Meg Hughes and Pearl Rohrer

By Claire Stuart

"The winter of 1995-96 was a good time to reflect on how powerless we really are against the forces of nature. It was also a time to reflect on how today's way of life has made us even more powerless."

Meg Hughes

Pearl Rohrer

The winter of 1995-96 was a good time to reflect on how powerless we really are against the forces of nature. It was also a time to reflect on how today's way of life has made us even more powerless. Not so long ago, when winter storms came, people simply hunkered down and waited for them to pass. They were ready, with the pantry and root cellar stocked, wood piled, hay in the barn for the animals. It was time to make quilts, mend harnesses, read. Today, with all our luxuries, we no longer have that luxury.

With few exceptions, we cannot build our own homes, raise our own food, provide our own transportation, school our own children, care for our aged relatives. These essentials, formerly the business of family, are all provided by others for MONEY. We must get out and go to WORK, and this winter's icy roads were full of people forced to risk their lives (and lives of others) to get there. Our concerns are career tracks, downsizing, plant closings, child care, nursing homes, health insurance, crime, pollution. And unlike building a cabin or raising a garden, solutions for today's problems are mostly beyond our control. Is it any wonder we are in a constant state of stress?

The destructive effects of stress and tension on physical and mental health are just beginning to be explored. Headaches, backaches, lowered resistance to diseases, chronic fatigue, depression, substance abuse - the list is endless. Shepherdstown's body workers Meg Hughes and Pearl Rohrer can't solve society's problems, but each has her own unique way of helping people deal with stress and restore energy.

Massage therapist Meg Hughes has been practicing her art for about 20 years, although she did not do it professionally until about a year ago. She learned her first techniques from "The Massage Book" which many of us will remember from the 60's when people were rediscovering many things they could do for themselves. Meg traded massages with friends in her rural Monroe County community and routinely massaged her children. Meg was always a nurturing person, and had enjoyed caring for people since childhood. When her 50th birthday approached, she decided it was time to do what she'd always wanted to do-- help people feel better. She completed a course of professional study at the Baltimore School of Massage and opened her practice in Shepherdstown.

Massage has been practiced for thousands of years in many cultures. For a long time, the Western attitude toward massage involved it with sports, for relaxing muscles and releasing acids built up in the body during exertion. However, so much more is being learned about the benefits of massage for everyone. When you are stressed, your body produces chemicals like adrenaline and cortisol which excite the nervous system, preparing the body for "flight or fight." Your body stays tense, in a state of readiness for a showdown that never comes, a situation which can cause a host of unpleasant physical and mental effects. Massage relaxes you and helps you break down stress chemicals and produce endorphins, brain chemicals associated with good feelings and enhanced healing ability. Massage also stimulates the lymphatic and circulatory systems. Increased blood circulation brings more oxygen to the brain.

Meg frequently works with depressed clients referred by psychotherapists. Massage therapy can be helpful in providing relief from symptoms of depression, probably because of endorphin production. The duration of the benefits varies, but it does provide relief without drugs.

Most of Meg's clients are women, although she works on men through referrals. Says Meg, "Women do most of the nurturing and don't get it back. This is an opportunity to return some of the nurturing that women have done." The client can leave the world outside and enter a state of receptive contemplation -- just relaxing and receiving nurturing. Meg accompanies her massages with soothing music or nature sounds. She practices Swedish massage, the commonest form taught in the U.S. schools. It is the most relaxing because it is done in long strokes, using the fingers, and it is gentler than deeper forms of massage.

After a massage, Meg gives the client a big cup of water. This is important because the increased blood flow has moved lactic and carbolic acids from muscles and picked up toxins from different organs and moved them out. The stimulated lymphatic fluid flow means lymph glands are cleaning into the blood stream. The blood takes all of these substances to the kidneys and they should be flushed out. People may feel achy after massage if they do not drink enough water. Meg also encourages deep breathing. Many people breathe shallowly, and don't get enough oxygen into their system.

Meg doesn't find her work physically taxing, although a massage is an hour and 10 minutes of constant motion. Instead, she says she usually gets energized. She uses a massage as a meditation, concentrating on the client's muscles. She finds it stimulating and she shares the good feelings she brings the client. "I'm producing my own endorphins," she smiled.

Pearl Rohrer has been practicing Jin Shin Jyutsu for over 10 years. Jin Shin Jyutsu is an energetic work that can restore balance and harmony when stress has taken its toll. The fully-clothed body is touched but it is not poked, prodded, rubbed, or pushed, nor are limbs moved. It can probably be best described as simply a laying on of hands. It's most effectively performed with a person lying on their back so that the spine is lined up. They are fully clothed, and Jin Shin Jyutsu can even be applied through a blanket while a person sleeps. Touch is applied to various points on body. There are 26 primary points plus many others, and a variety of combinations of those.

This gentle art originated in Japan where it has been practiced for about 4000 years. It was brought to America about 50 years ago by Mary Burmeister, a first-generation Japanese-American who was studying in Japan. Jin Shin Jyutsu means "the artless art of getting to know and help myself/create myself." As this translation would imply, unlike most other forms of body work, one can perform Jin Shin Jyutsu on oneself or on others to help them help themselves.

Pearl discovered Jin Shin Jyutsu in 1985 when she was stricken with a severe sinus infection that did not respond to anything. She went (as a skeptic) to a friend who practiced Jin Shin Jyutsu and her symptoms left and did not come back. Pearl learned what she could from her friend but she had not learned of the self-help aspect and thought that Jin Shin Jyutsu had to be applied by someone else. She finally found an opportunity to take actual classes in 1990.

Jin Shin Jyutsu looks at the whole person, with no differentiation between mental, physical and spiritual states. When you work on yourself, you are working on the whole person. It is gentle, noninvasive, and impowering to people as they learn about themselves and are facilitated to do their own healing. Pearl does NOT make any miraculous claims for Jin Shin Jyutsu. She says, "Try it - it can't hurt! Every person is different. Be your own testimonial."

Pearl is also owner/operator of Open Hearth Herbs. She stocks an impressive assortment of medicinal and culinary herbs from anise to yarrow, including leaves, flowers, roots, barks, berries, you name it! She cautions people to use an informed approach to the use of herbs - don't use them without knowledge and understanding of their properties. She is happy to share her own knowledge or to direct you to some excellent books.

It was interesting to learn that many common culinary herbs have medicinal properties. Basil is alkaline and neutralizes the acid of its most common companion, the tomato. It's also antibacterial, antispasmotic and can be applied to insect stings and bites. Caroway is a carminative - that is, it relieves gas. Thyme and sage are antibacterial. Hot herbs such as cinnamon and ginger increase circulation. That well-loved winter treat, pumpkin pie full of spices, actually helps the body keep warm! Dandelion, despised as a weed by many, but used as a spring tonic and salad green by others, is high in mineral and removes toxins from the system.

Pearl is a drop-out in the best sense of the word! She earned an undergraduate degree in Human Services and a Master's in Public Administration and spent several years working in the west as an outreach worker in various temporarily-funded public sector programs such as daycare and summer youth. Her knowledge of personnel and hiring practices led her to work for the Federal Government in Washington, D.C. in the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration, the Department of Transportation and the Commerce Department. She spent three less-than-happy years there, surrounded by other people who were also unhappy but afraid to quit and give up the security. Pearl chose happiness.

An abiding interest in herbs (which she couldn't find close to home) led to Pearl's decision to open her herb shop. She started in her basement where there was a large open hearth - hence the name.

Pearl believes in the "wise woman" approach to health - that is, whatever works. It doesn't have to work for everyone. She believes in using old knowledge, but not in being stuck in the past. "Use old knowledge, add to it, let it grow and change to be useful in the present."

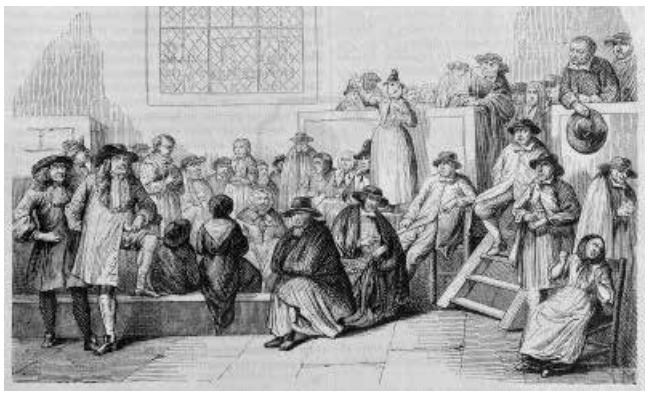
Until recently, Pearl and Meg shared quarters for their body work, while Pearl operated her herb business from a tiny cubby-hole shop. Pearl recently found a new shop large enough to accommodate both of her enterprises. She has an area for Jin Shin Jyutsu and a much larger shop with room for books, music, gifts and a wider range of herb products.

Both Meg and Pearl avoid the word "alternative" in describing their work. They prefer to use "complimentary" or "adjunct" to healthy living. They also stress that they don't call themselves "healers." Rather, they strive to help people to help themselves. Meg Hughes operates her practice upstairs over the Mecklenberg Inn, by appointment. You can call her at (304) 876-2615. Pearl Rohrer's new Open Hearth Herbs is located at 102 East German Street in Shepherdstown, where she will be offering Jin Shin Jyutsu self-help workshops and herb workshops. Pearl has also authored a chapter in a book entitled The New Holistic Herbal by David Hoffman which will be out this spring.

Suggested Reading:
Spontaneous Healing by Andrew Weil
Healing Wise by Susun S. Weed

Quakers in the Environs of Thomas Shepherd's New Mill on the Potowmack in the 18th Century

Howard Fezell, Marie Tyler-McGraw, and John Case



GRAPHIC SUBMITTED BY JOHN CASE

Quakers Meeting, 18th-century engraving by unidentified artist

The Religious Society of Friends (Quakers) holds as the basis of its faith the belief that God endows each human being with a measure of the Divine Spirit. We believe that the gift of God's presence and the light of God's truth have been available to all people at all times and in all ages. The Religious Society of Friends has no formal creed but seeks continuing revelation.

Baltimore Yearly Meeting Faith and Practice, draft version

The formal name of our fellowship is the Religious Society of Friends. "Quaker" was a pejorative term in 17th-century England, where the Society of Friends had its beginnings, and was coined by a judge referring to Friends quaking and trembling in the presence of the Divine. Because Quakers believe in the importance of a personal experience of the Divine, and that there is that of God in all persons, early Quakers challenged through nonviolent means the English church-state, its class system, and the use of war to settle differences. Its members were often targets of persecution, as they were in the early Virginia colony.

Though Virginia and Massachusetts, for example, offered no religious freedom in the 1600s and much of the early 1700s, the opening of the New World did present a unique opportunity for religious freedom in some colonies. William Penn led a group of Friends to settle Pennsylvania and Philadelphia in the late 1600s. By the 1730s, however, land around Philadelphia was at a premium, and the Virginia frontier offered relatively inexpensive tracts to those prepared to clear them. Quakers were among the thousands of people to settle in the Lower Shenandoah Valley in the first half of that century.

By the middle of the century, regular Quaker meetings had been established in the region. Some are active to this day: Hopewell Center Monthly Meeting in Clear Brook, just north of Winchester, and Goose Creek Monthly Meeting in Lincoln, near Purcellville. Others from that time that no longer exist were held in Tuscarora, Middle Creek, and Mill Creek in what is now Berkeley County, and at Bullskin, south of present-day Charles Town.

By the early 1800s, Quakers had come slowly but collectively to oppose slavery. While other denominations struggled and finally fractured over slavery, with Jefferson County churches allying with the South, Quakers tended to either move away from slave-based economies or leave the Society of Friends altogether. This ended their presence in Jefferson County (originally Frederick County, Va.). But their legacy here includes one landmark farm and some familiar place names.

Dealings with American Indians

Early American Friends were determined to treat the native people fairly, and payment was made in exchange for land in Pennsylvania. But aboriginal peoples had maintained no permanent settlements in the Lower Shenandoah Valley for 150 years. Since Quakers in Virginia could not determine whom to pay, they put money in escrow until proper recipients could be identified.

Landmark on Flowing Springs Road

One example of the Quaker presence in the Shenandoah Valley is the Lucas Farm. Edward Lucas II traveled from Bucks County, Pa., to a 400-acre tract two miles south of where Thomas Shepherd had opened his mill in the early 1700s. The Lucas farm prospered, and in 1797 Edward Lucas III replaced the original log dwelling with a new house. This house still stands on the farm known as Elmwood, on Flowing Springs Road a quarter mile south of Confederate Marker No. 6.

Midway between Shepherdstown and Berryville

One town in Jefferson County was founded by a Quaker who arrived in the Shenandoah Valley in the 1720s. Like the community established by Thomas Shepherd, it also grew up around a mill. John Smith built his hemp and grist mill on Turkey Run, a branch of the Opequon. Smith had a town in mind from the beginning, as the grant approved by Governor William Gooch in 1734 depicted a road coming from Pack Horse Ford on the Potomac, which intersected with other roads. All he needed was people to settle in what came to be known as Smithfield. The mill's business grew steadily through the 1740s as more settlers arrived in the valley to clear and farm its fertile and affordable acreage. By this time John Smith II had taken over from his father, who died in 1737.

The advent of the French and Indian War in the mid 1750s severely hampered economic growth in the lower Shenandoah Valley. The region was part of the Blue Ridge frontier where the colonial empires of the French and the English met and clashed. Attacks on English settlements by the French and their Indian allies made life in the valley so dangerous that by 1757, 20 percent of the Quaker families in Hopewell Meeting had been compelled to leave their homesteads. Winchester residents seriously considered abandoning their town. But just two years later, the first half of Hopewell's Meeting House was erected.

Some Quaker men in Frederick County (including Shepherdstown) took up arms during the American Revolution and the French and Indian War; their Meetings rebuked them or they lost their memberships. Some of their families did not want to return to official membership, yet they maintained Quaker principles and sympathies in their public and private dealings. An example was Isaac Zane Jr. who, although disowned by the Quakers, provided aid and comfort to Philadelphia Quakers who were exiled to Winchester for a time during the Revolution for their refusal to take up arms.

Freight and passenger traffic through Smithfield picked up dramatically after the War for Independence, as Americans settled farther up the Shenandoah Valley, and trade between existing settlements increased. Shepherdstown was a popular crossing on the Potomac, and anyone headed toward Winchester and points south would travel through Smithfield. In 1786, the Virginia Assembly passed an act establishing the town of Smithfield, which had become a center of commerce for the immediate area. In 1795 lots were offered for sale and paving stones laid. The town continued to grow, and in 1806 a post office was established. But Virginia already had one post office for a town called Smithfield; another would create confusion. Being midway between Shepherdstown and Berryville, the post office came to bear the name of Middleway.

A name by happenstance thanks to Quakers

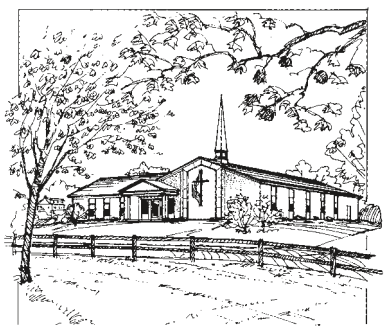
The town most famous for John Brown's raid got its name through the business dealings of some Quaker millers. A certain Philadelphia mill builder's reputation for excellence extended far beyond his city. Quakers in Frederick County, Va., contacted him to erect a mill for them, and en route to meet his new clients, a shortcut took him past the confluence of the Potomac and Shenandoah Rivers. Robert Harper was so taken by the beauty of the area that he secured a land grant from Lord Fairfax in 1748 and established a ferry across the Potomac, around which evolved a village called Shenandoah Falls. In 1763, the Virginia Assembly established it as the town of Harpers Ferry.

Like those who came before us

The Shepherdstown Monthly Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends (Quakers) started as a worship group in February 2000. We hope to grow in our historic hometown and, like the Quakers who came before us, contribute positively to a peaceful and humane community. Please join us in silent, unprogrammed worship any Sunday morning from 10 to 11 a.m. in the back of Four Seasons Books.

Waiting in silent expectation is the basis of Meeting for Worship. This approach follows from Friends' knowledge of the universality of the Inner Light. Our meeting for worship is "a method for inviting the Light of God to flow into the conscious mind, a means of practicing the presence of God." More information about Shepherdstown Monthly Meeting may be found at shepherdstownfriends.org.

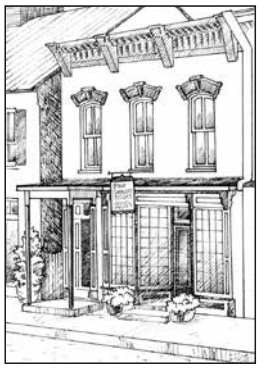
Religious Worship and Education Schedules



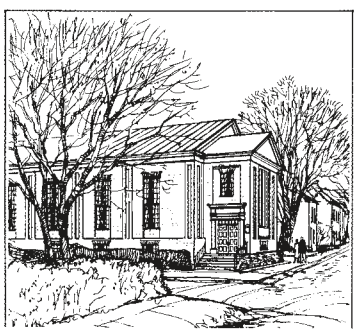
Asbury Church
4257 Kearneysville Pike
Rev. Rudolph Monsio Bropleh, Pastor
Telephone: 876-3112
Sunday Worship: 8 a.m. and 11:00 a.m.
Sunday School: 9:30 a.m.
Family Fun Nite: Wednesday, 6:45–8:00 p.m.
E-mail: info@4pillarchurch.org
www.4pillarchurch.org

Christ Reformed, United Church of Christ
304 East German Street
Br. Ronald C. Grubb, OCC, Minister
Telephone: (304) 876-3354
Bronson Staley, Minister Emeritus
Telephone: (301) 241-3972
Sunday Worship: 11:00 a.m.
www.christreformedshepherdstown.org

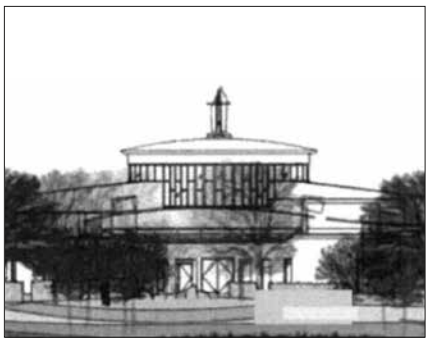
Christian Science Society
Entler Hotel—German & Princess Streets
Sunday Worship & Sunday School 10 a.m.
Thanksgiving Day service 10:00 a.m.
Reading Room is in Entler Rm. 210,
open before and after the service and
by appointment. Call to confirm Sunday
school and child care: (304) 261-9024
All are welcome.



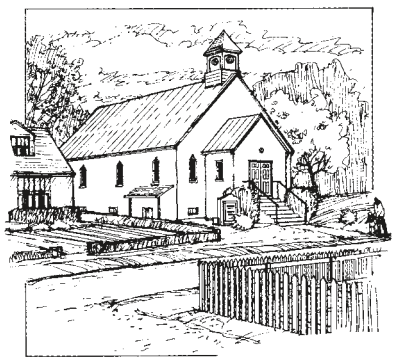
Religious Society of Friends (Quakers)
Shepherdstown Preparative Meeting
Worship in silent expectant waiting
Sundays at 10:30 a.m.
Four Seasons Books (thru the side gate)
Contact: Neal Peterson (304) 582-0852
http://shepherdstown.bym-rsf.net/about-2-2/



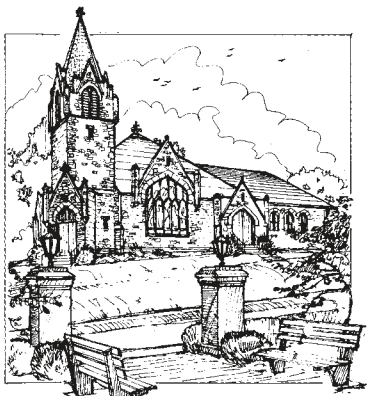
New Street United Methodist
Church & New Streets
Dee-Ann Dixon, Pastor
Telephone: (304) 876-2362
Sunday Worship: 10:00 a.m.
Children's Sunday School: 10:00 a.m.
Adult Sunday School: 11:15 a.m.
www.newstreetumc.com



St. Agnes Catholic Parish
106 South Duke Street
Father Mathew Rowgh
Telephone: (304) 876-6436
Sunday Eucharist: 8:00 a.m. & 10:30 a.m.
Saturday Eucharist: 5:30 p.m.
Sunday School: 9:15 a.m.
StAgnesShepherdstown.org

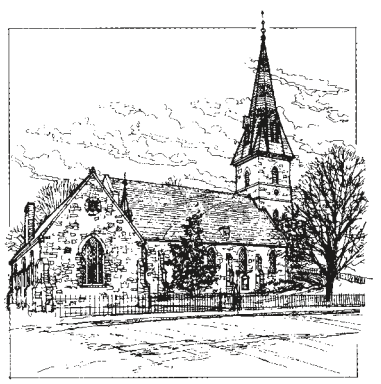


St. John's Baptist
West German Street
Rev. Cornell Herbert, Pastor-Elect
Telephone: (304) 876-3856
Sunday Worship: 11:00 a.m. & 7:00 p.m.
Sunday School: 9:30 a.m.



St. Peter's Lutheran
King & High Streets
Fred A. Soltow Jr., Pastor
Telephone: (304) 876-6771
Sunday Worship: 11:00 a.m.
Children/Adult Sunday School: 9:45 a.m.
(located in grey house adjacent church)
www.Shepherdstownlutheranparish.org

Shepherdstown Presbyterian
100 W. Washington Street
Randall W. Tremba, Pastor
Telephone: (304) 876-6466
Sunday Worship: 8:15 a.m. & 10:45 a.m.
Sunday School: 10:45 a.m.
Nursery year-round
www.spcworks.org



Trinity Episcopal
Corner of Church & German Streets
The Rev. G. T. Schramm, Rector
The Rev. Frank Coe, Priest Associate
The Rev. Susan McDonald, Priest Associate
Telephone: (304) 876-6990
Sunday Worship: 8:00 a.m. & 10:00 a.m.
Sunday School: 10:00 a.m.
www.trinityshepherdstown.org

St. James' Lutheran Church, Uvilla
Rt. 230 Uvilla
Fred A. Soltow Jr., Pastor
Telephone: (304) 876-6771
Sunday Worship 9:00 a.m.
Children's Sunday School 1st Sunday of month

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