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Cover Artist

Diana Suttenfield celebrates the land and architecture of the place she's called home since 1962 with luminous paintings and intricate drawings. She is also known for her passionate work in conservation and preservation.

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THE END OF THE WORLD
(Read before December 21)

Randall Tremba

In talking about the fate of the earth, we know that its fate is really up for grabs. There are no guarantees as to its future. It is a question of our own critical choices.

—Miriam Therese MacGillis

In case you hadn't heard, there's no need to worry about the fiscal cliff looming at the end of this year. Forget the cliff. And forget the end of the year. We're not going to get to the end of the year. The world ends 10 days before that.

According to the venerable Mayans, the world ends December 21, which means, in part, you don't have to worry about last-minute Christmas shopping this year. So there's a silver lining for you.

Still the end of the world could be a real bummer. But there are worse things. For instance, the maker of Twinkies is going out of business. Of course, for some the end of Twinkies might as well be the end of the world. Talk about cosmic convergences. I don't think even the Mayans saw that coming. For some things you really do need Google.

The "end of the world," as it turns out, may not be THE END as in UTTER AND COMPLETE ANNIHILATION. In fact, one interpretation of the Mayan calendar is that the world will start *recycling* on December 21 rather than *ending once and for all*. Which could actually be worse. That would mean we'd have to live through all the stuff we've already lived through once—like the bubonic plague, leisure suits, Bill Clinton, and the Bee Gees.

But then, there is the possibility that the venerable Mayans could be wrong. I mean how many of these predictions have been right? Ever?!

Before the Civil War there was William Miller and the Millerites. They sold all their earthly possessions in 1843, gathered on a mountaintop, and camped out waiting for Jesus, who would snatch them up (rapture) just before he destroyed the world. But alas, Miller Time was not Happy Hour for the Millerites. They ran out of food and patience and trudged down the mountain to restart their lives with nothing left but shame.

Remember Y2K? As I recall that turned out to be a pretty cool, rolling-time-zone party.

Remember Hal Lindsey's *The Late Great Planet Earth* scare in the 1970s? He's still living off the sales of that book.

Remember David Koresh and the Davidians in *Wacko*, Texas?

Remember Harold Camping?

Radio evangelist Camping spent a lifetime studying the Bible's secret codes and thus was able to predict that the world would be destroyed on May 21, 2011. Many people were convinced and sold their possessions to wait the massive airlift (rapture!) just before the destruction of the world. It never happened.

By the way, Jesus was once asked to predict the end of the world and he replied: *No one knows!* As in NO ONE. I'm not saying Jesus is *God*, but a lot of *these characters* do think Jesus is God, which makes you wonder how they got to *know more than God*. (I'm just sayin'!)

Anyway, back to Harold Camping. Camping broadcast his prediction to millions, risked his reputation, and was understandably depressed on May 22 when he woke up in his own bed. I don't know if it's true, but I heard that his neighbor paid Camping a visit the day after, put a consoling arm around him, and said: *Harold, don't worry. It's not the end of the world.*

But the thing is: *The world did end*. For Mr. Camping. His world of certainty and delusions ended.

Soon after, he humbly and publicly admitted his arrogance and ignorance. Which he called a "sin." I give him credit for that. People make mistakes. Some are harmless like his, but others aren't so harmless, like the prediction made 10 years ago by a certain Dick Cheney: "Oil revenues will pay for this war." Remember that one?

I don't know if that was a sin, but it sure was a crime.

And it led to the death of thousands and to the end of a certain world. Overnight the United States of America lost the respect of half the nations.

One world ended.

Another began.

The American military machine could now put its boots on the ground and fire its drones without regard for another country's sovereignty or a person's citizenship. It was a new world. We are now the policemen of that world, with military bases or stations in 173 nations (out of 186).

Now, I happen to be a home-team fan. So if some nation must police the world, I'd rather it be us. But the thing is, it doesn't have to be any one nation. We don't need an empire. We don't need a military bigger than all the next 14 biggest militaries *combined*, especially since *most of those are allies*. Go figure. And when you go figure, you'll figure out a lot of good and wholesome things we could do in our nation when that kind of money and human power comes home.

Worlds end all the time. And that's not always a bad thing.

Worlds, after all, are human inventions. It may be one planet but there are many different worlds on it. Some small, some large. Some more fair and compassionate than others.

You might say a certain world of gross inequality, exclusion, and mean-spiritedness is ending in America. The recent election was a sign. Even conservative pundits can see it. As Michael Gerson put it in the *Washington Post*: "The next Republican campaign will need to be capable of complex adjustments of ideology, policy and rhetoric. And it will need one more thing: a candidate with a genuine, creative passion for *inclusion*. Perhaps our greatest need at this time is a commitment to the common good and *a particular concern for the poor and vulnerable*." (italics added)

That attitude bodes well for our nation. A different world is arising in America. For one thing, we've become a nation of minorities. The white majority is now (or soon will be) a minority, which means cooperation and compromise are more necessary than ever.

Marriage equality and sexual orientation are fast becoming non-issues in our nation. Openly gay men and women are elected routinely to national and state government.

Twenty women serve in the Senate. Buddhist, Christians, Hindus, Jews, Muslims, and "none-of-the-above" serve in Congress.

It even looks like marijuana may be decriminalized, controlled, and taxed like alcohol was after Prohibition. That itself would set a lot of benign (and mellow) prisoners free, save tax payers a ton of money, put a dent in the deficit, and allow law enforcement agencies to pursue truly dangerous criminals.

A new world is rising. Even "liberal" is no longer a four-letter word. Who could have guessed?

But let's not be fooled. The new world arising is not completely righteous or good. A pervasive and pernicious police state is afoot in our land. Militarism consumes us. Bigotry and discrimination have not been vanquished. Humans are sold. Animals are mistreated. Violence and greed thrive. All is not well.

Not yet.

There is much work to be done to bring peace and good will to all on earth.

Remembering 250

Sue Kennedy

The yearlong Shepherdstown 250 celebration is now officially over!

Let the memories begin! We all have hundreds, for 2012 has been a year of remembrance, celebration, and imagining a bright future for the oldest town in the state of West Virginia.

We took a "what we will remember most" poll and the results included: 25 tubas playing Christmas carols on the steps of McMurran Hall; hundreds of local residents signing a legacy quilt; local notables recounting stories of Shepherdstown at a night, Left of the Bank; portraits of many townspeople, past and present, published in Hali Taylor's book *On the Wall*; and throughout the year discussing the environment and ways to bring about a better energy future with noted experts. The Identity Crisis. (What is this? Looks like a non sequitur.)

We will remember the brewing of Rumsey Rock Porter beer and blending of Lady Shepherd Bohea Tea; the nonstop entertainment from choirs at local churches; concerts; and our own Two Rivers Chamber Orchestra.

We paid tribute to our war heroes, town gardens, and the historic mill. We remember the Antietam Remembrance Walk from Sharpsburg to Shepherdstown; commemorating The Bee-Line March; and a unique townwide Architectural Treasure Hunt. We will remember the observations of the town's historian laureate, Jim Price; and those of Jim Lehrer, neighbor, PBS journalist and author of *No Certain Rest*. Because of these and so many more events and tributes, Shepherdstown received the President's Award from Shepherd University for the service, encouragement, and support given to Shepherd University.

We will remember the conclusion of S250 with a townwide potluck supper at the Community Club, and when descendants of founding families took a poignant roll in November's Coming Home Parade, we finally say goodbye to a remarkable year.

Unquestionably, a yearlong celebration doesn't happen by chance and S250 is no exception. It takes creativity,

PHOTO BY JENNY HAMRICK

Meredith Wait (left) with Rachel Crum during one of the many Shepherdstown 250 celebration events

planning, strong management, and a real love of the cause. With those qualities as top priority, in April of 2010, Mayor Jim Auxer asked Meredith Wait to chair the campaign.

"We were only going to see this once" said Auxer. "I knew the celebration had to be just right, a very big deal. We had to make it as special as possible and to do this I knew there was only one person who could make the celebration as successful as it should be. I asked Meredith to chair Shepherdstown 250 because it was a huge undertaking and she could and would do whatever it took to make it successful."

"Shepherdstown was really fortunate to have Meredith say 'yes,'" Auxer continued. "The strength of her thinking and planning was collaboration with hundreds of volunteers. We found the right person to lead a great team. The people of Shepherdstown really love their town.…And I could never thank Meredith enough."

A Jefferson County resident since her early teens and a Shepherdstown business owner since 1989, Shepherdstown has been her hometown for most of her life. "When I think about our town my head is full of all the folks whom I've known over the years," said Wait at the Shepherdstown 250 kickoff. "This is a story about community and history. In November 2012 the Corporation of Shepherdstown will be 250 years old. In November of 1762, the Virginia Assembly signed the charter for the official beginnings of our town. Of course, prior to the official recognition, this little settlement was an active place. It seems Shepherdstown's geographic location has always been a magnet for people who want to settle down and really live. It's the people who live here and that have always made Shepherdstown so special."

Looking back, Meredith shared some of her thoughts on this unforgettable year of Shepherdstown 250.

When the Shepherdstown 250 committee came up with the tagline: "Remember, Celebrate, Imagine," it was as though we were embracing all of the souls who ever claimed Shepherdstown as home—past, present, and future—and we've spent the year celebrating all of us. As a result, at least for me and I hope for others, there has been a melding of the good amongst us.

I have been so fortunate to meet with you in so many different ways—one on one, within a myriad of organizations, in businesses and churches, on the town sidewalks. In every instance there has been an embracing of the 250th milestone and a desire to be a part of it.

We are coming to the close of the yearlong celebration of Shepherdstown 250 and what a year it has been. I don't even know where to begin. It has been a year of volunteers, ideas, events, and endless meetings. Out of all of it I have been blessed with a sublime sense of wonder at the accomplishments, generosity and good will in every single person I've met and worked with.

The generosity of spirit has been overwhelming. The pride of being a member of the Shepherdstown community resonates with all of us, whether in the actual boundaries of the chartered town or out in the countryside around town.

For more than two years I've been overlapped into the lives of all of the volunteers, the town government, the county government, the state government, the residents in town and out in the countryside, business owners, the university, the media, and the out-of-town visitors. Throughout, I have encountered enthusiasm, good will, and a sense of purpose to a project we believed has importance beyond us. We have all done a terrific job and accomplished so much.

So as we close our yearlong celebration, I want to thank each and every one of you who have made this a remarkable, wonderful, and joyous time. I hope we have recognized and honored well those who came before, celebrated well we who are here now, and reached into the future to let those generations know we've set the bar high for celebrating our town and our beloved community.

Finally, let us all give a huge, collective thanks to all of the Shepherdstown 250 volunteers. They are the best of the best.

Meredith Wait was first elected president of the Shepherdstown Business Association in 1991. At the end of her term she went on to wear every hat at SBA. In 2008, she was again elected president, a position she holds today. Meredith Wait and Debbie Dickenson own and operate Dickenson & Wait on German Street. Dickenson & Wait is a reason Shepherdstown is widely known for the charm and beauty of its shops.

Sue Kennedy *grew up in Millbrook, New York, has lived in eight states and now in West Virginia, which she sincerely thinks is the best one yet.*

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Dear Reader,

This is our *one and only appeal* for financial gifts. Thanks to you we are entering our 34th year with no debt but one: a debt of gratitude to you. With your generous help, we have kept a good thing going for 34 years. With your help we can keep on publishing *the best little free (but not cheap) newspaper* in the whole world! As always, you hold the future of the GOOD NEWS PAPER in your hands.

The first issue of the Good News Paper was published in May 1979 with a press run of 1,000 copies. We now print 13,000 and mail nearly 12,000. Virtually every mailbox within five miles of Shepherdstown gets a copy—and, by request, hundreds more from Maine to California and from Alaska to Florida. Nearly 20,000 people read each issue.

The GOOD NEWS PAPER is *free* because dozens of people—writers, editors, typists, photographers, illustrators, proofreaders, and designers—donate their time and talent: designer Melinda Schmitt, photographic editor Nan Doss, copy editors Rie Wilson and Claire Stuart, proofreaders John Foxen and Betty Lou Bryant, typist Kathy Reid, pre-publication editor Libby Howard, and regular writers Claire Stuart, Nan Broadhurst, Cassie Bosley, Ed Zahniser, Mark Madison, Wendy Mopsik, Chris Robinson, Sara Soltow, and Todd Cotgreave. Jessica Schmitt is our photographer, interning with mom Melinda!

With this issue we offer a special thanks to Nan Broadhurst for serving as Artworks editor for more than 10 years. We also welcome her successor, Sue Pellish.

We are grateful to John Snyder for the donation of design and set-up services at HBP in Hagerstown. Lex Miller faithfully distributes 1,000 copies to shops, restaurants, and visitor centers.

Volunteers keep the cost of producing this community magazine to an absolute minimum. Each quarterly issue costs about $3,000 to print and mail. That adds up to $12,000 for the year. Our Business & Service Directory brings in $4,800. The several religious communities of the Shepherdstown Ministerial Association contribute another $1,500. The rest—$6,000—must come in gifts from you.

And your gifts do come in—ranging from $5 to $300. Please send your gift today. You may use the enclosed self-addressed envelope—if it hasn't fallen out! If it's missing, put GNP, P.O. Box 1212, Shepherdstown, WV 25443 on an envelope, stamp it, and mail it. Make checks payable to the Good News Paper, or simply GNP, and help keep a good thing going for another year.

Sincerely,

Randy

Randall W. Tremba
Executive Editor

P.S. Give *a gift subscription* to your friends or relatives.
Absolutely free, of course. Use the handy coupon on page 2. They'll thank you for it.

Making a Difference: One Veteran at a Time

Sheri Fedorchak

PHOTO BY SHERI FEDORCHAK

Ed Reardon

Edward J. Reardon and I have just met. "Never in a million years did I think I'd be doing this," says Ed, referring to his volunteer role as a veterans mentor, receiving what he calls "psychic income" as reward for his work.

Over a fall afternoon, Ed and I opened up the book of his life and visited different chapters:

A too-quick scan for me was his time in the U.S. Marine Corps as a fighter pilot during the Vietnam War and the back injury that caused him to leave the military.

Pride in his voice as he talks about his son who is an accomplished Manhattan chef.

A nod to his childhood days growing up in Philadelphia, and a footnote about his degree in finance from Villanova University.

His nearly 30 years of experience as a senior corporate executive and management consultant on Wall Street, beginning with Merrill Lynch, culminating as a vice president with Chase Manhattan, followed by a number of years in senior management at several high-tech startup companies.

A few quick stories about his love for horseback riding and another about teaching himself to sail. He explains that he learned to sail in the 1970s while he was in flight school. "I've never had a sailing lesson," he muses, using his forearm to show me how the horizontal wing of a plane, when tilted 90 degrees, is similar aerodynamically to the vertical plane of a sail.

For the rest of the time we settle on the chapters of the present where the ink is still fresh. What has become a mission for Ed of helping veterans by serving as a mentor to them began with an effort to help himself. In 2005, he utilized the Martinsburg Veterans Administration Medical Center for treatment. During this time he retired from his Washington, D.C., job and visited Shepherdstown, deciding to live here.

Shortly after moving to Shepherdstown, Ed began volunteering at the VA. Through this process, he realized that many veterans face significant life challenges after completing their course of treatment. And, in 2008, Ed was instrumental in starting the Patriot's Path Foundation, focusing on veterans issues and serving as chairman and CEO for four years.

Throughout the years, Ed has continued his volunteer work at the VA, dedicating one day a week to driving veterans to job interviews or other appointments. Conversations held along the way provided opportunities for him to get to know each veteran and identify areas where he might be of help. In addition, Ed visits the VA multiple times weekly to meet with other veterans on a variety of issues.

He continues his dedication to our veterans in the community, working with them individually, three to six veterans at any given time. Often post-traumatic stress disorder and battles with substance abuse come into play. If a veteran has a history of substance abuse, Ed will only work with him if he completes a treatment program and remains actively involved in a 12-step program.

A few days after my interview with Ed, he introduced me to Richard, who is one of the veterans he has been working with. "Rick," as he is known to his friends, has recently returned to his career in healthcare after a protracted stay at the VA for a variety of issues that included surgery and rehabilitation.

After a rocky adolescence in which he made some bad choices, Rick joined the Marine Corps at age 17, working in antitank assault. During his time in the Marines, he also completed his GED and started college. He learned a great deal from the military about having values and being dedicated to service of the country. However, when the Marine Corps did not grant him a promotion to a sniper platoon, he left the military at the end of his three-year commitment.

Rick returned to Baltimore, where he grew up, with the resolve to be a better person. He enrolled in Towson University under the GI Bill, preparing to study pharmacy. He reconnected with his street friends and began abusing alcohol. Eventually he quit college and worked various jobs as a janitor and meat packer.

Finally Rick decided to make amends for his past. He entered the VA Hospital in Perry Point, Md. He succeeded in getting a nursing degree and a health care job and worked for the government for 11 years.

All this time, the three most important people to Rick were his mother and younger twin brothers. Speaking of his brothers, who were both physically handicapped, Rick fought back tears. He explained that his mother died in 1998, and then his brothers died, one after the other, in 2006 and 2007.

At this point, he hit a low, blaming God for his brothers' deaths. Alcohol abuse led to DUIs. Desperate for a job, Rick finally faced the fact that in order to right his wrongs, he was going to have to do prison time. But it was in prison that his life turned around. He began to receive treatment for alcoholism. Of great help to him was a book, *The Recovery Bible.*

He befriended a minister who counseled prisoners. He studied the Bible. "That's when I came alive! Jesus Christ, I believe he likes sinners like me," says Rick, pointing to his chest and smiling. It was also in prison that Rick met Ed Reardon, who was volunteering, and they now have a friendship that has lasted over three years.

While Rick was incarcerated, his hip began hurting, and he underwent surgery at the Martinsburg VA Hospital. All this time Ed was in the background.

PHOTO BY SHERI FEDORCHAK

Rick Harrison

"Meeting Ed has been a real good journey. When I get excited, he calms me down. My Father puts these people in my presence. Ed's a very good friend," declares Rick.

"That's the happy ending," Rick concludes. He now has a nursing job in Frederick. This fall he moved into a rental house with another veteran. He has reconnected with several of his aunts, and though he still misses his mother and twin brothers very much, he is able to look back at his past and see beyond the trouble and turmoil to a lot of love. The respect and love that Rick has for Ed, his mentor, is utterly evident. Rick has support, the love of family, a job he values, and a place to call home.

Ed reflects on things and says, "My work with veterans provides me with opportunities to express my gratitude for their service to our country, not through my words, but by my actions."

Imagine taking your education, military and business careers, and life experiences to help veterans successfully navigate the challenges they encounter in their effort to become happy and productive members of the community once again.

I have just witnessed such a rare person: Ed Reardon. Our community is graced to have such a loving, talented, and dedicated person who uses the sum total of his past to help veterans.

For Rick, the future is clear. "I want to make a little bit of money, work on myself, and keep Ed as a friend."

Sheri Fedorchak *is a Shepherdstown resident who enjoys reading, hiking, and writing for this paper. She is moving to Colorado, but she will stay on the mailing list of the GOOD NEWS PAPER.*

The Moldovan Connection

Claire Stuart

Romanian is only spoken in two countries in the world, Romania and Moldova, but Carrie Messenger, who is neither Romanian nor Moldovan, speaks the language. She translates Romanian poetry and short stories for literary publications and has just finished a draft of a novel set in Moldova.

Originally from Chicago, Messenger is in her third year as assistant professor of English at Shepherd University, where she teaches creative writing, literature, film studies, and beginning composition. She came to SU with a bachelor's degree from Yale, a master's of fine arts in fiction from the Iowa Writers' Workshop, and a doctorate in English (creative writing) from the University of Illinois at Chicago.

Messenger says that she always knew she wanted to be a teacher. She recalls that, as a child, she used to keep a grade book for her stuffed animals. The *animals* are a lot bigger today and probably stuffed with pizzas and burgers!

The English Department at SU offers a creative writing concentration that includes four sections: poetry, fiction, nonfiction, and drama. Two are offered every semester, and Messenger has taught all of them.

She says she is not unduly concerned about the declining popularity of written books because humans have always had stories, and only the medium of delivery changes. She says, "There have always been stories. Before the written word, there was oral story telling. One of the things I'm interested in is radio story telling—the history of radio soaps."

SU's creative writing courses are all designed in a workshop format, with students reading and responding to each other's work. Messenger, who has herself published short fiction, says, "I'm interested in teaching writing as writing for an audience. One of the things that is useful for workshop courses is that the workshop is always an audience."

Another of Messenger's strong interests is in Indian cinema. Although Indian movies are not widely seen in the United States outside of large cities, they are growing more popular here and are extremely popular worldwide. "You could always see Indian movies in Chicago," says Messenger. "I like the Bollywood musical tradition, with all the singing and dancing. And movies that are three hours long allow you to tell multiple stories at the same time."

Messenger's interest in storytelling and other cultures began at home at an early age. Her father is an English professor, her mother a journalist. Books were an essential part of their lives, and both parents read to their three children.

Service was also an important tradition, and Messenger's parents met as Peace Corps volunteers in Ethiopia in the 1960s. Messenger followed their lead with a stint in the Peace Corps in Moldova from 1994 to 1996, where she learned Romanian and taught high school English. Her sister also served in the Peace Corps in Honduras two years ago.

Although there are times when Messenger misses city life, she did not find the transition from Chicago to Shepherdstown particularly difficult. "I had already experienced real culture shock," she laughed, referring to her time in Moldova.

She explained that most people in Moldova live in desperate poverty and that it is one of the poorest countries in the world.

After the breakup of the Soviet Union, the Russians really didn't want to keep the poorer republics. The Moldovan middle class, what little there is of it, suffers the disappointment of once having been part of the powerful Soviet Union, with some hope of better lives, and now being part of a small, impoverished nation that is locked out of the world economy.

"The villages are empty of young people," says Messenger. "Most people in their 20s have gone abroad as migrant workers, and they send money home. Moldova lives on remittances from abroad—some programs are legal and others are not."

She says that many young people sign up for work-abroad programs, but they don't really know what they are going to be doing and many get caught up in human trafficking. Looking at published figures, she says, "Statistically, at least one of my students would be touched by human trafficking. If not them, then someone in their family."

Recalling her former students in Moldova, Messenger says that most were committed to staying in Moldova and trying to make things better. "Just the fact that they were in high school meant that their family had money for bribes or that they had brains."

She has stayed in touch with some, and they are doing fairly well, by

PHOTO PROVIDED BY CARRIE MESSENGER

Carrie Messenger in her office

Moldovan standards. "They were very bright," she says. "One is a translator at the U.S. Embassy, another is a translator for a large company in Chisinau [Moldova's capital]. Their knowledge of English was very helpful."

As Messenger grew more proficient in the Romanian language, she started reading and then translating modern Moldovan and Romanian literary works and found she enjoyed it. "Romanian is one of the least translated languages in the world," she says, "and most 20th-century work in Romanian has not been translated into English."

She says that she doesn't do it for the money, because there is little money in it! Rather, she takes pleasure in introducing English speakers to the wealth of Romanian language prose and poetry. Her translations have appeared in academic and literary publications. She is currently translating some works of the award-winning Romanian writer Gabriela Adamesteanu.

Back in 1996, Messenger got the germ of an idea for a novel set in Moldova. She has worked on it off and on over the years, but her writing was often interrupted by life's demands.

In addition to teaching, she is the mother of two small children, the oldest just entering kindergarten. "She was always right here at the nursery on campus," says Messenger, "and I got a little teary-eyed to see her go off to school."

Messenger's novel deals with American and Moldovan characters as they meet and each learns about how the other side of the world lives. With the help of people she has stayed in touch with by e-mail, she was able to get answers to questions about life in Moldova beyond her personal experiences in the country. She believes she is finished writing at last, but does not yet have a publisher.

Messenger does not have a favorite period for literature. However, some of her favorite 20th-century writers are Toni Morrison, Philip Roth, Alice Munro, and Salman Rushdie.

As one of the faculty advisors to *Sans Merci*, the SU literary magazine, Messenger is very proud of what the students have accomplished with the publication. "It's entirely done by students—all editing, picking of the pieces, all design work. It won a national competition for design this year."

Creative writing is something that has to be approached out of love, because the chances of making money are slim. Messenger says that her students impress her week after week with their imaginations. However, she says, "My students are realistic. They know they are going to have to have day jobs. Some have journalism minors and hope to write to make money."

She went on to say, "I always knew I needed a day job because the writers I admired had one."

Claire Stuart *is too tired to be creative any more. She knows all about day jobs!*

Canterbury Tales: Resident Reflections on a Long Full Life

Wendy Mopsik

Dr. Guice, pictured in 2004, looks quite pleased with her life.

PHOTOS BY DR. STEPHEN GUICE

Elizabeth Guice enjoys the company of her five surviving adult children and one of her grandsons at Morgan's Grove Park.

An attractive, sprawling white building edged with bright-colored plantings and small shrubs lies tucked away on Maddex Drive in Shepherdstown. This sanctuary houses 62 residents with diverse stories and convoluted journeys. Its name is Canterbury Center, and it is one of many facilities managed by Genesis Healthcare. Called a nursing home by those who only know of the medical necessities provided there or who may have had a relative relegated to living in one, this building is a place of safety and tranquility to those within.

Most of the frail, physically impaired or elderly are unable to manage independently. Some residents need assistance with meals or have mobility issues, while others need help in stating their needs since cognitive or expressive abilities are limited. Some will live at Canterbury Center for the rest of their lives and others will only stay until their condition has been ameliorated. But all have had interesting, stimulating lives and all have lessons to teach those who will listen.

One of the residents with an extremely long life and a story that crisscrosses the globe is Dr. Elizabeth Eichbauer Guice, also known by her family as "Mama." Born in the small town of Coatesville, Pa., on May 4, 1918, but raised in Los Angeles, Calif., this dynamic and brilliant woman had a lot to tell about her journey to Canterbury Center.

"My father ran a facility for young males with emotional issues, so I like to say that my sister and I were raised in a home for problem boys," she delightfully declared.

Guice was homeschooled by her college-educated mother and was deemed ready for high school at the age of 11. She graduated at 15 and went on to California Christian College (now called Chapman College).

After three years, she transferred to University of California, Berkeley, where she completed her undergraduate studies in pre-med. From there she went to medical school at the same institution, finding herself only one of only two females in the class.

Serendipitously, Guice met her soul mate, a fellow student at Berkeley who happened to be living at the same rooming house. After "keeping company" for two weeks, they decided to get married and stayed that way for 55 years. Marriage with the prospect of having children, combined with the advent of war, caused this practical woman to leave medical school behind. Her husband, Dr. C. Norman Guice, a Fulbright Scholar, had earned his doctorate in Latin American studies, so globetrotting adventures became a natural part of the family experience. The couple and their six children spent time living in Mexico City, Mexico, in 1941, while he worked on his dissertation and Lima, Peru, in 1959, where he did research related to his field of expertise.

Elizabeth Guice knew that she wanted to continue her education, so after child-rearing years were over, she pursued a master's degree in psychology and later a doctorate with a specialty in psychophysiology. As she so aptly explained, "It's all about the mind-body connection." Her particular interest was in menopausal hot flashes, a less frequently studied and much misunderstood condition.

As a professor at Macomb County Community College in Warren, Mich., for 25 years, Guice interacted with all kinds of students. She admitted that she had wanted to be an actress when she was young but said that teaching is very much like putting on a performance many times a day.

"With her dramatically upswept hair, vast wealth of knowledge and commanding voice, my mother-in-law was a force to be reckoned with," added Marie Guice.

A number of years after the death of her husband in 1995, Elizabeth Guice realized that she was lonely and missing the family who lived along the East Coast. As a result, a short visit to West Virginia grew into a permanent stay with her youngest son Stephen, his wife Marie, and their large busy family of nine children who resided in Charles Town. Dr. Stephen Guice had left the University of Memphis as professor of linguistics to begin a career with the State Department. His decision to live in the Eastern Panhandle was predicated on its proximity to Washington, D.C., where the family would be based between postings abroad.

In 2006 when Elizabeth Guice moved in, they were enjoying the area, homeschooling their younger children, and appreciating the location of Shepherd University where the older children attended college. Then two years later, the State Department assigned them to a post in the Republic of Georgia. Of course, this gigantic change included Mama, who at 90 years was ecstatic about the possibility of traveling again. And travel they did, before returning to a new house in Shepherdstown one year later.

Unfortunately, in 2010 Elizabeth Guice broke her hip, necessitating the move to Canterbury Center, located practically across the street from her family in the Maddex Farm community. To survey the contents of her room at Canterbury is to better understand who she is as a person. In a prominent place next to her bed is a globe that she explained is critical for interpreting world events and for staying informed about where current news is happening. On a shelf under the window are photographs of her offspring and of the 15 grandchildren that make up the whole clan. Two photographs give credence to the handsome presence of her late husband. There are original paintings created by an adult granddaughter and a special family picture taken after their return from the Republic of Georgia. The setting is Morgan's Grove Park, the year is 2009, and the occasion is the wedding of Marie and Stephen Guice's daughter. Among the treasures in the room where much of her time is spent, a visitor will find books of all kinds. Guice's favorite author is Patrick O'Brian, whose most famous work is *Master and Commander*. She also admits to liking the "trashy" novels of Dick Francis when she isn't consuming more substantive works of fiction or nonfiction.

The story of this remarkable 94-year-old woman would not be complete without describing the enormous handicap that she has endured since 1946. A genetic degeneration of bone in both ears caused hearing losses that eventually led to total deafness. This severe blow brought quite a change to her life but did not prevent her from any of the feats that she has achieved. Guice's long career as a professor, her rearing of six children, her travels at the side of an academic researcher husband, and her adventures with extended family have all taken place despite the hearing loss. She is quite proficient in lip reading and, at present, supplements her understanding by reading from a dry erase board where daughter-in-law Marie, family or nursing staff write their questions or comments.

"When you have no ears, it cuts you off from things," Guice lamented. But being cut off from things is not what this determined woman has accepted. Her still hale-and-hearty voice reflects a keen sense of humor, especially when describing how hard it is to face the inevitable. "It's confusing, you see, because I've never died before."

In discussing the memory loss that is common to aging, Guice cleverly called it a big black hole. Speaking with a bittersweet mixture of laughter and seriousness, this Canterbury resident summed up the dilemma of having a long life. By retaining the dignity and intellectual acumen that she has possessed all of her life, she exemplifies the hallmark of growing old gracefully.

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

Adoption: A Quick View

Cassie Bosley

Every morning I sit at the coffee shop and see the town kids coming in with moms and dads. Two of the regulars are Bill and Kim with their 9-year-old daughter Ksusha, a beautiful Russian girl who loves dogs. I wanted to find out more about adoption.

The first kinds of adoption were perhaps called something else. A mother died, quite often at the child's birth, and a family member took on the care of the infant. Fostering and adopting are two different aspects of that "taking care." Foster parents get the child ready to go into a family; the adoptive parents *are* that family.

The word adopt is from the Latin *adoptare*, to choose; synonym: to embrace. *To adopt* is a simpler phrase than the word *adoption*. We adopt cats and dogs (and some people adopt lions and tigers and bears). The word adoption implies an intention, an action to bring in something *other*, either like us (children) or not (lizards, puppies, fish, birds…you get it). It is the idea made manifest; it is the action of embracing another. The closer that *other* is to being a mammal, the larger the whole topic becomes. Ethical questions get bigger, although not necessarily more important. Many countries have private and public sources of protection for all life forms on Earth: "Save the whale," "Hug a tree." The protection and care of orphaned children is a huge topic, and adoption is only one part of that topic.

Adoption is a word fraught with all sorts of emotional tags. Thanks to TV, many of us have seen imagined scenarios about all sorts of adoption-related issues: the young mother who has to give up her child; the older woman who never wanted anyone to know (for a variety of reasons) that she had a baby years ago; the person looking for the birth mother. TV now shows clips of the international adoptions by celebrities. There are many children's books that address the subject of adoption. Young children have the chance to learn early about the topic. A recent issue of the GOOD NEWS PAPER ran an article about Diana Brubaker. She has written a book for young children, *Reach With Your Heart* (2010), about the adoption of her little boy.

God gave us hands that hold and create
So you see baby it's really quite great
We are different but we're also the same.

I Googled the words "adoption, children" and immediately got the first one through 10 sites of over two million. I felt relieved that I was not actually trying to adopt; I might have thought about giving up. The amount of information on the Internet seems overwhelming. One trick is to be as specific as possible, with many "key words."

Adoption possibilities and regulations differ from state to state; some are federally funded and have additional regulations. There are many private sectors dealing with adoption and with private funding. These agencies can be very focused—international groups, religious-based groups; some focus on special needs. When Google displays the list of sites, the affiliation of the website may not be apparent. After all, the important thing is the child is going into a new home.

PHOTO PROVIDED BY THE PATTERSON-BRUBAKER FAMILY

Matthew Patterson and Diana Brubaker with their son, Mazi

Many statistics on adoption were gathered from 1957 to 1975 by the federally funded National Center for Social Services. The funding ended and did not start up again until 1990, when the Children's Bureau of Adoption Information Improvement Project gathered data for five years. Some of that data show:

- The rates of adoptions by kin have stayed the same over the years while adoption rates by non-kin have fluctuated, sometimes related to what's happening in history—what comes into world-awareness.
- International adoption rates grew dramatically in the '90s. It started, or at least began to be recorded, in the '50s, but in 1992, 6,536 children were adopted into the United States. By 1997, that number rose to 13,620 (facts from the U.S. State Department).
- In 1992, 15.5 percent of adoption agencies were public (county, state, or federal).
- Between 1951 and 1975, the number of public adoption agencies rose.
- Kinship and stepparent adoptions are 42 percent of all adoptions in 1992.
- In 1993, 8 percent of adoptions were interracial
- The states with the highest rate of adoption are those with the highest population—California, New York, Texas, Florida, Illinois—and about one million children live with adoptive parents.

(Source: http://statistics.adoption.com/information/adoption-statistics-numbers)

The first step is deciding that you want to adopt a child. When researching adoption online, public services will be on state or county websites. Libraries have pamphlets, books (there are lots for both little and big kids), and the computer. Start networking. Two GNP issues ago, an article on Tanya Shiben featured her gift with children and her adoption of two brothers. Ask other adoptive parents like Tanya. Talk to your pastor, rabbi, mentor, school principal.

There are many complex issues around adoption, like learning difficulties, drug problems, abuse, and abandonment, but the human being is so resilient—children especially so. The greatest advantage of adoption is the amount of love behind such a huge decision. A child adopted is a child chosen.

I spoke with George, the owner of the Mecklenburg Pub, who told me he had been adopted at 3 months old. His parents told him when he was 10, and he is glad they waited. He said it was easier to see the whole picture. It never bothered him. He had four older siblings, so it was very clear that his parents had *chosen* him. He said he would have figured it out anyway. "I'm a head taller than my dad."

The reasons for adopting are myriad, and sometimes one of them may be a need, but the bottom line is that when a child is adopted, that child is chosen, and the choice contains unconditional love. This love is the key to overcoming, or rising with, any obstacle, any stumbling block, and any joy.

Hearty Soup

Hannah Cohen

The emotional richness of sharing a meal with others forms a flavorful memory that we wish to revisit. When I lived in Italy, returning home for dinner was the most important part of my day. In Italy, *la cena* (dinner) is sacred. My host mother stirred more than flavor into her risotto; she added conversation. At dinner, Italian families reunite, share thoughts, and reaffirm the ties that bind each of us together.

Food is the cornerstone of our social lives—first dates, birthdays, weddings, and reunions, among other events. It holds the power to transcend both time and place because all humans must eat to fulfill a basic biological need, replenishing our energy source. When we share food with someone, the meal acquires another role—that of jovial host, peacemaker, conversation starter, matchmaker, and comforter. Whereas one table represents a place of division, another can represent a place of hospitality. The only difference is what has been set on the table.

As we look back on our Thanksgiving dinner, let us carry forth the meal's significance, particularly as the holiday season begins to unfold. At the first Thanksgiving meal, the Pilgrims gathered both their harvest and their gratitude to celebrate having the resources and knowledge to live through the upcoming winter. Both Pilgrims and members of the Wampanoag tribe ate together. However, without the Pilgrims' need for agricultural knowledge, the new settlers would have most likely massacred the Wampanoag tribe, upon seeing their physical differences rather than their shared human needs. And yet, for a short time, these two cultures could replace weapons with seeds.

Gathering at a dinner table with others makes us want to linger with each bite and each strand of conversation. Innately, we are all bound to the forces that created our meal, threading all the way to the earth. Two years ago, I had a dinner party in my little apartment in New Jersey, and I can still recall the soft yellow light, the music, and the laughter. Huddled around a coffee table, sitting in whatever chairs were available, we shared more than a meal. At this table, new friendships were made.

PHOTO PROVIDED BY HANNAH COHEN

Hannah Cohen and Ellie Lloyd enjoy a delicious meal.

If you truly believe you share nothing in common with someone, have a meal together. We are like everyone else in this world, in that we eat. Where language, culture, and opinion erect blockades, food builds bridges. Two people from separate social and economical backgrounds can eat together because food holds the power to transcend differences.

"Sharing is what makes the world go round," says Fran, who voluntarily supports the Jefferson County Hospitality Center, among her many random selfless acts of kindness that she bestows to others. When she thinks of food, she thinks of love. No stranger to hunger, she once experienced the destitute pain for a meal. What she found at a church lunch was warmth from a bowl of soup. "It means something when someone cares… be not just humble; be grateful for what you have."

Over the years, her missions of caring for others have continued to teach her about what matters in her life. In a cold abandoned warehouse, she met a man who forever altered her perspective on humanity. Robert sat eating beans out of a can. When Fran introduced herself to him, he offered her some beans, the only food he had to share. We all share the same feelings. We all care, and through the giving and receiving of a meal, even a spoonful of cold beans, we pass our love from one to another.

When we celebrate, when we mourn, and when we reunite, we gather around food. A shared meal acts upon our human desire to feel protected, nourished, and loved by others. By providing sustenance for each other we become a community. Shepherdstown spent the past year celebrating its 250th anniversary. To close the celebrations, the town reached back into its traditions and hosted a Soup Fest. A 1948 Shepherdstown cookbook titled *What's Cookin' In and Around Shepherdstown* indicates that Shepherdstown and the surrounding community gathered around a soup pot, often to raise money for a community project. Often, the soup itself represented a charitable giving—the ingredients having been donated by community members. A soup not only answered a need, but also strengthened the community's unity.

Shepherdstown's Soup Fests are expressed in similar ways today. Events that center around food, like formal dinners and chili cook-offs, continue to raise funds for community charities. Whether a $2 brownie or a $2,000 plate dinner, food propels donations that fund critical needs. But the giving is two-sided. When we give financially, we receive someone else's thoughtfulness. Food is the most basic lesson in sharing. We are social beings! Bring friends over for dinner, invite new acquaintances, volunteer at a community dinner, and you stuff yourself with happiness.

As we extend an invitation to others, we invite them to our table and into our lives. I was recently reminded of this, when sharing a meal with strangers became conversation among new acquaintances. Over a plate, I found myself sharing travel memories and lessons I had learned, and even giving advice. I found myself laughing and listening. I found myself reuniting with people who had in my past given me opportunities. I found myself creating an opportunity to continue a good evening with my friends.

Particularly throughout the holiday season, we should be mindful of those needing comfort and inclusion. Do not forget to include strangers and those in need of companionship at your table. Fran reminds us to remember the homeless and senior citizens, who are often too proud to ask for help. She reminds us that the little bit of love you give them renders appreciation for the flavors in your own life. Slowing down to appreciate a meal and savor it is a lesson we should all remember.

As Shepherdstown's history reminds us, we are both members of a family and a community. Remember the heritage of our community in reaching out to others. Thoughtfulness is the most important ingredient to any meal. As Fran reminded me, "Life is too short. Do something every second." She will never stop giving; though she may not have a lot, she has something to share.

Without people, your soup is just broth. Take stock in what goodness you have and stir in ingredients, one person at a time.

Special thanks to Paul Smith, Francis Vestefano, and Marian Buckner for their knowledge and experiences that they shared with me.

Hannah Cohen *loves spontaneous dinner parties, and she believes dessert always tastes better when eaten with friends. At her table, there is always an open invitation to eat.*

Mark Muse: Intimate Appalachian Landscapes

Nan Broadhurst

PHOTO BY BETH GREANY

Mark Muse

Mark Muse loves the countryside of Appalachia, and relishes uncovering and celebrating the spirit of place that speaks to him, producing quiet images that resonate with the soul. He will use any practical process or technology available to him to achieve his vision.

Mark Muse grew up in the Pittsburgh, Pa., area. His father was a graphic designer/writer/painter and his mother an interior designer/painter, so the creative spirit was evident in all aspects of family life. Muse remembers running wild through the woods, immersing himself in nature from an early age. He liked to draw as a child, and in middle school his strong passion for music began. His appreciation for blues, jazz, rock and roll—as well as classical music later—has continually inspired his creative process to this day. In high school he also took an interest in photography, setting up a rudimentary darkroom in his house for developing black-and-white film.

Muse decided to pursue photography at Ohio University because it was one of the only schools offering courses in fine art photography at that time. Most photography students were interested in journalism, but Muse had no such inclination. While there, he devoured books of photographs of Ansel Adams, Edward Weston, and Alfred Stieglitz, energizing his interest in photography in a different direction. These great artists triggered a passion for the pure physicality of the art form. Muse appreciated the richness of a good print on high quality paper, and their facility with this stunned Muse and led him to pursue it as his own life work. He graduated with a bachelor of fine arts in photography.

Though Muse secured a teaching assistantship in Ohio University's MFA program, life's practicalities intervened. He abandoned school and (temporarily) photography. His first "day job" was in a glass factory. Despite the grueling hot temperature and unpleasant conditions, he did learn something of the silk-screening process, applying glazes on glass molds. He married and moved to Harrisburg, Pa., where he got a four-year apprenticeship with a large printing company. He then moved his family to Baltimore, where he did pre-press work for several high quality companies, lucrative places where Muse could learn from the very best. Muse eventually settled with one company, working there for 14 years.

During this time, he helped shepherd the transition from their excellent photomechanical processes through the phases of computerization with big drum scanners and workstations, and then finally to Macintosh computers and huge inkjet printers. Unlike many artists who resisted the transition to the computer, Muse embraced it wholeheartedly each step of the way. This experience put Muse in an ideal position to get a job in the publishing center of the National Park Service in Harper's Ferry in 1998. The center serves all 400 National Parks, producing brochures, signs, pamphlets, handbooks, and other printed material. Muse has been involved in design, prepress, and database development.

When Muse moved to Shepherdstown in 2001, he was inspired to revisit his old passion. He was enthusiastic to begin his own photography anew, starting out with a medium-format film camera, which takes larger negatives than 35 mm. Of course, shooting with color film still involves developing the film at labs. Digital cameras offered more control of the pre-press and printing processes, but it was a while before that technology offered the quality Muse wanted. When more sophisticated digital cameras and high definition inkjet printing could finally compete favorably with film printing, he was on board. He could at last take the image directly from the camera to the print on his own. Of course, even though the digital camera is a revolutionary innovation, Muse will also use film when the need arises—especially for black and white.

Muse tries to go out every weekend to immerse himself in his beloved Appalachian landscapes, which he feels are underrated. Though they are less dramatic and more crowded than western landscapes, there's amazing beauty to uncover. Sometimes it is more difficult to capture the essence of this complex tapestry, but the results are more intimate and subtle. Subjects like leaves in the wind and water, for instance, can be challenging.

Muse defines himself as more a printmaker than a photographer. Much of his art is defined in the creative process of massaging his images on the computer to suit his vision. He works on the image to create the look he wants, but he never alters the content of the image. Muse takes this physical image and creates a print that transcends into the metaphysical. He does this by creating composites of multiple exposures of the same scene to build image quality and to capture tonal range that exceeds the ability of any single exposure. Within the layers, he explores the subtleties of textures, color and mood, combining slightly different perspectives of the same reality, reflecting an element of mystery. These effects tend to be understated and soft. Sometimes Muse eliminates color altogether, and converts his images to black and white to find the power of abstraction and the directness of the graphic forms by themselves. He has a large repertoire of printing methods which are all archival, each having their own unique qualities. The results are engaging and feel very personal. Whether the subject is a meadow, waterfall, forest, flowers, a bubbling creek, a portrait of a single tree or a vast expanse of evening sky, they all are lovingly expressive of Muse's unique voice.

Muse's work can be seen at the Bridge Gallery in Shepherdstown, and on his website http://markmusephotographs.com.

Nan Broadhurst *is a graphic designer and artist, living in Shepherdstown and learning to be grateful for all life's lessons.*

Artwork

Mark Muse

North Fork

North Fork Slope 2

Red Run Bog 2

Storm

Outbuilding

Piney Run

North Fork Columnar Cedar

Shays Run Elakala

Red Run Bog, Hemlock 2

Red Run Bog 1

See artworks in color at shepherdstowngoodnewspaper.org

PHOTOS SUPPLIED BY MARK MUSE

Middle of Nowhere: C&O Canal Poems

George Owens

In Wind Ripples on Little Pool

A late afternoon floated by
as a barge would, pulled by mules.

If I could keep one afternoon,
I'd chose this one

of twos of you,
and the fives keep hand in hand.

I'd graze on all fours
nibbling on the green in your eyes

beside this waving mirror
where mules walked.

Postcard from Route 56

The last bridge was not even
one lane wide.

O road trip!
The words are fat clouds.

The last trip took eight hours
of driving to reach Cumberland.

This time we found a route
that may take twelve.

Who knows where they are,
really, on a highway?

Who does not know
at five miles per hour?

I could not be more certain than
kissing on a bridge

over a handful of water named
Two Sip Creek.

George Owens *has spent the last 12 years on the Potomac outback known as the C&O Canal. When Earth was cooling, he graduated from the University of Massachusetts at Amherst, where he studied writing with James Tate and Charles Simic. Currently he teaches writing and word etymology for Loudoun County Public Schools. A new book, a collection of poems from Harpers Ferry, where he purchased a house last year, is in progress.*

Light Snow

With all the woodpeckers and
a team of twenty cardinals sipping
at the melting edges

it is easy to overlook the other guys.
The places of interest to the other guys
are recorded in snow and lost.

I get lost just staring at all the trees here
with arms fashioned from lightning.
Mules look at where they step.

Rabbits bunch their prints, and deer leave
teardrop prints. Who could give a damn
for the Bears in the Superbowl? Go other guys!

My own prints wander side to side.
Now I watch them too and in between
trees where the Potomac and sky meet

all the same frosting of white and blue
all because the prints beside mine
in light snow are you.

Beauty Secrets of Mules

A fallen branch poked up through
the marble floor of duckweed and black water
just wide enough for Topsey Turtle
and her brood to sun on.

In its place and time
the canal tunnel is the furthest reach:
a capacity to carry ideas from a river
and open them inside the ground.

And since no time ever
leaves a place, not one hoof's step leaves,
that reaches us too who now step
into the cool air, the arching stone.

Midway along the mile, with daylight distant,
certain ceiling bricks keep a glow,
faint, and a torporific turtle
gazing up from the water below
must think of these as heavens,
of great distant beings
shining, and each within holding
great shining thoughts
—but no.
That's what we do.
Turtles know what they know.

The Things on Water

A wing of duck virtuosos glide a foot
above the Potomac, so serious and comical.

This must be the afternoon show for us.
Playing is never just make-believe.

Things float by. Now comes a snake
or maybe a stick she threw into the current.

The stick she threw becomes an oarless boat
and makes it through the rocks. Hooray!

We've come late.
Things float by fast.

With just three beats
those darned ducks are on the water

while I'm asleep on a bluff,
while a spirit in my arms catches every wing.

A time will come, when like dreaming,
we won't return from this river

or maybe be like the stick,
the oarless boat coming to the rocks

who doesn't have to be told
not to worry about a thing.

March Pilgrimage

Here water sits at prayer.
The walls are soft as driftwood.
Nobody has been interested to know.

So we no longer gave out directions
where the cathedral stones are piled.
Driftwood gathers to us and no one listens to us.

To tell them that a spirit on wings as blue
as noon fishes beneath the arches,
friends just smile or look at the time.

So she told her family this was a picnic,
a short walk, as straight-faced,
as simple-minded as an afternoon sun.

The snake has laid down and the spider,
beaver curled among roots, each dreaming,
each within our hearing.

So we have fallen asleep on a bank of stones
and woke with evening and remembered
there is no place we have to go.

Green States?
Environmental Politics and the Invisible Debate

Mark Madison

There can be no greater issue than that of conservation in this country.
—Presidential candidate Theodore Roosevelt, 1912 Republican Convention Speech

Last month, Barry Commoner died. He was the first (and last) ecologist to run for president. Looking back, it is sadly clear that the environment has moved from the forefront of our politics to the back burner. As I write this column two weeks before our presidential elections, I can make one bold prediction: the environment will not be the deciding factor in this election. That is a shame.

It has not always been this way. When Theodore Roosevelt was president from 1901–1909, he was a one-man environmental movement, popularizing the new term "conservation." He created the U.S. Forest Service and established the first 55 National Wildlife Refuges, 150 National Forests, five national parks, and 18 National Monuments protecting 230 million acres of public land. Roosevelt actively ran as a conservation candidate and never hid his disdain for "short-sighted men who in their greed and selfishness will, if permitted, rob our country of half its charm by their reckless extermination of all useful and beautiful wild things."

No president has been able to match Roosevelt's achievements, but environmental issues have been at the forefront of more recent politics. President John F. Kennedy was familiar with Rachel Carson's landmark *Silent Spring* (1962) and ordered his administration to ameliorate the effects of toxins. Wisconsin Senator Gaylord Nelson helped organize the first Earth Day on April 22, 1970, which attracted 20 million Americans to various rallies to protest pollution, extinction of species, and despoliation of the environment.

1970 TIME Magazine cover with Barry Commoner

One of the speakers at that first Earth Day was Barry Commoner, a rising environmental star and a Harvard-trained ecologist. In 1970 *Time* magazine had put Commoner on its cover and designated him "The Paul Revere of Ecology."

President Nixon overdressed for the beach

Commoner was most famous for his pithy Four Laws of Ecology:

1. Everything Is Connected to Everything Else.
2. Everything Must Go Somewhere.
3. Nature Knows Best.
4. There Is No Such Thing as a Free Lunch.

A decade later, Commoner made a third party run for the presidency on the Citizens Party ballot. He used the presidential debate to raise environmental issues of the day.

Although millions heard Commoner speak eloquently about the death of Lake Erie and the perils of pollution, he received a paltry 234,000 votes. Politically, it has been largely downhill for the profile of the environmental movement since then.

In my (admittedly distracted) viewing of three presidential debates and one vice-presidential debate, I do not recall one question being asked about the environment. The closest any debate came to the environment was when both candidates vigorously argued over who would extract the most resources from public lands. This was rather like BP debating Exxon. It did not lead to a lot of clarity on the environmental issues of the day.

This lack of environmental debate is a shame. Unlike many issues raised in the debates, the president can have a tremendous influence on the environment (recall President Theodore Roosevelt). There was much debate on foreign economies, education, and morals, where the presidential influence is limited by foreign sovereignty and the structure of our federal government. But the neglected environment is one arena in which the president and his appointees have tremendous power: they have much greater control over public lands and environmental regulations. So this is a debate that is as important as it was invisible this year.

Now being an optimist, I like to think perhaps President Obama or Governor Romney might one day be perusing the GOOD NEWS PAPER on a campaign swing through West Virginia. They may be intrigued by a column with the trendy yet obscure name "EARTHBEAT." And then decide an environmental debate is indeed in order. As Jon Stewart moderates (hey, this is my fantasy) here are a few questions that I would like to see posed in every presidential cycle.

1. *Do you believe in human-induced global climate change?*

Yes or no answers only, please, in the interest of time and clarity.

2. *Would you increase or decrease public lands? What do you see as the role of public lands?*

The federal government alone controls 643 million acres of land (about 30 percent of the nation) and the president should have some ideas about how to best use it for the benefit of contemporary Americans and future generations. Seems fair enough.

3. *Do you believe in evolution via natural selection?*

This is the founding precept of all the life sciences of which ecology is a subset. So this matters when it comes to environmental understanding and management. As for the moral or religious objections to evolution, that would be a different debate, this is the one on the environment and science (my fantasy, my rules).

4. *What do you see as the government's role in science, technology, and research? What, if any, science would you fund in your administration?*

Now the government has had a pretty good run in this arena with some nifty inventions like land-grant universities, the space program and satellites, and the Internet. With this record it seems only fair to ask future presidents how they are going to help find and fund the next big thing for the economy—or not.

5. *What is your favorite bit of nature to visit?*

You can tell a lot about a person by their sports teams (Packers good, Yankees bad) and those outdoor places about which they are passionate. John Muir loved trees and mountains, Rachel Carson the ocean. This should be a softball question, but if it is not, look out! One recalls Richard Nixon trying to stroll casually on the beach in dress shoes and pressed slacks.

I think Theodore Roosevelt, JFK, Gaylord Nelson, and Barry Commoner could answer these questions with ease and, in fact, did so in their careers. So if we could carve out 15 minutes or so to ask these five questions, I think the American public and America's environment would all be better off.

To return to the beginning of this essay, many years after his quixotic run for the presidency, Barry Commoner recounted his favorite quote from the campaign. During a political event an Albuquerque reporter asked him: "Dr. Commoner, are you a serious candidate, or are you just running on the issues?" Commoner's reply was never recorded but one dearly hopes he responded: "Guilty as charged!"

Mark Madison *teaches environmental history, environmental ethics, and environmental film at Shepherd University. He is not moderate enough to ever be chosen as a real debate moderator.*

The Wildwood Middle School Environment Club Travels to the Mountain Institute

Robbie Barrat

Wildwood Middle School group at the Mountain Institute

October 8 was an Instructional Support Day for Jefferson County students. Instead of going to school for extra help or sleeping in, 17 other students from Wildwood Middle School and I got on a school bus and headed off to The Mountain Institute for a two-day trip with our teacher, Carolyn Thomas, and two chaperones, Clark Dixon and Greg Smith. Our mission was to learn how to measure stream quality, explore one of the most beautiful places in West Virginia, and have fun. The Mountain Institute is located at Spruce Knob, the highest point in West Virginia and is also home to numerous caves, vast forests, and West Virginia's healthiest streams. The Mountain Institute's mission is to preserve forests and educate children.

After a scenic four-hour bus ride to the Mountain Institute, we turned onto Saw Mill Road and it started to snow! After a delicious lunch of homemade pizza, we piled on the layers, put on our boots and spent the afternoon in the stream and in the snow. We split into three groups to study Big Run. Each group had a chance to check the physical, biological, and chemical characteristics of the stream. The physical tests were water turbidity, the width of the stream, and the speed of the water. The biological tests consisted of catching and sorting benthic macro invertebrates, or tiny, spineless bottom feeders. The chemical tests were for pH, dissolved oxygen content, and for nitrates. The stream we tested here was exceptionally healthy.

After the testing was done, we went back to the main yurts for hot chocolate and to share the information we had gathered. A yurt is an octagonal structure with a bent wood frame. We had some free time before dinner to hang out in the bubble. After dinner, we were given a sample of "dirty water," and were challenged to clean it up with filters. I think we all agreed it was easier to keep water clean than to clean it up after it is polluted. The evening ended with some fun games, including "Whatya Doing" and song challenges.

Two of the yurts at the Mountain Institute

Taking a break on the hillside overlooking the valley

The next day we woke up to find that we would be walking to Spruce Knob. That's right, walking through two miles of forest, with only a map and a compass to guide us. We had to rely fully on our maps and compasses, because there were no trails to follow. After a couple hours of hiking through snow, we finally arrived at the highest point in West Virginia. There, we got on the bus and came home.

We really learned a lot on this trip, and I hope that there will be more opportunities for other students to enjoy this experience in the future. We all loved being together with friends in this setting. I feel that this trip was a great learning experience to continue the work that Mrs. Thomas's science class does throughout the year, and I want to remind everyone that The Mountain Institute is online at www.mountain.org.

Some of the other things the Environment Club at Wildwood Middle is doing this year include: measuring water quality at Flowing Springs and planting native trees on the school campus.

***Robbie Barrat** is an 8th grader attending Wildwood Middle School. Robbie likes science, math, and computers.*

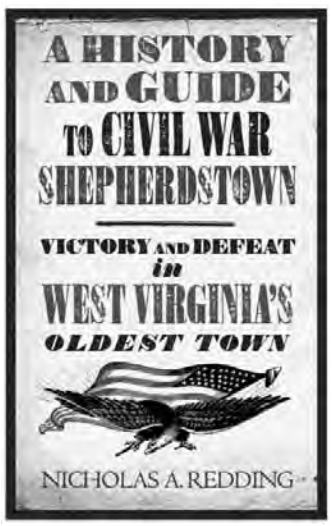
The highest point!

Studying Big Run

PHOTOS PROVIDED BY ROBBIE BARRAT

Shepherdstown's Civil War History: A Story That Matters

Nicholas Redding



PHOTOS BY DR. NICHOLAS REDDING

Author Nicholas Redding

It was a cool autumn night and a low, misty fog and eerie silence hung close to the banks of the placid Potomac. It had been a hot and dusty September, but the deluge of rain the past few days had doused the town with welcome relief.

The cool rain gathered in pools, making the once dusty street a muddy mess. Peering out from her parlor window that night, Sarah Page Andrews looked across New Street—a view she had taken in countless times before. But tonight, the reflection of the night's sky in the puddles was marred by a tangled mass of humanity—*a vast sea of human misery.* The dead and dying of General Lee's defeated army lay strewn about in the street, on the curbs, in the yards, the stoops, the fence lines, the chicken coops, hog sheds, privies, and every other possible inch of precious real estate. It was a ghastly and grotesque sight visited previously only in the hour of dreams and nightmares. Tonight, it was reality.

A hundred and fifty years ago, in this town, this was the nightmarish reality visited upon Sarah Page Andrews and countless other men and women like her. Standing at the parlor window that night, Sarah tended to the dangerously wounded who had crossed the threshold of her home and lay about her feet. A Mississippian colonel, a youth of only 16 who had served on the staff of a general, and others whom she did not know begged for mercy. Her daughters prepared tomato soup in iron cauldrons in the yard and dispensed the brothy sustenance to the pitiful survivors of battle.

While Sarah tended to these poor soldiers' physical wounds, her husband, Dr. Charles Wesley Andrews, the Unionist rector of nearby Trinity Episcopal, tended to their souls. He had started this war opposed to secession, and on this night he was vindicated. But politics mattered not anymore. The time for politics was past.

The hideously wounded casualties of Antietam's fury splayed out in the parlor of the Andrews and elsewhere in town were not nameless, romanticized boys in blue and gray. They were living, breathing men each with a story remarkably similar to yours. They knew the warmth of mother's kind embrace, relished the memories of friends in their youth, had favorite meals, told jokes, and had aspirations based on an American dream similar to ours. If you seek their faces—look around you; we are them.

But the normality of their lives was cut bitterly short by the mindlessness of war.

This was not the patriotic pomp and circumstance promised when Virginia made its fateful decision to depart the Union in the heady days of 1861. But, by the autumn of 1862, soldiers North and South had quickly come to realize war was anything but glorious.

Nor was the life of a civilian scratching out a living on the border of North and South a pleasant one. It, too, was a life of privations and hardships. On this night, 150 years ago, hardship arrived in the form of nearly 5,000 wounded Confederate soldiers in the wake of the Battle of Antietam.

For hours on end, September 17, 1862, was marked by a savagery unknown to this continent before or after. One in four soldiers engaged in battle on that day were killed, wounded, missing, or taken prisoner. In 11 hours of combat, the battle produced nearly 23,000 casualties, meaning nearly 35 soldiers were counted as casualties every minute for 11 hours.

To this day, September 17, 1862, remains the bloodiest day in our country's history.

This effusion of blood produced a butcher's bill that rocked the nation to its very core. Photographs of the dead of Antietam, which were exhibited in New York City later that autumn, violently altered the country's perception of the conflict. The *New York Times*' review of the exhibition explained:

Mr. BRADY has done something to bring home to us the terrible reality and earnestness of war. If he has not brought bodies and laid them in our dooryards and along the streets, he has done something very like it.

Shepherdstown's residents required no exhibition. For this town, the war literally crossed their threshold in living color, staining their floors with the living crimson of Southern soldiers.

This was not the future most residents expected just a few short months before. Over the course of these four years of bitter hostilities, Shepherdstown and its tough citizens endured a host of cruel indignities, and, like many other towns, it emerged from war a very different place.

Like Winchester to its south, Shepherdstown changed hands an untold number of times, leaving many to wonder under whose dominion it would finally rest at the dawn of peace. The war laid waste to the once-fertile countryside, destroyed families, wreaked havoc on the homes and barns of rich and poor alike, and caused many to lose their financial well being.

When the storm clouds of war broke, the town was part of the new state of *West* Virginia, itself a politically expedient creation of the war. Still, the shift of political boundaries paled in comparison to the far-reaching impact of the abolition of slavery, which ensured freedom for those slaves still left in Shepherdstown by 1865.

Yet for all the war changed, for everything it robbed of these people, the town and its residents remained impressively resilient. In July of 1865, as the town and the nation slowly emerged from the shadow of war, the *Shepherdstown Register* printed its first paper since 1861. The paper led the publication with an editorial titled, "The Changes of Times and the War." Reading like a history of the last four years, the editorial closed with a plea for an end to the bitter hostilities of the past. Written like a postscript to the town's Civil War experience, the *Register* reflected:

Let then the "Dead Past bury the dead."

The wooden legs and empty sleeves of gallant soldiers ought to rebuke all vindictive feeling. 'Tis Godlike to forgive an enemy, and it is far more noble and Christian-like to soothe the sorrows of the affected and bind up the broken hearted and smooth the rugged pathway of those who mostly feel the wrongs of the war and the great changes that have taken place in families and property, than to be constantly stirring up strife and discord.

Let there be union of hearts as well as of hands, and let us all forgive each other and assist one another in removing the ravages of war and changes wrought thereby, and the rising generation will yet call us "blessed."

As each year passes since the bloodshed of the 1860s, the depth of the pain suffered here and elsewhere has slowly begun to recede. In this town, but for a few hidden scars, little physically is left to tell this story. Here, and elsewhere, this war is a story that will instead live on in the hearts of the people. It is up to each of us to carry this story on in our hearts—so that irrespective of whether it is the 150th anniversary or just a cold February day, one thing remains clear: *what happened here matters.*

Stories of Shepherdstown

A new book by Dr. James Price

PHOTOS PROVIDED BY AUTHOR

Jim Price

My late son, Jimmy, often said, "Dad, you should write your stories about the people, places and events of Shepherdstown. The title of the book is in answer to his request …*and so I did. Stories of Shepherdstown*. There are so many, I added Volume I to the title. This will be my incentive to write another. The book was thoughtfully reviewed by eight local residents. It contains eleven stories—each one a chapter. Accompanying each story are pictures, and newspaper prints to help tell the story. Each story is fully researched with captions, footnotes, and a map so that each location can be pinpointed.

Mrs. Emma Winters (1931)

There are stories about…

…a former Shepherd College librarian and her eccentricities:

"Once one knew who she was, Miss Arnold was hard to forget. Her appearance and actions were peculiar. She had reddish-orange dyed hair. In the late 1940s, she wore her hair in flapper-era style with a little bun in the back. Her cheeks were deeply rouged — so much so in fact, that many described her as being done up like an Indian with war paint. She never walked; she always trotted. It was amusing to watch her pitty-pattying down Main Street."

…and a man who lived in the west end and shopped using an old baby buggy as his grocery cart, but who was a whiz at putting the first radio in town together:

"Long before there were grocery carts in stores, Pete had bought an old baby buggy at a local sale. He would push it from his home on the west end of town all the way down Main Street to the business section to do his shopping and pick up a thing or two for some of his neighbors. It was certainly a chore for him to push the loaded buggy back up the long Main Street hill. Usually, he could make it to the carriage stone in front of Trinity Episcopal Church without stopping. He would then sit on the wide stone while catching his breath and giving the pain in his corns a chance to let up enough to make it to the Stoplight Corner."

Then there's the history of Owens Drugstore, with pictures and articles and written material about the goings on around their soda fountain from 1910 into the 1970s.

"My early recollections of the store were during World War II. I fondly remember Hiram Doc Owens. He had white, wavy hair and always wore a white shirt with the same black necktie that had shiny areas on it (from constant wear) and black pants (in the same condition as his tie). On Sundays the store was only open during morning hours. Doc started early to mark the newspapers. The Baltimore Sun was very popular (and had been since the beginning of the Civil War). He also had regular customers for the *Baltimore News American* and the *Washington Post*. A few townsfolk subscribed to the Sunday *New York Times*. (Sunday editions of the *Times* cost between 15¢ and 25¢.) He stacked the papers in different piles on the floor on the left inside the front door and outside on the little entrance porch. With his spiral notebook as his guide, he would write the name of each subscriber on the top of the front page of each newspaper using a large, wooden pencil that had thick lead in it (like kindergartners used to use). When customers came for their Sunday newspaper, they would search through the respective piles and pull the ones that had their names on it."

Hiram Owens and Mr. John Wilson, circa 1950

Arch Stanley purchased his nips from the town's most famous bootlegger, whose legendary followers' stories had to be told.

"The moonshine business was good for Frog Hollow—The Hooch Capital of the World (as it was referred to in these parts). Frog Hollow is in Maryland down the Canal Road on the other side of the river from Shepherdstown. It was not a community; it was an area. The supply of white lightning was plentiful, and transportation was easy. Much of the moonshine was brought to town by rowboat. The boats would dock below the bridge. It was a short, safe haul to Jack's place (halfway up the Princess Street hill, turning right on Rocky Street.) The purchase of his Rocky Street house gave Jack a chance to buy a better one on the west side of College Street, which he improved and enlarged. The best news of this move (as far as his customers were concerned) was that it was much easier to get their paper sack even though College Street was also unpaved and rough. The regular patrons did not approach from the front of the house to help protect the seller and buyers from the Revenuers. It was figured that the best access was to park at the north end of the N&W train station, jump across the railroad track, walk past a big boulder, and take the path to the back porch of Jack's house. In some places, the path was wide enough to pass coming and going."

Dick Spohn may have been Shepherdstown's greatest character. He has one chapter here. Someday, maybe a book will be written about him.

"Dick Spohn was naturally musically talented. He played piano and organ. He had a booming baritone voice and sang with various church and civic choirs. In 1910, U. S. Martin demolished two old buildings (one facing German Street and one behind it) and built the new Opera House Building. He leased the first floor to C. S. Musser as a moving-picture theater. Mr. Musser immediately secured the services of Dick Spohn to play piano accompaniment for the silent movies. In 1918, a Moller [*sic*] organ was installed in the movie theater, and Dick continued to play until 1928 when sound pictures invaded theatres. One night a juggler was performing on stage before the movie. He was juggling three bowling balls. One slipped out of his hands and hit one of the patrons full in the chest. What a mess ensued."

Dick Spohn (thumbing nose) with Henry "Peck" Maddex (directly behind Dick with newsboy cap), Walter "Ike" Knott (to Dick's right), and two unidentified persons

The closing story is about the celebration of Christmas in Shepherdstown from before the Civil War up until the 1990s. There is a picture of Santa with his sleigh being pulled by a goose, and he has no beard. Another image is of the first bearded Santa and two reindeer visiting a Union soldier camp during the Civil War.

Want to know what stores sold what for Christmas in the 1880s, and where they were located? They're all in the book.

"Mr. George Show's store, where homemade candy was the chief attraction. The pulled taffy Mr. Show makes is the very best. At Christmastime the store would be filled with the most wonderful toys for Santa Claus. I do not know how long Mr. Show or his successors continued to make the brand of coconut candy that was the rage of my childhood. But to my unsophisticated mind and taste, angels could not have had any better diet than to feed on the white and pink bars of this candy that Mr. Show made fresh and in great quantities for Christmas. I have eaten coconut candy of many varieties since, but none like that made in that candy store diagonally across the street from the Entler Hotel on Main Street in Shepherdstown."

…and so I did. Stories of Shepherdstown may be purchased at Four Seasons Books in Shepherdstown.

Farah Comes to America

Stephen Willingham

Upon arriving in the United States, Egyptian exchange student Farah Elaboudy, 16, was at first concerned with how a young Muslim woman would be accepted and treated.

"I was honestly afraid of how people would treat me because of my religion," Elaboudy readily admitted. "I was hoping that they would understand that we are not terrorists." She also firmly believes in a separation of church and state.

Elaboudy, who spent the 2011–2012 school year as a sophomore at Jefferson County's Washington High School (WHS), initially felt that it was time for her to travel, even though she began the application process with the U.S. State Department's Kennedy-Lugar Youth, Education, and Study (YES), when she was only 14 years old.

"My parents and grandparents have had their share of traveling," confided Elaboudy, "and I thought it was time for me to experience the outside world as well."

This intrepid attitude in one so young is solidly coupled with a mature sense of duty and responsibility. Even though she already knew that the U.S. was much more than Hollywood, Disneyland, and cowboys from Texas, Elaboudy not only wanted to have new experiences but was looking to collect material for a greater purpose.

"I am a very patriotic person and improving my country's image, as well as that of my religion, is at the top of my list," Elaboudy revealed.

In order to fulfill this goal of being a student ambassador from Egypt, Elaboudy explained that the application process for acceptance into the YES program was demanding. There were several "selection camps" that had to be endured.

"At first, I had to complete an application that took me days," she sighed. "I had to write essays about why I wanted to become an exchange student." Elboudy is humble about the fact that she was chosen from a field of hundreds of qualified applicants.

She has been speaking English since she was "two or three years old." In fact, Elaboudy explained that her little brother, who is nearly three years old, is already learning to speak English along with his native Arabic. In one recent presentation to a group of high school students, Elaboudy explained that in Egypt they do not speak Egyptian, nor do they write in hieroglyphs. She also stated with twinkle in her eye that, "I don't ride a camel or live in a Pyramid."

Elaboudy cites food as another big cultural difference. While Egypt has McDonalds, KFC, and other fast food brands familiar to Americans, Muslims, of course, don't eat pork, which presented concerns for her at school. Fortunately, packing a lunch from home was an easy remedy to this problem. Home for the year was with Brian and Jane Carter and their family in nearby Huntfield. Elaboudy further explained that Egyptians eat from a wide variety of foods that include hummus—a bean spread; tabouli-styled salads—bulgar based; stuffed grape leaves; along with vegetables, olives, cheeses; and the staples of chicken, beef, and lamb. Elaboudy sadly admitted that one ethnic cuisine that she would miss upon her return to Egypt was Mexican food.

Even though she could walk to school, Elaboudy was surprised by the lack of public transportation in the U.S. and the heavy reliance on the ubiquitous automobile. However, she readily concedes that she is an urban-oriented person from the largest city in Africa, Cairo. Elaboudy admitted that she was more accustomed to a busier lifestyle in Egypt compared to the one she found in West Virginia. She added that the rural quietude in Huntfield took some adjustment.

Yet one of the biggest and most startling cultural variances is the comparison between the American and Egyptian school systems. Elaboudy explained that it costs money to go to school in Egypt. Education is not "free" there. For this reason she was initially puzzled by the indifferent and even negative attitudes that many American students demonstrate toward school.

"I noticed how some students have developed a lack of interest in learning," she observed. "They also showed a lack of interest in classes such as Newspaper, which eventually caused this class to be cut. I think they need to realize that people in other countries can't even go to school due to financial issues."

Elaboudy was also shocked at the absence of political awareness among American high school students. "I was disappointed to find out that very few American students had even heard of the Egyptian Revolution. I thought for sure that they would have heard about that."

After her parents determined that it was safe for her to go, Elaboudy did attend a rally in Tahrir Square with her father.

Elaboudy stated further that it mystified her that students were not sufficiently interested enough in journalism to keep a school newspaper alive. She said that it was hard for a young person from a country with no history of freedom of press to see her American peers taking Second Amendment freedoms for granted.

Farah presents a program at the Shepherdstown Presbyterian Church.

PHOTOS PROVIDED BY AUTHOR

Farah visiting the Statue of Liberty National Monument on Liberty Island in New York

"Coming from a country that doesn't enjoy freedom of the press, I do realize the importance of its existence and how it affects everything and everyone," Elaboudy reflected. "People need to realize that if they lose interest in that, they won't be able to get freedom of the press back easily."

Another big school difference cited by Elaboudy was the absence of school uniforms. She also mentioned that Egyptian teachers are the ones who change classes, not the students. However, Elaboudy noted, Egyptian students always stand when a teacher enters the room.

"Classes are much quieter," she observed. "Students have more respect for teachers in Egypt. Egyptian teachers do not tolerate some things that American teachers might ignore, such as sleeping in class."

Disruptive classroom behavior in Egypt is almost nonexistent. After all, Elaboudy reiterated, attending school there is a privilege, not a right.

So far as her most amazing American experience, Elaboudy gives that star to Disney World in Orlando, Florida. "Disney World was charming," she reminisced. "I'm a big fan of roller coaster rides. I've been watching Disney movies for as long as I remember, and I've always fantasized about going there."

So far as what she would like to see upon a return trip to the U.S., Elaboudy was quick to answer. "I would definitely love to go visit California, Disneyland and Hollywood." She paused a moment, then added, "Alaska would be tough for an Egyptian, but I want to experience REAL snow!" Sadly for Elaboudy, the 2012 West Virginia winter produced hardly any snowfall.

Upon her returned to Egypt, Elaboudy now finds herself overwhelmed with family and friends. However, she is in communication with other YES veterans from this year of studying abroad. "Other YES alumni and I are starting projects to know more about history and different landmarks in Egypt," she began. "We will try educating people more about the importance of these places and how we can develop and appreciate them and see them as an important part in the Egyptian economy, which they are because tourists love it."

Elaboudy is experiencing what she calls, "reverse culture shock." Right after returning home, she said it was almost impossible to believe that only a day earlier she had been hanging with her American friends.

"A big issue during the first days of school [at WHS] was I didn't know what to talk about," she said. "I didn't want to say anything that would offend anybody, and I didn't know what teenagers on the other side of the globe were interested in."

However, it seems that teenagers worldwide have their own special language that doesn't necessarily involve words. "I was able to overcome that issue in not so long a time," Elaboudy concluded.

Stephen Willingham *teaches English at Washington High School. Otherwise, he tries to maintain sanity by gardening, tinkering with stringed instruments and sampling the latest zymurgy offerings.*

Buddha Buddies

Sarah Soltow

My religion is simple. My religion is kindness.
—the Dalai Lama

PHOTO BY SARAH SOLTOW

Marty and Nan Broadhurst

There are many places in Shepherdstown where one can join heart and mind with others in the pursuit of better living and spiritual endeavors. Yes, this happens in many of our church communities in traditional Sunday morning services and throughout the week. Yes, this occurs in alternative pursuits such as yoga and tai chi. There are also groups such as Alcoholics Anonymous who meet regularly to follow a 12-step path to wholeness seeking "God as we understand him." And there is a Shepherdstown *Sangha*, or group of spiritual friends, that meets weekly to pursue a Buddhist tradition through study, meditation, and direct experience.

Around town, the Shepherdstown Sangha is more casually known as Buddha Buddies. The group meets regularly each week with half an hour of silent meditation followed by the *dharma*, or the teaching. The group has been active—sometimes smaller, sometimes larger—for about 13 years, and at its core reside Nan and Marty Broadhurst. What began as friends reading a book about Buddhism together has matured into a continuing and stable group of people who come together in a safe place where the practices of listening and speaking from the heart are nurtured and facilitated. According to Marty Broadhurst, it is the process of "human beings connecting with other humans."

Buddhist teachings are not a religion; they are a science of mind.
—the Dalai Lama

In about the the sixth century B.C., Siddhartha Guatama was born into a royal family in India. As a young adult, he began a search for a greater understanding of life and spiritual fulfillment. Through guidance and meditation, Siddhartha achieved enlightenment and became known as *The Buddha*, or Enlightened One. When the Buddha was asked if he was God, he clearly said, "No!" And then added, "I am awake," meaning he understood who he really was—one with the source of all being. He then traveled, teaching people about this path to enlightenment. His teachings spread throughout Asia, and as Buddhism moved into a new country, it would adapt itself to the culture of that country. Therefore, in Tibet, Buddhism adopted most of the gods of that place and time, and in Japan, it became Zen Buddhism, which is a more austere version.

Do not dwell in the past, do not dream of the future; concentrate the mind on the present moment.
—Buddha

Following this tradition of adapting to various cultures, Buddhism in America has morphed yet again as many teachers have begun presenting teachings more accommodating to western sensibilities. This American Buddhism is the path of the Buddha Buddies. Their teachers along the way have included—in book form—Jack Kornfield, Pema Chodron, the Dalai Lama, Tara Brach, Thich Nhat Hahn, and Eckhart Tolle, among others. Titles include *Journey to the Center, A Path With a Heart, Seeking the Heart of Wisdom, Buddha Is as Buddha Does,* and *Awakening Joy.*

Each meeting of Buddha Buddies begins with one half hour of silent meditation. Sitting quietly and following the breath connects one with the inner reality of the mind. Thoughts come and go; emotions come and go; each can be acknowledged and let go. The objective is to release thoughts of the past or future and rest in the present moment. This practice of going within facilitates an experience of consciousness and an "opening of the heart" that eventually leads to the recognition of our own inner divinity or a "transcendent unity" that is recognized by each major world religion.

Hatred does not cease by hatred, but by love alone. This is the eternal rule.
—Buddha

But remember: *Buddha Is as Buddha Does!* So the practice of going within through meditation must be balanced with the practice of living one's life. Nan shared that Buddhism is less a religion than it is a way of life. The Four Noble Truths and the Eightfold Path of Buddhism teach a means of alleviating suffering through a path of clear vision, speaking the truth, work as love made visible, mindfulness, and meditation.

The members of Buddha Buddies follow many different religious and spiritual traditions including Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, and atheist. Buddhist principles do not conflict with any of these. Members adopt these principles to complement their own paths and enrich their lives, finding community and support where they can share their experiences. A long-time member in the group appreciates that there is no one point of view that the group is asked to accept; rather the different facets of understanding that are presented through personal sharing help members with their own situations. The support of the group, along with its depth and range of personal insights and perspectives, helps members validate and clarify their own points of view.

If you want others to be happy, practice compassion. If you want to be happy, practice compassion.
—Dalai Lama

One of the most important ideas that group members commented upon was the level of individual sharing that occurs in the group. Each group member is provided an opportunity to speak to the topic of the day without interruption or crosstalk, similar to the 12-step model. This enhances the practice of deep listening as each speaker is given the space to share from the heart. Another long-time member says the group is "a place where I know I can be real and honest and open." The great level of trust within the group nurtures the spiritual walk of each; the inclusivity of the group enriches the journey of each.

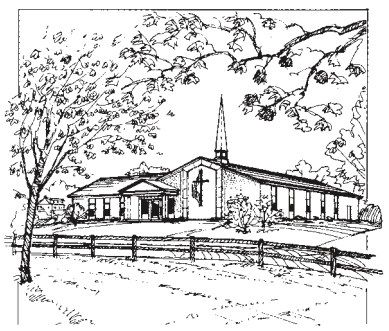
The practice of Buddhism is aimed at removing certain obstacles that keep a person from seeing reality clearly. This might be likened to awakening from a dream and realizing that the images in the dream were not real. The purpose of seeing clearly is to enable a person to act in accordance with certain universal principles. Buddhist teachings speak of wisdom and compassion (or love), both of which are necessary for spiritual fulfillment. In the West, a common understanding is that wisdom is an intellectual quality and compassion is an emotional quality, and that they are usually separate and often mutually exclusive. Buddhist understanding is that wisdom and compassion arise together. True wisdom requires the open heart of compassion, and true compassion requires the clarity of wisdom.

Practicing both wisdom and compassion, Buddha Buddies participate in service projects like other more traditional congregations of our community. They collect supplies for Bethany House in Martinsburg, which houses homeless women and children. They prepare a weekly meal for the homeless population of Charles Town, and they have provided Christmas gifts for the disadvantaged. They are a spiritual family for each other, providing support through the sorrows and joys of life. They reach inward to uncover their basic goodness, inherent in everyone, and it flows outward into the world. Nan and Marty Broadhurst are not teachers; they are not pastors or priests, but they have facilitated and nurtured a community of compassion in the heart of Shepherdstown.

For more information about Buddha Buddies, please contact Nan Broadhurst at nanbroadhurst@mac.com

Sarah Soltow *continues to be amazed at the web of love and life that is woven in and around the community of Shepherdstown.*

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
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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.
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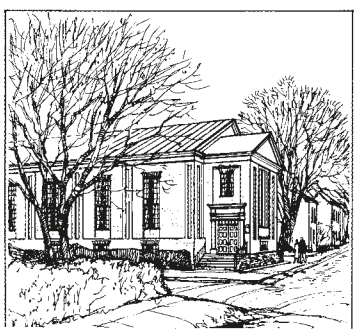
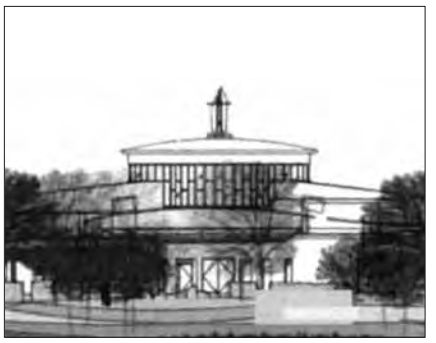
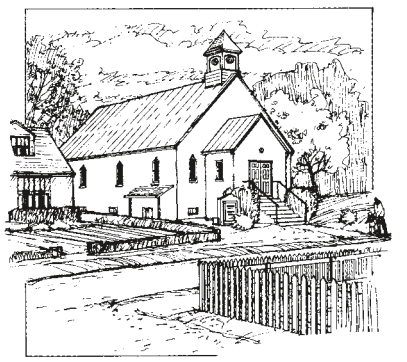
Four Seasons Books (thru the side gate)
Contact: Neal Peterson (304) 582-0852
http://shepherdstown.bym-rsf.net/about-2-2/



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
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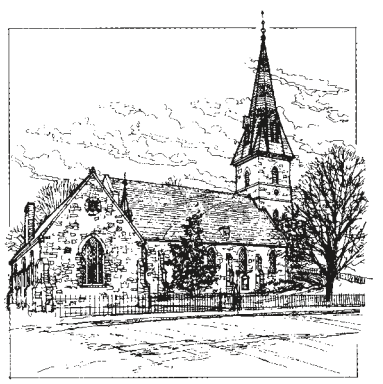

Trinity Episcopal
Corner of Church & German Streets
The Rev. G. T. Schramm, Rector
The Rev. Frank Coe, Priest Associate
The Rev. Susan McDonald, Priest Associate
Telephone: (304) 876-6990
Sunday Worship: 8:00 a.m. & 10:00 a.m.
Sunday School: 10:00 a.m.
www.trinityshepherdstown.org

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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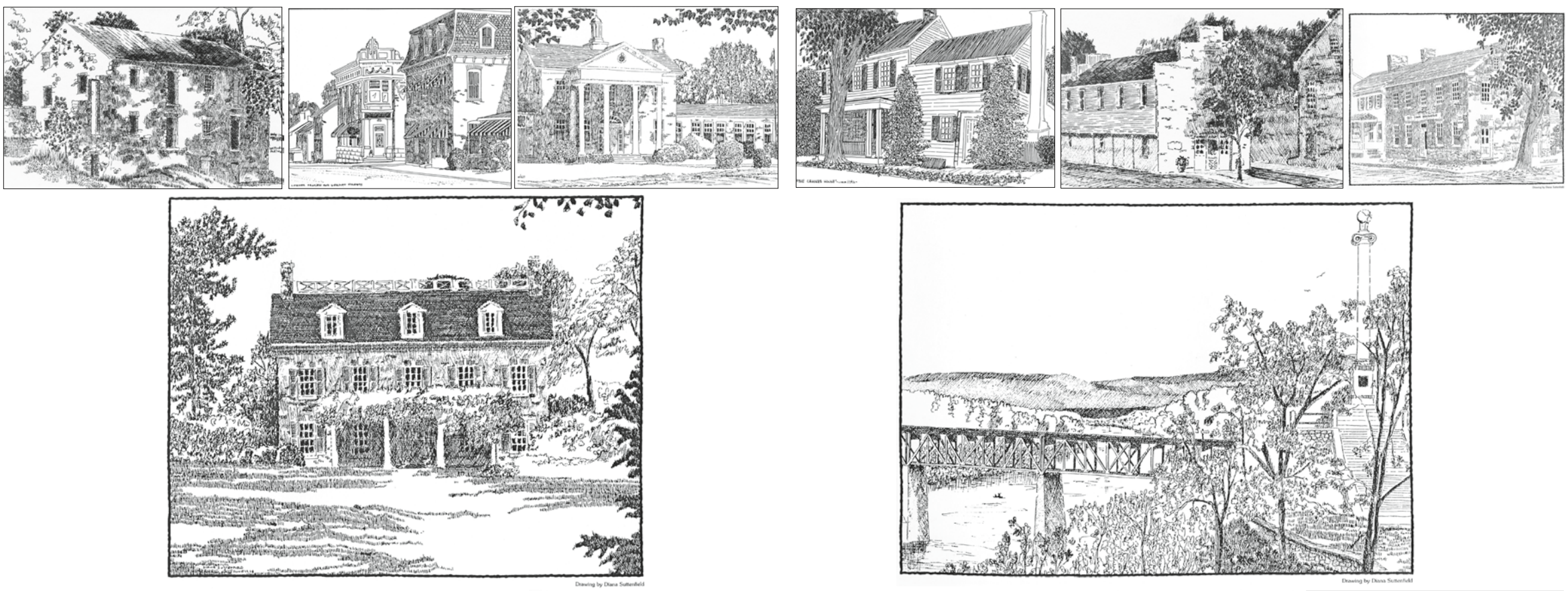

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Left page, center: Popodicon. Top, left to right: Mecklenburg Warehouse, East German Street, Shepherdstown Middle School. Bottom: Men's Club Building, Hodges Building, Homes on German Street. Right page, center: Rumsey Monument. Top: The Crooked House, Shepherdstown Public Library, Old Town Restaurant, now China Kitchen. Bottom: Shepherd Burial Ground, McMurran Hall, West German Street