

DEADWOOD DITTO

SEPTEMBER 2023



Swisshome/Deadwood Fire Dept Board mtg	September 14th, Thursday at 7 pm, Swisshome station (next to the Post Office)	Contact Mona Arbuckle @sd.rfpd.@gmail.com
Deadwood Farmers Market	Sundays, June thru October	Post Office parking lot 11:00am-2:00pm
Mapleton Food Share-contact 541-268-2715 or 541-268-2919	September 14th, Thursday and September 23rd Saturday	10am-2pm
Triangle Lake Food Box-contact Cyndie Blake 541-925-3254	September 15th, Friday	10am-2pm
Deadwood Ditto deadwoodditto@yahoo.com	Submissions due the 26th of the month, with distribution very close to the first of the next month	Editor Jan Kinney kinneyjan1@gmail.com
Deadwood Food Coop	September Pick Up Date-September 5th. Info available on Deadwood Trading Post under Food Coop tab	Yvonne Pappagallo contact yvonnpappy@gmail.com

Alpha Bit September Menu

ALPHA FARM @ ALPHA-BIT

FRIDAY DINNER PIZZAS



**Dine-in or
takeout!**

Join us for homemade pizza, garlic knots, green salad, & dessert every Friday in September from 6-7:30pm. Order for 12" must be placed by 12pm.

\$0.50 TOPPINGS	\$1 TOPPINGS
<ul style="list-style-type: none">• Sausage• Ham• Pepperoni	<ul style="list-style-type: none">• Mushrooms• Onion• Bell pepper• Olives• Tomatoes• Arugula• Honey• Pineapple• Jalepeños• Mozzarella• Alpha Farm goat cheese

 10780 OR-126, Mapleton, OR 97453 618-402-6057



The New Curmudgeon

We live in a kleptocracy of sorts where the unit of currency is not only dollars but human dignity. The reverence for technology has overshadowed the basic human need for depth of character, developed from the ability to experience the emotion given us by an appreciation of the fine arts. Humanity, not a term for the whole of human population, but as a descriptor of that depth of character which defines us as humans, is sacrificed on the altar of progress and cheapened by a willingness to accept what we perceive as a better lifestyle; one of increasing separation from nature and each other as communication accelerates and less of real value is said in exchange for useless data. If you have an apotropaic device

get it out now and ineffectuate the evil arising in our midst. The concept of what it means to be human is becoming more confused as our world becomes more complex and technology alters the way in which we relate to each other. Our intellect allows us to relate in ways other life forms cannot. With this intellect comes a responsibility of stewardship to all creatures. We have abandoned this concept in favor of our own consumer reality. Years ago I saw a dead packrat in my barn. When I went to pick it up I saw it moving and became aware it had been hosting a very large worm. That one, finding its host no longer suitable, was trying to make an exit causing the rat's body to twist and squirm. We live in what should be a symbiotic relationship with government, but when the exchange fails and a self-serving government becomes parasitic in nature and, like the worm, gives back little or nothing to its host, then we have what may be called a kleptocracy. Political cartoons go back as far as little orphan Annie with Big Daddy Warbucks and Snuffy Smith, but those in an era where government was much less transparent and if you didn't see the larger framework they were telling you about it was just another comic strip. Today the media wars literally throw it in your face and still a public, bought off by expensive toys, stays confused because, between sensory overload and misinformation, they don't know what to believe. This is assuredly by design as a confused populace is easier to manipulate. We are so factioned at this point that no popular movement is likely. So thievery can occur on many levels. "They know they're lying. They know we know they're lying. We know they know we know they're lying....and still they do it, not caring much since ethics seems a meaningless concept. High-level officials can take millions in graft but if you cheat on your taxes they be knockin' at your door. This flagrant hypocrisy has led to a general mistrust and will not be easily erased. *Hannah Arendt* speaks of the "banality of evil". "What steers us toward terror or tenderness can be but a wave in the mind". V. Woolf. I keep seeing this one= the human condition of the ethical life. Its beauty fragile, more like a butterfly or a flower than a jewel, that beauty inseparable from its fragility. To guard against hurt by petrifying that fragility in some way denies our basic humanity. Feeling that society has let you down is a common motivator that drives people into a retreating life, unable to trust and thinking only of themselves. Holding your commitments in such a way that allows you to divest yourself of them if there is a conflict will guarantee you to remain shallow in terms of ethical values. *Alan Watts* advised us to consider the universe as "a harmonious system of contained conflicts". In 1923, *Edwin Hubble* realized that his glass plate photograph of Andromeda showed it to be a galaxy outside of our own milky way, a concept that had not been conceived up until that time. Now the Hubble telescope showed us a glimpse of a universe "so brutal and alive it seemed to comprehend us back". Tracy Smith Hubble's triumph over error in our search for cosmic truth illustrates a search made possible and made imperfect by our humanity. If we were immortal, we could not exist. If we were already perfect, we could not exist. It is only because we are mortal and imperfect that the sum of us goes on, drifting through impartial stars. "Do not go gentle into that cold night. Old age should burn and rave at close of day: rage, rage against the dying of the light". *Dylan Thomas*. And yet the death of the individual is what fine-tunes evolution to insure survival of the species. Inspired mistakes propel us forward. We and our brains are working parts of the immense machinery of nature. In our contumely view we deem it to be the beneficent operation of chance and quantum mechanics...or is it pure stochastic luck, indeterminate and intentionless all the way. "Everyone you love, everyone you know, everyone you ever heard of, every human being who ever was lived out their lives on this mote of dust suspended in a sunbeam" *Carl Sagan*
Submitted by James Webb



Blue heron dreamer

Waits in Deadwood Creek shallows

Hoping for Coho

Billy Burruss



Community Rights Lane County and its political arm, **Protect Lane County Watersheds**, are excited about *finally* launching our watershed protection initiative, the **Lane County Watersheds Bill of Rights**.

The initiative, a rights-of-nature centric law, will recognize that watersheds and natural communities possess inherent and inalienable rights, such as the rights to exist, flourish, regenerate, and evolve. These new rights will include protections for native fish habitat, and clean water, free of pollution by any corporate or government activities. In addition to protecting watersheds and Nature, the law will recognize that the people of Lane County possess a right to clean water and affordable domestic water.

Protect Lane County Watersheds has been going back and forth with the County regarding our ballot title for much of this year to get to this point. Having a good ballot title is important both for collecting signatures and especially for when the measure gets on the ballot. So we have been determined to fight to get something that would accurately reflect the measure. The ballot title will be finalized shortly and then we will quickly finish up the steps authorizing us (and you! 🙌) to collect signatures toward our goal of reaching a 2024 or 2025 ballot.

We are holding our campaign kick-off event in partnership with the **Eugene Environmental Film Festival** on Friday, September 29, 8pm-11pm at **Wildcraft Cider Works**. The **Alder Street** band will dance us into the night!

We do this work because we love our fragile Earth home and each other... Please join us in the crucial effort to PROTECT LANE COUNTY WATERSHEDS!

For more information check our website <https://www.protectlanecountywatersheds.org/> There you can read the full text of the initiative.

Questions? Are you willing to collect signatures? Contact me at 541 964-5621

Maximum respect,

Michelle Holman



The Visit

Judy struggles to express herself

Using her hands where words once sufficed

On the locked memory ward.

By Kaki Burruss



Notice of Regular Board Meeting

The Swisshome Deadwood Rural Fire Protection District Board of Directors will hold the regular Board Meeting at **7:00 PM on September 14th, 2023**, at the Swisshome fire station (12) - 13283 OR-36, Swisshome, OR 97480.

The Board meeting agenda will include:

APPROVAL OF MINUTES and BILLS:

PUBLIC COMMENT

OLD BUSINESS:

Policy Review 1.4-1.10; approve 1.3
Station 13
Banking
Insurance Best Practiced/Emergency plan

NEW BUSINESS:

WLFEA merger

CORRESPONDENCE:

FIRE CHIEF REPORT:

This notice is provided in accordance with ORS 192.640(1)
Regular meetings of the fire board are held at 7 p.m. on the second Thursday of each month at the Swisshome fire station unless otherwise posted. **Requests for accommodations can be addressed to sd.rfpd@gmail.com.**

Notices of future meetings will be posted at the following locations:

- Swisshome Post Office
- Deadwood Post Office
- Sdrfpd.org
- Deadwood Ditto *Submitted by Mona Arbuckle*



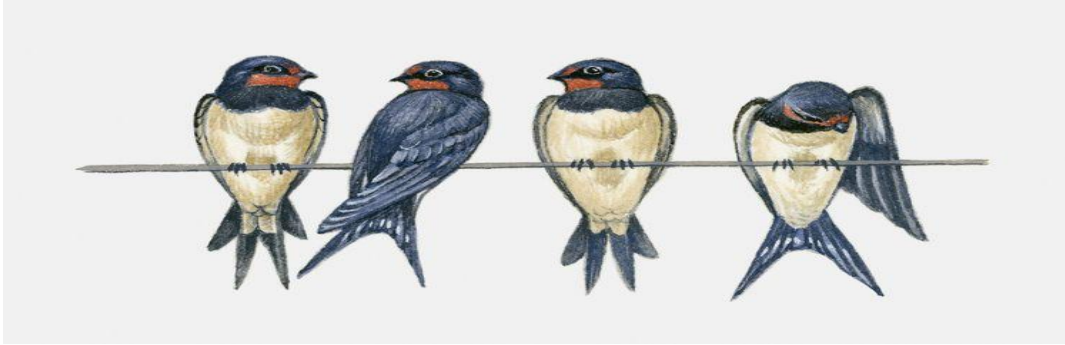
“OBSCURITIES: THIS DIMENSIONAL INFUSION”

What is described as ‘dark matter’ even if it is ultimately understood by science, is still only what human perceptions can experience. It may be something else entirely. The 5% that we are able to ‘see’ of the universe, is seen/experienced by human eyes/perceptions, e.g., seen in human ways, understood by limited perception. Who knows what it is to other ostensibly existing entities, or what it is in its completeness - in Essence? We are experiencing the universe via the only way we can. Reality is multi-layered...and likely not static. There is no recourse except to use our mind and spirit to deal with this ‘dimensional infusion’, known as life on earth which exists in relation to billions of galaxies and unreachable realities, in the only ways we personally can, however that manifests. Most people find comfort in religion, science, or the arts. It is often a private journey

The creation of Art in all its unique forms, and the spectator’s experience of it, allow emotional and spiritual resonance with what is unknowable – a potential connection to that which always will be inexplicable on the human level. (We tend to use the word ‘art’ loosely covering such a range of activities that it loses meaning.) The Fine Arts are universal and ‘explain’ nothing, even as they reach numinous heights. Explanation itself is not an art, though it may be ‘artful’.

In my own perception of Life, we are neither significant nor insignificant. The terms become irrelevant. We simply ‘are’. That is not a comfortable reality. But it is a beautiful one, nevertheless, when one expands Love to include this marvelous planet with all its creatures. (It would all be simple if, to begin with, we just let Life justify Itself. Once ingested by the ego, this awareness (important\unimportant) allows a kind of freedom nothing else can match – that is – if it doesn’t create despair. For freedom to exist, it’s opposite ‘confinement’ and all that represents, must also. For Good to exist, it’s opposite Evil must also exist. We are all aware of that. The battle is eternal. We have the option of creating a personal morality that is as humane, and as rewarding as ones that come from various communities of world-wide belief systems which are always fighting each other.

It seems everything that ‘exists’ - manifesting in some manner of unfathomable consciousness, allows the Absolute (for lack of a better term) to understand its Infinite Self, almost as a child (Innocence) recognizing itself in a mirror of its own manifestation.



The Gathering

When Billy and I built our house, we sited it so it looked down on the pasture. I didn't like the view of the electric lines which ran across the pasture and Deadwood Creek to the transformer on the Kinney property.

"Could we bury the line?" I asked the guy from Blachly Lane.

"Sure," he said. "Anything's possible, if you've got enough money." Enough money was \$22,500. So the lines stayed.

Soon after we moved in I began putting up swallow houses. Today I have around 25 houses for the violet-greens and tree swallows. Barn swallows nest on our house and outbuildings, and rough-winged cliff swallows occupy Deadwood Creek.

In the fall, the violet-green and tree swallows leave first heading south to Mexico, central and south America. They gather for their trip by perching on our electric wires. Two weeks later our barn swallows follow south on to Brazil and the pasture is again quiet.

But that's not the end. Over the years our pasture has become a stop-over for south-flying swallows, attracted by the water, the uncut grass, and the magnificent swallow perch that stretches across the pasture. So every few days more swallows appear on the lines where they hang out for a day or two before disappearing south.

Yesterday, we estimated 700 swallows crowded the lines. Since early morning they had been hunting, and preening, and even courting, although it wasn't the season for that.

Suddenly there was a swelling rush of wingbeats and they lifted enmass off the lines. Circling up into the sky. For a while we could see them flying above the Kinney's farm, then the skys were empty.

Half an hour later, 72 swallows perched on the lines. They were joined today by about another 150.

Soon, one of them will be the last to leave, and we'll be waiting not so patiently for their return.

So thank you, Mr. Blachly Lane man, for giving us the best and longest swallow perch in the world.
Submitted by Kaki Burruss



Johnny

The news of your passing
Will travel
Downstream
Whispering to the small things
Hidden in the banks of the creek
Your story
Already soaked in the
Rocks and Riverbeds
Sings us to sleep...
A sacred lullaby
From times before.
The fish will gather
In their mysterious pools
Telling tales of ancient times.
They swim their secrets to the sea.
Greeting every shoreline with the
Salty
Essence
That is the history
Of you.
When the unstoppable pull
Of time
And tide
Takes hold
And gently recedes our memories
O you.
When the news has made it's
Inevitable passage
Through the watershed.
We only need to follow
Of the river
To find you
Back to whence it came
And return
Upstream.

Bonnie Rollin *Submitted by Tchanan*