

St. Pauli News in Detail



Greeting and Ushering

- | | |
|---------|----------------|
| Oct. 3 | Staci Reay |
| Oct. 10 | "Wing-It" |
| Oct. 17 | Jim Rondorf |
| Oct. 24 | Jordan Rondorf |
| Oct. 31 | Arlo Rude |

Sunday Service:

- Light altar candles before service and put out flames after church.
- Act as Greeters and hand out bulletins.
- Usher for offering and communion.
- Tidy up pews after church to make it ready for the next Sunday's services.

Altar Preparation: Shelley Mathson

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Fall Event

Due to uncertainty surrounding COVID-19 restrictions, we will not host a Fall Event in 2021.

We will, however, ask that each of you prayerfully consider all of the missions and charities to which we donate our Fall Event proceeds. Most operate on razor-thin margins even in good times. And this doesn't happen to be a good time.

Please donate as you are able in the current manner in which you give your regular church offerings. Clearly note on your check or your offering "FALL EVENT."

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Thank you, St. Pauli

Donations to the Food Shelf this August totaled \$615.00!!

Native American Sunday

October 10, 2021

On Sunday, October 10, our Northwestern Minnesota Synod is recognizing Native American Sunday. This will be the first year that we, as a Synod, will annually dedicate a Sunday in October to honor the unique and beautiful contributions of our Native American neighbors and siblings in Christ.

The Synod has also provided us with a copy of the Mass celebrated at St. Mary's Mission church in Red Lake that we will use for our worship service on October 10th. Mass, of course, includes communion – which means we will celebrate communion three Sundays in October.

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Photos of 125th Anniversary Needed

We are looking for photos of our St. Pauli 125th Anniversary celebration in 2021 to help whoever may be the on the 150th Anniversary committee.

If you have any, please contact Faye Auchenpaugh (689-7636) or auchenpaugh@gmail.com. We will scan the photos and return them to you.

* * * * *

October Milestones

Birthdays

- | | |
|---------|--------------------|
| Oct. 6 | Pastor Carl Hansen |
| Oct. 14 | Kyland Rondorf |
| Oct. 15 | Eileen Kotaska |
| Oct. 17 | Larry Hurst |
| Oct. 20 | Jim Nelson |
| Oct. 29 | Joan Nelson |
| Oct. 31 | Jim Kotz |

Anniversaries

- | | |
|---------|------------------------|
| Oct. 25 | Jim and Joan Nelson |
| Oct. 26 | Myles and Kathy Alberg |



NATIVE AMERICAN SUNDAY OCTOBER 10TH, 2021

On Sunday, October 10, our Northwestern Minnesota Synod is recognizing Native American Sunday. This will be the first year we as a Synod will annually dedicate a Sunday in October to honor the unique and beautiful contributions of our Native American neighbors and siblings in Christ.

On this Sunday, in partnership with our neighboring Northeastern Minnesota Synod, we will lift up the American Indian/Alaska Native ministries within our Synod and throughout the ELCA. This special Sunday will provide congregations the opportunity to learn more about our Native Neighbors, to gain greater respect for Native Neighbors' experience and culture, to build and treasure relationships, and to provide support through the generous offerings congregations give on this Sunday.

Offerings received at the Synod office will support Peoples Church in Bemidji and Cass Lake, The Way (formerly Native American Christian Ministry) in Fargo/Moorhead, and the ministry of our Synod's Native Neighbors Table that involves the work of:

- Education/awareness-raising - Blanket Exercises, race and relationship conversations, book studies, continual recognition of Indigenous lands, establishing Native American Sunday.
- Advocacy - Missing Murdered Indigenous Women, emerging MN legislations.
- Capacity Building – strengthening existing Native American ministries, building partnerships with other church bodies (e.g. ECUSA), starting new ministries, educating and equipping leaders.

Plan a special offering for Native Neighbors Sunday. Here are some ideas to put into the mix: Take a special offering for those who would like to give a gift; have a container in a visible location on Sundays where people can put their free will offering with a stated goal (for example, \$500); have a No Bake Sale, where people donate what they would have spent on making goodies.

A check in the amount of the money raised in your congregation can be made out to the Northwestern Minnesota Synod, with *Native American Sunday* indicated in the memo. Please send checks to: Northwestern Minnesota Synod, Concordia College, Moorhead, MN 56562.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all,

Pastor Keith Zeh
Director for Evangelical Mission, NW MN Synod zeh@cord.edu
218-299-4447

Red Lake Tribal History

From redlakenation.org

The Ojibwe migrated from the northern Great Lakes area to what is now Minnesota during the 17th century. Warriors preceded the colonizers and were ordered to clear the way for the Anishinaabe families who would be moving into the area.

Ojibwe warriors established a village just west of Duluth, known as Wi-yah-kwa-chi-ga-ming and later called Fond du Lac by French fur traders. These men were believed to be the first Europeans to interact with the Ojibwe in that area.

From there, the warriors pressed on to the Sandy Lake and Red Lake regions sometime between the years of 1650 and 1750. Other Anishinaabe communities had already been established in what is now known as Grand Portage, Pembina and Rainy Lake in Northern Minnesota.

The Ojibwe battled the Dakota for the land in and around Red Lake, eventually forcing the Dakota out of the area. Initially, the Noka (Military and Police totem of the Anishinaabe tribe) settled the area. Other totems were eventually allowed to live in the Red Lake area as well. Many villages were established in the region, and most immigrants were part of Noka totem.

Eventually, the Anishinaabe established an alliance with some Dakota and penetrated the plains of present-day North Dakota, western South Dakota and Montana. The alliance was strong, and as a result, many Dakota began seeking peace from the Anishinaabe.

Fur trading brought Ojibwe into contact with French Canadians which resulted in intermarriage among the peoples. During the Seven Years War, the Ojibwe joined the French in fighting against the English. The war later became known as the French and Indian War. While the French were defeated, the Ojibwe continued to maintain their fur trade as well as family associations with the French Canadians.

During the 1850s, Roman Catholicism was introduced to the Red Lake Band. Two priests arrived and established a mission. Eventually, Catholic nuns from a Benedictine Monastery in St. Joseph arrived to establish the St. Mary's Mission, which continues to provide services today. The nuns established a boarding school for Ojibwe girls, teaching them the fundamentals of Catholicism and English.

Catholicism became the predominant religion among the Red Lake members; however, many continued to practice traditional Ojibwe rituals, including those regarding mourning and funeral rites.

The Red Lake Band aligned with the Pembina Band of Chippewa Indians in 1863, and successfully negotiated the "Treaty of Old Crossing" with the federal government. In that treaty, they agreed to cede lands in the Red River and Pembina areas. In subsequent decades, additional agreements of land cessions were made as the result of

increased pressure from European-American settlers in the area.

During the late 1800s, the United States and Canada surveyed the international border between the two countries to correct errors. Using the corrected borders, the Northwest Angle was included as part of the United States along with the historic residents — the Lac du Bois Band of Ojibwa. Because they did not have federal recognition from the Bureau of Indian Affairs, the federal government consolidated the Lac du Bois Band administratively with the Red Lake Band.



Several large tracts of land were ceded to the United States, but the Tribe maintained control of the central portion of the land. The Red Lake Band successfully resisted the government's attempt to gain approval for allotment of land to individual households under the Dawes Act of 1889. This Act was intended to "aid assimilation" by dividing communal tribal land into smaller household-sized plots of land for farming and private ownership.

The Act also provided that once each head of household was allocated 160 acres of land, the remaining "surplus" land would be made available for sale to

non-Indians. The arbitrary allotment was done without consideration to the nature or type of lands, and not all lands were suitable for cultivation. The end result deprived Native Americans of millions of acres of traditional territory.

In resisting the Dawes Act, the Red Lake Reservation remains "untouched Indian land," as it has never left tribal control.

The United States broke treaty promises on July 8, 1889. Minnesota Chippewa were told that only the Red Lake and White Earth reservations would be retained, while the rest would be put up for public sale and the Ojibwe residents would be relocated to White Earth Reservation.

The government refused to deal with the Chippewa on a nation-to-nation basis. Instead, officials informed the leaders that members of each reservation would vote on whether to accept allotment at that reservation, with voting confined to qualified Chippewa men. The Chippewa leaders were outraged. While they were certain the Anishinaabe men would follow their instructions, they were less certain of the allegiance of the Dakota who were residing on the Mille Lacs and White Earth reservations.

There was also a deep-seated distrust among the Chippewa leaders and white men who were entrusted to count the votes because of the many deceptions which had occurred in the past. Many felt the counters altered the actual numbers. Red Lake leaders warned the United States government of reprisals in the event their reservation was violated. Eventually, the reservations at White Earth, Mille Lacs and Leech Lake voted for land allotments.

The Red Lake Reservation encompassed 3,260,000 (5,093 square miles) in 1889. The Band was forced to cede 2,905,000 acres as “surplus” after the allotment to households registered on the Dawes Rolls took place. The reservation was left with a little more than 300,000 acres of land that included all of Lower Red Lake, and most of Upper Red Lake.

Due to unrest among the Red Lake Band following the vote, the United States eventually set aside large areas of forests to add back to the reservation. However, in 1904, U.S. officials returned and forced the Red Lake Band of Chippewa to cede more land that was set aside in 1889. The present-day boundaries date to the 1904 Land Act. The federal government forbade the allotment of land to individual Chippewa living on the Red Lake Reservation.

Red Lake Reservation is owned and occupied entirely by members of the Red Lake Band of Chippewa Indians — the only such reservation in Minnesota. The Tribe has resisted joining other Minnesota tribes as was the case in 1934, when Red Lake was encouraged to join six other Chippewa Bands under the Indian Reorganization Act. The act encouraged tribes to restore their governments; however, Red Lake leaders were adamant about retaining the tradition of hereditary chiefs as opposed to an elected government. They did not want to give up any of their control.

By the 1950s, though, new tribal leaders wrote a constitution to establish a democratic process for the purpose of electing the tribal chairman and council members, without term limits. In 1959, the first tribal elections were conducted and Roger Jourdain was elected chairman. He would continue to be re-elected until 1990.

In the latter half of the 20th century, Red Lake began developing its infrastructure, including water and sewer, improved roads, and better housing. The Tribe maintains its own school to allow children to be educated on the reservation. In addition, a Tribal college is available for those wishing to pursue post-secondary opportunities on the reservation.

The tribe maintains its sovereignty and determines who is allowed to visit the reservation, as well as who is allowed to remain within its borders. The Tribe was also the first in the United States to issue its own vehicle license plates.

Recently, the Tribe established a department to assist with expanding the economic base of the tribe and promote job development. The Economic Development Department is responsible for assisting Tribal members in establishing their own businesses and marketing items off the reservation.

The Tribe continues to move forward while maintaining the traditions of the past.

The following is from a portion of Red Lake history written by Kathryn ‘Jody’ Beaulieu, Tribal Archivist.

The Reservation

The Red Lake Band of Chippewa Indians live on our aboriginal homeland in Northern Minnesota on 825,842 acres of total land and water...About 6,300 tribal members live on the Red Lake Reservation; total enrollment is approximately 9,800. The reservation is located primarily in Beltrami and Clearwater counties and the combined upper and lower Red Lake is the predominate geographical feature.

Reservation population and activities concentrate in around the communities of Red Lake, Redby, Little Rock and Ponemah...All towns on the reservation are accessible by motor vehicles, and about four years ago, a new Tribal/State public transportation system was set up on the reservation.

Today the lands of the Red Lake Band include about 400,000 acres of unceded lands, the present reservation, and about 156,000 acres of restored ceded lands. The latter are lands primarily north of the lakes, which had been opened for settlement, but were unclaimed. Because the Red Lake Reservation lands were never allotted, the reservation is populated almost entirely by Red Lake Band members.

Red Lake is the largest community and the center of reservation activity and commerce. The Tribal offices and services are located there, along with a hospital and nursing home, three public schools and a parochial school, the Tribal Information Center, the Archives and Library, a community center with a pool and gymnasium, a senior citizen’s building, a day care for working parents, and a shopping center. Other services in Red Lake include the Red Lake Public Safety Department, Tribal Social Services, Red Lake Builders Inc., Red Lake Housing Finance Corporation, Red Lake Gaming Enterprises, Inc., and Indian Action Agency. Red Lake also has three casinos; Seven Clans-Red Lake, Seven Clans-Warroad and Seven Clans-Thief River Falls.

Redby is the location of the cooperative fishery, the Whitefeather-Moe Educational and Technical Training Center (New Beginnings), Red Lake Industries, and Red Lake Custom Doors. Ponemah has a K-8 public school, a health care clinic, elderly nutrition program, day care center, a new Fitness Center, and a smaller version of Red Lake’s Retail Center called the Ponemah Market.

The People

The people of the Red Lake Band use many of the modern-day conveniences but still carry on the traditions of smoking whitefish and goldeye over open fires, harvesting wild rice, having maple sugar camps, and efforts are being made to revitalize the use of the Ojibwe language. The traditions of naming children, funerals, ceremonies to honor the veterans and the Mdewiwin initiation and ceremonies still persist at the Red Lake Reservation.

The drum ceremony may be held for various reasons: to honor the seasons, in thanksgiving for a good harvest, or in successful fishing. The tradition of all male singers has not changed. The young boys are taught the technique and words



when they are very young. Women are not allowed within the circle of the singers but may stand outside the circle and sing. There have been changes in the music over the years. Today many singers have begun to use Ojibwe words in their songs.

The jingle dress is the traditional woman’s dress of the Anishinabe people. The dress has jingles traditionally made out of Copenhagen snuff can lids. The metal lids are bent into cone

shapes which are sewn on to the dress. Hundreds of cones on the dress jingle when the dancer moves. Floral designed beadwork is also traditional amongst the Anishinabe people.



The Red Lake Band of Chippewa Indians take great pride in the legacy of the Hereditary Chiefs, keeping the land for future generations and refusing allotment. In asserting the Red Lake Nation's sovereign rights, Red Lake was the first in the Nation to establish tribal license plates in 1974 under the administration of tribal chairman Roger A. Jourdain.

Red Lake continues to celebrate its independence by an Annual July Pow Wow and the August Red Lake Fair. Each year, Red Lake selects a new Princess, Junior Princess and Brave at the August Fair.

Sports and the Community

Basketball has always been a popular sport. The "Red Lake Warriors" bring great pride to the community. Many community members have a long history of traveling along with and supporting the team. The Warriors have the distinct honor of having been one of the Minnesota teams selected to play an Australian National. The Warriors were the first all Indian basketball team to make it to the Minnesota State High School Basketball Tournament in 1997.

Crafts

The creative spirit has always been an integral part of Ojibwe culture. Many of the traditional crafts continue today. Others such as pottery and basket making are being revived as we shed the impact of colonialism.

Red Lake artists continue the long-time traditions of beading, tanning hides, quilting, making flutes, designing dance outfits, and creating art work that reflects both past and present Ojibwe culture.

St. Pauli Church Council Minutes

August 19, 2021

The St. Pauli Council met on August 19, 2021 at 7pm at the church with the following members present: Virginia Anderson, Wade Benson, Craig Folkedahl, Pastor Carl Hansen and Tammy Haugen. Absent: Jim Strandlie. Gary Iverson and Faye Auchenpaugh briefly attended.

The meeting was called to order by President Craig Folkedahl and Pastor Carl opened with prayer.

Secretary's Report: M/S/C (Benson, Folkedahl) to approve the Secretary's Report.

Treasurer's Report: M/S/C (Anderson, Hansen) to approve the Treasurer's Report.

Pastor's Report: Upon reflecting on Sunday, August 1st, Pastor felt the 125th Celebration went very well, commenting that he was pleased that he could be part of this special day at St. Pauli. He felt that the presence of Bishop Bill Tesch was especially welcome to our celebration as it was the first of two stops the Bishop would engage in on that day.

Reports of members in sickness or distress: Council members shared prayer concerns for church members remembering those who have not been present for worship lately.

New members or interest in membership: There may be several families in the area with young children that could be invited to attend Sunday School at St. Pauli. Faye will check on an invitation letter that she had formerly sent out in regard to attending Sunday School.

Reports:

- a. WELCA - No monthly meeting was held.
- b. Board of Education - Gary Iverson was present representing the Board of Education and gave the status

of Sunday School at this time. He presented a report from Kari Torkelson about the 8/15/21 Board of Education meeting attended by other Board members and interested parishioners. Five children are presently enrolled in Sunday School. One student will be attending confirmation classes. Gary asked the Council if all agreed that he continue teaching the confirmation class as before. The Council said they had no problem with him teaching confirmation instruction as he has in the past. Lainey Dicken will be getting confirmed on November 7, 2021 which is the date Pastor Carl chose as it is All Saints Sunday.

- c. Pastor Carl has been teaching first communion classes given to 3rd grade students. One student will be taking instruction at this time.
- d. Other Reports – N/A

Old Business:

- a. The damaged tree at the cemetery is still standing.
- b. The 125th Celebration was a total success, Saturday was a day of casual reminiscence, Sunday worship was well attended with 87 present followed by the catered meal served to 95.
- c. The Council acknowledged two donations given at the 125th Celebration, one in the amount of \$100 which was to specifically go to the Mission Grant Fund, and the other for \$170 designated to the Cemetery Association. Both were directed to the proper funds. Also, a \$30 donation was placed in a congregational coffee fund requested by the donor.

New Business:

- a. Proposed audio and video equipment was brought up when Faye Auchenpaugh addressed the council meeting

**St. Pauli Treasurer's Monthly Report
August 2021**

Checking Account Balance End of Jul 2021	\$16,974.49
Aug 2021 Revenue:	\$8,669.00
Aug 2021 Expenses:	(\$7,333.92)
<hr/>	
Checking Account Balance End of Aug 2021:	\$18,309.57

Other Account Balances End of Aug 2021:	
Education Fund	\$1,100.85
Edward Jones	\$77,716.23
Memorial Fund	\$14,677.39
Mission Grant	\$4,435.87
Savings	\$36,596.90
<hr/>	
Total Account Balances End of Aug 2021	\$152,836.81

Cemetery Ass'n Funds End of Aug 2021: \$61,744.75

- with the issue and announced that she would not be heading up the project as was originally planned.
- b. Craig Folkedahl had done some research into both the audio and video equipment and he and Jim Strandlie will both continue looking into the project. The council decided that it was a matter to be brought up at the St. Pauli annual meeting in January.
- c. Faye also brought up the idea of a "Needle Night" on Tuesday night each week starting in September for anyone who would like to come down and work on a project of their own choosing. The idea would be to gather informally and work together. The Council was in agreement with the idea.

The Lord's Prayer was prayed.

Motion to adjourn meeting: M/S/C (Folkedahl/Haugen)

Virginia Anderson
St. Pauli Council Secretary

Women of the ELCA Minutes

June 23, 2021

The St. Pauli Women of the ELCA met on June 23, 2021 at 7pm at the church, with six members present. President Kathy Alberg opened the meeting with devotions and prayer. The secretary's report was approved as read. The treasurer's report was approved as read. Checking account balance as of 5/31/21 was \$738.42; Savings account \$573.18; CD \$6,159.93.

Virginia Anderson gave a Church Council report, noting that directional signs for the cemetery were soon ready to be installed.

Old Business: Sharon Bugge volunteered to water flowers in August; a second person will be needed.

Discussion was held and a decision was made to order 350 copies of the new cookbook. Based on that

quantity, it was determined we'd need to sell 187 to break even on expenses. The purchase of new clear plastic table coverings was discussed. Sue Kotz will check into this. It was decided to cancel the July 7th Lydia Circle meeting and designate that evening for cleaning at the church, in addition to July 21st if needed. There is no WELCA meeting scheduled in July.

Prayer partners were shared, offering was taken, and the Lord's Prayer and Table Grace were prayed. Virginia Anderson served as hostess.

Cindy Cedergren, WELCA Secretary

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WELCA Ladies Enjoy a Wonderful Tour of the Soo Line 1024



The Women of the ELCA had an enjoyable and informative tour of the Soo Line 1024 in August led by long-time railroad man, Hilary Stoltman. He "knows his stuff" and we learned so much.

Thank you, Hilary!



Poem for Rally Sunday

by Ella Rondorf, Student

Give Praise

Give praise to our Mighty God.

Thank him for food and water

Oh, give praise to our Mighty God.

Thank him for our homes and Ling.

Thank him Jesus christ

Thank him for our church.

Give praise to our Mighty God.

For all he has done for the
people of the church.

Give praise to our Mighty God.

Thank him for everything

Ella Rondorf

SEPT 2021

Fall of the Flycatcher

Children and life lessons – in the garden.

By Ryan Stovall

There's nothing equal to a flower garden in the woods for teaching children about life. So if you, too, are attempting to turn the herd of feral wildebeests you've fledged into moral (or at the very least, clothes-wearing) citizens of the world and are stuck in some horrible city where outside means a grimy sidewalk, and nature is a crowded well-tended park, I recommend you pick up stakes, orient your Pontiac Aztec's nose north – and make for Maine.

True, your spouse will likely protest ("What were you thinking? Dragging me to this polar swamp!!!"). But trust me, your family will thank you . . . eventually. (*Your family, I'm still hoping to hear "Maine was adequate" – preferably prior to my funeral.*)

But to our tale at hand: This Spring, a pair of great crested flycatchers nested in a cedar near my latest garden project, a series of small beds bordered by rock steps. I was digging the day the birds arrived, and during breaks saw the female popping in and out of an old pileated woodpecker hole, no doubt measuring the place against the size of her planned nest. The male bobbed patiently up and down on a thin maple twig nearby, and gave only the occasional interrogatory *tweet?* (flycatcher for "Well? Well?").

Apparently, the old bore hole was satisfactory. The nest was built, Mrs. Flycatcher moved in, and for the next couple of weeks I did my best to both not disturb her and to keep my pack of wildebeests from stampeding too loudly past the cedar. Before long, her efforts and mine were rewarded – tiny, urgent peeping noises could be heard emanating from the hole, and both parents began working overtime shoveling insects into their brood's ever-empty mouths. Flies of all sorts were hunted to extirpation; the local dragonfly population took a serious hit; even the annoyingly ubiquitous Maine mosquitoes became hard to find.

As May has moved into June, the kids (twins Alena and Thomas, 5, and Tara, almost 4) and I have spent a lot of time watching the flycatchers' constant feeding. Our observations usually take place during work on the new flower beds, while Thomas "helps," Alena asks (many) questions, and Tara runs around in the sun as naked and chubby as a cherub.

Today I'm trying to set in place a flat rock the size of a wagon wheel to serve as the bottom step of my little staircase. All three children are in my care – Katie's at the store, in search of milk, birdseed, and sanity – or at least a break. As usual, the three of them are twittering away, making even more noise than the baby flycatchers.

"They sure eat a lot." (Thomas)

"How many are in there?" (Alena)

"Actually, Papa, yesterday I saw the mama come back with an actual worm!" (Tara) 'Actually' and 'actual' are the latest additions to her I'm-a-big-kid vocabulary. She's determined to get as much mileage out of them as she can. "I actually did!"

"They do eat a lot, buddy," I saw to Thomas, giving up for the moment on shifting the stubborn rock. The buds of a waist-high mountain laurel I planted last year are swelling, getting



ready to explode into little pink stars. "They have a lot of growing to do, just like you guys. But in a couple of weeks, they have to be big enough to learn to fly. You ready to learn to fly?"

He giggles. Kindergarten is over for the year, the sun is shining, and he's in the garden "working" with his Papa. Life for young Mr. Thomas is good.

"How many babies are there, Papa?" Tara asks.

"Oh, I think birds usually have two to four. Can you imagine that, Miss Tara? Can you actually imagine actually having four little babies that you actually have to feed?"

Tara nods, her eyes round and very earnest. "I actually can."

"I bet you can," I say, squatting down to her level. "Now, what do you say to putting on some clothes? How about, say, an actual t-shirt? Maybe some actual underwear?"

Two weeks later, July is near. My stairs and beds are finished, I'm transplanting bulbs, the fledglings are learning to fly, and the interest level of birding in the 3-to-5-year-old contingent has never been higher.

"There goes another one!" Thomas points. "He's on that limb, see?"

"He actually flew! Did you see, Papa?"

"Actually, I did."

"They really have to flap their wings fast!"

"Sure they do," I say. "It's like when you learned to ski last winter. They have to build some muscle."

"I actually learned how to ski the best."

"It's not a competition, Miss Tara. Everyone did really well, *actually.*"

"What happens if they can't make it back to the nest?"

Trust Alena to ask me *that* question – she was the one who gave me the third degree a few weeks ago, trying to suss out exactly how Mama and Papa Flycatcher made the eggs. I'd punted, putting off the whole birds-and-bees talk for a little older age, and even though I know this is a prime opportunity

for talking about life and death in nature – I quickly decide to punt again.

“Oh, the mama and papa will help them,” I answer vaguely, then, as an extra precaution, I ask if anybody wants a snack, my failsafe for detailing possibly dangerous conversational trajectories.

So we snack. Then we run through the sprinkler a few times, eat lunch, take a short walk into the woods to look for more bird nests, return to the house, snack, watch a swarm of calliope hummingbirds, trim a few errant branches from the bottle-brush blue spruce in the front yard, and snack again. The afternoon has warmed without ever getting too muggy. Life is good.

It's not until bedtime, when the midsummer sun has finally slid behind the bushy maples and towering pines and the shadows have dropped the bright green of the grass to a deep, dusky, almost blue, that disaster strikes.

Cowering on the weathered floor of our small back deck is one of the baby flycatchers.

Thomas spots the fledgling, and at first there's a great deal of excitement – everyone gets a good chance to see the baby close up. Even Katie oohs and aahs before turning to me to ask, “Can we put him back in his nest?”

“We can try,” I say. I know how slim a fledgling's chances are once it's failed to return to the nest by night. I put on a pair of old leather gloves and, with the whole family following at my heels, carry the baby back and tip him into the nest hole.

“Well,” I say, “that's all we can do.”

“He'll be okay, Papa, right?” Alena asks. “The mama and papa will help him so he can fly again, like you said. Right?”

I squat down. “Hope so, kiddo. We'll check on him first thing in the morning, okay?”

That evening, I do two things I never do: I catch our barn cat and lock her in the garage overnight, and I set an alarm. I want to be the first to assess the scene.

But as with most plan made by Amateur Child Tamers such as myself, my intentions fall through. Alena, excited and worried, not only wakes at the first gray of dawn, she drags Thomas and Tara with her. By five o'clock, when I stagger downstairs, my three barefoot, pajama-clad innocents – Tara, who of course sleeps in the nude, has deigned to put on a pair of underwear and her left sock to protect against the early morning chill – are already clustered at the base of the cedar, staring down at their first, feathered intimation of death.

Tears are flowing, copious and heartbreakingly genuine, from *my* brood, and for a moment I catch myself contemplating how I would feel losing any one of *them*.

The, interrupting my dark thoughts, Alena erupts into bitter anger and accusations. My older daughter has gone full Dylan Thomas on me and is raging against the dying of the light.

“You said he would be OK!”

“No,” I say, as carefully and gently as I can, “I said I hoped so.”

“You said the parents would take care of him!”

“Usually they do. Sometimes they do.”

She glares at me, her round face red, angry, and sodden, then suddenly bursts back into tears. “It's not fair!”

Dang it, Papa, I think, you never should have punted in the first place. Having this conversation yesterday, before we were looking down at a little feathered corpse, would have at least somewhat prepared my daughter for this possible outcome. Now there's nothing I can say.

Instead, I gather her in for a hug, and she sobs until my t-shirt is wet against my shoulder and the skin on my forearms goosebumps in the morning chill.

So there it is. Like I said, there's really nothing like a garden in the woods for teaching children about life. But of course, part of life is death. And please, don't ask me if my children are learning about it too early, or in the wrong manner – I have no idea. I'm an Amateur Child Tamer at best. On most days around here, we're shooting for fully clothed.

And hoping earnestly that they – and everything – will turn out OK.

PICKING LIMAS

by Valerie Bryant-Bennett

We work together
side by side,
sashaying deftly
in and out,
the bee tracing
his petaled prize
while I probe leaves
for mine.
He settles into
golden dust,
my palm surrounds
the swollen beans –
as we pack
our pouches full.





THE BACK PAGE

The History of APRONS

I wonder if children now know what an apron is. The apron is a garment worn at the front of the body, since ancient times, for practical, decorative and ritualistic purposes. The word "apron" is French in origin.

Naperon, meaning a small tablecloth, has been worn to protect garments, and indicate status. Aprons are often the first garment made by someone learning to sew. They can be simple and tough, or a delicate and attractive fashion accessory. Aprons are usually made of cotton, muslin, linen, canvas, leather, rubber or lead (x-ray technician).

There are several types of aprons, the half aprons are small and extend from the waist to mid-thigh. A full or bib apron covers the chest and ties behind the waist. Cross back aprons feature straps that cross at the back and come over the shoulders. There are no ties on this apron. A pinafore is an apron that features more fabric over the shoulders than a conventional full or bib apron. Pinafores often include decorative ruffles, or "wings" of fabric above the shoulder. Often worn by little girls, a pinafore is not worn merely for work, but worn as an attractive garment that can be trimmed with ribbons or bows.

Aprons were a cultural icon of the mid 20th century. They were popular and often included in a picture of a homemaker in the late 1940's. After the horrors of World War II, people who grew up with the privations of the Great Depression welcomed the simple aspects of home life and family. It must be remembered that during the war, as well as during the Great Depression, families were often uprooted and separated; many were never seen again. A simple, well-run home with an intact family seemed like paradise. The apron became a symbol of family, mother and apple pie ideals. Aprons signified a cozy kitchen, and enough food for everyone.



In the late 1960's, the idealization of housework fell out of favor. Aprons were suddenly viewed as old fashioned garments worn by grandmothers. The very idea of being a housewife seemed dull and ordinary as women reached outside the home for satisfaction and reward.

In recent years the lowly apron has gained in popularity because of

the slow cooking movement that encourages people to get back into the kitchen and eat healthier. Cooking shows on the Food Network have inspired a new appreciation for quality

meals made from scratch. The apron is once again used for practical reasons.

Now let's talk about Grandma's apron. The principal use was to protect the dress underneath because she only had a few. It was also because it was easier to wash aprons than dresses, and aprons used less material. But along with that, it served as a potholder for removing hot pans from the oven.



It was wonderful for drying children's tears, and on occasion was even used for cleaning out dirty ears.

From the chicken coop, the apron was used for carrying eggs, fussy chicks, and sometimes half-hatched eggs to be finished in the warming oven.

When company came, those aprons were ideal hiding places for shy kids. And when the weather was cold, Grandma wrapped it around her arms.

Those big old aprons wiped many a perspiring brow, bent over the hot wood stove. Chips and kindling wood were brought into the kitchen in that apron.

From the garden, it carried all sorts of vegetables. After the peas had been shelled, it carried out the hulls. In the fall, the apron was used to bring in apples that had fallen from the trees.

When unexpected company drove up the road, it was surprising how much furniture that old apron could dust in a matter of seconds.

When dinner was ready, Grandma walked out onto the porch, waved her apron, and the men folk knew it was time to come in from the fields to dinner.

It will be a long time before someone invents something that will replace that 'old-time apron' that served so many purposes.

NOTE: Grandma used to set her hot baked apple pies on the windowsill to cool. Her granddaughters set theirs on the windowsill to thaw. They would go crazy now trying to figure out how many germs were on that apron.

I don't think I ever caught anything from an apron - but love.