



Notes from the Woods

ANDERSON WOODS, INC.

From the Diary of the Woods

November 8, 1983

It is evening and I sit by the fire, basking in its warmth. Grey Kitten studies the flame and my dog Scotty sits by my chair. He and I stayed at the barn a long time this evening. The sun's afterglow silhouetted the barren trees. As the shadows lengthened, I sat in the loft, smelling the sweet hay and listening to the animals munching the fragrant wisps, sounds and smells I so dearly love.

The beauty of winter speaks to my entire being here by the fire as it did earlier in the afterglow.

Today Scotty and I buried an old cow, too old to birth her last calf. Her life spent, her calf's begun and ended in the barest span of time. Yet, somehow, the cycle is complete and I returned them both to their earth mother; returned to begin anew and bring forth yet another form of life ...

Soon I will bank the fire and sleep for the night. The now full moon finds its way through the window. While I sleep, Scotty will watch Grey Kitten chase silver shadows and the Place will continue in its eternal process. I will rest as I rest nowhere else. jc

A LETTER FROM OUR PRESIDENT

Sunday Mass at St Martin's
 I wasn't feeling well and shortly after arriving I realized that I would have to go over to Lark House, one of our homes, and lie down. I used the recliner in the living room but I had forgotten that Robert, one of our residents didn't attend Mass. I heard him come in from feeding the chickens and gathering eggs. He said "Hi, Kiddo," that's his name for me. He showed me the eggs but I was so sick at my stomach that I really didn't want to talk, and Robert is a talker. I love him dearly so I tried to contend with it. He finally went in the kitchen to wash the eggs and I told him I was going into Sr Beata's room and lie on her bed for a while. He moved books off of her bed and carefully placed them on the desk. He said he would shut the door but listen in case I needed him. Then he said "Kiddo, do you need a cover?" I said no and he left quietly, closing the door behind him. A few minutes later I heard a light tap on the

door and the words "Kiddo, can I come in?" "Sure, Robert" with my assurance that it was O. K., he came in quietly and place the scrubbed egg bucket beside the bed, "In case you need it, Kiddo." With those quiet, caring words, he gently closed the door and left. For some time I could hear him waiting outside the door in case I needed him. I couldn't have had a better nurse nor could I have felt more loved.

Our homes and our camp are two way streets of love and it is impossible to give more that we get. I always speak of our residents and campers as Special People and so they are and we hold them in our hearts.

My gratitude and blessings to all who share in our ministry. jc

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