



The Magical Life of Big Lou the Emu

by Dawn Aura

Big Lou died on July 28 at the University of Alabama Large Animal Clinic in Auburn. He had hardly been eating at all for a month, and it was so hard to watch his decline. But city veterinarians don't know emus, and those that do are out in farm country. Transporting Lou to a vet seemed out of the question, since he had never been in a vehicle since his arrival 29 years ago, and we knew emus can be dangerous if they feel trapped.

One vet who had seen Lou before finally came from Lithonia and sent a blood sample off for testing. By the time the results came back, we had waited six days for another vet who was more familiar with emus, but he canceled that very day due to a personal emergency. The lab report showed that Lou's blood levels were all very off. By then he was so weak and sick that we were left with only one option: transporting him to Auburn. We still weren't sure we could coax him into a vehicle. I had only recently learned that animals in zoos are trained to enter a vehicle without panicking. Ours was not. But he was so weak that we hoped he would not resist.

My husband Stephen



Wing and our friend Daniel Rodriguez were the heroes of the day. They rented an air-conditioned van, blacked out the windows and filled the back with straw. Then they walked Big Lou up the hill, one on either side, guiding him from the back yard up to the street for the first time ever. They used a blanket as a sling to lift him into the van. At first Lou tried to stand and had a very hard time with the motion, but I could turn in my seat and talk to him while Wing drove, and finally he settled down in the straw and stayed quiet for the two-hour drive to Auburn. The vet, vet techs, and veterinary students there were wonderful, but another blood sample showed that he didn't have any platelets left at all, and his lungs were

filling with fluid. We agreed it would be best to help him out of his body. First, he was given a sedative so he could fall asleep and go peacefully.

We brought Lou back in the cardboard coffin they provided, and the next day we buried him near the double chain-link gate where visitors would come to visit him. This time the hero was Chris Richmond, a long-time friend of Lou's and ours, now living behind us at Amata, who showed up and helped Wing dig the large grave. Then began the outpouring of personal messages via Facebook and email, eventually 50+. I am sure I will not get the same fanfare when I pass, for I am only a human, not a rare, kind emu!

Cont. on p. 6

TAKE 48: New Ways to Help Dekalb's Overcrowded Animal Shelter

by Scott McLane

The intake restrictions imposed on the Dekalb Animal Shelter by the Department of Agriculture and Dekalb County this May have been lifted, but sadly we are again approaching the unsustainable numbers we had a few months ago. In

response to this, Lifeline has created a new resource called **TAKE 48**.

Take 48 is an initiative to help more lost pets get back home to their families. Given that most dogs will be found less than a mile away from their homes, taking them

to the shelter could impede their chances of ever finding their families again. We are encouraging all finders to take 48 hours and follow a few quick steps first to help that pet, before bringing them to the shelter:

Cont. on p. 2

Hawk in the House!

by Wade Marbaugh

"Help, Wade! There's an owl in your office!"

Mother Nature has given Mus numerous moments of excessive surprise at our cozy home on Marlbrook Drive in Lake Claire.

Like that time a coyote came out of the Frazer Forest, which borders our backyard, and strutted down the street as if it owned the world. There

have been blizzards knocking out power, forcing our family to huddle in our living room before the fireplace, reading with kerosene lamps; awesome views of celestial extravaganzas from the street; a storm and giant oak limb crushing my beloved Toyota Camry, and so on.

But this may be the award-winning episode at our humble abode. I was sitting at the dining room table, finishing lunch on Saturday, July 16, when I heard my wife, Stell Simonton, screaming like some individuals do when seeing a mouse. As I hur-

ried down the hall, Tabitha (a.k.a. Tabby Cat) raced in the opposite direction into the living room to hide. She wanted nothing to do with this adventure.

Looking into my office, I saw big bird wings frantically flapping against a wall and windows (it shattered a window-pane and cracked another). Indeed, my first

thought was "it's a big spotted owl." It flew out right past my head (scary) and went into Stell's office. The bird turned out to be a Cooper's hawk. We'd seen them once, feeding in our yard, with one even perching on our deck railing. According to knowledgeable friends, it probably was a young adult.

We shut the office door, and thus began a five-hour episode, a memoir chapter entitled, "The Day I Petted a Hawk," if I ever write a memoir.

Cont. on p. 9



Opportunity to Help Lake Claire Once a Month

Due to a deliverer moving out of the country who had several newspaper routes (see P. 12), the Clarion needs more deliverers. Please contact Alicia at distribution@lakeclaire.org if you are interested in taking on a route commitment to deliver papers to your neighbors' porches once a month, usually the 3rd week of each month. It's a great way to

connect with others, get some exercise, and support our neighborhood. Adults can get "steps," high school students can get community service credit, and all ages of kids can learn the fun and satisfaction of volunteerism. It could be a family affair! And we can help out when you need to be away that particular week.

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Cover banner photo by Sarah Coburn

The Clarion Newspaper (and its predecessor Neighbors Monthly Newsletter and its predecessor Lake Claire Neighbors Flyer) has been written, edited, and distributed by volunteers since 1989.

• **The Lake Claire monthly neighborhood meeting** (via Zoom) is the third Thursday of each month (i.e., **September 15**). lakeclaire.org for updates and Zoom info. Sign up for neighborhood mailings/Zoom link at lakeclaire.org/resources/newscast-sign-up.

• **Frazer Workday:** Also of note, since we don't have a full calendar this time: Frazer Forest Volunteer Workday with Trees Atlanta, **Saturday, September 3**, 9 a.m.–12 p.m. Help restore and maintain our beloved neighborhood old-growth forest. Pre-registration required. Space is limited: frazercenter.org/about-us/events.

Take 48

Continued from page 1.

1. **Take a photo.** Alert your neighbors about the found dog. Snap a photo of the pet and post it on Nextdoor, your neighborhood social media group, and your social media accounts.

2. **Text "FOUND"** to 1.833.ATLPETS (1.833.285.7387)

3. Bring the pet to the nearest veterinarian and get a **free microchip scan**.

4. **Walk the dog around the neighborhood** to see if anyone might recognize him or her.

5. Fill out a **Found Pet Report** with:

DeKalb County:

DeKalbAnimalServices.com/found-pets

Fulton County:

FultonAnimalServices.com/found-pets

6. Upload a photo to **Petco Love Lost**.

Other Ways to Help

Join the Lost and Found Pets of Fulton and DeKalb County Facebook group. This group's purpose is to help any pet lost or found in Fulton and DeKalb counties in Metro Atlanta, Georgia find its way home (www.facebook.com/groups/lostand-foundfultondekalb).

Post or search for pets lost or found in Fulton and DeKalb County here:

LifeLineAnimal.org/found-pets

LifeLineAnimal.org/lost-pets

There are many additional lost and found pet groups and websites links on these pages. It is important to share lost or found pets widely on social media and beyond to help them get home.

If you haven't lost or found a pet, you can still be an important part of the community by keeping a lookout for lost pets near you and sharing posts for pets in need. The real safety net for pets is a caring community—neighbors helping neighbors. A different path forward can save the lives of the animals in our community without having animals languish in shelters. One day you might just be the connection that helps a beloved pet to get back home.



Jacques is available for adoption (& many other sweet babies)



Look Who Picked Up My Recycling This Week!

by Pat Del Rey

Walking down my block in Lake Claire with my dog this week, I saw the recycle workers very efficiently and quickly pulling the bins toward the truck. I noticed their strong and quick movements. I didn't give it a second thought as the driver jumped up into the driver's seat after emptying a bin in the back. But as I got closer, I was very surprised to see that both the driver and the person on the back of the truck emptying the bins, were women. It was great!

It was exciting to see a young woman behind the wheel! And then to see that her co-worker who was emptying a bin was also a woman! WOW, that was amazing and so unusual. Then I had the pleasure of meeting Diamond Palmer, the wonderful driver, and Sabrina Sims, her wonderful colleague, both valued employees of Atlanta's Sanitation Department, specifically, the Department of Public Works (DPW).

Diamond holds a Class A commercial driver's license, the highest classification of a commercial driver's license in the state of Georgia. Her previous employment was as a tractor trailer driver: that means driving an 18-wheeler! She has been with DPW in the position as Driver for almost 7 years. There are 7 women drivers in her station out of a total of 49. Sabrina is a new employee with the DPW and has been employed for 4 months as a Collector in the same station as Diamond. Her position is in the category called Collection, and there are 5 women in that category, out of a total of 77.

Both told me that the DPW is very supportive of women. In fact, Diamond's boss is a woman. I was happy to hear that. Next time you see the recycling truck on a Wednesday, look for Diamond and Sabrina, and give them a BIG wave. They are wonderful.



Bobby Joe and Sammy: Beloved Neighbor Pets

by Patricia Emerson

Recently, Gordon Avenue lost 2 beloved neighborhood rescued pets. First, we will talk about my sweet Bobby Joe, whom I adopted when he was 14½. When my son and I went to a Fur Kids adoption event, we were second in line for Bobby Joe; after 2 hours, we learned Bobby Joe would belong to us. My son visits enough so that he feels like an owner also. Bobby Joe was a beautiful black curly haired miniature poodle who delighted everyone he met. He lived happily with me, taking walks and greeting all the children and adults we passed. On one walk, we were at the top of Hampton Court when an owner let her large dog off-leash. The dog sprinted over 50 yards and grabbed my small 11-pound poodle, tossing him back and forth. The owner could not get her dog to let go. A male helped, and finally I could pick up my badly injured dog. I said to the owner, "You will pay the vet bill", and she said "Yes." Which she has not done. The bill was over \$3,000.* Bobby Joe had 50 staples in his body, 2 surgeries, and spent several nights in the vet hospital. This little guy made it, and we had a pink lemonade tea party and birthday party for him. I had been having the pink lemonade tea parties for the neighborhood kids because I love having children around. Bobby Joe also loved the dry cleaners on Dekalb, where Cathy gave him treats, and customers would "oo and ah" over Bobby Joe.

This year I gave the children gifts of little plastic poodles and bought a contribution to Fur Kids. In the last year, Bobby Joe had a growth in his left jaw that grew so big it began interfering with his ability to eat. On July 22, I made the choice to put him to rest. He weighed only 7 pounds. My son and I brought him home. Our friend John dug his grave. Later a few friends came over. We planted flowers and placed a large rock as a gravestone and small rocks around the grave. Later, I put a bird bath nearby and will plant more flowers.

Now to Sammy: Sammy began his life as a kitten from N. Carolina who came to live with Jean Harsch, until she moved into a Senior Residence which did not allow pets. So Sammy came to live with Alice Bliss. Sammy loved the outdoors and spent most time outside. He was a good friend to Alice and often said "Hello" to visitors. Alice had a caretaker who also looked after Sammy. But Alice grew older and weaker, and one day she left Gordon Ave.; Sammy, however, had no intention of leaving the street.



He took up with Ellen Myers, who accepted being adopted by Sammy and provided love, food, and shelter for him. Sammy also took over the upper part of Gordon Ave. roaming and ruling like a King. People spoke to him, and he became well-known. But no petting: Sammy was a free cat and ruled his own life. The neighbors worried about busy DeKalb Ave. but Sammy never went on DeKalb. Sadly, he was hit by an AirBnB car right on Gordon. The driver placed Sammy under a large oak tree, not leaving him in the street. There Ellen found him and said her goodbyes. When upper Gordon learned of his demise, they also said goodbye to the large orange cat who was King of the neighborhood.

**Patricia Emerson has lived in the passive solar house on Gordon for 39 years and has been involved in Lake Claire for many of those years. At 88 she is still active, doing amazing things, such as her lemonade parties ("at first for girls until Elizabeth asked could she bring her brother") and Bobby Joe birthday parties. She mentions how many people loved Bobby Joe, and the same is true about her. Patricia did not ask me to include this, but I know she does not have the emotional bandwidth after losing her beloved Bobby Joe to pursue the woman who owes her for the vet bill and promised to pay many months ago. Could someone please help? Contact me at editor@lakeclaire.org, and I'll put you in touch with Patricia.*

A Note from our LC Prez

Dear Neighbors,

The sad news is that Big Lou (likely the most famous emu in the country) passed away in August, but left a wonderful legacy after 29 years as the star attraction at the Lake Claire Community Land Trust (LCCLT) (See Page 1). Lou had a major impact representing the importance of preserving the environment, while providing a great experience for hundreds of visitors. The loving care given to Lou is just one of the many valuable contributions the LCCLT has made to Lake Claire and beyond. So let me dedicate this message to the amazing institution that has occupied the end of Arizona Avenue for the last 39 years. First, be sure to mark your calendars for September 24 for the annual "Jerry Jam" (details Page 11). The memorial circle for Lou will have taken place by the time you get this edition, unless the weather doesn't cooperate (rain date, Sept. 10). There has been a lot more going on, as seen in the summer edition of the Clarion: Serene Out Sound Bath, Mystic Monk Mycology, Webster performing, the Community Potluck revived, Earth Poets on Stage, Community Workday, the Drum Circle, Pop-Up Qi Gong Workshops. And let's not forget the kids! Activities with Ms. Lady Bug, Creative Kids Camp, teen photography, Crazy for Cyanotype, and Water Ice Crafts. This is only a sampling of the myriad of happenings each month, and they also rent 50 garden plots and host many private events.

When taking a look at the Land Trust history on the LCCLT website recently, the term "urban pioneers" in describing its original founders caught my attention. In the late '60s, they began settling in intown neighborhoods like Lake Claire from which many residents had exited to the suburbs; a trend that took place in major cities all over the country. Adding to the decline of intown properties was the construction of major freeways that divided once thriving neighborhoods in order to facilitate access in and out of the city. This would have been a reality in our area if the proposed Stone Mountain Freeway in the 60s had not been stopped by then Governor Jimmy Carter. Ur-

ban pioneers in Lake Claire and surrounding neighborhoods dedicated themselves to turning things around, creating such entities as the Bond Community Federal Credit Union ("BOND"). It was a key factor for continued improvement in providing loans in an area that had been redlined by the banks at that time. BOND was instrumental in reviving the Little Five Points commercial area, including the Little Five Points Pub that served as a rallying site for the battle against construction of another proposed four-lane highway in the early 80s that would have divided neighborhoods from I-85/75 ending up on Ponce de Leon Avenue, while cutting through half of Candler Park and part of Olmsted Park. The result of their efforts was a revitalization of Lake Claire and adjoining communities but, equally important, with a spirit of activism, conservation, and healthy living. We are truly fortunate that the LCCLT has contributed in so many ways to make our neighborhood one of the most unique in Atlanta, and I encourage everyone to support this wonderful entity both financially—and by attending as many events as possible.

I mention this brief history because we are now living in a much different era. By any standard, Lake Claire has become an upscale location, so it is all the more important to remember where we came from and to conserve, as much as possible, the pioneering spirit that brought many of us here. Long live Big Lou!

~ Joe Agee, President
Lake Claire Neighbors, Inc.

SAFER
McLendon

Let's reimagine a McLendon Avenue where drivers, bikers, and pedestrians share the roadway equally for a much safer and more enjoyable experience for all!

Candler Park and Lake Claire neighborhood organizations invite you to our upcoming public engagement sessions on:

Thursday, September 15
(5:00 pm to 8:00 pm)
-and-
Saturday, September 17
(9:00 am to 12:00 pm)

Neighborhood Church
1561 McLendon Avenue NE
(across from Candler Park)
www.safermclendon.org

Advance Notice—Lake Claire October Nominations

The annual Lake Claire Neighbors (LCN) Executive Committee elections are in November. According to our bylaws, all nominations must be made at the regular LCN meeting in October. The basic requirement for nomination, self-nomina-

tion or by another, is attendance at a minimum of four regular meetings since last November. A slate of officers is also presented. So, if you would like to serve the neighborhood in this valuable fashion, and you will meet the requirement

as of the October meeting (i.e., you will have already attended at least 3 meetings, so the October meeting will be your 4th or more), do consider leadership in the neighborhood, a very good cause.



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Wild in Lake Claire

by Sara Gottlieb

I just got home from digging up all the perennials I had planted with my offspring in front of their condo in Inman Park because the HOA has decided only landscaper-approved and planted plants are permitted on the premises. Most of the landscaping consists of non-native, ornamental plants, with no value as food or habitat for insects, birds, or other critters that depend on our native flora to survive and thrive. The other day, I was in a bad mood when I went to take out the trash. As I approached one of my garden beds, which has purple coneflower well past peak bloom and going to seed, I saw several goldfinches alight from where they had been feeding on the seed heads and my mood lifted. Why would we deliberately deny ourselves the delightful surprise of birds, butterflies, and bees of all sorts, feasting on our summer blooms?

I've been enjoying a variety of wildlife observations around Lake Claire this summer during the Clarion's publishing hiatus. The most intriguing one was in mid-July, when I was harvesting garden vegetables and noticed my yellow passionflower (*Passiflora lutea*) was blooming. Two very tiny, mostly black bees were franti-

cally buzzing around the flowers, taking turns walking all over them. I took some photos (see one of them on page 7) and videos of the behavior, went inside to research, and found out the insect was the passionflower bee (*Anthemurgus passiflorae*), the only species in its genus, thought to be somewhat rare and in any case not well documented. This solitary, ground-nesting bee is dependent on the pollen of the yellow passionflower, which it feeds to its larvae.

I posted my observation of the passionflower bee on iNaturalist, and it was quickly picked up by the Applied Community Ecology (ACE) project, currently run at the Clyde Shepherd Nature Preserve in Decatur, which has started a sub-project focused on the passionflower bee (appliedcommunityecology.org/yellow-passionflower-project/). Two of the ACE group members met me at the Lake Claire Community Land Trust to add to the bulletin board an informational sign they had developed about yellow passionflower, this bee, and the importance of supporting the growth of plants and habitats that many of us would scarcely even notice. Check it out next time you're over there.

Meredith W reports that she's been enjoying the crane-fly orchid blooms in the last week or so. She had completely forgotten about the plants and meant to check for blooms in summer. She hadn't thought about them in months; then something tickled her brain, and she began to look for the flowers, unsure if it was too late. It turns out she was right on time and some stalks had just emerged. It was almost like the plants themselves had whispered to her that it was time.

There have been some cool visitors to Emory's Candler Lake, including two juvenile blue herons and a juvenile either black- or yellow-crowned night heron. The osprey was also back last week, a relatively rare visitor for urban areas.

In Meredith's yard, the pokeweed and elderberry fruit are ripening, so there have been lots of mockingbirds, robins, catbirds, and others enjoying them. Hummingbirds have also been frequent visitors to the passionflower, and they even seem to be interested in the pokeweed blossoms. Jewelweed are just starting to bloom, so they'll soon have more choices as well. Meredith recently noticed that passionflowers open so quickly you can see it in real time [Sara notes: they're also called 'maypops'.] It takes a few minutes for the flower to unfold completely, but it's amazing to see them open before your very eyes.

Finally, there was a praying mantis on a small elderberry by the creek in Meredith's yard who stayed on the top part of the plant for over two weeks. She visited and sat nearby daily, and she became a good if quiet friend. Meredith even got to see



Praying mantis on Sara's waterbottle



Eastern Tiger Swallowtail, photo by Sara

her molted exoskeleton and watch her grow. When the rains came last weekend, the creek flooded, and the elderberry was flattened. Meredith wasn't sure what happened to the praying mantis, but hopefully she found another plant to hang on to and make her home on.

Bernard S reported the loud chirping of cicadas and some strange dragonfly seen by the Land Trust pond (it looked like a biplane or a Chinese kite). The most interesting thing he saw recently was a strange mosquito flying slowly nearby. It almost looked like it had too many legs. Upon close observation, he realized that there were two mosquitoes, mating while flying!

As Mary Oliver sagely advises in her poem Sometimes: "Instructions for living a life: Pay attention. Be astonished. Tell about it." As I write this column, a hummingbird is about 5 feet away from me enjoying the sugar water in the feeder. A few days ago, I found a preying mantis on my water bottle when I had just finished watering the garden (pictured here). A couple of weeks ago, I watched a snowberry clearwing hummingbird moth sipping nectar from the zinnias my neighbor planted. I learned this summer that some (but not all!) female eastern tiger swallowtail butterflies are black. The eastern black swallowtail (a different species!) caterpillars are currently eating my fennel, which I plant every year for them (they also love parsley).

One of the best things about late summer is the blooming joe-pye weed. I have several stands growing in the Peace Garden at the Land Trust. Sometimes, during the day when I'm frustrated with work or just tired of

Cont. on p. 7

CSM's Joe's Place

by Lori White

Nestled in the beautiful Lake Claire neighborhood, Joe's Place provides a haven for Clifton Sanctuary Ministries ("CSM" or "Clifton") guests who have come through the Clifton Night Hospitality program. Here's a bit of history... Clifton Presbyterian Church, who had been operating the night shelter for about 20 years (since 1979), decided that Clifton needed a transitional housing component to complement the services that were being provided in the emergency shelter. The church purchased the three-unit apartment project on Ivy Street, across from Clifton, to provide transitional housing units to certain qualified guests. In order to reside at Joe's Place, the guests must have made significant progress, at Clifton, toward becoming self-sufficient. They typically require additional time, counseling, and support, including financial management and budgeting skills, required for successful independent living. Guests need a minimal income and must attend at least one rehabilitation program, such as AA, weekly. Extended case management takes place for 12-18 months. Clifton Sanctuary Ministries Inc., a

501c3, was formed for the purchase of the Joe's place property in 1998.

Over the years, various projects have taken place at Joe's Place. Five years ago, in partnership with Clifton, Homeaid Atlanta installed new windows and put on a new roof. We were grateful! In celebration of the 25th anniversary of our Joe's Place program, the building is now receiving a much-needed facelift. Incredible Eastminster Presbyterian Church has awarded us with a \$20,000 check to make such improvements! We have begun work to create a safer environment for the guests by updating all electrical work, remodeling one of the main kitchens with efficient appliances, and upgrading the bathroom plumbing. These upgrades will ensure the safety of our guests and offer a more comfortable space where they can focus on the final stages of transforming their lives.

Joe's Place has been the final step for a lot of our guests transforming into productive, contributing citizens of the community. We are excited about the projects taking place there now. We can't wait to show off the finished work.

Neighborhood Dues for LC

Suggested annual dues are \$20/household, lakeclaire.org via the link **OR** by check in the mail to Eileen O'Neill, Treasurer, PO Box 5942, Atlanta GA 31107. Since the Summer issue, the following folks paid dues: Diane Ludington, Jenny Harrelson, Eva Belle, Carol Holiday, Lindsey H. Crawley, and Ryan Gesser.

The Magical Life of Big Lou

Continued from page 1.

The next morning the *AJC* got in touch through a Land Trust contact and wanted to do an interview. But I was too raw and depleted, so the reporter collected some quotes from Facebook and put something together without speaking with anyone. I soon realized that I was not only Lou's caretaker but the personal assistant to a celebrity, and I had a responsibility to honor him and tend to his fans. Part of that was to be available so the proper story would get out. When CBS called the next day I agreed to an interview, which was edited into a 5-minute tribute to Lou and aired the following Tuesday. I also did an interview via email with *Atlanta Magazine*, which was published online the next weekend. You can find both of these on the home page of our Land Trust website at the bottom of Lou's obituary.

Big Lou was brought here around 1993 when 15-year-old Noah Glassman saw some emus in Marietta and asked his father, Norman, if they could have some at their Amata property. No one thought about how long an emu might live! At the time we had no rear fence between our property and Amata, so Lou had a large area to roam in. As a dedicated animal rescuer, it was natural for me to begin feeding him, and Lou began to stay in our end of the enclosure. Little did I know that this would begin 29 years of emu care.

When the land was fenced years later, Noah's interest had run its course, and I became Lou's only caretaker. It was on-the-job training, as I was a girl of the suburbs and didn't know anything about caring for wild animals, and there was hardly anything online at the time about pet

emus. A branch of the ratite group of flightless birds, emus were brought to the U.S. from their homeland in Australia as a potential meat source, but folks were not interested in emu burgers. Now, they are often raised and killed for their rich oil which is used in body creams. Yuck.

Emus are supposed to eat "ratite food," which are pellets like rabbit food, but Lou wanted nothing to do with that. He wanted fresh fruit and raw vegetable salads, along with frozen green beans, canned corn, canned beans, cooked brown rice, and tortilla chips broken up bite-size with roasted peanuts and popcorn. For nearly three decades I had to be here for morning feedings (more like brunch since I am not an early riser), and for evening feedings before dark. My life was regulated by these twice-daily meals. From watching Animal Planet zoo programs I realized that in effect, I was a volunteer zookeeper. Lou had his own fridge, freezer, microwave, kitchen shelves for bowls, etc.: twice a day, a six-course à-la-carte meal, approximately 20,000 times. The moral of this story is that when you get pets,



miss his gentle presence, his friendship, and his complete trust which I was honored to have earned. For me, Lou was like any other family member. We loved each other, and for that I am grateful. I would rest with him in his shelter until a rainstorm had passed. When he was in an affectionate mood, he would relax his long neck and close his eyes in pleasure. He loved his summer showers under the hose.

One thing I value in life is to recognize the similarities that all species share. We humans are part of the circle of all species, not apart—or above it. Life on Planet Earth would be more balanced and harmonious if more people would put down their studies and research and just look deeply into the eyes of another species. They might see there the same intelligence they see in themselves, and not so cavalierly discount the lives of other species and so carelessly harm them.

After Big Lou died, the Land Trust generously covered the cost of his final illness. If you would like to help cover those expenses, please visit LCCLT.org, and donate to Big Lou's favorite place on Earth by clicking "Donate." You can also donate via Venmo or send a check to "LCCLT" at 270 Arizona Ave. NE, Atlanta 30307. And please consider a monthly donation if you would like to become a "Land Trust Sustainer." Even small amounts add up and help the Land Trust continue to do its magic.

For my B.I.G. (Beauty In the Garden)

In one of those stars I shall be living. In one of them I shall be laughing. And so it will be as if all the stars were laughing, when you look at the sky at night. And when your sorrow is comforted (time soothes all sorrows) you will be content that you have known me. You will always be my friend... I shall not leave you."

from Antoine de
Saint-Exupéry,
The Little Prince

especially a bird, find out how long they live and be sure to have a long-term committed plan!

Not only was Lou's care quite extensive, but it was frightening being responsible for someone I could not take to a doctor. Luckily, he only got sick three times, but when it happened I felt alone. I do not regret any of it, as my calling in life was to do animal rescue, and I did it 110%. Perhaps others would have not gone to such lengths, but he was in my care, in an artificial environment for emus, and I wanted to make sure he ate well and was loved. Many thanks to Wing for taking on the evening feedings since he retired a

few years ago.

Why did Lou's life affect so many people? I think it was that he was so rare for these parts, and so dinosaur-like, yet so gentle, with a genuine affection for people—and a love for fruit. He would take food carefully from people's hands, even the smallest child. He was so well-loved for so long that kids grew into adults with an emu in their lives, and then they brought their own kids. He was a big part of the Land Trust magic, a place where folks can unwind and enjoy themselves with friends, nature, and wildlife. I will miss the sweet voices of young and old calling "Big Louuuuu!" from the back fence. Even more, I will



“Poor boy. He had a good life. You gave him such a blessed life... So sad. Nice that he can rest where he enjoyed his life. I sent a little for his medical expenses.”



Sampling of Comments that Poured in from Lou’s Friends

“Aww, I’m so sad this has occurred, Dawn. I’m so happy he had a long, well loved and cared for life! His legacy spans far beyond.”

“Oh, my heart is with you at this time of passing of your beloved Big Lou. Lucky you all to know an emu, this particular emu, intimately.”

“I’m so sorry Dawn I know y’all were friends for a long time, And you’ve had other animal losses lately. I’ll be thinking about you.”

“The days of Lou have passed, and yet they seem to go on. We are all a little bit less without Lou, but in memory, we hold the days of him in hearts enlarged by his presence and diminished by his passing away.”

“Rest in peace, Lou, and thank you, Dawn, for the privilege to meet and help take care of him. He was an amazing being.”

“I am so, so sorry Dawn. I can’t imagine how hard it is for you. You both were very lucky to have each other. I’ll miss Lou Lou.”

“I’m so sorry about Big Lou. He was a cool dude and awesome neighbor, and he loved you! He had a great life with you. Sending love and light your way.”

“Hi. I just saw. I’m sending you lots of love. You were such a great Mom to Lou, and you gave him a wonderful amazing life! He will forever be watching over you.”

“Though I am sad about Big Lou, I also know he had such a good life, so well loved. Such a marvelous being. Glad to have met him.”

*“Oh dear sweet big bird of love.”
“Sending you so much love, Dawnie! Thank you for taking such good care of him for so long!”*

“Dawn, I’m so very sorry. I’m glad he is at peace now, and I’m wishing peace for you. You were such a good companion to him. Such a bond. Very beautiful.”

“Sounds like he led a long life . . . with some sterling human family members. Sad that you won’t have him around anymore . . . may your grief be tempered by the many memories created together. RIP, Big Lou.”

“Thank you for all the love you gave him.”

“He was such a cool creature. Thanks for sharing.”

“Love and light to you and big Lou. He was a special and gentle soul.”



“I’m so sorry! What a loss! Such a sweet soul! He was so lucky to be part of your family, having you lovingly cooking meals for him! So many more years of bonding than with shorter-lived cats and dogs! So much more potential heart-break! You must feel like part of you was torn away.”



Wild in Lake Claire

Continued from page 5.

staring at a screen, I’ll take a walk over to the Peace Garden and just watch all the activity on the joe-pye weed. Without fail, the blooms are completely alive with a variety of bees and as many as half a dozen butterflies. Where do you go for a nature break when you need one?

What have you been astonished to see there lately? Tell us about it.

If you’d like to report a wildlife sighting for inclusion in a future column, please email sara.gottlieb@gmail.com



Eastern tiger swallow tail on joe-pye weed



Yellow passionflower and its bee

Andrew Sherwood's New Book!

Our neighbor Andrew Sherwood on Harold Avenue has published a new book, *An Accidental Immigrant*, available as an e-book via Amazon Kindle, Apple Books, Barnes & Noble and other e-booksellers, also as a paperback from Amazon Books. The book describes the author's unintended immigration to the U.S. in 1981 and how he spent the next thirty years traveling the globe for a scientific employer before finally settling down with the love of his life in Lake Claire. Despite an almost total lack of scientific education, he was fascinated by the science and scientists he became involved with, as well as by the sometimes strange

and exotic places he found them in. His childhood dream was to travel the world, and he certainly did that. If there is a moral to the story, Andrew says it is simply this: never give up! Find Andrew's book at books2read.com/u/4Njv5o



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Frazer Celebrates DSP Recognition Week

by Dina Shadwell

Direct Support Professional (DSP) Recognition Week is September 11–17, and Frazer Center is celebrating these essential workers who provide vital support to the adults with developmental disabilities who rely on Frazer's Adult Services. The Direct Support Professionals at Frazer bring care and commitment to their work. Even during the uncertainty of the pandemic, they showed up every day to provide the steadfast support and engagement that help Frazer's adult participants flourish.

Being a DSP can be a rewarding career. Ask Frazer DSPs, and they will tell you they love their job because of the relationships they build with the adult participants. They enjoy helping each participant to live a self-directed life, and they find fulfillment from seeing participants reach their goals. DSPs become adept at communicating with each individual, whether verbally or nonverbally. They are advocates for the people with whom they work, and they empower these

individuals to advocate for themselves. DSPs help create community networks and opportunities for cultural, educational, and social engagement. They do all this while also providing extensive documentation required by state and federal agencies. One of those agencies is Qlarant, which recently audited Frazer to ensure the Adult Services program is meeting quality standards and Medicaid requirements while providing respectful, ethical, and meaningful support for individuals. After a week-long review of records, and meetings with staff and program participants, Qlarant reviewers awarded a score of 95 percent and raved about the quality of Frazer's "extraordinary" Adult Services program, especially considering the operational disruptions of the pandemic. This is thanks in large part to the DSPs who are on the front lines of service, some of whom have been with Frazer for ten, twenty, or thirty-plus years. But staff retention in the disabilities arena is an ongoing

Hello—Safe Journey: Skiing in and around Lake Claire

Send us life cycle changes for the October issue; **help make this series inclusive** (editor@lakeclaire.org) by **September 18**.

Happy Birthday to:

September 1	Thomas Mayer turning 9 (Gordon Avenue)
September 7	Vickie Smith (Harold)
September 13	Lilly Amato—14th birthday (Marlbrook) (Clarion deliverer, thank you)
September 15	Harper Gamble turning 12 years old. (McLendon Avenue)
September 20	Keely Baker—19 this year (Leonardo)
September 22	Rene Godiers (Marlbrook)
September 23	Miles Judy (Lakeshore Drive) 3 years old! Alyssa Olson (Leonardo)
September 24	Walter Judy

challenge nation-wide, and Frazer is not immune. To help remedy the hiring crisis that hit during the pandemic, Frazer raised its minimum starting wage to \$15/hour. And now, thanks to a \$100,000 grant from the Sara Giles Moore Foundation, Frazer's Adult Services program has hired even more staff and is working to expand services to include wider community access for more participants during evening and weekend hours.

Direct Support Professionals impact and enrich the lives of people

with disabilities. That's partly because of their compassion, ingenuity, flexibility, patience, creativity, curiosity, and huge heart. They are absolutely essential to our community, and Frazer will be celebrating them during DSP Recognition Week with gifts, games, food trucks and more.

If you would like to help Frazer Center honor these essential workers, you can make a gift specifically designated for DSP Recognition Week at frazercenter.org/give. Thank you!



Wade Petting Hawk with Broomhead

Hawk in the House

Continued from page 1.

So, at first when I was alone with it in the room, the poor creature was pretty frantic and aggressive looking. After taking some photos, I opened the window above Stell's desk that faces the back yard and Frazer Forest and knocked out the screen for the bird to fly out. It fluttered around, perched, and stared at me—it simply couldn't comprehend the open window as an escape route. Eventually, the young raptor discovered it could hide behind the other window blind. I tried nudging it out of there with a broom head. The result: it flew out from behind the blind, wildly hit a wall and landed on its back, flapping its wings. I feared it was injured. A little stunned, it got back on its feet and hopped to a spot by Stell's book shelves and hunkered down.

By the way, those talons and that beak are like knives. This is a born killer. Keeping my distance on the office futon, I adopted a strategy of silence, and it calmed down. Francis Bacon said, "Silence is the sleep that nourishes wisdom." A poet friend of mine, David Yerke, once wrote, "Even the wolf listens."

Waiting with that wild bird, staring at each other, was a phenomenal sensation, a serene peace and oneness with the universe. Words can't describe it.

I petted that bird with the broom head, slowly caressing its side. I swear it seemed to be content like a cat. You maybe can see that in the photo here. At first the Hawk seemed to think, "What's this?" And then it seemed subdued, like adjusting to a gesture of peace, pretty much a foreign experience in its feral world.

I then sang a song by North Georgia singer-songwriter Joanne Steele, probably flat and off-key. One quadrant goes, "So, I whispered, 'Good morning to the beauty; thank you for all you let me see. Your music soothes and your spirit moves, and it warms a fire inside of me.'" That's how I felt. It was a sacred moment. Or a sacred five hours (or four; I actually left and napped for an hour with Tabby Cat).

Finally, I said, "It's time to go home," and I began nudging the hawk with the broom along the floor toward the window. The bird got fed up with it, fluttered up, scattering Stell's desk papers, and zipped out that window in a blink. I hollered out the window, "Goodbye!" Soon after, I thought, "Wade, you idiot, why didn't you think to video that?" Our daughters would have produced a video that would have gone viral. OK, boomer. But it was a day that I'll never forget. A special gift from Mother Nature.

Goats and Bees Arrive at Mulberry Fields

by Logan Ritchie

Summer was in full effect at Wylde Center at Mulberry Fields. Garden plots are bursting with tomatoes, beans, zucchini, eggplant and herbs. Stop by and marvel at the local produce our urban farmers are growing.

Save the date for **September 17**, when the neighborhood comes out for an annual celebration called Mulberry Fields Gone Wylde. Show your support by joining the host committee or a business sponsor. Last year 50 families stepped up to become members of the host committee and Friends of Mulberry Fields would love to see that number increase to 100. Contact: Ferrin@wyldecenter.org.

Snow White twin goats Fiona and Finnegan were born on June 1. Mama Cybele is healthy and nursing the babies. If you want to catch a glimpse of these playful kids, the best viewing time is morning and evening when it is cooler. Don't see them out and about? They're probably tucked up in a shady spot, taking a nap.

Bee hives arrived at Mulberry Fields thanks to Brandon Tai of Honey Next Door. The hives are located

to the left of the chicken house, behind the fence. Look for future educational opportunities involving bees from the Wylde Center at Mulberry Fields. Shout out to our volunteers Joe Alcober, Matt Jensen, and Jule Davis who spent a day cutting up a fallen mulberry tree. The tree is now being used as a play scape for the baby goats.

Interested in an event at the garden? If you are planning to hold a private event (graduation party, birthday party, a dinner, or any other formalized gathering where people are being invited) at Mulberry Fields contact events@wyldecenter.org first to make arrangements. Visit the website www.wyldecenter.org/general-rentals for pricing. The Wylde Center properties require reservations through the Event Rental system.

What about a playdate with a friend or two or five? We hope you will meet up with your friends to enjoy Mulberry Fields and everything it has to offer. We are open to the community every day.

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Can Your Family Take a Turn Caring for the Children's Garden this Fall?

Terri Evans has done her part. Her stint as Guardian of the Land Trust Children's Garden ended May 31, and after a summer left to the fairies, the Garden is now in need of a new family or families with time and love to give. What exactly does that involve? If you listen closely with an open imagination, the fairies might have some suggestions. But practical things like spreading wood chips on the paths, Terri suggests, will make a big difference next time it rains. "I was there briefly in July, and it looked pretty good," adds Miss Ladybug, Andrea Zoppo, whose inspiration the Garden originally was. "The space is a lot more shaded out now than when I

started with it. Really just keeping it a sweet shaded place is good. Perhaps more ferns, hostas, and Lenten roses (hellebores) can come in and replace weeds in the future. I would not bother planting any food, herbs, etc. Other tasks would be (fall and winter) picking up debris in the path, dumping out stagnant water, rearranging statues in pleasant ways, etc."

Caring for the Garden is a great way for parents to teach their kids about the stewardship of nature. "If children imagine themselves as little people having to live in the garden," Terri says, "they will naturally want to take care of it." This is excellent preparation for the time when

they'll graduate to a wider perspective on our beautiful garden planet. It's also a great way for parents and kids to spend time together outdoors in the fresh air. It teaches the joys of contributing to a community and taking responsibility for a precious resource shared with others. As Ladybug wrote in the Clarion last year, "These efforts by local families are the essence of what makes community spaces thrive and be resilient. Participation is key!" If you are interested in taking a turn as Guardian of the Children's Garden for the next season, September through November, or would like to know more, contact her at andrea.zoppo@yahoo.com.



JERRY JAM Grateful Dead Tribute

Sat. Sept. 24, 2–11 p.m.

Greetings Land Trust lovers! We are so excited to announce for the first time in three years our annual Fall Fest Jerry Jam! We will have several bands playing the music of the Grateful Dead for your dancing pleasure, food trucks and art vendors, drinks for sale at our Land Trust Gorilla

Grill, a bake sale and a raffle. Stay tuned!! Check out our website at www.LCCLT.org for our upcoming pre-sale for tickets to the festival. All proceeds go directly to the Land Trust. If you are unable to attend and would like to donate, please go to our website and click Donate. Hope to see you there!

SACRED MEDICINE SONG CIRCLE with Mother Jaguar

Sat. Sept. 3 and Oct. 1, 5–7 p.m.

Cost: \$30/person (20% goes to the Land Trust)

Mother Jaguar (Catherine Adunni) will lead the group through a program of sacred medicine songs she received on her Vision Quest, with movement, silence, and reflection. Songs are tools for transformation, used for help with grounding, healing, release, finding clarity, clearing, moving emotions, gratitude or

celebration. No singing training or skills required, just sing from your heart! Bring a drum and/or rattle, any sacred items you wish to add to the altar, journal and pen, sun hat, water bottle, blanket or camp chair, and food to share if you'd like to stay for a picnic. The Land Trust Drum Circle follows at 8 p.m.

REPEATING EVENT: Wild Edibles & Medicinals Foraging Tour & Picnic

Wild Edibles & Medicinals Foraging Tour & Picnic, available weekdays at 5 p.m. and select Saturdays and Sundays at 2 p.m. During this walking tour, we will forage for and learn about fifteen common edible and medicinal plants of the southeast, ending with a shady relaxing picnic

showcasing three dishes and four teas made using foragable plants to inspire you in your pursuit of greater self-sufficiency. Led by Morgan Strickland at Flourish & Flora. Check for upcoming sessions & sign-up: www.flourishandflora.com.

Upcoming and Ongoing at the Land Trust . . .

Sat. Sept. 3: Sacred Medicine Song Circle with Mother Jaguar, 5–7 p.m. \$30/person; 20% goes to LCCLT. (See article this page.)

Sat. Sept. 3: Drum Circle, 8–11 p.m., \$5 donation requested. Rain date: Sat. Sept. 17

Thur. Sept. 8: Land Trust Board of Directors meeting, 7–8 p.m. All are welcome! Contact info@LCCLT.org for a Zoom link. (Note: now 2nd Thursday of the month due to schedule changes among the board)

Tue. Sept. 13: Community Potluck Dinner, 6:30 p.m. at the Little Gazebo. Bring a dish, beverage or dessert to share and your own plate, cup, and utensils.

Sat. Sept. 17: Community Work Day, 9 a.m.–noon. Pizza follows. Rain date: Sat. Sept. 24.

Sat. Sept. 24: "Jerry Jam" Grateful Dead tribute fundraiser (See article this page.)

Sun. Sept. 25: Creative Class Brook Hewitt: Rock Spa & Painting, 4–6 p.m. (See article this page.)

Sat. Oct. 1: Sacred Medicine Song Circle with Mother Jaguar, 5–7 p.m. \$30/person.

Sat. Oct. 1: Drum Circle, 8–11 p.m., \$5 donation requested. Rain date: Sat. Oct. 15

Creative Class with Brook Hewitt: ROCK SPA & PAINTING

Sun. Sept. 25, 4–6 p.m.

The rocks in our Children's Garden have been hard at work all year—it's time to show them some TLC! Let's treat our beautiful rock stars to a day at the spa! We will "cleanse and massage," then give them a make-over at washing and painting stations. Once the rocks are "relaxed" (dried) we will find special places for them back in the Garden. This activity is appropriate for all ages. Note: Brook's classes are now free, pre-registration no longer required, but donations are appreciated!

NOTE: In July, our awesome Creative Class teacher Miss Brook, with

her husband and their dog, miraculously survived a direct hit when a falling tree destroyed their house and car and most of their belongings. As they reconstruct their lives, insurance is covering the basics, but donations from Brook's many friends and admirers (via GoFundMe) are making a big difference. Creative Class was canceled for July, but she bounced back for August and the rest of the year. Bravo, Brook! GOFUNDME link: www.gofundme.com/f/local-teacher-loses-everything-in-tree-disaster

LAKE CLAIRE KIDS' CORNER

We hope this series is fun and a way for young Clarion readers/writers/artists to participate. This month we feature Truman Orr. Truman's family has just moved out of the country (as noted in the article); Truman has been de-

living Clarions since 2018, eventually covering five routes (!), and his mom interviewed him about it. Thank you for your dedication, Truman, and have a great time. To all the Lake Claire children who read and contribute to the Kids' Page each

month, we appreciate you. Add **your** creativity to this page! Submit your work to editor@lakeclaire.org, by SEPTEMBER 15 for the next issue of the newspaper, which will be more like fall—October! Have fun!



Scouts Bridging Ceremony at the Land Trust

by Terri Hyde

Troop 21669 (2nd grade at Mary Lin) had our Bridging Ceremony at the Land Trust on Sunday, Aug. 7. The girls crossed under our Rainbow Bridge to become Brownies. We almost doubled our Troop size, and our returning scouts shared their scouting experience with our new scouts. The bridging scouts shared/taught the new scouts about what the Troop has done. They talked about their Cookie Business, about being a Sister to Every Girl Scout—they created a special hand clap/hand shake, and Songs/Friendship Circle/Squeeze, in which they learned the new Brownie song and taught the new scouts the Make New Friends song.

New Contest

If YOU find a graphic showing September in this issue, you will be the contest winner, and your name and picture will be featured in the OCTOBER Clarion. To win, send an e-mail to editor@lakeclaire.org identifying the page number, and giving your name, age, school, street, and grade. Ask a parent to take a picture, perhaps of you finding the hidden graphic. **(Please tell your parents to send large picture files, 1mb+.) Any child from Lake Claire is eligible, except that you cannot win two months in a row. The deadline is SEPTEMBER 15-18. Hurry and look; competition is always stiff for this coveted prize.**

Truman and the Clarion

by Katie Orr

In the late Fall of 2018, my son Truman answered the call for volunteers to deliver the Clarion each month. When he began, he was 6 years old and in need of steady employment. It was a volunteer position, so to sweeten the deal, my husband and I agreed to pay him roughly \$0.10/house, totaling \$8/month. As the years went on, the commute to work changed a bit (we moved across Ponce), his empire grew (he covered 4-5 routes), and he took on an employee (his younger brother) with a less than stellar work ethic. Now, my husband's job has us relocating to Rome, Italy for a year (I know!), so it's time for Truman to resign. Here is his exit interview.

Me: Do you remember when you started delivering the Clarion?

Truman: Sort of. We lived at the old house, and I started to deliver the first paper, I almost rang the doorbell, but you yelled for me not to.

Me: What's it like to have a monthly job?

Truman: When the time comes, I sometimes think, "Ugh, I don't feel like it. But it's good to have a regular income."

Me: How much do you make? What do you spend it on?

Truman: \$10-\$15 each month, depending on if my brother is there.

Me: How did you feel when your brother started joining?

Truman: Disappointed. He's not always helpful.

Me: What do you spend the money on?

Truman: I spend it on video games. Stuff you won't buy me.

Me: Do you think it teaches you responsibility?

Truman: Yeah, I guess.

Me: What is your favorite time of year to deliver?

Truman: Fall. It's too cold or too hot most of the time. Spring is allergy season, so no on that.

Me: How do you feel about resigning?

Truman: Fine: I'm moving to Italy for a year!

Me: True. What are you looking forward to about Italy?

Truman: Gelato!

Me: If/When we return, will you try to get your job back?

Truman: I can't plan that far ahead.



Truman and Oscar this year

Me: Did you learn that saying from your parents?

Truman: Yes.

Me: Did you ever read the Clarion?

Truman: No, but maybe sometimes if I had to wait for you.

Me: Do you think it's "fake news"?

Truman: No, it's just a little boring.

Me: Do you think this story will be boring?

Truman: Probably. I wouldn't read it.

Me: Do you have any favorite houses to deliver to?

Truman: That one with the snacks for delivery people! (Clifton @ Muriel)

Me: But I tell you not to take those.

Truman: You don't let me, but they came outside last time and told me I could.

Me: Do you have any advice, words of wisdom, perhaps, for another kid that might want to start delivering the Clarion?

Truman: Don't put bricks in your pockets, it will only slow you down.

Editor's note: Well, we'll have to work on making it less boring! Happy travels, Orrs. And if there are other kids who are inspired to deliver Clarions, see Page 1 for whom to contact.

Contest Winners

The winners of the last contest who found the hidden summer graphic are, from left to right, Gabriela Robles, age 6, 1st grade Mary Lin; London Alden, 12 years old, 8th grade at Howard Middle School; Naomi Robles, age 8, 4th grade at Mary Lin; Hawthorne Alden, 8 years old, also in 4th grade at Mary Lin. They live on Colebrook Street. Congrats, all!!

