



The Times of Halcott Autumn, 2014 Vol 68

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Dear Old Golden School Days...

When Margaretville Central School opened her doors again this September, there were several changes. Linda Taylor, who has been school principal for the last nine years, is moving on to Schalmont Central School in the Capitol Region, to be closer to her family. She will be missed. When I spoke to her the other day, there were already sad faces outside her office, lining up to say goodbye. Linda told me that when she came to MCS, there were just under 500 students. Today, there are only 380. But this has in no way impacted the quality of education! She spoke with justifiable pride about the achievements of our students. The graduation rate surpasses that of New York State and many go on to two- and four-year colleges, into the military, or to gainful employment. And what about all the programs that the School offers? Sports include not only the beloved soccer, baseball and basketball, but also golf, tennis, softball and cheerleading. There are even talks underway with the new Recreation Center in Arkville to offer swimming. The Art Club participates in a regional Olympics of the Arts and under the direction of art teacher Michelle Deitz, won first place in the middle school competition last year. I asked about plans for a musical performance,

but Linda wasn't sure, since the new music teacher, Ms. Sobas from Downsville, has just been hired by the school board and hasn't started yet.

School days begin with a bus ride for most children. Halcott residents are blessed to have Penny Finch as their bus driver. She asks that drivers who meet the bus on the road respect the load of treasures that she is carrying. Please don't lose patience by a slowed school bus that is trying to pick up children. Sight distance is difficult on our twisty roads and it can be frightening when people behind Penny whiz by the bus, taking chances because they are in a hurry.

School breakfast is served every morning from 7:30 to 8:20, costing \$1.25. Lunch is much more of a meal than when I went to school. For \$1.85 a day, kids can choose between a hot meal, a salad bar, or cold sandwiches. When I asked Linda if computers played an important part at the School, she assured me that they did, and told me that this year they had acquired carts of Chrome books (smaller than laptops) that could be wheeled between classrooms, used by students, and packed up when finished, to be wheeled into another class. Not having the internet at home can hold a child back from studies. One student who had been invited to participate

in a program that required much research, was forced to decline because there was no internet service at home.

Finally, we talked a little about the job of Building Principal. Linda explained that a school like MCS, offering Kindergarten through 12th grade is a real challenge, in that it involves problems associated with at least three different stages of development: little kids, middle kids, and high-school kids. The job has become even more complicated in the last three years as New York State passes increased legislation dictating the standards and procedures of local schools. In her new position, Linda will be a middle school principal only, perhaps a little more relaxing! Who will replace her? As we were preparing this article, we learned that the school board has just named Colin Clark, one-time guidance counselor at MCS to take over Linda's job as building principal. Autumn is always a time for fresh starts. Remember the clean pages of the new notebooks and the smell of newly sharpened pencils? We hope that a fresh start for Linda Taylor in her new job, for Mr. Clark in his new post and most of all, for all MCS students will be the beginning of another successful year! **IK**

A Wee Bit of Subterfuge by the Wee Ones at the Halcott Fair...

It was clear something was up. As the last of the dinner crowd was spooning cole slaw onto plates and deciding between white cupcakes with chocolate frosting, or chocolate cupcakes with white frosting, a subtle drama was unfolding outside along the edge of the stream. The few of us adults who noticed saw furtive glances, hurried whispers, and contagious giggles between the 5 youngsters playing near the water. Now, this scene lasted a long time. It seems that this was the first foray into delinquency for these miniature, budding hoodlums, and it took quite awhile for any of them to screw up enough courage to pull it off. There was no indication of the ringleader; no air of confidence was evident among the lot. There were plenty of running false starts. With each, the bunch would

fall back, giggling to regroup again, and up to that point, we adults really had no idea that anything other than an innocent inscrutable child's game was taking place.

All of a sudden, the requisite fortitude emerged from one young man, and before we could fathom what he was up to, 5-year-old Harlan Norwick ran to the stream, deftly wrangled a 20-pound watermelon from it, and took off running. Unfortunately, the slippery prize weighed about half as much as Harlan, and was half his length as well, which made his grasp rather tenuous. This was evidently noted by one of his 7-year-old female campadres, who appeared beside him on the run, and they completed what was actually quite an adept hand-off. This scene was repeated with various players (Simone, Karla, Adele, and Olivia) until Harlan gained precarious final control, running towards the far tent, and as the cumbersome burden slipped from his small, yet determined arms, it crashed onto the tarpaulin at his feet, bursting into sweet and dripping wonder, which many small fingers dug into and shoved into incredulous mouths, all the while screeching and screaming and laughing, "We did it!" We did it!"

We moms who saw this joined in their delighted laughter, not at all concerned that it will someday lead the young-uns to a life of crime. We felt fortunate to be able to witness the moment when children realize that they can change a little bit of the trajectory of the day, that every move does not have to be scripted by adults, that they have an ability to make terrifying decisions and then find the courage to follow through. And to



then be rewarded with the sweet, red, chin-dripping heart-meat of a purloined watermelon. **PD**

Goats: You Gotta Love ‘Em!

Robin White

If making great cheese is an art, then I am married to a very talented artist. My husband Alan and I recently bought several Toggenburg (dairy) goats in order to try our hand at cheese making. The rest, as they say, is history.

On a very stormy day in July, we set out on our road trip headed towards a little town in southwest Massachusetts. In the first minute that we met our new girls, I was hooked. So cute, so sweet, so friendly! They hopped into our livestock trailer without a backwards glance, and we were on our way back to Halcott in no time.

As soon as we unloaded them into their pen, they were busy munching hay and exploring their new home. The first night of milking gave us a good quart of milk, and it hasn't slowed down since. I was surprised to learn that a dairy goat can produce an amount of milk equal to its own weight over the span of ten days. Wow, that's a lot of milk! I also learned that Toggenburgs are the oldest registered breed of dairy goat in the world, originating in the Toggenburg region of Switzerland many years ago. Goat milk itself is pretty amazing. It is naturally homogenized, meaning there is no cream that rises to the top of the container like it does with cow's milk. Goat milk is also more easily digested than cow's milk, and many people who can't tolerate cow's milk turn to goat milk as a tasty alternative. Contrary to popular belief, there is absolutely no smell to fresh goat milk, and it is pure white in color. And the cheese! Oh, the wonderful cheese! In addition to yogurt, Alan has been making cheese several times a week. Most of the recipes are French, but there is quite a variety out there. We have made soft cheese so far, but have plans to branch out into some more complicated and creative semi-soft and hard cheeses in the future. Alan is even setting up a raised bed in our perennial garden to grow the herbs that we mix into our cheeses.



Alan and I are excited about our newest endeavor, and can't wait for the new kids to be born next year so that we can expand our milking projects. So many fun and fulfilling activities are possible in our beautiful valley of Halcott, and we are so grateful that we can enjoy our little farm, here in one of the most wonderful little spots to be found on the planet.

Sumac Sense

August in our valley: what a kaleidoscopic time. On any day, the colors may shift from green to yellow or red to brown; and the light from corn-high to end-of-summer slanted, from a squinting middle brightness to a silvery sideways that hints at fall. We plant one last round of peas and carrots and lettuces, which we hope will thrive on the approaching cold, at the same time that we set out to pick wild blackberries, plumped by the final waves of high heat.

During this pivotal time, right when the bright blush emerges on the tomato vines, setting them afire, there's another red in town: sumac.

Or, more specifically, staghorn sumac. Named for the furry covering on its first-year branches that is strikingly similar to the velvet on a stag's new antlers, this is a common and widespread species of edible sumac, and a prolific native plant in Halcott. Usually growing near or on a stream bank, staghorn sumac is a common, well-known, and easily recognized feature of the rural North American landscape, identified by the beautiful, dark ruby-red cones rising from the tips of its branches. The cones, or "bobs," are composed of individual drupes, much like the little drupes that make up the knobbed clusters of common raspberries and blackberries, although pricker-free and with each tiny orb cloaked in a lightly fragrant fairy-tale fur.

When I was a kid growing up outside of Albany, one of my hammered-on outdoor rules was to watch out for "poison sumac." My protective parents were not alone: a good number of people assume that all sumacs are poisonous. A few kinds of sumac are indeed noxious—not lethal, but they can produce itchy rashes on contact, just like poison ivy or poison oak. Conveniently, though, the toxic varieties are distinctly different from edible

sumacs; and fortunately, they are much less common. Of some 250 sumac species, only a few of these are “poisonous.” And anybody who tries to differentiate the two will have an easy time of it: all edible sumacs have dark red or purplish fruit borne in erect, tight clusters (some of the Western species may have smaller, looser clusters, but they are still distinctly red), and the surface of the fruit is fuzzy or grainy. Poison sumac, which causes reactions even more readily and severely than its better-known relatives, has berries that are whitish, waxy, and hairless, and hang in loose clusters—quite unlike the red berries of the edible sumacs. The leaf edges of poison sumac are smooth, while edible sumacs are toothed; and poison sumac grows in wetlands like swamps rather than dry areas.

For an added bonus, in the fall, sumac’s leaves turn a bright red, contributing a striking part of our autumn foliage. Sumac flowers from May to July, and the fruit can ripen from June to September; in Halcott this year, it appears a perfect August average is afoot. Still, it seems few people know that these little trees have provided a delicious and refreshing summer drink throughout much of the world for millennia—in our region, where sumac abounds, starting

with Native Americans of the Northeast. Locally, the tart and refreshing brew from this plant has been called sumac ade, *rhys* ade, sumac lemonade, Indian lemonade, and sumac tea, among other names. The fruit often lasts through winter, and even into spring. (While many birds eat sumac, the berries apparently are not a preferred fruit, as they are typically amongst the last to be eaten after a long winter. Deer nibble on the branches, as do people, kind of—read on!) If you are of a foraging mind, this year or going forward, think: sumac lemonade.

Preparation is simple. The first step is to harvest the berries. Just snap off the twigs that

bear the clusters, or use pruning shears or a knife. You want to get the berries when they are dark red and fully mature, so that they have fully developed their tart flavor, but before the rain has had the opportunity to wash the flavor out. Taste each cluster as you harvest to make sure you are collecting something with tangy, lemony flavor, since occasionally they can be bland.

Pack the sumac berry clusters into a pitcher and pour cold or warm water over them, about 1 cup water per 1 tablespoon berries. (Boiling or hot water makes for poor flavor, as it leaches tannin from the stems, causing the drink to become bitter.) Crush the berries up a little with your hands, and then let the pitcher sit in a cool place for at least an hour and up to a few hours. (The longer the berries infuse, the stronger the drink will be.) When the flavor is to your liking, just strain the drink through a cheesecloth or paper



Rhus typhina (Staghorn Sumac)

coffee filter to remove the seeds and plant hairs and other natural fibers. Sumac ade is pleasantly tart, with a light pink color. The tartness is partly due to ascorbic acid (vitamin C), so one also has a health benefit when drinking this beverage. When stored in a paper shopping bag in a cool, dry, dark place, the sumac cones can keep for months and should yield good tea until spring.

Many herbal teas are considered diuretics, improving kidney function and ridding the body of toxins. Sumac ade falls into that category. NOTE: Since sumac is related to cashews and mangoes, anyone allergic to those foods should avoid it, or proceed with extreme caution. *CBN*

Happy Trails to You and You and You and You!

Did you know that there is a snowmobile club sponsored by the Town of Halcott? The Big Valley Trail Breakers have between 80 and 100 members and over 20 miles of trails that tie in to

the Central Catskill Snowmobile Clubs trail system in Roxbury. Five landowners to date in Halcott have given permission for the trail to cross their land. New York State, too, has signed an agreement with The Big Valley Trail Breakers to maintain their trail through Bear Pen State Forest, as members of their Volunteer Stewardship Program. You can leave Halcott on a snowmobile and get to Canada within 2 days. Of course, you must first register the snowmobile. Registration is on line and costs \$100, but only \$45 if you have joined a snowmobile club. Members help with maintenance, cutting trees that get in the way, clearing brush and grooming trails. New York State offers grants to eligible snowmobile clubs, passing the funding through sponsors. Several years ago, the Big Valley Trail Breakers came to our town board and asked if we would sponsor them. We agreed and since that time not only has the Town benefitted from a thriving snowmobile club, but we also receive generous annual gifts to be used for children's activities. This year, we were able to hire a magician to perform at the Halcott Fair, thanks to the Big Valley Trail Breakers. The Club meets every first Wednesday of the month during the winter and new members are always welcome. Contact Pete Ballard, 254-4141 or Glen Howard, tylerhoundrac-ing@yahoo.com for more information. **IK**

WAS THAT FAIR??

July 19th was the date of our 15th (we think, but maybe our 16th) annual Halcott Fair. Organizers heard the phrase repeated often, "This was the best Fair! We had a magician and several watermelons. We had a duck race and top shelf live music. We had perennials and an egg hunt. We had barbequed chicken and beer on tap. We had... We had... but you can catch the flavor of this Fair for yourself in the next two pages of pictures taken by photographer Patrick Pagnano. Thanks to everyone who helped make this year's Fair an affair to remember, (with apologies to Deborah Kerr). **IK**

use of existing natural materials and minimum use of new lumber.

I asked Erik and Fernando why they had recently moved from a loft in gentrified Williamsburg (famous for its mix of trendy boutiques, galleries and restaurants) to a classic white farmhouse in Halcott.

"It was feasible for us to continue our professional lives here while enjoying the kind of beautiful rural environment that we were always escaping from the city to get to. Although we were living in one of the most exciting neighborhoods in NYC, we were always going away for weekends to rural areas all over the Northeast and even beyond. We fell in love with the area and with the house. It seems crazy now, but the truth is that we actually moved here not having any idea of our potential neighbors or the history of the town."

Why Halcott Center?

"Curiously enough, our search started in the West as the result of a trip to New Mexico in December 2013. We stayed at this fantastic place, the "Earthship," near Taos. This was an off-the-grid, totally ecological, solar-powered community that made us realize the kind of environment where we would ideally like to live. But we had to be realistic. There was no way we were going to get a bank loan for an earth house in the desert. And with most of our family and friends in Chicago, New York and Stockholm, such a transition would end up being rather isolating. Still, we knew that there must be places in the east where we could find affordable proper-

ty and a better style of living than was possible in the city.

"We started doing research, looking all over for a possible location not too far from our base in New York—Long Island, downstate (close to the city), all over upstate. Once we were pretty sure that the Catskills was our desired area, we looked online and must have "seen" at least 100 properties. Later, Peggy Bellar from the Keller

New Neighbors in Town Bill Bernhardt

The following is based on an interview with our new neighbors, Erik Johanson and Fernando Delgado, at their home on Route 3, Halcott Center. On the day of the interview, the deck on the side and back of their house was, characteristically, being recreated by local labor with maximum re-





Williams brokerage told us, “I will find you the place you are looking for!” She took us house hunting all through the terrible winter of 2013-14. Most of the properties we saw were in Delaware County.”

Then they came to Fleischmans and had lunch at Mi Lupita. Erik looked out of the window and saw the theater across the street. He said to himself, “Hey! I could re-open that place. There could be an exhibit space, a shop and a restaurant too!”

The house they bought, formerly owned by the Yanos family, was just about the last house that they visited. “We came up the road over the ridge and saw the poplar trees in front of the Rauters’ across the street first. Then we looked to the right and saw this wonderful old farmhouse with a backdrop of forest, mountain, meadow and stream. The beauty of the house and its natural setting were overwhelming.”

They didn’t know anybody before moving in, “but there has been this wonderful process of meeting people who introduce us to other people who in turn introduce us to others in the community. It’s such a welcoming town!”

Fernando said, “I think this is the first time in my life that I’ve actually meaningfully interacted with neighbors on an ongoing-basis. It’s the ideal of small town, rural America come to life!” Erik broke in, “We were having a 30-minute conversation with [Suzanna DiBenedetto](#) who delivered Mark Citret’s book of photographs (*Halcott Center—A Catskill Mountain Valley*). As I opened the book and flipped through the pages, she pointed to a picture entitled Peg Reynolds, “Oh yes, that’s my mom!”

“We read through the archived copies of *The Times of Halcott* and learned so much about the history of the town as well as some of the peo-

ple we had actually already met without knowing exactly who they were or how they related to that history. We learned, for example, that Todd Pascarella, who had done our energy audit (NYSERDA) and is helping us with our solar installation, is the Mayor of Fleischmanns.”

You both seem to have strong environmental and ecological concerns.

“Definitely! In addition to implementing our alternative energy plans, we are planting trees

as part of the Catskill Stream Buffer Initiative and we have registered our property as a National Wildlife Federation Habitat. Another initiative is planting our meadow with native grass species. “A key moment in our life together was one endless summer evening in Finland when we pledged ourselves to each other at the remote lake house that has been owned for generations by the Finnish side of Erik’s family. The magical night ended with a rare

summer sighting of the Aurora Borealis – a cosmic confirmation for our desire to spend our lives together close to nature.

Soon after moving in, Fernando noticed a beautiful wild flowering plant that was popping up all over the marsh area on the property along Vly Creek. It turned out to be Angelica, with many uses as a flavoring agent. He has been steeping it in brandy and serving it to guests who can’t seem to get enough of it! He calls the concoction “Arabelo” in honor of their two canine companions, Arabela and Leo. American Ginseng is also found on the property and Fernando’s thinking about what to do with that plant once fall comes around.

Say more about your background.

“We are both from the Chicago area, but we met in New York. Fernando has degrees in linguistics and information science from the Uni-



versity of Illinois and DePaul University and telecommutes to a job with a software development company in Silicon Valley. His company specializes in software for the legal sector. Before moving to Halcott Center, he lived and worked in a variety of domestic and international locales including Paris, Toulouse, Chicago, San Francisco, Mumbai, and New York.

Erik graduated from New School University in New York and held a wide variety of positions in arts and environmental management including the Wall Street offices of the Sierra Club! In fact, he will shortly be joining the Catskill Center as Project Manager. In addition, he has experience as a consultant for companies developing hotels. Many people in Halcott are already aware that Erik is leading a project to revive the theater in Fleischmanns as a cultural center with a cinema as well as shopping and dining facilities. Information about this effort is available at <http://facebook.com/theMaxbilt>

With so many people leaving the Catskills, and others constantly complaining about the lack of opportunities in the region, it is exciting to see Fernando and Erik joining the growing number of talented and creative people who are moving to Halcott Center and assuming roles in our cultural and economic life. I hope we are going to read a lot more about them as they become contributors not only to the life of Halcott, but also to future issues of *The Times of Halcott!*

Samantha's Summer

This summer, Samantha Bouton, daughter of Cindy and Russell worked as an intern hired by SUNY Delhi, and was used on many different sites! She helped maintain the park in Delhi that the College owns. Next she helped Greene County Soil and Water Conservation District re-pot 25,000 trees threatened by invasive seeds. She worked with other interns from Delhi and Ulster. She was tasked with weeding the nursery of Delaware County Soil and Water Conservation District's Catherine Skalda, Coordinator of the

Streamside Assistance Program. Samantha also visited a site with Catherine to control that not-so-nice knotweed we are so familiar with. She tells us that the courses she took at SUNY Delhi were core courses and not specific to training for this opportunity. She was taught on the job! She plans to graduate this coming spring and wants to pursue a career in the field of Environmental Studies. After a summer such as the one she just had, we can certainly understand her goal. Go, Samantha! *IK*

EAGLES AND BULLETS

**Saturday October 18th at
6:30PM, at the Grange Hall**

**Peg DiBenedetto
will give a power point
presentation on their
golden eagle project
and**

**Michael DiBenedetto
will be telling you why
hunters are switching to
non-lead ammunition.**

Julian's Summer

The following is an account from Julian Rauter, son of Karen and Jim of his volunteer work in linguistic research working with refugees.

Utica is a mid-sized city in the Mohawk Valley of central New York. It's the

seat of Oneida County and the location of the National Distance Running Hall of Fame. It's also home to a greater population of refugees than anywhere else in the Northeast. These people emigrate from war-torn countries across the globe, with some of the largest populations coming out of Bosnia, Somalia, and Southeast Asia. They often arrive with very limited English skills and little to no education. This creates an interesting and complicated social situation, and we all know who interesting and complicated social situations attract. That's right: social researchers.

On July 14th (my birthday), I spent several hours at a community education center in Utica. I was with a group of six Hamilton College students, all of whom are writing papers about the refugee situation. There were also two professors with us: linguistic anthropologist Dr. Chaise LaDousa and Dr. John Bartle from the Department of Russian Studies. We were there to gather information about the social, cultural, and linguistic transition faced by these immigrants in order to contribute to the greater understanding of this politically charged issue. However, we were also there as much needed helpers.

The public facilities who bear the burden of helping refugees to attain citizenship and gainful employment are drastically underfunded, and I could tell from the first hour there that Dr. LaDousa and his students were not merely observing the situation but working to improve it. Two students at a time would go with Dr. LaDousa and Dr. Bartle into a separate room to interview volunteers about their lives and their immigration to the US. While that was happening, the rest of us sat in on classes or tutored immigrants one-on-one in reading, speaking, and even basic math skills. We were essentially teaching assistants, which is something I'd never considered that a researcher could be. However, I realized that it makes a lot of sense to structure research this way. Not only are the researchers gathering data that will be beneficial to aiding social progress, but they are also directly helping the subjects overcome the momentous task of learning a new language and acclimating to a new culture.

On the first day, one of the students from Hamilton and I helped a boy who was likely around our age with his pronunciation of the words "seat" and "sheet." His native language apparently did not distinguish between the two sounds, and I could only imagine how frustrating it could be to have to learn a whole new type of muscular movement in order to be understood properly without sounding like an outsider. I'll stop recounting the first day before I get too "Stand and Deliver"-ish about how beautiful it is to teach someone less privileged than you are. Suffice it to say that it was a nice feeling to earn summer credit by doing something charitable under the supervision of a bonafide research professor.

The second day was fascinating in a whole different way; we brought the refugees to Ft. Stanwix, a historical outpost from the Revolutionary War. It was on that day that I learned two things:

1. Selfies transcend language barriers
2. Everyone, no matter where they come from, likes dressing up in three-cornered hats and holding wooden muskets.

Oh, and:

3. That the old-timey wooden cup-and-ball game is frustratingly difficult to people of all races and creeds.

Though these first two days were interesting, I must say that I think I learned the most from Wednesday's activities at the Refugee Center. I sat in on two interviews with people only a little bit older than me who had lived their entire lives in Thai refugee camps. Both were of the Karen people, an ethnolinguistic group that has been persecuted by the Burmese government for decades. Each described the difficulties and bureaucracy that came with leaving Thailand and the details of their life in Utica with a level of English proficiency that I would call impressive considering that neither had been in the United States more than eight months. Each was at least trilingual, as the schools in the refugee camps taught several Karen dialects as well as English, Burmese, and Thai. I would like to thank Dr. LaDousa, Dr. Bartle, the student researchers, and everyone at Hamilton who made it possible for me to visit and gain valuable research experience.

Meeting these people was an experience I will call, for lack of a better term, heartening. One would expect someone who grew up with the constant threat of military attack all around them to be shell-shocked or completely unwilling to discuss the past. However, both of the interviewees were friendly and smiled often, only looking troubled when their English failed them. These are not immigrants who come to remain monolingual in ethnic neighborhoods and make less than minimum wage sweeping floors; these are immigrants who come to educate themselves and better the world around them for their families and, someday, for their fellow citizens. My favorite quote from observing the interviews was said by one of the subjects when he was asked why he left Thailand for the U.S.: "I have to come for life-to live." *Julian Rauter*





The Times of the Halcott Methodist Church

Autumn, 2014 *Pattie Kelder, Correspondent*

Standing in the Need of Prayer

You name it, we've got it, and in record numbers! If the outings of town residents were graphed, medical visits would likely top the chart. After all, our nonagenarians do outnumber our infants. On average, we tend to be a hardy lot, but this year few have escaped a regular litany of maladies. Yep, nearly every household is currently familiar with unwelcome diagnoses, "poor spells", surgical procedures, complications, accidents, PT/OT sessions, and/or the advancement of assorted conditions. In fact, if all of the above were specified, we would be so impressed with the number of bullets we have dodged that we just might want to keep our own ills!

Since so many of us are "standing (or maybe reclining) in the need of prayer", it makes sense for the community to redouble its efforts to pray for its neighbors. Chances are, they need it. As my aunt, in her 90 years of wisdom, just commented about the outwardly cheerful, "We never know what a person is feeling on the inside." I guess it's better to assume there is a need. After all, "Seven days without prayer makes one weak."

Of course, with folks "feelin' poorly" it doesn't hurt to touch base a little more with our neighbors. People in distress are usually too busy to holler, "Help!", and wouldn't want to bother anyone with their troubles anyway. Maybe we can all reach out a bit more with a listening ear or a helping hand. "For as the body apart from the spirit is dead, so faith apart from works is dead," Jas. 2:26.

Today's abundance of violent events also points up the need for global prayer. Our ongoing Bible Study of Daniel has reminded us

that God places importance on prayer for nations. In the Babylonian Exile, one man – *just one man* – prayed for a nation – *an entire nation* – and God responded. A short time later Nehemiah did the same and the long held captives were released to rebuild Jerusalem. We must take care not to underestimate the power of prayer. What would have happened if Daniel and Nehemiah had given up too soon or worse, not asked for God's help? Maybe there's a lesson in this for us.

Sitting Up and Taking Nourishment

We are making up for lost time with plans to feed folks three times in a row! We hope everyone knows that fundraising is only one aspect of all this cooking. Gathering with neighbors and strengthening community ties is what's most important. Get ready to mark your calendars.

Summer's last hurrah was the much requested Super Salad Supper at 5:00 on Saturday, September 6th at the Grange Hall. Fall is right around the corner with lots of comfort food at the Crock Pot Supper on Saturday, October 4th – same time, same place, same price, \$7.00 per person, kids eating free, and take-outs available at 4:30PM.

A month later on November 4th, we invite you to stop by the Bake Sale table on your way to the polls for an autumn treat. Thanks for your support!

Puzzle Corner

All this talk about food is making me hungry! Familiarity with basic cake recipe ingredients may help you solve this one. In no particular order, this cake calls for figs, baking

powder, honey, butter, milk, almonds, sugar, eggs, salt, flour, raisins and mixed spices. See how much you can figure out before peeking. Hint: Don't pinch Leviticus too hard. He won't bruise, but has been known to curl the tongue.

Scripture Cake

1 c. Jeremiah 6:20

½ c. Judges 4:19

4 Isaiah 10:14

1 ½ c. Psalm 55:21a

1 pinch Leviticus 2:13

1 T. I Samuel 14:25

3 c. I Kings 4:22a

1 T. II Chronicles 9:9

2 tsp. Amos 4:5

½ c. I Samuel 30:12b, chopped

½ c. Nahum 3:12, chopped

½ c. Numbers 17:8, chopped

(optional)

Now this is what the directions really say.

“Combine ingredients; follow Proverbs 23:14 (beating well). Bake at 350 degrees until a sharp knife inserted in center of cake comes out clean.” You might, however, wish to

cream butter, sugar and honey first, then add eggs one at a time before adding sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk, and finally stir in fruit and nuts. Bake in a greased and floured 13x9” cake pan for 45 minutes or so.

Thoughts to Ponder

(source = Catskill Mountain Quilters Cook Book)

Ideas never work unless you do.

Not what we give, but what we share,

For the gift without the giver is bare.

When you forgive, you in no way change the past,

But you sure do change the future.

It's very easy for parents to hear themselves talking. All they have to do is to listen to their children.

Puzzle Solution

In order, the ingredients are: sugar, milk, eggs, butter, salt, honey, flour, spices, baking powder, raisins, figs, and almonds. How did you do? A perfect score is 12.