



This cartoon of Ron Dargan was on his 1989 card: I use it here because this was to be the "Travel Issue" and because each family member is receiving all the Dargan Christmas cards on a CD-- including "HAVE REEBOKS!"

HAVE REEBOKS--
WILL TRAVEL!

THE EMPTY NEST NEWSLETTER
VOLUME XXIII, NO. 1, Dec. 2004

The last red leaf is whirl'd away,
The rooks are blown about the skies. . . .
. . . I cannot rest from travel;
I will drink life to the lees--
--Tennyson
To what unknown region borne
Wilt thou now wing thy distant flight?
--Emperor Hadrian

AGAIN--HOW TO REPORT--SO--MUCH--NEWS?

SONJA & PAUL'S WEDDING: A BLAST!

GRADUATES ALL: K.A., JOSH, GILLIAN

LEW: FRESH WOODS & PASTURES NEW

JACKIE, FRIENDS: EIRE ADVENTURE

KESTREL: HORSE WARRIOR



ORCHESTRA MICE DEBUTS IN GERMANY: A HIT

McPHILLIPS: THREE (3) TENNIS PROS!

OUR FLORIDIANS SURVIVE CHARLIE, FRANCES,
IVAN, JEANNE

DAN AND JULIE: CERTIFIED SKUBERS

ELLE: LITTLE GARDEN OF HORRORS

ANNIE: EDINBURGH; CRESS: PARIS





Hathaway Brown is more than happy to welcome the skills of Kristen McPhillips, who finished third in the state in Division I doubles last season at Magnificat.

Magnificent addition for Hathaway Brown

THE PLAIN DEALER | Thursday, September 2, 2004

McPhillips is a dead ringer for the mythical magician from Hogwarts ... but there was nothing mythical about McPhillips' wizardry with a racket. His variety of chip shots, slices and change of pace kept Durr off balance.

"Harry Potter? Oh no, I get enough of that at school," said McPhillips, a Willoughby resident. "But I did pull a few magical tricks out there. I like hitting those curvy little slices. It puts people on the defensive and gives me time to recover. Durr played very well.

"As for Harry Potter, I think he's aging a lot faster than I am. Pretty soon I'll be able to take over his role."

McPhillips comes from a tennis-playing family. His younger sister Kyle McPhillips won the girls age 12 division on Tuesday, losing only one game in four matches. Another sister, Kristen, is a standout junior at Hathaway Brown.

"I'm mighty proud of Kyle," McPhillips said. "We often practice together, and play off each other. My dad Tom got us all started in tennis, and I'm grateful to him for that. Now, if I could get rid of these prescription sunglasses, maybe they'd stop calling me Harry Potter. I tried wearing contacts, but they are annoying to maintain."



The Plain Dealer | Thursday, June 10, 2004

JUNIOR TENNIS TOURNAMENT

DAVID LANDERSEN | THE PLAIN DEALER

Sean McPhillips returns during a doubles match with his partner Justin Cecil at the ready Wednesday. McPhillips and Cecil defeated A.J. and Josh Cook, 6-2, 6-4, in the Junior Tennis Tournament at CSU.

They're obviously all magnificent and magical, these McPhillips kids. Kristen has been named "Player of the Year" by the Plain Dealer, and Kyle, 10, is 12th in the nation in 9-12 year olds. She and six others spent a week at Key Biscayne in a workshop with Wimbledon pros; she had her own workout with Chris Evert. I understand one of the pros has asked to coach her. Re Kristen: "When it comes to selecting the top high school girls tennis program in the Plain Dealer's coverage area this fall, Hathaway Brown wins the honor hands down. The transfer of junior **Kristen McPhillips** ... has done wonders for the Blazers program. ... Coach Clay Bibbee now boasts the strongest one-two punch in Northeast Ohio."

McPhillips is magical on court



SONJA and PAUL'S WEDDING!

The August 28 wedding of Sonja Yde and Paul Micksch was a work of art. The music was superb: Ben sang Mozart's Laudate Dominum, a quartet played Bach and Schuman, the processional was Mozart and Gounod, the recessional, Widor's Tocatta from the Organ Symphony that burst forth in triumph--Sumner Jackson used to play this at Beloit College Vespers! And Paul sang to Sonja, "I Will Be Here," by Chapman. Sonja was radiant. She wore her great grandmother Vera's tiara and necklace; with her dark hair, the effect was breathtaking. I'd forgotten what a splendor that jewelry was, and was especially touched. The reception was held at the ranch of Dick Yde's sister, Linda (and Tommy) Holmes. The weather was atrocious--it had poured, and was cold. When we got to the festive tent the floor was awash, the only dry spot the raised dance floor! With wheelbarrows, shovels and pitchforks a number of the hosts and guests (Royce was one) spread sawdust and hay all over. Luckily it quit raining so no more rivers flowed in. The sun came out just as the bride arrived; my granddaughter Rachel, four, rushed to meet her, and, dazzled, stood looking up at her adoringly. The whole roast pig for the barbecue was on display, with goo-goo-googly eyes, and all the little kids were fascinated and horrified. ("People like to see the pig," the barbecuer told me.) Turned out this pig was for a next-day event; our pig had been roasted earlier and was already in the big serving trays; scrumptious! The guests--what fun to see so much family: Betsy, and Jennie and Aaron, and Matthew, Tom and Terese with Patrick and Colleen, Jeremy (Kestrel had to stay behind for a horse event; she and Wendy were missed), Dan and Julie and KA and his fiancée, and Megan (Sarah couldn't make it), all the Ydes-- Damaris came, and Elle, Royce and their two. And many Yde/Schmidt friends. And then the music and dancing started! The excellent band, Youngblood, were all friends of Paul and Sonja from the University, just back from a European tour. Wyatt, 2, my grandson, found the band the object of his devotion, and he kept crawling up on the stage to get near the tuba. What I loved was how everybody danced and danced, in all sorts of creative ways, the adults danced with the children, people danced in pairs, in circles, in inter-changing groups, even all alone. After a few moments of shyness, Rachel was lured onto the dance floor by cousins Tom Schmidt and Colleen; from then on she never stopped--had to be dragged off the floor when we left, after eleven. Wyatt danced, too. Everybody danced. What a joyous celebration! ---Next morning, many of us assembled in the tent again, for brunch, and to enjoy more of each other's company. We polished off the passionfruit cake, the best wedding cake I've ever had, and with raspberries yet.

KESTREL: A HORSE WARRIOR!

Wyoming: Kestrel Schmidt and her horse Graine are in a flower meadow above Jackson Hole, on their way to Coyote Rock. Kestrel belongs to Horse Warriors, a non-profit, community based program for kids who want to learn to ride; it also includes writing journals, drawing, community service, and year-round discussion groups about all sorts of issues kids face. Horses are the main part, but the idea is that small people learning to handle big animals can lead to many benefits, self-confidence being a big one. Summers, they do weekly rides; in the arena they learn basic skills and practice for the August gymkhana, which involves barrel racing and other games. Winters, kids help each other with homework, do volunteer community projects, or take special rides--upcoming is one on the elk refuge where they will mingle on horseback with 10,000 elk! (How I wish all our kids could have access to a marvelous program like this!)



ANNIE GUTHRIE STUDIES IN SCOTLAND

Traveling throughout the highlands I bump into a lot of those cows. Well not literally of course, until I meet Hamish. We were all traveling back from the Isle of Skye. The most amazing trip, wonderful company, and fairy land sights. I wound up traveling with a bunch of Australians. Those guys were great. Relaxing at the pub, punch party at the hostel, and many stories..in fact loads of stories and laughs the whole trip. But you probably don't want me to go into that right now. All you are wondering is...who is Hamish? The third day we stopped at a 'rest stop,' to take a break off the bus. When we got off the bus there was the biggest highland cow I had ever seen...everyone was going up to this cow and feeding it stuff. I was never into feeding animals cause it destroys the natural wildlife feel of nature for me. I don't like to look at highland cows as pets and be all touristy. Plus I don't want to deal with slobber. I can't even stand dogs slobbering on me let alone a freakin highland cow. So I just beaded inside. When I came back out I decided to check out the cow anyway. This thing was massive...not because of his body per se, but because of this things horns. Huge, Beautiful..how could it stand up with those things? Everyone was touching his nose and patting it. So I decided I should put a little effort into trying to touch it..just so I could say I did so. But all I wanted to do was touch those horns. All my intuition said not to. But I figured it must be safe since this is such a touristy spot. I mean, they wouldn't have a cow so close if it were dangerous. But I looked for signs anyway. Looking around quickly I spotted no warning signs. So out went my hand and I brushed it against the hard, smooth, curved horn..on his left side. Hamish returned the favor...by whacking me in the jawbone and hurling me to the ground. With just a turn of the shaggy head his horn greeted my cheek bone with emphasis. Brilliant, thanks Hamish. A highland cow horn to the face is not a pretty picture. Especially when Aussies are laughing at you. As soon as I get back to my feet I was greeted with a sign. "Do Not Touch Horns." as I was holding my face. Even though I came back to Edinburgh with marks along my cheek, it was a good story to tell at least. Not too many people can say literally and pun-ishly that they "grabbed life by the horns."



Annie Guthrie, Wooster junior, is finishing her semester at Edinburgh. She wrote home via the Net. Like myself, she often ignores spell-haps. Her interests are music (she's been a solo pianist with orchestras), science, philosophy, choreography, and more. This picture is from 2002.

With all the sadness and trauma going on in the world at the moment, it is worth reflecting on the death of a very important man which almost went unnoticed at the end of May. Larry La Prise, who wrote "The Hokey Pokey," died peacefully at 93. The most traumatic part for his family was getting him into the coffin. They put his left leg in. Then... the trouble started...

Kestrel Schmidt, 12, wrote this poem in the fall, as an English assignment.

Where I'm From

I'm from my dad's
Strong but gentle grasp
Stars gleaming
Like faraway lights;
From sitting on my mom's hip
The smells of Thai food
Drifting through the house.

I'm from tall trees
And high, high mountains
Moose and deer
trampling my garden.

I'm from sitting on planes
And walking through Beijing
With my mom
At five in the morning.

I'm from hiking
And hiking
With a pack
On my back
Sleeping in cloth bags
Stuffed with down
Sparks and water
Unite at night.

I'm from gliding
Down snowy mountains
Bumpy bump
The glare of the snow
Hurting my eyes.

I'm from floating
Through thoughts
With the keys
And the notes.

(I wrote down this one, reporting on Wendy, Kestrel's mom.)

my niece wendy
a nurse herself
is editing a book
on nursing theory
so boring she thinks
she'll try reading it
back to front
she says it's worse
than the one she just
edited which was on
veterinary dentistry

I'm from gliding through
the chlorinated water
Flip turn, faster, faster
Up out of the water
It's a whole
New world.

I'm from sliding
Over the ice
Jump, turn, pirouette, and now
The chill of the air glide
Cold on my skin.

I'm from jumping
And cantering
The wind in my hair
Clinging to
The mane and reins.

And finally
I'm from running
Through grass with my dog
Jump, tunnel, tire and chute.

TUTORIAL EVENT W/ TUTOR & TUTOREES

Now we are all dumbly sitting there trying to discover what is meant when we talk about causality in terms of epistemology and metaphysics when a bee zooms right up to my nose. I duck for cover, wave a around a bit. By this time all attention is solely on me as people tell me where the bee is and how I can avoid it. All of a sudden it disappears. POOF. Like that. Now people are checking me out to make sure it didn't land on me. Righto. Surrounded by guys...little awkward. Anyways, Back to discussion. In a moments time the bee is back again in full force. ZOOM! down it comes again from making its buzzing noises stuck in the light above right to my face...this time I get up and move to the door. It moves on to the next person..Let's just say that the heavy fog of slumber in the room is lifting...maybe due to that part of the brain that is in control of the flight or fight response I suppose. A guy starts grabbing his notebook to hit it. Flurry. Bee is dead. One notebook with bee guts on it. Tutor :Bloody hell! Then back to causation. Now there was a second bee, that escaped this made dash of flying notebooks, which, unbenowned to us, decided he would be safe hidden on a guys scalp underneath his hair. All of a sudden the expression on this unfortunate chap took the awfulist form, like he had tasted something sour, raised his hands above his head, and shouted "oh my god!" FUCK!" He said fuck with the combination of a variety of words as we stared at him in disbelief. "It's in my Fucking hair!".... FUCK!" No one moved. Tutor: "are you sure?" Did it sting you?" It had stung him, and he was in pain. The next thing I knew the tutor was banging full force on this student's head with a load of books and papers...hit him about 10 times I suppose. Then there was a pause as we all leaned in for the verdict. Was the bee dead?...resting in peace curled up in this boy's hair? With a combing effort, he finally managed to get the bee out. Plopped on his notebook in a sorry dead state. Right. It was this guy's first tutorial, and he gets stung on the head by a bee, and slapped around by a textbook, while I got some good entertainment. I laughed to myself the rest of the discussion...as he was sitting right across from me holding his head. At least he would have a good pub story for his mates that night, even though he walked out with a swollen scalp. Talk about cause and effect. Beautiful example.

BLOG ON TO MORE: <http://cositalinda.blogspot.com/>

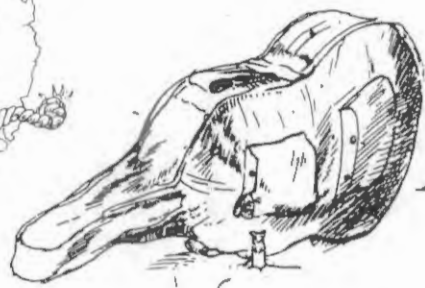
Musikalische Erzählung



Es wirken mit:
das Orchester und die Mäuse der

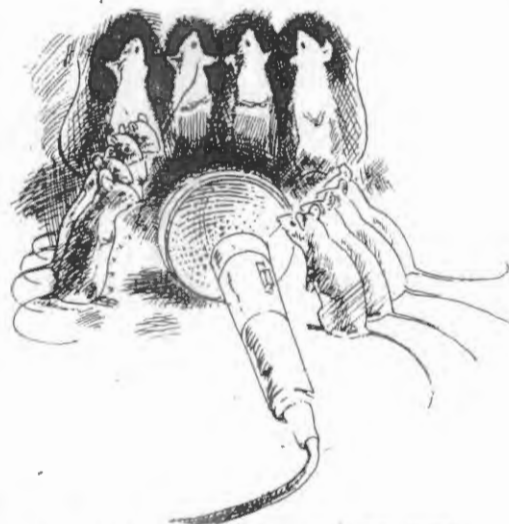


MUSIK- UND KUNSTSCHULE
DER STADT BIELEFELD



I just returned from a whirlwind trip to Germany to see the play/musical of my mother's book *The Orchestra Mice*. The cheapest flight was into Paris, where I took the train to my niece's new abode and met her French boyfriend Laurent (who is very nice and speaks a bit of English). We hopped in L's car and drove 8 hours (yeesh) on the autobahn to Germany. We arrived in Bielefeld late, to a house in the country that had been built @ 1750 as a barn/house combo. The people had lived in the center with their animals in stalls around them (share the warmth) and the haymow on top. The many beams were mostly what was still original; the beautiful dark geometric lines against the white filled-in walls and ceiling. The bedrooms had tall pointed ceilings, with skylights that showed fields and a "mountain" (they joked about: a small hill really) and a few neighbors. They also had a lap pool that took my breath away-invigorating. They don't heat it in the winter. I shared a bedroom with my mother, who had been there for several days enjoying rehearsals and getting to know everyone. We awoke to a lovely breakfast of tea/coffee, eggs boiled just so in a little steamer, fancy cold-cuts and cheeses, good bread, juice, and conversation. Our host was retired from the music school (flute) and his wife is a nurse - both Very Interesting people. I rushed us to the Waldorf School where excitingly for me, they were having a Saturday open house. I got to see a number of handwork classes in progress and to take some pictures of handwork projects done in other grades.

Zehn spielen auf Tasten und zwei das Pedal.
Von Bravos erbebt der riesige Saal.
Erst gibt's Madrigale und eine Motette
dann spielen die Mäuse ein Doppelquartette.
Ein Quodlibet folgt, dann eine Sonate.
zum Schluss singen sie eine ganze Kantate.

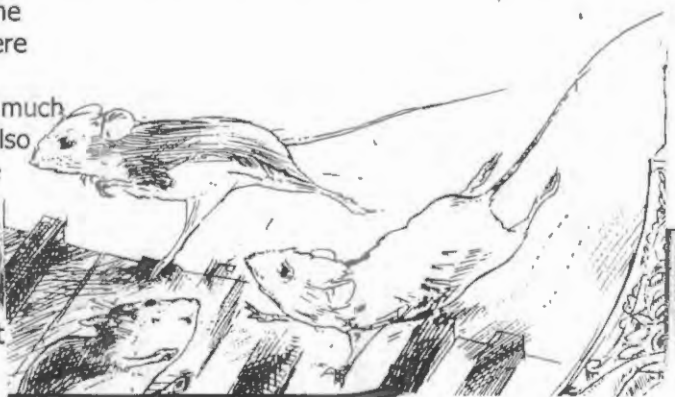


I am having Damaris's letter to her friends tell about Orchestra Mice--she's done such a fine job of reporting. There's no way we can tell it all. (It was held on the Waldorf stage, but the Music and Art School, where Martha and John Hicks teach, isn't Waldorf.) The baby mice were ages 5 to 11, the parents, 16, and good dancers. Martha tended everything with care, from mouse ears and bread crumbs to selecting and fashioning a music medley of all the composers mentioned in the text: Bach, Brahms, Bizet, etc., and wrote the themes for Clarissa and Sam. John H. wrote a jazzy riff for when the two go off to their nuptial bed in the bass case. The resurrection of Orchestra Mice in this great fashion was a genuine thrill. If you know an orchestra that might be interested in doing it here, write me!

Martha Hicks (oboe or clarinet? both?) was the driving force as well as the person who had had the vision to make the book into a performance where children would get introduced to classical music by seeing other children performing/enjoying it! Her husband John and son Jesse made sets and much more, our hosts were there, and some other relatives (and Jackie) who also had thrown themselves into helping as much as possible. It was all quite fascinating and though the visit was way too short, we packed a LOT in. I slept some on the drive back to Paris, a long flight home with a plane change in ICELAND, which I am fascinated by also, but another story... ---and back to a busy life here setting up my new handwork room at the school, studying Body-Mind Centering, life in a co-op house, etc. etc. But maybe I will get my viola out this weekend!

Love to all; may your lives be "rich and full" as well. Damaris

We saw the hour-long performance in the Waldorf auditorium at 3:30, 5:30, and 11 AM the next day! Jackie's book had been translated into German - still in rhyme!!! and was written up in the program with many of the charming pictures. The audience was full of children of all ages, and the performers were also children from the arts school (an after-school school that goes from 2 or 3 until 7 every day!). The book is about a mouse (Clarissa) who chews her way into an orchestra hall, loves the music, meets debonnaire Sam and has 10 children. She won't let Sam ditch the family; they bring the babies up musically. When the children go off on their own they find houses in the people's instruments. There is a disastrous performance with mice jumping everywhere, and then the mice rally and perform themselves to save their lives... The great part is that the orchestra is on stage (mostly high-school age?-excellent players) in the back and is part of the play, and the audience becomes part of the play as well by being the audience! The (human) children in mice costumes had much well-planned choreography, -but when they weren't perfect and were pointing or grabbing each-other to find their right places it fit right in to the theme of the learning process. The (large) audiences loved it; all these German families/ children of all ages. I loved all the mix of languages that I was around- sprinkled my English with French and German words as I could...



For years **Pat Dalvit** has filmed fairy tales hilariously at the Dalvit cabin in New Brunswick, with grandchildren assisting and starring--plus Lewie usually has a ham role, e.g., vampire. This one made it to a festival!

THE TORTOISE AND THE HARE NOT IN COMPETITION

FRIDAY, 1:00 - 1:30 P.M.

Lord Auditorium (Children's Selection)

SATURDAY, 2:30 - 3:00 P.M.

Lord Auditorium (Children's Selection)

SUNDAY, 3:00 - 3:30 P.M.

Lord Auditorium (Children's Selection)

(14 minutes)

Pat and Lew Dalvit, with their children and grandchildren, create imaginative films at the Dalvit log cabin on the Bay of Fundy. *The Tortoise and the Hare* is one of 12 original interpretations of famous stories in the family's film repertoire. It features 11-year-old Kristen McPhillips in her first directorial role. She also stars as the feisty know-it-all rabbit.

Director: Kristen McPhillips Producer/Editor: Pat Dalvit

THE ASHEVILLE FILM FESTIVAL SHORT FILMS



Graduations: Besides K.A., **Josh Yde** has graduated from UW with majors in History, Math; while **Gillian Ferranto** has completed her online classwork for her Nutrition MA; has to fulfill Connecticut residency requirement with a day of exams. And, breaking news: Josh became engaged Dec. 21 to **Kara Christenson**! They'll head for Michigan where Kara has a job. Josh thinks maybe law school in the fall.

Springfield: **Paul Campagna** came here when his old friend Bob Natkin, an artist with pix in galleries around the world, had an exhibit at UIS. Natkin, in jeans and stocking feet, gave a lively, human talk on life and creativity. Jackie got to be in on the small dinner later, and had the fun of Paul's company at home. Paul's done architectural work on Bob's Connecticut house; Paul's apt. is full of valuable Natkins. (UIS bought a canvas for \$5000.)

Piedmont and Provence: This time **Jo and Karl**, with **Katie and Dick Yde**: lots of wine tasting and good eating! **Guam, Hong Kong, etc.:** Our marine engineer **Eddy** made two round trips this fall, will do another Jan-Feb. Meanwhile he and **Gillian** are skiing; he's being very wary of TREES.

Paris: **Cress Broten** is teaching English to French kids, is living with **Laurent**, and looked radiant when I saw her in Nov.

Ireland: Alas, this issue is too crammed full to report adequately on the fabulous Ireland trip, and this was the special "Travel Issue!" Next time!

Maitland, FL **Maggie Manlove**, Mig Campagna's daughter, has written an hour-by-hour account of the hurricanes; full publication later. Meanwhile, with the trailer court ordered evacuated, "the chap across the street said he'd take me to my mothers if I could be ready in five minutes--I threw everything in a bag, scooped up Abby's pet rat and got outside in time to see a huge black squall line, the first 'arm' of the storm, towering up in the southern sky. . . . we've set aside drinking water in every large container in Mother's kitchen, have started spaghetti early in case the power fails. Paula has arrive with kids and the gang is playing Risk in the living room. . . . The eye of the monster is now over Kissemmee . . . we fear the old camphor tree may give way . . . the storm's in Orlando and our power has failed, Grandpa is annoyed because he can't hear the radio unless its tuned up to a deafening level. . . . All other sound was suddenly superceded by a deep ROAR, more felt in the bones than with the ears, descending on us with unbelievable speed. A loud BANG shook the house . . . our neighbor says 'your big tree is in my swimming pool' . . . We cooked dinner in the fireplace over a massed bank of tea candles . . ." **What happens? See next installment!**

DAN AND JULIE REPORT ON: GRADUATION, WEDDING PLANS, SKUBA

From Wilmette: **Karl Andrew** graduated from Western Michigan Dec. 11; his degree is Business Administration with an Econ minor. He's had several job offers, will be manager of a Walgreens till it's clearer where he and **Tracey Robinson** will settle. She's also graduating, in El Ed; she'll substitute for spring semester. The wedding date: July 23, 2005. Dresses have been selected, Julie's working on the music. ("There won't be a dry eye in the house!") **Sarah** is in her Junior year at U of I, an English major, and loving it. **Megan**, a soph at New Trier, drives a car inherited from Jenny Schmidt. Dan and Julie flew to Florida recently for their skuba "finals." It was like boot camp, Julie reports, carrying heavy gear, in wet suits, 50 degrees. They dove to 100 feet in a cavern. ("The most terrifying and exciting thing I've ever done--after childbirth!") The two celebrated their 50th birthdays at **Chez Nous East** on Lake Michigan, making it a "100" party! with many friends and a chartered sailboat. The guest quarters dug under the house from a former sand pit/garbage pile (by Dan) are now finished.

More Stories from the Round Barn

By Jacqueline Dougan Jackson

I include this book, the only one here without a 2004 copyright, because nothing will get you in the holiday mood like reading her story "Big House Christmas." Oh, sure, you can go see Tom Hanks' computer-animated version of *The Polar Express*, but if you want real holiday emotion, this is the place to start. Anyone old enough to remember being given a handkerchief for Christmas may find himself or herself in need of one in these beautiful vignettes. Jackson's memoir, a sequel to the popular *Stories from the Round Barn*, is about growing up on a Wisconsin dairy farm in the first part of the last century. The stories are nostalgia without the syrup. There was nothing warm and fuzzy about the flu epidemic of 1918. But in a nation obsessed with "family values," one need look no further than to a real family whose members worked and played together and spawned a writer to tell their stories with skill and panache. ■



Corrine Frisch is the books and poetry editor of Illinois Times.

Contact her at cfrisch@illinoistimes.com

Update on Stories and More Stories: Both seem to be doing okay, but they need to keep selling to persuade the Press to do the BIG book! Ordering data from me again: (40% cheaper; I'll bill you later. for book(s) and postage): **More Stories** (\$18.50); **Stories** --\$18.50 hardback, or \$10 for paperback) Name _____

Address _____

Number of copies _____ Autographed? _____ To whom? _____

Book mail? (Quite cheap) _____ First class? (a bit more) _____

Jackie Jackson, 816 N. Fifth St., Springfield, IL 62702

Email: jackson.jacqueline@uis.edu Ph: 217-544-2916



More Stories from the Round Barn
Northwestern University Press
Triquarterly Press, 2002, 287 pages, \$29.95