

The View  From Here

By Frank Parrish

Sanctuary



I recently spent several days camping with my family. For those who use backpacks, sleep on the ground, and eat wild berries, while foraging for mushrooms in the wilderness of "You Can't Get There From Here," what we did wasn't camping. But for

the rest of us humans, it was. We were in a cabin situated nearly on the river bank. What made it camping was the fire ring, which was an old truck tire rim. Oh yeah, and no air conditioner. I don't mind a lack of air conditioning . . . usually. But it was melt your socks into your shoes hot. It was just a tad bit hard to sleep when you're sliding off the bed in a sweat.

Anyway, there we were, lacking in things that we've grown accustomed to as necessities, things we think we can't get along without. I mean things like microwave ovens, TV sets, computers, and, heaven forbid, cell phones! It was true. There was no cell phone signal there by the river. How would we text? OMG!

Hiking in an old growth forest provided the answer. Most of the trees are Hemlock, with a few Beeches and Birch mixed in, and some Chestnut trunks still standing, although killed by the blight back in the 1920s. Many of the trees towered more than 100 feet above us. Beneath the canopy grew Mountain Laurel, Rhododendron, and a host of other, smaller shade tolerant shrubs. On the forest floor uprooted and blown down tree trunks lay where they fell. Scattered throughout were large boulders, shoved up out of the ground by an ancient glacier. Moss and lichen covered all of these, giving a miniature fairytale look to everything. Small streams wound along hidden valleys, splashing their way over waterfalls and rocks. Sunlight slanted down through pine boughs, dappling the forest with light and shadow. It was a feast for the senses.

But the most amazing aspect was the deep silence. Even with bird calls, bubbling brooks, and the occasional rustle of something moving through the underbrush, there was a profound stillness in the forest. It was this stillness that wrapped itself around me and began to whisper about what is truly important.

I am a man given to deadlines, time pressure, bottom lines, and a host of other things I never dreamed would be a part of my life. I don't regret those things – they are a part of life. But they are *not* life. My mistake is that I often let them become more important than living life. I let their loud voices shout to me of things that are pressing and true, while drowning out the silence where truth is whispered. I tend to let what is urgent become more important than what is good, and good become more important than what is excellent.

It took awhile for this peaceful kingdom to get inside. In fact it was hard walking in the heat and humidity. I think it was because I'm so used to what isn't real that when the real came I didn't recognize or like it. I was looking but not seeing, listening but not hearing. The forest, with its God-breathed beauty, helped restore that once more. It was a sanctuary.

Kids Write 8th Grade Teacher Mrs. Sally Hiers

Lifelines And Influential People

The Time Someone Threw Me a Lifeline

By Alyssa Meyer

I was in Wal-Mart only five years old, I didn't pay attention, didn't do as I was told. I ran to the Barbie dolls but what I didn't see, was that my family behind, walked away from me. They didn't know they left me, right at the time.

I looked around the store, but when I didn't see them I started to cry. But then a woman at the store found me, and brought me to my family. I didn't know her name at the certain time, but that was when someone threw me a lifeline.

By Clayton McConnell

My grandfather has worked all his life, the hard way, by working on the farm. His skin is like old leather, worn, cut, and bruised. His face is worn, soft, and warm. He has worked for over 50 years on that farm. It too has changed as he has. He gets one year older and we get one more grain bin. He gets a divorce; buildings get torn down. He gets married; the land expands. He is kind and welcoming but make one wrong move, one word, and you have a hurricane on your hands.

Parent Trap

By Ling Er Williams

July of 2003 is where my life took a twist. It was a beautiful day and I was just entering a gorgeous, massive hotel. A woman who has been so kind and caring to me for the past years took me up an elevator. I was staring off into space and confused. Where was I going? We arrived at the top of the floor. Wandering through the halls, we were trying to seek the room that awaited me. I stared at them blankly. They all gave me a hug and squeezed me like a soft teddy bear. I was scared because I was getting squeezed by total strangers that made me look like an ant. The women who brought me all this way was preparing to leave. I started to cry a waterfall of tears. I didn't want to stay with these people. I cried for hours hoping the lady would return to bring me back, but she never did. I cried and cried until I started dozing off into a quiet sleep. Suddenly I woke up and found that everyone else was sleeping. My only logic of getting out of here was to run away. I got out of bed slowly and ran to the door. I was little at the time and so I didn't think it through. I slammed the door and headed for the elevator. I heard the door open and there

stomping down the hall was my dad(new dad). He was stomping like a mad troll. Before the elevator door opened, my dad picked me up and brought me back. I tried to attempt the same silly act, but instead this time it backfired on me. My dad was sleeping right in front of the door. I just knew I couldn't get out. Every day I would attempt to escape this nightmare, but my parents wouldn't give me up. As the days got longer, I started warming up to this family. I would hang with my new sisters and talk to my parents. I guess I had nothing to really worry about. These were good people. Then I thought I jumped to far. Next thing I knew, I was on an airplane headed for home. I truly understood that this was a parent trap and I was never going to leave this family. That's the time where my parents gave me a lifeline.

By Alyssa Davis

Somebody once threw me a lifeline. Well, here is the story when I was 18 months old and I was running through the house and I tripped and my head went through a window at the bottom of the door the somebody helped me through it all... a plastic surgeon. Yes I had plastic surgery, but I had to. They had to fix my face. The

paramedics came inside my house and they said my injuries were too severe and they took me in an ambulance to the hospital and the doctor said my cuts were too severe and they had to call a plastic surgeon. He fixed my face but it did leave scars everybody asks about it but I just tell them this story.

When My Mom Comes Home!

By Corey Clarke

- Jingling keys
- Opening doors
- Smiling faces
- Saying hello
- Hugging arms
- Asking questions
- Replying answers
- Being together

Grandpa

By Lucas Garrett

I always picture my Grandpa sitting in his chair with his big dog beside him watching the weather channel, or the News. I picture him having on jeans and a Wilmington Fire Department shirt on. With his work boots or black shoes on. His hands have been working since he was young. I'll always remember the way he'd say to me, "Hey Lukie!"

Come To The Retreat

Crossing Paths TV Ministry will have its annual weekend retreat at Shiloh Ranch, Cook Forest State Park, July 27, 28 and 29. Special guest is Dr. Ernie DePasquale; music by Linda Weber; guest speakers Carolyn and Sheree Zippay.

Reservations are limited. Cost is \$199 per couple, \$110 singles. Call 724-981-7777 for more information.



Contributed photo

Wilmington Area Greyhound Band Drum Majors Katy Styer and Cameron McKinley with Wilmington Band Director Mr. Jonathan Nickel.

Music In The Hills!

Greyhound Marching Band set for band camp

The Wilmington Area Greyhound Band will depart on Sunday, July 29 for a week of marching, drilling, and playing music. Their annual Band Camp will take the entire band to Wesley Woods Camp near Titusville, Pennsylvania. Mr. Nickel, Wilmington Area Band Director, along with his band camp staff, will be preparing the band for the 2012-2013 marching season of football pregame and halftime shows, band festivals and parades. The Greyhound Band will be under the field

direction of Senior Drum Major Katy Styer and Junior Drum Major Cameron McKinley.

Katy and Cameron recently traveled to Eastern Illinois University for the Smith Walbridge Drum Major Clinic. They had long days of learning field conducting techniques, score study, leadership, teaching fundamentals and the role of the drum major. They came back well prepared to lead the band this year. Cameron was commissioned as an SWC Drum Major First

Class. This certification is the highest honor possible for a high school or college Drum Major. This prestigious certification is registered and is exclusively administered by the Smith Walbridge Drum Major Clinics.

On Friday, August 3 at 7 pm, the band will be presenting its annual "Meet the Band Night" at Greyhound Stadium. Come out and see and hear this year's band and welcome our new Band Director, Jonathan Nickel. We hope to see you there!

My Top Seven Summer Trends

1. High low skirts and dresses! These look great belted with a simple tank, or layered with ankle booties and a blazer. Add some great jewelry (maybe layer some bracelets with a watch) and you will be good to go!
2. NEON! Need I say more?! Neon everything, shoes, makeup, jewelry, nails, and everything in between.
3. Hair buns, I love hair buns. My hair isn't long enough to do a good hair bun, so I live vicariously



Hem Lines

so you want to go out in style? By Katie Parrish

4. A great way to do the crop top look is a bustier crop. Pair a bustier with high waisted cut-off jean shorts and you will be all set! Bustier tops provide just a little bit of skin, without giving everything away for free.
5. Studs, studs, studs!! I know these aren't just a summer trend, but I love them! They are everywhere, jeans, shoes, bathing suits, etc. They give just the right amount of rocker glam without looking ridiculous! I hope this

6. Bracelets layered with a fun watch! I love the way this looks. Arm candy is a fun way to accessorize and can really amp up any look.
 7. Ombre hair—for those of you who don't know what this is; it's when hair fades from one color to another color. I am such a fan of this look. Who knows how long it will be in style, but as long as it's here, rock it!
- Summer is such a fun time for trends and trying out new fashion! There were a ton of fun things that were hot this summer! Can't wait to see what the fall brings!

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