

Ninepatch

Stitch - by - Stitch

W - e - C - r - e - a - t - e - O - u - r - L - i - v - e - s -

Editor's Note: Following is Bus Ride's chapter about coping with disturbances.

COPING WITH IRRITATION

Four options are open when I face a situation that upsets me. First, I can ignore it -- I can set my mind in another direction and pay no attention. Second, I can "walk away"-- if there's trouble in the lunchroom, I eat elsewhere. Third, I can confront the problem -- if someone is bothering me I can say, "I don't like that." or "You are hurting my feelings." Another form of confrontation is straight out telling the person, "Kindly stop that." Last, if nothing else works (or is appropriate) I can accept the situation. Acceptance means rising above my distress. The paths to a higher place are subtle. They often involve praying, going deep into meditation where "the world" cannot infringe, or seeing a positive in the trouble and focusing on that.

Sunlight streamed through the coach's wide windows as I studied the bus interior. In many ways it was like a small regional jetliner. The dark blue seats reclined, and pairs lined each side of an aisle. Overhead were directional air conditioning and a reading light for each seat. However, there the similarity ended.

While the diesel was loud, it was nothing like a roar of an airplane taking off. When I had flown, passengers quieted as we mounted the sky and after the jet's initial roar, travelers remained subdued. Not so with my bus ride. Once the bus got rolling, though the kid across the aisle laid his head on his jacket and closed his eyes and a lady in front of him turned pages of "People," somewhere behind me a husky-voiced lady boomed comments like a football coach calling plays from the sidelines.

Trying to ignore Bigvoice, I leaned my head against the cool window glass. Usually I sleep easily, but this time zzzs didn't come. Instead, behind me I heard her, "...got this really great phone card in Miami... service back home was expensive... this one was only ten cents a minute..."

Too loud... My mind whirled, seeking a solution. Thinking I'd send her a disapproving look, I scooted over some and leaned into the aisle to look behind me. As I did, I thought of a discipline technique called, "The Eye." I recalled one fall evening when I saw it demonstrated.

Nine o'clock was near and my professional responsibility for parent-teacher conferences would soon end. My appointments were finished for the night so I stood by the punch bowl sipping Hawaiian Punch with my principal, Mrs. Potts.

Around the edges of our gym, five teachers were still seated at tables talking to a parent or two opposite. Behind conferring parents a few still waited their turn. Several students had come with their folks and sat with them. Other children walked aimlessly around the room. *(Continued on the next page.)*

I turned to my principal, “How did you get mischievous kids to behave when you were teaching?”

Evidently surprised by my question, Mrs. Potts threw her head back with a hearty laugh. Then she shrugged and said, “I gave ‘em *The Eye*.”

My eyes widened, “Really?” I’d never heard it named though I had tried what I’d seen my childhood teachers do. Without a word, I had leaned slightly toward the offender, holding my mouth in a line. I had squinted and glared. It seemed right, but never dampened any of my bad actors.

Raising my eyebrows a little I inquired, “How do you do it?”

Mrs. Potts shrugged, “Just look at ‘em hard! She glanced across the wood floor and asked, “See that kid over there?”

She pointed across the gym at a boy of eight or nine who was standing apart from the others. Back to us, he was looking up at the dark skylights.

“He’s not doing anything naughty, is he?”

I studied the boy a moment and agreed, “No, he’s just looking around.”

“Watch him!” she said. Leaning slightly toward the child, she began to stare intently at him. She said nothing and held her mouth firm.

In several seconds, the boy shrugged. Then, as if looking for something, he glanced behind himself to the left. (Nothing was there.) Then, he looked behind himself on the right. (Nothing was there, either.) He shifted from foot to foot then cocked his head to one side as if trying to figure out something.

“See?” Mrs. Potts straightened and smiled broadly.

I nodded. *The Eye* was more than a look or a body stance. My principal could move energy!

Though I’d had no success at giving *The Eye*, I thought I’d show Bigvoice a straight-mouthed frown like the ladies at church did when someone misbehaved. Twisting, and stretching my neck I tried to locate her, but the seat backs were so tall I could not see anyone directly behind me. Instead, I pictured her in my mind’s eye -- a large, imposing woman. Since I’d heard no “Shhh!” from the rear, I figured her line-backer presence intimidated those around her.

My black canvas bag lay open next to me. I pulled out my book, opening it to a marker, hoping it would distract me. Unfortunately, Bigvoice’s narrative overrode Natalie Goldberg’s reflective memoir. She boomed, “This morning my sister pulled out a huge box of loose photos. We sat and looked at those old black and whites and told stories until I was nearly late for the bus!”

There was a pause as tales of her recent visit ran out. *Ah! Now I can have peace!* Alas, she started again, “...four kids — none of them my own. ... Adopted... Yeah, my husband’s lot.

They were six, four, two, and six months... I raised them like my own...”

Who cares! I frowned and shook my head at the angry thought. *This won’t do. I can’t get more upset with this woman. I have to calm myself and focus on something else.* Making notes about the bus and the ride seemed an idea, so I pulled out my notebook and began scribbling.

All the while Bigvoice rambled on, “I gave them a home and the best years of my life ... ungrateful adults. Can’t help me out after all I did for them!” (*See next page.*)

Like a dieter who thinks of nothing but food, I could not shut out the woman’s stories.

Two hours later we had a supper stop at Macon, Georgia. I perched in my seat watching the aisle as others filed off. *I want to see this amazon!* Hearing Bigvoice approach, I looked up and was surprised to see the actual body that housed the robust voice. She was stubby -- five foot at most. Her lined face showed colorless lips and was topped with short, washed out strawberry hair growing gray from its roots and cut in a careless kitchen- scissors way. *She's ordinary!* Slowly I let out my breath, and nodded. *She's no different than me.* I felt some identification with Bigvoice. When the bus pulled out of Macon, empathy quelled my irritation and allowed me to let her talking become one with the diesel's drone.

Frances Fritzie , Editor

-
- - - **A-R-O-U-N-D - - T-H-E - - F-R-A-M-E- -**
-
- (Letters to the Editor)

Frances,

I just read *Ninepatch* (Feb.'08) and have a couple of quick comments.

I was musing on Gail's sunrise poem, "Awakening" and then read at the bottom where she was inspired -- on a Lake Superior shore at the little town of Christmas, MI. I grew up in Munising, MI. just six miles east of there. Your poem brought me a quick visit with the past.

I loved Wallace's poem about humankind, our egos, and our glory, "Remnants."
Palma

Palma also has an article in FABRICS.

*

Hi, Frances!

I am here in Toronto, Canada, for six months. Nothing in particular about the program here is outstanding. I have daily time for prayer and reflection as well as time to meet with a spiritual advisor. In addition, I have jobs to support the community. This placement is a time for me to spend in further prayer and learning more about myself.

All of this is in relation to my choice of ministry and life. In my last period of discernment, I came to understand I am not cut out for missionary service in an isolated area. I have too great a need for community and its support.

When I have "something," I will be sure to write you.

Love,
Patience

Ninepatch March 2008

(Continued on the next page.)

Patience (July '07) adds, "I may not be able to tell much about my spiritual journey at this point, but I enjoy reading about yours every month."

Dear Frances,

My whole life has been turned upside down of late. First, my partner Bill had his eye event, then surgery followed and I was beside myself with new work and responsibility. Out of the whole stressful situation came his reconciliation with his father. I've been in a physical, emotional and mental upheaval for months.

Then, two weeks ago my new horse Katie reared and dumped me on the ground in the field south of the house. I had my first experience of getting the wind knocked out of me from the fall and I'm sure that I sustained at least one broken rib. (I can occasionally hear it crunching around and I have suffered some sharp pain, which is just now beginning to abate.)

I'm not sure what precipitated her throwing me, but I didn't enjoy it one bit! It's put a crimp in my enthusiasm for all things equestrian. Anyway, I made the decision to sell Katie in the spring and find a horse that is more to my needs -- docile and forgiving of a beginning rider. I'll get back to my horse interest again when I find the animal that suits my needs. I don't hate the horse, but I do understand my own limitations -- and Katie's.

I send fond hugs to you.

Love,

Linda

Linda (Feb. '08) adds, "Thank you, Frances, for sharing your moving story in January '08's *Ninepatch*. The power of your pain and attempted suicide compelled me to spontaneously craft a story of my own attempt at self-destruction many years ago". Editor's note: The story Linda mentions will appear in April '08's issue.

Dear Frances,

It's a new month but not much has changed. I hope you are resting up after your recent trip and you and JK are getting along better. Relationships are easier when both are rested and healthy.

It isn't easy to teach myself new ways and slipping into old behavior happens often. I am often angry with myself for not seeing a situation developing -- or for giving in when I know better. I ask God every day for His help and to give me strength. I try to take one thing at a time and one day at a time.

My husband got a "personal protection order" to keep our wayward daughter, Anita, off the property. He also changed our phone number so she can't call. Unfortunately, she drove over Friday when I was home alone and I made the mistake of letting her in. (She stayed for hours!) On top of that, I did her laundry. I know it was not a good idea. I just could not seem to stop myself.

There is good news, though. My husband, who had lost his job, found part-time work. He is still looking for more hours somewhere. For now, we are making it.

Take care of yourself and try to relax. God bless you and keep you safe.

Love and prayers,

LindaSue

Ninepatch March 2008

LindaSue (Jan. '08) adds, "I see myself in the Feb. '08 story, 'It's Heredity, But Not from My Side of the Family.' I was also raised in an alcoholic home. My mother (who didn't drink) also tried to control all of us. I grew up trying to please everyone."

*

Dear Frances,

I have finally allotted myself some time in my life. (If not now, when?) I'm sure you heard me say I wanted to make time for art and reading and writing when I retired. Well, I stopped working thirteen years ago and until recently hadn't done anything much about those things.

Then about a year ago, something I read had me pondering, "What is my heart's desire?" and "What's preventing me from doing it?"

Finally several months later in October of 2007, I started drawing classes. Now, it is back to basics for me. I am learning perspective. (Ouch!) Like learning a new difficult language, it's hard work and I have to just do it! I'm feeling vulnerable, like everyone else in the class.

In the doing of the assignments, and going to class every week, I began to get a glimpse -- an understanding that I was seeing more in terms of perspective.

It parallels my life. I'm seeing more there, too. For example, I notice many synchronicities. Things happen for a reason.

It seems I finally gave myself permission to take time for *me*. Now every day I'm home, I allot three hours to drawing or writing. And, the best news is, I am doing it.

Love to you,
Nancyann

Nancyann (Aug. '07) adds, "It's been fun and I have been surprised at how much needed housework can get done around my saved three hour block. Who knew?"

*

Dear Frances,

This morning my eyes are gritty and swollen with exhaustion from the past weeks' stress. I've been traveling often to help and support my daughter who is trying to stay sober. My reward has been seeing Cate awakening to the Alcoholic Anonymous Program, accepting that alcohol -- as well as the other substances she uses -- is a problem for her.

I doubted the day would come when she would accept alcohol as a drug. It took the charge of assaulting (biting) her ten- year significant other and father of their twin girls, to get her to this point. Now Cate has no car and is deliberately staying out in the country so that she will not be tempted by the city party stores.

It's been a lot of driving for me but I have to say the AA meetings have benefited me, too. They have made the days more peaceful.

Thanks again for your continued support. I treasure your "listening."

God bless,
Gail

Gail (Feb. '08) adds, "I've thoroughly enjoyed having the twins with me for a time. They are a delight."

Hi Francesca,

I've stumbled across literature purporting to enhance brain function through various computer-generated exercises. One program in particular intrigues me, but I need to do more investigating and also let some time pass, making certain this direction isn't another impulse of mine.

I'm concerned about what's happening up there above my neck for several reasons. The first concern results from the electroconvulsive therapy treatments I had several months ago. Before the treatments, I did my research -- or so I thought. Now I don't believe I fully understood the possible side effects of the procedures and I'm more than a little angry about this.

I did my reading but I'm questioning whether a perpetually depressed person can make objective decisions about procedures that could alter his/her mind permanently. All I focused on was a chance to "jump start" my brain.

Following the procedures I definitely had memory loss. In particular, I couldn't remember how to navigate the city I live in. I also forgot events that happened shortly before and after the ECT. Today, following directions and understanding moderately complex concepts is more challenging than ever. Concentration and focus -- always effected depression -- is worse. As an example, I'm reading what appears to be a lovely book. But, tracking the few characters, the times and places just isn't happening.

On one hand if I hadn't gone through the ECT procedures I would always yearn for a 'silver bullet' to fix my depression and wonder about ECT. On the other hand, I truly don't think I was in a fully sound state to opt for such drastic therapy.

Love,
Elaine

Elaine (Feb. '08) says, "With the book I'm reading, I'm trying to let the problem of tracking characters, times and places just happen and enjoy the beautiful prose. Much the same is true of my life."

- - - - - **F-O-R-U-M** - - - - -
(Readers Responding to Writers)

A LETTER TO WRITERS

A note to several February '08 *Ninepatch* contributors:

LindaSue, Hang in there! Do your best to take good care of yourself. I am praying that things get better soon for you and your loved ones.

Gail, Thank you for that beautiful and happy image of sunrise. I hope your daughter and family continue on the road to recovery in AA. Twelve-Step Programs are such a gift!

Ninepatch March 2008

Linda, I really appreciated hearing where you are in your life's journey. I find your attitude as you soldier on very inspiring. I am glad your situation is gradually improving. I wish you, Bill and his parents the very best. *(Continued on the next page.)*

Elaine, I am finding your story fascinating. I know nothing about ECT and have never known anyone who has admitted that they have had that treatment. You are very brave and trusting. I'm glad you have the support of your family and friends confirming your progress. When I was taking psychiatric medications for my depression that included some evidence of psychosis, I experienced some memory loss, too. Looking back, I have no regrets. Nowadays I need to figure out how to get more sleep at night. I don't exercise regularly -- which would probably help.

June, I had to laugh at the conversation you had with your mom. When we recognize insanity, we can lighten up and detach with love.

Michael, I love your description of being in community with the apple pickers and how you utilize that memory to reduce your stress. I find that using happy memories for guided imagery is a very helpful tool.

Frances, When you mentioned in your 2008 resolutions article that you want to relax and watch shadows shift, I recalled a very short video recorded by a painter on the same subject. http://www.duaneker.com/Pages/sugarbowl_sunbeam.html This artist uses the internet very creatively in many ways. (I've also Googled "clouds guided imagery" to discover a vast variety of relaxing, calming videos.)

Christa, Your thoughts about trusting good friends were so poignant. It is much easier to see the flaws of others than our own. Maintaining healthy relationships, for me, is an exercise in creating and maintaining boundaries. Sometimes my boundaries need to be adjusted.

Jane, I feel your joy in your list of some of your more exciting life experiences. Welcome to *Ninepatch*!

Wallace, Thanks for your poem about human folly and majesty. There certainly is a lot to wonder about. Welcome!

Patricia, Loved hearing about Mr. Gray, again!

With appreciation to all,
Carol

Carol (Feb. '08) adds, "All is well with me. I continue to spend a significant amount of time pattering on the computer. I don't know if I will ever set up a blog, but I have joined various groups on the internet. Sometimes I make my voice public by posting a comment on someone else's blog or in an internet group. Occasionally, I'll compose an email about an experience I had or a trip I took and send it to family and friends. That's how a lot of my contributions to *Ninepatch* start."

(*FABRICS- Our Experiences* begins on the next page.)

- - - -F-A-B-R-I-C-S- - - -
(Our Experiences)

TO LIVE TOGETHER IN PEACE

I was going to spend an extended time sharing space with a loved one. Before I went, I thought of some notes I'd made another time I stayed with him. I dug around in my jottings until found my comments from March 2, 2007. "Next year when I share housing with ER for two months I have to remember:

1. Be on my best behavior (which includes being polite.)
2. Keep my focus on doing what's good for me.
3. Don't have expectations that he is going to change his lifelong patterns of almost constantly listening to radio or watching TV.
4. Have fun cooking, even though my title is not *cook*.
5. Plan a small trip or two for myself. (If he wants to come, that's OK.)
6. Know: my higher power will guide me.
7. Remember: "What I think, I manifest."
8. Keep in mind: I'm not in charge.
9. Take one day at a time.
10. Pray and give gratitude each day.
11. Focus on what I can give, not what I can get.
12. Remember: I make my own joy."

This list of twelve looks very much like program to me. It's always good to have reminders.

Palma (Jan. '08) says, "I went to my journal to find the points I wrote last year and ended up reading the whole diary! It's a strange writing collection. I started it in 1996 and then went off to other journals -- once for eight years, and another time for a year. Anyway, I liked the guidelines. Another bit I especially liked was, The art of being wise, is knowing what to overlook."

A LIVING PHILOSOPHY

A few months ago I spent a volunteer weekend in the far north at a place called Lakeside Retreat Center. In working hard to help close up the center for the winter, with about forty other volunteers and staff, I shifted my obsessive inward focus to a more altruistic outward focus. Time spent there had a huge impact on me. I worked alongside many volunteers that were in their sixties, seventies and eighties. In spite of the infirmities of age, they threw themselves into the physical tasks at hand with such

abandonment. While working with them, it was an honor to be a part of their synergy and figuratively sit cross-legged at their feet and be privy to the utterances of their accumulated life experiences. *(Continued on the next page.)*

Many shared stories of their own spiritual paths.

I was also impressed at how the “foibles” of two of the more difficult members of the group were spoken of with a teasing, yet affectionate good humour. I felt no evidence of viciousness. A true spirit of community flowed there.

I would characterize the differences between religious life, as I’ve experienced it in the outside world, and the spirituality I experienced at Lakeside by comparing my parents. My mother is given to talking about her religious beliefs and she has a rather dogmatic view of life. My father, on the other hand, is a man of few words. His life, however, serves as an example of his values because he manifests it daily in his actions and interactions.

Lakeside is like my father. Its spiritual underpinnings are exuded in the actions and the tone of the center. Partly this is due to the attitude of the director. He mentioned he wasn’t real big on hiring from resumes. Rather he selected people based on their basic innate goodness. If the individual had a good heart, he’d find him or her a place. I am impressed by his philosophy that flies in the face of the worldly approach.

The outcome of his philosophy was tangible.

Michael (Mar, '08) “While working along side others, I saw a gentleman using copper divining rods and was touched by the example of this rich alternative.”

--O- U-R -- S-P-E-C-I-A-L- - T-O-P-I-C--
(Good Friends Earn My Trust By...)

BEING CONSISTENT

Good friends earn my trust by being consistent, which means being the same person every time we meet. I am drawn by such qualities as honesty, integrity, loyalty and respect. People who have these traits do the right thing simply BECAUSE it is the “right thing.”

Sometimes I see or hear something from a friend that seems to be “out of character.” In an unconscious process, I log these inconsistencies in the back of my mind as ‘caution flags.’ When there gets to be too many of those flags, I become wary.

June Poucher (Feb. '08) says, "As the number of 'flags' increases, my trust in that friend diminishes.”

(**THREAD**-- Our Knowing and Our Spirituality *is on the next page.*)

- T-H-R-E-A-D -
(Our Knowing and Our Spirituality)

FACING THE UNKNOWN

**There comes a time when
The unknown becomes intense**

**That's when I have to
Face up to my pretense.**

**And rely on basic faith
To get past the tears**

**As I ask for support
To confront my fears**

**For God is my strength
To complete the course**

**And when I'm done
There will be no remorse.**

Simon Stargazer is remarried and is an empty nester. He has a blended family of four, including two of his own. Three grandchildren add to his family list. His hobbies include photography and writing about life. He adds, "I still work in the health care field with a specialty I love. I get much inspiration from my work."

(*More THREAD on the next page.*)

TORCH LAKE LOVER

**Senses fill and feast
upon blue green.
Water nudges, teases
rocky shore.
Swoosh and rest.
Rhythmic peace.
Wispy wind
seduces, caresses.
Warm rising sun
balances, blesses.
Rays filter through
untainted scent
of waves and wood.
Heart full,
Soul explodes.
Coming home.**

Gail (Feb. '08) recalls, "Michigan's Torch Lake is considered one of the most beautiful lakes in the world. I was in awe of its five shades of green lazily lapping against the shore at a friend's lovely year-round home in 1994."

UNBOUND

**Sun flashed orbs, yellow-reds
bobbing blue-greens**

Balloons tugging at a string

**Magical hints of soaring flight,
pulling at our being**

Testing the limits – oops!

**Lured by their nature, distaining
earth's roots
springing free**

**We watch with shaded eyes
colors soaring**

**A peculiar sense
of loss and promise**

(Continued on the next page.)

Wallace (Feb. '08) adds, "I have always been intrigued by the shocked surprise and quick remorse of a child who first lets a balloon slip free. Later the child begins to appreciate the ephemeral quality of control and laughs as the balloon gains freedom, fighting gravity to the bitter end. How many of us have watched a balloon shrink against the sky – hoping the journey would go on forever."

**Finality
cannot be changed.**

James (Feb. '08) continues, "The last score of a game is the same for everyone."

-- I-N-S-T-R-U-C-T-I-O-N-S --

(Reading and Listening)

BOOKS ON MY BEDSIDE TABLE

Editor's note: This column is in its second month. In it you'll see books various readers are paging through. Designed for the busy person, it is intended to be a simple list of title and author. Enjoy!

June Poucher (Feb. '08) says, "At the present, everything I am reading is non-fiction."

Meditations from CONVERSATIONS WITH GOD, by

Neale Donald Walsch

BARBARA JORDAN: American Hero by Mary Beth Rogers

Living Among Headstones by

Shannon Applegate

**

Jane (Feb. '08) gives her reading list:

Native Tongue, by Carl Hiaasen

Two Years before the Mast, by

Richard Henry Dana

We Are Our Mothers'

Daughters, by Cokie Roberts

Love, by Toni Morrison

She says, "A friend gave me,

I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings by Maya Angelou. *I may read that next!"*

**

Lynan (Nov.-Dec. '07) says, *I presently have four books on my night stand. I am almost finished with Cathedral by Nelson Demille. (Continued on the next page.)*

On St. Patrick's Day a group of IRA terrorists seize the St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York City. Hostages are taken and the terrorists have planted bombs in St. Patrick's with the intention of blowing up the church.

The next book on my night stand is Skinny Dip, by Carl Hiaasen. My friend introduced me to this Hiaasen. His stories take place in Florida and he writes with a humorous twist. At this time, I am just up to page fifteen and the story so far is: While celebrating their second wedding anniversary, Chaz Perrone threw his drunk wife, Joey, overboard. They were sailing a cruise liner off the coast of Florida. Now I will have to read the rest of the book to see what happens to Joey.

My daughter got me started on my third book. It's Outlander and the first of a series by Diana Gabaldon. It's just sitting on my night stand. Also, I finally found my misplaced book, The Glass Castle, by Jeannette Walls. (It had been lost among my recipe books.) What a fascinating memoir! I noticed the name, Mary Karr, on the cover. Have you ever read her memoir? (I think I will try to find her book.) I never seem to run out of reading material. It's fun to discover interesting books to read.

*

RECENT READS

On a recent plane trip, I read a little book a friend gave me, The Prayer of Jabez by Bruce Wilkinson and parts of another, Journey to the Heart by Melody Beattie.

Journey contains short pieces that I read it every day. It seems to always say what I need to hear in a very gentle way but it still gets to the point.

I thought I'd reread, The Prayer of Jabez but I haven't yet reread more than a short prayer it's based on:

Oh, that You would bless me indeed, and enlarge my territory, that Your hand would be with me, and that You would keep me from evil.

Dottie (Jan. '08) adds, "Sometimes I repeat the prayer when I wake in the night. It helps."

*

**- -M-A-N-A-G-I-N-G- - T-H-E
- - H-O-U-S-E- -
(Ninepatch Business)**

GETTING TO KNOW YOU

Editor's note: Here is the latest set of responses to our monthly questions—our new effort to get to better know our readers.

This month's question:

“What do you daydream about?”

(Continued on the next page.)

Lotte (Feb. '08) says, “Since I resigned from my job in Manhattan, life has taken a different path. There is no more stress and days are filled with laughter. Now I have time to daydream about taking a long trip with Uncle Jerry.

As a young child, my parents took our immediate family on the Orient Express. Now is it time to take Uncle Jerry on the Orient Express, too. I dream of a journey such as the Venice-Simplon-Orient-Express. A few cities we'll see are Venice, Istanbul, Paris, London, Budapest and Vienna. There will be a personal steward, and he will provide us with attentive service and cater to our every need.

For now, Uncle Jerry and I are daydreaming about just stepping aboard the Orient Express.

*

Next month's question:

“What is most helpful in remembering names is...”

NINEPATCH MARCH 2008 Birthdays	
Patricia	20
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Julie	27

DO YOU BLOG?

“Blog” is short for “on line log” or journal. Many people enjoy writing thoughts, observations and reflections for others. Could this be you? Ninepatch is updating its website and considering making space for a “blogger of the month.” If you have interest in this project, kindly contact Frances at the e- address listed below.

***Copyright 2008
Ninepatch, Inc.
PO Box 358445,
Gainesville, FL. 32635-8445***

ABOUT Ninepatch, Inc.

***ISSN 1094-3234**

***E-mail: Ninepatch9@AOL.com**

***Website: <http://www.ninepatch9.org>**

Ninepatch March 2008

*Annual newsletter donation rate: \$15-\$35

*The IRS recognizes Ninepatch, Inc. as a non-profit corporation, category 501c3.

*Documentation is available for a small fee on request.
