

# *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 my chapter from BUS RIDE, A Spiritual Adventure. From last month, “... *I grabbed my bag, purse and raincoat and -- sneakers flapping -- I scuttled toward the “Ladies.”*

*Ah! R-e-l-i-e-f!* Urgency had caused to me to temporarily abandon bathroom cleanliness ratings. However, after tying my shoes in the stall, I smiled as I stepped out and saw sparkling white tiled walls and gray-tiled floors shining smooth. Tissue sanitary seats hung in every stall and a hint of Lysol lingered near shining sinks. Hot water gushed from the spigot and smooth pink liquid squirted from a soap dispenser. Hands under the water, I caught my breath.

Glancing at the mirror, I beheld my pasty face. *I need lipstick.* As I reached for “Pink Satin” in my purse, Gate 21 crossed my mind and I glanced at my watch: 10:00. My flight was due to board at 10:10. I moved quickly to the paper towels. *Makeup will have to wait.*

The main walkway was empty but I spied red arrows overhead pointing right to “B” and left to “A”. I turned left. Tall dark windows framed runway lights. *Hurry!* Briskly I strode ahead, already imagining my seat on the flight. *I can s-l-e-e-p for the hour into Grand Rapids!*

Gate 21 would be at the end of the concourse where airlines parked their connector jets. Hiking along, my carry-all seemed heavier with every step. Whenever a moving walk appeared, I hopped onto its black treads.

Empty as an after-game football stadium, I passed gates and more gates. Finally I reached another sign that read, “Concourse A.” Its arrow pointed to stairs going down. I scurried the steps, rushed thirty yards and climbed again. At last the overhead sign read “Concourse A.”

*Hallelujah!* My thinking had been as slow as refrigerated Hershey’s Syrup, so to be sure I had remembered right, I pulled out my ticket and checked the gate again: A-21. *OK, OK.* I glanced to my right and saw, “Gates 36- 48.” *Not me.* To the left the gate numbers diminished from 35 and I scrambled in that direction.

Smooth walls and polished gray floors echoed like a mausoleum. I passed a lit, but barred, book store and a silent Seattle’s Best Coffee window. I rushed past lifeless gates: 35, 34, 33... Trotting along I heard a far-away, “who-who.” Frowning, I tried to place the sound that seemed to be coming from the ceiling. The hooting stopped and a sort of clackity-clack took its place. The sound brought back a memory of Christmas when I was in Third Grade. Mother, Daddy and I had gone to see Uncle George.

Daddy had parked the dark green Dynaflow at the bottom of a hill, next to Uncle’s yellow Cadillac. Standing, Daddy had turned up the collar of his overcoat and I hunched my shoulders against the cold. Mother had lead the way carrying a plate of Christmas cookies tented with tinfoil. I followed her wearing my new black patent shoes with smooth soles. I stepped slowly trying not to slip on a thin glaze of ice. We paraded up three cement steps and reached a little landing before three steps more and another rest. Unzipped black galoshes flapping, Daddy followed me. When I stepped unsteadily, he touched my elbow, “Careful Junior.”

Mother and I waited at the windowless wood door. Daddy passed us and clapped the brass knocker calling loudly, “Hello there, Brother!”

Uncle threw open the door and boomed, “Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!”

Daddy shook his feet from the black boots, Mother slipped off her wedgies and I unbuckled my shiny shoes, lining them with the others on a bumpy multicolored rug by the door. I heard, “Clackity-clack” and,

*e – Ninepatch October 2009*

turning I saw a small train engine rattling along on metal train tracks that ran around the green sofa and two matching arm chairs, down a hall and disappeared into a bed-room. Little houses and tiny trees stood by the curving path. Like trying to avoid rain puddles on an old sidewalk, I tiptoed to a chair and sank into it.

My tall distinguished uncle grinned, picked up the little black locomotive and held it out. “This new one’s special,” he said and dropped an aspirin-like tablet into a little black compartment. He bent and set the engine on the track. Chugging along, it puffed a thin white ribbon from its stack.

The memory of that visit faded, but not the metallic wheel sound. *A Lionel? Here?* I glanced up. About then a little red train appeared near the top of the ceiling and clattered past. *A toy train in the airport? What next!*

Gate numbers diminished: 27, 26, 25... I pushed myself: 23, 22, and -- at last-- 21! Even though my watch read 10:10, arriving passengers were filing out the jetway. Before long I heard, “If you are traveling to Grand Rapids tonight, we’ll pre-board those who need assistance or are traveling with small children.

Soon I took my place in line to enter the hallway to the plane. I shook my head, *I should have just flown in the first place...*

Inside the plane, I located seat 22D and smiled. *A window seat!* I sat, settled my canvas bag at my feet and purse in my lap. In the chill of the cabin’s AC, I pulled my rain-coat over me before buckling my seatbelt. Window as my pillow, I relaxed. *Ah!*

Vaguely, I recall the take-off. Next thing I knew, my ears began to plug as we descended into Grand Rapids.

*Frances Fritzie adds, “Readers, please help me! I am nearly at journey’s end, but far from finishing in terms of putting together the actual book. Kindly send me questions you have about the journey, people in it and what happened before or after? Your comments will help me shape the book.”*

***A-R-O-U-N-D - - T-H-E - - F-R-A-M-E- -***

(Letters to the Editor)

Dear Francesca,

Congrats on *Ninepatch*’s fifteenth birthday. I can remember receiving the very first edition. I didn’t quite get the scheme of it, and I took it to work to show to a friend. She was perplexed, too. Neither of us could understand why someone would write and share about everyday, personal experiences.

When I think about it, our world at that time was so black and white. We worked hard and had little energy to put into reflection.

Love,

Elaine

*(Continued on the next page.)*

*Elaine (Aug. ’09) says, “My life has changed considerably since those days. Now that I have time to reflect, I kind of miss the insanity of the business world.”*

*e – Ninepatch October 2009*

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Frances –

Fifteen years represents a miracle of a commitment. I honor your perseverance!

It is interesting to see how the thread of family ties runs through the Sept. '09 issue of *Ninepatch!* Almost every contribution had some connection to this theme.

Ah! Your Bus Ride tale is almost at an end. (In the last installment, you are at the airport and have your ticket.) I wonder how many more surprises and unexpected twists are in store...

The idea of being in an avalanche gave me chills – I've been knocked over by some waves but always bobbed up like a cork. I don't like the idea of being trapped in the cold and dark ... who would though? I wonder about the conclusion of Lotte's story!

I've been in a weird mood of late -- not sure why. Probably it's been bought on by too much introspection, traveling to be with my older son for a week and classes starting again. Oy!

Namaste,  
Agape,  
Liz

*Liz/Moscar (Sept. '09) adds, "Happy birthday, Dear Ninepatch! If you were a His-panic/Latino young woman it would be your year to observe the Quince Rite where the young woman affirms her faith in a special Catholic Mass. Also a Coming of Age ceremony in the Latin culture, it is followed by a large party."*

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Frances,

I just finished reading Rachel's Secret by B.J. Hoff. I liked it very much. When I went to the library to get the next one, the librarian said, "She just start-ed that series. The next one isn't finished yet." She put me on a waiting list and will call me once that one is released and it comes in. Instead, the woman suggested I read another of Hoff's books, The Mountain Song Legacy. I loved it and picked up the next one, The Wind Harp.

I am still going to group counseling. Sometimes it's a good experience, other times I come out of it with a headache or I just want to cry. It is hard for me to focus on myself. I feel so much for others.

It's a nice day. There's a warm breeze -- a change from the days we had all week. My husband is outside, working on the lawn mower Dad is sitting in his lawn chair. The kids are all gone -- I suppose they will come banging in after dark.

I read and I write. I also finished another hooked rug which I made into a pillow and gave to a friend for her birthday.

I hope you had a good visit with your family while you were in Michigan.  
Thanks for listening.  
God Bless!  
Love and prayers,  
LindaSue

*LindaSue (Sept. '09) adds, "My husband, my dad and I went to an older brother's wedding last weekend. I have five brothers, but only my youngest came with his wife. Sadly, our whole family doesn't get together anymore."*

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Frances,

*e – Ninepatch October 2009*

I'm thinking again of Mother's last days. I could tell that she was slipping away when she was placed in the nursing home.

The last time that I saw Mother, the nursing staff had given her some kind of sedative (morphine?) and she was near death. Her dry and slack mouth was my clue. She looked at me in an unfocused way and said, "I don't know anything anymore ... I don't know anything any more ... I don't know anything anymore." Then she fell into an uneasy sleep.

She had looked terrified. Nurses told me she had been experiencing anxiety attacks, which made it difficult for her to breathe.

I agree that grief is a very individual thing. I felt much more sadness when my father died. He was a better "mother" than Mother. C'est la vie.

Somehow Mother's passing seems anticlimactic -- whatever that means.

Love,  
Linda

*Linda (Sept. '09) adds, "I was not there when Mother died."*

\*\*\*\*\*

Hey Frances!

You ask if my itchy traveling foot is content. Never! But my life goal of visiting every state in the USA has now been satisfied!

I hope things worked out for you, your sons, grandchildren and the hubby who didn't join you in Michigan. I was kind of worried when I read you had left JK behind. (I read between the lines, I guess. Sorry! It really wasn't any of my business, but I was concerned for you.) Glad all is well.

Did I tell you my man proposed? Yep! On June 24th. I was really taken aback. We've been a great match for two and a half years now and I think we could make a nice run of a marriage!

I'll write again soon!  
CaT

*CaT (June '09) adds, "Plans for renovations to my current earth home to accommodate my new mate are in the works, with a firm change of name coming in 2012 -- on our anniversary in April!"*

\*\*\*\*\*

Hi Frances,

It is I, Louise, whom you have not heard from in ages. Here it is the end of summer. I've had *quite* a time. In spite of being sick, I celebrated my birthday in August, then helped a friend who is pulling up stakes and moving to NC. I hated saying goodbye to her.

I also went to my fifty-fifth high school reunion where I read a poem I had written. But the really big news is we adopted a beautiful six-year-old Border Collie and Australian Shepherd mix -- Maggie. We got her from the local animal shelter where we learned a little of her background and how she ended up there.

By coincidence when we need to board her during a trip, we chose a boarding kennel and found it was owned by the same woman who had trained the dog as a one year old. Her former owners also boarded her there.

Maggie is a smart dog. I have read lots of dog obedience books and watched trainer Caesar Milan on TV.

*(Continued on the next page.)*

Her training is working out very well although she has a hard time obeying if there is another dog walk-

*e – Ninepatch October 2009*

ing by. We have to work on that. Having a dog is like having a child again and my schedule is very much off center. Little by little I am getting back on track.

Love,  
Louise

*Louise (Aug. '09) adds, "Two- mile long walks a day and a half-hour playing fetch has left the house a little dusty, and many weeds are growing in the gardens." Editor's note: The poem Louise mentions appears in THREAD.*

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Frances,

I've been up North again for the summer. In July my husband and I celebrated fifty years of marriage. I had thought about this coming anniversary for some time, unsure I wanted to "celebrate" our marriage. Finally I reached a solution: I wanted to celebrate me and my fifty years and I wanted to celebrate my family. I planned a rather elaborate celebration for all our family. After initial resistance, my husband agreed to the plan and to pay for it. This is the first time in fifty years I insisted on *my way*. (I am so proud of me!)

All through the summer I have been doing a lot of soul healing. I have begun to *see me*. I've been looking "out" all my life -- blind to inner knowing. Suddenly I was led to Melodie Beattie's books, Codependent No More and The Grief Club. Then I found Broken Open by Elizabeth Lesser. A *Ninepatch* friend mentioned a quote from Anam Kara by John O'Donohue. I got that from the library but I enjoyed it so much, I bought it!

Just this year I find I am able to stand up to my husband's anger and I have also been able to forgive him -- and myself for taking so long. Somehow now I seem to be growing older and younger at the same time. Perhaps that's because I am taking much better care of *me*. I journal every morning. In fact, I am "doing" The Artist's Way by Julia Cameron, a second time -- and more thoroughly than be-fore. This time I am getting it down on paper for someone else!

I love you, Frances -- and treasure your "being there."  
Love,  
Nancyann

*Nancyann (Aug. '08) adds, "Every month Ninepatch comes and I thoroughly enjoy it -- keep-ing up with your bus trip and how everybody's doing. Every month, I intend to write, but be-fore I know it a new Ninepatch arrives!"*

\*\*\*\*\*

***Everything is in a sequence of time.***

*James (Sept. '09) adds, "If that sequence is interrupted, The Universe may have a reason."*

\*\*\*\*\*

(FABRICS is on the next page.)



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

A SEARCH FOR MY BIRTH PARENTS

For as long as I can remember, I have known I am an adoptee. My adoptive parents were open to discussing my experience. They also said they support me in any search for my birth parents.

A person's development has two contributing factors: nature and nurture. There are so many questions in my mind about who I am in terms of "nature." My adoptive parents did a great job with the nurture part, but I had no context for the unknown nature part. During the last three years I did an intensive search. Now, I now have a bigger picture of myself .

As an adoptee, I longed to let my birth parents know that I am alive and well. I wanted to also say thank you for giving me life. Last year, my case manager located my mother and sent her a letter I had written to my birth parents in case either were contacted. In it my birth mother read my message of thanks. In return, she wrote me a two-page letter where she expressed gratitude for my communication. Sadly, she said she would prefer not to meet.

I continued my search for my birth father. Not long after, the case manager called me and said she had a "mixed bag of news." She found out my birth father had died in 1996 of a brain aneurysm. The good news was she had made contact with my two half-brothers and -- they were excited to meet me.

I remember that day the three of us first met. One of my brothers said that he "...heard Dad and Grandpa..." in my voice. I thought, "Wow, I actually sound like someone!" That moment was life-changing.

For the first time in my forty-four years of life, I am in regular contact with blood relatives. I have been learning more about my birth dad. My brothers have gone out of their way to make me feel welcome and have emphasized that I am part of their family. From their stories, I know they had a challenging upbringing. It made me feel very grateful for the adoptive home where I was raised.

I am enjoying having two new brothers. I am actually pleased that we have the advantage of getting to know each other without the tensions of growing up under the same roof.

I remain open to whatever the future holds for us.

*Peter (June '08) adds, "I respect my birth mother's choice to not meet, but I remain hopeful that she may be open to seeing me in the future."*

\*\*\*\*\*

FIRE!

One day as I was driving home, I saw a column of black smoke into the sky. It was only a few blocks away and appeared to be near my house. Then I heard the sound of fire sirens coming from my neighborhood.

Anxiously, I approached my narrow street and saw the fire trucks blocking my way. I felt my chest tighten as panic rose within me. An old memory flashed before me of another fire long ago.

*(Continued on the next page.)*

Over the sound of my shower I could hear my three- year-old daughter crying and screaming in the bedroom down the hall. I had bathed her and told her to stay on the bed and not get dirty. We lived in an unfinished house which at that

stage still had bare cement floors. As I hurried to get out of the shower, the screaming continued in spite of my shouted reassurances.

In the hallway I smelled smoke. As I ran into the bedroom, Judy was crying, still sitting on the very foot of the bed. Eyes wide with terror, she watched as flames consumed the pillows and the head of the mattress. The flames were four feet high, and reaching for the ceiling. I tried not to panic. "Get off the bed!" I yelled to Judy. She jumped down and retreated to the far corner of the room.

I ran back down the hall to the utility room. I grabbed a bucket and turned to the sink. The pail seemed to take forever to fill. I ran back and forth several times with buckets of water before the fire was safely out. The smoke and acrid fumes lingered in the air. Judy was still scared and crying.

I gathered her in my arms and we collapsed onto the dry portion of the bed. Shaking with fright and shock, I joined her in tears, grateful that she was unharmed. Relief swept over me as I realized what a close call we had had.

I was a smoker back then and I had left a box of matches on the nightstand. Undoubtedly Judy struck a match, and when it flamed, it frightened her and she dropped it on the sheets. My carelessness left me stricken with guilt.

Now, when I got nearer my house, I could see that the fire was across the street. As I circled the block to avoid the fire hoses, trucks and firemen, I heaved a deep sigh of relief. That's when I realized I had been holding my breath.

*June Poucher (Aug. '09) says, "That experience left a permanent mark on both of us. Judy and I are still afraid of fire."*

\*\*\*\*\*

#### AN HOUR OF MARITAL BLISS

(Concluded)

Earlier the day of that avalanche, my husband-to-be and his fellow rescue colleagues were all dressed in their ski outfits and I was with them. We all were standing on our skis and poles facing the mountain, but not planning a rescue. We were skiing. The sun was shining and it was a nice, comfortable day.

That afternoon, the mayor of the little village performed our afternoon wedding ceremony and pronounced us husband and wife. After the rite, we planned to go by train to join the family for a wedding reception. Happy and celebrating, we had not noticed the weather change until suddenly, village sirens blared, announcing an avalanche. Duty called my new husband and his rescue team. The mayor, friends and I watched them go.

A heavy white cloud hung over the mountains and I knew it was going to be a very difficult rescue. We all waited on the ski lift platform hoping to see rescuers come down with the injured skiers. After many hours no one returned and the sky got dark. The situation looked very grim. We feared the worst.

No one slept. We paced the wooden floor and sipped cups of coffee, praying the team and skiers would come down the mountain alive. But no one came down that night.

The following morning a fresh rescue team went up the mountain to search for survivors -- but there were none. Instead, they returned with bodies of the skiers, and the rescue team. My young husband was amongst them.

Instead of celebrating our wedding, I had to make funeral arrangements.

*Lotte (Sept. '09) adds, "Vowing never to return, I left the village. The terrible incident left a large void in my life.*

(Continued on the next page.)

*My life became numb. But, many years later, I returned to that village and looked at the mountain which took my husband's life. The mountain stood there majestically and peacefully with a seemingly innocent splendor. It was hard to believe that such beauty could take so many lives."*

\*\*\*\*\*

MY SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE

The asphalt trail wound like a black snake for miles ahead of me. Insects buzzed all around me yet I was determined not to stop my walk.

Most people only walk a few segments of the miles and miles of trails. Yet as I started, I planned to walk the entire length, and I knew I would make it. Despite the high temperatures and great distance, I trusted in God to make sure that I would arrive home safely.

It is during times when I am out walking and I am surrounded by nothing but nature that I have the ultimate opportunity to connect with The Universal Master. As I started walking the trail, I took some time to pray. I spoke for all the people that I could think of, including those whose lives are afflicted by afflictions such as epilepsy, Tourette’s Syndrome, Asperger’s Syndrome, and many other disabilities. Through my own experience with such disorders, I know that I am going to be able to reach out and help others who suffer.

As I glanced around, I couldn’t help but marvel at the Lord’s many creations, including the trees that were starting to drop some of their leaves, the ever-present grasshoppers and birds on the path, and finally a warm wind blowing in my face.

The miles started to add up and I concentrated completely on the quiet around me. I listened in the silence, and heard a message: *At no time do you ever walk alone.* Even though there was no one around me--save the occasional cyclist-- I knew that The Master was there, in the wind, in the grass, and inside my very heart and soul.

Through my experience, I learned how powerful meditation and prayer can be, especially when I am going through prayers while doing physical exercise.

*Bookworm (Sept. '09) adds, "I encourage each and every one to find a time to get out into nature and make a personal connection with God, The Universe or what ever you call Holy. Even if you only say a short prayer and do no physical exercise, take a few minutes to feel the wind, hear the crickets singing, and empty your mind. Your connection will be there!"*

\*\*\*\*\*

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

(Reading Listening and Viewing)

I BLUSHED

Though I seem to be working through the weekends, I still take time to read. Every night before going to sleep, I turn pages, even if it is only for fifteen minutes.

Is it possible to blush at my age and living alone? I just finished, The Wise Woman by Philippa Carr. It was excellent. It was another of her English historical novels, but this time she pulled out all the stops.

I even read past my nine o'clock -- my normal "lights out." *(Continued on the next page.)*

*M Joan (May '09) adds, "I really have "cabin fever" so I'm taking a break in October and traveling to Ecuador where and I will spend two weeks!"*

\*\*\*\*\*



A STORY ABOUT STAMPS

As many of you know, I enjoy collecting stamps. A few years ago I helped Frances (Editor) find interesting old stamps for mailing *Ninepatch*.

My hobby also comes alive through stories about stamp collecting. One such story is The Sweetness at the Bottom of the Pie by Alan Bradley. This novel is the winner of the Crime Writers' Association Debut Dagger Award. The murder mystery takes place in Great Britain of the 1950's. The heroine is a highly intelligent, cunning and entertaining eleven-year-old girl.

I recommend it because it breaks through sexual stereotypes; puts philately (stamp collecting), chemistry and history in context of a story; and because it is sheer fun.

*Carol (Mar. '09) says she has enjoyed her summer staying home, puttering around her house, gardening and hanging out with her friends.*

\*\*\*\*\*

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

**FIFTEEN AND FLYING ... WOW!**  
-- Thoughts on *Ninepatch's* Birthday

At fifteen I was a sophomore  
in high school  
And as we all know...  
sophomores rule!

Life was good-  
I had the time of my life!  
My first true love  
and very little strife.

But time did what it does best  
It flew on without a rest.

So here we are, Frances,  
in the future  
We didn't see  
Produced by the desires  
of God, you and me!

( Continued on the next page.)

*Simon Stargazer III ( Sept. '09) adds, "Happy fifteen years, Ninepatch ...and many more!"*

---

**SYCAMORE CANYON  
WILDERNESS**

Two rivers meet  
in a verdant pocket  
    of high desert ranges  
where javelina roam and eagles hunt.  
Beside the Sycamore Creek  
we step through the soft red silky  
    sand –  
a potter’s powder.  
Southwest wind had whipped  
    the cliffs to dust.  
Lulled by seductive babble,  
warmed by the deepening  
    canyon floor,  
we cross rocky uncertain trails  
in search of cairns to guide us.  
Each step brings promise  
of a deep cool pool around the bend  
of the crimson canyon wall.  
That paradise comes into view:  
an eighty-foot sheer red rock rise  
to a patch of periwinkle sky.  
A late day sun hones its beam  
upon a lone prickly pear,  
    an isolated yucca.  
That is all  
to view on the barren wall  
as shadows fall.  
Waters deep in canyon heat  
anchor this mountain retreat.  
I doff my socks and feel it soothe  
my searing feet.  
We have found Eden--respite before  
we slowly trek the rock-padded path  
out of Sycamore Canyon.

*Gail (Sept. '09) says, "This poem comes from such a memorable and beautiful hike in Sycamore Canyon near Sedona - actually accessed from Cotton-wood, sixteen miles southwest of Sedona. We drove over wash-boardy roads for nearly ten miles to get the trailhead. Lo and behold, it was so crowded in that out-of-the-way wilderness, it seemed as if the hikers were having a convention there."*

\*\*\*\*\*

**55th REUNION: CHARLOTTE HIGH SCHOOL**  
In the year 1954  
We went our separate ways'  
But tonight we look back  
To remember those days.

*e – Ninepatch October 2009*

What did we love?  
What things did we do?  
Speaking for the girls  
I remember a few.

Look through the Witan  
You'll see us all there,  
How modestly we dressed  
Prim and proper, I declare.

Gym class and swimming  
Oh! The pool,  
Mrs. Reitz's bathing suits  
Were not very cool.

Four years together  
For some it was six,  
Time to make friends  
Time to mix.

Through exploration we  
Made our choices,  
Something for everyone  
For expressing our voices.

There was music, The Pilot,  
There were sports and majorettes,  
Drama and cheerleading  
So many outlets.

Our school was safe  
No lockdowns, guns or detectors,

We followed the rules  
Our consciences our protectors.

But still we had fun  
All the after school activities,  
Pajama parties, proms  
And belonging to sororities

Windows decorated at Christmas time  
By those with artistic flare,  
Delighted the whole community  
We all would stand and stare.

*(Continued on the next page.)*

We turned sixteen  
Time for a work permit,  
Extra money at last  
To a job we would commit.

Red roses and white gowns  
One more party yet to come,  
Across the stage and down  
The last of our high school fun.

And now we've gone beyond its halls  
Our destinies to fulfill,  
To the memory of our Alma Mater,  
We will be faithful still.

*Louise* August 7, 2009 (Also see her letter in *AROUND THE FRAME*.)

\*\*\*\*\*

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

**YOUR HOUSE ON THE WATER**  
*(The 2009 Self-Discovery Game)*

**GRANDMOTHER'S COTTAGE**

Yes, I did the self discovery game... I tried to draw a picture of my grandmother's summer cottage in Northern California. I'm not sending the drawing, but here's a description. Her summer cabin was at Shasta Retreat in Northern California. It had a screened in porch with a tin roof, where I used to sleep on a feather bed. There was a babbling brook running along side where I used to find salamanders. The gentle rain at night would tap, tap, tap on the roof and lull me to sleep.

I read what was quoted from the Kokology 2 game's explanation. Authors, Tadahiko Nagao and Isamu Saito said choosing house with a wide stream flowing past might mean the following: "... you don't make a clear distinction between your social and private lives. You maintain an open door policy to the world and think of strangers as friends you haven't met yet. That openness and spirit of hospitality ensures that come what may in life, you will never have to face it alone."

I guess Grandmother's cottage scene puts me in the category with an open door policy!

*Simon* (Sept. '09) "Also see his poem, "Fifteen and Flying-WOW!" in *THREAD*."

---

**RECENT MONTHLY QUESTIONS:**

"The last time I said I'm sorry was..." and "The wildest, craziest thing I've ever done..." are still open for comment. This month's addition is, "People say I look like..." I'm looking forward to reading your experiences!

*Frances*, Editor

**NINEPATCH BIRTHDAYS: October**

<b>Ilene</b>	<b>6</b>		
		<b>Georgene</b>	<b>15</b>
		<b>Christa</b>	<b>16</b>
		<b>Anna</b>	<b>27</b>

*Copyright 2009  
Ninepatch, Inc.  
PO Box 358445,  
Gainesville, FL. 32635-8445*

**ABOUT Ninepatch, Inc.**

**\*ISSN 1094-3234**

**\*E-mail: [Ninepatch9@AOL.com](mailto:Ninepatch9@AOL.com)**

**\*Web site: <http://www.ninepatch9.org>**

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

**\*The IRS recognizes Ninepatch, Inc. as a non- profit corp., category 501C3.**

\*\*\*

**NINEPATCH BIRTHDAYS**

**October:**

<b>Ilene</b>	<b>6</b>
<b>Georgene</b>	<b>15</b>
<b>Christa</b>	<b>16</b>
<b>Anna</b>	<b>27</b>

**RECENT MONTHLY QUESTIONS:**

“The last time I said I’m sorry was...” and “The wildest, craziest thing I’ve ever done...,” are still open for comment. This month’s addition is, “People say I look like...”

I’m looking forward to reading your experiences!

**Frances**, Editor