

Pond Ripples

A collection of creative expressions

September 2009

Volume 2

Issue 5

Refuge
By Randy
Thurman

Cover Artist

Randy Thurman's work explores the dimensions and depth of human nature. His goal is to communicate the personal and cultural dynamics that condition how we view ourselves and others as well as how our individual experiences condition such perception.

Visit Randy Thurman's [website](#).

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Mission Statement

Pond Ripples pledges to publish art, poetry, photography, and short stories safe for families to enjoy together without worry of pornographic or violent content. *Pond Ripples* further pledges to reflect the values of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, in all it represents.

Pond Ripples Information

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Celebrate with Me!

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Letter from the Editor

Greetings!

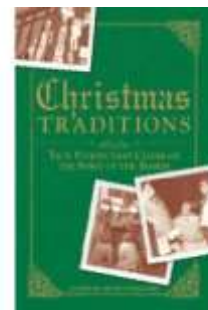
September has been an extremely long month! My mother-in-love has been out of town all month taking care of

her mother who just had heart surgery, and I have been the substitute sewer for the boy scouts most of the month. My mother-in-love is back home, my grandmother-in-love is well on her way to recovery down in Florida, and I was very glad to pass all the sewing back to the seamstress who enjoys being a seamstress with deadlines. I enjoy sewing as long as I don't have to stay up all night to get an item turned in by tomorrow at noon. The wonderful advantage of all this is that now I know for certain that I do not want to take over sewing for the scouts when my mother-in-love retires. I'll stick with being an occasional substitute or help.

My oldest son, Allen, turned three this month. He is growing into a kind and loving "Little Man." Jesse is scooting around to about anywhere he wants to go, and I'm expecting him to start crawling at any time. Anna has become particularly clingy and jealous

of my attention lately. I'm trying to guide her to consider others on one hand and on the other, I'm trying to make more time for her to have my attention. Motherhood is a wonderful blessing enveloped in prayer.

I received my contributor's copy of a book with a story of mine in it this month. The book is called *Christmas Traditions: True Stories that Celebrate the Spirit of the Season*. In my story, I share about a tradition my husband and I keep every Christmas season with our small family. The book is also full of stories by people with their own unique traditions. I think I may try out a few in future Christmas seasons.



Check it out at [Amazon](#).

Like I mentioned last month, my family is walking October third this year to raise money for [Choices Resource Center](#). You should see Anna approach a complete stranger without any prompting from me and ask if they will help babies! I am so proud of her giving heart. If you would like to

sponsor one of my children email me with your mailing address and contribution amount so I can turn it in to CRC for them to bill you or visit the [walkathon](#) site, select one of my little walkers and pay securely via your credit or debit card. Every dollar counts toward providing women with free ultrasounds, pregnancy tests, counseling, prayer, and the list goes on. Choices Resource Center provides services for men too!

What is going on in your lives lately?

Enjoy the very late September issue!

Sincerely,

Rebecca Burgener
Mother * Writer * Teacher
Psalm 27:1

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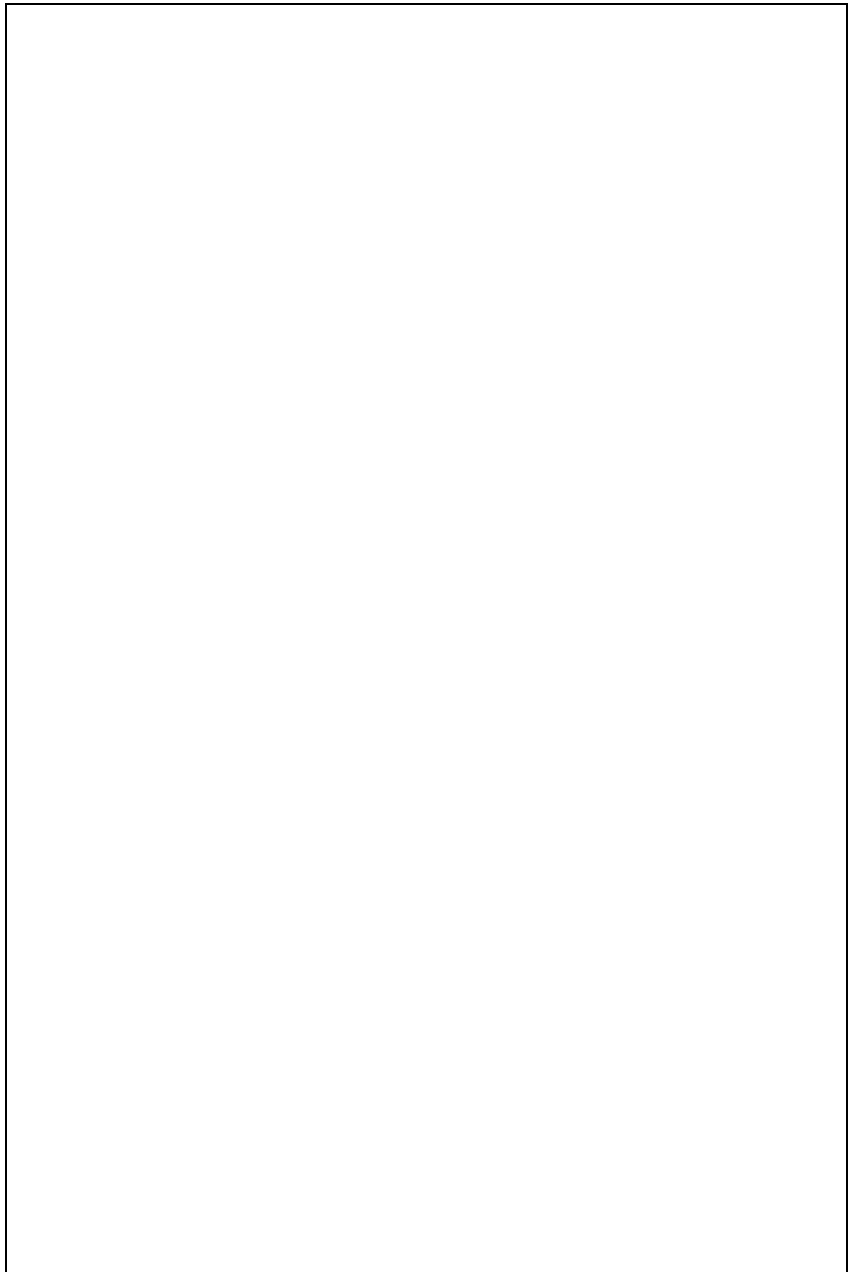
Summer Afternoon
by Roy A. Barnes

Terse gray skies beckon
-After downpour, I'm outside
Scent of rain breathed in

About the Author:

Roy A. Barnes writes from Cheyenne, Wyoming.

*Methodist Church in the
Fall*
By Steven Faucette



About the Photographer

I graduated from Furman University in 1982 with a BA degree majoring in Religion and from Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary in 1984 with a MA degree in Communication Arts. I reside in Williamston, South Carolina. I enjoy photographing nature and places around the world. These days I focus on creating postcards for my area of South Carolina. In addition to doing post cards I also am venturing into doing photo keychains and souvenir type refrigerator magnets. I have been published somewhat regularly in Sandlapper Magazine. I have received several high awards for my photography by SC Festival of Flowers and by the Cradle of Forestry in Brevard, NC.

Please visit my [website](#) or find me on [Facebook](#).

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Shovel Brigade

By Lyn Michaud

Snow covered the ground and one snowdrift reached the tip of the garage roof. Cassie Thomas woke up before her best friends who had come to her sleepover. She woke up her friends Fiona, Kendra and Alexa and they hurried down the stairs to the dining room for her Mom's special pancakes.

Cassie's mom carried a big platter of bite size chocolate, caramel and vanilla pancakes into the dining room and balanced a tray with strawberries and bananas, whipped cream, maple syrup and sundae toppings. "I made a special treat since you'll be going outside to slide in the snow."

"Can we slide off the top of the garage?" Cassie had the idea when she saw the big snowdrift.

"You can slide down the hill in the backyard. There is plenty of snow and the weather forecaster is predicting more." Cassie's mom smiled. "She said the snow is coming down at a rate of about 1 ½ inches per hour. You girls should call your parents first to let them know you're safe and that you're welcome to stay all weekend so we can manage to shovel out and the roads will be safe."

"Why do we have to stay off the garage?" Cassie asked the question between bites.

"Just to keep you safe." Cassie's mom didn't need another reason.

"It's ok, Cassie, I'd rather build a snowman." Alexa was always in motion doing something, anything.

Kendra always liked to be active too. "Don't forget snow angels."

"And sliding." Cassie liked trying to go faster on a plastic sled down a hill.

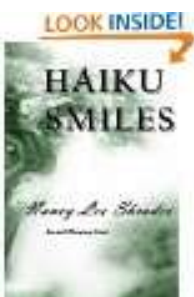
Cassie's dad stomped his feet outside on the step. He opened the door and entered the kitchen along with tiny snowballs and he shook like a dog and sent cold particles over the floor and splattering on each of the girls. "The road's closed, but I'm going over to shovel a path for Mrs. Griego, in case of an emergency." He did many chores for Mrs. Griego since her husband passed away, and Cassie visited her at least once a week after school when her father went over.

The Thomases lived on North Ridge Road between Mrs. Griego and the Wishes and Dreams Animal Sanctuary. Mr. and Mrs. Keaton, the owners of Wishes and Dreams took in animals people didn't want or had been lost or hurt. They nursed them back to health and gave them a place to live long and happy lives.

“We can help you shovel.” Fiona always tried to help people too. “Five shovels should be a lot faster than one.”

The girls and Cassie’s dad waded through the snow to get to the road. A snowplow had made a single pass in the night, so in that one part of the road the snow was only a foot deep and that was where they waded to reach Mrs. Griego’s driveway. They each took a spot to shovel. Scoop, toss. Scoop, toss. Pretty soon they had a path to the garage door. Mrs. Griego came out and invited them in for cocoa.

Author, Nancy Lee Shrader



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Also on my website at www.freewebs.com/booksbynancyleeshrader/

Cassie’s dad settled into a chair in the kitchen and the girls climbed onto the high stools around the kitchen counter. Mrs. Griego’s cocoa always smelled like cinnamon.

“Careful, it’s hot.” Mrs. Griego warned.

The girls drank two cups of cocoa each and ate two cookies.

“Thank you for shoveling out the driveway for me. I’m not brave enough to try to go anywhere in this weather though.” Mrs. Griego enjoyed having them visit. “Are you planning on playing in the snow now?”

Cassie had another idea. “Dad, do you think Mr. Keaton needs help shoveling? He has to get to the animals and make a place for them to exercise.”

“I’m sure he’d be grateful for the help.” Cassie’s dad stood and put on his jacket, hat and gloves. “Thanks for the cocoa Mrs. G; yours is always the best.” Then he gave Mrs. Griego a hug before leaving to tromp through the deep snow on the road to make a path for the girls.

Mrs. Griego stood in the door and waved as they walked up the road. “Have fun.”

Cassie went to the house to tell her mom they were going to the animal sanctuary.

“I’ll bring lunch over later. Make sure and tell Mrs. Keaton for me.” Her mom loved to cook and the more she could cook for, the happier she was.

Mrs. Keaton met them at the front door. “What are you all doing out in the snow?”

“We’re the shovel brigade, here to help.” Alexa answered with a snappy salute like her father taught her.

“All of you.” Mrs. Keaton clapped her hands.

Cassie’s dad nodded. “Let us know what needs doing first and point us in the right direction.”

Mrs. Keaton grabbed a coat from the mudroom and put on gloves.

“Come through the kitchen, we’ll go out the back door where my husband is shoveling a path to the barn.”

While they shoveled, Mr. Keaton told stories about the animals. When they finally made it to the barn, he took the girls on a tour and told them what each animal needed to have for food and cleaning the stalls. Then he and Cassie’s dad went back outdoors to keep shoveling while Mrs. Keaton supervised.

Alexa and Cassie chose to move the horses, Skip and Tug, to another area of the barn so they could clean out the stalls.

“Be careful. They like to play tug-of-war.” Mrs. Keaton said.

Tug let Alexa rub her muzzle. Tug grabbed the drawstring of the hood on Alexa’s parka and pulled. Alexa pulled back and Tug dropped the string, bobbing her head up and down while whinnying.

Alexa giggled. “Tug let me win.”

Kendra chose to take care of Flip, the white duck.

“He likes to ride on a skateboard with Mr. Keaton,” Mrs. Keaton said.

Just then Flip knocked over the skateboard leaning against the wall. He waddled as fast as he could down the plank walkway and jumped on the skateboard. He flapped his wings to keep the board moving. Quack! Quack! When Flip reached one end of the walkway, he jumped off the skateboard to keep from crashing into the wall and then he turned around and pushed the skateboard in the other direction. Flip rode back and forth while Kendra filled his plastic pool with fresh water and put food pellets in his dish.

Mrs. Keaton gave Fiona a choice. “Do you want to go in the house and take care of the hamsters or would you rather shovel in the arena to make room for the horses to exercise?”

“I love tiny, cuddly animals, I’ll take care of the hamsters,” Fiona said.

One of the hamsters was white and the other was black; their names were Salt and Pepper. Fiona picked up the newspaper covering the floor in the hallway they used as a home and threw it in the trash. Then she sprayed the floor with disinfectant and wiped it up. She spread out clean newspaper and filled their water bottles and food dishes. At last, she could watch them play on their hamster wheel. Pepper stepped in first and started running. The wheel made a tinkling sound like at the carnival. Salt didn’t want to miss the fun and jumped in with Pepper. The wheel stopped and they tumbled together.

The girls helped with chores until lunchtime. Cassie’s mom arrived with a picnic basket filled with fried chicken, salads and strawberry shortcake. They all ate together in the Keaton’s dining room. Mrs. Keaton told them some of the special skills needed for animal care and how she worked with the veterinarian to take care of the animals’ medical needs. Mr. Keaton told funny stories about the animals.

By late afternoon, the snow stopped. The girls, Cassie’s parents and the Keatons shoveled some more until all the paths were open, the shed

cleared and the arena ready for the horses to run. The girls worked together to lug fresh hay and buckets of water. They cleaned the cat room and the fenced in run for the five dogs to play. Mud covered Cassie’s pants because one of the pigs knocked her over while she carried a bucket of water to the watering trough. Four o’clock came too soon.

“Can we come back to help even when we don’t have a blizzard?” Cassie asked.

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“You are welcome any time. Volunteers help us keep the animals healthy and exercised,” Mrs. Keaton said.

Cassie’s parents led the way

home. A big snowplow turned onto their road. Snow flew in both directions in two giant waves. The paths they'd shoveled to the road were filled in again.

"Looks like we have some more shoveling to do," Fiona said.

That evening the girls were tired and sore, but they settled in front of the fireplace to play an old board game, Snakes and Ladders.

Fiona moved her marked six jumps. "I liked helping Mrs. Griego, the Keatons and all the animals."

Kendra yawned. "Helping people is hard work."

Alexa was the only one who didn't seem sleepy. "Helping people is fun."

Cassie smiled and closed her eyes when she leaned against a pillow.

"Helping people made this the best snowstorm ever."

About the Author

Lyn Michaud holds a Bachelor's degree in biology and chemistry and publishing credits in science encyclopedias. She shares her life with her husband and daughter. Together they enjoy rollerblading, mountain biking and rock climbing. Her fiction publishing credits include *Characters* and *Alienskin*.

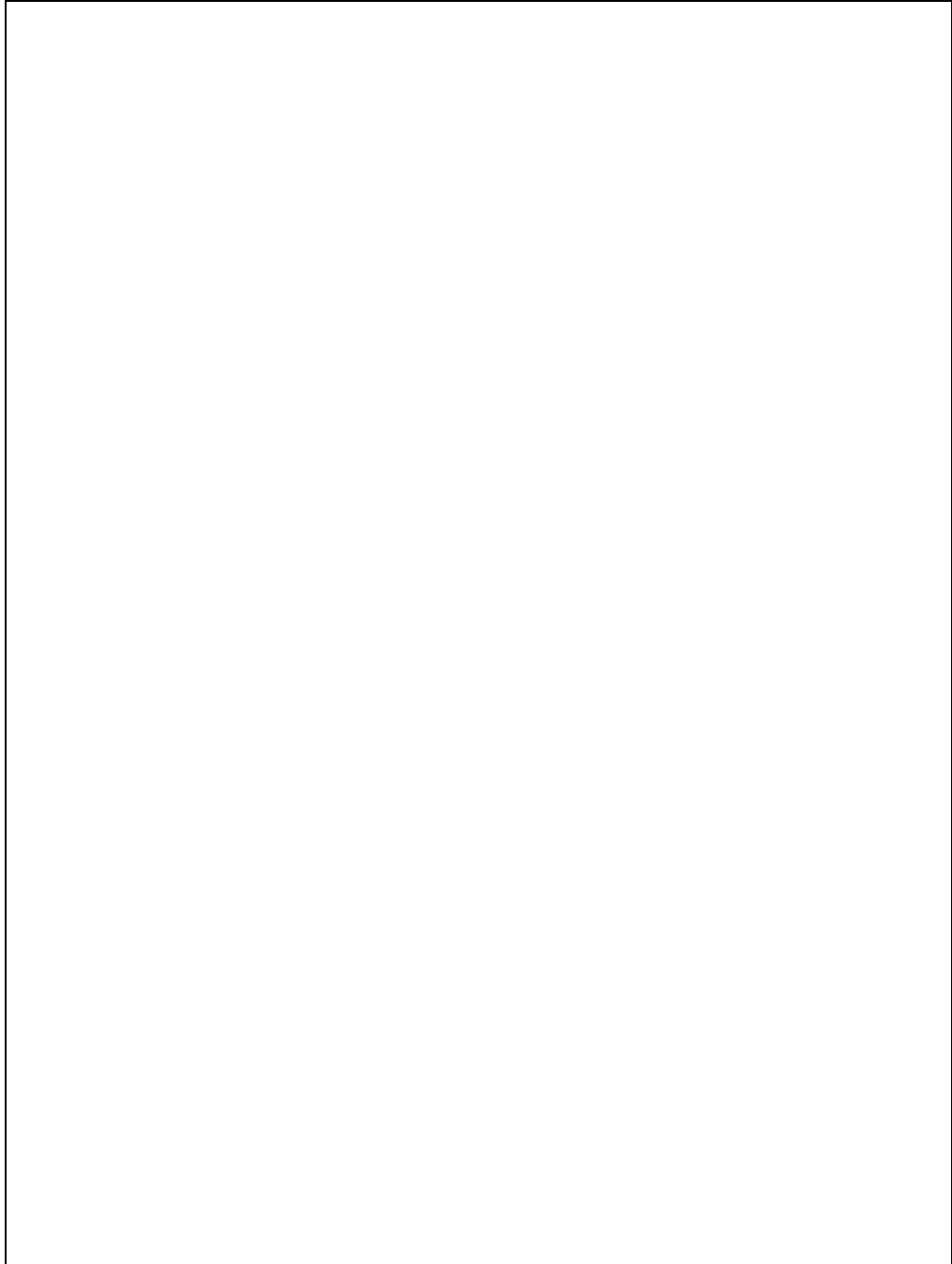
Poetry

By Danny P. Barbare

With a little will
My ills I can cure
With sweet poetry's mouth
The words dance upon my tongue,
When I forget myself
And laugh out loud
I share the therapist of my inner self.

About the Author:

Danny P. Barbare has been published locally, nationally, and abroad. He resides in Greenville, SC, and has been published in *Christianity and the Arts* and *Sister's Today*. My email is barbaredaniel@yahoo.com and I have a blog at: <http://dannyb-southernpoet.blogspot.com>.



The Savior
By Randy Thurman

Pond Ripples Book Club

I am taking a break from the book club for September so I can get this issue out before September is over, but for October I will be reviewing *The Horse and His Boy* by C. S. Lewis. Read it now, and let me know what you think!

-Rebecca



*The Horse and
His Boy*
By C. S. Lewis
Buy from
[Amazon](#)

Teach Them Diligently

Resources and Thoughts for
Parents and Teachers

I am also taking a break from the Teach Them Diligently column, but you will see a new resource featured in October!

Thank you for your patience!

-Rebecca

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Reader Responses

Dear Rebecca,

God bless you for such a beautiful August issue in whose pages I am proud to be included.

No doubt at all that God guides your editorial decisions because there is nothing in the issue that I would have deemed unnecessary or not good enough. Kudos to you and continued success with Pond Ripples Magazine!

Salvatore Buttaci

Readers,

What did you think of the September issue? What would you like to see in the future? Drop me a line or two, and I may publish your Reader Response in the next issue.

Rebecca Burgener
Mother*Writer*Teacher
Psalm 27:1