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Guest Editorial

Children, Time, and The Future

by Cynthia Cole

Nothing is more important than to raise children who are healthy, intelligent, caring and responsible, and who become adults deeply concerned about the welfare of their families, their communities and the future of the world. Raising children is not just a concern for parents, it provides an important and fulfilling role for grandparents as well.

People like to contribute to a tangible product - a meal, holiday decorations, a building. We also like to contribute to less tangible things - a loved one's happiness, a family celebration, the school or neighborhood community, the future.

Children provide meaning and satisfaction on both levels, the tangible and the less tangible. What could be more important and more tangible than a living, growing child? Parents fall in love with their children and this helps to make the great responsibility of parenting easier to carry. Children involve adults in their schools and compel concern for the immediate neighborhood. Are these safe and wholesome places for children? To contribute to the development of children brings involvement, meaning and satisfaction to parents - and it can contribute to the happiness of grandparents, too - on many levels.

As we get older, our sense of time gets longer. Our roots in the past and our need to imagine the future become more important. We want to be part of the long continuum of time that extends back into the distant past and forward into the long range future.

Richard Louv, in Childhood's Future, says that there is comfort in knowing one's place in the fabric of time. People are looking for their links to both the past and the future. The ability to dream, to connect the past with the future, is as nourishing to an adult or a people as it is natural to a child...

And for grandparents, their children and grandchildren help to connect them to the future, to a feeling that they have contributed to the continuation of a good world. Grandparents are assured that they have left a mark on the world, not only through their own direct efforts and contributions, but also through the potentialities of their grandchildren and later descendants.

Imogen Moxhay takes a nap in a wagon her mother was tooting at the Portland Farmers' Market.

Note from the Editor:

What Kinds of Stories Should Harbor Voices
Print? by Jenny Ruth Yasi

This month I knew some of you were expecting more of a story on the Human Rights Commission investigation against Casco Bay Lines. It is a challenging, complex story. I began getting panicked phone calls from people who imagined they knew what I was writing, and they already wanted me to change it. I realized that no matter what I wrote, it would be controversial and upset someone, so I brought my story to my Board of Directors in advance of publication. The very reason I have Board Members is so that they can give me advice. In this case, I chose to heed their words of caution, and kill the story. Finally, I wrote a "blurb" instead (see page four).

Some board members told me that Harbor Voices simply should not cover stories which deal with sexual harassment, or any news stories which might be controversial. Others felt that we have an obligation to foster understanding of important issues that come up. Maybe we don't need to be as timely as a daily paper, and we should wait till things cool off a little before opening hot topics. At our next board meeting (June 22), the board will be discussing a method for deciding on a mission statement for Harbor Voices. editorial and board guidelines, and what sorts of stories and language editors should and should not publish. Please, chat with your friends on our boards of directors and advisors, with me and with other writers, and let us know what you think.

Send your advice, comments, ideas, encouragement, jokes, sympathy etc. to Box 10 Harbor Voices, Peaks Island, Maine 04108. Or e-mail us at voices@maine.rr.com. Thanks!
Thank you to all who have donated funds this past month to keep Harbor Voices in print. Without your generosity, community journalism would not be possible. Thank you Ed Democracy, David Waters, Rebecca Stephens, Delores Lanai, Renee Bouchard, Mr. & Mrs. Quigg.

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News

JETPORT TO BUILD SATELLITE PARKING LOT

PORTLAND, ME, May 24, 2001 - The Portland International Jetport received City Council approval to begin construction of a satellite parking lot. This new facility will have approximately 430 surface spaces.

"This lot," said Jetport manager Jeff Schultes, "will help alleviate some of the burden when we move forward with the parking garage later this year."

The satellite lot will be built on Jetport-owned property located just off Congress Street, near the new Jetport Interchange of the Maine Turnpike. The lot is approximately two miles from the terminal building. The Jetport will provide shuttle vans to continuously service the lot with a maximum wait time of 10 minutes. APCA, the company managing the Jetport's other parking facilities, will operate the shuttle service. There is no charge for the shuttle; the cost to park is $5.00 per day.

"We expect to begin construction in mid-June," stated Jetport Facilities Manager Paul Bradbury. "The project will take about two months, so we should be ready to open in mid-August."

The total cost of the project is estimated at $650,000. The Portland International Jetport handles nearly 1.4 million passengers a year. The Jetport offers 120 daily flights on eight major airlines with non-stop jet service to business centers like Atlanta, Chicago, Detroit, New York and Washington, D.C.

Contributed by Kevin Sullivan, at the Portland International Jetport. For more info, contact him at 756-8035.

New Construction on Peaks Island
by Jenny Ruth Yasi

Ric Weinschenk is getting ready to build a new restaurant/inn at the corner of Welch St. and Island Avenue on Peaks Island, near where the ferry boat lands.

The new building will technically be an "addition," although the current buildings will be unrecognizable when incorporated into a glorious design, including stone facing, balconies, and even a rooftop deck. The design is posted on the currently existing building, and has been approved by the City of Portland Planning Board.

The question everyone is asking is where will Peaks Island Fuel Trucks go? Although the design does suggest Peaks Island Fuel is welcome to remain at the location, it hinges on their ability to use a paper street beside the property. The City has not granted Weinschenk's permission to use the paper street. It seems likely that Peaks Island Fuel and The Inn will not prove to be compatible over the long haul. We will run another this story in July, when our theme will be "the environment."

With fewer deer on the islands now, the ground plants on the forest floor are able to return. This is a patch of wild sarsaparilla, a relative of ginseng. More in the next issue, when our topic is "the environment." Deadline for submissions is June 20th.

Voluntary Power Outage

THE FIRST DAY OF SUMMER JUNE 21, 2001 THURS EVE, 7-10 pm worldwide, all time zones (from an e-mail, forwarded to us by several members of our Harbor community)~

To protest policies which discourage energy conservation and alternative fuels, there will be a voluntary rolling blackout on the first day of summer, June 21 at 7pm - 10pm in any time zone (this will roll it across the planet).

To protest energy inefficiency, and to promote energy awareness and an energy conserving ethic in our government, people all across the country plan to "turn out the lights" from 7pm-10pm on June 21. You can join the protest by unplugging whatever you can unplug in your house. Light a candle to the Sungoddess, kiss and tell or not, take a stroll in the dark, invent ghost stories, anything that's not electronic - have fun in the dark.

We waste energy unnecessarily, because many high efficiency, energy conserving technologies are available, but their development is not being supported by our government. Research and development of low-tech/energy wasting technologies, on the other hand, are still being subsidized by our government. The 1999 book "Natural Capitalism" by Hawken and Lovins is a great place to start learning about revolutionary ideas which could pay themselves off within five years, after which we'd be pumping far less greenhouse gas into the atmosphere and saving backs to boot.

Give a Hoot! Don't Pollute! Shut the power off June 21, 7-10 pm. [Celebrate the energy free evening -- sing-a-long jam-along potluck -- on Picnic Point, Peaks Island, 7 pm.]

Casco Bay Lines Conflicts
by Jenny Ruth Yasi

While most islanders have seen little or no indication of it, the Casco Bay Lines Transit District has had a stressful few years, and recent stories in the Portland Press Herald and elsewhere have barely skimmed the surface of a story so complex and depressing that some members of Harbor Voices board of directors felt it wasn't appropriate for news to include in our "childhood" theme issue. The following is a very bare bones outline of the story.

The Maine Human Rights Commission is investigating allegations made by several CBL employees against each other. The chain reaction of allegations began occurring after former employee Lenny Mattos made complaints against Casco Bay Lines for allowing a racially harassing work environment to exist. That charge has been dropped at the Commission while Mattos pursues out of court settlement. Other complaints were spurred by the Mattos complaint -- Captain Gene Willard vs. Captains Nice & Frager, and Frager vs. Willard and CBL, and will be brought before the full commission June 25.

The investigators initial report resulted in Mike Frager quitting. The day after a Casco Bay Lines Transit District story on the investigation was published, Captain Adam Nice was fired.

All these Captains have known each other and worked together for at least fifteen years. Adam Nice began working at Casco Bay Lines when he was fourteen years old. He and Gene Willard roomed together for some time, and until about 1998, they were friends. Mike Frager also began work at CBL when he was a teen.

During the past few years, interpersonal relationships at Casco Bay Lines have been under many stresses. The organization has almost simultaneously gone through a Department of Labor investigation, the Human Rights Commission investigation, Union arbitration, and contract negotiations. During much of this time Adam Nice was Union shop steward. Individual employees have also been under personal stress which spilled over into work.

The frosting on the cake is a recent report that Captain John Tracy allowed strippers onto a private CBL cruise, as entertainment for a stag party. CBL management has acknowledged that the cruise was originally scheduled at the Bay Lines by Captain Tracy's brother Matt (a security worker at the Bay Lines), and by Jeff Kindeer, a friend of the Tracy's.

Subscribe to Harbor Voices
Island Institute Fellow, Peaks Island's Land Preserve and Neighborhood Association to hold Mapping Presentation
June 20th, 6:30 p.m.
by Art Astarita

Thanks to the Island Institute Fellowship Program and Peak Island co-sponsors PINA and PILP, we have most accurate computer maps and digital photos of the island. Since October 2000, James Essex (Ph: 766-2475) and his mentor Art Astarita (Ph: 766-5997) have gathered and assembled mappable information including:

- tide lines,
- road,
- walking trails,
- building footprints,
- land ownership parcels,
- water and sewer lines,
- shoreline topography,
- Zoning outlines.

Using equipment provided by the Island Institute such as Global Positioning System (GPS) equipment and Geographic Information System (GIS) software, these data will be available for use on computers and possibly through the Internet. It offers anyone the ability to display any combination of informational layers and produce a map.

For those with Internet access see the tax map sections of the following websites for two Maine towns that have online information access: http://www.pembroke.maine.org/ or http://town.camden.me.us.

Example of Mapping

Use
We've all seen the island's Indian Trail map. You probably noticed it was a hand-drawn map, with the trail sketched onto it. Did you know that part of that trail crosses private land? There are other similar trails on the island that, for generations, were used without any thought of access. With the recent development on this island, we are slowly losing access to those historical rights-of-way. With this mapping project, we can proactively approach those landowners about the trail course. Property owners who want to take advantage of conservation easements and allow the trail to be preserved could also qualify for tax abatement. Others would rather not have the trail on their property. In such a case, this project can facilitate planning a trail course change.

You're invited to see and discuss
A two-hour island-wide presentation will be given at 6:30pm on June 20th at the Brackett Church. Current data will be presented and in-progress information sets mentioned. We want to set aside about 1 ½ hour of discussion for the following topics:

- The value and focus of continuing the fellowship program,
- Skill set needed from the new fellow to be recruited by the Island Institute,
- Data access and protection issues,
- Structure and implementation of future data updates (committee formation),
- User education and its' venue,
- Incorporating use into school programs, and
- Inclusion of other data sets not shown or discussed.

This is an exciting project. You're invited to be apart of it. Please mark it on your calendar. See you there!

(We welcome community news from all around the Harbor. Please send to Box 10, Peaks Island, Maine 04108 or e-mail us at voices@maine.rr.com or call us, 766-2390.)

Support Community Journalism page 5 June 2001
At a Crossroads
Will the city keep using a Band-aid approach to maintaining island roads?
By Mary Lou Wendell

At a neighborhood meeting last January, city officials promised islanders that they would no longer use reclaim on Peaks Island roads until the controversial practice was discussed and approved by islanders at a public meeting. Nevertheless, massive amounts of reclaim, or recycled asphalt, hauled out to Peaks from the mainland as a cost-saving measure, showed up in recent weeks on Central Avenue. Reclaim had been used to cover nearly half the section of Central that had been gravel. The newly laid reclaim also covered the gravel road that goes to the ball field, just past Covey Johnson’s house and barn.

The city’s response to complaints has been mixed. Tom Fortier, island administrator for the city who made the promise not to use reclaim anymore, showed up on Peaks the day after he learned about the problem on Central Avenue. After seeing the newly laid reclaim for himself, Bob Cook, on his cell phone and demanded an explanation. “Central Avenue is out of control,” Fortier told Cook. Merton Street, which is the short, and formerly gravel, leading road off Central to the cemetery, had also been covered, but with crushed stone.

Cook said he had given Covey Johnson (a private citizen) permission to use reclaim on the road that ran in front of his house and didn’t know reclaim would be used on Central Avenue as well. Cook apologized for the mistake. “It was a misunderstanding on my part,” Cook said. “I apologize. I’m going to be more attentive to what’s going on.” As for the crushed stone that had been laid on Merton Street, that too was under “investigation,” Fortier said.

Fortier promised that the reclaim laid on Central Avenue and several areas of the back shore last summer, which triggered many complaints, would be picked up by Memorial Day. While Public Works trucks were seen on both Central Avenue and on the back shore recently, picking up reclaim, much of the reclaim remains in place.

Fortier has now said he will be setting up a public meeting in coming weeks to discuss the issue of reclaim. Whether a larger discussion of policy over general road maintenance will take place or not is unclear. Cook said he is open to discussion and that he has already taken some steps toward improving the islands roads.

Cook said when he gets back to work the week of June 4, he will spend about $11,000 of his operating budget to bring out new gravel. He will use it to re-grade Willow Street, which has been washed out, and to fix potholes elsewhere. He will also bring out a number of additional public works employees and a new grading machine to make sure that the potholes are properly cut out of the streets and regraded.

Gravel roads (often mistakenly referred to as dirt roads) on Peaks, says Cook, comprise roughly 60 percent of the island’s roads. He said no additional gravel has been laid to maintain the roads in years. Instead, the Public Works department has been using reclaim for several years to save the city some money.

Cook and other Public Works officials believe reclaim holds up better in pot holes than any other material. Pete Coughlan, director of the state Department of Transportation’s Maine Local Roads Center, disagrees. He said that dumping reclaim or any other material into potholes without properly regrading the road will not hold up. Cook agreed, conceding that when Peaks Island potholes are filled with reclaim, they are not regraded. Reclaim, or recycled asphalt, has been barged to Peaks from the mainland, and is used al-

most nowhere else in the city. Other islands have rejected it because it is black and stands out as a patch on gravel roads. “Great Diamond didn’t like it,” Cook said. “We brought them over and showed them the Peaks Island roads and they didn’t like it. It was black.”

Islander John Carroll said, “We’re like a dumping ground for this stuff.” Carroll said he loves the gravel roads. He finds them “charming” and doesn’t want to see them slowly paved with reclaim.

Cook thinks he can stretch the gravel he brings out June 4 to fix about 20 percent to 30 percent of the potholes on the island without using any reclaim. But he’s then left with the problem of what to do with the rest of the gravel roads that are in tough shape. The city just approved about $75,000 in Community Development Block Grant (CDBG) funding, which comes from the feds, for paving roads on Peaks Island. But that can only be used for paving, not gravel, Cook said.

In coming months, Cook plans to do a survey of roads on Peaks to determine a priority list for repairs, and come up with a list of gravel roads that people would like to see paved. Cook said maintaining the roads would be much easier if they were paved. He said, “We have residents requesting that their roads be paved. But that’s something that we need to get consensus on.”

Paving roads in a small community is not something to be taken lightly, according to Pete Coughlan. The Local Roads Center runs on federal and state funding and provides communities with expert advice and training in road maintenance. Coughlan says gravel roads can last a long time as long as they are maintained properly. While paving roads is sometimes required under certain circumstances, other factors should be considered before deciding to pave, he said, such as cost. Coughlan said he could provide a staff member to Peaks Island for a few days to help create a survey of the roads. Cook said he was interested and would look into the offer.
Send your news, jokes, ideas, drawings, poems etc. to "Kids Only" editor Sophi. P., at voices@maine.rr.com

PRIZES FOR THE CHILDREN'S PUZZLE! Send your completed puzzle to Harbor Voices, Box 10, Peaks Island, Maine 04108, by June 20th, and you will be eligible for one of three prizes generously donated by Mark Lombard, proprietor of Peaks Island's best ice cream parlor. Be sure to include your name, age, and telephone number. The solution and winners will be published in the July issue of Harbor Voices.

Across
4 Path a baseball makes (3)
7 A video gobbler (6)
8 A game plumber with attitude (5)
9 Without wind, forget this (4)
10 Needed to solve this puzzle (8)
11 Originally a pie pan (7)
13 Capital of Game Boy's country (5)
15 It takes men to play this (5)
17 Many characters and collectible cards make up this game (7)
20 When there's trouble, he changes clothes (8)
21 A really tricky top (2-2)
22 Where school pile-ups occur (5)
24 Key player on ice, court or field (6)
25 Get it (3)

Down
1 War is ______ than Hearts (6)
2 Captain Hook's stooge (4)
3 One of a pair, sometimes left (7)
4 Can't call very far without this (4,4)
5 East of CT (2)
6 A funny play or movie (6)
8 Useful for treasure hunts (4)
12 Close game feeling (8)
14 What you hope the bat and the ball will do (7)
16 Beagles and Bassets for instance (6)
18 Type of mask for high fliers (6)
19 Very popular radio DJ "in the morning" (4)
21 An American or jerk, for short (4)
23 Engineering degree, for short (2)

W e're going to miss Tom and Miriam and Celia and Stella when they move. But Tom will be getting his Ph. D., so that seems nice...

It was hot the day that Peaks Island kids went to Gray Animal Farm.

Peaks Island's graduating Fifth Grade Class will be off to the mainland for school, beginning in September. waaaaa!!waaaaa!!! We'll miss you!!

Support Community Journalism page 7 June 2001
Writing on this page contributed by Mr. Paul Clifford's
King Middle School 7th Grade Classroom
Photographs taken by Riley Critchlow, Shellbe Flynn and Kim Morse

Join the Conversation!
Upcoming Themes
July: "The Environment"
August: "Simple Living"
September: "Our Bodies"
Send your writing to Harbor Voices
Box 10, Peaks Island, Maine 04108

The Voyage
by John Moran
Across the infinite ocean
Below the starless sky
Against the harsh wind
Beside the spouting whales
Before the beginning of time
Throughout the uncharted courses
Behind the crescent moon
Toward an unknown island
With a luminous light
Upon the soggy shore
Among the myriad of pebbles
Without a sound you come to your destination

The Morning Sun
by Robert Nguyen
Small glam of light
Breaks its way through the shadows,
And night turns to day.

Basketball
by Marcus O'Toole
A light weight item
Which bounces, flies, swishes
When used correctly

Washing is Good for You
By Winfred Wangary
...When should you wash your hands? Many people think that you should wash your hands after using the bathroom and before cooking food. You should wash your hands after going to school, before going to lunch, in school, after going to the gym, before going home from school, and after using the restroom.

Is there any kind of soap that you could use to kill bacteria? There is anti-bacteria soap that kills bacteria, but the more you use it, the less it kills.

Many people don't know how they should wash their hands and for how long. You should wash your hands with warm running water and liquid soap. Then you should rub them together for at least twenty seconds singing "Row-Row-Row Your Boat" three times. Then rinse your hands with warm running water, then use a paper towel to dry and turn the faucet off.

What do bacteria on our hands look like? There are a lot of bacteria on one finger. You can imagine that number times five. There are many different shapes of bacteria, but the common ones are bacillus, spirillum, and coccus. Bacilli have an oval shape. Spirillum have a spiral-like shape, and cocci have a round shape.

Hand washing is very important. If there wasn't hand washing people would be dying everyday all around the world because of harmful bacteria.

Subscribe to Harbor Voices
Facing the Truth

These stories and poetry from King Middle School students were selected out of many submissions, not only for the deeply felt stories, but especially for the artfulness, maturity, and richly expressive quality of the writing. These children are using English as their second (and often third or fourth) language. Until they began writing and researching this project (part of a King expedition they called “Facing The Truth”) many children had not spoken or written much about their past, but had just tried to forget it and leave it behind. Their teacher, Emily Tuttle (back row, far right), says that her students are now working on writing songs, and recording a CD, and they are excited to be able to promote a message of peace.

The Sudan

By Regina Angelo, a native of Sudan and 7th grader at King Middle School in Portland, ME

When I left Sudan I was two years old. So I didn’t know anything about it. From Sudan I went to Egypt. Egypt was pretty much the same as Sudan. The schools in Sudan were pretty much the same as in Egypt. Egypt was where I went to school. The schools were very strict because they would beat you if you didn’t wear your uniform or didn’t do your homework. Egypt was where I grew up and discovered things. One thing that I discovered was that the people weren’t respectful. I spent two years there. There was this soldier that wanted to shoot us because he told us to get off his property, and we didn’t want to. We moved to different houses, so we discovered many different things around us. Life in Egypt was getting easier and the days were going fast.

Soon we came to the United States. I thought life would get better than it had been in Egypt. Then I realized that the schools were different, the language, and many other things. When I grew up, I realized that I had to learn something about my country even though I had been there only two years. I learned that there is a war still going on in Sudan. I also learned that not very many people are surviving and are left now in Sudan.

I read an article about Sudan. It said that the children and women are being forced to fight in the war and being raped. I also read that more than 5,000 children in Sudan escaped from fighting in the war and left for peace this year. They walked 25 miles, and some couldn’t make it. They had to cross lakes, find food and even protect themselves from animals. Many people in Sudan are taken to a school that teaches how to use guns. As I am wondering why people are killing their own people, sooner or later there will be no president. No one is trying to stop the war. All they are doing is refusing life for each other.

Children of Sudan

By Winnie Kassa, native of Sudan and 8th grader at King Middle School in Portland, ME

Walking up to misery. Hearing and seeing gunshots pass by you. Women have no rights whatsoever. They get raped and killed. They are used, and that really hurts me. When I think of it, it brings tears to my eyes.

Young kids get killed. Teenage boys are taken away to go fight in the war. They don’t know anything about fighting, but they get trained and they return to fight someone they didn’t know. They are separated from their parents. While they are at the camps they are separated into groups. When they go to the war zone or field they might fight their own families because they don’t know if their relatives are on the other side or not.

Children don’t have clothes to wear. They walk naked on the street, and they have dust in their eyes and flies swarming around them. There is no food to eat, their ribs stick out, and they have big bellies because they don’t eat anything at all. When the UN drops food from the Relief planes, they can make porridge from the wheat or flour and drink it. Diseases are the most common cause of the death because there is no medication.

Some people get their body parts cut off. If they don’t want to participate in the war or if they run away and they get caught, they get beaten to death. If the victim passes out, he would probably survive if he ever woke up and got helped by a passerby or found his way through the jungle or the deserts.

People currently are being treated like slaves. Most of the Christians are under the pressure of being converted to Islam. Nobody has stopped it. I moved out of Sudan because of the war. My parents wanted my brothers and I to have a better education and future. I want to make a change in my country, but I can’t because I don’t have a voice to speak out my mind. But I will soon enough. When I am done with my education, I hope to make a difference in my country.

Somalia

By Muhiddin Abu, a native of Somalia and a 9th grader at King Middle School in Portland, ME

I used to go to the mosque, come home, eat, and go outside to play soccer, which was football. One day when I was playing outside I saw people shooting at each other, and my mother took me inside. I couldn’t remember that much, but I stayed in the house. The next day I went to the mosque, as usual. I came back home. I ate, and I was going to play outside. My grandmother was there talking to our neighbor. She saw two police walking. She told her friends that she was going in. While they were walking toward the house there was another guy coming in the middle of the two policemen. A minute later we heard a gun shot. We remained calm. Five minutes later we heard a woman crying about her baby killed by the police.

In June 1991, Aideed was elected chairman of the United Somali Congress by a two-thirds vote. But Ali Mahdi refused to step down as president. By October 1991, Ali Mahdi had formed a government of eight members, and the Italian government promised massive financial support. Aideed declared his faction of the USC to be the legitimate government of Somalia, and Ali Mahdi declared war on Aideed. The main difference between Aideed’s faction and Mahdi’s is that Mahdi supported an Italian-style democracy and was supported by European nations and business, while Aideed favored the traditional tribal form of government known kritarchy.

On June 5, 1993, U.N. troops attempted to shut down the Somali militia leader Mohamed Farah Aideed’s radio station because it was broadcasting “propaganda,” that is, anti-U.N. messages. In a victory for free speech, Somali militiamen repelled the attack and killed 24 Pakistani troops. Both governments were running out of money. The military soldiers were not getting the amount of money they used to get. That is why the police were doing (Continued on page 10)
ing whatever they wanted to do, and they were not there to protect us.

We moved to another place in Somalia. We moved to a place called Baraawe. I grew up there. Most often people were looking to kill my dad. A lot of people knew my dad like their own family. He was known all around the place that we were living in. We had two cars in our house. We gave one to our grandfather so no one would think that we had a lot of cars. Some Somali people moved from their town after they already messed it up. There was a man that used to be my grandfather. He spied on us. He saw the cars tires and told his friends about them. The word spread to another group of people. That group came looking for the tires. We already knew that they would come looking so we put the tires under the beds so they wouldn’t see them. The man that spied on us didn’t know that this other group knew about the tires. My grandfather was home making us sugary stuff to eat while my mom and father were out working. They came home and shot the man that was spying on us. They shot him because he was the only man in the house. They looked around and I don’t know where they went. Two weeks later the other group came, and at night they started firing until the morning. They couldn’t see if they were killing us or not.

Obviously none of us died. One of them came up the wall. He had a bomb in his hand. My father saw him and threw a brick at him. The bomb landed on the ground and never blew up. At 6 a.m. we saw a lot of bullets on the ground, and we saw the bomb. My father thought we would be dead, but we weren’t. We stayed there for another month. Later we had to go to Kenya in order to survive. I lived in Kenya for 8½ years. I came to the U.S. in 1998.

Rwanda

By Claudine Kaison, a native of Rwanda and now an 8th grader at King Middle School in Portland, ME

The year of 1994 was the worst year that I have ever lived. I was in a war, not knowing why. In the middle of nowhere there were these people who were Hutus killing Tutsis.

I was very scared, scared that they might kill my family and scared that I would not make it to the next day. There was no one to really save me as the Hutus came to kill the Tutsis. I could be killed in five seconds, and I’m gone without knowing why.

The Tutsis had no power. They just got killed, right there. I was scared and down and left. The Hutus believed that the whole country had to be theirs, and no Tutsis could live there. There was no one that was killed that was against a Tutsi. There was no one that was killed that was against a Hutu. There was no one that was killed that was against a Hutu. There was no one that was killed that was against a Hutu.

I could see the entire people running and asked myself, “Why?” I still can’t answer myself. Not even after they killed half of my family. It was a very confusing year for me and for those who were like me being in the middle of nowhere filled with people who were killing other innocent people running away from their homes.

I was always going to places to get food for my family, and sometimes I went to see how my friends were doing. Sometimes I wouldn’t find them, and the only thing that I thought about right away was that they were dead or running away from those evils that surrounded them.

My dad told me that if I got caught to always say that I was a Hutu. I didn’t understand why, but I guess it’s good to listen to your elders and what they say because half of the time they are right. If I hadn’t listened to my dad I would’ve been killed a long time ago. Every time I stepped out of the house the Hutus asked me who I was. I always said I was related to my dad’s best friend because he was a Hutu guy. I guess he really was my dad’s best friend because if he hadn’t been, we could’ve been killed very easily.

Then after a while the RPF came in and fought with all the Hutus who were trying to take over the whole country. If they hadn’t come, none of the Tutsis would be left. RPF stands for Rwanda Patriotic Front, which are mainly Tutsis. I have no idea why they didn’t come from the beginning. Millions were killed.

It has been five years since I left, and they are still fighting. It’s not even like fighting with other countries, but they are fighting themselves and killing their own people. It is the stupidest thing some crazy country could ever do.

It’s kind of funny how things can change before you know it. I mean nobody knew this was going to be as bad as it is. But I know that you have to always be ready because you never know what the future holds. Sometimes you won’t understand the purpose, but you have to live it anyway.

Kosova

By Kreze Zejnullahi, an Albanian from Kosova and now an 8th grader at King Middle School in Portland, ME

March, 1998. Full scale war broke out. The Serb soldiers entered village schools in western Kosova, scaling off exits, keeping terrified children imprisoned there for hours, while outside the villages were being looted and shielded. Families were given two minutes to vacate their homes. Albanian children often leave their shoes at the door. Barefoot and without coats or food, large groups of children fled for the hills supervised by small groups of children's friends. The children asked questions that were not answered.

If people knew about the war, they would have come out to help. They were told to stay quiet. All the children woke screaming in the night.

Days passed, and I was getting scared, a lot scarier than I ever thought I could be. The days were so boring, we could not go out even to buy food to eat so we had to eat what was in the house. But my parents were thinking what would happen next when we eat all the food. What were we going to do? One of my cousins came to my house and asked me if I could go with him to buy something if there were any stores open. We went out and were going through the dangerous part

(Continued on page 11)
of town, but we had to put ourselves in danger if we wanted to eat something. We went, and the policeman who was our enemy was beating somebody else because he did not have any gold with him. We were scared, and we didn’t have any other way to go. While we were going, the police shouted at us and told us that ‘you are going to die tonight, or it might be right now. I’ll take your head off of you.’ I was scared to death. I said ‘Why don’t you guys leave us alone, leave my country alone.’

I was walking with my friends and talking about what was going on with the people in Kosovo, what was happening to us? I started singing like crazy. While I was singing, I saw my friends’ tears that were going through their cheeks, and their faces turned red as fire. I started:

* So much pain has turned to thunder
  all the laughter turned to crying
  while the mothers lose the children
  from war to war*

We all took turns and said something about what happened to us, and one of the songs were like:

* I am hungry, and I am cold
  I do not have anything to hold
  For my mother and my father
  Are getting gone
  Where do I belong?*

That was kind of a sad one. The other one is a song from one of the friends that came through the mountains and suffered a lot. Her words were:

* They have beaten my older brother
  they have sent away my sister
  I am afraid I want revenge
  Is there another way?*

And at the end of the songs we all shouted too loud:

* No more war!*

### Cambodia

**By Sambo Tek, a second-generation Khmer, born in San Francisco, raised in Portland, ME, and now an 8th-grader at King Middle School**

What is Cambodia like?
Is it hot or is it cold?
Is the country small or is it big?
What is it like to be there?
How do I feel about Cambodia?
What do they do there?
Do they play or do they work?
Do they have fun or do they not?
Is the country rich or is it poor?
Is the place bad or is it good?
How long do they work, is it all day or all night?
Are Cambodian people bad or are they good?
Maybe some are bad and some are good.
How does it feel to be Cambodian?
I don’t really know.

### Cambodia

**By Samart Im, Khmer, born in Thailand, raised in Portland, ME, and an 8th-grader at King Middle School**

What does America mean?
I don’t know
What is America?
What is the definition?
Some say that if you have white skin you are an American.
Some say if you live in America you are considered as an American.
I am confused.
Which one should I believe?
This person or that other person?
What I say can offend another
So I might as well not say anything at all.
America can mean anything.
But the truth is what it stands for.
Finally I know
America is people
Who live in the United States
For whatever reason
Anybody from anywhere.
Any nationality, any race.
If your whole life is here and now
Then you are an American.

Pol Pot was the leader of the Khmer Rouge Communists. Pol Pot and the Khmer Rouge took full control of the Cambodia government in 1970 and began to watch and control the lives of the people closely. They forced most people in cities and towns to move to rural areas to work as farmers. They made everyone dress alike, and they discouraged the practice of religion. The government took over all business and farms. They killed millions of Cambodians, including many former government officials and educated people ~

Would you like to contribute to Harbor Voices? In July our theme will be "The Environment"; August will be "Simple Living," September "Our Bodies," October will be "The Harvest." Please send your stories, poems, jokes, cartoons, illustrations, etc. to Box 10 Peaks Island, Maine 04108 or e-mail us at voices@maine.rr.com

Support Community Journalism page 11 June 2001
A time we saw a day pass by
By Lars Okot

Let the sweet Nile that flows be the tears of those that were dead
The thunder storm be the cry that can only be heard above the sky
They say first I crawl, second I stand, and then I am gonna walk
but the rest of it we suffer and learn.
I may not remember but who would forget
a time we all cried, a time we all
This was the time when there was nothing but the thousand nights that never
brighten
A time there was nothing but nakedness in life
A time when hunger and pain attacked
No dime I could find
Only my head down and my pants sag
Hoping to find a line that might lead me to brightness
Only the soft dream I lived by but that I could not touch
When I could no longer cry because I could not afford tears
I thought, oh, how I thought I was strong for so long
Only they showed me that everything was wrong.
I only beg of the Lord, give your crowd, give your guard
I ask for God
his woul, his guidance
Only to keep me strong and show me that right is not wrong.
Ohh, how black it was the night I shivered from coldness.
How black and bloody it was.
The day the sun never shone.
The day the men crossed the river of death.
They painted their faces to hide their fears, letting out no tears
Carrying the shiny Metal Gun for honor.
Only if they really knew what it really does
Farmer and residents being dragged from their space
to fight for the right and the land they wished to have.
Death was the only way out for some.
This was a war
not just a war
it was everything.
It was an excuse for violence
When a man finds what he thinks is wrong about another man.
He must change it
His race, his religion, his language.
Only Those who kill the unprotected for fun, for their sport, toughness and re
spect
What will ever happen to them I wonder.
Action has become worse and the ground is too stained in blood
Pain has become immortarl
Caught in the flames that can’t be put out even by the tears of God
for he cries in roars and rage.
Being surrounded by flames was tough
Only soon will the fire reach the middle
the bullet that flies in flame and catches it victim
There was nothing to do but run faster than the bullet.
Only we cried together as families with our heads down.
This only left
brother turning their backs on brothers
It was a time Mama said she was going and she would come back

Lars Okot, born in Sudan, now is an 8th grader at King Middle School in Portland ME

She never found her way back.
Only left the image of her braided hair.
hers eyes that awaken the rays of dawn
her smile only that only lights up my darkness
leaves me wandering in the dark for her
but only finding her footprint and her voice that echoes in the night
leaving my brothers and my sister
and uncle caught in the middle with no one in sight.
offering us a ghost town.
Uncle would go out and retrieve dead animals
That would be our dinner.
Stories he told that kept us calm and happy
His lazy eye would sometimes wander for shelter for us
I never believed in freedom.
I was born in a war, and I never saw freedom
They only sing the words freedom and peace but some never see it.
I never stop hearing the gunshots.
Separated from family for many months then
We reunite again and suffer some more together
I look beyond and question myself
Maybe one day I would lie
Down and decay
Only death came by
but not by tracing my path.

The current civil war between the north and the south has been going on since 1984
when the Sudanese People’s leader became an outlaw soldier. The SPLA was formed
and began fighting the Khartoum government for their rights. The south does not sup
port the Khartoum government, which has tried to impose traditional Islamic law on
the entire country. The north sees the war as a holy war against the unbelievers who
threaten the “true faith.” But this did not really begin the war. The north and the south
have been fighting for thousands of years. The civil war has killed my family, my
friends, and more than half a million of my people. Five million others have been
driven from their homes. I am one of these people. Slavery and civilian bombing are
common tactics. Planned starvation alone has killed close to one million people. But
the war is not only between the north and south, the Christians and the Muslims, the
Africans and Black Africans. Fighting is common among the southern tribes and is often
decorating as the war with the north. In Sudan, war is part of everyday life. It is
just the way things are. The real question is will it ever change?
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The partners in the new endeavor are Andrew Braceras (on the left, with glasses) and Bill Milliken, two attorneys who also own the Maine Beer & Beverage Co. store in the Portland Public Market. Bill Milliken has also been a V.I.V. (Very Important Volunteer) in the restoration of the St. Lawrence Street Church.

A Country Bouquet

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• Flower Design by Kim Bridgham, Maine State Flower Designer of the Year, 1996

Bruce Bridgham owns and operates A Country Bouquet together with his daughter Kim. Both were born and raised in Maine, and Bruce is very knowledgeable about horses as well as flowers. Like Maine Beer and Beverage, Country Bouquet has a sister store in the Portland Public Market.

Open 7 Days a Week, Wire Services Available (Right across from Casco Bay Lines)
My fellow singer-songwriter Abi Tapia has claimed an unusual pair of influences upon her music: Ani DiFranco and Dolly Parton.

Abi's artistically fruitful romantic indecision reaches a peak on "I'm Not Listening." Abi wrings every ounce of emotion out of the almost unbearably sensual final verse: "Oh, but your hands on my back/oh, but your lips are on my neck/oh, our ankles are entwined/oh, your stomach pressed to mine/fingers in my curls/your words in my ears/telling every part of me that I should stay here...and I'm not listening." (Hard to see why not.)

Abi rarely writes a dull lyric -- note the way the verses to "Chocolate" pile up detailed images with great economy -- and thus far, her musical skills are lagging a bit behind her verbal acuity. She sometimes attempts to hang on "Galesberg" she takes the opposite tack: "It's three hours to Galesberg/get in the car/I miss you baby, so don't be late." In "Back To Back," the singer compromises between leaving and staying: "Tomorrow I'll drive back home/and you know you're gonna miss me either way/so why would you sleep alone?"

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Abi's greatest strength is her voice; a powerful instrument capable of Ani-worthy bluster and wail, as well as Dolly-style folksiness. Her songs are built around fairly standard folk/country chord progressions. On "This Life Will Be Mine," producer Jeff Ciampa has framed Abi's guitar & voice with spare acoustic arrangements -- light percussion, bass, the occasional flourish on the Wurlitzer.

In Abi's best songs, she sounds torn between the urge for going and the longing for love. "I'm gonna pack my precious things and leave you here," she sings on one track, but on "Galesberg," she takes the opposite tack: "It's three hours to Galesberg/get in the car/I miss you baby, so don't be late." In "Back To Back," the singer compromises between leaving and staying: "Tomorrow I'll drive back home/and you know you're gonna miss me either way/so why would you sleep alone?"

Three dramatic scenes performed by Acorn students. This event will cost $25, with the proceeds to go to Friends of the St. Lawrence Church and Acorn School for the Performing Arts to help pay for lingering construction expenses.

The arts and community center is housed in the old parish hall of the St. Lawrence Church, with the sanctuary still undergoing renovations. Described by the Portland Press Herald as a "jewelbox," the theater house seats 90 comfortably and is equipped with a state-of-the-art lighting package including 100 theater lights. The facility has been brought up to modern code standards and includes a wheelchair lift, full sprinkler system, accessible bathrooms, 3-phase power, fire alarms and security system.

For more information on upcoming events, fundraisers, booking space or to give donations to help pay the construction and operating expenses please call 775-5568 or write Friends of the St. Lawrence Church, 76 Congress St., Portland, ME 04101.
Whaleback

By the time I believed my own story, Whaleback, the huge plunge of shale down to the surf's edge was chump-change. Erosion that severe editor stormed the rocks.

My hair, the color of a spent wave, thinned out like the past. All those raging silences, long as hell, chump-change.

This evening I put both feet in the moon resting on my bedroom floor, and waited for the next season. Gold.

---

The Way Old Stories Do

Yesterday
when the hills flattened out
like early morning dreams,
I remembered the time
oxen stood knee deep in grass
almost kneeling.

Afterward
when the sky gathered into itself
the way old stories do,
large animals wandered
into the house. They rested
on the beds and couches.

Tomorrow
when the time is accurate
and edged
we will go into the hills
where stories gather
like a storm.

---

Spring Sing, June 23

Renaissance Voices, directed by Harold Stover, will perform "Sing Spring!" Saturday June 23, 6 p.m. at the fifth Maine Regiment Community Center on Peaks Island. The 15 voice a cappella ensemble will perform sacred works and madrigals by 16th century composers Palestrina, William Byrd, Adrian Batten, Raphaela Aleotta; and also songs by modern composers Paul Hindemith and Billy Joel, and new work by Harold Stover.

Renaissance Voices counts three Peaks Islanders among its singers, has been performing since 1994. Stover is a graduate of the Juilliard School, and is well-known locally as Organist and Director of Music at Woodford's Congregational Church in Portland. Admission is $6. For further information, call 766-0059, or go to www.RenaissanceVoices.org

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Helene Swarts poetry has been published in Both Sides of the Day, River's Bend, Washout Review, Visions International and elsewhere. These poems are excerpted from a collection of her poems recently published by the Black Buzzard Press, edited by Bradley R. Strahan. Her chapbook is called In The Great Tradition, and it is available at The Peaks Cafe, or by contacting 1007 Ficklen Road, Fredericksburg, VA 22405.
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