






# Possibility

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Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
<p>If we did all the things we were capable of doing, we would literally astound ourselves.</p> <p>-- Thomas Edison</p>	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	Cinco de Mayo	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
 <p>Mother's Day</p>		Opportunity is all around us. If we seek it, we will find it. -- Wynn Davis				 <p>Armed Forces Day</p>
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	<p>Victoria Day (Canada)</p>  <p>Memorial Day</p>	30	31			
				<p>If I were to wish for anything, I should not wish for wealth and power, but for the passionate sense of potential -- for the eye which, ever young and ardent, sees the possible. Pleasure disappoints; possibility never.</p> <p>-- Soren Kiekegaard</p>		

*Just a Thought. . . . .*

I plead guilty to a raging weakness for good poetry. It expands my vitals, excites my passion for words, floods my mind with a vague sense of goodness and light. A rich poem takes me from where I am to where I want to be in just a few lines. It's luscious, like a chocolate cheese cake, warm and engulfing as a heated blanket on a winter night.

My favorite of all time is *Renascence*, by Edna St. Vincent Millay. How a girl of 20 summoned such passion and craft of word is a mystery to me. She began in a deceptively common sort of way and built and built until the words all but exploded out of the page. I've never found anything written or spoken that has so eloquently expressed the truth that possibility is an act of choice within oneself:

*The world stands out on either side  
No wider than the heart is wide;  
Above the world is stretched the sky, --  
No higher than the soul is high.*

She ends with a warning:

*And he whose soul is flat -- the sky  
Will cave in on him by and by.*

It's easy to allow the soul to become flat. We stuff our days with busy projects, meetings, obligations. It takes courage and fortitude to stay in the realm of possibility. The eyes must remain open to the unexpected and follow it through. That thing that we keep putting off for soul growth gets pushed farther and farther down on the list of things for a less rushed moment when we think we'll have more time to enjoy it.

Walter was the best piano tuner I ever had. I entrusted him with the most valuable possession I owned knowing that when he was finished the sound it produced would be perfect and profound. He wasn't pretty. His glasses, thick as Mexican goblets, constantly slipped down his nose. His wild fuzzy hair gave him an unpredictable artsy look and his stomach hung over his belt often exposing a belly button I tried hard to avoid.

Walt liked for me to sit with him while he tuned. He'd share wisdom and advice about life, much of which he didn't follow himself, while he wrenched the strings of my instrument for just the right tone. "Someday," he'd say, "I'm moving to Mexico and build a house by the sea." Walt believed the ocean held mysteries and secrets and if you listened hard enough it made you a better person.

▲ Congrats to my friends Ken Bock and Dorothy Ridgway for finding mistakes in the April newsletter and reporting them with delicacy and thoughtfulness to this editor. A packet of personalized notecards will be forthcoming for their eagle-eyed proofing.

▲ A profound thank you to Ted and Geraldine Hall for contributing postage monies to my endeavor. Your kindness is much appreciated; your generosity touches me and drives me onward.

I lost track of Walter. My piano and I moved to mid-America and got entrenched in spending my days on much of what I can't remember. When my family and I moved back to Tucson the piano needed tuning. I called Walt's old number. A woman answered and said that Walter spent most of his time in Mexico, but if I could wait he'd tune me when he returned. And so he came -- older, wiser, but much the same. He tuned, I listened. He'd built a house in a small town by the gulf, married the lady next door and built a breezeway between their two houses. When he spoke of his adventures his face was alight with the wonder of his discoveries. His favorite activity was sitting on the beach, playing his guitar and listening to the secrets of the sea.

A couple of years ago Walter got one of those fast cancers and checked out of this life before I even knew he was sick. He died in the arms of his bride, listening to that wise ocean he loved so much.

Life is full of possibilities. Be open to them, ready to seize them, act. Don't miss a single one.

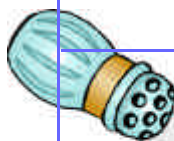


-- joy

P.S. Want a full copy of *Renascence*? Call or write and I'll sent it to you. If you like using a computer, you can find the poem at <http://www.poets.org/viewmedia.php/prmMID/15416>.

**We are what we  
imagine ourselves  
to be.**

-- Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.



## Banana Purses

from Sandra Lee's *Semi-Homemade Cooking*

Nonstick vegetable cooking spray  
3 bananas, peeled and thinly sliced  
1/4 cup maple flavored pancake syrup  
1 package frozen puff pastry (2 sheets), thawed  
1 tablespoon granulated sugar  
1 teaspoon ground cinnamon  
2 tablespoons whole milk  
Position rack in center of oven and preheat to 400 degrees.  
Line a heavy large cookie sheet with foil. Spray foil with nonstick spray. In a medium bowl combine bananas and syrup. Mash bananas slightly with a fork. On a clean surface, lay flat 1 sheet of puff pastry. Cut pastry in 1/2 lengthwise. Using a rolling pin, roll out each pastry sheet into a 15 by 5-inch rectangle. Cut each rectangle crosswise into thirds, forming 6 squares total. Evenly distribute 1/2 of the banana mixture onto center of each square. Fold corners of pastry into center and pinch ends together, twisting to seal. Repeat with remaining sheet of puff pastry and banana mixture. Arrange pastries on prepared cookie sheet. In a small bowl, combine sugar and cinnamon. Brush pastries with milk. Sprinkle cinnamon-sugar over pastries. Bake for 15 minutes or until golden. Serve warm.