

LPN

*Good News
Positive Reminders
Inspirational Messages*

*Makaw Press
December 2001*

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LesbianPride

Newsletter

*Good news, positive reminders
and inspirational messages*

VOLUMN VI, ISSUE 12, December 2001

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Valuing all 9-11 victims by Marilda Mel White

(following is a copy of Mel's MY TAKE column printed in the mainstream press)

You don't have to go all the way to the Middle East to find people who consider it their ordained-by-God mission to cause pain and suffering among their fellow human beings. You can find those people right here in the U.S., often in organizations with names like "Traditional Values Coalition."

Shortly after the September 11 attack, Rev. Louis Sheldon, co-founder and chairman of the Traditional Values Coalition (a grass roots, non-denominational church lobby), urged both public and private agencies providing relief assistance to survivors of the attack to deny aid to survivors of gay victims. As if that wasn't bad enough, he further asserted that gay rights organizations "are taking advantage of this national tragedy to promote their agenda" regarding gay marriage.

Talk about a pot calling a kettle black. I have this question for Rev. Sheldon and anyone else who buys into his claptrap: how could anyone with any values at all come up with the cruel, manipulative and divisive idea that the aftermath of a nationally devastating disaster such as the terrorist attack – which killed thousands of people and touched tens of thousands more with the sudden and terrible loss of a loved one or ones – would be a great opportunity to pick out people they don't like and purposefully try to make them suffer even more?

My heart has ached in the last few months for the victims of the attack. I can't imagine how people who said goodbye to someone they loved that morning and then never saw them again are coping. I can't imagine how the children who are facing their first Christmas without Mommy or Daddy are coping. And I can't imagine how any so-called Christian organization can purposefully try to make it worse for anyone who is trying to cope.

For most of America, thank God, the tragedy has brought us

closer to each other, and closer to understanding the destructive power of hate. We've put aside our differences and looked at each other simply as fellow citizens of America. We have mourned together, and we have prayed for peace together. We've opened our hearts and our checkbooks to and for each other.

In that spirit, it never occurred to me that someone would jump up and start excluding people...especially not in the name of God, for crying out loud. And fortunately, more humane heads than those at TVC are prevailing, providing much better, stronger and more compassionate guidance to our grieving nation.

New York's Governor George Pataki issued an executive order in October – the first official step taken by any government agency – to aid gays in getting the same sort of help and relief as anyone else in the aftermath of the attack. What this meant was that the focus would remain on helping victims keep their homes or stay in school or put food on the table, and not on any other issue. You'd think something like that would appeal to anyone claiming to have "values."

The Department of Justice issued a statement of sympathy to the victims and their families, and committed itself to assisting the victims to the fullest extent of the department's ability. I could find nothing in any document from the DOJ that excludes any American for any reason.

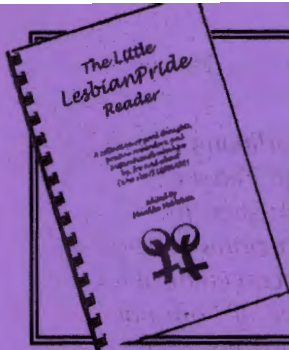
The two Republican senators from Pennsylvania, Arlen Specter and Rick Santorum, toured the crash sight of Flight 93 and declared their intention of looking into the Presidential Medal of Freedom for the passengers who fought back and saved the White House and other lives. FBI Director Robert Mueller called the passengers of Flight 93 "absolute heroes."

Mark Bingham, an openly gay man, was one of the three passengers on Flight 93 believed to have rushed the cockpit and foiled the terrorists' plans. I ask again, how could anyone with a modicum of common decency publicly try to negate that man's sacrifice or disregard his family's loss?

When the subject of gay rights comes up, John McCain is not a name that comes to mind first, or at all, actually. But the senator from Arizona gave the eulogy at Mark Bingham's memorial service – Bingham was a staunch supporter of McCain's bid for the presidency last year – and he did so in a most eloquent and unifying way.

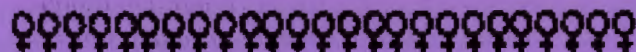
He said that Mark Bingham "was a good son and friend, a good rugby player, a good American and an extraordinary human being..." adding that "America will overcome these atrocities" and will "right this terrible injustice. And when we do, let us claim it as a tribute to our liberty, and to Mark Bingham, and all those who died to defend it."

Now there are some words of value. Δ



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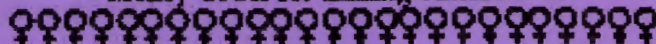
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I fashion a holiday season of my own choosing



This is the time for people of many traditions to celebrate — Hanukkah, Feast of Lights and Feast of Dedication in the Jewish faith; Winter Solstice for those of pagan beliefs; Christmas for Christians celebrating the birth of Jesus; Kwanzaa, an African-American cultural holiday.

I consider what my celebration is to be. If I am not comfortable with the tradition I was raised in, I can choose my own festivities, whether adopted or created. Seeing the holidays commercialized and exploited can make me question whether their simplicity and meaning are lost. In my same-sex loving that seems so far outside my established heritage, the entire process may feel designed for someone else.

This culture cannot steal my right to a special jubilee. I reach deeply into my wisdom and see that I have something to celebrate. Gently I bring it forth, holding it carefully, presenting my festival offering to myself. I can fashion the holiday of my choosing this season if I so desire. I give my energy to whatever observance I value, whether it is traditional or newly invented, and in so doing, I honor myself.

— Eleanor Ruth Wagner
Lavender Reflections

Reminder:

When you're feeling uneasy, unsafe, untrusting or just vaguely "not okay" in any situation... it really doesn't matter where that feeling is coming from: inside or outside, past or present, accurate or distorted perceptions... or even if your response is "appropriate..."

What matters is that you do whatever you need to do to find safety for yourself in the moment.

Removing yourself from the situation is always an acceptable option!

— Robyn Posin
 Rememberings and Celebrations
www.forthelittleonesinside.com

Looking for...

Couples for documentary series on Commitment Ceremonies

Evolution Film & Tape, Inc., a Los Angeles-based production company, has begun pre-production on an eight-part documentary series featuring three gay and lesbian couples as they prepare for, and then, "tie the knot." Evolution is producing the show in conjunction with Bravo Network, which will air the series in summer, 2002.

The producers are currently working to identify potential couples for the project. They are seeking three gay and lesbian couples, living in Southern California, who are considering some type of commitment ceremony or wedding sometime early in 2002.

According to Supervising Producer, Kirk Marcolina, "The series will explore the challenges gay men and women face as they prepare to make commitments to one another before their friends and families. The series will culminate with each couple's ceremony, but along the way, we hope to examine how they got there and why they wanted to take this step."

In order to make the series as compelling as possible, the crew will be documenting many aspects of the couples' lives in addition to covering the ceremony preparations and the ceremony itself.

Potential subjects for the documentary should contact Supervising Producer, Kirk Marcolina or Associate Producer, Amy Woods by phone at 818-753-6108 or by e-mail at weddins@evolutionusa.com Δ



Astrology



by Stacy Chandler

SAGITARIUS November 23—December 21

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Savvy Sappho's Solutions for Successful Living

Dear Savvy Sappho — I want to buy my best friend a puppy to replace the one she just lost. Should I surprise her or tell her first? — Signed, KEEN

Dear KEEN — Talk to her first! You don't want to make a very bad mistake — a dog can be a 15-18 year commitment. — SS

Dear Savvy Sappho — Christmas is looming. I'm broker than usual. How can I keep from looking like a Scrooge?
— Signed, Pennyles

Dear Pennyles — Make individual gift certificates and give them to all your loved ones. Choose chores or good deeds that are important to each recipient. You will be giving your time and your love, and both of these things are priceless. — SS

This month's Savvy Sapphic Suggestions for Successful Lesbian Living by Stacy Chandler. If you have a question, send it to SS % Makaw, PO Box 130, Tehachapi, CA 93561



Dear Mel,

Please alert your readers that we ONLY have 150 Lesbianiscious Cookbooks left to sell at \$10 a piece, great holiday gift! The book is made up of recipes from artists, Camp visitors and friends.

Also, please, tell your readers that the 14th Gulf Coast Womyn's Festival will be coming up March 29-31, 2002. We need more workers and we have limited cabin space...register early if you need a bed.

Contact us at the address below.....thanks!

In Sisterspirit,
Brenda Henson, Exec. Director Camp Sister Spirit
PO Box 12, 444 East Side Drive
Ovett, Mississippi (MS) 39464
601-344-1411

by Lee Lynch

Me and My Game Dyke

I wish Nintendo would come out with a Game Dyke, or at the very least a Game Girl, although they'd for sure make Game Girls hot pink and gold — with rhinestones.

It all started when I got that Palm Pilot on Ebay. Unintentionally. I have learned that I am susceptible to the energy of an auction. I went online just to price the things and before I knew what hit me I had a compulsion to haunt the post office until it got here. I thought a P.D.A. would solve some of my memory problems — like remembering that I was scheduled to usher at Lover's performance tonight and what she said she'd like for her birthday. And it *has* been very helpful — when I (a) remember to write things in the calendar, (b) remember to check the calendar, and (c) remember to synchronize with my desktop computer as the P.D.A. has a tendency to go kerflooeey on me and lose its mind. Lover reminded me about the ushering, thank goodness.

To my surprise, little Peppermint Palm (I had to name her, she's my constant companion) came bundled with games. First I got addicted to Sub Hunt, a simple-minded pastime where you torpedo submarines before they torpedo you. This was fun; I wanted more.

Back to Ebay. I am so 21st century I impress myself sometimes. There I found a Pocket Game Boy cheap. I had no clue how the thing operated, but I noticed that games were sold separately so I bid on one I'd heard of — Super Mario Land.

I wasn't quite as new millennium as I'd thought. Once I figured how to insert the game cartridge and learned how to turn the thing on, this tiny figure appeared on the tiny screen and I just watched it bounce around. How did it do that? What were those things it kept bopping on the head? How was I supposed to get in on the action?

Okay, so it took me longer to understand than it would have taken a 10-year-old, but little by little I learned. Used games do not generally come with instructions. And I was so bad at it I didn't even know there were different levels to reach or a princess to rescue for months. I still don't know why Princess Daisy turns into some kind of strange hoppy creature every time I save her.

As soon as I bought my Game Boy (which I very maturely haven't named...besides, Peppermint Palm is jealous enough), I got sick and had to stay in bed. I was so bored. Until I remembered my

Game Boy. One day I even got out of my sick bed, went to town and found the Used Video Store. *Street Racer!* *Tetris!* *Super Mario* and *the Six Golden Coins!* What life savers!

Books have long been my primary escape from reality; but after September 11, they stopped engaging me. Game Boy to the rescue! I have accumulated so many wasted hours on that little toy since the attacks I should be at master gamer level.

But I'm not. I don't know if I'm too old or just don't have the aptitude, but it takes me forever to get from one level to another, even after upgrading to Color. I've asked Lover not to tell me her scores so I don't get discouraged. Yes, I gave her a Game Boy for her birthday and while I muddle through Mario, she's become a Tetris champ.

There are those who may find the Mario games, for example, violent and sexist. And they are right. My Mario, while not exactly a pacifist, isn't very macho either. He bops his enemies on the head rather than killing them. As for where he's trying to go on his various journeys, his destinations in life are as hidden from me as my own. The game is the thing, and a brilliantly imaginative thing it is. The multi-layered worlds fascinate me. The fantastic creatures and structures, like and not like reality, are entertaining in themselves.

And whatever its faults, I seem to be learning lessons from this electronic playmate that I never learned in my first childhood. Like patience. Like the inner fortitude to keep repeating something until I develop the skills to do it right. The willingness to slow down and think before I act. The wisdom to put off playing if I'm too tired or distracted. The ability to endure setbacks without getting discouraged.

And a hard won capacity to let go — of losses and mistakes I make in the games, but more important, of real troubles — while I play like a silly little kid. Super Mario and I will overcome all the strange-looking obstacles we encounter. We'll survive and reach our goals, whatever the heck they are.

For now, I gotta go. I haven't played a game in almost 48 hours. ☺

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HAPPILY EVER AFTER

by
Stacy Chandler

\$12 ppd.
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On sacred ground



by Joy Parks

Get Serious

With so many lesbian publishers concentrating on genre fiction such as light romances, mysteries or science-fiction/fantasy, serious fiction is becoming increasingly more difficult to find. But as this month's column proves, it's worth the search.

"Luminous" is the only way to describe *Light, Coming Back* by Ann Wadsworth. It is a brilliant and brave novel, written with a great deal of skill by a writer who is obviously in love with language. The novel unfolds the story of Mercedes Medina, an intelligent, cultured woman who is nursing her much older husband Patrick, once a famous musician, to his inevitable death. During this time, she begins her first lesbian love affair with Lennie, a woman nearly half her age. With great sensitivity, the author brilliantly portrays Mercedes' struggle with the daily loss of her husband as he succumbs to his illness, her recognition that she must build a life for herself, her guilt and anger and the wonder with which she embraces Lennie's love.

There are so many things to admire about this book. There is the powerful way in which the author depicts the agelessness of female sexuality and passion, and the credibility of her portrayal of a difficult death that comes in stages. There is the wonderful realism of Mercedes' daily life and the author's courage to deal with issues of power and class and ageism. *Light, Coming Back* may be Ann Wadsworth's first novel, a feat she accomplished at the age of 62, but it reads like the work of someone well-versed in the rich subtleties of life and should not be missed. (Alyson Books, \$24.95 hardcover)

Readers who have been around long enough to remember lesbian literary journals such as *Sinister Wisdom*, *Conditions* and *Lesbian Lives/Common Lives* have a reason to celebrate. And so do those who don't. *The Harrington Lesbian Fiction Quarterly* (edited by Judith Stelboun and published by Alice Street Editions of Haworth Press) is lesbian writing's best kept secret, a quarterly journal of some of the best new fiction, poetry, dramatic writing and art by both established names and new writers. The editorial board boasts some of the most important lesbian writers writing today and while the journal is open to different literary styles and forms, the main criteria for publication appears to be well crafted and intelligent work. Now in its third year, HLFQ needs subscribers and is also looking for submissions from

lesbian writers. Lesbian culture is in serious need of this kind of journal and I hope it's around for a very long time. (*Harrington Lesbian Fiction Quarterly*, Alice Street Editions, The Haworth Press. One volume (one year's subscription) \$36.00. www.haworthpress.com)

Sacred Classic: *The Swashbuckler*.

When *The Swashbuckler* was first published in 1985, I called it one of the finest lesbian novels ever written. After all these years, that conclusion still stands. Lee Lynch was one of the first brave voices in the 1980's to deal honestly, sensitively and lovingly with the butch and femme experience. No one has yet been able to match her ability to create such sympathetic and dynamic characters, or to so movingly depict the effects of the early days of lesbian feminism on the bar dykes of the 60's. When it comes to writing about butch experience, Lee Lynch is unsurpassed in her ability to stir, to move and to break hearts. *The Swashbuckler's* Frenchy Tonneau is a study in longing. The experience of sharing her world as she grows to find a measure of self-acceptance and learn the courage to break taboos while holding fast to her traditions is both encouraging and heartwrenching. Femmes will want to pull Frenchy into their arms to make her forget her pain, butches will nod quietly in understanding, and lesbians who identify as neither will be awed by the courage of those who came before us. (*The Swashbuckler*, Naiad Press, 1985, is available from Variant Press, POB 2170, Waldport, Oregon 97394. \$8.00 postpaid.)

Ask for these books at your local feminist bookstore.

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by Leslie McGirl

Chainsaw Mouse Sex

My chainsaw won't start and I hate it. I am filled with loathing for my chainsaw, and somehow this doesn't fit my very spiritual and higher thought thinking personality. It is possible that I am premenstrual because my thoughts get really low and unusual right before The Great Period. I practice a ritual called "the punishment of inanimate objects" during those times. I tie up cardboard boxes and perform sadistic acts on them, burn things, slap around innocent objects that get in my way.

Sister had to pull me off a perfectly harmless wooden chair, prying my teeth from around its leg. My eyes were rolled back in my head. She had to kick me to make me let go. That wasn't very nice, so I bit her. I march around the house looking for a fight during those times, daring something to look at me the wrong way: tables, chairs, jars, pots or pans, doors. "What are you looking at?!" Wham!

And I always like to drink a lot more coffee than, too. That's always good. I like to drink coffee exclusively...and sugar, maintain an almost completely white sugar diet. When I boil down the day I bleed like an old pecan pie left out over night, nuts picked off the top, nothing left but coagulated goo, a little pile of syrup on the floor. That's me. Boxes and chairs are all safe then for about two weeks. Then it begins again. Teeth marks all over the furniture.

Now this chainsaw is towing a fine line with me and I don't think it has a clue. I have been very patient, but as I have indicated, patience is, well, something from another planet, another dimension in about 36 more hours. Oh the chainsaw, the little LX30, "The Bandit," sitting there gloating in its greasy red plastic defiance. Let us bow our heads now and pray...

I know these two stroke engines are not complicated, but still, somehow, knowledge of their world is unattainable to me. I have been to *howstuffworks.com* and gained enlightenment. I know gas is somehow not getting to the spark, and how these engines are so simple. They keep saying that — "they're sim-

ple." Monster-like mechanics keep telling me this; big, burly guys in oily coveralls with fingers missing and one leg shorter than the other, platform shoes on one foot, tobacco juice gurgling down the sides of a stubbly cheek, as one eye — the one with vision — keeps darting furtively at my breasts...which I thought were well disguised beneath four layers of clothes. I'm a veritable puffball in winter clothes standing before him, but he's still managed to locate my boobs. Well, at least one of them — the left one. But why me? Why this guy? Why the left breast? Maybe a left breast is "it" for a bad right eye.

I know it's not true that I totally understand this engine either. Because if I did, I would understand the flow of gas. In my mind I just see a blocked little gas line, a furry filter clogged with mouse pubic hairs left over from some debauched rodent encounter held in the capless fuel container last winter. The mice were in there sniffing fumes and having sex with rats. I'm not proud of this, but it happens from time to time around here. Cold weather drives them to unusual places — cold weather and fermented corn...small doses of ancient D-Con ingested over time.

Anyway, I'm heading back to *howstuffworks* and then I'm getting a hammer with which to work on the chainsaw, and create firewood. There's a particular chair over there. It's been in my way a little lately. Sticks its little gnarly leg out to trip me when I go by. Don't think I don't see it. ☺

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In the easy chair

Your "easy chair" may be a blanket at the beach or a pillow in your tree house. It may be in your own home or at your best friend's or at your mother's house. Whatever or wherever it is, it is the place you love to go to enjoy a good book! Below is this month's TOP 10 of GLBT books, thanks to our friends at www.InsightOutBooks.com:

1. *BEHIND THE SCREEN: How Gays and Lesbians Shaped Hollywood* by William J. Mann
2. *THE MARBLE QUILT* by David Leavitt
3. *ALMA MATER* by Rita Mae Brown
4. *THE LITTLE DEATH/GOLDENBOY/HOW TOWN* by Michael Nava, (3-in-1 Triangle Classic Edition)
5. *THE TRUTH IS... My Life in Love and Music* by Melissa Etheridge
6. *KISS THE GIRLS AND MAKE THEM SPY* by Mabel Maney
7. *RAINBOW BOYS* by Alex Sanchez
8. *COLDHEART CANYON* by Clive Barker
9. *THE LESBIAN HISTORY SOURCEBOOK*
Edited by Alison Oram and AnnmarieTurnbull
10. *ANY KIND OF LUCK* by William Jack Sibley

Ask for these books
at your local feminist bookstore.



Do you know about...?

Rainbow Festival of Flags

A new festival-style event will be held in the Greater Palm Springs (California) area March 7 thru 10, 2002. Called the *Rainbow Festival of Flags*, it will be themed to flags— all kinds of flags including the Gay Rainbow flag, flags of countries, cities, causes, businesses and just plain fun flags. Two gay resorts will host the festival in Cathedral City, namely the Desert Palms Inn and the Cathedral City Boys Club. Both resorts will have merchandise booths, food and entertainment. Host bars are Side-winders and Wolf's Den featuring special themed parties and contests. Initial sponsors are The Map and the Desert Palms Inn. Interested vendors can call 760-318-1137. Also call the same number for further festival information. Festival Coordinator is Meyers Jacobsen, local desert resident and promoter. Δ

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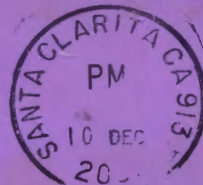
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