Hoquiam Farmers Market News - "What's a Duckabush" Edition

Local News

Posted by: Anonymous

Posted on : May 19, 2010 at 11:41 am

I have a love/hate relationship with my computer, and I bet that I’m not the only one feeling that way! I put up tremendous resistance to buying that first computer. My goal has always been to live simply. My phantom ideal life would be to live in a (very cute) cabin in the woods, complete, of course, with pretty china and frilly curtains. I can picture this fantasy existence, and it is as tantalizing and irresistible as the scent of fresh baked cookies. It seemed as though buying a computer would be giving up on ever realizing my dream.
Once a year we rent a cabin along the Duckabush River. My dream cabin! It has no running water or electricity, but it does have a wood burning stove, an inviting front porch, ancient remains of a fruit orchard, and- most importantly- a complete and profound silence. The very first day of the very first trip to this world apart set the tone for what I know to be a lifelong love affair.

Fresh this week at the Farmers Market!

Yakima Asparagus! Walla Walla sweet green onions!!

Bearded Iris Peonies (first of the season!)

And; Picnic Tables made from hand milled Grays Harbor Lumber! By Wes

It was a warm day in June, and we had been to a birthday party. I was wearing a flowery cotton sundress. As we drove through deep, dense forests, the road gradually, almost imperceptibly, narrowed. The pavement turned into a rutted dirt path, and as we drove along, the years seemed to melt away. Our Chevy van was an alien intruder in this wilderness, it would have been more respectful and fitting for us to have bumped along in a horse drawn wagon. The evergreen branches completely enclosed us overhead. Shafts of sunlight occasionally cut their way through the dense green curtain of trees.

Suddenly the darkness shifted, and the evergreens relinquished their supremacy to huge, sheltering maple trees. Our cabin sat in a clearing, a decrepit picket fence striving valiantly to stake a claim for its’ rightful place amongst the encroaching trees. We drove up to the cabin in complete silence, afraid to speak for fear of shattering the mirage.

As we parked our van, a young couple appeared from the trail head. With beaming faces, they greeted us warmly, happy to see that the cabin would be occupied for awhile. Before they left they

asked if we would like a loaf of bread, as their church group had baked extra that morning. We gratefully accepted the warm wholesome loaf. As we stepped thru the creaky gate leading to our cabin, I wondered if we had just been visited by angels.

My memory of that first trip to the cabin is shrouded in mystery and awe. I marvel at the blessing we were given, because I know that few of us are given more than fleeting handfuls of moments or hours of perfection in this life. We had several days of utter bliss, and those days will live forever in my memory. I can return to that precious experience by closing my eyes and reliving our time at the cabin.

Would my joy in the experience have been the same if I had brought along a laptop computer and a cell phone ? I do not believe for one second that I could have immersed myself in that glorious experience had we saddled ourselves with technology.

Life is all about balance. Not everyone feels the need to run away to a primitive cabin in the woods. Some people may run away to Las Vegas instead! Which is fine if it fills the well in your soul and puts a happy spring in your step.

I’m still on the fence about the computer. Yes, I can keep in touch with more people. Yes, I can do all sorts of research in the blink of an eye. But can anything ever replace the warmth of having a beloved child rush into your arms, or seeing an aged face light up simply because you came into the room for an afternoon’s visit? I would rather sit on a log with my sweetie watching the sun set over the Harbor than look at a thousand breath-taking photos on the computer.

Barbara Bennett Parsons, hopelessly old-fashioned manager of the Hoquiam Farmers Market. Here is a secret confession- the market now has wireless internet service ! Remember, balance is everything.

Hoquiam Farmers Market and Deidra’s Deli, open 5 days week! 538-9747

Market- Wed. thru Sun., Deli Mon. thru Friday