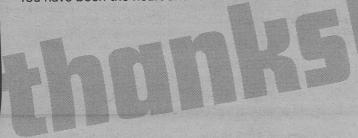
A Special Thank You to all of our Volunteers!

For more than 21 years, volunteers made publishing and distributing Out in the Mountains possible. Volunteers at Out in the Mountains made our newspaper possible all of these years. At the end of each month for more years than many of us can remember ~ a large group of volunteers came to "Stuffing Night" to help get the paper out to our readers.

On the night that this issue was distributed, volunteers came in one more time with smiles and a willingness to get their hands dirty for a couple of hours before enjoying pizza and catch-up time with friends.

So from the bottom of our hearts, please, accept our thanks and gratitude for being there with and for us all. You have been the heart and soul of OITM.



Stuffing Night Last Month:

OFFICE "MAGIC-MAKERS"

Joseph Swinyer, with assistance from Jonathan Martin.

SPECIAL "LIFE-SAVING HELPERS"

Joseph Swinyer, Jonathan Martin and Greg Thompson for answering the international call when we needed help. (Greg and Max live in Montréal.)

THE "STUFFERS"

Barbara Dozetos, Steve Ekberg, Tina Giagrande, Kim Howard, Jonathan Martin, Lynn McNicol, Joseph Swinyer, Greg Weaver, and the lovely, sweet lady (wink).

THE "DISTRIBUTORS"

AIDS Project of Southern Vermont, Thia Artemis, Euan Bear, Rick Bersaw, Tom Bivins, Duffer Bower, Daryl and Dennis DePaul, Kathy Donna, Barbara Dozetos, Dave Edee, Thom Fleury, Danny Gates, Tina Giangrande, Keith Goslant, Lisa Gurney, EJ Haley, Bennett Law, John Landau, Nat Michael, Lynn McNicol, Fran Moravcsik, Fred Pond, Amy and Fonda Wilcox and Rick Wold.

EDITORIAL ASSISTANCE

Euan Bear, Naomi Freedner, Tina Giangrande, Amy Prenowitz, and Liz Rotundo.

LITTLE KNOWN FACT:

Who distributes the largest number of papers? It is none other than Thom Fleury. He alone distributed nearly10% of each issue month after month, regardless of the weather or what was going on at school. We thank Thom, and everyone who did not have quite as many papers to distribute.

IN YEARS PAST - THE "FOUNDERS OF OITM"

The board, staff and volunteers of Mountain Pride Media and Out in the Mountains want to thank you for your original idea of "Stuffing Night" some 21 years ago.

FOR EVERYONE NOT LISTED HERE

And for everyone that we missed or just did not have room to mention here... it has been fun. Thank you for supporting OITM!

a e POETRY

BY HEATHER REED

She waits to get better hoping one day she'll wake up and feel it she sighs deeply only because she knows it won't happen that way

moments turn into hours as the hours make up another day when she closes her eyes at night the beauty that dangles beneath those determined eyes and heavy heart rests beside her

sitting tight lipped with a mouthful to say like cheeks full of cookies and milk afraid to laugh in anticipation of the mess that will explode

rolling over and over in her mind a pebble turning over among the water these moments make her feel all that these moments are not ...defeat

seldom taking pleasure in what drives her to be better

she seeks a common ground somewhere to place her feet to rest beside her mind between what she feels on the inside in respect to what is seen on the outside

tempered thoughts pervade her weary mind on the verge of a spill

her finely structured body those autumn eyes soft fingertips delicious lips sit quietly amongst the still background of this night vet her mind in what is a magnificent stir remains loud in tone

the mirror reflects a stare of melancholy neglected lips hungry eyes scattered heart

she knows the truth that beats its drum loud and confident sending echoes through her heart steering its way into her mind

as she grasps the notion that giving breath to the beauty that lingers patiently on the inside will bring forth divine love and a taste for more she will feel



what you don't see is how hard she tries to bring it all full circle

the ache in her heart the love that derives from that ache and the unexplainable desire the divides within her

to love like she has never loved before let the divine hunger that tests her patience be fiery and wild

give breath to her ability to indulge in that beauty that lies within her that she feels is what keeps her alive

> Heather Reed is an avid rock-climber and writer from Shelburne.

a e POETRY

Harassment

BY RAY REMILLARD

I turn as I hear The call of my name. I hear the words and labels being shouted, and the laughter and put-downs being shared. I see the pointing of fingers and the stare of eyes.

I feel a pain in my heart; a piercing, stabbing pain that tears and injures it. I close my eyes. A tear flows down my cheek.

I feel comfort filling me then like a friend holding and hugging me. I feel my heart being lifted rubbed and massaged, held and put together by the fingers of my God.

He heals my heart mending and repairing it He whispers words into me saying He made me that I am His and I am good a person of worth and value.

I open my eyes, turn and walk away. feeling better and bigger than the harassment that hurts me and the people that harass me.