

co-op/foods directory

MIDDLEBURY NATURAL

FOODS CO-OP

A full service, natural foods store specializing in healthy, whole, organic foods and products

IN THE HARVEST LIES OUR DELIGHT

1 WASHINGTON ST
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OITM would like to belatedly thank The Daily Bread for their contribution to last July's Organizers' Summit

It's Easy to Shop

AT THE ONION RIVER CO-OP.

For your convenience we're open longer:

9am-9pm Mon-Sat
11am-8pm Sun

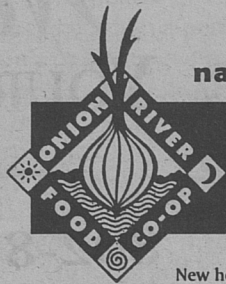
• **Anyone can shop, anyone can join.**

You don't have to be a member to shop here! If you'd like to become a member, let us know. You'll get to share in the ownership of our unique, community owned natural market with your neighbors.

• **Childcare is available -**
To make shopping easier, childcare is offered. Check with a staff person for the current childcare schedule. While you shop, older children may use our playspace anytime.

• **We give back to the community -**
When you shop here your purchases help support organizations that promote organic farming, education and art programs and many others.

We invite you to come in and check out our natural back to school snacks.



A community-owned natural market
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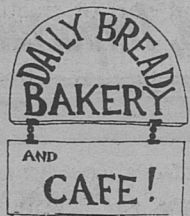
NATURAL FOODS, ORGANIC PRODUCE, SUPPLEMENTS

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A Community Owned Natural Foods Market & Deli
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voices from the mountains

OLLIE, OLLIE, OXEN FREE

by Patrick Skater

When I was a kid we used to play a game called "Kick The Can" on hot summer nights outside in the dark. We'd lean a tin can up against a tree and everyone would hide except the kid who was "it". That kid would come looking for the rest of us. If he or she saw one of us hiding in the bushes or under the porch he or she would run back to the can, touch it and yell out the name and location of the kid they had found. The discovered person had to go in then, to the tree and wait. After a while a bunch of kids would be standing around the tree, caught, with only a few left out hiding in the dark. All of a sudden, some kid, who hadn't been found yet, would come bursting out of the brush and run towards the can. If that kid could get to the can and kick it before the person who was it could get there to yell out the runner's name, then everyone who was already caught would go free again.

We'd play kick the can well into the night. Eventually kids would start complaining that they had to go home. We'd hear parents' voices hollering kid's names out into the darkness. I'd be hiding, covered with sweat and bugs, sure the game was almost over. But I'd never come out until I'd hear the sacred call that meant it was safe to come out, that the game was over. Ollie Ollie Oxen Free.

I can still picture some of the kids who used to play Kick the Can with me on dark summer nights. Betsy was fat and ran with a waddle. Winky drooled when he was particularly excited. Mattie was tough, a viscous adversary. There were kids of every age and shape and personality. Ev-

erybody got to play. The game was more fun when we had a larger group. We just wanted to have fun. Details were unimportant.

I haven't played kick the can in years, but I still find myself hiding. I lay on the damp ground, safely out of sight, listening to the conversation of those who cannot see me. I hear the politics bouncing off the trees in the darkness and I try to breathe very quietly, to keep myself invisible. The words, the details confound me. Things are no longer simple. I don't get to play simply because I like to have fun as much as the next guy. Now the details are more important than the thrill of the game.

I hear the arguing go on into the night, as I lay there hidden in the brush.

Heterosexuals, gay men, lesbians, bisexuals, transgendered folks of all sorts—queers—bickering about who is and who isn't and why this one can't play... because... and the night goes on and I think, as I lay there hidden, getting stiff in my joints, this isn't any fun. Where is the laughter? Where is the ability to overlook that this one is fat and waddles when she runs and that one drools when he gets too excited? Where is "You get to play just because?"

When I was a kid, I played kick the can on hot summer nights in the dark. My parents thought I was a girl. I knew I was a boy. But it didn't matter one way or another to the kids who gathered with an old tin can by a tree and said, "Stick out your fists. We'll count potatoes to see who's it."

I got to play because I was there. I got to play because details didn't matter. The game was far more fun when there

continued at right

real estate



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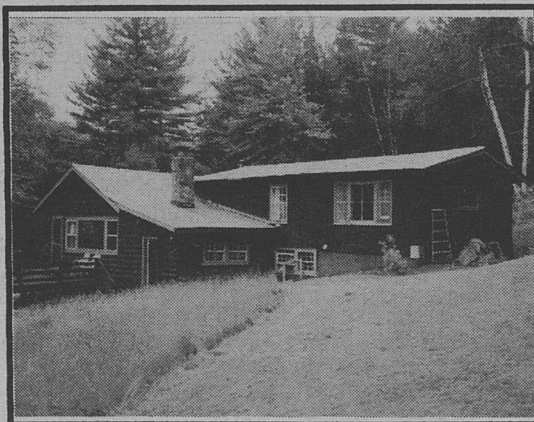
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