

Hold on to the people you love

Let me just say that as a career woman, in my case a high school teacher, I never cried.

A kid said something rude, my boss questioned my judgment, I remained dry-eyed, cool, professional. Similarly, if I won an award, had graduates give me flowers, say something sweet, hug me goodbye, I never shed a tear. Which is why the fact that I can no longer watch a TV commercial, let alone an episode of ER, without weeping is such a surprise.

There is something about motherhood that changes



Thea Rood
Housewife Life

you—at least temporarily. I would hesitate to call it hormonal or strictly physical; on the other hand, it is deeper than just an intellectual response. Somehow, by having a baby, the world is turned on overdrive; every scene is more intense; every sensation, every emotion is heightened.

You are in tune with some hum of the universe you never noticed before.

I'm driving to Raley's (where my infant daughter and I seem to spend an inordinate amount of time) and as I sit at the traffic light outside of my development, I am watching a silent tableau. A fender-bender has recently occurred, hard to tell who was at fault, but the cops are there, a tow-truck, a woman and two men standing on the sidewalk among the emergency personnel looking perplexed. As I watch, a car pulls up and the husband of the woman driver jumps from his vehicle and runs to her. She throws her arms around him and, for a second, sags slightly against him. The relief in both their bodies is obvious. "You're all right. This could have been really bad, but you're all right. We still have one another." It strikes me that this is the important essence of life, not dented cars or money or being called away from some deal at work. It is holding onto the people you love for as long as you can.

It is not just an ability to cry at traffic accidents; for some women, an aura of nurturance continues to surround them long after their children's infancy is behind them. Again, I am at Raley's, standing in line behind an elderly woman in a beige wool coat. She is a little pale, her hands shaking as she hands over the check. "I have a heart problem and I'm a little dizzy," she confesses to the checker, a cheerful woman, who I know has several children. The checker is calm, but authoritative. "You're not going to drive right now. In fact, go over to the coffee area—sit down and rest for awhile." The bag girl leads the woman away, and I move up to the counter. The checker smiles. "I'll probably drive her home myself—it won't be the first time. I don't know why, but every sick person who steps into this store ends up in my line. It's a big joke around here."



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Tired of whining about amphitheater project

Dear Editor:

As a long-time citizen of Folsom, I have seen a lot of things change, and in my opinion, it's been for the good. Our city government has done a great job in managing the growth. I haven't always agreed with their decisions, but I am sure they thought they were doing what they believed was good for the city.

However, I am sick and tired of hearing the whining that goes on when a project like the one for the proposed amphitheater appears. It's times like this that I want to tell them to shut up, grow up, and act like adults.

They say they only want the best for Folsom. Well, so do I! They say they want only the best for their families, like good schools, open spaces, parks, and many other items that we don't have, but want, yet we don't want to pay any more taxes to get these projects. People, do your math, you don't want more taxes so these things have to be financed from other sources.

I don't know exactly how much tax revenue we would get from this amphitheater, but it is enough that would help the city complete the pro-

growing for the next 20 years.

I don't hear anyone complain about the mall being built or the possibility of getting Kikkoman soy or Intel adding more buildings or Intel adding more buildings are all creating jobs and tax revenue for Folsom, and that's what everyone wants. Well, I got a news bulletin that the proposed amphitheater would do the same.

There is so much to be said in favor of the proposed amphitheater, but too many words, so let me open up more hearings for the project. One more thing, and this is to the council, don't run and hide when a small group opens up crying. I know you were in favor of the idea before and I am sure you know the good things it would do for our city. Plus we should be proud they chose Folsom!

Tim

Amphitheater a no

Dear Editor:

The huge crowd of concerned citizens that attended the council meeting on Nov. 12 and their angry voices should be enough testimony that the proposed amphitheater in Folsom is a no-go. As it was stated by many, the residents of Folsom are here because of the tranquility and quality of life.

"It's because you're a mother," I tell her. "They sense you will take care of them."

Another universal care-taker is my aunt, who has six children. She is on a plane in a snowy midwestern city. She is travelling alone, on her way to meet my uncle, who has been in Colorado on business and now has a long weekend to ski. There is a lengthy delay, as is often the case in winter, and she is reading while she waits. It is then she hears it: a muffled but distinct thumping underneath her feet. She imagines at first it is some sort of normal sound, rudders being tested, cargo doors closing. But as the plane taxis out from the terminal and the sound continues, she becomes concerned. "Do you hear something?" she asks the businessman seated beside her, lost in a Wall Street Journal. Polite but uninterested, he feigns a listening pose for a second before saying no. She asks several other people. "There, there, did you hear it?" she says anxiously. No, no, no one hears it. They begin to look at her oddly. Who is this housewife talking about thumps when they have important matters on their minds? Finally she calls a flight attendant and several gather, all straining to hear what my aunt insists is a real sound. Despite their increasingly impatient attitudes, she persists, unwilling to back down and ignore it. The pilot is alerted. The plane is now abuzz.

"We're turning around; what is it?" people say as they peer through the frosty windows. In the end, the baggage area beneath my aunt's seat is examined, and a baggage handler, inadvertently shut into the compartment, is discovered and released.

My aunt, now flush with excitement and regarded as a hero by her once-skeptical seatmates, says, "It is all those years of listening for babies crying."

amphitheater, but it is enough that would help the city complete the projects they have lined up that you have asked for. A quick reminder, these are the ones that you don't want to be taxed for.

These people that complain and cry about having an amphitheater in their back yards. So what! I've lived in this town for 23 years with an arena in my back yard and I haven't cried to anyone. I learned to live with it and so should you!

Another complaint that I have heard is that of crime. Come on, folks, don't you trust our police department? They're one of the best around and they don't take bull from anyone. What makes you think they are going to start now? I read how parents want to send their children off to San Francisco to a concert instead of their hometown where at least they knew they would be safe. Ah, right, I wouldn't let my mom take off to San Francisco, nevertheless my own children.

The other complaint I heard, too much growth. Geez, people, this is not Mayberry and our police do carry guns! We are the fifth fastest growing city in the state, and we will still be

of Folsom are here because of the serenity and quality of life.

Personally, it is beyond my comprehension that the planning commission and the council would even a such a project to be considered.

Perhaps the politicians in Folsom (1) don't understand the desires of community, (2) are looking at the future in short-term and not the long term, (3) expect to gain some political clout by grandstanding some grandiose enterprise, (4) are searching for a windfall of revenue, (5) all of the above.

You are so right, not in my backyard (nimby). The voices of the nimby's are part of the glue that keeps a community united, proud and engaged to support local government. Folsom's priorities should be focused internally and not at the interests of profit seekers from elsewhere.

Future projects that can only improve community pride by satisfying the needs of Folsom residents of all ages are the following: (1) construct a new state of the arts library, (2) complete our city and neighborhood parks, (3) landscape our city boulevard strips with trees, shrubs, ground cover, (4) complete the planned golf courses, (5) construct