Conversation By Dagny McKinley

Please do not attempt to recreate the events of Enna Rose's life. They will result in internal/external death or at the very least a yeast infection.

Most of Enna Rose's religious experiences had taken place at Sunpie's Bistro. Here she had seen apparitions, had revelations and met prophets. Tonight was no different. Amber ale coated her throat while she awaited epiphanies, looked for new writing on the walls and sacrificed herself to the energy swirling around. As she twirled around, she bumped into a woman with a quiet presence, copper hair and a purple scarf twisted around her neck.

"You're Enna Rose, aren't you?" the woman asked. Enna nodded. "You're the one who wrote the new Ten Commandments last year. Those were really brilliant," she continued.

"Thank you," said Enna as she curtsied for the woman. She felt a revelation coming on. There was a different stir to the air, something shifting in the seasons, in the heat of almost-summer air stolen back by snow. Something was about to be unleashed so Enna put down her ale, threw a glass of cold water in her own face and waited. "I have to admit, I was kind of disappointed," said the woman as she took a sip of Diet Coke. "After your first sermon, your church faded so the words you preached felt false. I was ready to listen, ready to follow and then the words faded with the weeks and now here we are, a year later and no church."

Disappointment always sobered Enna. "Let's go outside," she suggested. At that moment the wind swung open the door and a rugby player who had not been seen in a long time came in with his unmistakable laugh. He seemed to move through the women but held a beer in his hand so they moved on. They found a rock near the river and let the flakes of snow gather on them.

"I haven't told anyone else this," said Enna, "but after I started the church, I felt myself having an aversion to the word church and some of the practices it represents for me. Most religions have waged wars and I want peace. Some religions feel outdated to me, maybe a guiding principle at most, but sometimes instead of breaking down walls they build up walls around women, around gay people, around 'different,' so I let it fade." "I guess you haven't listened to Alain de Botton have you?"



"He gave a talk called Atheism 2.0 and maybe his interpretation of religion might change the way you feel about church, about religion. You see, he thinks we should take the best parts of religion and appreciate what they offer, how they teach and use that to understand all of this," she gestured to the world around her.

"Are you an angel?" asked Enna.

"My name is Sloan, I just thought, well... I think you have a lot to say. I've spent some time in churches..."

"I like how peaceful they are when no one is in them, how elaborate and ornate and impervious to weather..."

"There is a feeling of reverence when you walk in. Most people feel the need to whisper. They created a space that sets a mood," said Sloan.

"So I should build a place that speaks to what I believe in?" $% \left[{{\left[{{{\left[{{{\left[{{{c_{1}}}} \right]}} \right]}_{max}}} \right]_{max}}} \right]_{max}} \right]$

"I think that place has already been built. But maybe you need to find your way inside the world you love?"

The snow was piling up flake upon flake on their hair, yet still melting against their skin, on their faces and on their hands, rivulets trickled down.

"Maybe a cave?" suggested Sloan.

"Or against the shelter of a rock."

"There's a whole world to choose from, but think about cathedrals of trees, or alters of stone, think about the world you want to convey."

Enna climbed down a few rocks and submerged her bare feet in the icy waters of the Yampa. They tingled and went numb and she thought about rocks and ancient tribes of people and what was important to them. They had Gods to worship, but oftentimes those gods were the natural elements around them and they inspired a certain awe that caused people to record, in images, their beliefs.

"We need art," said Enna.

"More than art," said Sloan. She was perched on one of the rocks that drew a line between land and water. "Alain talks about the need of having art explain itself. Churches do this very well. They illustrate what love looks like, or compassion, or struggle. You can understand art in a church, but museums, have you seen modern art? I never know what I'm supposed to think or feel, sometimes it looks like nonsense until I read about the artist and what they were trying to do."

"Yes, yes! We need art that shows love, generosity,



Valley Voice

Enna Rose

Conversation cont.

fear, humility, anger. I want everyone to know that any emotion is okay to feel, that there are no judgments of feelings in my church. I have some friends I can ask to help with that."

"Think about what your parents taught you," said Sloan as she wrapped her scarf over her head, starting to shiver in the late June snowstorm. The winds picked up and Enna inspected the blue her toes had become.

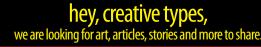
"My parents..." she said before she drifted into thoughts of her father who had died when she was young and her mother who had abandoned her. Through her years of isolation, of living alone in the woods, Enna had many times wished to feel her father's arms wrapped around her. She longed for a mother who could offer solace and kind words. Enna had done what she needed to survive and she knew there were people in the community who, like her, experienced fear and shame and sorrow. Her church should be a place where all people were welcome, where kind words could be spoken, where guidance could be given, lessons through other people's experiences. Enna knew she didn't have the answers for that, but she felt that if she had compassion, if she had empathy for every person, no matter what they had done or felt they needed to do, then maybe people would want to come, would feel like they had a safe space somewhere.

"It's cold out here," said Sloan. Looking up at the sky, the snow illuminated by the occasional streetlight. "I wish I could stay but I have work early in the morning."

Enna moved towards her and embraced her, feeling her back. Sloan gave her a questioning look. "I was feeling for feathers, for wings. I'm still not convinced you're not an angel. Thank you. Something is fermenting inside and you are my seed."

"This is your discovery now. I just hope you'll invite me to your church when it opens."

Enna needed to cement the words inside of her, so she crossed the river to the base of Howelson, long abandoned by winter's visitors and she wrote ideas in the snow and then she ate the snow and knew the words were watering her soil, the seeds had the nourishment they needed to grow. She needed to embark on a pilgrimage. To Be Continued.





Go Figure!?

Do you have a nickel in your pocket? By Scott L. Ford

Why do we call 5 cent coin a nickel?

The story of the US nickel involves a coin that is no longer in circulation, a vey bloody war, stamps for letters, the hoarding of silver, and the rejection of a paper currency.

The story of the nickel begins about halfway through the 19th century. In 1851, a three-cent coin made of silver was minted. The intended purpose of the coin was to be used to purchase a postage stamp. At the time the postal rate per $\frac{1}{2}$ oz on letters traveling not over 500 miles was 3 cents.

The Civil War caused a large increase in correspondence between soldiers and their family members. It has been estimated that approximately two billion of these three-cent stamps were printed during the war years. The vast majority of these stamps were purchased with the 3 cent coin.

The US Mint could not keep up with the demand for the three-cent coin or for that matter any coin made in silver because folks hoarded them. People would not spend any silver coin and a serious coinage shortage emerged. In response to this shortage the U.S. Department of the Treasury issued paper currency notes in 1862 to make up for the shortage of silver coins in circulation. These paper notes were in denominations of 5 cents, 25 cents, and 50 cents.

However, folks at the time essentially refused to use these paper notes preferring metal coins. Therefore, to meet the demand for the 3-cent coin needed to buy postage stamps, the US Mint started producing a threecent coin made of 75% copper and 25% nickel. (This was the first time that a metal other than copper, silver, or gold was used to mint US coinage.)

From 1865 to 1872 both three-cent pieces were in circulation - one made of nickel and one made of silver. The practice for telling the two different 3-cent pieces apart was to call them "3 cents silver" and "3 cents nickel."

At the end of the Civil War folks still hoarded silver coins. So as a result, in 1866 a 5-cent coin was created made of 75% copper and 25% nickel. The new 5-cent coins became known as the "5 cents nickel" which was eventually shortened to just "the nickel." The name has stuck until today. Go figure!



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