

grace (countable and uncountable, plural graces)

1. (not countable) Elegant movement; poise or balance. The dancer moved with grace and strength.
2. (not countable) Charming, pleasing qualities. [quotations ▼] The Princess brought grace to an otherwise dull and boring party.
3. (not countable, theology) Free and undeserved favour, especially of God. Unmerited divine assistance given to humans for their regeneration or sanctification. I'm so grateful to God for the grace that He has given me.
4. (not countable, theology) Divine assistance in resisting sin.
5. (countable) Short prayer of thanks before or after a meal. It has become less common to say grace before having dinner.
For examples of the use of this sense see: citations.
6. (finance) An allowance of time granted for a debtor during which he is free of at least part of his normal obligations towards the creditor. The repayment of the loan starts after a three-year grace (period).
7. (card games) A special move in a solitaire or patience game that is normally against the rules.

Granting Forgiveness or Harboring Grudges: Implications for Emotion, Physiology, and Health
Psychological Science March 2001 12: 117-123,

Abstract

Interpersonal offenses frequently mar relationships. Theorists have argued that the responses victims adopt toward their offenders have ramifications not only for their cognition, but also for their emotion, physiology, and health. This study examined the immediate emotional and physiological effects that occurred when participants (35 females, 36 males) rehearsed hurtful memories and nursed grudges (i.e., were unforgiving) compared with when they cultivated empathic perspective taking and imagined granting forgiveness (i.e., were forgiving) toward real-life offenders. Unforgiving thoughts prompted more aversive emotion, and significantly higher corrugator (brow) electromyogram (EMG), skin conductance, heart rate, and blood pressure changes from baseline. The EMG, skin conductance, and heart rate effects persisted after imagery into the recovery periods. Forgiving thoughts prompted greater perceived control and comparatively lower physiological stress responses. The results dovetail with the psychophysiology literature and suggest possible mechanisms through which chronic unforgiving responses may erode health whereas forgiving responses may enhance it.

Psychology & Health
Volume 19, Issue 3, 2004

Forgiveness is an emotion-focused coping strategy that can reduce health risks and promote health resilience: theory, review, and hypotheses

Abstract

Experimental evidence suggests that when people are transgressed against interpersonally, they often react by experiencing unforgiveness. Unforgiveness is conceptualized as a stress reaction. Forgiveness is one (of many) ways people reduce unforgiveness. Forgiveness is conceptualized as an emotional juxtaposition of positive emotions (i.e., empathy, sympathy, compassion, or love) against the negative emotions of unforgiveness. Forgiveness can thus be used as an emotion-focused coping strategy to reduce a stressful reaction to a transgression. Direct empirical research suggests that forgiveness is related to health outcomes and to mediating physiological processes in such a way as to support the conceptualization that forgiveness is an emotion-focused coping strategy. Indirect mechanisms might also affect the forgiveness-health relationship. Namely, forgiveness might affect health by working through social support, relationship quality, and religion.

Portion of the world's monarch butterfly population that froze to death in 1997's freak Mexican snowstorm:
17%.

Size of the ozone hole over Antarctica that same year: 10,000,000 sq.
miles.

Distance a human can bicycle on the food-energy-equivalent of a gallon of petrol: 930 Miles

^^^Oregonian 27Apr97

930 Miles per Gallon

Desire for bike streets is causing me to see red.

i said to Fred: "i'd give my blood."

To Kenneth, i say-eth: i am ready to take a bridge as our hostage."

Which got up Ira's ire,

But i challenge us to risk

Facing up to transportation injustice.

All rated second class,

We're indignant cyclist.

The laws are unjust by design,

Ever putting life and limb on the line.

Indignance growing into intolerance,

We refuse this bike lane dance.

Take that meager six inch strip of paint,

and, well, shove it where the sun ain't.

We're done with that compromise.

We don't believe the bullcrap lies...

Decry with your mouth love for the bicycle,

But that affair with petrol, you're just a gigolo.

All you build is more car parks and highways,

A few miles of "bike lane" as you widen every byway.

We're tired of this shit, we ain't gonna take it,

Give us the dignity of our self responsibility.

Cyclist, see another scene: Transportation Separation
Apart from the death machine.

This petrol addiction is killing all that we love,
Green things, 2 legs, 4 legs, swimmers below, and wings above.

We don't seek to deny the privilege to drive,
But fair share of the road, you'd better give.
Or you'll have us to thank,
For the candy bar in your tank.

If you refuse our demand,
To implement a BIKE STREETS plan,
There'll be a riot at hand!
We'll only get louder. (we became BikeLoud)
If it's a hostel take over,
We'll extradite you and your car
To somewheres in Antarctica.
Under an ozone hole ten million square mile,
You can live and drive in high style.
But instead; Let's all stick together,
The change to weather:

Seven percent
Of the pavement.

4/5May97PDX





קרן

KEREN LYMAN HOLTZ

NOV. 22 1961

FEB. 3 1997

http://blog.oregonlive.com/commuting/2010/08/from_the_archives_remembering.html

Pasted Graphic.tiff ↵

'98 FATAL STILL POTENT SYMBOL FOR CYCLISTS *By Joseph Rose The Oregonian* Pedal-pushing pilgrims are a part of life at the intersection of Southeast 37th Avenue and Taylor Street.

Just ask Megan Fiero, who lives in the house closest to a stop-sign shrine for dead cyclist Matthew Schekel. "People on bicycles ride by here all the time, chanting out something about their love for cycling," she said.

They come to pay respect to Schekel.

In May 1998, the 27-year-old film student was hit and killed by a delivery truck while riding his bike through the normally quiet intersection. More than three years later, he has become an icon in Portland's cycling community.

Bicycle advocates say the accident has come to symbolize why they fight to get more respect from motorists, lawmakers and urban planners.

Never mind that Portland is one of America's most bicycle-friendly cities. To them, Schekel's is the archetypal accident that should have never happened.

The truck had a stop sign. Schekel didn't. It was in the middle of a

cloudy day.

"It's hard to find a motorist who knows who Matthew Schekel is," said Shamus Lynsky, a Portland bicycle commuter and activist. "But a lot of bicyclists know the name or remember the accident."

Some cyclists have venerated Schekel with Web pages. Others continue to leave flowers, poetry and wooden crosses at the makeshift memorial -- a helmet, two rusty wheels and a bike frame chained to a stop sign pole at the intersection.

But not everyone understands why members of the cycling community grabbed hold of the incident so fervently.

Maybe it would make more sense if Portland wasn't known as a great place to get around on two wheels, said Bill Barber, a Metro bicycle planner. "We're really looked upon with envy by bicyclists in other cities," he said.

Bicycling Magazine twice has named Portland the country's most bicycle-friendly city. In 1999, the last time the magazine rated cities, only Montreal ranked higher in North America.

Barber noted that the amenities that gave that Canadian city an edge -- including an integrated network of bike lanes, boulevards and paths connecting myriad neighborhoods and suburbs -- are part of Metro's 20-year regional transportation plan. "We're competing for limited funds; it takes time," he said.

Suggest that the city's most-ardent bicyclists have turned her dead son into a martyr, and Schekel's mother looks puzzled.

"I don't know what to think," said Marcia Schekel of Vancouver, Wash., her voice faltering. "I know that people need a rallying point. But I don't think he would have been comfortable with being held up like he is."

Matthew Schekel was a quiet man with a friendly smile. He wasn't always comfortable with attention and preferred to be a "behind-the-scenes activist," his mother said. He donated money to environmental groups and could be counted on to help someone who needed a meal.

Schekel biked everywhere, from his night classes at the Northwest Film Center to his job in video production at Wieden & Kennedy. Although he had a bunch of friends, his mother doesn't know who transformed the stop sign into a memorial.

According to the police report on the accident, the driver of the Sheridan Fruit Co. delivery truck stopped at the sign but didn't see Schekel's bike entering the intersection. The driver told police he saw the back end of the bicycle flip into the air near his window after hearing the impact. Schekel died at the scene.

That cyclists are visiting Schekel's memorial and feeling outraged about the accident more than three years later doesn't surprise Catherine Ciarlo, executive director of the Bicycle Transportation Alliance.

Portland's cyclists are notoriously passionate and vocal about advancing their mode of transportation, Ciarlo said.

Schekel's death symbolized what can go wrong on normally calm streets where cyclists feel safe. The ongoing vigil "has to do with the location of his accident and the fact that bicyclists who go by there believe it should be safe," Ciarlo said. "There's a sense of betrayal that it wasn't for (Schekel)."

Although bicycle use has decreased in other cities, it has picked up speed in Portland in the past decade. According to a study by city transportation officials, about 5,650 cyclists a day crossed the Hawthorne, Broadway and Burnside bridges in 2000, compared with 1,800 a day in 1987.

Yet the number of cyclists getting into accidents with motorists on Portland streets hasn't jumped with use. In 1999, there were 161 bicycle crashes, only 16 more than in 1991. Although almost all of the reported accidents involved bicycles colliding with cars, none were fatalities, Barber said.

All the same, many cyclists feel as if they're on the bottom of the totem pole when it comes to sharing the road. Many say they can't shake the fear of getting into a bone-shattering collision with a car.

Three weeks ago, about 50 people converged for a National Night Out block party held in Schekel's memory at the intersection where he died. During the gathering, 25 people stood outside a circle drawn with chalk.

Lynsky asked anyone who had been hit by a car while riding a bicycle to join him inside the circle. "Fifteen people stepped forward," he said.

In Schekel's accident, police cited the delivery truck driver for driving carelessly. That didn't satisfy Marcia Schekel and her husband, Curt, who sued Sheridan Fruit of Portland for \$1.5 million.

The lawsuit contended that the company was negligent because its employee failed to stop properly, failed to maintain a proper lookout, did not yield the right of way, failed to maintain control of the truck and was speeding.

They wound up settling out of court for \$225,000.

"Our lawyer told us that bicyclists aren't taken all that serious by most people, so it might not be a good idea to bring it up in a jury setting," Marcia Schekel said.

<http://www.deseretnews.com/article/692992/Sense-from-senseless-death.html?pg=all>

Sense from senseless death

By Ellen Goodman

Published: Friday, April 23 1999 12:00 a.m. MDT

BOSTON -- This is not a comfortable story. But then there is no real way to find comfort for the loss of a child.

It's about my cousin Keren Holtz. I am telling it now because this week is officially set aside for all of us to pay attention to organ donations and transplants. I am telling it because we hear much more about organ recipients than about the families of donors.

And I am telling it for her parents, my cousins Jane and Gerry, who were given a chance to wrest some small piece of meaning out of the utterly meaningless death of their 35-year-old daughter.

The story begins with an ending. On Saturday, Feb. 1, 1997, Keren, a cyclist on Team Oregon, was out for an easy ride down a flat, open stretch of Portland highway. It was sunny and she was in the bike lane when a drunken driver struck her with all his horsepower.

Less than two days after Jane and Gerry, back in Boston, received the call dreaded by every set of parents in the world, Keren was declared brain dead. They found

themselves and their three sons in a strange hospital in a strange city listening to the staff from the organ bank asking -- with gentleness and care -- "Would you consider organ donation?"

Keren's body was still warm and breathing on life support. Her eyes were swollen open. But this shell-shocked family had the strength to agree immediately and unanimously.

Her organs were harvested and transplanted in six other people.

Months later, my cousins sent a description of Keren's life to the Northwest Transplant Bank. In return, the bank told them about the people who carry her heart, her lungs, her liver, her kidneys. These six recipients had collectively, nine children.

In the anonymous exchange of letters, one kidney recipient wrote simply: "I am awed at your generosity at such a difficult time." The mother of another recipient wrote "Dear Friend," telling Jane and Gerry about her own daughter's terrible illness and her own gratitude.

It's been two years since the transplants. "It is strange to think someone has Keren's organs," says Jane. "But if we had said no, six people would have died."

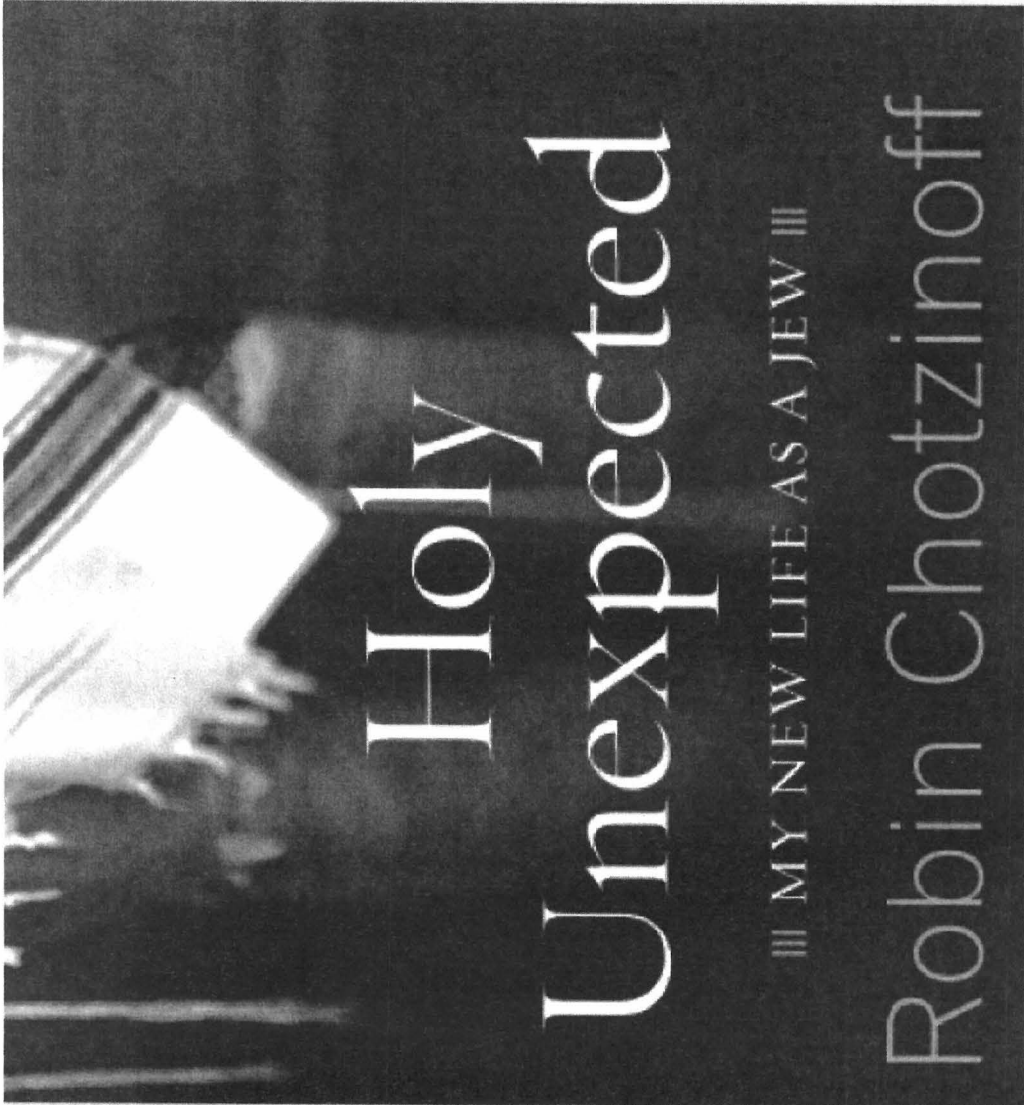
Since Keren's death some rules have changed. Today hospitals are required to notify an organ procurement organization of all deaths so that the families can at least be asked. There was an increase in organ donors last year -- some 5,479 -- but the real story is still about shortage. Some 4,000 people die every year waiting for a transplant.

And 60,000 are waiting.

This is National Organ and Tissue Donor Awareness Week, but there is nothing I'd like to be less aware of. How many of us find it ghoulish or frightening to designate ourselves as donors or even talk about it with our families?

"It's a tremendous loss, and we'll live with it the rest of our lives," says Jane. "But if you can't change reality, what good does it do to withhold the opportunity for others to live? I feel we would have been cheated if we had not been given this opportunity."

The Boston Globe Newspaper Co.



Holy Unexpected

III MY NEW LIFE AS A JEW III

Robin Chotzinoff

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First Edition

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Speaking of which, as long as I was riffling through the phone book, why didn't I look up "church"? We could have become Friends or Unitarians—both fine religions—or we could just be *spiritual*, like so many other people I'd known. We could love nature and God in all things without losing our distrust of organized Judeo-Christianity. (If you're *spiritual*, it's okay to collect Zuni fetishes, but not to attend midnight Mass.) The truth is, we might have passed right over Judaism if it hadn't been for Eric's college roommate, Karen Holtz. He'd always called her Holtz.

Holtz had grown up Jewish in Boston. It was one of the first things anyone found out about her. Of course, this made Eric merciless: "Jew eat yet, Holtz? Jew seen my keys anywhere?" They

played ultimate Frisbee and rugby together, and by junior year they were sharing a house off campus. Because Holtz talked about herself a lot, her needs were always clear. Here's what she wanted as an adult: to marry a nice Jewish boy with *red* hair and *wide* shoulders, to have *two* kids, to be a marine biologist, and to go to a Dead show every year until she died. She was the kind of friend who kept in touch, and Eric was always up on the progress of these various goals. He had been hiking and climbing mountains with her ever since they left college.

By the time I met her, Holtz, then in her early thirties, was working in Portland, Oregon, and holding yearly Passover seders for crowds of people, Jewish and otherwise. She hadn't made much progress on the red-headed Jewish family, but was happy with her friends and sporting obsessions. At five foot tall and 100

pounds, she was a small but tough competitor on the state cycling circuit. When she came to Colorado for our wedding, she spent two hours in the garage with six-year-old Coco, performing a custom bike fit on a Wal-Mart cruiser. She liked kids.

Four months later, during a Sunday morning training ride, she was hit by a drunk driver and suffered massive brain injuries. Eric went immediately to Oregon to be with the Holtzes as they disconnected their daughter from life support; then he reversed directions and went to Cape Cod for the funeral because Jewish bodies must go quickly into the ground. She was buried in a Jewish cemetery under the name *Keren Holtz*—she'd recently switched to the Israeli spelling of her first name. Eric and his friend Steve Albert were the only people Holtz's age who knew about the tragedy in time to attend. It was a hot, blue day, perfect

for Cape Cod sailing, another thing Holtz had loved to do. The rabbi in charge handed Eric and Steve shovels and asked them to pile dirt on top of Holtz's coffin, even though the custom is usually to let each person throw one shovelful. Instead, the rabbi gave Steve and Eric the entire job.

It was good to move, Eric said, to sweat a little, to be useful. When you've had enough emotional labor, a little physical work is a relief.

"We have good reasons for most of our traditions," the rabbi explained.

"Maybe we should be Jews," Eric said, when he got home. You have to like reasonable traditions.

(We've since heard of some ridiculous ones. What good reason is there to swing the carcass of a dead chicken around and around your head on Yom Kippur? Can sins really pass magically into a capon? Needless to say, this was a Jewish tradition we rejected.)

is there to swing the carcass of a dead chicken around and around your head on Yom Kippur? Can sins really pass magically into a capon? Needless to say, this was a Jewish tradition we rejected.)

At Holtz's funeral, no one had suggested that she was now doing hundred-mile rides in heaven or that she'd gone to a better place. She was just turning into human compost in a quiet, grassy graveyard in Falmouth. Her life had been short, but purposeful and passionate. One summer she had had a job walking upstream in hip waders counting salmon because they were dwindling, and her impossible goal—her actual paid job—was to bring them back.

Maybe we should be Jews. Hence, the yellow pages.

Once we were looking, Judaism made cameo appearances in newspaper articles and books, even in the HBO series *Six Feet Under*, where a glamorous female rabbi said: "One day of this life

The Dream Of Sleep



A Light in the Commons
Illumens a Truth
Entropy of ordinance
Makes for horrid experience

Blocks of empty buildings
Heated for the plumbing
Souls shiver on sidewalks
Denied legal bedding

Shattered Realities
And Neighborly Angst
Breed environment of Fear
No politician will stand against
A cadre of neighbors
Riddled . . . Scared

Enigma, how the riddle gets unraveled
But folks are being strangled
And deprived of their dreams

Public Education
Fear Remediation
It's our only Hope
Teaching All how to cope

"R-2-D-2," Four, Five, Six
PBA tries to hex
With their war on the poor
And You and I have the Fix

A Light in the Commons
Illumens a Truth
Society needs to be soothed

Nightmares run rampant
When you're forced to the street
Where the only dream you have
Is
The Dream Of Sleep

13 March 13
Portland, Ore
Photo by A.Townsend



**PORTLAND CITY COUNCIL
COMMUNICATION REQUEST**
Wednesday Council Meeting 9:30 AM

AUDITOR 09/01/15 PM 2:25

Council Meeting Date: Oct 21, 2015

Today's Date 1 Sep 15

Name M. SHANE WROSEN

Address 5021 NE 62ND

Telephone 503-453-9937 Email KERNELMOSES@GMAIL

Reason for the request:

TO PRESENT A POEM,
TO OFFER THE DIVERTED/ BUBBLE
DOUBLE PUNCH, \$ TO COUNCIL
COUNCIL ON THE GRANTING OF GRACE.
M. SHANE WROSEN
(signed)

- Give your request in writing to the Council Clerk's office to schedule a date for your Communication. Use this form or email the information to the Council Clerk at the email address below.
- You will be placed on the Wednesday official Council Agenda as a "Communication." Communications are the first item on the Agenda and are taken at 9:30 a.m. A total of five Communications may be scheduled. Individuals must schedule their own Communication.
- You will have 3 minutes to speak and may also submit written testimony before or at the meeting. Communications allow the Council to hear issues that interest our citizens, but do not allow an opportunity for dialogue.

Thank you for being an active participant in your City government.

Contact Information:

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Susan.Parsons@portlandoregon.gov

Request of M. Shane Wrosen to address Council _____ to present a poem
(Communication)

OCT 21 2015

PLACED ON FILE

Filed OCT 16 2015

MARY HULL CABALLERO
Auditor of the City of Portland

By  Deputy

COMMISSIONERS VOTED AS FOLLOWS:		
	YEAS	NAYS
1. Fritz		
2. Fish		
3. Saltzman		
4. Novick		
Hales		