

From: Judith Gennett
Subject: PLAYLIST IST Dec 31, 2008
Date: January 3, 2009 4:54:50 PM EST
To: gxxx
Reply-To: xxxx

In Suspect Terrane 3-4PM Wednesday KPSU Portland State University 31 Dec 2008
ABLAYE CISSOKO AND VOLKER GOETZE--Bouba--Sira--Oblique Sound
FULA FLUTE--Dagna--Mansa America--Completely Nuts
APOCALYPTICA--Faraway--Reflections--Island Mercury
PETER OSTRUSHKO--The Gargoyle Stomp--Peter Joins The Service--Circus Juventus
BEN BEDFORD--The Sangamon--Land of the Shadows--Hopeful Sky
COSY SHERIDAN--The Canyon Rim--Eros--Wind River
DAVID PARRY--The Man From Eldorado--The Man From Eldorado--self
ATARAXIA--Jaren Gitti--Mon Seul Desire--Cruel Moon
SENTENCED--Bleed In My Arms--Crimson--Century Media
PHAM DUC THANH--Ly Ngua O--Vietnamese Traditional Music--Oliver Sudden

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Jan 2009: The voice on the phone was pale and wan. At first I thought it was my older daughter, Emma, asking for 2 years of Out-of-State Pharmacy School tuition due on Monday at 8 Am Central Time. The voice threw me off like a Elgoog employee attempting to ride a metal bull."

"I'm just calling to telling you I made it," Emma stammered.

"You made it," I repeated.

"I skied," Erin answered. Erin!!! The girls had been together for a week, blending together as they made hundreds of bonbons, like water for chocolate.

"You raced..?" I asked gingerly.

"Yeah," she replied. Skied in a race, like a knife blade through coconut; skied for The Dalles Wahtonka High School Ski "Varsity II" Team after two days of practice on skis!

Just a few days ago,she confided, "I'm scared. I'm afraid I'm going to die."

"I don't think you'll die. I think it's more likely you'll break a leg or an arm," I told her truthfully.

"Erin..." I began," that's wonderful! How did you do? Are you coming home now?"

"We don't hear yet...and we're not coming home...probably this evening," she replied. I wondered about the cell phone reception at Timberline Lodge, and about her coach driving on snow packed highways in the dark.

"I suppose there are other races today..."

"We're supposed to be going to a banquet or something...."

"Ian!" I yelled over at the Mac-Book. "Erin raced!!"

"Whoo-hoo!!" shouted Ian.