

Meet the people behind this issue.



Brooke Jarvis

A Walk in the Park / p. 58

Brooke chronicles the behind-the scenes work that constitutes the backbone of our national paris. Seatth, where I live, is supremely lacky to be smack in the middle of three national parks: Rainier, Olympic, and North Cascades. It's impossible to pick a favorite, but in Olympic you can go from snowy peaks and alpine meadows to temperate rain forest and idlating took Thee's no pakes like it."

☑ ØBROOKEJARVIS ☑ ØBROOKEEILEENJARVIS



Eva Holland writer The Promise / p. ;

The Promise / p. 70
Eva's moving piece comes from a recent trip to several national parks, including Arches. 'It can be a tough place to find solitude. But on my last visit, I discovered the Devils Garden Primitive Loop, where I found my way through a gorgeous sandstone mane'.



□ ☑ ØEVAHOLLAND

Alex Green

A Walk in the Park; The Promise / p. 58, 70 Alex's art brings forth the depth of rich experiences made available by our national parks. "When looking at any given subject, I try to decipher order in a world which seems

looking at any given subject, I try to decipher order in a world which seems chaotic. If find there can be beauty in almost anything if you look close enough."



Marina Muun ILLUSTRATOR The Marble Connection /

Marina attempts to convey complexity with conceptual solutions. "In my work, I always try to find an underlying thread—an emotion or a feeling—that will anchor the image.

Often this is a bit vague, or to no complicated to nut into

words, but lends itself well to visual language."

MARINAMUUN



Wendy L writer

WRITER
The Marble Connection /
p. S1

Wendy reflects on her unusual path to self-discovery after moving to Providence. Her favorite spots in the city: "Don't miss the Rhode Island School of Design Museum or, for great Latin food,



The Marble Connection

Sometimes the fastest way to someone's heart is to turn to stone.

BY WENDY LEWIS

N 2004, at the tail end of a decade-long relationship, I transplanted myself from New York.

City to Rhode Island. Intrigued with the culture of my new home state, I spent hours abone a Waterfire Powiedence, an outdoor evening event where hundreds of small, fragnant hortfers hurn in brazilera along the banks of the river. I liked Waterfire and its downtown steef festival vibe, but what kept me coming back were the gazguples.

On most WaterFire nights, street performers in elaborate theater makeup and costumes appeared as living white marble statues and gargovies at the base of the city's World War I monument. Perched atop marble-painted wood platforms, the chalky statues blended with the backdrop of the silvery-gray monument as if carved from the same stone. Next to each statue stood a matching column with a narrow opening in the top. A dollar donation in the column would bring the statue to life and buy you an inspiring fortune or a riddle on a brightly colored paper scroll. Moving slowly and gracefully, the statue would break her pose, grandly retrieve the scroll from a pouch, and gently place it in your hand as if delivering



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priceless words from the heavens. One to three gargovles, also on platforms, always flanked the statues like on his hody. their hodies contrasted with the presence of the statues. As the gargoyles moved lithely under the nighttime lighting, their masked faces morphed from grotesque grimaces to mischievous

It would hold my gaze as if pondering its own reflection. It understood me. It was magic.

grins. The gargotles were spooky when still, but playful when approached. Surprised youngsters stould often someal with delight when the gargoyles tousled their

quietly for an hour or two, mexmerized by the gargoyles as I processed my breakup. Their melancholic beauty seemed to embody my pain and their slow movements, my lethargy, When I felt ready. I'd take a deep breath. climb the monument steps, stuff my own dollar in the gargovle's column, and bask in the circle of its mysterious gray snell Sometimes it would touch my hair or face, sometimes not. But alreavs it would hold my gaze, wordlessly and thoughtfully, as if pondering its own reflection. It understood me. It was magic.

On a spring day eight years later, the magic of the gargovles and statues entered my life again. Healed from my old relationship but bored with my office job, I

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trolled internet job postings during my lunch break and noticed TEN21 Productions-the comnany whose name I'd seen on the back of the statues' serolls.

pictures of myself alone with a a plea for an audition. They'd I had no performance experience since my sixth-grade production

As soon as I hit "send," I regretted it. I'm 43-too old, I thought. Their performers are probably all college drama students. But to my amazement, two days later I received a renly with an audition time for the following week.

I arrived at my audition neryous, storaty, and cursing myself for applying. I was easily the oldest hopeful there. But when my name was called and I met the company's creators-the original gargovles-excitement powered me through my audition. I must have impressed them with my tai chi-inspired impressions of a living statue because in another two days I learned I'd made the cut Incredulous, I hasked in my

of friends, even as a darker conenjoyed the magic of the characters. But once I'd learned the behind-the-scenes logistics, would

a bronze statue, not at WaterFire but up Interstate 95 at Faneuil Hall Marketplace in downtown Boston, Patrick, another performer, was assigned as my producer. He helped me prepare for the three-hour gig in a quiet corner of an adjoining parking garage. After I applied opaque golden-bronze makeup to my face, neck, and hands. Patrick helped me into my matching costume; a long-sleeved. long-skirted, brown comon pilgrim outfit with a bonnet. It was

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a sunny, 92-degree July day and I envisioned both myself and the costume melting in the heat.

costume melting in the heat.

I also feared that my foray
into 'living the magic' would be
a dismal failure. As Patrick led
me out of the cool shade of the
garage and I stepped slowly in my
chocolate-brown pilgrim shoes
through the gawking throngs,

through the gawking throngs, Patrick casually mentioned that held recently assisted another new performer who, 15 minutes into her gig, stepped down off the platform and swore off performing forever. Patrick helped me step onto the platform. While I assumed months of the platform of the platform.

the platform. While I assumed the platform. While I assumed my most statue-sque pilgrim post intrigued on lookers formed a semicircle. Gazing into the small crowd, I recalled standing on my grammar school stage as covejif to No. 12 on opening night of Oklihonoma' and peering with awe and fear at the sea of parents' faces in the school auditorium. Like then, there was no turning back.

In my bronze pilgrim hand, I held a large hollowed-out book. also painted bronze, filled with bright blue paper fortunes, A little boy, urged by his father, stepped into the semicircle. shyly approached my platform, and cautiously inserted a dollar into my tip column. Recalling the grace of the marble Water-Fire statues, I smoothly opened the book, retrieved a fortune. and placed it gently into his little hand. He gasped and stared into my face, wide-eved, his expression an endearing blend of joy. wonder, and disbelief; the statue had moved! He ran to his father. clutching the scroll like a prize. I resumed my pose, locked eyes with the boy's father, and winked. The man exploded with laughter.

I was hooked.

That afternoon I handed out countless more scrolls to other shy kids, curious adults, and bemused tourists. I ignored the rivulets of sweat that tickled my

skin. Couples debated if I was real or if I was breathing. A teerage grid timidly squeezed my bronzed hand. When I squeezed back, she ran to her friends, laughing and shrieking. A drunken man tried to put a used tissue in my book. Patrick chawed him off. People stared. Kids pointed. I posed for pictures. And through it all, the

magic flowed. At the end of the shift, Patrick helped me off the platform, back to the parking lot, and out of my costume. The shorts and sports top I'd worn underneath were soaked with salty sweat. I was physically drained but strangely energized. I drove home blasting dance music and singing, and even after a cool, soothing shower at home, I couldn't calm down. It was as if the cover of my pilgrim book was the lid of Pandora's Box. and I had unknowingly opened a direct portal to the mysterious source of the magic, I lav awake most of that night smiling, eager for my next gig.

Pve since performed at dozens of public and private events as many different characters, but WaterFire, where I discovered the statues and gargoyles, is still one of my favorite venues.

ning. I performed as a white marble statue of the Roman goddess Minerva, handing out riddles from my marble-painted canvas pouch. From the dropping temperatures and thinning crowd. I knew it was almost time to wrap for the night. A woman approached my platform, alone, Small and plain, she was unremarkable except for a palpable misery that seemed to burden her steps and dim her face. She slowly inserted a dollar into my column and I grandly delivered the riddle, as usual. But she lingered, pressing the small blue paper between her palms like a child praying, Looking up at me.

her eyes filled with tears as she implored, "Will this help me solve the riddle of my ble?"

Is pread my arms wide, slowly reached for her, and gently held her head in my hands. At my touch, she began subbing. We stood together for a minute, her forehead just inches from wy elaborate headdress, she releasing her tears and I holding the space for her to do so. When she caught her breath, I lifted her she for her to do so. When she caught her breath, I lifted her she for her to do so.

chin, looked in her eyes, and blew

a kiss. Then I crossed my hands

to her. I fowe you, I gestarred. I recognize your poin, it's going to be okey. The woman deeply inhaled and gratefully whispered, "Thank you. Thank you." continued gesturing and waving as she slowly walked arony, glancing back over her shoulder, chutching the riddle to her chest.

over my heart and opened them

Wendy Lewis is a writer based in Providence, Rhode Island.



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Dear Editor, A STATUS'S WILL

magazine, there was the story. My home, and to say goodbye to my

> Elzetta Southworth-Colev WARNER SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA

On a recent flight, I read "The Marble Connection* by Wendy Lewis Lluby 2016). I found it admirable that she would take the risk she did at that vulnerable point in her life, I found myself on the verge of tears as I read about the lady who approached her at the end of the article Per received nimiter company at national points in my life, but have also had the honor of being able to help others who have come across my path. The article brought home how much we all need each other and how important it is that more of us take an outward sten to help others. Thank you for printing such an inspiring story.

> Charles Sampler CUMMING, GEORGIA

Wendy played a living statue of Minerva at WaterFire Providence, an outdoor evening event. For the schedule, see waterfire.org