

Dear Swarbricks + Palmers:

I never know what the Democrat will run and what they won't. In event they won't, I made this copy so you'll know how I feel about the matter.

Love,  
Brother Miles

Dear Editor:

### For Brody

Over the past 78 years I've been to many spaghetti dinners. None can match the one yesterday afternoon. Held at Ponderosa High School, it was supposed to be in the cafeteria but spilled out, and the waiting line snaked around at least five turns. Having to wait bothered no one, because conversation sparkled. It seemed to me that everyone came: Police, Firemen, tiny babies and ancient crones, vigorous athletes and wheelchair-bound, gorgeous babes with lots of lovely leg showing and ugly old ducks like me with varicose veins, Catholics, Protestants, Jews, Mormons, Atheists, and God knows what all else. Ministers, politicians, anarchists... Even Hugo Waughmbaugh<sup>1</sup> was there, sporting his long gray beard (which is real) and a pure white wig (which was new and startling). Anyway, the crowd was incredible. Amazingly, food was left over. Time and materials donated. It was apparently planned and carried off mostly by young friends of Brody's dad and mom, Jared and Amy Swarbrick. But it was all for Brody, the poor little guy afflicted with some strange and vicious malady I've never heard of.<sup>2</sup>

God bless this dear community – even those who don't believe in Him, for they came too. It was a coming together of groups most disparate.

*D.O. Miles*

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5/30/09

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<sup>1</sup> "Hugo" is Brody's great grand dad.

<sup>2</sup> The Mountain Democrat has recently run articles on Brody's cruel affliction.