

SUSTAINING LONE STAR'S  
STEEL HISTORY

MEET THE AMAZING  
GRACE DANFORTH, M.D.

YOU'LL FALL FOR  
SUMMER PASTAS

# Texas Coop Power

FOR PEDERNALES EC MEMBERS

JUNE 2025

## Gigs for Goats

They're good for grazing  
and crazy about cuddles

**GIVE YOUR  
ELECTRIC  
BILL A BREAK**

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Our Crews Use
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Board Candidates
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Begins





## Cutting Through

Sometimes it takes a chain saw to get through the undergrowth of life

BY PATTI JONES MORGAN  
ILLUSTRATION BY  
HEATHER GATLEY

ONE MORNING AS I walked along a nearby lane, a chain saw's rough growl cut through the early morning peace. Startled, I discovered its source was a trim-looking man bent almost double, systematically attacking dense undergrowth along his fence line.

"Good morning!" I called out.

Finally hearing my voice over the sound of the machine, the man straightened up. "Good morning!" he replied.

"You have a lot of work there!" I called back.

He took my greeting as a welcome excuse to take a break and struggled to disengage from a tangle of old wire fencing, clinging branches and thorny tendrils. Over time, they had wound around the trees and bushes, roots, and fence posts to create a near impenetrable barrier.

Slipping off the mask that had been protecting him from clouds of wood shavings and dust, he tipped back his broad-brimmed hat with a friendly smile. He had just bought the 10 acres, he explained, and planned to build a house on it for him and his wife.

"A lot of wires, mostly rusted, and old brush have wrapped around the fence posts," he said, waving at the stringy assortment of tethers once intended to define the acreage and warn away trespassers.

Left uncontrolled, however, nature had ravenously begun converting old and new companions into little more than an unmanageable thorny fortress. No wonder wire cutters and a chain saw were needed to hack through the knots and reveal what lay hidden.

We bid our goodbyes after the neighborly visit, and the chain saw resumed its noisy attack on the underbrush jungle.

But not before I saw my own tangle—of old literary aspirations in need of similar treatment. The cacophony inspired me to clear out yesterday's words and give light, air, time and space to new ones.

A long sweltering summer arrived, partnered with the pandemic. My neighbor's sporadic chain saw activity diminished to rock gathering and wheelbarrow work.

Curious neighbors, eager to chat, began stopping by. Robert Frost's oft-quoted line from his poem *Mending Wall* sprang to mind: "Good fences make good neighbors." A conversation hub during those communication-cramped months, the gathering place had served us all well.

Completed, his low rock wall continued to speak simply about what mattered: people, purpose and permanence.

It spoke my language too. Half-hidden beneath my writing clutter lay the lyrical sounds and familiar rhythms of my old love, poetry. Revealed anew, its purpose suddenly mattered more than ever.

The chain saw's discordant sound that first morning had, it seemed, peeled an unexpected welcome. Its clarion call was sweet music to my ears. ■