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Creative expressions

Art and writing contest: Second place

This week we are publishing the winners of the Arts Unlimited Daily Herald and District 214 Art and Writing Contest.

On Thursday, we ran the first-place winners. On Sunday, we'll run third-place winners.

Today, we feature the second-place winners.

Second place, visual art: 'Scream'

Judge's comment: Humor is an underrated quality in art. This photo is funny and sophisticated in its execution. Using materials available at home, the artist was able to recreate the expressionist color palette of Edvard Munch's painting, "The Scream," with found clothing and fabrics. It is a great representation of how versatile and creative students are even during a pandemic.



COURTESY OF DISTRICT 214

"Scream" by Megan Steffens of Elk Grove Village

Second place, poetry: 'Me and Ma, and Pa'

BY JOE LYNN
Arlington Heights

Judge's comment: Memory is a common subject of poems; by examining and sharing our memories, I think poets are really trying to reveal who we are not only to the reader, but to ourselves. This poem connects the past and present in a way that is very real and relatable — I feel I learn something special about the writer, and both Ma and Pa, that fits right in with my own family experiences.

Arthur P. Specht, Adelaide
Specht, John Straub —

I could have sworn it was over here or...
I strode to the other side of St. Benedict's statue.
I stopped suddenly.

I looked down; I was standing on grandpa's grave.
Ma would have scolded me for such an act,
as if it was holy, sacred ground.
The weeds were stretching out onto the grey,
pale pink marble stones that are the sum of
human lives, adding up to only phrases
living in my mind:
"Trim the grass off da stone....Fill dis pail wit

water...Wrench da lumpen out and shine da
stone. Make it look nice....Oh, get away now!

Let me finish....Go visit your Godfader.
Clean his a little....It looks pretty nice,
huh Joey?"

We'd visit Pa once a week in summer.

Me, shuttling along, but a little behind,
barely tall enough to reach up and grab hold of her tender,
arthritic,
wrinkled hand.
Ma, "sweating da bullets,"
Soiled knees and a flowered housecoat,
hating the "shloppy business" of the house,
the grave, of nature.

We'd come with half-rusty grass clippers
with shiny black electrical tape around
the handles to smother the sprouting cushions;
a yellow metal shovel; a lumpen torn from an old piece of clothing.
We pulled the weeds,
trimmed the grass, shined Pa's stone, and recited
a little German prayer. Cleaned, sweated, prayed, cried.

And how scared we were when we crept along,
click-clacked echoes of our shoes tapping marble,
no one in sight, we held on tight, stayed close.

The mausoleum, so empty.
"Shpooky," Ma
whispered in my pricked up ear,
"Not a soul around."
(How right she was!) "Let's get out of here, Joey."

I'd finished college now, and rejected
visiting cemeteries, not recalling how I used to go so much with Ma.

I'd say that there's nothing to console there.
The soul is not there.

And now I stand here alone, once again;

hands in my pockets, twice the size I was,
looking at the stones we visited many times—
cleaned sweated, prayed, cried.

I haven't come here to visit souls, just to
pull the weeds, trim the grass, shine the stones,
recite a little German prayer I have
half forgotten...

I haven't forgotten,
Me and Ma, and Pa.

Second place, prose: 'Birthday Gift'

BY BEV OTTAVIANO
Arlington Heights

Judge's comment: This piece, written in the present tense, creates such a feeling of immediacy, of being in the saddle seat of this adventure. Throughout the story, there is a juxtaposition between peace and chaos, tragedy and celebration. The Birthday Gift is indeed a gift to the characters in the story and to us as well, the readers.

Recalling, as in a dream, the vast road ahead. Pristine sky, so blue it ricochets from the inside out. A string of motorcycles leads the way, we turn onto the rustic road. Mark rides last, he watches over us as we enter the curve.

Exhilarating spring day — all conditions picture perfect. I lean in as the road unfurls, my Yamaha's sapphire tanks sparkle. Too late, uneasy, my wheels angle down. Desperate to fix, overcorrect, bike slowly falls. My gloved hands release the grips! Air born, lift from the saddle of my motorcycle, sail a meter or more, flying ... light as air, then slam hard.

Seismic crash, crunch against the gravel shoulder of the road. Cycle's liberated, fleeing, racing on its side down the blacktop.

Everything dissolves to black.
Over and out.

I hear a voice, Mark's voice. Buddy, wake up, open your eyes! Obedient, but lids are heavy. Open first one ... then the other. Too bright sun. Focus. Concern creases his brow; he hovers over me.

Sky's still blue. Cloudless. Outstanding. No dream now.

New face jolts. Police? No, uniform's wrong.

Sir, he asks, do you know where you are?

No! Not a clue! I giggle, try to raise my head and look around. Who are you?

Whoa ... easy, sir. His hand steadies my head, I'm Jay. EMT. Here to help.

What day is it, sir? Jay asks.

My wife's birthday! Proud of myself, smile.

All right! Jay, calls out, he's oriented in time, not place. Be good to this guy, it's his wife's birthday! Cheers and good wishes float my way.

Have you ever flown in a helicopter? another asks.

Oh, my God. What have I done? In a whisper, No.

Hands maneuver me to gurney, then over to a Medi-vac 'coper. Where'd that come from? Pain's exquisite, radiates up my side.

Paramedics, that's who they are! So pushy. They keep barking at me: Stay awake! Talk to me! Breathe! Owww. Ouch. Straps lock me in place as the sound and rhythm of the blades explode around us. Surreal. I hear a phone crackle. Another report called in. Crisp, professional voice responds. Leaving the scene of the accident, ETA fifteen minutes.

Estimated Time of Arrival ... Oh my God. What's happening?

Inside Medi-vac, the interior's green. Everything looks green. Two use scissors, sharp as knives, clothes fall away. Others check monitors, do IV. Our pilot guides the helicopter up and away. All zeroed in on their own task at hand. Mask smells odd, stinks, breathing hurts. I hear them name

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Business community rallies around struggling yogurt shop

Inside Northwest

Reporting from around the Northwest Suburbs

An effort to jump-start a downtown Arlington Heights business that's struggled amid the pandemic and winter season is 25% of the way to its goal.

Berry Yo, 50 N. Vail Ave., is on the receiving end of a promotion launched by other local businesses who are trying to help the frozen yogurt shop get back on track.

During the first weekend of the Fill the Berry Yo Bowl! 952 bowls were sold, which is well on the way to the 3,700 goal set by the GetBurbed real estate office on April 17.

Berry Yo isn't closing its doors, but they need the community's help to recover.

"The pandemic, and then heading right into winter, our slow season, has put us in a critical spot financially," said owner Sheila Henneman, who opened the shop nine years ago.

Sponsorships from local businesses — GetBurbed; For Papa's Sake; law firm Drost, Kivlahan, McMahon & O'Connor LLC; Proper Rate's Steve Smith; and Farmers Insurance's Joe D'Angelo



JOE LEWNARD/jlewnard@dailyherald.com, 2018

Berry Yo owner Sheila Henneman, pictured in 2018 with podcast host Steve Weirich, hopes to boost sales as the frozen yogurt shop emerges from winter and the pandemic.

— will aid the financial effort.

GetBurbed has partnered with Berry Yo on different events and initiatives, including a fundraiser last year to benefit nonprofit Arlington Cares, which assists residents

who are in need of temporary economic support.

The store is open from noon to 9 p.m. Tuesday through Sunday.

— Christopher Placek, cplacek@dailyherald.com

Schaumburg hosts recycling event

A Recycling Extravaganza will be held from 9 a.m. to 2 p.m. Saturday, April 24, in the west lot of Wintrust Field,

1999 S. Springinsguth Road in Schaumburg.

The five-hour event will include recycling of electronics, paint, document destruction and more, and is provided by the village of Schaumburg, the Schaumburg Township District Library and the Schaumburg Environmental Committee.

Participants will be required to wear a mask or face covering.

Electronics not requiring a fee to recycle include small appliances, microwaves, computers, keyboards and mice, radios, printers and more. Visit elginrecycling.com for the full list.

Televisions and monitors will require a fee of \$25 for those under 21 inches; \$35 for 21 inches and above. Payments with cash or credit may be made on-site.

Each person can bring up to two banker boxes of documents to be shredded. Paper clips, staples and envelopes with windows are allowed. Not allowed are CDs, plastic bags, spiral notebooks and three-ring binders.

Cub Scout Pack 458 will be at the event to collect clean plastic items, including produce bags, grocery bags, ice bags, reclosable bags, cereal bags, bread bags, newspaper

sleeves, dry cleaning bags, Bubble Wrap, plastic shipping envelopes, salt bags, case overwrap, pallet wrap, stretch film, and wood pellet bags.

Latex and oil-based paints may be recycled for a fee. Latex paints will cost \$2.50 for quarts, \$5 for gallons, \$12 for buckets and \$2 for spray cans. Oil-based paints cost \$5 for quarts, \$9 for gallons and \$20 for buckets. Do not mix containers. Visit earthpaint.org for more information.

Many different types of clothing and household textiles also will be accepted. Visit simplicerecycling.com for a full list.

Recyclable vegetable oil needs to be free of lard, fat, grease and grit.

Automotive, household alkaline and rechargeable batteries will be accepted.

Other items include books, bicycles, motor oil and anti-freeze, compact fluorescent light bulbs, American flags, eyeglasses and fire extinguishers.

Not acceptable at the event are paint thinner, gas and other hazardous waste.

For more information, visit schaumburg.com/recycling-event, call (847) 895-7100, or dial 311 in Schaumburg.

— Eric Peterson, epeterson@dailyherald.com