

# ENTERING THE TOWN OF WOODWAY

You may enter from the east where, returning home on a hot day, you are greeted by a cool embrace easing through Algonquin's curve, or from the north by an up-hill grade enfolded by a lush evergreen and deciduous canopy that spreads soothingly through mind and body or you may enter from the south where, confronted by urban forests, you are called to care about nature, reminded of the connected life. But from the west only fog horns, train whistles, views of Puget Sound, the Olympic mountains and rain riding the Chinook enter—enter as blessings to the fertile mind.

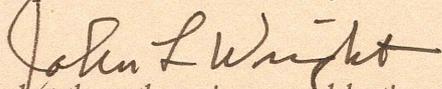
Our founders were not Utopians, nor were they Autocrats, but they had a vision which they trustingly passed into our hands. Although that vision can be compressed to a simple phrase: *preserve the rural character, keep the lots large, the streets narrow, dark at night and keep through buses out,* behind these words lay their wisdom: the possibility of building a life while earning a living, a way of being, a life with all five senses in play:

the red crest of pileated woodpeckers, their drumming, the whinnying flight of the flicker, its white rump, the owl and eagle, the basket bark of cedar, the insipid taste of salmon berries, the wild huckleberry's tartness, the fragrance of evergreen after rain, licorice ferns rooted to maple bark south of our iconic, concrete bridge, the purple blush of alder in March, its hanging catkins, the white blossoms of Indian plum, the Oregon grape.

*Woodway is as Woodway would be,* read the headlines heralding the 99 to 83 vote in favor of incorporation.

How crucial is *place* to one's life? We are in the swirl of the present, scurrying through this green town, worried about the news, keeping up to date, changing with the times, while the beauty of Woodway is here, at the center of our daily lives, giving us space to think about ourselves—human beings on this planet, and what we ought mean to each other. Yes, *Woodway is as Woodway would be,* but only by a narrow margin.

JOHN L. WRIGHT, MD  
*Algonquin Road resident since 1964*



*Read at the 50th anniversary celebration of the Town of Woodway's incorporation, Sunday, March 16, 2008, at Rosary Heights. This broadside was letterpress printed in 2009 in an edition of 50, of which this is number 20.*

