

Spring, 2003



NEWSLETTER

A WEEK AT WOODLAWN

By BEN SHERWOOD

The rain is coming down hard in Woodlawn. It is late August. I wear a large black trash bag as improvised rain gear to protect against the damp. I hold a weedwacker in my hands. I have been working for an hour and a half, walking up and down the rows of stones, cutting the unruly grass that sprouts where the mowers cannot reach. My arms throb from exertion. My fingers cramp. My back aches. I try to keep up with the rest of the crew that is spread out across Webster plot. It is only 10 a.m., and I honestly do not think that I will make it till lunch break.

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