

**REVIEW OF *WHEN LOIS LANE SINGS***  
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Those of you who enjoy Trecia (Trece) Greene's writings for the Chinook Observer over the years will surely enjoy her thoroughly readable *When Lois Lane Sings*. As with most of her writings, Ms. Greene ponders the life of women. In this case, she unfolds the Kentucky history of the Harp family through the eyes of Callie - named after her holy-terror Aunt Calliope, who claims, "I was named after a damned circus machine." But no one could be less mechanical and more alive than the people of this family, people who are truly and terribly flawed, who love and hate one another fiercely, and who tend to move on when the going gets tough. And always, as they move through life, their *gradoo* goes as well [*gradoo: a collection of things, sometimes willingly sought, but mostly not; southern gradoo: like gradoo, only stickier*]. Callie's *gradoo* includes salt-of-the-earth mother Wally, brooding father JD, and colorful but badly damaged brother Monday.

As Callie attempts to escape her family, she lands at the Columbia Gateway, and makes a gallant effort at creating the family she envisions - wonderful husband, children, friends, home, dogs. But *gradoo* not only sticks to us, it also dims our vision, and it takes Callie a while to come of age and clearly see who she is. Callie comes to understand we have two lives - the one we are given and the one we make - and she has the good sense and courage to transform the life she makes to more resemble the one she was given. Her reward is a difficult, hope-filled, and ultimately triumphant life. For young Callie, Lois Lane singing is a metaphor for salvation, but in the end it is Callie, the summation of the women who have gone before, who is her own salvation.