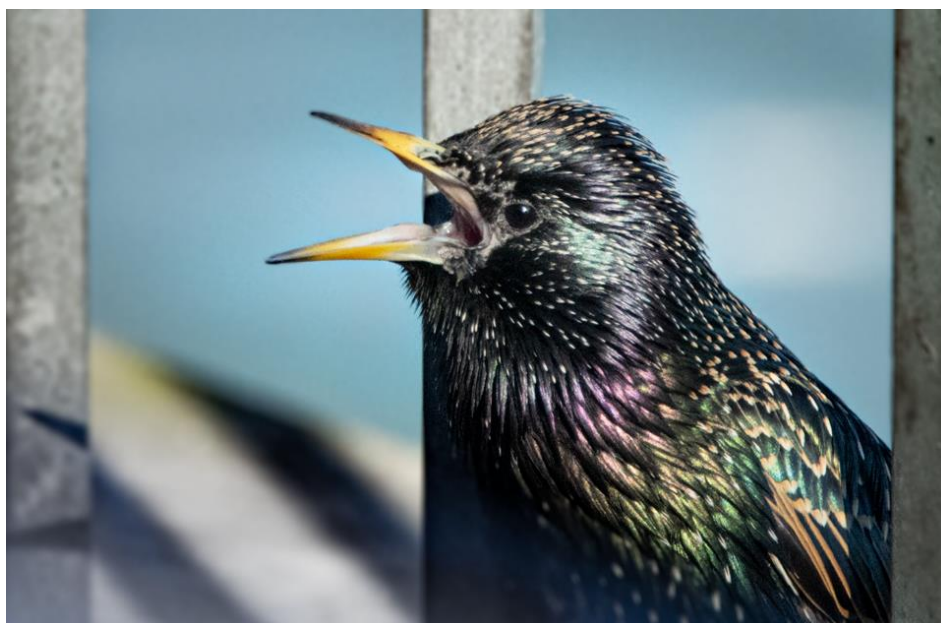


# ESCOM Journal

July/August 2020



**EMERITUS STUDENTS  
COLLEGE OF MARIN**

***Lifelong Learning***

***Lifelong Doing***

***Lifelong Friendships***

*Photo: Harvey Abernathey*

ESCOM's goal is to provide our current 1,500 members, and the community in general, multiple exhilarating and inspiring ways of enhancing our lives. We've been successful because our programs, in association with COM's Continuing Education endeavors, have enriched our creative, physical, and mental capacities. Now we have an opportunity to start afresh; with the world in flux, we are anxious to explore further ideas and would like yours as well. The virus ain't us and it will not dissipate our commitment and energy.

We would love to have your feedback and ideas for courses, programs, events and ways to help our community. Email us at [escom@marin.edu](mailto:escom@marin.edu) or write ESCOM, College of Marin, 835 College Avenue, Kentfield, CA. 94904.

-- Michael Semler,  
ESCOM Treasurer

## ***The Virus Ain't Us***

The past few months have been trying for us all -- social distancing has become the primary means of combatting an unseen but deadly force. We've seen how it has severely impacted our lives here in Marin. We know family and friends who have suffered and grieve. We share in their hurt and pray for their welfare.

But we are also confident. Instinctively, we know that the Covid-19 pandemic and its impact does not define us nor will it limit us. Stopping the disease's devastation will come from resolute supportive actions.

ESCOM's core mission lies in nurturing a healthy learning environment open to everyone. We know tomorrow will not look like today. In our Marin community that generally means battling isolation and these

days that's harder than ever. Twenty-five percent of Marin residents are more than 62 years of age and 15% live alone.

We are initiating new ways of helping this community. Many of our clubs have migrated to an on-line presence. Seventeen clubs, with nearly 600 participants, are attending Zoom-based gatherings. In the next two months topical "Pop-Us," planned by ESCOM member Larry Babow, are being planned on the future of self-driving cars and an experimental "socially interactive" trivia game. Together with other community groups we are planning forums to learn about candidates and propositions appearing on this November's election ballot. While this summer and fall's Continuing Education classes are on-line, we are on the lookout for other ways to conduct safe and appropriate "hands-on" participant experiences.

## ESCOM HOLDS ITS FIRST *ONLINE* GENERAL MEETING

Although the beautiful flowers and food that usually highlight ESCOM's General Meeting in June were sorely missed, ESCOM proceeded with a lively online version of this annual event on June 13. ESCOM members logged on to Zoom for the event, which featured College of Marin President, David Wain Coon, Ed.D. He spoke about the past, present and future of the College of Marin, particularly as it pertains to ESCOM and the continued mandatory closure of both campuses due to the Covid-19 outbreak.

Dr. Coon congratulated ESCOM for its 47 years as an integral part of the COM community and lauded ESCOM for the quick response in arranging online club meetings and other events. He expects that fall semester classes will largely be conducted online as it had in the latter half of last spring's semester. While a few athletic and lab oriented classes will occur on campus, the decision to largely forego classes on campus was based on a detailed evaluation of classroom space and social distance requirements. Administrators concluded that, at best, most of COM's classrooms could accommodate only 9 to 10 students at a time while adhering to the limitations. Dr. Coon added that he did not expect that campus closures would delay construction, including the new Jonas/Rotary Athletic Center and Pool on the Indian Valley Campus and the

new Learning Resources Center on the Kentfield Campus.

Carol Hildebrand, Director of Community Education, Lifelong Learning and International Education, spoke about the summer and upcoming fall semester classes. While this summer's classes total only nine, they are all well enrolled. She is considering adding more classes this summer and urged anyone interested in these, should keep an eye on their email boxes and the Community Education Website pages on the COM Website. Though the bulk of spring continuing education classes were cancelled, Hildebrand expects to offer more than 100 new and returning online classes this fall.

ESCOM President Luanne Mullin presided over the meeting and summarized ESCOM's work during the difficulties of campus closure and social distancing requirements. "Our Thriving leadership team is as strong as ever," she said and noted that ESCOM continues to add value and new opportunities, such as the Pop-Up short programs for ESCOM members. She thanked ESCOM club leaders for helping to keep members connected and marveled that 17 of 30 clubs had managed to convert to online meetings over the past semester. These clubs and other ESCOM online offerings garnered a participation totaling 600. She welcomes ideas for new programs from members. Please send your ideas to [escom@marin.edu](mailto:escom@marin.edu)

-- Denize Springer



*Elaine Thornton*

### Have you noticed

how her smile  
reaches over her mask  
ignites her eyes

how they dance  
and sparkle  
in reply

how her smile  
brings to light  
the delicate lines  
hidden at their corners

how her eyes  
invite you to linger  
exchange a few words  
entice you to  
warm yourself  
in her glow?

I have,  
have you?

-- Caritas Bringas



Harvey Abernathey

### EPISTLE TRANSMISSAL

*"People who want to share their religious views with you almost never want you to share yours with them." Dave Barry*

If I were to be so bold  
As to write an apostle an epistle  
I'd pontificate of papal pontiffs  
With that I would whet my whistle.

And then I would commence  
To wax ecclesiastical  
I'd quote the scriptures, genuflect,  
And say something fantastical.

I'd move on to confess  
That transubstantiation  
Throws me off, makes me cough  
Ein tho it is an oblation.

The thing about epistles  
Is that you cannot whistle  
And recite simultaneously  
Verbatim The Book of Missals.

Amen

-- Louise Potter Yost  
(Preacher's Kid from day one)

### WHAT ME WORRY?

I cannot remember a day when I didn't worry about something- even when there was nothing to worry about. If I'm worrying about something that I've decided to worry about, I have no trouble at all dropping that worry for a new one.

I'm now worrying that the last sentence was too long.

Sometimes I worry that because I'm Jewish, I might be unable to stop worrying. Do you think it could actually be in my blood? Even if I'm only Jew-ish? I think as a reform Jew, I probably don't worry as much as a conservative or an orthodox Jew, but I don't know, since I've never asked either one how much they worry.

I have an orthodox cousin, Barry, the Barrister. When I went to his house in London for dinner on the Sabbath, he bossed me around to turn on lights, start the oven, turn on the TV, turn off the TV. I was his 'shabbos shiksa'. I should have asked him right then if he worried that asking me to do that stuff was wrong. But, I didn't.

Now I'm worrying about whether what I did was o.k. - since I'm reform and all, or if it's against my religion to do those things for an orthodox Jew. Is he above me in the Jew food chain? Should I worry about this? NO! Even I know when something is too stupid to worry about.

-- Shelley Friedman

Elaine Thornton





## MEMOIR

### Butterflies at the Breakfast Table

LOCKDOWN, LOCKDOWN.

I peer across the breakfast table and see a man I am vaguely familiar with. I have not seen him entirely in almost 70 years. This LOCKDOWN has brought many changes to my life. He has grizzled a bit and at times I don't even recognize him. In LOCKDOWN we have made several agreements. For one week I am cooking and he is cleaning, the following week he is cooking and I am cleaning.

If you want a good meal, come over the week I am cooking. I am an excellent cook and you would get an undoubtedly savory meal. But you will find that the house is not up to par. My cleaning skills are a little lackadaisical and leave something to be desired. On the other hand, this man's cooking is on the order of slam-bam-thank-you-mam, getting in and out of the kitchen as fast as he can.

We do our entertaining in a completely different manner. You must sit behind the line drawn onto the concrete floor in the garage, wear a mask, and touch nothing. You will not be served any food or cold drinks. The conversation will be lively and brilliant. You will not be subjected to any diatribes about my grandchildren or great-grandchildren.

Social life is very limited as our regular outings consist of trips to the grocery store being our best form of entertainment. Our costumes when we venture out are suitable for bank robberies.



Laura Milholland

We don't have to say 'hello' to anybody since we do not know who anybody is. Our evening's entertainment has evolved into Indians, Cowboys, Cops, and Robbers... or a mix of all the above. I now know more about Remington & Colt 45's than Roy Rodgers ever did. The 1920's road shows have become so familiar to me, I could dance in all of them, unfortunately I barely have two working feet.

When this man appears at my bedroom door, as he does, I don't know how to stand him up for inspection before allowing him to enter. But LOCKDOWN is LOCKDOWN and this virus must be prevented at all costs.

I see the same grizzled face again at the dinner hour. It is a little more gruff but nevertheless familiar. The strain of being together 24 hours a day has not worn thin and the love is still there. The LOCKDOWN has not had a negative effect on our relationship, which has only deepened over our time spent in solidarity. The mystery of love keeps us together and is beyond understanding even after 70 years.

This LOCKDOWN has added a medley of richness to our lives because we are able to enjoy the days together as we did when we were young and are getting to know each other all over again.

I find that I know the man I married better than I ever did. This man across the table from me is kind, never boring, and consumes me with everlasting butterflies.

-- Iris Tandler

### Hiking with Haiku

Hash caw of black crow  
Penetrates fog's thick cover  
Awakens forest floor

Along edge of trail  
Tentacles of poison oak  
Itching to greet you

Leaves crunch under boot  
Scattered sunlight on trail  
Morning contentment

--Richard Schneider

## IN MEMORIAM

### ARLENE STARK

The founder and leader of the long running ESCOM club, 'Great Minds of Western Philosophy' at the Kentfield Campus passed peacefully in Greenbrae on June 10.

Arlene clearly charted the Club's immediate future with the next generation of our Great Courses Club, which was slated to start when Arlene passed. She'll be remembered as an active member and for her leadership, direction, cajoling, educating, nurturing, and simply caring these many years.

Arlene will also be remembered as a classmate in COM continuing education writing courses, which enhanced Arlene's articles for the Pacific Sun and co-authorship of a book, "Walking from Inn to Inn."



"We all miss Arlene and I trust we can find a way forward following her initiatives," said Kevin Colgate, ESCOM Member Services, who will lead the Club with Jay Conner until a new leader is identified. "We can only begin to absorb this dramatic change and decide on the group's direction over the next few meetings."

A native of Brooklyn, NY and a resident of Marin since 1965, Arlene held a B.A. in Education from Brooklyn College and earned an M.A. in Counseling Psychology from U.C. Berkeley. She established a private therapy practice that she continued for the remainder of her work life.

Arlene is survived by her husband, Albert Stark; son, Mitchel (Maria Corazon) Stark; daughter, Susan (Dan) Aronovsky; her sisters, June Weiss and Jacqueline Kudler; and several grandchildren and great grandchildren.

A celebration of Arlene's life will be scheduled when it is safe to gather with her friends and family.

*Photos: Laura Milholland*



### A Haiku Kind of Day

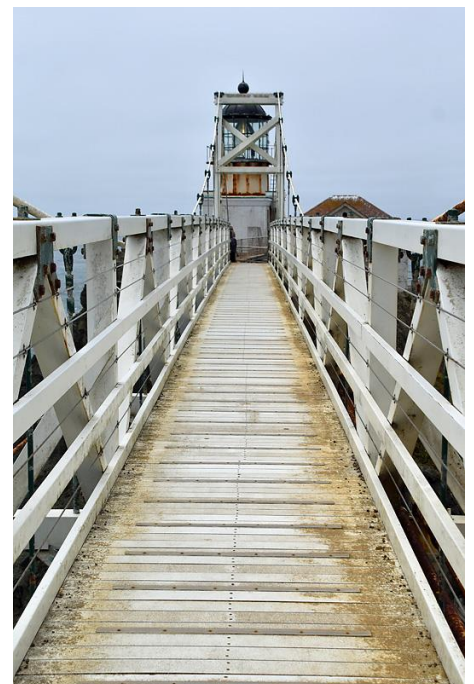
Dawn's first light  
Colors return, prism prisoners  
Free of night

Sun blesses alike  
Plants, weeds, and reddened  
Hard-working hands

Dusk captures colors,  
Janus trims light, transforming  
Day into night

Water in cupped  
Hands reflects the moon  
Spilling over fingertips

-- Larry Tolbert



## FLASH FICTION

### Mute Button

The party next door is in full swing as Ellie and I are going to bed. It is about midnight in our suburban community of green trees, neat homes, and neighborly tolerance. The isolation restrictions due to the virus have been lifted, and loud music in the warm summer night sounds right. We laugh about the energy of youth and are happy for the kid who lives there, celebrating life with his friends. Besides, we're both heavy sleepers, have earplugs to block out each other's snoring, and are sure the pulsing music won't keep us awake. But at one in the morning, the pounding bass, kids in the pool shouting, and the slamming of car doors becomes too much.

I am not some crotchety old guy who complains to the police about a little noise. I am much more direct. Besides, I like Robbie and his parents—who, I know, aren't home. But neighborly tolerance has its limits, so I step into the warm night in my pajama pants and stand on my lawn near the sidewalk.

"Groovy . . . Neato . . . Far Out . . . Awesome!" I call to the pheromone fueled kids who flow in and out of the house. The irony of the dated slang is lost on them. There are snickers, of course, but the advantage of being old is that I don't care. Teenage girls are other peoples' puzzles and the boys would lose status by challenging an eccentric geezer.

A carload of teens pulls up. I wave, show them my moves, a display of geriatric jive, and chant,

*I'm snapping my fingers to the rhythm of the rap,*

*Beer belly bouncing, like I give a crap.*

They stare, bug-eyed. When they lower the windows to snap pictures, I lift my shoulders and flash my fingers like a wannabe gangsta and holler,

*Yo, dude . . .*

*My man, Robbie, cool as sin.*

*Parties hard. Go on in.*

Laura Milholland



Disbelief turns to laughter and the car peels off. I picture text messages flying to phones inside, because, moments later, he's on the porch.

"Hey, Robbie," I yell. "How you doin', bro! Sounds like a great party. It'll be okay for me and the missus to join you, won't it? She's looking for her bikini . . . said to tell you,

*She's ready to boogie and have some fun,*

*Jiggle her goods and twerk her bum.*

He opens his mouth, but no sound comes out. Horrified, he flees inside . . . and the music goes off.

Mission accomplished, I go home and crawl into bed. Ellie's snoring. I'll tell her about it in the morning. Maybe, somebody will have posted a video on YouTube. She'll think it's a hoot.

-- Erik Cederblom



Elaine Thornton



## Faculty Profile: Dr. Trevor Björklund

*(continued from the May/June issue)*

**Do you have any unusual hobbies?** Well, a few years ago I discovered a love of the world of classic automobiles and now spend (probably too much) time building Mopar (Chrysler) muscle cars from the late 1960s and early 1970s. My current projects include a nearly completed 1968 Barracuda fastback and I just started rebuilding a 1973 Dodge Dart Sport, destined to drag race at Sonoma Raceway this summer. I'm also a member of the Novato Boxing Club, where I work out and occasionally spar. And, most recently, I've begun to take welding courses at the College of Marin!

**What kind of music do you listen to in your off time?**

Most of the non-brass band/symphonic band music I listen to is hard rock and heavy metal. I prefer 1980s heavy metal – my favorite bands are Motörhead, Iron Maiden, and Slayer.

**Do you have a favorite composer?** I have so many favorite composers! Gyorgy Ligeti, Rachmaninoff, and Rimsky-Korsakov are a few who come to mind quickly, but I love them all. My “classical” tastes span 1500 to 2019 (haven't discovered the great music of 2020 yet).

**Why do you think that music is so important?** Well, to quote my friend and former composition teacher at SFSU, Richard Festinger “music keeps us civilized.” It is a place to communicate without words. Musicians can connect with the audience and with each other in a way that transcends language. And it is a lot of fun! When you practice an instrument, you work towards an end goal for your own benefit, as well as providing a great benefit to others. You can be inside of something beautiful.

**Why did you choose music as a career?** I grew up surrounded by music so maybe music chose me. My mother played and sang songs with her folk guitar to my brother and me as kids. My father always had classical music playing in the house (he loved Debussy and Chopin). Some of my very earliest memories involve hearing the music playing on the stereo (an old reel to reel tape player) and knowing what notes would come next, often singing along. Picking up instruments was always easy for me, at least as far as knowing what sounded right vs. wrong. But it wasn't until I drifted into the College of Marin Music Department that fateful day in 1996 that it began to suggest itself as a professional career.

But once I started taking classes, there was no turning back. I had incredible, supportive, and encouraging teachers here at COM, including Doug Delaney, Tara Flandreau, Stan Kraczek and Norman Masonson.

for example, saw that I had an aptitude for composition and persuaded me to write my first large-scale piece for his symphonic band, and then he made me conduct it! Norman would work with me, doing music analysis projects in his office – all on the side. Now, as a teacher with talented students of my own, understand what it means to have someone so special that I'm willing to devote extra, unpaid time to her or him. It means a lot to me that my teachers thought so highly of me.

**What do you enjoy most about conducting?** There are several things I enjoy about directing an ensemble. I love learning the musical scores, inside and out. You have to really *know* a piece of music, understand its structure, its details, everything, in order to conduct it. The learning process, although time-consuming, is really satisfying. I also love the opportunity to share in the music making process with great musicians. I love challenging them (and myself) to make music at the highest level they are capable of. I love hearing the progress a piece makes from an initial sight-reading in the first rehearsal (usually awful) to the best version of it we can make together, usually on stage in performance months later. It is always an incredible and dramatic transformation.

The hardest part about conducting is the fact that you have to communicate only using your body, and it is silent communication. I have very little formal conducting training and am constantly learning what does and doesn't work. I'm improving, but very slowly. So I guess I don't always enjoy having to learn to speak a new language when I already know how to “speak music” if you hand me an instrument to play.

**What would you recommend to a new musician, looking to study music in college?** Keep an open mind and be prepared to be flexible! You might have chosen the path you will be on forever already but that path might also very well change, possibly dramatically. Have the discipline! You must be able to keep your focus and goals in mind through the long and frustrating long hours of practice that music requires. There are no shortcuts, no matter how talented or great you are (or how great people around you tell you you are). Getting good at something as sophisticated and difficult as music takes time. Period.

**What about your upcoming concerts for The Golden Gate Brass Band?** Unfortunately, our next concert has been canceled due to the recent COVID 19 pandemic – it was to be on May 2<sup>nd</sup>. But we will have two concerts this fall and two more in the spring. I expect that we will take on some challenging works – I was just given a score to a brass band arrangement of Saturn, from Gustav Holst's The Planets Suite, which should be amazing!

- - Maria Gregoriev

### PAUL TANDLER: (Virtual) Stand-Up

The fattest knight at King Arthur's round table was Sir Cumference. He acquired his size from too much pi...

I thought I saw an eye-doctor on an Alaskan island, but it turned out to be an optical Aleutian....

She was only a whiskey-maker, but he loved her still....

A rubber-band pistol was confiscated from an algebra class, because it was a weapon of math disruption....

No matter how much you push the envelope, it'll still be stationery....

A dog gave birth to puppies near the road and was cited for littering....

A grenade thrown into a kitchen in France would result in Linoleum Blownapart....

Two silk worms had a race. They ended up in a tie....

A hole has been found in the nudist-camp wall. The police are looking into it....

Time flies like an arrow. Fruit flies like a banana....

Atheism is a non-prophet organization....

Two hats were hanging on a hat rack in the hallway. One hat said to the other: 'You stay here; I'll go on a head.'...

I wondered why the baseball kept getting bigger. Then it hit me....

A sign on the lawn at a drug rehab center said: 'Keep off the Grass.' ...



Laura Milholland

### 2020 Hairy Pandemic Reveal

I looked, somewhat wistfully, at a photo of late-twenties me

The image I struck, mid-nineteen seventies, in the last century

Holding a young lady's hand, I remember her; forget the time and town,

Sporting shoulder-length hair, full beard and mustache, light brown

My very first time with a very hairy head top and face, also my last.....

.....Till the Covid-19 lockdown

Tempted me, mid-seventies now, to revisit the mid-seventies past

Why bother shaving, my wife (bless her) did lovingly agree

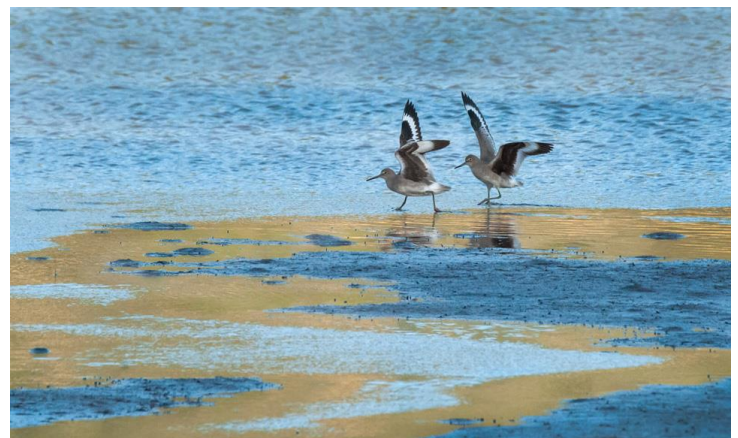
Later Zooming our friends, with a colorfully comic bandana on me

I removed it fast from my face upon hearing, you look really weird

And revealed to the world my glorious, notorious white pandemic beard!

-- Larry Tolbert

Harvey Abernethy





## A TALE OF TWO PLAGUES

The Pharaoh's heart was hardened, lacking compassion,  
And the plagues came, one by one,  
Separately.  
One ended, and the next one came. They did not overlap.  
But what, if, in our time, plagues overlapped?

Now is a time of selfishness.  
Now is a time of selflessness.

Selfishness.  
While the Covid virus is killing tens of thousands,  
Profiteers, selling masks, are making a killing too.  
Corporate execs are luxuriating in pools of stock buy-backs,  
And vulture lobbyists are diving into D.C. greenbacks.

Selflessness.  
Never before in American history,  
In time of war,  
Is it mostly women who are sent to the front lines.  
Nurses and physicians are being asked to make the ultimate  
sacrifice. They are writing their wills.  
Already, their deaths haunt us.

Bodies pile up in refrigerator cars.  
A plague has killed over 100,000 Americans.  
The silence of their deaths is deafening.  
It's plain, and powerful, and persuasive.  
Alternative facts cannot stand up to death.  
It tackles the legs of the con man,  
Undermines him.

Death convulses the tribal parts of our hearts,  
A hardened heart may be softened,  
Or the fear of death may cause a big change.  
The Egyptians said, "We shall all be dead, "  
So they urged the Israelites to leave.  
Death is stark, and persuasive.

While the Corona virus plague kills the body,  
It is interacting with another plague—  
A plague of lies.

The con man's existence rests on a foundation of lies.  
A miasma of lies—a plague-- spreads out from him.  
Those close in his orbit are easily infected.  
The stalwart soldiers crack and ooze sycophancy.  
He turns formerly honorable people into shivering Jello,  
With their spirit consumed, sucked out of them.

How does this happen to the serial liar and his political  
cronies?

Martin Buber explains it succinctly:  
"In a lie the spirit practices treason against itself."  
After multiple acts of treason, the spirit is undermined,  
defeated.

The serial liar becomes bereft of spirit, of empathy, of  
compassion.

The con man becomes a shell of a man,

Vacuous of spirit, defending his remaining shell by  
denigrating others,

Afraid of any truth piercing his shell.

Selfish senators,

Wanting to hold onto their power above all else,  
In voting for Trump's acquittal,  
Did something huge, not little.  
They undermined the legacy of our founders,  
Who were anti-royalists to their core.  
These senators,  
Infected with his plague of lies,  
Lied to themselves,  
Were treasonous to their own spirit.

We shall never forget these sycophantic senators,  
Sinking into the mire,  
Who used to call him president,  
And now, call him sire.

Undermining our constitution will be the legacy of these  
senators.

They established INJUSTICE, and secured the CURSES of  
future generations who will have to live with their cowardly  
acts.

Let's address their grandchildren:  
"Grandchildren, tell us about the self-aggrandizement of  
your grandfathers.

Tell us how they gambled with our preamble,  
And we all lost."

These legacy losers,  
Sinking into the mire,  
Who used to call him president,  
And now, call him sire.

We are facing a double onslaught,  
Of two plagues.  
The Corona plague kills the body.  
The plague of lies kills the spirit.

-- Gary Appell

## ESSAY

### My Ordealoscopy

The only thing I have to say about this is, if you haven't had a colonoscopy yet, you will.

I'm not really going to write in detail about it, I just love this title, and the idea of imagining your reaction to it. It's really a take on *My Lobotomy*, a book I was introduced to by a microbiologist I met at the Health Dept lab in San Rafael when I was dropping off a rabid bat for work. I mentioned *My Stroke of Genius*, and she responded with that doozy. It's a true story about trans orbital lobotomy, the practice in which a neurologist inserts an icepick through the eye socket into the brain, and then stirs the frontal lobes. It's a real book, you can read it if you have the stomach for that sort of thing. Yep.

The lobotomy story is about Howard Dully, a rambunctious kid whose parents signed permission for Dr Walter Freeman to perform a lobotomy with the icepick. In those days behavior problems were often settled with electroshock therapy and Dr Freeman's new procedure was promoted as humane. The icepick was inserted above the eyeball, and then hit with a hammer, which made it penetrate the skull and enter the brain, where it was wagged to and fro. Dully was institutionalized for ten years subsequently; jailed for ten; and lived a life of alcoholism until he decided to investigate why he wound up where he did. His book was the result.

*My Stroke of Genius* was about Dr. Jill Bolte Taylor, a neuroanatomist who one morning suffered an AVM (arterio venous malformation) stroke. Because of her professional familiarity with the brain, she gives a detailed description of the mechanics of her stroke and the seven-year journey back to complete recovery. If you doubt that, you can watch her Ted Talk on YouTube. If I was a stroke, I wouldn't mess with Dr. Jill.

Her description of the brain damage she suffered, and exactly how her therapy figured in its repair were unique and wonderful.

Both books were fascinating, maybe because of their somewhat taboo nature. A lot of books don't have staying power. These did. The book about Dr Freeman who performed over 1000 trans orbital lobotomies gave me the creeps. The book about Dr. Jill Bolte-Taylor was to give me inspiration and a road map to recovery when I had a stroke



Laura Harrison

eight years after first reading it.

Back to the colonoscopy --the night before, they give you a gallon of stuff to drink, propylene glycol, I think. Makes you poop. Delicious. Not. (I had to think back to when I was young and could drink a gallon of beer, pint after pint.) After about half you start visiting the rest room. It's not optional. Glass by glass, you choke down the other half and then you're busy for another hour. Eventually you find peace, but you can't say you got a night's sleep.

I get to Kaiser in the morning and the nurse looks at me and asks how it went. I know she's asking did I drink the stuff, so I say "yeah, I drank the whole thing and nothin' happened!" She gets it. She knows I've been up all night on the john, and she knows that I know she knows. I think she likes my attitude: she treats me like someone interesting and special for the next half hour till I'm anesthetized and it doesn't matter any more.

After dealing with the ills that come with old age, I can tell you. A colonoscopy is ice cream. It's pffftt. They find nothing abnormal and I'm good for another ten years.

-- Mike Holland



Judith White

### ATTENTION ESCOM POETS!

Treat yourself to the **Free Online Writing Retreat** offered by the Marin Poetry Center. Instructors include the popular COM Continuing Education Instructor Prarto Sereno and a host of other local poets who share their approaches, inspirations and craft in the form of week-long daily blog posts and exercises.

For example, Sereno's daily posts begin with a sample poem (including one of her lovely illustrations) and is followed by craft pointers, writing prompts, a journal submission suggestion, and a recipe. Her lesson also includes study of poets ranging from Walt Whitman to Poet Laureate Kay Ryan.

The other instructors in this 10 part series are Amanda Moore, Meryl Natchez, Rebecca Foust, Terry Lucas, Judy Halebsky, Kirsten Neff, Rebecca Blake, Albert Flynn DeSilver and Elizabeth Oxley.

To visit and take part in the retreats visit:

<http://www.marinpoetrycenter.org/online-writing-retreat/>

### The Crossing

To touch your name  
 against the heart plate of this moment  
 is to cross the road that was crossed  
 when we entered each other's life.  
 As waves heave forth from the  
 ocean's floor their desire to kiss the  
 shoreline goodbye,  
 so,  
 we come to this path in our journey.  
 I suspect as I follow my prayer,  
 I will listen carefully to stranded shells  
 anticipating the sound of your flute,  
 harmony from some distant,  
 not so far away sea.  
 This is the bequest,  
 music that was yours is in me  
 and my words melodies became.  
 Somehow, somewhere,  
 the line delineates,  
 and,  
 we once again become healed.  
 The poetry is in the song,  
 the love,  
 the pain,  
 the mirror,  
 the reflection,  
 the bleeding of us into us.  
 The gift was in the crossing.

-- Nora J Monfredini



## WE WELCOME NEW SUBMISSIONS BY AUGUST 15!

Send your best work to [denizespringer@gmail.com](mailto:denizespringer@gmail.com)

### GUIDELINES

Submit your final, proofed work. Changes, unless absolutely necessary, will not be accepted after submission.

Include your name in the file name and on the page of any documents. **You must be an ESCOM member in good standing. Membership is no longer available with registration.**

**Sign up for, or renew, ESCOM membership at:**  
<https://app.mobilecause.com/form/7YzAjQ?vid=73a4g>

**WRITTEN WORK (750 words MAX):** must be single spaced, left margin oriented, and ATTACHED as a Word doc. Do not submit PDFs of written work (as these cannot be properly transferred or edited). Please submit only one piece per issue.

**ART and PHOTOGRAPHY:** Borderless images must be no larger than 300 kb and attached to the email in the .pdf or .jpeg format (not imbedded in email message). **Images larger than 300 kb or saved as a .tif file will not be considered.**

**POETS:** If your poem must be centered, please note. Misspellings, grammatical errors and erroneous line breaks could be mistaken as the author's intent and not corrected. Proof your copy before sending it in.

Information for "In Memoriam" must be verified with an obituary that appears in an official resource such as a newspaper.



Laura Milholland

*The Emeritus Students College of Marin (ESCOM) was founded at the College of Marin (COM) in 1973. A pioneer in the innovative use of community colleges for adults, the organization enhances the lives of its greater community with a diverse selection of lively clubs, events and classes offered online or at COM's Kentfield and Indian Valley campuses.*

## ESCOM Journal

*The ESCOM Journal, a publication of the Emeritus Students, College of Marin, is published on alternate months online at [www.escomnews.com](http://www.escomnews.com). A limited number of printed copies are available in the ESCOM offices on the College of Marin Kentfield and Indian Valley campuses. ESCOM members are invited to submit news items, or creative works, such as original art, photography, poetry, memoir and fiction (please consult the guidelines (on the last page of each issue) before submitting. The deadline for each issue is the 15<sup>th</sup> of the prior month. Submissions or questions and comments should be addressed to the editor: [denizespringer@gmail.com](mailto:denizespringer@gmail.com)*

### ESCOM Council

President, Luanne Mullin

Vice President, open

Treasurer: Michael Semler

Ellen Braezeale, Jay Conner, Abe Farkas, Nancy P. Major, Bonnie Jean Martz, Toni Middleton, Jim Moore, Gini Moore, Lois St.Sure, Denize Springer

Emeritus Council Member, Paul Tandler

Past President, Anne Pearson

### ESCOM Centers

**Indian Valley campus:** 1800 Ignacio Blvd., Bldg. 10 Rm. 40, Novato, CA 94949 415/457-8811, x 8322

**Kentfield Campus:** 835 College Ave., Kentfield, CA 94904 (ESCOM office is temporarily occupying the Deedy Lounge in the Student Services bldg.) 415/485-9652 or [escom@marin.edu](mailto:escom@marin.edu)

[www.marin.edu/escom](http://www.marin.edu/escom)

*Production of the ESCOM Journal is supported by the Joan Hopper Trust.*