

ESCOM Journal

March/April 2021



**LIFELONG
LEARNING**

LIFELONG DOING

**LIFELONG
FRIENDSHIPS**

Photo: Laura Milholland

From the President



Hello ESCOM Members,

My sincere thanks to all of you who have already made your contribution to our annual fund drive. Your support means so much.

We may be staying home during the coronavirus quarantine but we have recently demonstrated that we care about ESCOM and want to be involved, now more than ever. Clubs are thriving with online meetings every month and our January online Pop-Up Program was a success; indications that the shelter-in-place

has not been a hiatus for ESCOM—it is an opportunity to creatively push forward.

Recently, four new Council members have joined our Leadership Team and we are excited to have their contributions, and are pleased with their talents and energy. As older adults we have gained experience with community challenges, prioritization, strategic thinking, and now we are ready to apply our life experience in a meaningful "giving back" to the ESCOM Leadership Team, dedicated to moving our organization into the future with a solid foundation.

Moving into 2021 the critical questions are: What are our intentions for ESCOM? What can we do collectively? What can each of us offer individually? New Committees are being formed by the Leadership Team to formulate answers to "what's next" for

ESCOM. New committees include Membership, Marketing, Finance and Programs, among others.

All ESCOM members are invited to join committees and contribute. Which committees speak to you? Is there an area where you would like to contribute your time, talents, and ideas? Getting involved is very rewarding and your contribution will generate a positive evolution for our organization. We need you now!

Contact us at escm@marin.edu and let us know you want to get involved. I look forward to hearing from you.

-- Luanne Mullin

ESCOM President

WE'RE NOT THERE YET



Laura Milholland

If you have not yet made an annual gift to ESCOM, please consider one. We are just under a quarter the way to our goal of \$10,000.

To make a donation online, go directly to the College of Marin Online Giving page at <https://app.mobilecause.com/form/oAdcbQ?vid=gtk5e> and include ESCOM as your gift designation.

Your donation will be acknowledged and your online gift will appear on your credit card bill as "mobilecause" or "mobiledonation". Please contact us at escom@marin.edu if you have any questions.

If you'd rather send us a check, please make out your check to "ESCOM," with "ESCOM donation" in the memo line and include the words "ESCOM donation" on the envelope as well. Mail it to: College of Marin Advancement Office, 835 College Avenue, Kentfield, CA 94904.

Fleur du Soleil

If 'ere there were a flower so fine
It's sweet golden sunflowers
Brilliant with shine
There's lemon queen, orogold, Jokers
and teddy bears
Dwarfs and giants Do grow them
Anywhere
Let me intrigue you to plant some this
spring
Dig deep in rich earth
And nurture will bring
A red ring of fire kissing the sun
You'll be so proud
You'll dance and have fun
-- Louise Potter Yost



Marcia Summers



Penny Hansen

Tree of Hope

It was a stark, inspiring presence,
within a tunnel of earth and stone.
There, in one narrow frame of light,
warmed by sun,
stood a sapling tree alone, and
unattended, as if by chance
its seedling - blown by wind had
found its place in life,
and now was thriving, undaunted,
yet totally alone.
No other life existed in this
lonely tunnel zone, and yet
it's image stood majestic with
a message: life persists with will and
drive,
and I am here.
With hope, I will survive.

-- deidre silverman

The Ides of March

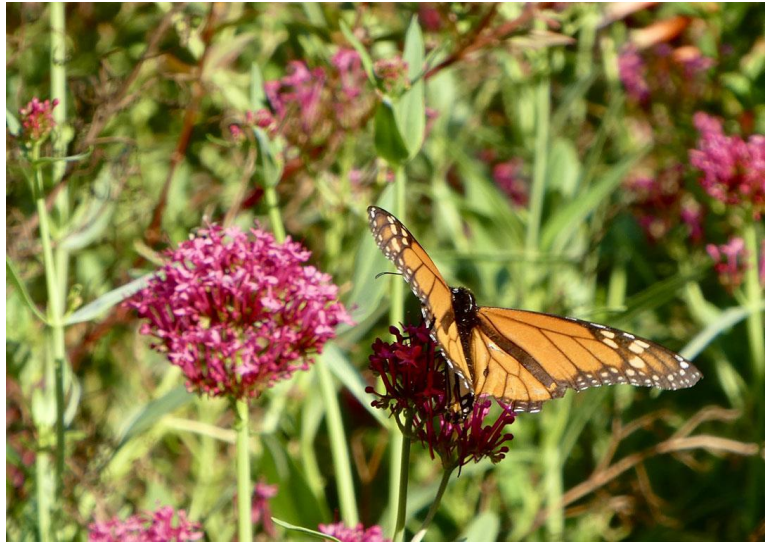
Today a bright, young sun
 Wearing faded denim skies
 Observes a thawing planet.
 Cumulus clouds
 Tumbleweed East,
 Going quietly before
 The wind's cold confidence.
 First, twisting at the hips
 Then, reaching for their toes,
 A gathering of whippet pines
 Perform preseason calisthenics.

 Spring appears
 A patchy, verdant haze
 In the thick texture
 Of a rye lawn.
 An early robin,
 Pressed to the ground
 By the relentless Marching breeze,
 Rests on a thin wing,
 Risking human contact.

 The air swirls into billows
 Of silent indifference
 That blow away.

 Witness a thawing planet.

-- Gerry Levandoski



Elaine Thornton

IN MEMORIAM

Libby Ginsberg, Spanish Club Founder

On November 22, 2020, we lost our dear friend, Libby Ginsberg, from complications of Covid. Wife, mother, grandmother, friend, artist, activist, attorney defending women, Libby always had the energy to do volunteer work in schools as well as myriad other community activities. A student and staunch supporter of College of Marin for over 50 years, Libby embodied lifelong learning. She was instrumental in the founding of Spanish Club in January of 2016, which continues to flourish. Hers was a life well lived. She will be missed.

-- Robert Schwartz



Visit the bench memorializing Philosophy Club Founder Arlene Stark in Bon Air Landing Park in Greenbrae. It bears some of her poetry.

CLUB PROFILE

Digital Photography Club

Based at the IVC campus, the Digital Photography Club was founded in 2013 at the suggestion of IVC ESCOM office host Gloria Kopshever. Laura Milholland, who has been the club's leader since its inception, turned the leadership reins over to Harvey Abernathey in 2020.

"Little did I know that I would need to adjust our processes due to Covid," said Harvey, "but Kevin Colgate showed me how to run Zoom sessions and we had our first online meeting in April 2020."

The Club, currently 18 members, meets on the third Monday of each month to share images including those related to monthly themes like patterns and lines, colors of the seasons and shadows. Members also share tips and techniques, and everyone, even beginners, are welcome. "All of us are at different levels of skill," Laura adds. "But there is no competition, just friendly sharing of knowledge and encouragement."

"The whole idea behind our club is to get people out to shoot," said Harvey. The Club enjoys regular outings to places that are particularly photogenic and they were even able to do a few outdoor, socially distanced outings during the pandemic.

"The most outings we've ever done in a year was 10," said Laura. One of her favorite locations was the Castello di Amorosa (castle winery) in Calistoga, a winery featuring an authentically styled 13th century castle with 107 rooms, even a dungeon. Other Club photo opportunities include trips to zoos, beaches, lighthouses and a host of architectural wonders.

Both Laura and Harvey expect their club to continue to grow in membership. "These days almost everyone has a digital camera on their cellphones," says Harvey. While some Club members use cell phones, most favor a *point and shoot* camera or a DSLR with interchangeable lenses.

"We don't spend a lot of time discussing how to use phone cameras," said Laura. "But it's very important for members to know how to digitally transfer images to a computer and then save them on a thumb (or flash) drive so they can bring their work to Club



Members of the Digital Photography Club at Castello di Amorosa, Laura Milholland

meetings where everyone can view everyone's photography."

Some members edit their images, but it is not required. "Working at getting the best results straight out of the camera is always our goal," added Laura.

Nonetheless, the Club has devoted meetings to editing on computer software so members can grow as photographers. Laura recommends Adobe Photoshop or its "little brother" Photoshop Elements. "We encourage members to at least learn how to resize, crop, lighten/darken and straighten their images."

She and Harvey agree that focusing on digital photography is what's best for their club.

"We are in a digital world now," said Harvey, "and there is no going back."

Digital photography is also easier to submit to publications like the ESCOM Journal. In fact, the ESCOM Digital Photography Club is the Journal's biggest contributor, with an average of five to ten photos by different members in each issue. The Club's landscape, nature and wildlife photos, which rival those in high profile travel and nature magazines, significantly elevate the look of The Journal.

For more information about the Digital Photography Club, contact Harvey at: ndimages6@gmail.com

-- Denize Springer

If you would like your Club profiled in the Journal, contact the editor at denizespringer@gmail.com

The Week That Was

Jaclyn Wants it All

I had a visit last week from my youngest granddaughter and her fiancé. Jaclyn is a kind, thoughtful, successful businesswoman who would do anything you asked of her. They are planning to be married but they want to find a house to live in first. Jaclyn says, "I want it all, Grammy, The house, the proposal, the ring, the engagement party, the vows, and the wedding!" Nathan throws his hands up in despair. "This isn't me, I am a business man, I am not prepared to write any vows."

I say "don't worry about it, Nathan, I will go to the library and get you a book on vows. They love me down there. I bring them candy every Christmas. Do you want a book on Hasidic, Orthodox Reform, Jewish-lite or perhaps Middle Sex?" Nathan gives me a dirty look. Jaclyn says "I want it all, Grandma." I said, "I shall inform your mother." My husband, sitting behind me interjects, "we got engaged on Art Hill in St. Louis. I had the ring. I was never at a loss for words. Iris' mother gave the engagement party and we were married four months later. We have been married 71 years, Nathan."

"Oh my God," says Nathan, "I hope I don't have to go through this for 71 years." Jaclyn says with her big brown eyes swelling with emotion, "I love you and I want it all, the proposal, the ring and the wedding."

A Dream

I took a bad fall in the bathroom this week. I dreamt there was something in the closet. Pushing my wheelchair, I walked across the bathroom, and got as far as the closet when the wheelchair rolled away from me. I have a bad wound on my leg and a hairline fracture on my arm, making it both painful and impossible for me to use.

The paramedics came to help, they were four of the most handsome men I have ever seen. Before they left one of them said to me "Promise me you won't dream anymore." I thought I could walk, but I can't. Only in my dreams.

The Hat

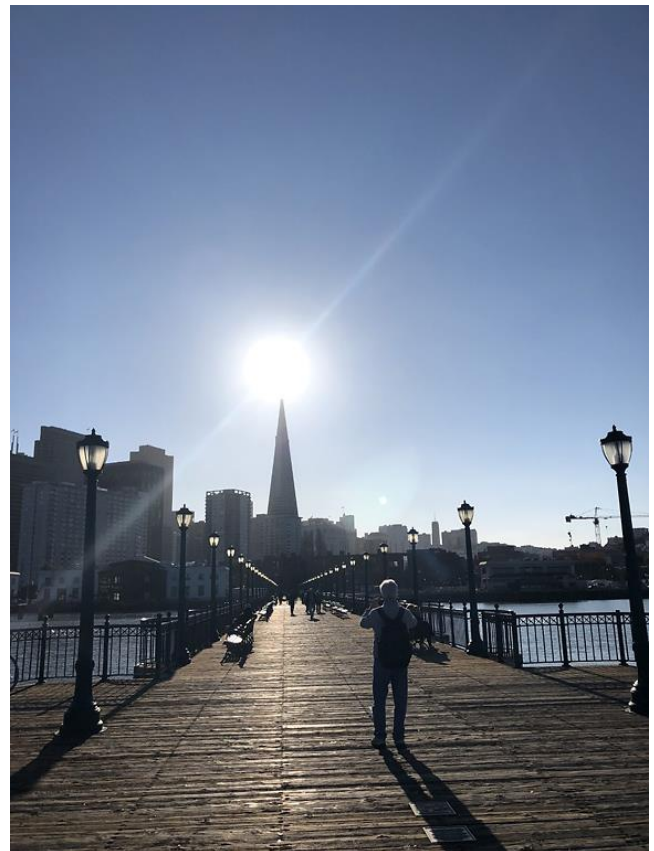
My caregiver took me shopping and talked me into buying the largest straw hat they had in the store.

It was a luscious creamy color with an ivory satin band wrapped around the crown and hanging down the back. She said it would keep the sun out of my eyes.

When I got home I looked at myself in the mirror and decided I looked like Scarlet O'Hara in drag. I could see myself standing on the mountain raising a fist full of dirt to the sky proclaiming "as God is my witness I'll never be hungry again." I took the hat back the next day. Nathan got his book. I'll leave the dreaming to Jaclyn. My wounds are healing. And the world looks a little better with Biden and Harris in charge.

Blessings to all of you.

-- Iris Tandler



Laura Harrison

Scholarships for Older Adults

Awards of up to \$60 are available for use on any Spring term EC-designated or Community Education class. For more info, visit the "Scholarships/Grants" page at marincommunityed.com.

Spring term begins March 29! See the classes being offered at: www.marincommunityed.com

Light Fuse And Retire Quickly

All pyros know

the instructions on Black Cat firecrackers:

Light fuse and retire quickly.

I should have lived my life like that.

Light the fuse in adolescence.

Live a wild and reckless adventure.

Explode as many myths as legally possible.

Push the envelope, and more.

Hit all the highs and the lows.

Settle into normalcy

for a while.

Play your part.

Pay the mortgage.

But then

when you finally do retire,

light that fuse one more time.

Do it in the middle of an important meeting,

while your control-freak boss

demands, blames, self-justifies,

the pompous ass he is.

Time the explosion just right,

while he's in mid pontification:

You arrogant and insignificant loser, I am done.

I am retiring from your tyranny.

Then pull out your roll of Black Cat firecrackers,

the one you've saved for this,

the five hundred fingered roll

of red tissue, silver dust and hope

Brandish it.

See the moment turn

from surprise to confusion to terror.

Light it, and quickly retire

to the elevator.

Laughing all the way down,

where security police are waiting.

They will understand.

They will form an escort

-- Patrick Ritter

In The Woods Today

Along the margins of a shady wood

Watered by rivulets and creeks

I see perched erect on a fallen tree

A golden crowned wood thrush

With wings of warm reddish brown,

Black spots on his white chest

And golden feathers on his crown

He is singing a melodious song,

Sweet lyrical flutelike notes

Informing his mate her lover is near

Tucked in the ground among moss

And the roots of a gnarled oak tree

Not very far from the shadow of me

Sits her nest of grass neatly woven,

Canopied with twigs and dry leaves,

Lovingly built, site carefully chosen.

From his perch in the tree again he sings

His notes are now harsh, distressed rings

He flies from a branch and lands at my feet

Wings flapping, feet shuffling a rapid beat

He performs all kinds of comical capers

In a valiant attempt to scare me away.

He protects his mate and her nestlings,

A lovely, endearing, courageous display.

My heart warmed, I move on with my day.

-- Carol Allen



Golden Hour Starlings, Harvey Abernathy

January 2021: The Perfect Storm

It's that time of year again. "So soon?" I say with a question mark. The calendar is spinning so fast. This is the time I devise a plan and set goals that generally will help me blueprint for the rest of the year. My goals are more limited now. Planning trips for faraway places is out of the question. Keeping my body fit by going to the gym to exercise, nope, mandated closed. Lunches with friends, concerts or museums to visit are done through a virtual screen. Needing to get dressed up, put on lipstick and real clothes is a distant event.

Well, if I have to plan that way, I might as well decide a direction or two and stick with it. I am being driven to dig deeper. Having so many choices implode because of the pandemic may be a godsend. Narrowing the gaps appears to be the best way to plot. If I can't ride the wave outside the world, perhaps it is time to concentrate inside. It has always been easier to reach out and use someone else as my excuse or reason why I haven't managed to complete things. NOW is the perfect storm.

I have been busy. Setting up ways to learn new subjects as January is traditionally the time to register for classes. The internet is loaded more than ever with "how to" approaches to learn a subject. Writing forums and workshops are everywhere and it is tough to not subscribe to all of them. I signed up with a couple of photography gurus and registered for classes to COM. I have managed to further develop my skills on Word using the thesaurus, spell check and reading aloud mode. Almost daily, I am having to learn a new software upgrade. The phone rings

with telemarketers who *want money*. The endless survey monkeys invading my life are driving me into the jungle. Almost everyday someone sends an anonymous email about how to organize myself. How did I get on their email list anyway? Sometimes I respond and then the confusion begins as they sell the list and more ways to learn are intensified. January is slipping away. Whenever I think I have found my groove; as I dig in deeper, I find it widening. Constantly I am guided to another master plan idea. The Internet is wonderful to skim the top and find answers, but to actually use it to decide what works has become a nightmare. My iPhone is my memory. It has features like notes where I can store anything to reference later. My notes keep growing, as my accomplishments keep waning.

As I try to imagine keeping on track and structuring my time each day to accomplish the goals above, I long for the real January from my childhood. This was the time of year when lakes would freeze over – daily – we would plan something to do in the snow. We would start out with snow angels and making snowmen while gathering friends and family to play with. Once we were organized, putting on layers of clothes – our gloves, scarves and boots – finding our toboggans sleds or skis, we would find glorious hills to ride down. They were everywhere. Small or large we would march up them and ride gleefully down. In our neighborhood, people would happily open their rolling yards for us. There was a lake nearby and for a dime we could ice skate all day. Once when I fell down, I got my first kiss on the ice. Hot chocolate was our savior making it possible to stay out in the cold all day without a care in the world. There were smiles on everyone's faces and we had no worries. No wonder I am having conflicting thoughts this January as I long for those carefree days. I miss the snow. I miss those times. Thank God I have my memories. Recently I have had an obsession with snowmen. As I chuckle, I think, shall I tell my husband? Well, I did and lovingly, he made me one out of wood and proudly hung it on the wall in the kitchen. Every morning I happily sip my coffee and am reminded of those days in the snow, I feel safe and warm even though it is cold outside and the world around me seems to be falling apart. My goals just have to wait for better times.

-- Sandra Miller Brim

OTIS ZACHARY

Since 1974 I've lived in Kentfield, one block from the College of Marin, and during all of that time I've also lived a third of every year in Sommocolonia, a tiny Tuscan village in the Apennines. The village is on a small mountaintop with an altitude nearly identical to Mt. Tam's.

My peasant neighbors told me enough of their hair-raising war experiences to prompt me, in the late 1980s, to tape-record interviews with them. Their stories made me realize I must locate and interview the African-American vets involved when Germans attacked the village the morning after Christmas 1944.

The following interview is an excerpt from my book, Braided in Fire: Black GIs and Tuscan Villagers on the Gothic Line

Interviewing Zachary

Since most of the African-American veterans I'd interviewed had been both welcoming and candid, I wasn't surprised by Otis Zachary's immediate warmth and directness when I first phoned him in July 1995. But I was amazed by his sheer exuberance. He talked so fast that it appeared his words were trying to catch up with his quicksilver thoughts, only they couldn't approach the speed or the changes in direction. When I mentioned his speedy delivery, he laughed and said that he used to talk much faster.

When his 366th Infantry Regiment commanding officer, Colonel Queen, first encountered him, he made Zachary read a text into a recorder over and over and then played it back so he could hear what he sounded like. This was brand-new technology in 1942 and Zachary

found it fascinating. (The recorder was a large contraption that used wire rather than tape.) The colonel was trying to slow him down so he could understand him. Zachary admitted to me that when he played it back, he couldn't make out some of it himself.

Born Otto Odello Zacarias on May 27, 1917, in Arecibo, Puerto Rico, his name was Anglicized to Otis Odell Zachary at age one when his family moved to Spanish Harlem, where he grew up speaking both Spanish and English. Knowing Spanish, Italian later came to him easily.

In our first conversation, Zachary explained that John Fox was his best friend in the Army. From the moment Zachary joined the 366th at Ft. Devens, MA in 1942, they trained in the same artillery, were sent overseas together, and then spent nine wartime months together (briefly in North Africa but mostly in Italy). From what I'd already learned about Fox's outgoing nature, I could imagine why he hit it off with this ultimate extrovert with a quick sense of humor.

I decided right from the beginning to follow Zachary's story closely. Unable to interview Fox himself, Zachary's wartime experience was as close as I could get.

When I asked in our first conversation about John Fox's death, he said, "Maybe fifty years seem like a lot to you, but to me it doesn't seem like it. That was one of the worst moments of my life. I think about it, listen, I've thought about it for fifty years! (I could hear him over the phone sobbing softly) I can't help it..."

It took knowing him over a number of years for me to fully comprehend Zachary's continuing anguish over his friend's death.

When Lt. John Fox, forward observer in Sommocolonia, phoned his battery in the valley below, Zachary answered the phone at the artillery's Fire Direction Center. Hearing his friend ask for cannon fire onto his own location, he yelled, "You're nuts —NO! I *cannot* do that!"

"You must and you *must* do it now! My outpost is surrounded by swarms of Germans — I'm about to be over-run." Zachary gave the phone to his superior, Col. Ross, who was reluctant too. Ross checked carefully that Fox knew what he was doing. "Fire it --give 'em hell!" was Fox's final response. The colonel ordered Zachary to fire the cannons.

Though Fox's request was honored in a few minutes, because of the color of his skin, it took 52 years for his country to honor him posthumously with the Medal of Honor.

The agony of having to fire the cannons at his best friend had further ramification throughout Zachary's life.

-- Solace Wales

From BRAIDED IN FIRE: Black GIs and Tuscan Villagers on the Gothic Line © 2020. Used with special permission by the publisher, KnoxPress.com. All Rights Reserved.

My Taxing Season

I have never done my own taxes. Even when I was 15 and worked at Kaplan's Army Surplus Store in San Francisco, I had my own CPA. I'm now 57. My CPA is 84 and tells me that he doesn't have the energy to deal with my taxes this year. He says he only has 6 months to live.

"Dad," I said, "my taxes are due on April 15th. You are going to live at least until June." I was trying to be funny. He didn't laugh.

"Dad, it's your fault that I never learned to do them." I was trying to be funny again. He didn't laugh.

Two things I have learned from this experience:

What someone would normally think is funny changes when they only have 6 months to live.

More painful than preparing my taxes will be preparing to live without my CPA.

-- Shelley Friedman



Laura Harrison

In Between

My first job was selling carnations on the corner of Highland Drive in Salt Lake. I guess I was just 16. It was the summer in between, as summers usually are. Between high school and college. Between bands, boyfriends, girlfriends and lost ones. Between books from Blake to Zola. Between Mormons and Jackalopes and Zen Buddhism. Between White Russians and Tequila. Between Tuna Casseroles & Julia Child. Between Window Pane and Peyote. Between wars. Cold ones and hot ones. Black armbands and High School Principals and Vietnam. Between memories and nothing.

It was so hot asphalt bubbled. Soft tar mixed with the sickly-sweet odor of carnations. A blur of red, pink and white, wilting out of plastic green buckets. I was the only "white" girl among a few beautiful Mexican girls with long shiny black braids. The handful of those who were allowed above 13th east. I was told not to go below.

One afternoon, my mother drove by in her new white Mustang, top down, blonde hair pulled up in a French twist. She was on her way to play tennis with friends at the Cottonwood Club. An exclusive place with a long driveway lined by cottonwood trees. In the summer, the white fluff would blow around like snow.

I don't remember if she waved at me that day. Maybe she was brushing a fallen strand of hair out of her green eyes. I'm not sure she even saw me and I wonder why I was even working that job in my hot 16th summer. I've counted about 45 jobs since. That fall, I served breakfast behind a blue Formica counter at Ed's Bar & Grill, to help pay for college. Every morning a guy who drove a snow plow truck came in at 7 sharp and ordered a steaming plate of hash browns, black coffee and an ice water. Always the same order, every morning.

Always another job, another snowfall, followed by another summer. In between leaves flamed and Spring sang. Until everything eventually became one long year. In between living and memory.

-- Marcia Taylor Smith

Cuentos Espirituales: The Woodcutter

The following story is the author's take on a tale his mother told him when he was a child. The story may have originated in Catholic Mexican folklore, or a very old movie, or perhaps his mother made it up.

The Woodcutter's family, living in a fearful calamity of poverty and squalor, waited anxiously each night for the father to come home, famine and war having forced him to trek further afar in search of work. One particularly cold winter left him with little more to gather than what Los Indios called, "iron wood," a tough-to-cut desert Manzanita that burned long and hot, like coal. Some days he found nothing, and the family might have starved, but for the fact the Woodcutter's wife worked as a scullery maid for the richest family in town. Often she was able to scrape a few leftovers into her apron or purloin a vegetable or two from the garden to bring home. But her Patrona was watchful and strict, so she had to be very careful. Getting fired would mean certain starvation.

Every evening she waited to serve the family until her husband walked through the door. Once he sat at the table, all hell broke loose with everyone grabbing greedily for any scrap or morsel. There were no rules, and this chaos went on nightly, until the day the Woodcutter was ordered to bring a bundle of wood to the rich family's home, their usual delivery of coal having been

delayed. While laying the ironwood before the kitchen fireplace, his jaw dropped as he caught sight of a fully dressed turkey (the largest bird he had even seen) being cooked for the Patrona's family.

Arriving home that evening, after hanging up his hat and coat and laying his machete aside, the Woodcutter sat dejectedly eying the meager scraps his wife had managed to gather. She hardly noticed his making no move to fight for his share amid the chaos and commotion that night or the next; however, by the third night, she began to worry, "What's the matter Antonio? Why are you not eating?" But he did not answer. Two nights later, she began to panic. "Antonio please, for the love of God, for sake of our children, tell me what is wrong. Why do you not eat?" Raising his chin to the ceiling, "I want a turkey." he stated, and closed his eyes. It being clear now to her he intended to starve himself, his wife came to a terrible decision. She would have to steal a bird from La Patrona's yard, and perhaps lose her job, or watch her husband starve. "It was the coyotes! Did you not hear them yelping and yammering all night?" Coyotes yelped and yammered every night, but having pulled off the ruse, the wife rushed home to surprise her despondent husband with a gleaming turkey, fully cooked with all the trimmings.

Opening the door in shock and amazement, tears began flowing down the man's rugged cheeks. Then, throwing his serape over the bird, he tucked it under his arm and raced from the house and

through the village streets. He did not stop until he reached the crossroads fronting the graveyard at the edge of town. Finding himself alone and safe, he sat on a stone bench determined to eat himself sick for the first time in his life. But as he uncovered the bird, he noticed a stranger dressed entirely in black standing nearby. Silver filigree trimmed his sombrero and jacket while a fine line of silver coins tasseled in leather strips glimmered down the sides of his trousers. His brass-studded spurs jingled as he approached. "Good evening, Caballero," the stranger bowed. The Woodcutter worried.

"What is it you want? "That bird," the Stranger pointed, "Give it to me, and I will make you rich, richer than the family from whom it was stolen. I will give you women of incomparable beauty, willing to serve your every need, or if you prefer, make you mayor, the most respected man in town. All will seek your council and advice, and all for just for this lowly bird. And your answer is?"

With a lightening swift blow, the Woodcutter's machete suddenly split the turkey in two, and he handed the Stranger half. "Wait!" the Stranger protested, "the deal was for the *whole* bird, not half." "No Sir," the Woodcutter said pointing, "I made no deal with you. Giving you half pays you your due, and while you enjoy yours, I will mine too."

-- Noel Robertson

Simple Treasures

You reached out from the past,
 launched me sideways
 into a time travellers capsule,
 an opportunity for the clearance
 sale of hoarded sentiment,
 Open the doors, shake off the dust
 the musty scent of unlimited
 yesterdays in search of photographs,
 you in that burgundy velvet sport coat
 next to my sixteen-year-old self
 in her Gunne Sax gown,
 A life revisited through postcards,
 ticket stubs, obituaries, childrens
 art, ten thousand blurry photos.
 Say goodbye to the negatives,
 an envelope of fossilized rubber
 bands,
 step out into daydream walks
 where sky splits in two from
 a con trail and its shadow,
 as raven stares unabashed
 straight through this heart,
 images surface from each step
 smell the borkhum riff as your
 child hand is permitted to strike
 a wooden match against the brick
 hearth to light daddy's calabash pipe.....

-- Margie Heckelman

To Beauty

What will you surrender to?
 What will you sacrifice for?
 The only worthy sacrifice
 is to the path of one's own heart
 the only worthy surrender
 to its wordless longing
 What *is* your heart's yearning?
 Mine yearns for beauty
 to be swallowed up by it
 my knees to crumble in its magnificence
 for it to spill out into form from my hands
 as if a majestic mountain radiant in a winter full moon
 for it to open my heart to all my beloveds
 like the sweet rose fragrance empties the mind of knowing
 for my eyes to attune to its simple splendor
 cast upon the shadows of everyday life
 and for its words to birth themselves onto a page
 penetrating human noise like the piercing howl of the wolf
 Sacrifice *this* human noise to beauty
 Its still and silent splendor
 will not be captured
 Surrender

-- Tenaya Asan

WANT TO CONTRIBUTE TO THE JOURNAL?

NEXT DEADLINE IS APRIL 15

Please send your final draft to
denizespringer@gmail.com

PLEASE ADHERE TO THESE SPECIFICATIONS:

Submit only one piece of 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. Membership is free but is no longer automatic with class registration. To join, go to:**
<http://escom.marin.edu/join-escom>

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.**

POEMS: (**50 lines MAX**) 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.

ESCOM is the student organization of Marin's mature adults affiliated with the Community Education Department of College of Marin. Founded in 1973, ESCOM provides diverse opportunities for lifelong learning, lifelong doing, and lifelong friends.

ESCOM Journal

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