

ESCOM JOURNAL

April/May 2019



EMERITUS STUDENTS
College of Marin

Lifelong Learning

Lifelong Doing

Lifelong Friendships

From the President

The ESCOM Council is seeking four members to join us in our service to ESCOM and Community Education by placing their names on the upcoming ESCOM election ballot.

The Council manages all aspects of ESCOM from finance to curriculum, general meetings, Author's Series, publications for members and many more events of importance to our members and the seniors of Marin.

Our goal is to provide funding and guidance to Community Education and to offer opportunities for lifelong learning and social interaction.

Once your name is added to the ballot, the Council votes on the candidates in April and the persons with the most votes are appointed to the council for a two-year term.

Council meetings are held on the third Thursday of the month, excluding December,

June, July and August. Our general meetings are held in December and June.

We would love it if you'd consider being part of ESCOM's important and valuable work. If you'd like to be on the ballot, please call me at 415-456-5287.

I look forward to hearing from you.

-- Anne Pearson

Photography above (left): Penny Hansen, (right) Ronni Dake

2019 ESCOM MEMBERSHIP SURVEY

The ESCOM Council is very pleased to announce the launch of the 2019 ESCOM Membership Survey.

We want your feedback about your experiences with ESCOM classes, clubs, events and communications. Look for the survey invitation via a Constant Contact email with a link to complete the survey online. For those members who prefer to complete the survey on paper, copies will be available in the ESCOM Offices at Kentfield and Indian Valley campuses.

Please be sure to take a few minutes to participate in this important survey. Your opinions are critical for the ESCOM Council to plan programs that better serve the needs and preferences of ESCOM members. Thank you!

Blessings in spring

Bless today with her green fringed spirit,
her petite gray nest builders, throats
bursting song, beaks jammed with fur
and thread size twigs keenly scanning before
entering their hideaway,

Bless the girl with the rototiller, corn kernels
and evenly spaced strawberry plants,
perhaps the mystery creatures that chewed
every

leaf from the snap peas and lettuce starts
as if personally invited to a moonlight
salad need blessed, (okay it might be the
sparrows)!

Bless the incessant web spinner
who resides behind my side view mirror
and the need for more rain as an
excuse not to wash the car.
Shower blessings to the lost woman
hunched over a downtown garbage can
in search of aluminum and plastic currency.

Bless the night heron with his
black crown ruling the stars to wink
and the crickets to purr,

Bless the resurrection of hope
where childhood saints gently
nudge this old sinner.

-- Margie Heckleman, Poetic Pilgrimage



Photography (above): Laura Milholland

(below) Harvey Abernathey





Meet the Kentfield ESCOM Office Staff

Left to right: Julio Burroughs, Loretta Wolf-Dawe, Ona Rotenberg, Karen Hemmeter

We answer the phone, prepare renewal and member mailings, assist anyone coming in to the office.

Loretta has been desk volunteer for more than 20 years! She's staffs the office on Mondays from 9:30-12:30. Julio, our newest volunteer, is here every Monday 12:30-4:00. Ona's in the office Tuesdays from 10-1, and Lisa, who volunteers to print all our renewal letters, staffs the office on Wednesdays from 9am to noon. I have been the Kentfield office coordinator, for 9 years now.

If you enjoy the camaraderie of a college setting please consider joining us as a volunteers. Shifts are two to three hours. If there are days you have travel plans or appointments, we understand and you will be excused. We need someone on Thursday, so please contact me karen@hemmeter.com for more information if this appeals to you.

If not, just drop by and say hello or pick up a copy of the latest Journal or browse our reading selections.

-- Karen Hemmeter



Lisa Hauge, Kentfield Office



Photo: Laura Milholland

Hiking with Haikus

Lush green rolling hill

Held by cold, dense morning fog

Awaits warming Sun

Ripe huckleberries

Growing beneath stately Oaks

Bursting with tartness

Leaves crunch under boot

Speckled sun light on still trail

Morning contentment

-- Richard Schneider

IN MEMORIAM

Milton Moskowitz

Milt passed away on March 5 at his Mill Valley home. A member of the Bridge Club, Milt will be remembered as a quiet/reserved gentleman who was a very good bridge player.

A business journalist and author, Milton is best known for co-writing the popular “100 Best Companies to Work For” lists, he pioneered a different approach to business journalism, focusing more on employees than managers or investors. He also wrote about a range of causes, among them environmentalism, civil rights and opposition to the Vietnam War.

Survivors include his wife, Elizabeth Rollins; two sons, Jonah and Eben; a daughter, Abigail Moskowitz; his brother, Gerald, his stepson Laird, three other stepsons, Lee Townsend Jr., Blaine Townsend and Salim Rollins; three stepdaughters, Leigh Ann Townsend, Leslie Parks-Bailey and Fatima Rollins; and seven step-grandchildren. His first marriage, to Jean Rae Mell, ended in divorce in 1982; his second wife, Carol Townsend, died in 1995. A brother, Lawrence, died last year. A celebration of Milton’s life is being planned for the summer months.

Correction: In the Feb/Mar In Memoriam, we misspelled the name of John Kouns. We regret the error.

Photo above: Susan Richard



Nancy Reyes

Long-time ESCOM Bridge Club member, Nancy died unexpectedly of cancer on February 9, 2019.

A Missouri native, she earned a degree in Social Sciences/Psychology from the University of Missouri in Columbia. Nancy is a Navy veteran who reached the rank of Lieutenant in the Intelligence division in charge of monitoring submarine activity in San Diego and Hawaii. She earned an advanced degree and teaching credential from San Francisco State University in 1959.

Nancy volunteered for many organizations serving as PTA president, President of a Marin General Volunteer Group, Camp Fire Girls Leader, Boy Scout secretary, member of Corte Madera Women’s Club, and 20 years “with puppies” at Guide Dogs for the Blind. She loved bridge and played as often as she could.

Nancy is survived by her husband Tim Reyes, her two children, Stephen, and Karen, her brother William Jr., and six grandchildren (Tanner, Alanna, Noah, Quinn, Kevin and Erik).

A Celebration of Nancy’s life will be held on Saturday, April 13th, 2019 at the Corte Madera Community Center on Tamalpais Dr. at 2 o’clock p.m.

A 99th Birthday Bash

On March 25 our ESCOM Bridge Club held a Surprise Birthday Bash to help celebrate the 99th birthday of one of the nicest people we know, Irene Platz. Irene is one of the beloved mainstays of our club, an original member who continues to be a weekly regular at the Monday sessions. She attributes her unflagging enthusiasm to “the nice people and the fun of the game.”

Irene passed her driving test on her 95th birthday.

Longevity runs in Irene’s family—her two sisters, ages 95 and 101, live in California also. A native San Franciscan of Irish descent, she’s visited Ireland *nine times*. She now resides in Kentfield with her husband of 64 years, Bill. They have five grown grandchildren. Their daughter, Ann, lives in Santa Rosa; their son, Brian, in Oregon.

According to her son, Irene considers Pat Brown the best boss ever, and the last honest politician.

Irene worked for Pat Brown as a receptionist in the San Francisco District Attorney’s office, and then for him again when he became California’s Attorney General.

She’s received communion from three different popes.

Irene’s a devout Catholic. During her career she worked at St. Anselm’s Church as its secretary for fifteen years, and then at St. Sebastian’s for another eight.

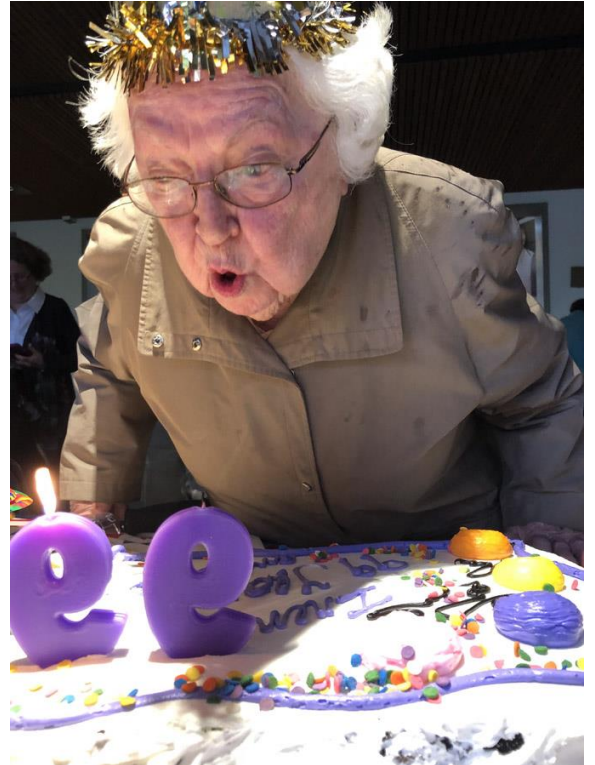
“I’ve been playing bridge since I was thirty, and I love it!”—Irene Platz

Irene’s joyfulness is infectious. The biggest lament ever heard from her is when her hearing-aid battery peters out and she’s forgotten to carry a spare. While she takes delight in “setting” the opposition, you share in her pleasure even if you’re the one she’s defeated. You jokingly vow revenge because you know that for her “it’s just a game.” Even so, it’s a game she takes very seriously.

Pat Currier recalls the time Irene tripped over the family dog and broke her arm. The next day she was worried about how she was going to be able to play bridge. Knowing how much it would mean to Irene, Pat and Ed made a special trip to San Francisco and got Irene a cardholder so that she could manage the cards with one hand.

Needless to say, Irene is an accomplished player. Most deservedly, she is one of the honored Best Players whose names appear on the Esther Mamet Memorial Trophy.

Here’s to a happy 100th, Irene!



-- Lynn Mason

Photo: Harvey Abernathy



Look for me

between the first and last folds

of paper cranes They nestle in Hiroshima
scattered in trees near ground zero

Far away, black-tipped cranes nest
in abandoned cemeteries among wildflowers
and tilted gravestones downwind from Chernobyl

They migrate over mountains and meandering
streams

to reach their destination: to build nests and lay eggs

Look for me between folded paper cranes
and black-tipped cranes; between gravestones

and wildflowers

-- Jeni Tardy

Open the Heart

Let's change the architecture of enclosure

Our structures of protection, citadels of fear.

Let's open the heart of our homes to flyways
for sparrows, thrush, towhees , cedar waxwings.

Dismantle our castles of comfort, our glorification of
convenience

Feel heat, cold, wind, calm, gale, rain and snow.

Absorb the gift of oozing water, ripe soil

Filling our toes, our feet,

Our legs of abandonment

Listen to moonlight, read to our children,

Let play fill their hours.

Take down double paned windows

Use doors as tables for guests

Throw furniture out.

Life didn't begin nor will it end with couches
recliners, craving for stuff.

Life began with tickles of terror laced to smiles

Riding the limitless razor's edge of light and
darkness, creativity beyond words

beyond imagination.

Step outside, feel the clear blade within,
ride its edges

Shear any aspirations of leisure

Welcome the wolves and lambs to your hearth.

-- Jeremy Littman, Poetic Pilgrimage

CAMPUS MUSIC REVIEW

An evening of Brass

The College of Marin's own "Golden Gate Brass Band" performed "An Evening of Brass Music" under the tutelage of Dr. Trevor Bjorklund, Director on March 9th, 2019.

Along with the complex piece of composer, Ralph Vaughan Williams, "Fantasia on a Theme" by Thomas Tallis, the Brass Ensemble performed small interwoven parts with the trumpet section. The relaxed, folksy tunes of Stephen Foster followed, including "Jeanie With The Light Brown Hair" which delighted the audience with a solo on the Euphonium by Sandy Maas.

A tribute to Northern California Firefighters, in the form of the "Fireman's Polka" was very stirring. Compositions by Australian, Percy Grainger, was also featured. "Willow Willow" was composed at the youthful age of 16! His "The Shepherd's Hey, English Morris Dance Tune", a folk tune, followed.

Many do not know of composer Franz Biebl, a German Composer for Choral Ensembles. His version of "Ave Maria" written for chorus and adapted and arranged for Brass sounded magnificent! Felix Mendelssohn's "War March of the Priests" from Act IV of Athalia, Op. 7r, did not sound like a war march. Listeners may not have known the name of the piece, but it was a recognizable tune.

In conclusion, we were invigorated with the lovely, spicy sounds of Georges Bizet's "Carmen." It sent a tune in our hearts and a dance in our steps.

Upcoming COM Concerts include the Golden Gate Brass Band on Sat., May 4, 7:30 pm; the

COM Symphony Orchestra on Sat., May 11, 7:30 pm; and the COM Symphonic Wind Ensemble on Sun., May 12, 3 pm. All performances take place in the James Dunn Theatre, COM Performing Arts Bldg. on the Kentfield campus. Purchase tickets through COM Box Office 415-485-9385 or brownpapertickets.com

--Maria Gregoriev

CLUB PROFILE

Health and Nutrition Club

"Let food be your medicine" is our motto, says Sushama Gokhale, the President of the Health and Nutrition Club, which meets on the 2nd and 4th Friday of each month on the Kentfield campus.

"Hippocrates is our guru," says Gokhale who studied biochemistry and immunology as an undergraduate, and has an abiding interest in science. She holds a B.S. in Biochemistry and Life Sciences, and an MBA in Finance.

"Food has complex intelligence," says Gokhale, and the Health and Nutrition Club focuses on using food as medicine. She says that club members have had some remarkable results as they slowly changed their diets, used foods therapeutically to heal entrenched, chronic diseases and lead active healthy lives again. She maintains that diabetes, cancer, heart disease or arthritis do not have to be chronic or fatal conditions.

Gokhale's largely theoretical interest in health and diet took hold after she suffered numerous intractable health problems that were just not helped by the standard medical treatments. In fact, she got sicker through medication. "I studied the science, or rather the non-science behind a lot of current medical treatment protocols," she says and then applied principles of good eating and real science to her family's lives to become well again.

Now a food culture historian Gokhale has studied how traditional healthy cultures ate, she speaks, writes articles, and consults with clients all over the world. She espouses the principles of wise eating. She is a member and strong supporter of the Weston A Price foundation and favors traditional, largely unprocessed or minimally and traditionally processed foods in favor of processed supplements. She believes these foods are not just delicious, they promote health and to prevent disease.

"Come join us, engage with our lively group of stalwart 40 to 94 year olds in our quest for the essence of a healthy life," Gokhale, says. "We have met for more than four years now, and are a community."

For a sample of the talks and discussions the club has engaged in visit: <https://studio.youtube.com/video/Rn0oWSAjDSo/edit>

-- Denize Springer

Memoir

Panic in the Air Above Bald Mountain

The winter of 1973, I was living near Sun Valley, Idaho, a ski resort area. Hitchhiking one day, I was picked up by a sailplane flight instructor named Hal from Hailey, Idaho, a town about 12 miles south of the resort.

A sailplane is an unpowered fixed-wing glider. It's towed to high altitudes by a motored aircraft. When released, it can soar long distances before landing. Hal offered to take me on a flight with a choice of basic or aerobatic gliding. As someone who loves riding roller coasters, I signed up for the full aerobatic menu of loops and rolls.

A week later I met Hal at the Hailey Airport. His two-person sailplane had a seat in front for the instructor and one right behind for the passenger. Both seats had sticks for flying the craft. It was a clear winter day with perhaps 10 to 15 feet of snow on the ground. The motored craft towed us high above the ski runs crisscrossing Sun Valley's Bald Mountain.

Before we left the airport, Hal gave me a small parachute to strap on and no instructions. I thought he would provide those as we were being towed to maximum altitude. Wrong. Without warning, he pulled the lever releasing the towline, and we immediately went into a steep dive and pulled the nose up, flipping us upside down. My arms flew up as he put us through several gravity-defying loops and rolls before leveling out high above the valley below.

"Hey, Hal," I yelled. "Not sure if it's serious, but

my arm knocked back the red lever next to me when we were upside down."

"What?" Hal yelled back. "That lever locks the canopy pins. If the canopy goes, we have to jump."

Holy crap! My first sailplane experience and my first parachute jump! And of course, I didn't have a clue how to operate the chute.

Before I had time to ask, the next surprise hit. "You need to take over piloting," Hal said. "Grab the stick in front of you. I need to manually put these canopy pins back in—NOW!"

Holy FREAKIN' crap. Right. Pilot the craft! My shaking hand pulled back on the stick, only slightly, but that's all that was needed for our airspeed to drop like a brick. The craft began to fall backwards.

Freefalling backwards through space, my stomach was in my throat, hair straight up, with no idea what to do next. A moment of pure panic. Fortunately, Hal grabbed his stick and gently dipped the nose to put the sailplane back into a smooth glide.

Safely back at Hailey Airport, and thrilled to be back on terra firma alive and in one piece, I did a happy Snoopy dance. I haven't been on a sailplane since that day—although from time to time I do wonder what it would be like to do a parachute jump. Seriously. Not at the top of my bucket list. But there. Plus, I'm confident I wouldn't die from the jump because my wife has already told me she will kill me herself if I ever try it.

-- Larry Tolbert

Springtime at Rotary Manor

Poppies
 Blooms the color of monks robes
 Hare Krishna, My Sweet Lord-
 I hear music
 As they sway in the breeze.

Poppies
 They greet us as we walk
 By feet and wheels
 Windblown and bird planted
 They have sprung up
 Near the gazebo, and
 Here and there
 In the garden.

Poppies
 Perhaps they are dancing
 In celebration-
 Blooming again to remind us
 That we have completed
 One more trip around the sun
 We are still Here.
 Namaste.

-- Anne Mulvaney

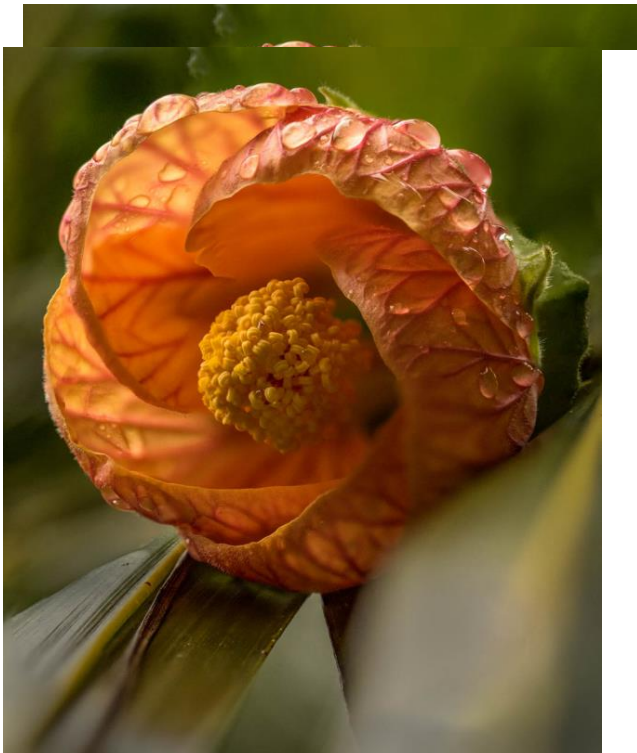
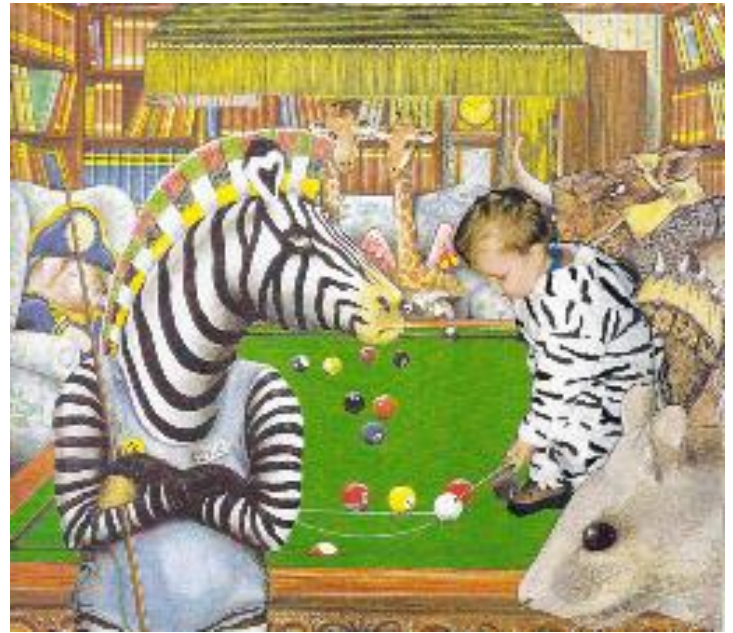


Photo: Harvey Abernathey



Collage, Carol Allen

Amazing Me

The cricket match was over
 When the zebra took his cue
 And challenged little me
 To a game of pool or two

My cue stick was a toothpick
 Colored marbles were the balls
 My skill was quite amazing
 For someone so very small

Zebra thought he'd win hooves down
 But seemed to falter with every call
 I looked at him and laughed inside
 Poor fellow couldn't even pot one ball

I, on the other hand, knocked them in
 One by one with my little stick
 Only the eight ball was left in sight
 With cue stick aimed, his ass I kicked

-- Carol Allen, Master Poetry

Jeffrey's Child

The best is when

you arrive with Tia for your Saturday night stay,
and

come running into the house singing out "Hi,
Mimi!"

The best is when

Bodie offers his paw you say

"Pleased to meet you, Bodie."

The best is when

I open your bedroom door in the morning,

you're standing in your porta-crib,

hair looking like you've had an electric shock,

and with a big smile you say "Hi, Mimi. Get
down?"

The best is when

I'm watering the vegetable garden

you come running and ask "Help you?"

The best is when

you take the nozzle in your three year old hands

spray patterns on the cement just to see the
shapes.

The best is when

with sopping socks, you make footprints on the
patio,

your head angling back over your shoulder
repeating

your new word. "Look Mimi, making footprints.

footprints . . . footprints . . . footprints."

The best is when

you run across the lawn laughing to beat the band,
arms akimbo.



The best is when

Bodie wags his tail, you scurry up behind him.

As the golden fronds waft across your face

you giggle "Tickle tail, tickle tail."

The best is when

Bodie melts to the floor like warm Taffy

you belly up to him nose to nose,

stare into his eyes for long moments.

The best is when

I'm drinking coffee in the garden

attempting to read the New York Times you nestle up and
say "Hug?"

The best is when

I hold your small body, all that trust,

all that life ahead of you,

and feel your soft child's hair against my cheek.

-- Anne Sisler Latta

Photography above: Laura Milholland

La Perle Du Lac

If it were my time to give up, or give away
the treasure of Genève,
tenderly I'd reach into a wealthy chest to give a friend:

Jet d'eau...

I've touched it once and have often walked in its spray.
For all its majestic power it's surprisingly soft, and not there.

Sun glistening on the water...

It is only there when you look, and often not even then.

Primroses and all the spring flowers...

Were I to give these, I'd also have to give winter's anticipation,
and late summer's lingering memory,
for only then would anyone know the gift they are receiving.

Reaching deep I'd hand over Genève's greatest gift,
IMPERMANENCE.

Not its railway station, airport, or harbor, but
a sense of leaving.

The way you feel as a child walking away from an
Itinerant carnival, a splash of momentary glory, a falling star.
Even this most treasured gift would vanish in my hands.

-- M.L. West

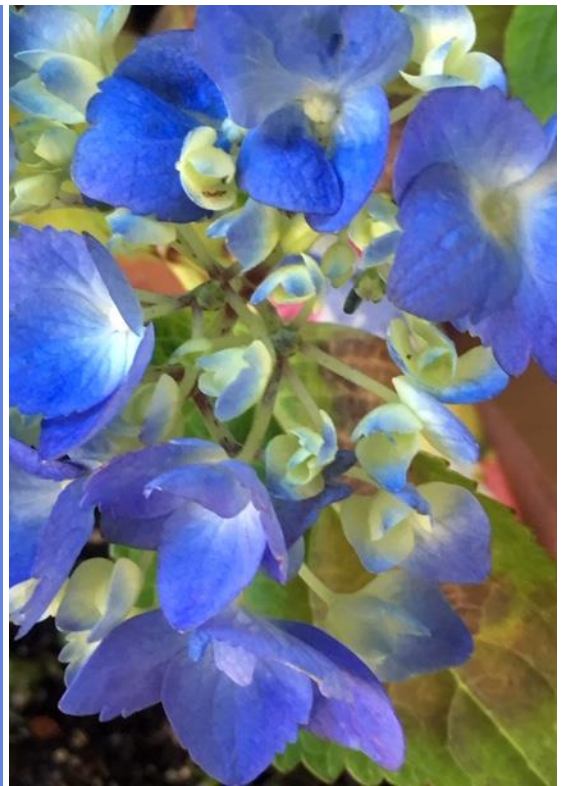


Photo: Louise Yost

Destined for Dentures

**A dental dilemma;
your mouth in a tremor;
your smile just a trifle askew.**

**Then the tooth fairy came,
and I know it's a shame,
that she left just an i.o.u.**

**It's no misadventure,
A new set of dentures
will augur the awesome truth:**

**while the rest of us fray,
slowly wither away,
You will never grow 'long-in-the-
tooth'.**

(don't say 'cheese' yet).

-- deidre silverman

AND DON'T FORGET...

... to complete the ESCOM Survey (*see page one details*).

Mark your calendar for the Saturday June 8 ESCOM Annual Meeting, 11:30 am (*Location TBA*).

Our last Friday Afternoon Author series will feature the novel, *Song of a Captive Bird*, by Jasmin Darznik on Friday, April 26 at 1 pm in the Kentfield Campus Library.

THANKS FOR YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS!

You make our ESCOM Journal a lively publication!

PLEASE:

Include your name on file name AND on page.

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

Submit written work in single space, left margin oriented, as an attached Word doc - OR - cut and pasted into the copy of your email submission. Do not submit PDFs of written work.

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.

ART and PHOTOGRAPHY CONTRIBUTORS: Please submit images ONLY as pdf attachments. Images must be no larger than 300 kb in size.

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

CORRECTION: In the Feb/Mar issue the incorrect email address for Michael Sachs of the Opera Club. His correct address is MICHAHSACHS@GMAIL.COM

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

ESCOM Journal

The ESCOM Journal, a publication of the Emeritus Students, College of Marin, is published on alternate months online. A limited number of printed copies are available in the ESCOM Campus offices on the College of Marin Kentfield and Indian Valley campuses. ESCOM members are invited to submit news items, or creative works, such as art, photography (no more than 300 KB), poetry, memoir and fiction (no more than 500 words). The deadline for each issue is the 15th of the prior month. Submissions or questions and comments should be addressed to the editor:

denizespringer@gmail.com

NEXT DEADLINE: May 15, 2019

ESCOM Council

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Luanne Mullin, Vice President

Toni Middleton, Treasurer

Abe Farkas, Bev Munyon, Jim Moore, Gini Moore, Lillian Hanahan, Paul Tandler, Denize Springer, Deborah Patrick.

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