

# ESCOM Journal

March/April 2022



***EMERITUS  
STUDENTS  
College of Marin***

*Lifelong Learning*

*Lifelong Doing*

*Lifelong Friends*

*Photo: Elaine Thornton*

## We may be just what you're looking for!

In May we will vote in new ESCOM Council members and officers. If you've ever thought about becoming part of a lively community, why not give serving on the Council some thought.

We've both enjoyed serving on the Council. We've made new friends and have learned and developed new skills. One of us writes promotional materials and edits the ESCOM Journal and one of us started ESCOM's play reading club and produces the ESCOM online programs.

As a new member of the Council you won't be expected to do anything as ambitious, unless you want to. You will definitely be asked to consider things crucial to ESCOM's role in the College of Marin community. You'll need to attend most of the ESCOM Council's monthly meetings (we meet every month except for July).

You'll also have the option of serving on any ESCOM Council Committee that most interests you or to which you can lend your talents. Both the Program and Clubs Committees played a large part in keeping ESCOM's members involved throughout the two years of Pandemic restriction.

You may wish to be a part of the Curriculum Committee, which works with the College's Community Education Department to find classes and instructors most relevant to our community.

If you like to be involved in events like ESCOM's annual Winter and Summer Solstice parties or the annual Mini Medical program, you would of great value to the Hospitality Committee. As we move into more in-person events this role is crucial.

Social butterflies and members who like to write or take photos would be a boon to the Membership and

Marketing Committee, which is constantly looking for ways to increase and inform our growing membership.

Anyone with leadership talent and experience is welcome to run for any of the ESCOM Council offices, including President, Vice President, Treasurer and Corresponding Secretary.

If you have an interest in becoming an ESCOM Council member or officer, or you have any question about it, please contact one of us below.

Please. Join us!

Denize Springer, Marketing and Membership Committee, Journal Editor, [denizespringer@gmail.com](mailto:denizespringer@gmail.com)

Gary Gonser, Council Member and Program Committee Co-Chair  
[Ggonser3@gmail.com](mailto:Ggonser3@gmail.com)



*"Peel," Laura Milholland*

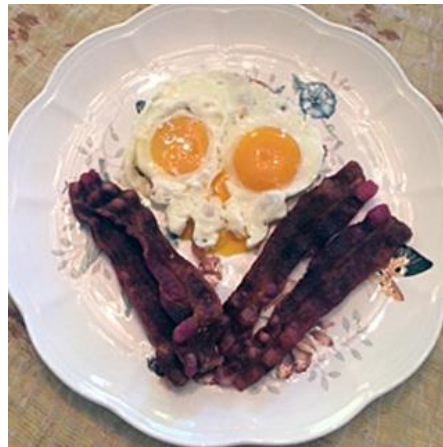
## *"PEAL" Me An Egg?*

*In the last issue we offered contributors the challenge of responding to a theme. The theme was peeling (or "pealing," if you're into metaphors) an egg (i.e. what does something simple, like separating a shell from a hard-boiled egg – literally or metaphorically -- inspire?*

*The point was to get contributors out of their heads and explore something abstract. The responses, which appear in this issue, show what a creative bunch we are. Thanks to all contributors of our first ESCOM Journal challenge!*



*Laura Milholland*



*"Scary Eggs," Marilyn Bagshaw*



*Marcia Summers*

## **Peel Me An Egg**

Eggs nest in a warm, dark corner under a shadow in my dream. Fresh,  
still dirty and stuck with straw.

One didn't fit. Different.

It kept rolling away from the rest in the nest.

I kept putting it back.

It rolled back to the corner to be alone, away from the other eggs.

A voice from the other room: Leave it alone; it's hatching, I hear  
pecking; it want's out of its shell. No it doesn't, my dream voice  
replied.

Yes, it does; no it doesn't. Not yet.

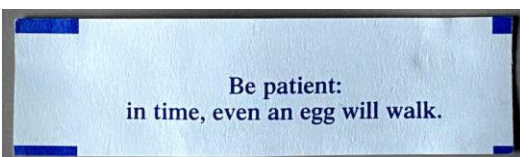
Pieces of shell fall away-like a fragile, stepped-on sand dollar.  
It dropped the last piece of shell, and hugged my ankles with its new,  
wet wings.

-- Mona Philpott



*Paul Milholland (above)*

*Allan Smorra (below)*



## All That There Is

There is nothing more worldly than butterfly eggs on a milkweed leaf.

Nothing more worldly than a kite festival with children's arms and strings crisscrossing the sky.

Nothing more worldly than a wildfire scorching acres of deep green old growth forest.

Nothing more worldly than a lake devoid of moisture and rich with the delicate bones of unknown species of fish.

This is the world, there is no other, no matter how long I sit on my meditation cushion or stretch my body in yogic positions or run, bike and swim until my muscles seize.

I can't punch a hole in this reality.

I can't pull back the curtain and reveal a secret pulsing universe somewhere else.

I can't rocket my way to another universe.

There is no away from here.

*This* is the exquisite beauty I am craving.

*This* is the beginning and the end of every thought, idea, feeling and musical note. *This* is the wonder, the mystery, the penultimate reality I seek.

*This* is the horror and the Pain.

*This* holds the loss and sorrow that visits me.

How could there be any other?

Where would it be?

When would it have existed?

All the miracles are now in season, in cycles, in stories, in faith, in artistry, in music, in mosses, in hummingbirds, in marble, in clouds, in wind, in rain, in snow, in ice, in cold, in hot, in soft, in hard, in sweet, in sweat, in mine, in yours, in ours.

I can't put my feet all the way down, nor touch the sky.

I can't see beyond, though I know I am immortal.

The turtle bathes on the log on the shore, for millennia.

The bird flies the same route over eons.

There is no question or doubt.

There is nothing more worldly than a cloud of no substance, an invisible wind, a light that comes from stars on fire, our home that travels thousands of miles an hour without leaving a wake.

There is nothing more worldly than these fleeting thoughts or feelings, nothing more worldly than this incandescent mind that can go anywhere and be anything.

There is nothing more otherworldly than being with all there is,  
night-bathing in a shimmering stream with the moon and stars.

— Deirdre Fennessy



## Rain

The air smells clean  
washed by rain drops that sparkle and cling  
to persistent rosebuds stubbornly resisting  
the dormancy winter demands,  
brazenly facing the dim sunlight  
that occasionally breaks through the leaden clouds-  
specks of color against a grey sky.

There are puddles in the garden  
and the birdbath is overflowing  
happy birds sip and splash,  
while on the street  
little rivulets run past the curb  
as the water in the nearby creek rushes noisily  
to its final destination, jumping over obstacles.

The long hoped for, prayed for, danced for rain  
has come and promises to stay. Hooray!

-- Anne Mulvaney



Harvey Abernathey



## IN MEMORIAM

### Bernard Healey

Bernard Healey a long-time Mill Valley resident and valued member of the ESCOM, passed away December 31, 2021. In addition to nurturing artists, he devoted many hours to finding and exhibiting the art that graced the walls of ESCOM offices and College of Marin's galleries.

After serving in the United States Navy during World War II, he attended California School of Fine Art, becoming a commercial artist, his lifelong career path.

When he retired, Bernie became an art teacher and mentor to many students at Marin Society of Artists, Marin Museum of Contemporary Art, Mill Valley Community Center. His art lectures were featured on an MCTV program.

He was also a devoted community theater volunteer, directing and writing many productions of the Rhubarb Revue, Murder Mystery Dinner Theater, and other plays in venues around Marin County.

His wife Beverly Brown Healey; his sister Ann Morency; sons Scott and Brian Healey; stepchildren Sheila Chavez, Monte Deignan, and Alexandria Brown, and other relatives and friends survive Bernie.

Donations in Bernie's memory may be made to Hospice by the Bay or a non-profit of your choice, including ESCOM.

*Photo: Beverly Brown Healy*

## A Night on the Bay

Back in 1970 I was renting a room from my old pal who had just gotten back from Vietnam. Fred was determined to catch up on the fun he'd missed.

The Boardwalk was a wooden walkway lined with old shacks, each one having a dock. It jutted out into the tidal marsh, right across the channel from San Quentin Prison. Whenever we motored out into the Bay the guards would wave and we'd respond with the finger. Just seemed like the right thing to do.

So Fred, my brother Pat, and I, are sitting around one late afternoon, when Fred, who always has an idea on the back burner, (he said it was the Agent Orange), pops up with "why don't we get some Panther Piss and go for a ride in the boat?"

The boat was a 22' dory, which Fred claimed became more stable the more it tipped. Up to the point it sunk I guessed. I can't swim and neither could my brother. But Fred said, "if ya fall in I'll throw ya a life preserver, ha ha." That Fred. Always kidding.

So we all went down to the Co-op, and within the hour were on this little wooden boat with a half-cabin and a cast iron motor that had no starter, but a hand crank you had to jam into a socket on the front, and spin and grunt till it caught. Pocketa- pocketa.

Putt-putting out the channel into the Bay at sunset, we had French bread, sleeping bags, ale and a couple bottles of Ripple.

We get out into the Bay and start on the Rainier Ale. Fred goes, "Hey, let's go see the Indians on Alcatraz!" "Yeah!" By now we're on can number two and getting warmed up. So we motor out toward Alcatraz, which the poor Native Americans were occupying and audaciously making a claim for it against the U.S. Government.

They're holding on in the face of a Coast Guard blockade. We root for the N.A.s, like their courage, but also lack their courage. We don't want trouble, just wanna' drive by and wave.

But just then that old donkey of a motor mumbles once and dies. It's dead quiet. Fred grins. He's holding a lump in his hand, a spare magneto. Same old Fred, all part of the adventure. He swaps in the new part. We take turns trying to start it. I still have a scar from the crank slipping off and whacking me in the mouth. Fred adjusts the timing and it catches.

The old glorified rowboat gets us out to Alcatraz where real Indians are making a stand against The Man, who is present in the form of a Coastguard boat. It pulls toward us,



*Laura Milholland*

wheels sideways. Laughing, Fred throws up both hands, and we slink away to the other side of the island. But they've gone around the other way, and are now heading right towards us. I hear orders on their P.A. Fred, just out of the military, says, "They're not jokin'." We split.

We make for the gasoline dock in San Francisco, where we can gas up then walk through Ghirardelli Square. We've got our sea legs and we lurch along like pirates. *Arrgh, Matey!*

Later, we drop anchor near a pier at Angel Island and camp on the boat. We'd finished off the beer. I won a coin toss, meaning I could sleep below, past the stinking engine.

I dreamt of a loud Thump, Thud, Crack. Woke to Pat and Fred shouting at me. In the night the tide had come in. We'd dragged anchor and wound up underneath the pier. Noodled right in between two pilings. The swell was smashing the roof of the cabin up into the bottom of the pier. It was a panicky ten minutes, but using bare hands, we got out. The running lights on top of the cabin were gone, and it would leak in the rain afterward.

We decided to go home. In the frizzy light just before dawn, we choked down the last bottle of warm Ripple. My brother turned and peed in the bottle, capped it, threw it in. Instead of sinking, we stared as it bobbed in our wake.

Finally we pulled into the channel and tied off to the dock. The sun was up. Laughing, we realized we never did get to wave at the Native Americans.

— Mike Holland

## Love is Complicated

Often, I cannot find love if I am looking for it. When I am in it, my world is spinning – but mostly I often don't recognize it when it clearly is in front of me. Processing my thoughts surrounding love, I imagine a Pandora's box. People, events, places, and objects are hurdling in all directions. Some feelings fly high into the air, most continue to swirl around in a complicated whirlwind and some fall hard to the ground. This illusory box is filled with a lifetime of hopes, regrets, and moments I've squandered. Yet, I choose love above all else. I try to find the best parts, the easy on the psyche fragments always hoping to work things out. Never giving up because I believe that anyone can change, even myself if I must. A true Pollyanna am I.

There are all sorts of love: young, old, sisterly, brotherly, parenting. It is a relationship – giving and taking as fairly as you perceive. Sometimes you become spent from the lack of it, other times, lust for it, worship it, worry about it, work for it; often you are so filled you have lost control, and repeatedly you acquiesce to feeling it. Love comes in so many ways. To endure, it may not be just about sex and romance – but that can be a big component. Infatuation vs. the real deal is complicated. Commitment through the hardest times often seems impossible. The top reasons for marriages to fail are around money and sexual disenchantment. Expectations become a good excuse to pin our problems on others instead of blaming ourselves. Life's lessons happen through pain, struggle, and loss. But more importantly these same lessons teach us to endure and broaden our search for the wonderful surprises that love can bring.

As we grow older and crabby and irritating from our many aches and pains, I jokingly let my husband Fred of 43 years

know that I didn't plan to marry an old man when we met. I had a top 10 list which included having a sense of humor. In fact, as I remind myself of this list, I find so many of the original requests have not changed.

He had to be good looking, hardworking, honest, social, sensitive, creative, loyal, have similar interests and be

independent. However, today I lovingly helped him put on his compression socks as he struggled to pull on my knee brace. Now that is love embellished with commitment.

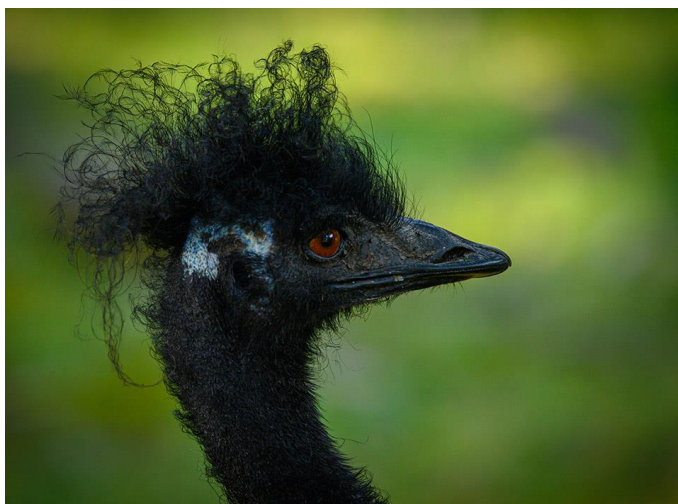
We have settled into a comfort zone of sorts. When he gets into his tirades, I have learned how to steer them in other directions. When I want something, he totally cannot relate to, he has learned he really has no choice but to let me have it. He will never win until I see it may not have been the right choice after all. Laughing, I mention to him that one must tell a Brim something 25 times before it becomes their own idea. It can be rewarding to hear him finally say

his new innovation out loud.

We are a team now. We join each other at the Doctor's office. He vacuums and cooks. I pay the taxes and bills. Little things that bug him don't seem to bother me. Or if they do, I have learned to maneuver them rather than meet him head-on. Fighting is exhausting anyway. And it can be very stressful. I already take enough blood pressure pills. So, I have learned winning is spending less time worrying who's right, and more time deciding what's right for our relationship.

That must be love. What else can it be?

-- Sandra Miller Brim



*Bad Hair Day, Harvey Abernathy*

## Preparing Your Will?

Please consider College of Marin's Legacy Society. You can designate ESCOM as a recipient of your planned giving.

To receive a brochure or for additional information about creating your legacy, please contact:  
Keith M. Rosenthal  
Director of Advancement  
415.485.9528  
advancement@marin.edu





## Gale's Garden

Death came early this Sunday  
 The last time I saw Gale  
 She was pulling weeds among iris and rose  
 I'm tired of my garden she sighed  
 I can't keep up with it anymore

I lean over the fence  
 not knowing it will be the last time I'll see her  
 I tell her the garden always looks beautiful  
*even in winter*

She feels odd this morning  
 So they took her to the hospital  
 To find out what was wrong

In anticipation of her return  
 George built a ramp along the side door  
 But she never came home

The next day I heard him yank it out with a mad thud  
 Plywood planks lean against the half-painted house  
 Her room is now empty  
 He leaves the lights on anyway

I can still hear her feisty giggle  
 Over the morning-glory vine covered fence  
 Her long silver-threaded hair almost to her waist  
 In Spring, it became Monet's Garden  
 Exploding with daffodils, poppies and fragrant lilac

She was habitually worried and tired it seemed  
*Don't let the news do you* I'd tell her  
 An unfinished house that would never be finished  
 There was never enough to go around  
 Money or joy that is

Her only solace, the garden  
 Now parched, misses her  
 Today the mailman delivers her in box  
 I think she would like to scattered among the poppies

— Marcia Smith



Laura Milholland

## Tell it to the Bees (a Celtic tale)

In the small Celtic city of Castletown  
 Lived a beekeeper, quite renowned.  
 One day a swarm of bees flew into his home  
 Closely followed by a stranger named Death,  
 Twas then the poor fellow took his last breath.  
 His bereaved wife, aware of Celtic code.  
 Goes out to his hives and quietly knocks  
 And in a sweet calm voice she begins an ode  
 A short simple song on the life of her mate  
 So he can peacefully enter Heaven's gate.

She must sing to the bees or calamity will fall.  
 The hives will produce no honey at all,  
 Or the bees will willfully fly off and reneest  
 Before she can lay her husband to rest.  
 She ties a black ribbon to a piece of wood,  
 Sticks it in a hole in a hive as she should  
 To assure both she and her son will survive.  
 Near the beekeeper's corpse she places the hive,  
 And near the corpse she leaves food and wine  
 So the bees and the mourners may richly dine.  
 It's believed in bee's soul death and rebirth travel  
 And when they next swarm they will unravel  
 A bridge for the beekeeper into the afterlife  
 Answering the piteous prayers of his wife.

— Carol Allen

## A Day in the Life of the Prophet Gabriel

The Prophet Gabriel paused at the corner, one foot off the curb.

“Wait!” barked a voice, Gabriel recognized this as the voice of God, and so he waited for further instruction. While waiting, he spat out the pills he had cheeked earlier. The pills made him sleepy and muted his voices.

God often spoke to the Prophet Gabriel, sometimes as a voice inside his head or the TV, other times through a song. Once, Gabriel tried to talk to God through a burning bush, but the bush wouldn’t go up in flames no matter how many matches he lit.

Anointing himself with oil like Jimmy Swaggart said was easier. Gabriel poured the bottle of Canola over his head like the song said: “Flowing down to make me clean, like a mighty rushing stream.” His mom got all mad and said he’d made a big mess and looked like a fool, but he didn’t care. He knew that this was God’s way of cleansing him of his sins. Swearing was a sin. So was masturbation.

God’s voice barked, “Walk”, and Gabriel continued on the path of the righteous. Some kids passed him and snickered at his robes and his dreadlocks, but today he ignored them, although he considered calling down a curse on them, like Elisha did when he was taunted. Would bears come out of the woods and attack the boys? He wasn’t sure. There were no woods nearby, for one thing.

Noticing some mushrooms growing on the edge of a lawn, Gabriel plucked and ate them, hoping they were the holy kind. They tasted of dirt. He hummed to himself, “One pill makes you larger, and one pill makes you small...”

Gabriel automatically checked to see if anyone had left their keys in the ignition or a car door unlocked as he walked by. He stopped to consider a Ford Galaxy. It had a nice sound to it. God had made the galaxies. As he debated with himself whether or not to go for a ride, he remembered that he had an appointment with his new psychiatrist. He didn’t want to miss it because he liked this doctor. She was pretty and smelled nice, and, unlike some of his other psychiatrists, who didn’t remember his name or talked on the phone during sessions, she actually listened to him.

In Dr. Penobscot’s waiting room, The Prophet Gabriel studied her diploma hanging on the wall, and thought about her name. *Pen ob scot*. He understood the Pen part, but what did ob mean? Penobscot. He whispered the word to himself, and thought he could almost taste it.

Dr. Penobscot commented on the flowers in his hair with a real smile, and asked lots of questions about him – how he felt about living at home, how he got along with his



Laura Harrison

Parents and how he was doing with his meds. Gabriel asked what her name meant, and she explained that the Penobscot were an indigenous tribe in Maine, adding that she had some native American blood. The prophet was pleased to hear this because he admired the Indians who had been so persecuted.

Although Gabriel was usually on guard, especially with shrinks, because the world was full of evil doers who might harm him or call him crazy, he found himself opening up and talking more than he ever had before to this pretty doctor with the funny name. He explained how he’d realized he was a prophet, and how important the music of the Grateful Dead was because of Jerry Garcia. It had been a long time since he’d spent time with someone who seemed interested and asked good questions. Something inside him loosened up, and he said more than he meant to. An hour passed, and Dr. Penobscot smiled as she glanced at the clock and rose, announcing that they were out of time.

“I enjoyed our conversation, Gabriel, and I’ll look forward to seeing you again in two weeks.”

The Prophet headed for the door, but something was bothering him – an uneasy feeling that had something to do with the doctor’s smile. Why had she said she *enjoyed* their conversation? Was she making fun of him? Maybe he’d said too much.

He turned and studied her behind paranoid eyes, now narrowed with suspicion. Had she tricked him? Was she Delilah, trying to seduce and unman him?

“You’ve been masturbating to my pain.”

He spun on his heel, and walked out.

– Nancy Frease



### What is love?

is love what brings the ocean back to the land  
again and again  
caressing the sands

Is that love?  
most would say the ocean has no heart  
I know a man who died at its hands

do animals in the wild mate for sake of love  
experts say procreation is the reason

yet experts can't seem to justify the lament one  
has at the death of its mate.

perhaps that means love transcends passion

Can I buy love I know I can buy passion  
is passion love?

No I think love has no price, no shape, no form,  
no reason why  
although many would seek to give it a reason  
I think it is inexplicable

I do know this that if it is let loose it can transcend  
everything  
rid the world of hate and suspicion heal our  
wounds

Yes I think that is love  
Not what it is but what it can do.

— Chuck Beisch



### The Lyric of Life

There is a communal core within us:  
a rhythm imbued by the force of Nature,  
as we embody with age and range  
to live and thrive.  
This core within compels the spirit  
to expand, explore, experience,  
touch and seek, reach and learn,  
while one meanders through the avenues,  
unilaterally, unconcerned  
by the compelling forces of life.  
The orchestrated community of mind and body  
works in unison, ever compelled by Nature's magnificence,  
as we live each day, in tune with  
the core of creation, binding us together,  
ever coerced by that rhythmic force -  
one pulsating essence from within.

— deidre silverman

### A Sound In The Night

It was early morning, still dark outside. I didn't want to turn on my lights although I was awakened by the sound. I just lay there warm and cozy under the blankets on my bed, just listening. I knew he or she was on a hunt or looking for a partner. There was no echoing sound, a reply from a partner. This wasn't the first time I had heard the sound, it was the third time within a week. I had not gotten up from my bed the times before either. It was too dark out - I wouldn't have seen anything. Like before, it moved around out in the yard. Sometimes moving closer, sometimes just to another area of the yard when it would call out again, still no reply. The sun will be up soon, the sky is starting to lighten still not bright enough for a visual conformation of a location. I wish I could catch a quick look and watch for a few minutes. It will be gone by the time the sun has reached the horizon. One last, "Hoot, Hoot" before it flies off.

— Karen Olson



*Ferns, Allan Smorra*

### Untitled

“We are all god”s poems”  
 we- the mouthpiece beckoned to speak  
 we- the brain that conjures imagination  
 we- the muscle and sinew purposed to become  
 movement  
 we- the delicate projections of fingers connected to  
 soft papaya flesh palms  
 destined to flow logos through them like water  
 tumbling in a brook

and I - I who seek to discover what colors of the  
 rainbow i am  
 channel the muses nine to shape and mold my stardust  
 soul  
 into form  
 into poetic essence  
 into godly spirit.

— Louise Potter Yost

### Up Ward Creek c.1952

He’s been teasing us all summer that crafty speckled brown, fish-tailing through cellophane water, circling Daddy’s hand-tied caddis fly, ‘til some primeval piscine ESP sends him dodging under the shadow of a Jeffrey Pine, its reedy needles raining pineapple pollen onto the creek—camouflaging its denizens.

We wait in silence, Daddy and me, savoring the west shore morning: scents of pine sap, boot crushed needle dust, wild iris edging the creek bank. A chickadee, miniature alpine acrobat, flips up and over the branch of a Quaking Aspen, tweeting hey sweetie, hey sweetie. In the pines, a Tanager flashes his rain forest colors: scarlet, yellow, onyx—electrifying the cobalt sky.

Daddy nudges me, eyes on the big brown, skimming the bottom, foraging a meal. Rod in hand, barefoot toes curled, I ford the creek, balancing slimy rock to slimy rock, finding footing on a sun-warmed slab of ancient granite. Casting the line, I aim my amber nymph in the trout’s line of sight. Gently, the dainty decoy lands, barely rippling the surface. I wait, gazing into the water, thinking the trout’s thoughts. Rod jerks, line drags. He’s taken the bait. Slowly, I reel him up out of the churning creek. Iridescent nacre spots glisten along his writhing flanks. One gold-ringed eye telegraphs disbelief. I meet his glance, awed by the beauty of this river-dwelling creature.

Now, in this moment, the fish and I understand there’ll be no creel for him, no sizzling pan or parsley-garnished platter. Cradling his head in my hand, I ease thumb and finger into the gaping mouth, feeling for the barb lodged under his lip. On the opposite bank, Daddy shakes his head and smiles as, together, we watch the speckled brown fish-tale through the water—free to live another summer up Ward Creek.

— Lynn Arias Bornstein

## Doctors Shouldn't Call Us Lay, We Can Slay (by Mrs. Stalinsky)

The useless complexity of modern medicine often gives me a laugh. I can handle most problems with a treatment as simple as basic water.

Once I had a sinus headache. I never had one before. At the age of 50 I figured I should buy over the counter sinus relief. Nothing worked and I was jumping up and down in pain. Knowing that a cool compress can alleviate migraine pain, although I've never had a migraine, I put a room temperature compress on my face figuring an experiment such as that is safe. The pain stopped instantly.

In my youth I was flashed in living nude. At an older age I was called into a doctor's office by a doctor named Flash who had vertigo. He explained that vertigo is calcium particles jostling in the ear creating dizziness. He continued that his vertigo was so bad he often vomited from it. I chanced on acquiring a different pillow, a firmer one with a hunch that positioning my head differently while I slept would adjust the calcium particles in my ear as not to bother me as much. As a short lady I slept on a soft pillow and that worked nicely for me, I never got headaches because my neck rested appropriately. I purchased a firm pillow and the vertigo stopped, but I started to get a headache. I made the logical decision and bought a down medium. Viola! Very little vertigo and no headache. I have heard from a friend that she avoids vertigo with a down pillow as well.

To add to my story, a nemesis of mine and her family formed a pillow company. She thought her pillow was so special she could make an X-rated film of me, "On Pillow Talk." They knew about neck and back adjustment with pillows but did not know about vertigo. I made a YouTube video including pillows with shams I knitted, a cow and a ladybug. In the video I described how the proper use of pillows could prevent migraines and vertigo dizziness. Joking, I said I took the brand of pillow my nemesis marketed and snorted it by cutting it into pieces and placing some of the pieces in a jar with alcohol and using a funnel on top to smell it. The pillow thus far has been discontinued at three major chains.

My next prevention is a theory on which I am trying to arrange an evidence-based study. I know from a small sampling that no one who rinses with cool water after a warm shower gets cancer, and furthermore, I noticed that no one I know with cancer rinses with cool water. Cool water shrinks skin pores, which can keep dirt and pollution out of the body perhaps carcinogens. Chemicals react to temperature, thus cool water might combat carcinogenic chemicals. Before cancer was prevalent we bathed in cool water. Malignancy slowly appeared as man-made heat evolved. Let us pray.



*Tami Tsark, "Sometimes Less is More" oil on crated panel*

How many folks waste time on over the counter cold medications? A simple brew of tea with lemon with honey melts away cold symptoms. Add gargling with salt water and you will have a recovery quicker than Zicam.

I despise physicians' and nurses' attitudes of calling regular and everyday folks "lay" people. They often infer that if we don't have medical degrees that we are unworthy of presenting opinions, conversation and make no valid contribution to society by ourselves. They tend to laugh at the work we do and believe we are intellectually inferior. From my examples we have noticed they can read their medical books and relay the knowledge to their patients but some, and I must state not all, lack the out of the box creativity to notice and try simple, safe and perhaps logical preventions, treatments and yes, even cures.

That being stated, let's hope the medical profession will proceed to pay attention to everyday, regular people and discontinue the terminology of lay people. Calling us lay people renders undeserved sexual connotations, which is prevalent in medical degreed attitudes. Wake up from that boxed-in attitude and discover the aura of the simplicity in care that can belong to us simple folk.

-- Karen Arnold



## WANT TO CONTRIBUTE TO THE JOURNAL?

**NEXT DEADLINE IS April 15**

Please send your **final** draft to  
[denizespringer@gmail.com](mailto: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 your document. **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 only in file size 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 cannot be considered.**

**POEMS: (50 lines MAX including the spaces between stanzas)** If your poem must be centered, please note this.

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 (Emeritus Students College of Marin) is a student organization of active 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

Editor, Denize Springer

Web Content Manager, Richard Jensen

*The ESCOM Journal, a publication of the Emeritus Students College of Marin, is published on alternate months online at [www.marin.edu/escom](http://www.marin.edu/escom). 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 submission specifications on this page before submitting. The deadline for each issue is the 15<sup>th</sup> of the prior month. Please send submissions or questions to [denizespringer@gmail.com](mailto:denizespringer@gmail.com)*

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