

ESCOM JOURNAL

November/December 2019



Photo: Harvey Abernathey

*Emeritus Students
College of Marin*

Lifelong Learning

Lifelong Doing

Lifelong Friendships

Let's be Proactive about Emergency Campus Closures

There are many scenarios that may require the closure of COM campuses (i.e., weather driven power failures and blackouts aimed to ward off wildfires), it is important to be proactive about checking in with the campuses whenever you are unsure about class or club meetings during emergencies. The College website is also a good way to learn about other urgent COM announcements. If you have doubts about the campus being open as usual, go to the main COM

Website: www1.marin.edu, where you will see a *Campus Status* box. If the campuses are open the box will be green and state OPEN. If the campuses are closed, the box will be red and state CLOSED.

For current and ongoing alerts of campus closures, urgent announcements or emergencies, sign up for **COM Connect**. This alert system sends students and community members alerts by text and/or email. Here's the link to where

you can sign up for COM Connect alerts: <https://collegeofmarinopenportal.bbcportal.com/>

JOIN US!

**ESCOM GENERAL MEETING
AND WINTER SOLSTICE
DECEMBER 7, 2019**

11:30 to 2 pm

St. John's Social Hall

14 Lagunitas Road in Ross

**Refreshments, easy street
parking**

Two Monks

You had me with the drawing on a
napkin,

Two Monks in communion at a
table.

I framed the napkin.

Your whole life a burst of bold
color

moving in an arc of radiance-

appreciated and appreciative.

Losing your orbit, you became a
planet in full spin

outside the harness of
gravitational grasp.

Your life an explosion.

Then nothing but

the Two Monks.

-- Ginni Saunders



Photo: Laura Milholland

New Club Anyone?

Are you, or a loved one,
Gluten Free?

If there is sufficient interest,
Linda Abernathy will put
together a "Gluten Free and
Me" Club. It will be a
combination of educational
sharing on what is gluten
free, shopping for gluten
free items, product info
sharing, cooking/baking
classes, potlucks, and
dinners out at gluten free
specializing restaurants.
Linda has been gluten free
for over 12 years, a former
member of Gluten
Intolerant Group of Marin
(now disbanded), attended
many Gluten Free Expos,

taken many GF baking classes,
and won Marin County Fair 1st
place award for her gluten free
banana nut bread!

Anyone interested in this
club, please contact Linda
directly at her email:

LJLA.DSUP@gmail.com.

Please put "ESCOM Gluten
Free Club" in the subject line,
and include your contact
information in the email
message. If there is enough
interest, the club will be held
at the Indian Valley campus
with dates and times TBD. We
need a minimum of 6 persons
to be able to offer this
program.

Emeritus Students College of Marin (ESCOM) was founded in 1973 to serve the unique needs of older adults, and is dedicated to the principles of quality of life, personal growth and lifelong learning. ESCOM offers more than 30 clubs and discounts to College of Marin Continuing Education classes at both the Kentfield Campus and the Indian Valley Campus in Novato.

MEMOIR

And the music never stops

My husband, Paul, had a birthday not long ago and turned 94 years old. We did not have one big party but we celebrated beginning a week before and for a solid week leading up to Labor Day. One cousin came in from Pennsylvania, and one son and wife and daughter, Talia, came in from Denver. Another son and wife came in from St Louis. It was all wonderful, but I feel like a dishrag that's been wrung out and left at the side of the road. The house seemed an In & Out restaurant with food and visits on demand.

Paul has had an interesting life. Born in Vienna, Austria in 1925 and before Hitler came to power, he was advised, by a very wise teacher, to get out of Austria while he still could. His family was able to find a sponsor in the United States and they immigrated to America leaving Vienna with \$10 each, which was what Hitler allowed. A Jewish organization in New York directed them to St Louis where Paul went to High School, then to Washington University, then into the service. He completed his degree at Washington University in Engineering and took a job at a local firm.

We met at a dance one night and married within the year. We've been married 70 years, have three successful sons, seven grandchildren and four great grandchildren all dutifully employed in thumb-sucking or other various persuasions relevant to their ages. We manage to keep in close touch with all of them and they keep busy via current electronic methods.

We recently heard from Maddie, age 6, in St Louis who informed us she wants to be a Unicorn trainer when she grows up. She made an elegant headpiece out of aluminum foil with two horns and wore it to school for 3 weeks. We are going to run her for president in 2020. She will carry all the "blue" States.

We spent the last evening of our birthday celebration over dinner at my son's home talking about memories giving everyone a turn to tell a memory, or an experience they had had with Grandpa. Several things came to my mind. We had come to Denver for the Bat Mitzvah of granddaughter, Talia. We were staying at a

lovely hotel and I had gone to our room early to wash my hair and get ready for the next morning's religious service at the Temple. Paul stayed in the lobby to wait for cousins who were coming in late. There was a knock on my room door, a cousin telling me Paul had a heart attack (the first of three) and had been taken by ambulance to the hospital.

I was taken to the hospital to visit him. He was stable and in good condition and we had a pleasant conversation. As I left the Emergency Room a grizzled middle-aged doctor, who had been an emergency room doctor in Israel, stopped me and said, "Aren't you going to say good night to your husband?"

"I said my goodnights," I said very acidly, recalling all the cigars-too many and all the Ben and Jerry's, way too many, but I said nothing to the doctor and nothing to Paul. I could still recall the smell of the fumes of those cigars.

We had an elegant dinner Sunday night with four kinds of fish, which my son and daughter in law had caught in Alaska during their summer vacation.

It fell to me to make the concluding remarks before the evening ended. I told everyone how blessed we were in love and health to have found the perfect mate. God had certainly given us His blessings with our children and our grandchildren and now our great grandchildren. We had worked hard and we appreciated what we had been given. We did not take it lightly.

Then I looked at the beautiful fresh young faces sitting across the table from me each on the cusp of a career and I said a deep silent prayer – for all around me, for all those not around me and for everyone else. Bless us all.

-- Iris Tandler

Photo: Harvey Abernethy



Advent

Gray days

Waiting the return of the light

Is there reason for dread?

Sunset

Rain drums and pounds

Hours pass -sun's reflection

Does not appear.

Is this the year when dim days become duller,
darker?

On the edge of twilight

Sun and moon hang suspended, frail,

Frozen below the horizon.

Then, a whisper...

The Promise was fulfilled long ago

Light came, is coming, will come

Rejoice!

We are saved.

-- Anne Mulvaney



Photo: Peace Cranes, Louise Yost

Photo: Harvey Abernathey



MEMOIR

From a Rooftop in Kathmandu

The story starts long ago, in the 3rd grade at Grant Elementary School in Richmond, California. We were having a geography lesson, standing around a gigantic map on the wall, learning about mountain ranges, bodies of water, continents, countries within continents, and cities within countries. I pointed to one city on the map and asked, "How do you say that name?"

"Kathmandu," my teacher said. I knew instantly I wanted to go there, that I would go there. I find it amazing now that my naive, 8-year-old self knew enough to even think that.

Forty-something years later in the early 1990s, I was working in San Rafael for Federal Express. At that time, one of the perks for FedEx employees was free flights on FedEx airplanes...wherever they went. Believe me, I took full advantage. I was planning my next vacation wondering where I'd go this time, and thought, "Hmmm...Kathmandu! Of course. I've always wanted to go there."

On the first day of my vacation, I checked the schedule, and luckily I hadn't been bumped for a crew transfer, which occasionally happened. Later that afternoon, I boarded a plane at the FedEx terminal in San Francisco. From there, after stops to off-load and load freight in Seattle, Anchorage, and Narita Airport in Tokyo, I finally landed in Hong Kong, and the next day took a commercial flight to Kathmandu. It was an extremely long and tiring journey.

A few days later at the Swayambhu View Hotel in Kathmandu, I was on the roof of the four-story guesthouse, where there was a bar for socializing and talking about the day's adventures. The bar was empty at the moment, so I was there alone. It was very quiet and peaceful. I walked around slowly, taking in the view from each side of the building, and settled in one area, leaning on a waist-high wall on the edge of the roof, studying the Himalayas in the

distance. They were quite an amazing sight, quite alive. To my right was a smaller, closer mountain where I had been the day before. On top of that small mountain was Swayambunath Stupa, a somewhat flattened area with several temples, souvenir sellers, a number of tourists, and quite a few people in robes, obviously in prayer.

In the middle of the stupa was a series of prayer wheels, some about eight feet high made of dark brown carved wood, worn smooth from thousands of hands. The tradition on the stupa was to walk in a circle around the prayer wheels, taking a swipe at each one to make it spin so prayers would flow out into the universe and manifest.

There I was the next night, looking back at the stupa from afar, and thinking about that powerful prayer wheel experience, and all of a sudden dogs started barking. Thousands upon thousands of dogs throughout the city were barking. It was rather like crickets at sunset out in the country, only it was dogs on all sides of the hotel compound and off into the distance, barking all at once. Quite extraordinary. Since I was up on the fourth floor, the barking was lower than I was -- like a floating mist resting on the ground, a *sound-fog* of barking as the sun was setting.

Then something changed, and I left my body. Whoosh, I was gone. I didn't know I had left my body until I came back and thought, "Whoa, I just left my body, and now I'm back." And my next thought was the map on the wall of my third grade classroom.

I'm not sure what transpired during that brief journey into the spirit of the Himalayas, but I had gone to Kathmandu for that experience. Something had changed. I felt different. I'm still not sure now, decades later, what was different, what is still different, but I know I listened, I acted, I allowed it all to happen, and all is well.

-- Linda Minor



Photo: Laura Milholland

THE TOADFISH

You must remember this
The Toadfish seldom kiss
The Batrachordidae
Essentially are very shy
As tides go by

But when they go to woo
As every fish must do
When mating time has come
And having no guitar to strum
They simply hum

Beneath the bay, the chorus of their song
Swells neath the swells, we hear it all night
long
Fish must have fish, or there will be no fry
As no one can deny

In this genetic pool
The future of the school
Comes from this crooning guy
The bay will always welcome love-songs
As tides go by

-- Jay Conner

The Untamed Universe

Just one glimpse of the Milky Way and I'm humbled to be alive. I am merely a being made of stardust with the capacity to feel love. I am home where I stand and in this moment the open darkness above pulls my gaze. Then, the feeling arises, the connection happens, the expansion appears. I look up to look within and I know I'm experiencing the space in-between the sparkle. I become misty-eyed, I sense myself expanding and deepening into the night's experience. I'm connected to the beings standing with me, to the beings hovering over me, and to the beings living beneath me. The seemingly simple beauty of the night sky reminds me that I'm part of a grander design; I'm part of the ordered chaos, which I call life. I find peace knowing that the universe will forever be untamed. I can hear the calming blue whisper from afar and find ease within myself. I sink into the unfolding mystery of my inner silence.

-- Miranda Lillian Miller

CAMPUS MUSIC REVIEW

Golden Gate Brass Band Shines

On October 5th, 2019, the College of Marin's own "Golden Gate Brass Band" delighted its audience with pieces ranging from traditional Americana to Symphonic, to contemporary arrangements. Director Trevor Bjorklund ensured that the audience would revel in the dark, deep and rich tones from the mighty trombones and tuba to the sparkling brilliance of the piccolo trumpet.

The concert opened with a gorgeous arrangement of an American staple, *Shenandoah*, beautifully arranged for the brass band by Quinto Maganini.

Next up was *The origin of Castell Rhuddlan*, a contemporary work by native Marin composer, Adrian L. Quince, (also conductor for The Las Gallinas Valley Sanitary District Non-Marching Band, affectionately known as "The Sewer Band") and Deutscher Musikverein of San Francisco, is based upon a story of a 13th Century Castle in Wales. Quince's piece evoked its majesty with its slow march melodies.

More contemporary music from a Hollywood composer, Michael Kamen, inspired lush, romantic harmonies and interlocking melodies in *Dectet*, an arrangement of his Quintet expanded to include the whole brass ensemble. With a solemn background, the musical sections play repetition with eighth note runs and long whole notes. Soloists included Jon Oldfather on the French Horn and Tim Meazell on the trumpet.

A classical offering, *Urlicht*, by Gustav Mahler, portrays primeval light wrapped in orchestral music. From Mahler's 2nd Symphony, the Flugelhorn sings the alto solo's voice. The message of the music conveys a human yearning for relief of worldly woes. The character is both simple as well as solemn. There is a call and response communication between the horns and the trumpets. Notes run in parallel to louder forte and then decrescendo amidst some trills.

Circus Bee, written by Henry Fillmore, showcased the fabulous trombones of the Golden Gate Brass Band in a Screamer March in rapid loud staccato notes and fast and quick punch beats from percussionist, Nick Mello, on the snare.

After a short intermission, we were treated to the sounds of the traditional spiritual, *Amazing Grace*. After the piece was performed, Bjorklund then led the audience through a bizarre tale surrounding its creation and the intriguing story of its author, John Newton, who was once a slave trader, then a slave, and eventually an Anglican preacher!

Classical repertoire of composer Edvard Grieg was personified in *Funeral March*. The Norwegian composer wrote the work in memory of his best friend, Rikard Nordraak. The powerful and exquisitely slow, melodic dirge featured majestic long, forte tones in the lower range and were interspersed with desperate rests. Leading into bombastic march and then returning to soft and grave undertones.

Toccata was next, attributed to Girolamo Frescobaldi but actually a musical forgery by one Gaspar Cassadó. Its tonality is joyful and rich, also stately in slow moving passage to the French Horns quickening pace, with the rest of the Brass playing allegro. Then, long accented runs and a slower rendition of the melody resonated in the hall. The audience was kept on the edge of their seats in rapt attention.

More circus music followed in the form of Henry Fillmore's *Rolling Thunder*, again featuring acrobatics in the low brass notes. The final piece was *Over the Rainbow* from *The Wizard of Oz*, a favorite of so many. It capped a complete and lovely performance.

--Maria Gregoriev

UPCOMING MUSICAL PERFORMANCES COLLEGE OF MARIN KENTFIELD CAMPUS

Tickets are available at the door, on line at brownpapertickets.com, or at the COM Box Office in the Kentfield Performing Arts Building.

GOLDEN GATE BRASS BAND, Saturday, Nov., 23 at 7:30pm, James Dunn Theatre Kentfield Campus

CONTEMPORARY OPERA OF MARIN, Paul Smith, Dir., "Going to the Dogs...and the Cats" Saturday, November 2 at 7:00pm, LeFort Recital Hall (PA 72) Saturday, Nov. 10 at 2:00pm

COM SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA CHAMBER CONCERT, Boyd Jarrell, dir., Sunday, Nov 3 at 3:00pm, LeFort Recital Hall

JAZZ ENSEMBLE, Cayce Carnahan, Dir., "Jazz on the Tube" Friday Nov. 22 at 7:30 pm James Dunn Theatre

COM COLLEGE CHORUS AND CHAMBER SINGERS, Cheryl Ziedrich, Boyd Jarrell and Jeffrey Paul, Dirs. Winter Concert, Tues., Dec. 3 at 7:30 pm James Dunn Theatre

SYMPHONIC WIND ENSEMBLE, Trevor Bjorklund, Dir., Sunday, Dec. 8 at 3pm, James Dunn Theatre

Photo: Laura Milholland

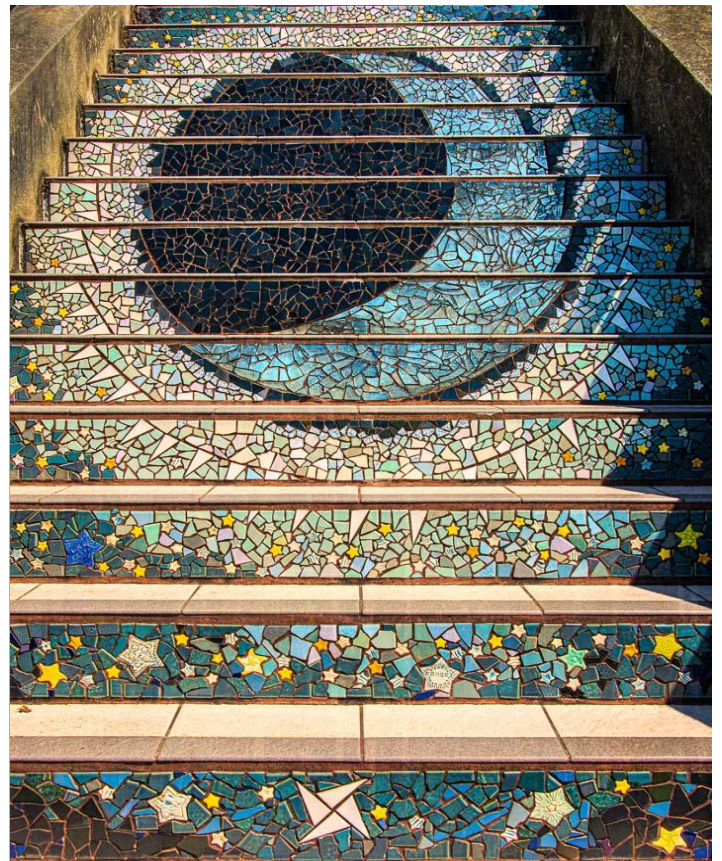


Photo: Tile Step Spiral, Harvey Abernathy

MARIN ORATORIO FALL CONCERT, Boyd Jarrell, Dir., "Mass in B minor" Saturday Dec. 14 at 7:30pm and Sunday Dec. 15 at 3 pm James Dunn Theatre

CONSERVATIVE CATECHISM

"Why can't we just keep everything the way it used to be " ?

The world where Archie Bunker lived was good enough for me.

I have a way to cope with life, with all its starts and fits

Appreciate the good parts, and endure the nasty bits

Don't muck with it! It's good enough, and bad enough as well

Just close enough to Heaven, and just far enough from Hell

-- Jay Conner

ESSAY

Lessons

Ever since mobility issues have necessitated my use of a walker, my take on strangers has changed. Unlike Blanche DuBois, I've never been dependent on the kindness of strangers. In fact, I was more apt to notice rudeness.

I was widowed twenty years ago. My late husband liked to be in charge. That was fine with me, more or less, for thirty years. I'd been independent before we married so the transition to handling finances after his death wasn't difficult. Although he left a huge hole in my heart never to be filled, the joys of independence came back loud and strong.

Until the diagnosis of myositis in 2013. After several tests, including a biopsy, the neurologist was hesitant to break the news that my kind of myositis (IBM) is non-curable, non-treatable and progressive. And so it is. But I'm determined not to be identified by this condition. If people want details Google provides them.

Adjustments, as you may imagine, have been constant and never ending. I've been fortunate to build an impressive group of friends/family and caregivers who are all part of an extensive web of support. The caregivers are paid, and because myositis is progressive, I've gradually needed to hire more helpers. These have also become friends/extended family. Or they move on. Everyone in all categories quickly learns that pity isn't allowed. Ever. Lesson #1: There's always room for love.

Myositis has taught me countless other valuable lessons. It was rough at first having to negotiate the outside world as a 'disabled' person. If you don't know of Stella Young, I highly recommend her TED talks. She was a brilliant advocate for disabled rights in Australia. She puts her points across with



intelligence and wit. I found her hilarious. If we can't laugh about ourselves or our wacky world we're doomed. Stella was an early teacher.

Aside from Stella's wise words, I am constantly taught gratitude by the kindness of strangers. No dependency is necessary. It happens automatically. I cannot approach a door without someone hurrying to hold it open. Waiting in a restaurant there's always someone jumping up to offer a seat. I'm not talking about pity. It's purely kindness. When I walk into a crowded restaurant folks carefully move chairs to give me room to pass. Those are just a few daily examples.

At first it was painful being outside the safety of home. I was self-conscious, awkward, unused to being 'different.' Gradually, I learned another lesson. Eleanor Roosevelt's words taught me well: "You wouldn't worry so much about what others think of you if you realized how seldom they do." She was spot on. I'm no longer nearly so uncomfortable. People see folks with walkers all the time. They may have mothers or grandmothers in the same shape. No big deal.

I won't ever call Myositis a blessing but it has taught valuable life lessons and an outpouring of love, empathy and concern that is beyond measure. -- Susan Mines

Photo top of page: Harvey Abernathey

Changes to Class Registration 2020

PLEASE NOTE:

Personal checks may no longer be used to pay for IN-PERSON registration, but checks will still be accepted with registration forms sent via mail or deposited in the drop box outside the Community Education offices.

In-person registration locations:

Kentfield Campus

Enrollment Services

Student Services Building, **Second Floor**

Mon 9 am to 4 pm

Tue, Wed, Thurs 9 am to 7 pm

Fri 9 am to 1 pm

(Offices closed daily for lunch from 1 pm - 2 pm)

Indian Valley Campus

Enrollment Services

Building 27 East Hall Room 109

Mon, Tues, Thurs 9 am to 4 pm

Wed 9 am to 6 pm

Fri 9 am to 1 pm

(Offices closed daily for lunch from 1 pm - 2 pm)

Community Ed will maintain current online phone and mail-in registration.

Photo: Laura Milholland



Photo: Harvey Abernathey





Photos: Laura Milholland

HAPPY HOLIDAYS FROM THE 2019/2020 ESCOM COUNCIL!



ESCOM COUNCIL. Front row (L to R): Gini Moore, Bonnie Jean Martz, Bev Munyon, Lois St. Sure, Ellen Braezeale. Back row (L to R): Toni Middleton, Denize Springer, Anne Pearson, Nancy P. Major, Dick Park, Luanne Mullin, Joan Cassin, Jay Conner, Michael Semler, Jim Moore. Absent: Abe Farkas. *Photo: Roger Dormann*

THE ESCOM JOURNAL WELCOMES YOUR SUBMISSIONS!

Send your best work to denizespringer@gmail.com

GUIDELINES

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

Include your name in file name and on the page of any documents. You must be an ESCOM member.

WRITTEN WORK 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).

ART and PHOTOGRAPHY 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 to avoid embarrassing errors.

NEXT DEADLINE: December 15, 2019

Photo: Laura Harrison



ESCOM Journal

The ESCOM Journal (published on www.escomnews.com), 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 original art, photography, poetry, memoir and fiction (please consult the guidelines in each issue before submitting). 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

ESCOM Council

President, Luanne Mullin

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Emeritus Council Member, Paul Tandler

Past President, Anne Pearson

ESCOM Centers

Indian Valley campus: 1800 Ignacio Blvd., Bldg. 10 Rm. 40, Novato, CA 94949

Kentfield Campus: 835 College Ave., Student Service Bldg. Rm. 146, Kentfield, CA 94904

415/ 485-9652 escom@marin.edu

www.marin.edu/escom

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