

# ESCOM Journal

November/December 2022



## 'TIS THE SEASON

We hope you are well and that you have had the time to enjoy our programs and publications over the past year. Despite campus covid closures our clubs continued online, our print and online publications kept their pace, and we produced a program a month. This fall, we conducted in-person outreach events at senior living and other community organizations to increase our membership. The new four-color brochure we produced this year wowed everyone!

We are also proud to report that ESCOM's public profile continues to grow significantly. ESCOM was featured in the *Marin Independent Journal's* Senior Living section on Oct. 16 and the *San Francisco Chronicle's* Senior Style section on Oct. 23.

Did you know that 2023 marks ESCOM's 50<sup>th</sup> year of operation? In addition to providing our usual

variety of interactive and engaging clubs, programs and publications we are planning commemorations and new programs like ESCOM Connects, which aims to assist College of Marin students, our future leaders, not only with scholarships but with guidance that will help them maximize their college experience as well as support their transition to a four-year institution or the work world.

Of course, none of this would be possible without you. Hard working, passionate volunteers and the generosity of our membership forged our stunning growth over the past few years.

Your support will continue to cover the cost of social events, publications and student scholarships.

You can be a significant part of

## *Emeritus Students College of Marin*

*Lifelong Learning*

*Lifelong Doing*

*Lifelong Friendship*

Photo: Marilyn Bagshaw

ESCOM's 50<sup>th</sup> year of enhancing the College of Marin experience for everyone.

Will you make an annual donation this year?

It's simple. Just visit our Website at: <https://escom.marin.edu/donate>

If you prefer to pay by check you can send one to our address included in this letter.

Be an active and integral part of our 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary year. In addition to your annual gift, please consider serving on the Council or one of its committees, or help out at one of our events to keep the doors of our campus offices open. You can help strengthen ESCOM's efforts to serve active adults.

Gary Gonser, President, ESCOM



### When Souls Collide

That brief moment  
when souls collide

The stars are felt  
We are one

And we are love  
Whole and complete

Felt and known  
So real

So satisfying

There is nothing more.

We seek this  
Union  
All our lives

We are naked  
exposed  
open  
in truth

So real, boundless  
Stretching to infinity  
And beyond

Authentically  
Connected  
In love.

Teresa Reddy



ESCOM hosted its first live coffee in a LONG time on Sept 14 in its temporary Kentfield office.

Guest speaker Hollywood agent, COM alum and ESCOM member, Louis Bershad (*center below*), shared stories about movie greats with ESCOM members.

M.C. and new ESCOM president, Gary Gonser interviewed Bershad.

*All photos this page, Laura Milholland*



### Kindness

Elvis Presley spotted a little girl in his audience and when he bent down to give her a scarf he saw she was blind. He said something in her ear, kissed the scarf and placed it on her eyes. He sent her to the best doctor to find out if something could help. A surgery could and did help. He paid to have it done.

-- Alan Rossi

## IN MEMORIAM

Marian Mermel



### Paul Tandler

Long time ESCOM Council Member Paul Tandler passed away on October 12, 2022 in his Tiburon surrounded by family members and caregivers.

Paul was predeceased by his wife of 71 years, Iris, in March 2021. Both Iris and Paul served on various committees and wrote and edited the ESCOM newsletter and Journal for decades. Paul worked tirelessly to recruit new members, including new Council leadership.

Former ESCOM president, Marian Mermel recalled that she turned Paul down the first time he recruited her for a council seat. The second time he called her he began the conversation with "Marian, Emeritus is in trouble." "That was a plea that was hard to turn down," she said. "He was the sage of the Council" and we are all lucky to have had him to turn to for wisdom and support."

Grace under pressure seemed to be Paul's M.O. in later years as he climbed to the age of 97. He dealt with his increasing dependency on caregivers with gratitude and kindness. An avid member of the ESCOM bridge club, he always enjoyed a bridge game.

Paul was born in Austria in 1925 where he lived until he and his parents fled to St. Louis to escape the religious persecution during his boyhood. He graduated with a degree in engineering from Washington University, and worked in the copper industry for 45 years.

Among Paul's survivors are three sons, seven grandchildren and four great grandchildren.

A private service was held. Donations in Paul's memory may be made to Hospice (By the Bay Health) or Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society (HIAS) and/or the Teknion in Israel.

### Dance of the Eagles

let us be

like the eagles

dance together

in the sky

pirouette

twist

twirl

spin

above the green

the blue

meld with the

atmosphere

not subject

to the pull

of the earth

free to be

who we are

-- Barbara McDonald



## The Beatles, Live

I stumbled on a YouTube video of a Dutch band called the Analogues doing a [live cover of the Beatles' entire \*White Album\*](#). At first, I dismissed it as a novelty act or, worse, a crass attempt to appropriate the genius of John, Paul, George, and Ringo, and their producer, George Martin, for the band's personal gain. Who has time for that?

Finally I said, ah, I'll listen to *Back in the USSR*, the opening song, just for a break. But as the last tone-perfect A major chord faded into the jet whine, I knew I was in for the whole hour and forty. By the time the title words of *Good Night* were whispered beneath the glissando of a harp, I felt wrung out and well rewarded.

I've been trying to nail down why listening to a note-for-note replication of the *White Album* affected me so deeply. After all, I've heard those songs hundreds of times.

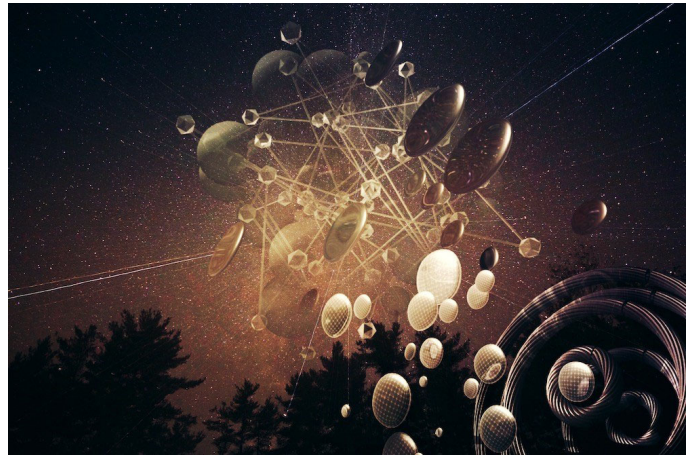
Nostalgia is part of it. I came of age with the Beatles; their music is imprinted in me and entangled with all those first-time adolescent emotions.

But the Analogues transcended nostalgia. They didn't play to cheap emotions. Their performance was an act of veneration. [According to Wikipedia](#), the band amassed vintage Rickenbacker guitars, Vox amps, and other equipment of the exact models the Beatles used. They even got the actual [mellotron](#) from the Abbey Road studios. They had musicians on strings, woodwinds, and brass for the fleeting bits throughout the album, as when two recorder players step onstage to quote *Fool on the Hill* in *Glass Onion* with three notes. The meticulous fidelity to the original accumulated depth as the Analogues progressed from one song to the next.

The singers had good voices that were in the Beatles' tonal range, but they didn't imitate them. They sang comfortably, note for note, lyric for lyric, within their own tenors and falsettos. It wasn't karaoke. Nor was it interpretive. There was no goofing, no banter, no vocal styling à la Bill Murray. There weren't even any introductions or acknowledgements before or after the songs. The band segued into each number at intervals that mimicked the time durations between the tracks on the vinyl.

The sold-out audience at the Schouwburg Theater in Antwerp sat subdued and attentive, much as they might for a performance of Beethoven. There were none of the usual pop concert hijinks—no dancing in the aisles, no clapping or singing along, no arms swaying above heads, just polite, almost reverent applause after each piece was complete.

It was like hearing the *White Album* with new ears. And since the Beatles themselves never played any of those songs live, the note-perfect performance had an air of



"Space," Allan Smorra

being conjured. All the little bits of surprise and creativity that've been worn flat through repeated listenings jumped out in high relief—the juxtaposed musical styles (the raucously amplified and snarky *Why Don't We Do It in the Road?* followed by the delicate acoustic ballad *I Will*), the songs that straddle parody and homage (*Ob-la-di Ob-la-da*, *Honey Pie*), the vivid off-the-wall lyrics (*The Continuing Story of Bungalow Bill*), the organic shifts in key and time signature (*Happiness is a Warm Gun*, also a parody, also off-the-wall, plus social commentary), the melodic beauty and harmonic complexity, the humor, the weirdness, and the sheer inventiveness—all were revealed again for the magic they were. And are.

I later discovered that some big-name acts have done part or all of the *White Album* live, notably the jam band, Phish. But even though they don't turn the songs into jams (mostly), [Phish playing the Beatles](#) sounds like, well, Phish playing the Beatles. And, of course, there's stoned fan whooping and other antics, stage smoke, and strobe lights.

And it turns out that there are a [surprising number of recorded performances of \*Revolution No. 9\*](#). Who knew? A chamber orchestra called Alarm Will Sound does a faithful version, [live](#).

The Analogues' scrupulous fidelity to the *White Album* reminded me that we'll never see the likes of the Beatles' outpouring of innovation, discovery, and joy ever again in pop music. That's not nostalgia; that's poignant. As Pink Floyd guitarist David Gilmore reputedly said, the Beatles weren't a band. They were a miracle.

-- Ray Welch



## Communion

"As long as I keep the car in motion, I can keep things under control," Sadie whispered through clenched teeth, while her mother, Lucille, scowled at the drivers they passed.

But Boston traffic never allows for unimpeded travel and there was no avoiding the stops at traffic lights and when a biker rumbled up alongside them and glanced over, her mother rolled down the window and, in a voice that carried, told him to "go suck a bone." The tattooed rider flashed anger then took in Lucille's wild, white hair and wilder eyes. Sadie shrugged in helpless embarrassment.

The biker nodded at Sadie and was gone.

By the time they reached their destination, Lucille had insulted four people—including a policeman—and had made a spectacle of herself to the amusement of many and the annoyance of some. When they parked in front of the clinic, she realized where they were.

"For shit, I'm getting out of the car," she announced.

"You have to Mama. We have an appointment."

"Well, I didn't make any appointment."

"We have an appointment with Dr. Jenkins every week. You know that."

"Don't care. I'm not going in."

"Dr. Jenkins has the cookies you like, remember?"

"Why the hell didn't you say that first?" Lucille said and climbed out of the car, leaving the door open as she headed up the steps.

When Sadie caught up, her mother had already barged into the waiting room.

"Thank you, darlin'," Lucille said to the receptionist as she received a small cookie as if it were a wafer at mass. Then she pressed her hands together beneath her lowered chin and left the altar of the reception desk to find a seat. On her way, she announced to the few waiting patients, "I'm going to

to visit my daughter."

When Sadie got them settled in, she leaned over and said gently, "Mama, we're waiting for Dr. Jenkins, this isn't the airport, and you're not going to California."

"Don't you talk to me like that," Lucille said and lifted her hand to slap Sadie but stopped as her eyes showed recognition of the middle-aged daughter before her.

Suddenly the two women were crying, Lucille for what she had almost done and Sadie for what she had to do.

Erik Cederblom



Laura Milholland

## The Gift

The one gift I miss the most in life is  
 the world for kids that winter's  
     first fresh snow would leave  
 I recall one time we waited as kids  
 for that first winter's snow which finally  
     fell the night before Christmas Eve  
 A blustery blizzard of silent white  
     covered hills and valley floors  
 with a balm to heal the earth  
     from the wear of seasons before  
 Scarred by rake, plough and harrow  
     charred by harsh summer sun  
 as kids we didn't know that with  
     the snow, earth's healing had begun  
 (Only that Christmas was tomorrow  
     and snow was meant for fun)  
 We packed down paths and safety  
 zones in the freshly fallen snow  
 to play fox and geese and other  
     games that only children know  
 We laughed and chased each other  
     till exhausted we would flop  
 to make angels in our same shape  
     though angels we were not  
 Dragging sleek Radio Flyer sleds  
 boots slipping, we clawed to the top



"Yosemite," Marilyn Bagshaw

of the tallest nearby hills  
 sped down the steep and snowy slopes  
 into piles of flailing arms and legs  
     from thrilling tumbling spills  
 I treasure the joy in those moments as kids  
     when all we had to do was to be  
 (But our thoughts then were on the gifts we  
     wanted under tomorrow's Christmas tree)  
 Just kids, so young, so much yet to learn,  
     in that moment how could we know  
 that we'd fast forget and little miss  
     all those presents we wanted so  
 Reflecting on the gift I now miss most  
     I still find it hard to believe  
 we so innocently took for granted the world  
 winter's first fresh snow would leave

-- Larry C. Tolbert

## The Malamute

When working in San Francisco for Animal Control, I once had an order to pick up an “owner request PTS (put to sleep) surrender.” Same old story: folks buy a puppy that is *so cute!* Maybe a large breed, Chow Chow, Pit bull, or in this case a Malamute that after a year and a half, decided it was the alpha member of the family. I don’t fault the dog or the breed. The whole thing was just sad.

When dogs (and their people) never get any training, some just go from cute to scary. A dog like that will guard his food, maybe hump the owner, take over the furniture including the bed, and bite anyone who challenges his dominance. Don’t try to take away his toy.

The home was a small ground floor condo with sliding glass door into the little yard. They wanted me to pick up the dog and take it away. They wouldn’t even put it in their car to bring it down to the shelter. They were afraid of it. It had bitten every one in the house.

“Every one?” I asked; “Every one” they said. That Malamute was bigger than a Husky, looked more like a wolf, which, in retrospect, might have been a wolf hybrid. Scary as hell, anyway. It looked in through the glass, locked eyes with me and very deliberately showed its teeth and *clacked* its jaws. It was saying “Here’s what I have for you!” To say I hesitated would be generous; I was frozen. Could not bring myself to go out and get close enough to put the rabies pole over his head. I did not want to be in that little yard with him.

Ten minutes went by while I flirted with the door, sticking a foot out, then retreating as he charged over with snapping jaws. He started snapping from twenty feet away and continued after I scooted back behind the thick glass. Embarrassment finally outweighed fear, and I went out with the rabies pole to confront him. I approached, always keeping the pole between us. One thing about aggressive dogs: if you turn and run, you *will* get bit, so I was committed. Gradually the tables turned and I followed him around in circles, he looking back over his shoulder right into my eyes and doing the CLACK thing with his jaws.

He retreated into a “Dogloo”, a plastic igloo-like doghouse. It had a miniature tunnel just like an igloo, and if I got down to stick the rabies pole through the tunnel to capture him, my face would be literally at ground level. I had an idea.

I went out to my van, the cargo area of which was outfitted with what we called a Mavron Unit: a bolt-in



Elaine Thornton

structure with three stainless steel kennels lined up along the inside, and two side-by-side in the back. I took a removable wall from between two kennels, about two feet square, and brought it back to use as a shield. Held it over the tunnel entrance and sneaked the rabies pole around it and got the loop over his head when he leaned down to bite it. He struggled. I struggled. No way was I going to get bit by this 80-pound devil whose wrists were bigger than mine. I was trembling and could see the family members out of the corner of my eye, watching the drama.

I finally got him out and the oddest thing happened. He started *crying*. Loud, plaintive, scared. Heartbreaking, really if you thought about it, which I didn’t, marinated in adrenaline as I was:

“You were just willing to *kill* me, you sonofabitch!” Gently I led him out through the owners’ house, into the rear kennel of the van. It seemed as if everyone in the neighborhood was watching, all feeling sorry for the crying dog. I just knew they thought I was terrible: The Dogcatcher!

Because we knew the dog was dangerous to people, we were lawfully bound not to adopt it out. In those days Training Departments were limited to only the most well funded shelters; even today results are not guaranteed. Liability-wise the dog was a disaster. Added to that, our shelter was already swamped with aggressive animals, these being the days of dog fighting in San Francisco.

That turned out to be the malamute’s last day on Earth.

-- Mike Holland



## Global Warning

Our planet, Earth is warning us with hurricanes and drought, with flooding, glacial melting on each continent, throughout. Yet, humankind, the now-assumed all dominant of species prefers to delve in power plays, unrest and random theses.

On planet, Earth exists a wondrous realm of nature's gifts: the smallest leaf is strewn with reaching veins for life relief. While flower petals, beauteous, though stilled in fallen grace surround us long-lived, bounteous life in keeping with Earth's pace.

There is a pulse within us emanating from Earth's core: we are a global entropy; our challenge: *heal* the core. Though war and social unrest are a constant in our midst, humankind must reach beyond the power-challenge drift.

Time to renew the seeds of life, heed Mother Nature's calling. Our planet, Earth presents a wealth of beauty, life-enthraling. It's time for humankind to gather, bond for Earth's assurance that life and legacy will succeed with planet Earth's endurance.

-- deidre silverman



"Smoked Salmon," Marilyn Bagshaw

***Mark your calendar!***

***December 3, 2022***



Laura Harrison

***ESCOM'S Annual Winter Solstice  
Gathering***

***Look for your invitation in an  
email message.***

## Untitled

*"We are such stuff as dreams are made of"*  
William Shakespeare

and liken unto a dream  
we soon disappear  
like the dependable moon rising and finally falling  
but should not this body of work called life  
be only a dream in the end  
then let our revelry reveal  
a mirror held up to soul  
and let soul reveal the depths of wonder  
found in dreams turned to vision  
and let vision be our muse, our goddess, our hope  
that our revels may end in contentment  
that our dreams may dissolve into the Milky Way's glowy charm

-- Louise Potter Yost

## Happiness

In the scheme of things, I am pretty happy. After all, I'm the glass is half full kind of gal. I am racking my brain trying to figure out how I arrived at this way of thinking, and what comes to mind is that my faith in God has been my constant. Even in the worst of turmoil, I always have someone to turn to. Someone to guide me as difficult as that can be sometimes. I'm grateful for all I have and the happiness it brings. I must admit there are often bumps in the road and some seem insurmountable at times; yet somehow, they become just speed bumps as I meander down the road.

Speaking of road, what truly makes me happy is when signs of autumn appear. The leaves are spilling, dancing, swirling onto the streets and yards. The air is crisp and unpredictable. The days begin to shorten. Pumpkins and mums adorn front porches. The colors of autumn are my favorite. The reds, oranges and yellows brighten my psyche. I can't help but be happy. Last night I was painting a picture of a pumpkin to decorate the house. Every year I go to Dixie's to paint at her table. She is 82 now and still giving classes to artistic wannabe's like me. We sit at the table, painting our whims while churning the news – local and world. We share town gossip such as when the new Aldi's grocery will be open or who's chicken nuggets are the best in our small town. We gossip about the royals and give tribute to the loss of Britain's greatest monarch. We share hair color tricks and arthritis remedies. Sometimes even a bottle of wine. It's these little things that make me happy. And when I finish my pumpkin and hang it on the wall, I know each day will be glorious as the autumn begins its metamorphosis of color.

Mid-October is when the trees give their best showing. I am especially happy currently because I am planning some sort of fete to commemorate my marriage. Indeed, that was my happiest time of my life when I met my husband, Fred and for 43 years we have blasted through it all: the good times and the bad. This year we plan to drive back to California, stopping in the Aspen groves in Utah.

Driving along the interstate, viewing the immense stands of twinkling Aspen trees makes my heart leap for joy. The cheerful yellows present a perfect showcase for fall foliage. I aim my camera out the window as we drive along, trying to capture even a hint of the essence I feel while passing through. Finally, when we stop to wander into the aspen grove in Park City, I am dizzy with excitement. At first, I snap way too many pictures forgetting to just look, listen and hear their stately sounds. As I stumble on their roots and look up at the beautifully speckled trunks, I feel fulfilled by nature's

Patricia Young, watercolor on paper



landscape. I am truly happy here and for a few hours, I reflect on all the joys life has presented me. I am at peace and fulfilled.

Happiness comes in twists and turns just like the unpredictable weather at this time of year. Rains are making their way to sooth the earth after the hot summer. The downpours prepare the ground so the plants can sustain the cold, harsh winter. I closely watch as the leaves give way, and the naked trees proudly show their twisted and gnarled trunks and branches. I study each limb, looking for empty birds' nests knowing the birds are now heading south for the winter. I will miss them coming to my feeders but am grateful for the ones who claim my home for theirs and remain year after year. I make a note it's time to stock up on birdseed and suet cakes and clean the birdbath. Another joy to behold. As I sit at my table at breakfast watching the birds take turns taking a bath and hurriedly pecking the myriad of holes filled with seed. Most of the kernels drop to the ground and squirrels are readily willing to pick at the remains. Sometimes it feels like I am in Disneyland.

This reminds me; You don't really need to travel far to feel the happiness surrounding you if you sit for a moment reflecting on the glass half full, remind yourself of those extra special thing's life brings and make plans to enjoy your days with every bit of sustenance you can muster up. There is so much more to come, I know it.

-- Sandra Miller Brim



## Latin's Not Dead

Have you ever been to school? Do you know the Golden Rule?

Did you ever learn to speak a foreign tongue?

I've got news for you my friend, your ear now I will bend.

I say Latin's the key, a song that must be sung.

It's in our speech. It's in our books.

Like ones that lawyers use, not just for looks,

*Veto, ego, audio*: All brought to you in *video*.

Latin's the key, a song that must be sung.

Take it from me, Latin's the key. it's everywhere you wanna be.

If you find yourself *in medias res*, you can *carpe diem* all over the place.

With just a simple *quid pro quo*, you can even rock the *status quo*.

*Nota bene*, that's the way to go.

*Maximum, minimum and medium*,

You can add 'em to your *curriculum*.

I'm sure your *alma mater* will abide.

These all refer to just one thing,

Learn 'em all and you'll start to sing.

Latin's not dead, it's still alive.

Do you speak romance? Do you wanna take a chance?

Go ahead and use your *visa card*.

*Et cetera ad infinitum*, you will never have to fight 'em.

*Q.E.D.*, it ain't very hard.

Do you speak romance?

Do you wanna take a chance?

It ain't easy, I won't deny.

You can *habeus corpus* if you try.

Say the right words, you'll begin to fly,

You can have it all, if you learn to dance.

Take it from me, Latin's the key. it's everywhere you wanna be.

If you find yourself *in medias res*, you can *carpe diem* all over the place.

With just a simple *quid pro quo*, you can even rock the *status quo*.

*Nota bene*, that's the way to go.

-- Jeff Lemontt



Laura Harrison



## I Do Not Belong Here

I do not belong here. The miles and miles of  
corduroy swales rising and the quilted fields  
oppress me. The long strands of Eisenhower's  
highways lead me places I don't want to  
go.



Laura Milholland

The deceptive blue sky, the perky white clouds, the icy light pouring down, harsh, uncaring. Seeing for miles at the slightest rise in the road. I do not belong here. The echoing silence that is empty space, sound with no place to go. The food is made of salt, fat, sugar, and something that tastes like motor oil, all of it. Everything smells like plastic, looks like plastic, tastes like plastic. The smells of old lotion, old skin, old hair, old and unused body parts. The closed rooms, the stale air, the unwashed dishes. The browns and drab colors of the dark rooms. The quiet. I do not belong here.

I belong in places where hills obscure the horizon, where trees and plants curve around me to keep me safe, where smells actually smell fresh, where the breeze blows gently through opened doors and windows. I belong in places that smell like the sea, the garden, the dirt of the ground, good cooking. I belong in places where music plays, where people laugh and talk. I belong in places that put arms around me like my husband did. I belong in places that reassure me that I don't belong in places like this, like my husband reassured me. I belong in places where the food tastes like food, good and clean, where colors are bright and happy. I belong in places where flesh is resilient, where it feels good to run my hand on an arm, and to have my arm touched like my husband touched mine. I belong in sand and sea and salt air, in achingly beautiful skies with towering clouds reflecting in the soft warm water below. I belong with my husband beside me. I belong in warm comfortable clothing, in a warm comfortable home, sun washing warmly over me, in rumpled warm bedclothes with my husband curled at my side.

I do not belong here. I do not belong where my husband is not. I long to be where he is, somewhere, nowhere, but not here. I do not belong here.

-- Deborah Miche



Laura Milholland



Laura Harrison

## Abortion in 1968

(Tribute to Ruth Bader Ginsberg)

*Reuter News: June 24, 2022. U.S. Supreme Court  
Overturns Roe v. Wade.*

Three a.m. nurse paged: "Come STAT! Immediately."

Run to the operative.

Dress in blue scrubs, white tennis shoes

Night call at the emergency room.

Hair disheveled, unshaven, half awake,

White neon lights, 12x12 feet room,  
62 degrees,

Sterile stainless cabinet walls,

Loose-green surgical scrubs.

I feel the chill.

Spotlights on her pelvis. 12-year-old black child with  
legs up in stirrups,

Thin crinkled white sheet cover. Shy, trembling, fearful,  
heaving dry sobs

Every five seconds, terror, anger in blood-filled eyes, dried  
tears on lower lids,

Heart flutters, breaths stutter, glistening chilled sweat from  
hairlines drifts

Down her cheeks and neck.

Mother, grandmother hold her hands. Nurse quiet to  
her right.

Rage, helplessness,

Unknowable empty faces,

Swollen dark eyes.

*Are they ready for this unwinnable game?*

Blood and clots pour from her vagina, swollen torn  
shredded lips,

Twelve lacerations and more. Too many punctures to  
count.

Lacerations repaired; bleeding stopped.

Pink-purple, warm, glistening, pregnant cervix winked.

I blinked.

Nurse whispered:

*"Do It" "Just Do It" "Just Do It",*

*"Instruments ready". Product of  
Conceptus...removed.*

*Saved a child and family in 1968.*

Ray Fay, M.D.



Marilyn Bagshaw



### A Godwit, By God

He is traveling seven thousand miles  
Nonstop from Alaska without food or water.  
Right now he's now at the half way point.  
I've flown out from Hawaii to interview him.

"Yes, I'm on my way to New Zealand.  
I've been working on my pecs all summer  
And lightened my load for this trip.  
The winds are favorable this time of year.  
I should be there in another five days,  
However, this pounding rain is tiresome,  
May have to take a slightly different route.  
My feathers are wet, tend to slow me down,  
But I can't stop flapping till I get there.

Spent the summer in Alaska. Insects were great.  
Can't wait to stick my stilts in New Zealand's mud flats.  
I hear the grub there is a gourmet's undoing.  
I'm turning off course up ahead to get out of this rain.  
I advise you do the same. Got to save my strength."

What an interview, what a bird!  
He wasn't even huffing and puffing!  
It's hard to believe all that I heard!

-- Carol Allen



*Godwit, Laura Milholland*



*"Treasures of the Merced," Laurie Finkelstein*



*"Near Nicasio," Kathi V. Stewart*





*"Shana Tova," Tami Tsark*

## Old Love

Born of the longings for youthful delights,  
Wending its shuttle through carnival nights,  
Twining the years in brightness and gloom.  
Weaved by the Weaver on a timeless old loom.

Though careworn, not ragged; faded but not faint;  
Torn but not tattered, dated but not quaint;  
Cloven in frailty yet faithfully re sewn,  
Like a treasured old flag proudly reflow n.

Old Love's a treasure, tender yet strong,  
Like the wings of an eagle, like the lilt of a song.

-- Steve Lovett

## Birthrights to Narcissism

I don't think so  
A world of my own  
Is not my heart showing

The American Dream  
I am seeing  
Makes me wish I am believing

**My heart is contributing**  
To the world's bettering  
Along with the few and the many

Would be queens  
You bring idiocy and fatigue  
Deadly and blindly

Those queen's song and axe  
Will never find the glass  
Or buried hatchet

Driven by Loveland's steering wheel  
In the backseat can you feel  
That where your from is guided at the signal

Open eyes  
Exemplified  
Lose your love when you say the word mine.

-- Karen Arnold



*"Sunrise Revisited," Maria Sena, watercolor*

## Equinox

Fall begins  
 today light and darkness share equal time  
 and outside as you walk you can feel  
 that hint of briskness in the air  
 our earth is getting ready  
 for the dormancy of winter.

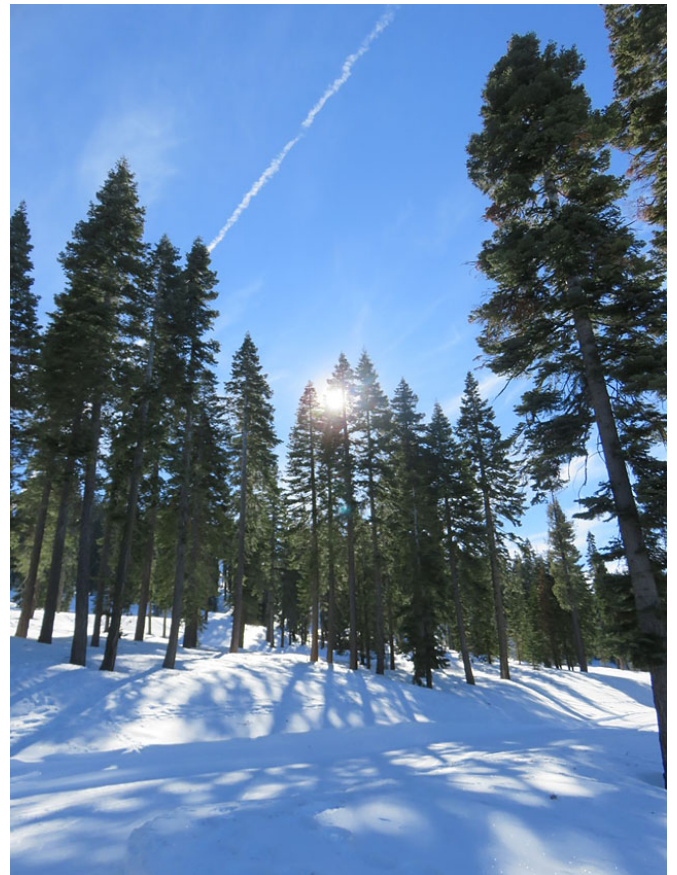
Rain has already fallen  
 an unexpected storm that helped the trees begin  
 to shed their leaves and many dance around  
 the grass and walkways to the sound of blowers  
 that invade the quiet morning  
 as gardeners gather them in piles.  
 The compost bin is full-potential soil  
 for renewing garden plots in spring.

Colors are more vibrant  
 the light has changed as the sun  
 lower in the sky brings warmth  
 and the mornings require sweaters.  
 Evenings grow cooler and  
 from now on until winter arrives,  
 every day is a little shorter and darkness  
 begins to surprise us  
 coming earlier than we expect.

I love the change of seasons  
 the ongoing cycle of life

growth and harvest  
 dormancy and renewal  
 mirrored in our own experience  
 as inhabitants of the earth.

Anne Mulvaney



Laura Harrison

## Narcissus

Snow gathers in the corners.  
 Cold gathers in the cringes.  
 One is meant to be cold,  
 To square one's shoulders to hoary wind  
 And endure what January brings.  
 It is not the cold that kills,  
 But the slight ever-mention of spring.

-- Brian Racette

## WANT TO CONTRIBUTE TO THE JOURNAL?

**NEXT DEADLINE IS December 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 friendships.*

## 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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