Between the campuses, for ESCOM members, are seventeen exciting clubs of all variety. Thanks to Iris Tandler for suggesting the design and Artist Paul Gruner for making the drawing.
JUNE ESCOM MEETING

The Emeritus Center at IVC hosted the well-attended June 25 meeting of the ESCOM Council, Dick Park, Co-President presiding.

Following the approval of the day’s Agenda and Minutes of the May 3rd meeting, Dr. Arnulfo Cedillo introduced John Luna and Diego Pinto of Mission SF, Community Financial Center, who are conducting a program named Single Stop USA on the College of Marin Campus, offering money managing services to students, such as tax preparation, financial planning and credit counseling.

They are seeking volunteers willing to devote six or more hours monthly to working with students. Twelve hours of training precede any counseling work.

Also introduced was Nanda Schorske, Interim Dean of the Indian Valley Campus, who addressed the Council briefly, voicing her support of ESCOM’s programs and hoping that the campus will be utilized in future programs.

Treasurer Art Ravicz presented his report and requested approval of several Purchase Orders, promptly granted. He noted that we are currently under-spent and should look for meaningful ways to utilize these funds. A back-up for the Treasurer was deemed desirable, and Paul Tandler offered to fill that spot on an interim basis. A draft for the 2012-13 Budget Year was distributed.

An ESCOM Marketing Committee was formed to formulate plans to increase membership and expand the scope of ESCOM’s impact on the community. Dr. Jason Lau, Director of Community Education, will help the committee. Funding will be sought from the Associated Students Organization.

Paul Tandler, Chairman of the Nominating and Election Committee, requested ratification of the Council’s membership for the 2012-13 calendar year as follows:

Co- Presidents – Marian Mermel and Dick Park
Vice President – Beverly Munyon
Treasurer – Art Ravicz
Council Members for two years – Jim and Gini Moore (joint seat)
Marje Park
Cole and Donna Posard (joint seat)
Paul and Iris Tandler (joint seat)
Continuing on un-expired terms – Marlene Knox, Len Pullan and Bill Raffanti.

Three vacancies will exist at the beginning of the new term, and the Council will consider that matter at its scheduled meeting on August 30, 2012.

The Council expressed its appreciation for the services of retiring members John Felling, Jerry Weisman and Gigi Welch.

Beverly Munyon, Chair of the Grants Committee, reported that 19 applications for financial assistance in the summer semester were received. The C.O.M. Foundation granted $60 to each applicant. The Foundation had previously approved 26 requests for the Spring Semesters.

Len Pullan, Arts and Exhibitions Chairman, announced an exhibit of digital prints and mixed media by Matthew Silverberg beginning July 10 and remaining thru September 27, with a date for a reception to be announced.

Co-President Marian Mermel reminded Council members of the upcoming speaker series “Hooked on Marin”. Stay tuned.

Preview Days are scheduled for the Kentfield Campus on Saturday, August 4, 2012, and the Indian Valley Campus on Saturday, August 11, 2012.

As in prior years the Council will not meet in July, but will resume its regular meeting schedule on Thursday, August 30, 10:00 AM, at the Kentfield Campus.

Reported by Paul Tandler

ART RECEPTION

Matthew Silverberg’s reception will be on Tuesday, September 11, 5:30 to 7:30 PM, with poetry readings at 6:45 PM.
"Looking Back" - Reflections in History - The Kentfield Campus -- About 250 years ago, the Kentfield Campus was a busy Coastal Miwok village; however, few details are known or recorded of the native people who inhabited the area. When the campus site was excavated in 1964 and again in 1971, no archaeological records were required. Thanks to Betty Goerke, a retired COM Anthropology Professor, whose book *Uncovering the Past at College of Marin* helped to make the public aware that there was an Indian Village on the current campus site. Ms. Goerke subsequently met with College of Marin President David Wain Coon and suggested creating a memorial garden to honor the Miwok people. After much consideration a potential garden site was decided upon near the entrance to Fusselman Hall. The garden will be sustainable and low maintenance with no flowers, only native grasses and shrubs. Two pathways will lead to the garden, with two benches surrounding an oak tree with a commemorative plaque set in a large rock; one of the benches will be facing Mt. Tamalpais. The grasses and shrubs will be similar to the plants when the Native Americans were living here before the landscape was changed by European influences. Both the Kentfield and Indian Valley Campuses were Coastal Miwok village sites, where native people once lived and worked together as a community.

**Community Education:** Preview Days, co-sponsored by COM Community Education Services and ESCOM, were held for the benefit of the public to acquaint them with available opportunities for education. It was possible to meet instructors, to learn about how the entire college serves the community, specific classes of interest, and even to register. These sessions were held at Kentfield on August 4 and IVC August 11.

Submitted by Alicia Warcholski

MISSING YOUR NEWSLETTER?
We have discovered that a small, but unknown number of July Newsletters were never received. It appears they are to Novato addresses. If you did not get yours please let us know, at the Editor's regular or e-mail address, and we will send you a replacement.

HELPING CHILDREN LEARN TO READ
by Susan Sharpe

Engineers and triathletes, artists and writers, grandmothers and grandfathers—all have one thing in common: They have discovered the rewards of being early literacy tutors with Experience Corps Marin. “I never imagined in a million years that I’d be doing this,” said Larry Wolff, a partially retired electrical engineer and 40+-year resident of Mill Valley who tutors 5th graders. “I had extra time, and I knew it would be fun to be with kids, but I wasn’t sure about teaching or tutoring.”

After interviewing with Experience Corps Marin in late 2008, Larry was matched with his first class at San Rafael’s Bahia Vista Elementary School for the 2009-2010 school year. “I watched the teacher and observed her techniques, and took my lead from her,” he explained. Larry helps students with both math and reading, and described the rewards he gets from the experience. “When a student is working through a math concept and struggling and I do or say something to help, and the student says, ‘Oh! Now I see!’—that alone is worth everything to me. It feels so great to motivate kids to learn and to see them get excited about what they are doing.”

Larry's experience is typical. Sometimes it's hard to say who gets the greatest reward from the experience, student or tutor. If you, a senior, have spare time you want to fill with a valuable purpose, please consider joining us. We're having an open house 1:00 to 2:00 the afternoon of September 27 at the Volunteer Leadership Center, 555 Northgate Dr., San Rafael. Best to let us know first if you're coming, 444-1767.

Larry Wolff of Experience Corps Marin tutors.
ESCOM/IVC NEWS/EVENTS/CLUBS
Questions please call:
Larry Witter 883-6889  G. Kopshever 883-7805
Bill Raffanti 883-4079  Rudy Ramirez 491-0522
Following events will be held in Bldg 10, 140AS

Organic Farm Fall Festival at COM/IVC: Saturday & Sunday, September 22 & 23, 10 AM - 3 PM. Come Celebrate the Autumn Equinox, Healthy Food and Environment. Produce, vegetable plants for winter eating, flowers, herbs, fruit trees. On Saturday a Fall Gardening Workshop, live music, face-painting, tours, tasting and FUN!

Post Card From Orlando: Diana Scranton, Zumba Gold and Functional Fitness instructor, attended the Zumba Instructor Convention in Orlando, Florida. As one of 7000 Zumba teachers world-wide, she attended training sessions for honing her skills in preparation for Zumba, Fall I classes at Kentfield (September 4) and Indian Valley starting September 5.

Pool Warm up for Fall: The 4-week mini-session began August 4 and gave new students a chance to try out the Aqua Exercise class taught by Russell Robles and provided returning students a head start on their fall exercise program.

Global Issues: Friday, 9/21, 2 PM. Will the Real Terrorist Please Stand Up. Bay Area documentarian and activist Saul Landau chronicles a half century of hostile US-Cuba relations. Terrorists, now in their 80s, recount their deeds. What did Cuba do to deserve hostile treatment?

Philosophy Club: "Life Lessons from Great Books," a 12-week session of lectures by Rufus Fears, concludes August 30. "Life’s Lessons from the Great Myths" is the focus of the new series of lectures and discussions beginning September 6. This is a good time to join the “Thursday Thinkers” at IVC.

Film Noir: Rudy Ramirez, Coordinator, offers to rent Film Noir DVDs. Funds raised will be used for club expenses and possible new equipment.

9/29 5th Saturday Bonus: A Special Film Noir to be announced on 9/22.

Humanities Club: The new Humanities Series - Niccolo Machiavelli (1469-1527), 24 lectures by William R. Cook, Professor of History at State U of New York, Genesco. Handouts and study guides are provided.

9/01 Why did Machiavelli write The Prince? The Prince 1-5, Republics Old and New

IVC Book Forum: During the lively discussion of The Double Bind, Chris Bohjalian, and its references to F. Scott Fitzgerald’s The Great Gatsby, members noted the current interest in recent novels for the years 1922-29 before the Great Depression. Books continue to lead us on to another or back to one read long ago.

8/27 Still Alice, Lisa Genova.
9/24 The Immortal Life of Henrietta Lacks, Rebecca Skloot.
10/22 The Sweetness of Tears, Nafisa Haji.

EMERITUS BRIDGE CLUB
by Lynn Mason

We as senior bridge players sometimes face special challenges: that seemingly long walk from the parking lot; feeling our age; possible transportation issues; or wishing for a “perfect” group that plays at our speed.

These days such limitations can be overcome easily with a computer and the Internet. Because bridge is a universal language, it’s possible to enjoy the game with players all across the world. Some of them even speak English! Online bridge games have proliferated, so we can play 24/7/52 against a computer or with other people, as we prefer.

A Google search using the term “bridge,” for example, brings up many popular sites. The American Contract Bridge League (ACBL), at www.acbl.org, allows players to earn points just as they do in a sanctioned “brick and mortar” club. Well-known free sites such as Bridge Base Online, at www.bridgebase.com, offer duplicate bridge, tournaments, money games, Vu-graph, and many other options. (The search term “bridge organizations” brings up other valuable links.)

If you “can’t get enough bridge” face to face, playing screen to screen is a great way to scale the age barrier—and travel the world.
PUSH REWIND
by Debra Baker

April 3, 1968. My life has taken a bad turn. I want to
rewind the film, take my baby boy back into my
arms, out of the grasp of Mrs. Moon, the adoption
caseworker. Walking backwards out of the "mother's
room", decorated like a nursery, where I signed the
relinquishment papers, giving up all rights to my son,
my signature disappears. As in a dream I leave the
Department of Social Services, holding my baby like
a hostage, and get in the car, mother and child
squealing off, as if I just committed a robbery, or a
kidnapping.

But the film doesn't rewind. It moves forward as I
leave my son in the sterile building, with a stranger,
while every cell in my body screams for my baby. If
I open my mouth, I'm afraid the screams won't stop. I
drive home alone, in silence, no baby sounds. The
yellow bursts of forsythia along the freeway, and the
surrounding green hills, create a blurred landscape
through the tears cupped in my eyes. How did this
happen? Not one person helped me. Maybe when I
get home my folks will admit they were wrong, and
want their grandson. Thoughts swirl in my mind. I'm
aware of an emptiness as dark as a deep well.

Of course this is what I deserve: to lose my son. An
unholy penance to buy my way back into society un-
tarnished, marriageable, normal. I know this is a lie,
though I am now expected to live it as truth. My par-
ents, sister, and brother-in-law are the only family
that knows "the secret". My pregnancy and the baby
are never mentioned. The months I lived while preg-
nant, sequestered away in San Francisco, taught me
innately to keep quiet. All of us girls through Flor-
ence Crittenton Home weren't even allowed to share
our last names. I absorbed the loss and hurt and an-
other's soul.

"I don't care about dinner," my voice rises as I look
up at mom's worried face. "Deb, what's the matter?"
I wait, trying to hold back the pain threatening to rip
open my chest. "I just gave my baby away," I scream
at her, and the tears wash my face. My mom stands,
staring at me, her mouth open with no words. Dad
appears in the kitchen doorway, a silent shadow, a
witness to his daughter's devastating pain.

"We didn't know," she says emphatically. It's true,
they didn't know the reason I needed the car today,
but they knew I would be giving up my son. My
mom made it clear there would be no baby in the
house. The baby, their grandson, became "it", and
"it" would not be around as evidence that my mom is
a bad mother.

If only my mom wasn't raised in a time when people
didn't talk about family matters. If only she didn't
care so much about what the neighbors think. If only
my dad could stand up to her. If, if, if. ... But this is
not the case. "If you want to bring the baby home,
we can work it out," my dad told me. He meant it,
but was not able to make it a reality.

"No, Bob, we can't take care of it," mom said. "He
has to be adopted." Our fate was sealed, and any
proof would be locked away in a closed file, that nei-
ther my son nor I would ever have access to.

Everyone moves forward, except me, barely nine-
teen, now a mother without her child. One sleepless
night turns in to another painful day. Even the assas-
sination of Martin Luther King Jr. can't divert my
attention. I'm waiting to forget, like Mrs. Moon
promised. I'm not supposed to care about my baby.
"You will have other children and forget this ever
happened." She is the professional, she is supposed
to know about this, and I put my trust in her. "The
people adopting your baby are a nice couple. They
can offer him a stable home," as if knowing he is
with good people, parents who deserve him, is sup-
posed to be enough for me.

As an unwed mother, I am considered too flawed to
raise my own child. The maternity home hid the se-
cret of my pregnancy so no one knows. But now I
feel like damaged goods, that no matter how I lie to
hide the truth, the visible remnants of my badness
remain.

Do my parents wish they had done something differ-
ently? There is no way to know. They seem the
same. I am the one who has changed. Though I was
told I would go on "like nothing ever happened", that
is impossible. Something did happen that can never
be undone.

[Debra is a student of COM Writing Instructor Jac-
queline Kudler.]
"EIGHT MEDICAL STUDENTS DROWN IN BIG BEAR LAKE"

This is the headline that almost was. The time was mid-winter and we medical students had a rare long weekend with no responsibilities. Phil had a family who owned a large house at Big Bear Lake and they said a group of us could have the premises for our holiday while they were away. It was a two-story dwelling; the first floor was mostly a dining room, a ballroom and a kitchen, while the upper floor had a number of small bedrooms on either side of a hall. Thus there was plenty of space for everyone to have a separate room. The owners assumed that intelligent and mature young people could be counted on not to get into any trouble. Events proved that the missing ingredient was experience.

Day two dawned overcast and cold -- very cold. We all did a good job of entertaining ourselves until around noon. Then Jack said he saw a boat outside. Maybe we could have a sail. This seemed like a good idea at the time. We bundled up and went out, where a small open boat was lying upside down over its outboard motor. It was downhill to the lake and the ground was covered with snow, so it was an easy job to turn it over and slide it down to the shore. To our surprise the lake was covered with ice for about a third of the way out. We saw no other people walking outside, nor were any other boats moving. Strange.

We should have known that the ice would likely get thinner as we pushed the boat out toward the water, but we were Southern Californians and went to the lake only in the summer. Miraculously, we did reach the water with the boat, and without falling through the ice. The motor started and we putted out toward the middle. Success!

But not for long. Soon the motor sputtered and died. Mel said he knew about outboards and started fiddling with it, and it coughed a couple of times. Well, we could always paddle back. But there was no paddle. Who would have thought of that? Perhaps we could paddle with our hands. But the water was so cold. Then the boat started to fill with water. The caulking between the boards had dried up since summer. Things were getting serious. We quickly appointed two of us to keep working on the motor, three to hand paddle and three to bail the water out of the boat by hand. But we made agonizingly slow progress at all these activities.

Still we were getting closer to the edge of the ice, and I began to wonder whether that edge would support the bow of the boat. Or us, for that matter. Jim volunteered to step out of the boat first onto the ice. And once again we were given a miracle. It held for all of us. Or I might not be here writing this. What did we learn? Sometimes nothing takes the place of experience.

Don Polhemus

HAIBUN

Haibun is a combination of prose and haiku poetry. Contemporary haibun tends to focus more on everyday experiences. It has been described as a narrative of an epiphany. Some say many haibun are simply narratives of special moments in a person's life.

The late Carolyn Talmadge, COM instructor and a loyal, supporting friend of ESCOM, in March of this year while in a Convalescent hospital, wrote the following haibun. It was published in the Spring/Summer issue of the Mariposa, a publication of the Haiku Poets of Northern California. [Introduction by Barbara Tarasoff.]

Convalescent Hospital

Suddenly and unexpectedly, I find myself living in a convalescent home. I feel somewhat powerless and face new challenges daily. My friends suggest that I embrace my situation with no resistance.

living in the moment
leg pains, pills
and hospital food

I attempt to focus with gratitude on the blessings I do have — am only partially successful.

I see Allah
in his brown eyes . . .
Moroccan caregiver

Recently, a friend and talented haiku poet moved into this home. It is a boon to have her here and we are always glad to see each other.

convalescent home
two haijin . . .
their silent songs

My greatest solace is when my family, who live far away, visit. When they leave to go home, I cry, but also smile.

koi pond
my granddaughter
asks me when fish sleep

Carolyn Talmadge
March 21, 2012
ON BORSCHT

It is summer and I am dreaming of borscht. When I was growing up my mother served a small bowl of borscht, either spinach or beet with a swirl of sour cream on top, before dinner every evening. It was served so cold there were slivers of ice floating in it. This was in the Midwest, before air conditioning. The fruity, sweet-sour soup was served in her delicate porcelain bowls and was a summer treat. My mother was a marvelous cook, a skill she did not impart to her daughter whose only interest in the kitchen was getting in and getting out as fast as she could. No easy task with three hungry sons and a husband to feed on a daily basis.

It is easy to understand how the peasants of eastern Europe discovered borscht. The ingredients were easy to come by. They were easy to grow, easy to cook, very healthful and easy to store without refrigeration. This is my recipe:

COLD BEET BORSCHT

3 lbs. beets, wash, peel and halve
1/2 tsp. lemon juice
1 onion, chopped  1 tablespoon sugar
10 cups water  1 tsp. salt
Boiled potato or sour cream as garnish
Boil potatoes, onion and beets until beets are soft. Remove beets and cut into strips. Strain out onion. Return beets and beet juice to pot. Add lemon juice and sugar. Adjust seasoning to suit your palate. Garnish with sour cream or a slice of boiled potato.

Recently we were invited to have lunch with friends who had made Sorrel (schav) soup. They had grown this wonderful perennial vegetable themselves. I had never eaten it before. It tasted exactly like the spinach borscht my mother used to make. I relived my childhood as I inhaled every mouthful of that delicious broth. They have promised me a plant.

My husband who is Viennese will not taste borscht. I contend if it were served in a silver bowl (coupé) by a waiter in starched white shirt, black coat, white towel over arm, priced $16.00 on the menu, he might be persuaded to taste a spoonful, but truth be known, he still would not like it.

Me – I’m off to the market, spinach or beets, I’m not sure. I shall inspect all of the vegetables very carefully before I make a decision. All borscht is delightful.

Dedicated to my mother, the best cook in the world, who could not teach her daughter.

Iris Tandler

CHEKHOV IN MARIN

Mme. Ranevsky returns from Moscow, alas too late
To save her desperately mortgaged country estate
She gazes out on the dying Cherry Orchard
Bemoaning how her soul is tortured
Regretting bitterly the Old Regime lost
Yet refusing to pack until the first frost.
I am unhappy! I am in mourning for my life!
I cannot abide this mortal strife.
She removes from the silver drawer a knife ...
The doctor remarking, "How true
to the Russian temperament
Is this appalling sentiment!"
Declaring that the company was dull
She prepares a petite dejeuner of roast sea-gull
And invites the ineluctable actress, Mme. Arkadin
Where they dine impervious to carnal sin.
Kostya, her son, who comes to the party
Was considered by many to be quite arty
But suffers from his mama's spurning
Of his efforts and therefore is forever yearning
For his mother's kisses ... which he misses.
One must admit, although regrettable,
Their relationship was plainly Oedipal!

For he is unhappily an unrequited ravisher
(And having trouble also with his publisher)
So Kostya does a Hamlet turn,
Proceeds his unadmired works to burn
And decides he must bring down the curtain
On a world that's plainly so uncertain
Therefore, in a fit of pique,
(As Masha gives a dreadful shriek)
Complains of Existential pain
And puts a bullet in his brain!

Mme. Ranevsky chooses some Tarot cards,
Rejects at once the Queen of Hearts,
Selects instead the King of Spades
Predicting Uncle Vanya's visit
Though the purpose is not quite explicit ...
And as this Russian drama fades
Cries out with torrential anguish
That nothing's ever as she'd wish
For the larder is bare and they're all at sea,
They've run out of Borscht and Sea-gull and Tea!

Saundra Rosenberg
THE DEVIL'S OWN CHOIR BOYS
by Paul Gruner

They were the finest choir boys in all Buffalo, New York. They held their books nicely and sang 'so sweetly.' Always neat, with their hair sleeked back, these boys 'minded their manners.' Fine young gentlemen of Trinity Church.

Hah! These were only the Dr. Jekyll traits in their two-sided characters. Except for two guiltless hours on Sunday Morning they were actually existing, true-to-form Mr. Hydes. I know, well indeed, for I was a member of this mob of rascals for nearly five long unforgettable years. I remember when I first attempted to earn some money I was informed by my fifth-grade teacher of a splendid opportunity to get into a choir and sing. The idea seemed a good one, so the following Thursday afternoon, I took the bus towards the center of town. The ride will always be a memorable one since it took an hour and a half for the eight miles, and I repeated it three times a week including Sundays.

The church was U-shaped and surrounded a stone courtyard with the Trinity symbol in the center. The parish house was on the right where we practiced, and a chapel in the back connected it with the main church. Beneath the parish house, down the twisting stairway led the long halls, dark closets, musty Sunday school classes, a lavatory, and a freezing-cold gym which lay directly under the choir room. If we arrived early, we were quick to snatch some poor soul's shoes and play basketball until two or twenty rings from Mr. Jerome, our choirmaster, told us we were wanted above.

When I first began practicing, it was as though I had dropped from paradise into Dante's "Inferno." I had come from a small town in Ohio where youth was care-free and life was gay, but these fiends were accomplished devils in every sense of the word and used an exceedingly extensive vocabulary to boost their morale and back their statements. So shocked and amazed was I at first that I vowed I shouldn't be found dead with them after the end of the month. However, after they had initiated me (after, that is, they had shoved me into the shower room, tied me up, made me late for choir a few times, and used my shoe for a basketball), I decided I might stay a little longer. Yet I had to be constantly on my guard; more than once I had been leaped upon in the dark during a game of tag and proclaimed, "It."

On snowy nights after practice there was almost sure to be a snow fight before we were all outside. Pick sides? We didn't bother with them. Eventually, however, we ganged up on some chosen lad to pellet with iced snow balls. And when the snow-plows left mountainous 12-foot piles of ice slabs on the sidewalks, we had ice fights. They usually ended after someone got hit. I parted company quickly when one of mine struck home. Over a week passed before I ventured back for their inevitable vengeance.

Preparation for the service on Sunday morning took at least half an hour. After a wild scramble for our robes (there were always some missing), we were helped into them by a few of the ladies. Bows straight, we lined up and promptly struggled for the favorite positions on the altar for the side we wanted to sit on. The altar was arranged with the choir facing each other. The organ was situated on the side nearest the door we entered, and opposite this a huge mirror was hung, so we might all see Mr. Jerome, the organist, and so he could also keep an eye on us. After Reverend Koerby read the notes, "cordially welcomed" the congregation, and stepped to the pulpit for his sermon, we angelic choir boys swung into action -- unnoticed, we thought. We all carried pencils to play 'Tic-tac-toe' or 'pencil tag' or just draw. I used to either draw cartoons, or Mr. Jerome, or the gargoyle arch-support near the church's ceiling. Sometimes we designed new paper airplanes with our programs to be used immediately following the service.

I liked Easter Sunday the best of all the services. We'd arrive early at about 7:30 for a special Easter choir breakfast. The standard menu was scrambled eggs, cocoa, and cod-fish balls -- a treat if there was one. Second helpings were usually gone before the first was finished. The songs were really inspiring. I sang as one who truly liked to sing on Easter. Afterwards we were given green palm branches or reeds which, after the various duels had ended, were sadly smashed.

As I look back on the devilish antics of the Trinity Choir Boys, I can't help thinking how much fun I might've missed had I not stayed with the choir. It almost broke my heart when I learned we had to move away from Buffalo, partly because the next year I would be getting the top salary of $5 a month. It was an experience that won't be easy to forget. Truly, the time spent in the choir was a chapter in my life I hated to finish so much scary fun.
A Singularity

There is this thing out there
A star, many times bigger than our sun
It implodes when it begins to die
It devours itself, creating a dense infinity
A gravitational force incredibly strong
A phenomenon beyond description

In this huge inferno, a monster is born
Becoming invisible, killing any light
It cannot be seen, heard, or touched
Ordinary rules of physics do not apply
Yet it lives in a seething darkness
A black hole, where nothing can escape

All atoms collapse into a spinning ring
Creating a center of infinite density
This concentration point is a 'singularity'
A teaspoon of this same matter on earth
Would weigh-in at close to a billion tons
It could shrink you to a microscopic dot

V. DeMaio

WE DON'T LIKE TO THINK ABOUT....

Death is often not a subject people like to think about, but it is inevitable. I believe that at the time of death we all have an instinct much like the instinct for survival. It is automatic and relieves fear and possibly some discomfort. The instinct for survival is also automatic but it generates fear and action. I have noticed this instinct being active in animals who go off by themselves and lay in wait for the end that they know is about to happen. I have also noticed people that have waited to be absolutely alone before giving in to the inevitability of death.

My personal experience with this instinct comes from the battlefield in Vietnam. I was once ordered to stand up during an ambush by the Viet Cong so that we could determine exactly where the enemy’s machine gun was situated. Of course I followed the orders and in doing so I accepted my death totally. All fear left me and I only felt curiosity about how it would feel. As it happened, their machine gun didn’t fire and I led my comrades out of the battle zone and, of course, all the fear returned.

I feel certain that when my time of life is truly at an end, I will again automatically feel that instinct and I will again be without fear. Thank you, Nature.

Charles Keast [a student in the WRITE ON! Workshop of Robert-Harry]
ADVENTURER’S CLUB: Call Ruth King, 898-5845, for information on next meeting.

BOCCÉ BALL CLUB: Bocce ball on Tues. at San Rafael courts, 9:30 AM. Call John Kouns, 332-5929 for other activities.

BOOK BANTER CLUB: 2nd and 4th Fridays (note this change) September to May, 1:00 - 3:00 PM, Emeritus Kentfield. Len Pullan, 381-6952, lenpullan@comcast.net.

BRIDGE CLUB: Mon. 1:00 - 4:30 PM, Cafeteria, Kentfield. Tom Metzger, 479-8290, trmetzger@comcast.net; Lynn Mason, 456-2508.

CURRENT EVENTS CLUB: 2nd & 4th Thursdays, 10:00 AM - 12 noon, Emeritus Kentfield. Jerry Weisman, 383-1831, gweisman@sprintmail.com; and James Kennedy, 388-3939.

GLOBAL ISSUES CLUB: 3rd Friday, 2:00 – 4:00 PM, Emeritus IVC. Colleen Rose, 898-0131, colleenrose@juno.com.

GREAT BOOKS DISCUSSION GROUP: 2nd & 4th Tuesdays, 10:00 AM - 12 noon, Emeritus IVC. Don Pollemus, 883-3567, dondopol@aol.com.

GREAT IDEAS IN PHILOSOPHY CLUB: Thursdays, 1-3 PM, Emeritus IVC. Larry Witter, 883-6889, lwitter@sonic.net.

GREAT MINDS OF WESTERN PHILOSOPHY CLUB: 1st & 3rd Mondays, 10:30 AM to 12:30 PM at Kentfield. Contact Arlene Stark, 925-1214, or arlenestark@att.net.

HUMANITIES CLUB: 1st & 3rd Saturdays, 1-3 PM, Emeritus IVC. Rudy Ramirez, 491-0522, ruramc@mac.com.

IVC BOOK FORUM: 4th Monday, 3-5 PM, Emeritus IVC. Louise Kerr, 883-2823, lker210@comcast.net.

IVC FILM NOIR DVD CLUB: 2nd & 4th Saturdays, 1-3 PM, Emeritus IVC. Rudy Ramirez, 491-0522, ruramc@mac.com.

MORAL-ETHICAL & LEGAL ISSUES ROUNDTABLE: 1st & 3rd Tuesdays, 10 AM - 12 noon, Emeritus Kentfield. Cole Posard, 491-4118, colemanposard@att.net; Len Pullan, 381-6952.

OPERA AND BEYOND: Last Wednesday of month, 1-3 PM, Emeritus Kentfield. Gil Deane, 456-2853, gildeane@aol.com.

SCRABBLE CLUB: Every Thursday, 2:00-4:00 PM, Cafeteria, Kentfield. Marlene Knox, 459-1427, marlsteve@comcast.net.

SINGALONG CLUB: 2nd Wednesdays, 2:30-3:30 PM, location TBA. Marlene Knox, 459-1427, marlsteve@comcast.net.

WRITERS’ WORKSHOP: 1st Tuesday of the month, 1-4 PM, Emeritus Kentfield. Shirley Pullan, 381-6952, shirlmv@comcast.net, or Marlene Knox, 459-1427, marlsteve@comcast.net.