

TRIBUTE TO SVEN WALNUM

Sven walked among us, strong and vibrant, with a kind and open heart. He was intelligent, dignified, and humorous. As you know, he had a most youthful spirit and attitude, in spite of being almost 89 years of age. He would always tell us his age in years, months, and days. Whenever I spoke with Sven, I felt as if I were interacting with someone 30 years younger. When I told him that, he seemed pleased, appreciating the compliment.

Sven shared with us memories of his personal life, which included time spent in a Nazi concentration camp. Thankfully, Sven survived the camp and went on to realize his dreams. Within this class, which Sven loved SO much, he enthusiastically and humbly shared his creativity and talent, by showing us many of the wonderful photographs he had taken during his professional and private life. He loved teaching us how to pretend to not be interested in taking someone's photograph, then to nonchalantly "CLICK", before quickly and smoothly moving on pretending interest in something else.

I feel blessed to have known Sven Walnum for a couple of years. He embraced life, had vitality, and the willingness to continue learning and being active. This class will never be the same without him. I'm sure you join me in missing our classmate. At least now he has the satisfaction of knowing what is on the other side. On more than one occasion Sven told me that he was not afraid to die. In fact, he said, "I have no beliefs about what happens after we pass away, and am not anxious to go, but I'm not afraid. I look forward to finding out if we truly continue on and if so, what it's like". So now the mystery is solved for Sven, and I can almost hear him joyfully laughing. I believe we are eternal spirits, having a temporary physical experience, and... I believe Sven Walnum is still here, listening to Spencer, watching TED videos with us, and whispering into our ears... "Live, laugh, love, My Friends, and enjoy every minute of it! I did".

Thank you, Sven.

Respectfully,

Teresa Johnson

Consciousness, Science, and the Nature of Being - Classmate



November 2010

Gail Moerman was born in Washington, D.C. in 1943. She lived in Bethesda, Maryland until college and graduated from Teachers College, Columbia University. In 1984, she graduated from The Human Relations Institute before it became Pacifica Graduate Institute.

In 2000, after teaching ESH for thirty years, I asked my Spanish-speaking students to give me a Spanish name. ABI (pronounced AH-BE) has become my true name.

Now I sing, play guitar and piano in the Omega Elderly Program at Adult Ed, SBC. I practice engaged Buddhism with the Thich Nhat Hanh Wabi Sabi Sangha.

I am looking for people who like to swim in the ocean. I am considering a move from my beloved Mesa home to an intentional community.

805 962-1666
gailkb1@yahoo.com

Thank you, Steven

EXPERIENCING SELF NOW VERSUS REMEMBERING SELF

By Sven Walnum

My experience has been that remembering Self is important to bring you to the point of being more and more able to experience yourself in the NOW. I have found that in my life the experiences in the past, that I then felt were pretty awful, in retrospect turned out to be blessings in disguise. That has brought me to live with myself more and more in the "NOW".

I was born and raised in Oslo, Norway on Christmas Day of 1922. (That, of course, may be only a coincidence)! On April 9th, 1940, Germany invaded Denmark and Norway. To make a long story short, let me jump right to a very traumatic experience in my life.

In November of 1943, I was arrested by two German soldiers. My crime was that I had just registered to be a student at the university in Oslo. Why arrest me? The German occupation troops had experienced a lot of trouble with the Norwegian underground, and they figured that the people most likely to be leaders of such groups would be former officers in the Norwegian military, and university students.

What followed was what at that time happened to be a pretty traumatic experience in my life. I had to be in a German concentration camp for about 10 months. The "me" today chooses to remember mostly the wonderful relationships I experienced with fellow prisoners, particularly, Sverre Groven, who was a teacher. He taught me several Norwegian folk songs, which I had the opportunity to sing for the prisoners who were sick.

Let me tell you that the most wonderful experience I did have was to survive the awful part of the 10 months in the concentration camp. Several of my fellow prisoners did not get to survive. Surviving has made it possible to reach my present age of 87 years and 4 months old. I now choose to live mostly in the NOW, and when I visit with my Memory Self, it is mostly good, wonderful experiences that I visit.

As an after-thought, writing this down has helped me realize that nations are bodies that switch back and forth between "the past self" and the "present self". Think about it!!! (collective consciousness). Thank you.

The reason I've been coming to this class (I believe about 7 years) is that I always feel good about myself when I am here each Tuesday morning.

4/20/10

My name: Mary Derringer Lawson

Who I am: All my life has been a slow blossoming into who I really am and who my Spirit knows to be the real me. Everyone has a “story” to their lives, and I have had to unlearn negative decisions I made about myself during the process of growing up. That said, all in all I have had a good life with lots of opportunities and success, made manifested by diligence and hard work.

The “facts” of my life are thus: An older brother and a younger sister, a recently deceased mother for whom my mourning is conflicted. A B.A. in Psychology from the University of Chicago, an M.A. in Education from UCSB, and many teaching credentials in special education. Almost 40 years working full-time, the last 27 years at Santa Barbara City College as a Learning Disabilities Specialist, testing, counseling and teaching math learning strategies, with my new life as a retired person having just commenced. Married for 37 years to David, my college sweetheart and retired UCSB geographer-cartographer, with one child, Sarah, a wild, sweet youngin’ of 20 years old who is studying to be a paramedic. A home in Santa Barbara (Heaven on Earth), pets who keep me grounded and loved, and many varied activities that are healing and freeing my soul. This class is one of those activities. Another and deeply satisfying avenue of healing is my recent foray into singing and the community of growth-seeking souls engaged in this with me.

We call ourselves the “Breakthrough People” because the singing process we have participated is called the “Breakthrough Performance Workshop”. I have been doing this off-and-on for five years and have had the fulfillment and excitement of singing at SOhO as a part of the process. (Note the photo below.) Using one’s singing voice in front of 250 supportive people is my personal metaphor for voicing who-I-am-in-the-world, worthy of being seen and loved, regardless of the lack of perfection. (It seems to me that recording artists receive the big bucks because they are perceived as a paragon of their craft and are willing to boldly express the emotions we tend to keep bottled up inside.) I am now jump-started into blossoming fully into who I am and who I was meant to be. Gratitude overflows my heart now. Being with others on this journey (and being in this class) nourishes my life now as it blooms and sings!



Richard S Axilrod

January 2010

I was born in Minneapolis, Minnesota in August 1941. My family moved to Los Angeles where my sister was born in 1943. My father was a playboy and gambler which led to my parents divorce when I was three. My mother, sister and I, moved back to Minnesota to live with my grandparents. When I was five my mother remarried. My adopted dad was an optometrist and a musician. My schooling years through college were all spent in Minnesota.

In 1962 while I was in the military in SE Asia, my dad died. Two years later my mother married a man who worked part time in Minneapolis and part time in Hong Kong. After the army I returned to the U of Minnesota where I graduated in 1966 with a degree in Psychology. I then moved to Los Angeles and completed graduate work in Psychology from UCLA. At various times during the ten years since high school, I was in college, the army, or living and working in Asia (Korea, Thailand, Philippines, India, Viet Nam).

The past forty three years I have lived in California, forty one in Santa Barbara. Initially, I worked as a counselor for Santa Barbara County Probation, then as a therapist, for the Mental Health Department. After working eight years for the county I started my own residential adolescent treatment programs: Group homes.

The past 20 years have been filled with real estate investments and property management. Presently, my wife Joyce and I have holdings in California and Arizona.

I married in 1970, and have a son who is now 37 yrs old, a writer and photographer, living in Petaluma, Ca. When he was ten I took him out of school for a year of travel in Asia (Indonesia, Malaysia and China).

I married Joyce shortly after our return. We will be celebrating our 26th anniversary this May. Joyce has three children, and four grandchildren. I feel blessed having each of them as part of my life.

I am a colon cancer survivor. I owe my life to my son and a local psychic, Aurist Pamela Oslie. My interests are people, sports, art, travel and the outdoors. I hike and play golf. I have been in a men's group for over 20 years. We meet every other week. I currently serve on the boards of the Mission Canyon Assn and COAST. I have practiced Buddhism for over 20 years.

Feb. 2010

Five Days in the White River Valley
(Meeker, Colorado)

Eddie Barrett

The hummingbird moth arrives on our door.
He stays--for days--as if a sentinel.
I come to depend on his presence.

A yellow bird dances in flight with a butterfly
until two
become one.

A blonde fox leaps through the tall grass
focused
on her pressing schedule.

Two boys slumber in a nearby teepee.
Their dreams floating up
as if smoke signals to the ancestors.

I sit reading Peter Matthiessen's book
on his search for the elusive
snow leopard in the Tibetan Plateau.

Here, at the base of the Flat Top Mountains
I search for elusive solitude and peace.
A snow leopard moth arrives at our doorstep
its head covered in soft fur.

Daily, moths arrive on the wooden door
their beautiful display of markings
humble even the majestic monarch.

Together
the moths silently meditate,
drawn to an illumination
I do not see.

Now
intimate comrades,
The Sentinel gingerly marches onto my finger.
From his perch
we each stare into the wonder of creation.

On our final morning
the poetry of the world
reveals it's splendor to me.

Sunlight takes its turn from the stars.
Horses make their way up the meadow.
And in that cyclical rhythm
life's mysteries are at once
perfect
ever changing
and unchanged.

(Submitted for publication to Psychological Perspectives, a Jungian journal)

Gail Common

When I tried to write a page it turned into several. including this poem. So I decided that this poem written when I was 18 sums it up for me now even at 60.

I don't know how I wrote something so true for me then and now. I once thought "You whom I dearly love" was about a man, then maybe Jesus, at least someone I loved and who loves me. Someone real and there for me and with me. I think now maybe that person is becoming me. An intergration of all the people I have known who have loved me and cared about me. All I have come to understand and all I am coming to know I am.

My Prayer

To live
 To be
 Think clearly
 This
 My desire
 To reach the ultimate
 Climb higher
 Higher
 Then
 Feeling surging life
 Never before
 In passing strife.
 To walk
 To talk
 Give a sigh.
 The world is
 Brighter
 Lighter
 With you
 Sailing by.

And hold your hand
 Strengthening
 Warming my very being.
 Look
 Now I am seeing
 Love within
 Always then
 Always now
 Forever
 Always
 My faithful vow.
 Think and thought
 Hope
 Pray
 You whom I dearly love
 And cherish so
 Always walk beside me
 Do -
 I love you truly
 Truly I do.

Petalë Juliet McDowell

World Citizen

Retired Geriatric Medical Social Worker. Married to a Cultural Anthropologist who teaches up & down the 101 & on-line. Life-long world citizen, if pressed---"person of color - medium beige", work for social & distributive justice, curious about all representations of humanity. Born into an Armenian (Marashi from Turkey)/American (Daughter of the American Revolution) Bahá'í family. Raised a pacifistic, multi-talented son who chose to become a Tibetan Buddhist monk living the monastic life in Himalayas---rather than adopting from his Armenian/Turkish/American/Canadian/Danish/Dutch/Baha'i or Quaker heritages. Especially passionate about the Middle East after traveling there 48 yrs. ago on a Vespa. Saw 24 countries---mostly with no middle class as a teenager & became a life-long socialist---"from each according to his ability, to each according to his need". Tireless advocate, assisting to help build the W.O.B. Hopeless bibliophile, currently interested in the Great Cultural Minority cities of note in the Middle East during the heyday of the Ottoman Empire---especially Aleppo, Salonika, Smyrna, Alexandria, Adrianople, Acre/Haifa, etc. Interested in Women's issues in the M.E.: The multi-faceted Veil/Hijab (its' infinite meanings & symbolisms, life within it, & individual/societal choices) the social aspects of the Harem, modesty in all forms of expression, the male dominance of public areas in Islamic societies, the allure of and growth of Islam in the West, how M.E. Muslim & Minority women run their households & educate their children, all forms & implications of the Hospitality/Revenge Dichotomy, the role of the Family, and the institution of the Hadith. Great personal library (history, cultural studies, world religions, international cuisines, care of mind, body, & soul, international mysteries, design & aesthetics). Persistent sense of the aesthetic, thanks to my father (a designer) who was the 1st believer in our family---via Juliet Thompson. Heritage via cuisine. Comparative Hospitality Norms of Minority M.E. Cultures. Dream of cooking with the grandmothers of the mountain villages of Marash, Eintab and Urfu. The importance of oral histories & storytelling. Writing life-story vignettes that somehow always become comedies. Assisting in raising strong World Citizens. Always ready for a new idea... Drawn towards those with positive energy, a creative mind, and a ready laugh!



Petalë Juliet McDowell - World Citizen

Retired Geriatric Medical Social Worker. Married to a Cultural Anthropologist who teaches up & down the 101 & on-line. Life-long world citizen, if pressed---Human - "person of color - medium beige", work for social & distributive justice, curious about all representations of humanity. Learned from my mother at an early age, the importance of advocacy for social justice for the greater good, rather than being consumed by one's own present circumstances. Born into an Armenian (Marashi from Turkey)/American (Daughter of the American Revolution) Bahá'í family. Raised a pacifistic, multi-talented son who chose to become a Tibetan Buddhist monk living the monastic life in the Himalayas---rather than adopting from his Armenian/Turkish/American/Canadian/Danish/Dutch/Baha'i or Quaker heritages. Especially passionate about the Middle East after traveling there from Paris half a century ago on a Vespa. Worked on a Kibbutz along the Gaza Strip. Flirted with the U.N. guards, but they wouldn't let me cross over & meet the Palestinian Shepherds. Saw 24 countries---mostly with no middle class as a teenager & became a life-long socialist---"from each according to his ability, to each according to his need". Tireless advocate, assisting to help build the W.O.B. Hopeless bibliophile, currently interested in the Great Cultural Minority cities of note in the Middle East during the heyday of the Ottoman Empire---especially Aleppo, Salonika, Smyrna, Alexandria, Adrianople, Acre/Haifa, etc. Interested in Women's issues in the M.E.: The multi-faceted Veil/Hijab (its' infinite meanings & symbolisms, life within it, & individual/societal choices) the social aspects of the Harem, modesty in all forms of expression, the male dominance of public areas in Islamic societies, the allure of and growth of Islam in the West, how M.E. Muslim & Minority women run their households & educate their children, all forms & implications of the Hospitality/Revenge Dichotomy, the role of the Family, and the institution of the Hadith. Great personal library (history, cultural studies, world religions, international cuisines, care of mind, body, & soul, international mysteries, design & aesthetics). Persistent sense of the aesthetic, thanks to my father (a designer) who was the 1st believer in Bahá'u'lláh in our family---via Greenwich Village artist Juliet Thompson taught by May Boles Maxwell & 'Abdul-Bahá. Heritage via cuisine. Comparative Hospitality Norms of Minority M.E. Cultures. Dream of cooking with the grandmothers of the mountain villages in the Middle East. The importance of oral histories & storytelling. Writing life-story vignettes that somehow always become comedies. Assisting in raising strong World Citizens. Always ready for a new idea... Drawn towards those with positive energy, a creative mind, and a ready laugh!



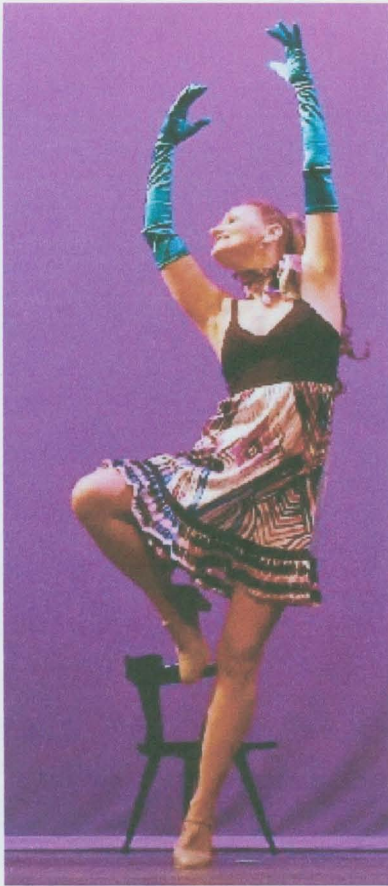
Petalë Juliet McDowell

I have an endless wish-list of **academic classes I'd like to take**, but they're so explicit & obscure & specific that it would be difficult to find scholars with the same precise interests who have the luxury of being funded to explore & present them.

For instance, high on my list would be:

- "Comparative Hospitality Norms of the Armenians, the Jews & the Kurds during the last century of the Ottoman Empire"
- "The tolerance of & inter-action between the Cultural Minorities of Aleppo, Salonika, Izmir & Aintab in the O.E."
- "Why didn't Hummus co-opt the Jews to break bread with the Palestinians? Why did the Jews co-opt Hummus instead?"
- "The history of the Black Sea & the inter-action of its' surrounding countries"
- "The history & control of Lake Van & its' peoples"
- "The Pepper Trade of Marash, Aintab & Urfa in southern Turkey"
- "The history, social structure & secret teachings of the Druze in Syria, Lebanon and Palestine"
- "The Coptic lives in the Alexandria Quartet"
- "Female Orientalists of the 17th & 18th centuries & their biases"
- "The impact of continuing blood feuds in the village life of Spain stemming from the Spanish Civil War"
- "The secret Crypto-Jews of New Mexico"
- "The roots of Black Islam in the U.S. & its' integration with the immigrant native believers"
- "What the African UBUNTU community structure, where no one is ever alone, has to teach the individualistic culture of the U.S."
- "Building Authoritative Communities---a way out of our moral dilemma?"
- "The immigration & integration of ex-Nazi's & Sudeten Germans in Paraguay & Uruguay"
- "The precepts, significant figures & current influence of Liberation Theology"
- "The union of the Pagan & the Church in Latin America"
- "Bowler hats & dress codes in Bolivia & Ecuador"
- "The Tortilla: comparative life stories by class & by culture"
- "The Jesus People then & now---a study over time"
- "The Farmer's Market & CSA revolutions & their role in the future of food in our lives"
- "Should, & how should, the Constitution be re-written---who does it represent?"
- "Community development at the grass roots neighborhood level"

Meanwhile independent study with the help of Amazon & the internet will have to suffice. But I sure miss the added engaging experience of the presentation of a good professor with face to face classroom dialogue every M-W-F at 11:00. Then off to lunch with fellow students to discuss its' impact on us and the effect of the themes. Those were the days... Not the trend toward remote & impersonal power-point on-line courses. It doesn't hurt to dream...



Teresa Johnson was born in Columbus Ohio in 1947. At a very early age, she knew that dancing was to be her passion, but she did not have the opportunity to begin lessons until age 15. She started with jazz dance, but soon added ballet, tap, and acrobatics. After moving to California in 1968, Teresa pursued dance at Orange Coast College, where she trained in Modern Dance. From 1972-74 she lived on a U.S. Air Force base in Italy, where she taught ballet, jazz dance, and acrobatics to children and adults.

After returning from Italy, Teresa attended UC Santa Barbara where she earned a B.A. degree in Dance in 1979. During her years at UCSB, Teresa was a member of Repertory-West Dance Company (which later evolved into Santa Barbara Dance Theatre). In 1986, she earned an M.A. in Dance at UCLA. While in the Los Angeles area for ten years, Teresa taught ballet, jazz dance, and tap at many locations, including Falcon Studios in Hollywood, and in the Adult Ed program at West L.A. College. Teresa returned to Santa Barbara in 1989 and became active teaching dance classes for children in numerous local after-school programs, as well as teaching adult classes for the Santa Barbara Dept. of Parks & Recreation, and the UCSB Leisure Program.

In 1999 she and swing dance partner, Chris Stewart, founded Swing Fever Productions. They performed and taught Savoy Style Lindy Hop, East Coast Swing, and Charleston for five years, and directed a performance team of ten dancers for two years. Teresa and Chris even experienced dancing on top of Little Richard's piano during his performance at the Ventura County Fair in 2002!

Teresa has been involved in the local Santa Barbara Dance Alliance since its inception in 1979. Her involvement has included the roles of performer, choreographer, production director, and administrative assistant. She currently works at Santa Barbara Dance Center on Ortega St., and is the studio owner's Personal Assistant. Teresa's website www.youthful-seniors-advice.com reflects her experiences as a dancer who continues to be very active in dance, even though she is now sixty-two years old. Her newest calling is to use the website to encourage people to drop the "over the hill" mindset that many buy into after age forty. She invites people to replace that popular negative phrase with "live at the top of the hill" which is much more positive!

Teresa invited 10 other choreographers over age 40 to join her in presenting a show at Center Stage Theater on October 4, 2009, "DANCE AT THE TOP OF THE HILL", (contemporary, jazz, swing, ballroom, Latin, dance theater, and belly dance)... an inspiration to the community to continue or return to doing whatever one is or has been passionate about in life!

over →



Performance at The Lobos 2008

[Home](#) [Contact Us](#)

[Home](#) [About Betsy](#)

About Betsy



Betsy is a *Guild Certified Feldenkrais Practitioner*. She has been teaching Awareness Through Movement® Classes and giving Functional Integration® Lessons at her studio in Santa Barbara, California, since 2002.

Betsy first learned of the Feldenkrais Method at The Golden Door and Rancho La Puerta in the 1970's. She has been studying this method and other body/mind/spirit modalities for the last thirty years, and considers the Feldenkrais Method to be one of the best ways for an individual to learn how to heal themselves.

Betsy received her GCFP designation in 2004, and continues to study with many of the best Advanced Trainers in the Feldenkrais field: Larry Goldfarb, Mia Segal, and Ruthy Alon.

Prior to becoming a Feldenkrais Practitioner, Betsy was a Vice-President at RBC Dain Rauscher, Inc. in Minneapolis, Minnesota, where she worked for 26 years. She managed over \$100,000,000.00 and worked with 300 households to assist them in gaining financial security.

Although money and movement might not seem related, they are: The older we get, the more we want an abundance of both!

Betsy recently has been a presenter and guest speaker at Rancho La Puerta, The Sun Valley Wellness Festival, and Jackson Hole Wellness Festival. She has been a TV Personality in Minneapolis providing financial advice, and has given various seminars on numerous topics throughout the years.

Betsy received her B.S. In Business Administration from the University of Minnesota, 1976, and her A.A. in Liberal Arts, Bennett Jr. College, Millbrook, New York, 1970.

Betsy was raised in Minneapolis, Minnesota, the daughter of Dr. Ed and Mary Ingalls. She went to the Convent of the Visitation School and

in 2008 celebrated her 40th High School Reunion with 22 out of 33 of her classmates. It was held in Red Lodge, Montana, and did we have fun.

Betsy is married to Patrick Corrigan, and has nine fantastic grandchildren. Besides her passion for anything Feldenkrais, she is a White Belt NIA dancer, a Pilates student, an Enneagram teacher, and a proud parent of Buddy, her dog.

Marci Berman
P.O. Box 91937
Santa Barbara, CA 93190

Residence: Downtown Santa Barbara

Occupation: Pianist employed currently working with Alzheimers and rehabilitation patients using classical, popular, jazz and ethnic music.

Education: B.A. Barnard College, Columbia University, N.Y.C.
1 year Graduate work University of Hawaii, Honolulu
Some work at Sorbonne, Paris, France

Interests: Kayaking, Snorkeling, Films, Ethnic studies, Crosscultural Analysis, Air Food Water Quality, Ecological Healing, Co-Housing and Ecovillage Movements and visiting these communities, Ethnic Dance Forms, Holistic Health Studies, Community Building, Permaculture, Hiking & Jogging (any partners out there???)

Who I am Not

A voice called my name in a crowd,
I turned around and looked.

Who are you and
Where do you come from?

I will tell who I am,
But I must first mention who I am not:

I am not a Muslim, nor a Christian nor a Jew
I am not a Buddhist, nor a Hindu nor a Sufi,

I have no guru or a leader to follow,

My God dispenses neither rewards nor inflicts punishments
And promises neither Heaven nor Hell,

I am neither from the West nor the East
Nor from any culture in between,

My Place is not a particular place
And my dwelling is mother earth,

My nationality has no nation
Nor a government to rule.

I look inside me
To attain the knowledge I seek,

I am just a human being
With a passion to feel.

Ibrahim Ibn Salma
07/29/03

Bill Scarborough

*In times of change, the learning will inherit the earth,
while the learned, find themselves beautifully equipped,
to deal with a world, that no longer exists.....*

Things to consider as a possibility in 2009!

*Law Of Attraction audio books in your car. (the ONLY thing I listen to in my car)
(since Feb 07, I'm in my car 30 min a day / 400+ hrs to date)*

Law Of Attraction: cd audio books

"The Secret", (98 weeks, NY Times 'Advice Books', top 10 best seller list)

Rhonda Byrne

"Law Of Attraction"

"Ask And It Is Given"

Ester & Larry Hicks

"Excuse Me, Your Life Is Waiting",

Lynn Grabhorn

"The Power of Now"

"A New Earth"

Eckhart Tolle

"Think and Grow Rich"

Napoleon Hill

Child Sponsorship, consider the possibility ... compassion.com

Bill Scarborough

Santa Barbara

805-455-2269 cell

*"When the basis for your action is inner alignment with the present moment,
your actions become empowered by the intelligence of life itself"*

A New Earth, Eckhart Tolle

Martha Clyde

Milestones

Born St. Louis 1917, moved to New Haven 1928, So. Pasadena 1933. Graduated Smith College 1939. Married George Clyde 1939 and moved to Santa Barbara 1939. Two children. Widowed in 1996

Education

B.A. Psychology, minor in art. Many Adult Ed. classes in art including painting and print-making. In my home studio I had a printing press, lithography stone, etching and silkscreening materials. I started this class with Gordon Clough in 1965.

Career

Artist. Member S.B. Art Association. Winning many awards locally as well as in competitions around the country. Highlight was being in the S.B. Museum of Art local artists show and selling in their rental gallery.

Volunteer Work

Brownie/Cub Scout Leader, Counselor N.Y. Fresh Air Fund Camp, Community Chest, Art Assoc., and Gallery 113. Board member Crane School, Board member League of Women Voters, Channel City Club, Adult Ed. Advisory Committee. Helped my husband win his seat as 1st District Supervisor '64-'72. Clipped all News Press articles on the county, put in scrapbooks and donated to UCSB Special Collection Library.

Travels

73 Countries

Alternative Health Methods Studied or Tried

Acupuncture, Yoga, Reiki, Homeopathy, Silva mind-control, T.M., Meridian Therapy, Qigong, Pendulum Dowsing, Jin Shin Jyutsu, and Mindful Meditation.

Practice

none!

I grew up in older northwest suburbs of Detroit, MI, the towns of Ferndale and Pleasant Ridge, in a large extended family which introduced me to all the fine cultural and educational resources the metropolitan area had to offer. I remember with particular fondness many trips with my parents and brother to the Cranbrook institutions (Art Institute and Science Institute), the Detroit Museum of Art, the Detroit Historical Museum, the municipal aquarium and greenhouse, and the Henry Ford Museum and Greenfield Village. We were also an active outdoor family taking many weekend day trips to regional parks to enjoy their trails.

I grew up in a home filled with music and significant discussions about science and human nature, along with the usual dynamics of loving but complex extended families of both parents. Since I did well in school I naturally aimed for a substantial college education in an exciting field. At Michigan State University I explored many interests, eventually settling on astronomy. The immediate inspiration for that choice was the excitement of the first robotic missions to the Moon, but there were also earlier roots. I recall, at Junior High age, my father took me to a Cranbrook Institute lecture on galaxies and nebulae illustrated with amazingly colorful photography. The universe was no longer simply pinpoint white lights on a black background. Michigan State was a huge school with opportunities to study under great teachers in many departments. Before I finished I had changed my undergraduate major three times, physics to philosophy to physical geography to astronomy, and I completed some coursework as a graduate student in geography.

I went on to graduate school to study Planetary Science (geology and astronomy) at Caltech in Pasadena, CA. I married a high school girlfriend and we moved to Pasadena together. My two children were born during grad school years. The quality of teaching and scientific dialogue at Caltech was amazing. It was one of the great blessings of my life to have been able to attend seminars by resident and visiting scientists of the very highest caliber. I finished my doctorate in Planetary Science and Philosophy with a thesis focused on the exploration of the planet Mars, primarily through images taken from orbit. I remained in Pasadena with a private company where I could pursue additional similar research funded by contracts from NASA and its Jet Propulsion Laboratory.

After about six years NASA funding of planetary research waned, and the burden of writing numerous proposals outweighed the rewards of the research, so I moved on to the geophysical exploration business, working first for a medium size oil company and then for a navigation systems company focused on marine exploration. After about six years the oil business was deeply depressed, so I moved on aerospace. I found I could apply my expertise in remote sensing imaging to the machine vision problems of creating photorealistic data bases for aircraft fight simulators, training systems for pilots. This work was also fun and productive for about six years. I looked around my company for other interesting opportunities and identified a business unit building remote sensing instruments for civilian spacecraft in Santa Barbara. I transferred and thereby got back into the space science business, much of it focused on Mars, via instrument engineering. I remained in Santa Barbara in this work for 13 years, plus 1 year retired from work and back to being a student.

My current interests, which are mostly shared with my spouse (second), include psychology, physics, astronomy, music, art, philosophy, gardening, and a growing extended family. My son, his wife, and my grandson of 18 months live in Flagstaff, AZ. My recently married daughter and her husband live here in Santa Barbara. I have a new one-man consulting business in space mission design and instrumentation. No paying customers yet.

My wife and I are both students in fine arts at SBCC. The faculty and program are exceptional. The SBCC Adult Education Program has also been a big part of our lives for several years now. We've focused on music, psychology, physical fitness, jewelry and fine arts courses.

INTRODUCTION TO ARTHUR BRODY, MD

Education: B.A. Princeton University

M.D. University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine

Post Graduate Residency Training 7 years New York City and San Francisco

Occupation: Orthopaedic Surgeon

Military Service: U.S. Navy Medical Officer 2 years

Milestone: Board Certified Orthopaedic Surgeon

History: 10 years solo practice followed by 25 years group practice Torrance, California

Corporate Governance: Board of Directors Medical Group; Involved in establishing first HMO in Southern California (Maxicare); Involved in Risk Management

Extra-curricular activity: Participated in establishing first Montessori School in Southern California.

Spiritual Activity: Investigated philosophy, metaphysics, psychology and parapsychology, transcendental meditation and psychic activity amongst other things. Attended weekend retreats, courses, conferences, individual and group therapy.

My biography by Julie Kahn

I am disabled. I am interested in psychology, law, and politics.

I like to volunteer all places. I like to be with people. I go to church, the name of the church is the Living Faith Center. I am a Christian, it is an Assembly of God church.

I like this class, plus, I like Dr. Timothy Conway's class. I like spiritual action and meditation.

Unseen Love

It was a cold winter night on an old farm in Germany when my mother gave birth to a baby girl. It was February 1938. My brother was less than a year old and here I was. My father was happy and proud. That angered my mother. She had carried the baby and given birth and he took the prize. They could not share or enjoy anything together. They were at war with each other just about all of the time. I never saw any expression of love between them though they were very religious. I heard a lot about love and god loving you. But little did I know what love is or how it feels. We sure were outsiders in our little town. We didn't belong to the Lutheran church, and my father never joined the Nazi party. He had his own little church at home on Sunday afternoons. He was able to keep it going all through the Nazi years. A feeling a danger always lurked around us.

I was less than three years old when I became aware of the war. I remember it all too well. It was the winter of '40-'41. My mother, my older brother, my little sister and

I were sitting around the kitchen table when all of the sudden we heard a man's voice blast over the radio. I did not know what it was about but he sounded scary. My mother listen to him then put her head on the table and wept. I wished I could help or put my arms around her and say something nice, but in our house we never expressed such tender feelings. I put my head on the table and cried with her. Later than day I learned our country was at war and the soldiers had no food or winter clothes. They were far away in Russia and the Russian army surrounded the city they were in. The train full of supplies was stuck in deep snow on the railroad tracks. This became known as Stalingrad. I had three uncles that were German soldiers fighting in Russia and we had not heard from them in a long while. My Father was not in the war. He had a long scare across his stomach from an operation, which labeled him "unfit for war".

My Father rode his bike eight miles to work everyday through the rain, snow, and blazing hot sun. To keep food on the table, he bought two baby cows. We raised them for their milk, and we also used them to pull

our plow and wagon. We didn't suffer as much as other families because we had food on the table.

There was war inside and outside our house, which cause fear within all of us. But then there was a light on the horizon. My father arranged for a lady to come and tell us bible stories. She was a wonderful, noble woman who walked three miles every Sunday to tell us stories. She told us about how Jesus loved and healed the poor and the sick and also the children. She sung children songs with us, which no one else had ever done before. My heart opened; now I had a friend. Now I knew what love is and it gave me a sense of safety during this terrible time. Jesus was my new unseen friend and I knew his love was real.

By Heidi Trebbow

5-2-08

Watkins, Alice

Birthplace

Tripoli, Lebanon, January 2, 1927

Siblings —Brother (Arthur Goleta), Sister (Jean Denver), Brother (Harry Wahington, D.C.)

Early years

Our parents were Presbyterian missionaries in Syria (In Biblical City of Hamath) I went to Boarding school in Beirut at the age of 7.

College Cornell and Carnegie Melon

Military (influence of)

WW11 changed our family's life in Syria. Many Missionaries were evacuated from the middle East during Rommel's push in 1941. We were sent to India. My parents and 2 siblings stayed two years, but I stayed for 4 years to finish high school at the American International school in the Himalayas.

Marriage- to Phil Watkins

Children- None

Occupations

Taught Art and interior design at the Women college in Beirut, 1950-4. After a year in London, I started a career in stained glass as a designer and painter. First in a studio in New Jersey, then seven years in a large studio in New York City, and finally to the Watkins Stained glass studio in Denver ,Co. and married the boss.

Travel for pleasure.

Mexico, Hawaii, England , Portugal, Spain, China, Canada, USA Coast to coast.

Interests, Hobbies, Volunteering.

Reading, Music, Travel, Book Clubs, Groups, Classes, Etc. We have Taken advantage of the many wonderful classes at City College. (Adult Ed.) Psychology, Philosophy, Religion, Ceramics. Volunteered at the Braille Inst..

How long at Encina Royale

Moved from Denver, Co. during 1986.

Involvement at E.R.

Participate in most social functions, been on more committees than I wished to be. A board member three times, comm. to redecorate The lounge 1988. We were involved in the Lagoon upgrade 1989, Creating the big Arbor 1992. Swimming pool and ladies room upgrade 1995, on present clubhouse comm. And it's many projects.



Watkins, Phil

Birthplace

Denver, Co. June 25, 1922. Fourth generation born in Denver. Great Great Grandfather arrived in Colorado during 1865 to continue stained glass studio. Original studio created in Liverpool England 1796 +, -.

Siblings sister Helen Dunham Denver (Deceased)

Early years

Mom died, I was seven. Raised by my dad, great guy. Lots of days out of school fishing and hunting when my dad had little work in his studio during the lean great depression years. Went to his studio after school, An eight year old was too big for a baby sitter if there had been one. Grandfather lived in the mountains and took care of my summers and honed my fly fishing to a sharp edge.

College/ Univ.

U. of Minn. U. of Chicago

Military

USAAF. P-38 pilot 1942-46 European theater (England) CBI (China, Burma, India) Discharged at Camp Huckstep, Cairo Egypt to be employed by TWA.

Marriages —Alice Alter Watkins

Children — Son -Phil jr.- 3 Granddaughters

Daughter Sherrill — 1 Grandson.

Occupations. Melt room, U.S.Mint- Denver. USSAF, TWA Airlines, Western Glass, Denver. Founded Watkins Stained Glass Studio.

States lived in.

Colorado, Missouri, Minnesota, California, Arizona, New Mexico, Nevada, Florida.

Countries lived in.

USA, England, China, Iran, Lebanon, Egypt, South Africa.

Travel countries after retiring.

England, Spain, Portugal, Hawaii, Mexico, Canada, USA (all)

Interests, Hobbies, Volunteering.

Photography, Computers, Writing, Classes at City College, Psychology, Religion, Philosophy, Reading, etc. Scout master.

Involvement at ERI.

Chair A&L, Movie Comm- purchased first Tv for Lounge and established Friday night movies. Chair to secure funds and the design the big Arbor. Club house decorating comm. 1992 & 2003-4. Elevator comm. 1992. Water conservation and toilet replacement



MIRIAM GAEL HOOVER WINN

I was born in Boise, Idaho September 12, 1918, the middle child of three. A sister five years older than I and a brother 2 years younger. It was a highly functional family and I had a happy and uneventful childhood.

My future husband, Earl, and I both graduated from Longfellow grade school (as did one grandson) and Boise High school., tho I was 2 years ahead of him. My major was art I worked and attended part time the College of Idaho in Caldwell. It's now Albertson college. My major there was pre-med and my minor art. One of my art teachers, whom I greatly admired, moved to Boise to teach at Boise Junior College (now Boise State), so I moved back too and enrolled there, still working and attending part time and with the same major and minor. I also learned to fly there. We weren't yet in WW2, but our government was teaching lots of boys to fly, and 1 girl for every 10 boys in the thinly disguised Civilian Pilot Training Program- CPTP. I loved it!

Earl was going to school there, too and we met again at a football game and began dating. He had a job and a car and didn't seem to be all hands. Also he could talk interestingly, so he was a very good date! But then I fell in love with him! This was a year or so before Pearl Harbor. I didn't want to get married, but then Pearl Harbor happened and he enlisted in the navy and I found I couldn't bear the thought of his leaving so I did marry him and followed him around the states while he was in training. He was in every invasion in the ETO except North Africa in a miserable little LCI, which is a keelless ship that runs up on the beach and discharges it's load of infantry.

This is getting too long.

In four years he came back. Pretty much unscathed, but we had to get twin beds his dreams were so wild and physical for nearly six months. During the day he said he was fine and seemed to be. We were very happy and he was so glad to start living his life.

We had five children in ten years. Big families were the style then. Three girls and two boys. All bright and healthy, and raised without any jail time.

You asked for careers, Martha. Mostly I was just a stay-at-home mom, but when I was in school I worked at a beauty shop, the telephone company and American optical. When all but the last chick was out on his own or in college, we were in a small town in Nevada with very few job opportunities and I wanted one, so a friend and I went to work in the garlic fields It was very hard work but fun, with the illegal aliens. My Spanish was Hi school grade but we managed to communicate remarkably well. They were amused by us and never did understand why we were working. Earl decided I really did want a job, so he hired me and trained me to work in the seed lab running purity and germination tests on alfalfa seed .

When he retired, one of the national seed companies with whom he had treated over the years asked him to contract alfalfa seed for them, so he did, In Alberta and Saskatchewan, Canada, California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Nevada, Utah, Wyoming, Montana, North and South Dakota and Colorado. We could live anywhere so we lived in Idaho, South Dakota, Colorado and then Fresno, Ca.. We would be gone for two or three weeks and then home for a week or so. We spent a lot of time going up and down the California coast looking for the perfect place to retire and chose Santa Barbara. We couldn't afford to buy a house outright here, tho, so we settled on Guadalupe.

This is still getting too long!!

Next volunteerism: I was a room mother in my children's school for 10 years, sometimes for more than one class. I taught Sunday school and worked with the migrants. I have been a blood donor since High School and for the last five years or so, donate platelets every three weeks. Is this what you meant? And I was an art gallery docent for 10 or 12 years.

Travel: Beside the U.S. Canada and Mexico. We were in England twice and in Europe once.

My avocation is painting ,I guess, tho I have made some money at it too. I'm primarily a portrait painter, but every four or five paintings is a still life or a landscape. I paint with acrylics—God's gift to all painters.

Christiane Richards

I was born in Nothomb, Belgium, a small village (pop. 200) in the Ardennes region just a few miles from Bastogne where the "Battle of the Bulge" was fought at the end of World War II. My childhood was reminiscent of "Little House on the Prairie." The village had only dirt roads and no running water or sewer. Until I was six years old, we had an outhouse, hiked up the hill to pump water from a well and did laundry in the stream. My playground was hundreds of acres of woods and fields. I attended elementary school in a one-room schoolhouse where all the grades were lined up in rows (my grade had only 4 students!). Our one and only teacher (Maitre d'ecole) ruled with an iron fist and used corporal punishment without hesitation to keep us under control, including a "good" whipping with his square ruler. I even attempted to stuff newspapers in my pants to soften the blows. The school had a small library (one cabinet) but it was enough to instill in me a lifelong love of reading. The village was ruled by five men: the mayor, the priest, the schoolmaster, the "secretaire communal" and a lone policeman (garde-champetre). I was the last generation to grow up with the native dialect, Luxemburgish (official language of the country of Luxembourg) spoken at home and I only started to learn French at school where the whole curriculum was taught in French.

When I was 12, I went to High School in the town nearby. It was a traumatic change for me to go from a tiny schoolhouse to a big high school with more than 1,000 students (all girls). We had to pick a "major" and I chose math (the main thing I learned at the village school) and modern languages (Dutch, English and German) for which I had a natural aptitude because of my German dialect. Afterwards I attended a business college with an emphasis on accounting and my three foreign languages.

I worked as a loan officer for the Belgian government and quit to come to the United States as an "au pair" for a year to improve my English. I met my husband Stanton and we continued to date for four years while he finished college. During that time, I worked for Dow Corning International in Brussels in their finance department. We were married in 1977 (civil wedding) and again in 1978 (church), in a double wedding with my sister and her husband. We joke that we had to have two wedding anniversaries to make up for having only one birthday since we were born the same day. After our marriage, I started to work (and still do) at Richards Investment Company, my father-in-law's real estate investment firm. I also raised capital for the firm after getting my real estate and securities licenses. My husband's large family (nine children) welcomed me in every way and made me feel at home right away.

We were blessed with two wonderful children: our son Dane is 26 and our daughter Tess is 20. I did a lot of volunteer work at the schools our children attended and had to be involved in their schoolwork since they had learning disabilities. All of us have enjoyed the great classes offered by SBCC. The Adult Ed program changed my life in many ways. After all the years in finance, I was thrilled to be able to study art and use my "right" brain again (I had a wonderful art teacher in high school who kindled in me a love for painting). About six years ago, my husband and I committed to meditating twice a day. We both experienced a strong spiritual awakening and I felt attracted to the

psychology classes (with David Richo, Timothy Conway and of course to our very unique Tuesday class with Spencer) because of their connection to spirituality. I discovered the Tuesday class through an article in the Santa Barbara News-Press which featured Martha Clyde as the founder of this class. So thank you Martha and Spencer! It has been a great and unique learning experience.

Well, I'm from Kansas

"We'll get gas in Iola, at Norm's. I want to see it again, anyway."

We were about 30 miles from my husband's Kansas hometown of Iola, returning after over seven years away, living in the beautiful beach town of Santa Barbara. I loved our Santa Barbara life for many reasons, but there was one reason enough. It wasn't Kansas.

I had always felt secretly scornful of Iola with its rusted gas jets ringing the entire block around the court house square, jets that had once burned brightly night and day from what was thought to be a never-ending supply of natural gas. They burned for less than 6 months. I loved to entertain my California friends with Iola stories – how the locals told me, with pride, how Iola was named for the first WHITE baby girl born in the territory. And about Chuck Chilcoate, the local celebrity, who had appeared on The Ted Mack amateur hour doing his birdcalls, who followed me on my first visit to Iola, darting in and out of buildings, doing those birdcalls. About the town's only restaurant where nobody talked about the quality of the food, they just said, with great pride, "the steaks hang off the plate." After all, I had a right to feel a bit superior. I, too, was from Kansas, but Wichita. Wichita was a big city. George and I had met at Kansas University where we fulfilled one of the cliches of our generation, homecoming queen marries football captain. And now we were returning for our first visit, our two small children in the car, full of pride in the sophistication of our new life as Californians.

We pulled into Norm's. As far as I could tell, it still looked the same. Same three faded- red gas pumps, same stand of weeds coming up in the concrete drive, even the old white container, now

abandoned, that had once held soft drinks, Grapette, Dr. Pepper, Orange Crush that we called generically, "pop." I could remember just how it felt to put your dime in the slot and then fish your chosen bottle out of the water, water meant to be cool, but usually tepid, even tepid water feeling cool in the heat of a Kansas summer.

Norm, himself, came out of the little office, wearing his striped shirt (was it still the same, too?) with NORM embroidered in red on his pocket. George got out of the car. Norm showed no surprise when he saw him. It was as though seven years had not passed. George stood with him as he started filling our tank, still no words, no greeting had passed between them.

There was a long silence. Then Norm said, he must have looked at our license plate, "I see you live out to Califormee. Did you know Howdy Smith? He moved out to Califormee."

"No, I don't."

"Yes, you do. Howdy Smith. Lived out by where 54 crosses over 81, out by the cement plant. Howdy Smith. Died in his sleep the other night. 2 a.m. Give a little moan and died."

There was another long silence.

Norm continued. "Your mother died in the yard, didn't she?"

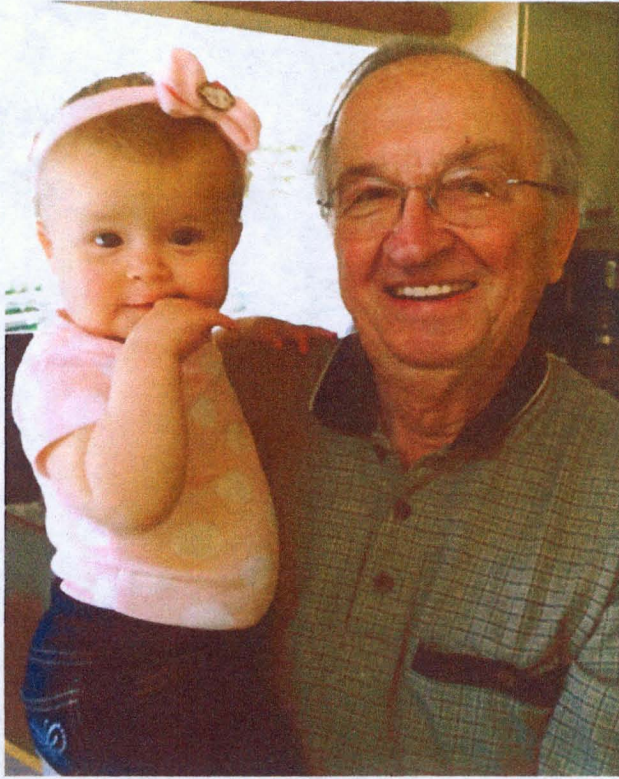
George spoke his only words. "No, in the house."

He got back into our car, his jaw muscles working as we drove out the circular drive.

We were back in Kansas.

Jane Radin Eagleton

AAVO KOORT



Taken in 2012

I was born in Estonia and our family escaped when the Soviet troops were close to re-conquering the country in 1944. We stayed in a displaced persons camp in Germany for five years and then immigrated to United States. After attending CCNY and NYU, I started working as an engineer mostly on the East Coast. I consider myself very lucky compared to my relatives who suffered over forty years under Soviet Union. My wife Fran and I retired in year 2000 and made a new home in Santa Barbara -The Paradise on the Pacific. Our family is scattered all over the country and we have eight grandchildren. The youngest, Madilynn in the photograph, lives with her parents in Santa Barbara.

When in 1944 we arrived in Germany the WW II was still going on. We lived in Erfurt, a town in Germany. Practically every day and night we had bombing raids

by American and British air forces. We spent a lot of time in the basement air raid shelter. When it was clear I used to wander around the neighborhood and also visit another Estonian family who lived a few blocks from our house. Their son was same age as I and a good friend. One clear morning I told my mother that I was leaving to visit my friend. My mother thought about it and then told me not to go. I argued but she stood firm. Then the air ride sirens sounded and we spent the next several hours in the basement.

Next day I was allowed to visit my friend. When I arrived at their house I could not believe my eyes. The entire apartment house was a pile of rubble. And we found out shortly that all the inhabitants were killed.

I have never found out how my mother decided not to let me go that day. But the old adage is true: 'Always listen to your mother'. I am glad I did.



ANI AHAVAH, a.k.a. Jackie Martin

Background

I was born during WWII in the Midwest, lived 15 years in Baltimore, 2 years in Israel, moved to Santa Barbara in 2005, and, here, have found the home of my dreams in this environment of beauty and higher consciousness. The Bible, Self-help books and groups, college education in African American institutions, ministerial training, study in science and conscious evolution, travel, my community of liberated friends, and my primary relationship with the Source and substance of my being are my foundational support.

Catalysts for Growth

Indelibly written into my character is the suicide of my parents from alcoholism and overdose of prescribed medicine. Equally impactful was my experience in the tomb of resurrection in Jerusalem and the March on Washington August 23, 1963 hearing Martin Luther King deliver his Dream Speech. The single most impactful experience of my life happened while I was held-up at gunpoint in my home for drug money. It was in the midst of that incident that my lifelong anger resolved into compassion.

Engagement Highlights

I was a court-appointed officer with the Dept. Of Juvenile Services in Baltimore, MD with a bulging caseload of incarcerated girls, responsible for their release plan and probation supervision. I worked with the Institute for Self-Governance as Community Liaison to the Resident Councils in City subsidized housing, helping them develop nested enterprises. The National Association for Family and Community Education gave me the first Family Community Leadership award for the urban Community-based training institute I developed in Indianapolis. I retired early from 11 years with the US Postal Service in 1996 to pursue creative pursuits.

Current Involvements

Recently, I feel I have found a life-partner in the American Red Cross as a volunteer in the Santa Barbara office. As a global humanitarian organization, it is big enough to utilize all I have yet to give for the good of all, and small enough for my daily growth and contribution.

The last 3 years I have worked to build a center for Community in the heart of downtown Santa Barbara at Ayni Gallery. The universal matchmaker amuses me, with the paring of "Ayni," which means "reciprocity" in Quechuan, and "Ani," which means "I Am" in Hebrew. We have turned a storage room with beautiful paintings into an oasis of events for Community to congregate, contribute and SELF-organize. The public is invited into this warm Community embrace the 1st Monday of every month at the SB Love Grid for a potluck social and spontaneous Circle sharing where everyone is honored. I maintain the website and do the broadcasting of events at www.AyniGallery.com

Weekly Life

I live in a lovely 1BR apartment with a mountain view with my little dog Yofi. We met 3 years ago at D.A.W.G and fell in love. I spend a lot of delicious quiet time at home in reflection, meditation, contemplation and poetic journaling, interspersed with the activities that support the flow of my health, wellbeing and service. www.AniAhavah.com