



Message from the President:

Dear Fellow Encore Members,

I hope this letter finds all in good health. The COVID-19 has impacted all of our lives so we adjust to the new normal.

Encore activities have also adjusted with no face-to-face gatherings, no parties, no trips and limited classes via Zoom.

Hopefully, you have been able to enjoy some of the fall and winter virtual classes with Todd Lundy, Eric Anderson, Lynne Ryan, Erhard Gross and Seth Tichenor.

Lynne Ryan has also started a weekly virtual happy hour on Wednesday afternoons at 4:00 which has become international with Kay and Art Limbird zooming in from Canada.

We are looking forward to a similar Spring roster starting in March. Thank you Reta Lindstrom for all your efforts to make this possible.

Let's all pray that the vaccine will allow us to return to our real normal in the fall.

Thanks,

Tom Schaeffer
President, Encore Learn



First Reaction: Zoom Out by Erhard Gross

The corona pandemic has put many of us into an uncomfortable position. Those of us who now want to serve ENCORE with teaching a class are, as can be expected, somewhat constrained.

Putting together an interesting class for our members can be rewarding. But having to contend with the mechanics of delivering it to the membership can be very trying.

Even after my abortive first class, I am not saying that Zoom is responsible for all the problems we have encountered. In nearly 19 years, I have taught over 40 classes for ENCORE. Depending on the subject, I spend between five and 10 hours preparing for each class. Now that in-person teaching is not available, we use Zoom.

Of the four instructors teaching a class this term, I consider myself the least acquainted with the use of Zoom. Not that I didn't devote considerable time to practicing.

Eric Anderson, who has used Zoom for his writing class for several quarters of successful teaching, has helped me a lot, but we still don't have all the bugs out. Now I spend an additional five hours per session on the mechanics of delivery. And we still had only 18 of 28 enrolled persons in the second session.

It is true that Zoom allows us to have two persons from Canada and a third one from Texas in my class but at least the same number have been blocked from getting the signal to their computer.

In addition to the possibility that you can't teach new tricks to old dogs, I would much prefer to look my class members in the eye. I and my students are deprived of socializing with each other and enjoying my wife's cookies. Zoom out!

Our ~~Winter Vacation~~ Pandemic Quarantine by Aletha Westerberg

December 2019. We held our first "Thanksmas" on November 30 with our family (which has grown from the 2 of us over 58 years to 31 of us) and headed off to our California "home away from home" a couple weeks earlier than usual for the winter of 2019-2020, spending Christmas away from Astoria and family first time in many years.

We always look forward to seeing our good friends in the senior park. The fun celebration held the weekend of the park's annual meeting in mid-January was themed "Masquerade" and boded well for a good winter. For the next several weeks we went about our "normal pace," participating in morning water aerobics, bean bag baseball, ukulele practice, book group, arranging and attending theater events, Tuesday morning coffee hour, and other offerings.

On March 8, 2020, we took a bus trip with others from the park to Walt Disney Concert Hall for a Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra performance – it was a fabulous program. Turned out to be our last outing - next day most things were postponed or cancelled or closed up tight. All those fun activities and other outings were suddenly not available. That meant we had to re-learn to entertain ourselves and we learned the air could get a little "testy" on occasion when we didn't agree. Here it is 10 months later and we're still learning.

We chuckle at the thought that not since we were first married had we spent so much uninterrupted time together. We did a lot of reading, some walking and harvesting the fruit from our trees the last three weeks in California, debating frequently if we should head home early but worried we might not find places open to spend the night. We finally decided to hurry on our way home and only stay two nights on the road if we found places open.

April 1, 2020. Our kids "didn't want to see us" – well, only because they worried they might expose us to the virus or we expose them, and that was a mighty tough thing to do – just drive on by...

All our volunteer activities at home were fully curtailed as we knew they would be, and our church was on-line only so we resolved to work on some projects. The main one was the basement since our younger son had texted us a year or two earlier that "Your basement is out of control. You need help!"

Great progress was made in the basement and in my office early on in spite of "testy" moments of what to toss, what to give away or what to keep. (My office is where things land when we

can't figure out where else to put them. That, in itself, is a "testy" item.) But we got sidetracked doing other fun and not "testy" things – like reading some good books, leisurely reading the *LA Times* on line, and writing postcards and letters to lots of family and friends as well as some political cards and letters too, trying to single-handedly keep our beloved United States Post Office in business!

By now, we have sort of a morning routine – and I don't mean to make anyone jealous – we get up at varying times, take a hot tub soak, (rain or shine except windy days), enjoy beautiful sunrises, watch the hummingbirds and the "little brown birds" that occupy the birdhouse and often have a relaxed breakfast. We feel fortunate to be able to participate in the fascinating ENCORE classes offered this term.

Here is the important thing we learned during this pandemic, of where things can get "testy." One morning a week, we develop our weekly menus to assist in finalizing the shopping list – first time in our married life we've actually written out what to cook and who's to cook it – hard to imagine how long this takes – and the number of revisions we make during the week.

We have mostly learned to be tolerant, but the main things we have reaffirmed from sharing all this time during the pandemic, are: We really do LOVE each other ALL the time, and we really do LIKE each other – MOST of the time!!



FROM ERIC C. ANDERSON'S WRITER'S EXCHANGE CLASS

Holding Down, or Putting up, the Fort by John Markham

When I was in the third and fourth grades at Cannon Beach Grade School, my teacher was Emma Gene Miller, who taught those two grades there from 1951 to 1957. All that time she was also researching and writing a book finally published in 1958 with the title *Clatsop County, Oregon. Its history, legends and industries*. In the course of her research for that book, she became closely involved with the local people working on a replica of Fort Clatsop, which was erected in July and August, 1955, as a focal point for the upcoming 150th anniversary or sesquicentennial of the wintering over of Lewis and Clark and their Corps of Discovery. The design for that replica was based on the careful research and meticulous illustrating of Rolf Klep, who later became the founder of Astoria's Maritime Museum. Mrs. Miller's book contains almost as much coverage of subsequent happenings at the site, including the building of the replica, as it does of the original expedition. Of course, "sesquicentennial" was also a fine word for 3rd and 4th graders to encounter.

Fifty years later, just as Fort Clatsop was gearing up to mark the bicentennial (a word we had all learned much too well in 1976) of the stay of Lewis and Clark, on 3 October 2005, the replica of Fort Clatsop caught fire and burned to the ground; the cause of the fire was evidently never determined. Extensive front-page coverage in *The Oregonian* two days later raised the question of whether the charred remains should be restored or removed and replaced. Being only a replica of little historic value, the burned structure was not really a serious loss.

Though the timing was bad, its demise turned out serendipitously to be highly beneficial. By that time, historical research had turned up better knowledge about the actual structure of the original fort, and, once the ground was thoroughly cleared, modern diagnostic techniques were employed to establish with close certainty the precise location of the fort. By then, specialists had been engaged to turn that knowledge into a design for rebuilding, and a call went out for volunteers to help in construction of an updated, more authentic and, one would hope, more fire-resistant replica. About 700 people accepted the challenge and showed up for the job.

On a chilly day in February, 2006, I drove to the Clatsop County Fairgrounds and checked in for helping in the reconstruction. After asserting that I was no specialist in any requisite techniques, I was directed to the large enclosed arena, where I found the floor almost entirely occupied by cedar logs propped up on sawhorses. A receptionist directed me to two logs that had not been claimed and said my job was to remove the bark from them. I laid my claim by removing my winter jacket and draping it over a log. But before I could start work, I had to check in at a table, where I filled out a lengthy paper form signing my life away in the event of an accident and was then issued a pair of safety goggles and a drawknife, a strong steel blade with a handle at each end, probably much the same in principle as the tool used by the explorers for the same job two centuries earlier, though of superior materials.

I sat on the log, removed my sweater as I warmed up and took a few experimental strokes. "Everybody stop!" came a shout over the loudspeaker, "Go to the stage for a picture." So I laid down the drawknife and joined the parade to the south wall for a group portrait. Half an hour later, I was back on the log.

With the hundreds of metabolizing bodies in that large room, it was becoming hot, even though the doors were open to allow the winter air in. So I shed my outer shirt and leggings and settled in to start skinning the first log. I had begun to master a productive technique when a call came: "It's time for lunch!" Once again I removed my goggles, laid down the knife and assembled in the line for an adequate and satisfying repast, which I had not expected.

After an hour, I was back astraddle the log again. This time, I skinned the bark off one side of the log, enlisted help to roll it a quarter turn, skinned the next side and continued all the way around with final touching up of missed spots until I had relieved that log entirely of its bark to my full satisfaction.

At one time a photographer came along and took a picture of me in t-shirt and goggles and pulling the draw-knife. By the time I had finished the first log, we were told to quit for the day, so I had to stop at that contribution to the fort's structure. I checked in my tool and goggles, re-donned my winter clothing and left.

On the way out, a woman gave me a slab of cedar with a portrait of the fort wood-burned on its face as a souvenir of my efforts. There was, of course, no way to trace "my" log into the assembly of the new fort, but I can guess that it is somewhere in the structure.

A few years later, while attending a lecture in the Netul Room of the visitor's center, I noticed a wall display of names of volunteers who had helped in the construction. That was the first I knew that my name was on a public list. But that was not the only surprise to come from that experience.

Some four or five years ago I had joined a hike with the Angora Hiking Club on the park grounds and was talking with Gail Sunderland, a fellow Angoran and sometimes park guide, who asked me, "How do you like your picture in the book?" Huh? I knew nothing of any picture, so, upon our return to the gift shop, she pulled out a book written about the building of the replica and opened it to a picture of me, with full identification, in my goggles and t-shirt while wielding the draw-knife. Fancy that! Some day, I really should buy a copy of that book, even though I could argue that I deserve a free or at least a discounted copy.

Metronome of Hearts by Jean McGonigle

HEART, A FIVE LETTER WORD SPELLED H-E-A-R-T, SOUNDS LIKE "HEAR IT"
THAT IS IF YOU HAVE NEVER LEARNED,
THE CORRECT WAY TO PRONOUNCE IT.
"HEAR IT," "HEAR IT," THAT IS YOUR HEART BEAT,
THE ONE THAT SPEEDS UP,
FOR YOUR BIG HEARTED "LOGGER LOVER."
YOU KNOW, THE ONE THAT HOLDS,
YOUR HEART IN HIS HAND.
OR PERHAPS, HE'S THAT COMMON THIEF,
OF A LOVER, "A REAL HEARTBREAKER."
CONSIDER YOUR "HEART OF HEARTS,"
AS A BOX OF CHOCOLATE CARAMELS,
EACH INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED,
IN ROSE COLORED CELLOPHANE,
SET IN A SMALL CHOCOLATE COLORED PAPER CUP.
EACH BITE MAY LEAD TO CARDIAC ARREST.
NONETHELESS, A SINGLE CANDY VALENTINE,
MAY SIMPLY QUIET YOUR NERVOUS HEART,
WITH ITS TINY STENCILED WORDS: "BE MINE."
"HEAR IT," "HEAR IT," THIS MOMENT,
WHEN YOUR PULSE OF LIFE IS KNOWN,
IN THE AWAKENING OF SOUND,
AS IN A BEETHOVEN PIANO SONATA,
OR COULD BE A JAZZ CRAWL,
OF MONK OR ARMSTRONG?
THE DEAF CHILD KNOWS THE PULSE OF HER HEART,
IN THE SUBTLE "FLEX" OF BLOOD FLOW,
VISIBLE IN HER FRAIL WRIST--FEELS THAT UNIQUE THRILL,
OF AN ADRENALIZED HEART IN HER CHEST,
WHEN SHE IS THE FIRST TO CROSS THE FINISH LINE,
IN ANY OF LIFE'S RACES.
YOUR HEART AT REST, OR YOUR PASSIONATE HEART--,
EITHER WAY, IN THIS LIFE, HERE YOU ARE,
BEAT BY BEAT, AN UNFINISHED SYMPHONY.

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Encore Writer's Exchange

Hoar Frost Morning version two by Kay Limbird

As I lifted the shade to allow early morning light into our bedroom, I gazed out over the landscape in awe-struck wonder. After years away, we'd returned north only recently, and I had forgotten the profound impact of winter's playfulness upon my senses.

There before me in silent magnificence, nature's crystalline brilliance flaunted its exaggerated statement. My eyes struggled to focus on the complexity of patterns, the meticulously flocked trees and fields.

I had forgotten nature's divine message as detailer of the overlooked. I had forgotten the infinite complexity of winter's exclamation mark. Each leaf, each needle, each twig, and blade bore icy embellishment with unfailing precision and indulgence.

I had forgotten being a transfixed witness, as glinting crystals punctuated the air, floating free.

I had forgotten.

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FROM THE EDITOR

I know many of you, like me, are world travelers. In this new section I am introducing, I would like to hear not about your trip to Rio, Bangkok or Rome, but the trip you took to an obscure destination few people have heard of. Or that trip where the unexpected happened – like that anniversary cruise to French Polynesia where the cruise line went bankrupt somewhere off Tahiti and all you saw was ocean, your ship and fellow passengers.

I'm calling the section *Unexpected Travel* and it kicks off in this edition of the newsletter.

Another section I am introducing which will be in the fall edition of the newsletter is a *Letters to the Editor* column. This is your chance to comment on the articles in the previous newsletters, express yourself at will, and/or let the editor know what you would like to see in future editions. This is *your* newsletter, after all, and you have the right to speak your piece.



UNEXPECTED TRAVEL

Getting U-Haul Pods to Canada By Art Limbird

Some of you know already that Kay and I made the difficult decision to move from the Oregon Coast and away from the many good friends we have had in ENCORE. Six U-Haul pods were packed in our driveway and picked up in Warrenton on October 1st. We left the next day in our car loaded with personal belongings needed during our wait for the pods to arrive in Calgary, Alberta. We crossed the border at Kingsgate, British Columbia, north of Bonners Ferry, Idaho. Because we have Canadian citizenship, there were no problems immigrating to Canada with our car and contents.

We had all necessary papers in order including the manifests listing "goods to follow" for each pod. As we drove, we received an email from the U-Haul store in Gearhart that the pods "will arrive at the bonded warehouse in Calgary by October 18th".

Upon reaching Calgary, we went into a strict 14-day quarantine in an isolated lower-level suite in the home of a family member. While in isolation, we got a phone call from a person in Arizona with a very heavy 'Arabic' accent demanding copies of all our manifests and customs forms. We

thought: "This has to be a scam!" Copies of all our customs papers had been left with U-Haul in Gearhart. Over several days we kept getting urgent phone calls and emails in all capital letters from this man. Our responses were quick hang-ups and deleting emails. After more abrupt

phone conversations, it turned out he was the Head Agent for U-Haul exportations from the U.S. to Canada. He kept asking for more information and forms that we sent to him. Finally, we got

the explanation that U-Haul in Gearhart did not know what was needed for exporting pods! They had never processed pods to enter Canada! Consequently, they did not have the correct border crossing forms to give their truck driver. It was just luck that this "suspicious" agent in Arizona persisted! After more waiting, we received an email that the pods would arrive at customs in Calgary by October 19th, and we would need to go to the Canada Border Security Agency (CBSA) office at the Calgary airport to submit our papers to be stamped, and the pods 'cleared' before we could proceed to the bonded warehouse to arrange for delivery. The first address we had for the office was the airport terminal building. We drove around the airport road several times without finding the correct office. Eventually, we stopped in a restricted parking area and called out to an airport worker who was loading a cargo plane. He was anxious to help, with vigorous gesturing directing us to the International concourse.

After asking at the information desk on the terminal concourse, we proceeded to the International Arrivals area where the concourse was nearly devoid of passengers due to no flights during the Covid restrictions. There was one agent sitting at a 'tellers-type' window. She was unable to help us because her computer was not set up to process requests! We would have to come back after 4 pm when she could offer assistance. She did give us a basic map of the actual location of the CBSA Commercial Office.

After acquiring the map of the roads to the actual CBSA Commercial Office, we left the terminal parking (paying \$10.50 for 10 minutes of parking)! We got to the CBSA office and checked in to the Covid-restricted waiting room with social distancing of chairs and required masks for all. When called up to one of the 'teller-type' counters, we presented customs papers to self-important agent Hoskins who told us: "My computer says your pods have not arrived at the bonded warehouse". We explained that we had an email directly from Linda at the bonded warehouse that the pods were there ready to be cleared! We called the warehouse and talked to Linda, a most gracious and understanding young lady. She assured us that the pods indeed were there. We tried and tried to get CBSA agent Hoskins to talk to Linda. Agent Hoskins refused; she had to see "Arrived" on her computer screen in order to help us. Our more than 3 hours in the CBSA waiting room, consisted of being on and off the phone with Linda at the bonded warehouse.

While we were waiting, we watched and heard several people also trying to get items thru customs. There was the elderly lady from India attempting to import herbal medicines she needed to treat her ailment. She and her husband tried to explain, but since the meds were "homemade" and herbal they were not recognized as legitimate by the CBSA. She was reduced to tears and her sobbing brought "Oh's and Ah's" from the others waiting to see agents NO visible sympathy from the CBSA agents. There was the man wanting to import more than 100 plants for his planned "wall of plants" in his basement room! The persons trying to get dogs or cats into Canada seemed to have no problems! We finally gave up and left at 3 pm (it was a Friday)!

On Monday morning we returned to the CBSA office and took our customs papers to a different agent who looked at our papers, stamped them 'cleared' for the pods and we were out of the

office in 10 minutes! The next stop was the bonded warehouse to clear the 6 pods. Agent Hartley at the warehouse told us all was 'fine' and he kept one copy of the only form needed. A

phone call from Hartley while driving back to our accommodations told us the pods already had been delivered to the U-Haul warehouse.

Relief at last! The first 3 pods were delivered to our condo in Cochrane (about 15 miles west of Calgary) on November 13th. We selected these particular pods because they contained most of

our kitchenware, our bedroom furniture, and our clothing and other personal items. Then, after having the whole condo repainted and wood flooring installed in the living room, hallways, and office room, the other 3 pods containing the rest of our furniture and other household items were delivered on December 8th. ALL arrived in fine condition – no breaks and no scrapes and nothing missing! Since then we have been 'tweaking' the contents, putting up pictures, and otherwise settling in to our place.

We are safe, keeping healthy, and enjoying the clear skies and 180 degree view of the Canadian Rockies from rosy dawn to orangey dusk...Once Covid is over we look forward to visitors from the Oregon Coast!



Pods in driveway in Oregon



Pods being loaded in Oregon



Pods arriving at condo in Alberta

North to Alaska by Erhard Gross

Among my more memorable camping trips is the one I took by car from Oregon to Alaska. My family and I had moved from Eastern South Dakota to the Portland area during the summer of 1980. This relocation put me several hundred miles closer to Alaska, a frontier I had always wanted to visit. My vehicle was a light-weight VW pickup Diesel, known to get up to 40 miles per gallon. I had purchased it with this trip in mind, and equipped it with a camper shell and a large foam rubber cushion, so I could sleep in the truck's bed. My trusted companion was a sawed-off shotgun. However, even before I reached Vancouver, B.C., I had an engine problem: I could not shut it off. Even though I was fairly close to a VW dealership that should have been able to fix the problem, the fact that the vehicle came with a standard transmission allowed me to kill the engine by popping the clutch, to coasting it down a little rise in order to start it again. As for nature, of special interest to me were Kluane Lake, with its gleaming white mountain panorama to the northeast, and White Horse, the capital of Yukon Territory, along the river of the same name, both in beautiful natural settings. It was somewhere northwest of Whitehorse where the situation might have turned ugly. As the somewhat stormy night was falling, I had pulled into a roadside rest area for the night. There were no other campers present. It was at predawn the next morning, when someone rapped at my window, ordering me in no uncertain terms to step out of the vehicle. All windows of my camper were totally fogged up, not allowing me to see anything. I thought, is this a joke or an attempted holdup? Since the male voice was threatening

but did not use a flashlight, I did not think that it was a Mountie. Except for some cash and credit cards, my vehicle certainly did not promise great booty. Was there a chance of violence? I had to be ready for anything. So I slipped the loaded gun out of the carrying case and told the voice meekly that I would comply with whatever he demanded. I gripped my shotgun and gingerly opened the back door of the camper shell and the tail gate. I then slipped out the back of the vehicle as silently as possible. Using the element of surprise by pointing my gun in the direction where the voice had come from, in a stern voice I growled "What do you want?" and fired a shot in the air. Noticing that I meant business, he beat a hasty retreat. I could hear steps running toward a nearby vehicle that peeled out onto the highway in the direction of Whitehorse. I didn't know whether the man was by himself; he couldn't know whether I was by myself. Predawn light revealed my vehicle was still the only one at this roadside rest stop. My drive to Alaska had presented spectacular landscapes and lots of wildlife; although less than pleasant, I had finally encountered a human being.

AND MORE . . .

A Great Promise Fulfilled by Erhard Gross

(Our good friends Art and Kay Limbird have fled to Canada, and now our Seattle friends, Thomas and Martina, are moving back to Germany. Thomas reported some German wag's observation on the former US president.)

A moderately cynical democrat friend from abroad called to congratulate us on Trump's fulfillment of the promise to "make America great again": First, his personality and leadership style produced for the House of Representatives a Democrat solid majority; secondly, his actions with respect to the bi-election in Georgia threw the US Senate back to the Democrats; and thirdly, he delivered the White House back to the Democrats for at least the next four years. Only a genius could have achieved that.

Guarded Accusations By Erhard Gross

The elderly priest had invited a younger one over for dinner. The latter noticed that the host's housekeeper was rather young and pleasing to the eyes. The next day the older priest calls the younger and says: "I'm not saying that your eyes expressed a desire for my housekeeper, but I'm also not saying that they didn't."

The young priest responds: "I'm not saying that you slept with your housekeeper last night, but I'm also not saying that you didn't -- because if you had slept in your own bed you would have mentioned my rosary that I put into your bed before leaving your place last night."

Survey of Classical Indian Philosophy, Winter session by Lynn Ryan

Seth Tichenor continues our education in the philosophical and religious traditions of the world with this year's classes in Classical Indian Philosophy. One of the first things I learned was that in the Indian traditions there are no real distinctions between religion and philosophy. They

consist of rigorous systems of logic and assume that knowledge is already there and waiting to be 'recovered', not 'discovered'.

The first sessions, covered at the time of this writing, have focused on Hindu Thought: The Vedas, The Astika and Pramana and we will end with the "Heterodox Schools": Buddhism, Jainism, Carvaka and The Alternate Paths to Liberation. As always, Seth leads the class through complex materials, not attempting to make us experts, but giving us a basic understanding of philosophical traditions and how they intersect with traditions from other parts of the world. I believe that is why Seth's classes are among the most popular each year, whether we meet up on Zoom or in person.

In honor of Black History Month by Lynne Ryan

Books I've read recently and wanted to share with others:

Between the World and Me, Ta-Nehisi Coates

Written as a letter to his teenage son, the author explores his feelings, the symbolism and the realities of being Black in the United States.

Stamped: Racism, Antiracism and You, Jason Reynolds, Ibram X. Kendi

This is a fast paced, young adult version of Ibram X. Kendi's 2016 book, *Stamped from the Beginning: The Definitive History of Racist Ideas in America*. Jason Reynolds takes a history book and writes what he says 'is not a history book' but a book that mixes past with present and is written for the audience of middle and high school students of today. As with much of the history I 'learned' in school, this book shows that there is a lot more to the story.

Caste: The Origins of Our Discontents, Isabel Wilkerson

A very readable but disconcerting (to me) book that talks about "caste" as opposed to "racism". According to Wilkerson, "caste is the granting or withholding of respect, status, honor, attention, privileges, resources, benefit of the doubt, and human kindness to someone on the basis of their perceived rank or standing in hierarchy."

Old Man, Old Clothes by Theodore Lundy

This could be a poem.

Date: 10/5/2020

Last revision: 1/1/2021

Typed directly from scrawled notes:

As a child I wore the clothes mom bought.

As a teenager I wore what the "in kids" wore.

As a college student I wore Levis and a wrinkled corduroy sports coat.

As a Professional I wore the uniform: Docker's pants, sports coat, neck tie, shiny shoes. I always hated neckties and polishing shoes.

When I retired I quit buying clothes. The clothes I had from prior years, I wear until they fall apart. Holes in the elbows, frayed collars and stains all are acceptable now. I call them "work clothes" but the truth is I prefer to wear them all the time. There is an exception. I still buy socks and underwear. But only when on sale.

Covid-19 is a blessing in that I can wear my "work clothes" every day because I stay at home. I do have a couple of shirts, which are still presentable. These I wear when I have a Zoom meeting.

As for shoes, there is a box in the basement with pairs of old shoes which may be a bit scarred but are not yet worn out. When the pair I am currently wearing fall apart, I take another old pair from that box. Expectations and style mean nothing anymore. Only comfort and serviceability are important.

One of the pleasures of old age, and there are many, is wearing old comfortable clothes; And not being concerned about what others think.

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*Notice: When you attend an Encore class or event, you will be entering a place where photography, video and audio recordings may occur.*

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SPRING 2021 CLASS SCHEDULE

Humanist Discussions is a group of individuals who enjoy exploring the meaning of events, as well as social, emotional, and philosophical questions. Any topic which pertains to human existence is fair game. At the end of each discussion we decide on a topic for the next meeting. Over the intervening week we contribute videos and written references on the chosen topic. Then on Monday we hammer meaning out of the topic by talking it to a pulp.

Humanist Discussions will be held through Spring term, April 5th through May 25. We meet on Monday mornings from 10:00 to Noon. Sign up by contacting Tod Lundy at todlundy@gmail.com. You may also call. My phone number is 503 442 2446.

Tod

There is no greater agony than bearing an untold story inside you." – Maya Angelou

This quote raises a rather provocative question. About you. What wonderful stories and poems are there, inside of you, waiting to get out? If only you had a supportive team to help you overcome writing hurdles, and then to cheer you on to the growth and success you so richly deserve! Alas!

Fortunately, your cause is not yet lost. Our friendly ENCORE writing group, beginners and experienced alike, regularly focuses on encouraging writers – just like you – via constructive feedback. Come take part in our enthusiasm for writing; either listening or even sharing your stories with us!

Q: I'm a rather shy and beginning writer. I'm interested in writing a mostly true account of my life, but changing certain details, like the setting of my hometown (perhaps from Verona to Vernonia). I might also want to write an occasional poem or short story. However, it's important

that I do all of this at my own pace, with loads of support, but not feeling forced. What do you recommend? (signed) Juliet C from Vernonia

A: Good question, Juliet! Our writing group's key function is to provide you with encouragement and constructive, honest feedback to help you improve. We'll encourage, but never pressure you. On Tuesday mornings at 9:45, it'll be fun to watch your literary skills grow, as your untold stories finally come to life. See you then!

ENCORE Spring 2021's *Writing Exchange* Online Course begins Tuesday, April 6 (and runs just 8 weeks till Tuesday, May 25) from 9:45 to 11:45 A.M.

For more information about the *Writing Exchange* online class and how to access it, please email the instructor, Eric Anderson, at EricCander@aol.com or call (503) 325-3131.

Spring term of 2021, ENCORE will offer at least one course in the Person-to-Person mode.

Description: Dendrology (tree identification science) will be offered by Erhard Gross for persons who are interested in knowing what they are looking at when they see a tree.

Time and duration: Thursdays May 6 and 13, at 1:30 to 3:30 PM.

Dendrology

Location: The first session will take place on the deck behind Erhard's house, which is located at 36410 River Point Drive. Please park along the street, walk along the driveway and take a left to the deck.

Special conditions: Even though most of us could have two shots of Covid vaccine in our arms by May, face masks and social distancing are still required.

Transportation is by private automobile. I will send out an email to identify persons enrolled in the class. Please secure rides from class members who volunteer to drive.

For additional information, please call Erhard at 503 468-0752. **Note: There will be no Friday class this spring term 2021. We had hoped that Kjirsten Severson would teach, but she is not available.**

Jean Hooge by Erhard Gross

ENCORE has been well served with mostly competent and genial editors of its newsletter. It is the most recent editor that I want to write about here. Jean Hooge stepped up when we needed to find a new person for the job. It took her but a short time to have members of our organization submit plenty of copy for each issue.

Before I met her in person, I had spoken with her on the phone. She came across as a sweet and gentle person. When someone pointed her out to me in person, I kind of walked up to her from behind to see whether she might have vestiges of wings because I had formed in my mind this image of the proverbial angel.

We call our newsletter CLASS ACT. That also describes Jean. Jean, we all wish you well and hope to see you on your feet soon.

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