



MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

Greetings!

We are firmly in the throes of winter – from a bout of snow and ice to Covid making a return performance! If we are lucky, we have had our last snow for the winter. Fingers crossed! With regard to Covid, I've heard from a few folks who despite being boosted still got it. The good news is this strain appears to be much less problematic. It's still important to be cautious and follow appropriate protocol where necessary, but we can still get out and about. And hang in there – *Spring is coming*.

Speaking of getting out, I chose two classes to attend this term – *Geology* with Ed Joyce and *Modern Political Theory* with Seth Tichenor.

This is actually my second time round in the Geology class. Ed is a gifted instructor and the study of geology is so vast that I still have much to learn. This is my first class with Seth Tichenor and he does not disappoint! He provides a backdrop for the politics of today in a fascinating and entertaining way.

If you have resisted class attendance this winter, think Spring! Keep an eye out for the upcoming schedule and pick one or two. What an easy and economical way to learn, exercise the brain, and interact with others.

For future classes and special programs, let's all think about who we know of that might be interested in offering new topics – both inside and outside our membership. Contact Reta Lindstrom (rrlindstrom35@gmail.com) or any of our board members.

I'd like to give a special shout out to Bernie Thomas and Jean Hooge who coordinate the monthly Lunch Bunch. It's such an easy way to get to know other members while enjoying a variety of restaurants.

Thank you for your membership and a special thanks to those of you who serve on committees, the board of directors, or have stepped up to help with singular events. A robust organization is one where many hands are extended to help.

Elizabeth Hayes, President

IN REVIEW...

In Memoriam Bob Westerberg

Ssubmitted by Erhard Gross

Bob Westerberg is gone. Most people in ENCORE knew him. I knew him for years. He was an irrepressible life force with an inexhaustible supply of anecdotes. Most of them he would introduce with "Long story short."

It was not only ENCORE that benefited from his energy and willingness to take on tasks. With his wife, Aletha, he volunteered for the community. Whether running the Astoria Riverfront Trolley or ushering at the Liberty Theater, Bob was there. He attended many of my classes, always participating. He had a vibrant and energetic nature (even on cold and rainy days he might come to class in short pants.)

In ENCORE committee activities, Bob participated vigorously with ideas and organization. He worked and provided leadership. As erstwhile chairman of our Trip Committee, he was resourceful and tolerant of diverse ideas. He liked and was friendly toward every member of ENCORE and he was liked by everyone. Long story short, Bob is irreplaceable, and those who knew him sorely miss him.

LUNCH BUNCH...our monthly gathering is a fun time to enjoy your membership. We meet at noon the first Friday of the month.

Each month we celebrate each other for birthdays, anniversaries, anything special for that month. It's a great way to socialize and keep up with ENCORE'S happenings. Bring a friend and introduce them to our friendly .group. Hope to see you soon. Bernie Thomas.

Lunch Bunch - On Friday, February 2nd, the Lunch Bunch met at T Paul's Supper Club. Attending was Bernie Thomas, Sue Korpela, Cecilia & Doug Balcomb, Maureen Balaam, Greg & Rosa Mann, Gerrie Penny, Jean, Norman & Valerie Hooge. Everybody seemed to have a great time! Don't forget to join us the first Friday of March!

Thank you,
Jean Hooge

UNEXPECTED TRAVEL

Exploring my 7th continent by Gerrie Penny

I know articles such as this appear in the Class Act under the subject of Unexpected Travels but this was anything but unexpected! I'd planned for it almost a year. Tour company sent information as to how to pack for our adventure and that meant 2 extremes in weather. Landing in Buenos Aires in January to wonderful weather was a treat. It's summer there and very warm. We were taken on a tour of the huge cemetery in the Recoleta area for our first outing. This is a very interesting place, more magical than macabre where all structures are mini, usually shoulder height. Each burial site is above ground and consists of an iron gate, a small walled in altar area & staircase leading down as far as 3 levels. All are built side by side and connected with about a dozen making up a block. These are family plots and only privileged people have sites here. Eva Peron is buried at one of the sites. It's like a small town with streets intersecting and lavish statuary in dedicated areas. Later we dined at a restaurant on the waterfront. Afterwards our walk along the waterfront to the bus was ruined by a mass swarm of mosquitoes! They took a big chunk out of a lot of us. Next day we toured a very colorful part of town and were treated to a street tango demonstration. We were then given free time to tour on our own.

After 48 hours, we left the city and flew to Ushuaia, the world's southernmost city. What a wonderful and unique city, nestled between the Martial mountain range and the Beagle Channel where sightings of orcas and other wildlife can be seen. Fresh seafood is abundant at all restaurants along the downtown streets. Most workers speak English, enough to get your meal order correct. Shops are available for those last minute purchases of things you may have forgotten to bring. We toured

Terra del Fuego national park that had gorgeous views of the area combining marine, forest & mountain environments. Ushuaia is internationally recognized as an Antarctic gateway city. After 2 days exploring this city, we embarked on our vessel to the Antarctic, the Roald Amundsen. It is a Norwegian ship named after the explorer that led the first expedition to reach the Geographic South Pole.

Except for passing through the tumultuous Drake Passage, it was 100% amazing. You need acrobatic skills to try to move around on a ship while being tossed hither and yon by the huge waves of 2 oceans colliding. After 2 days of walking like drunken sailors onboard, we reached calm waters. We were able to see wildlife in their habitat up close and personal. Landings at the penguin colonies were so enjoyable and the favorite of many as the penguins are not afraid of humans and just waddle around going back and forth from the water to the colonies to feed their young. Yes, we were able to see the young penguins from the egg stage up thru their molting stage and the beginning development of those black and white feathers so familiar to us all. Their lives are so difficult living in such a harsh climate, but they manage to walk over those rocky beaches better than we did. They tilt, tip over but manage to stand back up and jump all without arms. They use their wings for balance and seem so awkward on land but they swim faster than almost anything in the water does. It is truly flying and that's why they are classified as birds.

January is summer there and we experienced weather between high 20s and low 30s in the hours we went ashore. There is no darkness at that time of year. Only about 15 minutes between sunset and sunrise, with just a slight dimming in the sky. We had gorgeous weather for about 4 days. Other days were overcast but mild. It snowed during a couple of landings that was actually easier to walk in than those rocks of all sizes, which are easy to trip upon. Birds of prey were flying around all the time, looking for something to eat. Other birds were the "cleanup crew" in the colonies.

The ship I was on was outfitted as a research vessel and had 2 classrooms for lectures, a dedicated area for science demonstrations and lectures, microscopes, a library of donated books, displays of all kinds of animal skeletons found in Antarctica. Each day a Zodiac filled with about 10 people, chosen at random from names submitted of those who wanted to participate in citizen science collecting water samples, left the vessel twice a day. Meanwhile others left in kayaks with experienced leaders guiding them into to bays surrounded by icebergs. Other Zodiacs headed for the penguin colonies where we walked among the residents.

I had signed up for the science boat and the day my turn came was the highlight of the entire trip for me. We had motored out away from all the kayaks and other Zodiacs and had our instruments in the water, collecting water samples for later analysis. The penguin colony being visited that day was of Adelie penguins; however, a Chinstrap penguin was swimming around our boat bobbing up and down, "singing" to us, swimming under the boat and appearing on the other side. It seemed very curious, so curious in fact that it jumped into our Zodiac! I didn't realize at the time how rare this was until we returned to the Amundsen & the crew told us they'd never experienced that happening to them. This penguin stayed in our boat for almost 5 minutes looking for a way off but wasn't in too much of a hurry as it took time to stare at all of us, shake itself, stretch it's wings and even preen before diving off in search of other penguins. It was thought to have been looking for other Chinstraps, as they usually stay within their own groupings. We were in the areas of 3 types: Adelies, Chinstraps & Gentoos.

Before I go any further, I should say nothing is definite in this part of the world. We did see a young Emperor penguin on a bed of sea ice the captain had put the vessel on by ramming into it (on purpose) giving us a chance to walk on a huge piece of sea ice, another rarity. This penguin was also very curious just sliding and waddling around looking at what it must have never seen before: humans! It was way further north than usual but that's another clue as to what climate change does. Meanwhile a group of young seals was romping on the edges of the sea ice pushing one another over the edge and jumping back on it just like puppies.

Each day when a landing occurred, the Expedition Leader and his team would scout the landing site before any passengers left the vessel to determine whether it was safe from Avian Flu and suitable for exploring. A path was laid out using brightly colored cones that we were to follow. Team then instructed us on which side of the cones to walk to avoid human contact with the wildlife, which is forbidden. Not only penguins were on display but also huge seals of many kinds. They seemed to be relaxing and many never moved but did raise their heads to look at us. Often mistaken for a log or large rock, they blended in with the large boulders lying in the landscape. We even saw female elephant seals. What giants of fat they are!

Last day onboard, crew presented a program of slides of some of their favorite places/events and the sea ice walk was one of their favorites, and the penguin visit in our Zodiac was the science leader's favorite. All in all, they said it was one of the most amazing trips they'd experienced because we had such wonderful sunrises and sunsets in gorgeous hues of blue, orange, purple, pink & yellow along with such still waters that mirrored the landscape of icebergs.

Flights to get there are long and tiring. Mine was 10-1/2 hours from Dallas/Fort Worth to Buenos Aires. That was the only downside of the trip. It was the trip of a lifetime! I can truly say I've now visited all 7 continents.

THE BOOK NOOK

Cloud Cuckoo Land by Anthony Doerr

Because I loved Anthony Doerr's **All the Light We Cannot See**, I added **Cloud Cuckoo Land** to my ever growing list of 'must read' books. So, I was very pleased to receive the book last Christmas. However, when I started to read it, I was totally confused... we're in 15th century Constantinople, we're in Idaho in the 1940's and 1990's, we're in Korean war zone, and then we're in space ship / pod hundreds of years from now.... A friend reading at the same time as I commented that she thought we were really in an asylum of some sort. But, once we made it past the first half and accepted all the time travel confusion, we agreed that this was a book worth sticking with to the end. It's a book about the power of words and libraries, about environmental degradation and about human resilience.

FROM ERIC ANDERSON'S WRITING EXCHANGE CLASS

The Hassan II Mosque in Casablanca, Morocco by Art Limbird

Our students' anticipation of going to Casablanca was not to visit Rick's Café made famous by the 1942 movie "Casablanca" starring Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Bergman. It was to inspect the Hassan II Mosque. We certainly were not disappointed! Only superlatives can express the awesomeness of this edifice. The experience of being there stood out in student comments as the most significant while we were in Morocco. We learned that it is the largest functioning mosque in Africa and the third largest mosque in

the world. Only the Grand Mosque in Mecca and the Prophet's Mosque in Medina are larger. The single minaret is unusual; most mosques have at least two and some have 4 or 5 minarets. However, the single minaret is significant because it is 689 feet tall and the second tallest one in the world. On top of the minaret are laser beams that point toward Mecca so worshippers can position themselves precisely during prayers. A maximum of 105,000 people can gather for prayer times with an interior hall holding 25,000 and an esplanade or terrace for 80,000 more. The call to prayer is heard clearly every four hours from loud speakers attached to the four sides of the minaret.

The mosque is built on a promontory facing west to the Atlantic Ocean. A section of the interior floor is made of glass so the ocean below can be seen as worshipers pray. It took seven years to build with work being done around the clock by 1000's of craftsmen and laborers. The walls are handcrafted marble from the Agadir area (a city along the south Atlantic coast in the foothills of the Atlas Mountains), the esplanade terrace contains granite from near Tafraoute (a small town in the central part of the Anti-Atlas Mountains), and the intricately designed wooden ceiling is cedar from forests in the Middle Atlas Mountains. These are all Moroccan sources as in keeping with the Quran that expresses the desire to use local materials as much as possible. Only the glass chandeliers are from Murano (the glass blowing center near Venice, Italy). The cedar roof is retractable so it can be opened for worshippers to see stars at night. The overall interior design is called a 'hypostyle' in which the roof is supported on many pillars. It is so impressive and immense that words cannot truly express the beauty and spaciousness created by the skilled workers. The mosque finally was opened August 30th 1993, the eve of the anniversary of the birth of the prophet Mohammed.

The mosque is open for Muslims daily for prayer times. The esplanade that is on the outside of the building can be accessed by non-Muslims with no fee required. However, this mosque is one of the very few open to non-Muslims via tours that require a guide with an individual fee attached. My instructor colleague, Peter Herrem and I researched the possibility of seeing the interior of the mosque before we left from Canada. On each field school trip, we always strive to respect the customs and practices of the country or area we visited. Morocco was no exception. We obtained the dress code and etiquette for entering the mosque; and expressly noted these requirements for our students to be prepared for the experience. So, when we made our visit, both our male and female students wore clothes that covered their arms and also covered their

wore skirts below their knees (with a few opting for long pants) and the men all wore long pants. We also emphasized no smoking, no eating, and no drinking, even from water bottles while inside the mosque.

When we arrived by bus at the mosque we assembled on the esplanade where almost all of us brought out our cameras to capture the immensity of the edifice and especially the incredible towering minaret. The day was sunny and warm (about 75F) with a light breeze. So, we were comfortable spending some time absorbing the exterior views, including walking to the edge of the wall and looking down to the waves along the shore where children were swimming among floating debris. We then approached the entrance to the mosque where our group was divided into two guided tours.

There were 45 of us and each guide had a limit of 25 persons per tour. Once inside, we immediately were aware of the coolness compared to the outside and the immense size of the interior. The floors covered areas larger than 4 or 5 football fields and the height was at least as high as a 5-story building. We again tried to capture the beauty and grandeur with our cameras. We were struck by the fact that there were no large carpets or even small rugs on the floor. Both of our guides were skilled in explaining the aspects of the mosque for us – their spoken English was excellent. They explained that no images of people or animals are seen in any mosque by Muslim beliefs. All the designs were composed of either mosaics or carvings into marble or granite to create three dimension shapes; the wooden ceilings were similar with either pieces of wood ‘glued’ into the shapes or carved as well. The decorations inside consisted of floral motifs, geometric designs, and calligraphy. We also learned

about the locations for prayer in the mosque. The male worshippers shared open locations with spaces allotted for prayer rugs. Glassed in areas behind these locations were strictly for girls and women. They were not

allowed into the large area where prayer rugs were used, but they were able to see the male worshippers. Unlike other mosques I had visited, here there were no large carpets or even small rugs. The explanation was the gleaming, polished floors were a special feature of the mosque.

One negative experience came when five North American, English speaking tourists arrived in the tour lineup unprepared for the clothing regulations – wearing T-shirts and shorts. They loudly insisted that they could join a tour. However, the head of the guides and a guard quietly and efficiently escorted them out of the mosque and onto the esplanade. We could hear the indignant tourists’ profanities from where we had assembled for our tours!

After each of our tours, most of us went into a small museum built outside of the mosque. It had exhibits showing examples in great detail of the mosaics and wood carvings seen in the mosque. Also, after our tour Kay and I noticed one of the female students, Farah Khadija, who was Muslim. She had prepared carefully for the visit by wearing a long flowing dark colored skirt almost to her ankles and a beige over- blouse with long sleeves that buttoned up to her neck. One oversight she hadn’t counted on was apparent as we sat behind her on the steps adjacent to the esplanade. Exposed through the sheer material of the back of her blouse was the vivid image of a Corona Beer logo on her under T-shirt!

From the time of my arrival in the United States in January of 1957 until a year after taking my first professorship, my first extensive trip was to visit my family in East Germany. I had not seen my mother and siblings since Christmas of 1956. The year of this trip is 1968.

AND MORE...**“Diplomatic Immunity” By Erhard Gross**

Prior to my departure for Germany, I had ordered a new Mercedes for pick-up at the factory in Stuttgart. All went well until I arrived at the crossing of the Iron Curtain in Bavaria on the Autobahn Munich-Berlin. An East German official there stamped my visa “Restricted to Village” and, without prior notification, demanded the compulsory currency exchange from the published 10 Marks to 15 West Marks per day. When I questioned the increase, the agent hissed: “You must already know that because American propaganda reports everything.”

The driving force behind the East’s collection of fees in convertible, i.e., Western currencies, requires an explanation. It was well known that East Germany had fallen farther and farther behind in providing a reasonable standard of living for its population. In order to get their hands on West Marks or American dollars, the Communist government of the German Democratic Republic (GDR) had decided to fleece western visitors. If I wanted to visit my mother and sisters, I’d have to pay 15 West German marks per day based on a one-to-one exchange (the free-market exchange rate was nearly 4 to 1 at the time). The Western visitor also had to pay road usage fees, plus buy and affix temporary license plates for the duration of the visit. East German citizens were not supposed to see the distantly superior Western automobiles in the hands of private citizens. The numerals on those temporary license plates, unlike the black numerals of the East German civilian vehicles, were green in color.

It was August 20, 1968, when I crossed the Iron Curtain. I had done so well before daylight and was surprised that all rest areas along the Autobahn were barricaded. There were military vehicles filling every roadside parking area. I reached my mother’s house shortly after daybreak. After an emotional reunion, we all went to my sister’s place in the neighboring village, where we spent the rest of the day getting reacquainted. Mostly I answered questions about my life in America.

I had long ago decided that I would also visit my boyhood and best friend, Horst Wagner, while in the East. My mother did not really want me to go, saying that I had been away from the family for so many years. Yet, in many ways Horst was closer to me than my own brother. Not without some trepidation did I set out for my friend’s village after dark. I was not quite sure of the directions but knew that I had to drive south past a mediaeval castle and from there toward the Czechoslovak border. As I got within about 10 miles of my friend’s village, the highway was barricaded, with large signs announcing that the area was restricted and closed to all persons not living inside this area. Even though my visa had the special stamp restricting me to my mother’s village, I decided to drive up to the barricade. After all, I had come better than 6000 miles and had promised Horst by mail that I would visit him.

Two young policemen with submachine guns approached my car, one from the driver’s side the other from the passenger’s side, and demanded to see my papers. “Good evening, gentlemen,” I said and courteously handed over my U.S. passport. “Stay in the car and wait here!” the older of the two said firmly. They withdrew to the nearest source of light, perused the document and deliberated out of earshot. I was ill at ease. My visa identified me as a university professor, which might identify me in their suspicious minds as an ideological opponent of their regime. Would they confiscate my papers? Arrest me? Take me to the nearest police station and perhaps to prison? I was aware of the absolute police powers and Stasi interrogations. In 1952 I had been held in jail overnight for accidentally entering the restricted zone along the Iron Curtain in Thuringia. I had fled from East Germany in 1953. Even though I was an American citizen now, I could disappear in the maw of the Communist regime without a trace. My family in South Dakota or here in Saxony would have no information and no recourse. However, these questions were too late. In my determination to visit Horst, I had, perhaps recklessly, challenged the raw power of a police state.

The policemen came back to my car and, to my considerable surprise, handed the passport back to me and opened the barrier. Was this possible? Was I free to drive through? Was it a trap? Within a few hundred feet, as all along the Autobahn,

there were military trucks, artillery, tanks and soldiers all over. I looked straight ahead and drove on. I did not notice anyone following me. No one at my friend's house knew anything about the apparent military staging along the highway. I tried not to let my experience with the police cast any shadow on our reunion.

I left the restricted area near midnight that night. No stop! No look at my passport! It was not until the next morning that the reason for the restrictions became known. Western media reported that in the early morning of *August 21, 1968*, approximately 200,000 Warsaw Pact troops and 5,000 tanks *invaded Czechoslovakia* to crush the "Prague Spring" – a brief period of relaxation of Communist rule. The Warsaw Pact invaders, which included Soviet, Polish, Hungarian and Bulgarian troops, had invaded Czechoslovakia in the early hours of August 21. The stated purpose for the invasion was the removal of the "revisionist" Czechoslovak government. Though its leader, Alexander *Dubček*, was a communist, he had erred on the side of *reform*, which was endeavoring to give Communism a more human face.

Two days later, I had to drive to the nearby big city of Karl-Marx-Stadt (Chemnitz) in order to find a small appliance repair shop. Not knowing its location, I asked a couple of police officers for directions. The older of the two said that the shop was located near where he lived and that he was just getting off duty. I offered him a ride in my Mercedes and he accepted. After some small talk, he asked me to which country's diplomatic corps I belonged. According to the officer, many western diplomats drove Mercedes cars and all had green numerals on their license plates.

Over the years I noticed repeatedly that local government officials and law enforcement personnel of East Germany were poorly informed about their secretive society and perhaps afraid of committing missteps. My "diplomatic immunity" must have been the reason why I was not kept from entering the restricted zone or got arrested at the barricaded highway staging area the night before.

The Airborne Trampoline

By Erhard Gross

It must have been close to 5 AM on this stormy late November morning when I was awakened by an enormous crash. It was pitch dark, wind howling, gust after gust whipping heavy sheets of rain against our south windows. Unable to sleep any longer, I got up shortly before 6. Looking out the patio door, I found it blockaded by many bent pipes mixed with cloth and netting. At first I was unable to identify the object. But since the storm was blowing from the southwest, and the next-door neighbor's trampoline was no longer visible (it would not have been the first time that something from the neighbor's yard has blown over to ours). But this was different. The trampoline is big and quite heavy. It has a diameter of 16 1/2 feet. Its jumping floor is three feet high and the netted sides from there are another six feet. These dimensions make it a sizeable contraption. A strong gust of wind could certainly rock this "toy." But that's not all.

In order to get from its regular position in the neighbor's backyard, it had to blow over his raised flower bed with a six-foot-high rhododendron on it, then down to ground level, then move 17 feet to our raised flower box with its retaining posts four feet high and on to our deck where it came to rest after taking out a six-foot-high corner post of our (retracted) awning. Then it traveled the length of our deck where it came to rest against our heavy cast iron deck chairs. The trampoline had travelled 70 feet and miraculously it did not break any windows or the sliding patio door.

Once I had identified the object and its source, I called my neighbor but he did not answer. I then called his wife who got him on the horn and later on our deck. Together we wrestled the badly damaged trampoline away from our back door. My wife later helped him drag this children's toy back into his backyard. And a wonderful toy it is: Our neighbor's kids and their friends get many enjoyable hours out of it. My wife and I love the happy laughter that rolls across our backyards.

Concerned that the same may happen during the next coastal storm, I volunteered to anchor the trampoline to a nearby tree. But the neighbor does not think that is necessary. Does it take broken windows or our patio door to convince him? As a Coast Guard officer, one of his responsibilities is crisis management, but he does not seem to want to take preventive steps here. The last thing we need is another visit by an airborne trampoline.

SPRING 2024 CLASS SCHEDULE

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

MONDAYS -Humanist Discussion Class. Instructor: Tod Lundy Humanist Discussions is an ongoing conversation which occurs every Monday from 10:00 AM to Noon. We try to focus on issues related to human existence. Naturally with such a broad topic category, our discussion topics range widely. Classes are all online from April 1 to May 20. You may join in by contacting TodLundy@gmail.com

TUESDAYS: ENCORE Writing Exchange Short Course

This 8-session online short course aims to Awaken the Writer Within You!

Share your memoir, short story, poem, or novel chapter and receive kind, constructive feedback.

If you prefer, sharing of your writing and its constructive feedback can be recorded into audio and/or video format for later review by you.

This online short course meets on Tuesdays from 9:45 to 11:45 AM from April 2 to May 21.

For more information: please email the instructor, Eric Anderson, at EricCander@aol.com or call (503) 325-3131.

TWO THURSDAYS: Tree ID 2024 – Erhard Gross

After 20 years of teaching for ENCORE, I did not renew my membership in 2023, but the trees kept on growing. I unabashedly love trees and have tried to learn about them whether in Germany, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Wisconsin, South Dakota or Oregon. Trees are important to man and the entire earth. Trees enhance our environment and supply jobs and raw materials. We must protect our trees.

For this Spring term, I will offer another course in Tree Identification. For the first three hours, **May 9, 2023, 1 to 4 PM.** we will meet at our house at 36410 River Point Drive to look at cuttings and the local trees where they come from. This will be followed by visits to the trees in the neighborhood and the State Forestry Center.

The second meeting of the class will follow **May 16, 1 to 4 PM.** For this meeting we'll meet behind the old train station of the Columbia River Maritime Museum. After viewing various species of trees along the bank of the Columbia, we'll proceed to the biggest Giant Sequoia in Clatsop County and its relative, the Coastal Redwood on Bond street. Near the County Courthouse, we'll discuss dendrochronology and what it can tell us about history.

Please share this information with your friends and bring them along.

FRIDAYS: ACCEPTING GRIEF = A LIFELONG PROJECT

Maureen F Balaam M.S. LMFT

Seven classes to explore the many varieties of grief experience and explore the questions that emerge. By addressing these different circumstances, we will become braver about the subject and our own experiences. And we will be grief ambassadors to those we know going through their own grief.

1. Ancestral Grief. This is sometimes called Generational Grief. The experience of one generation will impress upon the next generation certain problems, attitudes and concerns, even though they did not live through those times. It has been said that an event can impact the following 7 generations or more.
2. Planetary Grief. Wars, unrest, natural disasters, pandemics all cause people to lose parts of their lives and people in their lives. They can drastically change the life experience.
3. Loss of Loved One through death.
4. Loss through Circumstance (job, house, school ending, divorce, family feud, end of friendship, illness)
5. Loss of What Never Happened (not being recognized, part of self never recognized by their parent, missed opportunities.)
6. Expressions of Grief in society and cultures. How a variety of cultures cope with death and loss. What is the American experience of death and loss?
7. Personal experience of grief. Stages of grief. Coping and acceptance. Questions that we will consider along the way: How do people experience grief and what is normal? Why do people run away from grief and bury it deep inside? Why do people not like to talk about dead family members? What kind of relationship with grief do I want to have for myself? Is it really possible to Accept Grief as part of Life?

Class dates: April 5, 12, 19, 26 May 3, 10, 17 Time: 10 am to noon.

Senior Center

Please note: The Exploring Science class will be back in the Fall with instructors Michael Kinney and Karen Elder presenting an exciting new class format. Look for that and Karen Elder's Survival Preparedness class will also return in the Fall to help us through the next phase of Mother Nature's tantrums..

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