

FORTNIGHTLY PUBLICATION - SEP 18-OCT 1, 2020

CONGRUENCY

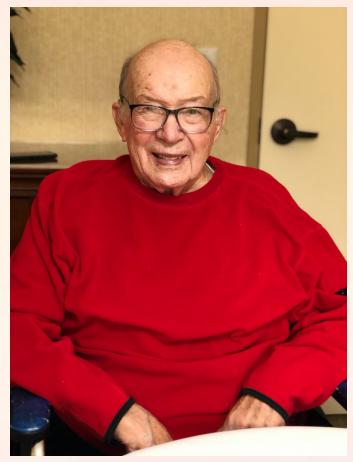
- 1. physicality
- 2. behaviour
- 3. abilities-skills
- 4. values
- 5. beliefs
- 6. identity
- 7. spirit

There is a ladder in my being composed of seven things I know, and like every ladder one may go up or down but not so easily to and fro. It's like a scale that one must practice, first my feeling, sensing, physical self, then up a rung to my behaviors, what I do, next the skills or lack thereof, I do them with. Still higher up I have or live some values, like being gentle with the weak, telling truth when asked to speak. These are just below what I believe, there is a call to justice and to peace, or maybe that one should work and never play. Now it's getting pretty clear, with all these rungs, I'm emerging quite clearly as "someone." Yet even up above these six a seventh rung is there. Let's call it "spirit" for a better word, something which relates me all in all to everything alive and even more, the mystery which surrounds us all.

Now the task of living's left to do, and in the process try to be some "one" whose whole but still a part: congruency is the goal of living art. To reach congruency with myself. Obviously I am all, maybe even more, certainly more than each added to each if I succeed in climbing then descending, for in going down I am enabled to take with me what is spiritual to the physical stuff of my being just below, and so to every other level of my being.

Should I succeed then I am all I am. Still, and this is where the wonder comes, the more I am, the more I am includes, the deep, broad, high sweep of life, of earth and sky, of known and unknown, the mystery of creation, all of which calls me to kneel in thanks, and shout with joy for the gift of simply being a part of it all. George Wilson wrote this in 2004

George just last week at Hillcrest



Congruency is a state in which a person's ideal self & actual experience are consistent or very similar; agreement or harmony...

"A cat, after being scolded, goes about its business. A dog slinks off into a corner and pretends to be doing a serious self-reappraisal."

~Robert Brault



"Peekaboo"



T here's a little guy in the seat in front of me who wants to play peekaboo from SFO to XNA, two hours and forty-five. He doesn't

know flying is cherished alone time, when distractions evaporate into the thinness that is 35,000-foot air, when something akin to poems

come off my fingertips. When his piercing scream slices through

my ear buds and 40-year old rock songs it's not that he doesn't know;

he doesn't care. And why should he? I'm playing peekaboo with words that smile tolerantly but want only to be left alone. After a moment's distraction I poke my face again over the seat,

trying to coax witticisms and clever imagery to focus on me, me, ignore my slobbery word choices, germy turns of phrase, and do nothing but give

their full attention. I am, after all, the center of all things.

Dan Baldwin, Executive Director, Community Foundation for Monterey County, CFMCo

The Outhouse

Once there was a little boy who lived in the country. The family had to use an outhouse, and the little boy hated it because it was so hot in the summer, freezing cold in the winter and stank all the time. The outhouse was sitting on the bank of a creek and the boy was determined that one day he would push that old outhouse straight into the creek.

One day after a spring rain, the creek was swollen so the little boy decided today was the day to push the outhouse into the creek.

He found a large stick and started pushing. Finally, the outhouse toppled into the creek and floated away. That night his dad told him they were going to the woodshed after supper. Knowing that meant a spanking, the little boy asked why.

The dad replied, "Someone pushed the outhouse into the creek today.

It was you, wasn't it son?" The boy answered yes. Then he thought a moment and said, "Dad, I read in school today that George Washington chopped down a cherry tree and didn't get into trouble because he told the truth..." The dad replied,

"Well, son, George Washington's father wasn't in the cherry tree."

"The books we read should be chosen with great care, that they may be, as an Egyptian king wrote over his library, 'The medicines of the soul'."

Oliver Wendell Holmes Sr.



9/10 Rosemary Brown

SOME DAY SOON!

Once again we will be able to travel!!!! We can visit family, see the sights we have always wanted to see. There will be no Virus to worry about and we will be free of our present rules and regulations.

Let us dream a bit and take a Grand tour with a Grandchild.

I really believe that the very best part of my life in recent years has been having time to travel with my Grandchildren. What a treat for any one our age to have an excuse to be around the young, the energetic and to giggle over the day's events.

It is so nice to have a child with you on a trip without parents, friends, or relations. What a difference that makes when you are on a one on one relationship with these very special people in your lives.

Start a new family tradition of travel with Grandma and Grandpa early. Not too early, I started our tradition when they were 7 or 8 years old, a perfect age.

If budget is a consideration, (isn't is always) there are many wonderful journeys you can plan that are quite reasonable, such as a drive to a nearby attraction, with a stay in motels or hotels. Many hotels, motels, and resorts do not charge for children under 18 years old. Some good rules of travel:

1. You should be sure that the parents approve and understand the implication of your chosen destination.

2. Your grandchild understands where you are going and what to expect. What kind of food? How far is the trip from home?

3. Do a pack list for what to wear, and how much to pack.

4. What will the weather be like?

5. What is there to do and see when you get there?

6. Give a small note book so the child can write a daily journal of the trip.

7. Any information that you can share with them prior to the trip is a great idea. Children are sponges for any data that you can give them. Children do not like surprises. An informed child is a happy child.

National Parks are a great destination for you and your favorite little person. We are lucky here in California we have some great National and State Parks close by our home base.

Please save all tickets, ticket stubs & hotel stickers. The child can make a scrap book of your wonderful journey. Lari Newbury CTC



Lari's grand-daughter Amrha Wimer, age 10, atop the Peak in Hong Kong in 1995. Grandma says "Her red curly hair was a big hit."



Both residents and staff here at the Manor thank our firefighters, both local and those from afar OUR THANKS TO EACH OF YOU!



She stood in the middle of the street, arms outstretched, face lifted up to catch the falling snowflakes. She had never seen snow before and was so excited to see and feel the beauty of her first snow-fall. Her co-workers thought she was

LORI TAYLOR

crazy, standing in the middle of a New York City street like that. But her life had been in places of dry heat and damp heat. This was so much better, lovely and exciting!

Lori Taylor was born in Phoenix but grew up in Lakeland, Florida, in her eyes a small beautiful town and a great one to grow up in. After high school she earned her BA in Business at the Atlantic University in Boca Raton. She loved Boca Raton and at first thought she would like to work for a pharmaceutical company. Then she realized her passion led to nursing, so off she went to St. Petersburg College to get her RN and BS.

With her degrees in her pocket she went to work in the Trauma Center at Tampa General. "I learned a lot there. A lot!" she emphasized. She also worked for a short time at the Parkland Hospital in Dallas. With those experiences behind her she decided to be a travel nurse and went to New York City in 2001. She thought she would be working all over the country but ended up working in all the many hospitals there; on call, when needed, which was always. "Every day there was something new."

She met her husband, Jake Diamond, in New York. He is a TV and Video Editor. They both loved New York, but the call of beach and mountains was in their hearts. They loved nature, and New York has but tall buildings. They thought of California and visited it several times. Last year they visited Pacific Grove and thought: This is it! They moved to Pacific Grove the end of July, this year, but before they left New York Lori looked on the Internet for places to work in this community. She saw that Carmel Valley Manor was looking for a nurse to work in its clinic, so she went to its Website, really liked the Website, applied for the job, and we know the rest of the story.

Not quite: They had to pack up all their life's belongings plus Ellie, their Calico cat. Ellie at one time was rescued by a friend of Lori's, but when Lori's friend had her second child, she didn't think she could handle two small babies and a cat, so Ellie, almost two years ago, at about six years of age, became part of the Taylor/Diamond family, and she is adorable. Now the little family is ensconced in Pacific Grove and loving every minute of it including discovering all the places to hike such as Asilomar Beach Walk, Jacks Peak (even with the sign that says, 'watch out for mountain lions and bears'). They look forward to discovering all the wonderful places California has to offer of nature's beauty. "We never want to leave. We can see for miles and miles; there are hummingbirds, flowers, not just buildings."

In the meantime Lori is trying to learn everyone's name which is hard with our masks hiding our faces. But she will overcome, and we are happy to welcome her and have her here to take good care of all of us.

Jane Upp



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