Camping in Richardson Grove

By Mary Ivancich Walsh

My favorite summer memory is being with my 10 brothers and sisters at Richardson Grove, camping in the 1930s and '40s.

We were at French’s Camp. There were nickelodeon dances every night on an outdoor dance floor. One night, the camp helper, Lenny Conry, was running after me after the dance. My little legs outran his as we all giggled and laughed through the beautiful redwoods.

What is different at age 97 is that now I run with a walker. What is the same is the wonderful smell and beauty of the grove where we all camped.

Mary Ivancich Walsh, 97, and her husband, Dr. Jack Walsh, raised 10 children. She lives and remembers in Eureka.

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TEDtalks: Sum-Sum-Summertime

As we approach the four-month mark of the coronavirus pandemic and California’s initial shelter-at-home order, it’s a little hard to figure out exactly where we are in this viral emergency.

Has life forever changed, as many scientists contend, or is it time for back-to-normal, as many suffering from COVID fatigue have decided?

Admittedly, my circle of friends and acquaintances may not be representative of everyone, and it’s obvious that everyone is fed up with masks and physical distancing. But most people I talk to wonder if “normal” will ever happen again — at best, not until an effective vaccine is developed.

We’re in for the long haul, as Dr. Jennifer Heidmann cautions (page 5).

Still, an attitude of, “It’s summertime, darn it! And we’re going to enjoy it!” has been gaining ground, even as many states — including California — report record numbers of new confirmed cases since Memorial Day, and as businesses slowly reopen. (Happily, Humboldt County’s COVID-19 numbers remained low as we went to press.)

While many people have canceled or scaled back summer plans this year, many others have adapted to (or ignored) COVID concerns. For example, to the general dismay of local residents, tourists are flocking to Trinidad, where I live — license plates from Oregon, Washington, Florida, Louisiana, Texas and New York are common. While most visitors observe mask requirements when they go into stores, down at the Trinidad State Beach parking lot, masks and distancing are rare indeed.

Summer is a force of nature in our lives that can’t be denied, and past summers live on in our hearts and souls, as readers recount in this issue of Senior News. Mary Ivancich Walsh, 97, remembers her youthful summers at Richardson Grove like they were yesterday (page 1), as does Ray Olson, whose family still has an “abiding connection” to their summer home — whether it was on “Cushion” or “Cushing” Creek (page 3).

This summer we also observe some important political milestones, past and future. Dave Rosso’s most memorable summers were spent at national political conventions in the 1970s and ’80s (page 6); how 2020’s party nominating extravaganzas will unfold is yet to be seen. An even more profound and lasting political anniversary occurs this summer as we celebrate the 100th anniversary of voting by women in this country (page 9).

It’s a wonderful, warm(ish) time of year in Humboldt. There’s not a day that I don’t pinch myself and murmur how lucky my wife and I are to live here, where the air and seas are clean and pure. Not that we need reminding, but there are few places more beautiful, as our photographic corps illustrates on pages 12-13.

Have a nice, relaxed summertime, everyone. Stay safe.

Ted Pease is editor of Senior News.
Remembering Family Summers at Cushion Creek

By Ray Olson

My four siblings and I are all retired seniors now, each with a lifetime of memorable experiences. But ask any one of us about our favorite childhood summer memories and we’ll all have the same answer: our annual summertime vacations in the Cushion Creek cabins south of Crescent City.

The cabins were built sometime in the early 1920s along Enderts Beach Road, when most of the surrounding land was owned and ranched by the Pozzi family. Our family was close friends with the Pozzis, and we were invited back every summer to stay in two rustic cabins of theirs in what is now the State Parks Cushing Creek Day Use Area.

The old cabins are long gone, but the memories remain as vivid and well-loved as ever. Our family would spend idyllic summer days on the nearby isolated beach in driftwood “beachhouses” we built, fishing in the surf and exploring the surrounding cow pastures, creeks and forests. Sometimes, we’d help the Pozzis with ranch chores.

We caught most of our food from the ocean — perch, smelt, clams, and crabs — and cooked it on a wood stove. Our “refrigerator” was a wooden box attached to the outside of the house, with a screen to keep out insects. A creek provided our water.

Because of the isolated location, we’d encounter no other people for days at a time. About once a week, my parents would take us kids into Crescent City. My sisters would usually shop and enjoy the town with mom, while dad would take us boys out fishing off one of the jetties.

The family’s annual “endless summer” was a legacy passed down from my great-grandparents’ friendship with the Pozzis, who built and operated the “Cushion Creek Auto Park” for traveling motorists beginning in the 1920s. When the Pozzi sons became students at Cal Poly, they befriended my great-grandfather, who was an engineering professor with ties to Thomas Edison.

The Pozzi brothers invited him to visit their ranch to help engineer electrical and water supply systems, and a strong friendship (and a new summer tradition) was forged. My great-grandfather would bring his family, including his grandson (my dad), and stay in one of the Auto Park cabins during summers thereafter.

Once the Redwood Highway was rerouted inland, the Enderts Beach Road no longer carried traveling motorists through, and the Auto Camp was eventually closed and demolished. But the Pozzis left two cabins intact — primarily for our family’s summer visits.

This friendship with the Pozzi family, and the annual summer cabin visits, continued through four generations to include my parents and us five kids. The cabin vacations ended in the late 1970s, around the time I graduated from high school, when the land was acquired by the California State Parks Service and renamed the “Cushing Creek Day Use Area.” The last two cabins were removed soon after.

To this day, I often visit the Cushion Creek area alone, and still feel a personal, abiding connection to that special land, as if we are lifelong cherished friends. And we are.

Ray Olson is an HSU alumnus who lives in Arcata with his wife, Moonlight.

DRIVE ON IN! The Pozzi Family’s Cushion Creek Auto Park, in a 1926 postcard. Courtesy of Ray Olson.

SUMMER HOME — After the Auto Park closed, two of the cabins were saved for the Olson family’s summer vacations on Enderts Beach. 1986 painting by Tom Olson, the author’s dad.
No Friends, No TV? The Best Summer of My Life

By Jan Ostrom

It began as the summer of my discontent. It was 1957, and we were moving to Alaska. At 12, I was leaving my friends, the backyard picnics, my world. Mom was cheerily philosophical: “It will be an adventure!” Followed by, “Don’t count on having TV there, we won’t be in town.”

No TV? No “Mickey Mouse Club”? No “I Love Lucy”? No “Millionaire” knocking at our door? Ugh.

My dad was a supervisor for Southern Pacific Railroad. He directed track repair in the San Francisco Bay Area, and he was darn good at it. Then came word from up north saying good rail money was to be had in Alaska.

Lifting off from the San Francisco airport through California clouds, I silently told civilization goodbye.

The Alaska Railroad provided our solid, yellow-brown government house by the tracks in Sunshine, Alaska, population 12: me, mom, dad, six summer workers living in a rail car on a siding, a native Alaskan couple living nearby, and my new puppy, Lobo. A few miles south of the towering peak of Denali, Sunshine Section House sat by a mountain stream-fed lake, home to fish, beavers, moose and birds.

My mom cooked us all breakfast and dinner on a 3x4-foot coal stove, and made lunches for my dad and the young men who toiled for college money. She was so busy, she gave me free rein.

I spent hours exploring, picking wild blueberries by the bucket, catching trout in a creek with salmon eggs and a bent fishing pole. I was never scared — the wild seemed welcoming.

Once, in a grove of paper birch trees, Lobo began digging at a mound of crumbly earth. Splinters of a tiny ancient dog house, I thought. I took a piece home. Dad said to show the wood to Mr. Koyukon, our Athabascan neighbor, who told me solemnly that someone or something was buried deep there. It was a sacred site.

We took shovels and re-covered it with dirt. Mr. Koyukon planted four of his wife’s larkspurs in a sacred circle. He spoke a prayer, and then gave me a bracelet he had made of carved bone beads as a remembrance.

In September, I went back to the Bay Area to live with my grandparents and go back to school. I was a different person. That summer with no TV opened my world and infinitely enriched my curiosity. It was the Best Summer of My Life.

—

Jan Ostrom, 74, of Eureka is a retired professor of film and television.

IN THE WILD — In 1957, at age 12, Jan Ostrom and her dog Lobo had all of Alaska to explore. Courtesy of Jan Ostrom.

What’s This Thing You Say, ‘Summer Vacation’?

By John Meyers

Sheryl and I both grew up on ranches. Ranch folk don’t do summer vacations. It’s not like the critters say, “That’s okay; you go ahead and have a nice time. We’ll be fine until you get back.”

When I worked as a Forest Service firefighter, summers were fire season. One of my most exciting summers was 1977, when I was on a Hotshot crew and traveled up and down and over and across California as it burned. I wouldn’t call that a “vacation.”

In 1980s, Sheryl and I toured our stage shows, managing a campground in Colorado and performing every evening. Again, fun, but not really what you would call a “vacation.”

Now that we’re getting older, driving such large distances is harder. Also, when we do take a trip, we often whine at the end, “Oh, man. Vacation is almost over. Tomorrow we have to go back to being retired!” Sounds silly when you say it out loud.

This summer, we had an Alaskan cruise planned for our 50th anniversary, but that got canceled. Maybe we’ll just invite you over and we can look at old vacation pictures together. Wear your mask.

—

John Meyers, 71, is on pretty much permanent vacation in Trinidad.
**ASK THE DOCTOR**

**The Long Haul**

*By Jennifer Heidmann, M.D.*

COVID-19 is still with us. It is tempting to assume it is resolving, mainly because we are all so darn tired of it. Tired of hearing about it. Tired of fearing it. Tired of masks, of being physically distant from those we care about and of not being able to plan our next trip.

COVID-19 doesn’t really care if we are tired. It is still here. So we should keep doing what we can to “flatten the curve” so our community is not overwhelmed.

I have been pretty impressed with how people have worked together to reduce rapid spread in our community. But I have noticed the slightest bit of relaxation. And there seems to have been an influx of visitors to our lovely scenic area, potentially also bringing the virus with them.

We are in for a long haul, maybe another six to 12 months or longer, before we truly have this situation under control. How do we stay healthy (aside from the coronavirus itself) during these coming weeks and months?

I recommend we think of this as an ultramarathon (a race that is more than 26.2 miles long, sometimes over 100 miles long). In an ultramarathon, you think about the next little bit ahead of you, not the whole 100 miles, lest you become overwhelmed. You have moments of ease, moments of intense difficulty and a lot of moments of “meh” in between. The trick to getting through it is to identify what your needs are in this moment, and to remind yourself that it will all be worth it when you get to the finish line.

The brain is tempted, however, when contemplating its “needs in the moment,” to say, “I need to quit in this moment. Forget this!” So by “identifying your needs,” I do not mean giving in to the temptation of having a huge gathering with friends, traveling to Hawaii or just flinging your mask and hand sanitizer into the trash, come what may. Rather, think about how you can continue on this long path toward the end of COVID while maintaining health, physically and mentally.

As a physician, I am concerned that people are ignoring other, non-COVID things that affect their health. Some may be afraid to respond to emergencies like chest pain or stroke symptoms, fearful of leaving home to go to the ER or doctor’s office. Please remember that doctors and hospitals are still here to serve you for emergent health needs, and have good safety measures in place to reduce risk of COVID exposure for patients.

Other people may not be getting the support they need to manage chronic problems like diabetes, heart disease, lung disease, cancer and depression. Please remember to reach out to your doctor about your regular medical issues, and to ask for help when you need it.

Older people may find themselves losing ground with strength and mobility. Regular exercise of any sort is key to reducing risk of falls, risk of losing independence and risk of worsening disability. Joints need to move, backs need to move, and a lot of moments of “meh” in between. The trick to getting through it is to identify what your needs are in this moment, and to remind yourself that it will all be worth it when you get to the finish line.

Continued on Page 19

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**Isolation Uncertainty**

The “Golden Years” have always carried their challenges — those new aches and pains that weren’t there yesterday, or more serious ailments as our bodies age. Now we’re learning that the new realities of the COVID-19 era are also amplified for those 65 and older.

Throughout the pandemic, public health officials have warned that those 65 and older must take special care to self-isolate. Sixty-five is a bit of an arbitrary cut-off, but physicians have long known that seniors are more susceptible to infection. Those with underlying medical conditions such as heart, lung and autoimmune diseases are particularly at risk.

With an effective vaccine likely years away, this creates the specter of lockdown for seniors that stretches months and months into the future, even if communities do start to reopen for business.

“As states relax coronavirus restrictions,” reports Kaiser Health News, “older adults are advised, in most cases, to keep sheltering in place. But for some, the burden of isolation and uncertainty is becoming hard to bear.”

On the other hand, gerontologists and psychologists say seniors have the tools to handle uncertainty. Older folk have lifelong experience with adversity that has taught them to cope and be accepting of stressful life changes, doctors say, a useful attitude during an extended pandemic.

“If anything, I’ve seen a very strong will to live and acceptance of whatever one’s fate might be,” geriatric psychologist Dr. Marc Agronin told Kaiser.

Acceptance can be difficult to maintain, however, especially for residents of long-term care facilities who can’t venture outside or have visitors.

Even those over-65 seniors who can get out to shop for groceries or take walks are feeling the stress. “I go to the store for ‘senior hour’ early in the morning, alone, and then scurry back home for the rest of the week,” one Eureka woman said. “I’m only 68. Is this what the rest of my life will be?”

Psychologist Eleanor Feldman Barbera specializes in seniors in care facilities. “Almost everybody that I’m seeing has some kind of adjustment disorder because their whole worlds have been turned upside down,” she said. “Talking to a psychologist when they first come in can help put people on a good trajectory.”

Those struggling with isolation — and their friends and family members — can find resources to help them cope by searching for COVID-19 at the websites of the National Alliance on Mental Health (nami.org) and the American Psychological Association (apa.org).

~Ted Pease

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**Need Masks?**

North Coast Repertory Theatre (NCRT) has donated over 500 masks to the community, making and delivering them free to homes, agencies and businesses.

To request yours, please email northcoastreperitory@gmail.com.
**Two Powerful Summers**

*By Dave Rosso*

My favorite summer memories happened in two years — 1976 and 1988. Both were work-related.

In 1976, I was six years into my journalism career at United Press International in Washington, D.C., and I was amazed when I was told I would be attending the Democratic National Convention at Madison Square Garden in New York City that July 12-15.

Having lived in Syracuse, N.Y., until age 15, my experience with New York City was mostly passing through to visit relatives in New Jersey. So this was my chance to see The City.

And I did.

Being in Madison Square Garden with my fellow Unipressers (as we called ourselves) to cover a national convention, and being in the same room — OK, a very big room — with people like Democratic presidential nominee Jimmy Carter and his vice presidential pick, Walter Mondale, and Congresswoman Lindy Boggs was a thrill and a very important milestone in my career as a journalist.

But there was more to come. Two months later, I flew to Kansas City to help cover the Republican National Convention, with GOP presidential contenders Ronald Reagan, Bob Dole and Gerald Ford. And I had never been in Missouri before, and when I wasn’t in the Kemper Arena, I toured Kansas City.

And then there was 1988. From July 17-21, I helped cover the Democratic National Convention in Atlanta, where Michael Dukakis and Lloyd Bentsen were selected for the presidential ticket, and got to see Atlanta for the first time.

Then came Aug. 15-18, and the thrill of being in New Orleans to cover the Republican National Convention with Elizabeth Dole, George H.W. Bush and Dan Quayle. Who? Yeah, many of us looked at each other puzzled when that name came up.

And I got to see New Orleans and eat the food and enjoy the streets.

For a journalist, covering a national political convention and watching presidential nominees being selected is one of those career highlights that stays with you. Yes, it was work. But it was work that helped my journalism career and put two summers at the top of my list.

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**Dave Rosso**, 76, of Eureka is veteran journalist and member of the Senior News Community Advisory Council.

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**Live Vigorously**

*BY JOAN RAINWATER-GISH*

**Mind & Body**

You may hear people talking about Tai Chi as a form of exercise, but they’re not sure exactly what it is.

Tai Chi is a martial art that utilizes gentle, flowing movements to enhance health in the body and the mind. It originated in ancient China and has been practiced by followers throughout the world for thousands of years. It uses terms such as “Dan Tian,” “flow,” and yin and yang, which can be intimidating.

When practiced regularly, Tai Chi has many health benefits. It can reduce anxiety and depression, lower blood pressure and increase agility, energy and well-being. The practice can also improve sleep quality and reduce falls in older adults by significantly improving balance.

So it’s important to know that Tai Chi is not just a slow form of movement, but an important component to your overall health. With all these benefits it is worth finding out more about this ancient practice. So I asked my friend Carol Batho about her experience when she was a Tai Chi newbie.

**Q: Was learning Tai Chi difficult?**

**Carol:** Tai Chi is definitely a learning experience, but the instructor explains as they’re teaching different moves and what they mean. I started at the back of the class because I didn’t know what I was doing.

But with patience, practice and giggling at myself as I learned, one day it “clicked,” and I moved myself up to the front row. It takes patience. And, yes, it was challenging, but people in my class were very supportive. It was an amazing feeling going through the moves together as if we were all moving as one.

**Q: What motivated you to stay with it?**

**Carol:** I noticed that when I left class, I felt different: more relaxed, smiling, my muscles tingled in a good way. Tai Chi is a moving meditation, and meditation is very calming for the brain.

**Q: Did you gain any health benefits?**

**Carol:** The muscles in my foot, which had prior surgery, were strengthened. I am now able to walk farther with less pain. My balance improved, muscles became toned, and sleeping improved. I just felt better all-around.

**Q: What advice would you give a newbie thinking of trying Tai Chi?**

**Carol:** Give the class six weeks to see if it works for you. And go with an open mind. After a while it will become second nature to your body, and your body will remember the moves without much thought — and you’ll experience flow.

Flow occurs when a person is so fully engaged in an activity that they become lost in time. Athletes call it “being in the zone.” With practice, it is possible to have both physical action and the achievement of a meditative state, thus encompassing both mind and body.

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Joan Rainwater-Gish, 77, of Eureka is a personal trainer and senior group fitness instructor. Contact: jrainwatergish@gmail.com

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Cat Food Cans & Calendars

By Patti Stammer

I heard the expression “Zoom Fatigue” the other day during the last of my three Zoom meetings of the day. All were interesting, productive meetings, but after almost three months of having no schedule, I found myself a little crabby by the end.

I have mixed feelings about Zoom, because these meetings are great social interactions, especially for isolated seniors. They’re fun and they help me remember to mark my calendar, or I just forget the date, the time, and all of a sudden it’s 3 p.m. and I haven’t done anything.

To be honest, I really don’t care what day it is anymore when it comes right down to it. But it’s an unsettling experience because I am always working at something, usually with a deadline.

For some, staying at home with pets is wonderful, especially for the dogs. But I have two cats — an old gal who meows around the house, railing at old age, and a young crazy one. Both have a bit of Siamese heritage in the mix.

This morning, I wandered into the kitchen at 6:30 (because there was no point staying in bed with a hungry psycho cat sitting on my pillow, slapping my cheek). I started the coffee and hunted for a can of cat food.

There’s half a box left, about 15 cans of Fancy Feast Seafood Paté, the choice of my feline princesses. They split a can a day, plus kibble. That’s 75 cans of cat food consumed since the beginning of staying home.

I no longer worry about the calendar or the time as I have furry alarm clocks. They have taken over my schedule to suit their needs: when to get up and when to go to bed, what time to open the cat door, and all the little things that I thought were within my control. I shouldn’t be surprised. I just forgot that cats are always in charge, one way or the other.

Every few days, I get dressed and comb my hair for no other reason than I have neighbors and mirrors. I’ll keep marking my days at home with empty cat food cans, and keep pretending that I’m not teetering on the edge of screaming.

The old cat needs brushing, and I’ll give my tiny terrorist some love, empty the cat hair from the vacuum and try a bit harder to remember the things that matter in these crazy times. Stay home. Stay safe. Be thankful for family, friends and your pets.

I’ve always had a cat or two, but after almost three months of sheltering in place, my next cat may be a dog.

—

Patty Stammer, 76, and her cats mark time and count cat food cans in McKinleyville.
Painting the Ocean

By Margaret Kellermann

Wild Things

First you figure out what each one means by itself, the jingle, the periwinkle, the scallop full of moonlight. Then you begin, slowly, to read the whole story.


Our area, we know, is heaven for wilderness nature lovers and knowledge nerds alike.

You’ve seen the black-tailed deer, but did you know it’s a subspecies of the mule deer? (I didn’t.)

What’s the name of those tall plants that are a visual mix of cattails on fire and candy corn? (Red hot pokers.)

And did you know that gumboot chitons, their backs like armored vehicles and their undersides like giant neon-orange slugs, grow up to 14 inches and can live 40 years? (Yikes.)

A few more questions: Are you bored and want to celebrate summer with others, while having fun on your own? Would you like to research animals and plants in your area, and maybe find those species yourself? Want to get out to the beach, photographing wild things, or would you rather stay home curled up with a picture-filled encyclopedia? (This is beginning to sound like a kid’s dream job.)

Well, here’s a fresh summer project for grownups that integrates all of the above. It’s an idea given by Trinidad Coastal Land Trust, which incorporates it in its own coastal protection projects.

At your own pace, participate in an ongoing species count, using a smart phone app called iNaturalist. The worldwide species count on iNaturalist works somewhat like the bird counts we know and love, but this is amped up for the 21st century. Download the free app, visit your favorite wilderness areas to photograph and record animal and plant species, and share with others. Abracadabra! You’re part of a wild-things effort.

You don’t have a smart phone or can’t go outside? Armchair nature enthusiasts, rejoice. You are just as necessary. Sign up at inaturalist.org, reach for your nature reference guides — online or off — and help identify or confirm wild species that others have photographed in the field.

Since experts can’t be everywhere at once, they “greatly appreciate” our citizen science updates from the field, according to recent news. The updates have helped, for example, record the remarkable comeback of sea stars in California.

There are other apps like iNaturalist, but this is the largest. A science-based project of this kind is useful, especially this summer while we wait, wondering how we can do something of lasting worth, globally. But secretly, we care more about being of value to each other locally.

And since, with this project, we can do both, this story works out quite well.

Margaret Kellermann writes a daily blog to keep up our essential spirits. Visit and comment at bluelakestudio.net/studio.

As we adapt to the new normal in the time of Covid-19 the demand for online reading materials has skyrocketed. Humboldt Library Foundation donated $10,000 in May to augment E-resources, but there is need for a great deal more.

Help the Library access more E-resources

DONATE ONLINE at www.HumboldtLibraryFoundation.org or send a check to: Humboldt Library Foundation (HLF) PO Box 440 Eureka, CA 95502 PH 707-269-1991
Women’s Vote at 100

By Byrd Lochtie

COVID-19 changed many things in our world, but not the mission of the League of Women Voters of Humboldt County: to encourage informed and active participation in government, to increase understanding of public policy issues, and to influence public policy through education and advocacy.

The League’s founders were suffragists who wanted to educate new women voters about government and policy following the ratification of the 19th Amendment to the U.S. Constitution, which gave women the vote, 100 years ago this summer.

On August 18, 1920, Tennessee became the 36th state to ratify the new amendment, becoming the last state needed for the amendment to be adopted. On August 26, 1920, U.S. Secretary of State Bainbridge Colby quietly signed the proclamation stating that women’s right to vote had been ratified according to law. This is when the 19th Amendment to the Constitution was actually adopted and became the official law of the land.

The League of Women Voters of Humboldt County had planned an August parade to celebrate this 100th anniversary, but had to cancel it because of the pandemic. We will still celebrate the ratification of the all-important constitutional amendment giving women citizens the right to vote.

Today, voters face new challenges because of COVID-19. Gov. Gavin Newsom has directed that all California registered voters be sent mail-in ballots. The ballots can be returned postage-free, may be placed in drop boxes throughout the county, or delivered to any polling place on Nov. 3.

Voters who choose to vote in person should bring the ballot they received in the mail to surrender at the polling place in order to avoid the need for a provisional ballot.

You MUST be registered to vote! Please remember to re-register if you change your address, or if you change your name or your party affiliation. You can register or re-register online at registertovote.org.

Your signature on your driver’s license or California ID will be your official signature. If you don’t have one of these picture IDs, print the registration form, sign it and mail it postage-free to the Elections Office.

The last day to register for the November General Election is Oct. 19, although you can register and cast a conditional ballot through Election Day.

The last mail-in ballots will be sent out on Oct. 27. Call the Humboldt County Elections Office at 707-445-7481 with any questions.

Register to vote! Make democracy work! VOTE on Nov. 3!

Byrd Lochtie is a member of the Board of Directors of the League of Women Voters of Humboldt County.
AGING IS AN ART — BY JOHN HECKEL

Please Listen

They say that in any given culture history might repeat itself.

Who better to verify whether this is true than the elders of that culture, people old enough to have personally experienced a few of those “repeats.” They bring perspectives of age and experience to an act of listening — and listening is what we all need to do right now.

Three weeks before he was killed, Martin Luther King Jr., in a speech at Grosse Point High School in an extremely rich white suburb of Detroit on March 14, 1968, said, “I must say tonight that a riot is the language of the unheard, and what is it America has failed to hear?”

I was on the streets of Chicago during four memorable days in August during the Democratic Convention of 1968. I still remember and can easily access my emotions and frustrations at not being heard. Back then, “the Whole World is Watching” was our version of “Black Lives Matter.”

Then: The Chicago police’s forceful clearing of demonstrators from Lincoln Park led directly to violence. Mayor Richard J. Daley sent a clear message that he was not interested in listening.

Now: Forcibly removing protestors from Lafayette Park across from the White House with the use of smoke canisters and pepper balls for a Bible-holding photo-op sends a clear signal that President Trump is not interested in listening.

Personally experiencing history repeat itself allows for a more empathetic and understanding view of our current situation. Throughout history, dominant white cultures have made the same basic mistake: Not listening.

What would it mean for White America to make a soulful effort to communicate that they were listening, to make an effort to make Black America feel heard? That’s called empathic listening.

With age and experience, empathic listening becomes easier.

From Barack Obama, Charles Barkley, George Floyd’s brother and any other Black American who has a platform from which to speak: “What do we have to do to be heard?”

If White America’s response to “Black Lives Matter” is that all lives matter, then we are not listening. If we are more upset at the sight of people looting than at the sight of a white cop killing an unarmed black man (again and again), then we are not listening. If our response to “Black Lives Matter” is to warn against calling white people racists, then we are not listening. The continued existence military statues and military bases named after Confederate generals means we are not listening.

And finally, of course, when George Floyd said, “I can’t breathe,” we were not listening.

John Heckel, Ph.D., 73, of Eureka, a retired HSU theater and film professor with a doctorate in psychology, has made a career of listening.
Tablets Connect PACE Participants with Care, Each Other

By René Arché

While sheltering at home, Redwood Coast PACE participants are still socializing with each other and benefiting from PACE services thanks to digital tablets funded by local organizations.

Socialization and communication with the medical team are important aspects of the PACE (Program for All-inclusive Care for the Elderly) model of care. However, when the PACE Day Center on the Humboldt Senior Resource Center (HSRC) campus in Eureka closed in mid-March due to coronavirus, staff looked for ways to help them stay in touch with participants.

Digital tablets were the answer. Not only could participants use them to communicate with the medical team, they could also be used to help them stay connected with each other.

Funding for the tablets came from the Humboldt Area Foundation’s COVID-19 Regional Response Fund ($15,000), Coast Central Credit Union ($4,000), and St. Joseph Health – Humboldt County ($10,000).

“We recognized that supporting seniors during the coronavirus crisis is an important and valuable thing to do,” said Luis Chabolla, director of donor engagement at the Humboldt Area Foundation.

“During these difficult and challenging times, it was an incredible gift of the community to provide tablets for our participants,” said Barbara LaHaie, Redwood Coast PACE director. “In addition to allowing for a much-needed telemedicine tool for care, the tablets have allowed participants to engage in a variety of activities: Zoom bingo, a concert series with local talent, and exercise groups.”

The tablets are also used for clinic “televisits,” family meetings and physical and occupational therapy sessions.

“PACE faced challenges once we realized it would be a long time before folks could return to our Day Center,” said physical therapist Bart Rankin. “With the tablets, our rehab team reports great engagement with the participants.

“Our staff has augmented Zoom exercise classes with the kind of fun they’ve come to expect from the PACE gym,” he said. “Many participants report that the tablets are perfect for keeping them socially engaged.”

Participant John Clagett appreciates having a tablet. “One of the things I like most about the tablets are the Zoom exercises,” he said. “I feel like I get a great workout.”

Staying connected with participants is essential, said PACE Medical Director Dr. Jennifer Heidmann. “I have learned during this time that these tablets could be a good tool even when we can freely move about again, given how difficult trips out of the home and into the PACE clinic for routine visits can be for some of our participants,” she said.

Thanks to the generosity of donors and the flexibility the tablets provide, Redwood Coast PACE can continue to provide the services its participants need to stay as healthy as possible and live independently at home. “It is an honor to be a part of such a caring and giving community,” said LaHaie.

For more information about Redwood Coast PACE, a program of the Humboldt Senior Resource Center, call 707-443-9747 or visit humsenior.org.

René Arché is HSRC director of communications and marketing.

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HSRC Program Status

**Senior News:** Read Senior News online at humsenior.org, under the “News” tab.

**Nutrition Program:** Please note the following changes:

- **Home Delivered Meals** service continues.
  - All three **Senior Dining Centers** provide take-out meals by reservation only via drive-by pick-up for those age 60 and older and spouse.
  - Reservations required seven days prior to pick-up day (see below).
- **Arcata:** Arcata Community Center, 321 Martin Luther King Pkwy. Pick up on Wednesdays from 11:30 a.m.-12:15 p.m. outside the main (north) entrance; staff will bring the meals to you.
  - Reservations: 707-825-2027.
- **Eureka:** 1910 California St. Pick up Tuesdays 11:30 a.m.-12:15 p.m. in the parking lot near the back door; staff will bring the meals to you.
  - Reservations: 707-442-1181.
- **Fortuna:** Gene Lucas Community Center, 3000 Newburg Road. Pick up Thursdays from noon-12:30 p.m. in front of the Fortuna Senior Center; staff will bring the meals to you.
  - Reservations: 707-725-6245.

Information may change without notice.

For questions regarding any HSRC program, call 707-443-9747. We thank community members for their understanding and cooperation with our modified services and programming.
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Have a Humboldt Summer!
These images of summers past and present can breathe fresh air into anyone’s day. COVID-19 has canceled many group activities, but there are still plenty of ways to enjoy a Humboldt summer. Clockwise from upper left: Kites and beach time at last year’s Sand Sculpture competition in Manila (Mark Larson); a “flower bed” in Shelter Cove (Mark Larson); a young duck hitchhikes in Big Lagoon (Joway Carlson); a river otter frolics at the Sequoia Park Zoo (Mark Larson), and Sydney Larson gets up close with the flora at Shelter Cove (Mark Larson). Below right: Hikers cross the South Fork Eel River from Rockefeller Loop Trail to Women’s Federation Grove (Nancy Spruance); a pair of wanderers explore Centerville Beach in Ferndale (Susan Cashman); and, from the memories of 2019 file, a group of friends enjoy beach night at Luffenholtz Beach in Trinidad (Mark Larson). Enjoy!

Stacey Jacobson
Stacey has 20+ years experience fitting mastectomy products. She is a Humboldt County native. She was previously the fitter with Humboldt O & P and Hanger Clinic. She received her American Board of Certification in 2009 as a mastectomy fitter. Schedule your appointment with Stacy at Broadway Medical.

James Hearn
James is an Assistive Technology Professional. Recently returning to Broadway Medical, he has worked in the rehab department for 16+ years providing customized manual wheelchairs and power chairs. Ask for James to assist you with your purchase.

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What One Summer Taught Me

By Tom Leskiw

I’m 66 years old; so many summers to choose from. Although summer is most often associated with languid days at the lake, beach, or river, I’m opting for one — in 1970 — that gave me the gift of insight and empathy.

One night I attended a party where the parents weren’t home. Being in high school during those heady times, various intoxicants were present. As the party grew rowdier, I realized that it wasn’t my cup of tea. So I left and began to hitchhike home.

Having long hair and being dressed in hippie garb, I was somewhat familiar with getting hassled by cops during my hitchhiking forays. Still, I was surprised when two cop cars suddenly screeched to a halt and three uniformed officers leapt onto the sidewalk.

“Show me your ID and empty your pockets,” one commanded in a rude and accusatory tone. I did as I was told. The cops murmured amongst themselves.

“Take off your shoes and give them to us,” another one snarled.

What the...? I thought to myself. I had nothing hidden in my shoes. A part of me knew that complying with their commands was the fastest way to get rid of them, while the pugnacious teenage side of me knew that my rights were being violated. Tamping down the anger that welled up in me, I asked in the most respectful, meek manner I could muster, “Can I ask why?”

“Because there was a robbery nearby and you match the description of the perp,” came the curt reply.

Thoughts like, If I’d robbed someone, would I really be standing here waiting for a get-away car to pick me up? swirled through my head, but I untied my shoelaces and gave them my shoes.

As one officer pawed through my footwear, it became clear to me that the “robbery” excuse to search for drugs was likely a variation on being pulled over for a broken tail light. Having nothing more to harass me about, the cops left.

I don’t presume to understand what life is like for people of color. But I do know this: in many conservative communities, being a hippie made me “The Other.” And I know that bad or overzealous cops can prey on those with no political or social power.

This experience gave me the gift of empathy for those who, unlike me, weren’t born into white privilege.

Tom Leskiw, 66, of Fieldbrook is marking 11 years of retirement and is cautiously optimistic about our nation’s future.
Tell Your Story to America on PBS

*By Jennifer M. Bell*

Storytelling is one of the most effective ways to promote social change. It helps us to step out of our own bodies and imagine what the world is like for people who live in different places, who are raised with different kinds of families, and have different experiences than we do. It can help us become more empathetic and open our minds in ways that statistics and facts can never accomplish.

The Public Broadcast Service (PBS) has an exciting new initiative that is designed to gather stories from people all over America – “American Portrait.” KEET-TV, Humboldt’s local PBS station, is working to gather 300 local stories from the North Coast, and is asking you to share your stories to help us share our rural experience with the rest of America.

Start by going online to pbs.org/America-portrait, where you can see the thousands of stories others have posted. If you need help or would like more information, contact KEET-TV at 445-0813.

If you need help getting started, there are more than 15 prompts like, “Now is the time . . .” or “My American story started when . . .” Using a cell phone, you can capture your story with videos (1 minute), photos (up to five), written word (800 characters) or artwork (scanned or photographed images). You can log in (click on “Share a Story”) and upload your story yourself — and then you can send a link to family and friends.

I started with the prompt, “When I Step Outside My Door . . .,” and simply took my phone outside my door and took five photos. I described why nature was important to me, and posted it. I went on to share another story using the prompt, “I was raised to believe . . .,” and another with the prompt, “I took a risk when . . .” Telling your stories is addictive!

“PBS American Portrait” is making theme-related short documentaries using some of the stories that have been submitted. A recent one is about how COVID-19 is affecting people, and they are currently working on a documentary about family. KEET also plans to share some of the stories locally.

Tell your story!

— Jennifer Bell of Arcata is a media producer who directed and co-produced “High Water Mark: Stories From the ‘64 Flood” and a recent series on local food. The host of public radio’s “Food for Thought,” collecting local stories is her passion.

Local Documentary on Humboldt Albacore Fishery

A documentary about Humboldt’s fishery, “Albacore Tuna: The Tale of a Fish,” is now available free for online viewing.

The film by local media producers Jennifer Bell and Jessica Eden examines the history and health of Eureka’s tuna fleet through interviews and video from sea.

“I raised my children at sea,” said commercial fisherman Kathryn Vanderpool. “We operate like a family farm.”

“It takes about a month, a month-and-half to ready the boat,” said fisherman Tom Fulkerson. “It’s a wood boat, 60-foot, so it’s like owning a Victorian house that needs to be painted every year.”

The documentary, part of the Food for Thought Media Project, was preceded by “Going with the Grain,” about local grains, and “Coastal Foods: Sowing the Seeds of Sustainability,” focusing on Humboldt’s local food movement.

“The Tale of a Fish” is online at vimeo.com/channels/foodforthoughthumboldt.
HOW’S YOUR SUMMER GOING? . . . From Page 1

beach and river have been disrupted. One woman said she’s trying to relearn how to ride a bike.

Many, like Jan Jacobs of Fortuna, are “just hanging out in the garden.” Jan has ambitions of a bumper tomato crop and dazzling dahlias. “I haven’t left Fortuna in three months.”

Another Senior News reader, who asked to be anonymous, said, “My summer is now facing a radical change and going to take some major creative effort to stay emotionally sound.” A trip with teenaged granddaughters is out, as is a 25-year tradition of time in Maine.

“I’ll spend my time working with the League of Women Voters on the upcoming election, which I view as crucial to the survival of our democracy,” she said. “Disseminating accurate information to voters and insuring everyone has easy access to vote.”

For Nancy Rickard of Arcata, canceling her July trip to Alaska was a big disappointment. “I was raised in Fairbanks but have never returned with my husband of 40 years,” she said. “This was the summer to take that trip, to walk back in time to find the skating rinks, the sled dogs and the endless summer days. But not now.”

Sharon and David Winnett of Trinidad were going to celebrate their 51-plus years of wedded bliss with a Mediterranean cruise with kids and grandkids.

Instead, “My husband and I will host a socially distant, mask-wearing Italian dinner for our family in Sonoma County,” she said. “We will each bring our own dishes, cutlery and wine glasses. We will laugh, reminisce and love.

“If we get really, really brave, we will don disposable plastic ponchos, latex gloves and face masks so that quick, safe hugs can be given and received.”

Violinist Julie Fulkerson of Eureka was worried about my lonely email friend. “Give this woman my email,” she said. “I play with different people in my new music room in the garage. There is a lovely place to sit in my garden right outside, so she could bring a book and read and listen to a ‘concert.’”


Patty Holbrook said she’s going crazy, home alone in Eureka, and sent a photo of a huge tangle of blue yarn. “This is how my brain feels after social distancing for so long.”

“I would like to know how y’all are coping, for those who’d want to share,” she said. “I miss Joan [Rainwater-Gish] and her fitness class, I miss making music with other jazz musicians, I miss going out for martinis and dinner at the Ivanhoe, I miss having my hair cut, I am heartsick at the number of small businesses that won’t recover.

“But I am grateful to be living in this beautiful place and not my hometown, L.A.,” she said. “Been there, done that . . . Stay well everyone.”

Ted Pease edits-in-place at his home in Trinidad.
Abalone’s Decline Sends Dire Message

By Ann Vileisis

Lucky is the beachcomber who happens upon a brilliant iridescent abalone shell. One such shell inspired me to research and write about the rich and colorful history of these unique animals, a story that arcs from ancient subsistence to superabundance and ultimately to scarcity — sadly the current condition of northern California’s red abalone.

For millennia, abalone have been cherished by indigenous Californians up and down the coast, used for food, tools, adornment and dance regalia. After the fur trade wiped out abalones’ sea otter predators, and Euro-American settlement decimated native peoples in the 1800s, the shellfish became superabundant. Traditional subsistence and trade gave way to a commercial fishing industry, started first by Chinese immigrants who shipped dried meat across the Pacific by the ton.

By the early 20th century, racial hatreds ended abalone exports, and California chefs started to make chowders and steaks popular. The domestic fishery grew. Then with the rise of skin- and SCUBA diving, thousands of sportsmen sought the thrill of hunting for the shellfish. Abalone became an icon of California’s easygoing beach culture. Some who grew up in the 1950s and ’60s still fondly remember those times — when no one considered that abalone would ever be anything but plentiful.

Ultimately, though, heavy fishing, the return of sea otters, pollution and devastating disease all piled on, leading to sharp declines of the shellfish in central and southern California. But northern California followed a different path. Red abalone stocks remained robust, owing to cold clean water, abundant kelp and a tightly regulated, sport-only fishery that everyone believed could be sustainable.

Nevertheless, in recent years, a perfect storm of environmental stressors — marine heat waves, sea star wasting disease, an explosion of purple urchins — have pummeled northern California’s once extensive kelp forests, killing off kelp and leaving abalone starving. Without kelp, they can’t reproduce and grow.

It’s heartbreaking to consider that animals so closely tied to California cultures for thousands of years are now in such trouble. And it’s not just abalone. Because of climate change, entire communities of marine life face rising sea temperatures, growing vulnerability to disease and ocean acidification.

Perhaps because these animals live out of sight underwater, most people don’t yet seem to grasp the urgent threats at hand. Yet the brilliant shells of abalone, washed ashore, alert us to just how much is at stake — culturally and ecologically — if we don’t tackle the climate crisis.

—

Ann Vileisis of Port Orford, Oregon, is a historian and author of the new book, “Abalone: The Remarkable History and Uncertain Future of California’s Iconic Shellfish” (see annvileisis.com/abalone).
Friends of the Dunes celebrates the 25th Annual Sand Sculpture Festival this month, an iconic community event that encourages creativity and connection with our stunning coast in Humboldt County.

Because of the COVID-19 public health situation, event organizers and participants will need to make some creative adjustments of their own to meet the challenges of our times.

“The 25th Annual Sand Sculpture Festival is going to look a lot different than the previous 24, but we won’t let this pandemic stop us from playing in the sand,” said Suzie Fortner, Friends of the Dunes’ programs and operations director. “July is the time to set your inner sculptor free!”

We obviously cannot gather 1,000 people or more on the beach at the same time to view masterpieces made of sand, as teams compete for prestigious prizes such as Best of Show, Most Dedicated Diggers, and the coveted Golden Shovel. However, household teams can still create sand sculptures, and share photos of their sandy creations.

Humboldt’s beaches are open, abundant, and most are great places to practice physical distancing. Rather than taking place at a designated beach on a specific day and time, the 2020 Sand Sculpture Festival will take place throughout the month of July at any Humboldt County beach the sculptors choose to sculpt.

Organizers ask that sand-sculpting teams follow the usual rules, plus practice physical distancing, which means teams should only consist of households or people that live together.

Once the sculptures are complete, teams can share photos or videos. To join the competition, teams should send images of their completed sculptures to info@friendsofthedunes.org, and post pictures on social media using the hashtags #SandSculptureFestival2020 #FriendsoftheDunes and #HumboldtBaySocialClub. We encourage posting the locations of the sculptures so that spectators can find them before the tides wash them away.

Friends of the Dunes’ business partners at Humboldt Bay Social Club have generously offered gift certificates or specials for teams of participating sculptors, so after a day of sand-sculpting with your household (and tagging Friends of the Dunes and Humboldt Bay Social Club on social media), you can drop by Humboldt Bay Social Club at 900 New Navy Base Road, Samoa, relax in their safe and stylish space, and support a wonderful local business.

For more information, including full competition details, visit www.friendsofthedunes.org/sandsculpturefestival.

—

Mike Cipra is executive director of Friends of the Dunes in Manila.

A1AA Seeks Your Input

The Area 1 Agency on Aging (A1AA) is seeking feedback on its 2020-2024 Area Plan for Humboldt and Del Norte counties.

The agency invites seniors and their supporters to comment on A1AA’s proposed activities funded under the federal Older Americans Act.

Go online to:

a1aa.org/event/public-hearing-1


Written comments will be accepted until July 9 at A1AA, 434 7th St., Eureka, CA 95501 (707-442-3763, x208) or via email to mrose@a1aa.org

Online Summer Programs @HSU

The Humboldt State University Library and its campus and community partners invite community members to join in an online LifeLong Learning Lounge (L4HSU) this summer.

Running through Aug. 7, L4HSU offers a variety of online and Zoom workshops and programs focusing on a themes of “Building Bridges and Connecting Communities.”

The programs focus on personal and professional development in a mixture of interactive workshops and new events.

Last summer, 668 participants attended 86 events throughout the summer.

Check out this year’s calendar of free programs at humboldt.libcal.com/calendar/events
ASK THE DOCTOR . . . From Page 5

muscles need to be used, and balance takes practice. During this pandemic, it is essential to find ways to move the body, whether by walking near home, or exercising in your home, including guided online exercises via YouTube or Zoom.

Thankfully, we are moving into a nice time of year with lots of daylight and sunshine. Being outdoors, seeing nature, gardening, sitting outside visiting with a friend (at a distance with masks on), or taking a drive to look at the ocean are all good ways to maintain mental and emotional health.

We can also support each other during these times ahead. Does your neighbor/friend/family member have a way to get medications filled in a timely fashion, and to take them safely and consistently? Do they have enough food? Are they bored to tears and needing some company?

Michael Osterholm, Ph.D., MPH, is a national expert on infectious disease epidemiology. I like what he has to say about “social distancing,” which is that it is a terrible phrase. Human beings cannot tolerate being socially distant! COVID-19 demands physical distancing (6 feet +), but not social distancing.

We need to consider this as a time to be socially closer to each other, checking in with each other in safe ways, and making sure people are doing OK. When we were hoping this would be a temporary lockdown, we could expect to emerge safely and live happily ever after. But this virus will be with us for months, and we need to rethink how we interact, and imagine new ways of caring for each other that do not involve socially isolating the most vulnerable people in our community.

Life in the time of COVID requires imagination, compassion and patience. It requires noticing the needs of others and responding to them. It means remembering that good health is more than avoiding this virus, and requires attention to our whole selves — body, mind and spirit.

Stay strong, wear your mask when out and about, wash your hands and check in with your neighbors!

—

Dr. Jennifer Heidmann is medical director and primary care provider at Redwood Coast PACE (443-9747). This column should not be taken as medical advice. Ask your medical provider if you have health questions. Send comments to seniornewseditor@humsenior.org.
Green Burial Options in Humboldt

By Catherine Hart

Have you ever considered green burial?

With a green burial, the body is simply placed in a biodegradable coffin or shroud, and buried. The goal is complete decomposition and the gravesite returns to nature.

If you’ve wondered about your options for a green burial in Humboldt County, the Funeral Consumer Alliance of Humboldt (FCAH) invites you to join us on Saturday, July 11, from 1:30-3 p.m. for a free, live online presentation to learn more.

Michael J. Furniss, a local expert on green burial, will be the presenter. He is an adjunct instructor of forestry and ecology at Humboldt State University, and is the principal at M.J. Furniss & Associates, a green burial consulting company.

He also works as a climate, forests and hydropower scientist for the Redwood Coast Energy Authority, and is a long-time member of the Forest Management Committee of the Arcata Community Forest. Furniss has worked on natural green burial for more than a decade.

Green burial allows simplicity at a lower cost, conserves natural resources, eliminates hazardous chemicals, and preserves natural areas. Love of nature and a desire for “eternal rest” in a forever-wild meadow or forest are reasons for choosing green burial.

To participate in the live Zoom presentation, RSVP before July 11 at our website, fcahumboldt.org, and click on “Green Burial Virtual Event.” You’ll complete a brief registration and receive the link to the presentation.

Participants will have opportunities to ask questions during and after the presentation. If you miss the live event, it will be posted at our website at a later date.

For info, call 707-822-8599 or email fcahumboldt@gmail.com.

Founded in 1965, the Funeral Consumer Alliance of Humboldt is a local, all-volunteer nondenominational nonprofit dedicated to consumer advocacy for dignified and economical end-of-life choices.

We encourage you to join FCAH for a donation of $25 for a lifetime membership, and welcome your additional tax-deductible donations.

Catherine Hart is vice president of the Funeral Consumer Alliance of Humboldt, FCAHumboldt.org
Letters to the Editor

Beyond the Black Death

To the Editor:
This July, because of the present Corona Confusion, I am reminded of events in July 1937. I grew up as a missionary kid in south India; my parents, along with other expats, developed and served in hospitals, schools and churches. Bubonic plague had become endemic in parts of India.

Not far from our home, a rat died inexplicably in a village home. (When a rat carrying plague dies, fleas leave the body and a new host is infected.) Within an hour, that village became a huddle of empty huts as villagers moved to an isolated area until the plague subsided.

In 1665, people in the tiny village of Eyam, England, suddenly started dying of The Plague at an alarming rate. Those with no evidence of the disease wanted to escape the death trap, but Eyam’s Anglican priest, William Mompesson, urged them to stay.

It became a “Christian duty” to stay in controlled isolation until the pandemic subsided. The priest’s wife and 250 others died in terrible agony. According to Michael Sweet, a BBC medical specialist, “The self-imposed quarantine significantly reduced the potential spread of the pathogen.”

During the current pandemic pandemonium, in the big, bold, beautiful backwoods of Humboldt County, we didn’t know just how good it was until it was gone, right? What happens next? Have we become barbaric and paranoid, or will we gain strength and become more creative and compassionate when this confounded pandemic finally poops out?

Given intelligent leadership at all levels from the White House to the local courthouse, there is Hope! In any event: Be wise, at least compromise, and let’s work and vote for a better world!

John Wiebe, Westhaven

Mental Health Help

To the Editor:
I was saddened to read the letter from Helen Peterson in Eureka who referenced Ann King and how they were both “anxious and lonely” [Senior News, June 2020].

I am a Licensed Clinical Social Worker in private practice and I am trying to raise awareness about local Humboldt County mental health therapy resources to help our community members in need.

Local therapists are offering sessions through online platforms and telephone sessions.

People needing support can locate local therapists through several sources including the North Coast Association of Mental Health Professionals at ncamhp.org, PsychologyToday.org, and the Humboldt Family Service Center in Eureka (707-443-7358).

Open Door Community Health Clinics also has therapists on staff helping patients with short-term therapy.

People can also ask their primary medical providers, some of whom have lists of local therapists.

Please help us share these resources with your readers and community members in need.

Fionna M. Davis, LCSW, Eureka

No ‘Pity Potty’ Party

To the Editor:
Here in the time of COVID-19, it is a time of antsy feelings and uneasiness for me — that is how I would describe my mental status.

I missed some good concerts in a series of classical music put on by a church in town, and I do miss my church on Sunday morning. I sit at home sort of disgusted that I have nothing to do that would benefit anybody, including myself. I am ready for a “pity potty” party, I guess.

But, we are going to have to realize that these disruptive times will not end until they have a vaccine, and it will continue in spite of our tribulations until that occurs. So deal with it my friends.

I am 85 years old, so I don’t get around much after a hip replacement last year. I get a lot of reading done, and my wife and I take little trips around the county on county roads, but I think I am running out of little county roads.

We occasionally go up to the Arcata Marsh, which is a pleasant diversion, and take some time to do some more reading. What a life.

But would we rather be someplace in the Middle East, where war and turmoil constantly exist? Get over it, you lucky persons. Love the life that you have and be thankful. AMEN.

Bill Christensen, “old man,” Eureka

Shop Locally

To the Editor:
Soon after I landed my first job as a college graduate, I connected my passion for democracy to why, when and where I spent my paycheck. I could exercise my right to vote by choosing which businesses to support.

Buying locally is my most consistent practice. When shelter-in-place began, I thought I would be buying online for the convenience and to maintain social distance. Today, I want to get out of the house and support the business owners in Humboldt County.

Stores where I have shopped for years have been gradually reopening with new hours and physical boundaries. It is frustrating to run to the store for a gallon of milk and wait 30 minutes in line. But if we don’t support small business owners while they figure out how to adapt, many may never open again. If our local businesses don’t survive, we won’t have that same sense of community.

By shopping locally, you support a local business owner, help provide local jobs, keep a variety of stores available, support the township government so that your taxes don’t go up and township services remain strong, boost property values, and get through this with your neighbors. This makes a difference locally, and helps all of us figure out how to move forward with our communities.

To honor the Class of 2020, businesses in Fortuna decorated their windows with new graduates’ photos and names. This volunteer effort was funded by local merchants. I didn’t see any callouts to our graduating seniors from Amazon.

Or you can shop online for the convenience, maybe save a few bucks, and skip paying municipal sales tax. It’s your choice.

Hawley Riffenburg, Fortuna
TO THE EDITOR:

Our Arkansas Readership

To the Editor:

This might seem odd to your Humboldt County, California, readers, but I read Senior News each month from Fayetteville, Arkansas. It doesn’t matter that we are 2,110 miles apart by car (according to Siri). You see, I’m a senior also: 74-1/2 years old.

I became familiar with the digital edition of Senior News when I found it attached at the bottom of Ted Pease’s daily email, Today’s WORD on Journalism.

Having spent some 40 years in the newspaper business myself, I found Ted’s Today’s WORD emails pithy, thought-provoking and profoundly timely about the sad plight of our nation’s newspapers.

As I began reading the Senior News online, I realized many of the concerns, emotions, experiences, fears and core values of Humboldt County residents are the same as mine and my senior friends here in Arkansas.

I applaud your columnists. I’ve laughed aloud at the humor, empathized with the life experiences, agreed with your age group’s ethics, been stimulated to think, and I’ve found pure delight in the writing.

The human-interest articles about local people could be the same as people featured in my newspaper, the Northwest Arkansas Democrat-Gazette. “Local” emphasis is a strength of the Senior News.

What’s more, each month I share Senior News articles and columns with my dear 102-year-old friend, “Miss Virginia,” who is vitally interested in people and places. A world traveler, she keeps up with world, national and state events and the stock market. She is an avid supporter of the University of Arkansas women’s basketball team.

Although she cannot readily navigate the digital edition of Senior News, my friend will soon have the “hard” copy to read for I’m enclosing payment for a year’s subscription. She and I will look forward to receiving it each month.

Keep up the good work!

Shelly Moran, Fayetteville, Arkansas

TO THE EDITOR:

Make Mom Laugh

To the Editor:

I’m clipping “The Isolation Effects of Loneliness are Complex” by J.C. Williamson [June, page 21] and sending it to my 95-year-old mother, who has enjoyed living solitarily, independently and happily on her own (with her garden) since my father died in 1994. She’ll get a good laugh out of it!

Carol Moné, Trinidad

A Spiritual Question

To the Editor:

In his March column, “Aging is an Art,” John Heckel stated, “I have always loved questions.” He went on to muse on various aspects of questions and their importance in our lives.

Then he shifted into the “big” questions, one being, “Where is my sense of spirituality?”

In keeping with your editorial guideline of not turning Senior News into a religious “preachy” platform, I write to shed a bit of light on John’s question.

Spirituality is a noun, meaning it is a “thing.” It has substance; it is the state or quality of being spiritual. Part of “spirituality” is one’s spirit. Spirit is also a noun, the part of a human being that is incorporeal and invisible, and is characterized by intelligence, personality, self-consciousness and will: the mind.

Perhaps we could say, as your spirituality pros pers?

William Shreeve, Eureka

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PROCEEDS BENEFIT THE ST. GEORGE REEF LIGHTHOUSE
Heroes of the Light, Weathering Storms Since the 1880s

By Guy Towers

For 128 years, St. George Reef Lighthouse has been an icon of the North Coast.

Located six miles off Crescent City, the 16-story tower stands 144 feet above the ocean on a dangerous line of “dragon rocks” that claimed many ships and lives up through the 1800s. The lighthouse is constructed of granite blocks quarried on the Mad River near McKinleyville, and transported out of Humboldt Bay by steamer.

The decision to build a lighthouse on the dangerous St. George Reef was driven by the shipwreck of the steamer Brother Jonathan in 1865, with the loss of 225 lives. At the time, it was the deadliest shipwreck ever on the Pacific Coast.

Because of funding and weather delays, construction did not commence until the 1880s, and required 10 years to complete. Finished in 1889, the lighthouse consisted of a six-story tower sitting atop a 70-foot base, or caisson. The light was first illuminated in 1892.

Manned by up to five keepers of the U.S. Lighthouse Service, the station was powered by coal; nearly all supplies came from a depot on San Francisco Bay.

Because of the site’s isolation and severe weather — choking fog and huge seas that could splash the top of the tower — living and working conditions resulted in high turnover of personnel; one keeper was lost at sea while attempting to travel to shore.

Some thrived on the work, however, keeping the light and fog signal on a precise schedule, saving lives and ships.

With the onset of World War II, the U.S. Coast Guard took control of all navigation facilities, including St. George Reef Lighthouse, which was upgraded with electricity and gas and diesel generators in 1948.

Duty at the light remained perilous, however, with three keepers killed in April 1951 while being transferred to a ship. Further technological advances finally closed the lighthouse in 1975, and the manned station was replaced by an automated buoy.

The legacy of these many heroes of the light inspired others. One was Bob Bolen of the Del Norte Historical Society, who, along with the Coast Guard, recovered the beautiful first-order Fresnel lens from the lantern room in 1983, taking it to the Crescent City museum.

In 1986, my wife Alice and I moved from Humboldt County to Crescent City and joined Bolen and others in forming the St. George Reef Lighthouse Preservation Society to help prevent the federal government’s disposal of the historic lighthouse. They have been the new keepers of the light, confronting challenges as great as their predecessors’.

The Society obtained jurisdiction over the lighthouse in 1996, and over the years its volunteers have undertaken maintenance and improvements, including replacing the lantern room, installing a solar-powered light and new utilities, painting and plastering the keepers’ rooms, rebuilding generators in the engine room, and replacing shutters and windows broken by high winter seas.

Thanks to the work of the Preservation Society, the lighthouse was reigned in March 2012; its light can be seen from Brookings to Crescent City. Contributions and the proceeds of helicopter tours to the Light help cover the Society’s costs.

None of those who have served at St. George Reef Lighthouse would call themselves heroes, but from the first keepers to today’s volunteers, the men and women of the St. George Reef Lighthouse pass along a legacy of service and commitment.

—

Guy Towers, 82, of McKinleyville is a founding member and current president of the St. George Reef Lighthouse Preservation Society.

TAMING THE DRAGONS —
Sir Francis Drake dubbed the dangerous string of ledges northwest of Crescent City the “Dragon Rocks,” and the St. George Lighthouse was designed to tame them. At left, a launch stands off the lighthouse on a “calm” day, preparing to hoist men, supplies and entire boats ashore with that long boom. At right, the Preservation Society’s new lantern room, installed in 2000. Left photo, National Archives. Right photo, Guy Towers.
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