



# **Heritage Happenings**

**June 2024**

*The monthly newsletter published by residents of  
Heritage on the Marina*

## **Special Events**

*Highlights of events, speakers, and performers for April.*

**The black, green and gold colors** honor the Jamaican flag as part of the "Around the World" **Caribbean** events.



### **Dr Gordon Lithgow: What Worms Can Teach Us About Living Better Longer**

**Wednesday, 5 June at 11:00 in Friendship Hall  
Buck Institute Seminar #3**

What can worms teach us about living better longer? With a couple of drugs and a few genetic tweaks, scientists can easily increase a worm's lifespan by 50-100%. While this may not translate to humans living to 160, there are some solid tips from worms that can help us live better longer. Dr Lithgow explains why we should all care about the worm.



### **Sonoma Valley Authors Festival 2024**

**Monday, 3 June through Thursday, 13 June  
Friendship Hall at various times and days  
Author details will be sent in a separate document.**

The Sonoma Valley Authors Festival is an annual 3-day weekend lecture series that brings people together to hear authors from various literary genres. Speakers discuss their latest works and advances in science, technology, medicine, and current issues. At a time when the art of listening seems to be disappearing, the need for civil discourse has never

been greater. With so many voices vying for our attention, people are receptive to well-informed speakers and eager for thoughtful conversation.



## Alex Bootzin: Summer Piano Recital

**Monday, June 17 at 3:00 in Morgan Parlor**

Pianist Alex Bootzin did his undergrad and graduate studies at UC Irvine and UC Santa Barbara, where he received a BA in Piano Performance and an MA in Musicology. He continued private piano studies for ten years with Professor Dusi Mura, a Romanian pianist and educator with a lineage from Bela Bartok and Zoltan Kodaly. He has music-directed over 100 shows in the Musical Theater genre and is the co-founder of the Spindrift School of Performing Arts in Pacifica. He has performed extensively over the years as a jazz pianist, including with his jazz quartet, Nucleus. He is active in the Bay Area as a solo pianist, chamber musician, vocal coach, piano teacher, accompanist, and bell choir director.



## Sanctet Agarwal:

### Online Scam Detection & Prevention

**Wednesday, 19 June at 3:00 in Friendship Hall**

An enterprising and ambitious high school junior looking to pursue computer science and cybersecurity in higher education and interest in leadership and software, aspiring to strengthen and expand his skills in the professional world. A senior at Bellarmine College Preparatory in Walnut Creek, he is president of the Indian Student Coalition, a leader at various tech-related Bellarmine clubs, and class representative at the Associated Student Body at Bellarmine.



## Allen Ysidro: Dance & Balance

**Thursday, 20 June at 10:30 in Friendship Hall**

Welcome to our world of American Line Dancing, where you will see and hear the fun line dancing, including Caribbean variations, that we perform in classes and special events.



## Claudia Bartsch: You Can Prevent Alzheimer's

**Thursday, 20 June at 3:00 in Friendship Hall**

Alzheimer's is a disease that affects more and more older adults and that lots of people fear that they or their loved ones might get. Currently there is no effective drug on the market that could prevent or cure it. However, extensive research and studies have been conducted to again and again prove that Alzheimer's can be in most cases prevented by lifestyle choices.

This means that with only small modifications to your lifestyle, you can greatly decrease the risk of cognitive decline or Alzheimer's disease. Come and hear in this presentation what you can do for yourself and your loved ones to stay cognitively healthy into your old age.

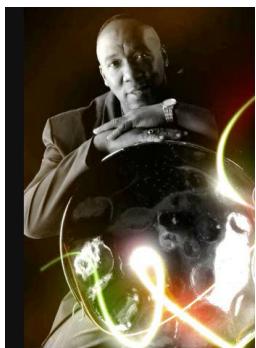


## Asian Art Museum:

### Expressions in Gender in Asian Art

**Monday, 24 June at 3:00 in Friendship Hall**

Gender-fluid and ambiguously-gendered depictions have existed in the art of numerous Asian cultures for thousands of years. Often, this portrayal of people and deities of indeterminate gender was informed by the spiritual concept of nonduality.



## Ashton Craig:

### Father's Day and Caribbean Happy Hour

**Thursday, 27 June at 3:00 in Friendship Hall**

Live music with Ashton Craig ~ Trivia & prizes ~ Rum punch with paper umbrellas & tropical treats! Plus, a special cocktail for the **dads!** Get your island vibes on!

Hailing from the Caribbean, the Ashton & Pan Extasy band performs throughout the USA and Asia. The band has a reputation as one of the most enthusiastic, energetic, and entertaining bands in the dance circuit. They perform Caribbean music, reggae, soca, and calypso.

**Heritage Happenings**

The monthly publication published by residents of [Heritage on the Marina](#).

**Editor Emeritus**

Margaret Jacobs

**Editor**

Theo Armour

**Editorial Committee**

Jane Standing

Martha Nell Beatty

Doris Howard

Margaret Missiaen

**Reporter at Large**

Trish Otstott

**Proofreader**

Midge Mansouri

**Web**

[heritage-happenings.github.io](https://heritage-happenings.github.io)

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**Made You Smile**

If you take a stroll down the Tony Lawrence Art Gallery in the second-floor corridor, you may enjoy a new exhibit curated and installed by the Chair of the Art Committee, Dr Doris Howard. The exhibit opened with a wine and cheese get-together last that was well-attended. I am honored and delighted that the exhibit is of a selection of a hundred or so of my "Drawing of the Day" project that took place during the pandemic. Here is a small sample of the exhibited works:



The impetus for the project was quite straightforward: Make people smile. I was a new resident—hardly knew anybody. We were in lockdown isolated in our cubbyholes. What could I do to reach out, to touch others and to have some fun myself?

One day I made a drawing and pasted it on the wall outside my apartment. A few days later ditto. Rinse and repeat. For two years.

I guess the experiment must have worked. Doris judged it so. Your turn now, come have a look-see. Do the drawings make you smile?

Theo Armour

## Message from the President of the Residents Council

### Fundraising Tea Party



The afternoon formal fund-raising Tea on May 23 was a success and very well attended by the residents. We had a full house together with several generous residents who, although they did not attend, made a contribution to the Employee Appreciation Fund. Many thanks to Pam Fischer, Yvonne Benedict, and Gene Graham not only for organizing but also for arranging the seating for the Tea and the printing of place cards.

There were ten raffle prizes in total, so 1 in 4 residents received a raffle prize. Many thanks to those who contributed to the raffle prizes.

### Food Committee Feedback

Mary Liz reports that the Food Committee met in the McGinley room May 14th. Morrison staff members present were Angie Lamb and Sylvie Holdman. At meetings, Angie distributes handouts with all the comments residents write and place in the comment box in the Dining Room corridor. During the meeting, each comment is read and discussed. Additional comments are encouraged by all those present. The new monthly single-country ethnic food dinners are very favorably received, especially as the country is further supported by documentaries, movies, parties, music, and art by the Activities Committee. Felt chair sliders have been installed on the dining room chairs and have received positive reviews.

### Fathers of Team Members



*Ed's father*



*Myint's father*

## Meet Bob Connolly ~ Senior Sales Manager



Bob has been with us since March 24 after a long career in sales positions. He appreciates the need for group living for seniors and, after a few interviews, he joined us. Bob says, "My goal is resident satisfaction!"

Bob grew up in northern New Jersey. He graduated from Ridgewood High School and joined the Navy and was trained to be part of a support team for the Navy Seals. After the Navy he began college at New York University and finished college at Cal State, Fresno.

He followed in his father's footsteps, becoming a stockbroker at JP Morgan and

then at Merrill Lynch. From stocks, Bob moved into the world of corporate sports hospitality and became a sales executive in sports marketing, specifically golf, and eventually became vice-president in charge of sales. As he said, he has been in sales all his life.

Bob lived in San Francisco on and off for 30 years. His work took him from San Francisco to Montreal and then to New York. He met his wife at age 20 while at school in Fresno. They have been married for 35 years. They have one daughter, who was born in Montreal. She attended Tamalpais High School and then McGill University in Canada. Bob's wife is a regional manager of a company that operates several retail stores including Crate and Barrel.

Bob and his wife are passionate golfers. He has attended over 50 major golf tournaments including many Masters' competitions. He has organized group golfing events for over 140 companies, including Bill Gates' Microsoft, as well as Google and Apple. The Connollys live in Mill Valley. Their activities include cooking, golfing, and skiing. Bob can be found in the last office on the right at the end of the corridor in the Morgan building.

*Background on three of our wonderful therapy providers*

## **Claudia Bartsch ~ Yoga Instructor**



Originally from Germany, I have studied and taught yoga for over 25 years. With more than two thousand hours of formal training, I have a solid foundation in the classical approach to yoga and innovative therapeutic methods. I am deeply dedicated to facilitating holistic healing and was certified as a yoga therapist in 2016. In this role, I specialize in supporting individuals facing mental or physical challenges by tailoring yoga practices to their unique conditions and needs.

Additionally, I was certified as a Stress Management Educator to empower individuals to cultivate resilience and inner peace through mindful practices. I am also a Shiatsu and Reiki Practitioner, modalities that complement the comprehensive approach to well-being fostered through yoga. In 2022, I received my

certification as a Brain Longevity Specialist from the Alzheimer's Research and Prevention Foundation to deepen my understanding of mental health and how to prevent Alzheimer's disease and cognitive decline.

In my classes, I offer yoga in its original form, as a mind-body modality. In the physical aspect, I focus on proper body posture, balance, flexibility, and strength. Gentle movement and stretches help to relieve physical tension and can reduce pain. The goal is to create more ease, comfort and confidence with daily life activities. We practice either seated on a chair or standing with the support of the chair. I offer modifications so that the practice is accessible to everyone. To address the mental aspect of being I offer breathing exercises and mindfulness practices to reduce stress and anxiety while increasing calm and focus.

I am honored and delighted to accompany individuals on their journey toward greater well-being, empowering them to unlock their innate potential for healing and transformation.

## Homa Goodzari ~ Massage and Healing

By Martha Nell Beatty



Twice a month, Homa Goodarzi comes to Heritage on the Marina to give massages in a designated room in the former Health Center. Her massages are a bit more—she provides healing at the same time. Once when I went to see Homa, I was seething from a conversation with someone who had been insolent (no one here). She calmed me down as she worked on the tight muscles in my shoulders. Homa calls what she does the therapeutic massage technique. You know someone is good when you

are delighted when you see the person's name on your calendar!

Homa has signup sheets outside the dining room.

## Jonathan Liao, PTA, in costume for the “Bay to Breakers”



## What to Look for in the Gardens in June

By Margaret Missiaen



The Kwanzan cherry tree in the Porter garden was the highlight of the garden at the end of May and will continue flowering into June. These trees, with dramatic, deep pink double-blossoms, are eye-catching year-round, with leaves that emerge a rich red-copper hue before taking on a green shade and turning yellow in fall. In San Francisco, Kwanzan cherries line the streets of Japantown, where the annual Cherry Blossom Festival takes place over two weekends in April.



The *Prunus 'Kanzan'* cultivar was developed during the Edo period in Japan. These deciduous trees live 15-25 years and grow to about 30 feet tall. They do not produce edible fruit. I remember several trees in flower in the central courtyard when I moved to the Heritage a year ago, but only one is flowering this year.



The agapanthus plants that fill the beds in the Porter garden will start to flower as the cherry petals drop. Agapanthus, a popular perennial with evergreen foliage and blue or white flowers, is a tough survivor in the face of chronic drought. Lily of the Nile (or sometimes African lily) is the common name for agapanthus. However, it is not native to the Nile River basin. It is actually endemic to southern Africa. In its native areas, agapanthus is considered a medicinal plant.

# I Had Only One Grandparent

By Jane Standing, assisted by her daughter, Sarah



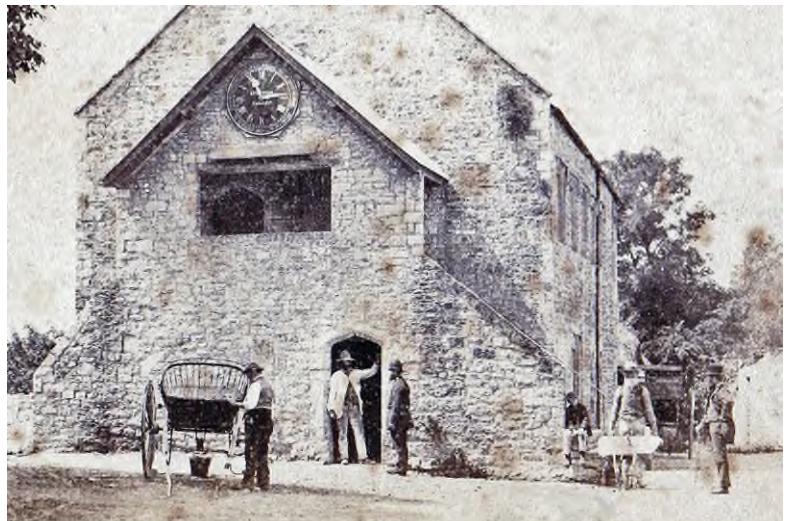
I only had one grandparent, my paternal Grandmother. All the others died before I came on the scene. She was a very Edwardian lady born in 1860. She wore long-figured navy silk dresses with relatively low necks covered by a lace modesty bodice. She had white hair tied in a bun and startlingly blue eyes. She had small diamond dangle earrings, and I always wondered how they stayed on as they were not fashionable at that time. She adored Queen Victoria and told me she cried when the Queen died.



She would come and stay with us for two weeks in the summer around the time of her birthday. She loved canned peaches, and we always had them to celebrate. Canned peaches! A Californian would not consider that much of a treat! No ice cream, but probably cream. She thought ice cream would freeze your tummy and advised me against it. I think it was difficult for my mother.

During World War II, she came to stay with us as usual, but we were living in furnished rooms in someone's house, as my father's company had moved out of the London area to escape the bombing.

It was a total disaster, and my grandmother soon moved back to London and the bombing, much to everyone's relief.

*Building in Llantwit Major*

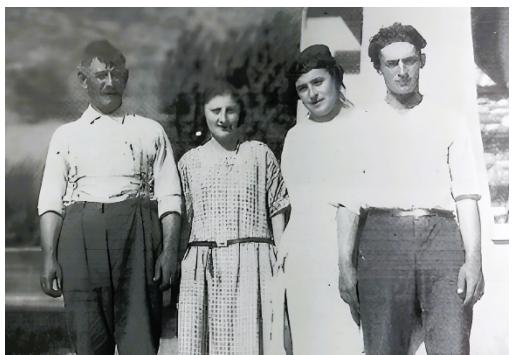
I do not know a lot about her earlier life. I think her husband was a Customs and Excise officer in Llantwit Major in South Wales, as that was where my father was born. My grandfather died of blood poisoning well before Penicillin, leaving my grandmother with four boys and a girl to bring up. I do not know how old they were.

When I knew her, she lived with her daughter, my Aunt Gladys and her husband Ted and a son whose name I cannot remember. My grandmother's eldest son, my uncle Frank, was a seafarer and stayed with his sister when he was not traveling. He brought exotic things back for my mother, whom he was very fond of. He joined the Royal Navy during the war—something he swore he would never do. After the war in 1946, he emigrated to New Zealand to join, and subsequently marry a girlfriend.

My grandmother hated to see him go as she knew she would never see him again. Was he her favorite? I do not know, but within a couple of months of his leaving, she had had enough and died. I was sixteen at the time.

She was born in 1860, and my daughter, her great-granddaughter, was born in 1960, but of course, they never knew each other. One of her quotes that I remember and call upon often is, "Everybody's way is different, and everybody's way does."

## Fathers of Residents

*Til's father**Betty's father**Doris' father*

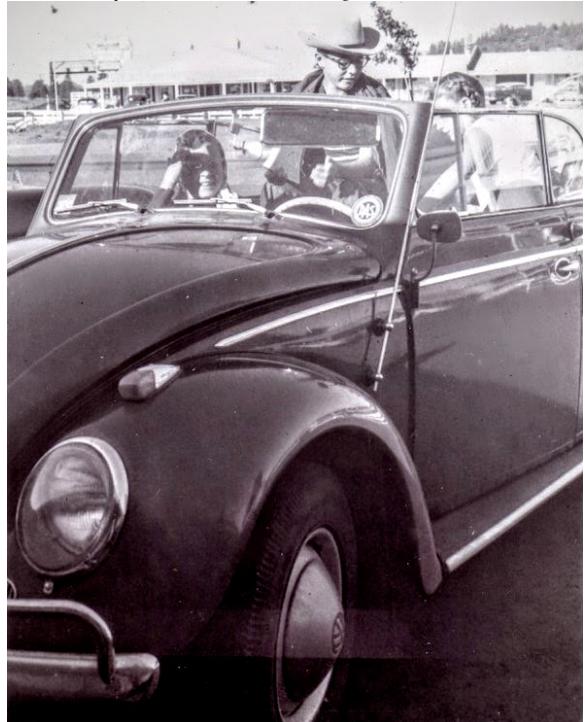
## Rooms Chapter 9

### From Midtown Manhattan to California Suburbia

*By Margaret Johnson, assisted by her son Tom*

You may remember from the last installment that in 1959, Duncan went ahead to Palo Alto, leaving us for several months in our apartment on West 78th Street.

#### An Epic Journey!



Finally, however, he sent for us, and I loaded the three kids, our cat, and our luggage into a 40-horsepower 1957 VW convertible and set off across the country. What a trip that was! We first drove to Atlanta to see the kids' grandmother, whom they adored. On the first day of the trip, it was clear that taking the cat all the way was not feasible—her claws bloodied Tom's legs at every turn and braking, and she almost strangled herself on her leash jumping out at a gas station—so we left her in Atlanta, to be shipped out by airplane later.

After a short stay in Atlanta, we headed west, taking two weeks to cross the country. I showed the kids numerous sights—the Vicksburg battlefield, Carlsbad Caverns, the Petrified Forest, White Sands, the Grand Canyon, etc—before we finally crossed the Sierra through the Sonora Pass. We were a real curiosity to the gas station attendants, motel owners, and diner waitresses along the way, all of whom wondered at a single woman driving three kids in a tiny, underpowered car crammed to the gills with suitcases, bags, pillows, and food baskets. I must have heard the “spare engine in the back” joke from 50 gas station attendants on that trip. There was no gas gauge, so we had to keep a mileage logbook in the glove box to avoid having to turn the reserve tank lever that would give us 30 more miles. Crossing mountains was a matter of shifting to first gear, putting the pedal

to the floor, keeping to the right, and having patience—we always made it to the top.

Finally, at 1 am on July 3, we arrived in Palo Alto, at that time, a sleepy town with a few blinking traffic lights on University Avenue. Because I was so exhausted that I couldn't remember Duncan's directions, I just looked for a house with the porch light on, and luckily, it happened on the right one.

## Our Mansion in Palo Alto



Duncan had found a large, 1904 craftsman-style two-story "bungalow" at 252 Kingsley Avenue in the elegant "professorville" section of Palo Alto. Our landlord, Dr. Mitchell, lived in an even larger house just behind us, fronting on Embarcadero, with gardens on the other

side of Embarcadero—now part of the grounds of the Castilleja School—where he kept pigeons for food. Our house had lovely wood paneling throughout the ground floor rooms and would have been light and airy, but for many of the windows being covered with ivy and the shading from an enormous oak tree out front. The grounds, probably a half-acre, were a bit overgrown but beautiful, with gravel walks, fruit trees (including a guava tree—very messy!), a bird bath fountain, flowerbeds, and driveways on both edges.

The house had an enormous main suite on the second floor – bedroom, bath, and a sitting room with a small elevator installed by the previous owner, Madame Mitchell. She had been our landlord's mother, wheelchair-bound in her later years (hence the elevator) and had recently died at age 104. I used the elevator to move the vacuum cleaner between floors, but otherwise we rarely used it because it sucked vast amounts of electricity. The main suite was so large because it was over an extension Madame

Mitchell had built to create a large dining room and a music room for recitals. The adjoining second-floor bedroom was also enormous, essentially a long, dark corridor.

Over the extension off the other side of the house was a small apartment on a slightly different level with its own outside door connected to the main house through a door on the landing. Servants had occupied it, but we rented it out to a student for a while before giving it to Tom and moving the student to the sizeable second-floor bedroom. There was even a small basement—uncommon in California—and a tiny toilet room under the staircase. Some closet windows still had blackout curtains from World War 2, and several old Edison lightbulbs – pointy, odd-shaped things that still worked—were in the closets. When we had a power failure, the electrician was awed by the ancient electrical system, so he asked for one of the bulbs as a souvenir!

Palo Alto was a good time overall. As I described in my 100-year story a few issues ago, I learned a trade—histology technician—and got jobs in that field, so I was occupied. Duncan and I took a half day nearly every Wednesday and drove up to San Francisco to enjoy the city, sometimes taking one of the kids with us but mostly just the two of us having drinks and dinner after a walk or a bookstore browse. We took horseback riding lessons in Atherton, and I explored the peninsula in our little car—Portola, La Honda, Pescadero, etc. After one year in Menlo School, Tom returned east to a boarding school to start his high school years, but the girls stayed in public schools in Palo Alto.

We stayed almost three years in Palo Alto before moving to Riverdale, a suburb just above Manhattan, in 1962. That's the next story.

## Fathers of Residents



*Anne's father*



*Martha Nell's father*

## Havana Cuba 1953

By Doris Howard



It was early December. My husband and I were on a brief vacation in Miami Beach. Unexpectedly, he suggested we go to Havana for the weekend. Cuba was a popular place for Americans, in those days, especially if you gambled. Casinos were run mostly by Americans. It was also a small dictatorship, run by Fulgencio Batista, the man who was overthrown by Fidel Castro and his rebels a few years later.

Cuba, from the air, looked like a green gem in a beautiful blue sea. The plane dropped swiftly onto a short runway. It was a small airport open to the sea. We went by taxi to the International Hotel. It was the biggest hotel, catering to foreign visitors. It was lovely and is still standing. We hired a taxi to take us sightseeing. This included the obligatory visit to the rum manufacturers for a cocktail and to purchase a bottle to take home. We drove through a beautiful park. The driver picked a few pieces of breadfruit for me which, of course, were confiscated by customs when we returned to Miami.

We also visited the bar made famous by its most distinguished visitor—a local winter resident named Ernest Hemingway. We explored the ancient great prison, La Castillo de la Real Fuerza, on the harbor and traveled frequently on El Malecon. This is a wide, well-paved elaborate roadway that runs along the North shore of the bay in Havana.

In contrast, everywhere we went, we were surrounded by children, begging for money. The children, the city and buildings all looked as if they were in need of care. Equally unsettling, there were two soldiers stationed at almost every downtown intersection, dressed in very casual uniforms, and carrying very big guns. The city had a mixed atmosphere: clearly a police state and, at the same time, casual and friendly. The best memory I have is the music. All the windows were open and Latin music poured out of every one.

## Havana Cuba ~ April 7-17, 2015

By Sheila Anne Moore

The following are selected excerpts from my travel diary albums.



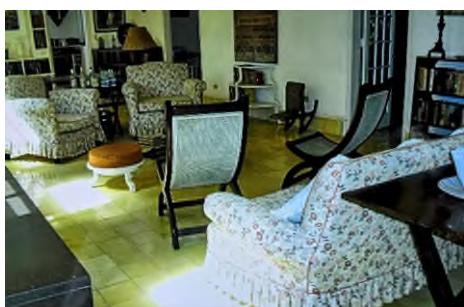
We had dinner at a *paladar*, a privately owned restaurant in Camaguey and examined some antique cars. After dinner, we were driven home in these vintage cars. Havana is full of these old American vintage automobiles. We were driven to our restaurant in these old but prized and well-kept vintage autos. Apparently, when the

1950s American engines wore out, many of these old cars were fitted with Russian engines.



We visited Ernest Hemingway's house in the suburbs. It was a large wooden structure with an adjacent carriage house for his cars. Visitors are not allowed into the house, because of theft, but I took photos through the windows. Hemingway at first lived in Havana, but lack of privacy drove

him to the countryside. He purchased this house for eighteen thousand pesos in 1940, but he traveled a lot, especially safaris in Africa. And there are lots of animal heads on the walls. He liked to hunt elephants too. In the 1950s Hemingway developed diabetes and he also started losing his sight. In 1950 he left Cuba and went to Spain. He then settled in Minnesota in the US. His letters were published in 1961. He shot himself, committed suicide. In this house, Hemingway wrote two of his most celebrated novels: *For Whom the Bell Tolls* and *The Old Man in the Sea*. The house had a large swimming pool, and this large fishing trawler. He loved to go out fishing. I have also seen his home in Miami.



## Cuba March 2016 ~ A brief interlude for tourists

By Martha Nell Beatty



"Every magazine and newspaper travel section has had an article about Cuba this year. Writers threw around adjectives like seductive, aging beauty, romantic, and creative. They worry (rightly) about how the present infrastructure can handle the rapidly increasing interest in visiting the so-close island nation." This is what I wrote in 2016.

All the enthusiasm was because, after 54 years of hostility between the US and Cuba, normalization of relations occurred under Obama. Tour companies scrambled to organize tours, cruise lines quickly added stops, and airlines increased direct flights

from the US, mainly from Florida. A friend and I signed up for one of those tours at the end of March. We arrived in the third largest city in Cuba just as the Obama family arrived in Cuba. The last US President to visit Cuba had been Calvin Coolidge, 86 years before.

Was Cuba ready for an influx of American tourists? I can say mostly yes for us—except for one deplorable hotel and the nightmare at Havana's airport.

Hotels generally set the tone of a tour. We stayed in three hotels that were vastly different. The first was a "boutique" hotel in Camaguey on a busy square. The lobby and rooms were pleasant. The best part was the rooftop dining room. Here, food was limited, and service was earnest and on the way to improvement. The hotel was certainly acceptable.

Our second hotel was a seaside resort outside of Cienfuegos. I could only imagine what this hotel must have once been and what it could be. But it was barely acceptable. My room had a sea view with a private terrace, which was unkempt and had no furniture. I could only enjoy the view through dirty windows. The front desk was rude, and its most used word

was “no.” Thankfully, the only meal we had at the hotel was breakfast. Arriving in the dining room, we found that someone had neglected to turn on the machine that produced hot water for tea and coffee, so there were no hot drinks.



Our hotel in Havana was the Melia Cohiba, part of a Spanish chain, and it was first-class. Again, our only meals here were breakfast, and they were outstanding. The buffet breakfast was incredibly impressive. Eight kinds of fresh juices, from cucumber to papaya, and four yogurt drinks. Omelet station. Tons of fruit, pastries, meats, beans, and rice. A mimosa was available for an extra price.

Dining outside the hotels was often a fun

and unique experience. We particularly enjoyed the meals in *paladars*—family-run restaurants in their homes. We were served lots of fish and even lobster. The best was in Cientuegos, where the special treat at the end was three-year-old rum accompanied by a cigar.



We had first-rate experiences that gave us an insight into what Cuba offered: A walking tour of the old city, a UNESCO Heritage Site, with an architect. A visit to the company class of the Camaguey Ballet School. A special concert with Cuban musicians and a Russian conductor. A visit to the studio of the “Picasso of the Caribbean” Jose Fuster. Drives in the impeccable 1950s convertibles.

The challenges were that US credit cards were not accepted, and our cash had to be changed into Cuban pesos. To make it more interesting, there are two currencies—one for nationals and one for tourists. Of course, the Cubans got better rates. As our guide said many times, “It’s complicado.”



Often, it's the departure from a place that we remember, if it is especially negative. We spent over seven hours at Havana Airport waiting for our charter flight on a Cuban airline, Xtra Airline. The information board was useless, and the staff was uninformed. There were a few places to buy coffee, beer, soft drinks and sandwiches, but no restaurants or bars. My friend

needed a wheelchair to get to the plane. Since there were none, they took us in an ambulance. We were among the few who made our connections in Miami.

But then, in 2019, Trump's administration pulled the curtain down on tourist travel for Americans as well as curtailing American business dealings with the island. Suddenly, tour companies had to cancel their tours, cruise lines stopped their calls, and airlines cut back on flights. Once again, Cuba, only 95 miles from Florida, seemed like a distant land. Once again, it has become elusive, enigmatic.

## Fathers of Residents



*Marty's father*



*Pam's father*



*Bob B's father*

## **Library Corner ~ New Acquisitions May 2024**

*By Martha Nell Beatty*

### ***The Girl Who Lived: A Thrilling Suspense Novel ~ 2017 ~ M***

Christopher Grayson

See Trish Otstott's review in this issue

### ***Trust ~ 2022 ~ F***

Herman Diaz

A Pulitzer Prize winner, this book includes four linked narratives in different styles. Ultimately, it's about money, power and greed in New York in the 1920s.

### ***The Seven Sisters Series ~ 2014-2024 ~ F***

Lucinda Riley wrote eight novels between 2014 and 2023 for this series. The last book of the series was published just three weeks before Riley's death. The books tell the story of adopted sisters, who after the death of their billionaire father, set out to find their heritage. Six of the sisters are each given a clue. But there is also the question of the seventh sister. Who is she and where is she? Added to our library are:

#### ***The Shadow Sister ~ 2018 ~ F***

#### ***The Sun Sister ~ 2021 ~ F***

#### ***The Missing Sister ~ 2021 ~ F***

#### ***Atlas: The Story of Pa Salt ~ 2023 ~ F***

### ***The Seven Sisters Series Collection: The Missing Sister and Atlas (2023)***

And poetry:

### ***Such Color: New and Selected Poems ~ 2022 ~ P***

Tracy K Smith

The former Poet Laureate, Smith confronts America's racism and injustices

### ***The Hurting Kind ~ 2022 ~ P***

Ada Limon

Limon confronts isolation, grief, and the uncertainties of life

## ***The Girl Who Lived ~ Christopher Greyson~ 2024 ~ F***

*Book review by Trish Otstott*

It's a thriller! It's a chiller! Do not start reading this novel unless you have time to read it all! This book is difficult to put down.

Faith watches a killer murder her beloved sister. She then discovers the killers have also murdered other members of her family. Faith hits a wall. She sinks into bad behavior and alcoholism because of her survivor's guilt. Then, she gets mad and sets out to find this killer.

Ready for a super suspenseful novel? The large print version of *The Girl Who Lived* is in the Stucky library, just waiting to thrill you!

## ***June at Fort Mason***

*By Trish Otstott ~ Heritage Happenings Roving Reporter*

### **Festival Pavilion: West Coast Craft Fair**

**Saturday, 8 June & Sunday, 9 June~10:00 to 6:900~Free Admission**

The celebrated West Coast Craft (WCC) fair returns to Fort Mason Center for Arts & Culture for summer shopping fun. A juried exhibition of more than 275 artisans, WCC features designers and craftspeople inspired by the mood and aesthetics of the West Coast lifestyle and local materials and innovations.

### **San Francisco Camerawork: Ebtì ~ Ma-kan**

Through 22 June ~ Tuesday to Saturday ~ 12:00 to 6:00

SF Camerawork presents Ma-kan, a solo exhibition by a multidisciplinary artist, Ebtì, a self-taught photographer and translator living in Cairo and San Francisco. Ma-kan means place in Arabic. Taken apart, the word ma-kan can also mean it was and is not. For her exhibition, Ma-kan مكان, Ebtì presents a suite of site-responsive, photo-based installation works crafted from prints on fabric, projections, transparencies, and traditional paper prints. Using images, stories, and objects collected from her travels, home life, and the space itself, a narrative of perpetual departure, arrival, home, and homesickness unfolds.

## Fathers of Residents



*Eleanor's father*



*Michele's father*



*Margaret Ja's father*



*Shirley E's father*



*Bob G's father*



*Margaret Jo's father*



*Erika's father*



*Jane's father*