

CreativeVoices

**Creative works by members of the
Osher Lifelong Learning Institute at the University of Cincinnati**

includes the 2011-2012 report to the membership



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Now in our 20th year, we continue to invite OLLI members to contribute their creative work in the form of short fiction, poetry, non-fiction and graphics. Creative Voices is published by the Osher Lifelong Learning Institute at the University of Cincinnati.

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Brandywine in the Winter
by Marilyn Olberding

The editors of Creative Voices wish to thank all of those who submitted their stories, poems, and artwork.

Tangle Foot

by Muriel Foster

I WATCHED THE FISHERMEN along the Gulf side of East Point, Florida arrive in oyster boats with their enormous net bags of fresh oysters. They immediately went to large sheds to unload. After a day on the water the oystermen are covered with mud from harvesting as though it's a protective layer. The long black aprons they wear seem an inadequate shield from the layers of Gulf of Mexico silt, sand and tiny broken shells.

One oysterman caught my eye as he left one of the sheds. He wore a slouch hat at a rakish angle and work clothes with a long black apron. On his bare feet were thick leather clogs. Sparkling blue eyes looked up at me from behind wire rim glasses. I asked if I could take his picture and introduced myself as a photography teacher. He said his name was Tangle Foot. Looking at his feet I knew why. The many years of oystering have damaged his feet.

At 60 he is a veteran of a hard life on the Gulf. A happy smiling man, Tangle Foot lives in a town in the northwest panhandle of Florida with a population of 979 people. He is proud to be called an oysterman, but was quick to tell me about other parts of his life.

He continues to fish and practice his passion of making beautiful fishing lures out of found material and paint from K Mart. The lures are expertly crafted, looking just like the very expensive ones seen in tackle shops.

Tangle Foot is a talker. He tells me about his 6 year old granddaughter who calls him Poppy. She has a little pink rifle she thinks she can use to shoot alligators but of course very small alligators. He told me she had already gone 'gator' hunting with him. He quickly pulled from his red checkered shirt pocket some pictures of a pretty little girl with a head of blond curls with her 6 inch 'gator', a little pink toy rifle in one hand and her arm around her Poppy's neck. Tangle Foot was of course holding the alligator.

As I left I said I would send him a copy of one of the photographs of him and he immediately gave me his address. I asked for his name and he said just put Tangle Foot. The Post Office knows who I am.



Tangle Foot by Muriel Foster

Super Suds

by Glenn King

I NEVER THOUGHT of a Laundromat being center stage for an erotic experience....until 1985. It was that warm, Thursday evening that forever changed my life.

Our local “Super Suds” on Shady Avenue was open 365 days a year. It was not the best looking building on the block. A sense of neglect and deterioration oozed from every pore. The 50’s teardrop sign was chained to a rusty pole on the roof, and the front windows displayed chipped paintings of white washers and dryers that could hold 20 – 30 lbs. of clothing. A creative genius had glued brick panels to the outside entrance wall, ignoring the fact that they were meant to be horizontal. However, since they were peeling

off, the oversight would soon pass into oblivion. Displayed prominently on the streaked glass of the front door was the following note: Open 9 A.M. Last wash must be started by 9:30 P.M....no exceptions!

After work, I had packed my pillow case to the brim and tossed it into my small Volkswagon. The washer in my apartment building was on the fritz, and the growing pile of dirty clothes, accumulating in the corner of my room, was looking pretty grim. Not to mention the odor of workout shirts, shorts, and running socks. As I drove down my street and turned onto Shady, I was hoping I wouldn’t see anyone I knew. After all, a young man rising in the corporate com-

munity, as I was, didn’t normally hang out in the local Laundromat. However when I stepped into this unfamiliar environment, I felt confident that I could complete my task in the time I had allotted with no interruptions and escape unnoticed. I couldn’t have been more mistaken.

As I was sitting all alone, in the line of chairs toward the back of the army of washers, listening to the “cheesy” canned music and churning washer drum, a flash of blond hair in a Shiaparelli, my mother’s favorite perfume, pink sweatsuit dashed in the front door. I watched as she quickly put a load of clothes into washer #61....next to mine. Then she went to the soap station and pushed buttons for soap



Knight Game by Sam Hollingsworth

and softener ... no bleach, no laundry bag. She checked her pockets for change, but as close as I was and as tight as that suit fit her, I could have told her those pockets were empty! Next, she got quarters from the change machine. With time on my hands, I found her intriguing, but I averted my eyes to the water spotted tiles on the ceiling, trying to remain inconspicuous.... when out of the corner of my eye, I saw her do the unbelievable.

Before closing the washer door, she unzipped her pink top and removed her form fitting pants. To my amusement, and I must admit, delight, she threw them into the waiting mouth of the washer followed by a white push up bra, pink thong, and the soap and softener she had just purchased. After closing my gaping mouth, I sat there smiling like a Cheshire cat, although I was stunned. Then, deftly she grabbed a roll of paper towels on the wall, by the folding tables, and proceeded to wrap herself like an Egyptian mummy. I laughed quietly, partially out of embarrassment and partially out of enjoyment, as she sat down to wait ... choosing a red chair only two away from the yellow one I occupied.

"Umm, Hi," I said. "Since we'll be waiting here for awhile, my name's George. What's yours?"

She looked straight ahead and said, "I'm Missy."

"You make a very attractive mummy, Missy" I said...trying not to lose my cool.

Missy grinned and leaned toward me. "You probably think I'm crazy, don't you?"

"Well, no, but you are certainly very comfortable in your own skin, as one would say," I replied thinking I was incredible clever.

"That's not funny," she said. "There's never anyone here when I wash this late. How come you are? I've never seen you before."

I explained my dilemma, and she moved even closer to me, making me definitely more uncomfortable. She explained that she was near sighted. Good God, she was definitely laughable but alluring at the same time, sitting there with her purse on her lap and her tawny body peeking through the paper towels. Like the nerd that I was, I talked about the dangerous broken vinyl tiles on the floor,

the musty wet laundry smell, and eventually got around to asking if this was her normal routine?

Assuring me that it was necessary, she asked if she made me uncomfortable.

Lying through my teeth, I answered, "Of course not."

"Well, I only had enough money to do one wash," she said, tugging at the strip of paper towel that was sagging from her right breast. I tried not to look, but it didn't leave much to the imagination.

After rolling my basket of wet wash to the dryer, I rushed to help her unload her clothes and put them into an adjacent dryer. I could have sat there on the yellow chair and enjoyed the view, but I realized I liked this "free spirit". She definitely "turned me on". When my things were finished, I offered to help her at the folding table. Let's face it. I'm not stupid. I was going to stay to see that paper fall to the floor.

And fall it did. She was a golden goddess, with a body to die for. My feet were glued to the pathetic tile. I was speechless. I dropped into the yellow chair and just enjoyed the scenery. With no apparent self consciousness, she discarded the towels, slipped into the clean bra, thong, and shocking pink warm up, picked up her folded articles, and waved goodbye as she hurried out the door.

By the time I regained my composure, gathered my things and followed her out, she had disappeared. Needless to say, I became a late night fan of Super Suds...I took in dirty clothes... I took in clean clothes...I simply hung out nightly, hoping to see Missy again. The heck with political correctness, as far as my job was concerned, I didn't care who saw me. I wanted her, and she became my obsession. I began to question if she had entered my life from the Twilight Zone. My determined vigilance paid off, when two weeks later, she reappeared, and this time I made sure she didn't get away from me.

We still do our wash together but in the privacy of a large gated home with our three adorable little girls who love the color pink.

When my friends ask, "Where did you meet your beautiful wife?"

I simply smile appreciatively and say, "You'd never believe me if I told you."

Legacy

by Melanie Morrison

Tis not spent rose nor sunset's faded
blush

I rue this summers' eve,
Not cattails turning brown
In cracked earth torn,
Or first cottonwood leaves
earthbound

Predating maple's crimson kiss.
Nor fireflies winking up at dusk
Beyond to night falling.
No midsummer moon's assent
Below, my forest's indigo bathed,
incandescent hue.

And no, not beauty made years
common
My senses still sharp, keen.

Tis only you, my heart heavy as I
breathe,
Life begetting life malingers,
Repeating yours mine
Mine yours, I rue this eve.
A silent sentence: Relive treachery!
To one so unsuspecting give.

No quarter, solace at my hand,
Only that I lived so you may live,
Die so you may journey on alone.
But, beg! Heal well to further flourish!
Repeating life's fateful choosing,
I meant well.

For you, no wrong imagined right,
But courage find.
On this eve I implore, my request:
Make wrong wrong, right right.
Let no man your internal voice quash,
Your spirit no subjugation suffer,
Lest joy be quelled and hushed.
Your voice bears others,
Life begetting life, voice voice
In sorrowful accepting stance.

Countless minutes, hours, days
Fall into years
Beyond my will to thrive.
I wish you blessed by haste!
Awaken! Go! Before this wasteland
Wanders you adrift
And I from you am gone,
No solace find

The White Buddha

by Rollin Workman

THERE ARE MANY GARDENS in Suzhou dating from imperial days. The Garden of the Master of the Fishing Nets is the smallest. It was started in 1143, during the height of the Sung dynasty, and was built over a period of three years by Jin Wu-han, Head of the Bureau of Fisheries under two emperors, Sung Quei-fu and Sung Li-fu. Jin was held in high esteem by his imperial masters for maintaining an unusually efficient tax collection system over the nation's fishermen. The system was of benefit to Jin also, since he was legally allowed to keep 12 percent of the taxes his bureau generated. Jin thus came to the end of his service as a rich man.

As he grew older, Jin increasingly longed to leave the Sung capital of Linan in central China, and return to his native city of Suzhou, seven hundred miles to the east, near the fishing village of Shanghai. There he could live out his final years, free from the worries of the court but elevated by his court relationship to high local rank and honor. Jin therefore purchased a tract of land in the southwest corner of the city and employed an architect to design a garden. Our term "garden" is somewhat too narrow for what he intended. His garden was to contain his residence as well as a scenic arrangement of rocks, hills, ponds, gazebos, trees, and shrubs.

In the design finally adopted, the garden compound was laid out as a long north-south rectangle surrounded by a fifteen foot wall. The main gate was on the east side. On the west side were the living quarters, the chief building of which was a hall facing the garden proper. Behind the hall were the sleeping, kitchen, and dining rooms, built in a line parallel to the west wall of the CO-compound.

As the time approached for Jin's retirement, the Emperor Sung Li-fu wished to find a gift that would adequately symbolize his own and his father's appreciation for Jin's service. The

emperor consulted one of his soothsayers, a Buddhist monk named No No-ting. The Reverend No was a disreputable individual, a quality which made him useful to the emperor and for which the emperor eventually had him executed. No had once been a monk in the Little Goose monastery in Xian, the capital of the preceding Tang dynasty. He had been ejected for being implicated in the disappearance of several monastery treasures. No then turned up at the Sung court in Linan, along with some of the missing Little Goose artifacts, which he donated to the emperor, thus obtaining a soothsayer position.

No considered the emperor's gift problem for eight days, the length of time prescribed in the ancient annals for Heaven to respond to an imperial petition. No then reported on behalf of Heaven that the Little Goose monastery possessed a white, alabaster Buddha reputed to have the power of protecting its owner from harm. The power had been exhibited in the fact that the monastery remained untouched by warring armies during the 53 year interregnum between the fall of the Tang and the rise of the Sung dynasties, an interregnum known as the period of the Five Dynasties and Ten Kingdoms. No added that Heaven would be pleased if the emperor suggested to the monastery that it show its loyalty

to the Throne by giving it the Buddha. No did not mention that he himself would revel in his revenge against the monastery. The emperor was delighted and ordered immediate implementation of the soothsayer's report.

The Master of the Fishing Nets was equally pleased by the retirement gift.

Within a year, he was fond of telling how the white Buddha had already protected him twice. The first occurrence was at the beginning of his retirement journey from Linan to Suzhou. Jin planned to leave the court on the day of

the summer solstice, hoping thereby to complete the three week journey down the Yangtze river before the summer rains began. His departure was delayed, however, because moving the Buddha from Xian was beset with ceremonies. Twelve full days passed after the solstice before the emperor had the statue in hand. Meanwhile, the rains started early and came in torrents. The Yangtze rose with unprecedented rapidity into what is called in Chinese history the Flood of One Million Corpses. None of the travelers who left Linan for the coast around the time of the solstice ever arrived or were heard from again. Jin and the white Buddha did not start for Suzhou until autumn.

The second protective act took place after Jin had been in his new home for a year. He fell in love. Jin's wife had died about a decade earlier. They had no surviving children. Partly out of loneliness, partly in hopes of achieving an heir, but mostly out of old age madness, Jin developed a passion for a local woman one-third his age named Tzu Ca. A marriage was arranged. One trifling disagreement then arose. Jin had placed the white Buddha in the hallway just opposite his bedroom door, facing the bedroom. Tzu Ca came to dislike the statue intensely. She said that it was ugly and that she did not like its staring into the bedroom. She asked that the Buddha be moved. Jin demurred. Tzu Ca demanded; Jin refused. The marriage was cancelled.

Tzu Ca almost immediately became the wife of Jin's nephew and heir apparent, Jin Bo-pei. She turned out to be a first-order shrew, creating a miserable existence from which the uncle had been saved and the nephew fervently wished he could be. The Master of the Fishing Nets never contemplated marriage again. The ladies whom he entertained, or rather who entertained him, sometimes stopped on the way into the bedroom to put a coin in the Buddha's lap, just to make sure of its friendship.

Tzu Ca began to take a fancy to the Garden of the Master of the Fishing Nets. And she could almost taste the fortune which lay behind it and which her husband would inherit when Jin died. She developed a desire to hasten Uncle Wu to the company of his ancestors before her first child was due. One morning, she remarked casually to her husband that his uncle seemed unlikely to emigrate to heaven very soon. Bo-pei instantly became angry--not at Tzu Ca, contrary to his usual practice and somewhat to her surprise, but at the uncle. Encouraged, Tzu Ca amended her words to: not likely to emigrate voluntarily very soon. Bo-pei calmed down. For once, Tzu ca did not have to use a tantrum to get what she wanted. Husband and wife agreed upon murder with considerably less discussion than the Macbeths needed.

That afternoon Bo-pei set about arranging the affair. He first visited his soothsayer to ask what the future held for Uncle Wu and himself. The soothsayer meditated for an hour, the length of time prescribed in the ancient annals for Heaven to respond to a petition from an undistinguished relative of a distinguished person. The soothsayer then reported that soon

Jin the elder would encounter death and Jin the younger and his wife would gain a higher state. Bo-pei hid his elation at the news, paid the soothsayer, and made his way to the poorest section of Suzhou to find an assassin. It

was not hard. A bit of silver and a direct inquiry to the proprietor of a rundown rice wine shop gave Bo-pei directions to a straw hut at the junction of two sewage ditches. A man

inside the hut said that he had no name and that he was willing to undertake any project in exchange for gold.

Bo-pei explained that five days from then, Uncle Wu would celebrate his birthday. There would be an evening banquet at which much rice wine would be drunk. When Wu finally went to bed, he would sink into an alcoholic sleep from which almost nothing could rouse him. Moreover, it was customary for Bo-pei and his wife to stay at the Garden after the banquet. Thus, one of them, probably his wife, would be able to unlock the gate after everyone was asleep. The man with no name could then enter during the darkest period before dawn, go down the passageway to Wu's room, stab him in his sleep, and be gone hours before anyone in the household stirred for the day. Bo-pei gave explicit directions for finding Wu's room, paid No Name half an ounce of gold, promised another half ounce when the deed was accomplished, and left.

Bo-pei did not reveal all of his plan to the assassin. He had the conventional, unimaginative, but for all that sometimes practical, addition. The guest room in which he slept was next to his uncle's. Bo-pei intended to keep watch until the murder was achieved, then surprise the assassin and kill him as he left Wu's bedroom. That would close the murderer's mouth. Bo-pei would then raise an alarm. When people gathered, he would say that he had been roused by a call for help, and had stumbled out, half asleep and sword in hand, just in time to encounter the killer trying to get away.

The birthday dinner was its usual success. Bo-pei matched his uncle cup for cup until the evening was almost over. It was a toss up as to which of the two fell into the sounder sleep when they reached their beds. Tzu ca, who had drunk little, waited through a full cycle of her water clock after all of the lanterns were out before she went to unlock the gate. On the way back, she passed Wu's room and the ugly white Buddha that the silly old man thought protected him. Tzu-Ca disdained the superstition, but just as a precaution on such an important night, she shoved the Buddha down the passage so that it no longer watched Wu's door. She then went on to her own room at the far end

A Warm Mourning Dove

photograph and poem by Virginia Cox

A warm Mourning Dove
Lounging in a cool bird bath
No reason to leave



of the corridor. The night passed quietly.

About mid-morning the next day, the Master of the Fishing Nets woke, washed, and went out to take a therapeutic walk in the garden. It proved not to be a good morning. First, there was the Buddha which somebody had dared move

from its accustomed place.

Then, when he returned from his stroll and went in

to wake his nephew, he found the latter dead with a dagger in his heart. As a man with a headache, Wu did not appreciate the ensuing confusion which lasted all day, with police officials coming and going, curious visitors arriving under the pretext of offering sympathy, and his nephew's dreadful wife alternately wailing and screaming.

The murderer was caught before the sun set. All the police had to do was inquire of the same disreputable wine shop proprietor whom Bo-pei had contacted. A little threat of torture and the proprietor clearly remembered Bo-pei's visit and where he had been sent. The man with no name had to be worked on for a while before he admitted his deed and, of course, told of the roles played by Bo-pei and his wife in the plot. For the last bit

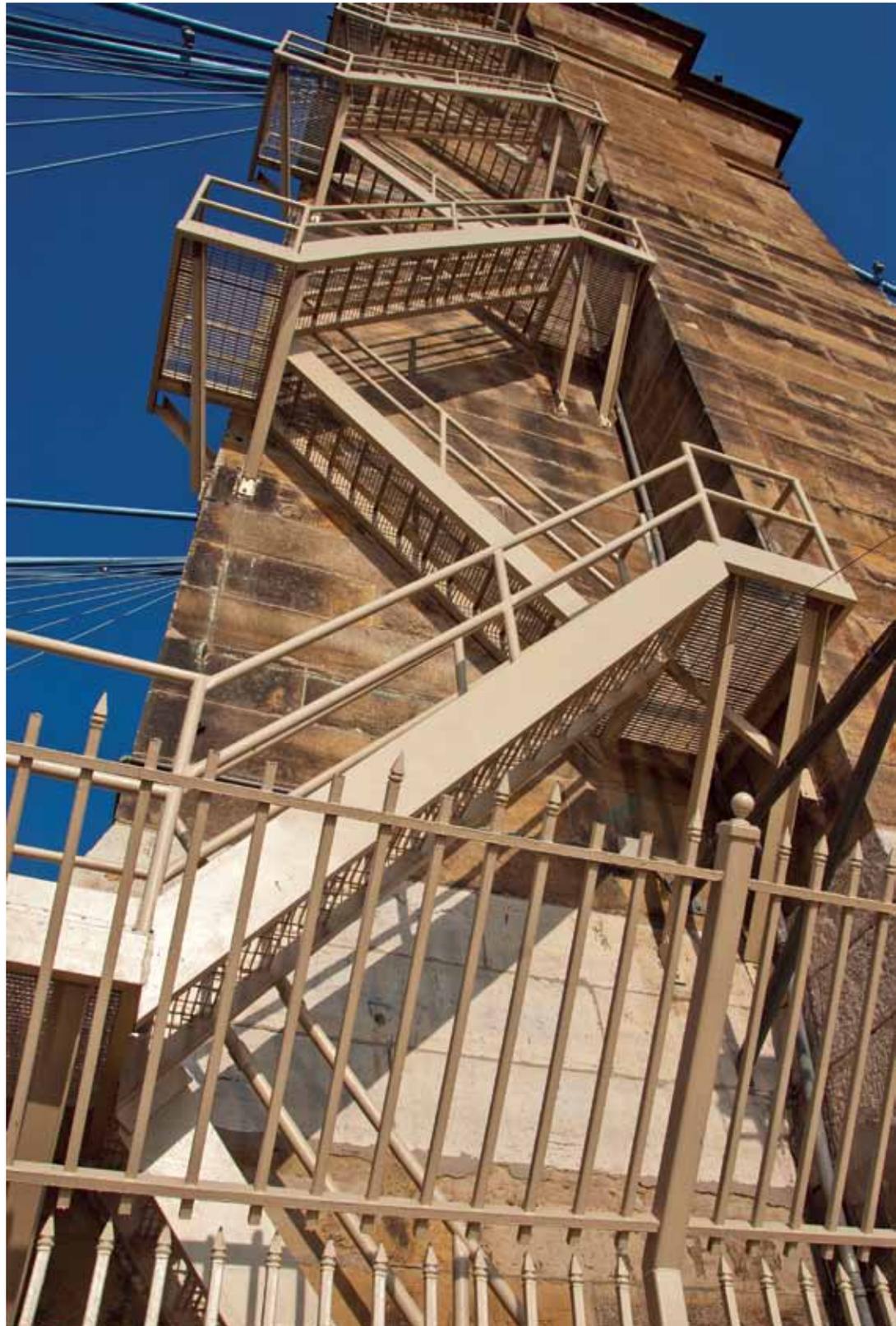
of information, he was permitted to die by suffocation.

Why had No-Name murdered Bo-pei rather than Wu? It turned out that the cause was Bo-pei's explicit instruction to the assassin had been that his uncle's bedroom was directly opposite a white Buddha. Tzu Ca, in her slight concession to superstition, had shoved the Buddha far enough for it to rest opposite her husband's door. The result was inevitable.

Bo-pei's soothsayer had correctly foretold what happened. He said that Wu would encounter death, which he did when he entered Bo-pei's bedroom, and that Bo-pei and his wife would gain a higher state, which they did when

he entered whatever state follows earthly existence and she joined him soon after, both via the headsman's sword.

Needless to say, the affair significantly enhanced the reputation of the white Buddha for protecting its owner.



Roebling Stairs by Howard Todd

Eyes Tell The Story

by Dorothy Jeanette Martin

THE GAZE BETWEEN PERSONS is powerful. I have watched it work as people process the possibilities of relating. Because my mother taught me well how to read her eyes and face, I am adept at reading others' faces. I look at you and see you looking at me. There is a lock. I read your feelings, as I feel my feelings, now the products of our interactive gaze. You read my feelings. I read you, reading me, reading you, reading me.....all the way to infinity. There is infinite depth in a gaze, like two mirrors reflecting between each other in endless images. I am changed by what I see in your gaze. I see that you perceive me to be an interesting, perhaps even capable, person. I am inspired to become an even *more* interesting and *more* capable person. You read my feelings of happiness and interest and appreciation and decide to like me. I see that you like me, and I feel even happier. You see my happiness and I see yours. We are pregnant with each other's happiness. There is mutuality. That's how strangers become friends.

Sometimes this ability can go awry. I gaze into your eyes, and a shadow congeals. You see in me something that foments concern. What is it that you feel? Pity? Sadness? Scorn? The general feeling of concern resolves into a more precise feeling. Let's choose *scorn* as an example. There it is, right there on your face, waiting to be read and understood and inculcated into my own reality. Whatever the precise feeling, it creeps over your visage, overcoming neutral musculature to form a living depiction of your scorn. I see that formation, not as an objectification of one person's emotive response, but as my perception of your feeling that created it, intertwined with my feeling that perceived it. I become "a person who is scorned" and incorporate that scorn as the truth of my being. I am changed. In this manner, emotion reaches across the space between us, much as nerves pass bundles of impulse across synaptic gaps to carry messages throughout a living body. Are we separate? Are we connected? Is there is an actual meeting of minds, and if there is, how is it accomplished?

Ocular transmission is a viable hy-

pothesis beyond the purview of homo-sapiens sapiens. Eye contact is extremely important even in animal training. Every type of creature is shown to have species specific rules for eye to eye communication. The horse, as a prey animal with side vision evolved to provide warning of impending attack, is very different than a dog, cousin to the wolf, who eats only when his pack has killed. A horse's gaze is wary, and not very useful for establishing trust. The eyes may determine that I am not preparing to attack, but it is smell, sound and touch that make the friendship possible. The horse is a challenge, but well worth the concerted effort. The best buddy I ever had, offered me a neck to cry on, not a shoulder. He was a black Andalusian stallion who would stand very still while I warmed my hands beneath his unbelievably heavy mane and cried hot tears into that warm, safe, secret place. He would nicker softly, reaching around me, gathering me into the bulging curve of his neck for a horsey hug.

While the evolving equine connection was something humans, on a horse by horse basis, initiated and perpetuated, *wolf's* domestication as *dog*, was a cooperative venture, wherein dogs and humans came to need, respect, and yes, love each other, across species demarcation. The mechanism for our much celebrated interspecies communication? Eye to eye gaze is accepted as the primary path for *dog* and *human* interplay, a behavior that is unnatural to a dog, who traditionally relies on smell and touch to comprehend his own kind. We have taught the dog to interact in mutual gaze, in exactly the same way that humans see and read each other's feelings. Who can resist the mournful look of a hungry dog, sitting beside his empty bowl, pouring all of his yearning into those well-deep eyes? My collie's favorite ploy, should all else fail to move me to response, is to park her chin on my knee and look up at me through lowered lashes. How can I not succumb? Even my cat, who meows to attract my hazel gaze, relies on his pair of slitted golden globes to reach into my soul and work his kitty-cat will. Do our animals

love us? Of course they do.

How far down the evolutionary ladder will this dog hunt? I doubt if the frog that I pulled out of the amphibian tank in Bio Lab 101 exchanged any meaningful insights with my fifteen year old self, but after regarding each other eye to eye that day, I doubt he was ever quite the same, a moot point considering that my class assignment required that I dismember him. On the other hand, I emerged from the experience a different Dorothy, one more aware of the beauty, strength, and fragility of life and more committed to its' advocacy. When I looked into the eyes of that living frog, I beheld the intelligence of a sentient creature. That made of *the living me* a new person.

My thesis postulates: "We, the living, create each other's minds, beginning with the first opening of infant eyes, and ending only when the light within fades and flickers out. That is the mechanism of our interwoven mystery. Together, we are the nervous system of universal life, a collective intelligence, merging truth of every sense into universal mind."

Ode to a Worm

by Ella Cather-Davis

Inconsequential fellow who burrows in my flower garden ever eluding the drying Sun, I have never thanked you.

Each year I clear the beds forcing order so contrary to nature's desire, while you have surfaced to observe.

Wiggly, wet invertebrate, silent partner to my labor, you work patiently to loosen stubborn clay to loamy soil.

I salute you dear worm, acknowledging your devotion, and I gently tuck you back in away from the glaring world.

Alpine Hiking – Wunderbar *by Gudrun and Peter Seifert*

*From and about the Introduction to our book
HIKE FOR YOUR LIFE*

STEPPING OUT OF THE LAST WOODED AREA, we found ourselves at the top of a wide vineyard. It gently sloped toward a small village and, beyond, there was Vienna, the famous, historic metropolis between East and West, the capital of Austria. It was a moment for hugging each other, for tears of joy: We had backpacked from Nice at the Mediterranean Sea through the entire length of the Alps. After six annual segments, each about one month long, we had arrived at the once so distant other end. One thousand three hundred miles. Certainly, this was one of the greatest projects we had ever undertaken. It has enriched our retirement years in ways never before imagined, made us healthier and younger.

What made us do it? It is a love story. Love of mountains, of freedom, of dreams, of the new, of each other. Love is the power before which strain, pain, rain, heat, or cold, become just little side matters, to be ignored or gladly accepted. And while we are

trying to be more rational about the joy and the benefits arising from this project, we realize that it takes more than just logic to explain why we did it.

Our hearts full, we like to share the excitement and encourage others to a similar experience of rejuvenating body, mind, and soul, because all too often, in America, the idea of a long hike in the Alps is considered strange, dangerous, and beyond most anyone's capability. However, we found it easier than expected. No rappelling down ice-covered cliffs or crossing glaciers and crevasses. No mountaineering ropes, picks, or crampons. No tent, sleeping bag, or food supplies. One mainly needs legs, a backpack, and the will. Choose from lots of simple, if at times a little strenuous, trails. Villages and mountain hostels are always near, offering meals, accommodations, safety, diversion, and comfort. Everything is there, waiting for us to put on boots, dust off that old backpack, and hike.

Initially, we did not set out to walk to Vienna - nor did we start directly in Nice. That "grand plan" grew from the great experience of the first year and guided us to the final destination in six monthly segments, one per year. We were almost sad when it was over. Fortunately, mostly because of excessive snow and other distractions, we had originally passed up several little pieces. These needed to be hiked in the following years, to cover indeed every single step, on a track from Nice to Vienna, one thousand three hundred miles in one hundred seventy days.

One does need time - perhaps only available in retirement - as during a normal life, filled with work and raising a family, hardly anyone can commit two to four weeks in summer, several years in a row. Fortunately, the project then is in balance with one's more modest physical strength and greater patience. Progress is slow. But noticeable. One walks six to ten miles and ascends a thousand feet a day, which does take some practice. Luckily, the weight of the backpack is not a problem - remember: no tent, no food needed.

Hike and enjoy the feeling of accomplishment and of newly found strength. Turn attention away from illness and toward fitness for years. Light up your interest in history, culture, geography, people, and languages. Find new things to talk about, and when on the trail, think: "What if my friends could see me now!"



Spring by Meg Ruwe

2011-12 *report to the membership*

Rediscover the joy of learning

Letter from the Chair

Dear Members and Friends of OLLI,

The end of the OLLI school year is rapidly approaching and gives me pause to consider OLLI and what we have become.

Twenty-two years ago when OLLI was founded (we were known as the Institute for Learning in Retirement then), we had around 200 members. Today that number is over 1500 and we still continue to add new members from the baby boomer generation as they retire in greater and greater numbers.

OLLI's finances are in good shape as we continue to spend no more than our revenues provide. Next year will be the first year that OLLI will not receive any direct financial assistance from the University of Cincinnati. We are prepared to meet that challenge in part because of the generous endowment given to OLLI by the Osher Foundation and a five-dollar increase in our quarterly fee to \$85.00.

OLLI has begun some new initiatives this year. We have created a Diversity Committee in the hopes of attracting minority members from the African-American, Hispanic and Asian communities. We revisited and updated our strategic plan for the next three to five years and we created a Facilities Planning committee to address the problem of classroom space at our facilities. We will soon be creating a Collaboration Committee that will reach out to other non-profit organizations in Cincinnati to see if we can join as collaborating groups in a win-win situation.

At our Holiday Luncheon last December we honored two women who have contributed mightily to what OLLI became over the years. Jeanne Crandell and Gloria Giannestras exemplify the kind of volunteer effort that has made OLLI what it is today. Thank you both for your time, energy, dedication and creativity on behalf of OLLI.

Our Spring Luncheon in June will see yet another deserving person awarded the Unsung Hero Award for extraordinary voluntarism for OLLI. Since OLLI has only two paid staff, volunteers are critical to OLLI's success. These people are like you and me, stepping up to give back to OLLI a little more of their time by volunteering to help out wherever they can. Please consider volunteering some of your time for OLLI. The experience will be very rewarding.

A special thanks to all OLLI committees including the Curriculum, Marketing, Finance, Governance, Friends, Special Events, Diversity, Facilities Planning, and Strategic Planning. Members of these committees give countless hours of service and are the backbone of OLLI. To our Program Director and staff, a special tip of the hat and a job well done.

Last but not least the University of Cincinnati continues to support OLLI in many ways. We receive positive encouragement from the President's and Provost offices in our efforts to reach out to the Cincinnati community. UC has been very generous to OLLI in providing the facilities we use to hold classes. Many thanks to UC for all they do for OLLI.

And thank you to all our members for joining OLLI and attending classes.

Jim Goyette
Chair, Board of Trustees

Volunteer Contacts

Want more information or ready to join an OLLI committee? Contact a committee chair:

Curriculum:

Dick Goetz, 513-851-9129

Finance:

Tim Langner, 513-831-7560

Friends of OLLI:

Carol Friel, 513-281-3632

Marketing:

Jerri Roberts, 513-702-1272

Special Events:

Barbara Smith, 513-233-9216

Office Volunteers:

Gloria Giannestras, 513-272-8344,
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Wednesday WOWs:

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OLLI is your “college in retirement.” It is important in your continued growth and enjoyment of life. Please put OLLI high on your charitable priority list. Make your gift today. Your classmates are counting on you.



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Volunteer moderators are the glue that holds OLLI at UC together. Without these talented people who donate their valuable time, expert knowledge, teaching skills and good humor, there would be no

Osher Lifelong Learning Institute at the University of Cincinnati. We thank these moderators for their enormous contributions this academic year.

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The Unexpected Guru

by Rose Speicher

A FEW YEARS AGO WHEN MY DEAR FRIEND'S elderly father passed away she asked if we would like to adopt his cat. My initial reaction was to ask a few questions, "Does she shed a lot? Does she scratch furniture?" Finally I asked, "What is her name?" My friend replied, "Her name is Spikey." At that moment I knew she was destined to be our cat. You see, our last name is pronounced Spiker. Furthermore, my friend's parents introduced my husband and me to each other so now we had the opportunity to reciprocate by adopting their cat or perhaps they were just being matchmakers once again!

Today, it's hard to imagine I gave it a second thought. Spikey is a wonderful addition to our family. I am often housebound because of a chronic illness. I am so grateful to have Spikey as my constant companion, dear friend and surprisingly personal guru.

When I began using a wheelchair my husband built raised garden beds which I enjoy maintaining and Spikey often joins me. She slowly meanders around the garden sniffing fragrant blossoms and brushing against textural foliage. After taking the tour she sits quietly and attentively observes the squirrels and birds, occasionally chasing butterflies and grasshoppers. If there is a breeze she lifts her head to feel the gentle wind tickle her enormous whiskers. Sometimes she rolls around on the concrete for a pleasant back rub then lies peacefully on her side bathing in the warm sun. Spikey reminds me to slow down and take time to truly appreciate the beauty and wonder of nature.

Indoors, Spikey loves to scamper after her feather toy. She tracks it fervently until she finally captures the feathers between her paws grasping them momentarily with satisfaction but then releasing, eager to move on and begin another quest. Spikey reminds me to pursue goals enthusiastically, enjoy the process, relish success but then keep moving forward on to the next task.

When Spikey is hungry and there is no food in her bowl, she sits in front of it patiently waiting until she gains our attention with an occasional meow. She reminds me to be assertive without being demanding. After the bowl is filled she slowly munches on a few morsels then walks away, never gobbling down all her food at once. She reminds me to approach life with moderation and savor every moment.

Whenever I take a nap Spikey's radar leads her to the bed where she curls up beside me and rests for

awhile. When I return to my daily work she's up and about with me again. I believe Spikey exemplifies how to be a good friend and companion; her presence alone is a comfort. Sometimes words are not necessary, just being with a friend is enough. I believe sharing time and experience is a valuable gift we give to each other all through life from the early years in our mother's arms to our dying days holding the hands of those we love.



Spikey Sunbathing by Rose Speicher

Color Unbound: *Le Bonheur de Matisse* by Barry Raut

An excerpt from the novel, Devil's Gold, describing a fictional special exhibition of the work of Henri Matisse

HENRI MATISSE COMMANDED the entire southwest wing of the second floor. Beyond the sprawling special exhibition area where they romped in total abandonment, his “children” spilled out onto the colonnade and surrounded the atrium in a thunderous stampede of color, linear wizardry and rampant good cheer.

Angela Desjardin, curator of European Art for the Mendelssohn Museum of Art, looked up at the massive signature work which dominated the entrance. It was an exuberant decoupage of brilliant blue, green, red, orange and purple leaves on a snowy white ground, jewels of pure color cut from painted paper by the old man’s arthritic hand during his last days. They were arranged as if a dust devil had swirled them up into the air like dry leaves on a brisk October day. On a tall gray panel near the decoupage, the exhibit’s theme, lettered in a spare Century Gothic type, read:

Color Unbound: *Le Bonheur de Matisse*

It was Angela who conceived the few words which, in her mind, said all that needed saying. *Color Unbound*, she reasoned, was the upshot of the artist’s headlong plunge into the wilderness of hues where he hacked merrily through the spectrum, liberating color like a genie from a bottle.

No longer would a tree be green if its creator saw it as blue. Or if the *tree itself* would rather be blue. It was an idea which would seldom surface past kindergarten—an abstraction unlikely to emerge as old age sets in, usually around eight or nine or at whatever age one becomes too insecure to ask *why* or too ossified to ask *why not*.

But not only would the tree be blue, it

would be a *satisfying, joyous blue*, like an old pair of slippers or a *good armchair*, as the Master himself once said.

As for *Le Bonheur de Matisse*, The Happiness of Matisse, could such works radiate from any but a man completely happy with his art? Joy intense enough to dull the pain of cancer, of divorce, of imagining those he loved in the callous hands of the *Geheime Staatspolizei*. To the end, the days for Henri Matisse were warm and sunny, full of promise, laden with surprises, brimming with expectation. Only the nights would be long.

Color Unbound: Le Bonheur de Matisse. Perfect.

Angela took a deep breath and entered through the eye of the maelstrom, allowing herself to be swept along by its unrelenting current of color. She was seeing it seemingly for the first time, although she had planned every detail herself and watched over every nuance of its birthing like a jealous midwife.

She lost track of the hour as, one by one, windows opened onto the soul of Henri Matisse. There were works from his early years which he spent copying the still lifes of Chardin and the Dutch painter de Heem, peaking with tributes to Corot, Pissarro and Monet; then came the fruits of his foray into *plein air*—lush landscapes painted out-of-doors in Brittany, on Belle-Ile and Corsica, where for him *everything shone, all was color, all was light*, in his words; finally, the exhibit exposed his reckless affair with color, a romance which only grew hotter till death did them part.

Angela chose to place his dozen or so sculptures randomly throughout the main gallery, rough-hewn bronzes of thick-bodied women and craggy male nudes; the more than fifty etchings, pencil drawings and pen and ink sketches she gave to the colonnade, allowing the master’s gift for chaste, fluid line plenty of space to breathe—the *purest and most*

direct translation of my emotion, he said.

But it was the “nuclear core,” as Angela called it, that energized the entire exhibit, like the sun illuminates the planets and lets them each glow in its own mystical way. Here she hung the greatest of the works on canvas, masterpieces graciously loaned by the most important museums in the world: portraits of women in shocking clashes of red and orange and violet; dancing dervishes in neon pink on emerald grass against a cobalt sky; landscapes in colors that God Himself might have used had they occurred to Him; interiors and fabrics and floral bouquets infinitely more dazzling than their originals; huge, contorted nudes in rainbow hues, all given life by his exquisite, deceptively simple lines.

Scattered among the oils were the decoupages, the great legacy of his last days and perhaps the most imaginative and forceful of all his works. These amorphous shapes he would cut laboriously from gouache-tinted paper as he lay in bed or sat propped up in his wheelchair, directing helpers where to paste them against large sheets tacked to the wall.

And finally there came a touch of pure inspiration: in a small, sunny alcove which divided the main exhibit area into two essentially equal spaces, Angela had recreated a slice of the artist’s studio in his beloved Le Régina overlooking the Mediterranean in Nice. The universally revered canvas of his studio window open to the sea ruled the space and hung against a wall papered with decoupages-in-progress. The old man’s wheelchair, which she had begged shamelessly from its reluctant owner, sat in one corner, his battered felt fedora tossed casually on the seat next to his violin in its open, blue velour-lined case, another treasure for which she had prostrated herself. The floor around his chair was strewn with varicolored scraps from his brilliant cutouts. And on the walls were sepia of



Untitled by Sally A. Peterson

himself with Monet, with Picasso, and alone in his wheelchair, feet bare and hands at work with scissors and paper.

In the opposite corner hung a gilded cage on a stand. Inside, a live canary flitted nervously from perch to swing and back, a living tribute to the master's aviary where he cared for more than three hundred parakeets, thrushes, pigeons and other rare species. Angela had named the

canary *Diva*, and *Diva* sang relentlessly.

For any lover of great art, *Color Unbound: Le Bonheur de Matisse* would have been more a pilgrimage than a casual afternoon at the Mendelssohn; for Angela, as she finally retreated from the exhibit area, it was a dream come true, and for a time nothing else mattered.

Devil's Gold, by Barry Raut, is a novel about art masterpieces stolen by the Nazis from Jewish-owned galleries and private collections in Paris during World War II.

“That Won’t Be Me”

by J. Michael Wagner

THE ORANGE APPLICATION FORM arrived in March.

“Oh, yeah, Dad, I forgot to tell you about the baseball application,” my son Michael explained. “No more T-ball this year. This year it’ll be fast pitch.”

I thought coming from an eight-year-old that’s real optimism. Together we filled out the little league form. And to the question about coaching, I reluctantly wrote, “If you really need me.”

The following week Mr. Thompson, the league coordinator, called. I immediately sensed a pleading in his voice. “Mr. Wagner, we really need coaches this year, and last year you did help out.”

I quickly flipped through my list of excuses. I enjoyed being with boys, but sixteen of them for two and a half months seemed like a little too much enjoyment. But in the back of my mind I kept hearing, “Dad, why don’t you coach this year?”

The next day coach Wagner was out in the backyard warming up his shoulder. We tossed till the first hint of darkness, then the cool night drove us in. The stiffness in my right shoulder reminded me the next morning that I was forty. That night as we finished supper, Michael glanced out to the backyard, rolled his eyes toward me and said, “Dad?”

I feigned ignorance. Michael gave an exasperated sigh and said, “You know.”

“Okay, get the ball and glove. I’ll be out as soon as I finish my coffee.”

By mid-March the fresh spring grass in the backyard was beginning to wear down into a pitcher’s mound and a batter’s box. The mighty pings and thumps resounded through the neighborhood depending upon whether the aluminum bat made contact



Gated City by Sue Wilke

or the ball swished past Michael to hit the backboard. In early April, we gathered for our first meeting as a team. The league said that the players were chosen at random, but it seemed as though we had an unusual number of kids who asked, "If it's a right hander's glove, why do we wear it on our left hand?"

And there were at least three or four times I directed some enthusiastic kid, "Go out to left field."

He would shift about digging a hole with the toe of his new plastic spikes until he got up enough courage. "Mr. Wagner, ah, could you tell me again, which one is left field?"

Then came the most important day of all – the day when I gave out the schedule for bringing pop. Dave and Barry complained, "It's not fair. Just because we're twins we shouldn't have to bring pop to two games."

"Well, all I hope is that nobody brings red pop. I hate red pop," Kenny shouted.

"Last year Mr. Thompson let us drink two cans if we won." I could see these kids were highly motivated to win.

The second most important day in every season was the day each player got his uniform. "How come I always get such a big uniform?" Jimmy shouted.

All the other kids chimed in, "That's 'cause you got such a big butt."

Michael walked around the house all day in his new uniform, swinging an imaginary bat.

By late April, we were a team. Each night Michael and I returned to the backyard. Night by night there were more pings than thumps as the ball began to soar seventy to eighty feet.

Mr. Porter, who lived two houses down, would pause his gardening to watch. After five minutes, he shouted across the yard, "He's getting better every day."

Michael beamed.

Sometime after a particularly bad practice, I admonished Michael, "Don't chop, swing through, swing through. If you aren't going to try, let's just quit."

Later that night, my wife Diane cautioned me. "Don't be so hard on him."

I felt a twinge of guilt. "You're right, it's only a game, but he wants to be the best. It's hard to know how hard to push him."

As April faded into May, the days grew longer, giving us more time for Tuesday night games. No longer did I have to yell about throwing dust bombs or reprimand someone for writing dirty words in the dust. But we still had Billy, who after being told to "Slide, slide," returned to the bench tagged out. I put my hand on his shoulder and asked, "Why didn't you slide the way I taught you, Billy?"

The repentant eight-year-old rubbed his eyes with the back of his hand and mumbled, "I didn't want to get my uniform all dirty."

I smiled and slipped him a clean wet handkerchief to wipe his face.

The last game of the season was a night game in late June. It was a typical game. We were tied 16 to 16 in the eighth inning when the

The Cocktail Party

by Ella Cather-Davis

So there you are, droning on ad infinitum, eyes lifted upward and standing a bit too closely, about your favorite subject; and that would be . . . you.

Upon our introduction, you quickly assessed my pedigree and pecking order, and have decided that indeed, it was as you feared, I am somewhat lacking.

Ah, but being your magnanimous self you are bravely attempting to elevate me with your inestimable company at this party. Sooo kind.

Your eyes pan the room to ascertain that you are not missing someone more worthy of your august presence, while you are educating me about you.

You ask rhetorically, "Did you know . . . pause Did you know that Edgar Allen Poe first postulated that the universe began with a single flash?" I open my mouth - - - but you trudge on, "Get it? The Big Bang!"

"Get it?" you say again, not Hawking, but Poe, too funny." I again open my mouth, However, now you have spotted Art Museum's Director longing for your company across the room.

Forgetting my name, you kiss my hand and telling me how much you enjoyed conversing with me, bid adieu. I smile a plastic smile, having never uttered a word since my first sentence.

I turn and walk briskly to the ladies room where I will quickly slip out of the party, before you are found out by the Director, and try to return to your task of educating me,

while I am compelled to drown in your adoration of you.

umpire admitted that even he couldn't see the ball. Since the outcome had no influence on the standings, we decided to call it a season. As the kids were downing their cans of pop, I overheard someone say, "Boy, that was fun. Who won?"

The last of the players ran across the field to the parking lot. In the distance I could hear the ignitions turning over and the crunch of the gravel as the remaining cars rolled out.

Michael and I decided to stay a few minutes to search for a foul tip hit past third base. We waded into the knee-deep grass, using our bats to whip down the grass. After ten minutes the darkness was too much, and we turned back to collect our equipment for the last time. The trees were beginning to silhouette against the darkening sky.

We sat on the aluminum bench exhausted staring over the empty field together alone. Michael looked up at me breaking the silent bond. "Dad, when I get big and play for the Reds like Pete Rose and Joe Morgan and make all those great hits and catches, that won't be me doing that."

I glanced down at him, "What do you mean, Michael?"

"You know, Dad. That won't be me. That will be you. Of course, if I make lots of errors and strike out, that will be me, because you taught me not to do that."

I turned away. "We'd better pick up the equipment, Michael. It's getting dark."

Together we slipped the remaining bats and gloves into the canvas bag. I started to hoist the bag to my shoulder, but Michael stopped me.



Dry Flower by Mike Haralamos



Roebling at Night by Marilyn Olberding

The Bible Study

by Barbara Kuroff

THE HOLY BIBLE, God's inspired Word, should not be dissected like a frog. That revelation came to me as I participated in a women's Bible study of the Gospel of Mark, second of the first four books of the New Testament.

Our leader, who has a Masters degree in theology from a prestigious religious college, began the first session with a primer on inductive and deductive reasoning. As she went over her handouts, I felt myself back in the eighth grade listening to our biology teacher, Mr. Blackmore. He, too, lectured on deduction and induction--just before I pulled my icky specimen from the foul-smelling vat of formaldehyde. Now, many years later, it was evident that our little group of women was about to lay poor Mark on the stainless steel table where we would poke at him and cut him up, searching for truths that might escape the casual reader.

Walking into our second meeting of the Bible study, we were greeted by a formula written in large print on the blackboard:

W (words)--C (content)—P (principle)—A (application)—T(title) = TG (treasures of gold) or W-CPAT= TG.

Sweet Jesus, now I'm back in Mr. Roger's high school algebra class! I thought. There are no numbers in this formula, you say. Yes, but that equal sign shouted "math" to me and I hated math when I was in school. I still hate math. "But I'm an English major," I had whined as I begged a college dean to waive my math requirement—which, of course, she did not.

Going over the handout on W-CPAT= TG, "A Version of the Inductive Method," it did seem doable but would require a lot of time. I tried to calculate how many hours a week I could devote to using the inductive method to find the "gold nuggets" in God's Word.

Then, during our *third* session, our leader dropped the "F" word. Somewhere during our dissection to discover

whether John the Baptist was the Old Testament prophet Joshua returned to earth or just another man of God baptizing people in the Jordan River, she hit us with the idea of—Fasting! Seems several of her friends had been fasting as a way of addressing the troubles in today's world. Now, I know the Bible *does* mention fasting, especially when accompanied by prayer, as a powerful force for positive change (far be it from me to disagree). But God knows how grumpy I get when I miss a meal—and it was almost lunch time!

This Bible study is going to continue for ten more weeks. Most in the group seem to love it and come up with interesting, even insightful, comments. But, will I stick it out? Or do I toss Kermit back in the vat and return to my favorite method of Bible study: quiet time with my NIV early in the morning, letting God reveal his daily message to me? I think I deduce—or am I inducing?—an answer.



Old Man by Glenn King



Mill Bridge at Winton Woods by John Rapach

To Thine Own Self Be True

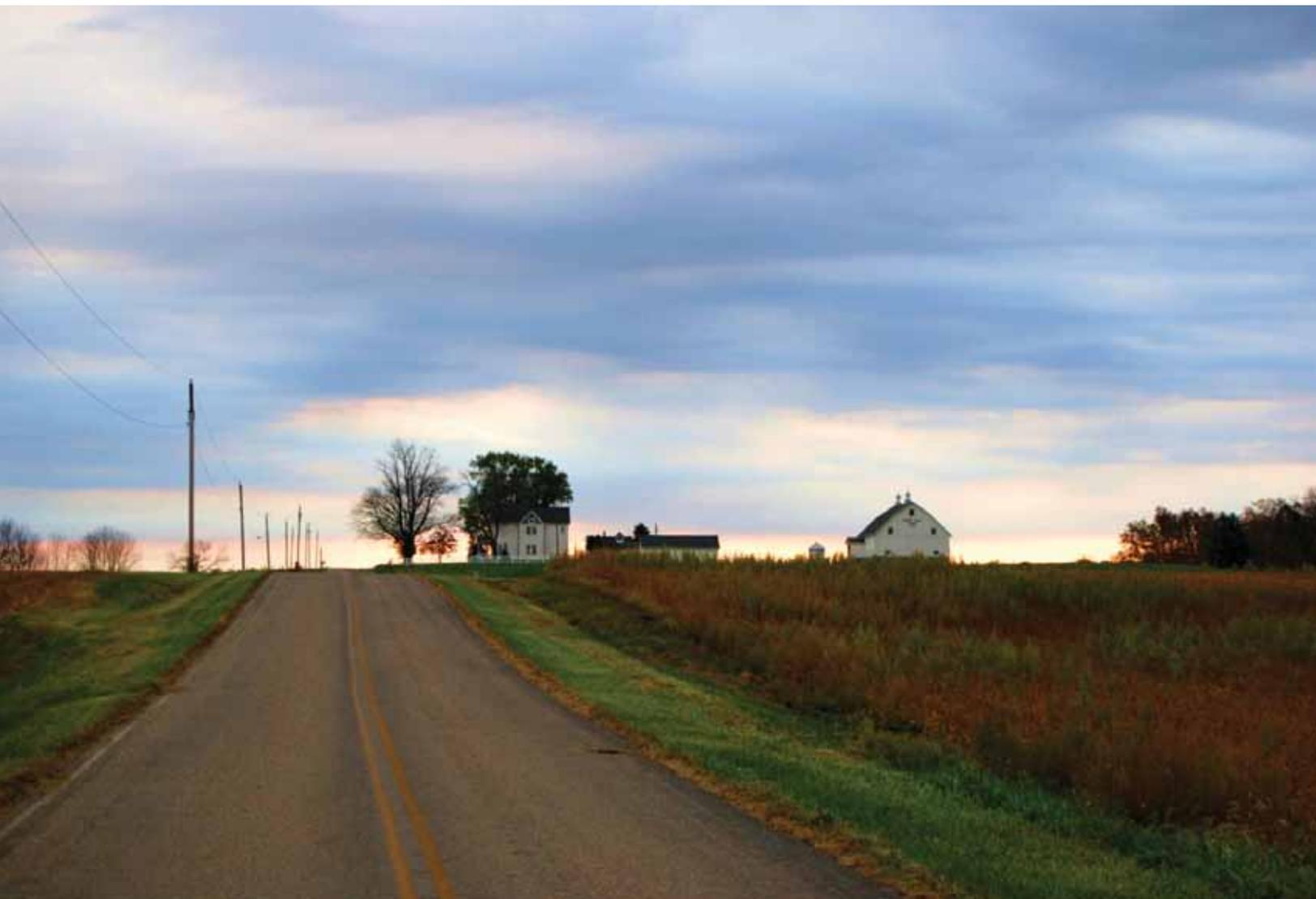
by Cindy Mairose

It was 1885 and we had read *Hamlet* in Miss Ethel's School in New York City when I first learned the phrase, "To thine own self be true." Miss Ethel made us write an essay about the phrase. Of course, I knew why she picked this quotation from silly old Polonius: to warn us about giving in to questionable activities, especially activities involving boys.

I followed this admonition, even after I met "him." My sister, some friends and I had gone to a park where we met another group when I first saw him. We had an immediate mutual attraction. I loved his smiling eyes, and we laughed and kidded each other all day. He began calling on me and we soon became very serious. He asked me to marry him; and I felt like I was walking on clouds. I was so young and so in love. Then my sister told

me she had seen him with another girl. I didn't believe her! But when my best friend told me she had seen him with a third girl, I decided to question him. He didn't even deny it. He said men could love more than one girl at a time. He said I was the only one he wanted to marry, but he didn't see why he couldn't have the other girls, too. I was crushed. I had been so completely in love with him. Polonius' admonition popped into my head, "To thine own self be true." He thought I was willing to be part of a harem or something! I didn't know if what he said about men was true, but I knew I wanted no part of it.

My love for him evaporated in an instant. Still, I was not only heartbroken, but also ashamed that all my circle knew about him. I decided I wanted to get away – far, far away. And that's



McCaffrey Road by Monica Petrosky



Water's Edge by Bernadette Clemens

how I came to take a train to Wyoming to become a school-teacher. I admit it was a little lonely at first, but very exciting, too. I loved teaching. The school had only one room with students of all ages, but we got along fine. The western lands were so different and the people helped each other because they were so isolated from other towns.

It wasn't too long before I met my future husband, Jesse. His family owned a ranch. They were a capable bunch and lived simply, but they were a family that valued learning. They owned quite a few books, which they were always reading. I continued to teach after we were married. As I explained to Jesse, I was only following the advice of Shakespeare's Polonius: "To thine own self be true." Fortunately, Jesse had read Hamlet, and Wyoming had always been progressive where women were concerned, so I got to continue my career. It was fortunate that I had those children I taught in my life, because God did not bless Jesse and me with children of our own.

My husband was well respected in the community and, eventually, some of the other ranchers asked him to run for the legislature. He was elected and served four terms in Cheyenne before his heart gave out and he died suddenly.

After what I guess they thought was a decent time, the party leaders came to me and asked me to finish Jesse's term and run in the next election. Remember, this was Wyoming and women had always had the right to vote, and had served in the legislature for almost a decade now.

I thought how proud my parents would be, if they were still alive, to see their daughter in the state legislature. I thought of the good I could do for our state. And then I thought of Polonius: "To thine own self be true." And I knew that the life of a legislator was not for me. I had watched Jesse, who handled so well the negotiations with other representatives, the travel to Cheyenne, and all the to-do of the elections. But I knew I would not excel at it or enjoy it.

It's funny. When I first read, "To thine own self be true," I knew just what it meant. Now, all these years later, I don't think I'll ever discover all its meanings. How did Shakespeare do that?

ODE TO GOLF IN MARCH AT O'BANNON CREEK GOLF CLUB or Why have all my friends gone south?

by Jack Pflum

Is it true the sun is finally showing?
Is it true the sky has stopped snowing?
Is it true the ice at last is melting?
Can it be the sleet is no longer pelting?

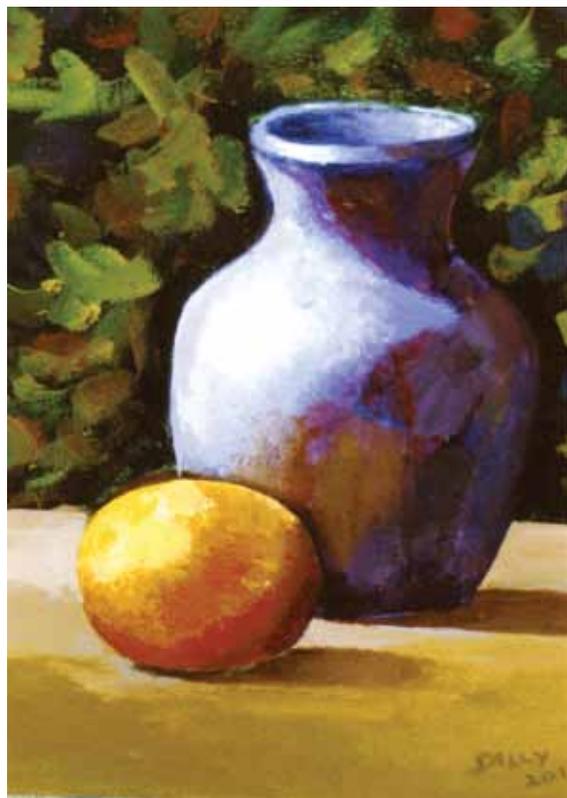


I can feel the body juices start to flow;
I can feel the anticipation start to grow;
I can feel the inner joy bubbling over;
Praise the Lord! The fairways are deep in clover!

If only I could keep my club in the proper plane;
If only I could keep from going completely insane;
If only I could remember how to make the swing;
Ah! The noble game is king, it really is spring!

Tomorrow, Tuesday will be my golfing day;
Tomorrow, Tuesday will make the wait okay;
Tomorrow, Tuesday will start the golfing year;
Hooray! All my sadness and misery will disappear!

I love the that course at O'Bannon Creek;
I love the game, I'm just a golfing geek;
I love the color of the fairways emerald green;
O'Bannon, for me, is magical from one to eighteen!



Purple Vase by Sally A. Peterson



Vision Statement

Our vision is to be recognized as the premier organization offering educational and social interaction to mature residents of Greater Cincinnati by:

- Nourishing their intellects, expanding knowledge and exploring new ideas.
- Sharing interests and experiences.
- Cultivating friendships.
- Being a resource of the University of Cincinnati and supporting its goals.

Mission Statement

The mission of the Osher Lifelong Learning Institute at the University of Cincinnati is to provide opportunities for lifelong learning and social interaction to the mature residents of Greater Cincinnati.

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