

# THE WEDNESDAY HEARSAY NEWS



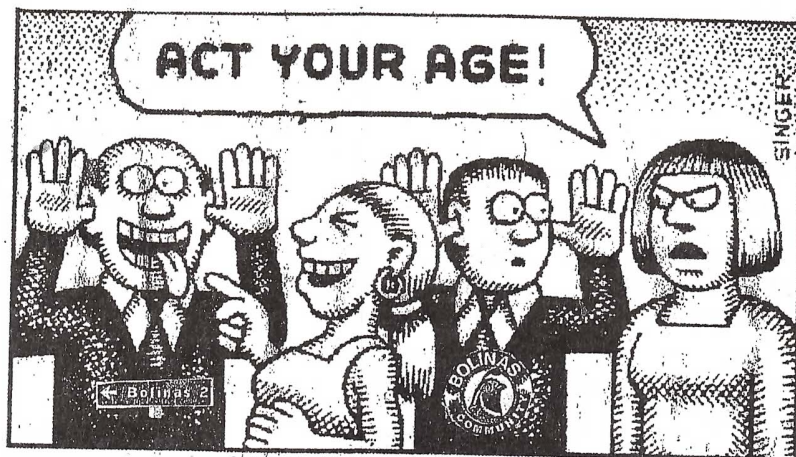
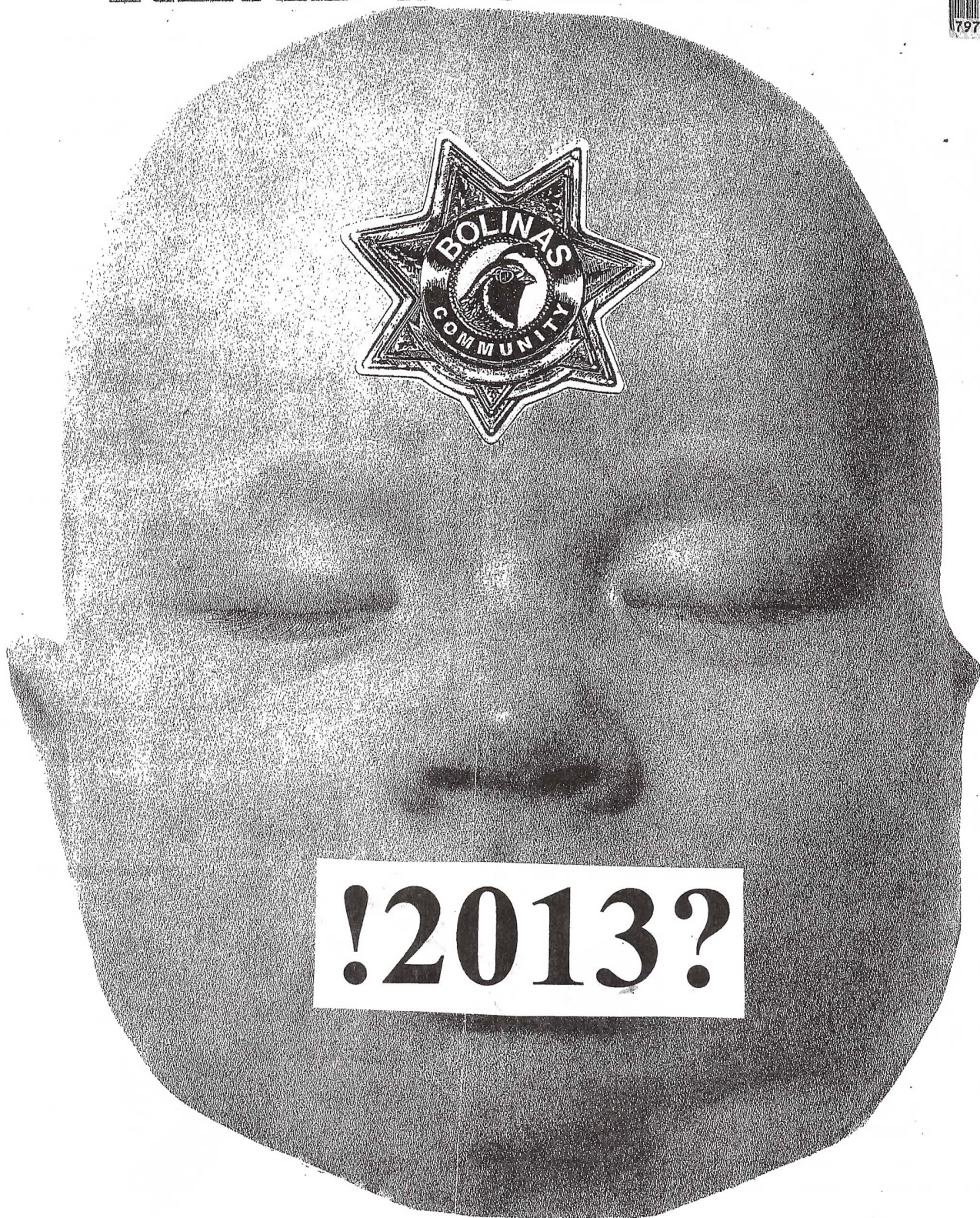
"elitist, snobbish, ingrown, unfriendly and not the world's greatest place for food." Herb Caen

50 cents  
with tax

## READY OR NOT:



JANUARY 2, 2013



**LIVE MUSIC AT THE BEACH**

Fri., Sat. &amp; Sun Nites DEC.-JAN.

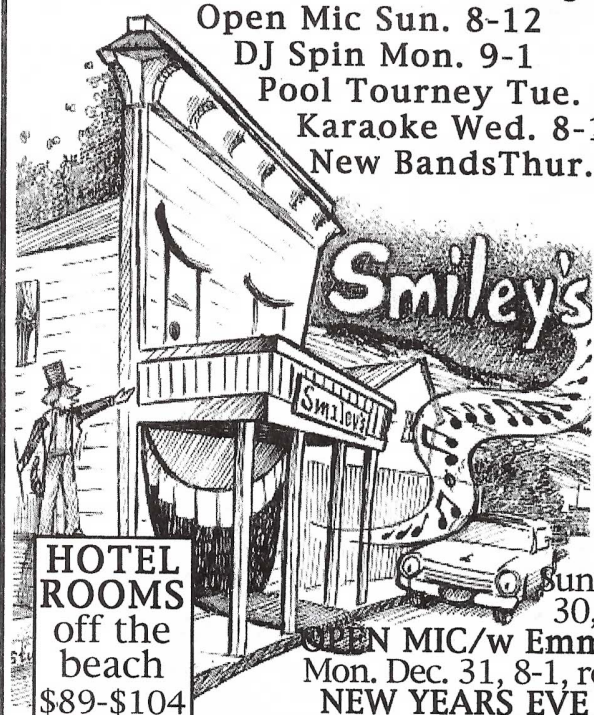
Open Mic Sun. 8-12

DJ Spin Mon. 9-1

Pool Tourney Tue. 8-12

Karaoke Wed. 8-12:30

New Bands Thur. 8-12



**HOTEL  
ROOMS**  
off the  
beach  
\$89-\$104

Sun. Dec.  
30, 8-12

OPEN MIC/w Emmalee

Mon. Dec. 31, 8-1, reggae

NEW YEARS EVE LIVE

EPICENTER SOUND SYSTEM

Tues. Jan. 1, 7-11 Grand Pool Tourney

Weds. Jan. 2, 8-12 LARRY'S KARAOKE

Thurs. Jan. 3, 8-12, LA MANDANGA

Fri. Jan. 4, 9-1, Gypsy jazz DGIIN

Sat, Jan. 5, 9-1, TOM FINCH GROUP

Mon. Jan. 7, 8-12 spin, reggae

Monday Night Live

Tues, Jan. 8, 7-11 Grand Pool Tourney

Wed. Jan. 9, 8:30-12:30

LARRY'S KARAOKE

Thur. Jan. 10, 8-12, accordion babe

Whiskey &amp; Women

Fri. Jan. 11, 9-1, TAYLOR BROOKS BAND

Sat. Jan. 12, 9-1, THIS OLD EARTHQUAKE

**SMILEY'S SCHOONER SALOON & HOTEL**  
41 Wharf Road, Bolinas 415-868-1311

**WHAT'S HAPPENING**Thursday, January 3**COAST CAFE CONCERT SERIES**

Dale Polissar &amp; Bart Hopkin play eclectic jazz @ Coast Café, 6-8pm

**LA MANDANGA**

New band showcase @ Smiley's, 8:30pm

Friday, January 4

DGIIN Live gypsy jazz @ Smiley's. 9pm. Cover.

Saturday, January 5**ZEN MEDITATION ST.** 9am-Noon. Dharma talk by Rev. Rick Slone at 10:30am. All welcome for all or part.**TOM FINCH GROUP**

Live rock music @ Smiley's, 9pm. Cover.

Saturday, January 12**BARBIE ROTHWELL MEMORIAL**

Rod and Boat Club, noon-6pm

**HAPPY HAPPY BIRTHDAY!!!**

January 2: Eat Dog

January 4: Marcella Robinson

Cathy Cook

Barbara Kayfetz

Luigi Resta

January 5: James Danse

Hilary McClintock-Brooks

Marilyn Goldborg

January 6: Boh Russum

Grace Alexander

December 31: David Franklin

Miles Tune

Cabe Silverhame

**Everybody's Horoscope**

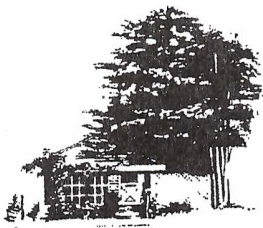
The kind words you say naturally flow from your compassionate heart, connecting and endearing you to the people who make your life wonderful this year. The opportunities you attract with your compassion will move you to new places.

- Bobolicious Smoothie Lounge  
Happy New Year!

**TODAY'S HEARSAY** brought to you by Steve Heilig, June McAdams, and David Cattell.

**MIGUEL  
BUSTAMANTE  
DENTAL  
CORPORATION**

24 WHARF RD. BOLINAS  
415 868 0911



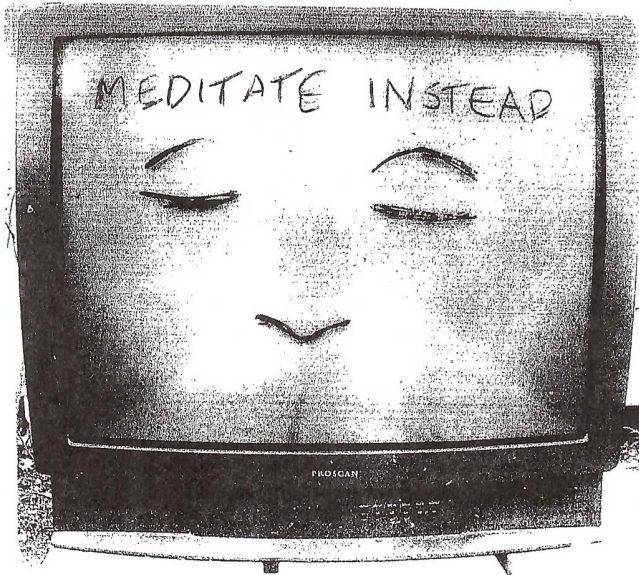
West  
Marin **Citizen**

Online events calendar updated daily at  
[www.westmarincitizen.com/calendar](http://www.westmarincitizen.com/calendar)

To submit entries send to  
[calendar@westmarincitizen.com](mailto:calendar@westmarincitizen.com)

Special subscription offer to new and lapsed  
subscribers: \$25 for 6 months. Call #663-8232.

← **Bolinas 2**



*From the Freebox (please, no TVs in the Freebox!)*

### Thanks Bolinas

With everyone's help the Winter Celebration was fantastic. We had much food, joy, music, color, warmth and love for each other. I especially want to thank the kitchen helpers: Joe Brocco – helped two nights before to chop. Ken- for organizing kitchen, Tom- slicing the bread for garlic butter, Dimitri- carving turkeys, Barbara Kayfetz for dry wood, Robin and Bill from Hardware Store to set up tables and decorate (and then donate lovely golden bulbs to CC. The dishwashing crew was stupendous (Matt, Paul, etc.) Thanks for the entertainment by Peter Turner and Herman Berlandt. The stores helped with donation cans, and you all contributed by filling them.

I am again very proud to be a part of such a loving and sharing Community.

And ... Happy New Year to all.

Jody Angel



**Balancing Act**  
BOOKKEEPING PLUS

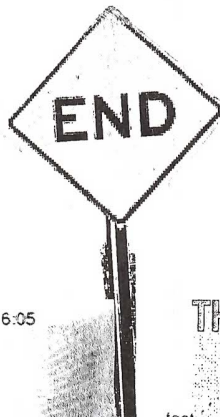
**Christine Cunha, Owner**  
**415.868.2700**

- Full-Charge Bookkeeping
- Payroll
- Year-End Prep
- Mail Service
- Plus More...

*Confidentiality Assured*

**48 WHARF ROAD, 2ND FLOOR, BOLINAS**

bringing order to your financial world



## Butter Not Guns

by StuArt

In early December Barbara, Kelly's mom, stopped me outside the Bovine Bakery.

"You're coming to the Seniors Luncheon at the Dance Palace next Thursday," she informed me, and then she smiled "... and you're signed up to bring butter." She laughed and her eyes sparkled when she said "butter."

Barbara continued, "At the office we laughed when we saw you were bringing butter to the luncheon." Then she switched to a more serious tone, "You are bringing butter, aren't you?"

"Yes I am!" I answered proudly. "I'm bringing butter to the Seniors luncheon."

On Thursday I drove up to Pt. Reyes with a pound of butter. At the Dance Palace I presented it to a friendly woman in an apron.

"Thank you for the butter," she said. "Last week we had spaghetti and French bread, and no butter."

Jody Angel was standing by and asked what was going on. I said I brought butter.

"Oh good," she said, misinterpreting my message. "You're bringing butter to the Christmas dinner at the Community Center."

"Yes I am," I said proudly. "I'm bringing butter to the Christmas dinner." I felt honored to be the king of butter.

On Christmas Day I sliced another pound of butter into thin patties and arranged them on a plate. I made a little sign, lettered "BUTTER NOT GUNS" on it and planted it in the plate of butter.

Like everyone I was horrified by the murderous rampages that happened during the holiday season. I remembered the old adage "butter or guns" from the history of political empires.

*I knew which side I'm buttered on.*

*I'm bringing butter. Butter not guns.*

*I'm bringing butter,*

*butter not guns*

*No need for a stick up*

*with a gun*

*Stick of butter*

*is better on buns*

*No need for any*

*assault weapon*

*Salted butter*

*is better on buns*

*Sweet butter*

*is just as fun*

*I knew which side I'm buttered on.*

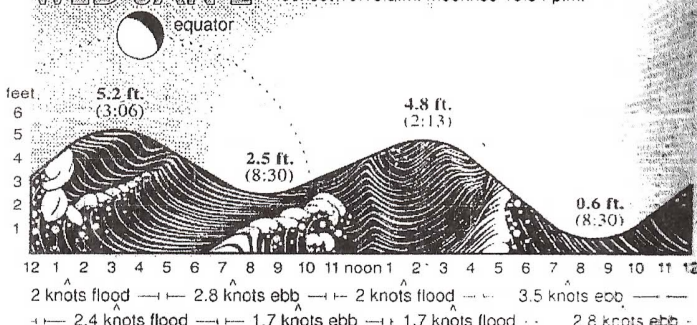
*I'm bringing butter.*

*Butter not guns.*

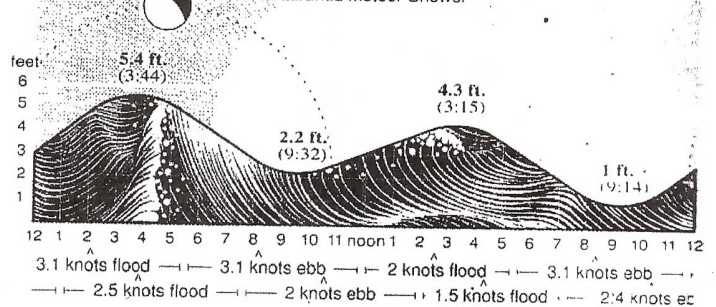
*Food not bombs*

**BOLINAS:** At 2:06 a.m. a call came in on which deputies heard only crying in the background. When they dialed the number a woman picked up and said someone might be having a heart attack, but that everything was okay.

**WED JAN 2** dawn 6:24 sunrise 7:26 sunset 5:03 dark 6:05  
moonset 10:16 a.m. moonrise 10:34 p.m.



**THU JAN 3** dawn 6:24 sunrise 7:26 sunset 5:04 dark 6:06  
moonset 10:47 a.m. moonrise 11:37 p.m.  
Quadrantid Meteor Shower



## DON'T KILL PIGGY WITH THE ROCK

by CINTRA WILSON

I was scheduled to be on the West Coast for Halloween and through a bizarre bolt of good fortune, I caught one of the last planes out and missed Hurricane Sandy by mere hours. I had to clamber over the row of sandbags they'd piled in front of my lobby doors to get to my livery car. At JFK, I watched as bartenders packed all the bottles from the restaurant walls and all the food concession workers had been ordered to evacuate.

My best friend Charity, an East Bay real estate agent, was my divine intervention. She rented me a little house to wait out the storm in Bolinas, California, a beach town so famously and incorrigibly bohemian that for at least as long as I've been alive, they have compulsively pried all the road signs off the state highway in order to keep the location of Bolinas a secret to all but the Knowing.

It's easy to figure out why: they have a great thing going. Bolinas is an old Gold Rush town. In the 1970s, it was ground zero for the organic food movement. Guys who look like Walt Whitman ride rusty bicycles in bare feet. There are naked children running all over the beach. Naked children! "If this was Coney Island, a SWAT team would be hovering overhead in black helicopters and we'd all be thrown in Riker's for being a pedophilia ring," I told Charity. Bolinas residents share a tribal understanding — everyone trusts each other to be decent. The residents all think of their neighbor's kids as being as important as their own, and everybody looks after everybody. The 24-hour fruit stand in the center of town works on the honor system (and people leave money in the box, they do, even without a CFO in charge to steal it every night).

The neighborhood Free Box contains a steady influx and outflux of clothing and small appliances, some of it surprisingly great. I myself absconded with a black angora shawl that I first mistook for a Halloween dreadlock wig (Bolinas residents apparently hold a Free Box Fashion Show once a year, which is alleged to be spectacular).

At the People's Store, a place where you can buy health tincture drops in brown glass bottles, green salves, homeopathic sugar pills and Dr. Bronner's Pure Castile-and-evangelical-glossolalia soap, the workers look at you with sadness and barely concealed scorn if you ask them for a bag. They charge 15 cents for a paper bag; if you ask for plastic they give you a withering look that says, "Oh, and would you

like me to fill that with foie gras and strangle a seagull with it? I'm sure you'd rather do that yourself."

The local bar, Smiley's, is one of California's oldest hotel/saloons. It's been there since 1851 (sidenote: Smiley's was also the site of my first incidence of identity theft: years ago, some scandalous Smiley's habitué took it upon herself to capitalize on my local demi-celebrity by seducing middle-aged men there, telling them she was me, drinking with them, then dragging them upstairs for fraudulent nights of passion. One such man finally called my listed number; I had to promise him repeatedly that the woman wasn't me... I swear, she actually wasn't. No, I promise, she WAS NOT.)

I watched the election results at Smiley's. The locals were more interested in their ongoing pool game than the PBS coverage, which I watched while losing a dice game of 1-4-24 to a woman with a fish on her t-shirt and a septum ring in her nose.

It got me thinking about the erosion of trust, and the erosion of community. The last three decades have seen an appalling abuse of public trust, which is why naked children and honor-system fruit stands now look so exotic to me.

I briefly attended a local university that had a student union that was built in order to make it deliberately impossible for a large number of students to congregate for purposes of activism. It was an exceptionally stupid and clunky building with no redeeming architectural qualities, save this one anti-community service.

The building inspired a rash of shoplifting one year when a bunch of students realized that the bookstore security apparatuses were decoys. Tall black wooden boxes were posted near the register with silver tape on them. We were supposed to assume that these were high-tech monitoring and surveillance devices, but we noticed that they were just black plywood boxes — with no wires attached to them. The store had no security cameras. It was just security theater, and, indeed, such a palsied set-piece that some of the students were personally offended. The lameness of the fake security boxes came to be perceived by some as a tacit invitation to theft. Shoplifting was rationalized as a means of righting the insult of being treated like we were so eyeless, stoned and squirrel-minded that we could be intimidated into obedience through the dazzling power of authoritative-looking paint and reflector tape.

There was a collective sense that we were allowed to steal — nay, we were supposed to. It was only logical that we commit crimes in order to demonstrate to the authorities their terrible underestimation of our intelligence. New York is exceptional when it comes to everyone ignoring everyone else on normal

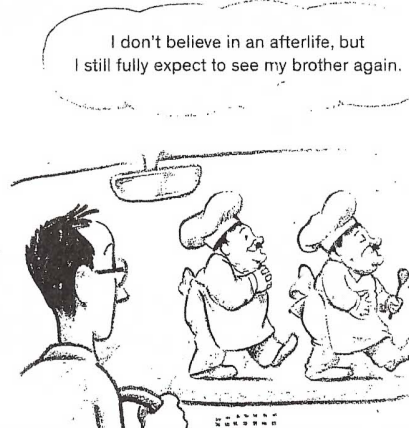
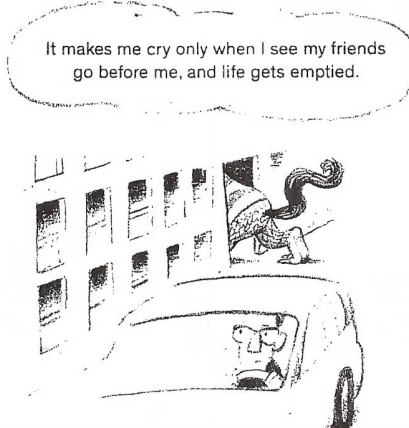
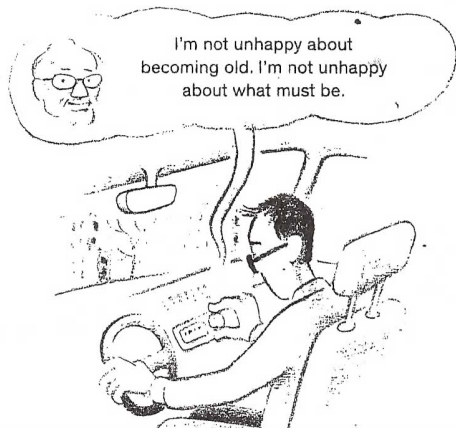
- continued on page 5

(as is the Sendak 'comic' below, onto pp.5&6)

## MAURICE SENDAK

1928 / By Christoph Niemann

On a frantic Saturday afternoon in late September 2011, I was on my way to pick up one of our kids from a birthday party. I turned on the radio and stumbled midway into Terry Gross's "Fresh Air" Interview with Maurice Sendak.



-continued from page 4

days — but during terrorist attacks or blizzards or hurricanes, it spontaneously becomes one big latent hippy commune. Everyone suddenly clicks into all the altruistic feelings they developed as a side effect of yoga.

Back in Bolinas, I was compulsively scouring my building's website for news of the storm, trying to figure when I'd be able to return. One woman posted a first-person account of working with other residents trying to prevent the eight-foot surge of water from getting into our lobby. "Within fifteen minutes, the water was already breaching the sandbags and making its way into the building," she wrote. "Wandering around the lobby, we marveled as it filled up like a swimming pool... water started passing through the walls from one section of the lobby to another and pouring into the elevator vaults."

What impressed me most was the approach my neighbors took to guarding the building's front doors at night. "Somehow a large baseball bat appeared, but nobody was ever sure what we were supposed to do with it given that most of us watching the door had sworn to a strict code of non-violence, chanting and quiet meditation to resolve all disputes."

In the big city, the collapse of the kind of community trust that you see in Bolinas — open doors, naked kids, unattended fruit — is perhaps the saddest thing of all. Trust really is a lost paradise.

I remember Bill Nye the Science Guy on TV, many years ago. He had a bunch of blocks arranged Jenga-style with different ecosystem components written on them: "Bees," "Wetlands," etc. As he lectured to the 5-to-11-year-old demographic about the importance of ecology and the web of interdependency on which nature is based, he started removing one block at a time. Finally, he removed one too many and all fell down.

There are blocks that can be put back, if we work hard at it. Trust is one of them.

- Submitted by Charlie Docherty; excerpted from her blog: <http://theaesthete.com/story/view.dT/dont-kill-piggy-with-the-rock>



SOFIE KIMBALL ASLEEP IN THE SUN ON THE BOLINAS WINDOW SEAT. 14 YEARS OLD!

## Bolinas Surf Report

Daily Surf Report - 10/18/2012

ATTENTION: To all of you "wall artists" that want to pretend this is the South Bronx and like to bomb the sea walls here at the beach...just remember that this isn't New York or any inner city. It's BOLINAS and PLEASE take your spray cans and garbage with you when your done pretending that you're in the movie; "Wild Style". Thanks.



Editorial comment: Agreed. And: I've no big beef about graffiti; but I did like it when, for many years, the only such "art" at the beach was the big white mushroom painted on the seawall at the Airplane House. Then some other sprays appeared and all eventually the paint spread all over (confirming the famed 'broken windows' sociological theory — once one is broken, the rest will be too). Fine enough, I guess, and some of it has been very cool, but from a heathen's aesthetic sense, I think the overall quality has declined over time; and, horrors, even some corporate logos have now appeared ("Santa Cruz" surfboards, for one — surf-related, but still corpor-ate. Even if corporations are people: Yech. No solutions quickly come to mind, but call it another small example of 'the tragedy of the commons.'"

- Steve Heilig, cranky old non-art non-critic

**BOLINAS** — 4:11 pm: A surfer dude thought he purchased a surfboard from another dude. The surfboard was stolen from a third dude. All the dudes were waiting on the deputy dude to complete his investigation.

**BOLINAS:** At 8:55 a.m. a resident reported that someone had been sleeping in a Dodge van parked on Wharf Road.

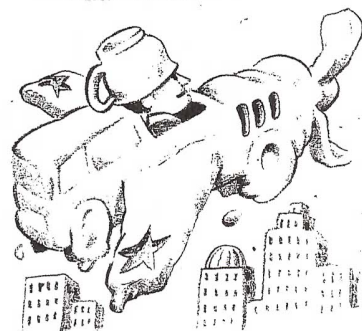
There's something I'm finding out as I'm aging — that I am in love with the world.



I'm not unhappy. I cry a lot because I miss people. They die, and I can't stop them. They leave me, and I love them more.



Oh, God, there are so many beautiful things in the world which I will have to leave when I die but I'm ready, I'm ready, I'm ready.



## MAN UNDERWATER

The democratic fiction of Richard Brautigan

By Wes Enzinna

Discussed in this essay:

*Jubilee Hitchhiker: The Life and Times of Richard Brautigan*, by William Hjortsberg. Counterpoint. 880 pages. \$42.50. counterpointpress.com.



With about \$10,000 left, Brautigan flew to Bolinas, California, where he owned a home. He began carrying a gun everywhere. He published a final novel, *So the Wind Won't Blow It All Away*, a lyrical story about a welfare kid in rural 1940s Washington who fishes in his sneakers, collects beer bottles in a baby buggy, and hangs out with a corpulent couple who bring their living-room set to a pond, casting their lines from the sofa. "I didn't know that afternoon that the ground was waiting to become another grave," says the narrator in the opening line of the novel; by its end, he has accidentally killed his friend with a rifle. He hides in the grass, watching the couple fish, gradually disappearing into the landscape himself:

I had become so quiet and so small in the grass by the pond that I was barely noticeable, hardly there. I think they had forgotten all about me. I sat there watching their living room shining out of the dark beside the pond. It looked like a fairy tale functioning happily in the post-World War II gothic of America before television crippled the imagination of America and turned people indoors and away from living out their own fantasies with dignity.

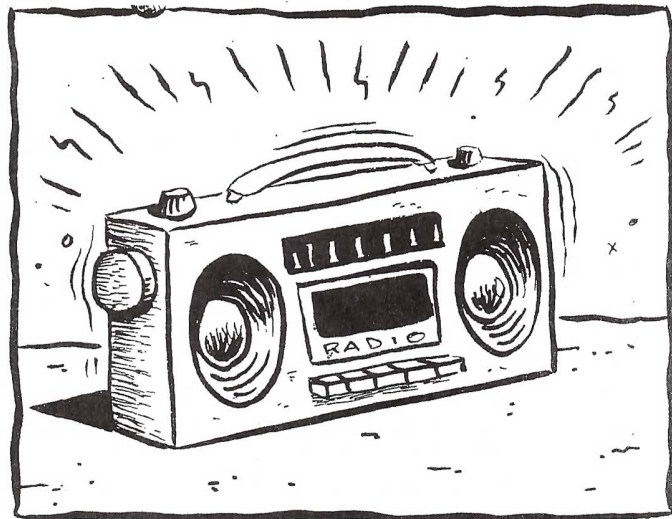
**Tuesday.**

**WEST MARIN** all day – peace reigned.

The novel is a small masterpiece of autobiographical fiction. But in relation to its era—it was written in 1982, as contemporaries like Don DeLillo and Thomas Pynchon were tracking late capitalism's information overload and deconstructing postwar narratives of American power—the themes of *So the Wind Won't Blow It All Away* seem quaint. If, in the 1960s, Brautigan offered a kaleidoscopic vision of America—its dropouts, its environmental degradation, its swelling aspirations—now he offered simply a parable of a lost world and a lost writer. Reviews of the novel were tepid or downright frigid, and Brautigan wrote to his agent: "Book sales are not paying the rent. It's sort of sad to publish a book that ... looks like a piece of shit and is doomed from the beginning."

HARPER'S MAGAZINE / DECEMBER 2012

- from a (much) longer essay



DON'T IGNORE THE SIGNS.

DUDE!



**BOLINAS:** At 5:04 p.m. someone saw a yellow Rabbit with all its doors open, exposing a slew of personal belongings stashed within.

I look right now, as we speak together, out my window in my studio, and I see my trees, my beautiful, beautiful maples that are hundreds of years old.

And you see I can see how beautiful they are. I can take time to see how beautiful they are.

You know, I don't think I'm rationalizing anything. I really don't. This is all inevitable, and I have no control over it.



## FOR SALE

### DRY DRY DRY SEASONED FIREWOOD

Oak, Bay, Eucalyptus – Cut locally  
Gospel Flat Farm 868-0921

DMx

*Uniquities* has reasonably priced calendars for the  
New Year, lucky/ unlucky 2013. Open daily, noon to  
5:00. Jp1/7/13

## LOST & FOUND

### LOST: DARK GREEN BERET

Missing for a week or so.  
-KO 868-2283

K 012/28

## LOST

Dangly earring with pink & clear teardrop shaped crystals  
and small leather pouch with square box on December 25<sup>th</sup>.  
Please call 264-5541 if found

JA 1/2/13

## LOST

Black persol sunglasses inside of black smith case-lost  
Sunday, 12/30, after soccer-maybe on bike path? 9931

BL 12/31

## LOST

1 olive green cashmere glove on Terrace or Overlook on  
Thursday 12/27-868-0339. Thank you.

JM 12/31

**LOST KEYS, EITHER ON POPLAR, THE TRAIL FROM**  
the end of poplar down to Agate Beach or on the Beach.

If found call 9359

RD 12/17

**LOST: MY GRANDDAUGHTER'S SILVER METAL,**  
case. 3-4" with a fairy design on it and her Xmas \$\$ inside. Lost  
at end of Opal on Alder at bus stop. Marisa 415 259-8739

MW 12/21

**LOST: PRESCRIPTION GLASSES WITH DARK BLUE**  
frames- @ Winter Faire on Friday, 12/7

- if found, contact Robin-0527

R12/10

**LOST: MY FAVORITE HAT! SMALL VELVET,**  
black on one side and spotted on one side

If found please call Martine 868-9036

MA 12/10

### LOST: RAY BAN DRIVING GLASSES

Green with blue on backside of glasses. Prescription with  
transitional lenses. 415 259-8739 thank you

MW 12/7

### MISSING BLACK MALE CAT

He has scabby ears and His territory is between  
Maple/Oak and Elm. -0419

IH 12/7

### LOST: ORNATE GOLDEN EARING

At Community Center Thanksgiving Dinner or nearby.  
If found please call – 1018 – Thank you

SL11/30

## CLASSES



### Class Schedule

#### Sunday

Yoga w/ Trishna continues in January 9:00 - 11:00 a.m.  
Brazilian Dance w/Anna 11:00 a.m. - noon  
Ninjutsu Martial Arts w/ Martin Adult Class 6:30 - 8:00 p.m.

#### Monday

Pilates w/Lisa (pre-register 868-0473) 5:30 - 6:30 p.m.  
Figure Drawing every other Mon. cont. 12/17 6:45 - 9:45 p.m.

#### Tuesday

Bo Babies 12:00 - 2:00 p.m.  
Dance with Eleanor 2:00 - 3:00 p.m.  
Ariel Arts for Youth w/ Joanna 3:30 - 5:30 p.m.  
CommUnity Nights 6:00/7:00 p.m.  
W/ free movies, games or music. Call -2128 for details

#### Wednesday

Pilates w/Lisa 8:30 - 10:00 a.m.  
After-School Theater w/ Lisa Townsend 3:30 - 5:00 p.m.  
Theater with Patrice Daley ~ starting Jan. 9th 5:15 - 7:45 p.m.  
Biblia en Español 8:00 - 9:30 p.m.

#### Thursday

Yoga w/ Trishna continues in January 8:00 - 9:30 a.m.  
USDA food bank 12 noon  
Yoga w/Lisa Brendel 4:00 - 5:30 p.m.  
Congolese Dance & song w/ Sandor 6:00 - 8:30 p.m.

#### Friday

Pilates Mat Class w/Lisa 9:00 - 10:00 a.m.

#### Saturday

Yoga w/ Lisa Brendel 9:00 - 10:30 a.m.  
Creative Movement w/ Lisa continues in Jan. 11:00 - 11:45 a.m.  
Ballet w/Erika Townsend continues in Jan. 12:00 - 1:30 a.m.

Check the Library marquee or Calendar in BCC Foyer for special  
events at the Community Center. For More Info call 868-2128 or  
visit [Bocenter.org](http://Bocenter.org)

## How to contribute to the Hearsay News in person

Come to the office at 270 Elm at Maple, behind the BPUD  
office on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays between 9:30  
& 10:30 am to have your article appear the same day, and  
until 11:00 am for classified ads.

Ad forms are also available anytime in the small mailbox  
next to the Hearsay door. You can fill out the form and  
have your ad billed to you, or you can enclose payment  
(please note on your ad if you are paying cash in as they  
might become separated) & drop into door slot.

[hearsaynews@yahoo.com](mailto:hearsaynews@yahoo.com)

Submit articles, ads and drawings by midnight  
Sunday, Tuesday or Thursday for publication  
the next day.

Or to request a link to the password-protected website  
to read online and info on how to subscribe online.



# HEARSAY NEWS CLASSIFIEDS

To place an ad: come to the office, 270 Elm at Maple, on the left side of BPUD building. Ad forms are in a small mailbox next to door. Fill out form and drop in door slot. If you have included payment please note. Office hours: Monday, Wednesday and Friday between 9:00 & 11:00 am. Call 868-0138 for more info.

## SERVICES

### BRUSH TO MEADOW TRANSFORMATION

Heavy-duty tractor. Mowing / backhoe / roto-tiller / disking / plowing / post-hole drilling. Don Murch -0921

DMX

### TREE SERVICE

Fine Trimming • Hedges • Removals • Brush Chipping  
Insured #676377 Steve Ryan 868-1584

SRX

**HANDYMAN: HOME REPAIR, CARPENTRY,**  
painting, Hauling too! 27 years experience. Local refs.  
Steve Hill -2310

SHX

### FIREWOOD • HYDRAULIC LOG-SPLITTING • HAULING

Dump Runs, Cow Manure, Recycling, Humane animal removal  
- Skunks, Raccoons & Yellow Jackets. Carl Henry 868-1782

CHX

**AIRPORT?** Howard Dillon's fast, comfortable, car for all  
Bay Area pick-ups, early or late. Many satisfied local refs.  
Phone 868-2144

HDX

## SMILEY'S

SCHOONER SALOON & HOTEL

- INTERNET ACCESS • CHECK CASHING
- WESTERN UNION • ATM & CREDIT CARDS
- COLOR COPIER (B&W too)

41 Wharf Rd., Bolinas 415-868-1311

Community Mediation Board  
868-0493

### Involved in a conflict?

We have trained mediators.  
*Free, Confidential, Effective*

X

**WEST MARIN PROFESSIONAL**  
"CATERED" HAIR CUTTING.  
Call Angela for appointment -1840

AR x

To be free  
To make great things  
To make nothing  
To be as excited by silence  
as a symphony  
To look inside without my eyes  
embrace what I find there  
without arms  
Sing to it with no words  
To know.

-Lisa Pagano



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IN NICHIREN BUDDHISM, attaining enlightenment is not about embarking on some inconceivably long journey to become a resplendent, godlike Buddha; it is about accomplishing a transformation in the depths of one's being. In other words, it is not a matter of practicing in order to scale the highest summit of enlightenment at some point in the distant future. Rather, it is a constant, moment-to-moment, inner struggle between revealing our innate Dharma nature or allowing ourselves to be ruled by our fundamental darkness and delusion.

THERE simply are no Buddhas who spend all their time sitting in meditation. Buddhas are Buddhas precisely because they continually ponder and take action to help others resolve their worries.



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