

WALK WITH ME



By
HARRY BRILEY

Chapter 11 – Isolation into Recovery

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Chapter 11 – Isolation into Recovery

Preface to this Chapter

2000-2005

This chapter tells when we emerged from isolation into restoration as a couple again, even while facing health issues that intimated a medically distressing future for Anne.

I chose in 2020 after years of delay to abandon attempting (and avoiding) to outline our dysfunctional life during 1990-2005. The push-pull teen years combined with a son with bipolar behaviors caught us parents completely ill prepared. Our annual newsletter ceased during those years. Assembling data about that aspect only forced me to relive those distraught years. We barely lived one day to the next with tragedies swerving wildly throughout those 15 years. I often felt like a car caught rotating on black ice.

I focused upon the turmoil despite surrendering our former dreams to God. We idealist conservative introvert parents had no clue how to raise libertine over-the-top extroverts. People complimented us but our deep inner sadness did not match their accolades.

By 2001, after an empty nest for two years, a much-welcomed peace reigned. The kids once said they took out their anger on us for abuse prior to joining our home. Regardless, lacking wisdom for raising at-risk teenagers, Anne and I became emotional wrecks.

Alliance for the Mentally Ill

From 2001 through 2003, Anne and I facilitated a support group of distressed parents called the Family Alliance for the Mentally Ill (FAMI). In many of those families, bipolar behavior exacerbated the crisis of the teenage years well beyond the norm.

We learned about psychiatric medications, useful books, and available doctors but no one in our region offered halfway homes, group homes, or long-term care. The only way to get supervised mental health care was a two-day police hold for a “5150” (danger to self or others) or eventually to wind up within the prison system with a felony conviction.

In 5/2001, we once promoted faith by presenting the NAMI FaithNet and the role of supportive faith. We spoke highly about faith whenever attendees might well receive such a comment for a rare specific instance. Otherwise, meetings focused upon recent secular resources and empathically listening to parents of newly diagnosed loved ones.

I compiled an early web site of resources for caregivers through 2003. At a 1/2004 banquet, a Mental Health consortium for Alameda County honored Anne and I with five large gold-printed citations, referencing frequently the web site in their comments:

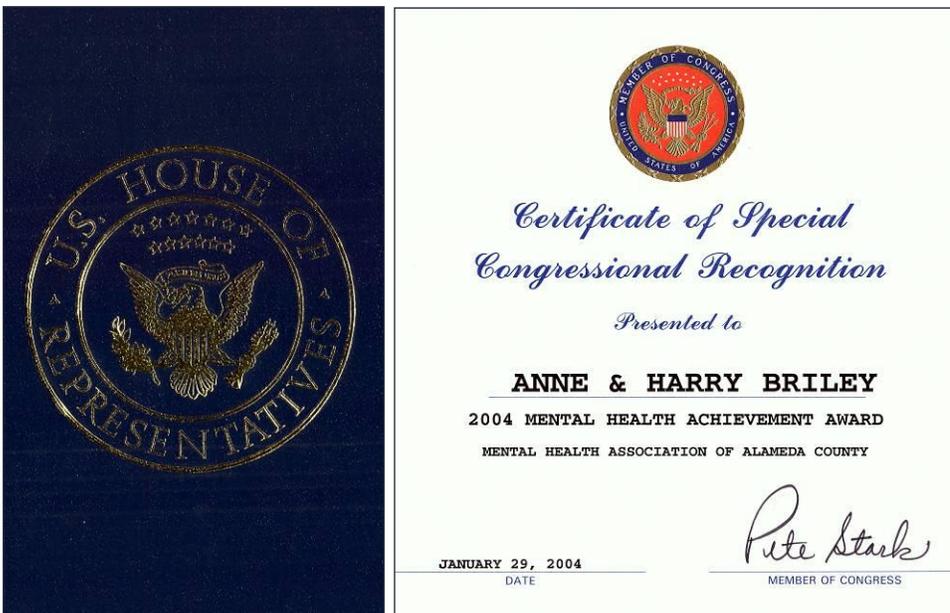
- Achievement Award: Mental Health Association of Alameda County
- Two California Senate Districts Certificates: Don Perata, 9th - Liz Figueroa, 10th
- Two US Representatives Certificates: Pete Stark, 13th - Barbara Lee, 9th

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Don Perata, 9th State Senate

Liz Figueroa, 10th State Senate



Embossed Cover

Pete Stark, 13th District US Congress

Figure 1 – State Senate and US House Recognitions - 1/2004

After serving three years, we handed off facilitation that January. FAMI soon became a chapter for the National Alliance for the Mentally Ill (NAMI). Anne and I attended as participants for one final year. In 2006, Anne laid out her emotional wounds in a formal speech to mothers, wives, and daughters of prisoners at a Kairos Outside weekend event. In 2014, a decade after we withdrew from FAMI, a friend told me that the current leaders publically discounted us during a meeting. While my friend did not specify, she disliked that they felt the need to sully our names after our ten-year absence.

Meeting Facilitation

Laboratory's Harry Briley facilitates community service

By Barry Schrader
NEWSLINE STAFF WRITER

A Lab facilitator and group leader who designs application software for classified applications in Administrative Information Systems (AIS) is being honored by the Alameda County Mental Health Association for his volunteer work as a meeting facilitator the past three years.

Harry Briley will receive the 2003 Achievement Award at a dinner Jan. 29 for his pro-bono work with the Tri-Valley chapter of the Family Alliance for the Mentally Ill, where he has facilitated their monthly meetings and created a resources Website for the group. His wife Anne is also being honored.

His first exposure to facilitating training was when he was matrixed to Human Resources in 1991. He found that facilitating enabled him to be a "positive influence on the Lab and offered a chance to be an agent for change in a positive way." Briley adds that this has a "strong appeal for people who have an altruistic outlook



Harry Briley

to make the Lab the best it can be."

He was able to apply his Lab-taught skills to a difficult subject area — mental health crises — with the Family Alliance, enabling parents and family members to think and act proactively instead of being incapacitated by their families' problems. He is pleased to have been able to use the skills he learned through the Laboratory's educational programs and

apply them within the community in a volunteer effort.

"I found it a useful tool both within and outside the Lab, as well as across the DOE complex where I have facilitated many multi-Lab meetings over the years," he said.

Briley encourages others to consider getting involved in facilitating, starting with a class under development at the Lab, then getting mentored by other facilitators. He spent 80 hours in class over six months in 1991, then later in 1996 took an "immersion" class involving 48 hours of intense training over six days at a seminar in Chicago.

For more information about the proposed class, Lab employees can contact Donna Carvalho at 2-9535. Briley also invites Lab managers to take advantage of the facilitators available onsite and employ them in their meetings where the goal is to find a common outcome.

The facilitation spectrum includes non-technical and technical methodology. Such diverse areas as business re-engineering, work flow analysis, project planning, prioritizing, risk analysis and criteria matrices are examples of how facilitation can be useful. He can provide a list of facilitators who fit the task and group at hand at 2-9238.

The Tri-Valley Family Alliance for the Mentally Ill Website created by Briley can be found at <http://brileyh.home.comcast.net/fami/>

Figure 2 – Around the Lab (B. Schrader, Newsline 1/16/2004)

Barry Schrader, Around the Lab, Newsline (LLNL), Page 5, 1/16/2004 (Edited)

A Lab facilitator and group leader who designs application software for classified applications in Administrative Information Systems (AIS) is being honored.

The Alameda County Mental Health Association will [present] the Achievement Award for his [and wife Anne's] pro-bono work with the [local] Family Alliance for the Mentally Ill, where he has facilitated meetings [the past three years] and created a resources website for the group [eventually outdated by 2010].

His first exposure to facilitation occurred while matrixed to Human Resources in 1991. It enabled him to be a "*positive influence in the Lab and offered a chance to be a change agent in a positive way.*" Briley adds that this has a "*strong appeal for people who have an altruistic outlook to make the Lab the best it can be.*"

He applied his Lab-taught skills to mental health crises with the Family Alliance, enabling family [of a mentally ill relative] to think and act proactively instead of being incapacitated by their [relative's] problems. He is pleased to use the skills he learned through the Lab's educational programs within the community.

"I found it useful both within and outside the Lab, and across the DOE complex where I have facilitated many multi-Lab meetings over the years," he said.

Briley encourages [training] in facilitating. He spent 80 class hours over six months in 1991 [by Human Resources Donna Carvalho]. In 1996, he took an "immersion" 48-hour class for [technical facilitation by Gary Rush] in Chicago.

Briley invites Lab managers to use onsite facilitators to find a common outcome [among staff opinions]. Facilitation [enables] business re-engineering, workflow analysis, project planning, prioritizing, risk analysis, and criteria matrices.

Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory

Anne and some friends toured Lawrence Livermore National Lab (LLNL) with me in 10/2000 for the 45th anniversary Open house. Enough technical changes and office movement occurred every five years that these rare celebrations did not seem repetitive.

My work at LLNL never felt ‘same old same old’ even after my 25-year service pin in 2001. In constant motion, I served multiple clients and projects at any one time.

I recruited computer scientists from California Polytechnic at San Luis Obispo in the spring 2001 and at a UCLA Diversity Job Fair that fall. Thereafter, my department sent younger employees to attract new talent. I felt the keen loss of that role since I brought in several quality developers as long-term employees.

My personal mentor, Pastor Roger Lewis (d.2022), knew about my family’s crucible years. He wrote in 10/2002, *“You have a good track record with and for the Lord at LLNL. May he bless you and Anne for it.”*

Classified Document Tracking

The sole time my work appeared within the LLNL newspaper occurred during a self-assessment of all classified document processing. My client, Classified Documents Projects Office (CDPO) in 2001, was part of DOE efforts called Classified Matter Protection and Control (CMPC). Maylene Wagner coordinated the many document-handling specialists from over twenty departments. She funded the major share of our software development of the Laboratory Administrative Document System (LADS). We prided ourselves in responding to new DOE orders within weeks of changes in the rules, something a commercial ‘off-the-shelf’ library package could never accomplish.

As the Lab’s three-year Self-Assessment Program for all classified documents moves into its second phase, the Classified Document Project Office is available to help Laboratory personnel with controlling and protecting classified information.

With the number of classified documents reaching more than 1 million, the CDPO was founded in 1991 to help the Laboratory establish clear and comprehensive procedures for the protection and control of material, provide training and other educational services, and evaluate program effectiveness using assessment techniques. Since these classified holdings now include accountable media, the CDPO wants everyone to realize that the word “document,” with respect to classified, has always encompassed other material forms including computer media.



MARCIA JOHNSON/TID

The CDPO staff (from left): Harry Briley, Maylene Wagner, Judy Sanders (background), Scott Turnquist, Deborah Mulvey and Peter Kelly.

Figure 3 - Classified Documents Team (M. Johnson, Newsline 2/16/2001)

Since our unclassified software ran upon the classified network, scientists and engineers could store classified nomenclature and weapons notes to cross-link all documents concerning a specific nuclear test event, weapon type, or other keyword. The LADS system went beyond merely tracking the barcode of a document or computer media.

Peter Kelly of the LADS team wrote on my then LinkedIn account:

I worked [briefly] with Harry on a document management system. He is a gifted facilitator and an excellent technical leader. He brings passion to his work.

Partly due to re-designing LADS to meet web-based needs of Sandia National Lab, I travelled to Albuquerque (2002-2005) to consult with their corresponding CMPC staff.

I validated their distinctly Sandia business requirements, helped install the web-version, supervised the training of their document specialists, coordinated the database merger of their Livermore document community into a single corporate database in Albuquerque, and followed up with their developer staff.

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One of my University of New Mexico student employees moved back to Albuquerque to fill a position in that same group. Inadvertently, this placed an LLNL insider into the Sandia team who fully understood our software design philosophy and database structure.

My first time engaged with all four nuclear weapons laboratories was at a poster session in 10/2004. I proffered LADS to each community. By that time, LADS operated in Livermore at CDPO and Homeland Security, and at two Sandia sites (Albuquerque and Livermore).

I therefore optimistically sought to engage the Los Alamos and British AWE teams. The attending weapons designers valued LADS data content over their current minimal tracking of mere document barcodes.



On a 4/2005 trip, I met with Los Alamos National Lab managers to discuss using LADS. They had already interviewed the Sandia team with a long list of requirements. They wanted to hear first from our Sandia customer rather than asking us directly. Sandia recorded the audio interview and sent me a copy to identify improvements. Los Alamos had no capability for using our library features for cross-linking the classified content.

Without a unified site-wide classified network, LADS was overkill for their limited purposes of merely tracking unclassified barcodes for classified computer media. The compartmentalization among the weapons teams blocked the benefit of a shared access of LADS features. They might have eventually resorted to a single-user spreadsheet.

I pursued placing LADS at other DOE facilities for another five years. There were nibbles but no traction to encourage them to create a common classified network for their local stockpile stewardship. Much later, I had a small role in one final tangent project, which indeed created such a nation-wide classified network (Enterprise Secure Network) among the four laboratories and several weapons assembly facilities.

Project Management

My supervisor Mike Piscotty promoted Extreme Programming (Kent Beck and Martin Fowler), later called Agile Programming. However, he could not get traction for its planning aspects among our programmers. He handed me the “Green” book (*Planning Extreme Programming*) in 9/2001 to present a digestible summary to the Department.

The material easily mapped against my older MSBA degree, my Systems Facilitation skills to obtain user-defined needs, and experiential limitations of using manufacturing management processes. I marked up the book with highlighters and handwritten insights from my experiences to illustrate the concepts. Mike’s secretary typed up those extracted portions, which generated an enthusiastic presentation. Even though somewhat dated, the “Green” book principles summarized in 2001 remain valuable to software managers.

Mike thought I should be skilled in Java to supervise developers adequately who used that language. Unfortunately, the 2003 class was much too late in my career. My skills had already morphed into project management and navigating application requirements with our clients (definition, design, database structures, and detailed pseudo-code).

It was easy enough to verify that my software team delivered against those client criteria without micromanaging how they expressly coded it. I picked up enough Java object oriented concepts to become aware of options for design work, but clearly, I was no longer the leading-edge programmer. My developer skills now focused upon Oracle database design and database-imbedded SQL logic.

Perhaps my departmental managers noticed that I created a uniform process for managing software projects without their preferred UCLA training background. I had earned my MSBA degree two decades earlier. Our work group leveraged the *Project Management Book of Knowledge* (PM-BOK) by revising it for custom software within LLNL.

I delivered many software projects over my career using various standardized approaches (such as SDM/70 and Total Quality Management). My systems design facilitation skills and experience with Agile Programming since 2001 dovetailed with typical project management skills to create a truly modern fast-pass approach for software in 2004.



Figure 4 - Software Project Management - 4/2004

In spring 2004, LLNL sent several of us first-line supervisors to the UCLA Supervisor class for uniform training from top-notch professors and trainers. This course went far beyond the cursory in-house courses we earlier received as novice supervisors.

In 2005, I supervised developers for several database applications. It felt weird to hire programmers younger than my daughter. Therefore, while I felt youthful, I belonged to an older generation (specifically and more importantly, the generation of my clients).

The proposed privatization of LLNL contract for 2007 made me nervous since my non-business cadre of clients mulled over severe budget cuts. If they caught a financial cold, my specialist software group would catch pneumonia. Their cuts indeed decimated my classified group of developers as described in the chapter *Songs of Our Faith*.

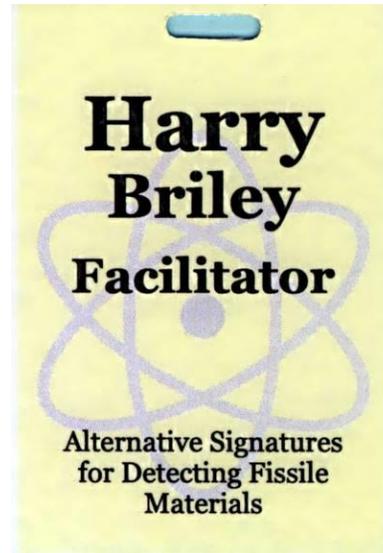
Facilitation

Other LLNL managers knew me best for workshop facilitation during these years, while I became less known within my own department due to my limited direct software work.

In 3/2000, I co-facilitated a two-day workshop with two others in a multi-laboratory effort to detect the signatures of clandestine fissile materials (called ‘dirty nukes’)

This led to a three-day workshop in Washington DC during 8/2002 for the Department of Transportation, DOE, and the Coast Guard. I co-facilitated with others to determine workable methods for interdicting nuclear materials clandestinely shipped using cargo containers.

Part of that workshop evaluated the potential damage if some hidden nuclear weapon disabled one of our major container-shipping seaports.



I steadily became less a part of the business side of LLNL and more aligned with the weapons and classified aspects. My clients saw my part-time support as less costly than hiring me exclusively for their sole use while at the same time having on-call access to me as a seasoned knowledge worker willingly shared among similar classified clients.



Figure 5 - Fissile Detection Sub-Group - 3/2000
(LLNL Science and Technology Review, 9/2004, page 11)

They valued that I spoke their technical lingo, understood their weapons business better than an outside facilitator, and probably more important to them was my growing cross-departmental knowledge and ease among teams from different national laboratories.

Walk With Me – Isolation into Recovery

While I could not inject any independent agenda, I addressed what I knew their distant counterparts considered about a given topic. This cross-pollination became a significant benefit for a multiple laboratory skunkworks in my final five years at LLNL.

Back in 3/2000, my own department had me facilitate a workshop to determine how to respond to rapidly changing information technology.



Figure 6 – At home among books and videos - 3/2000

In 4/2000, Anne accompanied me to the International Association of Facilitators (IAF) Conference in Toronto, Canada. It was part of our 25th Wedding Anniversary (see Trips section). This was the last IAF four-day conference that my department could afford after lost revenue severely slashed the LLNL training budget.

My chosen daylong and half-day workshops spoke to the unique tasks of a facilitator:

- Isolating Your Client's Needs (Sponsor interview to achieve a detailed agenda)
- Mediation Skills for Facilitators
- Choosing the Best Decision-Making Tool
- Visual Languages: Breaking the Understanding Barrier
- Coaching from the Role of a Manager
- Facilitating across Discontinuous Time and Space (Web-based meetings)

Even though my 1998 Oracle database consultant role in Moscow was long past, the MPC&A project client retained me as a trusted insider to facilitate their meetings when their counterpart Russian team visited Livermore in 2001.

In 1/2002, I facilitated a 3-day multiple-laboratory DOE workshop in Santa Fe for their respective Physical Security divisions. This introduced me to physical site security, since I had previously focused only upon security for information systems. I later used this knowledge to inform software requirements that supported LLNL physical security.

Walk With Me – Isolation into Recovery

In 2002, I became involved on three occasions with the University of California Office of the President (UCOP) in Oakland. This brought me to the attention of LLNL upper management considering reports that the Atomic Weapons Establishment (AWE) in England outperformed DOE facilities in turning around hydro-shock explosion tests.

They sent a joint Los Alamos and LLNL team of explosive engineers and facilitators to learn and evaluate the AWE “Process of Process Improvement” (PPI). I was in the first wave for a two-week intensive course in 11/2003 at Aldermaston (Reading, England). Our team came back much enthused reporting that “*Thar war gold in dem thar hills!*”

Three of us spent a week creating a capsule summary of our findings. As we offered this to our sponsor, he cut to the chase without looking at our presentation. He wanted our frank unfiltered unscripted opinion. Each of us said that the method was indeed sound.

This led to establishment of a local Process Improvement office at each Laboratory. We sent a second wave (including my future supervisor Karen Gunn) in 2004 to AWE with the intent of importing the concepts among our Operational managers. This encouraged my further work in PPI efforts. After the cutover to a private corporation, Bechtel fully replaced our entire PPI effort with Six-Sigma Black-Belt concepts for manufacturers. Some of the team took full-time roles instead of our former organic part-time approach.

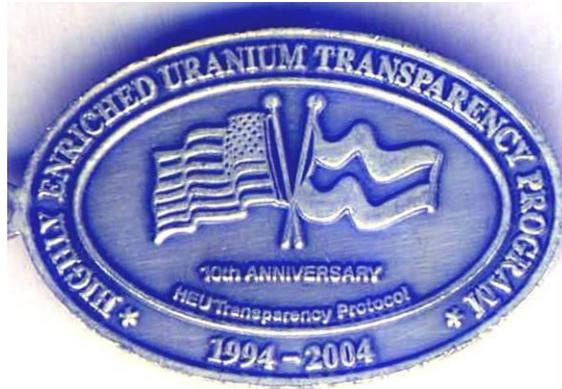
My work was emotionally rewarding albeit Congress regularly froze or reduced budgets. The budget strictures pushed together players from different departments to tackle sensitive projects larger than any one group could handle alone. However, workers with atomic weapons knowledge shrunk due to retirements, old age, and death. I became in demand for process and requirements facilitation for enabling future knowledge workers.

In 2005, I facilitated several budget workshops at Lawrence Berkeley Lab and a joint facility workshop at Los Alamos Lab. These part-time facilitation tasks gave me much personal joy and sense of accomplishment.

Highly Enriched Uranium

For our Russian uranium down-blending client, I led a fact-finding trip in 2001 to our project software counterparts at the Y12 facility in Oak Ridge, Tennessee. This multi-year Highly Enriched Uranium (HEU) Transparency Program started in 1994 to fuse HEU into a glass-like waste product. This was an ‘in-the-field’ Material Protection, Control, and Accounting (MPC&A) inspection project. They brought my software team late (far too late) into this project because of my 1998 and 1999 Oracle database trips to Moscow with the MPC&A joint efforts between our two countries.

The nearest suitable airport in Nashville entailed a multi-hour drive across Tennessee. The primary color was green in numerous shades that contrasted to the browns of Livermore. It was my first trip to that state. My developer Scott Turnquist and I were glad for the landscape but the Y-12 team at Oak Ridge did not treat us as peers. They saw us as horning in on their turf. We sullenly drove back and flew home with a deep sense of wasted effort.



The LLNL project staff and our team spent a second marginally useful trip there in 2002.

On a rare work trip to Virginia in 5/2002, I worshipped with Centerville Baptist Church near Manassas Battlefield. Gerry and Christine Escobar (formerly of Trinity Baptist in Livermore) attended there during those years. At their urging, I toured the Battlefield and museum that Sunday afternoon. It introduced me to tangible sites of the Civil War. Up until then, the Civil War mostly felt like a vague historical side note.

Hoteling in Falls Church, our work team met in Washington DC. One late night and on a vacation day after the assigned work, I toured the many monuments and some of the museums on the Washington Mall. The lighting at night created an ethereal sense of presence than the more sterile daytime visits to those same monuments. Given a choice, nighttime walks thus were far more enjoyable on the western end of the Mall.

Trinity Baptist Church (1999-2005)

Equip the Saints Class

Starting in 2001, I co-launched an adult class on the history of the New Testament, which kept me mentally sharp and enthused. We did not use beginner quarterly material but probed with questions (and answers) using secular college-level (GreatCourses.com) audio lectures. Our class trademark was yelling the word ‘Pause!’ That imperative command meant to hit the pause button on the audio player to discuss and probe the truthfulness or egregious bias of secular professor’s last assertion.

I had a rare sharp disagreement with a co-teacher about the Passion Week narrative. His premises sidetracked any meaning to “the sixth hour” or “the ninth hour” yielding his conclusion that two days had transpired at the crucifixion due to the recorded afternoon darkness ... hence throwing off both the Jewish lunar (and Roman solar) calendar.

By 2002, the class gelled into a standard format. We finished the History of New Testament, and covered the History of Rome (Pagans & Early Christians) that summer. We next discussed the Byzantine Empire impact upon church history (Early Church). In 2004, we finished a full review of Dante’s *Divine Comedy* and addressed theological positions found in other world religions.

Spiritual Warfare Conference and AWANA

In 2/2005, Tim Augustyn and I attended the Spiritual Warfare Conference at Golden Gate Seminary (a Southern Baptist seminary, now called Gateway Seminary). Dr. William Wagner spoke. He gladly followed-up in 4/2005 at Trinity talking about Muslims and his new book *How Islam Plans to Change the World*.

The conference was highly informative but a large Korean contingent prayed in tongues during one prayer session. One of their women was not speaking in tongues, as I would judge it. She gave a shrill staccato repetition of a single syllable right next to my ear.

Her loud high-decibel monotony made it impossible to focus. While apparently cultural for them, it did not match the grace-filled tongues with any lingual structure or calm cadence as I experience it.

Tim attended our Equip the Saints class and had recruited me that January for the area AWANA club, first for middle-school students (then called JV, Junior Varsity). I was not convinced but Tim was certain. We had a friendly argument. He promised to have two moms handle discipline so I could concentrate upon content. The students smelled “fresh meat” but these moms got instant obedience by glaring over the top of their eyeglasses. That impressed me. Tim then helped me create the high school club with the new ninth graders.



FAITH Classes – Outreach Teams

Lifeway Publishing rolled out a new visitation outreach program called FAITH. A few from Trinity attended the preliminary course in 1998. I attended it when Pastor Jim Meek first offered it at Trinity for 12 weeks in 5/1999. He offered it twice a year but I typically attended either the spring or the fall, only once a year. By 2/2001, I taught the second 12-week course in the series while Pastor Meek always handled the introductory course. We met on Tuesday evenings for dinner, the 30-minute coursework, and an hour of visiting homes as three-person teams (evangelism, ministry needs, and/or welcoming).

FAITH was an acronym for five words:

- Forgiveness (everybody needs it),
- Available (Forgiveness is available to all but it is not automatic),
- Impossible (to get to Heaven on our own),
- Turn (from our sins and turn towards Jesus),
- Heaven (can be experienced both here and hereafter).

A scripture verse supported each of these five points. Rather than merely reciting Bible verses at a person, the class helped us talk with a person. We rarely completed the entire FAITH outline in a single visit since conversation is a two-way road and we used life examples to answer questions that came up during the visit.

The FAITH outline complimented other short tools for explaining the core message about Jesus. Such tools included “The Four Spiritual Laws” (CRU), “Steps to Peace with God” (BGEA), and the “Romans Road” (verses from the Book of Romans). Of course, merely parroting a sinner’s prayer as offered within these tools was insufficient. At best, it opened the mental door for a person to seek and engage God routinely because of Jesus.

Closeted String Bass

I only played my King Mortone String Bass once for a Sing-it-Yourself "Messiah" with the Livermore Symphony in 1983. Life got busy and the Bass went into deep storage for the next 25 years.

In 2005, studious teens had joined our adult theology class. Three played strings or winds. The youngest, Bill Duffy at age 12, already played in the junior college orchestra. He pulled together a quartet to play familiar hymns after class that he arranged using music software for Violin (Bill), Cello (Beth), Clarinet (Katie), and myself on Bass.

I struggled with tuning. Bill used a chromatic tuner. I desperately needed such a tool back in high school! I purchased one and it instantly changed my ability to play in tune. Our youthful quartet had a closing concert at an assisted care facility that June.

That Christmas, Anne and I pulled our cello and bass out of the closet for the first Trinity "orchestra". It was a full band with a pittance of strings (3 cellos, Bill's violin, and my bass), but we strings held our own. Anne was not overly enthusiastic, but joined in for one mini-concert. After the initial rehearsal with all the accidentals (spurious sharps and flats), our concert morning was in tune and well received. Anne's poor health and loss of physical balance put her cello right back into the dusty closet.

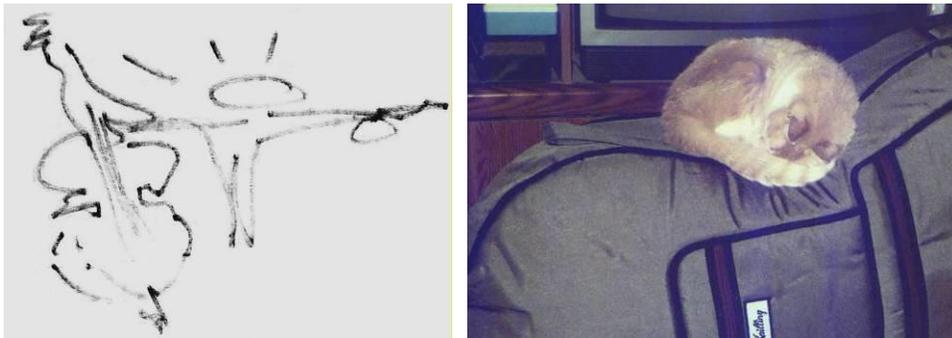


Figure 7 - String Bass - My sketch and perch for Pooky cat - 1/2006

I dusted off the string bass four years later for quarterly orchestra presentations at church in 2009 and 2010. We rehearsed and played an instrumental and one of the hymns sung that morning. Even though I lost much of my original musical skills (a bit tone deaf), I used the chromatic tuner to insure a mechanically correct starting position.

Other Faith Ventures

Bible is Life Sensitive

You have to be “old enough” to understand the Bible. One problem occurs when reading parts of the Bible without sufficient life experience or a lack of historical knowledge. We need the British Museum in a brain-attachable USB drive.

The Bible opened up vast tracts of mental and spiritual landscape once I was “old enough”. Such as on the day I handed the reins to Jesus, the day we married, the day we became adoptive parents, the day our parent(s) died, raising teenagers, the year I became a supervisor, the years I turned 30, 40, and 50 ... never fully experiencing some portions of the Bible until each appropriate life passage arrived.

At age 50, I appreciated Ecclesiastes (“Nothing was new under the sun. Without God, it was chasing after the wind. Vanity of vanity, all was vanity.” ... ah, that book). The old codger of an author was not a dour pessimist. He had a wickedly dry humor. With a wink from aged Solomon as “The Preacher”, the book wisely calls us to focus on things that matter. An AWANA teenager in 2017 felt it became her surprised favorite book of all the books of the Bible.

Church hunting adventures

Hunting for church gatherings became serendipitous fun on my private vacation trips.

Unusual churches from my past trips included:

- a water blessing service in an Orthodox catacomb in Sergiev Posad, Russia
- a Pentecostal mega-church in Guatemala City
- the primary Soviet-era surviving Baptist Church in Moscow
- St. John’s in Hampton, Virginia (1610, oldest English-speaking parish)
- a Russian Orthodox Easter service in Toronto, Canada
- the Episcopal Church of the Holy Faith in Santa Fe, NM (1800’s with its Star of David rose window high above the front doors as a synagogue gift)
- several California Spanish Missions

Are you Jewish?

I attended an International Conference for the Union of Messianic Jewish Congregations (UMJC) in Santa Clara on Shavuot 7/23/2005). I was often asked “Are you Jewish?”

I had a mixed heritage with possible Algonquin Indian ancestors, but that data came from dubious sources. My parents, out of their brief godly belief in the early 1950’s, dedicated me as their first-born to the Lord, circumcised as an infant. They soon severed all church connections in 1956 and later, my father forbade me as a teenager to attend any church.

However, God called in their early dedication vow and claimed me for Himself. After yielding to God through Jesus, I worked all summer at a Reform Jewish Youth Camp in Malibu. At the Explo’72 college gathering in Dallas, I discovered Jews for Jesus.

About 1997, I wanted to learn Hebrew. With weekly lessons with an Israeli family, I started attending Bri’t Ahavah for the High Holy days. Anne gave me a kippah and tallit, which I regularly use. While not required, it became a spiritual discipline to eat as kosher as possible. We held erev Shabbat each week in our home. Although not Jewish, I was an actively engaged believer. I believe they prefer to say “fervently religious”.

Bri’t Ahavah

Church modernist entertainment as worship holds an anti-interest to me. Give me something ancient with meat on the bones. I linked up with a Messianic Jewish congregation celebrating high holy days, most from Leviticus 23. They used an ancient Hebrew liturgy written before the Middle Ages as revised for treating Jesus as Messiah.

During 2000, I videotaped special events held at Brit Ahavah, which included their one-time Mikvah/Tvilah ceremony (held at Bethel Family Center with member Ezra being one of those participants), a large Passover Seder, and a Bat Mitzvah for Rachel (Ezra’s wife) at an Asian church hall in San Francisco. In 2005, I videotaped the Bat Mitzvah of young Sarah (daughter of Rachael and Ezra). Rachel later died of cancer seeking relief solely from health-food supplements. I lost track of Ezra soon afterwards.

In March 2002, Rabbi Kevin’s wife was ill that spring and so I happily became drafted to help present the meaning of the Passover Seder meal at two churches.

On 10/26/2003, Bri’t Ahavah held a multi-ethnic potluck and song (jointly with the East Bay Area meeting of the Southern Baptist regional association).

Committee on Moral Concerns

In 1976, Rev. Timberlake of the Southern Baptist Convention of Northern California started the Committee on Moral Concerns (COMC). He became a lobbyist specializing in bills that affected substance abuse, gaming, and morality issues. Harvey Chin, his close friend, promoted the Capitol Resource Institute (CRI) as a lobbyist specializing in alcohol legislation. Together, they promoted Art Crony to succeed Rev. Timberlake.

Art had the reputation among the legislators on both sides of the political aisle for his careful reading and analysis of bills for negative morals impacts. I became involved first as his webmaster and later voted in as a member of the COMC board.



Figure 8 - COMC Board Member lunch, Sacramento, California - 2002

During those early years, party affiliation did not matter given a broad consensus on basic civil morality. A morals lobbyist acted as a “Watchman on the Wall” for “poison pills” in bills prior to a vote. Legislators rarely (if ever) critically read every bill coming to them. Ill-advised sentences had unintentional negative consequences (and in later years, many authors maliciously inserted such nefarious sentences).

A legislator of either party in the 1980’s would immediately respond positively to clean up the bills before a vote. By 2000, the legislature insulated itself from Judeo-Christian morality and ignored all conservative concerns raised by people of traditional faith.

No one can claim that we did not partake in our civil duty to speak up for the moral climate of California. Still, we felt unsupported. Most churches acted as if bad bills had no effect upon them. They neglected to speak both on their own behalf and for the communities to whom they ministered. Silence was sufficient consent for evil to win.

Walk With Me – Isolation into Recovery

I was attending an Assembly of God church at the time and the Board was fully Southern Baptist. Art recommended my web site development and record of accomplishment of supporting the COMC. I presented my recent struggle with the left-leaning United Methodist Church on moral issues. My role as a Board member lasted a couple of years.



Figure 9 - COMC Calling Card

In 8/17/2003, an emergency Board meeting discussed a crisis about the propriety of Art's role with the rest of the Board and left him without a job. I perceived a risk to my LLNL job should that decision wind up in court and tendered my resignation a month later.

Ron Prentice, with Focus on the Family, met with the Board, which dissolved the two corporate entities (COMC and its educational entity: Moral Concerns Inc. (MCI)). The talks yielded a merger of sorts into California Family Alliance with hopes of reaching all conservative pastors across California beyond the Southern Baptist fold.

A new sister organization under Peter Henderson took on the lobbying role of COMC, but with limited success since the legislature became more pagan with each successive election. I worked for a year with Peter creating a transitional web site. On 11/02/2004, Peter announced the new organizational structure to evangelical pastors in our valley.

Answered prayer in midst of turmoil – 10/25/2003

Barry Jacoby and I spent time talking about making God the first place to access rather than the last place in our chaotic needs. I had an unusual dream that morning that tripped the conversation. It was an odd dream but the key aspect was that within the dream, I "woke up" and started asking God why I did not think about coming to him to handle the chaotic situation in my dream? This dream within a dream was unusual. However, after I actually woke up, that nagging question got us to talking in class.

My car dashboard started smoking two weeks prior. It was a crossed wire under the ignition switch. I checked out the blinker and ignition modules, re-wrapped the burned wire, and the car was happier ... more or less. The emergency blinkers did not blink and the speedometer did not work. I could live without emergency flashers but the computerized fuel injectors needed the speedometer. So I asked for prayers for those two things. A new ignition module showed nothing wrong with the old one.

That next Sunday, Anne asked that I lay hands on the car and pray before driving to church. I did and the speedometer worked. I reassembled the under dash panel. That afternoon, I drove freeway and in town with good results. After two weeks of tracing wires, I think God was waiting for me finally to give up and ask for his help.

I cannot explain the repair to natural circumstances. He kept me working safely while reinstalling the air bag module. I almost did not report it as praise because there was an element of doubt and I did not want to presume upon the Lord. Yet, a week later, the car ran fine. I chalked this one up to our Savior and returned the new ignition switch.

Potpourri

In 2000, Anne attended a Celebrate Recovery Conference and a Women's Retreat. In 2001 and 2003, she attended a retreat at Redwood Christian Park, taking Karen in 2003.

Our area Christian radio station rattled off my name in 2005 as part of a list of donor names in a doggerel poem. We never heard it, but several friends told Anne. She asked for and received a copy (now misplaced) from KCJH radio personality Brent Randall.

My personal mentor, Pastor Roger Lewis (d.2022) encouraged me in 2005:

You may not be a pastor or a reverend, but you are a significant Christian leader in the Valley and you certainly belong [at our monthly pastor breakfasts. For your 30th anniversary,] thanks for demonstrating that marriages are not a "slipknot"!

Trips

Photos (prior to digital cameras) and ephemeral from past trips appear in my trip scrapbooks or remain as unfinished loose collections in large manila envelopes. After Anne died in 2010, I had no further motivation to create pre-digital scrapbooks.

25th Anniversary - Toronto/Yosemite

By 2000, we rebounded as a married couple and thoroughly enjoyed our 25th wedding anniversary. The smiles on that trip were akin to our early glory days. God solidly anchored us in both faith and encouraging people to follow Jesus.



Harry and Anne Briley

Briley — 25 years

Anne (Rittenhouse) and Harry Briley of Livermore, celebrated their 25th anniversary with a vacation that included trips to Niagara Falls and Yosemite Valley.

Anne and Harry met at the Mustard Seed Coffeehouse at the New Mexico Institute of Mining and Technology in Socorro. Harry interned as the chaplain for the county jail, and both were active leaders with various campus ministries. They were married May 24, 1975, at St. Paul's United Methodist Church in Socorro.

Harris is a senior applications developer and systems facilitator at Lawrence Livermore Lab. Anne had worked as a workers compensation analyst, retiring to raise their two adopted children. She enjoys water aerobics and being a grandmother. Harry has developed adult Bible studies for churches in Livermore and been the secretary for Bible Study Groups at Lawrence Livermore Lab for more than 20 years. They are members of Trinity Baptist Church in Livermore.

Figure 10 - 25th Anniversary (Independent 5/2000)

By adding a vacation week to an IAF facilitator's conference, Anne and I visited the Canadian *Niagara Falls*, toured *Fort Erie*, *Casa Loma*, and museums in Toronto.

We stumbled upon a University Library sign in Toronto with a great museum of rare books. Anne's father, Jack Rittenhouse, was an artisan publisher, which pushed him into being a rare book dealer (American Southwest). His short-lived artisan press opened those doors for him. We thoroughly enjoyed the museum with that background.

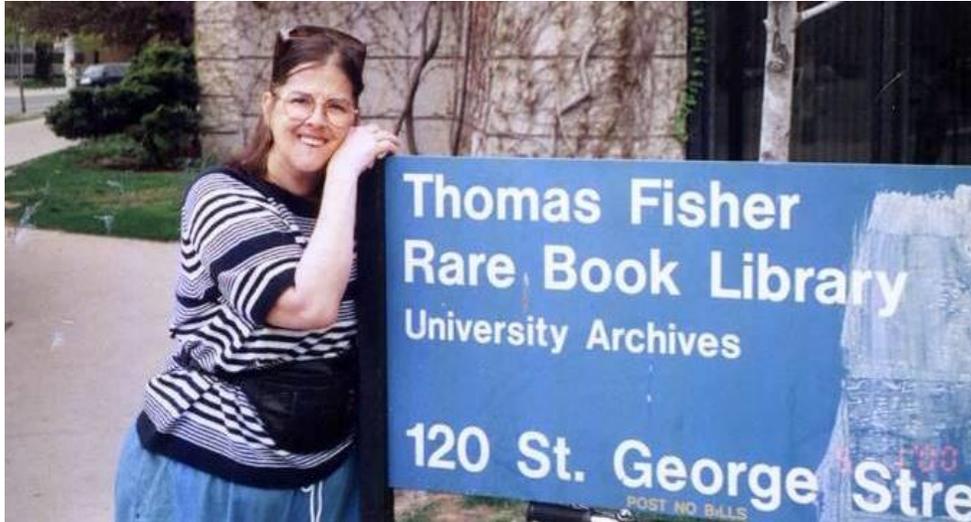


Figure 11 - Toronto, Canada – 5/2000

A week later we toured the high country lakes of *Yosemite National Park*, explored the *Mono Lake Tufa State Natural Reserve*, and toured the nearby mining ghost town of *Bodie State Historical Park*.



Figure 12 - Mono Lake, CA - 5/2000

That September, we attended the 150th anniversary of California Statehood in Sacramento and the next week we visited the replica of *Sutter's Fort* of 1846.

2001 Trips

My prior engagement with history was woeful (school, media, etc.), perhaps due to teachers having a social ax to grind but mostly ignorantly or ineptly taught. A photo of an historic building remains dull until I touch it, smell it, hear it, and walk within it. Throw in a knowledgeable docent in period attire and the site becomes alive with questions: Why this? When that? How did they? What motivated them?

In January, we toured the well-appointed *Haggin Museum* in Stockton. I always added vacation days to my distant business trips. After a vendor's conference in Monterey, I visited Carmel, toured the *Monterey Bay Aquarium*, saw a Pismo Beach sunset, and toured *Hearst Castle*.

I treated *Fort Ross* on the California north coast as only a scenic drive-by back in 1990. However, one Living History day in 7/2001, over 2000 Russians (many in period attire) showed up. Cannons fired, rifles drilled, bells rang (and rang and rang), choirs sang, wafts of period cooking, and cultural food sold. In historical sites, docents who interact with each other in character captivate me and activate my learning whetstone.

In 8/2001, Charlotte Rittenhouse flew out with her oxygen tanks (emphysema) to visit us and go on a whale-watching excursion. I became much queasy heading out to the small Farallon Islands while bucking the early morning ocean waves. Charlotte felt no ill effects. The return trip became calm, sunny, and no longer needing foul weather gear.

In 9/2001, Anne and I toured the *Filoli Estate and Gardens* (Fi-lo-li = fight-love-live) in the hills nearest Stanford University.

27th Anniversary – San Diego

After our aborted honeymoon in 1975, San Diego fulfilled that role a year later. We promised to visit eventually again for another anniversary. In 2002, we toured the cluster of *Balboa Park* museums, *Mission San Diego de Alcalá*, *Old Mission San Luis Rey* in Oceanside, and *Wild Animal Park*. We took a Harbor Cruise amongst many US Navy vessels and toured the *Maritime Museum* that hosts the *Star of India* schooner.

After ²⁷5 years, she's wild about Harry

Figure 13 - Anne's Anniversary Commentary – 2002



*There's just one fellow for me in this world
Harry's his name, that's what I claim
Why for every fellow there must be a girl
I've found my mate, by kindness of fate*

*I'm just wild about Harry
And Harry's wild about me
The heavenly blisses of his kisses
Fill me with ec-sta-sy*

*He's sweet just like chocolate candy
And just like honey from the bee
Oh I'm just wild about Harry
And he's just wild about,
... cannot do without
He's just wild about me*

Figure 14- Song sheet- Wild about Harry (Indiana State Museum, 6/2016)

Words: Noble Sissle; Music: Eubie Blake - 1921

Texas - Susan Blair Funeral

Susan Blair, Anne's sister, was in worse shape in 12/2002 than we had surmised. Charlotte decided to visit her instead of coming to California. It turned out to be providential so she could help care for Susan.

Charlotte's sister Ellen wrote Anne mid-December that she was "*still waiting for my Home call. The Lord has His reason!*" It perplexed her at over age 97 what God had more for her to do. She wrote "*The Lord of Life NEVER changes. May a keen awareness of His Presence give you Joy and Peace now and through the New Year.*" She referenced this passage: "*The Lord your God is with you, he is mighty to save. He will take great delight in you, he will quiet you with his love, he will rejoice over you with singing.*" – Zeph. 3:17



Ellen High (97) - 12/2002

Susan Blair died at about age 50 just after Christmas in 2002 in Plano Texas. Anne flew out the next day for two weeks. After the funeral on 1/3/2003, I flew out to assist Dennis and their two daughters for a week. During down mornings, Anne and I toured the *Dallas Botanical Garden*, the *Dallas Zoo*, and the *Heritage Farmstead Museum* in Plano. After we flew home, Anne received a delayed birthday dinner.

Ellen wrote us soon afterwards and died from a stroke just three months later.

I am so glad you both were able to be together in Plano. Let me add my thanks for all Harry did to help Dennis and family. It is comforting to know that Dennis belongs to the Lord and is able to draw strength and wisdom from their Source. The promise of God's abiding Presence is not for Dennis only, but for us all!

Ellen represented consistent traditional joyful faith, which Charlotte consistently rejected with prejudice whenever Ellen spoke of anything vaguely religious. Anne and Susan felt her kindred heart once they each decided to follow Jesus at heart-level. Both of them gratefully knew that Aunt Ellen regularly prayed for our respective families.

Albuquerque

Whenever a semi-annual work trip to Albuquerque afforded me a spare weekend, I nearly always attempted both a reunion visit with our college friends Pastor David and Sheli Snyman and helper-type visit to Charlotte Rittenhouse.

Anne wrote to a pen pal (4/18/2003):

Harry had a busy trip to Albuquerque [in 4/2003]. He saw my Mom for dinner one evening, but he did not stay with her. His job put him up in a nice place for three nights where he got a lot [of LLNL work] done.

Politically they [Charlotte and Harry] are almost at opposite ends of the spectrum, she is ultra-liberal and he is moderate-conservative. My politics are pretty much the same as Harry's, but my Mom is not tolerant of differing points of view. I think/hope that Harry and I are. She is an atheist and we are Christians. Harry seems to travel twice a year depending on the budget of the group inviting him.

28th Anniversary - Virginia

For our 28th anniversary, we visited Colonial Williamsburg, Jamestown, Yorktown, and Washington DC based upon earlier work trips to these locations. It was Anne’s first trip to the East Coast.

In Williamsburg, we attended a mid-week candlelit concert of harpsichord and organ at *Bruton Parish* church (1711) and a “shortened” period service Sunday afternoon. I asked if the extensive Biblical references were typical. The docent said there were two sermon types in mid-1700’s, “spoken” running 20 pages of densely written text with cross-references, and “written” running over 40 pages. (He extracted and preached that morning only four pages from a spoken sermon.)

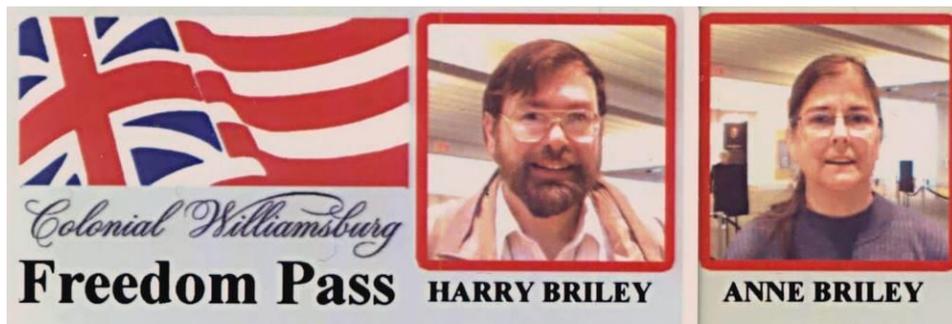


Figure 15 - Colonial Williamsburg Passes - 5/2003

In Washington DC, we visited nearly all the mall monuments and museums (3 days), *Mount Vernon*, *Fort Ward*, and *Old Town Alexandria*.



Figure 16 – Fort Ward, Alexandria Virginia - 5/2003
“Go ahead, make my day” (Rainy day at Fort Ward by Alexandria, VA)

Walk With Me – Isolation into Recovery

England

As mentioned in the LLNL section, I attended a two-week Process Improvement class in Aldermaston near Reading (red-deen) in late 11/2003. Anne joined me as her first international trip. We added a week in mid-December to play tourist in London.

Church Hunting in Reading

One evening, we wandered alone by moonlight through the hulking ruins of the *Reading Abbey* (where 1500's Henry VIII drew, quartered, and hung the Abbot, nice guy Henry). It sat next to a prison (closed later in 2014). We saw a real Salvation Army Band play outdoors on the Reading downtown pedestrian promenade. While I was in class, Anne enjoyed a boys' choir rehearsing at the Queen's private chapel inside *Windsor Castle*.

I attended two evening services at a gothic *Greyfriars Church* about a block from our hotel in Reading. The church name came from grey robes worn by the founding friars.



Figure 17 - Greyfriars Church, Reading, England - 11/2003

The church stonework was original but the city misused the old building as a prison and later as a roofless horse stable. This vibrant traditional-faith college-oriented community redeemed the property, refurbished the interior, and replaced missing glass. I was the oldest person with standing room only for the under-35 aged crowd singing hymns one evening. In high contrast, this church belongs to an aging liberal Anglican diocese

We toured the three-story *Reading Museum* that hosted a complete copy of the Bayeux Tapestry rolled out in sections in display cases around the large room.

Westward Sites

Our host's wife took Anne to see the *Stonehenge* and *Avebury* circles. Both pre-date the Druids, exposing yet another “proven” myth invented out of whole cloth in the 1800's.



Figure 18 - Stonehenge, England (Watkins 11/2003)

Our hosts specified train connections for a visit to Bath. The city derives its name from the original *Roman Baths* from 50AD. The city inspired the early 1800's novels by Jane Austen. An open-air bus pointed out her home and notable sites. The city excavated the now-underground baths in 1880. We quickly visited the *Bath Abbey*, heard a chorale sing ancient songs in a Christmas outdoor market, and caught the last train back to Reading.

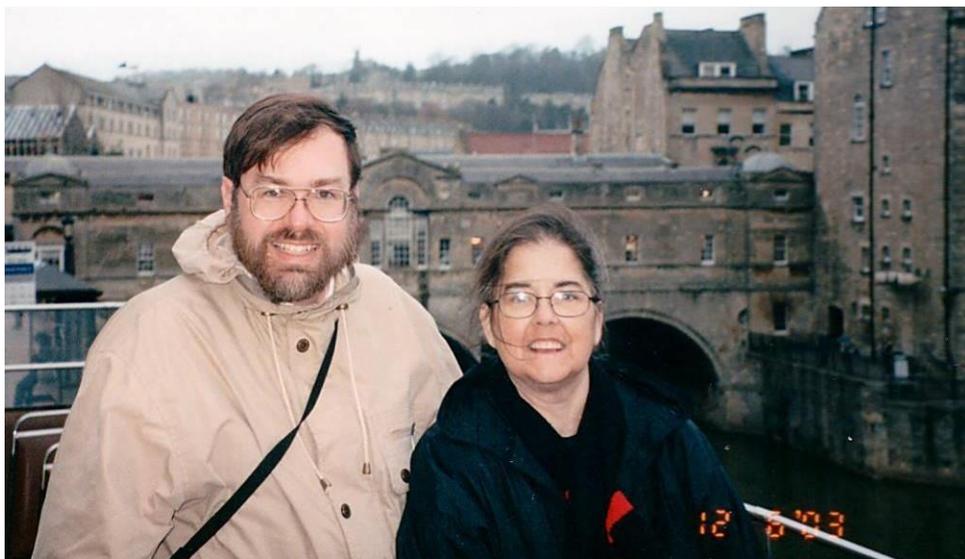


Figure 19 - Pulteney Bridge, Bath, England - 12/2003

London

We toured using trains and “The Tube” (subway). Before we left for England, we bought a four-day pass for the subway and many London museums. This pass was not available after arrival. Therefore, we used the first part of our trip visiting things not on that pass.

After the class, we stayed at Chelsea Village in London. Our emphasis on each trip was history and faith. We could only afford a hotel away from the city center near a subway station. Being ignorant of place names, we discovered that this off-season but upscale hotel fronted the large stadium of the local soccer club. Our fifth floor corner room faced the street. The stadium side viewed the soccer field like expensive skyboxes.

Fortunately, the only game that week occurred one morning as we left to tour London. We first passed riot police on horseback with acrylic shields protecting the eyes of the horses. Puzzled, we turned the corner smack into newly arrived lively fans wearing team colors of bright blue. They walked towards us filling the entire street, perhaps thirty people across and at least several hundred deep after the last subway train had emptied.

It became an exhausting week to cover the *British Museum* (four hours is an insufficient visit), the *Imperial War Museum*, the *Tower of London*, *Hampton Palace*, the *Museum of London*, a river cruise on the Thames, the *Cutty Sark*, and the *Greenwich Observatory* (requiring finding a wheelchair loan to push Anne up the quite steep access hill).

Christmas faith and empty-headed commercialism were on completely different tracks in both London and Reading. Every third store display window had a skimpy negligee’ on mannequins with fluorescent green hair sporting hot purple swaths, day-glow orange and purple mascara, and sparkle glitter glued randomly. There seemed to be a countrywide contest to show off the least product at the highest price surrounded by the most garish of colors. Not one of these store display windows had any decor remotely traditional of Christmas. It could as well have been April. I can imagine Garrison Keillor’s characters from Lake Wobegon, those stern dependable forthright Scandinavian Lutherans, trying to make sense of England’s “Christmas” incongruities.

Church hunting in London

All the historic church sites had active current congregations. We attended a 3pm Evensong service at *Westminster Abbey* where a men/boys pitch perfect choir sang the liturgy. We happened upon a school's Christian Carole concert (clearly, I was no longer in California) in the center of the enormous *St. Paul's Cathedral* (the concert for parents; we tourists were kept behind ropes or in a side aisle). We sang bilingual carols with a joint Korean/Methodist congregation near the Chelsea Village subway station.

At the chapel at the *Tower of London*, the docent found just that specific week some bones falling through a wall internment into a closet ... “Come, let me show you. See, right there, through that hole here. See the bones there?” (um yeah, oh-kay, see ya).

A huge bronze page from John Wesley's diary framed the *Museum of London* at the corner of London Wall and Aldersgate Street.

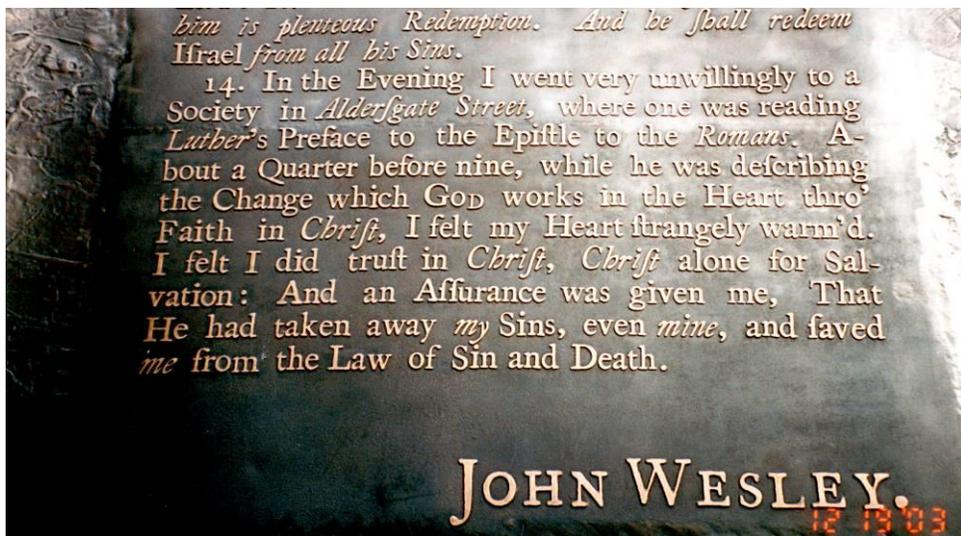


Figure 20 –Wesley Memorial, Museum of London - 12/19/2003

The lower section of the bronze Wesley Memorial reads:

“In the Evening, I went very unwillingly to a Society in *Aldersgate Street*, where one was reading *Luther's* Preface to the Epistle to the *Romans*. About a Quarter before nine, while he was describing the Change, which God works in the Heart thro' Faith in *Christ*, I felt my heart strangely warm'd. I felt I did trust in *Christ*, *Christ* alone for Salvation: And an Assurance was given me, That He had taken away my Sins, even *mine*, and saved *me* from the Law of Sin and Death.”

We capped off the trip visiting the huge 1500's Chapel of Henry VIII at *Hampton Court Palace* southwest of London. Henry “appropriated” the entire complex from Cardinal Woolsey who earlier “appropriated” it from someone else. The docent from the Tudor period wore an outfit with imitation pearls sewn throughout golden trim to reflect a time of opulent consumption. Even his less-costly replica cost over \$4000 to create by hand.

29th Anniversary – Bay Area and Fort Bragg

After an anniversary dinner watching a Pacific sunset, we strolled along the beach at dusk and wrote love letters in the sand among thousands of *Velella* blue jellyfish “sailboards”. Their deep blue color meant that they blew ashore just that evening. They fit in my hand with a “sail” that felt like freshly set silicon rubber.



Figure 21 – *Velella* jellyfish on shore (jellieszone.com)

We visited the *San Francisco Zoo*, hiked through the aircraft carrier *USS Hornet*, and toured the *Japanese Gardens* in Oakland. We stole away granddaughter Alexis on a day trip to *Coloma State Park* where the gold rush started. Anne used her cane frequently.



Figure 22 - *USS Hornet* and *Japanese Garden* Day trips – 5/2004

In August 2004, we rode the *Skunk Train* in the redwoods by Fort Bragg and visited the *Mendocino Botanical Gardens* on the ocean cliffs. The Gardens provided electric scooters, which Anne gratefully navigated on the main paved paths. We saw the *Point*

Walk With Me – Isolation into Recovery

Cabrillo lighthouse (not to be confused with the *Point Loma* lighthouse at Cabrillo National Park in San Diego), and gawked at the California coast. I twisted my ankle in a tide pool at *Glass Beach* (with residual twinges four months later). It was our first time at a delightful Bed and Breakfast and picking wild blackberries in season on the coast.



Figure 23 - Fort Bragg – 8/2004

Walk With Me – Isolation into Recovery

New Mexico

We flew out to Anne’s mother for Thanksgiving week in 2004. We played tourist with Charlotte on some side trips. Anne rested at home and let me explore the city. I looked the first Saturday for a Messianic congregation (which had folded). Instead, I found a densely packed *Archeological Museum of the Bible* (since folded) which included faithful reproductions of items from the *British Museum* that I saw in London the prior year.

I visited Pastor Dave and Sheli Snyman from college days at his *Paradise Hills United Methodist Church*. David and I helped in each other’s weddings. Anne and Sheli were college roommates. I celebrated their first erev Shabbat (Friday evening) along with their daughters and favorite chili dishes. Worn out, Anne spent that evening with her mother.



Figure 24 - Pastor David Snyman Home - 11/2004

I attended *Adat-Y’shua Messianic Congregation* the following Saturday. They used a liturgical prayer book (siddur) where I could not find pages before the prayers ended (a pet peeve). However, many parts were similar to my *Bri’t Ahavah* congregation.



Figure 25 - Adat Y'Shua Congregation, Albuquerque – 11/2004

Walk With Me – Isolation into Recovery

In Santa Fe, Anne and I attended the *Episcopal Church of the Holy Faith* (thus “Santa Fe”), which fondly held a dual memory. Anne attended as a child. On our honeymoon, our motel door opened facing the church ablaze with red banners for Pentecost (and thus our first worship service as newlyweds).



Figure 26 – Church of Holy Faith, Santa Fe - Chaco NHP Masonry – 11/2004

This mostly conservative church (at the time), built in 1882, has a stained glass Star of David high over the entrance. It seems out of place, but honors the Jewish community who contributed to the building. That story begs to be unwrapped, but some fondness formed between the two faith communities even at that early date.

Anne and I then did an overnighter to a World Heritage Site - *Chaco National Historic Park* (ancient pueblos/kivas 800-1200AD). We stayed in an old motel in Cuba (New Mexico) for \$45, which at that price usually means ‘decrepit’. Despite 200 miles from nowhere, we had a superb room and a head start on the sandy dirt road that handled 60 mph better than on a paved freeway. The excellent suspension of the rental car gave the illusion of flying quietly off the ground. We later found the limit was 30 mph. Gulp!

30th Anniversary – Hawaii

While it seems everybody on the west coast visits Hawaii as newlyweds, we waited until our 30th Anniversary to enjoy two weeks there. We published a solitary copy of a hardbound memory book of the best representative photos from that anniversary trip.



Figure 27- 30th Anniversary - Kailua, Oahu – 5/2005

Since we were not newlyweds nor adventurous young adults, we saw Hawaii with a less frenzied pace to see selected quiet places within ten days. We still found ourselves rushing more than planned but mostly we highly enjoyed being outside the high-volume tourist areas and that party circuit. We flew into Oahu, caught a Hawaiian Airlines inter-island flight to Kauai for a day-trip and back. Mid-vacation, we flew to Kailua-Kona on the Big Island (Hawaii proper) for a week, and then flew from Kona to home.

On Oahu, we visited Waikiki Baptist Church one block from our hotel, took a two-hour catamaran sail from Waikiki past Diamond Head, toured the USS Arizona Memorial in Pearl Harbor, viewed the storm-stripped barren seascape from a tourist submersible, stopped at Pali Lookout, drove around Kailua where I attended ninth grade, and took in Sea Life Park. Kailua Beach was not as I recalled with its pristine deep clear lagoon of 1968. Instead, the lagoon had silted up and turbulence made the waves a dirty brown.

Anne fulfilled her dream to swim with a dolphin. Since illegal in Hawaii, this swim was part of Sea Life Park as arranged by our hotel. She said their skin felt like soft leather.



Figure 28 –Koke’e State Park, Kauai - Dolphin Swim, Oahu – 5/2005

When we landed in Kauai (called the Garden Isle due to high rainfall), the only available rental car remaining was a 4-wheel jeep. It turned out we needed that jeep to drive through winding Waimea Canyon (a moderate version of the Grand Canyon) through Koke’e State Park to the famous Kalalau lookout overlooking the most dazzling azure colors of the Napali Coast State Park far below us. Koke’e Park had stunning scenery with colorful wild chickens. Each rooster had a personality, including an ad-hoc cockfight where the smaller roosters literally “got their feathers up”.

Upon return down from the canyon, we parked under a tree in rural Kekaha to wait out a torrential downpour that turned the landscape into maroon red clay mud. We travelled partially north on two side roads to see Wailua Falls and Opaeka’a Falls (on two forks of the Wailua River). Upon return to the airport, we caught the last return flight of the day.

Shifting to a coast-side timeshare apartment in Kailua-Kona on the Big Island, we toured the Moku’aikaua Church. They built it of volcanic rock and coral as the first church in the Islands. We drove onto the campus of University of the Nations (Youth With A Mission, YWAM) in Kona but found it closed between semesters. We focused upon archeological sites: Honaunau (City of Refuge) (south of Kona), Royal Fish Ponds and Honokohau National Historical Park (north of Kona).

One day, we drove south to the Punalu’u Black Sands Beach with a main goal of touring Volcano National Park. Since Anne needed a cane, we had to be careful around unstable sand and wet-slick lava near water. She indeed fell at the beach and broke two fingers (see Anne’s Medical Decline section below). An arm sling from a nearby clinic did not stop her from enjoying the Volcanos National Park later at 4pm that afternoon.

With Anne still in an arm-sling, we drove through the center of the island, looking like any dry-grass ranchland of California to the northwest side of Hawaii. On that side, we examined an abandoned rural church enroute to Kalopa Arboretum State Park. Near Hilo, we toured both the Hawaii Botanical Garden and Akaka Falls. It took five to six hours to drive back to Kona in the dark for our morning flight home.

New Mexico

While in Albuquerque in 4/2005 for work (and again in Thanksgiving with Anne), I again attended *Adat Y'shua Messianic Congregation* (Saturday) and *Paradise Hills United Methodist Church* (Sunday). Anne eagerly visited Sheli one last time in 11/2005 having missed those dear friends in 2004. She correctly sensed it as her last visit to the area.

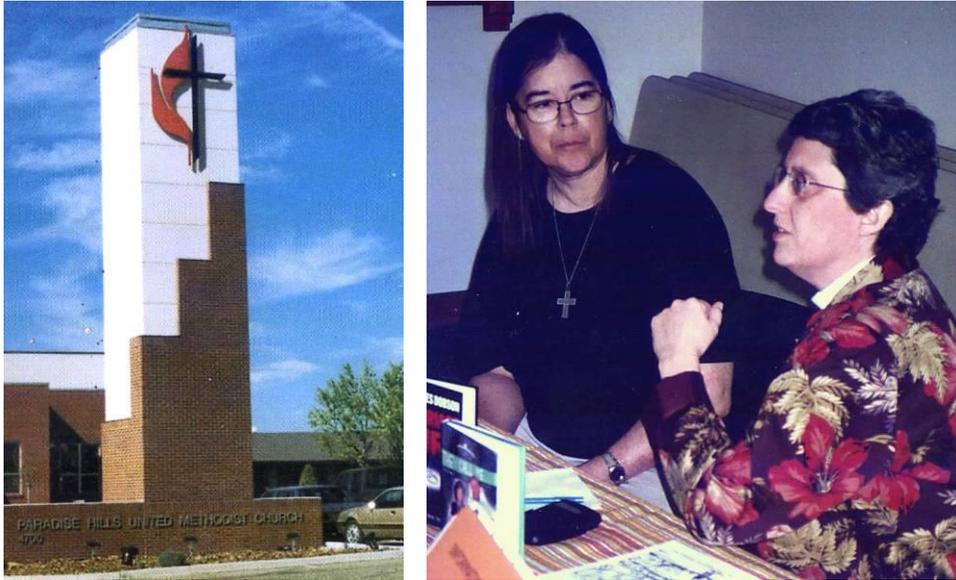


Figure 29 - Paradise Hills UMC - With Sheli Snyman - 11/2005



Figure 30 - Petroglyph National Monument, Albuquerque, NM - 11/2005

In 4/2005 (myself) and during Thanksgiving (both of us), we walked over a mile on a sandy trail to a hidden area of the *Petroglyph National Monument* nearest the Snyman's church. It was open to the public but not well known even by locals. Anne kept a strong pace with her cane the whole walk there and back. The reward was a large side canyon alcove with over a hundred different petroglyphs unmolested by vandals.

Walk With Me – Isolation into Recovery

We attended Holy Faith Episcopal in Santa Fe again. Anne managed the long day touring the nearby Santa Fe Plaza and stores using her cane alone.

We drove to Los Alamos and *Bandelier National Park*. Anne had not been there since grade school. She exercised with a cane for several months under physical therapy and was physically fit to enjoy hiking up the easier canyon stairs to view the cliff ruins.

The city history museum of Los Alamos gave a broad picture of pre-war days and the early days as a nuclear weapons secret city. The more technical *Bradbury Visitor Center* for Los Alamos National Laboratory stunned me that the historical videos and weapon details were unclassified. Of course, I can neither deny nor confirm those specific items.

Charlotte Moves to La Vida Llana

In 4/2005, I flew to Albuquerque to help Anne's mother assess her finances and tour four retirement communities. Everyone agreed that personal visits help discern whether a facility passed the "smell" test. A couple of the places looked very nice.

In our Thanksgiving trip, Charlotte decided upon La Vida Llana (The Good Life). I charted steps for that move. We visited the facility and revised calculations from April. I ran through financial scenarios given the unknown value of her home. We helped her navigate the steep La Vida entrance fee and with her insurance agent about her move.

She insisted that we box up anything that we wanted to keep. I selected some older hand tools. Anne received a full set of china, which I carefully packed in a wooden crate using foam plate sleeves, set on end, to prevent mere weight cracking the plates at the bottom of the stack. A trucking firm picked up the heavy boxes and crate. We never opened the china crate once it arrived in Livermore. In hindsight, Charlotte should have sold it while china still fetched high values. However, things were rushed. She planned to have an estate sale for everything else that she could not move to her new top floor apartment.



Figure 31 - La Vida Llana, Albuquerque - 2005

House and Home

Doors and Carpeting

When the teens moved out, our cheap hollow-core doors from 1959 saw better days. I admired the solid-core stained doors on a work visit to Bud and Donna Jack's new home in Colorado. On a search for a similar design, I found a newly arrived set of lovely six-panel unfinished hardwood doors from Brazil. We immediately snapped up the stock to replace every interior door. We purchased similar exterior fire doors that we painted to match the chosen stain, which we intentionally matched to our new kitchen cabinets.

My brother David expertly handled all the door staining and installation in 2/2000. The result far exceeded my expectations. With the stain, the wood grain shone through in glorious colors. The upper four panels of each door reminded me of a cross. I felt our home had become a contemplative monastery or some elegant religious retreat house.

In 2002, David graciously helped me prepare the house for carpet replacement. He installed much-needed electrical outlets, painted walls, replaced a wall furnace, and built a yard gate. His bidding for these upgrades brought our home into the current decade.

Patio

My neighbor's adult son was a concrete contractor. I had long disliked the tiny broken slab that pretended to be our patio. When Steve broke up the thinly poured patio in 12/2002, he found no rebar reinforcement. We enlarged the area to a respectably sized patio with plenty of rebar. Just when it came time to pour, two weeks of continuous rain flooded the work area. I had to trench a ditch to the street to drain off several inches of standing water. With a few days drying, Steve arranged a pour after New Year's Day.

Solar Panels

In fall of 2005, we installed solar roof panels, something I dreamed about for years. Due to the cost, Anne therefore wanted something expensive for herself, like a new sod lawn and double-pane windows. We did both projects four years later.



Figure 32 - Solar Panels on roof – 12/2005

Lifestyle

Four Generation Gathering

On the first birthday of granddaughter Alexis, Charlotte flew out for a visit and I captured this four-generation photo. A formal photographer sitting occurred later.



Figure 33 - Four Generations - 6/2000
L-R: Anne, Charlotte, Alexis, Karen

Lectures

I attended historic and faith lectures during 2001-2005. Faith lectures were Phillip Johnson speaking at Sandia Laboratory about his new book *Darwin on Trial*, Don Richardson talking about missions (including his two books *Eternity in their Hearts* and *Peace Child*), a lecture by the Center for Bioethics in Oakland, and a dramatic play at Cedar Grove church (*Surprised By Joy* about C.S. Lewis' wife).

My new interest deepened with the Livermore Heritage Guild by attending their lectures, including: Magnetic Levitation (LLNL), National Park Service visit to Duarte Garage, Pancho Villa, former mayor John Shirley discussing the 1950's, Editor Barry Schrader (Newspaper Wars), Deacon Dave Rezendes (Catholics in Livermore), Livermore Sanitarium, and Forest Home Farms Walnuts in San Ramon.

My Mother Died

My brother David and I successfully moved our mother into a retirement apartment complex in 1/2000 where she established many church friends and her exotic patio plants. That November preparing for a church dinner, she had a severe central brain stroke. That story closes out the chapter of *My Mother and Her Family*.

My 2004 Diary Entries

We sporadically filled out only half of journal designed for the *Purpose Driven Life* event at Trinity during Lent of 2004. We each read the posed question on our couch and responded in writing. I have omitted entries about conflicts with Anthony. These selected introspections of mine from 2004 newly caught my eye in 2020.

Are we an accident?

I feel in tune with God's plan for my life after 30 years of careful sculpting by the Lord. I need to accept the times when I get depressed and have fatigue. Created with imperfections, I had terribly crooked teeth [and 20/400 eyesight.] I was the tallest and skinny thin in school. These [disparities] made me [overly] self-conscious. I became compassionate to [those who were too short, too tall, not strong, or not in the popular crowd].

I am quiet and keep to myself but I am not afraid to speak in [public]. I am not an accident. Evolution in college made no sense. Even in fourth grade, I knew that it was not true when I spoke in a class debate largely because I had recently met Jesus [as a friend] in a profound way. Special creation made sense as a nine year old and [more so] now 40 years later.

What is the driving force in life?

The approval of others, materialism, and the fear of rejection drive me. I saw the greed and get-rich-quick mentality of my father who lost it all gambling in [leveraged] commodities [futures]. This drove me to be fiscally conservative and risk adverse. I can live on little but I need financial security.

My work at LLNL can be complex and discouraging when externals block my efforts. However, when I step back and see my work as a [godly] calling, it makes problems bearable. I have purpose and identity as a representative of LLNL both within and without that organization. However, it becomes an adventure to see where God will open the next door. I am comfortable with my [current] work and not stressed into job-hopping.

What can I do to bring pleasure to God?

My work skills are [my source of authority instead of direct power]. Just like a cat who purrs to thank us, God takes pleasure when we take pleasure in him. If we do not worship God, we worship something else, often ourselves.

When we were young Christians [in the 1970's], our songs tended to be about God or about the Christian walk. We sang very few songs to God directly. Now in this decade, the opposite is true. [I feel the need for a fresh balance of singing both kinds of songs. I feel the same in 2020.]

Founders Award

In 3/2002, Tri-Valley Haven for Women honored all their “Founding Mothers” at their 25th annual dinner and fund-raising auction. Anne, at age 21, was Board President when they opened their first safe house shelter for battered women. She and eight other women signed incorporation papers on 6/21/1977. She soon left after college graduation for a job in San Francisco. That milestone honor came as a much affirming surprise.

Anne’s 2004 Diary Entries

As mentioned, we sporadically filled out only half of journal designed for the *Purpose Driven Life* event at Trinity during Lent of 2004. We each read the posed question on our couch and responded in writing usually with my transcribing Anne’s vocal comments. I have omitted entries about medical health and her conflicts with Anthony. These few entries of Anne’s representative introspections freshly caught my interest.

Are we an accident?

*I liked my upbringing even though done through incompetent parents. I need to accept my physical appearance. I am self-conscious and withdrawn. Why did God make me diabetic at age nine? Why do I have an autoimmune disease? It seems so unfair. However, if we were accidents, we would be the [bizarre] creatures in the cantina bar scene of **Star Wars**. We would have nothing in common with our own kind. Having Christ in our heart allows us to love others and thus see Christ's hope for them.*

What about Eternity?

I am confronted with my mortality especially after [my sister] Susan’s death [one year ago] and how she treated her two girls. [She did not explain this part to me. – Harry] I wonder if I am doing the same thing. Ashley Blair once said she had a vision of [my mentally deficient institutionalized brother] Uncle Douglas in a room surrounded by cats. Douglas had a pained mortal life. Now, he has eternity with God who loves him enough to give him what makes him happy along with a functional mind.

What is the glory of God in my daily routine?

I sense God’s glory listening to Christian music and doing organizational tasks. I can share his glory by listening to my neighbors, etc. Diabetes has been an enemy for a long time but currently it is a gift because it brings me into a state of compassion where I can empathize. For instance, in the Mustard Seed Coffeehouse [at New Mexico Tech] back room I got to witness to someone who felt too far-gone for God’s love. Glory filled the room afterwards. I was joyful in anticipation [of a positive turn around].

*By knowing God, we have his goals, his comfort, and his pleasure. I want to meet Christ’s goals and have no desire to meet the worldly goals such as during Saint Patrick’s [hedonistic] weekend at Tech. I am reminded of God’s glory in Barry McGuire final album **To the Bride** [when he talked about being out on a fishing boat joyfully] whacking dolphins [with a knotted dishtowel].*

Anne's 2005 Diary Entries

In 2005, Anne kept a short-lived daily diary (a birthday gift from me) for January. I have omitted entries about medical health and conflict with Anthony (the majority of the entries). It appears those frequent conflicts dissuaded her from continuing her diary any further. These few introspective private entries by Anne especially caught my interest.

1/01. Harry treated me like a queen during this last vacation [to New Mexico in 2004]. He desperately needed to make a dent in his backlog of work here at home, but he always made time for my wants and needs. His Christmas and birthday gifts to me were not expensive or showy, but very loving and thoughtful.

1/06. Harry's deep love for me is a constant that I hold onto sometimes with white knuckles. His care and spiritual covering reflects God's constant love. Even more so, when I am going through a crisis, Harry is there. He does not have the time but makes the time for me. The Lord always has time for me.

1/09. The person who most influenced my faith in God and the church was Father Fish. He was a spiritual director (Cursillo terminology) or a lowercase spiritual father to me. He met me at exactly the place and space that I was at, taught me, challenged my curiosity, listened to me, and showed me Jesus' unconditional love. Father Fish knocked down the false bricks of my 'holy' facade and laid a firm foundation for my faith to grow during my college years where I then accepted Jesus Christ as my Lord and Savior. I am a living testament that God has taught me from my youth and have ever since declared his wondrous works.

1/16. Certain people in my past pointed my heart towards God.

** Aunt Ellen High prayed for me all her life.*

** Aunt Marie Youell sent [my older sister] Susan a copy of Bedtime Bible Stories, which fell into my hands.*

** "Lutheran Hour", "Davey and Goliath", and early Sunday morning TV shows, got me interested in the Lord.*

** I was sidetracked by the ritual of the Episcopal Church in my childhood and then again in the "if you feel good, do it" movement of the late 1960s.*

** Father Fish, Father Jed, and Father Edmundson at Saint Mark's On the Mesa [Episcopal Church] pointed my heart towards God.*

** Wesley Foundation [St. Paul's College Group] in Socorro New Mexico.*

** Dave Briscoe, Connie Jones, Kim (Johnson) Eiland, and Mary Ann (French) Cheney at college helped me through my periods of doubt and questioning.*

** Then, Harry came along ... ☺ ☺ [smiley faces drawn]*

1/18. I used to be incredibly judgmental of my mom. I thought she was mean, angry, and did not want me. As I look back, she was an assistant preschool teacher so I could attend preschool. She was my Brownie and a Junior Girl Scout leader. She worked at a job she hated, to pay for my tuition, books, fees, room, and board at New Mexico Tech. She was behind me and supported me the best she could. She did the best with what she had, which was naturally precious little.

1/21. Fears keep me from opening up to new people and experiences. I guess that is why I am such a hermit. I am afraid of what I look like. I am afraid I will never get my hair into an acceptable look, I am afraid of zits on my face, afraid I do not have the acceptable clothes, and afraid that my body will give out from under me. I need to turn that over to God. I am so judgmental on myself; I do not want a situation where others can judge me. I recall the nightmares of school in elementary and junior high schools. The teachers did not protect my coming in or my going out. I felt worthless. After I met Father Charlie Fish and turned my life over to Christ at Tech, I learned how valued and loved I am by the Lord Jesus.

1/24. Lord, bring good things out of the things I fear. I fear dying early, losing Harry, physically, emotionally, spiritually, and/or eternally. I am afraid of being judged, hurting physically, emotionally, and/or spiritually. Sometimes I feel like a bundle of nerves ready to explode or implode. I am afraid of people. The good coming out of this is, as I mature, I am becoming more aware of and in tune with people. I am kinder to the people not in the "A" crowd and I find that they are friendly! Being afraid of hurting causes me to take better care of myself physically but I fear I am coming up short taking care spiritually. This causes me to invest more into my marriage. The real good that comes out of my fear is trust.

1/26. Harry is overworked and overstressed. However, it brings me great joy to listen to the fun and fulfillment that he has leading the AWANA club and his adult Bible study class. These two activities bring me the happiness that he is truly an instrument in helping others grow in Christ. I wonder about my mom, she is becoming a friend. That is something I never thought we would become. Please give her the right circumstances to accept you as her Savior and Lord.

1/27. I find it odd how things have turned out. I graduated a year early to escape from home. I learned much later how much my mother hated her job and stuck with it so I could get a higher education. That was truly sacrificial. While I was at Tech, I was clueless about this. I would have taken my college work much more seriously. Now, I can see that my mother did the best with what she had and she had precious little. Holy Spirit, draw her to Jesus before it is too late.

1/28. I remember our first apartment [in Socorro]. I dedicated a half hour [daily] just to read the Bible. I got up through Psalms. It felt so cool that I was so close with the Lord during that time. I was a baby Christian and boy was I ever hungry! I should set some realistic goal and do that [again] every day.

2/08. There is a moment of brightness for me after dinner, when Harry is around, and there is a [profound] peaceful quiet in the house. I do not stop often enough to appreciate that others appreciate me. I thus miss my ray of brightness when I stay in my cave in the back bedroom. I fully enjoy Harry's bear hugs, which I take for granted. His love, affection, attention, and support amaze me, all when I stop to take a slow deep breath and look around.

My Health

Migraines Started

I started the year 2000 fearing brain damage from Anthony battering me during our only physical fight. Up until then, I never had migraines. Now, I had a painful headache at my temples where pummeled. These occurred frequently with sudden onsets.

It worried me enough to get an MRI scan. The doctor diagnosed me with migraines. They come in waves (called clusters) and some months have no symptoms. A generic of Imitrix releases the pain. However, a cluster can incapacitate me for a half-day or longer.

Sleep at Last!

At age 50 and after a few years of no deep sleep, both Anne and I could finally breathe! In 2003, I had a nasal CT scan, a sleep study, and allergy tests (allergic to every tree in our yard). Nothing revealed the underlying issue. A nose/throat doctor in 2004 stuck a camera up my nose and found a polyp acting as a simple trap that flopped closed to block my nighttime breathing. In June, he removed the large polyp and my uvula in the same surgery. Anne could get her own deep sleep without my labored heavy snoring.



Figure 34 - Anne and Harry, 2004

Fiftieth Birthday Thoughts

I turned 50 in 2003 and looked back on life with a contemplative eye. Anne's sister Susan died the past December. To celebrate the age milestone at work, I put out two large serving bowls in our main programmer area. One bowl contained pretzels and the other held tokens. Each token was a Ziploc snack bag containing two uncirculated 2003 quarters with cardstock trimmed to fit the bag.

The card text: Birthday Milestone (9/2003)

50 Years or 4 bits shy of a dollar	Half a Century (Half Done ... or Half Baked ?)
It seems 50 years old could mean "You are still a kid." or "Older than dirt" ... "You are not yet 50 YEARS OLD", the Jews (standing there) said to him, "and you have seen Abraham?!!" [You are still a kid.] "I tell you the truth," Jesus answered, "before Abraham was born, I Am." [older than dirt]. At this, they picked up stones (to kill him for blasphemy) - John	
King Solomon took an unabashed Optimistic view ...	
<i>"The glory of young men was their strength, gray hair the splendor of the old." - "My son, do not forget my teaching, but keep my commands in your heart, for they will prolong your life many years and bring you prosperity." - Proverbs</i>	
but he had a wise Pessimistic view	
"Remember your Creator in the days of your youth, before the days of trouble come and the years approach." - Ecclesiastes	
But for YOU , ... a gift ... so you too won't be 4 bits shy of a dollar! These brand new 2003 commemorative quarters had a strong appeal to me.	
Alabama: Helen Keller " Spirit of Courage " - Helen, blind, had courage to change course. She could have let difficulties in life hold her in despair.	
Maine: Lighthouse - One thing I want to be remembered for might be as a lighthouse for both alerting aspects of dangers and positive aspects of hope.	

In 2005, Anne looked forward to turning 50 given my earlier positive reports. She now required a walking cane and electric scooters. At her birthday dinner, she wryly joked that her "warranty had expired", knowing it had indeed lapsed.

However, she commented about turning 50 in positive terms:

It feels like I arrived and can relax now. I am going to be a full-fledged member of the Red Hat Society [or women over 50 who no longer feel the need to conform]. Their fashion style is a red hat and plain fun!

Anne's Medical Decline

Medical Reflections

Back in 1985, Anne wrote journals for our first seminary class readings. Two of those journal entries reflected upon her early feelings about negative medical signals.

Regarding her long-term prognosis, she wrote (Journal 1/19/1985):

My meditation time became unusual. I really felt led to try to imagine myself in a hospital room. Jesus walked in wearing a suit with a long white lab coat, the uniform of the attending physicians at UCSF. Somehow, I sensed it would become increasingly more important for me to picture Jesus in this manner.

Regarding what other people thought, she wrote (Journal 1/30/1985):

I felt paralyzed at times dealing with the physical disorder that did not go away. My diabetes was not the paralyzing factor. Instead, the resentment that I had with people who did not understand or were judgmental was what paralyzed me.

Kidney Damage

In 1994, tests discovered kidney damage (a result of lifelong juvenile diabetes). She needed courage and stamina to stick with the kidney-protective diet and medication. Progressive nerve damage in various and sundry parts of her body hampered her efforts. Throughout 1995, kidney tests remained close to normal but she battled with general nerve damage from diabetes and the onset of cataracts.

Cataract Lens Implants

In 1996, she worked on good medical control and had a good medical team. She had surgery for each eye for cataract replacement using plastic lens implants, a fallout of long-term diabetes. After those surgeries, the lens implants gave her 20-30 vision in both eyes, suitable for driving without glasses. She used generic reading glasses for text.



Figure 35 - Diabetic Research Postal Stamp- 2002

Walk With Me – Isolation into Recovery

First Falls and Broken Bones

Anne broke her wrist in 1995 during a fall while shopping. It required surgery and a cast. Her wrist required further surgery in 1996.

On 4/1/1997, days before Anthony collapsed from alcohol poisoning, she broke her little finger by tripping on a root-damaged sidewalk. She was in a splint all month. In May, she found a flesh-eating infection that required surgery and massive doses of antibiotics.

In late 11/1997, she tripped on a parking lot bumper. In protecting her hand as she fell, she landed on her elbow breaking her main forearm bone through at the elbow joint (I would have the identical incapacitating injury in 2020). It required a 3-inch plate and six 1-inch screws. She began to flex her arm in therapy a month later with significant pain. Anne slept in the living room for three separate months in 1997 because she shook with pain from these various surgeries.

Breast Cancer Scare

On 3/12/2001, Anne had biopsies of a worrisome lump and inflammation in her left breast. The lump was a “ruptured epidermal inclusion cyst” and another site was an “ulcer with acute and chronic inflammation”. Neither site showed microorganisms or malignancy. It put annual mammograms on the calendar, which later detected a cancerous lump in her right breast in 2006.

In 1/2003, two weeks after caring for her sister Susan’s funeral, she spent six hours in the emergency room and then a second emergency visit in February. In 2004, Anne had several emergency room visits. One surgery removed benign stomach polyps. This added a new prescription regime to her many other medications.

Not everything was dire. She passed her driver vision test without glasses due to her prior laser surgery of both eyes and the subsequent 1996 intraocular lens implants. In 2005, therapy restored circulation and sensation in her feet. For the first time in years, she had hair growing on her toes! She was ecstatic with this sign of foot health.

More Falls and Broken Bones

In 10/2004, she fell ever so gently in our kitchen but still broke her small leg bone. The larger bone acted as a natural splint, so she bore the long healing time without a cast.

Anne had more trauma that winter. Someone turned into her car door, hitting the beam behind the seat, which gave her a lumbar sprain. She was already under range-of-motion shoulder therapy. A month later, she backed into a car in a parking lot (which tore a hole in our plastic bumper and not a scratch on the other vehicle). The man claimed an injury later. Allstate engineers found little evidence. It scared us to be in Small Claims court for the first time. The court judged her responsible for the collision but not for the injury.

By our 30th Anniversary in 2005, Anne daily used a cane. She slipped on wet jagged lava at the Punalu’u Black Sands Beach southwest of Volcanoes National Park in Hawaii. The fall badly scratched her knees. It fully broke two finger bones. A vacationing nurse

Walk With Me – Isolation into Recovery

gave immediate first aid and pointed us to the nearby Pahala Hospital (a rural clinic) ten miles away during this Memorial Day week. The closest cities (Kona and Hilo) were each three hours away. Her fingers were properly set in Livermore, followed by therapy.

Anne insisted with gauze-wrapped knees and an arm-sling that she was not going to miss seeing Volcanos National Park.



Figure 36 - Anne patched up at Volcanoes NP – 5/2005

Using her left hand, due to the fractures, she carefully scribbled in 6/9/2005:

I love you so much, because you love me so much. Ours was not a competition, but a three-way partnership: you, the Lord, and me. I honestly cannot (and do not want to) remember the last fight we had, and we never call each other a bad name, even under our breath. You have shown me such love and kindness, especially after [my fingers] got so hurt [broken]. You are so loving. It amazes me. Your loving is sacrificial. You asked nothing in return. You treat me with concern, dignity and respect. You even like my cat! I love you muchly! - Anne

Kidney Danger

In 9/2005, Anne needed her first blood transfusion due to low kidney function, a precursor of her eventual kidney failure. She accepted this unpleasant fact and was grateful for blood donors. The initial results seemed positive, but the red cell count dropped quickly. Therefore, she began weekly injections of expensive Procrit. The results were encouraging, slowing the declining eGFR (filtration rate percentage).

In December, she had some more outpatient surgery. While newly age 50, Anne was the most physically fit in years, in spite of tripping on lava flows and sidewalk cracks. She wanted to work on fitness, weight loss, and tackling her diabetes complications head on.

Anne's Brag Book

Anne would surprise me taking Polaroid instant photos during 2004 and 2005 for no apparent reason. In 2012, I found her hidden "Brag Book" in which she collected these twelve candid photos of things she valued in me. I list the words she wrote for each photo. It was a love gift discovered two years after she died.

She started these after our romantic August trip to Fort Bragg, when she was prone to falls and became dependent upon a walking cane and electric scooters.



He slices, He dices, He sews! - 9/18/2004



Puts up our new kitchen curtains - 9/19/2004



Harry Scrapbooks Ft. Bragg Trip - 9/19/2004



Baking bread - 11/13/2004

Figure 37 – Anne's Brag Book (A) - 2004

Walk With Me – Isolation into Recovery



He vacuums - 11/13/2004



He fills my pillboxes for week - 11/18/2004

Anne wrote 12/9/2004 while still recovering from a broken leg:

You are kind and supportive. I appreciate the respect you give me, Thank you for going to work every day to support me and our home. I love you. - Anne



He feeds the birds! - 12/23/2004



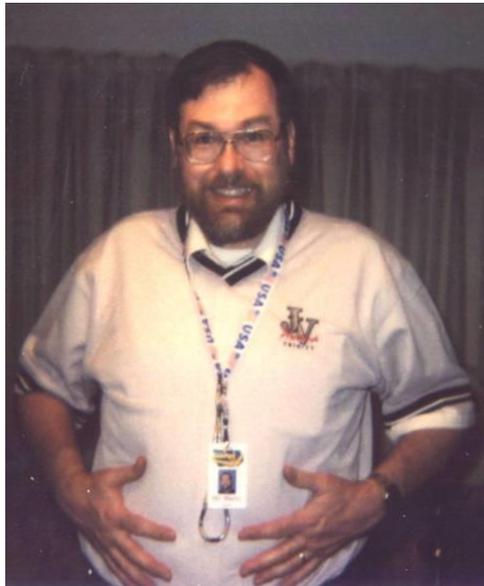
He does my finances! - 1/1/2005

Figure 38 – Anne’s Brag Book (B) - 2004

Walk With Me – Isolation into Recovery



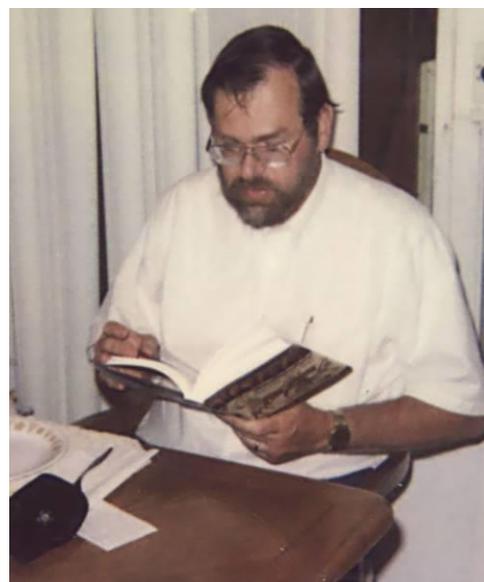
He hand sews on buttons! - 1/15/2005



Junior Varsity AWANA Leader - 3/13/2005



He takes out trash, at 11pm no less! - 3/21/2005



Scholar: [for erev Shabbat about] Bayeux Tapestry - 6/17/2005
[This last photo was taken after our 30th Anniversary trip.]

Figure 39 – Anne’s Brag Book (C) - 2005

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