

# WALK WITH ME



By  
HARRY BRILEY



## Chapter 9 – Glory Years

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## Chapter 9 – Glory Years

### Livermore, California

1976-1989

#### Overall Summary

This chapter portrays numerous overlapping activities during our first fourteen years in Livermore. Organized topically, the chronological interactions suffers somewhat.

After my job interview, we packed up from Socorro, broke down in the Mojave Desert, followed a bumper sticker to church, and found apartments in the expensive Bay Area. Three college couples (Cheney, Heid, and Hawley) moved to Fremont about 20 miles away from us. They worked at Fremont Christian High School. Robert and Brenda Heid hiked with us to the bottom of the Grand Canyon (legally this time) in 1977.

Anne became intensely involved with social needs organizations, completed her degree in Sociology, and worked for seven years in San Francisco as a procedural analyst. Even though tired of college, I started my master's program within a year. My thesis leveraged my work converting ancient administrative software to our new mainframe computer.

Those early work years included a difficult transition year from being a programmer to an application designer. I described external nuclear protests and faith internally at work.

Besides roles as an active local church member, I engaged with churches throughout Northern California. We struggled with theological liberalism and our living room became an underground railroad for exiting members. In 1989, I organized a systemic four-year review of the Bible. We jointly grew in our discipleship through weekend events, my strong desire to learn Greek, and our eventual few seminary classes.

The chapter jumps to the computer revolution as I experienced it. The nexus of the nascent microcomputers, my master's degree, and programming led to my software company. I described newly available hardware components to hobbyists. The scope of my company covered its start-up phase, the shake out, and our flagship product.

The decade experienced natural wonders of four significant area earthquakes, a volcanic eruption in Washington State seen in our camping vacation to Canada, and red moon(s).

We bought our starter home in 12/1980 and stayed. That chapter section gives a snapshot of life within our pivotal 1982 year. That year marked the tenth anniversary of the Mustard Seed Coffeehouse. I reminisced about *M\*A\*S\*H* and Citizens Band radio.

Anne had several surgeries but always on the cusp of the latest medical breakthrough. I described testing methods and insulin pump technologies as we experienced them. The chapter ends with the story of our foster-adoption of a sibling pair. It became a five and half-year “pregnancy” including a 17 month delay in the courts to adopt them formally.



### **Diaries/Journals**

I kept a formal diary for only four brief times. I kept a daily in high school for a single month in 1971 (see **Coming of Age** chapter). I lost the 1974 diary during my courtship days at age 20. In 2011, I found my ten-month 1982 diary (at age 28) which provided many of the detailed insights for this current chapter.

Anne attempted several diaries since 1984 for a few weeks at time. I discovered these in 2015 with her valuable 1/1985 seminary-reading journal. She later recounted much unhappiness below the surface. Those raw emotions showed up as our near-divorce in 1999 over managing our bi-polar son in prison. Our joint Lenten journal from 2004 and her private 1/2005 Journal describe a major positive change in spite of our dismal failure to survive the teenager wars and volatile parole episodes (see **Recovery** chapter).

### **The Good Book Store**

Upon our arrival, we often patronized the Christian bookstore in town for books (of course) and mostly the latest Jesus Music on vinyl LPs of the 1970s. The ongoing Jesus Revolution had generated a vibrant ministry-focused music genre that predated what became the more generic Contemporary Christian Music. The Good Book Store, originally on Second Street, moved to First Street across the street from the “bad bookstore” (a purveyor of sexual-oriented items).

After we changed congregations to Asbury United Methodist Church, we discovered the bookstore owners were members there. Bird “Buzz” Lamar (d.2018) and Cherie L. (d.2013) Dyer became fast friends and “all in” compatriots in the Cursillo movement within the Livermore Valley. One of their employees Brenda Vandehoofven, even in 2023, remembered me as a customer and an active believer in Jesus.

### Heaven's Job Placement Agency - 1976

I prayed for obvious open and closed doors so I could not mistake where God wanted me to work. None of my on-campus interviews during my ruptured appendix hospitalization yielded further contact. I sent out 60 resumes and received 50 rejection letters of “Thank you for inquiring, but we wish you the best.” Only two off-campus interviews occurred.

The State of New Mexico interviewed me and offered \$7500 (\$3.75/ hour, my NWEF GS-4 rate) at the Capitol building in Santa Fe. Tolerant of my euphoric news, Anne was not enthusiastic about returning to a city where everyone knew her as “Jack’s daughter”.

### LLL Job Interview

I do not recall how I learned enough about Lawrence Livermore Laboratory (LLL) to send a resume. They flew me out to San Francisco for a string of morning interviews. Crowded busy San Francisco felt terribly wrong for me. Livermore was semi-rural.

I held a Department of Defense (DOD) Secret Clearance through DISCO (Defense Industrial Security Clearance Office, Defense Supply Agency: Columbus, Ohio). This was for both the Naval Weapons Evaluation Facility (NWEF) in Albuquerque and for Terminal Effects Research and Analysis (TERA) at New Mexico Tech in Socorro.

During the morning interviews, LLL completed preliminary security checks for the Department of Energy (DOE). My science background, two years with the weapons community, and my shift to administrative use of computers matched Data Processing Services (DPS) needs. It seemed that God tailored the job for me and vice versa. With a hiccup or two, that win-win relationship lasted through my retirement in 6/2013.

I suspect DPS already intended to hire and needed face time to confirm their decision. I mentioned the Santa Fe offer, and received a signed offer at noon after my last interview. I believe this was the fastest interview-to-offer processed at LLL. The usual wait to get an offer letter in three weeks (and later, nearly three months). The \$10,000 salary (a heady \$5/hour) felt generous and they granted me a week to discuss it with Anne. It was a bargain for LLL in that a newly minted PhD eight years earlier earned \$16,000/year.

The department head, William “Bill” Bagot, closed the morning with the decision to hire. As a trombone player, he requested half in jest, half-serious, as condition of my hire that I join the Livermore-Amador Symphony (which I did from 1976 through 1980).

#### Obituary for Bill Bagot (1929-2011):

*Bill joined the Naval ROTC at University of California, Berkeley. With his Bachelor's in chemistry, he joined the Navy as a Lt JG in the Korean War. He completed his MBA in 1957 and worked 32 years [for the University as a Data Processing manager at both] Lawrence Berkeley and LLL.*

### **Miracle of Transmission Fluid**

Anne and I towed a small U-Haul trailer from New Mexico on the bicentennial, Saturday 7/4/1976. Our 1971 Plymouth Duster lost all transmission fluid in the Mojave Desert by high noon. This ill-timed disablement occurred right during the desperate midnight Israeli raid to rescue Air France passengers at the Entebbe airport in Uganda.

Miles from civilization, things looked bleak. Most stores closed for the bicentennial. We prayed and held out a sign for help. A man in a pick-up truck saw me working under the car. He took Anne 50 miles to the next small town in search for fluid. I berated myself for letting a stranger take my new bride alone. In the next two hours of desert heat, I laid hands on the engine and prayed that if God healed the complex mechanics of my human body, then surely an engine block fell within his ability.

I was not hopeful or encouraged. No one else drove by. Desolation reigned. The pick-up truck returned Anne with a full case of transmission oil from the only store, which planned to close early. I expected the fluid to drain right to the pavement. We did not know how long it ran bone dry. It took the required five quarts to fill the transmission.

We checked every 50 miles and limped into the Travelodge in Bakersfield past midnight. We stayed in town to attend a worship service at 11am. After lunch, we drove north and arrived safely in Livermore. We kept the unused seven quarts for years afterward as evidence of God's provision. The garaged Duster continued as my daily driver through 2006 with two intervening engine replacements but the transmission remained untouched.

### **Follow a Bumper Sticker to Church**

We had no clue where to attend church. With our college paradigm of posting faith and politics with bumper stickers, a faith bumper sticker seemed to be a good data source. We asked the occupants of such a car at the A&W Root Beer stand near our apartment.

They led us to the People's Church in Springtown under Pastor Steve Riggle (later called New Covenant Fellowship and renamed again to Celebration Christian Center). The church seemed 'charismatic-lite'. (Pastor Riggle later started a mega-church in Huston. In 2014 national news, Houston's lesbian mayor subpoenaed his sermons and e-mails about her prohibiting a public vote against her mixed-gender bathroom policy.)

We jumped into church eagerly but after nearly a year found no interest for them using 'young people' as teachers. To compensate for our non-use, we both helped lead a local Young Life Club but gave it up as far too extroverted for our introverted personalities.

The binding of my small-print Bible from my namesake grandfather fell apart with all my notes written in the margins from high school and preaching in college. Anne gave me a red-letter paperback KJV Bible for our first Christmas in Livermore. She inscribed the presentation page to "My Beloved Husband (I Love You)". I wore that one out too.

## Walk With Me – Glory Years

In late spring 1977, Asbury United Methodist Church (UMC) hosted a “Faith Alive” weekend, an Episcopalian version of “Lay Witness Missions” in which we were active during college. We stayed with Asbury for the next nineteen years.

In hindsight, I am awed at doing things which people discounted us as too young. We followed Paul’s injunction to Timothy to let none say anything bad due to our youth, but rather become a positive example in word, faith, deed, love, and most especially purity.

### **Apartments for Five Years**

After paying my Socorro hospital bill for the emergency appendectomy and renting the U-Haul for the trip west, we arrived in Livermore with just \$100. With the wonderful salary offer came the sticker shock of high rental costs for Bay Area apartments.

Our tiny one-bedroom downstairs apartment rented for an outrageous \$170 a month. We rented a small house with a basement for \$70 in Socorro. We cajoled the apartment manager to take our last \$100 as earnest money and presented our urgent plight to my new boss. LLL advanced my first paycheck to cover rent and cleaning deposit.

Neighbor noise upstairs made it feel like a seedy motel. We soon moved down the street on Junction Avenue to a spacious two-story two-bedroom, one and a half-bath townhouse with neighbors on a single side. We gave up the unpredictable human apartment noise for the louder but predictable railroad noise alongside the townhouse property.

Our rent in 1979 was \$240 (the first hike after 15 months). New tenants paid \$260. Our cost did not increase as high since we were long-term tenants. We turned the spare bedroom upstairs into my software venture in 1979 with a home-occupancy city permit.

We owned the requisite tropical fish, parakeets, lizards, and cats. I considered cats as furry rodents. This always got a rise out of Anne. Our first cat returned its low opinion about me. I acquiesced to Anne’s love of cats and dutifully cleaned the litter pan. Once Anne moved to nursing care and our last cat died, I welcomed an animal-free house.

### Grand Canyon Done Right - 1977

Robert and Brenda Heid lived in nearby Fremont teaching at Fremont Christian High School. Over Christmas 1977, we agreed to a make-up trek to the bottom of the Grand Canyon. While young marrieds in our prime, it was the first hike to the Colorado River by both Brenda and Anne. We got permits for the Christmas break much to our surprise.

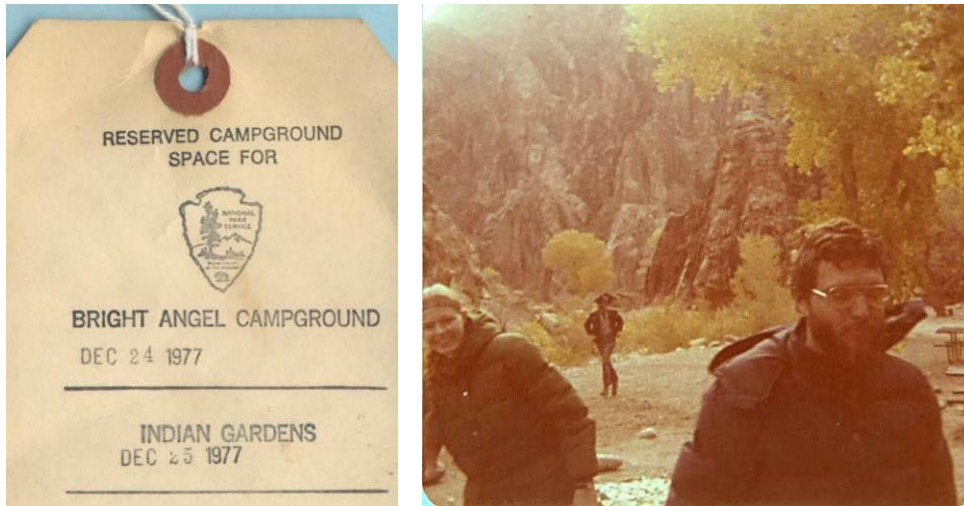


Figure 1 - Permit per Person - Brenda and Robert at River - 12/24/1977

I obtained a Back Country permit to hike the Tonto Trail from Indian Gardens to the tipping point of the Kaibab Trail. The upper Kaibab trail from the rim felt far too steep for novices, but the lower Kaibab at the Tonto Trail junction seemed plausible.



Figure 2 - Harry and Anne on Tonto Trail - 12/24/1977

The Kaibab induced terrifying vertigo on the outer corners without railings but a short mile to our river campground. I count that hike across the Tonto Trail through Pipe Springs as the highlight, which gave us time to absorb the immensity of the mid-level plateau. It remains a bucket list item to hike the Tonto Trail a second time.



**Figure 3 - Anne at Indian Gardens Campground - 12/25/1977**

Anne eagerly hiked and we carefully checked her blood glucose levels with all that exercise. The chill of December reached even the river campground. After camping at the river beach (Bright Angel Campground), we hiked up to Indian Gardens at an easy pace to camp on Christmas night. This mid-point camp saved our energy for the miles of switchbacks with snow on the trail leading up to the South Rim.

### **Livermore-Amador Symphony**

As promised to Bill Bagot, I played String Bass in the Livermore-Amador Symphony from 1976 to 1980. Anne played her cello for the first year while waiting for her residency but felt outclassed by the better cellists. I dropped out in 1980 to start Briley Software. Thereafter, we attended concerts as season ticket holders.

Yet, I committed in 4/1982 to play the Russian Easter Overture concert. Our initial sight-reading rehearsal felt good, demanding, and right. The Tuesday evening rehearsals put my flailing software business cares aside briefly each week.

A bass sectional practice covered the hard parts. At a second bass sectional in our home, principal Bassist Bob Cooper and I rehearsed sections of the Russian Easter Overture and Dvorak's New World Symphony. At the next Tuesday, I had a full lapse on how to play properly. This unnerved me after such a good practice a few days earlier. The symphony concert worked great with an obnoxious D-flat in tune at last.

Anne tuned up her cello in 6/1982 for a fun summer rehearsal. However, she became slightly ill and backed out at the literal last minute. Thus late for the rehearsal, I was at odds with her. In 12/1983, I played the difficult Bass part in the "Sing-it-Yourself Messiah", the only time the Symphony attempted this community-wide event.

A horsehair bow cost \$100 in the 1980s and dissuaded my purchase. I bought some musician cleaner to remove years of rosin dust that hardened since ninth grade. It minimally helped. Twenty years later, I discovered that motor oil applied overnight easily removed the rosin crud and spectacularly freshened up the original finish.



### Anne's Early Path

#### Career Possibilities

In 11/1976, Anne took the Strong-Campbell Interest Inventory (SCII) test with my high encouragement. The test results affirmed her college degree direction and her life passion for Social Work (either as a volunteer or as an adoptive mother arranging data about and fighting for her family social service needs in California).

Her interests skewed off the scales for Faith Activities, Writing, Social Service, and Public Speaking. These matched her hope to become a Hospital Chaplain, which led her to attend Fuller Theological Seminary.

She mostly aligned with **Social Workers, Priests**, but so-so with other jobs.

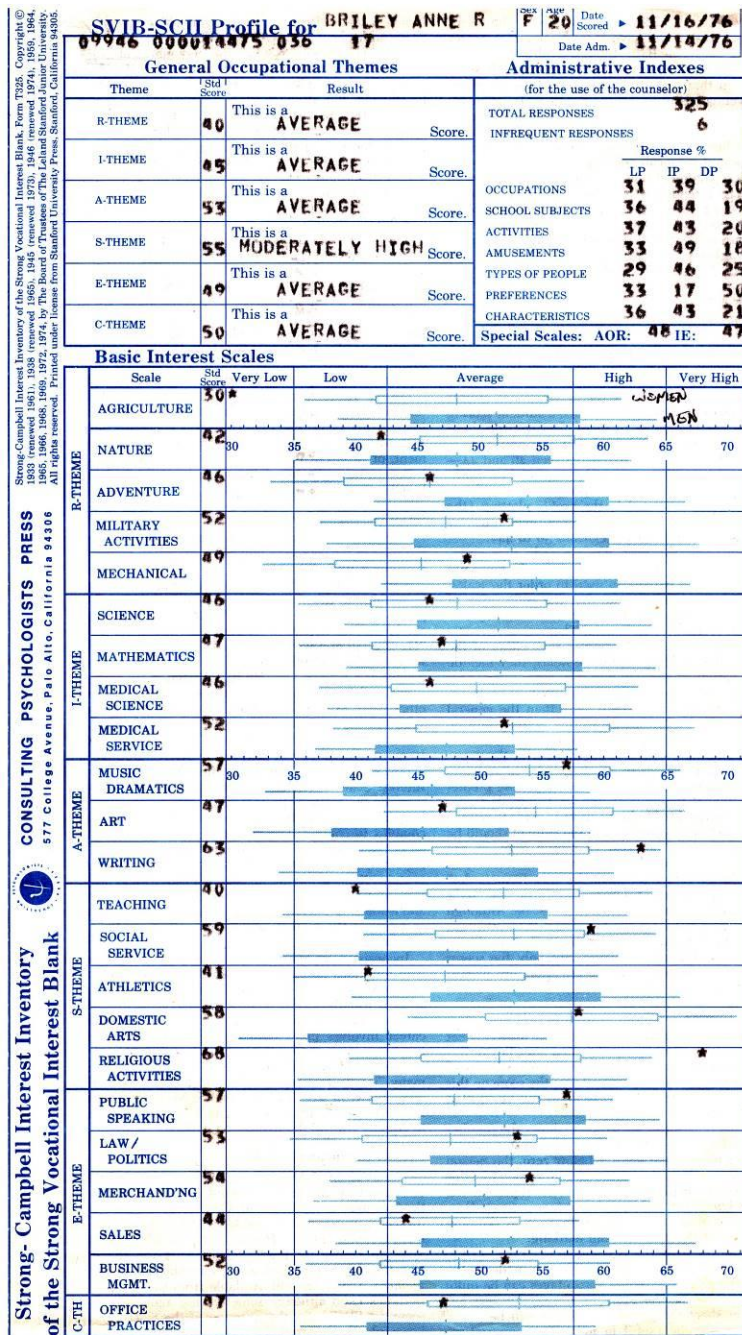
Her interests were full antithesis (even hostile) towards Physicists, Architects, Agricultural Teachers, and Chemists.

She held few interests akin to Farmers, Technicians, Veterinarians, Doctors, or Agribusiness Managers.

My highest interest of computer programmer held an average interest to her.

My second highest interest in forestry was not at all similar to her interests.

She matched my high focus in faith and we worked well in that environment together.



Anne's SCII Interest Scales – 11/1976

### Community Roles

Anne needed one year to gain residency before restarting college. She volunteered for several social agencies to build her resume. In both 1977 and 1978, she volunteered for the Emergency Fund Center just around the corner from our apartment.

This non-profit consortium of various churches worked on the same principles with transients as the Socorro Ministerial Alliance. This activity put her into a circle of likeminded people who soon recruited her as a phone counselor for the Livermore Crisis Hotline. This led to her work establishing Tri-Valley Haven described next.

Her detailed resume' as a college student listed these several community roles until finding her first professional employment.

<b>From</b>	<b>To</b>	<b>Organization</b>	<b>Role</b>
9/76	5/77	Livermore-Amador Symphony	Cello
11/76	6/77	M-2 (Match-Two)	Prison visitor
12/76	1/79	Livermore-Amador Emergency Fund Center	Food buyer, Caseworker, Board Secretary
3/77	1/79	Connection Crisis Line	Listener
4/77	1/79	Tri-Valley Haven for Women	Board President, Advocate
9/77	3/78	Young Life	Girl's Leader

**Table 1 - Anne's Volunteer Roles**



### Tri-Valley Haven for Women

In 4/1977, Anne joined the board of directors to launch the non-religious Tri-Valley Haven shelter for battered women. Several directors came from the Livermore Crisis Hotline team. These older members were her mother's age and incredulous at Anne's youth. However, they saw a zeal and competence during her time with the Hotline to vote her in. She signed the Articles of Incorporation on 6/21/1977.



Figure 4 – Tri-Valley Haven Funding (Valley Times 11/1978)



Figure 5 – Tri-Valley Haven Keys (Independent 11/1978)

I never knew that Anne became its President in 1978. Tri-Valley Haven honored her at their 25th anniversary fund-raising dinner in 3/2002 as a "Founding Mother".

## Walk With Me – Glory Years

In 2021, I found Anne's list of memories written on 5/6/1997 for the Haven's 20<sup>th</sup> Anniversary (edited):

“I remember the first [organizing] meeting. Cathie Brown saw the need, and possibly wrote an article in the paper. I volunteered at the Emergency Fund Center and my co-volunteers encouraged me to attend the meeting. Cathie secured the largest room in the Livermore Recreation center with about 25 people in attendance. Cathie spoke as did two or three others and the consensus of all was unanimous. We needed a haven.

That night, a core group formed, each with some expertise to give.

- Cathie Brown, later Mayor, knew the need (not personally, as her husband Jim is a wonderful person and great supporter) and even then gave support to women in crisis by phone and by other means.
- Jo Ivins ran the CAPE/Headstart program.
- Candy Aderman worked with another agency,
- I had short-term resources to offer on behalf of the Emergency Fund Center as well as the enthusiasm of being a college student.
- Donna Fernandez brought knowledge of the Pleasanton area and resources, and directed KinderKirk Preschool in Dublin.
- Marti Vasallos worked with us and coordination with the Pleasanton Junior League to help provide some very needed funding.
- Cheryl brought us insight and humor to keep the facts of our discussions straight.
- Donna had the time, ability, and availability to attend the meetings of the new networks setting up, mostly in the Hayward area.
- Barbara Tuck directed the Parental Stress Service and brought experience in running an agency as well as dealing with people in crisis.
- Claire Nelson was a tireless, wonderful, dedicated human being! Thank God for Claire! She could pull resources out of nowhere. She pulled together the first myriad of fund-raisers and wrote the first grants. I believe she once lassoed another board member and *drove* the forms to Sacramento. Her guidance and counsel helped this college intern keep her vision steady and on track.

We met in living rooms of our board members on a rotating basis. Cathie Brown brought a guest from San Jose. I felt so naive. I never knew the depth of violence until that woman related being hit with a 2x4 in the stomach and thus losing her baby.

We decided to meet in a more public place, so Donna Fernandez offered the conference room in the Ben Fernandez Insurance Agency. I remember with great affection meetings also held at the CAPE/Headstart office. As always, we had many items on the agenda. We would get tired during brainstorming and end up laughing long and hard that we were almost on the floor! Those are such sweet memories.

Claire acquired funds from the CETA Act to hire our first three employees. We decided to interview them as a Board. Some women seemed startled to find eight interviewers.

## Walk With Me – Glory Years

The first "shelter" started in Claire's house when she hosted a woman and three kids, which turned out to be very complicated. Jo Ivins had at least a couple of women stay with her. I remember picking up one woman and telling her, "I am taking you to Jo's house. It's nice, you'll like it there." She suddenly looked very alarmed [thinking it a man's name]. "Uh, just who is this Joe?"

We finally rubbed enough nickels together to rent a little two-bedroom place. We learned a lot about rules and security. The husband of a previous client came knocking on the door. The current client got him to leave by threatening a call to the police.

Our office used a small room in Bess Platt's garage. Claire and crew pulled all the cords together to move into our own habitat. The office moved into this facility. One of the staffers and I painted a bedroom pink. It had seemed so pale on the paint chips! It seemed an awful, kind of a jump-right-off-the-wall-and-grab-you, pink. A low point came when one client left in the night, stealing some desk mementos from the director.

With the laughter, tears, and friendships, I would definitely do it again.

In 1997, I sat in the waiting room of Valley Memorial for some lab test. I noticed a familiar face and that familiar face looked back. Finally I said, "Alice (not her real name), is that you? You look great!" Her child needed a minor procedure. She was doing great, married again, and seemed relaxed. Her older kids were doing well. Alice as one of our first clients, succeeded."

### Anne's Bachelor of Arts

Anne re-started her degree in 6/1977 and changed her major. She completed her BA in Sociology with honors (Cum Laude), with the Social Services Option, at Cal State University, Hayward in 9/1978. She earned a GPA of 3.28 with a GPA of 3.73 in her major. The school delayed her graduation until 6/10/1979 in the lawn amphitheater. Her parents flew out and sat under the bright sun in a sea of scalding hot metal folding chairs.

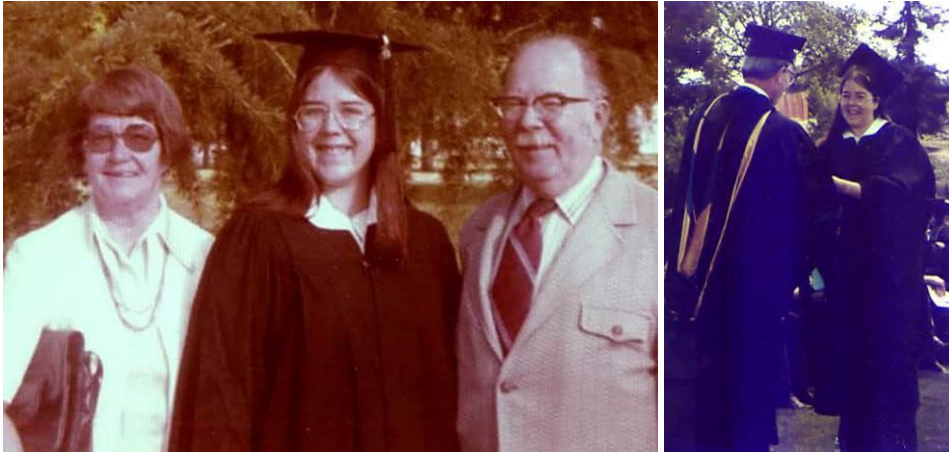


Figure 6 – Graduation Day - Charlotte, Anne, Jack – 6/10/1979

Anne wrote in her life summary (2008):

*I took 2 1/2 years at New Mexico Tech. I married my sweetheart Harry and took a year to gain California state residency before I went back to finish my degree in sociology. I started a Master's degree in sociology but got a job. After a few semesters, I never finished. I got a good job in the California State Workers Compensation Insurance Fund (SCIF) [as a procedural analyst in San Francisco] and stayed there for [seven] years before I became [an adoptive] mother.*

Master's program registration card for her 1/1979 Term:

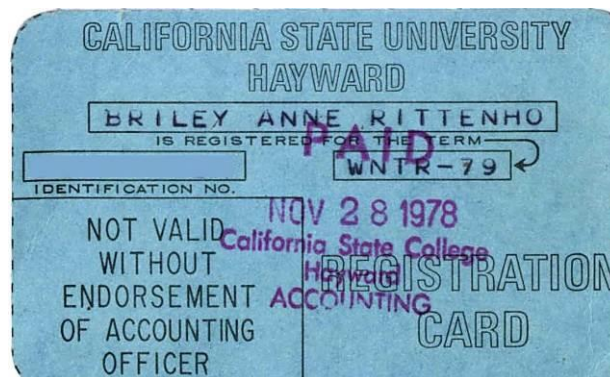




Figure 7 – BA Sociology, Cal State Hayward – 9/1978

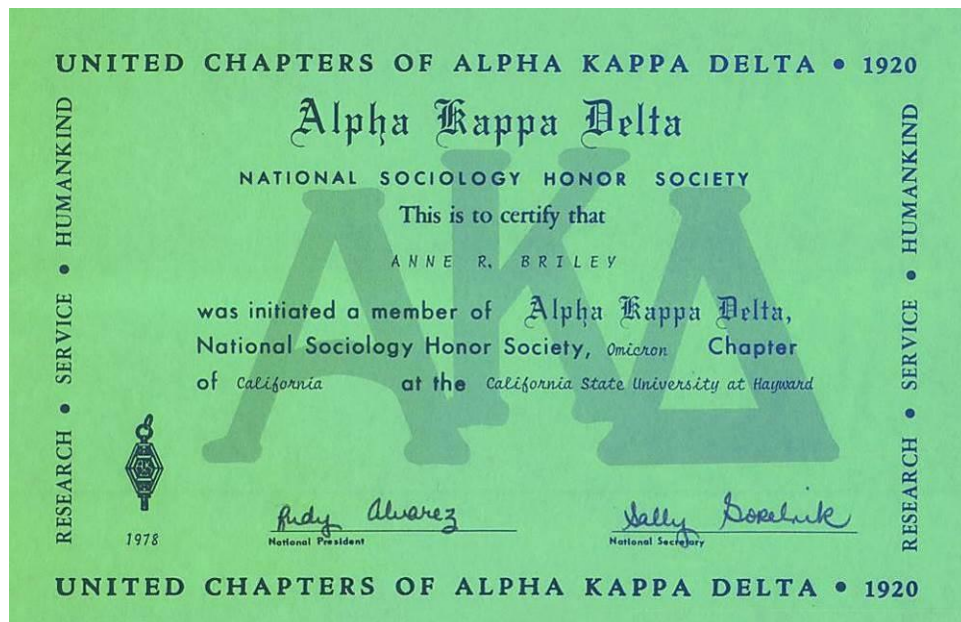


Figure 8 - AKD: National Sociological Honor Society - 1978

Anne appeared in *Who's Who among Students in American Universities and Colleges*. I do not recall whether she purchased a copy of that useless directory.



### State Compensation Insurance Fund

Anne worked seven years from 2/1979 as a procedural analyst at the State (Workers) Compensation Insurance Fund (SCIF) on Market Street in San Francisco.

Anne wrote to her mother in 12/1980 (edited):

*Writing is my niche. You encouraged me in this area and it has paid off. Your best encouragement was to have me write to other people and letting me know how much you enjoyed my writing to you. I always found writing to be 'easy' as something I could do well without too much agony.*

*I wrote two major reports for work. My personal file has a memo from a vice-president quoting the company president that I did a fine job. That vice-president knows me by first name now. Another report brought praise from our department manager who hardly complimented anyone. This is my niche and it feels so cozy.*

*You taught me about the thesaurus, something I enjoy using. I am the only one at work who truly knows how to use it. Writing seems to be getting the stuff on the paper but the words have to exist in your head. The ideas have to be there first.*

*Reading is one way to expand upon those ideas. I wrote book reports to you for my Nancy Drew [youth mystery] books to get the next book in the series. That exercise was good for getting words into and out of one's head.*

They promoted Anne in 1980 to a Management Analyst position assigned to procedure development and research projects. Her supervisor as a believing Christian made for a positive mentoring work atmosphere.

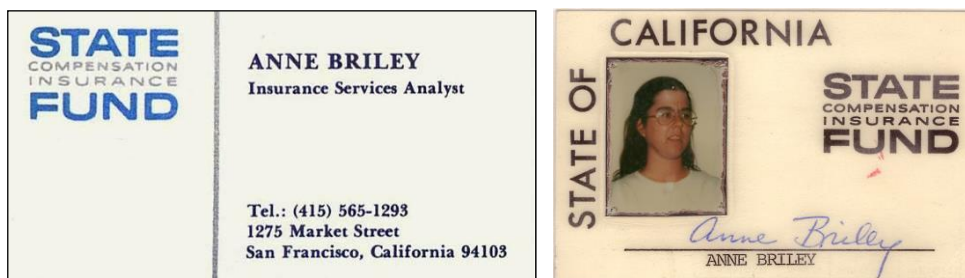


Figure 9 - SCIF Identification

Anne commuted four hours by the Franciscan bus line into 1981 with some transportation frustrations. She received an elaborately framed (but unspecified) employee suggestion commendation from the company vice-president and president in 7/1981.

Anne then lost her beloved mentor in 4/1982 with a change of command and that affected her health. Her new boss negatively appraised her in 1982. She came home depressed. Both Anne and I slept in and barely made the last bus the next morning, arriving an hour and a half late. She joined a carpool making her commute considerably shorter and less costly. It still took three hours round trip making for a 12-hour day.

## Walk With Me – Glory Years

She was ill in bed in pain once largely due to a grudge held against her upper manager. Anne had a lousy day as her first workday back after being sick in 6/1982 (see Medical Troubles section) with things lost or “dumped” on her. It became drudgery.

Months later, Anne came home that fall jubilant for merit bonus presented during a mock serious meeting which she dreaded attending. They gave her a plaque and a \$170 check.

Anne wrote in her seminary class journal 1/29/1985 (edited):

*In 12/1983, I did CPR on someone at the office that did not make it. [He was a San Francisco homosexual but no one helped me. The other homosexuals kept their distance. As a conservative Christian, I disagreed with homosexuality, but the irony incensed me as the sole helper.] Several months later, I had a recurring daytime nightmare about someone with blood on his face and I would touch it. The image made me fearful as having not done enough [to revive him].*

By 1983, her work became untenable. She interviewed but could not transfer to the State Public Utilities Commission due to layoffs in 1984. Slowly, she regained confidence in herself and her new boss began to show respectful managerial confidence in her.



**Figure 10 - Fifth Anniversary - 5/1980**

## Harry's Early Path

### Master of Science

When I left New Mexico Tech, more school did not interest me. However, by fall 1977, I started an Operations Research degree at California State Hayward taking one or two courses a quarter with a 40 mile round trip twice a week. The Lab paid tuition for good grades and allowed four hours a week for commuting to make my 5pm classes. I titled a paper as “*Business Ethics from a Biblical Perspective*”, 30 pages, in 3/1980.

I referenced my coursework in a theological paper in 2015 (edited):

[My theological outlook was] *heavily influenced by my secular college disciplines (BS in Computer Science and an MSBA in Quantitative Business Methods), my brief foray into early consumer entertainment software, and my lifelong database design career working with nuclear weapons scientists.*

*I worked on naval fleet simulations as a co-op honors sophomore. I depended upon adults to provide Gaussian formulas, equations of state, and game theory long before video games existed. Students played mechanical pinball machines.*

*Eventually, I collected the necessary mathematics.*

*(1) Stochastics (statistical processes having random variables versus time)*

*(2) Probability theory*

*(3) Combinatoric analysis (countable discrete structures to solve possibility of constructing arrangements of objects that satisfy specified conditions)*

*(4) Software simplification through fuzzy logic (computing based on "degrees of truth" rather than the usual "true or false" logic)*

*(5) Early concepts of structured coding*

*I wrote a program to count all move combinations of any provided chessboard set-up, which a few years later turned into a rule-based chess-playing program. Since I did not cheat with a moves database, I learned how to build a game based upon probability, cause-and-effect logic, and valuation among many equivalent moves. Since I attended a geology/petroleum university, my Computer Science program introduced me to Operations Research that maximized the profit and load management of earthmovers in open pit mines.*

*As a co-op student working for the US Navy, I eventually tired of writing subroutines for flexing of helicopter blades in nuclear wind shear and moved into the business side of computer software. This led to a Master of Science in essentially an Operations Research degree. I toyed with waiting line theory (queueing) in grocery stores and bank teller lines, GPSS Simulation modeling of barge traffic down the Mississippi River, and a side career of bottleneck analysis in process flows of business activity at a research laboratory [LLNL].*

Harry Briley, “*God as the Ultimate Game Master*”, 2/2015, pages 1-2



**Master of Science in Business Administration, Quantitative Business Methods Option**  
 [~~Lined out~~ met by my B.S. Computer Science. **Bold** known taken 1977-1981. I could not locate my 1981 graduation transcript but these hint at course topics.]

Later 1986-1987 Catalog, Cal State University, Hayward, page 220-221 (edited)

<i>Prerequisite Coursework</i>			
<b>Acctg. 5201</b>	Intro to Financial Accounting	S1981	<b>4</b>
<del>Math. 1300, 1304, 1305, 2304 Trigonometry and Analytic Geometry;</del>			
<del>Calculus I, II, III</del>			<del>16</del>
<del>C.S. 1700</del>	<del>FORTTRAN Programming</del>		<del>4</del>
<b>Econ. 5550</b>	Intro to Managerial Economics	W1978	<b>6</b>
<b>Mgmt. 6500</b>	Business, Government, and Society		<b>4</b>
<b>Mgmt. 3300</b>	Intro to Corporate Finance	Sp1978	<b>4</b>
<b>Mgmt. 5600</b>	Intro to Organization and Management		<b>4</b>
Mktg. 5405	Intro to Marketing Management		4
<b>Stat. 3502</b>	Statistical Inference I	F1978	<b>4</b>
<i>Graduate Program Requirements:</i>			
Common Requirements for MBA and MS Business Administration plus:			
1. Required:			
Mgmt. 6694	Deterministic Techniques: Quantitative Business Methods		4
<b>Mgmt. 5695</b>	Probabilistic Techniques of QBM	W1979	<b>4</b>
<b>Mgmt. 6619</b>	Adv. Techniques of QBM I	W1979	<b>4</b>
<b>Mgmt. 6620</b>	Adv. Techniques of QBM II - Inventory	Sp1979	<b>4</b>
<b>Mgmt. 6621</b>	Design/Use of Computer Simulations GPSS	Sp1980	<b>4</b>
Mgmt. 6650	Business Policy		4
2. Electives. Select two from following:			
Mgmt. 6603	Management Decision Making under Uncertainty		
<b>Mgmt. 6604</b>	Quantitative Business Methods Application		<b>4</b>
<b>Mgmt. 6626</b>	Management Sciences/Operations Research		<b>4</b>
Mgmt. 6627	Operations Management Procedures and Problems		
Mgmt. 6693	Fundamentals of Operations Research		
3. Terminal Exercise:			
Complete a thesis up to 5 units of <b>Mgmt 6910</b> University Thesis			<b>5</b>
4. Remaining Units (among these suggested electives)			
Mgmt. 6010	Business and Economic Forecasting		
Math. 3860	Techniques of Linear Optimization		
Math. 3870	Techniques of Non-Linear Optimization		
<del>Stat. 3401</del>	<del>Intro to Probability Theory I</del>		
<del>Stat. 4401</del>	<del>Intro to Stochastic Processes</del>		
Stat. 6410	Queueing Theory		4
<b>Acctg. 6270</b>	Management Information Systems	F1977	<b>4</b>
Econ. 4400	Intro to Econometrics		

### Master's Thesis

DPS acquired a new Univac 1100 computer in 1980. I became the project leader for the software conversion and liaison with the conversion vendor, Rand Information. My job coordinated with all DPS programmers to collect human readable program listings, sample output, and enforced freezes from future changes. I tracked whether each converted program tested by the staff got the identical results using the Univac.

This large-scale software conversion formed the basis of my Master's Thesis. I could either write a thesis (5 credits) or take the comprehensive exit interview (no credits). I badly needed to improve my writing skills and avoiding the thesis felt like cheating.

My thesis advisor, Dr. William Whisler (retired 2000), took me up on my desire and gladly red-inked every page. He received a Fulbright scholarship to teach in Ecuador and continued as my advisor by international mail. No public internet e-mail existed in 1980. LLL reserved the internet prototype, called ARPA-Net, for military use. I finished the first chapter in 6/1980 on vacation to Canada while Anne drove our Duster. I hid in the Univac terminal room over Christmas on my own time to add more chapters.

In 9/1981, after a year of postal mailing chapters back and forth to Ecuador, I received my Master of Science degree in Business Administration in Quantitative Business methods (Operations Research) or the acronym: MSBA in QBM/OR. Anne relaxed to have me back home on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Rand Information purchased a copy of my thesis (as a memento, or perhaps as an act of sympathetic kindness).



Figure 11 – Master's Graduate – 9/4/1981

The conversion project ended in 1981, and I programmed for another department as a consultant. I waited for "something the DPS department head had in mind", but which he could not say until the annual budget passed.

In hindsight, I became a "problem child" within DPS. My technical-based managerial degree helped me think through procedural systems but did not advance me further as a daily programmer. Instead, I became an expert at coordinating software projects with increasing intuition for translating client requests into timely pragmatic results.



Figure 12 - Diploma - MS in Business Administration (QBM) – 9/1981

### Braces Off in 1979

Anne insisted that I get orthodontia braces for my mangled teeth as soon as I got a secure job. The dental surgeon removed four impacted wisdom teeth and the four teeth behind the canines, eight teeth removed altogether. While teeth move less willingly for adults, my dedication to the program as an adult yielded a short one-year process. Dr. Kenneth Kemp, my orthodontist, gently tightened the wires over that year.



Figure 13 - Last day of Braces with Dental Staff - 1979

## Lawrence Livermore Laboratory

### Larger Work Picture

The nuclear weapons community started under the US Army as the Manhattan Project. After WWII, all production facilities and laboratories came under civilian control as the Atomic Energy Commission (AEC), becoming the Energy Research and Development Agency (ERDA), and by the time of my hire, as the Department of Energy (DOE). As a newly minted Computer Scientist, I supported the administrative needs of the overall community, first locally, nationally, and then internationally.

The former Director (1994 to 2002) Bruce Tartar, in his 2018 book: *The American Lab: An Insider's History of the Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory*, focused upon the rationale and results of nuclear weapons development during the Cold War (1952-1971), Laser mania (1972-1988), and the Post-Cold War changes (1989-2008).

Upon my hire, people verbally called the main site LLL (later as LLNL), or often as “The Lab”, much the sibling chagrin of Sandia Laboratory across the street. We called them Sandia or Sandia/Livermore (but never verbally as SNL). Each new employee received several orientation briefings and a typical employee handbook. Unique to LLL, the handbook discussed radiation/laser hazards, and classified matter issues. I condensed that text freely to present the larger context of my career-year chapters.

1979 Employee Handbook (redacted and edited):

**Naming:** *The University of California [UC] operates Lawrence Livermore Laboratory [LLL in 1970's] established on 9/2/1952 as [the rurally located] part of the UC Radiation Laboratory [UCRL or verbally “The Rad Lab”]. Professor Lawrence directed both parts until his death in 1958. UC renamed the complex as Lawrence Radiation Laboratory. In June 1971, UC separated the two as LLL and Lawrence Berkeley Laboratory (LBL) [although formal separation of Data Processing Services remained vague when they hired me in 1976].*

**Size:** *Capital investment in 1978 was \$330 million. The operations budget is \$320M (FY79), up from \$300M (FY78), \$256M (FY77) and \$202M (FY76).*

<b>Staff as of July 1978:</b>	<b>7148</b>
Physicists	801
Chemists	320
Engineers	966
Other	457
Administrative & Clerical	1545
Crafts & Technical	3059

Soon after 6/1976, the population peaked at 12,500. The staff count omits the 5000 contractors and construction workers swarming the site. Staff with Math, Computer Science, and Biology degrees were listed among the 457 “Other”.

1979 Employee Handbook (redacted and edited):

**Sites:** *The Livermore Site sits on a [mile-square] former naval air training station during World War II. The 7000-acre Site 300 in Corral Hollow uses ultra-high-speed photography and flash X-rays to document high-explosives experiments. The DOE Nevada Test Site tests all nuclear explosives underground since 1963.*

**Nuclear Weapons:** *LLL designed [small] warheads in the 1950s that made multiple, independently targetable warheads (MIRV) possible and provided the [technical] foundation for arms limitation with impact of advancing technologies.*

**Energy:** *Stimulation of underground natural gas was 1952 goal of Plowshare (nuclear explosives). In the 1960s, we explored laser control of thermonuclear reactions and enrichment of fuel for nuclear power. The energy [crisis] led in 1970 to studies of alternatives: Geothermal, extracting natural gas using hydraulic fracturing; gasification of coal (no mining); and oil shale (no mining).*

**Magnetic Fusion:** *LLL is exploring electricity through nuclear fusion confined by "magnetic mirror" since the 1950s. In 1975, high-energy, neutral-particle injectors demonstrated confinement of a dense plasma. The Tandem Mirror experiment is under construction to test a central-mirror plasma "plugged" by two mirror cells [as an airline hangar size] superconducting magnetic mirror. LLL [hosts] a [stand-alone] national time-sharing computer center [a CRAY-1 super-computer with huge satellite dishes] to predict engineering problems.*

**Lasers:** *A modest effort began in 1962 ... testing lasers to separate out uranium isotopes for [current fission] nuclear power plants. Laser fusion occurs by generating repetitive tiny thermonuclear explosions using droplets of heavy hydrogen [in glass pellets]. Pellet experiments began in 1975 and results confirm predictions. The [new] SHIVA 20-arm system hopes to demonstrate fusion feasibility. We develop gas-based lasers for the extreme characteristics needed.*

**Biomedical:** *[LLL examines] biophysics and genetic/cellular toxicology with a heavy commitment to instrumentation development. Environmental studies begun in 1963 examine radioactivity and energy effluents in the biosphere.*

**Research:** *LLL [can speedily develop] concepts from fringe basic research to prototype hardware. This acceleration requires unusual [multi-discipline team] research supported by a large technician force for virtually any physical item.*

**Computers:** *LLL has one of the largest high-speed research computer facilities, with two CDC-STARS, four CDC7600s, and one [aging] CDC-6600 [but providing minimal time for administrative software needs]. Several sub-systems provide input/output capability. The [classified] facility operates non-stop [24/7] with 1150 interactive terminals [shared] by 2000 [security-cleared] employees through the LLL Octopus [hard-wired computer-sharing] system.*

## Getting Started

Livermore struggled in 1979 with a job and housing crunch (sewer moratorium on new home construction. LLL expanded quickly from 1976. With no available houses or apartments (not even a tin-roof adobe), many employees moved over the Altamont hills to Tracy, Stockton, and Modesto. They accepted the long commute hour because of lower-cost housing in the Central Valley. If the twin laboratories (LLL and Sandia) did not hire, no primary jobs existed during the 1970's in this "company town".



Figure 14 – Government License (1979) - Student ID (1979-1980)

## Hell Year - 1982

I used my Master's Degree (1977-1981) to reach for a division leader role far too soon and wound up as a supervisor of a team that had twice failed in estimating a project.

I prepared to quietly interview as a division leader. I met with the department head about our budgeting process. I planned my presentation and contemplated how to organize the department. The assistant department head, Paul Lynch, had me revise my third resume attempt with valuable criticism. I spoke my idealistic mind correctly, but they selected another person, yet I felt I was the stronger candidate. I became demotivated, as the newly announced sub-managers did not match my newly minted Master's wavelength.

My new boss Tim Jessen asked me to supervise the Inventory Group with four people. In that role, I wrote a Gantt project-planning program (two years before Microsoft Project appeared in 1984) and a timesheet generation program. I felt inadequate as a supervisor.

My estimate based upon coursework agreed with the previous estimates. I lost that first supervisor job when the client dismissed the estimate as high and showed me the door. My lack of experience negatively reflected upon my department. After they moved me out of the way, it consoled me later when my estimate proved close to the mark. The run-in with that powerful customer changed how I delivered projects. I implemented what others much later called Extreme (later Agile) Programming. I integrated customers routinely within my later projects, even though often not in charge.

My sixth year wearied me with many lethargic days. It seemed my worst work year out of my 37-year career with LLL. I felt the conflict between an un-enjoyed job that paid well and a stimulating software side-business that paid nothing. Stress built up all year with constant illness and insulin-based fatigue in the afternoons (see My Health section), rapid changes in my side-business (see Briley Software section), and persistent liberalism in our church (see Asbury UMC section).



Even so, several members of Charlene Harrick's team lauded me for volunteering to aid their final push to wrap up their delayed conversion to the Univac 1100.

After 10 hours in a day, my productivity dropped considerably. With colds and fatigue, I made typographical and logic errors in programs. I worked on recalcitrant bugs until midnight but I simply hid inside myself. Testing was not my forte and I hated repetitive dead-end tests. Hard-to-find bugs that did not exist became frustrating. That is, a user reported an error, but I never replicated the error, turning my testing into a time sink. This became clear when the user could not repeat the error either. A project once missed a critical file causing a rerun all day. I became somewhat mean and surly after work.

I attended a database class off-site during the nuclear protests in June (see Nuclear Protest sections). The database class bored me when the instructor became repetitive. Although sufficiently rested, any highly repetitive technical talk nearly always put me to sleep.

On a positive note, I modified the LLL Visitor Center PET computers. A PET club member showed me the stop-disable POKE command to prevent museum visitors from accidentally exiting a program, which made the Visitor Center docents ecstatic.

I happily worked through a GPSS model after a two-year absence from that language from college. LLL did not know or use that simulation language, but I completed that GPSS task and tested it for its intended purpose on one project.

I decomposed a different client's functional needs using the new discipline of Data Flow Diagrams learned in 8/1982 from the Ed Yourdon team through a department-wide class. The Yourdon Structured Analysis and System Specification workshop fit my personality and temperament exactly. This class completely re-directed my career.

In the fall, our clients purchased Hewlett-Packard 3000 (HP) minicomputers (as superior to my fun Datapoint 2200 minicomputer). That led to two boring introductory classes. I nearly fell fast asleep during class twice one day. I felt active morning and evening, yet fell asleep in the early afternoon. Despite these unpromising classes, the HP became my favorite and I excelled as its system manager, TurboImage database administrator, wiring geek, and software programmer of user-interactive customer screens using SpeedWare.

I planned our departmental offering for the 1982 LLL-wide Open House and adapted my Chess program for the 1980 Univac green-screen terminals. That was the last year in which we gave public visitors keyboard access to our administrative computers.

Otherwise, having such a discouraging year, I dreaded receiving my annual review from Paul Lynch. I received a wholly unexpected substantial raise for 1983. That salary increase made it quite impossible for Briley Software to compete for my time at LLL.

### **Faith with co-workers**

To save money (though not time), I rode the city bus to work. The cost rose to 60 cents per ride (a lot of money in 1982) which removed my financial incentive.

I talked with Tim Sharick in 1982 about the Bible and Jesus. Tom listened in. It became my first opening about faith with Tim. He asked about the Trinity, Jesus as the Son of God, and Jesus as the sole way to God. We had comradery discussion about many things, including theology. I talked about taxes and tithing, by giving out of conscience versus taxation. We discussed Jehovah Witnesses and Mormon sources of authority. He had not heard about the Spiritual Counterfeits Project or the Christian Research Institute.

Tim asked, “*Do you believe all Bible translations to be 100% accurate?*”

I answered, “*Only the Greek and Hebrew manuscripts with variant words provide the accuracy. Even so, the various translations are consistently close on matters of faith and practice*”. My ***Greek New Testament*** generated lively conversation.

Tim, Tom, and I discussed a rare failure of our reliable Datapoint 2200 minicomputer. I suggested prayer with laying-on-of-hands since nothing else worked for it. Tim first acknowledged his belief in prayer for events not explained in a psychosomatic way.

### **Retooled**

After 1982, I became happily busy as a senior systems analyst and later as a project leader 1983 through 1984 with considerable job freedom. I turned each high-level data flow component into a working customer task. The customer put my delivered functional pieces into immediate use instead of waiting a year (or more) until the project finished.

We rolled out new customer functions monthly. Since I involved my customers in the delivery segmentation, no customer ever asked me for an overall completion date for the rest of my career. This occurred years before incremental methodology became popular.

In 1987, I designed and led a minicomputer applicant tracking system (ATS) project for Human Resources. December 1988 marked an intensely busy two years with that project. William (Bill) Cook, my direct supervisor, let the technical direction be entirely mine. I learned from him how to be “oil on water” in soothing ruffled business relationships. He learned project decomposition and database skills from me. Bill taught me well during that difficult maturing period of my early career.

I got another chance at supervision a few years after that successful ATS project. I then held that role long-term due my next manager, Mike Piscotty. He deployed my skills well due to my long-term dependability with clients within his portfolio. He found a paying client with a need and sent me out to turn that prospect into a deliverable project. I soon learned that my most vital supervisory role moved administrative roadblocks out of the way of my technical team members.



### **Nuclear Protest Confrontation**

In 1/1982, KCBS radio news covered nuclear weapons and Christian communities (Catholic, Episcopal, Southern Baptists). LLL warned about a possible sit-in protest (a 'Berkeley blockade') on 2/1/1982 but told us not to confront protesters. Thus, I rode the city bus that week but saw no protesters. Threats of protests occurred all that week.

In June, our pastor allowed (or gave) a recruiting announcement from the pulpit for the protest at LLL. It felt incongruous since most of our congregation worked at LLL.

LLL became much concerned for the protests planned for June 21-23, 1982. Worries that the demonstration would not stay peaceful permeated both LLL and the Asbury Church Administrative Board meeting. Everyone wanted to minimize confrontations.

LLL chartered buses in lieu of employee vehicles. News reports preceded the protest. The over 4000 protesters with 1235 arrests made national news. Despite many people stuck in traffic for two hours, my charter bus easily entered during a lull of five minutes. The crowd held up the bus immediately behind mine for another hour.

Sufficient police phalanxes would turn the protest into a melee' if the protest became a mob action. The huge motorcycle contingent from the City of Oakland patrolled East Avenue. The Sheriff's office from Alameda County, the City of Livermore police, and the California Highway Patrol motorcycle contingent patrolled Vasco Road. Our own Security Officers donned new riot gear. Active negotiations between protest leaders and LLL management let the air of palpable tension subside into civil misbehavior.

Protests have peaceably occurred (albeit with vitriol) twice annually (Good Friday and Hiroshima Day). However, after the frightening display of raw power in 6/1982, both sides choreographed future arrest procedures, assembly locations, and gates they planned to block. LLL security therefore needed less overt displays of force.

As the kinks worked out, both sides presented their best face for the media and the handcuffing became entirely staged. Both sides took useful photos. As an officer cuffed a sitting protestor with a zip-tie, the protest leaders took the requisite photos. Then, that protestor willingly got up for processing at a nearby courtroom trailer, plead guilty, and immediately released. After each semi-annual and increasingly smaller protest, only a few hardened resistors wanting to force the issue ever served overnight jail time.

I recruited at California State University campuses at Chico and Sacramento in 1983 and 1984. In Chico, I visited a small believers group that met for dinner and Bible Study. Their mood was overtly anti-nuclear and I arrived as a nuclear weapons recruiter. We ate a peaceful meal together and found unity in Jesus Christ despite those differences.

# 1,235 Nuclear Protesters Arrested at Livermore Lab

LIVERMORE, Calif. (AP)—Police in riot gear arrested 1,235 anti-nuclear protesters who attempted today to block entry to the Lawrence Livermore Laboratory, one of the nation's foremost nuclear weapons development facilities.

About 3,500 demonstrators, many in wheelchairs and some carrying banners, had shown up by late morning at the 640-acre facility about 50 miles east of San Francisco.

A coalition of about 200 anti-nuclear groups said they planned to stage a three-day blockade at the laboratory. Up to 5,000 demonstrators were expected.

There was no violence today. Those arrested, including many who went limp and had to be dragged away, were charged with obstructing traffic, a misdemeanor.

#### **About 55% of Staff on Duty**

Jack Kahn, associate director of the lab, said about 55% of the staff was on duty, somewhat below normal for a weekday. He said employees had been told to try to get to work but not to jeopardize their safety.

The demonstrators denounced the University of California's role in nuclear weapons development. The university operates the lab under contract with the government.

The facility conducts tests on most U.S. nuclear weapons research and design projects, along with its sister lab in Los Alamos, N.M.

The California Highway Patrol attempted to defuse the protest by diverting traffic off nearby freeways around the frontage roads leading to the laboratory. However, traffic jams increased as more and more people attempted to reach the lab, which employs 7,300 people.

About 120 officers from the Highway Patrol, the Alameda County Sheriff's Department and the Livermore Police Department were on hand.

The Livermore Action Group and its subgroups dedicated to nuclear disarmament want the Livermore installation converted to peaceful uses.

More than 1,500 anti-nuclear activists signed up to be arrested voluntarily during the demonstration, said Bob Cooper, a spokesman for the demonstrators.

#### **Trained on Berkeley Campus**

About 500 people were trained Sunday in non-violent protest methods on the University of California campus at Berkeley.

The training, which focused on various civil disobedience techniques, pitted demonstrators pretending to be police officers against other protesters, who were dragged off to a "booking area."

The protesters try to conduct at least one demonstration at the lab each month. About 250 people had been arrested at the facility this year before today.

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## ***Fond of Pertini***

# I'm in Love, Nancy Jokes

WASHINGTON (AP)—Nancy Reagan joked today that she had fallen in love with Italian President Sandro Pertini during her recent trip to Europe with President Reagan.

The First Lady described Pertini, an octogenarian, as "a darling little man," and said, "I may be in love" with him.

Her remarks were made during a White House luncheon for Senate wives.

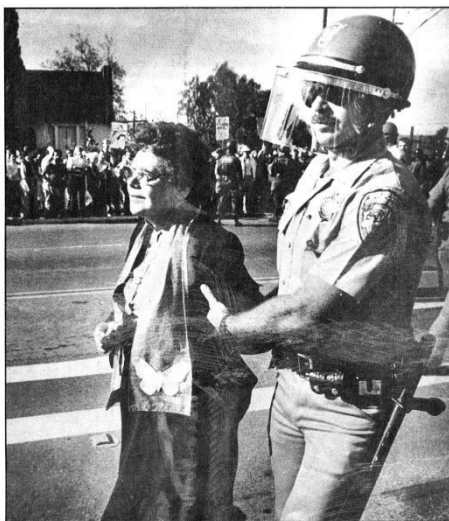
The President's wife also said the entire 10-day, four-nation trip was

Figure 15 - 1235 Nuclear Protestors (Los Angeles Times 6/21/1982)

### Final Straw - 1985

The A.G. Mojtabei 1986 book about the Pantex facility superbly analyzes weapons and faith. *Blessed Assurance: at Home with the Bomb in Amarillo, Texas* is out of print, but has high quality unbiased reporting by a self-admitted liberal reporter. She went the extra mile to report employee stories of varied faith expressions in their own words. In one chapter, she condensed and expertly described end-times theology in a readable form. This book explains why I chose, as an active believer in Jesus, to work ardently for well-managed stewardship of nuclear weapons.

One vignette crystalized my position during a strident “Good Friday” protest in 1985. I watched surveillance monitors in the Public Affairs briefing room. My Bishop, Leontine Kelly, led protesters along the East Avenue corridor between Sandia Lab and LLL.



Leontine Kelly, Bishop of the San Francisco Area United Methodist Church, is arrested. Times photo/jm

**By Keith Rogers**  
Times staff writer

LIVERMORE — Riot-suited police arrested 40 demonstrators, including the bishop of the San Francisco Area United Methodist Church, after more than 500 persons had gathered for a sunrise service Friday along the road leading to Lawrence Livermore Laboratory.

Lab officials reported no slowdown in work at the nuclear weapons research center, although some workers encountered brief delays while California Highway Patrol officers and Livermore police cleared the intersection of East Avenue and Vasco Road near the lab.

At 8:09 a.m. immediately following a Good Friday service led by a former Pleasanton pastor, the Rev. Lee Williamson, a contingent of about 10 demonstrators entered the East Avenue walkway and blocked cars traveling toward the lab.

Among them was Bishop Leontine Kelly, 65, of the United Methodist Church.

“It’s what I preach. This is Good Friday,” she said, standing in the center of the street. “I can’t believe in the Prince of Peace and support war.”

Figure 16 - Bishop Kelly arrest (Valley Times: J. Ketsdever, K. Rogers 4/1985)

It stunned me to see such overt partisan activity in my younger naive days. I spoke aloud at the television monitor, “*And what about representing those of us on THIS side of the security fence!*” I doubt she ever appreciated my position if she had heard me.

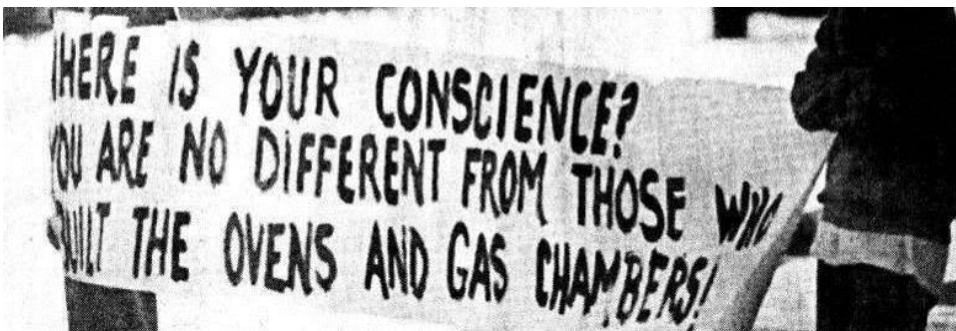


Figure 17 - Strident banners (Valley Times: J. Ketsdever 4/1985)

### **Bible Study Groups at LLL**

LLL employees David Thompson (computer science), Jack Widman (engineering drafter), and Bob Jennings started a Bible Study Group (BSG) on site in 1967. Each attended Fairhaven Bible Chapel but made the group open for all employees. Their mid-1970's summer activities presented the Moody Bible Institute 16mm color science films.

When I arrived in 1976, about 30 attenders met in one conference room. They elected me as treasurer initially, and then as secretary for 1979. Some confused our group with the international Bible Study Fellowship (BSF) and thought of us as an outside organization. This homegrown community mailed to 400 interested employees at the peak of hiring.

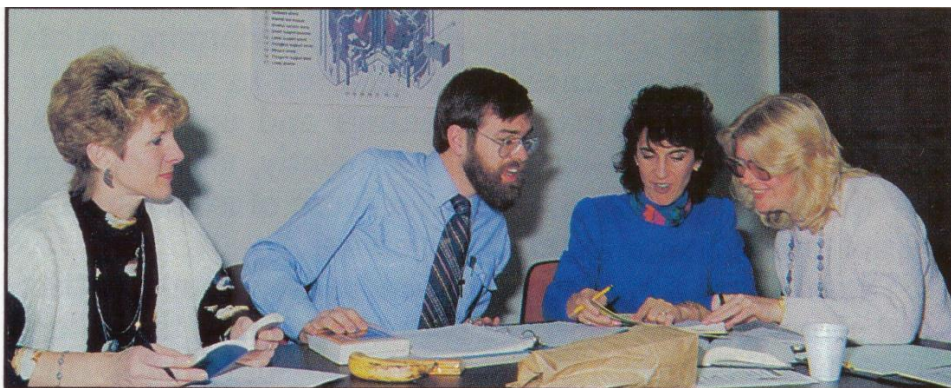
We showed the movie *"What's up Josh!"* at our Asbury UMC evening service and at the BSG the summer of 1978. Both showings were due to my seeing Josh McDowell present lectures in person on the University of New Mexico campus in late 1973.

The two local 1/1980 earthquakes (see Earthquakes section) ruined the building for our noon meetings and we spun off satellite groups across the square-mile site. We thus made our name plural as Bible Study Groups at LLL (but still abbreviated as BSG).

The employee Recreation Association (LLLRA) in which we aligned wrote unacceptable restrictions to remain associated. They wanted us to cease all prayer and to treat the Bible solely as literature. We withdrew with no further need for formal elections or annual dues. As the sole remaining officer, I maintained my role as the interface with LLL management for the next 29 years, supposedly a one-year position.

By 1987, I became the general secretary for five small BSG groups. On some years, this rose to as many as 12 groups. The groups read specific book of the Bible or focused on short topics. Each group had a mix of experience levels among several denominations.

After a year of Internet freedom to discuss faith issues (the cover story of a December TIME magazine), it still surprised me to find how much our American corporate culture despised expression of faith, especially in the workplace, and much less in public.



*Laboratory employees Donna Schreiber, Harry Briley, Carla Lewis, and Debbie Jalanivich meet for Bible study under the protection of an employee union.*

**Figure 18 - Creative Solution (Discipleship Journal, 1988, p.33)**

### **Government employees thwart legal threat to Bible study**

*At Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory in California, groups of employees meet each week during their lunch hour for Bible study and prayer since 1967. However, about ten years ago the groups faced a serious threat.*

*"In the late Sixties and early Seventies, no one hassled us about having Bible study and prayer on government property," recalls Harry Briley, group coordinator. "In the late seventies the environment began to change. The scientist was no longer a hero but sometimes perceived as the bad guy. So the Lab began to get lots of press accusing it of misappropriating government funds for religious purposes."*

*A California lawyer began to accuse the Labs of just that, threatening to take the issue to court. It seemed touch and go for the Bible Study Groups (BSG). The members and studies kept a low profile or even stopped meeting until the publicity blew over.*

*To make sure this problem would not happen again, the BSG hit upon a creative solution to their problem: they formed an employee union. "The BSG at Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory" was born. Harry explains, "A union does not have to be involved in labor or union issues. It is any organization of employees that is meeting together independently of the corporation. The issue is sponsorship."*

*The four study groups involving around forty employees do not look anything like a typical labor union. However, under that label, they can operate legally as an employee organization. "We're no different than the Fishing Club, the Transcendental Meditation Club, or the Judo Club," Harry says.*

*As a union, the BSG can use the bulletin boards, the internal laboratory mail, the copy machines, and all the other amenities extended to any other labor organization.*

*Discipleship Journal, p33, 1988, Intervarsity Press (edited)*

### **Staying Within The Law**

*Starting a Bible study group on government property— whether federal, state, county, or city—can be tricky business. Harry Briley offers a few suggestions for avoiding legal hassles.*

***Check with legal counsel.*** *"It is a common—and much appreciated—courtesy to check with the legal counsel of the organization or agency prior to starting any Bible study or prayer group on government property. I would say something similar to this: "We want to start a low-key Bible study group that is not intended to ruffle anyone's feathers. We simply want to meet as a group of employees during our lunch hour.'"*

*"I've found that if the authorities know in advance that you exist and that your intentions are honorable, they will usually support you rather than trying to stop you. Going to them first is extremely helpful in establishing a healthy relationship. They trust you and know that you are an employee rather than some outsider coming in."*

*If any other employee groups are allowed to meet on government property—e.g., chess club, reading group, transcendental meditation—then you have a legal right to meet with fellow employees for Bible study and prayer.*

***Do not let problems fester.*** *"If you sense criticism from other employees or the management, nip it in the bud. Sometimes our tendency is to view it as persecution, and then we begin to build walls between them and us.*

*"Here at Livermore we've had our fair share of criticism. However, what I have found helpful is to make it a game of sorts. Accept the challenge of finding out why the concerns or objections exist. Go directly to the source. Be upfront about the purpose of the group. Determine the friction points, and then prayerfully find a creative way to deal with them."*

Discipleship Journal, p34, 1988, Intervarsity Press (edited)

### **How to Grow a Successful Office Bible Study**

*In the process of organizing their ministry at Cosmopolitan Lady, Donna and Anton Skell have learned some things to do—and not do—when starting an office Bible study. Here are a few of their suggestions:*

***Do not be overly concerned with numbers.*** *Even if your study begins with just three or four people, that is a great place to start. Spread the word, distribute some flyers and posters, and arrange for an easy-to-find meeting place. Allow God to work with what you have.*

***Use music.*** *Music helps people relax and offers a transition from the busyness of work to an attitude of listening to God's Word. The Skells use a guitar or background music. They occasionally ask someone to sing a special number.*

***Do not badger employees or coworkers to come.*** *"We've tried to emphasize from the beginning that no one is required to attend and that we love them whether they come or not," Donna says. "They know they are invited and welcome. But those who come do so of their own free will."*

***Follow up on prayer requests.*** *The stronger Christians in the study make it a point to remember those who requested prayer or shared a concern. Then, during the week, they try to call those who had a prayer request.*

***Hold an occasional special event.*** *At Thanksgiving time, the group had a special study and turkey dinner. At Christmas, they fixed a ham dinner, decorated the room, and sang carols.*

***Find a sensitive teacher.*** *Using a leader who is capable of keeping the study interesting and non-threatening to new Christians and unbelievers is essential. Assure people upfront that no one will be called on to say or do anything in the study.*

***Have a warm, sensitive host or hostess.*** *Welcome people as they walk in, letting them know you are glad they have come.*

Discipleship Journal, p34, 1988, Intersity Press (edited)



## Asbury United Methodist Church, Livermore

### My Wesleyan Tribe

I hold a Wesleyan-Arminian position (three-point Calvinism?), which is heretical to a neo-Calvinist. John Wesley introduced the "Prevenient Grace" concept in that while unable to respond to God's grace in any way to redeem ourselves, God gave us enough unmerited favor (sufficient grace) that enabled us to respond positive to his initial offer.

Wesleyans believe that "God is always a Gentleman" in that the Lord never forced himself against our will. If God forced us into heaven with no desire to be near him, it would feel hellish. C.S. Lewis explored this in his witty *The Great Divorce*. Wesleyans believed that when I offered you a \$100 bill, and unless you took the cash, it had no effect upon your poverty. In the end, while God desired that none should perish (his general will), most humans told God to take the highway (the ultimate unforgivable sin).

We validate God at Judgment when he grants humans the consequences for the desires of their hearts. God thus is not a vindictive arbitrary Zeus rejecting humans. Humans capriciously rejected God. God, as the gavel clacks, might say, "*Your request for hell is granted. I grievously regret your final life decision, as I had higher plans for you.*"

### Pastor Norman Callaway

Norman Callaway, our initial pastor at Asbury UMC in 1977, provided a caring pastoral heart and ministry. He used an autoharp to lead in some songs during worship.



Norman wrote on 11/14/2010:

*An e-mail tells us of Anne's death. I remember her bouts with diabetes. She handled them in ways that left me in admiration for her graciousness and selflessness. She never backed off from duties or responsibilities, from activities or issues important to her. Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of the Lord.*

*We had many fond memories of you two in the Asbury congregation. We each stretched to reach the other, and we are all the larger for it. There was diligence and depth all around in our common commitments; rich memories abide still.*

*Ardith and I are fine, now in our early 80's, and celebrated our 60<sup>th</sup> anniversary this 2010. By the grace of God, by the Providence of God, while your life in coming months, years will be different, may it be no less.*

Rev. Norman Callaway, Livermore – 7/1980



I responded:

*I trust your autoharp remains well used. Back in 1976, we were fresh from college looking for God to put us to active use. You were the perfect pastor as we settled. There was one of you and had hundreds to whom you ministered. To have clear memories 35 years ago of Anne with her diabetes amazed me. You characterized her perfectly. I am in awe. I can barely remember names.*

*I fondly recall your post-pastoral trip to help me understand the natural result of church polity. Until that gentle meeting, it was a mystery why the liberal voice held the reins of power. I used that 'ah-ha' moment many times to help others understand (regardless of denomination) that non-engagement (since committees run against introversion) means that their [quiet] voice was unrepresented.*

Norman replied:

*Your letter gave reason for an even more wonderful Thanksgiving than I expected to have. Two things were persistent in my mind ever since your letter arrived.*

- 1. The Scripture with words of Jesus "I am the good shepherd...." and*
- 2. The hymn "Savior, like a Shepherd Lead us, much we need thy tender care."*

*For me, and I imagine true of many of my colleagues, ministry at its best shepherds well. This means to care for the flock in ways that they recognize, and to lead the flock in ways that are beyond their comprehension. True for us with congregations; true for God/Jesus and their work with us. Your letter recalls for both of us times of shepherding.*

*What I think of now, as you remember something I had forgotten, was all those times when something starts out with God's servant as a throwaway line, of little or standard significance, and then God grabs onto it as it transmits. By the time the word arrives, God has attached his life buoy to it, and it becomes a lifesaver to the recipient. God was in the increase. Therefore, whatever you received was more than I launched, praise God.*

*With the shepherd imagery, when we met, you were snagged on some thorn of church polity that kept you immobilized and a bit separated from the flock; my shepherd job got you disentangled, checked for injuries and if none, returned you to the flock. That got done.*

### Lay Speaker – 1979-1989

I became a certified Lay-Speaker by 1979, first tested by preaching for the State Park Ministry in 1980 one week at Humboldt Redwoods State Park. I invited people from each tent site and set up a microphone sound system using my 1970's home stereo unit at the campground fire ring on Sunday morning.

While I thoroughly enjoyed staying there for a week and playing in the Eel River, Anne became antsy to turn it into a road trip. Obligated to stay the whole week, we watched over the tent equipment and handed it over to the next vacationing pastor. Anne put her foot down and we never spent another vacation locked into a single location.

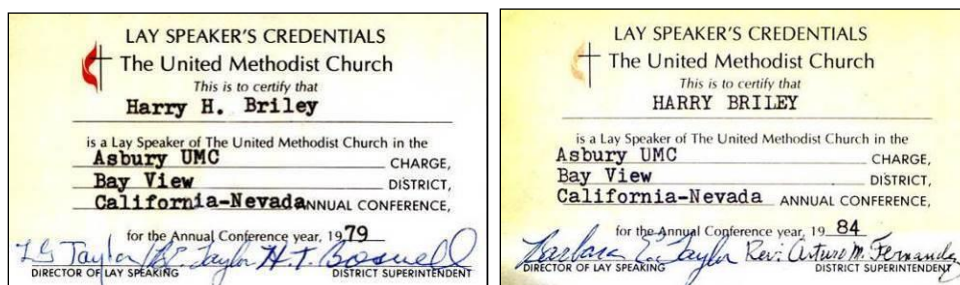


Figure 19 - Lay Speaker – 1979 (Renewed annually through 1988)

The District renewed my credentials through 1988 with annual refresher training. Barbara and LeRoy Taylor taught the credentials course and recruited me for leadership in church renewal events in Northern California (see Lay Witness Missions section).

MSCH Newsletter, V2 N5, 9/1981 (edited):

*I filled the pulpit at Faith UMC in San Leandro, after August Family Camp at Redwood Christian Park, as my first time called as a Certified Lay Speaker to assemble the entire service. There were butterflies about 10 minutes before the service started, but the service came off great. I gave a call for initial commitment to Jesus, well knowing that this was not common activity in California Methodist churches. They criticized me for that. The [two critics] asked why I did not invite everyone to come forward regardless of need.*

My most unusual pulpit role came from a Japanese congregation near the former Alameda Naval Air Station. Many church members were older Nisei (“second generation”) and that drove me to my Xerox technician, Kenichi (Ken) Kurata. He helped me pronounce a few vital words (Hello, Thank You, etc.). While members saw through the stumbling pronunciations, they paid rapt attention to my sermon and peppered me with questions at tea afterwards, giving me other Japanese words to practice.

*Nisei (“second generation”) refers to children born to Japanese new to this country. Most Nisei in the western States during World War II were forcibly interned with their parents (Issei) and children (Sansei) after Executive Order 9066 excluded everyone of Japanese descent from large parts of western States. [www.ask.com/wiki/Nisei#American\\_Nisei](http://www.ask.com/wiki/Nisei#American_Nisei) (edited)*



**Figure 20 - Asbury UMC Pulpit (later a chapel) – 1985?**

I filled the pulpit less than a dozen times. Due to attending Fuller Seminary in 1985, I preached twice at Springtown Community and once at Asbury. In 1988, I spoke twice at Asbury and once at Springtown. In 1989, I preached at both Asbury and Martinez UMC.

### **JoAnne's Emergency**

An 11:30pm call from JoAnne Hegland woke Anne and me on 9/8/1982. Her mother had a critical car accident and sought prayer. Joanne recently made a renewed commitment to Jesus Christ that past Sunday. This matched Anne's experience when her father stumbled down steep stairs immediately after she renewed her commitment to Jesus.

JoAnne remarked in 2014:

*That chain of events is etched permanently in my memory. You extended prayer for me on the day of my rededication asking protection around my faith and me.*

*You gave me a subscription to Decision magazine, which I really enjoyed. I have always been grateful that you forewarned me about things that could try to shake me up. My neighbor invited me to Bible Study Fellowship and I increased my Bible knowledge through those studies. Thank you for being there.*

### **Not Yet Suited to Teach Youth**

In 9/1982, I taught junior high Sunday school using quarterly materials about cults and deprogramming. I retained those excellent UMC class materials. However, my skills with this age group failed miserably. Those ages mystified me and they sensed ‘fresh meat’. I taught the High School class the next fall with marginally better success.

In the spring 1984, I arranged eight field trips to churches in Livermore (two a month), in which the parents appeared more eager to attend than the teens. These field trips were inspired and went a long way to open the larger Christian community to the students.

Each field trip took two weeks. The first week, someone from the host denomination spoke to the teens and answered questions. The second week we toured their facility and attended their worship service. Other than this popular field trip series, I could offer nothing else to youth ministry.

The strongly negative experiences teaching junior high and high school classes at Asbury blocked me from considering further youth work. It took an insightful AWANA director twenty years later to provoke me to try again, that future time as a grandfather.

### **Staging Children Events**

I wrote, designed the staging, and did the lighting for the 1985 Sunday-school pageant, (held outdoors for the first time at Asbury). The audience sat in a courtyard lawn facing the elementary age classrooms. I moved along the flat rooftop in the dark activating spotlights by hand, while the procession moved from door to door looking for room in an inn. Each classroom painted their floor to ceiling window to affect a backlit stained glass scene in Bethlehem. Each class sang a carol about Jesus at their door in the procession.

Our church staged an outdoor event in 1987 called Marketplace on Palm Sunday for children. We wore period wardrobes and relived an imaginary day in Jerusalem. We tried our hand at crafts of that era. Our two newly adopted kids loved making bricks barefoot in the mud. I wrote the dramatic sketches and played the role of Jesus. Anne acted as a storyteller in one of the Bedouin tents.

With so much adult enthusiasm, the church invited me to portray Jesus again at Market Place on Easter 1988. The planning team put in a twist. Instead of Palm Sunday with Jesus coming into Jerusalem, the dramatic scenes occurred after the Resurrection. Nearly 300 people showed up in period costumes. My mother drove up from Sunnyvale and fully enjoyed the all-day affair.

### **Asbury Committees**

Due to Anne's sociology degree and social needs activities, she became a natural choice for the chair of the Social Concerns Commission in 1980.

In 1982, I chaired meetings for the newly defined Nurture Arena responsible for growing people in faith. We explored our mission inside and outside the church for potential revival. I began with spirited good meetings with too much to cover. I felt inadequate. The Administrative Board assigned the fall stewardship drive to our group.

As part of the Nurture Area, JoAnn Hegland and I followed up as a team to church visitors. This was long before it became a reputation killer for an unrelated Christian man and woman to drive off in a car alone. We treated each other as siblings.

The Nurture Arena discussed evangelism by the church (not occurring). Jack Timmons preached that very Sunday on evangelism as a valid church function. He was not at our meeting. Therefore, I treated this good turn of events as a God-cident.

I attended the Finance Board meeting about land use or sale. We could not sell the landlocked parcel behind the church buildings by law, yet the city taxed it while unused. I humorously proposed (not seriously) to lease it for a long-term vineyard and that idea was sent back for details. The Administrative Board spent an hour on the vineyard issue. I alone opposed. Half agreed to my reasoning but chose to remain quiet until the vote. That intimidated me as the lone voice against my own impertinent idea.

Later, the church converted that unused land into vegetable gardens for the various hunger ministries in the region. Volunteers picked rocks, weeds, and tasty produce.

I became temporary secretary for the Administrative Board and attended a planning meeting for the summer despite my lack of mid-year motivation. It had lots of good interaction for brainstorming among arena chairs

An irate committee member chewed me out for an error I made. I became ineffective and fatigued from theological disparities overall. Therefore, in 10/1982, I resigned from both the Nurture Arena and the Administrative Board.

Anne attended her first Annual Conference (regional convention) in Sacramento in 1987. They raised several perennial controversial sexual issues. She felt physically intimidated by opponents while she spoke for traditional morality at the delegate's floor microphone. An aggressive cameraman nearly shoved his video camera into her face while she spoke. She became an alternate for the 1988 convention.

**Journal and Yearbook**

140th Session  
The California-Nevada Annual Conference

**The United Methodist Church**

Successor  
The California Conference of the  
Evangelical United Brethren Church  
The California-Nevada Conference of the Methodist Church

**Sacramento Convention Center**

**June 14-19, 1988**

**Leontine T. C. Kelly, Bishop**

**David R. Swope, Secretary**

**David C. Ellis, Editor**

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**19. Certified Lay Speakers**

**BAY VIEW DISTRICT**  
District Director of Lay Speaking:  
Barbara Taylor  
23 "C" St., Vallejo, CA 94590  
(707) 552-4567

Church	Name	Address
Alameda: Twin Towers Albany	Marshall Zaidell	
	Jim Scurlock	
	Mary Chang	
	Ella Joyce	
Berkeley: Epworth	Miriam Coombs	
	Donna Hamilton	
	Nancy Pullen	
	Christine Banfill	
Brentwood	Paul Bell	
	Linda Cullison	
Byron	Barbara Cunningham	
	Naoma Bodin	
Castro Valley	Jerry Wrenn	
	Joan Wrenn	
Concord: First Dixon	Betty J. Greer	
	Lloyd Ash	
	Peter Morris	
Lafayette Livermore	Jay Harding	
Asbury	Harry Briley	

**LAYMEMBERS OF THE ANNUAL CONFERENCE 505**

Church	Name	Address	Zip
	Ben Phipps		94544
	(Thelma Phipps)		94544
Wesley	Ralph Sheffer		94544
	(Karen White)		94587
Lafayette	Dean Coons		94549
	Chris Coons		94549
Livermore: Asbury	Rodger Page		94550
	Robert Spooner		94550
	Mrs. Jacque Howard		94550
	(Anne Briley)		94550
	(Jon Ernst)		94550
	(Allan Van Lehn)	94550	

Figure 21 – Journal of 140<sup>th</sup> Annual Conference (UMC, 6/1988)

### Sporadic Bible Classes

With no formal adult class planning, whoever felt the need offered a class to whoever might attend. This formed a small core of adult students that flourished through 1989.

MSCH Newsletter, V3 N1, 1/1982 (edited):

*The fellowship in Socorro was special. We honored Jesus as Lord. Opinions were secondary to the Bible. I finished teaching an adult class called, "Questions You always wanted to Ask about the Bible ... but have not yet". The students complimented my giving God the benefit of the doubt and subjecting my opinions to the Bible. That surprised me since the Bible always seemed the final authority among Socorro believers. I now attend a class about Isaiah (as a student).*

I attended a class on Isaiah but struggled against the dual authorship theory (that broke Isaiah after chapter 39). I collided in theology with an anti-believer in that class.

Anne joined Dick Crawford's class in 1981 called "*Prayer-Study-Action*" (PSA). I likely attended that class with her later in 1982. After being a lay preacher and teacher since 1971, I needed my spirit refreshed by becoming a student for a year.

Dick's class dealt gently with salt (us) losing our saltiness (vibrancy of faith, friendliness, and outlook). His materials explained the Shepherd's role in Psalm 23. A real shepherd prepared the mesa (table) for sheep by clearing the streams of clutter. This simple concept put a new spin upon this overly familiar psalm. Dick led us consistency in prayer for intimate concerns (P), study of the Bible with the intent to believe it (S), and closed with an action item (A). This PSA combination nurtured my soul.

Dick asked, "*How has God's love touched your life?*"

I typed up, "*In the past, I felt totally forgiven and adopted by God as my Father, I had a private 'cry-happy' event off to the side at the close of the Wilkerson Youth Rally when the reality of the depth of God's friendship fully hit me.*"

I prepared for a "Wills and Personal Finance" seminar in summer 1982. The Lord evidently set it up efficiently with volunteers among usually non-volunteer people. I made several calls to a potential audience. A full house generated lively discussions.

Anne taught a 1984 Advent study for adults. She had two wishes since junior high: to light the Christ Candle (center candle of the Advent Wreath) and to play her cello at the Christmas Eve Service. She got both of her wishes on Christmas 1985. She next taught an adult class in 1987 on *Basic Christianity* by John Stott. In 1988 and 1989, she helped in the nursery at Vacation Bible School and taught another adult PSA class.

Anne participated in external life events including: Match-2 prison visitation, Lay Witness Missions, useful spiritual growth weekends (1980 Marriage Encounter, Cursillo, Kairos), and in her final years, Relay for Life (fundraising for American Cancer Society).

### Lay Witness Missions

Anne and I coordinated Lay Witness Missions (LWM) around Northern California hosting renewal weekends at Methodist churches for people to grow closer to Jesus.

We participated in two LWM in 1980: Fremont and South San Francisco. Each LWM became a special weekend where a team converged on a church, shared their testimony of Jesus Christ, ran a couple of small-group sessions, and shared about their faith walk in a morning coffee. The effect of this simple plan by Sunday morning let people grow in their relationships with the Lord and each other. The results inspired us.

In the MSCH Newsletter, V2 N5, I wrote in 9/1981 (edited):

*I attended three missions in California, once on an adult team, once as youth coordinator, and once as children's coordinator.*

*An 8/1981 weekend for LWM training was held at Redwood Christian Park. They said the Spirit of God was on the move afresh in Methodist churches, and that the LWM spread to Baptist, Episcopal (known as Faith Alive), and Lutheran churches. Back in 1973, the peak year for LWM (which involved many of us in Socorro) had 100,000 registered witnesses. However, by 1981, out of date addresses (notably college youth) forced them to trim back to 20,000 names.*

*At this weekend, the president of the California chapter stuck his finger to my chest (he stood a foot and a half shorter), and sternly said, "We need young people like you in the adult coordinator training." I felt intimidated into attending. God needed a stern old man to prod us reluctant young ones!*

*My helper roles began when the youth coordinator did not show up. LeRoy [Taylor], my team coordinator, asked if I would be willing. After prayer alone, I said yes. He said, "Great! You begin in five minutes. Here are the kids." Jesus selected tough spots on a moment's notice. I over-prepare and get stale with too much lead-time. The kids were terrific. We followed the Youth Mission material.*

Jack Adams invited me next to a 2/1982 LWM in Millbrae. I went alone. The entire team prayed in earnest for Anne hospitalization twice. Their youth pastor did not support the LWM. A split occurred within the pastoral staff similar to our observations of the 1977 "Faith Alive!" at Asbury in Livermore. This wealthy loving church seemed inoculated against letting Jesus doing anything for them.

He assigned me to children for Saturday evening. These six kids, impenetrable as a unit, literally ran away. I turned them over to their parents for being so unruly. Licking my emotional wound from their rejection, I was thunderstruck with gratitude of God's love, spending 90 minutes on the nearby football field gratefully weeping, praying, singing, and worshipping the Lord with my whole being. I gave my personal witness on Sunday morning. The pastor there counseled me about our liberal pastor (Jerry Carter) in Livermore. Jack Adams called for details about my children's fiasco.



## Walk With Me – Glory Years

I met a month later with Pastor Carter about LWMs. He felt most uncomfortable with these weekend events and brought up the gloomy news heard from Millbrae, but he returned a good report from the pastor there about my testimony that Sunday.

In spite of my failings at Millbrae, Jack Adams invited me to the Jackson LWM in March. I spent a half-day preparing the car for the two-hour trip. The mission combined two small rural community churches that loved the Lord and loved their shared pastor (who moved away). Jack had me lead the last part the general session while he took the children's portion. During small group breakout, I prayed for each team member by name, both in English and in the Spirit and for those in attendance. I stayed in the home of a person who participated in the ill-fated Millbrae team. I led the Saturday men's luncheon and the last part of the general service again. One small group marveled how Christians approached death versus unbelievers. The chairwoman, Mary Anne Tortorich, put her efforts sacrificially into this weekend. She paid a local jeweler to make LWM lapel pins for each team member. This exemplified of her routine desire to do something great for God in those two churches.



We attended three LWMs in 1984. April in Farmersville became the first with us as coordinators. David and Linda Venable were team members. During this weekend, they decided to join Wycliffe Bible Translators as teachers at Faith Academy in Manila, Philippines. We supported them in a small monthly way during their long career there. Our second mission in September was as team members in Sacramento.

The third, October in Boulder Creek used a format called a "Venture in Discipleship". This let church members search out and define ways to use their talents. We led this weekend. It boosted our own spiritual health to witness firsthand the moving of God's hand in fresh ways in Methodist congregations.



**Figure 22 - Boulder Creek LWM– 10/1984 and UMC Medal for Exceptional Service Rev. Tom and Holly Hillman. There seemed to be a beard contest.**

Gene and Cynthia Carlock hosted us in their home during the Boulder Creek Venture in Discipleship. We kept in touch for 25 years. Gene died on 11/3/2009, a year earlier than Anne did... on the same month, same day, and almost the same evening hour as Anne.

Cynthia Carlock wrote in 2010, after Eugene passed away, about that 1984 Boulder Creek LWM to encourage Anne in her final year:

*I remember the LWM, when you and Harry stayed with Gene and me. We shared so much joy and laughter. I marveled at your strength in our Lord then, and I am amazed at your continued impact, through love, now. You provided hope to many through your missions and life. You are His treasure and a jewel beyond worth.*

During 1984, Asbury presented me the UMC medal for exceptional service with my name engraved on back. I do not recall the precise reason for the medal but perhaps for my activity as a Lay Speaker, coordinated LWMs, and initiated Adult classes.

Sometime during those years, we led a LWM at the Sierra Army Depot north of Reno in the high California desert. The Chaplain helped us keep it as a non-denominational event for all who desired to attend. Living at this isolated duty station, the Chaplain and his family appeared especially grateful for our team's friendly encouragement.

I led two LWMs (Fresno and Kelseyville) in 1986. The Kelseyville mission had a dramatic moment with the interim pastor during the pre-weekend gathering of the team. This conservative woman sought ordination. An ominous phone, as we arrived, informed her of denied Deacon Orders. Since not a liberal feminist, the caller said her evangelical preaching and theology was "too simplistic". Devastated, the team gathered around her to listen and pray. Her case suspiciously appeared part of the methodic purge across Northern California of evangelical Wesleyan pastors that year.

In 1987, we led our final LWM in Hanford, CA (with children Karen and Anthony for the first time). Anne led the children's program while I led as Coordinator. The godly pastor, recently a Catholic priest, chose to marry. He arranged for his orders to move to the UMC. It felt an honor to encourage him in his change of station.



Figure 23 - Asbury Nametag and Lapel Pin, Livermore

### **Battles with Pastor Jerry Carter - 1982**

A congregational “remember your baptism” blessed me with sprinkling of water one Sunday morning, rare for Methodists. I felt a similar experience much later in Sergiev Posad in the catacombs of an Orthodox cathedral north of Moscow, Russia

However, church soon became a battleground for the faith than a worship time. An Administrative Board meeting erupted into a heated exchange between Stan Carter and Pastor Jerry Carter (no relation) leaving us evangelicals a bit off guard and worried.

I dreamed once about speaking in tongues with interpretation showing the worst sin of the pastor and me. Namely, that Jerry strayed from the simple faith in Jesus, whereas I felt as a candle hidden under a bushel. Over the decades, I often had such dreams. I awoke from these dreams to pray in tongues after a week of not doing so.

Jerry and I met well about my upcoming leader role for the 3/14/1982 Sunday services. I loaned him *The Strange Silence of the Bible in Church* by James Smart.

In one April sermon, Jerry said the church was designed for peace and not the nuclear arms race. While a valid argument, I needed something to lift me up not tear me down as an LLL employee. A diary entry for 4/30/1982 noted my disinterest in Asbury and UMC programs. I found content on Christian radio more uplifting and personally challenging. I got tired of fighting the liberal UMC.

Anne wrote in her seminary class journal 1/5/1985 (edited):

*I [read] that pastors not impose their dreams upon the community. Our city has a weapons design facility and our [UMC] district superintendent sent us a pastor with anti-nuclear inclinations. [I felt that] this pastor had a wish of turning all laboratory workers into anti-nuclear pacifists. The church went through feelings of anxiety, alienation, and doubt. This issue distracted our mission in Jesus.*

I visited with Jerry in June (about his July trip to China, *Chariots of Fire* movie, and Anne’s stay in the hospital) In July, I met at length with him about the Nurture Arena, Asbury plans, himself, and myself. It was powerful, personal, and quiet, with emotional tears of the deep sharing. It was a special meeting with healing to the soul.

Associate Pastor Jack Timmon’s sermon (since Jerry was in China) focused upon Ezekiel’s call against rebelling against God. Jerry returned from his trip with a sermon about feeding the physical world (devoid of any correlating spiritual content).

In August, Jerry created a rare solid worship service, with intimate sense of community, and a well-done exegesis about the armor of God in Ephesians 6. He later preached a social message about the poor but centered it upon Scripture this time. A forceful guest speaker from Chile impressed me. She had a Pentecostal affirmation, evangelical, and promoted social justice from the Bible. Jerry later gave a reasonable sermon about saints of old (but still highlighted social issues over evangelical theology).

### **Underground Railroad - 1982**

Our home became a port in the storm January through April 1982 for conservative evangelicals as they examined alternate church homes. We met Sundays at 2pm to discuss the sermon, Bible topics, and to voice concerns about Asbury. While named “*Everything about the Bible but Afraid to Ask*” (EAB), it became a plausible “cover story” for the underground railway in our living room to escape stifling liberalism.

People left churches over personality conflicts but sometimes theology caused the rift. I encouraged each family to choose a new home congregation. The EAB provided a stable launching platform for the inevitable recalibrations within a new community. Four couples attended sporadically in the spring and terminated once settled elsewhere.

The spring EAB topics covered:

- Tithing
- Which parts of Bible to believe
- A women's role
- Evolution versus creation
- The letters of Peter
- An anti-believing wife (one case)
- Romans and Job
- When unfair events hit us
- When will of God is unknown
- Book review: *Nine O'clock in the Morning* (Dennis Bennett)

Two couples our age separately asked to restart EAB weekly for Tuesday night starting in mid-August through October (at least). My diary ended in 10/1982.

Each study invigorated us. The fall EAB topics ranged widely from among:

- Our spiritual goals
- Sampled youthful Jesus music
- The end times
- Chess game of God and Satan
- Prayer mechanics
- Sovereignty of God
- Mormonism
- Divorce among Christians
- Baptism
- Role of prayer (agree about need, acknowledge God's kingship and will, and agree to give him glory regardless of answer).
- Free will versus double-predestination: I compared it to typical computer game programs having a creative bound variance with a random number generator. I wrote a formal article that elaborated upon this concept 33 years later in 2015.
- Healing and how to pray for it
- Leaving Asbury UMC
- Pastor's promotion of non-belief
- Free access to God
- Authority in marriage and work
- Demonology
- Separation of church and state,
- Power of Jesus
- Genesis 49 and the sons of Jacob

The two original couples joined New Covenant Fellowship (later called Celebration Christian Center) but continued to meet weekly with us. We met with about 15 others about Jerry Carter's failings. It was somber but unifying for each to hear that others also felt spiritually starved. All found delight in the simple fellowship of biblical discussion and various prayer topics each week. Perhaps each person found relief in not being discouraged alone and thus relaxed without constantly being on high alert.

### Liberal Hot Buttons

Liberal mantras such as the following phrases during my UMC years riled and irked me.

**“We are all God’s Children”** misappropriated *“Have we not all one Father? Has not one God created us? Why then are we faithless?”* (Malachi 2:10) and half-quotes *“you are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus”* (Galatians 3:26). Jesus’ harsh words to his critics *“You are of your father the devil”* (John 8:44) clearly means humans are not universally God’s children, but only to those who believe are granted *“the Spirit of Adoption”* (Romans 8:15) and *“the right to be called the Children of God”* (John 1:12). We would better state, “We are all humans in the same need of redemption.”

**“Gandhi was a Christian hero.”** Gandhi clearly rejected Christianity (and church-ianity) despite the best efforts of Methodist evangelist, Dr. E. Stanley Jones. Dr. Jones spent much time with Mohandas Gandhi and the Nehru family. We would better state, “Gandhi, who remained a Hindu, challenged Western Christians to live like Jesus.”

Gandhi's message to Christians (excerpts):

*In 1963, Dr. Jones received the Gandhi Peace Award, and after Gandhi's assassination wrote a biography on his life. Jones asked, “Mr. Gandhi, though you quote the words of Christ often, why is it that you appear to so adamantly reject becoming his follower?” He replied, “I do not reject your Christ. I love your Christ. It is just that so many of you Christians are so unlike your Christ”.*

*“I regard Jesus as a great teacher of humanity”, Gandhi said. His rejection grew out of his experience in South Africa. After reading the Bible and the life of Jesus, he was eager to become a Christian. He decided thus to attend a church service. When he reached the door, the church elder asked, “Where do you think you are going, kaffir! ... There is no room for kaffirs in this church. Get out of here or I’ll have my assistants throw you down the steps”.*

*Robert Ellsberg [correctly] criticized Gandhi that the latter only “accepts the Sermon on Mount, thinking it supports his principle of nonviolence and denies the rest of Jesus’ teachings and claims.”*

[www.mkghandhi.org/africanneedsgandhi/gandhi's\\_message\\_to\\_christians.htm](http://www.mkghandhi.org/africanneedsgandhi/gandhi's_message_to_christians.htm)

See also: [www.youtube.com/watch?v=E9RY95RVJFo](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=E9RY95RVJFo) (ca.100huntley.com).

**“All knowledge is from God and holy”** misquoted *“Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, coming down from the Father”* (James 1:17) and *“The LORD gives wisdom; from his mouth come knowledge and understanding”* (Proverbs 2:6). Dubious knowledge can be decidedly evil. The Gnostic heresy of so-called insider knowledge (gnosis) encouraged immoral behaviors. John reminded us to *“not believe every spirit, but test the spirits to see whether they are from God, for [there are] many false prophets”* (1 John 4:1). We would better state, “Trust but verify, as not all knowledge is holy.”

### Theological Recovery Efforts

We took a four-month sabbatical attending Trinity Baptist Church in summer 1983. Dr. James Morton there gave a well-crafted series of sermons on the Ten Commandments.

This move came directly from a theological (and overly political) liberal pastor with whom we could not affect a positive change. He rarely mentioned the Bible in his sermons as a "People-Person-Community-Issues" type. I led two key committees and held some private conversations with him. We carefully and civilly listened to each other (and accurately described each other's position) but as theologically opposites.

Therefore, our family hid out at Trinity Baptist that summer while waiting for his replacement. Bishops re-assigned UMC pastors at the annual June conference (if needed) and the formal shuffle among churches occurred in September. The congregation bided it's time knowing about the upcoming transfer. We almost stayed with Trinity, but returned to Asbury that September and cycled through three further pastors.

Our next pastor, Richard Ernst, a staunch pacifist, used scripture in his sermons. It felt so refreshing to hear the Bible frequently and respectfully used from the pulpit again. Richard rarely stated his Bible references but I perked up when he often wove significant Biblical texts into his sermons. He retired about 2022 back to Livermore.

I taught adult Sunday School in 1986, attended a weeklong UMC School of Evangelism, and encouraged Wesleyan theology (broadly defined as personal holiness, Biblical literacy, prayers of faith, sharing our faith walk, and discipleship done by the laity).

Rex Richardson during that time gave me and wrote on the inside covers of *From Adolf Hitler to Jesus Christ* by Helmut Schmitz (edited):

*To [my] teacher of the Bible [who treats it] not as a book on the church altar, not as a book centerpiece on the family table, and not as a Golden Calf to be worshiped by reading without questions of why, what for, and how.*

*It is to be [studied] under the guidance and help of men like Harry: men of knowledge and strong faith so that questions can be brought out and studied properly. This helps the individual come to a satisfactory conclusion or the desire to continue study [for a potential answer].*

[Referring to the book:] *This man from Nazi Germany physically survived but continued the struggle for mental survival. ... I too was in that War, raised American, taught that we always won and had live heroes. I left a young family to protect them from that devastation. I survived living 24 hours daily with death, which could come at each breath. I too was wounded and somehow was not the same. I struggled with mental survival and can testify for those who were there "no explanation is needed" and for others "No explanation is possible".*

*Your Bible Students- Rex (and Mary Alice) Richardson [Asbury UMC]*



## Walk With Me – Glory Years

I bumped up my activity further in 1989. I moderated Bible studies, helped with membership classes, visited newcomers, often served communion, and canvassed homes. I offered a Sunday evening Apologetics Class. A solitary student attended from another church. Hilary Shores (later Mrs. Stu Lynch) became our lifelong friend and career missionary with Language Institute For Evangelism (LIFE, later called Asian Access).

### **Redwood Christian Park (RCP), Boulder Creek**

Professors from both Asbury Seminary and College (Wilmore Kentucky) figured prominently during two annual summer family camps at Redwood Christian Park in Boulder Creek, in the Santa Cruz Mountains of California. Asbury College experienced a revival in 1970 that produced Pastor Charles Williams for St. Paul's UMC in Socorro during my college days. I found out about these summer family camps through my Lay Witness coordinator, LeRoy Taylor, on an early LWM.

I tent camped alone during the first two years. A lodge room exceeded my budget as a young graduate student. The camp offered a Wesleyan holiness theology with the teachers as professors from their seminary and attached college. Regional alumni pastors briefly initiated a third annual Family camp by bringing many within their congregations.

After a long dry season in the spirit, I tent camped at the 8/1981 Family Camp as a refreshing soul time. Anne came for the last day. We both attended a month later for the earlier noted Lay Witness Conference. We got the same tent space and entire tent area to ourselves. Everyone else stayed in on-site motel rooms or the dorms.

The 1983 Family Camp felt like a week of spiritual growth as much as a vacation. We waited to see if the Lord led us together into some full-time Christian service. One main teacher, Dr. Victor Hamilton of Asbury Seminary, got his advanced degrees in Mediterranean Studies (and Hebrew) at Brandeis in Boston (mostly secular Jewish). He was instrumental in counseling me towards Seminary.

The Lord's call was still on our lives from our 3/1984 Cursillo event and well into the following 8/1984 Family Camp. We visited three Bay Area seminaries and asked many questions especially of godly pastors at this camp.

The camp staff invited me to present a short course on the Holy Spirit in the Old Testament at the 6/1985 Family Camp. It was the first camp for our new foster-adopt kids. We attended as a family again in 1986.

We attended our last Family Camp in 6/1988 sensing the spiritual glow deeply faded. However, both Karen and Anthony attended annual youth summer camps there.



Anne at 1986 Family Camp

## Discipleship Doors

### Marriage Encounter – 1/1980

A Marriage Encounter weekend at a hotel gave couples time to refresh their spiritual health without the clamor of everything that drew us away from our spouse.

We had a somewhat strong marriage, but that year proved difficult due to multiple stressors. Dick and Patricia Crawford, who led our PSA class, sponsored us for this romantic escape. However, Anne and I had a rocky time that weekend with a bad flu. God still used that weekend to bring our marriage boat safely home to port.

We credit that weekend as one that Jesus said, “*Peace! Be Still.*” The communication principles learned helped in our future near-divorce year in 1999 when the teenagers in full-up rebellion pitted us against each other.

### Cursillo Weekend – 3/1984

A lively Cursillo Movement in California sponsored weekends for 48 hours digging into the practical implications of faith. Cursillo is Spanish for “A Little Course” (in Christianity). Both Anne and I attended one weekend each. Both weekends occurred in 3/1984.



Dick and Patricia Crawford again sponsored us as they did for Marriage Encounter. I was the sole Methodist at this mostly Episcopal weekend held at Holy Redeemer Catholic retreat center in the Oakland hills. The UMC copied this profound introductory event and retitled it “Walk to Emmaus”.

The men attended first, since church leaders wanted men to step up their involvement. The rudimentary material seemed designed for new believers. Even so, my remarks at the closing session talked about it feeling like a weary soldier coming back to the barracks for rest and recovery from many difficult spiritual battles.

Anne sent me a letter of positive attributes during my weekend:

*I am glad you are my friend, my love, my husband, and my brother in Christ. I love you. I like being around you. I soak you in and you stay with me. I like the idea of husbands being a covering for wives. I need your [spiritual] cover. You bring a special joy to my life that no one else can. You are unique and special to me and for me. We will be best friends in heaven! I love you deeply. - Anne*

The signature impact of that weekend pushed both Anne and I towards seminary or professional ministry. The underlying premise challenged us to bring Jesus into our environment. Without magic formulas, God met us. As mentioned, both Anne and I investigated three Bay Area seminaries during the next few months. We both applied and started Fuller Theological Seminary in January 1985.



Anne wrote in her journal right after her Cursillo weekend (extracts):

*3/27 The image of success brings to my mind a healthy, immaculately groomed and dressed businesswoman. I felt a sense of conviction when Mary pointed out that I am manifesting a manipulative behavior [causing me to evaluate my triggers and motives].*

*3/28 I am person in progress, so perfection does not have to be complete today.*

*3/29 My worst fear of dying without dignity is my worst fear of living without dignity. Fatigue is setting in.*

*3/30 When conflicts arise, I do not want to take sides or even take part. Peacemaking is entered into with prayer, humbleness, and a sense of respecting each party's dignity. I do not feel like listening when it is my lunchtime. If Jesus is like me, I am sure he would just love to get a word in edgewise. I am scared about the LWM [Lay Witness Mission in Farmersville in April].*

*4/1 I need more obedience [to Jesus] in my life. I do not have His [kind of] love, but to grow, I need to listen to His voice.*

*4/6 Maybe my mom did not abuse me [completely] because of her thyroid condition, but because of her own personality, insecurity, and brutality. This opens up an entirely new area for forgiveness.*

*Larry [supervisor at work] questioned my liability and authority to bring Janet [a fellow diabetic safely] out of an [insulin] reaction. That really hurt. I am angry at his ignorance and fear [about diabetes]. Should I work half time Lord? Could I move to another work unit?*

*4/7 I am going half time for nine months starting 6/1/1984. Harry approves and the family knows. It turns out I was only a little afraid of the pre-LWM [planning] visit and Jesus is beginning to work in my life.*

*4/20 Little things irritate me. I am not eating right or exercising. The stress factor is high and it is hot outside. I need to reduce my caffeine intake [of Dr. Pepper soft drinks]. Why am I so hard on myself?*

Cursillo graduates created a near-identical weekend event called Kairos for prisoners and Kairos Outside for their spouses. Later, with Anthony incarcerated in State prisons, Anne found Kairos Outside particularly healing. She became an event team member possibly by 2003 and wrote a talk called “Isolation” in 2006 describing her pain of that journey.

### Going Public at Work

I quietly wore my Cursillo cross at LLL infrequently thereafter in my career. Perplexed looks ensued (including the "I knew he was odd" nod). This cross symbol helped to me to stay available: First, because I mostly talked to computers; and second, because it let others ask about faith more comfortably. Unplanned conversations helped somebody grow in faith and sometimes that somebody was myself.

Acting upon the Cursillo theme not to hide my faith, I wrote a life summary for my department. Their newsletter supposedly "interviewed" an employee each month but nearly always asked for our own text. This puff piece exposed my faith in Jesus to the entire department. With no feedback whatsoever, the co-worker silence felt deafening.

AIS Departmental Newsletter, "Getting to Know You" Column (1984):

*Harry grew up on farms in Oregon and lived in California and Hawaii. His father was into farm real estate and the stock market. Frequent moves made it imperative to make friends quick. He listed 17 addresses in the 15 years needed for his security clearance. His father lost it all on commodities when Harry started high school. Those lean years near poverty taught Harry a lot about self-reliance. He worked his way through New Mexico Tech for a BS in CS. He has a MS in Business from Cal State Hayward.*

*Digging trenches as a freshman was followed by scientific programming at a weapons laboratory (like Site 300) and at Naval Weapons Evaluation Facility. Like LLL, they gave a task and expected results. "Yes Sir!" (He never before programmed nuclear explosion wind effects upon helicopters.)*

*Harry became a Christian near Los Angeles during the "Jesus Movement" of the 1970's. His father forbid church activity and disowned Harry over the issue.*

*He first attended church on the first Sunday at college. He was invited to preach on the third Sunday, and continued the role for a year (He never did that before.) This led to creating a Christian outreach coffeehouse on campus where he met his wife. He served a year as a visiting chaplain for the county jail, was a campus radio DJ and coordinated Christian rock concerts. He was the campus rep to the [Board of] Regents to ensure that church and state were separate but co-existed.*

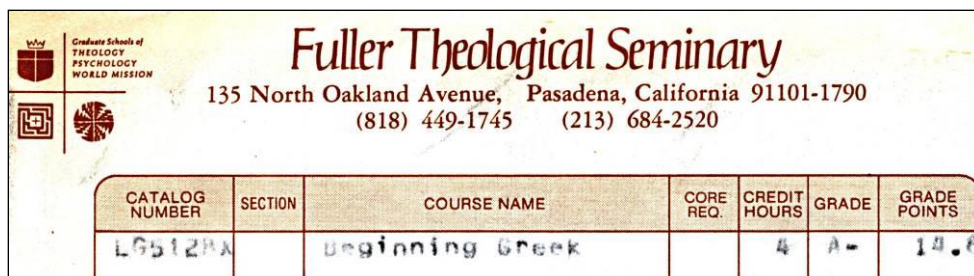
*In Livermore, he taught a high school Bible class, involved with the Bible Study Groups at LLL, and active in many spiritual renewal weekends in Northern California. In 1979, he started publishing microcomputer software. It gave him fame (but no fortune) and a listing in "Who's Who in California (1983)". He marketed bowling secretarial software as used by LLL leagues.*

*Harry and Anne are married for nine years. Anne commutes to San Francisco and that means home chores are shared. Harry vacuums and helps in laundry.*

### Fuller Seminary (1985-1986)

Anne and I attended the extension campus of Fuller Theological Seminary, taking classes that appealed to our separate interests for a Master of Arts in Theology. The Seminary rented classrooms from Menlo Park Presbyterian Church near Stanford University.

While the lone Methodist students on this erstwhile Presbyterian campus, the majority populations came from Assemblies of God and Roman Catholic. Students from the nearby St. Patrick Catholic Seminary joined our core classes. A remarkable commonality existed between these supposed polar opposite denominations.



The image shows a scan of a catalog page from Fuller Theological Seminary for the 3/1986 quarter. The header includes the seminary's name, address (135 North Oakland Avenue, Pasadena, California 91101-1790), and phone numbers ((818) 449-1745 and (213) 684-2520). Below the header is a table with columns for CATALOG NUMBER, SECTION, COURSE NAME, CORE REQ., CREDIT HOURS, GRADE, and GRADE POINTS. The entry for 'Beginning Greek' is visible, with a catalog number of L9512BA, 4 credit hours, and a grade of A- resulting in 14.8 grade points.

CATALOG NUMBER	SECTION	COURSE NAME	CORE REQ.	CREDIT HOURS	GRADE	GRADE POINTS
L9512BA		Beginning Greek		4	A-	14.8

Table 2 - Fuller Seminary - 3/1986

We both started in 1/1985 (winter quarter). This expensive step cost us in budget (\$367 per person per class) and in time (class itself, one-hour commute each way, study time). This and working 60 hours a week put a crimp on our free time.

We attended the same initial class called “Foundations of Spiritual Life” and sometimes read aloud to each other at bedtime from the class books. She spent time in her den doing this homework (since her three-hour commute did not enable reading in her carpool).

The books included those by Henri Nouwen (*Making All Things New*), Eugene Peterson (*Five Smooth Stones for Pastoral Work*), Dietrich Bonhoeffer (*Life Together*), Richard Foster (*Celebration of Discipline*), and Morton Kelsey (*The Other Side of Silence*).

Anne wanted to be a Hospital Chaplain but needed three years of pastoral experience. This first class examined the growth and weaknesses of her close faith in Jesus.

Anne wrote in her seminary reading-journal:

*Somehow, I really want to grow in the talent of imparting God's grace to others, but I need to discover it in and about myself. – 1/11/1985*

*The freedom to fail seems like a marvelous experience. I am growing in my faith and making mistakes that no one but my Lord needs know of, unless of course I announce it to the world. – 1/16/1985*

She took two classes each quarter in 1985, did well, but felt stressed. She put aside seminary to settle things down with her health and starting foster-care of two children. I took one course a quarter. Having Anne in the hospital twice and my father die before third-quarter finals broke me, ending my seminary coursework after 6/1986.

### Early Greek Appeal

At New Mexico Tech in my senior year (1975), Pastor David Pina whetted my appetite for learning Koine Greek with a few common words having Greek letters often found in science textbooks. He recommended the academic Aland/Metzger *Greek New Testament* (UBS2/NA25) through the American Bible Society. Since not an interlinear (that is, with English subtitles), it remained a closed book for decades.

During my 1978 graduate work at Cal State Hayward, I purchased a *Teach Yourself Book* for Greek (Classical) and another one for Biblical Hebrew. I became discouraged after the first two chapters of each book. Both assumed familiarity with the alphabet and common words. My strong desire to learn these languages needed classroom learning.

My three quarters (1985-1986 year) of Greek at Fuller Seminary taught by Dr. Kent Meads yielded mixed grades of C+, A-, and C. The early vocabulary quizzes was easy but I struggled with grammar. Our local newspaper printed a *Robotman* comic during the second quarter, which captured my “*I am not amused*” opinion of obtuse grammar rules. Multiple family crises as noted made crucial study of this grammar impossible.



Figure 24 - Robotman vs Grammar (J.Meddick 3/1/1986)

Despite my unsatisfactory early attempts at cracking the Greek code, I enjoyed it. My eyes danced each time I discovered an application of my new knowledge. I enjoyed translating scientific jargon and a few easy Bible verses.

I discovered the best way to learn this language 25 years later. Language immersion first builds up a “Hear-Say” core vocabulary (like a pre-school child) prior to learning to read and translate written text. This key principle especially applies for non-Latin scripts. This led me to create an experimental class in Greek at Trinity Baptist Church in 2012.

The resulting syllabus felt strong enough to offer it for three quarters in the local Las Positas College Community Education 2014 catalogs. Sadly, not enough community students enrolled for the 10-student minimum in any of those three quarters. I later offered an updated version of my Greek syllabus at Trinity Church twice in 2016. During the summer of 2020, I posted edited videos from my live class offered over the Internet.

### **Spiritual Lists**

In 1988, I expanded my 1982 PSA (Prayer, Study, Action) answers for the question “*How has God’s Love touched my life?*” The revised list, in rough date order, included:

1. Conversion experience(s) – Jesus as friend at age 9 and as savior at age 16
2. Water baptism by immersion as a believer feeling totally forgiven and clean
3. Baptism into God’s Holy Spirit
4. ‘Cry-happy’ sense of God’s friendship at close of the Wilkerson Youth Rally
5. Daily walking with Jesus by prayer revealing the meaning of scriptures
6. Strong bonding to God when disowned by my father with grief of loss of family
7. Consistency of God’s presence, never a sense of abandonment, even when I stray
8. Gift of a true help-mate in Anne, my wife
9. Being a student in Dick Crawford’s PSA class (1982-?)

I kept two other lists tucked inside my Bible while in the United Methodist Church. These came about through either my Cursillo weekend in 3/1984 or at a LWM small group session. Thirty years later in 2014, these two lists still strongly resonate within me.

“*What are ten things that God has blessed me with that I will not change my mind about or have second thoughts?*” (in rough date order)

1. Having a rather remarkable water baptism by immersion as a believer
2. Having a sure knowledge that my sins are forgiven by the blood of Jesus
3. Knowing God and talking with Jesus as a person
4. Being financial responsible and having skills in handling money
5. Experiencing the spiritual gifts of God’s Holy Spirit
6. Having a close community of faith willing to dare God in college years
7. Experiencing the miracle of the healing of my dislocated shoulder in 1974
8. Marrying Anne in 1975
9. Opportunities to preach as a Lay Speaker and help others have faith in Jesus
10. Owning a home rather than rent (I feel secure and can alter it as needed.)

“*Who are ten people whom I esteem highly with the utmost respect?*” (in date order)

1. Samantha Inman - encouraged evangelism at my high school
2. Rev. Kurt Schroeder - attended my water baptism, baptism with God’s Holy Spirit, and the Wilkerson Outreach Week
3. Dr. David Shortess – Encouraged jail visits, Wesley Fellowship, surrogate father
4. Rev. Charles Williams – Encouraged jail visits, experimenting with spiritual gifts
5. Rev. David Pina - helped with water baptisms, Wesley Fellowship, Coffeehouse
6. David Briscoe - prayed for the healing of my shoulder, UNM campus witness
7. Rev. David Snyman - encouraged my role within the UMC, campus witnessing
8. Anne Briley – help-mate and partner in faith in all respects.
9. Rev. Norman Calloway - encouraged my roles within the UMC
10. Jack Adams- mentored my LWM director role within the UMC

### **Overeaters Anonymous (OA) - 1986**

Step two of any 12-Step based recovery program addresses the awareness that a Power greater than ourselves could restore us to sanity. Anne wrote a retrospective of her faith given the deep plunge of overeating and bulimia in 1982 (or before?). While our first years were stable, her bulimia and then leaving a job in 1985 to raise two needy foster-adopt siblings, pushed Anne over the edge. I had no idea that her theology became dysfunctional. I only saw the outward signs of weight gain and her deep unhappiness.

#### **How have your ideas about God and religion changed over the years?**

By Anne Briley, 07/10/1986 (edited for length)

I had no formal religious training in childhood. As a first grader, I lived in a Roman Catholic neighborhood. I believed in a vague heaven and hell, and worried I did not have the credentials for heaven, namely, one of those things [other] kids wore around their necks. I was troubled that I was not baptized. Religion was something that you did. You lit candles and looked at statues of the Virgin Mary. Our home did not have that stuff.

My aunt [Ellen] sent my sister Susan a book called *Bedtime Bible Stories* [published in 1955]. I read those stories, learning about Creation and Jesus. That gave me good feelings about God, He was there and loving, but [still seemed] unapproachable.

In the fifth grade, my folks let me to go to the Episcopal Church in Santa Fe to attend choir. I attended Sundays and sang to repay them for the free music lessons. I was concerned about ritual. I tried to do everything right so as not to offend anyone and to fit in. I even went to Sunday School as something I just "did", without discussing the yeas or nays with my parents. I remember stating that I was not baptized in one of these classes. A girl my age said, "*Oh, well that means you're not a Christian*". I believed her.

In ninth grade, we moved to Albuquerque, and my sister and I decided to go to the nearby Presbyterian Church to join the choir. We participated in evening youth group programs for my 9th, 10th, and first part of my 12th grade year (I skipped 11th grade). I really searched for what it meant to be a Christian. I went on a choir tour to Colorado and Wyoming. I sat on the front steps of the bus and plied the adults up front with questions about the nature of God. Some good [faith] seeds were planted then.

In my senior year, I examined my motives that others and I attended only for the summer tour. It was time to go elsewhere. I went across town to the Episcopal Church and felt at home on the first day. The youth group welcomed me sincerely. My parents allowed me to attend confirmation classes (but I stood [without my parents] on Confirmation Day).

The rituals at this church was different. In class, the minister refused to tell us the proper way to make the Sign of the Cross; or whether our left hand was atop our right for Communion. "*Worship God*," he said. This minister challenged me to look at my faith, and shook down many bricks in my façade, which left me with a good foundation.

At college, I promptly checked into the local Episcopal Church like a good Episcopalian. Almost immediately, I started going steady with a Baptist fellow named John (nicknamed "John the Baptist"). John challenged me further. I received a book called *Hot Line to Heaven* [Frances Gardner Hunter, 1970]. John and I discussed it. I still believed that I had to go through a priest to get to God. John told me about the prayers he just "shoots up". I was impressed. He told me (of his Higher Power whom he called) Jesus Christ through knowing Him personally as a friend. About two weeks afterwards, alone in my dorm room, I felt the presence of my Higher Power, and [dramatically] knew Jesus Christ as my God and friend.

I highly desired to convert the whole campus. Fortunately, students at St. Paul United Methodist Church nurtured me in my newfound faith and put the reins on me. I attended the Methodist Church after that with the blessings of Father Fish back home, the one who had taught me to "worship God". The local Episcopal minister condemned my move; "*They don't even use real wine for their communion!*" (Methodists [abstain] out of concern for alcoholic members.) Back home one weekend I told my minister, "*Well, I'm certainly going to pray for Father Taylor!*" He gently replied, "*And he's probably praying for you.*" A gentle rebuke, I learned tolerance a bit that morning.

I observed a Higher Power (whom I choose to call God, Jesus Christ, and/or the Holy Spirit) having power, and love. I saw literal miracles occur. My husband, as my fiancé, was instantaneously healed [in 1974] of a shoulder injury. Only ten minutes prior, he could not raise his hand more than a foot from his side. Afterwards he scratched his neck pain-free. I also got answers to my prayers. I was "used" by God when I turned things over to Him. However when doing things on my own power, I flopped. I had a sure-fire evangelistic question, "*If you died, would you go to heaven or would you go to hell?*" My victim replied, "*Gee, I dunno, I believe in reincarnation.*" Ouch.

For many years, my way was the right way, being intolerant of any other theology. This changed when my husband and I had dinners and coffees with another couple. Bud Jack would ask questions not for the sake of argument or challenge, but just because he really wanted knowledge. More tolerance learned.

God [fortunately] became less of a Power to take from. I started losing my "Gimme, gimme" attitude. I begged to have an attitude of "*Use me where you want me, God*". (Interesting [valuable] typo there, I wanted to say "beginning" rather than "begging").

[Sadly later,] somehow God became a punishing, chastising God. This shift happened at the height of my food bulimia. I thought if I punished myself first, God and anyone else would not have to. As I recover from overeating, I see a balance in my understanding of and my relation to God as I understand Him.

I sought counsel with both pastors at my church. Both taught me something. Pastor Dick Ernst taught me of a God, who when we are beating ourselves, reaches down and takes the hammer out of our hand. He does not give us a bigger or [heavier hammer]. Pam, at a time when I felt a sense of pain and guilt over a past action, showed me a God in the

Psalms who, forgives, heals, is compassionate, has great love, who takes transgressions - a.k.a. "character defects" and removes them as far as east is from west. OA is showing me a God who uses other people to do His work. He shows me that I [too] can be His channel - a pipeline so to speak, When Love flows through me to others, I am always full, fresh, and giving. I can pinch that pipe so tight that no Love goes through.

[The concept of] my Higher Power (H.P.) has evolved (though by paradox God never changes) from idol ... to god [little g] ... to sugar daddy ... to punisher ... to the source of all Power and Love. H.P. has always been someone/something other than myself and greater than myself, possibly with the exception of the "sugar-daddy" period of my [spiritual] growth. Demanding "gimme, gimme" prayers put myself equal to God. Self-reliance led to misery too many times. One time [in college,] I told God to give me a job at a particular Deli. He did and I had a devastating [team] experience, which forced me to resign even though innocent. I learned to be careful for what I ask!

The people whom God used to alter my concepts blessed me. Bud Jack caused me to open wider my field of vision. Pastors Dick and Pam changed my idea of a vengeful God. One OA person told of how, just for that day, her H.P. felt [like] a movie star, and she could relate to the kindness and compassion he exhibited.

I still wish to "evangelize the campus", but now with my H.P. who is Love, Compassion, and all Power. I am gradually learning that everybody has their own [customized] walk and relationship with God, even though we [may] hold identical belief systems. God now is so highly personal that I almost do not want to name Him, because many persons, including my mother, have been hurt in the name of the Judeo-Christian God. I do not want to evangelize anyone in the name of my former punishing [image of] God. If I share my faith, I share the God of love who said, "*I will never leave you or forsake you*".

I have not resigned from debating with society, but I now see that there is more to debate and I may not have the right formula for others. In that sense I pray that others might know the presence of a Loving God as the One who draw others to Himself. I pray to be the channel [of empathy], not the one to shove others to God.

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## Computer Revolution

### 1960's Technical Advancements

A 2018 local newspaper article painted the state of electronic technology prior to my first experience with old-style keypunch machines as a high school sophomore in 1969.

**Direct Dialing:** *The original telephone let us [solely] talk. Tethered to a wall, the big heavy instrument had a receiver arm with a cup at the top for hearing and a cup at the bottom for speaking. [There was no number keypad. Cranking a small dynamo motor created current to alert] an operator sitting at a [downtown] switchboard with a tangle of interlocking snakelike cords to reach your party. It was not until the 1960s that a rotary dial phone became a household option.*

*A party line let two to four homes share a [physical copper] wire. All sharing that wire heard the ring. Each picked up to answer, queried whom the call was for, and then one excused yourself to hang up. Imagine later picking up the receiver and finding them still in conversation. If you had an urgent call, you let out an exasperated [quite audible] sigh and hung up (unless you were a bored kid).*

**LEDs:** *Nick Holonyak Jr. of General Electric invented the expensive light-emitting diode (LED) in 1962. In 1968, Monsanto made inexpensive, not-very-bright, red LEDs for handheld calculators. [Over many years, cheap] red LEDs became brighter. By the late 1990s, [cheap] white LEDs began to shine.*

**BASIC programming language:** *Professors John Kemeny and Thomas Kurtz created BASIC ("Beginner's All-Purpose Symbolic Instruction Code") in 1964 as part of the Dartmouth University Time-Sharing System. This revolutionized computing, which [still] consisted of an incredibly expensive machine filling an entire room kept as cold as a refrigerator.*

*These megaliths required data entered using rectangular cards of [80] columns where punched holes on each column represented one character. Stacks of cards inserted into a card reader [were copied to large reels of magnetic tape]. It created a new job of keypunch operator. In the late 60s and 70s, full-time keypunch typists slaved for hours punching cards. It felt glacially slow, but it wowed us that any machine could even crunch data.*

**The Internet (sort of):** *A government program called DARPA (Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency) developed the Network Control Protocol for military use. It made its first connection in 1969, which led to the creation of ARPA-net. Two civilian institutions, Stanford Research Institute (SRI) and UCLA, began sharing data [on ARPA-net], and birthed civilian use of an infant Internet. By the 1970s, emails appeared, along with File Transfer Protocol (FTP), leading [eventually] to remote desktop connections [over slow 300-Baud modems].*

By Sarah Bobson, "Yesterday into Today", The Independent, 12/20/2018 (edited)

Computers and web browsers once did not fit in a cell phone. I experienced the rapid computer revolution from high school through the mid-eighties, at which time the market shook out competition to two types: Windows and Apple. Afterwards, technology got smaller and inter-connected. A long lag came between an invention and the marketed product on my desk. For the years listed, each invention felt new to most employees.

### 1969. Punched Cards

As a high school sophomore, I keypunched IBM (“Itty Bitty Monopoly”) Hollerith cards. These 80-column cards existed from 1931 into the 1980s. Digits were a single punch in rows 0 through 9. The alphabet (upper case only) had two holes: an upper zone row and a digit row. Special characters (with variants) required three holes with digit row 8 as the third hole. The two exceptions were a (+, zone 12 only) and a (-, zone 11 only).

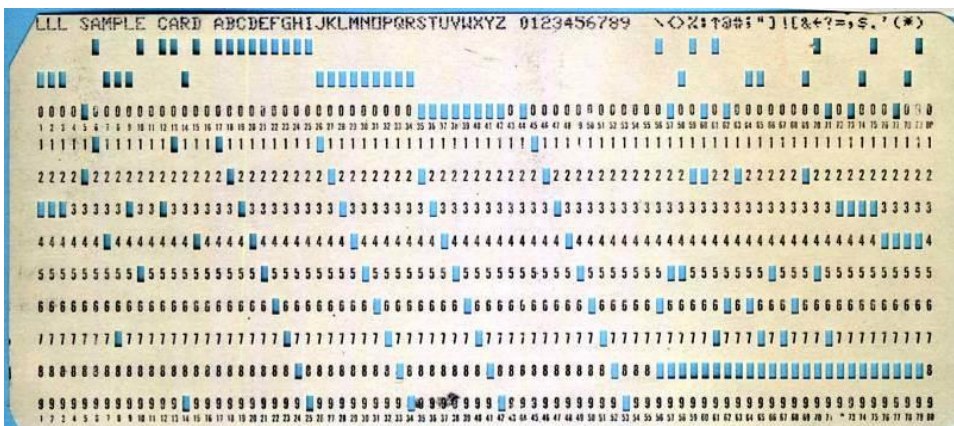


Figure 25 – IBM Hollerith Punched Card

In college, I learned how to over-punch using the outdated IBM Keypunch 026 (and later the replacement model 029). I set the electro-mechanical master cylinder to duplicate my punched holes spelling out “JESUS” in capital letters as my Christmas cards for 1971.

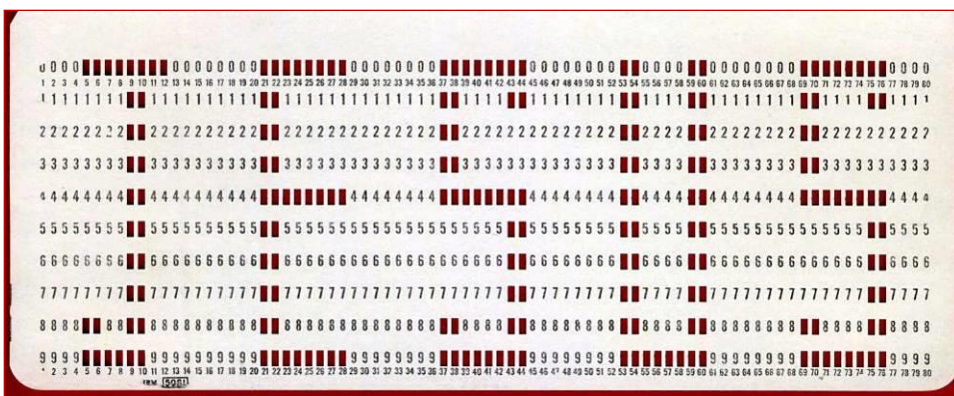


Figure 26 –Over-punched Christmas Card – 12/1971

### 1973. Punched Paper Tape

Teletypes existed since World War II where paper tape originally captured distant messages for replay, rather than as computer input. My first use of paper tape readers fed a Digital Equipment Corporation (DEC) PDP-10 (Peripheral Data Processor) on Kirtland Air Force Base. To create software, we used a noisy ASR 33 Teletype machine (described later) with a paper-tape punch unit attached.

DEC saw a replacement media market to IBM punched cards. Holes were holes. Why not have the computer read the holes from a continuous ribbon of paper tape instead of the bulky expensive mechanics of a room-sized card reader? A roll of paper tape replaced an entire heavy tray of 4000 punched cards. We often repaired a torn strip or inserted a replacement segment of software using white Elmer's school glue.

The primary disadvantage was that, while cards were machine sortable, we had to re-punch the entire paper tape if it required sortable data. Therefore, we still used punched cards for sortable data storage. We used paper tape for reusable bootstraps (the program that tells the computer to wake up) and for our reusable scientific software programs.

The paper tape fed vertically into the reader and jumbled up on the floor in a pile. I never saw a take-up reel and so we often ran the paper tape into a clean wastebasket. Tiny holes running the length fit onto a plastic sprocket wheel inside the reader unit.

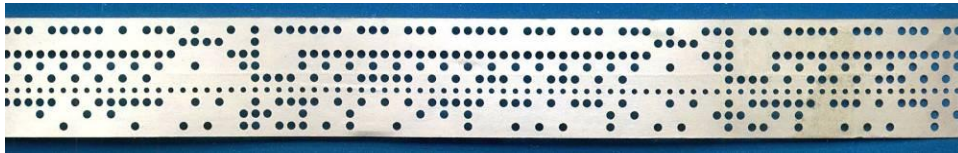


Figure 27 - Software on Paper Tape - 1973

The holes running fully across the width of the tape marked the end of a record, the equivalent of a punched card, containing 80 characters at most. The paper tape format handled unlimited characters per record, but decades of Hollerith usage still forced compilers, data files, and the operator console to limit records to 80 characters.

The character set used 7-bit binary across the width of the tape, with each hole being a '1' and each space being a '0'. The topmost row of holes (bit 8) was the "odd-or-even" check and ignored when examining the tape. This encoding limited text to upper case. As a result, programmers nearly always hand-wrote using upper case text out of habit.

In the paper-tape image above, read from right to left. The rows represent (reading bottom to top) 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, 64 yielding a maximum value of 127 (end-of-record).

Thus, the column value prior to that record mark was a 2 plus an 8, which equals 10 (a line-feed on the teletype). The column before that one was a 1, 4, and 8 which equals 13 (a carriage-return). The next column was another carriage return (to account for slower teletype carriages). Thus, every software record ended with this 13/13/10/127 quartet.

### 1974. Digital Film

Making movies using computers made the rounds in government computer centers. For the US Navy, I programmed films depicting missile nose cone erosion upon atmosphere reentry. It did not use the latest graphics tools, but it was heady stuff for this 20-year-old to take over the Air Force Weapons Lab (AFWL) computer center. This classified use required the Air Force operators to exit the room. My punched cards created 16mm color film stock with their CDC-6600 (Control Data Corporation) fully devoted to my task.



Figure 28 - CDC6600 Operator Console (Computer History Museum)

By 2011, some ‘simple’ animation software costs under \$100. Back in 1974, to draw stick figures (wire-frame matrix images) took a colossal mainframe and an integrated Stromberg-Carlson color film chemical processing unit. Only the military could afford that computational horsepower in 1974. Those functions currently fit on cheap laptops.

### 1976. Timeshared Monitors

LLL used a CDC-6600 like the AFWL computer center and built a time-slice system called “Octopus”. It pushed output to remote bulky black and white televisions with high resolution. A programmer thus walked down the hallway to watch a program’s progress in real time without walking the half-mile to the computer center building.

Administrative data processing was low priority among the big science projects. We were happy to get tiny slices of time using compiled COBOL and FORTRAN on this outdated machine. Most of our routine work used truly ancient plug board devices (a GE-415, held together with wire and rubber bands, and an even older IBM 1401.

The CDC-6600 (and newer CDC-7600’s) used noisy teletypes to work directly on the computer by serial wire. The paper-tape punch saved finished programs but quickly yielded to magnetic tape storage.



### 1977. Silent Output

A Texas Instruments Silent 700 terminal slowly replaced some of the clunky, clanky, clakkity teletypes. The text burned onto dry aluminum-oxidized paper with a dot-matrix head that sped across the paper on a servo motor. Could anything be more modern than this? The entire wing of our building initially shared one such unit as a local “console” for our Remote Job Entry Terminal (RJET) with a punched card reader and a low-volume (300 pages a day) printer using an odiferous semi-wet chemical process sitting nearby.



Figure 29 – TI Silent 700 (Computer History Museum)



Figure 30 - CDC7600's Computer Room (LLL 1979)

I re-wrote my college chess program on my own time for the CDC7600s for a rare Open House event using a teletype to print the chessboard to paper after each move. Since the Open House removed all classified applications, we needed some easy games to show off our computers. Visitors walked away gloating that they beat the famous LLL computers at chess, and our planning committee happily promoted their illusion of temporal power.

### 1978. Integrated Microcomputers

A wealthy dorm student at New Mexico Tech purchased an Altair MITS microcomputer in 1976, but computer clubs were the usual way to buy a "home" computer. Five men pooled cash to buy parts of a kit. One man built the memory board. Another man built the Input/output board, etc. No woman thought this was a smart way to spend money.

The flagship of our club was the IMSAI 8080 with plastic paddles on the front panel for control. I laboriously soldered 16 chips of 512 bytes each to an 8KB memory board. Sharing lessons became crucial to a successful home-brew build.

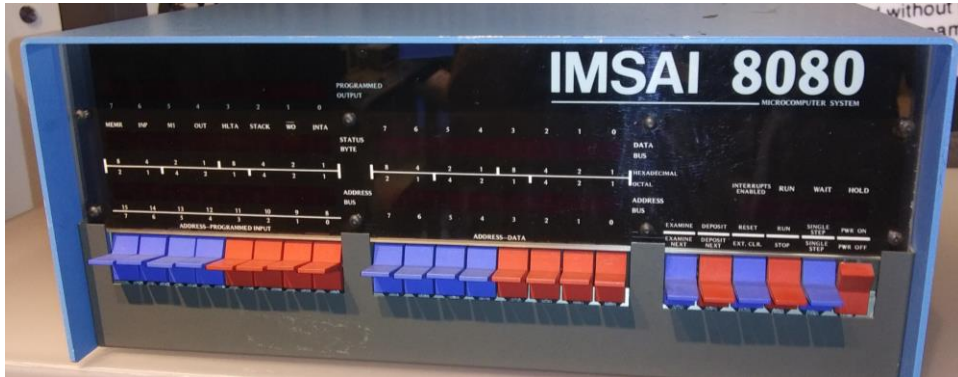


Figure 31 – 1978 IMSAI 8080 (Vintage Computer Faire)

As a member in 1978, I often borrowed this club-owned microcomputer and their heavy ASR-33 teletype scrounged from our LLL salvage yard. I used paper tape for data input/output and saving BASIC programs. If something damaged the paper tape, I cut out the offending torn piece, applied mending tape, read in the paper tape, retyped the missing line(s), and generated a fresh roll of paper tape containing the updated program.



Figure 32 – Refurbished ASR-33 Teletype (B.Blackburn 2009)  
(On left side, back to front: Blank roll of paper tape, Punch unit, Reader unit.)

Bryan Blackburn refurbished and described his ASR-33 (edited):

*The Teletype Corporation of Skokie, Illinois manufactured the ASR-33 in the early 1960's as a light duty [motorized typewriter]. Under the hood was a ballet of whirling cams and shifting levers that can only be described as awe-inspiring.*

*[Back in 1980,] these things were everywhere. During the evening newscasts, they clacked away in the background as part of the AP Wire Service. Western Union sent messages [(telegrams) with them] all over the world as [early] e-mail. Timeshare users used the ASR (Automatic Send and Receive) option to connect though a [300 Baud] modem to a mainframe computer [and early] minicomputers.*

*The ASR-33 operated at ten characters per second [all in upper case] and we were happy to get [that speed]. Options included an internal modem, RS-232 serial port, and current loop operation. They gained huge favor amongst hobbyists [as] the only practical way to generate hardcopy output from a microcomputer.*

*The ASR 33 included a paper tape reader (and punch) to store and retrieve programs. Floppy disks were far beyond the hobbyist budget, and hard disks were a distant dream. Paper tape was durable and reliable for small programs, but a longer program like BASIC took about fifteen minutes to load. This got old very fast and hobbyists soon looked for [faster storage media using stripped-down audiocassette tape recorders by 1979]. - [www.bytecollector.com/asr\\_33.htm](http://www.bytecollector.com/asr_33.htm)*

Club members discovered how to generate music tones on our IMSAI 8080 through a lineout port and adjust the speed of the tones with the front panel binary paddles, twice as fast, four times as fast, eight times as fast, etc. I created input data defining the notes for *The Swan* by Saint-Saens, transcribed from Anne's score for solo Cello.

For a talent show at Asbury UMC, I dressed up my 1970's stereo system as a pipe organ with paper towel cardboard tubes. I plugged in the IMSAI, pre-loaded the paper tape software using the hidden teletype, and made it play *The Swan* at two different speeds.

As consumer prices dropped, we each bought pre-built units like the Commodore PET. Even so, our home-brew mindset meant we still tinkered with gadgets that patched-soldered to its motherboard (extended memory, light controllers, joysticks).

The Smithsonian American History Museum immortalized the Home-Brew club in Silicon Valley with their collection of early microcomputers in a static (non-functional) display. Nearly every model shown remained in working condition in my backyard shed.

Children who grew up with these first microcomputers at home have created a retro community for the original 8-bit machines. The Vintage Computer Festival in the Bay Area hosts an annual gathering of such hobbyists since 2015.



### 1978. Commodore PET

The Commodore PET 2001 created a phenomenal leap forward. Commodore broke new ground with a compact integrated unit having a 40-character wide by 20-line screen, a keyboard that looked like Chiclet chewing gum squares, and a cassette tape player for storage. It became the next logical integrated package of the hobbyist microprocessors.

The selling points included its built-in cassette tape, keyboard, and monitor. The entire case lifted up like an automobile hood that exposed the motherboard secured to the base.

In mid-1978, LLL purchased six or so Commodore PET-2001 as loans to employees and asked what we could do with them. The computer club set to work. I linked a PET to an early Kurzweil Speech system at the LLL Visitor Center. The minor cabling task with wires, solder, and programming took less than a week. The computer “talked” to the visitors much to the delight of the docents. No one did that before at LLL.

#### Memoirs of a PET™ widow – Anne Briley, 1979

*It came rather suddenly and definitely without much warning. I should have known it was coming. The solitude of our little apartment would never be the same. At first, there were the “visitors”, the little competitors vying for my attention. Borrowed boxes of thorough fascination on loan [from the LLL Computer Club] showed up [a memory board kit and 8-bit kit computers]. Harry was entranced. He met my pleading calls to dinner with promises of “Just one more minute honey” or wails of “Now? Ah, honey!”*

*The first computer to show up in our apartment was an awful contraption [a front-panel controlled IMSAI 8080 and an ASR Teletype]. It had flashing red lights (eyeballs?) and read ten yards of holey [teletype paper] tape. I could never understand his patience at trying to load that paper tape after the fifth load error. I would stand in the doorway, sadly shaking my head and muttering under my breath at that spectacle.*

*A few weeks after this, the red-eyed monstrosity returned to the Computer Club. I found myself lured to the home of one of his friends. I did not know that I was to meet another computer. It was a dirty trick. We were suppose “to just be dropping by” to pick up “something”. I found myself sitting through a [private sales] exposition of the virtues of this new brand. This new machine impressed me [a \$795 (plus tax and freight) Commodore 8K PET]. It did not eat paper tape. It read its programs using [faster] audiocassette and the demo program was very pretty. However, the machine as a whole seemed foreign to me.*

The 8000-character PET launched my side business for consumer software. All my personal microcomputers are described later (See Consumer Microcomputers section).

### 1980. Departmental Mainframe

I coordinated the Conversion Project by RAND Corporation to the Univac 1100 to move away from punched cards. This project became material for my Master's Thesis, which documented how to convert a large-scale operation having decades of business-oriented programs in various languages for old hardware (IBM1401, GE415, and CDC-6600).

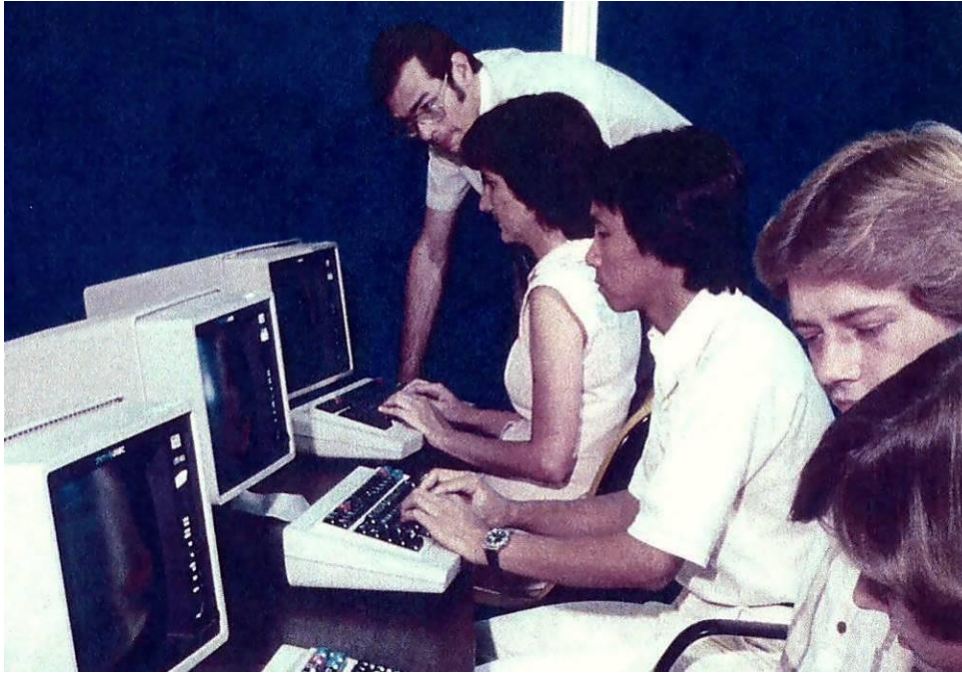


Figure 33 - New Univac Terminals (LLL 1980)

L-R: Harry Briley (retired 2013), Kay Brown (retired 2011), David Lai

We still used punched cards as we began in 1980 to use "terminals" (ten shared by the entire department). Each dumb terminal offered a detached keyboard and an 80 wide x24 line green-screen monitor. It did not have the high resolution of our older monitors attached to the CDC7600s, but felt much easier to spend hours without eye fatigue.

These were our first terminals with upper and lowercase letters (instead of uppercase-only keypunch machines). A new and expensive chain-driven noisy printer in its own soundproofed room nearby likewise printed in both upper and lower case.

I rearranged the shared central keypunch room to hold ten of these terminals. We still coded our programs on coding sheets and traipsed down the hall to type them into the terminals (or onto the remaining few keypunches). One day, we might get our own terminal in our office. One dreamed about that!

On my own time, I yet again revised my chess program to use the new Univac green screen. I discovered that the clear-screen command and a quick reprint gave an animated feeling of chess pieces moving in real time. That idea came after writing similar games on my home Commodore PET 2001. I enjoyed making the huge Univac business mainframe act like a game machine for our upcoming Open House.

In 1980, I wrote HBWord (my word processor that pre-dated HTML) to compose my Master's Thesis. This became the first word processor available for our programmers.

I wrote it out of necessity to read and massage my Master's Thesis text originally from punched cards. I was too poor and frugal to hire a typist. My 1979 Commodore PET was significantly underpowered for word processing. The Commodore 64 WordPro and IBM PC were still two years into the future.

My word processor responded to HTML-similar commands used to create web pages twenty years later. I discarded it as cumbersome once Microsoft Word came out with “what you see was what you get” word processing in the late 1980's. I figured that no one wanted my slower method. In hindsight, I was onto something important. I could have bragged about creating the Hyper Text Markup Language (HTML).

### **1981. Business Minicomputer**

The hazard to most computers was the disk drive(s). We instructed employees about the criticality of a smoke-free glass-enclosed room. A common sketch showed the size of a smoke particle compared to the disk drive head distance from the disk platter. A human hair by comparison equated to tossing a tree into a glass house. It was not for nothing that we said that a disk drive “crashed” as a costly and too frequent hazard.



**Figure 34 - Datapoint 2200 Console with Cassette Boot Tape (Datapoint Corp)**

Robert Zabik, my second supervisor, introduced me to the Datapoint 2200 minicomputer. Imagine my shock at their San Francisco showroom with their sales staff chain-smoking near the computers. I never liked sales representatives, and detested smoking, but that visual image profoundly affected our decision to order one for the harsh environment of the Receiving Dock (with forklift vibrations and constant dust).

The Datapoint let us to pull out and replace disk drives encased inside plastic pizza-sized circular boxes. The breakthrough of these removable disks let anyone handle disks.

We still built a small separate room for the minicomputer to protect it a bit, leaving the connected Datapoint terminals out in the dirty warehouse environment. The arrival of our precious machine was a major event. However, a forklift operator misgauged and drove the forklift blades into the computer desk chassis on the side holding the disk drives. While he punctured the side panel, the blades went between the drive units. After an inspection, we booted up the unit in time for the ceremony with department managers.

This near indestructible nature made the Datapoint a natural candidate for third world environments. I relayed the news to Wycliffe Bible Translators (the Jungle Aviation and Radio Service). In 6/1982, a photo of that identical Datapoint model demonstrated a successful deployment at a dusty African translation center.

Bob Zabik next brought me on-board for my first non-Lab contract. I programmed on the weekends for the Contra Costa County Mental Health Services on their Datapoint 2200.

### **1982. Minicomputer Database**

Hewlett-Packard researchers had not sat on their laurels since 1971. Their HP-3000 (HP) minicomputer soon became the darling at LLL and numerous HP “computer centers” popped up across the mile-square site.

One computer served an entire building and each office worker had a dumb terminal. Previously, only a programmer could justify an expensive terminal. The HP made it possible for most office staff to go somewhat “paperless”. The disk drives for the HP looked and sounded like top-loading washing machines.

One of my tasks was cross connecting the HP terminal panel wires to the building’s telephone punch-down panel. A spring-loaded telephone technician punch shoved a wire into holding clips on the wall-mounted patch panel. I wrote a program that mapped office “ports” to the telephone panel and then to HP port connections on a second panel.

Each office was literally hard-wired (twisted pair) to the computer room. There was no IP address or software networking. If a staff person wanted their terminal moved to an outlet across the room, I cut the old wires at the patch panel and punched down jumper wires to the new location. If the HP itself had a faulty terminal connection, I cut the jumpers on the HP panel and punched them down to another terminal “port”. I used a lot of telephone wire for this “oh-by-the-way” network job.

I wrote the first database-driven Applicant Tracking system on the HP for my new supervisor Bill Cook. We used SpeedWare as fourth-generation software and Adage TurboImage for the hierarchical database. The design and analysis documentation required a non-existent word processor. Therefore, I converted my departmental HBWord program from the Univac for administrative HP-3000 communities in late 1982.

### 1983. IBM PC and Clones

Numerous hobbyist computers on site quickly fell out of favor when the IBM Personal Computer (the ‘PC’) and its clones appeared on our LLL desks in 1983 using a coaxial cable network card and a non-removable hard drive.

*As the 1980s began, hard disk drives were rare and expensive on personal computers (PCs). Most systems integrators only sold hard disk drives as an add-on subsystem. The IBM PC/XT in 1983 included an internal standard 10MB hard disk drive, and soon, internal hard disk drives proliferated on PCs. - Wikipedia*

This first hard drive took up two floppy disk bay units and held 10 Million bytes (10MB). In 1983, most software used character-mode. Graphics and photos were exceedingly rare. We scratched our brains thinking how to fill up such an impossibly huge disk drive.

By 2011, a single color photograph easily used 350KB. Just 30 photographs would fill that early disk. By 2015, disks became a low-cost commodity. Disk drives changed how we programmed. Before 1982, a top-notch programmer crammed everything in a few characters. We used cryptic variable names of two characters (e.g. ‘A1’, ‘A2’) instead of lengthy and verbose Java names (e.g. ‘countOfAllPieProductionObjectsInKitchen’)

For LLL, the sudden proliferation of manufacturers on site became a headache to update and train employees. Management tried to limit all desktop computers (treated as mere terminals for the most part) to either IBM or Apple. This yielded site-wide equipment replacements in rapid sequence, first of IBM with DOS in 1983, then Apple Macintoshes hosting QuickMail, then back to IBM Windows 3.1 hosting Eudora e-Mail.

These PC wars at LLL wound up with high-end Apples for managers and graphics-oriented scientists. Administrative programmers and office workers moved to Windows PCs largely due to reliable terminal emulators to our numerous minicomputers and client-based applications, which interfaced well with our mainframe Oracle database servers.



### Consumer Microcomputers

I purchased a **Commodore PET 2001** (8000 characters of memory) in 10/1978 for \$795. That price equates to \$8000 three decades later. It was that costly. In comparison, our townhouse rent cost \$240 in 1979. After 35 years, simply multiply all prices by ten. That first PET cost me three months' rent. Anne skeptically supported the endeavor.

Minicomputers commanded prices in the \$20K-\$30K range in 1979 and the prior home-built units cost at least \$1000. Therefore, we considered this expensive proposition as a bargain for getting in on the ground floor with consumer software.

Over the decades, no matter the year, PC clone-makers packed more stuff into the PC and still charged \$1000. A low-end Notepad in 2014 was science fiction in 1979 movies.

I purchased a noisy 80-column Anadex AD-8000 pin-printer by May 1979 for \$938 (four months' rent), a used external 32KB memory unit (a motherboard with four 8KB memory boards) for \$500 in July (two months' rent), and a Brother Typewriter by November (one month rent). I designed, built, and stained plywood wooden cabinets for the printer and memory unit just in time for the 3/1980 San Francisco Computer Faire. Therefore, it cost the equivalent of ten months' townhouse rent for business equipment that first year.

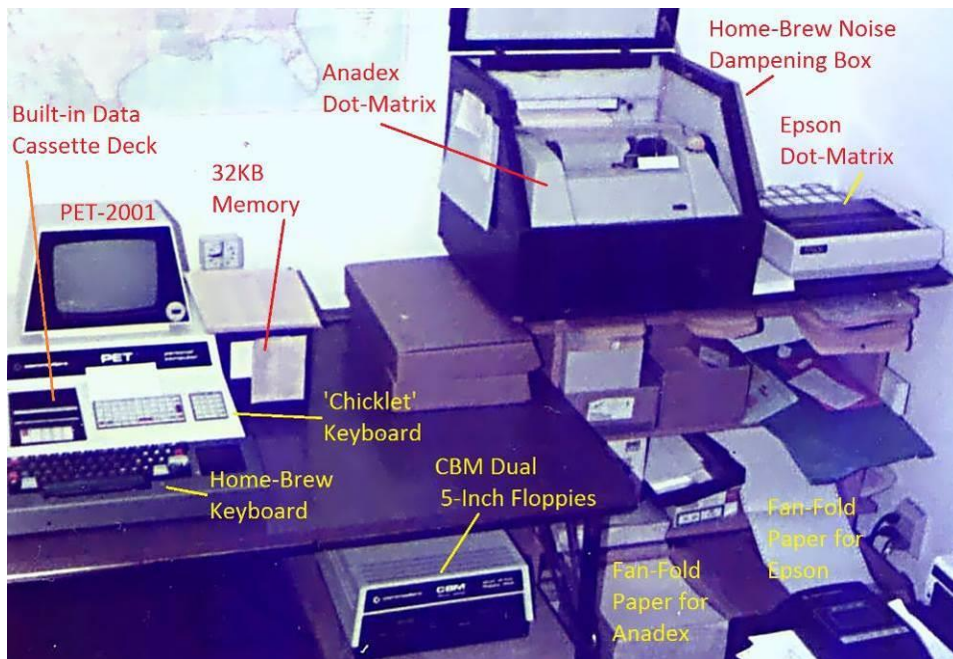


Figure 35 - PET in Cardinal Office - 1983

My friends commiserated in 1982 over the exploding computer revolution. In June, the LLL employee store demonstrated the new VIC-20. Memory expansion cards did not keep up with demand and I borrowed a needed 8KB of VIC-20 memory from Ron Gunn. When my own order arrived, it came with a 16KB module because of the backorder.

## Walk With Me – Glory Years

In August, Commodore offered me an equipment loan. I chose their alternate offer to purchase in September two new Commodore-64s (one for Ron and one for myself). On 10/28/1982, I tested the C64 and disk drive as perhaps the first in all of Livermore.

The C64 let me extend games with color and sound, but compared to later arcade-style computer games, a single color photograph exceeded the 64KB memory on the C64.

So, in rapid order, a PET 2032 (32KB with homebrew speaker, 10/1984), VIC-20 (16KB plug-in), Commodore 64 (64KB), the ‘portable’ Executive SX-64 (24 pounds, 4-inch color monitor, 64KB), and Commodore 128 (128KB) followed. These museum pieces (even my 1978 PET with a hairline motherboard crack) all still operate.

The **Texas Instruments** TI-99/4A used an ordinary color television and an ordinary cassette recorder. It led only to “console” game playing and did not hold my interest.

The **Radio Shack** TRS-80 (“Trash 80”) Model 1 came in components and used a cassette recorder for storage. Bill Cook gave me his hand-made TRS-80 desk that improved desk space. I later donated the Model 1 and Bill’s custom desk to an elementary school. I investigated its expansion interface cost but by then, my Model 3 arrived as a self-contained unit with a monochrome screen and two built-in five-inch floppy drives.



Figure 36 – 1981 TRS-80 Model 1 and Model 3 (Tandy)

When Microsoft arrived in 1983, the market radically swung to IBM PC clones that ran Microsoft BASIC and DOS (Disk Operating System). The death knell sounded for all others except for Apple. Even my Tandy 1000SX and 1000EX, while using a Radio Shack graphical menu, navigated using the Microsoft Disk Operating System (DOS).

While I marginally converted text files, the Commodore 64 BASIC leveraged graphic tools (sprites) unique to its motherboard and thus sadly absent from the PC clones. After Microsoft Windows 3.1 arrived and compiled QuickBasic became possible, our market evaporated. We only converted our flagship application suite, LeagueBowl, to Windows.

### **Consumer Printers**

In 1979, no printer ran using the PET. I purchased an Anadex AD-8000 printer from Basic Systems and hand wired a 40-pin parallel cable.

In early spring 1982, I modified all programs to use identical logic that let the user select Anadex, Centronics, or Epson print controls. I initially borrowed Ron Gunn's nice Epson printer until I purchased my own to make quality masters for our sales catalog paste-ups.

Each manufacturer used slightly different command signals making it difficult for software publishers to handle the many printer variants. Later, I added a tool for the user to store control codes unique to their specific off-brand dot-matrix printer.

I purchased an expensive Laser printer. It ran for several years with my Commodore equipment because it specifically used Epson control characters. Its Times Roman font in three sizes and/or bolded format completely met our early publishing needs.

The nail in our business coffin occurred when the market shifted wholesale to PostScript graphics leveraging print drivers imbedded within the IBM operating system. We did not have the energy or market share to jump that technical hurdle.

### **Consumer Modems**

Consumer modems did not exist until the Commodore VIC-20. In 10/1982, I read an article about modem technical operation. I replaced our old rental rotary dial telephone with a purchased touchtone phone. The VIC-20 modem required a dumb touchtone phone with no logic. I bought a used 300-baud RACAL-VADIC business modem needing minor repair from an electronics junkyard but it could not connect to the VIC-20.

We started an e-mail account in 11/1982 with CompuServe, which predated the commercial Internet. I could not access CompuServe due to their often-busy single local phone number, as were several long-distance San Francisco lines. Their email process over a slow modem and limited landlines was too cumbersome for routine use.

However, I easily used my toy VIC-20 to access HP-3000 minicomputers at work and at the city library. I wrote an e-mail function (HB-Mail) for my HP work machine and thus handled e-mail with my client department and programming team from home.

I legitimately played a text adventure game on that new HP-3000 overnight through my VIC-20 modem since the HP stood alone and I managed all its terminal hardwired access.

At 300 bits per second (37 characters, three times faster than a Teletype), I could almost count the line feeds as they burred over the telephone speaker. Modem cards in IBM PCs topped out at 56KB as the maximum speed over twisted-pair telephone lines. Cable modems replaced this abysmally slow transmission but even the old 56KB modems were 186 times faster than my first two modems. In comprehensible terms, it took three hours to download a data file at 300-baud which a 56KB modem did in one minute.



### Consumer Disk Drives

I moved all our cassette programs to a Commodore PET 2040 dual disk drive unit, even though most customers still used audiocassettes. I was an early adopter and created each master cassette for duplication runs by Sonrise Productions using that 2040 disk drive.

The transformer on my 2040 burned out with a summer power surge. I ordered and installed a new transformer since disk drives cost as much as the computer itself.

Rick Murphy volunteered his rare Commodore 8050 disk drive. The two Commodore drives used different storage formats. This incompatibility recurred when 3.5-inch diskettes arrived. Therefore, I copied the few 8050 formatted sales at his house in Hayward in 1982. I drove over my 2040 drive, hooked both units to the same IEEE port, read my 2040 master to memory, and created customer copies using his 8050 drive.

With the Commodore 64, I purchased the Commodore 1541 Disk Drive (5" floppy disk). During 1986, I purchased the new Xetec Lt. Kernal 10MB hard drive as a godsend to the business. I almost wept when that drive died years after Xetec ceased business.

The history of the Lt. Kernal drive is worth a read (condensed):

*In late 1982, Commodore introduced the remarkable C-64, and by mid-1984, the C-64 crushed its competition and fast becoming the bestselling computer model of all time. However, there was a serious problem ... no hard disk drive.*

*As a software engineer, Roy Southwick in 1983 asked his colleague, hardware engineer Lloyd Sponenburgh, "Do you think we could hang a hard disk on that thing?" Both men eagerly started. However, CBM drives were "intelligent", with no provisions within the C-64 to control it. Therefore, a "DOS Wedge" had to be developed that could run without interfering with computer operations. The men almost abandoned their efforts with technical difficulties.*

*The Lt. Kernal had no competitors. In 1986, Xetec received manufacturing, distribution and support rights several years before anyone developed anything remotely comparable. Commodore accelerated development of the 1581 diskette drive because the Lt. Kernal's file archiver had special features that could exploit the 1581's storage capacity and burst mode capabilities.*

*The late 1980s hardware hacker spirit that made the Lt. Kernal possible gradually faded away. By 1990, Commodore was near bankruptcy and IBM PC did not lend itself to recreational hacking and programming. Xetec discontinued the Lt. Kernal in 12/1991.*

[www.floodgap.com/retrobits/ckb/ltk/history.html](http://www.floodgap.com/retrobits/ckb/ltk/history.html)

I lastly purchased a Commodore 1581 Disk Drive (3.5" diskette) and the "Big Blue Reader" utility software specifically to port some text-based programs to IBM PC DOS. It worked but the conversion process felt more cumbersome than worthwhile.

## Briley Software

### Timeline

In 10/1978, I was one of the first local buyers of the PET. It held 8000 bytes (alphabetic characters) for both the program and its data storage. This limit required the most tightly written software with cryptic variable names and minimal internal documentation.

The market rapidly exploded in installed units with four dominant manufacturers. The PC went from non-existent in 1980 to 17% of the market share in 1983. Commodore continued to be the darling for consumers, growing to 23% of the market share.

<b>ESTIMATED INSTALLED PRODUCT BASE</b>								
(Units in thousands)								
	1980		1981		1982		1983	
	UNITS	% OF TOTAL	UNITS	% OF TOTAL	UNITS	% OF TOTAL	UNITS	% OF TOTAL
Apple Computer	160	17%	350	21%	650-700	18%-20%	950-1,100	15%-17%
Commodore International	150	16	300	18	700-800	20-23	1,400-1,500	21-23
IBM	–	–	40	2	250-300	7-8	1,000-1,100	15-17
Tandy	250	26	400	24	700-800	20-23	1,400-1,500	21-23
All others	390	41	610	36	1,200-950	34-26	1,800-1,350	27-21
<b>Total</b>	<b>950</b>	<b>100</b>	<b>1,700</b>	<b>100</b>	<b>3,550</b>	<b>100%</b>	<b>6,550</b>	<b>100%</b>

Source: Kidder, Peabody & Co. Incorporated estimates.

**Table 3- Microcomputer Market (LIST Journal Spring1983)**

I started the business in 1979 as a data consultant but quickly changed the business name by the summer for selling mostly consumer games and a few eclectic non-game titles.

The business directly affected my personal life. Some individuals became long-term friends. It burned some bridges and ruined some former friendships. Others had no vested friendship other than to fulfill my purchase requests as just another customer.

I dropped the game line by 1983 and continued the profitable bowling scorekeeping line through 1996, whereupon I ceased retail software sales.

*Who's Who in California* listed me in 1983 for being willing to pay \$150 for a copy of this useless doorstop of a reference book. They appealed to my naïve vanity.

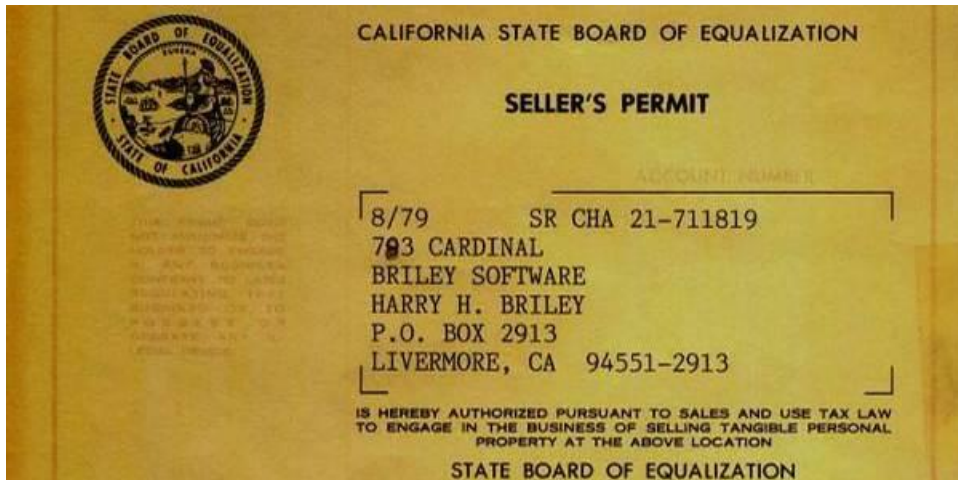


Figure 37 – Revised 8/79 Resale Permit – 12/1980

### Our Suppliers

Our start-up business leveraged contracted help that felt impossible through hiring full-time staff. Those individual contractors included:

- Anne Briley - Tactical planning, testing software as a novice
- Richard Coleman – Conversions of games to TI99/4a
- Hank Grum and Jeff Pimper (dba Magnum Opus) – Conversions to TRS-80
- Kelly Gunn (part-time clerical) – Dealer addresses
- Kimberley Gunn (dba Ad Artistry) – Bowling magazines ad layout and contracts
- Ronald Gunn – author, bowling advertising design
- ImageSetters – Bowling ad pre-press typesetting
- Terri Ogee (dba Terri Ogee Typesetting) – Instruction manual covers, Ads
- Jeff Pimper - author
- Print-It (local copier shop) – Catalogs, instruction manuals, envelopes
- Software Marketing Association – National sales team to retail dealers in 1982
- Kathy and Andy Tullis (dba Sonrise Productions) – Cassette duplication, labeling
- Staff Builders (Janice McCurry 12/1982, Wendy Irving 1983) - part-time clerical, Inquiry addresses, invoices, stuffing

### Microcomputer Clubs and Fairs

At the third San Francisco Computer Faire (3/1980), we shared the Basic Systems booth, our printer vendor as a reward for wiring a cable from my PET to their printer's parallel port. I threw together programs with help from co-workers and offered cassette copies for sale. While woefully out-classed in my first taste of marketing, the Basic Systems people could thus sell their Anadex printers to PET users.



Figure 38 - Computer Faire – 3/1980; Cardinal Office – 3/1981

That Faire motivated me to buy three “disco” Angel Flight suits while skinny enough to wear them. The Faire highlighted people tinkering in garages. It helped commercialize some regional homebrew computer clubs within a euphoric atmosphere. The market went into hyper-drive and dozens of manufacturers tried to capture the tail of that comet.

### Consumer Software Sales

I loved Commodore machines at first sight. With our 1980 catalog released that second year, I sold cassette tapes of software by three other authors besides my own.

One upstairs bedroom in our Junction Avenue townhouse became the hub for product design, user booklets, advertising plans, vendor coordination, and order processing. I typed up the booklet text, drew the line artwork, designed the layout, and did paste-up of each booklet for each product for each machine. Microsoft Office did not exist. The user booklet production felt like creating an 8-page newspaper the old-fashioned way.

Each booklet required paste-up assembly so that after copying double-sided and folded width wise, the folded pages appeared in numerical order with saddle staples to hold each booklet together. With new packaging in late 1982, we complicated the paste-up by cutting the sheets in half lengthwise before folding.

At PETS Around Livermore Society (PALS) meetings, I found new programs to market. Commodore BASIC made it easy to upgrade to the newer VIC-20, C-64, and C-128.

## Walk With Me – Glory Years

I did not protect the source code and sold it as interpretative BASIC. My sole means of protection involved putting vital information into the user booklet. Freelance authors coded in 6502 Assembly language. The early software line included several such games.

I branched out to the TRS-80 and the TI99/4a by paying consultant friends to hand-convert the entire suite of game programs. The TI model was obsolete a few months after we published. We never recouped those labor costs.

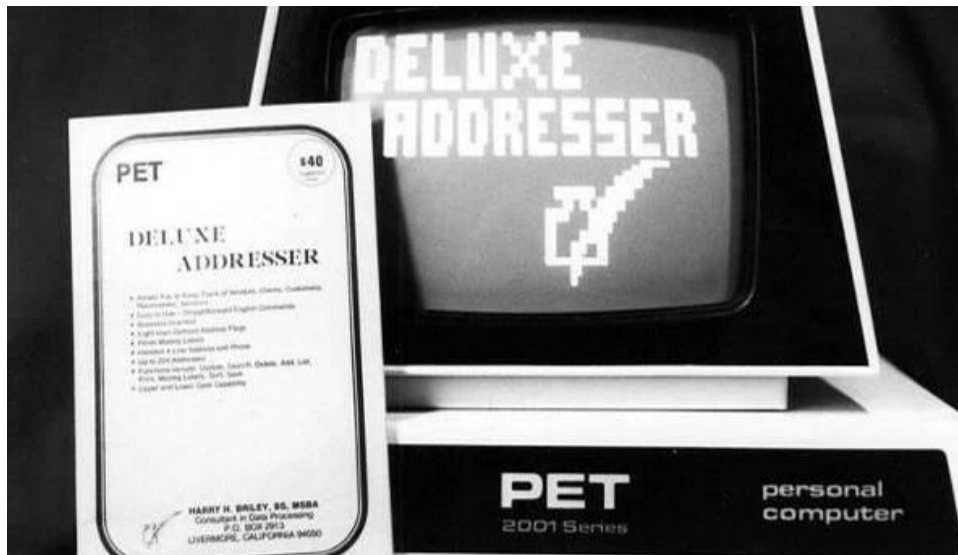
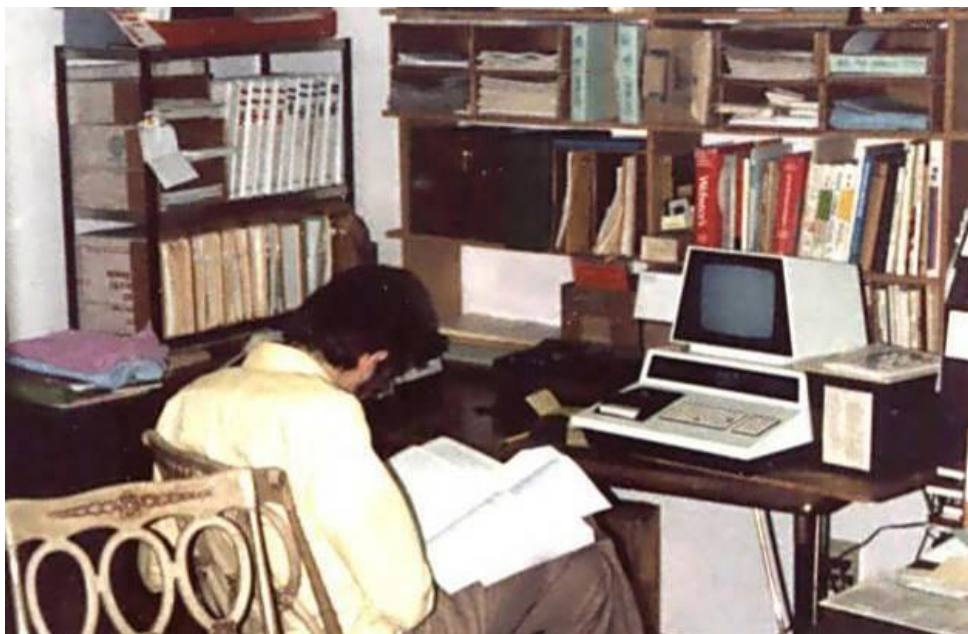


Figure 39 - Commodore PET 2001 – Spring 1979

Leisure Products denied my 1982 request to use the trademarked *Perquacky*<sup>™</sup> name and game format (no surprise).

By 1982, we were 90% mail order and 10% with a contracted sales team (see Software Marketing Association section) to place our product in retail stores. I worked the early morning to get mail out the door. Both Anne and I worked late into the evening on the business. Midnight appeared to be routinely the norm before I got to bed, hours after Anne fell asleep for her early 90-minute commute to San Francisco.





**Figure 40 - Junction Avenue Office – 3/1980**

In early 1982, Anne called for a change. The business ramp-up through dealers became “the other woman”. She insisted upon sensible work hours outside the home. She wanted a clear separation of business from home life. I rented a tiny one-room walk-up on the second-floor of the Hutka office building off First Street. Part-time clericals (Janice McCurry 12/82 and Wendy Irving 1983) handled mailing labels, orders, and catalog mailings with me in the evenings. I wrote programs for her to handle invoicing and collect inquiry addresses into sortable files.

Orders requesting versions for the new VIC20 in June discouraged me. I began rapid conversion from the PET to the VIC-20. These conversions introduced colors and sounds into our programs. During the rush to re-tool, I discovered that an untested program inverted upper and lower case and mixed in unreadable graphics symbols. That forced me to make a sales-damaging product recall.

After our 1/1983 consumer-software implosion, both the business and my part-time help returned to the den office at home. I worked more appropriate hours by scaling down to our one profitable line of bowling scorekeeping software (LeagueBowl).

### Example Non-Game Programs

“RNAV3 Navigator” for the West Coast by Richard Murphy looked promising for the aircraft pilot market. We received registration from the Copyright Office in 9/1981. Start and end coordinates identified radio waypoints to confirm the pilot’s course.

I collected VOR/DME radio navigation beacons from official pilot manuals with Anne transcribing it to a data file. Anne and I created the data file for 17 Northeastern States and crosschecked data for the 11 Western continental States. I expanded upon the Great Circle route calculations. I later used similar Great Circle equations for a project at LLL to determine the shortest air miles between any two coordinates on the map.

The late Ronald Gunn, an electrical engineer, wrote “Blackjack Tutor” as a gaming trainer in card patterns, not a card-counting scheme. It prepared him for his forays to the Reno casinos in which he always returned home with a dividend.

Ron wrote the initial “LeagueBowl-24” (Bowling League Scorekeeping) in 1980. Anne and I jointly edited and produced the 3-ring bound 8x11 LeagueBowl user manuals. Ron later expanded LeagueBowl to handle very complex scoring rules for 48-team leagues.

## LEAGUEBOWL SCORING THOUSANDS OF LEAGUES SINCE 1980!


Type in your league rules.  
Keep names current.  
Then, each week . . .

FROM THIS:

1/2	3/4	5/6 . . .
(league schedule)		
157	151	186
111	98	120
129	226	141
184	209	194
195	163	154

(For each team)

TO THIS:



Satisfied users all over the world. Avoid disaster by choosing the proven one the first time.  
LEAGUEBOWL and the Commodore 64: An unbeatable value!  
LEAGUEBOWL and the IBM-PC: Professional speed and capacity!  
Accurate, complete team and individual stats from the simple entry of individual games.

We invite comparison. LEAGUEBOWL is a full-calculating system. Enter one week’s schedule and individual games bowled. Let the computer handcap, score and print.

Our weekly printouts are stunning...and you can customize them with many built-in options. LEAGUEBOWL edits: name, individual stats, team stats, starting choices, order within printed-sheet, order of individual stats across sheet.

- 2 to 48 teams
- Roving Substitutes
- Any blind

- 2 to 12 per team
- Any handicap
- Full stats edit

- 2-3-4 game series
- Match points 10/25
- Forfeits/postponements

- Automatic printing
- Automatic scoring
- Automatic handicapping

Figure 41 - LeagueBowl Brochure (inside cover, 5/1988)

## Example Game Programs

“**High Seas**” was a text adventure game co-written by a LLL co-worker Jeff Pimper and myself in 1979 (originally for the memory-limited 1978 PET).

Anne’s byline text read, “*Sail the Atlantic in 1811. Recapture stolen gold bullion. Bring in the three most wanted pirates. Avoid crew mutiny. Each game has a different ocean set-up.*” For the Commodore-64 version, I added minimal graphics, sound, and color.

The ocean scenario let us randomly place islands and move pirate ships fresh for each game. Playing the game once did not help the player solve the puzzle a second time.

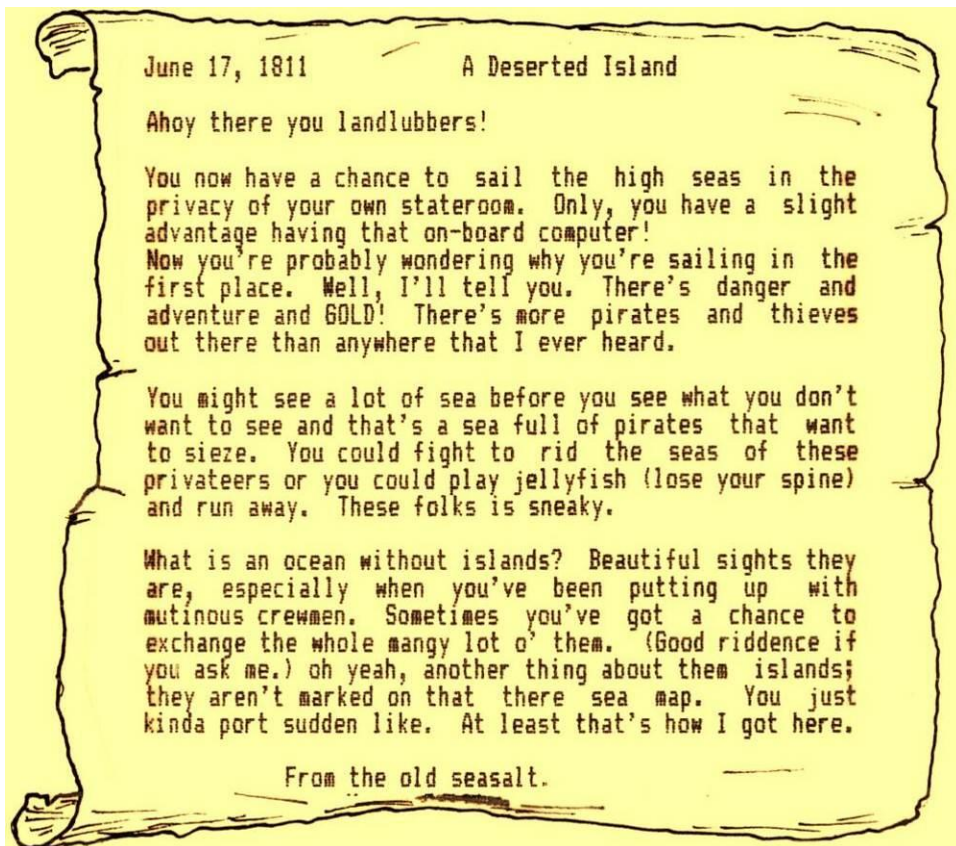


Figure 42 - High Seas! User Manual

My delight in Anne’s puns and groaner humor was readily evident in the scroll above. We wanted a game that did not take itself seriously and gave hundreds of map combinations for the player. The “June 17” date shown on the scroll marked when I finished writing the initial version of the game for the original PET in 1979.

I cloned this game to let the player be a “**Fur Trapper**” in the Rocky Mountains of the Western US with fur-bearing varmint-type critters moving around the map. Instead of islands, I randomly placed impassable ridges and dense underbrush on the map.



I mused about such maze-genre games in a theological paper in 2015 (edited):

*With microcomputers, I designed a bounded “world”. I could change the map of every game, and create differing strength and skill attributes for the player, create characters of various attributes for the player to encounter (barter, fight, capture, or be captured), introduce treasures or tools, and define how the game ended. A co-worker built the underlying map and character interaction engine. I added layers that fleshed it out for the player. One game sailed the Atlantic facing off pirate ships. Another game followed a fur trapper in search of Indian artifacts.*

*While the overall play followed a common theme (find and retain the treasures), the individual steps each time the game started had thousands of fresh combinations. My limitations were 8K of memory and a fixed boundary of a changeable map. The player exposed the new map upon exploration. Uncharted islands, steep cliffs, wolves, and pirate ships started at random locations. Ships and beasts meandered randomly from those starting locations. The player could freely travel anywhere if physically possible according to rules and given the strengths as allocated to the player.*

Paper: “God as the Ultimate Game Master”, 2/2015, page 3-4

“**Mission-64**” was an arcade game written by freelance author Bob Richbourg in 1983.

The byline text read, “*Cirion enemy spacecraft threaten your rescue mission. You must get to Station #64 for the critical repair part and back in time!*” I wrote the user manual.

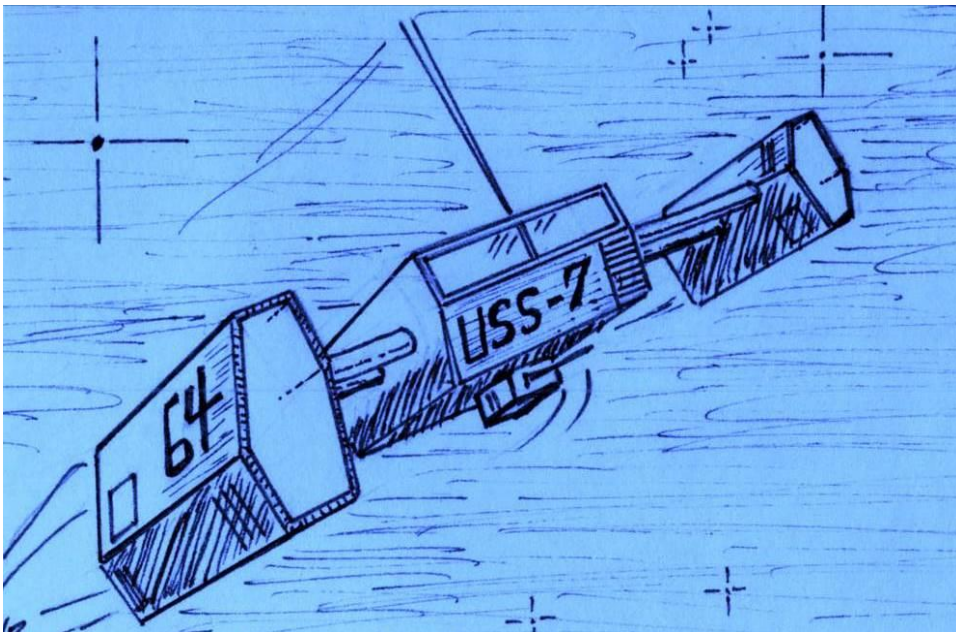


Figure 43 - Mission-64 Line Art (H. Briley 1983)

While a delight to play, our fancy new cassette packaging for 1983 became dead upon arrival with the demand for diskettes instead. I released the copyright back to Bob.

I planned “**Mansion!**” to mimic the game of *Clue*<sup>™</sup>. I could not get the rights from Parker Brothers (as if!), so I wrote a spoof of it in 1979 for the original PET.

I believe the Silicon Valley Homebrew club in Sunnyvale wrote a similar freeware game for the IMSAI 8080. Therefore, I changed mine enough to distinguish it as a new work with the Copyright Office. In those years, US Copyright Office required publishers to register their code in plain text on archival quality paper. Those onerous copyright registrations caused us administrative pain and numerous delays.

*The byline read, “A Detective Series Game: The phone rings and the BUTLER whispers, “Somebody stole the FUR COAT” Knowing the only person who can catch the thief is you (of course); the Butler asks your help in solving this crime. Computerized dossier files help you record discoveries. Each game picks a new thief, time of theft, and [stolen] valuable with up to seven guests to question.”*

The highest score earned deduced the thief and time of theft with the fewest questions. The suspects entered, moved about, and left the Mansion during that 12-hour window. Unlike *Clue*<sup>™</sup>, the thief might not be a suspect still on the premises.

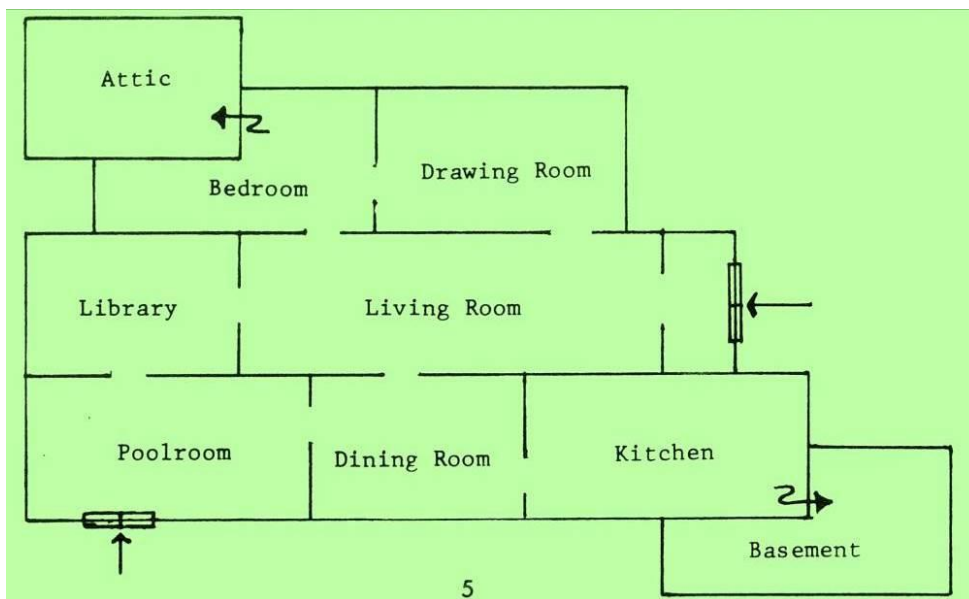


Figure 44 - Mansion! User Manual

I cloned this game with different map layouts, treasures, and spies in the other two games in this series: **Museum!** and **Pentagon!** The limited PET memory required extremely lean and mean software. I traded away special visual effects in exchange for play extensibility. The Commodore 64 with eight times more memory was yet future.

I referred to this detective game in a paper about freedom of choice in 2015:

*I wrote a variant of a detective game, which blatantly parodied the Parker Brothers **Clue**™ game. The player exposed the thief of a treasure in a mansion (or a museum, or the Pentagon). The thief stole a random treasure from a random room with many likely suspects wandering through the building over a 12-hour period (arriving and leaving at random times). The player determined the thief and the hour of theft with the least number of questions.*

*While the human detective did not move through this “bounded world”, all the suspects started in random rooms and moved to adjacent rooms wherever a door existed. An inquiry of the Mr. Green at 4pm could yield clues about whom he was with and whom he saw through open doorways. However, Mr. Green could just as truthfully respond, “I was not here at that time.” The suspects could be forgetful and say, “I do not remember.” The suspects did not lie on purpose. It was tough enough to solve the puzzle with them telling the truth.*

*Overall, the game play had a predictable feel but not a single character followed a preordained fixed path or schedule. Mr. Green had full volition to traverse the given region without the Game Master’s foreknowledge and predictive control. The Game Master purposefully allowed Mr. Green to choose to remain in a given room for an extra hour and it did not harm the outcome of the game whatsoever.*

Harry Briley, “God as the Ultimate Game Master”, 2/2015, page 4

58 1984 Programmer's Market

**BRILEY SOFTWARE**

Contact: Software Evaluations Section, Box 2913, Livermore CA 94550. (415)455-9139. Estab. 1979. Distributes 53 programs, 27 by freelancers. Programmer's guidelines available for legal size SAE with 20¢ postate.

**Computer Types:** Commodore and Texas Instruments.

**Software Requirements:** Seeks “consumer applications for the mass market (tested by someone besides the author). No utilities, systems software, specialized applications or any software requiring customer support.” Currently publishes game, home/personal and industry specific programs.

**How to Submit Software:** “Wants one-page typed abstract (program proposal) for each program being submitted. Do not send the software. Tell what the program is, does and who might use it. Identify hardware required and options.”

**Payment:** “Royalty rate of 15% based upon gross income (retail price less discounts, returns and commissions) for host microcomputer, 7.5% royalty for sales on other microcomputers. Royalties are paid quarterly.” Buys all rights.

**Examples of Current Software:** Blackjack Tutor, Mission-64 (both freelance).

**Contract Work:** Occasionally needs program conversions from one computer to another. Write Co-op Manager for current needs. Payment 12½-25¢ per line of BASIC code.

**Tips:** “Write programs which are useful to the programmer. If the author rarely uses (or plays) with his program, it probably will not sell.”

Figure 45 – Final call for authors (1984 Programmers Market)

### **Company Transition during 1982**

We had several firsts in 1982. Our first bulk-mail permit, first international order, first foreign currency receipt, first bulk UPS software shipment, first farm-out of duplication tasks, and first engagement of an external software sales team to dealers.

Anne read a chapter of *Fear of Success*, which included a quiz. Many questions showed more fear of succeeding than previously thought, a bad harbinger.

I tried to ignore the overwhelming speed of increased work of mostly inquiries. Our mail, bookkeeping, and customer service needs piled up. I felt swamped, physically sick, and tried to do it all by myself. I could not juggle so much simultaneous activity. I solved the pressure points by priority planning and delayed non-urgent tasks. Something had to change, namely to farm out labor. I needed some competent, quickly trainable help, but had neither time nor income for a full-time employee.

Several market problems came to a head. Commodore introduced both the VIC-20 and Commodore-64 within months of each other, obsoleting software for both the PET and VIC lines. I tried to stall calls for products not yet converted to these newer machines.

My character weakness from the self-imposed stress appeared as a short fuse and low tolerance for bad decisions. This often expressed itself as inappropriate harsh curttness.

Anne lovingly tried to get me to bed but I felt the business “push” was crucial enough to stay up to midnight. I dropped out of the Livermore Symphony. Anne called one morning from San Francisco to wake me up after I worked until 4am. Anne, rightly upset, could not motivate me to bed. The more Anne tugged, the more I resisted.

We talked early on about options (sell out, sub-market, quit, join forces), about various production line activities, and her roles. Anne helped in user booklet publication and mail handling because every hour helping was an hour physically with me and an hour less of my time with the business (supposedly). She helped on weekends since she already had 12-hour workdays (due to a 90-minute commute each way to work).

We could not speed up the labor-intensive updates of mailing labels. Jo Johnson transcribed a large set of addresses into our mail label program. Hank Grum created TRS-80 masters for programs on backorder.

I compared our packaging and content to Commodore’s products. I pasted up fresh layout sets for user booklet printing three times; once for the VIC-20, once again for the packaging redesign, and yet again for the Commodore-64. Eventually our demands even backlogged our local print shop by October.

I met with Andy and Kathy Tullis in May 1982, and discovered both to be believers in Jesus. Hence, he named his business as Sonrise Productions. This started a successful but short-lived outsourcing of cassette duplication. They produced fifty cassettes per software title after resolving initial sound-level criteria for computer input.

## Advertising

We printed a multi-page saddle-stapled sales catalog (8.5 by 5.5) every year from 1980 to 1996. The back page acted as the “envelope” for the mailing label. Anne had a good eye for lettering and general layout. I handled the body content.

Every trade magazine and software compendium sought small publishers with vigor for software press releases that used consumer machines.

**Programs for Commodore's PET®**

Present this ad from COMPUTE! and receive \$2 off your purchase price. Valid at your local dealer or when ordered direct.

- **PROFESSIONAL TOOLS**
  - Business Researcher (Rvsd. Simplex).....(16k) \$50
  - RNAV3 Navigator (Western U.S.)..(16k) \$30 (8k) \$25
  - Education Pack (High School Math/Sci)..... \$15
- **DISK BOWLING SYSTEM (PET/CBM)**
  - Leaguebowl-24.....(Disk 32k) \$145
  - Archivebowl.....(for above) \$40
  - Allsweepbowl.....(for above) \$40
  - Tournamentbowl.....(Cass. 16k) \$30
- **HOME & OFFICE DATA MGMT.**

• Deluxe Address (16k) \$40	• Home Inventory..... \$20
• Home Address Book \$25	• Shopper..... \$20
• Grocery Mart..... \$15	• Dinner's Ontl..... \$15
- **GAMES & ADVENTURES**

• Mansion!..... \$15	• Fur Trapper..... \$15
• Museum!..... \$15	• High Seas..... \$15
• Pentagon!..... \$15	

Write for details or ask your local dealer.

**BRILEY SOFTWARE**  
P.O. Box 2913  
Livermore, CA 94550  
(415) 455-9139

Dealers: Letterhead inquiries invited. Photocopies of this ad are NOT valid coupons. One coupon per purchase. This coupon may be redeemed for face value plus 15¢ for handling if it was received from customer upon purchase of one of the above programs. Offer void where restricted by law.




Figure 46 - Advertisement Summer 1981 - Last year without beard 1982

*MAD Magazine* made satire of advertiser claims, which gave perspective to my own advertising. A corporate rule-of-thumb: “Never believe your own press releases”.

I placed ads in *Compute!*, *Desktop Computing*, *Creative Computing*, *The (PET) Paper*, and the official *Commodore* magazines. Terry Ogee produced our camera-ready copy.

We placed ads in the early *Midnite Software Gazette*. Our industry identified with this PET-specific magazine, which had the words “GO TO BED” shown on the computer screen and the clock showing midnight. I kept a few issues from 1983-1984, and found a personal letter from the publisher. He apologized for slowness about some problem. His note of just 4000 early adopters reflected the tiny size of our cottage industry.

Jim Oldfield on 6/30/1982 wrote:

*You are one of the old-timers from way back and considered a good friend of Midnite Software Gazette. I would not enjoy jeopardizing that relationship ... our current circulation is 4000 copies at \$20 each.*



Our news releases appeared in the business trade magazines *InfoWorld* and *Kilobaud* even though we could not afford their glass-ceiling advertising rates.

Commodore themselves called for information for their new *Commodore Software Encyclopedia*. I spent days fulfilling publishing requirements for that compendium.

Ron Gunn proposed successful ads in *Bowling* and *Woman Bowler* magazines. Inquiries for our LeagueBowl product line poured in from these niche magazines.

I printed a typeset two-color glossy quad-fold brochure exclusively for LeagueBowl inquiries in 1986 as our most elegant mailer. It had two updated reprints (4/1987, 3000 copies and 5/1988, 2000 copies). Thereafter, our annual 38-page catalog contained the brochure information with sample output from each product.

### **Software Marketing Associates**

A nationwide sales agency, Software Marketing Associates (SMA), collected publishers for their sales team in 1982. I typed up a dealer flyer, processed contractual letters, and set up freight policies with agency president Chuck Mueller and sales manager David Liebenthal. SMA declined to market our best seller since bowling software served a specialty market. I always felt behind the eight ball, a day late, and a dollar short.

Two of their other publishers briefly became friends since our products were not in direct competition. I purchased our business accounting package from one such vendor, TOTL Software that met our needs using the C64 with a 1541 disk drive.

We used the TOTL Business suite from 1982 through 1992 (long after their company folded in 1986). We finally converted to Quicken by Intuit on the PC to handle both our home and business needs. TOTL was a successful company, since Ann Palmer had more at stake by quitting her day job to tend to runaway sellers. Even so, her story reflected my experience, as did many small publishers within our cottage industry.

SMA requested 24 complete dealer sets of all our VIC-20 products as samples, which we shipped as a mass order in Ziploc bags in June. This led to \$1000 of dealer orders in August from SMA. Another large order arrived within the week that caused us to run out of cassettes. These large orders did not come from authorized Commodore dealers. I worried over how quickly to fill these orders and run credit checks on new dealers.

Dealers balked that Ziploc packaging looked unprofessional. It seemed too “home-brew” for storefronts and more suitable for craft fairs (See Revised Packaging section).

A bad dealer already in collections had the gall to order again. This made me furious. SMA suggested that I send COD with the old balance included. A Vermont dealer cautioned against sending drop shipments in which the customer may bypass payment.

Ann Palmer, TOTL founder, wrote in 12/2010 (edited):

*Chuck McCarty and I founded TOTL Software in 1982 in Walnut Creek [a 40-minute drive from Briley Software]. I studied [still nascent] computer science at the University of Michigan, when programming was done on paper tape and punch cards for machines that filled a room with less capability than a VIC-20.*

*We made cassette tapes in BASIC, printed user manuals, and put it all in plastic baggies at our kitchen table. We later used compiled BASIC. In 1982 and 1983, we sold \$500,000 of software. [The total invoices over the best ten-year run for Briley Software topped out at \$250,000.] We opened an office with 10 employees and professionalized the packaging [as demanded by SMA in 1982]. A local agency hiring the disabled did our packaging and shipping.*

*We offered a novelty pillow in 1982, 16" square, that we called the One Megabyte Fuzzy Diskette. (One megabyte was a fantasy in home computers when 128K was the big deal.) It was a plush floppy diskette, with a big red 'bite' out of one corner. [That awesome pillow still proudly sits on the Briley sofa in 2022.]*

*By the end of 1983, the bubble started to burst. Suddenly, we competed with large publishers. We could not keep up with [their fancy] packaging and advertising. The industry rapidly changed as the IBM PC became the serious machine.*

*Drawing on loyal fans, we continued sales with small ads in computer magazines, but hard to attract new customers. In 1984, we closed our offices. We went back to the kitchen table doing mail orders. We sold our house (which paid off bank loans) in 11/1984 and moved to Lopez Island, Washington. We continued mail order sales until 1986, when it just did not make sense any more.*

*TOTL software was a [four-year] success story. We tried to stay small and not expand to other computers. That decision ultimately contributed to our demise. We learned a lot about business and marketing (and many things not to do), but overall we had a great time and it was truly a wild ride.*

[www.pcmuseum.ca/companyprofile.asp?id=304](http://www.pcmuseum.ca/companyprofile.asp?id=304)

I wrote a special invoicing program for SMA dealer orders and created sales materials. Anne kept phone logs, helped me collect materials, and assembled sample packs for the sales reps. There was much work ahead about the annual Comdex show in Las Vegas. SMA needed samples in the new sealed boxed packaging by 11/15/1982.

The business had promise based upon some brisk dealer sales at the end of 1982. After our annual business inventory, the business listed a negative \$4,000 net worth.

We sunk (an appropriate word) funds for the consumer mass market into advertising and professional packaging. By 1/1983, the sales dried up. Our sales agency withdrew, one large dealer went bankrupt, and two other dealers defaulted.



### Revised Packaging

To develop custom-boxed packaging, I engaged three small local companies to design, typeset, and produce generic packaging. We worked hard with a manufacturer to make a single design that served all of our products. An insert of the user manual showed the product through a window with a pop-up portion to hold the cassette tape.

The journey had some bumps and surprise costs. Kathy Tullis (Sonrise Productions) coordinated the project and did our cassette duplication. She had a prosthetic arm with a pinch-hook and worked out of her home mostly with ministry cassette duplication for her husband Andy's sound studio in the garage. My packaging project leveraged all her available industry contacts, which brought an exciting new aspect to her business.

Kathy often talked shop with us about the materials bids and packaging options. She made many calls to us about packaging choices. Anne contacted and met with an independent graphic artist through Terry Ogee Typesetting. The team prepared artwork for a boxing company that made paperboard containers for our cassettes and user booklets. Anne worked on the packaging basic artwork and box design. I re-worked the booklets, with Terri typesetting fresh covers, to fit them into the "monitor screen" insert.



Figure 47- Packaging Cutover – 10/1982

On November 1, I mailed \$1500 of dealer orders using the new packaging. We got our sample sets in new packaging out the door the first week in November, met the SMA deadline for the Comdex show, and took a much-needed breather.

If home computers used data cassettes a bit longer, we might have gotten some sales traction. However, the new 1541 disk drive in late 1982 made our packaging instantly obsolete. Suddenly broke, we hand-manipulated the packaging for a 5" disk. However, the hacked retrofit never looked professional.

Even though disk drives made these boxes obsolete within two months, the process of taking the project from a gleam in the eye to dealer showrooms was exhilarating. We kept the packaging in our shed for a decade. Eventually, we took thousands of pristine untouched boxes to the Livermore city dump (prior to the days of paper recycling).



Figure 48 – Name Badge - 1983

Kathy then wrote about our business integrity on 11/6/1982 (edited):

*I thank you for your encouragement over the last few days. [I learned] that doing my best for someone does not mean taking on their problems personally. People did extra things for us to help [our business] get started. I try too hard to pass that [favor] on and could not function effectively.*

*I am here to tell you how rare you are. The world's way of doing business was to use my help, drop me, and let me be in my hole. However, you approached the [problematic] situation as the Christians you are. That is rare in businesses, even for Christians.*

*I especially thank you for realizing my expenses on the [packaging] development and because now I learned to negotiate that. I thought that because I said the estimates would be free, that I could not approach you for a new agreement when expenses increased. You helped me see that it would be okay. That was a valuable lesson that will help me with my other customers.*

*The rose [that you gave] was a tangible symbol of the appreciation and value I always known you had for me. I never at any time felt taken for granted or taken advantage of. I have always known you wanted to do business with me.*

*I know that you know I will always give you the best service I can and need to walk in that confidence and trust you as a customer. I held you in awe and was afraid of failing. Your confidence in me was an awesome thing. I realize that sometimes things were beyond my control no matter how hard I follow up (such as the lateness of the original bid on the boxes) and that you could handle that.*

*I expressed my dislike of doing business with Christians. However, you both were the first that conduct business in a business-like way, yet with Christian values and actions. You set a good example for my business and changed my resentment about "Christians". I say that without putting expectations upon you.*

*You are both very special people. I believe my faith in your venture from the first was well placed. You are going to be successful because you take time along the way to care about people. Thank you for being friends and for your business, and for the combination. You are my most valued customers, not because of money to spend with me but because the kind of people you are.*

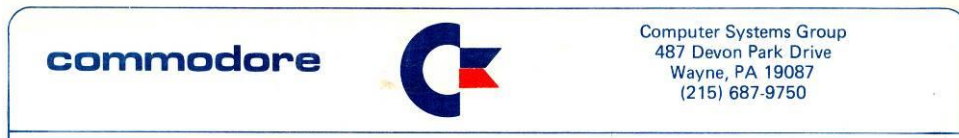


Figure 49 - Commodore Letterhead

Commodore retained interest in the many software houses long after the IBM PC swamped the market. As mentioned, they offered loans and discounted prices for the newest machines as a means to insure a supply of available software.

### **LeagueBowl (Scorekeeping Software)**

We received our copyright registration in 7/1981 for the initial LeagueBowl-24 engine written in 1980 by Ron Gunn. He lived two blocks away from me. His original engine allowed 24 teams per league. By the time we ceased production, my restructuring of the software into modules with him let us expand to 48 teams per league with more complex scoring rules with fast processing even on a slow Commodore and TRS-80. We later compiled it using QuickBasic for instant calculations when the first IBM PC arrived.

Gunn obituaries (extracted):

*Ronald C Gunn (1933-2014), 80, was born in Sacramento, served in the Coast Guard, and graduated from San Jose State with a BA in Radio-TV-Film. He worked 1958-1998 at LLNL, including at [explosives] Site 300. He was also broadcast engineer for the local FM radio station 1969-1975. He bowled 60 years and was a "ham" radio operator (AG6P) [with an emergency radio team].*

*Mary V Gunn (1935-2020), 85, was an honor student, sang in A Capella Choir, and a yell leader at Oakland High School in 1953. She met Ron at a Bay Area Christian youth event and married in 1956. By 1962, their family of six settled in Livermore. Mary joined the Sweet Adelines singing four-part barbershop. In 1973, LLNL hired her as a telephone operator. She retired as Senior Technical Coordinator for Laser Facilities. Mary served as bowling league secretary assisting Ron, who developed one of the first computer scorekeeping programs.*

*The Gunn's are survived by children, Kim Giancaterino, Karen Gunn [Harry's closing group leader at LLNL in 2013], Kelly Gunn, and Kevin Gunn.*

We held work sessions between Ron Gunn, Jeff Pimper, and Hank Grum (dba Magnum Opus) about converting and debugging LeagueBowl-24 for the TRS-80. Ron drafted the TRS-80 user manual from his prior Commodore PET manual.

Anne aided testing by being our true novice with both the TRS-80 and scorekeeping. I finished the manual and hand-converted one of TRS-80 modules. The first TRS-80 order arrived in 6/1982. The conversion to the TRS-80 was not trivial and we spent days as a five-person team chasing a long list of bugs reported by buyers. I wrote an emergency software update notice (akin to a product recall), and Anne aided its mail processing.

The market did not permit upgrading the TRS-80 beyond the original 24-team version, although I personally repaired bugs to keep the product viable for that specific machine.

We strategized for increasing LeagueBowl sales and transformed the business to focus solely upon that product line. Anne concurred about the change. We devoted most of our 38-page catalog as a presentation of LeagueBowl functions, sample output per module, and answers to frequent league secretary questions.

## OWN YOUR OWN DATA SERVICE

### LEAGUEBOWL

LEAGUEBOWL insures success using popular home computers. You can do it easily! We have helped others and we will help you, too!

Scores 'em all, including tough handicap match points.

You are in control with LEAGUEBOWL!

**FREE INFORMATION!**

Our informative booklet explains in detail how the LEAGUEBOWL scoring system works for you. Mail your coupon **TODAY!**


Save time! After entering individual scores, let LEAGUEBOWL do the rest. Complete weekly sheet prints while you watch . . . Includes wins, losses, top fives, schedules, ten individual stats for every bowler, and much, much more . . . **AUTOMATICALLY!**

Highly difficult or unusual regional rule?? Write for free confirmation. After **SEVEN YEARS** serving league secretaries, we handle 99.5% of the regional rules found in the United States . . . including the infamous "Tucker Rule."

Our free brochure (with price sheet) includes an exhaustive list of bowling rules, stat sheet layout options, and interesting scoring selections, all scored and printed automatically by LEAGUEBOWL. Write **TODAY!!**

In a hurry? Leave your name, address, and computer brand on our literature request line **(415) 455-9139**.

**SCORING THOUSANDS OF LEAGUES SINCE 1980!**



- "I have used LeagueBowl-40 for two years now and it has been everything it was advertised to be."  
Frontierac, KS
- "I love the program and have already recommended it to other secretaries."  
Bellerose, NY
- "I am very impressed with the program. It saves a lot of time, and the printed sheet is very professional."  
Cleveland, OH
- "What I like about it is I do not have to do a lot of retyping each week. Just put in dates, weekly's and scores."  
Milwaukee, WI

✂ clip here

**FREE INFORMATION**

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

For Computer \_\_\_\_\_

Which  I own  
 I plan to buy this computer

BRILEY SOFTWARE, Box 2913, Livermore, CA 94550-0291

Figure 50 - Half-Page LeagueBowl Ad

I worked 20 hours a week beyond my LLL job. The decision to drop the discount consumer market put me on an even spiritual keel. Nothing was worth losing my soul over. The work was still hard but became manageable and more enjoyable.

I helped Ron define and install multiple printer control standards as taken from my other non-game consumer programs.

I got a call from the VIC-20 converter contractor [name forgotten] of LeagueBowl-24 who dropped a bombshell about a difficult scoring approach called the Peterson Method. This new scoring method rapidly gained fans across the country and we scrambled to become the first (and only) package that handled those new complex rules.

Yet, I still felt overwhelmed with this new product. I focused mostly on maintaining mailing lists. I once lost four hours of work on a LeagueBowl software update notice, because I hit the purge key by mistake.

## Walk With Me – Glory Years

By 1984, the business showed a modest profit and paid back part of our investment. We sold bowling software from Alaska to Florida. We fielded international inquiries with customers in Indonesia, West Germany, and Australia. Even though bowling was a quintessential American pastime, countries with American military bases and embassies showed enough interest to warrant the high shipping costs.

In 1985, we marketed other sports scorekeeping software from other companies. They sold our software and we sold theirs by mail. New competition increased my hectic pace.



**Figure 51 – Cardinal Drive Office (before children) - 1984**

Anne took on a few business duties in 1986, freeing me for parenting. Our sales suffered a downturn in 1987 with half the volume but with just as much labor. In 1988, Anne assumed production responsibilities. When they were willing, I paid our new kids for stuffing envelopes. The market was distinctly depressed but our fiercely loyal bowling customers created sales from personal recommendations.

I kept up (more or less) with this market. We recouped much but lost \$15,000 over all. We were out of debt and the bills current. Besides working for no pay, I grew weary of losing money. We ceased software sales in 12/1996 after years of paltry earnings.

The death knell came from three sources:

- 1) A decline in public interest in bowling
- 2) Newly automated scoring lanes
- 3) Microsoft Windows required Postscript printers that no longer accepted our direct control of printer commands.



### Closing Hardware Set-up

The photo below shows the final Commodore set-up in half of the office den in 1991. I stored half the equipment upon closure in 1996. I produced PC software versions on the right side of the den with two PCs (not shown) compatible with Centronics printers.



Figure 52 – Cardinal Drive Office (after children) - 12/1991

The left side of the den supported Commodore customers using the PET 2032 and a C64. The PET handled bulk-mailing labels, invoices, royalty calculations, and produced 2040 and 4040 diskette copies. The C64 handled my WordPro3 word processing, accounting, customer letters, and produced 1541 diskette copies.

This set-up hosted five Commodore disk drive units (2040, 4040, two 1541, and 1581). The Commodore 64 drove a Xetec 10MB hard drive unit (sitting under the monitor). The stacking method even used a red brick. The normal holes in the brick provided handy cable ports for the monitor and 1541 disk drives.

Singleton diskette copies satisfied the sales demand for LeagueBowl. I used the Xetec hard drive for virtually all activity, leaving two 1541's solely as copy devices. I bought spare 1541 drives just in case of wearing out one of those drives. Those floppy drives outlived the Xetec hard drive.

A Centronics laser printer (barely out of the photo) served all four computers on a four-way parallel switch. The two Commodore computers ran the Epson MX80 dot-matrix printer on an A/B switch in series with that Laser Printer.

### Photocopiers and Print Shops

When a chemically smelly photocopy at the drug store cost only five cents, the idea of a purchasing a photocopier for the home did not make sense. However, a business runs on its copier and it became clear that I needed one for correspondence and invoices.

I bought an antique Xerox 660 copier and once needed to “fix” it. In a chance meeting with the late Kenichi (Ken) Kurata (the local Xerox technician) on the same day as the “failure”, he said that I forgot to push in the paper tray. He laughed heartily and became my friend as his sole customer with this “Model-T” washing machine of an old copier.

If I needed quality printing, or more than a dozen copies, this low-end copier made a bad impression. I used a local typesetter (Terri Ogee Typesetting) to make a paste-up master and local print shop (PRINT-IT) for user manual duplication and custom reply envelopes.

The Xerox 660 messy cleaning web ran out after 2000 copies. That convinced me that to buy a modern Minolta copier. I repaired its controller board at least twice over the years until it did not revive. My next copier was a newer Xerox with zoom controls that I still use for church use. The ancient washtub Xerox 660 still works whenever I turn it on.

### Mandatory Reboot

Twelve years after closure, my nominal use of the business account for volunteer web support and video production caught the attention of the city in 2008. They required us to reactivate our city license and home-occupation variance permit at \$15 a year.

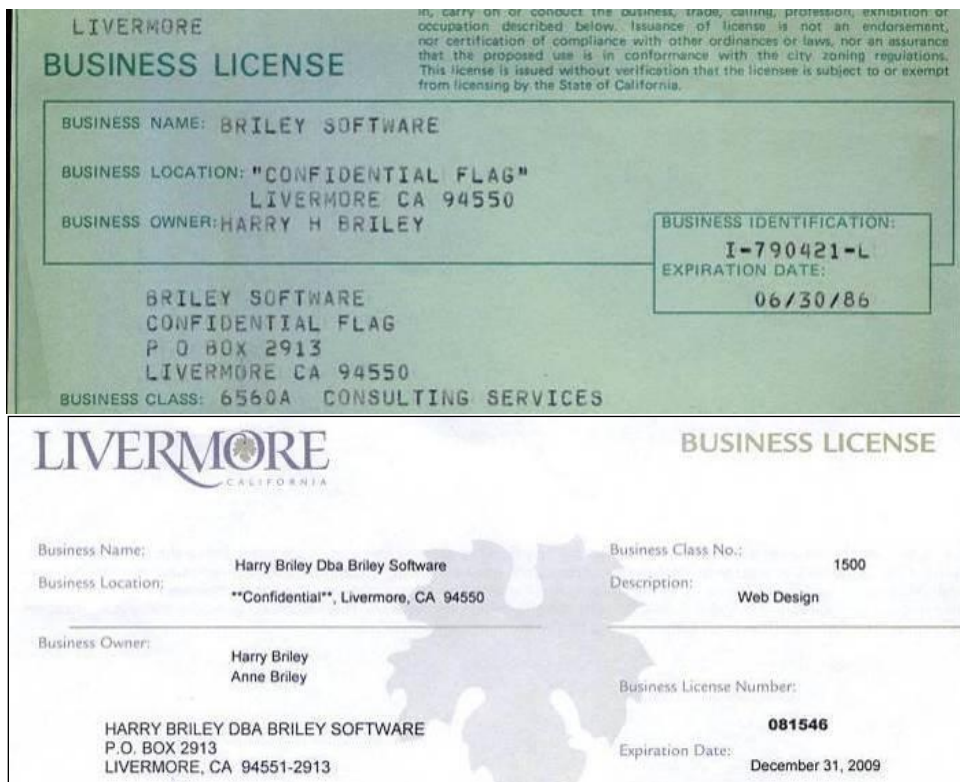


Figure 53 - Livermore Business Licenses - 1986 and 2009



## Earthquakes and Volcano

I earlier experienced large earthquakes in the Los Angeles basin. We felt our first big Northern California earthquake of 5.7 on 8/6/1979 centered south in Gilroy.

### Greenville Fault – 1/1980

Six months later, four Greenville Fault earthquakes affected us. The first on Thursday (11am 1/24) did the most damage, with two significant aftershocks minutes later. A second as-powerful quake on Saturday (6:30pm 1/26) did little further damage.

Abstract (edited) from USGS Open-File Report 80–523S “Surface Faulting near Livermore with the 1/1980 Earthquakes” by Bonilla, Lienkaemper, and Tinsley

*The earthquakes of 1/24/1980 (M 5.8) north of Livermore, and 1/26/1980 (M 5.2), had surface faulting in the Greenville and the Las Positas fault zones.*

*The surface faulting was discontinuous and of small displacement. The main rupture within the Greenville fault zone was 4.2 km long and may have extended southward to Interstate Highway 580, giving a possible length of 6.2 km. Both of these lengths included more gaps than observed surface ruptures.*

*Maximum displacements measured 25 mm of right slip [10 inches] (including after-slip through 1/28/1980); vertical components of 50 mm [18 inches] were seen locally, but these included gravity effects. - pubs.usgs.gov/of/1980/0523/*

The Freeway 580 up-slope eastbound Greenville Bridge dropped six inches (or 12 or 18 inches depending on the news source). Fortunately, traffic flew over it onto the bridge span instead of hitting a dangerous concrete lip rising six inches as an abutment.

California Geology, 4/1980, V33 N4 – “Livermore Earthquakes of 1/1980”

*At 11 am Thursday, 1/24/1980, an earthquake (M 5.5) shook the Bay area. The epicenter was 12 km southeast of Mount Diablo. According to Bolt and others (1980), the earthquake was followed within two minutes by aftershocks of M 5.2 and M 4.2. This close repetition of events over M 4 resulted in a long duration of shaking felt in the area. Discontinuous surface rupture was located 12 km south of the epicenter where the Greenville fault crosses Vasco Road.*

*[Two days later, on Saturday] 1/26/1980, at 6:33 pm, a second earthquake jolted Livermore. This epicenter was located near Frick Lake, 14 km south of the first epicenter and 10 km northeast of Livermore. UC Berkeley reported M 5.8 while [USGS] reported M 5.2. New surface rupture were observed south of Vasco Road and across Laughlin Road along a trace of the Greenville fault.*

*Damage was most evident in Livermore. After the 1/24/1980 event, 10,000 people lost power for two hours. Plate glass shattered and piles of merchandise were scattered. Many mobile homes at Sunrise Mobile Home Park were knocked off their foundations, buildings swayed and cracked, and gas lines snapped.*

*The overpass along Interstate 580 at Greenville Road was closed when paving on the east side of the structure settled nearly 30 centimeters [12 inches] because of shaking of fill materials. Although the overpass did not break, traffic was diverted until repairs and resurfacing of the road was completed.*

*Damage at LLL was estimated at \$10 million [in 1980 dollars]. Most damage was non-structural, consisting largely of broken PVC pipes, paneling, glassware, overturned bookshelves and untied trailers. Buildings housing radioactive materials and a [small nuclear pool] reactor were unharmed.*

*Costly damage [occurred] at Wentz Brothers Livermore winery (a dozen giant stainless steel tanks overturned and 168 wine tanks suffered collapse or failure).*

[www.johnmartin.com/earthquakes/eqpapers/00000044.htm](http://www.johnmartin.com/earthquakes/eqpapers/00000044.htm) (edited)

The Thursday earthquake threw us into disarray and caused significant damage to all rigid concrete/steel structures. LLL did not bolt shelves to walls or secure fluorescent lights in suspended ceilings back in 1980.

My two-story WWII barracks building suffered a solitary hairline crack in one window. The barracks buildings flexed with its quality 1940s wood construction. LLL earlier planned to demolish that row of old buildings. Having proved their stability, these original US Navy barracks buildings continue as offices well into 2020.

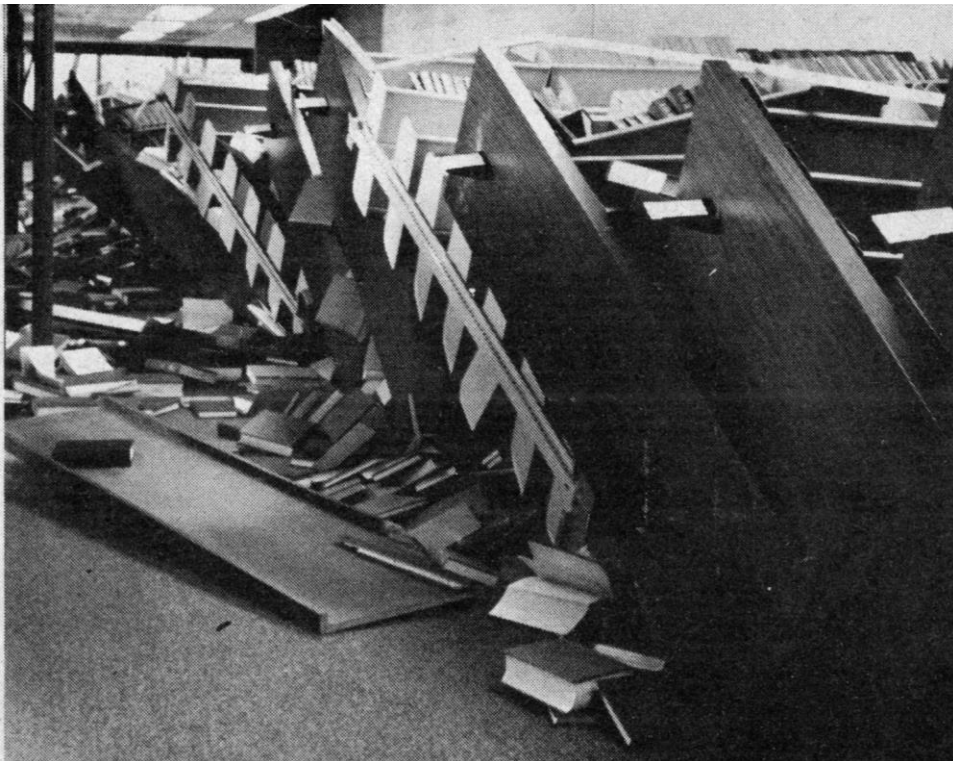


Figure 54 - Main Library (LLL Newline 1/30/1980)

My 2-person office on the second floor had an asbestos linoleum tile floor and a plain worktable placed between our two desks (which faced opposite walls). We swiveled in our chairs to face the worktable. The custodial staff had recently waxed these floors.

When that Thursday earthquake arrived, I dove under the open worktable as specified. However, the fresh wax glued the table to the floor and I slid around the slick floor trying desperately to stay under the table as the building flexed violently. When the table jerked to the left with the floor, that motion sent me rapidly sliding to the right.

Bill Cook across the hall, within the first 10 seconds of shaking, ran down the hallway to the back stairs and stood on the asphalt driveway before it stopped. He said that he never moved so fast in his life. Standing in a doorway was for the weak in his opinion.

*“Quake Impact - Cost could run into millions of dollars” by Jack Saunders*

*Two moderate earthquakes broke only seconds [two days] apart last Thursday, focusing energy southeast toward the Lab. The quakes measured 5.5 [Thursday] and 5.2 [Saturday] but ground motion proved you could not judge a temblor by its Richter reading. Some 40 employees were injured, none seriously.*

*The cleanup will last weeks. The cost will climb into millions. The Lab's critical facilities performed as expected. Monitoring radiation detectors signaled no problems from the [nuclear pool] reactor, plutonium facility or tritium building.*

*One double-walled wastewater tank containing diluted tritium--the radioactive isotope of hydrogen--did spring a leak. Sensitive meters failed to register any tritium, lending to speculation that the puddles could have been rainwater collected at the bottom of the outer tank following recent rainstorms. The "leak" halted on its own Friday and was not shaken loose by Saturday's quake.*

*[The quake] snapped 22 heavy gauge bolts that pinned the giant Shiva laser target frame to the floors and shoved the experiment out of alignment. Correction is expected to take a month. There was no damage to Shiva's laser components. Associate Director John Emmett said Monday. "If the damage hits a million dollars," he said, "most of it will be in repairs to office building 381." An Argus lasers oscillator worth \$50,000 was tossed to the floor. It will require repair.*

*The MFE program suffered only minor damage. The TMX experiment lost its vacuum but the system reestablished itself. Some of MFTF's large shielding blocks were chipped. In building 421, an overhead crane was carrying a 15-ton load. The load, one worker said, probably helped keep the heavy crane steady.*

*Lab officials assembled in the police command post minutes after Thursday's quake to direct emergency operations. Faced with several hours delay in checking buildings, Director Roger Batzel ordered employees to leave the site.*

*Batzel characterized the quake as an unwelcome but encouraging exercise, a view echoed by those who were directly responsible for throwing switches and pulling the levers that kept the Lab's large safety and utility systems intact.*

*"All bulkheads are secure, boilers are running and the ship is steaming forward at half speed," quipped Plant Engineering Head Gene Broadman after his crew of 300 employees labored to bring the Lab to a safe emergency shutdown.*

*[They] switched onto emergency Zone 7 Water when pumps that brings in Hetch Hetchy water was kicked out of commission. The pumps were soon restored. The tremor damaged one of the main transformers. An LLL high voltage crew worked until 8p.m. to right that situation. Other workers shut off all gas lines into buildings while they checked the main trunk for damage. "In the midst of crisis;" Broadman said, "those guys were the coolest of anybody I ran into."*

*Hardest hit were the Laser office building 381 [above] and the Computations building 113. The five-story 113 showed severe cracks, especially in the [exterior self-standing] stairwells. Inspectors Friday could see where the concrete slab floors battered into stairwell walls, leaving sets of horizontal parallel cracks at every floor landing. Civil engineer Bob Murray [saw] evidence that the tall building, which houses 140 employees had tilted to one corner. Broadman said extremes findings- such as declaring the building a loss- are unlikely.*

*Building 381 was open Monday but employees worked in hard hats. The building suffered no structural damage but Broadman referred to it as "a disaster." Light fixtures had come crashing out of the ceiling and carpets were speckled with wallboard dust and chipped paint mixed with water from ruptured pipes. "This building took a tremendous force," murmured the building's architect Normans Fink. Where a portion of wallboard had fallen away, exposed studs [were] bumped noticeably off the vertical. Broadman forecast "major re-design and construction " for months before the building was esthetically pleasing.*

*Cafeteria administrator Jerry Haakenstad said the quake smashed \$200 of dishes and glassware. The cafeteria's midday meal was all prepared. Most of the food went on the floor. Although crippled by a loss of hot water, the cafeterias served 1200 free meals to employees on earthquake duty. By Friday, the cafeterias were back in full service [with] paper plates because of a shortage of hot water.*

*Librarians picked up spilled books but reshelving will not be so easy. Book stacks went down "like dominoes" said head librarian John Verity, who led the quick plunge into the strewn titles in search of what he feared could have been [human] browsers buried in books. The photo lab reported its color processing equipment was severely damaged and down for a week.*

LLL Newsline 1/30/1980 Vol 5 No 5 (edited excerpts)

LLL immediately created self-help zones and outside containers of emergency supplies. Each building selected a first aid crew, a search crew (later suspended), and two runners to the central command post. We tested seriously and intently for several years.

LLL's Newline, Friday 1/28/2005, V30 N4 recalled (edited):

*Twenty-five years ago [in 1980,] a 5.3 [up to 5.8] earthquake along the Greenville fault, **three miles from LLL**, struck Livermore Valley. LLL suffered 67 injuries and millions of dollars' of damage. [Shelving toppled in the] library. There were no assembly point maps, command centers, or instructions about closed roads.*

*The nearby **overpass on Greenville Road dropped 18 inches**. Since 1980, [LLL put] an emergency preparedness system in place and regularly tested through drills and exercises. [This paid off during the 1989 Loma Prieta Earthquake.]*

Anne said it sounded and felt like a train jumped the nearby tracks and plowed into our apartment complex. Our living room aquarium sloshed out some gallons of water. Once she saved some fish and got her wits back, she tried calling me. The demand overloaded the city PBX telephone switch and she had to wait anxiously for me to come home.



Figure 55 - Anne 7/2/1980 and 12/31/1981

L: Anne's T-shirt says "*I Survived the Livermore Quake!*" on the Vancouver Island ferry to mainland Canada on a chilly 7/1980 day.

R: I slept in on New Year 1982, so Anne pushed me out of bed in fun and we batted birthday balloons at each other like giddy kids to celebrate.

### **St. Helen's Eruption and Canada - 1980**

From Livermore, we vacationed for the first time to Canada in late 6/1980. We tent camped without reservations. If we got tired enough, we found a campsite or motel.

We arrived in Ashland, Oregon on Sunday and found a random church down a side street. A small historical white clapboard building of the Holy Rosary Catholic Church hosted the Pentecostal Church of God. If that was not enough irony or serendipity, the people migrated from the former Pentecostal Bible College in Livermore.

We visited Eugene and Mapleton where I grew up. I lived there nine years but hardly saw any of it. Our Eugene farmhouse burned down in 1970 according to the landowner. I visited my elementary schools and junior high school in Eugene (see **Childhood** Chapter). Arriving in Mapleton, I could not find the expected covered bridge. A shopkeeper said the bridge burned ages ago and directed me to Sweet Creek road.

We got lost as the road narrowed to an unmapped one-lane national forest road. At the peak, we found an abandoned water tower and two elk briefly keeping pace about fifty yards ahead of us. We drove the length and came out at Smith River, south of Florence.

We tented at 9:30pm in moonless dark at the Oregon Dunes National Recreation Area. The next morning, we discovered that our Tahkenitch Campground site sat at the foot of a deceptively steep tall hill of loose sand imbedded with a forest of pines. We drove north to windswept Neptune Beach near Waldport before cutting back to Interstate-5.



**Figure 56 - Tahkenitch Campsite, OR – 6/1980**

Mt. St. Helen's in Washington belched plumes for weeks after the eruption on May 19. Ash forced road closures and left Portland in darkness midday from the volumes of ash falling. By the end of June, even with cleared roads, semi-trucks kicked up a cloud of ash alongside the edge. We found the worst ash on the streets of Vancouver, Washington



(across the Columbia River from Portland). We needed to buy groceries. The airborne dust tasted like feather-duster dust and clogged the back of our throats. The grocer said we could take the mountain back to California. He sure did not want it.

# Mt. St. Helens Erupts; 6 Killed

By GAYLORD SHAW  
Times Staff Writer

VANCOUVER, Wash.—Mt. St. Helens exploded Sunday in an awesome volcanic eruption that caused at least six deaths and widespread damage across the Pacific Northwest.

Described by geologists as the largest volcanic eruption in historic times in the contiguous United States, the breakfast-time explosion literally blew apart the northern flank of the summit in the Cascade Range 50 miles northeast of here.

The force of the explosion was so great that large trees 10 to 15 miles from the mountain were flattened by the blast wave.

The explosion was heard 200 miles away, and it was followed by clouds of steam and ash that reached 12 miles into the stratosphere, where winds carried the debris as far as Montana.

Pyroclastic flows—mixtures of gas and superheated rock—sped down all sides of the mountain and scores of forest fires were reported.

Mud flows, some reportedly traveling at 80 m.p.h., surged into creeks and rivers, causing floods that wiped out bridges and at least one lumber camp, forced the evacuation of entire communities and closed Interstate 5 between Seattle and Portland.

The death toll was reported by Phil Cogan of the Federal Emergency Mobilization Agency. He said five of the fatalities had been confirmed by the Washington State Patrol and the

**Related stories in Part I, Pages 4, 14.**

sixth was a pilot who flew into utility wires near Yakima, Wash., during poor visibility caused by clouds of volcanic ash.

All airports in Washington state subsequently were closed.

The five victims found near the mountain "were in their cars, and the deaths apparently were due to heat from mud and ash flows," Cogan said.

## SONGWRITERS

### Tin Pan Alley Dead End for Most Today

By JOHN J. GOLDMAN  
Times Staff Writer

NEW YORK—it is well past midnight and somewhere in an attic in Small-Town America a struggling songwriter is bent over a battered upright piano. Smoke from a smoldering cigarette drifts through lamplight and across the sheet music.

The night has been a sleepless one for the composer, who sits, searching for the last eight bars. Finally, in the first light of dawn, the right words and melody come.

Now there is another scene. Enter the songwriter pounding on doors, playing his tune for skeptical publishers. Suddenly, when all seems lost, an executive leaps up from behind his desk. "I love it. I'll take it," he says, and another hit record enters production.

Nurtured by countless movies, the romantic notion of the songwriter remains firmly lodged in America's cerebrum. But it is only a notion. The music business is a rough, narrow track these days, even for the most

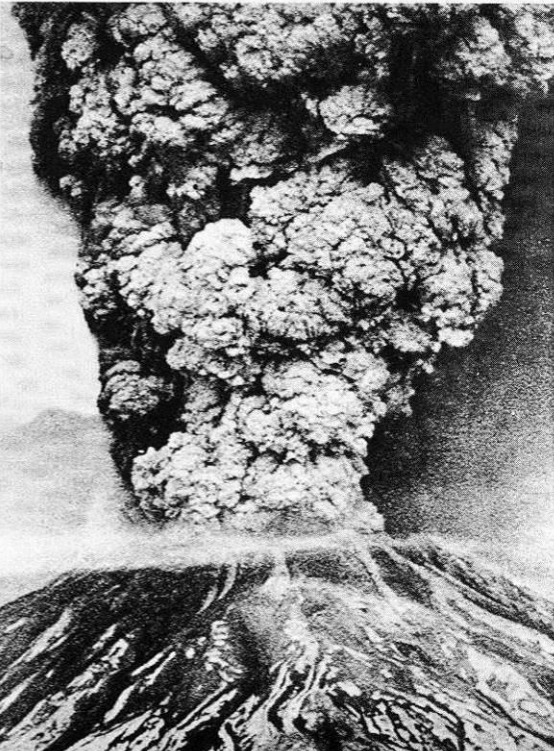


Figure 57- Mt. St. Helens Erupts (Los Angeles Times 5/19/1980)

The Toutle River returned to its normal level, but mud soaked tree trunks showed the total surge 32 feet above normal with devastation everywhere. I stood on the bank six feet above the river looking at a tree mud line 20 feet above my head.



Figure 58 - Toutle River Harry, and Anne – 6/1980

## Walk With Me – Glory Years

We found a house foundation under inches of caked mud with a rug still protecting a hardwood floor. Some branch tips dipped into the ash-laden mudflow. On another tree, Anne found half the bark torn off the trunk to the flood line. Sap oozed freely along the ragged edges of the remaining bark. We collected a small jar of loose ash from the road.

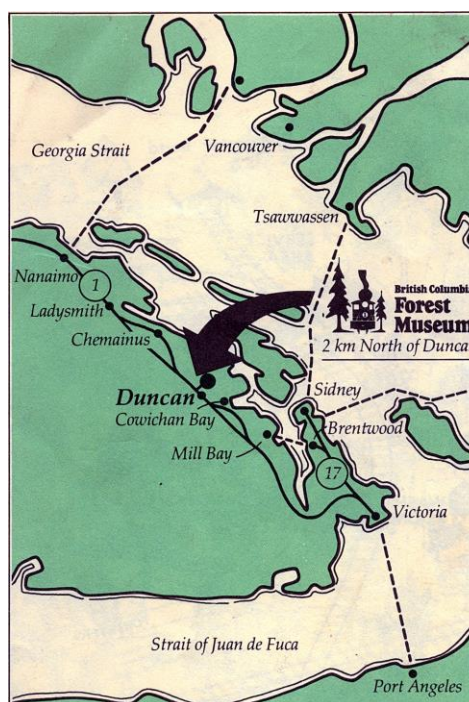
We drove up to Port Angeles for the ferry to Victoria at noon. Our Duster cost \$17 to stow and unload. It mystified us as the very last car loaded to be the second car to unload. Airplanes circled and buzzed our ferry as if on a search mission. They made a racket buzzing the city for Dominion Day as the military showed off on their holiday.

Most of Canada closed for the day, especially for exchanging money. We enjoyed their first-rate historical museums regardless. A parking lot guard in Victoria traded a Canadian commemorative quarter for our 1976 US bicentennial quarter.

The free BC Provincial Museum (renamed Royal BC Museum at \$10 in 1992) outshone California museums back in 1980. Fake rocks felt like rocks. The floor on history changed from carpet to cobblestones to planks to stone as we walked into the past. A pioneer cabin wafted the smell of a fresh made apple pie cooling on a windowsill.

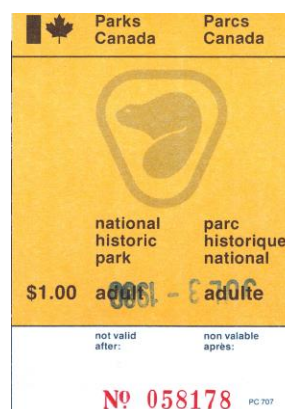
In Malahat, we arrived in time for a salmon bake at a KOA campground (\$8 tent site). While delicious, we still needed dinner and a respite from the evening swarms of mosquitos.

The 100-acre Forest Museum (and steam train) near Duncan presented the new trend of placing museum artifacts in historic buildings (in-situ) as if the tenants recently left. They furnished the lookout tower for the 1900's with an old Bible set on a side table. The forest lookout lived in this tower for weeks as a sort of adult-sized treehouse.



Canada marked all California fruits as “Imported”. Milk came packaged in liter plastic bags with no plastic milk jugs. Most stores gave \$1.12 on the US dollar. The clerk rang up the sale in Canadian and gave us the exchange rate from the till without recording it. They heavily used the two-dollar Canadian bill.

Ferrying to Vancouver, Canada, we found a campsite in Fort Langley. Rain drenched us the next few days. Due to the rain and our prime location, we were the first (and only) soggy visitors at Fort Langley National Historic Park that morning.





Walk With Me – Glory Years

The museum followed the style of the prior Provincial and Forest museums. The trading post building served as three “buildings” for museum purposes. There was a fur drying and press section. The next section traded Indian goods for tokens received by trading furs. A skein of yarn turned out to be strings of extremely tiny glass beads. The third section was a frontier store filled with reproduced stock so school kids can feel, touch, smell, handle, and (not) drop without destroying the original artifact. Every item was an expensive handmade replica but considered replaceable. This approach became more normative in the States, but this well-stocked “store” let children touch all objects.

Canadians matched American culture. Their letters to the editor showed the same moral and political struggles. They appeared caught up in “a change looking for a culture”. The state said “Bi-lingual”, the people said “English”, the state said “metric”, and the people said “pounds”. They felt British but their children seemed Americanized. Oddly, their government was provincial, meaning that they had no representatives in Parliament. We wanted to visit again but did not return for another 12 years.

Being thoroughly soaked, a motel in South Portland helped dry our tent and sleeping bags in the bathroom. Since we budgeted for \$8 night camping, using a motel felt like cheating. As young marrieds, we still recalled that Motel-6 rooms cost about \$6 but as of 2019, such prices seem fabricated. This receipt shows road trips were once affordable.

No. 1877	NAME M/M Harry Briley				ROOM 8	
	STREET Box 2913			No. PERSONS 2	RATE 13.95	
	CITY AND STATE Livermore CA 94550				DATE 7/3/80	
	REPRESENTING				We reserve the right to refuse service to anyone and will not be responsible for accident or injury to our guests or for loss of money, jewelry or valuables of any kind.	
CAR LICENSE 439 RMAJ		STATE CA	MAKE Fly Dst.	YEAR 71		
ROOM 8	DATE					TOTAL
	RENT					
	TELEPHONE					
	OTHER CHARGES					
	TAX					
	TOTAL CHARGES					13.95
	<b>FRONTIER MOTEL</b> 8715 S.W. Barbur • Phone 246-3349 PORTLAND, OREGON 97219				RECEIVED PAYMENT MC	

Figure 59 - Motel Expense in Portland, OR - 7/1980

In Oregon, we took a Jet Boat up the Rogue River to “pan” at Gold Beach. We tented at Mill Creek in the Del Norte Coast Redwoods State Park just south of Crescent City for \$5. We drove up to Oregon Caves National Monument (better than the huge Shasta cavern) and cut over to I-5 for home. We tented at Castle Crags State Park (\$5 then, and priced at \$25 in 2014) but we did not take in its wonderful hiking trails to hurry home.

On our way home, we visited my brother Michael in Orland, having not really seen him since I left for college. I never saw him again. He re-enlisted for one more tour with the US Army Military Police and later moved to Kansas as a school bus driver.

I wrote my mother on 8/17/1980 (edited):

*On 6/27, we took a ten-day camping trip to British Columbia, the best vacation ever. On our way home, we visited Mike for an hour between milking [at a local dairy]. It was low-key albeit a cautious encounter. I had not seen Mike for nine years other than two perfunctory meetings on [rare] vacations from college. The Army left its stamp and his [literal] cowboy environment leaves much to be desired in the way of gentleness. It seems cattle rustlers are prevalent and thus Mike is constantly on guard. I felt like the city slicker that I am. Worlds apart.*

### **Loma Prieta – 10/1989**

On 10/17/1989, a third major earthquake of the decade affected the Bay area. With time, LLL got lax in our self-help plans and then this Loma Prieta [“hill appearing dark in distance”] earthquake gave us a reminder to be vigilant in our annual exercises. Anne was home with the kids eating an early dinner and I was at work. When the ground shook, we dashed into our respective doorways. Livermore received little to no damage.

Once the local news began coverage, and especially when we saw the damaged Bay Bridge and collapsed Cypress section of Highway 880, we realized the devastating effect of 15 seconds of ground movement. A commemorative video *Quake of 89* produced by local KRON-TV used news coverage to explore this earthquake.

*The Loma Prieta earthquake occurred on 10/17/1989 at 5pm.*

*It had a moment magnitude of 6.9 and a surface wave magnitude of 7.1 and duration of 15 to 20 seconds. The earthquake interrupted the baseball world series between the San Francisco Giants and the Oakland Athletics [instantly alerting the national audience with the lost signal from the on-site cameras].*

*The epicenter was the Loma Prieta peak in the Santa Cruz Mountains, 10 miles northeast of Santa Cruz. The focal depth of 11 miles (18 km) was unusually deep. Typical California earthquake focal depths are 4 to 6 miles. The fault rupture did not break the ground surface. Superficial ground cracks occurred.*

*This earthquake was the largest to occur in the San Francisco Bay area since 1906. It was the most severe earthquake in California since the Kern County 1952 quake. It killed 62 people and injured 3,757 people.*

*Property damage was 6 to 8 billion dollars. San Francisco had 22 structural fires during the seven hours from the time the earthquake struck until midnight.*

*Some homes and buildings San Francisco's Marina district suffered severe damage. These structures were built on loose, sandy soil, permeated with water.*

*Liquefaction occurred whereby the shaking motion and the weight of the buildings squeezed water from the soil. The soil thus temporarily developed a consistency similar to quicksand causing buildings to topple over or collapse.*

*The earthquake damaged 242 buildings at Stanford University, more than 20 of them seriously. A span of the top deck of the San Francisco Bay Bridge collapsed. This span fell at an angle blocking the lower deck. One car drove off the edge of the gap, crashing onto the lower deck and killing the driver.*

*Many buildings in downtown Santa Cruz were extensively damaged. Many damaged structures were 50 to 100 years old, built with unreinforced masonry that was brittle and weak. The buildings stood upon the unconsolidated flood plain of the San Lorenzo River, which yielded intense shaking and liquefaction.*

*The earthquake caused the Cypress Viaduct in Oakland to collapse, resulting in 42 deaths. This [elevated freeway section] was part of Interstate 880. The Viaduct had two traffic decks. Resonant vibration caused 50 of the 124 spans of the Viaduct to collapse. The reinforced concrete frames of those spans were mounted on weak soil. The natural frequency of those spans coincided with the forcing frequency of the earthquake. The Viaduct structure thus amplified the ground motion. Those spans suffered increasing vertical motion. Cracks formed in the support frames. Finally, the upper roadway collapsed, slamming down on the lower road. The 74 spans mounted on firm soil withstood the earthquake.*

[www.vibrationdata.com/earthquakes/lomaprieta.htm](http://www.vibrationdata.com/earthquakes/lomaprieta.htm) (edited)

When I retired 23 years later in 2013, the earthquake self-help environment slipped into apathy again with our volunteer lists in various states of usefulness. However, I suspect future damage will be minimal. LLL required the plant staff to secure every bookcase and ceiling light to specifications well beyond California earthquake standards.

### **Many Red-Moon Lunar Eclipses**

Like earthquakes, odd behaviors in the sky carried a biblical import. A lunar eclipse on 7/5/1982 supposedly red occurred due to three recent volcanic eruptions. A red moon occurred in Santa Fe, New Mexico on our wedding night in 1975.

Bible references of a blood moon and worldwide peace movement speaks of the last days before Jesus returns. I later discovered blood moons depend upon the viewing location on earth. Since Jewish holy days match full moons, the probability of a red full moon on a Holy Day remains more frequent than a non-Jewish person would suppose.

## Making a House a Home

### Mortgage

Housing costs and rents rose faster than we expected. We soon tired of apartment life and yearned for a place of our own. We felt the urgent need to purchase into equity. It was a scary but wise decision. Apartment rents passed our mortgage payments within just five years. We gladly gave up the unpredictable capricious rises in apartment rents.

After arriving with \$100 in our pockets in Livermore, both of us working, a prodigious saving discipline, taking an advance on our 11/1980 paychecks, and closing our savings, we scraped together a 10% mortgage down payment within five years.

That decade restricted borrowing with high interest rates. Our one-year CDs paid a staggering 12% income and mortgage rates exceeded 16%. We got a bargain with a 14.25% mortgage in late 1980. It soon rose to 20% as the legal equivalent of loan-sharking. We refinanced in 4/1986 to a tolerable 9.75% rate. During the depressed 2000's, mortgages fell below 4% and long-term CDs paid less than 1% income.

However, long before that easy credit era, we paid off our 30-year loan within 15 years. Paying just an extra \$100 toward principal killed off three future payments. We thus applied the difference from our prior interest rate to the remaining principal, which rapidly reduced the loan since initial payments mostly covered interest alone.

Part of our motivation to get out from under the thumb of the mortgage. We constantly bickered with Western Federal Savings due to their processing delays of over 19 days, lost checks, or bank holidays that put our mortgage at risk even with automatic bill-pay. We received erroneous bank letters seeking late charges. I sent strongly worded letters with documentation of certified mail receipts. They still sent us a nasty "Pay up or we'll sell your house" notice. I called them toll-collect to demand an explanation. They had since received our "lost" payment that cleared up the matter. In 9/1990, we paid two months in advance to silence the terrible customer service and ineptness of this bank.

### Moving In

We moved into our only purchased home on 12/1/1980. Built in 1959 and in poor condition, we afforded it with sweat equity. Be it ever so humble at 1200 square feet, there was no place like home. We were enormously happy to be no longer renting.

Anne wrote to her mother in 12/1980:

*We just got our first washer and dryer (used at eight years old). We put them in the garage. The dryer did not spin at first. It came with a warranty, but Harry fixed it. Growing up, you took me to the Laundromat as a nice outing on a Sunday afternoon. It was always nice to get a quarter for a soda as well.*



## Walk With Me – Glory Years

Several good friends helped. One couple sat our plants (with a green thumb) and another sat our fish (with a wet thumb) so our living things survived during the move. Another two couples helped move two trailers full of back yard rubbish. A neighbor loaned a wheelbarrow. Another friend loaned a refrigerator until we got our own.

By summer 1981, we shared the wealth of the back yard plum tree locally and got plum jam in return. Anne could not share our plums with her office-mates in San Francisco because of the Mediterranean fruit fly precautions in force. It was a misdemeanor to take fruit out of the area without a receipt for that specific day from a supermarket.



**Figure 60 - Christmas Eve Dinner with friends – 12/24/1981**

We hosted Christmas Eve dinner as our first ‘house anniversary’ in 1981 with two dear couples our age from Asbury church: Doug and Joanne Roberts along with Dan and Joanne Hegland. This preceded the Hegland soon move to the Bremerton shipyards in Washington. I reconnected with the Heglands in 2014 in Salem, Oregon after our respective retirements.

### **This Old House**

Since we purchased a “fixer-upper”, this unkempt former rental needed early attention. In the first year, we endured a broken rusted water pipe in the front lawn and a roof leak over my closet. I rewired all electrical outlets as grounded three-prong units and built wall shelving for my many books. I stalked a mouse and covered up its hole. I arranged the two spare bedrooms into dens (one for Anne and one for my software office).

I purchased hard-to-find valves for the large water softener that came with the house. The project failed. I eventually yanked out the useless tank to free up garage space.

## Walk With Me – Glory Years

In spring 1981, I rototilled, rolled, and seeded our back yard. The new lawn happily replaced the unsightly barren former dog run. Previously undetected gophers became industrious, prodigious, persistent, and recalcitrant. They stared at me while I went for a shovel and disappeared at the last minute. After months of this game, I flooded their tunnels until the lawn became soggy. Whenever a wet bedraggled gopher surfaced, I dispatched it with my shovel. After the turf war of 1982, we never saw another gopher.

I built a side-yard 5-by-20-foot walk-through trellis to shade our sun-heated west wall. My initial construction was top heavy and the legs collapsed under its own weight. I reused some junk fence rails as angle supports but I did not properly stabilize it. This junkyard effort remarkably lasted 30 years until the decades of heavy Caroline Jasmine vines lying on top and wood rot caused it to fall apart board by board in 2013.

One overhead garage door hinge fatigued and snapped. I cut the door in half and made two barn doors on bypass rails. I skipped church services to finish that weekend and disbelieved that my dream of installing bypass barn doors happened so quickly.

We annually cleaned out roots from our sewer line. The front tree found a crack (or compromised joint) in the clay drainpipe to the street. The house weathered some severe storms. We lost and repaired two fences and had several persistent roof leaks.

We had lint-like crumbled insulation blown into the exterior walls for energy needs, fire protection, and to dampen exterior noise. I installed solar film in west-facing windows.

When we foster-adopted our sibling pair (girl and boy) in 1985, they shared the back bedroom (Anne's former den) that summer while I converted half our two-car garage under city permit. One half remained a garage/washroom and half became my office with many wall shelves. LLL co-workers Bill Cook and Howard Guyer helped me frame, insulate, and sheetrock this new office in April. It took me all summer to finish the job while still running a business. This freed up my former den as a second bedroom.

We spruced up our kitchen in 1989 with new floor tile, paint, and curtains. It turned a drab room to a cheery and bright one with inexpensive cosmetics.

### **House on Fire**

On 8/5/1987, I came home to find fire trucks. A seven-year-old boy deliberately set our side-yard fence on fire while playing with matches. An old makeshift attached shed caught fire. When our lawnmower melted, the mower's gas fed the flames. The fire destroyed part of the unfinished garage wall, half the plank roof of the garage, and damaged nearby fence segments. Insurance covered the \$6000 damage.

The office half of the garage holding my software business materials, user manual masters, and computers was untouched. Our neighbors were kind and helpful. We still went to a theme park with my mother (as planned in advance) on the day after the fire. She tracked the kids and comforted Anne who felt vulnerable and violated by the fire.

## Home Life

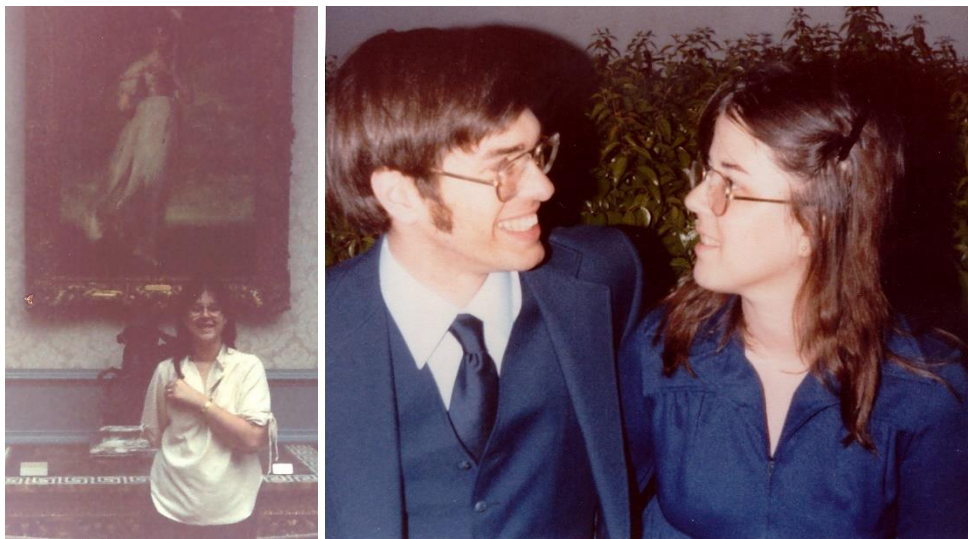
### Whirlwind Los Angeles Trip - 1980

In mid-June 1980, we flew to Los Angeles for Steven and Kathleen Hughes wedding. Steven was my best man at our wedding in Socorro. These materials resurfaced in 2019.



**Figure 61 - With Steven Hughes and Anne - 6/1980**

From examining those loose unlabeled photos, we rapidly toured Disneyland, Knott's Berry Farm, Huntington Library, and the Orange Empire Trolley Museum (6/17/1980).



**Figure 62 - Huntington Library and after Wedding - 6/1980**

We attended the 6/22/1980 service at the charismatic Trinity Christian Center (later Good News Church) where my Aunt Velma was secretary but my cousin Kurt was not yet its pastor. We visited my Schroeder cousin's home and delivered samples of my new software packages. After a week back home, we drove to Canada on Saturday 6/28.

### Visiting Submarine - 1981

Michael Hambrick, one of my Brother's House roommates and close friend to Robert Heid in Socorro, graduated from Tech to pursue a career with the U.S. Navy. After Officer Candidate School, Admiral Rickover interviewed/grilled/intimidated him for nuclear propulsion school. He became an officer on the USS San Francisco, a now-retired Fast Attack Submarine.



Figure 63 - Mike Hambrick and his Crew - 11/1981

His parents had lived in Dublin, 10 miles from Livermore. When his ship docked at Alameda, he invited his family and me for a private tour. While off-duty, he led us while his crewmembers showed him much respect and deference. He said, at age 28, that the enlisted crew treated him somewhat as a father figure. The crew received San Francisco Giants baseball caps as their alternate work cover while in port.

He allowed no photos below decks but a visitor booklet showed the floorplans. The missile tubes hid in the bow but I saw the torpedo room. There was a forward auxiliary diesel engine room, which I probably toured but did not see the nuclear reactor segment aft of that room. I had to stoop to avoid hitting the hallway caged-lights. Mike pointed out strands of hair snagged in those lights from his tall Captain.

I admitted a bit of jealousy at his role but then he noted the reality of long months sitting on station submerged in the middle of the Pacific. Their goal was to hide. Therefore, in the necessary boredom, they drilled often to make every crewmember knowledgeable about every part of the ship and worked daily on crew study to advance in their ranks.



### Infrequent Friendships

Due to Anne’s long commute and my long hours with Briley Software, we lacked a social life and deep friendships. As introverts, we recharged our batteries from our respective workdays by quietly being alone. Parties and gatherings drained us to zero.

Anne and I had a much-needed refreshing spiritual fellowship with Andy and Kathy Tullis (our cassette production vendor). Andy found the “*Mustard Seed Faith*” recording by Second Collection folk group from St. Augustine Catholic Church. Second Collection had performed it at our local community-wide Easter Sunrise service. With Kathy, we discussed Cults, 1980 Marriage Encounter weekend, Cursillo weekend, St. Bart’s Episcopal Church, etc. We shared our faith stories and respective growth in Jesus.

We enjoyed an evening with my co-workers Kay Brown and Candy Wolfe over a game of PROBE (The first and only time in six years that we met on a non-work basis.)

We carpoled with work friends to see the disturbing movie *Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan* (7/1982) with Bill, Donna, and Todd Cook; Ron and Mary Gunn, Kay Brown, Kathy Coleman, and Rose Barlow. Even though Anne panicked with guests in the house, we hosted a one-time after-movie party with a barbecue. The whole group jointly tried to solve the “*Miser*” text adventure on our Commodore PET.

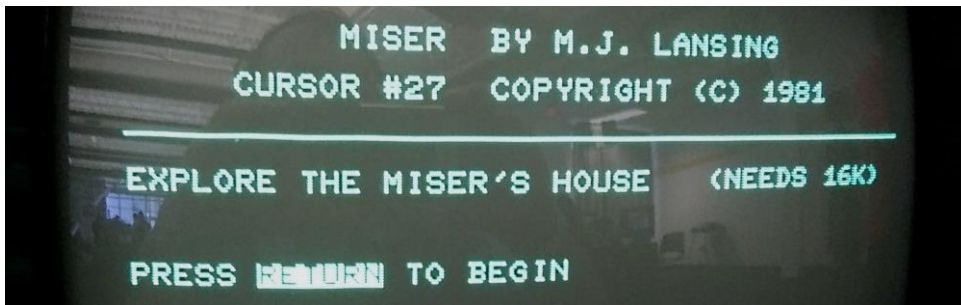


Figure 64 - 1981 Miser Adventure on Commodore PET



Figure 65 - Miser with Doug Roberts, Joanne and Dan Hegland – 12/1982

### **Miscellaneous Life Snapshots**

Both my state and government driver's licenses in 1979 listed my weight at a skinny 170 pounds. My thin frame fit into the soon-waning disco-era three-piece dance suits and I too soon expanded beyond that youthful physique.

Anne found a spin-dial lock at her Tri-Valley exercise facility with the same combination as one she had lost. She randomly picked it out of a box of lost locks!

Anne brought up my neglect to ask her how her workday went, even though I was with her all evening. We argued over the dishes politely with hugs. Once, Anne accidentally took my sack lunch to San Francisco, and a week later surprised me at the bus stop and took me to dinner. I found love notes written inside my diary:

- *“I love my husband. I love my Lord. – Anne”*
- *“Harry, I love you. I am glad I married you. You are very special and you are mine! All mine! Mmmmm.” – Anne 4/23/1982*

The Lord protected us due to a poor evening lock-up. Our side-door had our keys dangling outside from the lock. The purple Santa Rosa plums in our tree ripened suddenly in July with a delicious smaller crop of larger fruit and less bird damage.



### **Cars and a Handshake Guarantee**

Back in 12/1979, our Plymouth Duster with 102,000 miles on it behaved badly with an oil cloud trailing it. The nearest repair shop sat across from LLL. I passed this isolated building every day in my commute. The Trudell Auto Repair Service Station sat at the southeast corner of East Avenue and Vasco Road. While cars always need repairs, this story put me in the uncomfortable situation of accepting work without a guarantee.

Mr. Trudell examined the Duster and pronounced that he suspected a hole in one of the pistons. The overhaul required re-building the engine to replace the cylinder heads with a labor cost that made sense but affected our budget. I could not afford an alternative.

He told me that the repaired engine would run for another 100,000 miles. When I asked for a guarantee in writing, he quickly said such a guarantee would be for 90 days or 10,000 miles ... and in the most taciturn manner said that would end his obligation.

However, on a handshake without a written warranty, he re-affirmed the boast. He stood by his work if I kept it oiled properly and the engine failed. I never experienced this rural nod and handshake sort of deal. He grew up when a man's word was literally his bond. While I mentally calculated that I might get 50,000 more miles, the 90-day written warranty felt worthless since I could not drive the repaired engine out of his shop without some modicum of quality workmanship. We shook hands.

#### **Trudell Auto Repair Shop**

*Sandia Laboratory/California (SNL) acquired the service station property and cleaned up oil-contaminated soil there in 1988. The site is located in the [security] buffer zone on the northwest corner of SNL. Hydrologic investigations identified areas of soil pollution in localized areas, and in two areas where waste oil was disposed [directly] to land. All remedial actions were completed by 8/1990. Since the area of contamination was small, no monitoring wells were drilled by SNL. However, LLL has three wells at or near the Trudell site; previously SNL sampled one of these wells for groundwater down-gradient perimeter monitoring. After early 2005, LLL monitored this well for SNL. - Environmental Monitoring and Ecology Program - Annual Report 3/2012*

In 1982, the Duster conked out and the Ford Satellite missed a cylinder or two. Both dead cars only needed fresh spark plugs and cables. Further work stalled when Anne drove my tools to San Francisco for her long hospitalization. The soon buyer of the Satellite turned out to be a believer in Jesus. We bought a Plymouth Scamp with the proceeds leaving my bank account at zero dollars. I struggled with the Scamp door alignment, patched a hole in its muffler, while it lost another quart of oil.

Mr. Trudell was a mechanic worthy of his gruff exterior. The Duster engine died 1000 miles beyond his supposed 1979 boast. I had kept it oiled. His rebuilt engine indeed ran 101,000 miles over sixteen years until 12/1995.

### **My Health**

The preponderance of multi-week colds and flu's in 1982 was a sign of work stress. Things got worse when we adopted children that fall. After the kids moved out of the house fifteen years later, the frequent bouts with colds/flu disappeared.

Allergy tests proved positive to all bees, hornets, yellow jackets, but immune to wasps. Since I cannot tell a wasp from a yellow jacket, I always kept a safe distance.

My arm remained sore for a week from the tetanus booster given free at work. My reaction was not normal. LLL thus refused further shots, although the booster was good until 1992. I had multiple painful foot cramps. My annual physical did not explain the foot cramps except stress. My right side on my back gave me much pain like a pulled muscle when coughing yawning or bending. I had a painful right upper arm noticeable for a week (which next repeated 33 years later in 2015). It was painful enough to spend a length of time in prayer about it. My arm and elbow cramped up.

My inner ear tubes cause me so much trouble that I turned down work-related travel. This hurt my career. A doctor recommended Sudafed taken the night before and during the day of the flight. This resolved the restricted tubes and re-enabled important flights.

### **Insulin over-production**

I was perpetually fatigued all of 1982, mostly due to long hours with the side business and low 2pm blood sugars. Any boring or repetitive class or afternoon meeting put me to sleep. In programming, I made too many mistakes and that forced me to leave work sometimes early for a long nap. LLL always got full worktime, usually after hours.

Anne recently received two new glucometers for her diabetes. I borrowed one for testing at work. I became most fatigued at 2pm with blood sugars at 80% of normal and then soon perked up fully refreshed through 6pm. This pattern tied my hypoglycemic reaction directly to lunch. If I lunched early, the low blood-sugar dip came on early.

A six-hour glucose tolerance test shocked my system that simulated the 2pm slumps, but worse. I became extremely fatigued, shaking, and slightly goofy. In the fall, an extended glucose-tolerance diet test through Kaiser Hospital tried to analyze my post-lunch energy drops. The test diet took a lot of preparation and dragged upon my body. I constantly felt worn out. However, Kaiser showed normal behavior for that bizarre test.

Once in late August about 6pm, I fell asleep at my desk for no apparent reason. Everyone else left earlier for the day. At 6:30pm, I struggled awake and tested at 60% normal. The sugar level just prior to testing may have been lower. I charted these tests for an endocrinologist, but he could not explain why my body over-produced insulin.

A college friend insisted upon an herbal remedy, but she died soon thereafter of unknown causes. Both the advice and her death left me depressed. I indeed tested for reactive hypoglycemia in 1983 but had few fatigue problems thereafter in my career.

### **Tenth Year MSCH Reunion - 1982**

All the college friends named in this section participated in the Mustard Seed Coffeehouse (MSCH) from 1972-1976 (See **College with Purpose** chapter).

I produced several newsletters for the MSCH Alumni for three years up through the 10/1982 reunion. It took over 12 hours to type and layout each eight-page newsletter by hand paste-up. My *Deluxe Addresser* software sorted mailing labels. Anne and I assembled, folded, and mailed. Without the *WordPro* word processor for Commodore, it would have been an impossible task (Microsoft *Word* did not arrive until late 1983).

I retained some New Mexico Tech newspapers with MSCH references. The 7/1982 newsletter used those clippings for a 12- page historical issue. The final newsletter in September took nine hours for three pages (the fourth page was the envelope cover).

Carol Pucci visited from Washington State in January with a tour of BART, trolley cars, Fisherman's Wharf, and Alcatraz Island. Carol played piano at our wedding.



**Figure 66 - Carol Pucci visit to Alcatraz Island, CA – 1/31/1982**

We attended Mike and Sarah Lash's Law Degree graduation reception in San Francisco. Bob and Debbie Kirby visited us in route from New Mexico to Willets California.

Robert Heid called with good ideas to give orderliness to the reunion event. Earl Eiland found lodging in the Hayenga home for us in Socorro. I arranged for last-minute amenities spurred by Regina Strickler's complaint about lack of childcare. We had no children and this vital need for the many young parents completely escaped me.

I requested New Mexico Tech to delay their forced MSCH closure (as the Fire Marshall finally prevailed) and to add us to the formal reunion schedule. We received positive letters from them about our participation of the college's annual 49'ers Re-union.

## Walk With Me – Glory Years

We took vacation days from work to prepare the house and business. Joanne Hegland from Asbury Church watched our home and prayed for us, which deeply honored us.

The hour flight to Burbank was short but we wasted an hour walking in circles at the airport looking for Mike Lash and him for us. Mike and Sarah hosted us overnight. We toured Universal Studios together and then flew to Albuquerque to stay overnight with Anne's parents. Dennis and Susan Blair arrived and used the other bedroom.

We missed the mass balloon ascension (annual Albuquerque hot air balloon fiesta) early Sunday morning. The services at St. Mark's Episcopal Church on the Mesa covered baptism and a sermon on divorce versus marriage. It emphasized that we got married foremost to glorify and honor God. We met Bud and Donna Jack, formerly of Livermore, at Kirtland AFB that felt like earlier Asbury years, but with older kids.

We planned our itinerary and confirmed housing in Carlsbad and Socorro. We toured Old Town Albuquerque with Susan and Dennis. At a barbecue dinner with the Blairs along with Scott and Irma (Edwards) Reeder, everyone passed photos around. Susan had a cold (which I must have caught).

In Carlsbad, we shopped for a coat and long pants because of the cool caverns. We stayed with Bob and Debbie Kirby in their travel trailer and left the windows open. That was not smart for my cold in process. It was 54° that morning. I awoke with a sore throat, heard Debbie share her walk with God. She and Anne prayed for my throat.

It was windy outside. The Carlsbad Caverns had 100% humidity and 56° inside. My nose ran like a faucet with full-fledged cold. It was torture until we reached a motel in Las Cruces. Forehead hot, stuffed nose, sore throat. It was the worst cold in years. It clogged my brain such that I did not think rationally. Anne cared for me as best able.

Shower steam did not bring relief. I dosed with alcohol-based cold medicine before leaving Las Cruces. Hillsboro and Kingston disappointed us in that neither bore the stereotyped ghost town image. We skipped other ghost towns and tended to my cold. In Socorro, we found the Hayenga residence. The cold became laryngitis with hoarseness.

I attended a lecture on mining history and met Lee Gagner for lunch. The MSCH dinner had over 30 attendees. An uplifting Bible Study at Dr. Geraldo and Dr. Ruth Gross talked about the balance of God's judgment and love. At an afterglow at the MSCH, David Snyman with many other brothers anointed me with oil and jointly laid their hands on me in prayer. There was no immediate result. Student observers had not seen such 1970's style prayers before, although typical at Wesley Foundation just ten years earlier.

The official 49'ers parade occurred poorly without heart. My "1849" scruffy beard started for this reunion became far too long in 1983 like a mountain fur trapper.



**Figure 67 – Dismantled Courthouse, Hillsboro, NM – 10/1982**

After mid-morning fellowship, the formal Alumni Association luncheon, and early afternoon fellowship, we visited the Eiland greenhouse in Lemitar. We ended the evening with a Wesley Foundation potluck at St. Paul's UMC for about 50 people.

I was too sick to speak at the St. Paul's Sunday morning service. Anne, Robert Heid, and Kim Eiland spoke instead. Some logistic problems fouled the Water Canyon picnic, but it worked out. We held Communion at the Canyon with the aid of Dr. David Shortess.

We then drove Albuquerque to visit Anne's parents overnight and catch our flights home.

With the tail end of the cold, the descent into Los Angeles caused excruciating pain to my eardrums. "*Never fly with the cold*", they said. Luggage delays at Los Angeles airport for 70 minutes caused me much consternation. Steve and Kathy Hughes shuttled us to our connecting flight in Burbank.

My ears again felt excruciating pain in the steeper descent to the Oakland airport, and remained plugged for a few days. The Emergency Room found the eardrums red but not damaged. Anne came down with the same bad cold soon after.

We sent newsletter back-issues to five recently found alumni. We updated the mailing list and wrote a commendation letter to the current MSCH staff.

### **Re-linking with Families**

My mother left a phone message in 1982 asking me to talk with my father. I sent a postcard describing that I did not want an impromptu confrontation and preferred thoughtful letters. She wrote saying that he was unwilling to write feeling that the Spirit said to “talk versus writing”. I received an unaddressed unsigned coded postcard in my father’s hand but we ignored it.

Anne wrote a 23-page letter in 1982 (no copy kept) to her mother about her trying to live Anne’s life for her (overprotective, fearful, etc.). Anne spent a long call with her sister Susan Blair to discuss bitterness over serious relationship matters with their mother. Later in life, her mother became a friend through Anne’s weekly phone calls. Her mother remained controlling but with less intimidation, fear, and verbal attacks.



**Figure 68 – A Moment of Reflection**

In 1983, I tried to re-contact my family. David and I seemed to hit it off once on his own. My mother stayed in contact without my father’s knowledge. During LLL travel to Chicago, I briefly met Anne’s older half-brother for the first time, David Rittenhouse.

My father moved several times without leaving a forwarding address. His main cause of disagreement was our active life in the church. He died of cancer in May 1986 and I took a week to help my Mom. My mother and David, my youngest brother, came for Thanksgiving dinner. That started the healing of my broken family.



### M\*A\*S\*H

Anne and I frequently watched the TV shows M\*A\*S\*H and Barney Miller as a reward for working late nearly every night. We wasted hours in front of the TV and too-frequent movies. As a result, we became overly tired and often sick.

We watched enough of the 11-season series for Anne to buy T-shirts for the final episode. This series lasted longer than the Korean War that it portrayed. The 2.5-hour episode *Goodbye, Farewell and Amen* exceeded fan expectations. We invited Richard and Kathy Coleman to watch it. They wore the same shirts as us.



Figure 69 - Final Episode of M\*A\*S\*H – 2/28/1983

Neither Anne nor I enjoyed the original M\*A\*S\*H movie that led to the far superior TV series. The weekly hijinks resonated to our culture with engaging stories without resorting to crudeness, vulgarity, and visual shock of an ‘R’ rating. On the small screen, the emotional draw involved what the camera omitted and left to the viewer imaginations.

*Large areas of California and the San Francisco Bay Area suffered power outages due to stormy winter weather, which prevented many viewers from watching the finale. Three weeks later, on 3/21/1983, KPIX, the CBS affiliate in San Francisco, re-aired the episode. It surpassed the single-episode ratings record set by the Dallas episode that resolved the **Who Shot J.R.?** cliffhanger. From 1983 until 2010, **Goodbye, Farewell and Amen** [kept the record as] the most watched specific television broadcast in American history. - Wikipedia*

### Citizen's Band Radio and REACT

Anne helped a stranded motorist on her way home. I helped a man with overheated pickup in the rain. A down and outer had been drinking. He gave enough data for me to trace his family and a friend in Livermore. Neither knew his address previously.

These two events attracted us from 4/1982 through 1986 to Citizens Band (CB) radio. We received official CB radio call letters in 6/1982, but we used my "handle" of "Blue Angel" (for my blue Plymouth Duster) and Anne chose "Dusty Roadrunner" (for her New Mexico roots). I installed a used base station and forty-foot antenna, which we later combined with car units. The non-commercial power limited us to a six-mile radius.

On the way home in hot 7/1982, I helped a co-worker with an overheated car, when he used his CB radio to call me. Once, after I went to Kaiser to get glucose diet instructions, I intercepted Anne with her evening carpool via CB radio. When Anne had car trouble on the freeway, she radioed a home CB listener who contacted me by home phone.

Anne gave me a second CB car radio for my 29<sup>th</sup> birthday. When we needed both cars on a church trip, we stayed in contact on the road. We helped start a chapter of REACT for emergency communications on Channel 9. At times, our club offered coffee and snacks at the Pacheco Pass rest stop on Interstate 5. CB Radio fell into disuse with the advent of cell phones. Long-haul drivers happily regained the CB airwaves for themselves.

In 9/1982, I called Sonrise Productions when CB traffic reported a fire about 6pm near them. Kathy Tullis related a miracle the next day. They were oblivious to the fire engine sirens while sitting down to dinner. After I called, Andy went through the garage to view the scene. He discovered an overheated cassette bulk eraser left on which charred the work area. Their own garage could have been in flames in a few hours.

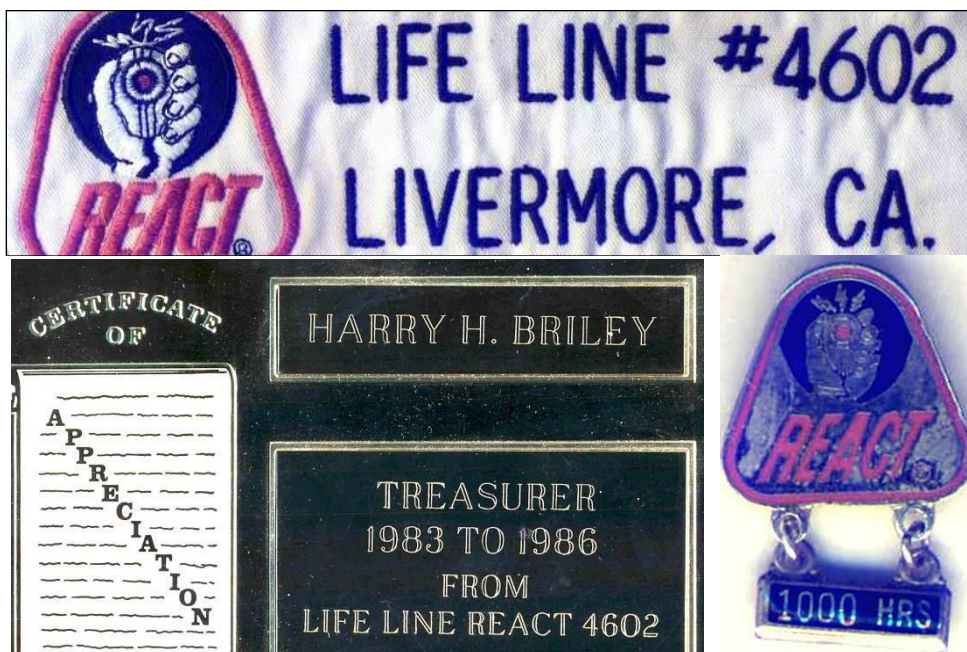


Figure 70 - REACT Club 4602

### Little Guy and Little Girl

From our first year of marriage, we entertained each other with puppet-like hands that popped out at unexpected times. We dubbed these ambassadors as “Little Guy” (Harry) and “Little Girl” (Anne) regardless of the active hand. In the first few years, each of us built up a repertoire of expressive behaviors that were virtually autonomous. These child-like imps broke the ice and opened communications when we felt worn out and did not want a complicated conversation. They mimed nearly every human emotion.

Looking something like a miniature brontosaurus, their emotional stances ranged from curious inquisitiveness (the photo below) to unbounded dance-happy joy. He commonly popped up on a knee to signal a wordless head shake “no” or a happy-dance “yes” to some question. Whenever “Thing” (the disembodied hand) showed up in a “Addams Family” movie or in the Fed-Ex delivery commercials that became popular because of that movie, one or both of our ambassadors perked up and watched with rapt attention.

Little Guy snuggled up into Anne’s neck, kissed her on the cheek, and whispered sweet nothings into her ear. However, when he got away with it, he raced up Anne’s arm and planted a kiss on her nose. This was verboten and reminded us both of the Peanuts cartoon (Charles Schulz) from whence it came. It usually ended with “Little Guy” being up-ended and body-slammed several times on the nearest cushion thereupon to wander off in a dizzied path or do a “hang dog” sign of temporary remorse.

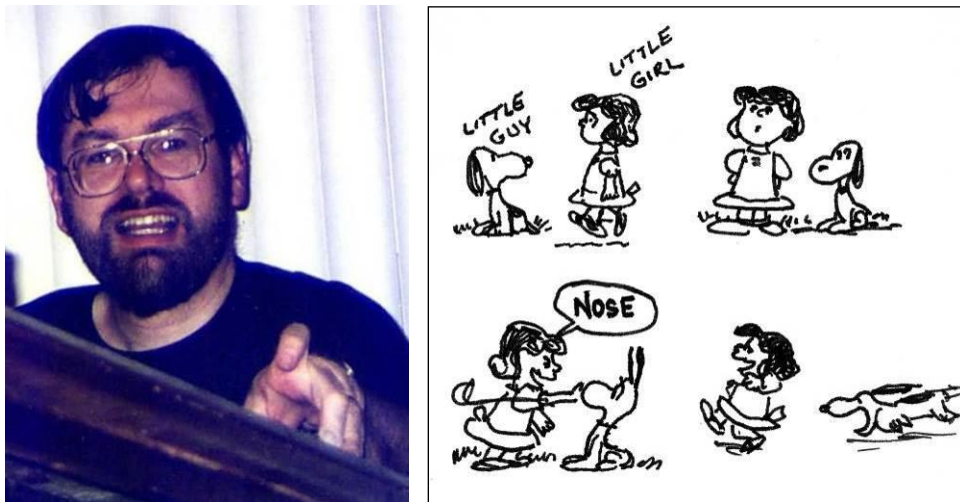


Figure 71 - "Little Guy" investigates – Peanuts Redux (A. Briley, late 1980's)

### Anne's Medical Troubles (1976 -1986)

#### Searching for Medical Causes

I found a medical essay among Anne's papers in 2021. She wrote (likely in 1982 but purpose unknown) about medical issues during our first five years in Livermore (edited):

“My diabetes was diagnosed in the spring of 1965. In the summer of 1969, my tonsils and adenoids were removed. My adenoids were so inflamed that they blocked my breathing, forcing me to breathe through my mouth. In 12/1973, surgery removed my right ovary with cysts swelling it to fist-size [and I started on birth control pills in 1974 for severe menstrual cramps.]

The only allergy I had in New Mexico was to cats. However, I developed several allergies since coming to the [San Francisco] Bay Area (trees pollen, grass, weeds, and dust) for which I receive weekly allergy desensitization injections. I am allergic to white potatoes, wheat, and legumes, which I avoid eating.

When we moved to California [in 7/1976], Harry's job got us into a Health Maintenance Organization (HMO). I used its services the week we arrived. I rode my bicycle over railroad tracks placed diagonally across [Junction Avenue near our apartment]. The other side of the road had the warning sign to walk one's bike, but I was too green to know that I should have been on that specialized bike lane. I was taught to ride with the traffic. The trip to the emergency room was an uncomfortable half-hour drive. X-rays and an examination showed a bruised wrist. Ice packs made it better in a few days.

I next fought the bureaucracy to [find an endocrinologist] at the HMO clinic. The receptionist could not make referrals, so I asked for the first doctor available. I got a Dr. C. We [did not] hit it off famously. I took the records meticulously kept for the past two weeks. Unimpressed, he gave me a "Young Lady" lecture not to lower my insulin more than two units every other day. This went against explicit instructions of [Dr. Rembe] in Albuquerque. If I had frequent reactions due to the Somogyi effect, I was to cut back my insulin rather dramatically. Then, once "spilling" urine sugar, I was gradually to increase the dose. I mentioned to Dr. C that I was obeying past orders and he repeated his lecture.

*The Somogyi effect, known as the “rebound” effect, was named after Michael Somogyi who first described it. When blood glucose levels drop too low, the body sometimes reacts by releasing counter regulatory hormones such as glucagon and epinephrine. – Diabetes Self-Management, 4/2014*

New friends suggested a specific doctor and I soon set up with Dr. [Nathan Becker]. He did not seem as perturbed as I did about my frequent-though-mild insulin reactions. I did not [initially] check in with him too often.

After [my California residency] year passed, I resumed college at California State University, Hayward. I checked in with the campus Health Center and found to my delight that the director was an endocrinologist. Dr. Brown was very good for me. He

## Walk With Me – Glory Years

had a good handle on relating to college students. I got just about all of my medical care at the campus Health Center during college.

My tenure as a student went smoothly, except for incredible demands I placed upon myself. I wanted to graduate "with Honors". At New Mexico Tech that meant a 3.0 GPA. However, at Cal State, it was a 3.25. So with just a little over a year to go, I resolved to raise my GPA a whole quarter of a point. I knew exactly how many B's and C's I could afford. Whatever I possibly could, I took "credit/no credit" because I simply could not afford a B to lower my goal average.

I began with "Intensive Spanish", a full year's worth of Spanish crammed into one quarter. We were together three days a week 8 am to 11:45 am. After that, we checked in frequently to listen to Spanish tapes. We could make copies of the tapes, so I did a lot of listening at home. It became a nightmare, as I never will be good in languages. I barely squeaked by with a C-/D+. This was critical because I had to earn a C to receive "Credit". I did D work, but the instructor gave me credit for persistence and effort. I really tried hard. I think some of it was sympathy. I will always be grateful to him. I outlined chapters in my books and spent incredible time studying and re-studying. The dividends came at report-card time.

I enjoyed many of my classes and appreciated the expertise of my professors. However, I ran up against a wall in one social work class. I was petrified to get a C in this specific class, one from which I needed an A. The grade seemed derived solely from lectures and the [spoken] material did not soak in! I faced a tough and uncertain second mid-term.

I hauled myself to the Health Center to talk to Dr. Brown about my achiness. When called into the exam room. Dr. Brown asked me about where I ached and why. I began to reply... but then just broke down sobbing. I was in knots over that Social Work class, classes in general, and most specifically over the Social Work mid-term in two hours.

Dr. Brown gently guided me to a room with hospital beds, settled me on one, left, and returned with a small pill. Valium I took it and obeyed his soothing admonition to relax awhile. I would miss the mid-term, and he wrote the professor a letter explaining that a medical emergency precluded my taking the exam. Dr. Brown checked in on me periodically between patients. He became one of several to admonish me not to be so hard on myself.

"It's not too good an idea to ruminate," he said.

I did not know what that meant, so I asked.

"It's sort of like a cow chewing the cud, only for you it's chewing on things that have passed."

Ruminating... He gave me something to chew on between each of the two-minute "rounds" he made that afternoon!

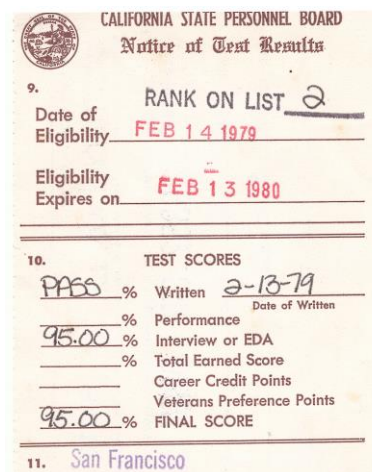


## Walk With Me – Glory Years

I did not see that I re-hashed old war wounds, but I began to see that I drove myself hard. I rested and maybe catnapped. After a couple of hours, Dr. Brown sat at the foot of the bed. He said it would be good to get some counseling from one of the campus psychologists, a Dr. Strong. Perhaps biofeedback techniques could help me relax. Dr. Brown said he would be happy to set it up. I agreed.

Dr. Brown wrote a very nice letter, which I took to the professor later that afternoon. I found to my surprise that the exam did not take place. I cannot recall why, and that I could get the class notes from a classmate. I ended up with a solid B in that class. That "B" cost me a great deal in terms of stress and self-doubt. I returned home night after night feeling tight and tense. I was not sure exactly what was happening to me. I had the idea that it was psychological, but [deeply] wanted to believe it was all organic.

I graduated after the summer in 1978 and remained as a graduate student for two quarters. I hunted for jobs for those quarters with little success. However, in 2/1979, I passed a State Civil Service exam. I did well on the qualifying oral exam and hired after my first interview.



CALIFORNIA STATE PERSONNEL BOARD  
Notice of Test Results

9. RANK ON LIST 2  
Date of Eligibility FEB 14 1979  
Eligibility Expires on FEB 13 1980

10. TEST SCORES  
PASS % Written 2-13-79 Date of Written  
% Performance  
95.00 % Interview or EDA  
% Total Earned Score  
Career Credit Points  
95.00 % Veterans Preference Points  
FINAL SCORE

11. San Francisco

After my [May 1981] thyroid surgery [described later], I noticed my emotions were on a more even keel, so I had some faith that the swing of emotions was not entirely in my head. I wondered if Dr. Becker believed the same. He tested me for rheumatoid arthritis. This variety of arthritis can manifest itself because of my immune system disorder. The diabetes, the thyroiditis, and several types of allergies kept me humble.

I had a strange foreboding waiting for the results. I wanted them to come back positive. I did not want arthritis, far from it. However, I[newly] dealt with an almost chronic achiness. I wanted to know something labelled so I could deal with it.

Dr. Becker really came to know me. The day he told me the results of the arthritis tests, he never took his eyes off my face. Finally, he glanced out the window, then turned back to me and said, "You wanna see a shrink?" I said no.

I still called a local organization for low-cost counseling for an appointment. I spoke with a retired [non-medical] minister. He was a nice but he did not have much to offer. When I explained my recurring tension, he said that I needed to help others so I would not be so focused upon myself. When our time was up, I thanked him and we left with the "I'll call if I want to talk with you further". I did not call.

I was stuck again. I wanted to rid myself of the achiness, which was a real millstone. I let things ride for another week or so, until the pain really hit me.



I had a depressing day. There were several very important checks at my new job, which required very careful handling, and a change in staff occurred. The new people were not familiar with the procedures, and the new supervisor would not concur with my verbal instructions. Any special handling would now require written procedures approved by her manager. I could not believe this was happening. It seemed that the whole process had disintegrated in the span of one week. Retrospectively I see that her requests were not out of line, but it certainly did not seem so at the time!

After the bus home, my neck and shoulders were so tight I could hardly move. I laid on my back on the hard floor with only a small pillow under my neck, hoping the ache would go away. After five minutes, I called Dr. Becker's office. It got late. I had no hopes of speaking with him. He would be on evening rounds or on his way home.

He answered the phone. He said he had a meeting in four minutes. I told him I was through. I hurt. I was tired. I wanted him to refer me to a psychiatrist. Dr. Becker was very gentle during that call. He said that, there were things he sensed I would have to work out, some related to my diabetes, and some not. He gave me the names and numbers of a few psychologists and psychiatrists in the area.

He said to ask if I wanted to see him more often and he would make the room on his schedule. I seemed to relax, probably because I began to take charge. I ate some dinner and slept the rest of the evening. The next day, Cindi called from his office. She said the doctor recommended a therapist, Dr. Herbert Peterson. She said he was good and a plus for me, in the same building as Dr. Becker.

I screwed up my courage and left my name with his answering service. About a week later, Dr. Peterson ushered me into his office [in November 1981]. I started things off [badly] by sitting in his chair. We were soon past the pleasantries, setting ground rules, fees, appointment availabilities, length of sessions, and so forth. Then work began. "Tell me what brings you here or anything else you'd like to say."

I quickly acquired respect for Dr. Peterson's talents. He could extract details about my life and accompanying emotions, without causing me major trauma. However, I always felt much drained after leaving his office. One thing I learned early was that there is no such thing as "going back to square one". This thought had a profound impact. In my perfectionist efforts, I found no room for small failures. Any failure was big, a cause to start all over again. This new idea let me wonder if I could go back to square two.

I had a lot of trouble referring to psychiatrists as "shrinks". It seemed derogatory. Yet "psychiatrist" conjured up visions of schizophrenics and psychotics. I had no desire to give anyone any idea that I was unstable [even though I was obviously in trouble].

Some things needed to be worked out. I wanted better self-esteem. I wanted to work through the self-defeating behaviors and attitudes plaguing me. I wanted to learn how to express my feelings buried deep inside, emotions so deep that I could not reach them.

Dr. Peterson kept asking, “*Have you cried about it?*” That was a tough question. I used to cry all too freely when growing up. I got a reputation as the school crybaby. Other kids teased me cruelly about it. In junior high, I replaced my tears with junk food. I pretty much stopped the tears. He taught me something interesting about tears. Like sleep, you cannot force them, but you can place yourself in a situation where it is ok for tears. He assured me that tears run their natural course and end at the right time.”

### **Thyroidectomy**

Anne had her thyroid removed and thus hospitalized for four days in May 1981. She shared a room with a young woman with the same physician, surgeon, operation (right before Anne's), and same Lord. They prayed before surgery and kept briefly in touch.

Anne wrote in her life summary (2008):

*My mother had her thyroid removed. I had a cluster of autoimmune disorders: [my thyroid removed from] Hashimoto's thyroid disease, juvenile Type I diabetes, and problems with [both] my ovaries [removed with large benign tumors], etc.*

I found another medical essay among Anne's papers in 2021. She wrote (in May 1982 but purpose unknown) about her experience with Hashimoto's Thyroiditis (edited):

“I took birth control pills to treat painful menstrual periods from early 1974 until early 1980; and [indeed] partly for birth control. Dr. Becker felt that birth control pills [negatively affected] diabetes and urged me to discontinue immediately.

Soon after stopping, my thyroid began swelling. I got sore throats. Immediately preceding menstrual periods, half of my throat swelled on the left side. The lymph nodes directly under my lower jaw swelled with thyroiditis and for some time afterward. I was never checked [earlier] for thyroid disease. However, while at Cal State, one of the campus Physicians felt my throat and shook his head.

Dr. Nathan Becker [suspected I had a] thyroid disease during his early care of my diabetes. In his initial examination, I mentioned the erratic behavior my mother displayed during my childhood and that she recently had a portion of her thyroid removed [in 1978 or 1979]. Dr. Becker bet that I had thyroid disease as well. A thyroid scan in October 1980 by Dr. Andrea Blum showed a "hills and valleys effect", [like] a topographic map. Dr. Becker set me on a program of thyroid medication.

I began to experience depressed moody swings, overwhelming fatigue, and a great deal of muscle achiness, like a chronic case of the flu. The [severe] menstrual cramps again manifested. All symptoms were much more pronounced during my menstrual periods.

Periodic checks of thyroid antibodies went off the scale. It seemed pointless to measure because the results were always "high". My thyroid swelled first where I could see it with my untrained eye, and finally to where my husband noticed it. Occasionally I would feel a throbbing in my neck, which usually subsided after taking aspirin.

I [struggled] with my mother's mood swings. She went through periods of moodiness alternating with crying spells and somewhat violent episodes. I was subject to physical, verbal, and emotional abuse. This, coupled with my own mood swings, made a mother-daughter combination where neither was good for the other. I built up defense mechanisms, but only played games with myself.

There is no apparent endocrine problems on my father's side. He has moderate to severe psoriasis. My mother's side has some diabetes, but none in her immediate family. My mother went through at least two miscarriages. She had a partial thyroidectomy to remove a colloid tumor in 1978 or 1979.

My older brother is trainable but not educable. My mother attributes his mentally retardation to a latent case of diabetes even though urine tests during her pregnancy were negative. I suspect my brother's mental retardation was due to a metabolic dysfunction related to thyroid disease. My older sister has no apparent endocrine problems. In 1979, she had one kidney removed due to a malignant tumor.

There are some psychological aspects of this disease. Because of the chronic fatigue and emotional swings, it is difficult to function "normally". It is easy to blame other people or things rather than the disease. After day after day, you expect it as the norm, and cannot believe in anything better. Thus, I had a difficulty deciding for surgery.

In my May 1981 surgery, one of the resident surgeons said I had a difficult surgery because every time they cut away a portion of my thyroid, it swelled even further.

After surgery, periodic blood tests monitored my thyroid hormone levels. I leveled off at .25 mg of Synthroid daily. I feel much calmer. I am acting and reacting to life on a more even keel. I have been moody on occasion but not periodically drastic as before.

- My diabetes is easier to control. My periods are very regular, with only one day of four having moderate cramps (but not the debilitating cramps of my teens).
- My [Bay Area] environmental allergies seemed to worsen immediately after surgery then very soon afterward improved substantially.
- My weight has not decreased, but I attribute that to a defense mechanism of compulsive overeating. I expect to deal with this issue in therapy.

Dr. Becker later recommended a [medically trained] psychiatrist [in 11/1981 as noted above] and I have completed seven months of psychotherapy [by 05/1982]. I am very glad because I began to reverse years of self-destruction which I felt brought on (at least partially) by mood swings caused by my own and my mother's thyroiditis.

I urge anyone with these symptoms to seek thyroid antibodies tests and surgery if recommended. After one year [in May 1982] since my thyroidectomy, I feel good and alive with outstanding personal and professional growth."

### **1982 Woes**

Anne became often sick during 1982. A wheat allergy prevented a birthday cake. She lost a tooth filling, had a swollen eyelid cyst, a bad headache, fainting, cramps, nausea, fluctuating blood sugars, and the flu. With an identity crisis, she became depressed in general. She took nighttime walks to handle her job stress.

Anne's finances suffered three hospital stays and docked pay (no remaining sick leave). In our budgeting trying to make ends meet, her job handled her many medical co-pays.

- She came home sick in late February and the University of California, San Francisco Medical Center (UCSF) admitted her to four days of tests. While diagnosed with simple blockage, she returned home with a peptic ulcer.
- UCSF checked her cough problems over Memorial Day. I drove Anne back to UCSF overnight for diabetic ketoacidosis. Dr. Becker asked me to pick her up with merely the flu. Anne got worse with a fever and antsy to get back to the hospital. Dr. Becker asked her to stay put for one more day since just a virus. UCSF failed to take a chest x-ray. They finally re-admitted her with bronchitis and pneumonia in both lungs for nine days. Anne called for a reassuring hug over the hospital phone and much missed our hugs. She came home from hospital briefly on 6/10, but soon in trouble again (but I could not find these records).
- Dr. Becker hospitalized her to calibrate her first insulin pump (see First Available Insulin Pumps section) in 11/1982 for two days, now just an office visit.

Tests discovered allergies to weeds, grasses, trees, cat dander, and eggs. She had allergy shots and purchased an air purifier. Anne and dust did not mix. She soon had intestinal flu as a reaction to a new asthma pill with her thyroid medicine and insulin. Anne later tested allergic to parakeet feathers in 1998.

Anne and I argued over her lack of diet variety. After a few hours apart to unwind, we made up knowing that I was not trying to ruin her life. One rare time in 1982, I jogged a mile with Anne two days in a row. Anne ran a mile in the rain a week later but came down with a cold. I do not know if she ever ran again for the rest of her life.

### Some Stability

Anne's weight briefly came down to size 13 from a size 20. She had difficulty accepting the accolades of praise. Anne purchased a new office wardrobe for her new image. In late June, she met another insulin-dependent diabetic at her workplace (SCIF). After five months, their improved health caught the attention of the SCIF newsletter staff.

Rx Friendship –Insight Newsletter #147, SCIF, 12/1982, p.12-13 (edited):

*"We have only known each other for five months, but the bond created has grown stronger within that time," explains Ethel Wagoner-Jackson, San Francisco's SCIF Office Services Manager. Anne Briley of SCIF Insurance Services remembers first meeting Ethel, "I was on a break when Ethel walked by and noticed my diabetic exercise book. We each asked, 'Are you diabetic? Do you take insulin?' It surprised us that we were both long-time diabetics. Something clicked and we have been close ever since."*



*The basis of their friendship is a total and real understanding of each other's health. Acting as mutual sounding boards and information sources, they assist each other keeping their diabetes within control.*

*Diabetes affects the way body uses food. Some foods change to glucose. The blood carries that glucose to body cells. With the help of insulin (a hormone produced in the pancreas), the body uses glucose for quick energy or stored for future needs. The diabetic cannot effectively use the insulin produced [or does not produce enough insulin]. Diabetes has no cure, but the diabetic can live a healthy life with 'control' (by keeping blood sugar within normal levels through extra insulin, proper diet, and exercise). "Control sounds like a simple routine, doesn't it?" asks Ethel. "And it is, once you accept that you are diabetic."*

*Learning she had diabetes stunned Ethel. "I did not know I had the common symptoms: severe weight drop, constant thirst and hunger, and extreme fatigue. They diagnosed me while in for surgery for an unrelated problem. I was not recovering. They put me on insulin right away. I was taught how to test my urine for sugar, a good diet, and how to do a hypodermic injection. What a horror! Me, who cannot tolerate the thought of a needle, had to inject insulin daily. They gave me oranges for practice. I was great on oranges, but terrible upon myself."*

*Ethel's first reaction was to feel not "normal". She kept asking, "Why me?" Not accepting reality, Ethel did not take care of herself. "I fought the diagnosis. I*

*was self-destructive. Every time I cheated (often) I justified it and covered with extra insulin.” “Covering is a mistake most diabetics make,” interjects Anne. “During the 17 years with this disease [since age 9]; when feeling depressed, I took insulin but forgot to check my urine or diet. Then, I would cover.” Until two years ago, both Ethel and Anne were in denial. In 1980, each woman faced a crisis that ended that battle against her diagnosis.*

*Anne’s diabetes is difficult to control [defined as “brittle diabetes” requiring a portable insulin pump in 11/1982]. In 1980, she became depressed despite all her efforts. She could not keep her blood sugar level in check. For 15 years, she tried without [effective] control. “I was ready to throw in the towel,” Anne confesses, “if friends had not come to the rescue. They let me know through little ways that I was loved. They made me realize that I was worth taking care of. I decided to get [finally] involved in my health care.” Anne got in touch with a specialist. “That is the best move I ever made. I used to invent a scenario [with prior doctors], which made me out as a perfect patient. Now, I tell the truth. I cheat less when I tell my doctor the truth. That helps me stay in control.” [Quarterly A1C blood tests gave her a more objective analysis.]*

*Ethel’s crisis took the form of a diabetic coma from insufficient insulin. “I wound up in the hospital after lunch the prior day pushed me over the edge. It was a typical hamburger, French fries, and a shake. For me, it was poison. I spent seven days in the hospital analyzing my stupidity. I resolved that I would never go into the hospital for losing control [at least not for lack of trying].”*

*Ethel takes two insulin shots a day. “I follow my diet, eat correctly at the right times. I am not perfect but I do my best. I am more aware of my body and take care of it.” Anne notes, “We are both on a high carbohydrate and fiber diet. Information gathering is part of the care of our disease.” Ethel adds, “Together, we learn about new research and use the knowledge appropriate for us. We are more in touch with our disease. We are healthier because we can sense the chemical changes in our bodies for better control. I have learned a lot, but I can learn more from other people’s experiences.”*

*Though diabetes is serious, diabetics find comfort in advantages over others. Many go through life wrecking their bodies with poor habits (smoking, drinking, irregular hours). Diabetics practice self-discipline, an attribute smokers wishing to quit and overweight people seek. Diabetics are more compassionate toward others with problems. Ethel and Anne have learned this first-hand.*

*Ethel adds, “We are both optimistic about life. Diabetes helped us grow into mature women, ready to handle problems. It gave us one more important gift, a lasting friendship.”*



### **Diabetic Care in 1982**

Anne fought insulin swings and sudden drops. She had rotten days with those wild swings. Her sugar level dropped one hot July, which stranded her on a solo bike ride. I retrieved her after she staggered to find a store and call. Cell phones did not exist.

In the guesswork of possible causes, she began a gallbladder test with radioactive iodine tablets and felt nauseous all day. She had root canal surgery on a rear tooth. Her endocrinologist drew blood for a possible pregnancy. I read up on diabetic pregnancy health, but there was no pregnancy. We talked under duress, for both of us, about her emotions tied to these life-threatening sugar swings.

Anne gave her **very first** insulin shot in the arm (instead of her thigh). I gave Anne her insulin shots one night using the dart technique, the **very first** for me. I later learned to do a comfortable injection using a slow push into her skin with newer thin needles.

### **Detached Retina**

In 1983, Anne had eye complications from diabetes that led to a detached retina. Anne went through seven laser surgeries on her right eye at UCSF. The laser took up an entire room with huge electrical cabinets. Caught early, she lost only 3% of peripheral vision. This new use of laser surgery was painful to her but well worth it.

In 1984, her ophthalmologist began laser surgeries on her left eye in just two slightly longer sessions. Both sessions went well with no post-surgery complications. She needed no further laser surgery, and thus she did not lose her eyesight due to diabetes. It became another example of new medical technology available just in time for her.

### **Diabetes Control Test Drug**

In 1984, she became a 'guinea pig' for a new use of a drug at UCSF. She was one of the first in the country to use it "off label" to better control insulin-dependent diabetes. The researchers got approval from the Food and Drug Administration beyond its original purpose. I do not recall the drug name or the test results.

Anne wrote in her seminary class journal 2/10/1985 (edited):

*I considered how much an illness gave me importance. I did not have importance as a diabetic at my job. My boss used it to imagine me as sickly. I wished my boss gave me a little credit for all that I did, or recognized it at least. I wish he had more compassion. However, my diabetes gave me importance at UCSF since I was a guinea pig for a major research project. Unfortunately, my church caught me in between. My job taught me to minimize it and that attitude carried into church. When someone asked how I was, I said, "Fine." When I thought if things were not fine, I [only] shared a brief concern so they could pray with me.*

### First Available Blood Glucose Tests

With Diabetes Type 1 at age 9, Anne boiled her glass syringe and sharpened her own needles. For years, she only had time-delayed urinalysis testing paper to measure sugars. Even in 1981, most diabetics still used woefully insufficient ketone urine test sticks.

In the late 1970's, she graduated to a blood glucose “ChemStrip” for better granularity. The patient needed excellent visual color differentiation between the subtle shades of blue and tan. She applied a drop of blood, waited 2 minutes, washed off the strip with distilled water, and held up the strip alongside the dual-color gradients to determine the approximate range. She waited another minute for hyperglycemic readings above 240.

Like the urine test strips, the ranges were rudimentary. Below 45 indicated diabetic coma/shock and over 800 indicated diabetic ketoacidosis (death). While 100 is normal, if a diabetic maintained anything near 180 (twice normal level), she was reasonably safe.

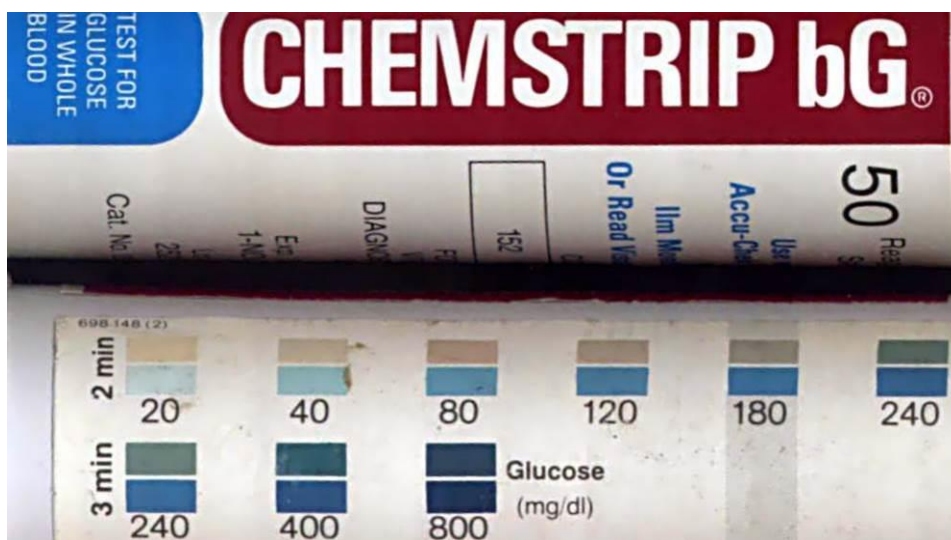


Figure 72 - ChemStrip ranges

As expensive (and bulky) blood-glucose meters became more available, our insurance finally covered them. They were a portable marvel. Anne ordered her first glucometer in early 1982 costing \$300 (one-month apartment rent). We picked up her **GlucoCheck-II** glucometer and trained in its use at UCSF. Anne was shocked at her high blood sugar.

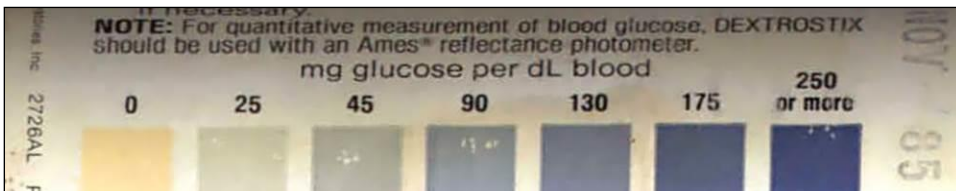
It impressed upon her the danger of waiting for sugars to “spill” into the urine for testing. Within that delay, the sugar level might become sky high. She still used Ketostix™ to test for dangerous ketones “spilling” if her blood sugar levels were high. If high sugars, but no ketones, she quickly adjusted with insulin. If ketones were present, it might take her several hours to return to normal with several injections and multiple retests.

Her second meter purchased in 1982, the **Ames Glucometer**, read the reagent color on the plastic strip and not the blood itself as in later meters. The process was identical to ChemStrips, which Anne could manually read in a pinch. She calibrated this meter with two plastic color strips (25 and 130). The range oddly went below 45 (diabetic coma).



**Figure 73 - Ames Glucometer at Work (Insight Newsletter, SCIF, 1982)**

The above 12/1982 SCIF newsletter article highlighted her as the model diabetic employee using her new Ames Glucometer at work. She demonstrated with fellow diabetic Ethel Jackson how she cared for herself at work. In the photo near her telephone, an insulin vial and bottle of hand-read ChemStrips sit as back-ups.



**Figure 74 - Ames Dextrostix ranges –1984**



**Figure 75 - Ames Glucometer Model 5580 – 1982**

Three women diabetics in Anne's Department with frequent diabetic reactions caused management to send a strong formal rebuke in 8/1984 (edited), to wit:

- *Most employees are not trained in giving medical help or advice. They become upset or fearful and productivity suffers. This has a very disruptive effect. An adverse effect could result because of their lack of knowledge.*
- *We expect you to exercise diligent care by taking the utmost precautions to avert a diabetic reaction. This may mean having on hand [sugar-based food]. You are **not** to disrupt the work force by having other employees bring you food from the cafeteria or constantly rushing to your aid.*
- *You should not expect other employees to provide medical attention. Among yourselves, you may help each other [as diabetics]. You may meet during break or lunch. You may **not** meet at each other's desk during work hours.*
- ***Anne Briley** apparently has the necessary expertise to give medical aid. She has voluntarily offered to do so when needed. In her absence, if we determine that [an insulin] reaction is severe, outside medical help will be called in.*
- *We recognize that you have a health problem, but one that is controllable with proper care. Help yourselves by taking that care and heed medical advice.*

Anne wrote within a class paper at Fuller Seminary (Winter 1985, edited):

*There is something different about diabetics, which "civilians" do not understand. We live with this 100% of the time. It is not something we can take a pill for and forget for the rest of the day. It is not just a matter of avoiding the "wrong" foods. We are involved in something affected by whether or not we walk that extra half-mile, whether or not we get along with people in our lives and even the weather.*

*There seem to be "moral" implications that spring from a lack of knowledge. We read articles on how diet and exercise allow diabetics to "go off insulin", and there is a sense of reproach to those of us who remain. One typist at my office told me about an herbal cure that her aunt took, and (of course) she is off insulin shots. She told me "I thought you would be smart enough to look into this." There was no point in arguing. The worst part is that diabetes is invisible.*

*There are so many frustrations to managing [to stay] on an even keel, deep frustrations. There is a point where it seems so helpless, and that seems to be the point when I turn the anger within. If I had not done... If I remembered to... The list goes on. I get scared. I try to put the brakes on or cover over my mistakes.*

### **Out-of-Control Stress**

Anne had finally found respect at work and got quality health care in San Francisco with a leading endocrinologist. In 3/1985, Anne left both seminary and the work force to concentrate on her health and raising children. She was in the best physical shape in her life when she left work that March. She said her ideal goals were a stay-at-home mom and to escape the commercial work force. She hoped to be the perfect mother.

We newly lived on one limiting salary. After only nine months as a new foster-adopt parents, we both experienced extensive stress. Anne's healthy physique, high spiritual focus, and emotional stability all rapidly fell apart.

She wrote in 1985 after that first Christmas (extract):

*I feel like putting my fist through a window, mutilation. Finances are creeping around. Debt is strangling me. I cannot grasp a beginning to the solution.*

*I have fear of the ovarian cyst [removed on 4/1986]. I wanted it to come out for almost a year [?? - hb]. Harry treats it like a major inconvenience, which of course it would be. What [specifically] is potentially life threatening to me? Are the [cyst-affected] hormones causing my mood swings and [eating] binges?*

*My self-worth is very low. Harry worked too hard on our [1985] newsletter [and that caused bitter arguing all day over the proposed text]. I felt belittled, insignificant, and threatened. I wish I could return to a time in my life when things were "just right" but I cannot think of when that would be.*

After ten years of marriage, this journal entry, the only one during the last half of 1985, forecast an unresolved friction that almost ended in divorce nine years later. We were an over-subscribed couple as new "in-over-our-heads" foster parents. That life change put Anne way over the edge when our parental idealism met raw wounded reality of the kids.

She kept a prayer journal during fall 1986 expressing deep fears, terrors, and anxiety. My single salary still left her feeling at risk. She struggled with both a wild preschooler son and with her own food addictions, one possibly feeding off the other. She stuffed these negative emotions with food. She joined Overeaters Anonymous and purchased two shelves worth of self-help books on that subject.

Since hospitalized multiple times recently, I was at a loss as to how the ovarian cyst did not require immediate surgery since detected the year prior. I was unaware of her binge eating starting as early as 1985. However, it eventually landed her in the Eating Disorders Unit (EDU) at Eden Hospital for bulimia and dangerous obesity in 1988.

### **Benign but Huge Ovarian Tumor**

Back in 1973, doctors removed her fist-sized right ovary with a benign cyst. In 4/1986, her left ovary had a grapefruit-size benign tumor, removed with a hysterectomy. Her mother flew out to care, but a related infection put her into Intensive Care a month later.

### First Available Insulin Pumps

After a year fighting wild unexplained swings in blood sugar levels, she started using a newly invented insulin pump in 11/1982. It allowed her to receive many little "shots" of insulin throughout the day. My health insurance balked at the high cost until her doctor flagged Anne as a "brittle diabetic". The diagnosis correctly identified the difficulty she had in maintaining sugar levels anywhere near 180 (or twice the normal sugar level).

In 1983, Anne changed to a dual microprocessor insulin-infusion pump 24 hours a day. This newer insulin pump was the size of a deck of playing cards (4"x6"x1"). She was an early adopter of this new Eugly model. The name Eugly ("You-gly" not "ugly") comes from the Greek word "Eu" for "good" and the prefix "gly" for glycemic sugar levels. She received an upgraded replacement in early 1985 due to a failure or a product recall.



Figure 76 - Travenol Eugly AS8MP Replacement, Serial 4653 – 12/1984

### Changes in Insulin Pumps after 1990

Whenever my health insurance carrier changed, that new company challenged the pump consumable supplies. That forced Anne to get a new insulin pump from another vendor. We wound up with many boxes of unused supplies for the older pumps, which we eventually donated to a company that supplied uninsured patients still using those pumps.

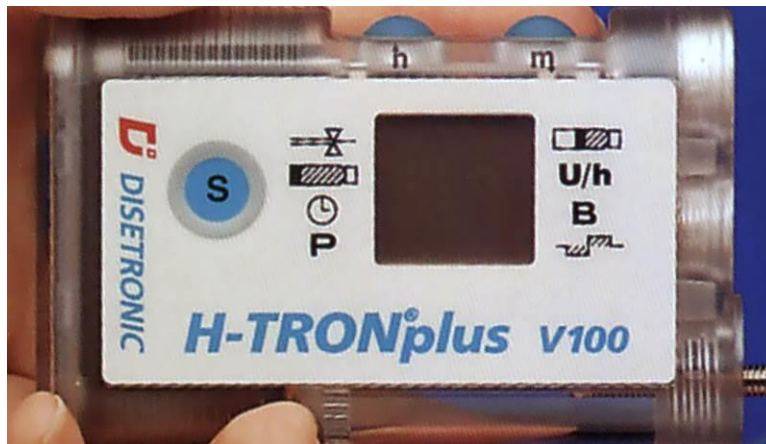


Figure 77 - Disetronic H-TRON V100 - 1993



Anne wrote an article in *Pumpers* (newsletter for the Travenol Eugly Pump).

# Pumpers™

For the User of the Insulin Infusion Pump

June 1984

Volume 2, Number 2

## The Double Bind

BY Anne R. Briley

I have come upon an old problem, with new ramifications. The old problem is a stigma directly related to a generalized lack of knowledge on the public's part on the differences between Type I and Type II diabetes. We have read articles on how diet and exercise have allowed diabetics to "go off insulin," and somehow there is a sense of reproach to those of us who remain — we must be doing something wrong.

The question is how to deal with this stigma. Education is the answer, but it is too pat an answer. I had to deal with a bias like this in my pre-pump days. What to do?

### To Know...and Understand

In June 1982, five months B.P. (Before Pump), I developed a quick but severe case of viral pneumonia for which I was hospitalized eight days. Upon my return to work, my supervisor had a friendly chat with me. He said that "others" had commented to him that if I'd only taken better care of myself, I wouldn't have been as susceptible to the pneumonia. My annual appraisal rated my attendance "adverse" because of this episode,

and I was told I'd better do something about it. I did. Now, every time I lay my eyes on a pneumonia virus, I scream and run the other way.

The second stigma comes with wearing the pump itself. I feel caught in a double bind on this one. In one sense, it is a "billboard" which states the wearer has diabetes. It's harder to pretend to the world that nothing's different about me. But another thought pre-

*(Continued on page 15)*

9

*(Continued from page 9)*

sented to me more frequently is that since I wear a pump, I must have a pretty bad case of diabetes. Well, in one sense I do.

I am insulin dependent and have absolutely no endogenous insulin. I would guess that fact gives me the status of having a case worse than, say, a diet-controlled diabetic. I take insulin and will always take insulin (unless I receive a transplant or experience some other miracle cure).

But the other part of the double bind lies solely within the insulin dependent "camp." There seems to be some sort of erroneous belief that only the worst of the Type I diabetics are placed on pumps; hence, I must be one sick little sweetie. Perhaps, this was the practice in the very beginnings of pump experimentation, but I hope there is a change of attitude now in the works. I was not a "severe" case — I was not going into shock

every other day nor slipping into ketoacidosis at the drop of a hat. But then again, severity is in the eye of the beholder. I consider myself a middle-of-the-road diabetic who wants her diabetes treated with the methods of the '80s, not the '20s.

### Back in the Swing of Things

Since getting the pump, I have lost a total of five sick days. One day was to a flu bug, a half-day to the dentist, and the rest of the time to laser surgeries that saved me from losing my right eye to retinopathy. That is a significant improvement over the three hospitalizations I experienced the year before.

I have experienced a great deal of freedom with the pump. I have the ability to come and go as I please and eat (or not eat) when I want. I no longer have drastic blood-sugar swings, and my hemo-

globin A<sub>1c</sub> has dropped from 14.6 to 8.5%. I have faith that harder work on my part will give me even better results for that test! There are signs that my retinopathy is improving since being on the pump also.

I learned the hard way that the pump is not a cure or a cure-all. I went through a short period of depression after getting the pump when I concluded it would not always keep my blood sugars in the magical 60-120 mg/dl range. I also went through a period of denying that I'd have to do any more work on my diabetes control. I'm coming to know the pump is a tool, and it is available for those who are willing to make an educated decision to use it. I am grateful I had the opportunity to make the choice.

Livermore, California

Figure 78 – The Double Bind (Pumpers v2n2 p.9&15, 6/1984)

In 2004, her diabetes hugely benefited from a state-of-the-art Medtronic Paradigm 712 insulin pump, which based dosages upon ‘carbohydrates’ rather than ‘food exchanges’. This new pump helped the doctor create a regimen of timed basal doses during each day adjusted by boluses to account for meals just eaten. Her endocrinologist used me as his second pair of eyes and a bond of dependable trust soon formed between us.

Hospitals required nurses to give insulin before a meal (whether Anne ate the meal or not) often causing emergency hypoglycemic episodes until the endocrinologist and I both protested loudly to change the protocol. He authorized me to manage her pump settings following his generic basal orders. He soon wrote an instruction sheet for hospital staff for all his patients that used insulin pumps.

Even so, we based basal calculations upon just six blood tests per day. We flew by intuition first through the doctor’s long experience and then by patterns in my weekly metrics graphed for Anne. There simply were not enough blood tests and Anne’s poor fingertips looked like target practice from an office stapler. It was common to spike as high as 600 to 800 and see lows below 80 despite our best joint efforts.



Figure 79 – Medtronic Paradigm 712 - 2004

As Anne began to decline in health, the new 722 version of the Paradigm pump arrived that most perfectly helped her immensely. The most crucial aspects were two radio transmitter features. One white transmitter “button” the size of a quarter had gold-coated wires inserted into the abdomen, which read the blood glucose every four minutes.

While we replaced the costly wires weekly to prevent infection, the sugar level curves became instantly manageable with 360 blood tests per day. This version of the pump sounded an audio alarm when the sugar level went out of a safe range in real time (versus discovered hours later after a manual finger stick blood test). A look at the data window gave the current sugar level and an arrow that trended up or down. This real-time feedback rapidly brought Anne’s sugars into a normal band with a mean of 150.

The second transmitter feature moved pump data to a “Care Link” web site using my PC. It plotted the seven overlapping daily curves for a week. These composite curves showed where a basal adjustment instituted prior to an upward (or downward) curve dramatically lowered that peak (or valley). It took just two weeks to reach a flat line.



Figure 80 – Medtronic Paradigm 722 with Transmitter - 2008

By now, I became expert at adjusting basal dosages to a near flat-line 24-hour sugar level at about 130, trivially above a normal 100. This success bordered on miraculous where our prior best was a struggle to achieve a stable sine wave between 90 and 200.

Unfortunately, this miracle device came far too late in Anne’s life and her admission into a nursing home made it impossible for me to keep on top of the limited nursing test data.

I got permission to reattach her insulin pump as a one-time test, but Anne had a dementia episode in her sleep that week, due to periodic elevated salts in her kidneys. She removed the transmitter button, wadded it up in the paper tape holding it to her tummy, and threw away what appeared to her as mere paper waste.

A thousand dollar transmitter became lost in the medical dumpster. We reverted to the former wild curve of 800 highs and dangerous emergency hypoglycemic lows. Such poor sugar control pushed her body harshly and triggered her kidney failure in 2010.

## Foster-Adoption

### A Curious Notecard

My mother celebrated my 27<sup>th</sup> birthday with a curious notecard. She subtly messaged, “Get with it kids as I don’t want to be ancient before I become a grandmother.” She knew Anne was a diabetic in which pregnancies were risky. Medical care during a pregnancy (before the invention of the insulin pump) would hospitalize her several times. Still, the notecard portrayed a normal maternal yearning to see us have children.

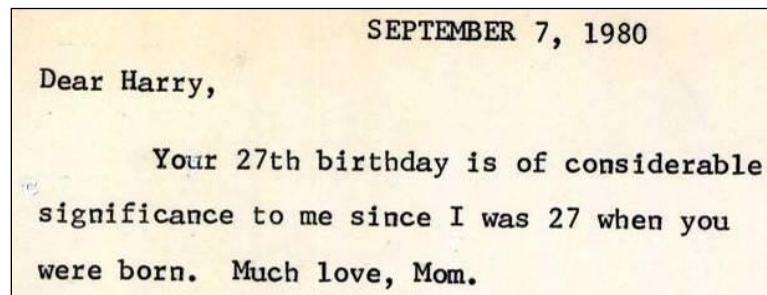


Figure 81 –Motherly Prompting – 9/7/1980

### Adoption Interviews

In 1982, Anne and I talked over books about adoption. Anne researched in earnest about adoption procedures before and after the fact. This started our five and half-year family “pregnancy” with long stretches of waiting.

I drove Sandy Taylor to Oakland to meet our respective spouses for a presentation by Children's Home Society about adoption of infants. We next heard that the Alameda County Social Services adoption agency had older children. We went with Grant and Sandy to look into general adoption. There was a three-year wait for a healthy baby.

Grant and Sandy engaged us about parenting and their lack of living the Christian life. They highly regarded the local Lutheran school, which made up for that spiritual slack.

I attended the summer Livermore Airport Show in 1982 courtesy of Grant and Sandy for five hours. Sunburned to a bright red, my exposed forehead was especially painful. We discussed why we wanted to become adoptive parents.

Alameda County Social Services assigned a caseworker to do our “home study”. During August, we rode with Grant and Sandy for three weekly sessions about the foster-adopt program. In late 9/1982, we had a three-hour adoption interview in Oakland.

We had verbal approvals after follow-up interviews from 1/1983. In late 2/1984, our adoption papers were lost. We discovered in December that the caseworker transferred to another site and forgot to leave instructions. A year of unproductive waiting left us in disbelief when we asked about the delay. Two and half years passed since procedures began in 7/1982. The wait reminded us that when God said He adopted us though Jesus, that He really wanted us. Everything got back on track for our 'pregnancy'.



### Meeting the Children

During the initial adoption interview, they asked if we would accept a child under a new program called “Foster-Adopt”. This program placed a child in an adoptive home at a point when he or she was not yet (but expected to be) legally freed for adoption. There was a small chance that the child might return to the natural parents.

Much later, they asked if we would take a bi-racial child. We said yes. They next asked if we would take a sibling pair. We agreed to the same sex. In 2/1985, our caseworker called Anne at work, “*We have two children for you: a 5 year old girl, Dawann, and her brother Anthony, age three.*” We first met the kids during a park visit.



Figure 82 - Meeting Dawann (later Karen) – 2/1985

Anne elaborated to a pen pal (4/18/2013):

*We went through adoption interviews through Alameda County because we wanted an older child. We went through foster parent training. We asked for one, but said we’d take two boys or two girls. We were offered one of each. We met the kids in a park and fell in love right away. Normally they have two or three meetings to let us decide, but the worker popped the question the next day after the kids were taken away because of newly reported abuse in foster care.*

*We never considered saying no, until at least two years after we adopted them. They said, “Give the kids time. They need to heal. They need to bond.” The trouble was they were too old to [fully] bond and James [Anthony] never did heal. He was put through some horrible abuse, physical, emotional and spiritual.*

They were lost in the Foster Care system for three years because their parents transferred from Sacramento County to Alameda County. That started the clock over which delayed their placement by a full year. A month later on 3/29/1985, Anne left both her analyst work in San Francisco and Fuller Theological Seminary studies to parent this sibling pair.

### **Termination of Parental Rights**

Both birth parents individually filed for custody. The third party was Alameda County. Foster parents could not attend hearings. This tore at us since their birth mother visited about once a month (if that often). Her rare visits disoriented the kids. We tried to be optimistic and poured much of ourselves into their jumbled pre-school lives.

Insecure upon placement, Anthony kept his tiny suitcase packed. Anne devoted that first year as a teacher at a co-op pre-school. Anthony qualified for the Head Start program, which required much of Anne's involvement. Both kids soon became adventuresome and curious. A corner turned when Anthony emptied and put away his little suitcase.

In 2/1986, Anne and I attended Superior Court in Oakland, CA for a hearing on the status of the birth parents. They let us observe but the children could not attend.

After an hour of procedural wasted time in lawyerly questions and challenges, the woman judge firmly told all three lawyers (a lawyer each for the mother, father, and county) to "*sit down and shut up*". Her stern wording took me aback.

She began asking both the mother (sitting next to her lawyer) and father (on a day pass from prison and still in the witness box) pointed questions about childcare, parental responsibilities, and their plans for jobs. The white mother, Linda, thought about getting training as a dental technician and might consider getting help for alcohol abuse. She had no idea how to hold down a job or how much it cost each month to raise a child.

The black father, Edgar, said that all childcare was the job of the mother and he had no obligation to pay any costs. The more he glibly talked, the more he dug himself into a hole. I imagined his lawyer wished his client stopped talking. While a handsome man, I remarked to Anne that he "*did not have two neurons to rub together*" to describe how unprepared he was as a husband or father. He was only a self-centered sperm donor.

The judge promptly terminated their parental rights. Both lawyers submitted appeals for consideration in about two years. First, an appeal looked for judicial errors or omissions in the original hearing. If so, the case reverted for another hearing. After the appeals process ran their course, we could sign adoption papers. We did not think of the kids as "foster". Our sole consolation was that the unsettling rare visitation rights ceased.

As the years dragged on, Dawann (nearing eight) often asked when they would see the judge for adoption. A year for an adult was a terribly long time, but it was an eternity to wait from a child's perspective. It was a two-year wait.



### **Decree of Adoption**

After five years since we began, the court denied the appeals in 7/1987 that both birth parents filed in 2/1986. The lawyer for Social Services created follow-up paperwork that stagnated for months in both the agency and court bureaucracies.

Early on 12/2/1987, all four of us went to Superior Court for the adoption hearing. We dutifully sat in the observer gallery while the clerk prepared the courtroom.

The judge in his flowing black robe appeared at his chamber door and in a formal tone beckoned us into his office. He sat us comfortably and pulled out toys from his desk for the kids. He dropped the formality saying that a judge role discouraged him when he dealt with the dark side of life. Thus, he held adoptions first thing in the morning to start his day right. He questioned each child as a kindly grandfather. He wanted to hear how specifically they felt about us. Judge Bancroft then signed our "Decree of Adoption".



**Figure 83 – Adoption Day with Judge Bancroft – 12/2/1987**

Upon adoption, we gave them both new first names and set their birth names as their middle names. That gave them the ability to swap names as needed. Dawann enthused over her “real” first name. She instantly took to Karen and disdained her former ghetto name. Anthony became James Anthony (but far preferred Anthony throughout his school days). He vacillated between both names after he left home.

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**ENDORSED  
FILED**

DEC 2 - 1987

RENE C. DAVIDSON, County Clerk  
M. Owyang, Deputy

SUPERIOR COURT OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF ALAMEDA

In the Matter of the Adoption )  
Petition of ) No. 17929  
)  
HARRY HOWARD BRILEY and ) DECREE OF ADOPTION OF  
ANNE RITTENHOUSE BRILEY, ) Karen Dawann Briley and  
) James Anthony Briley  
Adopting Parents )  
-----)

The petition of HARRY HOWARD BRILEY and ANNE RITTENHOUSE BRILEY (hereinafter "Petitioners") for the decree of this Court awarding the care, custody, and control of said minor children

...

of them, and the Court is fully satisfied that the interests and welfare of the minors will be promoted by this adoption.

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED, ADJUDGED, AND DECREED that:

The petition is granted; The minors are now the adopted children of Petitioners and shall be regarded and treated in all respects as their own lawful children; Petitioners shall sustain toward the minors, and the minors shall sustain toward Petitioners, the legal relationship of parents and children, and each shall have the rights and be subject to the duties of that relationship; and the names of the minors, sister and brother respectively, shall henceforth be KAREN DAWANN BRILEY and JAMES ANTHONY BRILEY.

Dated: December 2, 1987

RENE C. DAVIDSON  
-----  
JUDGE OF THE SUPERIOR COURT

Figure 84 - Decree of Adoption (portions) - 12/1987

### **Adopted Children (1985-1989)**

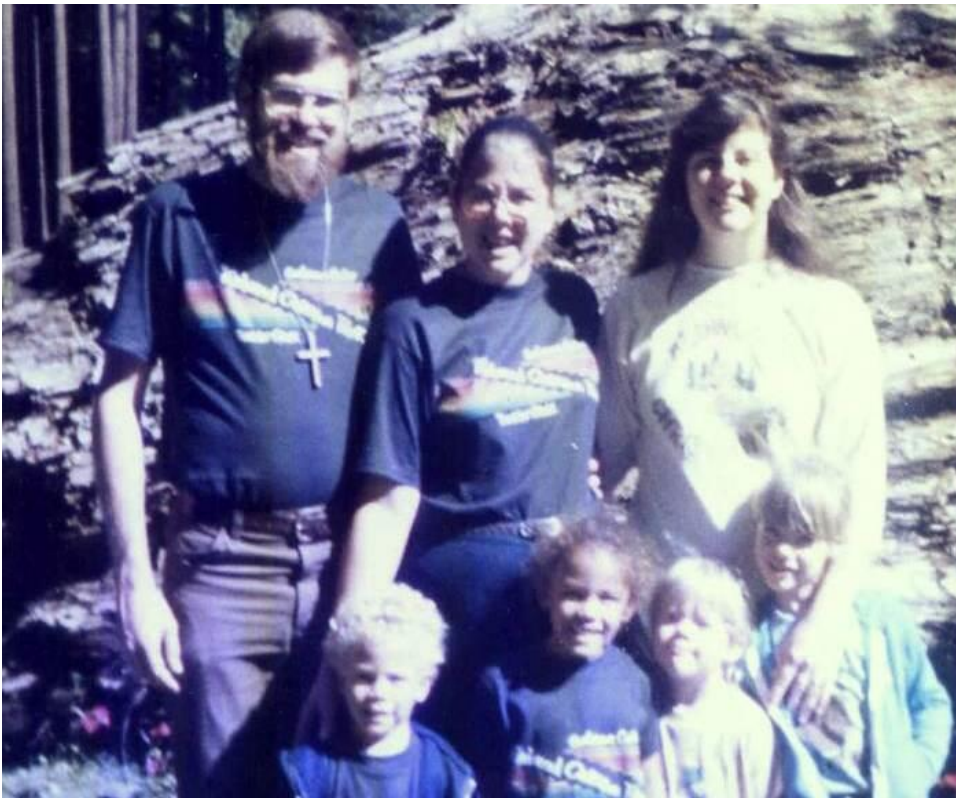
This was how we recorded the kids' early lives from 1985 through 1989 to our friends.

Anne wrote in her life summary (2008):

*We adopted our two kids, a brother-sister pair. They were 5 1/2 (girl) and 3 1/2 (boy). I found out through my [1985] research that they had probably been victims of satanic ritualistic abuse at [one] foster home that they were living.*

*They were taken out under police escort. Karen thought she was being arrested when escorted to the back of the police car. She was in an emergency shelter for two weeks before placed with us [in 3/1985]. Anthony remembered sitting naked in a circle with candles and said, "They squirted ketchup in my mouth."*

1985: A high point was June family camp at Redwood Christian Park to bond as a new family. The kids attended as our Fost-Adopt charges. Karen loved it. Anthony nearly drowned in the pool, leading us to waterproof the kids with swimming lessons.



**Figure 85 - Redwood Christian Park as a Fost-Adopt Family – 6/1985**

Dawann became a sparkly-eyed kindergartner. She had many friends and was a friend to many. Anthony loved pre-school and Romper Room on television at four. He qualified for Head Start at a pre-school at the Episcopal Church. He was a cheerful and loving child. They were both in constant motion until bedtime (and thereafter sometimes).

1986: Dawann became a first-grader that fall and showed leadership potential. She became a Brownie Girl Scout and calendar salesperson. Burlyne Wilson from Asbury Church and Anne were her Brownie leaders. We kept Anthony out of kindergarten and he progressed far better in his new preschool on East Avenue.

1987: Dawann earned several swim meet ribbons. She started second-grade and was busy with Brownies. Karen used her new name that December and ever since. Anthony played summer soccer for his ‘Grasshopper’ team and started kindergarten



Figure 86 - Raising Young Children (Geech UPS 1987)

We went on a 20-day Thanksgiving 1987 road trip to celebrate the 75th birthday of Anne’s father in Albuquerque. Her sister’s family (Susan and Dennis Blair) drove from Minneapolis. The school required each child to hand in a trip journal with a drawing and summary per day. The kids mostly resisted this daily task but showed it off with pride. Elizabeth Blair with Karen wore their Brownie uniforms for a photoshoot cranking out an Old West wanted poster with their name through their grandfather’s flatbed letterpress.


“God-cidents” during that trip included safety in heavy fog with Citizen’s Band radio guidance through Bakersfield, switched credit cards at Durango gas station, and a low battery in the snow that could not allow our headlights at night in route to Cortez, Colorado. We slowly drove by moonlight on the nearly deserted snowy highway. While I supervised the trip journals the next morning, Anne drove the 90-mile roundtrip back to Durango to get our credit card, which let me purchase a fresh car battery in Cortez.

We returned home via Mesa Verde Colorado and the Grand Canyon. We hiked down to the first rest stop on the Bright Angel Trail the day after Thanksgiving. The snow was light. I promised to return for a hike-to-the-river trip as we did in 1977. (We started that hike in 1994 but cancelled it. The snow was deeper than anticipated; the teenagers did not want to camp; and Anne slipped twice on the iced trail with her backpack.)

That 1987 trip started an ongoing scrapbook of the Southwest. It includes pages from my LLL trip in 1991 to the Navajo Nation, the aborted trip on Thanksgiving 1994, an LLL visit to Albuquerque in 2004, Anne’s last trip in 2005, and a wonderful road trip with the grandkids in 2012. On each trip, we visited dozens of ancestral pueblo sites (called prior to 2012 as Anasazi or “Ancient Ones”). That large scrapbook remains as a stand-alone heirloom instead of including that collection of trip ephemeral here in this chapter.



**\$25,000  
REWARD!**



FOR THE CAPTURE OF  
**“JACKRABBIT KAREN”  
BRILEY**

NOTORIOUS MEMBER OF THE “WILD BUNCH” GANG  
WHO ESCAPED WHILE BEING HELD FOR  
**BANK  
HOLDUP**  
IN CRIPPLE CREEK, COLORADO, LAST JULY.

THIS OUTLAW FORMERLY RODE WITH  
THE DALTONS AND YOUNGER'S GANG,  
AND IS A DANGEROUS CHARACTER.

FOR PARTICULARS, APPLY:  
U. S. MARSHAL

DENVER, COLORADO  
OCTOBER, 1891

©THE STAGECOACH PRESS

Figure 87 - Signed Pressed Poster (J. Rittenhouse 11/1987)

## Walk With Me – Glory Years

1988: Karen swam competitively that summer, coming in fourth in the breaststroke. She swam the Individual Medley and did a lovely butterfly. She worked so hard that she made it appear effortless. Her toned muscles betrayed much practice. As a third-grader, she began her final year of Brownies.

Anthony became a goalie for his summer soccer team and started first-grade. He showed potential with reading anything with printing. An advisory panel to the Livermore School District elected Anne as chair, the first from the kids' school in seven years.



**Figure 88 - Karen, Harry, and Anthony – 6/1988**

In 11/1988, we drove to Disneyland, several Los Angeles museums, San Diego Zoo, and San Diego Maritime Museum ships. We attended a large Thanksgiving dinner of my Schroeder cousins near Corona, and our kids played with sixteen second-cousins.

1989: Both Karen and Anthony became members of United States Swimming (formerly the Amateur Athletic Union). They swam in out-of-town meets and earned ribbons. Karen scored 'A' times in breaststroke to qualify for meets that were more prestigious.

Karen started fourth grade and began playing the cello. She graduated to a Junior Girl Scout. She led the pack of fourth graders in badges earned. She went to weeklong Bible summer camp by herself. Anthony, as second grader, liked drawing and became a voracious reader. He joined Cub Scouts and worked on the "Wolf" rank. Once he could read, he became expert playing computer games on our Commodore PET computer.

Anne was a co-leader to Karen's Junior Girl Scouts troop, assistant den mother for Anthony's Cub Scout den, taxi driver and swim-team mom, and continued as chair of a School District Advisory Council for Livermore.



### **Acknowledgments**

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