



The Mountain Lines

RPEA



Chapter 078

15 October 2022 Volume 1, Issue 18

I want to age like sea glass

I want to age like sea glass. Smoothed by tides, not broken. I want the currents of life to toss me around, shake me up and leave me feeling washed clean. I want my hard edges to soften as the years pass—made not weak but supple. I want to ride the waves, go with the flow, feel the impact of the surging tides rolling in and out.

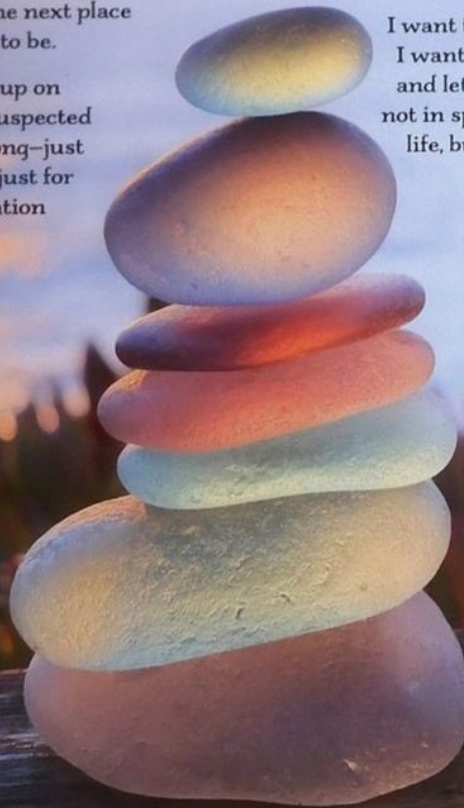
When I am thrown against the shore and caught between the rocks and a hard place, I want to rest there until I can find the strength to do what is next. Not stuck—just waiting, pondering, feeling what it feels like to pause. And when I am ready, I will catch a wave and let it carry me along to the next place that I am supposed to be.

I want to be picked up on occasion by an unsuspected soul and carried along—just for the connection, just for the sake of appreciation and wonder.

And with each encounter, new possibilities of collaboration are presented, and new ideas are born.

I want to age like sea glass so that when people see the old woman I'll become, they'll embrace all that I am. They'll marvel at my exquisite nature, hold me gently in their hands and be awed by my well-earned patina. Neither flashy nor dull, just a perfect luster. And they'll wonder, if just for a second, what it is exactly I am made of and how I got to this very here and now. And we'll both feel lucky to be in that perfectly right place at that profoundly right time.

I want to age like sea glass.
I want to enjoy the journey
and let my preciousness be,
not in spite of the impacts of
life, but because of them.



Bernadette
Noll

From the President/Legislative Chair's Desk by Evelyn Naake



Hello Chapter 78 Members, I hope you all had a nice summer and looking forward to a cool fall.

Our Chapter has enjoyed a good year. We have recently moved our meeting venue back to the Nevada City Elks Lodge on Highway 49. We met there when I first joined in 2007.

We started our post pandemic meetings in October of 2021. We learned from Jim Phelps from Habitat for Humanity about how people obtain homes. November's presentation was given by my son, Joe Naake, Outreach Director from Hospitality House, and their Development Director, Ashley Quadros, informing us of the progress their organization is making helping the homeless population in our area. In December we were entertained by one of Nevada City's Marching Presi-

dents, Teddy Roosevelt, Eric Fjeldheim in real life. Quite the history lesson! Due to a record snow storm at the end of December we had to cancel our meeting in January. In February we were entertained by Chris Enss, local author, historian and speaker with her tales of women in the old west. In

March we saw Tai Chi/Qi Gong Master, Homer Nottingham, teaching us some easy, no-stress exercises. April was our very own Nevada County Sheriff, Shannan Moon, giving us an update on the progress she and her department are making in this county. Note: her parents Jim and Eileen are members of our chapter. May brought us a wonderful presentation from Curious Forge. If you want to learn a craft of any kind, this is the place to learn and do. In June we learned about local policing from our Grass Valley Chief of Police, Alex Gammelgard. July was again time for learning. This time it was about our local Native Americans, the Nisenan. Dr. Tanis Thorne who presented has done extensive research on this tribe. August was time to learn from a local Master Gardener, Chrissy Freeman, all about plants in the drought and fire prevention around our homes. September was time for Alkali, Last of the 49ers, with his wonderful musical instruments.



October will be Steve Hitchcock teaching us about Pain Management. As you can see, we have a good reason to come out and enjoy lunch with old friends, make new friends and enjoy our speakers.

Election time for our chapter is coming soon. Please consider stepping up and becoming an officer of the Chapter. Everyone helps out with all duties required.

I hope you all have healthy and happy holidays with family and friends.

Respectfully,
Evelyn Naake, President Chapter 078

Member Profile: Pat Rose

My name is Pat Rose, and I am one of the California natives that you hear about. I was born and raised in Oakland, CA and spent my growing up years there. About 5 years after graduating from Skyline High School, I decided to move to Sonoma County, when it was a much more rural area. I enjoyed my time in that area and was happy there until I came to Nevada County to visit a high school friend who had moved here. I knew at once that I wanted to live here and six months later, on January 1st, 1983, I packed up a U-Haul and moved here.

When first moving to Sonoma County I held quite a few different jobs before I figured out what I wanted to do when I grew up. While I was living in Sebastopol, I had the opportunity to train to be a dog groomer through the State Rehabilitation Department due to my Epilepsy. I loved the grooming and eventually was able to open my own business. How many people can say that they got to go to work and play with so many different dogs? During a visit with my friend in Grass Valley I discovered that there was a dog grooming business for sale here and I was able to purchase that business before I made the move here. I felt really blessed to receive the training in a field that I loved. I ran my own business both in Sonoma County and Nevada County before having to give it up due to the back issues I developed. My business was written up twice in Herb Caen's column in the San Francisco Chronicle because of its unique name: The Artful Dogger.



While I was still doing my dog grooming, I had the opportunity to work as a volunteer with the local American Red Cross during the 49er fire. This experience would later qualify me to go to work for Nevada County in the Social Services Department as an Eligibility Worker. I stayed in that position for about 5 years before transferring to the Nevada County District Attorney/Family Support Division. I loved my work with both departments and was lucky to have found work that I liked once again. It was fulfilling to help people at both jobs with Nevada County and I count that as a real plus when I look at my work life.

Before I retired, I knew nothing about RPEA until I had someone contact me to see if I wanted to join them because of all the benefits they provide us with regarding our retirement. I like how they have kept me apprised about changes so that I can make good decisions about what is best for me to do. And now that RPEA is once again able to meet in person, they offer a great social benefit with the regular meetings and great speakers. I also get to catch up with friends I worked with at the county and learn about what they are doing in their retirement.

Since being retired I have purchased a travel trailer and love getting out in it whenever I can. In 2017 I took a six-month trip across the United States and got to see so many places that until that time I had only heard about or seen on TV. It was a wonderful experience, and I am so glad I was able to do that. Now my trips are shorter ones, usually between 5 days to 6 weeks.

I also have taken up doing genealogy when I can and have helped others I know to begin their family tree journeys. I have been trying to find out more about my great grandfather and grandmother who both came from Portugal. Because he changed his name when he came to this country, I haven't had much success with him yet. I did find out that my other great grandfather was a judge in Napa County in 1850. The challenge of finding out more information about my family could keep me busy full time.

In doing genealogy, I recently connected an 80-year-old friend, who I've known since high school, with a half-brother she never knew she had. Neither of them knew about the other even though they shared the same father. They plan to meet for the first time later this year. I was tickled to be a part of that for her.

I have moved into a Senior mobile home park and enjoy the many activities that they offer for all the residents. I play cards, participate in two putting tournaments each year, use the pool, and I am now on the Board of Directors here. I still do a little photography when I can and crochet, read, and play computer games.

I must say that retirement is wonderful after working all my adult life!!

Musings by Bob Hammill

I have twice before read this story, and it makes me think of the members of the class of '64', those who have left us, especially Jim Deeble, and it always touches me...

"One morning a teacher asked her students to list the names of the other students in the room on two sheets of paper, leaving a space between each name.

Then she told them to think of the nicest thing they could say about each of their classmates and write it down.

It took the remainder of the class period to finish their assignment, and as the students left the room, each one handed in the papers...

That Saturday, the teacher wrote down the name of each student on a separate sheet of paper, and listed what everyone else had said about that individual..

On Monday she gave each student his or her list.. Before long, the entire class was smiling. 'Really?' she heard whispered. 'I never knew that I meant anything to anyone!' and, 'I didn't know others liked me so much,' were most of the comments.

No one ever mentioned those papers in class again. She never knew if they discussed them after class or with their parents, but it didn't matter. The exercise had accomplished its purpose. The students were happy with themselves and one another. That group of students moved on.

Several years later, one of the students was killed in Viet Nam and his teacher attended the funeral of that special student. She had never seen a serviceman in a military coffin before.. He looked so handsome, so mature.

The church was packed with his friends. One by one those who loved him took a last walk by the coffin. The teacher was the last one to bless the coffin..

As she stood there, one of the soldiers who acted as pallbearer came up to her. 'Were you Mark's math teacher?' he asked. She nodded: 'yes.' Then he said: 'Mark talked about you a lot.'

After the funeral, most of Mark's former classmates went together to a luncheon. Mark's mother and father were there, obviously waiting to speak with his teacher.

'We want to show you something,' his father said, taking a wallet out of his pocket 'They found this on Mark when he was killed. We thought you might recognize it...'

Opening the billfold, he carefully removed two worn pieces of notebook paper that had obviously been taped, folded and refolded many times.. The teacher knew without looking that the papers were the ones on which she had listed all the good things each of Mark's classmates had said about him.

'Thank you so much for doing that,' Mark's mother said. 'As you can see, Mark treasured it.'

Musings by Bob Hammill

All of Mark's former classmates started to gather around. Charlie smiled rather sheepishly and said, 'I still have my list. It's in the top drawer of my desk at home.'

Chuck's wife said, 'Chuck asked me to put his in our wedding album.'

'I have mine too,' Marilyn said. 'It's in my diary'

Then Vicki, another classmate, reached into her pocketbook, took out her wallet and showed her worn and frazzled list to the group. 'I carry this with me at all times,' Vicki said and without batting an eyelash, she continued: 'I think we all saved our lists'.

That's when the teacher finally sat down and cried. She cried for Mark and for all his friends who would never see him again.

The density of people in society is so thick that we forget that life will end one day. And we don't know when that one day will be.

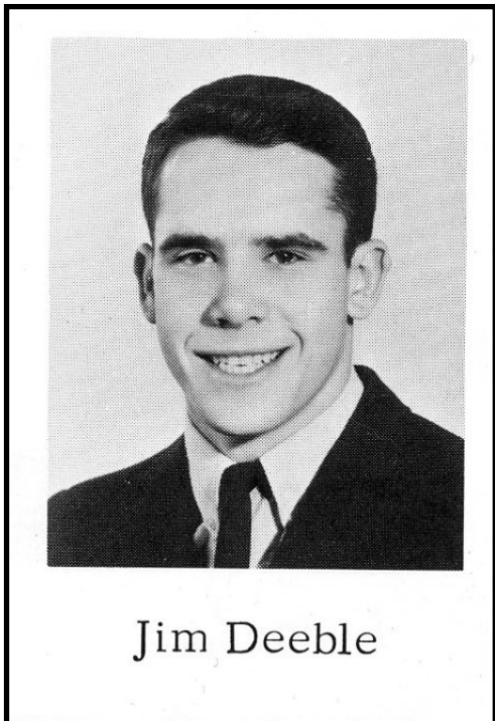
So please, tell the people you love and care for, that they are special and important. Tell them, before it is too late.

Remember, you reap what you sow.. What you put into the lives of others comes back into your own.

May Your Day Be Blessed As Special As You Are"

I have Jim's picture from our 1964 HS Yearbook. We shared a couple of classes, over our three years of high school, but we weren't close friends... In those days, there were Nevada City Students, Grass Valley Students and the rural classmates, it was very clannish that way.

In about 1970, the clannishness was wearing off and NU started a big rivalry with the Placer High Hillmen... I was a Grass Valley kid and Jim was Nevada City.

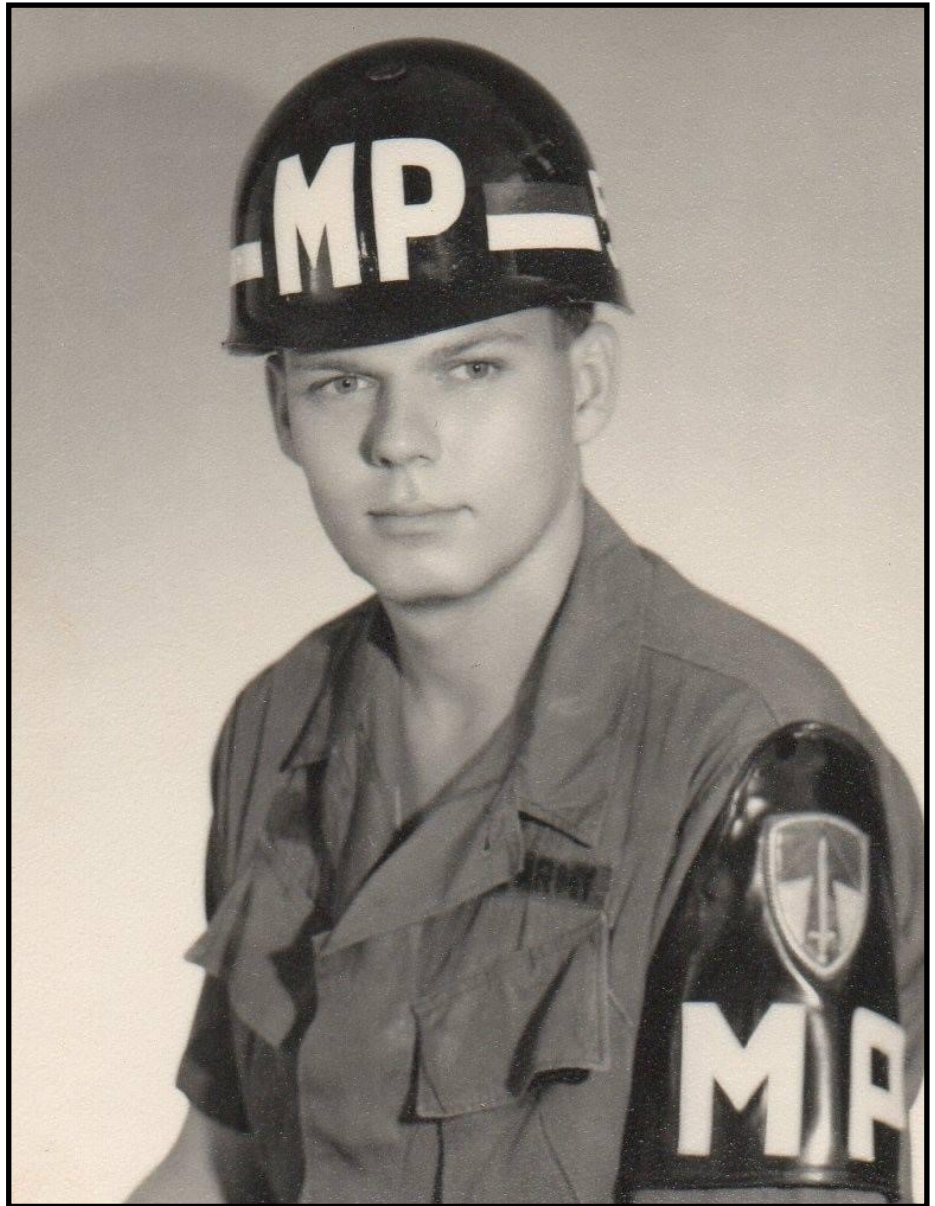


I had close friends over there, who came home and just died (maybe suicide, but their families didn't share that information). I came home, and bored everyone with my war stories, and I still do, but that's what keeps me semi-sane. I also talk about the worst of my Sheriff's Office cases. It's open season on complete strangers, "and then there was the time", etc and so on... I got you, you lingered too long and I gotcha! Like talking about the truck driver, who drove the day workers to his unit at 0'dark hundred in the morning and while his workers were being physically checked by the Vietnamese Police for contraband, he would show me his morning find while driving his workers to work. One morning, he brought the explosive end of one our 250, air dropped bombs... Now to paint the picture, this guy was two or three I.Q. points below a rock and was very southern, by his accent.

Musings by Bob Hammill

When he put the bomb, in a metal casing, on the counter, I made a quick determination and told him to get it as far from humans as he could. He put it about 20 feet away from the building and I didn't feel one bit safer. I went on to ask him where he got it, he said his headlights hit it on the side of the road near the village of Ho-Nai. I asked if he had checked for any wires leading to it and he said, no, but said he would do that, next time, telling me that was a good idea. I requested EOD (bomb and ordinance disposal) assistance and a Sargent and one or two others came to deal with it.

When they saw what it was, they were very concerned and said it had to be detonated on scene. They put heavy covers on it and detonated it. Then the Sargent started calling me an idiot for bringing unknown ordinance onto the base. It took a few minutes, to get the Sargent to understand, that I was a victim and not a culprit.



The memories of this post are just a little different than my life when I was young... I remember Roy Rogers, Gene Autry, Hopalong Cassidy, and the Lone Ranger and Tonto. I think of Howdy Doody and daily cartoons after school. We played "kick the can" at the corner of Depot Street and Biggs Avenue in the summer until it was too dark to see. Does anyone out there, remember those days, and wishing summer would never end?

I also remember dressing for Sunday School and my Sunday school handout from a Bible Story. Guess I got this post all wrong, but this is what I remember.

Mysterious dodecahedrons of the Roman Empire

The first of many dodecahedrons was unearthed almost three centuries ago, and we still don't know what they were for.



KEY TAKEAWAYS

In 1739, a strange, twelve-sided hollow object from Roman times was discovered in England. Since then, more than a hundred dodecahedrons have been unearthed, but their purpose remains unknown. The only thing we know for sure is where they were found, which points to a Gallo-Roman connection.

Some outliers notwithstanding, almost all Roman dodecahedrons were found in Britain, Gaul, and Roman

Germany.

In the first episode of Buck Rogers, the 1980s television series about an astronaut from the present marooned in the 25th century, our hero visits a museum of the future. A staff member brandishes a mid-20th-century hair dryer. “Early hand laser,” he opines.

As an observation of how common knowledge gets lost over time, it's both funny and poignant. Because our museums also stock items from the past that completely baffle the experts.

One of the strongest clues: the map.

Few are as intriguing as the hundred or so Roman dodecahedrons that we have found. We know next to nothing about these mysterious objects — so little, in fact, that the various theories about their meaning and function are themselves a source of entertainment.

One of the strongest clues we have is this map, which tells us that they were particularly popular in one corner of the Roman Empire: northern Gaul and Roman Germany.



So, what do we know?

Roman dodecahedrons — or more properly called Gallo-Roman dodecahedrons — are twelve-sided hollow objects, each side pentagonal in shape and almost always contain a hole. The outer edges generally feature rounded protrusions.

Most of the objects are made from bronze, but some are in stone and don't have holes or knobs. The dodecahedrons are often fist-sized yet can vary in height from 4 to 11 cm (about 1.5 to 4.5 in). The size of the holes also varies, from 6 to 40 mm (0.2 to 1.5 in). Two opposing holes typically are of differing sizes.

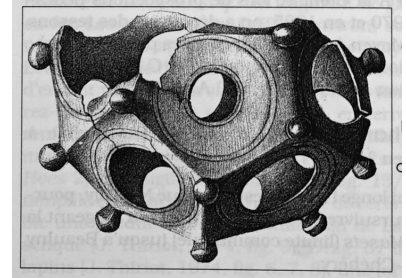
Objects of this type were unknown until the first one was found in 1739 in Aston, Hertfordshire. In all, 116 have been dug up from sites as far apart as northern England and Hungary. But most have been found in Gaul, particularly in the Rhine basin, in what is now Switzerland, eastern France, southern Germany, and the Low Countries. Some were found in coin hoards, indicating their owners considered them valuable. Most can be dated to the 2nd and 3rd century AD.

Mysterious dodecahedrons of the Roman Empire

A toy, a tool, a calendar?

No mention of the dodecahedrons from Roman times has survived. Any theory as to their function is based solely on speculation. Some suggestions:

- *A specific type of dice for a game since lost to history.*
- *A magical object, possibly from the Celtic religion. A similar small, hollow object with protrusions was recovered from Pompeii in a box with either jewelry or items for magic.*
- *A toy for children.*
- *A weight for fishing nets.*
- *The head of a chieftain's scepter.*
- *A kind of musical instrument.*
- *A tool to estimate distances and survey land, especially for military purposes.*
- *An instrument to estimate the size of and distance to objects on the battlefield for the benefit of the artillery.*
- *A device for detecting counterfeit coins.*
- *A calendar for determining the spring and autumn equinoxes and/or the optimal date for sowing wheat.*
- *A candle holder. (Wax residue was found in one or two of the objects recovered.)*
- *A connector for metal or wooden poles.*
- *A knitting tool specifically for gloves. (That would explain why no dodecahedrons were found in the warmer regions of the Empire.)*
- *A gauge to calibrate water pipes.*
- *A base for eagle standards. (Each Roman legion carried a symbolic bird on a staff into battle.)*
- *An astrological device used for fortune-telling. (Inscribed on a dodecahedron found in Geneva in 1982 were the Latin names for the 12 signs of the zodiac.)*



An Indochinese connection

The geographic spread of the dodecahedrons we know of is particular: they were all found in territories administered by Rome, inhabited by Celts. That enhances the theory that they were specific to Gallo-Roman culture, which emerged from the contact between the Celtic peoples of Gaul and their Roman conquerors.

Intriguingly, archaeologists in the 1960s have found similar objects along the Maritime Silk Road in Southeast Asia, except smaller and made of gold. They do not appear to predate the Gallo-Roman artefacts and may be evidence of Roman influence on the ancient Indochinese kingdom of Funan.

For now, and perhaps forever, the mystery of the Roman dodecahedrons remains unsolved.

The Present – June 30, 2021

<https://bigthink.com/the-present/roman-dodecahedrons/>



Memory Bank

Will Rogers, who died in a 1935 plane crash in Alaska with bush pilot Wiley Post, was one of the greatest political country/cowboy sages this country has ever known. Some of his sayings:

1. Never slap a man who's chewing tobacco.
2. Never kick a cow chip on a hot day.
3. There are two theories to arguing with a woman. Neither works.
4. Never miss a good chance to shut up.
5. Always drink upstream from the herd.
6. If you find yourself in a hole, stop digging.
7. The quickest way to double your money is to fold it and put it back into your pocket.
8. There are three kinds of men:

The ones that learn by reading. The few who learn by observation.

The rest of them have to pee on the electric fence and find out for themselves.

9. Good judgment comes from experience, and a lot of that comes from bad judgment.
10. If you're riding' ahead of the herd, take a look back every now and then to make sure it's still there.
11. Lettin' the cat outta the bag is a whole lot easier'n puttin' it back.
12. After eating an entire bull, a mountain lion felt so good he started roaring.

He kept it up until a hunter came along and shot him.

The moral: When you're full of bull, keep your mouth shut.

ABOUT GROWING OLDER...

First ~ Eventually you will reach a point when you stop lying about your age and start bragging about it.

Second ~ The older we get, the fewer things seem worth waiting in line for.

Third ~ Some people try to turn back their odometers. Not me; I want people to know 'why' I look this way. I've traveled a long way, and some of the roads weren't paved.

Fourth ~ When you are dissatisfied and would like to go back to youth, think of Algebra.

Fifth ~ You know you are getting old when everything either dries up or leaks.

Sixth ~ I don't know how I got over the hill without getting to the top.

Seventh ~ One of the many things no one tells you about aging is that it's such a nice change from being young.

Eighth ~ One must wait until evening to see how splendid the day has been.

Ninth ~ Being young is beautiful, but being old is comfortable and relaxed.

Tenth ~ Long ago, when men cursed and beat the ground with sticks, it was called witchcraft.

Today it's called golf.

And, finally ~ If you don't learn to laugh at trouble, you won't have anything to laugh at when you're old. "



Chapter 078 Notes:

SUNSHINE COMMITTEE:

Our local chapter has a Sunshine Committee. The purpose of this team is to respond to news of illnesses or deaths among our members. Carol Jordan is the chair. If you know of anyone that should be sent a get well card or of any family that should be sent a sympathy card, please get in touch with Carol. Carol can be reached by emailing rpea.chapter.78@gmail.com or call 530-470-0575.

EMAIL ADDRESSES:

Receive this newsletter in living color. We mail fewer than we email and those with email get to see the better looking chronicle. If you would like to join this group send us your email at rpea.chapter.78@gmail.com. That way we can collect your email address and save money sending the semiannual newsletter to you. You will enjoy it a lot more that way.

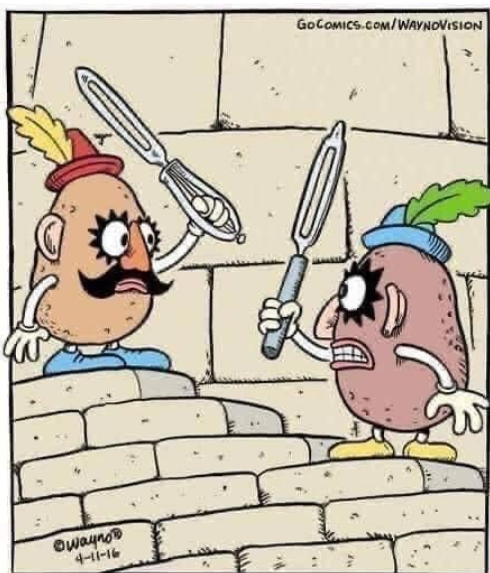
Newsletter Articles! In asking individual members for articles we are finding that there is a lot of talent in Chapter 078. Surely, out there in RPEA078-land there is more to share. To get you started...

- ☞ Interesting places to visit, foreign or domestic?
- ☞ Hobbies... gardening, clock making, poetry, bird watching?
- ☞ Joining groups on MatchUp?
- ☞ Charity work during these difficult times?

Every one of us has a story to tell. Write it to us in a letter to P.O. Box 2086, Grass Valley, 95945 or email to rpea.chapter.78@gmail.com and we can publish it in a future Newsletter.

Scholarship Account Contributions to account number, **210179**.

The Sierra College Foundation's mailing address is 5100 Sierra College Blvd., Rocklin, CA 95677. Thank you so much for your interest in contributing to Chapter 78's Scholarship Fund.



Hello, my name is Idaho Montoya.
You peeled my father. Prepare to fry.



"Taking care of people you love
is fundamental."

Bugs Bunny



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Sargeant-at-Arms: Position available.

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https://drive.google.com/open?id=1hrletvx0GsyJ76dVa9zqn3cVDvipP_uF



Chapter 078 By-Laws



Chapter 078 History



Minutes—Board Meetings



Minutes—Member Meetings



Newsletters



Scholarship Fund

**Local Chapter Luncheon and
Meeting**

Monday, October 6th at Noon

Nevada City Elks Lodge

518 CA-49, Nevada City

(530) 265-4920

Menu to be Announced

Retired Public Employees' Association
P. O. Box 2086
Grass Valley, CA 95945

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