

BEACHCOMBER

SINCE 1946



Thank You to our neighbors for utilizing their PPE and to those providing support and sustenance. Muir Beachers have made themselves available to respond to emergencies, provide informative updates, and deliver food and supplies to residents while keeping up with family and work life...and homeschooling. *Thank you for your service. – Janet Tumpich*

Supporting our Community and Beyond



Gabriel Leis and Chef Jose Matos with a delivery to health care workers.

Catch and Deliver



Skipper Andrew Cresalia landing crab aboard the fishing vessel Southside. See story page 3.

MBVFD Update

By Chris Gove, David Taylor, and Kevin Corbit

The fire department has experienced disruption in our usual activities during this very difficult time. We have suspended training exercises until such time as it is reasonable to be working in close quarters. The annual barbecue has been cancelled and our volume of calls has dropped significantly. This is a time of uncertainty for all of us in the world and in our small community.

We have acquired, securely stored and stocked our engines with the appropriate personal protective equipment (PPE). We have trained with our new PPE and reviewed the current protocols that Marin County has established for responding to COVID-19 related emergencies. We continue to maintain our equipment and ensure that our engines are in good order. As the weeks have passed it has become clear that any

Continued on page 4



Fresh Crab Delivered to MB During Coronavirus Crisis

By Paul Jeschke

The young fisherman, nose and mouth dutifully covered by a mask, reached into a tank in the trunk of his car and pulled out a feisty crab, legs clawing at the air.



Melissa Lasky picks up fresh Dungeness crab delivered to Barbara and Don Piotter's house.

"They'll calm down once you get them on ice," said Andrew Cresalia, the fisherman who pulled crab traps out of the Pacific a few hours ago. Cresalia is captain of the fishing vessel Southside. Normally he sells his catch to Bay Area restaurants but restaurant closures during the Covid-19 pandemic devastated that business. To make ends meet and keep up his boat payments, the commercial fisherman is driving to Muir Beach once a week and delivering fresh Dungeness to customers who ordered in advance.

On this Saturday morning in April the fisherman is parked in the Seacape driveway of Barbara and Don Piotter whose son, Hans, is friends with the 25-year-old. Customers can order by emailing fishingsouthside@gmail.com. He'll email back to confirm. Starting May 6, Cresalia fishes for salmon.

These aren't soggy, pre-cooked supermarket crabs. They're huge, active and rambunctious. The smart purchaser will listen carefully to Cresalia's instructions on how to get them into the pot without losing a finger to the powerful claws. Steamed or boiled, Dungeness is succulent and delicious. Longtime Northern Californians say there's nothing better than cracked crab with lemon butter, a crisp green salad and chilled white wine. Enjoy!

Inside

Fresh Crab Delivered	2, 3
Muir Beach Fire Update	2, 4
Book Review	5
Looking Forward	5
Muir Beach Holiday Arts Fair 2020	6
Pirate's Cove	6-7
History Repeats Itself	8
Quarantined	8
Dispatches from Panama, Vol. 2	9-11
From <i>The Book of Time</i>	11
The Quarantine Diaries	12-13
Take a Ride on the Muir Beach	13
A Corona Passover	14-15
At Home	15
The Critter Report	16
Massive Helping Hand for Muir Beach Family	17-19
Party of One	20
Seeking Volunteer Driver	20
Walking and Talking During Quarantine	20
Elderberries 2nd Cafe Muir	20

ON THE COVER

A Family of Mountains
Watercolor
8" x 8"
Jessica Rauh

It's a picture of a family of mountains. And includes a papa mama baby and sister. And a cloud named cloudy.

Beachcomber is a community newsletter published quarterly by and for residents, friends, family and former residents of Muir Beach. Published since 1946 (on and off), circulation 160 (more or less).

Submissions may be sent to the **Beachcomber mailbox** on mailbox row or emailed to editor@muirbeachcomber.com

Contribute your essays, poems, stories, photographs, artwork, announcements, reviews and kid stuff – anything that celebrates Muir Beach and our community. To subscribe email editor@muirbeachcomber.com.

Everything printed should be considered solely the opinion of the writer and printed in the form and condition as submitted.

Beachcomber exercises no editorial control over content or distribution, except for readability and general appearance.

Acquisitions: Anne Jeschke
Circulation/Website: Maury Ostroff
Design: Janet Tumpich
Editorial Support: Kate Somers

MBVFD Update

Continued from page 2

call we receive could involve someone who has an infection so we are practicing being vigilant while continuing to serve people in need.

A number of us participated in the UCSF COVID-19 screening study that is being conducted in Bolinas. West Marin first responders were included in the study. Funded by local donors and administered by UCSF and the Coastal Health Alliance it is an effort to ascertain the prevalence of viral infection in a rural community. In addition the study involves the collection of a blood sample to help develop improved antibody screening. We were grateful to be included and hope that our participation makes a difference to the efforts to better understand this illness. It will also allow us to have an improved understanding of who among our department may have already had a mild or asymptomatic case of infection.

We continue to receive equipment from the grant from Cal Fire that is matched by the VFA. One part of that grant permitted us to replace our twenty five year old supply line on Engine 676. Supply lines are large diameter hoses that are used to connect the engine to a fire hydrant. Engine 676 carries 800 feet of supply line to allow us to reach everywhere in the community. In addition when we are able to safely reconvene for training we will replace the rest of the structural hoses on that engine.

Since many of our calls involve local visitors and tourists, the closure of the parks has reduced the number of calls substantially. The classic MBVFD call is a broken ankle at

2PM on a weekend somewhere on the Ocean View or Lost Trail in Muir Woods. Mid afternoon is when people have hiked too far to be able to hobble out on their own. We did respond to such an event in late February and got to drive up the newly refurbished Deer Park fire road that had been washed out and impassable to our rigs for years. When we were evacuating the rather heavysset gentleman over the steep and bumpy trail on the Stokes litter he let us know that he was an amateur opera singer and began to serenade us as we were sweating and stumbling all over the place.

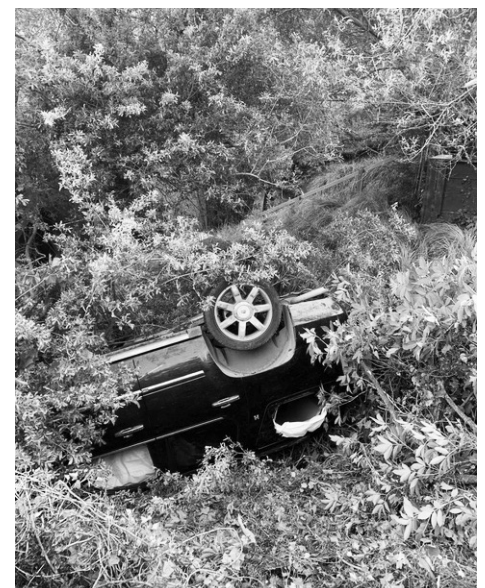
We also recently responded to an accident in which a car turning from Hwy 1 onto Seacape collided with a cyclist going downhill. He punctured a lung and the car lost a window but everyone was otherwise safe. We often temporarily store bicycles after accidents and returned his mangled bicycle to him the following day. This was the first call in which the paramedics asked about COVID exposures and marked the start of a new and daunting era. It made us all realize the level of risk that we encounter now. Dr. Taylor was removing his gloves with his teeth as he overheard the COVID screening. He has worked out another method for glove removal.

A few weeks ago several neighbors witnessed a large Cadillac SUV careening down the newly paved Sunset Way. The driver attempted a 3 point turn at the top of Cove Lane and managed to flip the car off the side of the road landing upside down and trapped. She was uninjured fortunately. No one could recall a similar type of accident at that spot.

We are all saddened by the cancellation of the annual barbecue. It is such a wonderful weekend and a great time to reconnect with our community, friends, neighbors and regular visitors from over the hill. It will also cause a shortfall in our annual fundraising of nearly \$30,000.

Another new source of funding via Measure W – a transient occupancy tax for West Marin visitors – will likely vanish for 2020 and beyond. We hope to maintain our preparedness as we begin wildfire season in a month's time and welcome any creative ideas on future fundraising activities. We would be honored if you would consider visiting muirbeachfire.com and clicking on the DONATE button.

We appreciate the efforts that everyone in the community has been making to shelter in place intelligently and safely. We are aware of how difficult this has been for everyone. We are available to assist anyone during this time please let us know what we can do to help.



BOOK REVIEW

A Collective Bargain: Unions, Organizing, and the Fight for Democracy

By Jane McAlevey

Reviewed by Gerry Pearlman

McAlevey is not alone in her condemnation of the present political leadership. Many agree that our government is failing when it comes to securing more equality for the middle and lower classes. She has her doubts about the remedies offered of “speaking truth to power”; or our legal system, with respect to recent (and future) high court decisions which promise no relief as well. Most of all it is the continuous war against labor that corporate interests have been waging and winning for a long time that is dragging our country and unions in a hopelessly downward spiral that holds no promise for the classes who need it most.

She argues convincingly that unions are one of the only institutions left today that can battle the super rich corporate class. McAlevey shows, often based on her own experience in organizing for the labor movement, that unions are making a come back. She says if we truly want to shape our future we could take heart from the examples of the “nurses in the Pennsylvania hospitals who succeeded in building a patient centered unionism, to Silicon Valley where tech workers have begun to take collective action, and to the battles waged by America’s teachers.”

Of particular interest is her analysis and description of the union’s basic weapon: the strike. She portrays the strikes in her book in great detail from devising strategies to mobilizing actions. The fact that she writes so well enlivens the discourse

and she does have her own personal experience to draw from as well. If you want to understand the inner working of a strike, the strategies, the planning, her book provides the details of the contest between labor and capital when they face each other across the bargaining table.

She has dedicated her book:

“To the brilliant people who went on strike in 2018 and 2019: the educators from West Virginia to California, the Marriott and Stop and Shop workers; the many nurses and health care workers in Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and beyond. You have helped one another, your families, your communities, and the nation, raising expectations that life can and should be better. Keep going!”

Certainly a long row to hoe ahead for unions to regain the honored position they once held. The influence of organized crime on unions still lingers (see the recent hit movie, *The Irishman*). McAlevey does not hesitate to point out the necessity of unions having to clean up their own act. But her documentation of the recent successes of labor fully described in her book is encouraging and a call to action. One of the most prominent gains for labor has taken place in Europe where workers in Germany have gained a seat at the table by virtue of the requirement that they actually sit on the corporate boards that govern their behavior. Per usual the U.S. is far behind Europe in this and in so many other respects....GNP.

Jane McAlevey received her Ph.D. from City University of N.Y., was a post doctoral fellow at Harvard Law

School; and is currently a senior policy fellow at the U.C. Berkeley’s Labor Center. Her first book *Raising Expectations (and Raising Hell): My Decade Fighting for the Labor Movement* was named the “most valuable book of 2012” by The Nation. She still keeps her trusted steed Jalapeno at the Muir Beach horse barn!

Looking Forward

By Laurie Piel

This is a rough time for many. But we are fortunate to have this beautiful corner of the world in which to shelter in place. We have hiking trails, the overlook at sunset and we are not crammed into apartment buildings sandwiched next to each other. To top it all off we have an incredible community reaching out to care for and shop for those who cannot or should not. This community loves to get together and is feeling the loss of the Elderberries Community Dinner, the Spring Open Studio & Plant Sale, Paul Smith concerts and, of course, the BBQ. I don’t know whether the Summer Solstice celebration will happen on June 20th but Freddie & the Freeloaders are ready to make music and Cuco is ready to make tacos if it’s a go. If not, and depending on when the bans are lifted, maybe it can morph into a July 4th or midsummer celebration. I hope we don’t have to wait until the Day of the Dead to all get together.

Looking forward to the Muir Beach Holiday Arts Fair in December. *See story on page 6.*

Muir Beach Holiday Arts Fair 2020

By Laurie Piel

I'm looking to the Muir Beach Holiday Arts Fair in December as being an event we can all share. I know it's early but maybe choosing something you might like to sell at the fair will offer some projects during this shelter in place moment.

The fair will be held on the first weekend in December ... December 5th & 6th. For those who don't know, the fair has three purposes. First, the profits from the bar & kitchen all go directly to the CSD as a line item specifically for community events. This money helps fund events like the summer and winter solstices, Day of the Dead, the kids Halloween Party, concerts and other events all year long. Second, it's an opportunity for our imaginative artisans to sell their creations and make some extra spending money for the holidays. Third, it's an opportunity for the community to share some time together and support our artisans. We hope everybody who participated by volunteering or selling last year will want to come back for another round and, as always, I'll be looking for new folks to join in the fun. It's a great way to meet your neighbors, find gifts for the holidays as well as the treasure you never knew you needed. Here is all of the information you will need to secure a table for this year's fair.

Dates:

Set up: Fri. Dec. 4th

Fair: Sat. Dec. 5th (10-5)

Sun. Dec. 6th (10-4)

(and then break down)

Entrants: Open to all Muir Beachers. Family members will be considered residents.

Entrance Rules: The work must be your creation. You do not have to manufacture it yourself. For example, if you make a piece of pottery you do not have to fire it yourself. You can use found objects in your art and can design the sweater but do not have to knit it yourself. This is not a juried event.

Cost: \$65/table. Two people can share a table if they don't think they have enough items to sell on their own.

Sales: Each vendor is responsible for their own means of getting paid.

Registration: By email ONLY to muirbeachartsfair@gmail.com over the 96 hour period starting 12:01am July 17th through 11:59pm July 20th. That is Friday through Monday. Please include your name, contact information (including phone number, MB address & email address), your medium and, preferably a picture (not required).

Acceptance: First come, first served basis and this year there is only 1 table available to each Muir Beach resident.

MB Organizations: Organizations that support MB such as the MBVFA, Quilters and the Garden Club are offered 1 free table. Please register.

Non-Residents Vendors: Once all Muir Beach residents have been accommodated I'll be reaching out for other vendors. We are hoping to get some of our favorite artists & jewelers from the past back as well as look for new ones. Suggestions are always welcome.

Pirate's Cove

By Steven J. Moss, 75 Sunset Way

"During negative tides you can walk along the seashore all the way from Muir Beach to Pirate's Cove," Chris said. "I did it once with my dog, when he was a pup. Had to carry him over boulders the size of haystacks."

I was smitten. Pirate's Cove is a small Marin County beach decorated with driftwood, piles of which are sometimes artfully arranged into secret sculptures by day trippers. It's accessible by a meandering up and down four-mile cliff edge hike from Muir Beach. The last 100 yards consists of a steep, often muddily ragged, trail. I've visited the cove in this manner many times. But the idea of approaching it from shore, after traversing multiple tidepools and normally submerged rock gardens, thrilled me.

Chris had given me what amounted to a lost map to pirate's treasure. I intended to use it.

I've been a dedicated tide-pooler – searching out sea creatures and hidden crevices in temporary shallow pools revealed by low tides – since I was a boy. The activity is an exhilarating adventure, with a tang of challenging discovery. It takes skill and strength to navigate slick, newly daylight, rocks, and keen eyes to spot (partially) underwater life: tiny fish, eel, anemones, crustaceans, mollusks, slugs, and the stellar species, starfish. Corpses of birds, sea lions, even whale bones might be found. There's the human detritus, not all of it pure toxic garbage: wayward buoys, polished bits of glass, salty toys from faraway lands. Everything's being revealed for the first time, at least that day, to be seen

Continued on next page

only by the eyes of the intrepid, soon to be lost again. Maybe forever.

Tides are largely shaped by the moon, with the sun also a team player. When the sun, moon, and Earth are aligned – during a new or full moon – solar and lunar influences combine to create extra-high and extra-low tides, known as spring tides. A coastal-specific average lower low tide is the zero mark. During especially negative tides, which occur only a handful of times a year, tides can be upwards of two feet below average.

The first significant negative tide near Muir Beach, a foot and a half below the mean, occurred several months after Chris' tip, at around 6:30 a.m. I woke up early that morning, stuffed a water bottle and extra sweatshirt in a knapsack, and headed to the beach in darkness. The sound of lapping waves and scent of ocean air drew me forward. Soon enough, I was clamoring across rocks, slipping on slick ones, peering into verdant sea gardens. My hands and legs became tattooed with narrow streaks of blood, happy badges of my expedition.

Crabs leapt off rocks as I approached, claws raised high in defense.

"Yo, crabs, chill, I'm not a bird here to eat you," I called out to them.

They either didn't understand or didn't believe me, continuing their twisted jumps to hide. As each new underwater world presented itself, I squatted, absorbing the wonders of the mirage-like dioramas. After a while, though, I picked up my pace, lest the tide turn before I reached my destination, trapping me with the crabs.

As I hopscotched amongst the surf slickened stones, I skirted past

towering boulders, on which clusters of cormorants or murres noisily perched. After passing two small beaches, whose mostly sandy edges provided short-term relief from rock hopping, I began to wonder if I'd almost reached my goal. Soon enough, I spied a modest-sized cove marked by a handful of offshore rock pillars. As I clambered up a jumble of boulders my progress was abruptly interrupted by a deep slash of surging seawater. I'd reached a crevasse, roughly three feet wide, the ocean perhaps ten feet below.

I studied the terrain. There was no way to skirt the fissure from above; the cliff walls were too steep. Below, the sea route would require more than foot long leaps between several rocks, all sporting wet tendrils of weedy hair on top of them, some of which were periodically submerged under the waves. I could jump across the crack, but if I failed the tumble into the water could cause injuries far more serious than a few scrapes.

I squinted my eyes toward the cove, my treasure just out of reach. Reluctantly, I turned my back on it, retracing my washed-away steps to Muir Beach.

Not long after, I encountered Chris and told him of my failure.

"Yeah," he said, rubbing his stumbly whiskers. "There's a place where you might need to jump. Not a big jump, though. Shouldn't be a problem."

I must have missed something, I thought, a plausible pathway over the crevasse, or more likely, along the seashore.

Almost a year later, with the tides predicted to go negative by a foot, this time at 8:40 in the morning, I set

out again. Despite the later hour I was alone as I strode across Muir Beach to the intertidal strip, my rocky road to Pirate's Cove. Again, the crabs greeted me, tiny claws waving with comic impotence. I passed by dense clusters of black mussels, peered at fat neon-orange starfish and flowering blue-green sea anemones, some as thick as my thigh. Pigeon guillemot squawked protectively on gigantic boulders, taking wing if I got too close.

As I scrambled up a litter of human-sized rocks, I spied a couple of people further down the coast, visitors to Pirate's Cove. I spontaneously waved towards them, with no response. I was going to make it, I thought to myself, I'm almost there!

And then I arrived at the same crevasse. Again, I studied it. There was no safe way above, below, or across. I sighed and turned back.

The repeated experience, I'm sure, was supposed to be a lesson. The treasure that I sought was the journey, the time spent with the sea and its creatures. Or the treasure was always inside me, a golden nugget of knowledge that I, and all of us, are the ocean, each a small splash of life-tumbled wave forever interconnected with one another and the Earth's eternal, infernal, abundance. Or the treasure was the realization that goals are an illusion, some never, ever, to be achieved. And that was alright.

All those things are true. But it'd still be hella cool to reach Pirate's Cove by the covert shore, to walk the small beach, study the driftwood, before heading over the coastal trail back home. Perhaps there is a way along the seashore, if picked through carefully. Next year, I'll pack a wetsuit.

History Repeats Itself

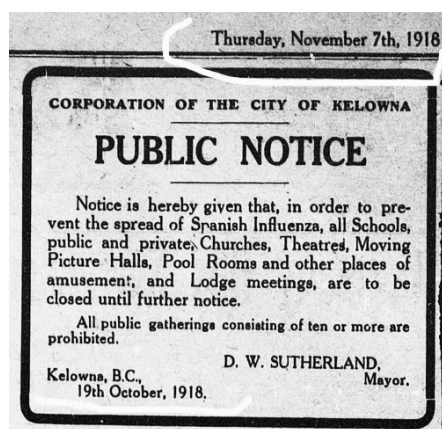
By Bob Jacobs

Historic photos. Amazing, the more things change, the more they stay the same. Notice the poem and poster, look familiar.

History repeats itself. Came across this poem written in 1869, reprinted during 1919 Pandemic.

This is Timeless...

And people stayed at home
And read books
And listened
And they rested
And did exercises
And made art and played
And learned new ways of being
And stopped and listened
More deeply
Someone meditated, someone prayed
Someone met their shadow
And people began to think differently
And people healed.
And in the absence of people who
Lived in ignorant ways
Dangerous, meaningless and heartless,
The earth also began to heal
And when the danger ended and
People found themselves
They grieved for the dead
And made new choices
And dreamed of new visions
And created new ways of living
And completely healed the earth
Just as they were healed.



Quarantined

By Michael Miller

I'm sure there are worse places to be sheltering in place than Muir Beach. Yet even though we can get our fresh air and exercise by simply walking out the door and down to the beach, I can't help feeling restrained from socializing with friends, dining out, playing golf, going to a movie and all the other things we are so used to doing without giving it a second thought. But ... thanks to quick action by our Gov we seem to be slowly but surely beginning to see a glimmer of light at the end of this very long tunnel.

I thought I saw a llama on Sunset Way the other day but assumed I was hallucinating from having been cooped up too long. I saw the llama again a couple of days later and realized I'm all right after all. I have also met a few other new neighbors on my strolls down beautified Sunset Way.

It's beginning to look like Malibu north. Men's Night was held over the internet by way of the Houseparty app. It just wasn't the same. But it's nice to know everyone is weathering the storm. We did manage to have our usual spirited discussions about sports (lack thereof) and power tools.

Reading the papers I have learned a number of things about this COVID-19 predicament we're all in. Domestic violence is up, the birth rate is expected to explode in the next 9 months, divorce rates are on the rise, and we're all either becoming good cooks or alcoholics. With that in mind it's time to pull a cork and Sip-In-Place while tuning to NETFLIX to see what the Peaky Blinders are up to.

Dispatches from Panama, Vol. 2 *By Isaac Pearlman*

Hey everyone,

Below is the latest update from Panama – warning, it’s pretty long! Sorry. Those who prefer the visual version, photos are on the Facebook and the Instagram.

It’s weird throwing a one-way long group email all about me into the Internet abyss – so please feel free to write back and tell me all about YOU. I hope all you lovely people are doing well.

Salutations,

Isaac

When I sat down a year ago to write my Fulbright proposal, it all seemed straight-forward enough. Research how sea level rise will affect Panama, the narrow strip of a country that lifted out of the seas around 3 million years ago to bridge two continents and divide an ocean. Exchange my experience working in climate change for the chance to learn from local researchers and coastal managers in Panama; and see what we could do together.

And then more than a year after I submitted my proposal, I arrived in Panama. My first and continued challenge has been confronting the ever-present obstacles inherent in communicating and building relationships in a language, society, and culture that is not my own. However due to the incredible patience and open-hearted friendship my co-workers have extended to me, the language barrier has not been as much as a barrier as I anticipated.

Which is not to say it’s been a walk in the park. I have to perpetually ask the students and faculty to clarify a puzzling word or phrase. One day the marine science department dean, upon seeing me sweat up the hill to campus stopped next to me in her car, rolled down her window, and politely asked if she could give me a boat. Seeing my evident confusion, she told me to get in the car so she could give me a ride. Another faculty member doubled over in laughter when I fell into the easy trap of simply adding an “o” to convert English to Spanish and called a toucan a “tucano”. Toucan in Spanish is actually just “tucán”. From that day on my coworker has insisted on using “tucano” when I’m around, with a glint in her eye.

The other challenges I’ve encountered have been both more prosaic, and more intractable. For one, the lack of high resolution coastal elevation data means that digitally mapping future sea level rise scenarios is impossible.

This limitation I was expecting. But I had hoped to at least find one coastal area with existing information in order to at least be able to verify/calibrate the methods we develop for local assessments in Panama. Another challenge has been my slow realization just how different the built and natural environment is here in Panama (duh): for example there can be as much as 6 meters/18+ feet (!!) difference in height between low and high tides on the Pacific coast (compared to less than 0.5 meter/1.6 feet on the Caribbean coast). The rapid and intense tropical storms mean rain can easily overwhelm drainage systems and is a frequent source of community flooding. Mangroves provide amazing natural flood and storm protection, but apparently can also drown just like wetlands due to sea level rise.

And so, after I spent the first month learning about Panama’s coastal environs, we headed out into the field to test some vulnerability assessment methods. The faculty already had existing projects and contacts in two coastal communities: Cacique, a sleepy town of about 140 people on the Caribbean coast; and Punta Chame, a sand and wind-swept peninsula holding 400 people on the Pacific coast.

* * *

It was hot when we arrived in Cacique, and there was practically no one out on the street as our group of 25 people spilled out of the bus, students chattering loudly after the two hour bus ride. After settling in Beatriz, the marine science department dean, counted off the first year students into pairs as they grabbed questionnaires and walked down the street to look for residents to survey. Some of the most valuable information on flood risk comes from the people who live in the area, those who can draw on their collective knowledge of what parts of the town have flooded in past storm events, where water collects during torrential downpours to identify the low-lying areas, and how big waves can get. This type of information is called “traditional local (or indigenous) knowledge”, and is often ignored or rejected in favor of physical data and high resolution computer models which, while much more costly, avoid the human element that is difficult to quantify in the academic research sense.

However because we talked with residents, we learned that most people don’t consider coastal flooding to be an issue at all. A few people mentioned when the tail end of

Continued on next page

Dispatches

Continued from page 9

Hurricane Otto blew through as a tropical storm in late 2016, sending surge sloshing into town. One 80-year-old respondent recalled an older coastal flood event; but in general most people reported flooding due to rains on the inland side of the community.

Then it was time to evaluate future sea level rise scenarios. As the warm, gentle Caribbean tide lapped at their feet, the students carefully marked half a meter up a homemade measuring stick, and then extended the stiff yellow surveyor's measuring tape straight out to see where the future high tide will be. Half a meter is the upper end of what is projected for 2050 in Panama, meaning in 30 years the ocean will be at the top of the improvised seawall that covers about a third of Cacique's shoreline. We then marked an additional half meter of sea level rise. Under the best case scenario for 2100, a full meter of sea level rise is the upper bound of a possible future that is dependent on rapid and profound carbon emission reductions in the next twenty years. In this increasingly unlikely scenario, the first row of Cacique's dozen or so houses and hotels perched along the water's edge will have the ocean creep into their first floor every day from a normal high tide.

The last mark was the "business as usual" sea level rise scenario, which for 2100 tops out at 2.7 meters or almost nine feet as one of the worst case scenarios. Michelle, a bright and bubbly third year student, walked inland from the shoreline carefully unfurling the yellow tape as she headed past the church and primary school where locals were playing bingo out of the hot sun. Michelle crossed the single main road in town and reached the third row of houses, an area which in total encompasses more than half of the town. Finally, she stopped – not because she reached the point in town that is 2.7 meters above the current tide line, though. Michelle stopped because the 200-foot survey tape had reached its limit.

It is an incredibly heavy feeling to witness first-hand how sea level rise due to climate change – a problem entirely created by the United States and other industrialized, highly polluting countries – will so drastically affect a small community like Cacique in the future. It may be 50 years, or 80 years, or 100 years – but at some point, Cacique as it is today will no longer exist. Without any adaptation action, Cacique will likely be half covered by the ocean perhaps in my lifetime, and waters will

continue to rise for centuries after. And all despite the fact that Cacique's residents have done absolutely nothing to contribute to global warming.

And Cacique is hardly alone. On a recent field trip with members of Panama's environmental ministry, a group of us visited three other remote coastal communities in the area already impacted by rising seas. At Playa Chiquita, broken gabions sagged into the river and people told us the first row of a half dozen houses had already been taken by the sea. At another site, the second row of houses already bore stained water marks on their walls from floods. And all because people like us a world away live a high-carbon, unsustainable lifestyle and have repeatedly failed to enact policies to control fossil fuel emission. Or worse, haven't even bothered to try.

* * *

Punta Chame revealed a major vulnerability before we even arrived: one of the highest tides of the year undermined the one road along the peninsula, leaving a portion partially slumped and battered into pieces. When we arrived in mid-November the section was cordoned off, with tides lurking mere feet below the road. When we spoke to the Gongoras, a fishing family from Chame, they told us about "aguajes" or high Pacific tides pushed into the street and houses by wind and waves. The father, Daniel, mentioned casually that in the worst flood he could remember the water had reached all the way to the health center – meaning it stretched practically a third of the way across the narrow peninsula.

On the south side of the point where the tides had created a natural berm of sand, we measured sea level rise scenarios like we did in Cacique. But this time we marked them by drawing 2050 and 2100 in large looping numbers into the sand so Jesus, a third year student who loves American football, could take aerial shots with the university's drone. When we reached the two meter sea level rise scenario we gave up, not bothering since it stretched back several hundred feet all the way to a huge beachside house under construction with a half dozen workers swarming over it.

We returned to eat lunch and hang out at Gongoras' seaside shack, which already sat behind a wall of rip-rap that blocked most of the view of the shore. I found myself chatting with one of Daniel's sons as we stood

atop the 10-foot high shoreline protection, looking over the calm water. From where we stood we could see the wrack line of seaweed and trash marking the high tide line; it was already just a few feet below the top of the wall. The younger Gongora, in his mid-twenties, noted that waves already crest the wall during winds and storms. He already knew that sea levels were rising, and how it could significantly impact his family's shoreline house. But that was at some indeterminate point in the future. Today, he perked up talking about winds and kite surfing, casually mentioning how he and his brother taught themselves from equipment they had found washed ashore by kites visiting Chame.

As the sunset spread red waves of color into the sky and sea in front of us, I thought about a study that crudely estimated the average American's lifetime emissions will result in the death or suffering of two future people due to climate change. I wondered if it would it be Daniel's kitesurfing son standing next to me that my emissions will harm in 30 or 60 years. How many of us would have to go to carbon neutral to save him and the rest of Punta Chame, which faces becoming an island, and then eventually an Atlantis?

* * *

In the coming months we'll be returning to both sites to talk to more people, collect more data, and refine and verify what we have already. Engaging the community in the vulnerability assessment process will be essential in order to collectively identify adaptation responses. Though both communities' pictures remain half-painted, it's clear that sea level rise and flooding are very likely to drastically affect their futures. The only question for Cacique, Punta Chame, and hundreds of thousands of coastal communities like them is will it happen fast and soon? Our current trajectory puts us on the pathway of breaching critical thresholds and creating abrupt climate shifts. Or will it happen slowly and gradually, eased by drastic but achievable reductions we enact and enforce? The difference in Panama between the best case scenario and the worst is about 1.5 meters. Meaning that sea levels could rise 3 feet by 2100 and increasingly slowly after, or by as much as 8.8 feet and continuing to rise unabated long after 2100. One would require careful coastal planning and adaptation, but can be overcome. The other would be devastating. Which path we choose is entirely up to us.

From *The Book of Time* by Mary Oliver

1.

I rose this morning early as usual, and went back to my desk.

But it's spring,

and the thrush is in the woods,
somewhere in the twirled branches, and he is singing.

And so, now, I am standing by the open door.

And now I am stepping down into the grass.

I am touching a few leaves.

I am noticing the way the yellow butterflies
move together, in a twinkling cloud, over the field.

And I am thinking: maybe just looking and listening
Is the real work.

5.

What secrets fly out of the earth
when I push the shovel- edge,
when I heave the dirt open?

And if there are no secrets
what is that smell that sweetness rising?

What is my name,
oh what is my name
that I may offer it back
to the beautiful world?

Have I walked
long enough
where the sea brakes raspingly
all day and all night upon the pale sand?

Have I admired sufficiently the little hurricane of the
hummingbird?

the heavy
thumb
of the blackberry?

the falling star?

Submitted by Diana Estey

The Quarantine Diaries

By Beth Nelson

On the 6th of March, 2020, I decided to self isolate. During late January and early February I had been dragging my Wall Street Journal to Little Beach, and reading out loud articles concerning covid-19 to the other winter swimmers. One article showed the Chinese building portable hospitals in 6 days. I remember giving that article to my neighbor Pete who can build almost anything because he was impressed with that news. The American papers were saying very little. I read these articles with a certain awe.

On the 15th of March, I turned 65, the very day Gavin Newsom declared all California residents over the age of 65 should shelter in place. I remember all day I kept saying to my son Tennessee, “Does that really mean me, even if I just turned 65 today? I mean, what does “over 65 mean?” I was a typical baby boomer in shock about my age. And so the quarantine began...

Here are some excerpts from my diary since the 6th of March. I hope other Muir Beachers are writing these things down. It seems unthinkable that we are not gathering for our Memorial Day Fundraiser, our beginning of summer BBQ on Little Beach, and many other things. But I am so grateful to be sheltering in place here, amongst nature and friends.

The Covid Diaries:

12 March

Amongst the social distancing, the empty shelves, and loo roll dearth, the Clorox wipes and the hoarding, the empty aisles and the feeling of what next? In that space I hear my great horned owl...a species so developed it has an extra set of eyelids to close when it grabs a skunk. He sings his “hoot hoot hoooooot” off my deck in between the rhythmic sound of the waves, like a heartbeat. The moon is still rising...believe in the natural world.

13 March

Read some poetry, mend something broken, sew on a missing button, write a beautiful letter, illustrate the envelope, be in nature, take a swim, make a list of everything you hear when you stop and listen, cook something healthy, bake some bread, paint a picture, look through photos, listen to opera, watch a film with subtitles, learn a foreign word every day, sing out loud and often, make something you’ve never made. Like blood orange peels. Strategies for coping. These are notes to myself.



13 March

Find your most lovely tablecloth, shine your silver like its thanksgiving, polish the glasses, open your finest bottle of wine, cook something extravagant, turn up your favorite music. Talk about lofty things at dinner, adventure and happy times. And when the plates are cleared, turn up the rock and roll and dance, dance dance!

16 March

Try to imagine others right now. Act like you are infected. A good starting point to humility. Don’t be a spreader, stay home.

28 March

Making signs. It’s nothing personal. We are a community of elders, children, volunteer fire department, unincorporated, strong but fragile. We simply haven’t got the resources here. So please stay at home. Shelter in place. Painting signs at Muir tonight.



Continued on next page

1 April

“America falls to pieces over jigsaw puzzles.” (article WSJ) I think we may be falling to pieces over more than just jigsaw pieces today. At 5:30 a.m. I was up and anxious. At 10:30 I was making Tassajara pancakes for Tenn and over it. There was gallows humor instead of tears, but tears feel more readily available some days. By 12:30 I made my way down to Little Beach for an ice cold swim. The wind and whitecaps were beating me up – evidence that I was alive and coping. By 2:30 I was in bed taking a nap, a Cinderella sort of sleep, hoping the prince would wake me up with a kiss and I’d live happily ever after. Instead it was beans and rice and tortillas for supper, talking of finer things, loftier things, which is necessary now, if for no other reason than for us to remain human and dreaming during this. Goodnight dear world, more precious than ever. With love, see you soon...

4 April

More bread, more laughs, more days pass which we will one day look back on as the “Days of Carbs.” Ode to pasta, ode to pizza, ode to bread baking weekly and probably feeling better than we have felt for a long time. Tenn at the baking helm today. Finding our freedom in captivity. Week five arriving. And at night before sleeping I go through all the names of those I love and have loved, Covid incantations. Be safe everyone.

Take a Ride on the Muir Beach

By Judy Colman



Muir Beach is an incredible place to live. We all know about the fabulous ocean views, the temperate climate, close proximity to a major metropolitan city, and hiking trails through the ferns and redwoods. But did you know you can actually take a ride on the Muir Beach? What I’m talking about is the California Amtrak car number 6463 named the Muir Beach.



This passenger car runs regularly (fifteen trains per day) on the Capital Corridor Line from either San Jose or Jack London Square to Sacramento. One train per day runs to Colfax in the Sierra foothills. The Capital Corridor train is easily accessed just over the San Rafael bridge from Marin County at the Richmond BART/Amtrak station. Other close stations are in Emeryville and Martinez.

Looking for a fun activity for you kids or grand kids? Take the train to Sacramento! In a relaxing 90 minutes you can breeze by all the traffic and headaches on Highway 80 on your way to our capital

city. Walk a short two blocks to Old Town. If you’re interested in a little education, the California State Railroad Museum is right on the way. Learn how trains shaped our state beginning in the 1860s. There are also many interesting shops in Old Town as well as delicious restaurants along the river. A perfect days’ adventure.

Also, look for two other train cars on Capital Corridor trains that are near and dear to Muir Beach residents. Watch for car number 6464, named the Stinson Beach and car number 8305, the Mt. Tamalpais.

A Corona Passover *By Nina Vincent*

My family is a blend of Ashkenazi Jewish, Mexican American, Mayan Indian, African American, Filipino and Caucasian. We celebrate cultural holidays rather than religious ones. Social distancing due to the Corona Virus has kept our tight knit family from seeing one another over the past month. Our time together is limited to visits on the small shiny screen of my phone or computer. These virtual visits have become the lifeline to our family connection. The first time our son 'face timed' me I watched from a distance that shrank my grandson onto my phone screen as he ran to his bedroom to show me, his Nonna, his brand new big boy bed. His two-and-a-half-year-old body sprang fearlessly up and down on the trampoline bed then hopped onto the floor to show me his beloved Space Turtle and Yosemite Bear who he then unceremoniously dropped on the floor in order that he could run to the other side of the room to show me his new lamp. Around the room, and house he ran while our oldest son graciously followed him like a camera crewman in the wild so that I might get a small bit of the joy and wonder of my grandson's endless stream of excitement.

Generally, I avoid facetime, skype, zoom and all other virtual forms of communication. I am a hold you close, love you up with hugs and kisses kind of mother, grandmother and friend. I love my people and am blessed with a family that for the most part lives within a forty-minute radius of one another. My middle son is the furthest from home, some six hours away. But Covid19 has equaled the distances

from me and my family. My sons in San Francisco and Santa Barbara are now both an impossible distance from my embrace. I have the privilege and luck to quietly contemplate the sadness of this from my home where I shelter in place with my daughter and her dad and a blessed community of friends. I am painfully aware of the suffering and illness that is wiping out entire families all over the world. I am grateful that my sons are sensible and steadfast in their determination to keep the elders in the family safe by staying away from us even when I want them here in our living room where I am able to see them without the cold blue glare between us.

Over the years our oldest son's mother and other dad (we are a family of other mothers and fathers through divorce, adoption and remarriage and a commitment to keeping family together), have brought us together to celebrate the Jewish holidays in their home. The dinner table is always set with artistic care and the spiced and marinated chicken dishes are a topic of conversation in our home long after we have licked our fingers clean. My daughter in particular adores the savory, juicy goodness of these blessed meals. We are a large tribe when gathered together, close to twenty with nephews, nieces, aunts, uncles and soon our first grandnephew. These family gatherings nourish me. They feed my soul in the deepest way. When we gather as family it is easy, fun and a reminder of what truly matters to me. It is an opportunity for me to bow in gratitude for the family I share and the privilege I enjoy.

This year wine glasses and silverware did not leave the kitchen drawers to their places on the family Passover table. This year our beloved family hosts proposed the Corona version of a social distanced gathering. This year our oldest son and grandson, the four grandparents and two aunts enjoyed a Proof Lab Parking lot Passover Party. Our son's surf shop like so many other businesses has had to close down. It is located close to the center of our various homes and is a perfect place to rendezvous for visits of all kinds. This Wednesday the gravel parking area, typically jam packed with cars and trucks and surfboard hauling vans was a desert of gravel and silence.

Our son and grandson were the first to arrive. We were next. We all worried how we would keep our sweet grandson at arms-length, six feet away from his more vulnerable grandparents. Much to our surprise, four weeks away from all humans other than his mother and father, our grandson clung to his father as if we were the plague itself. Afraid perhaps that Nonna and Grandpa, or Baba or Grandma had come to separate him from his dad, our grandson held on for dear life. As other family members arrived and respected the social distancing rules and regulations, the parking lot became our living room and games of chase and silliness ensued. My daughter and I enticed our grandson into a game of pebble basketball – using a traffic cone at a distance we began tossing gravel trying towards the small hole in the top. Soon the entire family circled around the cone and each would enter the circle,

Continued on next page

pebble in hand, dancing, strutting, tiptoeing and spinning their way into the center to dunk their stone into the cone. Then the entire family would join, arms raised chanting “you did it” as we happy danced along with our grandson. We were only a circle of eight this Passover, but we happy danced ourselves into a circle that embraced our entire tribe present and distanced. I felt each of my beloved nephews, nieces and sons there with us in the circle celebrating chicken, family and happy dancing together.

It was difficult to part ways. But as we snuggled into our shelters and sat down at separate tables to enjoy the once again savory, juicy chicken photos and videos of happy Passover meals were shared and our family gathering while different was still meaningful and connected.

At Home *By Nina Vincent*

We are the lucky ones. The Corona Virus reminds me of this each and every day. We have a home in a magnificent place where ‘sheltering in place’ means I get to actually rest in and around my home in a way I haven’t done since I worked night shifts at the homeless shelter some 30 years ago. Sheltering in place means I am able to move through my day at whatever pace I please. My bureau has been emptied and clothes I haven’t seen or touched in years have been sorted and rehomed. I am able to watch the sun rise and saunter its way across the afternoon sky on its way to sinking in surprise tones of yellow, orange, pink and purple.

The Corona Virus has been a gift to me. It has offered me the opportunity to rethink the life I lived just three weeks ago. It has invited me to notice the ways in which my being home with my 15 year old daughter from morning til night has introduced me to aspects of who she is and how she learns that I did not know before. It has made me a more connected parent. I am able to make her home cooked meals – all throughout the day. I have been baking cookies, making stews, and homemade batches of her favorite peach iced tea – I didn’t know that she liked homemade iced tea. I’m not sure she knew either. It is something we discovered together. It is trivial and yet it feels special. Together we are discovering tricks and tools to help her manage her learning differences so that the brilliance of her young mind can shine. I have seen how schedule and structure create safety and provide us both with a container that makes home schooling an adventure rather than a struggle.

I have not had this free time to be in my home for weeks at a time without the tick tock of my job’s schedule dictating just how long I have to walk the dogs, write an essay, wash the dishes, or eat my breakfast. Travel has always been my freedom song. Travel tears calendar days to shreds and like the Corona Virus turns time into a continuous thread of sunrises and sunsets with little need of knowing what day of the week it might be.

Of course, I could site all the ways Covid19 is breaking my heart,

my bank account and my family connections. I could cry buckets of tears over not being able to kiss and hug my beloved grandson or visit with our oldest son and his wife at Proof Lab or in their home in SF. I could scream with how sad I am that I had to cancel my trip to Oaxaca with Eli, or our beloved family trip to Colorado Heritage Camp with my kids. But these are temporary inconveniences that we will all survive and heal from.

For now, I will focus on the ways in which Covid19 is healing our planet and inviting us to rethink the ways in which we are negatively impacting our waters, air and soils on a daily basis. The Corona Virus has shown us how just a brief pause in our daily assaults on mother earth make significant and visible changes towards her healing. Perhaps we could create a Coveted Covid Movement and shut down all activity all over the world for a month every year, press the reset button for mother earth and our families. Perhaps the greatest gift of Covid19 is that it has given us the opportunity to reassess what really matters to us all.

We are the lucky ones. We have shelter. We have health care. We are not being held in cages away from our families and without basic needs or human rights. We have the time now to think about what kind of world we want to create and how we might make it beautiful, safe and sacred for our planet and all our brothers and sisters.

We are the lucky ones.

The Critter Report: Muir Beach Nature Challenge!

By Dave MacKenzie

In 1998, the famed biologist E.O. Wilson (“the father of biodiversity”) promoted a study of all of the life around Walden Pond. The idea was to see how many organisms, of any kind (plants, animals, bacteria, etc.) could be found in a fixed period. Wilson has been concerned about the biodiversity of the planet for many years before it became a mainstream issue, and he felt that this kind of participatory action by citizen “scientists” of all ages would help everyone see how important it is for we humans to make better decisions for the planet’s health than we have in the last 100 years or so. A similar event had been held previously by the NPS in Washington DC in 1996, where the idea of the BioBlitz was formed. The result was so positive (new species were discovered in local parks, and the event was very popular especially with school groups) that now regular BioBlitz are held annually around the world, often around Earth Day, which this year was April 22. The competition between San Francisco and Los Angeles has become especially fierce!

This year, of course, we are living in a different world; mostly a shelter in place sort of existence which makes wandering too far from home tricky if not dangerous. So, the 2020 City Nature Challenge was set up for folks to basically search for interesting life forms in their backyards (or nearby if one can walk or bike to the area). Thanks to an idea from Muir Beacher Emma Lasky, Muir Beach was added to the San Francisco “Challenge”. Emma has a degree in Biology and Environmental Studies from Bryn Mawr College, and she currently works for the Golden Gate National Parks Conservancy as a restoration technician. I was happy to help out based on my previous experience with the GGNRA BioBlitz in 2014. Not only do these events have lots of enthusiastic participants, but the experts who help with the final identifications are world-class in their fields. But this year it was not a competitive event; instead everyone joined together to find a grand worldwide total of species biodiversity. Some groups have done archeological, lichen, or even underwater BioBlitz!

A number of other Muir Beachers joined in. I learned to better use the free app iNaturalist, which not only allows you to photograph something and upload it to the event database (for expert identification or

confirmation), but it also has a pretty good artificial intelligence (AI) engine which will try to identify the life form for you. I found an interesting moth to try these tools. It was not a Cecropia Moth as I thought, but a Ceanothus Silk Moth. Wow! That wasn’t in any of my local field guides for insects, but it was a definite match. And of course it made sense, since the moth was near two large blooming Ceanothus in our yard.

By the time you read this, the results from what was found will be known, and we can publish them in the next Beachcomber.

Thanks to all of the shut-ins who studied their backyards and found something new to co-exist with as we go forward!

And if this event is popular enough, there is no reason why we could not have our own Muir Beach BioBlitz next year!

Happy Earth Day!



Ceanothus Silk Moth, Hyalophora euryalus.

Massive Helping Hand for Muir Beach Family

By Paul Jeschke

Sparked by a heartwarming heap of care and concern, and facing an almost insurmountable deadline, community volunteers furnished an empty house, stocked the kitchen with savories and essentials and wrote warm “welcome home” messages to a Muir Beach family whose lives were upended by the Corona-19 crisis. Amazingly, friends of Joelle Brown and Roly Gosling pulled off the nearly impossible feat of furnishing the nest in just two days.

While their vacant Sunset Way house was being hastily transformed into a comfortable, stylish and virus-free retreat, Joelle and Roly, two tired children in tow, dragged themselves groggily through 48 hours of mind numbing flights and five dreary airports. The family had abruptly fled the West Africa nation of Namibia just ahead of a border-closing deadline. Unless they immediately climbed aboard a State Department evacuation flight from Windhoek, Namibia, the family would be trapped indefinitely with no way back to their coastal California home.

The couple had already set in motion plans to return to Muir Beach following two years in Africa working as epidemiologists, Joelle studying HIV prevention and reproductive health and Roly concentrating on malaria elimination initiatives in South Africa. Now it was time to wrap things up and head home to the Sunset Way house they had purchased shortly before their departure to Africa two years ago.

Much of their furniture was already packed into shipping containers

for the 12 week freighter trip to California. Their work largely over, the couple took a vacation trip to Zanzibar. Joelle and Roly were relaxing on the beach when Zanzibar officials, concerned about the sudden spread of Corona-19, announced they were closing the border. Flights were immediately booked up by tourists scrambling to go home and couple just barely made the final plane out. “I was interviewed on Zanzibar TV as one of the very last people to leave,” Joelle laughed later.

Back in Namibia, the situation was far from clear. The Muir Beach couple had hard decisions to make fast. The first Covid-19 case in Namibia was reported March 14 and the government moved quickly to implement lockdowns and closures. Their previously confirmed flight back to California, still a few weeks away, was cancelled. Alternative flights were sparse and filled up quickly. Meanwhile, Joelle and Roly had closing up chores to complete. There were two cars to sell, a house to clean, last minute packing.

By the first week in April, there were just 16 Covid-19 cases in Namibia, all of them linked to tourism. With no community transmission, the couple, both highly skilled epidemiologists, felt the family was relatively safe. Namibia had learned from the Ebola contagion and appeared to have this health crisis under control. Joelle and Roly began to think that staying in Namibia might be a better alternative to returning home to a raging pandemic. Then doubts set in. By staying after their jobs officially

ended, the family’s health insurance might be invalid. With cross border travel prohibited, they’d lose access in an emergency to sophisticated medical treatment. “Not acceptable for a family with two children and husband who has asthma,” Joelle said. They conferred with UCSF colleagues in San Francisco and made the somewhat ironic decision to leave relatively safe Namibia where there were few cases and return to a United States where infected victims were shedding virus far and wide and endangering communities.

They still had to find flights, however, and a transportation solution was elusive. Seemingly available seats were booked, and connections cancelled. Finally, the U.S. Embassy called with information about the last evacuation flight out of the country. It left in a day and a half, was frighteningly expensive and had terrible connections. The Nairobi to San Francisco odyssey would take 48 hours.

The original plan had been to take eight suitcases -- two per ticketed passenger, but the evacuation flight only allowed one small bag each. As Joelle tossed aside clothing, Roly set about trying to sell their two cars and find a safe haven for their beloved dog, Frankie, a labradoodle who wouldn’t be allowed to travel with them.

The Muir Beach house had been rented during their absence but was now empty – no beds to sleep on, chairs to sit on or utensils to cook with. They were headed back to a

Continued on next page

Massive Helping Hand

Continued from page 17

house devoid of every essential. Anxious and despairing, Joelle sorted through email contacts and fired off a message to 40 Muir Beach friends and neighbors: “Subject: Evacuation – Coming to Muir Beach this week – your help needed!”

“Muir Beach friends,” Joelle wrote. “We are being evacuated from Namibia tomorrow. We will likely be in Muir Beach by this Thursday evening, if all goes well. Our house in Muir Beach (10 Sunset) is absolutely bare, and we will have two jet lagged kids (Frankie joining later). We will need to self-isolate for two weeks post travel. We are hoping that the wonderful Muir Beach community might be able to help with our repatriation. We are wondering if any of you have any spare household items that we could borrow as we build up our furnishings?”

Almost instantly, incoming email alerts sounded along Sunset and adjacent streets. Among the first to read the urgent plea, Victoria Hamilton-Rivers, CSD board member, interior decorator and fast friend of Joelle and Roly. Her house staging business was on temporary hold because of “social distancing” protocols, but in this case, it was an asset. Victoria knew she could help by utilizing furniture stored in her warehouse. Other neighbors jumped in quickly to volunteer items Joelle had itemized. “Large mattress and comforter” headed the list. Couches and chairs were needed along with pots and pans, glassware, cutlery, kettle, cleaning supplies and books and toys for Oscar, age 4, and

Phoebe, just turned 1 -- all the things that make a house a home.

“What was humbling about all this was the cry for help and the subsequent outpouring of community spirit and generosity,” Victoria said. So many people came up with items salvaged from nooks and crannies that the project threatened to spin out of control.

“People were offering stuff so thick and fast it was very hard to keep track of everything,” noted Sandor Hatvany, a computer savvy businessman. He put together a spreadsheet of requested items along with a space for donors to indicate what they were providing. “The Google Doc was just a chance to organize it all, so we didn’t end up with 10 toasters and no kettle! It could be edited by anyone; there was no central control. Everyone just piled in and offered stuff. But very soon, the challenge became finding something that hadn’t been offered already.”

Trish McCall and Gary Friedman donated a porta crib for Phoebe. Kasey Corbit brought a mattress and bedding. Laurie Brandt came through with three comforters. April Randle and Darcy and Dan Fitzpatrick donated sleeping pads and art for the barren walls. Some items had two or three backups. Kathy Johnston and Cori Valentine were at Victoria’s side to make sure everything got to the right place.

Chris Gove, John Rauh, Sandor Hatvany and Simon Littler were the muscle men who loaded furniture from Victoria’s warehouse and moved it to 10 Sunset. Kathy Johnston and Cori Valentine

worked alongside Victoria making sure everything was tasteful and coordinated.

An instant kitchen took shape with frying pans and drinking glasses from Pam and Jeff Swarts. A coffee press, kettle, mugs, plates and silverware showed up, courtesy of Joey Groneman and April Randle. Jane McAlevevy donated a toaster. Lynda Grose volunteered a teapot and Linda Lotriet and Peter Lambert provided a microwave. Joelle and Roly can watch television on Barbara Piotter’s television.

Muir Beach friends made sure there was plenty to entertain the kids. Alexis Chase and Frank Piazza brought toys, a scooter and helmets. John Lavine and Meryl Lipton pitched in with toys for Oscar and Phoebe, as did Denise Lamott and Aran Moore. Danny Hobson and the girls came loaded with a gift bag. Lotta Cole and Sandor Hatvany stocked the shelves with children’s books. “One of the nicest things,” Joelle said a couple of weeks after returning home, “was the wonderful stash of children’s books spread around the house where the kids would be surprised when they found them.”

Joelle, Roly and the children would be quarantined for two weeks, so it was essential the kitchen was well stocked. Linda Lotriet and Peter Lambert delivered a box of organic produce and bread from Green Gulch. Toni Simmons took charge of grocery shopping trips and along with Nina Vincent stocked the fridge and pantry with items like butter, oil, peanut butter, jam, eggs,

Continued on next page

Massive Helping Hand

Continued from page 18

cheese, milk and vegetables. Toni even made sure the cookie jar was full. Joe's Taco Lounge delivered a warm dinner.

Gabe Leis and Lora Gale made sure there was a generous supply of diapers on hand. Jane McAlevey turned over the keys to her car. Lynda Grose and Matt Silva offered to cover anything that was missing. Robin Terra and Tim Crosby pitched in, too.

Kathy Johnston provided cleaning supplies. Leighton Hills followed up with an ozone generator to kill any ambient virus.

"Absolutely a brilliant effort today, everyone," Victoria proclaimed. "Muir Beach residents have huge hearts and totally rock, particularly when we unite."

Nina Vincent agreed. "What happened for Joelle and Roly was nothing short of heroic and beautiful and yet another example of how community comes together for one another."

A few hours later, Joelle, Roly and the kids, "our brains a bit fried" after five flights and two days in transit, unlocked the door. One of the first things they saw was Brad Eigsti's cheery Welcome Home sign. Joelle's eyes teared as the family stepped into "a house full of warmth and love." They quickly cooked, showered, fell into bed and slept comfortably through the night.

"Our minds are blown, hearts full, eyes teary," Joelle said later. "Thank you for the most beautiful and heartwarming welcome."



Victoria and Muir Beach volunteers fully furnished every room.



Oscar, 4, and Phoebe, 1, at play in their newly furnished home.



Joelle and Roly at Little Beach pre-Covid.

Party of One



Yes, the BBQ is canceled for May, but that didn't stop Herb & Nancy Case's grandson Wesley from prepping.

Seeking Volunteer Driver

Muir Beach is served by West Marin Senior Services and during this COVID-19 outbreak it is even more important to keep our seniors safe in their homes. WMSS can refer screened and background checked caregivers from our registry, when seniors or their loved ones need support in their homes.

WMSS can also supply home delivered meals to homebound residents 60 years or older. At this time we are seeking a volunteer driver to pick up meals from our volunteer drivers in Stinson Beach and deliver the meals to Muir Beach on Fridays.

If you or someone you know is homebound due to self isolation, or the inability to drive, please call WMSS Care Manager for Stinson Beach/Bolinas/Muir Beach, Stephen Simac at 415-663-8148, ext. 110, or e-mail stephen@wmss.org to discuss meal options, caregivers, friendly visitors (telephone only at this time), and/or our medical equipment loan program.

Submitted by Amena Hajjar, wmss.org

Walking and Talking During Quarantine



Left to right: Janice Kubota, Melissa Lasky, Brenda Kohn, and Laurie Piel keep masks on and distance apart, but manage to walk and talk all the same.

Elderberries Sponsor 2nd night of Cafe Muir

The second evening of Cafe Muir entertainment was on Valentine's Day, February 14th, luckily just before the rules for isolation were established. Sponsored by Elderberries, Durand Begault was on keyboards, a visual show as well as providing romantic and exciting music. Larry Lasky was on drums, and the two together made for a memorable evening. Drinks were served and snacks provided. As is apparent in the photos, Muir Beachers loved the music provided by their talented neighbors.

