

Sketches of the Once Upon a Time

A Few Epiphanies and Other Hallmark Moments



MICHAEL J. HOLSHOUSER

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A Few Epiphanies and Other Hallmark Moments
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Pronunciation: Holtzhowzer

*All have the express written encouragement
To distribute this creation freely to any and all
Who have the eyes to see and the ears to hear
The mystery in which each and every one
Equally participates in so many ways.*

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Preface

Greetings,

For your amusement, a few epiphanies and other hallmark moments.

A PDF is available at:

Sketches of the Once Upon a Time

<http://thestillnessbeforetime.com/sketchesoftheonceuponatime.pdf>

Writing has been an enjoyable process ever since I first began toying with prose; scribbling poetry, keeping journals, corresponding with friends and acquaintances during the college daze. The philosophical/mystical/whatever-you-want-to-call-them thoughts, that have been popping into mind since 1989, have always been very out-of-the-blue spontaneous. Nothing planned or forced about them. They are being shared on the off chance that others may find them of interest, though, quite frankly, it really does not matter if no one else ever even reads them, for I am, first and foremost, my own audience. I got mine, so to speak. I played my little part. I had my share of fun. And it is, as it has ever been, up to each to discern their own, on their own. There are really no followers in this Don Quixote quest; only earnest seekers, who waylay their desires and fears and dreads, enough to discern that which is the end to doubt, the end to dueling with windmills. “Yay” if it is your fate to figure it out. “Oh well” if it is not. And “so it goes” either way, really. Ecclesiastes 1:2 is always a good reminder: “Vanity of vanities,” saith the Preacher, “Vanity of vanities. All is vanity.” Awareness can only, with great effort, regain control, regain sovereignty, from the usurper, imagination, creator of all that is time, creator of all that is space. Creator of all that is illusion, has never been anything more than illusion, will never be anything more than illusion. Only as real as the given moment.

“The Stillness Before Time” is the original work that came together in 1992, including mostly aphorisms, an essay, a newspaper question-and-answer, ten reflections, and lists of both movies and books. Though an early self-published version, long since edited and expanded, can be purchased at major booksellers, a downloadable copy is available, no charge, at the link below. There are also links to a variety of blogs of other creations by me, along with links to many writings of a similar nature, by thinkers and seers from across all times, across all geographies.

“The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim” is the second published book, and is both blogged and available as a PDF download.

The “Breadcrumbs” titles, published annually since 2015, all include the core chapters: Leftovers, Soundbites, Breadcrumbs. In the Breadcrumbs chapters, I unleash thoughts of a more personal nature than in the other two. All just to show I was ensconced in a living, breathing, relativity mundane, oftentimes foolish, mortal mind-body. An actor playing the hand that was dealt; same as everyone else, vain as everyone else. No need to sculpt me into more than I was. No need for myths, nor legends, nor fables, nor miracles, nor cult followings, nor any other fictions, any other absurdities, over to which the human mind, and all its imaginary history, has so often given itself. The Breadcrumbs chapters prove me again and again to be yet another Shakespearian player, as full of the limited and arbitrary as anyone else born into this dream of space and time. So please be sure not to shape me, or these many random thoughts, into some dogmatic absurdity. Use them as a launchpad, not an orbit.

“The Return to Wonder” blog is a compendium of aphorisms not included in the three other works: The Stillness Before Time, The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, and Breadcrumbs. It originally totaled 3,000 pages formatted in 300 ten-page chapters written since 1990-ish. A gradual editing that will likely never be completed, is changing that dynamic into something of a mishmash.

Please note that this sort of wordplay is very haphazard, way too much work to put into any order. Probably best read it in bits and pieces in the here and there. One of those open-to-any-page works. Especially well-suited for coffee shops, coffee tables, and porcelain thrones.

Also note that all writings are always subject to updates and editing, so if you are interested in the most current version – before this house of cards comes tumbling down, and the world grows large again – downloading PDF copies every once and a while might be a reasonable discipline. This applies especially to the current year of Breadcrumbs, which could well be an annual project until the last wheezing breath, though frankly, the temptation to stop writing entirely is not off the table. It is a pleasant way to pass some of the countdown remaining, but it is unlikely there is much ground that has not been wandered by this frame of reference far more than enough already. No matter how many times Sisyphus rolls the boulder up the mountain, it is more than a little doubtful the seven blind men and their true-believer followers, will ever discern, ever realize, ever embrace, the elephant in the middle of the room, without fabricating some new form of absurdity. It is the way we roll, it is the way we have always rolled, it is the way we will, far more than probably, always roll. Every species has its limitations, and we have in this mind’s eye, far-exceeded ours.

That said, if you do find these many thoughts at all worth preserving, for whatever times are ahead for this world and all its life forms, please feel free to share them with others who might also appreciate them. Else they may well swiftly slip back into the timeless oblivion from whence they came.

So it goes, either way. Like I said, I had my fun.

All the best,

M

P.S. For best viewing online, using the largest screen you have available to explore my little theme park, is suggested. Scrolling down and down on a phone screen is just not going to give you the same entrée.

P.P.S. Regarding the name Yaj Ekim ... It is just a reverse spelling of the first and middle names ... Michael Jay Holshouser ... Mike Jay ... Yaj Ekim.

P.P.P.S. Coincidentally, make of it whatever you will, or will not, Yaj is an Indian boy’s name meaning worshipper, sacrifice, another name for Shiva, a sage. And Ekim is a Turkish name for October meaning “sowing” (of seeds). All kinds of absurdity can be read into that by the many, so-inclined – none of which was in mind when the idea came to reverse the letters to my name. See P.P.S. for details.

P.P.P.P.S. Yes, I am Shiva. And so are You.

The Stillness Before Time Website

The Stillness Before Time
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner
<http://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/>

There is really only one Way.
It is without division or boundary.
It is without name or theology.
Awareness is its scripture.
Here now, its venue.
You, its witness.
Your life, the journey.

A PDF is available at:
<http://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf>

Main Blogs

The Stillness Before Time
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner
<http://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com/>

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim
<http://theponderingsofyajekim.blogspot.com/>

Breadcrumbs 2015
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
<https://breadcrumbs2015.blogspot.com/>

Breadcrumbs 2018
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
<https://breadcrumbs2018.blogspot.com/>

Breadcrumbs 2019
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
<https://breadcrumbs2019.blogspot.com/>

Breadcrumbs 2020
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
<https://breadcrumbs2020yajekim.blogspot.com/>

Breadcrumbs 2021
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
<https://breadcrumbs2021.blogspot.com/>

Breadcrumbs 2022
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
<https://breadcrumbs2022.blogspot.com/>

Breadcrumbs 2023
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
<https://breadcrumbs2023.blogspot.com/>

The Return to Wonder
Field Notes From the Unknown
<http://thereturntowonder.blogspot.com/>

Breadcrumbs: The Original Blog

Breadcrumbs: The Original Blog
https://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/2015/01/under-construction_28.html

Other Blogs by Michael

Standouts From the Return to Wonder Edit
Selections From the First Sixteen Chapters
<https://standoutsfromthereturntowonderedit.blogspot.com/>

Mystery, Mystery & More Mystery
<https://mysterymysteryandmoremystery.blogspot.com/>

Doubt, Doubt & More Doubt
<https://doubtdoubtandmoredoubt.blogspot.com/>

Science, Science & More Science
<https://yajekimscienceandmorescience.blogspot.com/>

History, History & More History
<https://historyhistoryandmorehistory.blogspot.com/>

Patterns, Patterns & More Patterns
<https://evenmorepatterns.blogspot.com/>

Imagination, Imagination & More Imagination
<https://imaginationandmoreimagination.blogspot.com/>

Reincarnation, Reincarnation & More Reincarnation
<https://reincarnationandmorereincarnation.blogspot.com/>

Possible Last Words & Epitaphs
<https://possiblelastwordsandepitaphs.blogspot.com/>

The Corollaries of Yaj Ekim
<https://corollariesyajekim.blogspot.com/>

Titles, Titles & More Titles
<https://evenmoretitles.blogspot.com/>

Imagination: The Great Usurper
<https://imaginationthegreatusurper.blogspot.com/>

Michael's Rabbit Hole
A Selection of Breadcrumbs & Other Aphorisms
<https://michaelsrabbithole.blogspot.com/>

Of the Human Journey
Along with Got God? And Ten Reflections
<https://ofthehumanjourney.blogspot.com/>

Even More
<https://theevenmoreseries.blogspot.com/>

To Be, or Not to Be
<https://thetobeornottobeseries.blogspot.com/>

Who Was the First?
<https://thewhowasthefirstseries.blogspot.com/>

The Real is Discovering
<https://therealdiscoveringseries.blogspot.com/>

The Mystery of the Mystery
<https://themysteryofthemysteryseries.blogspot.com/>

59 Moments to The Way It Is (And Is Not)
The Scribe's Guide to the Great Whatthe#\$*!?
<https://59momentstothewayitisandisnot.blogspot.com/>

A Short List of Books for the Up and Coming
Some Written Works That May Help Get the Young up to Speed
<https://listofbooksfortheupandcoming.blogspot.com/>

The Standard Ripostes
The Scribe's Go-to Responses to This and That in the Day-To-Day
<https://thestandardripostes.blogspot.com/>

Conversations
A Variety of Letters, Emails, Texts, & Sundry Odd 'n Ends
<https://conversationsyajekim.blogspot.com/>

Definitions

An Incomplete Selection of Contemplative Definitions

<https://definitionsyajekim.blogspot.com/>

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A Few Epiphanies and Other Hallmark Moments

<https://sketchesoftheonceuponatime.blogspot.com/>

My (Not Quite) Haiku

<https://mynotquitehaiku.blogspot.com/>

Once Upon a Christmas

<https://onceuponchristmas.blogspot.com/>

Ditties for the Bluegrass Pyre

<https://dittiesforthebluegrasspyre.blogspot.com/>

Spam Responses (a.k.a., WTF Is This Shit!?)

<https://spamresponsesakawtfisthisshit.blogspot.com/>

Sketches of the Once Upon a Time

Lyle

As I approached the last wisps of childhood, my best friend, Lyle Bibens, died of leukemia. He was the oldest of three adopted children by the couple at whose wedding my parents had met. Our families often spent cordial evenings together in our homes, as well as many vacations camping at Seacliff Beach on Monterey Bay along the Northern California coast. Lyle and I were bonded from the earliest memories by countless adventures whose vague memories have been fondly recalled many times in the years since.

It was my first human death.

Out alone on the lawn in front of our ranch house in Hughson about a month later, the reality of death suddenly dawned on me: I would never see Lyle again. I wept uncontrollably at the loss of relationship we had so enjoyed.

As the tears dried, without any prompting, I took from his memory the quality I most admired: His audacity to step into any situation and start conversations with strangers as we wandered about. For me, who was at that youthful time much more reserved, it was always something of a shock.

This was perhaps the first time, and certainly not the last, that an epiphany twinkling, a moment of sudden revelation or insight, clearly made itself known in the dawning of this philosophical mindset.

The First Koan

Sometime in the very way hazy long ago, cousin Debbie Hunt had a boyfriend named Teryl, who was my intro to the Buddhist slant. At some point, the three of us were hiking Mount Tamalpais in the Bay Area, and I uttered some comment about how astounding San Francisco Bay must have been before Manifest Destiny took root, and things begin their descent into the world I so decry today. Teryl's Zen-ish response was that it was really the same as it had always been. It was likely my first koan; one I am still trying to crack.

The Nightmare

Dreams have never been a high priority in this existence, But there was a recurring one that began back in the years before adolescence. One in which I felt helplessly, hopelessly, powerlessly trapped beneath a suffocating, bean-like torrent, Which only ended when I finally realized it was my spirit being conditioned by the world. It may well have been the first intuition of all that has since transpired.

Manhood

One agreeable day in high school in the junior or senior year,
While chatting casually with a small group of male peers,
it suddenly dawned on me that I needed to learn to become a man.
From that day forward I would take as my own, emulate, as I had from Lyle,
any qualities esteemed from the many as yet unknown men whose paths mine would cross.

The New Tack

I had taken three years of drafting since the freshman year of high school.
My relationship with the hundred-ish peers I had been with since kindergarten
in the small rural town of Hughson at the center of the Central Valley of California
was sociable, but relatively aloof, so sitting alone at the drafting table for hours and hours,
with the thought that I might someday become a draftsman, or even architect, was a natural fit.
The drafting room was at the west edge of the campus across from the band room in another building.
One day while working away, listening to the band practicing, I suddenly realized a deep yearning
to be more sociable, to participate with others and my future in an as yet un-articulable way.
That was my final year of drafting, and a senior year very different from anything
theretofore experienced in the first twelve years of public education,
and the first of many tacks in the voyage that fostered this.

The Epiphany Voice

The Hughson Union High School Awards Ceremony for the Class of 1972
was held out on the old football field a few days before graduation.
I was called up seven times for awards of recognition and small scholarships.
Looking out at my applauding classmates as I walked down the steps of the small stage,
the epiphany voice clearly stated in its ethereal way: “Surely, there must be more to life than this.”

Old School Daze

What pleasure I get from playing with language to the best of my moderate ability.
Thank the gods for computers, for word processing and its spelling, thesaurus, and grammar support.
It makes clear the remark the old woman made about there being so many spelling errors
back when I briefly soloed the Waterford News in the old school daze
of manual typewriters, erasable paper, and whiteout.
And real cameras and darkrooms, too.
Oh, how I so often long for that simpler time,
Where a pleasant sense of solitude and serenity reigned,
And the world with all its tangles was far away, only barely important.

Commentaries on Living

Sometime during my years at Modesto Junior College, while in the library walking through the stacks, three small hardback, pastel-colored books leaped into the awareness and drew me like a magnet.

They were the “Commentaries on Living” by Jiddu Krishnamurti, an Indian philosopher.

Checked out the first one, and though it seemed worth reading, it made me sluggish.

So, I fairly soon returned it, and a week later nonchalantly pilfered all three.

It would not be until I had entered the working world a few years later that I was finally able to read them without drifting off into drowse mode.

It was the beginning of a lifetime of quixotic exploration, both inner and outer.

Finally, ten or twenty or whatever years later, in a pang of rarely felt compunction, I bought the paperback versions and dropped all three into the sidewalk book return box.

Rest assured that it was a move bemoaned many times since.

Wondering if they are still there ...

That Voice

I was driving west into the late afternoon sun on my Honda CB350F motorcycle.

It had been a long day with a girlfriend in La Grange where she lived with mother and son. There were two winding ways to get to Waterford where I lived in a trailer over twenty miles away.

As I came to the deciding fork, the epiphany voice in my weary head clearly said:

“if you go this way, you will be in an accident.”

Sure enough, as I came to a corner on Lake Road somewhere east of Turlock Lake, Fatigue caused me to brake badly and start fishtailing toward some ugly-looking barbed-wire. It was take it down and risk the asphalt, or tack on and find out what piercing rusty metal could do.

I chose the former and carry the reminders to this day.

Moral of the story: Do not ignore that voice.

What Happened to You?

Many mothers incline to filter their grown-up sons as the ten-year-olds they so long ago were. How often have we heard ones with mass murderers on death row tearfully declaring their innocence? After returning from my odyssey, mine became increasingly aware that I was no longer her little boy.

One day, out of some blue, she exclaimed about the man I had become, “What happened to you!?”

“Life,” was my answer.

The Fearful Body

Russ Kalen was one of the more than a few chiropractors through the years who spent many sessions trying to put my Humpty-Dumpty body back together again. I recall him one day stating as he popped something back into place that it would not long stay:

“Mike, I think your body is afraid of you.”

Sure Smells Like Cookies

The first seven years of my childhood
were spent in a newly-built G.I. Bill three-bedroom home
on East Pine Street, at the time a twelve-house cul-de-sac in Hughson, California.
There is little to tell of the early years before moving to the 30-acre peach ranch on Hatch Road,
but two anecdotes are standouts, shared years later by Betty Goesch, a neighbor at the corner of 7th and Pine.
The first is that at some point I wandered the block, and turned on who know how many water faucets.
The second was that my mother would take me down to Betty's for a morning coffee klatch.
Betty always brought out cookies and milk, and I must have been somewhat vocal
about shamelessly asking for them before they were courteously offered,
because Betty says my mother told me I should not ask any more.
My response, according to Betty, was to enter her home,
take a whiff, and announce that it "sure smells like cookies."
Nothing remarkable, nothing extraordinary, but mildly amusing that the
rascal-rogue-cad-rake-blackguard-scalawag-scoundrel-reprobate-ne'er-do-well nature,
was more than a little evident at such an early and supposedly, purportedly, ostensibly, innocent age.

The Town Crier

Have since those so-long-ago college years, had a penchant for being a town crier of sorts.
A handful of Circle K Club newsletters during the last year of college,
The Waterford News a year or two out of college,
yearbooks for the Oak Grove and Reyn Franca Schools,
and newsletters for foster families while at Creative Alternatives.

The I That I Dream

The I that I dream came into existence in Hughson
in Stanislaus County in California in the United States of America.
Specifically, 37°36'11"N 120°52'1"W of this our Gaia, speck in the Cosmos that it is.
This mind-body is male, Caucasian, American English-speaking, with an all-rounder set of abilities.
It was raised on a small peach farm by decent parents a mile outside a decent rural town.
It was given a generic education that ended with a generic business degree,
followed up a decade later with a generic teaching credential.
It worked a wide variety of occupations in a wide variety of geographies.
It interacted with a wide variety of people and participated in a wide variety of experiences.
At age 36, it began what would evolve into a substantial body of written work.
What a remarkable thing the happenstance of being conceived.
What a remarkable thing all the happenstances that happen along the way.
And as for having free will, well, some claim it true, but these eyes see it a dubious assumption.

The Historian

A history teacher in college one day out of the blue pointed to a few of us and said,
“You are a historian ... You are a historian ... You are a historian ... You are a historian ... “
At the time it meant nothing – zipped past the youthful head of innocence, so to speak –
but in the years since, the realization of what he meant has taken unforeseen wings.

Appellations

Appellations by which I may be known,
or much more likely unknown:
Michael Jay Holshouser
Michael J. Holshouser
M. J. Holshouser
M. Holshouser
J. Holshouser
Jay Holshouser
Mike Holshouser
The solo initial: M
The nickname: Holtz
All three initials: M.J.H.
Mike Jay reversed: Yaj Ekim
And an infrequent nom de plume
Using a blend of ancestral favorites:
Andrew James Kurtz, a.k.a., Drew Kurtz

The Button

Sometime back in the early years after college,
as awareness of the world and all its horrors grew daily greater,
I told my mother that if I had a button I could push to wipe away all of humankind,
and give this spinning orb back to all our fellow earthlings, I would push it without a second thought.
But, other than mutually assured nuclear annihilation, there is no button of that sort,
and so, instead, a life of contemplation, and perhaps one day, suicide.
Much simpler to die to the world than push any button,
and that is certainly no simple task, either.

The Special Executive

My sixth grade James Bondian spy organization when I was wearing glasses:
SPECS: The Special Executive for Espionage, Counterintelligence, and Spies.

The Bad Penny

“The Bad Penny,” Lee Hoffmann used to call me. Why, I’ll never tell.

Definitive v. Tentative

Glynda Lee thought the title should be “A Stillness Before Time,” but a more definitive “The” has always sounded better to me.

These Many Thoughts

These many thoughts are left for humankind’s unfolding reverie,
written by a witness, a seer, who was born in 1953 A.D.
to what duration he cannot at this writing say.
Geographically, it was called Northern California
during the agricultural-industrial-technological epoch
of the United States of America, a nation-state
in what seemed the zenith and early decline
of civilization as he elected to perceive it.
But history knows many such epochs,
so the accuracy of all predictions in time
is for future scholars to ponder and pontificate,
as they always have, and undoubtedly, always will.

On Solving Problems

Unlike other interviewees during their initial career quest,
who ardently, breathlessly, mindlessly asserted they “loved” problems,
my youthful comeback was likely more to the point: “I absolutely hate problems.”
“So much so that I quash them as soon as they appear on any horizon.”
Who got the job? Well, I have had many, and abided most
for as long as they were tolerably amusing.

The Solitary Existence

The domesticated existence was nothing I ever much cared to do for any great length of time.
Playing house, raising children, living in debt, mowing lawns, dealing with rat dogs,
giving up solitude, missing out on adventures, becoming a couch potato,
trying to please anyone but my Self, held no lasting appeal.

The True Cathedral

To all Christians and other faithful true believers:
While you have paid out ten percent of your hard-earned treasury
to sit in hard wooden pews, listen to mind-numbing sermons, and sing tedious hymns,
pretending to love people you loathe, fearing a deity who is but an invention of irrational imagination,
idolizing a martyr long dead that you might well detest if he were to actually show up,
I have spent many a Sunday sunrise enjoying long, contemplative wanders,
breathing in and breathing out the one and only true cathedral.

Without History

“Without history, we are nothing,” a Merritt Hulst long ago said.
And now, I would say to him, “Even with history, we are nothing.”

The Miscalculated Wave

These many thoughts began bubbling out in 1989
After a head and neck injury invoked by a miscalculated wave
While boogie boarding with my fifth-sixth grade class in Southern Kaliforny.
It was the finale of a short teaching phase, and the entrée to an assortment of switchbacks,
In the ever-kaleiscoping wanderfest of imagination, in work and recreation and every other whatever,
That has materialized all this whimsical chitter-chatter into this quantum playground.
It has been my way to allow spontaneity to fashion this destiny.

One Boss in the Field

“There can only be one boss in the field,” I remember my father muttering under his breath,
After settling a wrangle with a crew contractor during the peak some long ago peach harvest.

How It Started

After an until-mid-30's adulthood of wandering about in every way life offered, words started coming to mind in 1989, while finishing up the second and last year of teaching fifth-sixth grade at Oak Grove School in Ojai, California. The Stillness Before Time is a random selection of aphorisms, that a book agent in Chico during the early-90's writing period, suggested I put together from the first 300-ish pages that had been transcribed at that point in time. It could have been an entirely different book. See Standouts from the Return to Wonder to get a sense of the different choices that might have been made, or added, if it had been made a longer work.

And Then There Was the Time ...

I followed a dog across the fields of the small-town high school behind our house.
The old woman who owned the wandering canine called the sheriff.
All I recall is the front door opening to a sea of legs.

* * * *

I suddenly realized my mother could never make all the owies go away.

* * * *

Eighth grade homeroom teacher, Ruth Rollins, was reading aloud, as she did every day after lunch.
That day it was Robert Heinlein's *Tunnel in the Sky*, with a plot I cannot now even vaguely remember.
And I, in the front row right in front of her, was reading a copy I had found in the school library.
At first there seemed to be a bit of irritation as she became aware of my early mischievousness,
but then, realizing I had become a reader, she half-smiled with that twinkle in her eyes.
Something for which, during this most magical dream, I have ever been grateful,
and years later was fortunate to be able to thank her at birthday party for her sister.

* * * *

I was meditatively wandering a budding almond orchard during a lunch break,
and suddenly, perception for the first time transformed into the indescribable state.

* * * *

I fell asleep while on walkabout in the nearby hills of La Grange, California,
and awoke inwardly asserting, "I've got it," to what can only be described as a presence.
Got what, it took years to discover, over and over and over again.

* * * *

Blane Franca, friend and boss, called me a machine compared to other co-workers.

* * * *

I was hitchhiking around Europe for a few months,
and while staying with a family in South Wales in the United Kingdom,
I one night awoke with the thought that my father back in California needed to talk to me.
After tossing and turning for a bit, with no let-up on the recurring thought,
I finally got up, called collect, and sure enough, it was true.
Dad had been 'beaming' for me to call,
To see if it might work.

* * * *

I was on an outing to a Southern California beach with my fifth-sixth grade class
from the Oak Grove School in Ojai, where the second year of teaching was nearing its end.
I had never bodyboarded before, and was not at all prepared for the wave that used the board as a sail
to quickly slam me headfirst into the smooth sand beneath the crashing turbulence,
and forever altered whatever direction life had thus-far offered.
It was precursor to all these many thoughts.

* * * *

Selena Mitchell wondered aloud what I might have been doing when this or that aphorism spontaneously bubbled into consciousness. “Who knows?” was my tardy quip to that long-ago Chico dinner party moment. “They just keep on coming and coming, and I diligently tag them with neither time nor place nor anecdote.”
Circa Y2K will have to do.

From a Back-and-Forth with Chris Bava

Never met U.G. Krishnamurti, but did read a couple of his books toward the end of my stay teaching at J. Krishnamurti's Oak Grove School in Ojai back in the late 80's. Definitely one of the many wake up callers. I'd read and listened to J. Krishnamurti for years, but he was dead by the time I got a teaching credential, and going down there was less about him than playing out the teaching game in an interesting environment. Oak Grove was a pleasant experience, but after two years I was done with both it and teaching. Moved up to Chico for a decade, over to Arcata for eight months at Humboldt State, and then back to Creative Alternatives in Stanislaus County.

From a Back-And-Forth with Len Howard

Along with a moderate ABC education in small rural town Hughson, California, you can also thank Roland Russell for nonchalantly suggesting in early already mind-shaking college: “Mike, why don't you write poetry; it's kind of fun.” There was also a brief stint running the Waterford News early out of college, where I quickly learned to always have pen and paper and camera at hand as I wandered through the small-town metropolis and surrounding countryside searching for newsworthy fare. As for any brilliance, it seems to be more about being something of a receiving unit with the discipline to write down most the things that come to mind, along with a certain knack for word association, coupled nicely with an adroitness with word processing, greatly aided by the spellcheck and thesaurus functions. As to whether what I've written will ever be well known, or make any real difference in the future of humankind or the welfare of the planet and all our fellow earthlings, I have many doubts and no time machine. A little too late to make the difference I would be seeking, anyway. I'm afraid we are a little too whacked out at this stage of the game to turn the Titanic a less toxic direction. So, I have come to consider it an enjoyable diversion that fills some of the existential reverie, and am content that a few people in the here and there like yourself find it interesting.

Random Babble

All this random babble has been scribed since leaving a teaching job in Ojai in 1989. Apologies for all the repetition, but it has been more a journal of whatever sprang into mind, than any kind of cohesive narrative, or cohesive anything, for that or any other matter.

Basically, it all boils down to this fact: You are the indivisible, timeless mystery, and for all practical and impractical purposes, you are on you own.
Rotsa ruck, best wishes, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera.

Breadcrumbs: Life Resume

<http://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/2015/01/under-construction.html>

Michael J. Holshouser

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Modesto, California 95355-5213

(209) 416-7193

mjholshouser@gmail.com

The Stillness Before Time
<http://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com>

EDUCATION

Cultural Language Acquisition Development Certificate
Humboldt State University, Arcata

Multiple Subject and Single Subject Social Studies Credentials
University of Pacific, Stockton

Bachelor of Science, Business Administration
California State University, Chico

Associate of Arts, Business
Modesto Junior College

TIMELINE

Turlock - Retired April 1, 2011

Aimless wandering and any general puttering that comes to mind in whatever time is left In the magical mystery tour for this aging sack of flesh and bones.

Turlock - 2000 to 2011

Employee & Foster Care Training Coordinator and RFS Student Transportation –
Residential Care, Foster Family Agency & Reyn Franca School, Creative Alternatives, Turlock and
Denair

RFS Coordinator – Reyn Franca School, Denair

FFA Coordinator – Foster Family Certification and Training, Turlock

Administrative Assistant – Creative Alternatives, Turlock –
Foster Parent and Employee Training, FirstAid/CPR Instructor, Advertising, Interim Human
Resources Coordinator, Transportation Coordinator, ITFC Program Coordinator, Notary Public,
Graphic Arts, Grace Bishop Scholarship Chairman, Christmas Party and Silent Auction Chairman,
Special Projects Coordinator
Instructional Aide – Reyn Franca School, Creative Alternatives, Denair
Child Care Worker – Residential Care Homes, Creative Alternatives, Turlock
Technical Support – Sandpiper Technologies, Manteca

Chico - 1990 to 1999

Express Coordinator, Machine Operator, Copy Consultant – Kinko's
Sales, Craft Fair Coordinator – Meraz & Associates
Barista – Starbucks
Security – Grass Valley World Music Festival - Maple Creek Presents
Taxi Driver, Dispatcher – Eagle Taxi
Sales – Christensen Designs, Manteca
Author, Publisher, Website Design – "The Stillness Before Time"
ATM Technician – Wells Fargo Armored Service Corporation
House Restoration – 1111 Oleander Avenue – Lee Hoffmann
Security – Chico World Music Festival - Maple Creek Presents
Security – Shakespeare in the Park - Maple Creek Presents
Clam Shucker, Dishwasher – Annual Bravo Opera Ball - Zephyrs
Auction Aid – Public Estate Auction – Mansfield Auctioneers
Operations, Teacher, Partner – Residential Care – Chico Hedway Programs
Sales, Ferry Harvest Farmers Market – Mountain Fruit Company
Social Security Administration Payee – Patrick Dauwalder
Sales, Stock, Custodial, Inventory – Sierra Stationers
K-12 Substitute Teacher – Butte and Tehama County Schools

Ojai - 1988 to 1990

Morning Bread Baker – Ranch House Restaurant
Housesitting/Caretaking – Various Ojai Homes
Fifth-Sixth Grade Teacher – Oak Grove School
Summer School Director, Bus Driver, Yearbook Advisor, Options Instructor,
Drama Lighting Director – Oak Grove School
Waiter, Host – Franky's Restaurant, Ventura
Arts and Crafts, Trail Riding, Counselor – Gold Arrow Camp, Huntington Lake

Hughson - 1983 to 1988

Fifth Grade Teacher – Hughson Elementary School District
Child Care Worker – Creative Alternatives, Turlock
Assistant Social Worker, Foster Home Program – Creative Alternatives
Photographer – Weddings, Special Events, Portraits – Self-employed
K-12 Substitute Teacher – Stanislaus County Schools
Forklift Operator – Martella Walnut Huller

Publisher, Sales, Layout – La Grange Rodeo Program
Animal Trail Naturalist – Old Oak Ranch, Columbia
Word Processing Instructor – Alpha Com
Editor, Columnist, Photographer, Sales, Layout – Hughson Chronicle
Children's Program – Strawberry Bluegrass Festival, Yosemite
Teaching Aide – Modesto Montessori School
Hired Hand – Roen Ranch Right Fork Cattle Company, Waterford

Los Gatos – 1982

Consultant – California Commission on Violence Prevention, San Jose
Sales – Chanticleer Children's Bookstore

Waterford - 1980 to 1982

K-12 Substitute Teacher – Stanislaus County Schools
Forklift Driver – Martella Walnut Huller, Hughson
Publisher, Sales, Layout – La Grange Rodeo Program
Home Reconstruction & Caretaking – Merritt Hulst

Waterford - 1978 to 1980

Editor, Columnist, Photographer, Sales, Layout – Waterford News
Yearbook Advisor – Waterford Elementary School District
4-H Photography Instructor – Waterford 4-H Club
Sales – Combined Insurance Company, Merced County

Sacramento, Reno – 1977

Department Manager, Home Division – Weinstock's, Sacramento and Reno

College Years – 1972 to 1977

Industrial Specialist, Engineering Branch – Alameda Naval Air Rework Facility
Waiter, Busboy, Dishwasher – Sizzler Steakhouse, Alameda
Swimming Instructor, Lifeguard – Ceres Recreation Department
Forklift Driver, Weigh Station Master, Sample Machine Operator, Bin Tagger
Joan of Arc Field Station, Hughson

The Early Years – 1953 to 1972

Farm Hand – Holshouser & Son (Family Farm), Hughson

SKILLS, HOBBIES, INTERESTS

Writing, problem solving, organizing, systems analysis, marketing, sales, human resource development, training, special events, bookkeeping, computer software, coding, copy machines, automatic teller machines,

inventory control, form design, photography, drafting, housesitting, caretaking, general mechanics, bus driving, forklift driving, and other agriculture-related equipment handling.

String figures, knot tying, origami, paper planes, calligraphy, drawing, perceptual activities, military history and technology, trap and target shooting, archery, chess and other board, card, and dice gaming.

Walking, bicycling, swimming, racquetball, gym time, cross-country skiing, backpacking, spelunking, car camping, campfire design, sailing, paintball, four-wheeling, horseback riding, traveling, massage, yoga, macrobiotics, dancing, plants, reading, philosophy, channel surfing, aimless wandering, and general puttering.

Personable, articulate, disciplined, meticulous, punctual, eclectic generalist.

ADDITIONAL STUDIES

Learn to Sail in Four Days – J World Sailing Courses, San Francisco Bay

First Aid/CPR Instructor – American Red Cross, Stanislaus County

Notary Public – California, Stanislaus County

InDesign, Entourage, iPhoto, PageMaker, Photoshop, QuarkXPress, Eudora, Communicator, Palm Desktop, Graphic Converter, ScanWizard, iView MediaPro, PageMill – Creative Alternatives, Turlock

Michael Meade Mythology Workshop – Mosaic Multicultural Foundation, Community Church of Mill Valley

10-Day Vipassana Meditation Course – California Vipassana Center, North Fork

Microsoft Office (Word, Excel, Powerpoint), HTML Web Design – Humboldt State University, Arcata

Windows 98, Netscape, Internet Explorer, Regular and Color Copiers, and other related technologies – Kinko's, Chico

Automated Teller Machines (ATM's) – Wells Fargo Armored, Chico Area

Appleworks, Quicken – Chico Hedway Programs, Chico

Hunter Safety and Self-Defense Firearms Training – Safer Arms, Chico

Inventory Control – Sierra Stationers, Chico

Hand Drumming – California State University, Chico

Joel Kramer Yoga Workshop – Northern California

Macrobiotic Workshop – Macrobiotic Center, Harbin Hot Springs, Middletown

Tri-County Math Project – University of California, Santa Barbara

Bill Martin Language Workshop – California State University, San Jose

Right Side Brain Drawing – California State University, Long Beach

Great Books Leader Training – Junior Great Books, Santa Barbara

Direct Instruction – California State University, Stanislaus, Turlock

How Children Learn – Ottawa University Extension Class, Modesto

Website and Other Online Creations

Website

The Stillness Before Time
Reflections from a Fellow Sojourner
<http://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/>

There is really only one Way.
It is without division or boundary.
It is without name or theology.
Awareness is its scripture.
Here now, its venue.
You, its witness.
Your life, the journey.

A PDF is available at:
<http://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf>

Main Blogs

The Stillness Before Time
Reflections from a Fellow Sojourner
<http://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com/>

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim
<http://theponderingsofyajekim.blogspot.com/>

Breadcrumbs 2015
Bits and Pieces from a Dream of Time
<https://breadcrumbs2015.blogspot.com/>

Breadcrumbs 2018
Bits and Pieces from a Dream of Time
<https://breadcrumbs2018.blogspot.com/>

Breadcrumbs 2019
Bits and Pieces from a Dream of Time
<https://breadcrumbs2019.blogspot.com/>

Breadcrumbs 2020
Bits and Pieces from a Dream of Time
<https://breadcrumbs2020yajekim.blogspot.com/>

Breadcrumbs 2021
Bits and Pieces from a Dream of Time
<https://breadcrumbs2021.blogspot.com/>

Breadcrumbs 2022
Bits and Pieces from a Dream of Time
<https://breadcrumbs2022.blogspot.com/>

The Return to Wonder
Field Notes from the Unknown
<http://thereturntowonder.blogspot.com/>

Breadcrumbs: The Unfolding Next Round

(Current year's reflections regularly updated)

The Unfolding Next Round
<https://breadcrumbs2021.blogspot.com/>

Breadcrumbs: The Original Blog

Breadcrumbs: The Original Blog
https://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/2015/01/under-construction_28.html

Other Blogs by Michael

Standouts From “The Return to Wonder” Edit
<https://standoutsfromthereturntowonderedit.blogspot.com/>

Patterns, Patterns & More Patterns
<https://evenmorepatterns.blogspot.com/>

History, History & More History
<https://historyhistoryandmorehistory.blogspot.com/>

Science, Science & More Science
<https://yajekimscienceandmorescience.blogspot.com/>

Reincarnation, Reincarnation & More Reincarnation
<https://reincarnationandmorereincarnation.blogspot.com/>

Imagination, Imagination & More Imagination
<https://imaginationandmoreimagination.blogspot.com/>

Mystery, Mystery & More Mystery
<https://mysterymysteryandmoremystery.blogspot.com/>

Doubt, Doubt & More Doubt
<https://doubtdoubtandmoredoubt.blogspot.com/>

Titles, Titles & More Titles

<https://evenmoretitles.blogspot.com/>
The Corollaries of Yaj Ekim
<https://corollariesyajekim.blogspot.com/>

Possible Last Words & Epitaphs
<https://possiblelastwordsandepitaphs.blogspot.com/>

Michael's Rabbit Hole
<https://michaelsrabbithole.blogspot.com/>

Even More
<https://theevenmoreseries.blogspot.com/>

To Be or Not to Be
<https://thetobeornottobeseries.blogspot.com/>

Who Was the First?
<https://thewhowasthefirstseries.blogspot.com/>

The Real is Discovering
<https://therealdiscoveringseries.blogspot.com/>

The Mystery of the Mystery
<https://themysteryofthemysteryseries.blogspot.com/>

59 Moments to The Way It Is (And Is Not)
The Scribe's Guide to the Great Whatthe#\$*!?
<https://59momentstothewayitisandisnot.blogspot.com/>

A Short List of Books for the Up and Coming
Some Written Works That May Help Get the Young up to Speed
<https://listofbooksfortheupandcoming.blogspot.com/>

The Standard Ripostes
The Scribe's Go-to Responses to This and That in the Day-To-Day
<https://thestandardripostes.blogspot.com/>

Conversations
A Variety of Letters, Emails, Texts, & Sundry Odd 'n Ends
<https://conversationsyajekim.blogspot.com/2021/>

Definitions
An Incomplete Selection Of Contemplative Definitions
<https://definitionsyajekim.blogspot.com/>

Sketches of the Once Upon a Time
<https://sketchesoftheonceuponatime.blogspot.com/>

My (Not Quite) Haiku
<https://mynotquitehaiku.blogspot.com/>

Once Upon a Christmas
<https://onceuponchristmas.blogspot.com/>

Ditties for the Bluegrass Pyre
<https://dittiesforthebluegrasspyre.blogspot.com/>

Spam Responses (a.k.a., WTF Is This Shit!?)
<https://spamresponsesakawtfisthisshit.blogspot.com/>

Other Resources

Books
<http://thestillnessbeforetime.com/books.html>

Movies
<http://thestillnessbeforetime.com/movies.html>

Links
<http://thestillnessbeforetime.com/links.html>

Other Blogs and PDF's by Michael
<http://thestillnessbeforetime.com/blogs.html>

PDF's

The Stillness Before Time
<http://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf>

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim
<http://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/theponderingsofyajekim.pdf>

Breadcrumbs 2015
<http://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2015.pdf>

Breadcrumbs 2018
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Breadcrumbs 2019
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Breadcrumbs 2020
<http://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2020.pdf>

Breadcrumbs 2021
<http://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2021.pdf>

Breadcrumbs 2022

<http://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2022.pdf>

The Return to Wonder

(Major edit underway – New copy colored blue)

<http://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/thereturntowonder.pdf>

Standouts from "The Return to Wonder" Edit

<http://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/standouts.pdf>

Patterns, Patterns & More Patterns

<http://thestillnessbeforetime.com/patternspatternsandmorepatterns.pdf>

History, History & More History

<http://thestillnessbeforetime.com/historyhistoryandmorehistory.pdf>

Science, Science & More Science

<http://thestillnessbeforetime.com/sciencescienceandmorescience.pdf>

Reincarnation, Reincarnation & More Reincarnation

<http://thestillnessbeforetime.com/reincarnationreincarnationandmorereincarnation.pdf>

Imagination, Imagination & More Imagination

<https://imaginationandmoreimagination.blogspot.com/>

Mystery, Mystery & More Mystery

<http://thestillnessbeforetime.com/mysterymysteryandmoremystery.pdf>

Doubt, Doubt & More Doubt

<http://thestillnessbeforetime.com/doubtdoubtandmoredoubt.pdf>

Titles, Titles & More Titles

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The Corollaries of Yaj Ekim

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<http://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/thetobeornottobeseries.pdf>

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59 Moments to The Way It Is (And Is Not)

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Once Upon a Christmas

<http://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/onceuponachristmas.pdf>

Ditties for the Bluegrass Pyre

<http://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/dittiesforthebluegrasspyre.pdf>

Spam Responses (a.k.a., WTF Is This Shit!?)

<http://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/spamresponsesakawtfisthisshit.pdf>

(Please note that all writings are subject to annual updates and editing, so downloading current PDF copies every year or so might be a good idea if you want the most current version)

Breadcrumbs: The Original Blog

Preface

https://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/2015/01/under-construction_28.html

Leftovers

https://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/2015/01/under-construction_11.html

Soundbites

https://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/2015/01/under-construction_63.html

Breadcrumbs

https://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/2015/01/under-construction_82.html

The Standard Ripostes

https://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/2015/01/under-construction_39.html

The Corollaries of Yaj Ekim

https://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/2015/01/under-construction_31.html

Possible Last Words & Epitaphs

https://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/2015/01/under-construction_34.html

Spam Responses (a.k.a., WTF Is This Shit!?)

https://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/2015/01/under-construction_1.html

A Short List of Books for the Up and Coming

https://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/2015/01/under-construction_79.html

59 Moments to The Way It Is (And Is Not)

https://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/2015/01/under-construction_33.html

Sketches of the Once Upon a Time

https://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/2015/01/under-construction_17.html

The Real is Discovering Series

https://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/2015/01/under-construction_8.html

Quotes Worth Pondering

https://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/2015/01/under-construction_73.html

Of the Human Journey

https://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/2015/01/under-construction_83.html

Ten Reflections

https://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/2015/01/under-construction_6.html

Got God?

https://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/2015/01/under-construction_52.html

Books

https://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/2015/01/under-construction_68.html

Movies

https://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/2015/01/under-construction_21.html

Links

https://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/2015/01/under-construction_18.html

Photo Gallery

https://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/2015/01/under-construction_50.html

Michael J. Holshouser: Life Resume

<https://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/2015/01/under-construction.html>

Facebook

Michael Holshouser

https://www.facebook.com/michael.holshouser/?show_switched_toast=0

Michael's Little Warehouse of All Things Amusing, Absurd & Profound

<https://michaelslittlewarehouse.blogspot.com/>

Le Fichier Circulaire de Michaël

<https://www.facebook.com/LeFichierCirculaireDeMichael/>

Yaj Ekim

<https://www.facebook.com/yaj.ekim.1>

Hughson Union High School Class of '72

<https://www.facebook.com/Hughson-Union-High-School-Class-of-72-301790023189950/>

Blogger

Michael Holshouser

<https://www.blogger.com/profile/12270094801824803661>

Twitter

Michael Holshouser

<https://twitter.com/YajEkim>

Sivana East

Michael Holshouser

<https://blog.sivanaspirit.com/author/mjholshouser/>

A Collection of Miscellaneous Blogs

Final Exit

<http://finalexitandrelatedlinks.blogspot.com/>

COVID-19 Information Links

<https://covid19informationlinks.blogspot.com/>

The Four Agreements

<http://donmiguelsfiveagreements.blogspot.com/>

The Blind Men and the Elephant

<http://theelephantandheblindmen.blogspot.com/>

Of A Philosophical Nature

<http://ofaphilosophicalnature.blogspot.com/>

The Joyful Curmudgeon

<http://thejoyfulcurmudgeon.blogspot.com/>

Quotes, Quotes & More Quotes

<http://quotesaplenty.blogspot.com/>

Le Fichier Circulaire de Michaël

<http://michaelscircularfile.blogspot.com/>

50 Rules Kids Won't Learn in School

<http://50ruleskidswontlearninschool.blogspot.com/>

How to Work in Any Environment

<http://howtoworkinanyenvironment.blogspot.com/>

12 Rules You Can Live By

<http://12rulesyoucanliveby.blogspot.com/>

Election 2016: The Rise (and Fall?) of Donald Trump

<https://theriseandfallofdonaldtrump.blogspot.com/>

Eight Translations of the Ashtavakra Gita

The Heart of Awareness (Byrom)

<http://theheartofawareness.blogspot.com/>

Ashtavakra Gita (Marshall)

<http://theashtavakra.blogspot.com/>

Bitten by the Black Snake (Schoch)

<http://bittenbytheblacksnake.blogspot.com/>

A Duet of One (Balsekar)

<http://aduetofone.blogspot.com/>

Ashtavakra Gita (Richards)

<http://anotherashtavakragita.blogspot.com/>

Astavakra Samhita (Wood)

<http://astavakrasamhita.blogspot.com/>

Ashtavakra Gita (Vedic Scriptures)

<http://ashtravakrageeta.blogspot.com/>

Ashtavakra Gita (Shastri)

<http://ashtravakrageeta.blogspot.com/>

PDF's of Ashtavakra Gita: I Am Shiva

Ashtavakra Gita: I Am Shiva

<http://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/ashtavakragitaiamshiva.pdf>

I Am Shiva Comparison Chart

<http://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/iamshivacomparisonchart.pdf>

PDF's of Eight Translations of the Ashtavakra Gita

The Heart of Awareness (Byrom)

<http://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/theheartofawarenessbyrom.pdf>

Ashtavakra Gita (Marshall)

<http://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/ashtavakrafitammarshall.pdf>

Bitten by the Black Snake (Schoch)

<http://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/bittenbytheblacksnakeschoch.pdf>

Ashtavakra Gita (Richards)

<http://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/ashtavakragitarichards.pdf>

A Duet of One (Balsekar)
<http://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/aduetofonebalsekar.pdf>

Astavakra Samhita (Wood)
<http://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/astavakrasamhitawood.pdf>

Ashtavakra Gita (Shastri)
<http://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/ashtavakragitashastri.pdf>

Ashtavakra Gita (Vedic Scriptures)
<http://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/ashtavakragitavedic.pdf>

Translations of Other Ancient Writings

Ashtavakra Gita: I Am Shiva
<http://ashtavakragitaiamshiva.blogspot.com/>

Tao Te Ching: Verse One
<http://taotechingverseone.blogspot.com/>

Tao Te Ching (Marshall)
<http://theperennialway-taoteching.blogspot.com/>

Bhagavad Gita (Marshall)
<https://bhagavadgitamarshall.blogspot.com/>

Yoga Sutras (Marshall)
<http://yogasutrasbypatanjali.blogspot.com/>

Dhammapada (Marshall)
<http://buddhasdhammapada.blogspot.com/>

The Book of Ecclesiastes (Marshall)
<https://21ecclesiastesmarshall.blogspot.com/>

Song of the Avadhut (Abhayananda)
<http://songoftheavadhut.blogspot.com/>

Avadhut Gita (Shastri)
<http://avadhutgitabydattatreya.blogspot.com/>

Atma Bodha (Chinmayananda)
<http://theatmabodha.blogspot.com/>

The Essence of the Ribhu Gita (Ramamoorthy & Nome)
<http://theribhugita.blogspot.com/>

Yoga Vasishtha Sara (Ramasramam)
<http://yogavasishtasara.blogspot.com/>

Crest-Jewel of Discrimination (Madhavananda)
<http://crest-jewelofdiscrimination.blogspot.com/>

Mandukya Upanishad & Mandukya Karika of Gaudapada (Panoli)
<https://mandukyaupanishadpanoli.blogspot.com>

Gaudapada: Advaita Vedanta's First Philosopher (Jones)
<https://advaitavedantasfirstphilosopher.blogspot.com/2020/02/on-tradition.html>

Writings by Bart Marshall

Verses Regarding True Nature
<https://versesregardingtruenaturemarshall.blogspot.com>

One Hundred Two Haiku
<https://onehundredtwohaikumarshall.blogspot.com>

Translations of Ancient Writings by Bart Marshall

Ashtavakra Gita
<http://theashtavakra.blogspot.com/>

Tao Te Ching
<http://theperennialway-taoteching.blogspot.com/>

Bhagavad Gita
<https://bhagavadgitamarshall.blogspot.com/>

Yoga Sutras
<http://yogasutrasbypatanjali.blogspot.com/>

Dhammapada
<http://buddhasdhammapada.blogspot.com/>

The Book of Ecclesiastes
<https://21ecclesiastesmarshall.blogspot.com>

A List of Injuries and Strains

1960's and 70's – Tractor driving: lower back, left arm and shoulder; heavy lifting and moving.

1957-ish – Golf club backswing to forehead, and monkey bar fall causing classmate's tooth to cut into top of head.

1967 through 1972 – Broke left eardrum three times, resulting in skin graft to ear drum. This, coupled with driving tractor, forklifts, vehicles with open windows, and sitting too close to a few concert and nightclub speakers, worked together to cause loss of high range sounds.

1969 through 1972 – High school physical education: running, jumping, throwing, wrestling, and other boy stuff. First hemorrhoids because of lack of fiber in diet and the resulting constipation.

1969 through 1975 – High school and Sunday afternoon football; some broken knuckles and a jammed finger joint; two major memories during frosh-soph years in football practice of a block that caused a snap in lower back, and a tackle that caused severe pain to (left or right?) shoulder/collarbone.

1972 to 1977 – Day packs full of college textbooks.

1972 to present – Backpacking, car camping, hitchhiking with a heavy backpack in Europe.

1972 to present – Coffee, alcohol, marijuana.

1972 through 1985 – Forklifting at Joan of Arc field station and Martella's Walnut Huller.

1975 to present – Transient working life with many moves.

1978 – Heavy lifting and moving at Weinstock's.

1975 through 1980 – Two or three solid hits to left jaw.

1980 – Peed blood after prepping on cold day for calf-tying event at La Grange Rodeo.

1980's to present – Two or three bicycle crashes.

1980's – Carrying photography equipment for Waterford News, weddings, special events.

1980 – La Grange Rodeo calf-tying practice strain.

1981 – Motorcycle slide on asphalt on left side in light clothing.

1985 to present – Graveyard shifts and sleep deprivation: Creative Alternatives, bread-baking, Kinko's, taxi driving.

1886 – Bicycle strain on left knee.

1989 – Wave head first into sand.

1989 to present – Gun shooting recoils and archery pulls.

1989 – Falling onto feet while tying down rack on VW van.

1989 to present – Hallucinogens and other drugs.

1990's – Heavy lifting and moving at Sierra Stationers and Kinko's.

1998 – Carpal tunnel syndrome disability from Kinko's.

1999 to present – Bad posture in computer use.

2000's – Heavy lifting and moving at Creative Alternatives.

2000 to present – A couple mild concussions after passing out tightening upper back and neck.

2008-ish – Twice hit in left eye by racquetballs, the second time causing temporary blurriness for several days.

2013-ish – Sidewalk curb slip onto left knee.

2016 – Diving concussion at summer swim party.

2016 – Trigger finger, left middle finger, one cortisone shot in early 2017, operated on in June 2018.

2018 – Right eardrum perforated twice from excessive pressure from chewing too much gum resulted in mild tinnitus.

2020 – Failed carpal tunnel operation on right hand, thumb and two fingers totally numb. Carpal tunnel also getting more challenging in left hand.

2021 – Spinal stenosis in upper back and neck.

Life, it'll kill ya.

My Back Pages

By Michael Holshouser

A personal preface to Mark Bava's essay – My Back Pages – about growing up as farm boys in the small rural town of Hughson during the 50's and 60's written for the 2007 Centennial:

I was born and raised in the small rural community of Hughson, California, working my way from kindergarten through high school with a little over a hundred peers at all four school sites: Hughson Elementary, Lebright Middle School, Emily J. Ross Junior High, and Hughson Union High School. For the first seven years of my life, our family of four (Horace, Beverly, and a sister, Ann, a little less than two years younger) lived on what was then a cul-de-sac on the east end of Pine Street. When my widowed grandfather, Horace Senior, married Martha Sinclair in 1960 and moved to her place, we moved to the thirty-acre family peach ranch on Hatch Road.

Suddenly, I was a farm boy living in an old wooden ranch house a mile northwest of town, and life changed dramatically. Within a year I was driving an old gray and battered Ferguson TE20 tractor, spring-toothing and putting up and taking down levies; staying up all night irrigating opening and closing gates, listening the water trickle toward the ends of checks with my father; hoeing weeds and pulling suckers off walnut trees interplanted between the peach trees; grading peaches during harvest, and picking up props at day's end; walking rain or shine with my sister to the Mountain View bus stop a quarter mile away; watching three channels of black and white television reruns in the front living room; digging underground tunnel hideaways covered with plywood; shooting birds in the bushes and fish in the canal with a BB gun; climbing trees and frolicking with dogs and cats; exploring an aluminum corrugated shed filled with tools and whatever; wandering the surrounding countryside planted with peaches, walnuts, almonds, and grapes; converting the second floor of the tank house into a fully-stocked-with-dirt-clods fortress keep; driving a Willy's post-World War II civilian jeep on a winding and dusty orchard-wide racetrack with my little dog, Jerry, sitting in the passenger seat; sobbing my eyes out on a hot day digging a shallow grave in the roadside orchard, burying Macho, who had finally chased one too many trucks on the busy Hatch Road; carrying out pitched dirt clod sorties with other farm boys, and playing rousing games of tag with them all summer in the canal just across the road at the Tully Road bridge and upstream falls. It was a Mississippi out the front door, and a jungle out the back one. A blend of Mark Twain's Huckleberry Finn and Rudyard Kipling's Mowgli, without a Pap Finn or Shere Khan.

Breadcrumbs: Life Resume

http://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/2015/01/under-construction_68.html

Breadcrumbs: Photo Gallery

http://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/2015/01/under-construction_17.html

Ferguson Tractor, Old Commercial

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ELQgEa_JXJQ

Willys Jeep Commercial

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=u7Sle8X4EZM>

And the thing to realize about all the physicality of those younger years, is that all the pain and bother – all the hot and cold, all the choking dust driving the tractor, all the gnats and itchy peach fuzz grading peaches, all the splinters picking up props, all the cuts and scratches and tears and bruises and crunches and burns handling equipment, and all the tedious long hours of all of the above – is that the discipline to finish a task, the capacity to endure suffering, the ability to one-step-after-another abide a mundane pace, as well as the recognition of the intrinsic relationship with nature, have all played a huge underlying role in the life lived since. Gumption, grit, resilience, stamina, ingenuity, dependability, steadfastness, critical thinking, problem-solving, and can-do-it-will-do-it attitude, are concepts that ring true in this mind. And are significant factors in the evolution of the frame of reference that has sculpted the philosophical-mystical writings that have poured out since 1989.

My Back Pages

By Mark Bava

Fellow Hughson Union High School Class of '72 alumni, Mark Bava, who also lived on Pine Street, and was also a son of a local farmer, caught Ray Bradbury's "Dandelion Wine" flavor of it all in an essay he wrote for the Hughson Centennial in 2007.

My Back Pages

<https://markbava.blogspot.com/2006/07/writings.html>

Mark's Blog

<https://www.blogger.com/profile/04781808645805571682>

Dandelion Wine

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dandelion_Wine

Hughson Union High School Class of '72

<https://www.facebook.com/Hughson-Union-High-School-Class-of-72-301790023189950/>

Hughson Historical Society

<https://www.facebook.com/pages/Hughson-Historical-Society/169357353116469>

Hughson Union High School

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hughson_Union_High_School

Hughson, California

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hughson,_California

Stanislaus County, California

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Stanislaus_County,_California

California

<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/California>

Mark's article:

"The boys were chasing the city truck
spraying DDT
It kept the mosquitoes down ...
That stuff won't hurt 'em none
I heard the neighbor lady say ..."

James McMurtry

from the song "12 O'clock Whistle"

In the central valley town of Hughson, California, canal swimming was a recognized talent. One could almost become hailed in comparable stature to surfing champions on the coast for their prowess in the water. And just as surfers wore nicknames such as Duke, Woody, or Steamboat, we had ace swimmers with names like Frog, who could stay underwater at length, and were rumored to have performed feats that made local legend such as diving from high bridges, or shooting the most gnarly and dangerous waterfalls. To keep the flow of the water controlled over the downhill grade of the terrain, these waterfalls, or "drops," were built at various stages along the large cement irrigation canals that crisscrossed their way through Central California from upland reservoirs, bringing precious water to the valley farm lands below. The most popular falls and bridges also had their nicknames, like Double Drop, The M, or Russell's, named after the family who lived nearby. These favorite spots would often be magically crowded with guys drinking beer and showing off as girls in bikinis watched on. And just as the surfers cruised the coast to check the waves and action in their favorite bays, we would cruise to see who and what was going on at our favorite swimming spots. Some of the waterfalls were larger than others, and most were forceful enough to drown an expert swimmer unless one knew the currents well. Despite the fact that a number of people who accidentally fell in or drove their cars in were drowned every year, we grew up swimming in these canals and prided ourselves in our skill to navigate the rushing waters. But even for us, there were some falls with the fury of Niagara that remained unconquered.

Playing tag was the main pastime, with rules and boundaries conceived in some organic fashion within the unique parameters of a large cement canal, rushing waterfalls, canal banks, and catwalks. Aside from tag, another reckless sport was "shooting the falls," which was daring to see who could go over the falls either head or feet first, or on inner tubes or some other random floating object.

Years later at a Hughson class reunion, a suggestion that some of us go swimming in the canal for nostalgia sake was met incredulously with the fact that no one swims in these canals any longer because it is now recognized that pollutants and pesticides infest these waters, not to mention the liability issues that come into play in today's lawsuit-happy world. It's another bygone era. We took chances then, and no one was sued when kids got seriously injured trying to water ski behind cars or dive off telephone poles into the canal. As far as the pesticides, in the town of Hughson, California, as in the Texas hometown of songwriter James McMurty, on blistering hot summer days we would peddle our bikes behind a cool mist of DDT coming from the back of the "Mosquito Man's" truck whenever he came to town spraying to keep the local mosquito population down. Back then, DDT was recognized as some kind of miracle chemical that was even sprayed on immigrants arriving at Ellis Island to ensure that they didn't bring foreign germs with them into our shining new country. Which was equivalent to believing an advertising slogan at the time that smoking L&M cigarettes was "just what the doctor ordered." And just as McMurty's song suggests, our parents sat outside oblivious, fanning themselves with their evening cocktails in hand gushing, "oh, loooooook ... awwww, how cuuuute ... kids ... Mosquito Man ..." and would laugh at how adorable we all looked smiling in ecstasy riding along in a cool, wet cloud of pure DDT. From those episodes, I have often stopped to wonder if that is why I have remained free of many viruses now feared. That by all odds, I should have contracted long ago with all my excessive bad habits through the years. Maybe DDT was a miracle drug of some kind.

Hughson was founded in 1907. It was named after Hiram Hughson, who owned much of the land at one time. The Indians had referred to it as "a place of sleep," and it wasn't really much more than a whistle stop along the Santa Fe railroad line. For no apparent reason, its main street is the remarkable width of a four lane freeway, which is absurdly wide for only being seven blocks long. The buildings that lined the street bore facades much like towns of the old west, but of concrete rather than wood. This was the style of architecture that was typical of California valley towns in the early 20th century, that is now being replaced by the latest

architectural contribution to the modern Americana aesthetic: the strip mall.

In 2007 the town will celebrate its centennial. There will be a parade down Main Street, the unveiling of a life size bronze sculpture of a migrant peach picker, and a "bean feed" among other events. Somewhere deep in the nostalgia of this small town was this cherished annual event called The Bean Feed that is being resurrected from the annals of Hughson history that was little more than what its name implies: a town feed of beans and a slice of white bread with butter on a paper plate. But the Bean Feed was a festive occasion. It equaled some of the local harvest parties where a pig would be sacrificed and roasted underground by some distinguished Mexican cooks, pallets of Lucky Lager beer would arrive, mariachi bands would play, and everyone got drunk and danced while us kids tried to sneak off with six-packs of beer.

There was something unique about this small town and the people it produced that is hard to put your finger on. Not that anyone will point out anyone of national importance from there, or a celebrity like neighboring Modesto with its George Lucas who epitomized his town with the movie American Graffiti. But much like the Lucas movie, coming of age in Hughson around that era had a very similar flavor of that which was portrayed that infused its people with a rare down to earth quality that you rarely find in today's neurotic world.

The town on weekend nights was the scene of adolescent youth courting, flirting, getting drunk, and creating general mayhem ... cruising in cars back and forth on Main Street, making U-turn after U-turn at each end and cruising back again, eventually pulling up to others who were parked either along the street or in the dirt parking lot of M & M's Drive-In that took up the whole block at the top of the street. M & M's was our Mel's Drive-In, except occasionally some daring soul would fly into its dirt lot with their car doing wild donuts and "rooster tails," satisfied at creating an enormous cloud of dust.

Across the street, standing side by side were the town's only two bars. One of these bars was frequented by Mexicans, and the other one by whites, and only a "bad ass" dared to go in either one. In valley towns like Hughson, you were either the toughest, had the fastest car, could drink the most, or risked some other dare devil craziness to prove your manhood ... that you were "bad." Fights and town rivalries over sports and anything else were the fashion. There were always "rumbles" between town football teams in school parking lots after the games, and to even be caught cruising in a neighboring town could prove threatening.

On top of that, the town had a bit of its own racial tensions. Despite the demographic breakdown offered by consensus figures, in Hughson it seemed you were either Italian, Portuguese, Mexican, or "Okie." The Italians had come there to be farmers, the Portuguese to be dairymen, and the Okies were those who had poured in from Oklahoma after the Dustbowl to work the fields in classic Woody Guthrie narrative, to be replaced by the Mexicans years later. There was friction between the latter that probably started over jobs. We knew little of the kind of prejudice that was prevalent towards blacks back then, or of the anti-Semitism discussed in WWII history for example. We had no "Afro Americans" in that town. We had mixtures of everything else. All we knew was that "Negros" produced most of the hit records on the charts, and thought to be Jewish was just another religion. But there was this racism between the Okies and the Mexicans and the two town bars frequently erupted in violence on the street outside.

The town was violent, but only to a point. I watched people get in fights, friends get killed racing cars, and saw a policeman lie dying on the street, shot in a thwarted bank robbery attempt of our little town bank that shocked the town to its core. It was still the Old West fifties style to be sure, but we never locked doors, and the only big robbery we had heard about until then, was when the owner of the Five and Dime was rumored to have previously tried to tunnel into the same bank that was next door. For the most part, the most we

feared was getting caught smoking in the school bathroom. Guns were for hunting or shooting mailboxes and stop signs, and they were readily available on our farms but no one could even dream of using one for assault, and certainly not to bring to school or town. It was all fists and feet.

Farming was the industry and peaches were king. The town once held the title of Peach Capital of the World (in cling peaches as Georgia held the title for freestone peaches). The town came alive in the summers as the harvest approached. It was hot, tipping three-figures on the thermometer. We were out of school and working on family farms buzzing in the middle of the season with their smells of Mexican food and sounds of Mexican music filling the air from farmhand cabins. We eagerly waited for when we could sneak away and go swimming in the canals, race cars, or cruise town in the hopes of finding a party or joining the ranks of couples making out on canal banks. On Sundays, neighboring Italian farm families got together following mass for huge meals at long tables with homemade wine and piles of ravioli.

It was a Norman Rockwell portrait of the golden age of postwar bliss. A little ambition would buy the American Dream. Fathers worked and mothers stayed home raising the kids. We had rotary phones, party lines, and operators who knew family names. There were no answering machines to get a message if you weren't home. The latest news was commonly spread word of mouth or through town gossip, and much of that was from Hamilton's Cafe, the community nerve center where farmers convened every morning to discuss their crops over breakfast. Families watched the same TV shows like Bonanza, Leave it to Beaver, Have Gun Will Travel, Twilight Zone, Ed Sullivan, and Combat, a WW2 series showing the last just war our fathers had just won. Our mothers watched Jack La Lane, As the World Turns, and Queen for a Day, which had to be the most politically incorrect thing since Al Jolson wore blackface. We saw Mysterious Island for 10 cents at our local movie theater. Gas was 37 cents a gallon. We could burn piled leaves in our yards. Dry cleaning and milk were delivered to your door, and the town doctor, a man who seemed to know everything, made house calls. It was all the latest in the modern nuclear age with TV trays, kidney shaped tables, and the Space Race.

Teenagers watched American Bandstand and did the Twist. There was some hushed war in Korea that we knew little about. And then came something called the Cuban Missile Crisis, and our town doctor who knew everything proudly built a fully functioning concrete bomb shelter and began rotating stocks of canned goods.

Soon after came the British Invasion and Mod was the fashion. We started watching Laugh In and Walter Cronkite began to talk about another hushed war in a place called Vietnam. Eventually that war began to claim even the lives of children from this town not on any maps that few had even heard of. People started to wonder as we started hearing of protests.

I watched Woodstock at the local drive-in theater as the 1967 Summer of Love arrived in our town in 1969. Marijuana started to replace booze, and we piled in cars to cruise country roads with nicknames like The Crooked Mile to smoke joints safely away from authoritarian eyes with our 8 tracks blaring, listening to the Rolling Stones, Ten Years After, and Led Zeppelin. There were no local police, and we had driven trucks and tractors since the age of 10, and many of us could drive as early as Junior High School. Just as was portrayed in American Graffiti, we lived in our cars, but all of a sudden cruising became slower as we got more stoned.

I tried LSD, listening to Iron Butterfly's "In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida" over and over on my portable phonograph. I started wearing fringed jackets, paisley Nehru shirts, suede moccasins, or black Beatle boots, and I watched our town become less violent as people cruising in cars flipped peace signs instead of the finger. Rivalries

and fighting stopped, replaced by brotherhood and our attempt at being flower children. As we neared graduation, we began to think about the draft and our options other than following the war blindly. We saw JFK assassinated, followed by Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy. We saw civil rights movements and civil disobedience. It was the beginning of the end of the last innocent generation, and I was about to graduate.

Following graduation, our doctor who knew everything took his life, followed by my father, whose increasing bouts of depression from a little-known syndrome called Manic Depression become too chronic for him to bear. With little time to think, the family farm was sold to pay the inheritance taxes, and with what was left, I went off to art school and to see the world, eventually moving to the coast. I never lived here again.

I never grew up. I never had kids. The rare times I have returned were either for a class reunion, a funeral, or a quick sentimental journey down Main Street when passing within proximity on my way somewhere else, and when I did, I sometimes wondered why anyone settled here in the first place. I have been physically, mentally, and spiritually almost everywhere. I've had my picture taken with Jackie and Aristotle Onassis on the island of Capri. I've sunk a ship in the Caribbean, shot the rapids of the Pequari River, been thrown into a dungeon in Bangkok, and made the pilgrimages to Burning Man in the Nevada Desert. I think I've been a puppet, a pauper, a poet, a pawn, and maybe not quite a king, but to this day, no matter where I am, there is a maudlin feeling that comes over me with the end of a summer and the coming of fall. It's hard to shake. It's ingrained in me. It's the feeling of a time when the winds come, and the leaves fall off the peach trees, leaving nothing but bare branches as they go dormant for the cold season ahead. The Mexicans would leave town on their sojourns back home for the winter, and the farm would become a deserted wasteland. The canals would go dry. Everything seemed to go black and white. And with all of this, I would have to face going back to school and wait for spring ... when everything would blossom, the Mexicans would return, the music would begin, and we could go swimming in the canals.

Mark Bava is an event producer, musician and artist now residing in Carmel California.

* My Back Pages - song by Bob Dylan (1964)

"Ah, but I was so much older then, I'm younger than that now ..."

Hughson Celebrates Its Centennial This Weekend

By Jeff Benziger

An article in the Ceres Courier announcing the Hughson Centennial:

Hughson Celebrates Its Centennial This Weekend

<https://www.cerescourier.com/news/hughson-celebrates-its-centennial-this-weekend/>

September 19, 2007

Hughson turns 100 years old this month and there will be a celebration worthy of a hundred-year wait on Saturday, Sept. 22.

A full day of celebration is being organized by the Hughson Historical Society, the Hughson Centennial Celebration Committee, and the city of Hughson. "A Small Community With A Big Heart" is the guiding theme for the free event, which includes an all-day Main Street fair, that is open to the general public.

Hughson's township was filed in 1907. It didn't become an incorporated city until 1971.

From 9:30 a.m. to 5 p.m. Hughson Avenue will be converted into a fair. Free entertainment will be offered as well as displays of vintage automobiles, tractors and motorcycles. A Dust Bowl Days display will be available as well as commercial booths for shoppers. Food booths will feed the crowd.

A parade at 11 a.m. will pay tribute to Hughson's past and will feature a wide range of antique vehicles including a Wells Fargo stagecoach.

Activities for the children will include a petting zoo, pumpkin maze, jumping bins, kiddie tractor pull, and Centennial Children's Area.

A larger-than-life statue of a peach picker, called "The Harvest" - commissioned by Oakdale artist Betty Saletta - will be unveiled at 4 p.m. on Saturday, Sept. 22 at the corner of Charles and Hughson Avenue. The intersection has recently been rehabilitated into a showcase intersection complete with brick, planters and street furniture. Donors who helped pay for the statue will be recognized on bronze plaques at its base.

Inscribed paving bricks honoring or memorializing family or friends were sold to help raise funds and will be a central part of the Centennial Plaza design.

Hughson was once known for the peaches grown in its fields; hence the harvester was seen as an appropriate tribute.

A time capsule with memorabilia from 2007 will be placed at Centennial Plaza.

"Years ago, Hughson used to have a Tractor Rodeo and free beans so we're going to have that again," said Jean Henley, a member of the Hughson Historical Society.

Free peaches will also be given away.

The Hughson Historical Museum, located in the old Gillette Hotel which was moved from downtown Ceres in 1907, will be open for the day. The museum is located on Hughson Avenue.

A wide range of other food will be available for purchase, as well as centennial DVD's, T-shirts, polo shirts and hats. Shirts and hats may be purchased in advance at Bank of the West in Hughson or at the event.

A limited number of bronze maquettes of "The Harvest" are still available. A portion of the purchase of these 18-inch versions of the finished sculpture goes to the Hughson Historical Society.

Stay Tuned

More soon ... Of that there can be little doubt for as long as these mortal lungs are still drawing air ...
So stay tuned, you Wascally Wabbit.