



LEGACY

by

Cliff Williamson

1953 - Present

To Kelly and Tyler

A soft push

to launch your boats,

on a good course

in a fair wind.

i. Contents

CHAPTERS

- I. References and Foundations**
- II. Happiness**
- III. Dreams Goals, and Causes**
- IV. Physical Inventory**
- V. De-tirement**
- VI. Relationships**
- VII. Spiritual Self / My Religion**
- VIII. Love**
- IX. Sexual Self**
- X. House and Home**
- XI. Vocation, Avocation, Occupation**
- XII. My Credo**
- XIII. Idea Management**
- XIV. Appendices**
- XV. Reading List**
- XVI. Survival List**
- XVII. Misc. Goals and Ideas**
- XVIII. Job History**
- XIX. Wines and Whiskeys**
- XX. Writings in Trade Pubs, Rio Life, Newspaper Columns**



I. References and Foundations

- **Enlightening texts: These readings had a notable impact on my thinking.**
 - 1) Marshall McLuhan, "The Medium IS the Message"
 - 2) Buckminster Fuller, a professor and head of the design department at SIU Carbondale, was always a source of wonderfully creative ideas and inspiration, including the Geodesic Dome (the logo I chose for the Transpack Companies), the World Energy Grid concept, and the Climate Controlled Dome over East St. Louis.
 - 3) Sapir Whorf Hypothesis, which basically states that we need words in order to formulate our thoughts.
- **Influential Teachers:**
 - 1) Mrs. Johnson, my second grade teacher, gave me straight "A" and made me feel like I deserved every one. Pure goodness.

- 2) Mrs. Mulvanie, my 5th grade teacher, gave me my first “D” in penmanship, and shocked me into realizing I wasn’t perfect.
- 3) Mrs. Thompson, my 6th grad teacher, taught me English effectively, especially grammar. Not easy to do, but something that sticks with you for your whole life.
- 4) Jim Moran, 7th grade science teacher and coach, who I totally admired and wanted to emulate. He taught me how to respect a teacher and coach, how to take off a uniform (cross your arms in front and pull it up over your head), excitement of science, and how to play as a team. Great guy.
- 5) George Oswald was another good English teacher, this time in High School.
- 6) Sally Jones, freshman science and algebra, made us work, compete, and aspire to do better.
- 7) Professor of Poetry and Drama Literary Analysis, ISU – Normal Illinois. Demanding and exciting.
- 8) Professor of Prose Fiction Literary Analysis, ISU - Normal. Very tough and exciting.
- 9) William Wantling, professor of English at Illinois State U and a poet himself. I showed him a stack of poems and unfinished junk I had written, and asked for his comments. He amused me by saying it was brilliant, then he killed himself with an overdose of codeine. See his poem, “Ecstasy” in Enlightening Texts.
- 10) Dr. Sloan, Elementary Education at SIU, taught his organizational grid which was called “The Basic Activities of Man.” It covered all social activities, and showed how these were linked to each other. He also taught me in an independent study on Futurism.
- 11) Dr. James Moffitt, university language arts for elementary school, wrote a great text book on Language Arts and Communications.
- 12) Herr Gruber, professor of German at ISU, who prepared me to speak German while I spent a semester in Austria. His technique which worked brilliantly for me was to force us to memorize increasingly longer texts. This gave us the basis to speak fluently and unhesitatingly by simply substituting other vocabulary in the same sentence structure. It was very effective.
- 13) My two professors from Administrative Credentials Program at Lewis and Clark College, extremely competent, motivating, and demanding.

- **Teacher Colleagues who inspired me:**

Mary Pittman at Lincoln School, on fire with the desire to teach, loved to laugh, and helped me a ton.

- **Mentors:**

- 1) Paul Richard Klein, Transportes Fink, Rio de Janeiro, taught me – like the mongoose in Rikki Tikki Tavi – “run and find out.” He also showed me the way to truly deliver a quality service through listening to your customer.
- 2) Bob Bowen, partner in Transpack Argentina, always friendly, always helpful, and nearly always with the best answer regarding the moving business.
- 3) Willy Toedtli, partner in Transpack Argentina, not so friendly and helpful as Bob, but very wise and an excellent businessman.

- 4) Unknown college “non-student” at SIU who lived in a van, and kept flashcards with wise expressions on them. I made my own set and reviewed them often until they were stolen by a loser friend of a friend. I wish I still had them. Anyway, the guy was in love with learning and with knowledge, and didn’t care a lick about any of the trappings of wealth.
- 5) Doug Diggle, senior when I was a freshman, Student Body President, and fellow worker at Jim’s Pizza Pub on Illinois Avenue. He taught me the art of bartending. One key concept was that a good bartending is ALWAYS doing something.

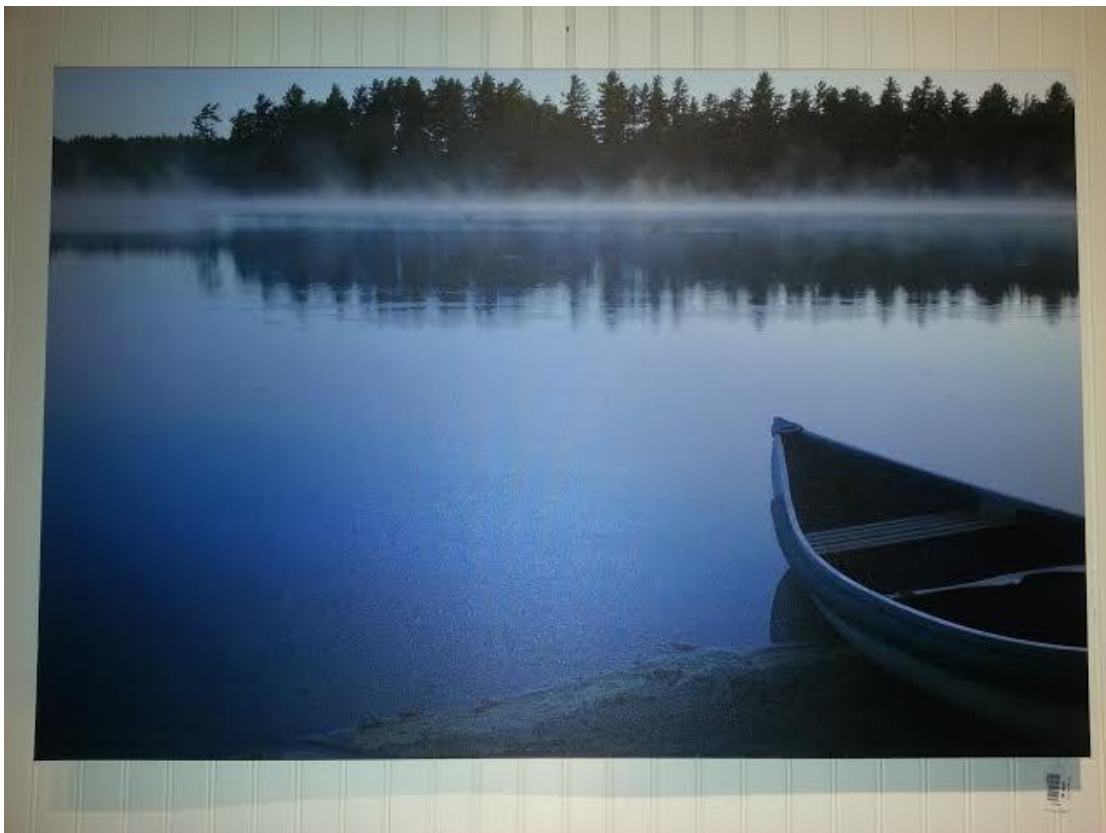
- **Formative Experiences: These are a series of vignettes which explain some of the more meaningful events and moments in my life.**

1. **Tying my shoes** is most probably the first conscious memory of my youth. My dad helped me out and after that he pretty much turned me loose. I don’t remember a lot of other lessons from him, but that one sticks to me. I am still pretty good at it.
2. **Monica Meyer** was my first love. It was before I even really knew what girls were, so thank goodness she came along. I was drawn to her as if I were a gosling imprinting on a mother goose. It was at the Milton Pope School Annual Summer Picnic. She was being led around by two older girls, and I followed her until they ditched me and went into the girls’ bathroom. It didn’t last, but I did attend both Grade School and High School with Monica. She was a friend, but never a girl friend *per se*.
3. **Baseball Gloves** were delivered to us on the farm by my very fine Uncle Walter Terwall, back when I was about 5 or 6. There were several, and they were new. At that time there was very little new in my life, so it made an impact. The Terwall’s were all good softball players, and they got us started with the game, which I came to love. Still do, and while I have outgrown that glove, I have my own, and I love it still.
4. **The Neanderthal Man** was the scariest movie I ever saw in my life, which unfortunately I saw too young. It told of a scientist who invented a serum which could transform the victim’s DNA (I’m not sure if they used that term – this would have been about 1957 or 1958) into the DNA of his prehistoric ancestors. Thus a little kitty cat was transformed into a saber-toothed tiger. And the doctor himself who bravely become a beta-tester, was transformed into ... you guessed it. The Neanderthal Man. It frightened me so bad that I was afraid to be alone upstairs in my house for at least a year after watching it. My siblings would torture me by luring me upstairs, then running out and slamming the door. I screamed until I was released, and the length of the time of torture depended on their mood. I eventually got over it, but it was a dark time of my life.
5. **The Platform** was just that, a concrete platform which was made to be used as a feedlot for cattle. It was about 50 meters by 50 meters, and sloped slightly downwards so that manure would be easy to clear away. We raised cattle and the

platform was somewhat off limits while occupied by cattle, some of them unfriendly to small children like ourselves. But later when we gave up raising cattle, the platform stood empty and became a raceway for bicycles, and later still, a pretty fine basketball court. I shoveled shit to cut paths for our BMX bike racing on bikes and trikes pieced together from castaways. And I worked at getting the basketball court in shape for some dynamic neighborhood games, with lighting and even painted lines. It was a place where I spent thousands of hours of my youth. The shit didn't bother me much.

6. **The Hayloft** was another sacred place for fun and excitement. Right beside the Platform, it was a truly enormous barn, with little to merit comment on the ground floor, but all kinds of fun and trouble upstairs in the hayloft. We usually called it the Hay Mow (rhymes with Wow). It was sometimes full, sometimes empty, always a bit dangerous, and the ideal site for games of sword fighting with wooden sticks, our own form of violent tag we called "Monster," hide and seek, and innumerable forts and secret hideouts. We literally ran across the rafters, went hand over hand along the walls – often at high elevation - and fought like wild savages. I am sure much of my character was formed in the Hay Mow.
7. **Driving a tractor with my dad** was a time when I realized I was different. He was teaching me to drive a tractor and pull a drag, which was intended to break up dirt clumps and prepare the soil for planting. To this day, I don't know why I proved myself incapable of doing this simple task. I could drive the tractor. I could see where I needed to go, but I could not stay on the correct path. I constantly drifted to one side or the other. I do not recall my age at the time, but I was much older than my two older brothers were when they learned to drive tractors and perform much more complicated and demanding farming tasks. But this lack of ability which I discovered then seems to be the same inability which I suffer today in being unable to navigate my way around a city, or find my way back from somewhere I just recently went. I see it as a handicap, one which I have learned to live with. It is something different in my brain. Kelly seems to have it. Marcia certainly not. And Tyler ... we will have to wait and see.
8. **Hush Hush Sweet Charlotte** was the second scariest movie I ever saw. I saw it with Beth and David at the Ottawa Movie Theatre, and we were all frightened out of our wits. This was much later in life than the Neanderthal Man episode, but I recall driving down the road to do farm work at the Grot's 80 acres a few miles from home and constantly looking behind me to be sure I was not under attack by the man with one arm, covered in swamp grass, and carrying a knife. And this in broad daylight!
9. **Bobbie Terwall** was the son of the very nice Uncle Walter Terwall, and one year older than me. He was my friend, and as he grew up in Kenosha, Wisconsin, treated me like a loyal and true cousin (almost family) and knew much more than I did about just about everything. He was, for a period of years, my hero. We played a lot

of catch. One time he talked his local baseball gang into letting me pinch run for him, saying I was very fast. Fast I was, but smart I was not, and I stopped instead of slid and was tagged out. Sorry, Bob. And once we were playing catch in his front yard, and the ball went over the neighbor's fence, where a very nasty German Shepherd happened to live. I felt invincible or perhaps needed to make up for my poor showing as a base runner, so I jumped the fence and retrieved the ball. On my way out, the dog rounded the corner at a fast and furious gallop, and caught my heel mid air as I jumped over the white pickets to get out. I realize now the brilliance of the dog (or better said, his trainer) as the dog did not bite me or hurt me at all. He merely held me until his owner came to the rescue. I scratched and bruised my chest from the pointed picket, but that was the extent of my injuries. Again, sorry Bob. Bob also took me biking on city streets – a far cry from my manure outlined trails on the Platform. He brought me several steps closer to civilization.



10. Lutherdale Bible Camp was the place to go for us Lutherans. Over a period of years, several of the kids from my church went to camp in some small place in Wisconsin, and when they came back it was always with good stories of fun and games, occasional romance, good sport, and a suntan – most probably a farmer tan. I managed to go too, and I am sure with some sacrifice to my parents for covering costs. I think I went two summers, and it lasted two weeks. Once we drove, and once I flew (and threw up) in Bobby Halverson's airplane, which sounded much better than it was. While it was standard fair for summer camp, it had an impact on

me because it was new and different, and we met kids from other towns. I tried to seek romance, but wasn't too successful, although I did hook up several years later with a girl I met there. I was pretty geeky in those days, and can't imagine why anyone would want to make out with me. Maybe I was a little bit funny, at least. I hoped so. I had what I call my first gay experience at camp, but don't get excited as it was not much. A guy from Ottawa who was exceeding bored with the whole camp concept invited me into the woods to "jack off," as he put it. I said no and avoided him thereafter, but it all went pretty much over my head at the time, which I suppose was a good place for it to go. I always hear that every guy has some kind of gay experience in life, and I guess that was mine. I got off easy, in a manner of speaking.

11. Kissing in Marseilles was actually another non-event in my life, when I went to a birthday party in Marseilles. Now Marseilles was known for its life in the fast lane, compared to a very tame Seneca. The guys were tough, the girls were fast, and they were all headed for hell if there was any truth to what we heard from our parents. The only place worse in the county was Streator, which already was hell, so Marseilles was pretty bad. I remember almost nothing except the walk home from the party to a friend's house. Suddenly we were being followed by three girls (we were three guys) and word came down that that these girls wanted to kiss us. It would have been good practice, and lord knows I could have used some practice at that point in my uneventful life, but as I recall, I said no thanks and walked on, while the other boys ran back and kissed the girls, or so they said. I never heard what happened with the odd girl with no one to kiss her. It still troubles me a little today.

12. IQ Test Scores were supposed to be kept secret, but I overheard my mother talking about the results of an IQ test which I took in 6th grade, and she said I got a 135. I doubt they give such tests anymore in grade school, and I have no certainty that Mom got it right, that I overheard it right, or that it wasn't just partial information or a partial score. But I recommend this to all parents to leak to their child that they scored very high on an IQ test. It does a great deal for one's self confidence.

13. Confirmation with Pam Swanson happened every Saturday for two years. Confirmation was painfully boring, but Pam Swanson made it a lot more interesting. She sat next to me, and I basically played with her leg under the table the entire 2 hour session, every Saturday, for two years. We always rushed to the seats farthest from the Pastor, and I think we managed to keep our little secret from almost everyone except at the very end of one of the final sessions when some other boy in the class who was also attracted to Pam Swanson's budding womanhood began to get curious and look under the table. I managed to cover up well enough that I didn't have to go to prison, and Pam managed to keep her name out of the papers and the church bulletin as a racy little tart. Looking back, I could have used more time with Pam Swanson, and less time memorizing the Apostles Creed.

14. The Hayride with Barb Gordon was when I took a big step up in the romance department. Barb was a very cute little freshman girl in my same class, and she zeroed in on me before I knew what hit me. I am not sure who asked who, but suspect that I asked her out with a great deal of coaching and coaxing from her, who seemed to know everything about "going out." Or maybe it was a Sadie Hawkins event, in which the girl asks the boy out. We went on a hayride together, so that would make sense. Sadie Hawkins is kind of a female interpretation of "You Know You Are a Redneck." Well, we managed to make out, and Barb was really experienced, because she wiggled her tongue back and forth very quickly in my mouth when we kissed. I don't know what I did, but I didn't do enough to keep Barb interested in me for very long, She soon moved on to a Senior boy, who she later married and had a bunch of little Barbie. Perhaps it was a good thing that Barb got away.



15. Driving Crazy was regrettably what we did in high school, as it seemed to take a few accidents and a hundred close calls to figure out that a car can kill you and your friends too. We drank and drove, we drove fast, we drove off road, and we drove while we should have been doing anything else but driving a car. I had quite a lot of accidents, and it was only extreme good fortune that I am able to write this today. I flipped a van once on a lonely road south of Seneca. It was a hot day, and the asphalt may have even been a bit spongy due to the direct afternoon sun and I swerved left and right, lost control, and the van laid over on its side like a horse too tired to go on. A classmate of my sister Beth drove by, stopped, and together we literally lifted the van back upright. I have spun a car around 360° on a gravel road after speeding over a one-lane bridge, and I can't tell how many times I wiped out in a snow bank. I drove home often after a night of beer drinking without knowing afterwards how I got there. Not pretty, and I am not proud of it. But it was – at that time and place – what we did as teenagers. And some of us did not make it through. Could have been worse. Could have been me.

16. Fighting is apparently something I was not meant to do. I have very little legitimate experience in fighting, and all of that was an unequivocal disaster. When I fought with my siblings at home (fairly frequently) my older siblings beat me into capitulation almost instantly. When my younger siblings fought with me, I did not have the necessary commitment to actually win. Once my brother Bill (younger by 3 years) hit me as hard as he could on the leg with a tonette, which is what we called a recorder back then. I was in such incredible shock that he would do such a thing that I did not even fight back. But family fights don't count for much. What I refer to as legitimate fighting can be summed up in three short sad tales.

- a. **Ricky Williamson** was a year older, mean as hell, and my cousin. Once when I was in 1st grade and he of course in 2nd, I was playing with my friend and classmate Cindy Jackson at recess. Ricky came up and hit her. It was completely unprovoked, and Cindy began to cry. I felt I had to step in, and did so by confronting him. I probably said something like. "That's bad. Don't do that." So Ricky proceeded to get me pinned on the ground and punch me repeatedly in the face. The teacher eventually came by to break it up, and I don't recall where it went from there, but probably not too far. I think Cindy appreciated my valiant though feeble effort and we remained friends for many years.
- b. **At a Basketball Game in Streator**, Illinois, the Milton Pope Pilots basketball team played against the Streator Convicts, or so they seemed. Big brutes with few teeth and lots of muscle. During the junior varsity game, kids in 5th and 6th grade played while we watched the game. Soon after the 2nd half resumed, the older boys in grades 7 (like me) and 8 went down to the locker room to change into their uniforms for the game. This we did, but discovered soon that there was only a simple wooden door separating our team from that of our adversaries. Some joking began, then some loud shouting, some cursing, and some threats. But we did not expect it at all when a very large boy (who turned out to be a high school dropout) broke down the door and came into our

dressing room. He made the threat to our faces, and it seemed no one on our team was up for the challenge. Then I opened my mouth, and said “Just get out of our dressing room,” or something to that effect. No riot ensued, just that large guy began to beat up on me, and hit me a number of times. The only conscious thought I recall was that it didn’t hurt very much, not like I would have expected. I had a black eye to remind me to think twice before opening my mouth. Or better yet, learn to fight. (Which I did not do.)

- c. **Mesquite, Texas** was the scene of my third and hopefully final hopeless battle of the fists, when I was attacked by a group of neighborhood boys who apparently rejected my presence in their hood when I was there selling Bibles door-to-door. It didn’t last more than a minute, and there was almost no contact. I was bigger (and about 20 years old) but they outnumbered me about 6 to 1. I recall swinging my bible-filled briefcase to fend them off till I could mount my bicycle and make my escape. Praise be the word of god. It worked that time at least.
- d. **Ironically**, I rarely feel threatened these days. At 6’5” most people give me space, and choose a smaller, thinner, weaker victim. This is fine with me. In my mind, I could probably hold my own in an all out battle, but experiences do nothing to bear me out.

17. Baling Hay, Shelling Corn, and Walking Beans was the labor of my youth. I earned a few dollars an hour for hot and sweaty work, but it kept me with coin of my own during the teenage years. I hope never to have to work so hard again, as I recall the hot days in the peak of the hay barn, lugging heavy bales to their places, often lifting them over my head to stack them high to the cornice of the roof. Shelling corn featured the occasional rat running across your foot, while I remember once a bird flew up in the bean field and lighted on my hand, attacking me to distract me from the nest which held her young. My city cousins thought that Beans was a dog.

18. The Coffeehouse Restaurant and the Duck Crossing are actually two stories in one. The Coffee House was and may still be a restaurant in rural Marseilles, near Interstate 80. It was a restaurant which was open 24 / 7. I worked there, as well as my brother Bill and numerous classmates and friends from Seneca and Marseilles High School. I started as a busboy clearing tables and cleaning bathrooms, and eventually worked up to dishwasher. If I would have taken it more seriously I know I could have made cook’s assistant eventually, but I guess it was not in my genetic makeup. I worked on Saturdays and sometimes Sundays at 6:00 AM, and getting there on time to punch my timecard was always a challenge. It was about an 8 mile drive. The roads were good unless it was winter snow or heavy rain, but the issue was getting up and getting there before the clock turned over from 5:59:59. I woke my mom to take me, but I drove while she sat in the passenger seat. I drove like a madman, knowing I had mere seconds to spare to make it on time. We drove each time past the Prairie Lake Hunt Club and Lodge, where we had little connection as they served alcohol and were therefore on the forbidden list. And they raised ducks for later release for the hunters to insure they would have something interesting to

shoot at besides stop signs or – heaven forbid – each other. Speeding down the road at 5:55 AM, I came up over the rise in the road, and saw a huge flock of ducks crossing the road. There were indeed signs warning of a duck crossing, but who in their right mind slows down for a duck. I tried, but too late, and slaughtered about 50 ducks in one fell swoop. It was a duck massacre, and I should do penance for it even now. My mom was completely flabbergasted, as she had to return alone along the same road, and witnessed first hand the criminal evidence while it was still fresh. Now when someone says Duck, I do.

But the best story to come out of the Coffee House Restaurant was an incident which occurred to one of my brothers, Bill, also a busboy, who was running the vacuum late one night, and bothering a customer in the dining room who objected to hearing a vacuum while she ate. She had a point, but when a restaurant stays open all night every night, it is a job that has to be done on someone's shift no matter what. When he swooshed the vacuum under that very same lady's chair, a button on his busboy coat caught on her wig, and he plucked it completely off her head as he stood up. She screamed, grabbed it off his shirt, and ran to the bathroom.

19. David and his black gay lover came home for the holidays, and it was certainly meant to shock. I did. Nevertheless, we were civil, but our eyes must have been popping out of our heads, since we knew nothing of gays, not even that my brother was gay, and we knew nothing of blacks, except perhaps what we had seen on television. The guy was nice, very handsome, a singer I think, and very obviously gay. My only regret is that it didn't happen sooner.

20. Hugging, besides Orientation to Gays and Blacks, was also taught me by my brother David, and it is something for which I will always be grateful. Until that time, our family (like most families) was stiff and scarcely made contact with one another. But suddenly David started hugging, and it caught on like a virus. We became one of the hugging-est families I know.

21. Graffiti is something which bothers me to look at even today, and yet I had my own little foray into writing graffiti in the little town of Seneca, Illinois. I was a graduating senior, and my friend Bill Chapman and I felt the need to do something mischievous before we finished with that tiny and very limited little town. We got some paint and brushes, and late one night, we set ourselves up to paint the big white wall on the north end of Main Street. It was a grocery, all closed up of course, and there was nothing stirring in the whole town except for the occasional barking dog. Or so we thought. The lights came on at a nearby house, and soon a man came out and yelled at us. We decided to cut short our important messages to the world at that point, but continued painting frantically for a few minutes longer, until we saw the squad car coming our way. We abandoned our materials and headed out, first for the alleys and then, when the cops continued to bear down, to the ditches and gullies. What seemed like a good idea was looking pretty silly at that point, and I recall laying flat in the weeds of a fairly unattractive ditch as the car's lights passed close overhead. We managed to escape, but the half message I

had left on the wall, “If my mom could see ...” served as a reminder to me not to do anything so stupid again. So far, so good.



22. Hitchhiking, and the Accident on Route 80: David and I were hitchhiking from the farm in Illinois to Clearwater to see our friends, Mike and Tony Ugolini. Tony was in my class, and Mike was in David's. They had moved to Florida when their family farm was condemned for public use when the Nuclear Power Plant and a huge cooling lake was built on their ground (along with many other farms.). Florida

and the visit with them were not so remarkable, but the hitchhiking was very memorable. Either most people on the highway are strange, or it is only the strange ones who pick up hitchhikers. We met lots of characters along the way. One guy drove us to Seneca, and – unaccustomed to the big snow covered hill just as you come into town – spun his car around several times before we arrived neatly at the stop sign at the bottom of the hill. One guy openly pulled out a box cutter and extended the blade to let us know he would tolerate no funny business. One old man peed his pants, then pulled into a hotel for the night, essentially leaving us to fend for ourselves. At that point it was preferable to be free of him, so we carried on.

At one point in the trip, we came upon a bad, single car accident on the side of the road, and we were the first to arrive on the scene. There was still smoke from the stalled engine and screeching tires, and a man very dead inside, having run up on a guardrail, which pierced his windshield and him too. There was a strong smell of death in the air, and I nearly threw up. I felt sick to my stomach for days afterwards, and refused to drive (even though various rides would permit or encourage us to do so). I think it was at that point that I started taking driving more seriously.

Overall, hitchhiking was a success, enough adventure but nothing too frightening to handle. I later hitched to Florida again, and made a big circle of the Eastern USA with my brother Bill. Then a few months later, we continued in a figure 8 around the Western states. I hitchhiked in Europe too, from Paris to Rome, and from Rome to Pompeii. One funny story I remember about the times in Europe was standing at a roadside in a huge roundabout outside Rome with my friend Marie, with a sign for Pompeii. A large sign on the roadside near where we stood said “No Hitchhiking” in Italian. After standing for hours with no success, we noticed an Italian police officer approaching us, and we were sure we were in trouble, clearly breaking the law for hitching in a place where it was forbidden. However, the humor of the guy came clear when he first corrected our spelling of “Pompei” (added the second “i”) and then stopped a car and asked the drivers to give us a ride. Great service. Memorable experience.

- 23. Carrie’s Boat House** was where I was introduced to the evils of marijuana. I was late in pretty much everything. I was the last person in the world to understand what sex was all about. Unlike my older siblings, I didn’t learn how to drink alcohol, no did I do much of anything adventurous. I was at an awkward age, where I was seen as a bother to have along, and not cute enough to make up for it. I was, I admit, pretty geeky. I really didn’t drink alcohol until the summer between my junior and senior year, and then only a little. There were some powerful forces keeping me on the straight and narrow in those days. For better or for worse. But I was for some reason invited to go with Beth and David to visit Beth’s friend Carrie in Michigan. She lived on a lake, had a small sail boat, and a boat house to protect its slip. This was in 1971, near the end of the Viet Nam War, and there was a lot of pot smoking and drug taking going on at that time. I did what Beth and David (already a few years of college under their belts) did so comfortably and naturally. I smoked marijuana and listened umpteenth times to Carol King’s famous album, Tapestry. It was beautiful music in a beautiful setting, and my experience was very good. I don’t

recall more details, but marijuana never was a horrible thing for me. My main objection to marijuana or any illicit drug to this day is that buying it supports a world of risk and danger and crime and heartbreak. In any group of people, there will be someone who is unable to control their intake and their reaction to the illegal substance (alcohol included) and will often lead to trouble which may spill over into the lives of others.

24. College was assumed for me. I was a good student, and had three older siblings who all attended college for at least two years (Denny) or graduated after four years (David and Beth). I followed the path of least resistance. Had I had the benefit of a pro-active high school guidance counselor, I am sure I could have had other options and possibly an academic scholarship. Unfortunately, ours was not very good, nor did I know enough about the possibilities to take action on my own behalf. Consider that this was all pre-internet, so inquiries needed to be done by snail mail. So I went where David and Beth went before me. They even arranged for a job for me in the college cafeteria. I felt like life began when I went to college. Illinois State University had about 23,000 students, and there was a whole world of new opportunities, kids my age, and things to do and learn. It was fun for a while, but soon I felt cramped in and surrounded by too many corn and bean fields. I wanted something different, and – after an 18 month sabbatical – I went to Southern Illinois University, which was a dramatic improvement.

25. Salzburg was another eye-opener. My freshman college roommate, Les, came back to the room one day with some materials about Study Abroad, with opportunities to earn college credit studying in Brighton, England, and Salzburg, Austria. He thought he would certainly do that one day, but it was me who followed up on it, and I went in January of 1974 for a semester. I studied German before under Herr Gruber and learned a great deal before going. Good thing too, as I stayed with a family who spoke no English. I took more German, European Art and Economy, a two week ski course in the Austrian Alps for my PE requirement, and managed to travel throughout much of Western Europe. It was a great experience, Salzburg was beautiful but a bit boring, but I spent several weeks in Paris, saw lots of Germany, spent a two-week Easter Holiday in Italy, crossed the iron Curtain into East Berlin and Hungary, and whet my appetite for later foreign travel and living.

26. Tim the Jesus Man was one of the first people I met as a freshman in college while living in the dorm. I had been drinking, and was walking down the narrow hallway, and was feeling better than circumstances probably justified, when he asked, “How are you?” and I said, “Great!” and he said, “Praise Jesus!” and I guess I fell into the trap. It was bible study and prayer and a lot of religious silliness for about a year and a half, pure distraction. There was probably nothing worth taking with me on the basis of that experience, except the suggestion to avoid wasting time in such nonsense.

27. Southwestern Publishing Company was strangely related to the Jesus sidetrack above, but this time it was an experience with commercial interests, and occurred

through coincidence than anything else. I needed a job the summer between my freshman and sophomore year, and there was an ad placed all over campus promising good earnings for the summer, well-worded but offering very little information. It turned out to be a job selling bibles door-to-door for the Southwestern Publishing Company. This experience was meaningful, in that I learned sales and very hard work, the power of self-motivation, and goal-setting. I traveled first to the company headquarters in Nashville, Tennessee, and then was assigned to work a territory in Mesquite, Texas, a suburb of Dallas. I earned strictly commission, no salary, and worked 13 hours a day for 13 weeks. I started at 8:00 AM and finished at 9:00 PM Monday through Saturday. On Sunday, we got to go to motivational and training meetings. We literally stood on our chairs and shouted, “In order to BE enthusiastic, you have to ACT enthusiastic!” Also, we shouted, “I feel happy, I feel healthy, I feel terrific!” It sounds crazy but it works and don’t let anyone tell you that it doesn’t. I saved over US\$ 2000 that summer, won some prizes, and was begged to come back the following year. I didn’t. Among my experiences on the front porches and in the living rooms of the good people of Mesquite, I had a gun pulled on me, was literally kicked out of a house, and was harassed by the police. I sweated through my first few presentations, and learned the importance of a well-memorized sales pitch. A great learning experience I hope never to repeat.

28. Ray Bachman was my brother-in-law, married to my sister Beth for about 4 years. He was a great guy and a good friend, and while I could see it was not a marriage made in heaven, I was sad to see him go. Once the marriage was over, I never saw him again. He introduced me to his friends Pat and Betty Huett in Carbondale, and Pat in turn introduced me to Doug Diggle, who hired me as a bartender. I had no experience, but he trained me well, and it paid my way through several years of college. Ray turned me on to lots of good music, smoked lots of marijuana, and one time shoplifted an ironing board from a store on a dare. He was crazy, but a great person.

29. Jim’s Pizza is the site where I learned the trade of mixology...better known as bartending. The place was owned by two hot tempered Greek brothers, John and Tasis. They worked hard, and when not working they argued, drank ouzo, and played backgammon. Jim’s was famous for several things. When Saturday Night Live came on, it was mandatory to shut up and listen, or you were kindly escorted out. (Those were the days of Baluchi and Ackroyd, Chevy Chase, and Roseanne Rosanadana). We served Nickel Schlitz and Dime Bud on Thursday nights, and the beer spigots came on at nine and went off at midnight, and only stopped flowing to change a keg. And finally, the food was quite good, and I was able to eat for free once for every shift I worked. The food was a huge benefit for me, and I strongly recommend college students working somewhere food is served to avoid starvation.



30. Meeting Marcia: Oh boy! This one is a big deal. I had known a fair number of girls, even thought I was in love a few times, but love tends to up the stakes as you get older. Love becomes more intense with experience. Even though teenagers in the throes of red hot puppy love might look at adult love as really lame, it is what goes on inside that really matters. It is not how hard you kiss or how long you kiss or how often you kiss, but how meaningful are your kisses that really matters.

Marcia – still a nameless college coed – had two classes in the same building at the same time as me, and I began to see her frequently during the week at 9 and again at 11 in the morning, going to class and getting out. She always walked with someone, and I started feeling like a stalker, because I really wanted to follow her and find out more. She dressed a bit provocatively like most of the girls, with ridiculously high shoes (called stacks), and she nearly always had her hair wrapped in a bandana. Clearly class was not socially important enough to actually “fix her hair,” so the bandana was a temporary cover. I am sure that I wore blue jeans and a flannel shirt, like 99% of the rest of the students at that time. I was fuzzy and furry, I suppose. I am sure today I would laugh at my look, but at the time, I was one of the guys, blending in but trying hard to radiate cool.

She worked in the library, which proved to be my road to meet her and assert my charm. I worked in a bar, and that was my standard approach to girls and anyone else. “Come see me at Jim’s. I’ll buy you a beer.” While Jim’s had some very special characteristics, it was not seen as cool by many of the younger students,

as there was an older crowd that hung out there, and there was no dance floor, no music other than a juke box, and some Greek owners known for hot tempers and low tolerance of messy drunks. There were plenty of those on Illinois Avenue in Carbondale, Illinois.

Marcia, on the other hand, was the butterfly of the library, extremely social, and I can't tell you how many times I heard her supervisor say, "Marcia, you'll have to tell your friend to leave now." She sometimes checked out books, sometimes checked bags to make sure you weren't smuggling books or documents out, and sometimes she helped you fix your library fines. A good girl to know.

I was a bit older than her and most of my peers by about two years, as I had quit and re-entered University. I was also three years older than Marcia. I was no athlete, not very well established in the college student body, and was a little lonely those days. I had signed up for a roommate to share expenses off campus in a trailer, extreme heat in summer, extreme cold in winter, and very little of interest in between. My roommate's name was Edgar, and he was one of the stranger characters I have known. He was very short, very unattractive, a social misfit, prone to anger, depression, boasting, and memorizing baseball statistics while sitting on the toilet, which he did often. I recall that he would distribute the dishes in the cupboard so that they occupied ALL THE CUPBOARDS, even if that meant one cup or plate per cupboard. Sometimes it was so cold in winter that we sat in front of the open oven door to keep warm. It was our TV.

Marcia still lived in a dorm, but soon moved into a trailer as well with her friend Lois. Her trailer was more upscale, as trailers go. It had underpinning which kept the wind out, and some fun neighbors next door with whom to party. There was plenty of that in those days. This was her second year at SIU and my first, so she knew more people than I did, although my bar and school contacts were expanding rapidly.

After visiting the library too many times, I managed to get her attention when I checked out twenty or thirty books at a time for my Elementary Literature Class. She made jokes about that, and I did my best to demonstrate my wit, and to charm her out from behind that counter and into my arms. It took some doing. She was dating some motorcycle guy at the time, who I hated without ever having met him. I had double duty, to win her heart and rid that same heart of this guy named Greg, who I heard years later married some local girl, had babies, got divorced, and was miserable.

Could have been worse.

Could have been me.

So I convinced her to come out and play. On the night of the big date, I arrived on time. It was winter. I wore a long olive green army coat, which I believed made me look very cutting edge. I arrived at her off-campus apartment. I don't recall who let me in, but Marcia was nowhere to be seen. I was told she was getting ready, but more and more time passed, and she didn't come out. I was left talking to no one, with nothing to do, wondering if this was the tone being set for the night. Not good.

Finally, about 40 minutes later, she appeared, looking great, but acting very sheepish. She apologized immediately saying she could not remember my name. I couldn't believe it. I was not upset that she didn't remember my name so much (though that too was not a great sign of her devotion to me) but that she made me

wait forever until she got the courage to come out. So out we went to Jim's Pizza Palace to get something to eat and of course drink. We sat in a booth, and things started to pick up, and before long ... well... that's another story, but the ending is happy, and we continue to live happily ever after.

We had much in common, farm background from Illinois, big family, liked to party, liked music, and quickly made some common friends. I looked enough like her dad to make me irresistible, and got along well with her family. It still took me a good 6 months to rid the terrain of other predator boyfriends, but I finally succeeded in my mission. Marcia was mine.

We lived together for a few years, quit school together, later finished school together, shared hard times, got married reluctantly (we wanted to be together but weren't ready to get married. We did it out of convenience.) We moved to Argentina together, moved to Portland together, bought a house, and then got married in a real church in her hometown of Breese. The wedding was the most fun I ever had.

- 31. Real Livin' Campground** was a place in Northern Wisconsin where my family went camping over the 4th of July. Present were brother David and his two kids (Amanda and Ryan), Marcia, my sister Beth, and friends Jane and Bill Mueller. It was an incredibly clear and sunny day, a beautiful setting, and we decided to do hits of LSD. Not all acid trips turn out so wonderful, but I have to say that to this day, I recall this experience as one of the most fun I had in my life. We went running through a field of daisies, we hid beneath a waterfall, watched fireworks, and laughed hysterically most of the day. The little kids were well taken care of by a baby-sitter, and one of us (Jane) remained straight and sober so she could drive for the group. To this day, if one of us says with exaggerated emphasis, "REAL LIVIN'!" we all immediately recall that wonderful day. Be careful with drugs, but given a safe setting, it can be a wonderful experience.
- 32. Canoeing in Wisconsin:** Marcia and I spent a lot of time camping when we were dating. I owned an MGB Convertible, and we got very good at conserving space, arriving prepared, and enjoying the great outdoors. We often went canoeing, cycling, and hiking. We always cooked our own food, and genuinely enjoyed each other's company.
- 33. Student Teaching in Argentina:** When I attended the introductory class which explained the program from start to finish, we were given options of where to do our student teaching in our final semester before graduation. Nearly all the options were small towns in Illinois, and frankly sounded very uninspiring. Until the end of the list, we were told we could consider student teaching in Brighton, England, or Buenos Aires Argentina. That truly caught my attention as well as that of my friend Meghan, who sat beside me in class. We both ended up doing our student teaching in Argentina, and in a sense I have never looked back. It proved to be a great experience, both professionally and personally. I have now lived and worked 25 years in Argentina, another 9 in Brazil, both in teaching and in the International

Moving Business. Argentina has been a wonderful place to raise my family and to grow and develop as a person.

34. Birth of Lee Andrew: My first child was still-born in Rio de Janeiro. The pregnancy went full-term, but died at delivery. It was an incredibly sad day for Marcia and for me, as well as many of our many friends who were following closely the birth of our first child. We named the little boy Lee Andrew. Lee because it was a name we liked, and Andrew is the name of Marcia's father. Losing a child was one of the saddest and most difficult times of my life, and doubly painful as I knew how much it hurt Marcia, who lovingly carried the child for 9 months. The community came out full strength to support us, and we were able to move on. We still remember his birthday and have a Lee Andrew Ornament on our Christmas tree.

35. Career Change - Teacher to Mover: As a school teacher in West Linn, Oregon, I continued my studies and got a Masters in Curriculum and Instruction (Elementary Education) at the University of Oregon and my Administrative Credentials at Lewis and Clark College in Portland. I had it in mind to become a grade school principal, and even expected that to happen at Lincoln, the American School of Buenos Aires. I knew the principal was set to depart after a year and I had a slick plan to step in and take over. However, things don't always turn out as we plan. The headmaster at Lincoln was fired, and his replacement decided to bring in his entire administrative team. So I was forced to continue as a classroom teacher for another year. I began looking for principalships, but in Brazil there are not that many international schools, and I found nothing. At the same time, I wanted to stay in Brazil as I loved the country and the culture.

Meanwhile, Marcia was working in Public Relations for an International Moving Company, and her boss became interested in me. He had an important branch office in Brasilia which was underperforming and needed a manager. I was eventually hired to take over that job, a move from classroom teacher to Branch Manager of a moving company. While it sounds like a shocking change, it was really a good transition, as I managed similar numbers of staff or students, and worked to get them to work and learn together. Plug in the different objectives and it turned out to be a good fit.



- 36. Birth of Kelly:** On May 16th, 1990, my daughter was born. She was and is an incredible blessing to me, and has inspired me and taught me and given me such incredible joy. I very quickly learned that I was a strong feminist. How could the father of a young woman be anything else?
- 37. Birth of Tyler:** On February 26th, 1992, my son Tyler was born. In addition to being a fine young man and a great person, Tyler provided me with hours of enjoyment playing basketball, tennis, golf, and soccer. He is a great athlete, and

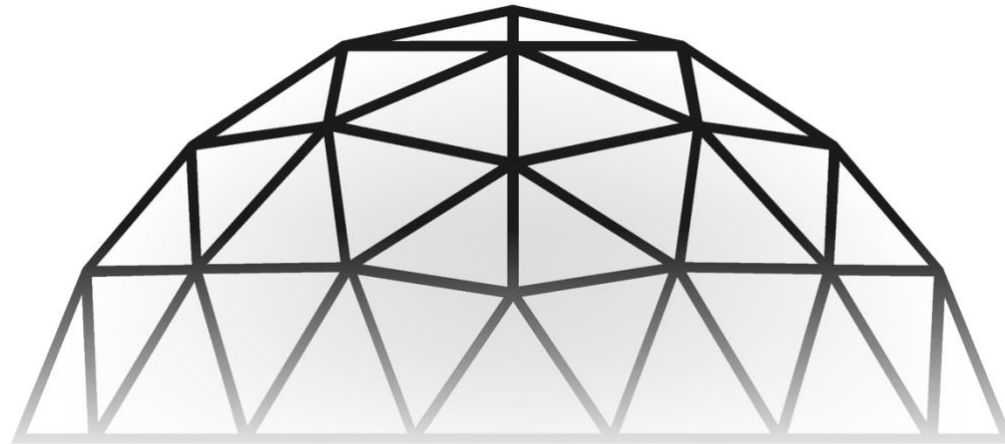
now a serious professional. He was always extremely social in school, and I often wondered if he would find time to settle into more serious matters. In fact he did and I am very proud.



38. Move to Argentina as Owner of Transpack: In December of 1995 I returned to Buenos Aires with my family and we (my wife and I) have lived here ever since. The children both currently live in Austin, Texas as of this writing. Buenos Aires is still one of my favorite places in the world. It has many flaws, but provides an interesting, stimulating, and exciting place to live. I hope I never leave on a permanent basis. Argentines are always wildly curious as to how an American can

justify living here for so long, as they sometimes see only the flaws. I often say that living a life between two cultures is live living in stereo. I would hate to give it up.

- 39. Developing the Transpack Companies:** It has been a great honor for me to develop the company Transpack Argentina S.A. I am very proud of our accomplishments despite the difficulties of running a business in Argentina. I believe our quality of service to be the finest. Our corporate culture is self-correcting, and I have a group of marvelous and talented employees.



TRANSPACK
C O M P A N I E S

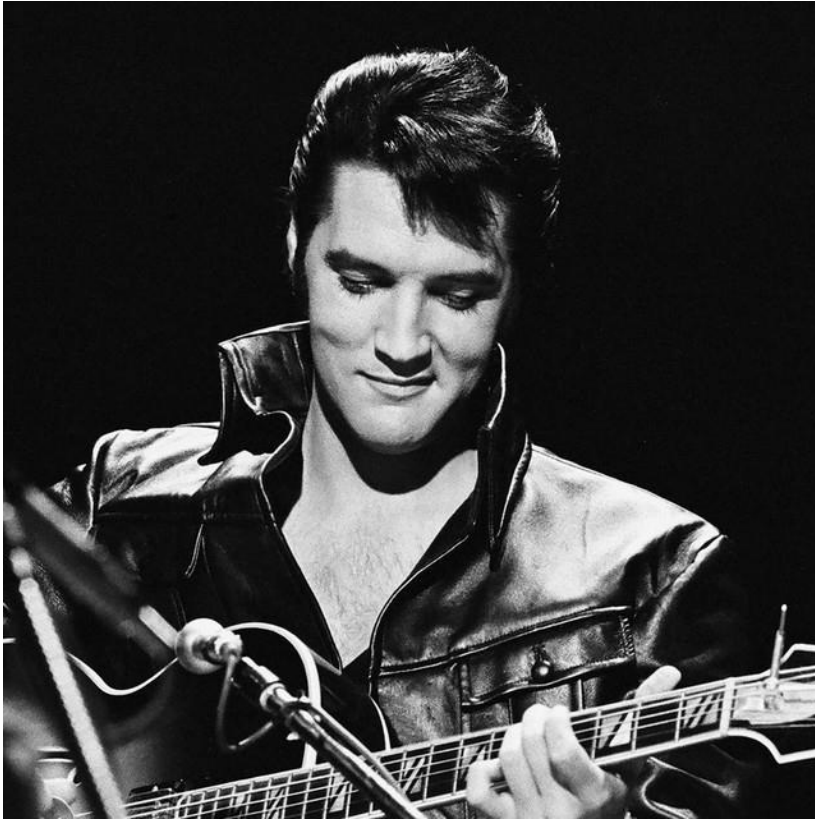
- 40. T-Ball, Coach Pitch, and Little League:** Both Marcia and I dedicated many hours to coaching our kids and their friends in baseball in its various stages. I do not regret a minute of that time, and I have seen on many occasions how these experiences left a positive mark on my kids and the kids on my teams. Baseball proved to be a great medium for learning about life, about fairness, about sportsmanship, about winning and loving, and about playing (working) on a team.
- 41. Career Change - Mover to Writer and Musician:** Recently I have made another switch in my career. I have the great fortune of having a fantastic number 2 who does most of the work in managing Transpack, allowing me to enjoy writing and making music. I have found that – at least at this stage in my life – I want to be an artist. It may be that this is what I have always wanted, and it just took me a long time to figure it out.



F. Inspirational Literature

1. The Bible Story Book (read to us at most every meal growing up)

2. Tom Swift Series (my favorite sci-fi series in school, I read every volume I could get my hands on, along with my cousin Tom, my classmate throughout grade school)
3. Saggy Baggy Elephant / The Pokey Little Puppy (two of very few books in our house)
4. Books of fairytales and collections of stories
5. The Bible (lots of that)
6. Horatio Hornblower Series (read as an adult, I have now read the entire series at least 10 times. I plan to read it again one day soon.)
7. Sci-Fi of all types, including Heinlein, Asimov, Clarke (Mind expanding literature, some of it extremely well-written)
8. D.H. Lawrence
9. Hemmingway
10. Vonnegut (biting and brilliant)
11. Patrick O'Brian and the Aubrey Maturin Series (layer after layer of fascinating material. Something to read many times.)
12. Carl Sagan, all his books (explains everything to make it easy)
13. Stephen Hawking (scary smart)
14. Gore Vidal
15. Alexander McCall Smith (THE NUMBER 1 LADIES DETECTIVE AGENCY SERIES)
16. Ann Patchett ALL WORKS,
17. Barbara Kingsolver (IN FACT I THINK "THE POISONWOOD BIBLE" WAS INSPIRATIONAL FOR MY USE OF VARIOUS VOICES IN SNT),
18. Mary Doria Russel (READ "THE SPARROW").
19. John Gardiner "THE SUNLIGHT DIALOGUES",
20. Larry McMurtry
21. Cormac McCarthy



- **Meaningful Music**

1. **Childhood phase**

2. Church choir
3. Record Player, Mares Eat Oats, Davey Crocket
4. The Stereo 88 RPM, with the famous “16 of Ladies Locked in the Lavatory”
5. “Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
6. 16 Old Ladies locked in the lavatory
7. They were there from Monday thru Saturday
8. Nobody knew they were there. “
9. TV Show themes like Mickey Mouse Club, Three Stooges, Mr. Ed, and Gilligan’s Island.
10. The Accordion
11. Piano Lessons
12. Elvis Presley, and my dad’s incredible impression
13. TV Music: Perry Como, Andy Williams, (awonderful awonderful), and whatever was on Ed Sullivan.

14. First 45 ... Ruby Tuesday by the Rolling Stones, which I got at Duane Coulter's Birthday Party. I was the only one who attended from my class, though all were invited.
15. Kelly's Birthday Playlist
- 16. Teenager**
17. WLS AM Radio
18. David's first stereo, and the thrill of Classical Gas
19. The Moody Blues, Tuesday Afternoon
20. Emerson Lake and Palmer
21. James Taylor, Elton John, Crosby Stills Nash and Young
22. And of course, the fabulous and always surprising Beatles.
- 23. University**
24. First albums were Bread "On the Water" and Isaac Hays "Shaft (Right on!!!)"
25. Soon after followed Rod Stewart's album with "Maggie May." To this day I do not enjoy Rod Stewart, but I still like the song "Maggie May."
- 26. Interim University (The Ray Bachman Influence)**
27. Music From Big Pink, Bob Dylan, Procol Harem, Yes
28. Woodstock
29. Joni Mitchell
- 30. Post University**
31. Supertramp
32. Sting
33. Pat Metheny
34. Aerosmith
35. And then a nuclear explosion of music. I currently like most kinds of music with few exceptions.

- 36. Today:**
37. Bach
38. Pat Metheny
39. Softly and Tenderly
40. American Beauty Sound Track
41. Oh Brother Where Art Thou Soundtrack
42. John Mayer "Home Life"
43. Joni Mitchell "Clouds" from Soundtrack of Love Actually
44. James Taylor "Walking Man"
45. Weather Report
46. See 2020 Birthday Gift from Kelly with assistance from Marcia and Amanda of a fabulous birthday play list of meaningful tunes shared by friends.
47. My music, country western and Being Tom Waits live show performed in Dama de Bollini in May 2020.



G. Movies that Moved Me

1. Old Yeller
2. The Ten Commandments
3. Ben Hur
4. The Wizard of Oz
5. The Day the Earth Stood Still (the original)
6. Soilent Green
7. The Neanderthal Man
8. Hush Hush Sweet Charlotte
9. The Veldt (based on a story by Ray Bradbury)
10. Day in the Life of Maria Consuelo
11. Planet of the Apes
12. Goodbye Columbus (first really strange movie ending I recall)
13. Looking for Mr. Goodbar (first really horrifying ending I recall)
14. They Shoot Horses, Don't They (another unexpectedly tragic ending)
15. Free Movies at ISU
16. Woody (when he was funny)
17. Breaker Morant
18. Love Story
19. Woodstock
20. Easy Rider
21. Spielberg "Searching for Private Ryan" and "Schindler's List"

- 22. Dances with Wolves
- 23. Chariots of Fire
- 24. Disney Movies (through the parent phase... you really learn to appreciate them!)
- 25. American Beauty
- 26. Blade Runner
- 27. The Road
- 28. Education of Little Tree



II. Happiness

WHAT BRINGS ME HAPPINESS

Good music
Scenic Beauty
Well-behaved dogs and children

Ample space
Giving Sexual Pleasure
Successes of my children
Having /hearing / sharing good ideas
Riding horses
A good workout
Winning
Small and delicious meals
A good story, well told (song, poem, book, movie or play)
Witnessing effective teaching or coaching
Making money
People showing an interest in me
Mind alteration in moderation
The nobility of trees
The complexity of flowers
Aesthetic design w/ Functionality
Science

III. Dreams, Goals, and Causes

DREAMS

I am not saying that I am ready to sell the proverbial farm today and set off to do any one of these things, but, here is a list of things I think about, dream about, consider, or sometimes visualize myself doing. In some cases, I write it down just to see how it feels to say it.

These are occupational dreams:

- Porn star / Playboy (Sorry, I suppose it would be awful, really.)
- Politician (start with president, state senator, governor of Florida, mayor) I have called the North Carolina Green Party, and maybe if/when I retire there one day, I will get involved in politics.
- Writer (used to be the great novel, then poetry, then children's literature or plays, then songs, then business commentary. I feel like I have to finish my four "works in progress" to die fulfilled. Wish me luck.
- Golfer (not serious, but reasonable) In fact, I would like to golf ONLY during the week as a part of my work, not on the weekend when it steals time from my family.
- Millionaire Business Baron (maybe I am there already!)
- Environmentalist
- Multi-media artist
- Great thinker

These are wealth related:

- Own more property. In my first writing of this essay, I said I wanted to own a mountain home as well as a beach home. I have now had that for 7 years. I now want a farm, beach property in Brazil, and land on a river in Southern Argentina. This list goes on and on, and keeps growing.
- Net worth of 5M when I am 60.

These are character dreams:

- Be a Great Dad
- I dream of growing older and being happy, being content and being popular and known and respected.

Then there are the kind of weird, trance-like dream states: Call it meditative dreams:

- Flying without the use of a plane or anything artificial. Flying without necessity of using arms for wings. Just soaring like a weightless entity. I have at different times in my life had very vivid dreams of flying. At least I think I have. It is one of those things which I remember but then it could all be a *Deja vu* kind of thing. I did it as a kid, and then let it go until college days when I met a guy who was very mystical and encouraged me to meditate on out-of-body kinds of experiences
- I used to will myself to do this, as well as the out of body exercise in which my spiritual body leaves my physical body, and floats above the physical body and looks down to see myself, then from the top of the room, out the window to the top of the house or building, and further and further out into space.
- I did the flying again, and also the big numbers painted in light on the retina of my conscious. See the giant numeral 1 appear, then fade, to be replaced by the giant numeral 2, and on through 9 and 0 and back to one.
- Why do this stuff? It is a way of showing the power of the mind, and a way to control what your mind can do. Maybe it is not practical, but it is interesting and fun.

GOALS

Goals are dreams with a deadline, much more grounded in the "real world," and several goal lists have been added. This exercise or setting goals and working towards the achievement of them has been a very important part of my life. Achievement is a real drive for me, and I suppose it is to most American men in particular. Maybe all men or all people. Americans seem to have a stronger case of it, be it a gift or an affliction. Women in today's society have more options available to them than they did in the past, and now benefit or suffer from the same kinds of ambition for achievement as men have had in the past.

My suggestion? Make ambition work for you. And be careful. Your dreams may come true!

Here are some lists of Goals in my life.

GOALS 2009

2 hrs professional business. .5

2 hrs personal business. 1.5

2 hrs exercise .25

2 hrs reading. 1
2 hrs writing. 0
2 hrs transport. 2
2 hrs socializing .5
2 hrs eating. 1
8 hrs sleeping. 8

Replace Statue Dream

1) Education
Learn Chinese/ Portuguese

2) Write:
a) KAMA SUTRA
b) OUTLINE
c) BLACK HOLE
d) Shining New Testament (finished 2002)
e) Total Eclipse

3) Health:
a) Golf:
b) Weights 2 x week
c) Tennis / Vision

5) Gaia Individual Ecology Award

6) Fun:

7) Green

8) 3 M

GOALS 2013

1). Own a horse

2) Be BUFF

3) Real Estate
a) Rio Apt
b) Northeastern Brazil
c) Bariloche lot/ cabin
(Rio Limay)
d) Salta / Entre Rios
e) Siesta Key
f) Eagle Nest, NC
g) Azopardo Propiedades

5. Article Submissions
Trade Publications

6. Interviews

7. Write my 4 books.

8. Enrichment

Own a Horse 2013

Own property in Rio / Bariloche / BA / México

5 M

Weekly 40 min.

Tennis recovery

Weight training

Black Hole Music

3 year Classic Reading tour

2 year Classic Film tour

2 year Music Listening Tour

Hunger for Art

Sushi/Bonsai /Flamenco/Guitar

Learn Self-defense

Obtain long term Med. Ins.



CAUSES

I don't really know whether it is necessary or even desirable to have *a cause*. While causes can lead to great achievements and significant breakthroughs in any one of hundreds of endeavors, causes can also lead to hardship, frustration, pain and defeat. I know people who have declared themselves for causes and done very well. I know others who dip in and out of causes like they change their clothes, and sometimes they too have done very well. Usually, however, these types don't get far. Other people simply want to live and let live and not get too worked up about anything. Their cause is – I suppose – to lead a normal and calm life.

Some of these people do very well too.

Sometimes people work very hard not so much for a cause but rather to get other people to join their cause. Organized religion can be that way. If some religions worked as hard at doing good deeds as they work at recruitment of fellow believers, the world would undoubtedly be a better place.

When it comes to causes, I suppose we should really just think about and talk about ourselves and our own expectations. If one decides to adopt a cause, I think that by its very nature this is a personal choice. Let others join if they wish. Maybe one can inspire others to join the cause by the incredible deeds one does. But a cause is no longer a cause if the main objective is promoting that cause. See what I mean?

I have not really dedicated my life to any great specific cause, other than providing a living to myself and my family, building a good business, teaching what I can teach, learning what I can learn, and giving what I can give. I have some important themes that recur over and over. Education. Communication. Understanding. Quality. The fulfillment of one's human potential. These are ideas which could be considered causes to which I have dedicated significant energy and time.

You must make a personal decision about whether you wish to pursue a cause, and what that cause might be. If you decide to choose and pursue a cause, make sure it is worthy of you. Make sure you understand all the implications of the cause. Make sure you are willing to make the sacrifices necessary to be successful in your pursuit of the cause, as it is always more fulfilling and more fun when you are successful

Here is also a list of ideas for consideration. I think that there are all worthy causes.

Contribute to the dignity of mankind. This is very general, but I find it a good guiding principal.

Full Rights and Equality for my daughter and for all women..

Eliminate world hunger

Democratic ideals

Higher standards of Education

Preservation of the Environment (there could be many sub-causes in this one, like Save the White Rhino, or Save the Ozone Layer, etc)

World Peace

Honest Government

One doesn't necessarily have to think so big. A cause could be to add a kindergarten program to a school, or to form a Boy Scout troop in your town. A cause doesn't have to last a lifetime. You can stop ... when you achieve your goal



IV. PHYSICAL INVENTORY

Each one of these comments is quick and spontaneous, except for the one about the brain, which is a bit of a pet subject of mine. I did a little work on that one. (This was written 15 years ago!)

I am currently 53 years old, in generally good health, male of the species Homo Sapiens, and living on Earth. This is my Physical Inventory:

- Hair - brown, cut short, growing Elvis sideburns these days, but the beard varies quite a bit (a way of keeping fresh, I hope). My brothers and sister said my hair was mouse-brown in color. Probably still true today. A bit of sun helps. I dye my gray sometimes, but don't tell. My hair is kinky on the sides, wavy on top, unruly in back, and with a bit of slow receding going on, but still pretty full. I like my hair alright.
- Forehead: Nothing distinguishing that I am aware of. Not too long - not too short. But reminds me of the joke about the guy who shaved his head. When asked how he liked being bald, he said, I have less hair to comb, but more face to wash.
- Eyes: Blue and some say pretty blue. I wish they worked a little better. I had Lasik surgery in April of 1999. Still need mild correction. I got my first pair of glasses in 5th grade. I was riding the lawnmower when they came in the mail. I was super excited.

- Ears: Furrier as I get older, big but then so am I. No hearing problem that I am aware of, although Marcia would probably disagree.
- Face: Hard to be objective about that one. I have all necessary features. I think that I do not smile enough. I often look worried or angry even when I am not. I do have a nice smile when I occasionally do use it.
- Nose: Hmmm. Ok nose, I guess. A little red from abuse of the sun. I used to burn every year in summer. More careful now, thanks.
- Chin: Nice chin.
- Neck: Nice neck.
- Beard: See hair above. Funny, hair above, get it. It is pretty gray but not totally. It looks great when very short, but my family doesn't like me with a beard much.
- Shoulders: Good, but I would like a bit more muscular development
- Arms: Same as above. Weightlifting is the way to go. I wish I started 20 years ago.
- Chest: Nice, better developed now than ever, thanks again to ...weightlifting.
- Heart: Seems to be very good and strong. Hope so.
- Back: A slight scoliosis, but with strengthened muscles I don't notice any problems. I did once long ago.
- Waist: Working on that 6 pack. Good waist.
- Belly: Getting harder.
- Penis and Testicles: The right stuff. Positive feedback from reliable sources.
- Legs: Long and still too skinny, but better than ever after ...weightlifting.
- Knees: Good knees, but I have tried not to abuse the privilege.
- Feet: These could use some work. Fungus in the toenails for most of my life. Not too attractive as feet go, but then, not a lot of lovely feet out there.
- Skin: I abused my skin as a child before we knew the threat of cancer. I managed to keep my skin in relatively good shape, and now use moisturizer on my face and baby oil on the rest. I guess my skin is a pretty good bag to keep my body in.
- Brain: Here goes.....

THE BRAIN

Now when you consider that this organ (along with the rest of the organs in your body) is the most important tool you will ever use, and like it or not you will use it for life, perhaps it merits a bit more intensive study. WE often hear that we use only a small part of our brain's total capacity. Why? Let's use more. How can we do it? I want to know more. I want to use more of my brain capacity. But as creatures of habit, humans – myself included – tend to get distracted with the other stuff which seems more important at the time, and we paint ourselves into little corners, restricted with the habits and routines we have laid out.

What do I know? I know that there is an incredible force which causes us to opt for habit over thinking. It must be this way, or we would spend hours each day rethinking or re-deciding perfectly good routines over and over. But we must fight the tendency nevertheless. We must do things because they are the best things to do. We must make choices because they are the best choices. We must experiment when experimenting is a good alternative. We must constantly renew and revise and question and challenge. It is all quite tiring really. But in a way, we must continue to be children as we move into adulthood.

A good place to start is perhaps just waking up. The part of the brain which controls consciousness and wakefulness is the reticular formation. It is at the base of the brain stem, right at the end of the spinal cord. When we sleep or space out or watch TV, our brain goes to sleep like a cat, and all the energy of this part of us come to rest. When we wake up or snap out of our trance or turn off the TV, we get a zap, as the energy of our consciousness spreads out quickly to all parts of the brain, and we jump to mental life. I am not sure to what extent and exactly how we can consciously control this part of our brain. But my suspicion is that we can control it, but I also think there are a lot of sleepy cats out there.

What's more, we don't actually have *a brain*...we have *three brains*, even dumb people. The brain is structured like an archeological dig sight. On the surface we find the more recently developed part of the brain, and as we go deeper into it we find the more primitive parts. The most primitive is the R-complex, right at the top of the spinal cord, or at the brain stem. For the R you can substitute "reptile." This is my reptile brain, where the most primitive processes are controlled. Fight and flight, stuff like that.

Next layer is the limbic system. This is the brain which controls coordination and the physical bodily functions.

Finally, on the outside layer there is the Cerebral Cortex. This is the last to develop and what sets humans apart from the rest of the animal kingdom. Here is the home of higher thought processes.

The activity of the brain is actually an interaction between the three brains. The mind is even more complex, because it is this brain activity connected to the world through the sensory organs of the individual. Take the brain and open it out just like a flat map of the world portrays a globe. You will have a sensory surface about the size of a table napkin. It is wired in a way more complicated than any electronic wiring we have done so far. The computer chip is gaining ground, but has a long way to go in sophistication before it gets into the same ballpark.

Take the skin, my sensory pad in touch with the outside world. Spread that out and it would be perhaps the size of a big bed sheet. Certain types of stimuli sensors are concentrated in specific areas, light to the eyes, sound waves to the ears, taste to the tongue, and touch to pretty much all the rest. Consider a great big dish antenna which has the job of receiving signals from the world at large, translation into meaningful data, and transmission to the brain for the greatest cable station ever invented.

The Neural Chassis

The late great astronomer and writer Carl Sagan, was also a great thinker. In his book *The Dragons of Eden*, he writes about the evolution of intelligence, and describes how the human brain has evolved through the ages. Calling upon a few of his insights, we will take a look at the brain and its functions. This is where human thought occurs (and you thought it was by the water cooler!)

Sagan describes "the neural chassis", which contains all the neural machinery essential for reproduction and self-preservation. At the top of the spine (our body's power cable) we find the reticular formation. This controls wakefulness. It is like the screen saver on your computer. Touch it in any of a million ways, and it brings your brain to attention.

We learn that the human brain is in fact three brains in three layers, structured like an archeological dig. On the surface we find the more recently evolved brain, and as we go

deeper into it we find the more primitive brain. As in most evolutionary adaptations, the organism generally duplicates and extends the functions of the pre-existing organ or structure. Outright replacement would put the organism at risk. Better to stick with what works and add on. So you now learn that you have not one but three brains. Feeling smarter already, aren't you!

The most primitive part of the brain is the R-complex, right at the top of the spinal cord, at the brain stem. For the R you can substitute the word "reptile" and get a good idea of how this brain functions. This is where the most primitive processes are controlled. Fight and flight, protect the young, cravings, and stuff like that. This is what the dinosaurs were working with until the comets and asteroids got them.

The next layer is the limbic system, which seems to generate strong and vivid emotions. This second brain provides us with sense of exhilaration and awe. Even love is said to come from the limbic system. Reptiles and the like show no evidence of emotion; they simply plod along towards their next meal or next mate and keep out of trouble. We on the other hand share the limbic brain with our mammalian colleagues. With the advent of the limbic brain, life took a step up to a higher rung of the ladder of evolution.

Finally, on the outmost layer of the brain we find the cerebral cortex, which enables such mental processes as deliberation, regulation of action, spatial perception, transmission of information to other parts of the body, and an upgraded capacity for vision and perception. This is the last stage in brain evolution, and is what has made human beings such a success in their dominance of the earth. (Let's hope we don't blow it!) The only creatures which come close to human thinking capacity (we can tell by brain mass to body mass ratio) are dolphins, whales, and top-of-the-line primates. The dolphins and whales are pretty close, by the way.

There is much duplication of function among the three brains, especially the functions required for survival. But scientists have been able to locate specific brain areas which are responsible for very specific behaviors and functions. This is done by studying the loss of function due to localized injuries. There are tiny areas which can be identified as responsible for identifying colors, for verbal skills, for long and short-term memory, for reading and writing, for understanding numbers, even for recognition of faces. Curiously, sex is a behavior which involves all three parts of the brain, explaining why so many people seem so preoccupied with the subject.

It is unlikely that a fourth layer brain would ever evolve. A further increase in the size of an infant's head would make childbirth too dangerous - even impossible - for the female figure to accommodate. Instead humans now extend thinking capacity by other means. It begins with extra-genetic (learned) knowledge. Humans, of all the creatures, have the longest childhood. They become independent of protective parents only after years of close supervision (Some never do.). Children must learn a great deal first before they can provide for and defend themselves. Then comes extra-somatic knowledge, or information stored outside the body in things like libraries, computers, palm pilots, and communicators. We may be no wiser, but certainly we have access to more knowledge than our ancestors, even our recent ancestors.

When we talk of the mind, we do not refer to a specific organ. The mind is a combination of the brain(s) together with all connections to the world through sensory organs. Open up the brain as you might unfold a world map, and you will have a sensory surface about the size of a table napkin. It is wired in a way far more intricately and cleverly than our most brilliant electrician has even conceived. Still, the computer chip is

gaining ground on the capabilities of the brain. There are many things a computer can do better than the brain (speed of calculation, for example). But in terms of original thinking, artificial intelligence has a long way to go before it achieves the same level of sophistication as the human brain.

Mirror Test

The mirror test is simply looking into a mirror (preferably full length) and making an objective analysis of your body based solely on how you look. So many millions of pages of magazine articles, and millions of dollars in diet pills, and millions of hours spent in futile self-searching could have been saved if we just looked in the mirror and quickly said, “Oh, I need to eat less and exercise more.”

Occasionally I suppose further inquiry is necessary, and even a doctor’s opinion should be sought, but that is probably one case in a hundred. Use the mirror and believe what you see. Weight lifting has convinced me that I have the power in my own hands to control intake and buff up. It is a question of will power, and looking in the mirror.

V. DE-TIREMENT

I wish to never quit working entirely, but to move ever closer to a stage in life in which I do only what I choose to do, when I choose to do it. I prefer the term “de-tire” to “re-tire.” I am doing it for the first time, not re-doing it. And I want the feeling of getting un-tired. Make sense?

Phases of de-tirement

- I. Financial Independence
- II. Withdraw from work responsibility.
- III. Prep of Mind, Body, and Spirit.
- IV. Form a stimulating plan
- V. You Got To Serve Somebody
- VI. Get your house in order



VI. Relationships

They say there are only three things which truly bare on one's happiness; your job, the weather, and relationships. That may be a gross oversimplification, but clearly all three are important, and it is the third which I deal with now in this little blurb. Everyone has relationships. Even the poor recluse who locks himself away from all human contact still has relationships, and I can think of at least two. One with himself and one he carries on with the rest of the inhabitants in the world which he has rejected.

Poor guy, you say, but I wish to share how undervalued and often unappreciated is the relationship we all have with ourselves. It has long been the most important relationship for me, and I think I recognized that fact early on. I spent quite a lot of time lone or early alone. Our farm was pretty far removed from other people who could have served as playmates, plus our poverty kept us pretty close to home. I had numerous brothers and a sister, but the three years plus age differences which separated me from them was significant, and I was left to fend for myself quite often. Beth went off to grade school – there was no kindergarten offered in our neighborhood – and I stayed home three years longer before heading off myself. Kindergarten may have made a huge different in my development... Who knows? But I feel that during that time, I learned and became quite conscious of my inner voice, the dialogue, and it has carried on ever since.

Even though I look back today and see periods of my life when I was nerdy, strange, weird looking, awkward, and geeky, fortunately I was only able to see this AFTER the period passed, so during those times, I guess I felt all right about myself. My sense of self was kind to me, you might say.

But self doesn't cut it all the time, and a few periods of loneliness taught me that lonesomeness is about as bad a state as any might be, and I didn't want it to continue any longer than absolutely necessary. I hope I am never lonely again, and that you, my children to whom I address this, are never lonely either.

I had some good guy friends growing up, but none so good that I felt or feel the need today to continue or to reestablish. Sad but true. I was happy to leave those early years behind. I know I have a good measure of my dad in me, and one story about him is very telling. When he divorced my mom and moved to Florida at the age of about 55, he never once returned to Illinois. I have been back a few times, but not much, and don't know when I will do so again. Selling the farm this year (end of 2008) reduces even further the likelihood of my returning to my home town.

Relationships are not taught in school, and not consciously taught at home. They are learned by example, mainly through your parents and extended family, and then gradually through social contacts at school and in social settings. I hope you will find wonderful and fulfilling relationships throughout your lives with friends, movers, mates, and someday perhaps your own children.

I ask myself now what advice I can offer that might make a difference in your formation of relationships. Here are a few words.

1. For friends, find people who are interesting and fun. Stay close.
2. Give second but not third chances.
3. Protect your heart. Be careful of the hearts of others.
4. If you find yourself hanging out too much with people you don't really like, you are not being true to yourself. You must sometimes be a little cruel out of necessity. Be the least cruel possible to get the job done.
5. People love to be listened to. It is great skill. However, you will find it rare to encounter people who will be good listeners for you. Sometimes you need to be blunt and tell a friend to "shut up and listen once in a while. I am reminded of the guy on a first date, who spends the first half of the evening talking about himself. Then he catches himself, and says, "I'm sorry, I have been talking about myself all night. Now you go ahead and talk about me."
6. Touching others has a huge effect on bringing you closer to a person, whether a friend or a stranger. It seems our bodies need it and crave it, and I do not refer to sexual touching, just touching of a hand, a shoulder, whatever.
7. Eyes are with windows to the soul, yours and everyone else's. For fresh air, keep the windows open.
8. Life is always interesting, but love is really what makes life really interesting.
9. Funny is good. People like funny people. Work on your humor. Learn to tell jokes, and work on your laugh.
10. Attractive people are more successful in life, and in getting ahead. You have been given a set of genes, a body, and a face. Do the best you can with what you have to make yourself attractive to others.
11. When you in a loving relationship with someone, it is natural and healthy to sometimes disagree. Learn how to fight properly. Recognize and

acknowledge openly to your mate that if one of you wins the other loses, and the partnership therefore also loses. Argue for the best for the relationship. That way, you both win.

12. Regarding achieving happiness, fun is incredibly important; money is surprisingly unimportant.

THE 10 COMMANDMENTS OF CHILDRAISING: (locate)



VII. SPIRITUAL SELF

I have been around the block when it comes to religion. It is a short block, as I never delved into eastern religions, cult religions, or ancient religions. Strictly western and protestant, I guess. Spiritually speaking, I have come more to terms these days with my own personal way of believing and worshipping. While I don't profess to have all the answers, I am pretty much at peace with myself, spiritually speaking.

I was brought up Lutheran by a very Christian mom. We attended church every week, Sunday School, Wednesday night lent services, all special holiday services, and so forth. I sang in the choir. We read bible stories and the bible itself at dinner, prayed before meals, prayed before bed. For my mom it was THE MOST MEANINGFUL ASPECT OF HER

LIFE – no exception. To me it was what I was brought up to do. It did not really grab me, but I didn't question it too much either.

As years went by it became less important to me, and when I could avoid it, I did.

As a freshman in college, I was challenged by a Christian individual in my dorm. who was quite dynamic and convincing. I went to some bible study meetings with him and some others in my circle of friends. Frankly, it was probably more due to my inability to say no than any great interest in participating. I know the lingo, however, and could quote the bible and say the right things. There were certainly some values and fundamental upbringing which kept me right there on the edge.

I lose the sequence a bit here, but the next thing I really remember was when I became a bible salesman door-to-door in Mesquite Texas, a suburb of Dallas. I was desperate for a summer job to pay my way through school, and I answered an ad in the paper. I got quite taken by the spirit of the whole thing. I was surrounded by a strong lobby of Fundamentalists who rubbed off on me in a pretty big way. By the end of the summer I was speaking in tongues (I thought so then – I didn't think so anymore.)

It lasted a while after the summer, but thank God (ironic isn't it) I gave up my childish ways.

I go to church now only occasionally, more for the sense of community (not to be underestimated). There is also the children factor. The motivation was originally to get the kids some orientation into religion and the church. Kelly seemed to have taken it to heart, although now she claims she doesn't believe in God. For Tyler, it would seem he could take it or leave it, and leave it seems to be winning over taking it.

Today I hold a faith which tells me in a spiritual way that life is a very miraculous thing. The world is awesome and incredible. I worship the greatness of it all, and believe that I can – if I so choose – play a special part in it. I have no expectation for heaven or life everlasting. I am living the best I can, and if God is a kind and understanding god, I will get what – if anything- I deserve. If I burn in hell, I will have a great deal of company.

Worship for me can be the act of watching and act of exceptional kindness. I don't cry much, but I get choked up a lot watching a movie or seeing my son play or hearing my daughter sing. I am very moved by life, and to me this is as close to worship as it gets.

I fight the traditional conceptualization of God as a bearded man sitting on a cloud. It would seem that it is a silly oversimplification, a creation of the limited mind of man. Even the bible says that the wisdom of man is the foolishness of God, so my wisdom cannot be much. I prefer to let the idea go, and I just keep at things in my own way.

I believe in social responsibility and in allowing for and encouraging all people – myself first and foremost – to be the best we can be. That - for now - is enough for me.

This Is My Religion:

What should a religion be? What purpose should it serve? Or is religion simply the passive submission to worshipping an unknown, unseen being, whose story and description come to us mainly through the brainwashing of our parents, pastors and priests? Should it be that same unquestioning and sheep-like obedience to vague rules and regulations handed down in dubious ancient texts which share conspicuous similarities to other texts of other religions throughout history?

Clearly, my answer is no. I think the question needs to be asked, and therefore I pose it again. What should a religion be? What purpose should it serve?

I do not fear hell. I do not long for heaven. I do not need religion to make me a good person, willing to help my fellow man, to be honest and upright, to show integrity. So what possible benefit is religion to me, or someone like me?

While I don't believe in a God with human-like qualities and superhuman powers, I do recognize spiritualism in me, and in – I presume – everyone. Religion might not be such a bad idea. It is obvious that it fulfills some need in us. If not, why do the vast majority of human beings claim to believe in God?

But I think religion should serve me, and serve mankind, instead of being served by mankind. It should give something back.

I think religion should lead and guide me on a path which will lead to improvement, to end suffering, to raising the bar for me and for all practitioners. As an educator, I believe in education, and the inherent benefits of educating one's self and others. Specifically, I believe in science. Science. The power of Science to improve life, increase our understanding of life, the world, the universe.

My religion is discovering...What's worth knowing?

Listen to our scientists. They will tell you!

Listen to yourself. (Your heart) Ask yourself:

- Can the planet be saved?and if so ...
- Is humanity worth saving?and if it is ...
- Can we live in peace?

Then study and learn:

- How do the big things work?
- How do the little things work?
- What are quantum jitters? What is M-Theory? (The Second Superstring Revolution)
- What is the approximation method? (Perturbation Theory) What is frenzied quantum fluctuation?

- What is the value of the string coupling constant? (one of the most important unresolved issues in string theory)
- What is the Theory of Everything?

These are the kinds of questions and problems which have meaning, and in finding solutions and answers, we actually can make a difference in our lives, and in the lives of future generations.

Finding out the secrets of the universe is a challenge which can unite people of all nations and cultures, unlike religion which divides people, and sets one against the other. Religion historically does its best to kill curiosity, rather than encourage it. Religion leads to dead ends no matter which road one takes. Religion has always been humanity's way to explain what was long thought to be unexplainable. Why does one person get MS and another does not? Why is a child born with deformity, and another is not? For centuries, it was God's will. Today, we know, it is DNA and genetic inheritance. It is time to put the primitive believe in God aside, and look honestly and sincerely into the big questions. Science is my religion.



VIII. LOVE

I first felt love when I was 6 years old. I went to the Milton Pope School Summer Picnic the summer before starting 1st grade. I had been living a pretty sheltered life at the time - to say the least. I lived on a farm, 70 miles southwest of Chicago, but a million miles from nowhere, and besides church on Sunday; there was not a lot of socialization going on in my life. I played with my brothers and sisters, and they were in the same proverbial

boat. There was no kindergarten available for me. There was no neighbor to play with, except for Ronny Kesner, and he was even less civilized than I was. There were no descent bikes at that stage of my life, so riding into town was out of the question. Town was too far away in any case, and wasn't much better.

Anyway, at the school picnic, I don't recall exactly what I did, but I would guess I stood around looking very nerd-like, picking my nose, hands in my pants, and with a geekie haircut. Suddenly something more beautiful than I had ever seen appeared. It was a 6 year old Monica Meier, cuter than anything I had imagined, with a long blond ponytail, and I went into shock. I was too young for lust at that stage (In fact I didn't understand sex for many years to come). But I was transfixed. I followed her around for as long as I could without getting arrested, although she already had two older girls escorting her about - I suppose because there were others present who also thought she was very cute.

We went all the way through grade school and high school together sharing many classes, friends, and answers to our Latin homework. She went on to marry a local guy. She very religious last time I saw her at a 15 or 20 year class reunion, and I found we had little in common. But I still believe to this day that at the picnic I was much closer to love than I would get again for many more years to come.

As I grew up a bit more, I went through a several love affairs, burned a few girlfriends and got burned by a few. I was terribly hurt by Pat Birthisel, who just didn't seem to love me enough. I broke Judy Hickel's heart. She loved me too much. I missed the boat entirely with several girls, for which I still kick myself now and again. I had no clue how to make love happen, or the moment was not right for some reason. Maybe a lack of pheromones. But I fell deeply in love with Marcia at University, and there was absolutely no way I could let her go. We had some close calls, but we were pretty much meant for each other.

I remember the frustration I felt when I couldn't get her to completely shake her old boyfriend (better make that "boyfriends," as there were a few that hung in there far too long,) But Marcia was an obsession for me for many years. Our love has deepened through the years, and now we share so much that it is very difficult to imagine being without her.

Love took a new turn, and received a big boost with the birth of Kelly and Tyler. This was a surprise for me. I never expected to "fall in love" again, but both my babies have made me do it, and continue to do so. It is truly love, not like my love for Marcia, but no less intense. It is a great feeling, and I am encouraged that the feelings reassert themselves time and again. I hope that I will have the privilege of continuing our close relationship with them both, so that this love can not only be continued, but can be reciprocated and actively practiced day by day.

Forever.

Love is undoubtedly the most important thing in life after survival, and frankly, survival would not be so hot without love to go along with it. We find love and lose it and find it again. But we should never let it go for too long. It makes life rich and wonderful.

IX. Sexual Self

Intro

How can I write this so that my children can read it, or my wife for that matter? There is nothing more personal, except perhaps the act of dying.

I was most influenced by two important people in my sexual development; Barbie and Hugh Hefner. Barbie to this day is the sexual prototype of the female body. I know it is impossible to have legs like Barbie, but I can hope, can't I?

Hugh had his great impact, but I can't help but detest him as a person. In fairness to Hugh, I detest any man who gets more than I do. I have trouble imagining any other man having sex with any woman. I have no trouble imagining myself having sex with any woman. This again is illogical, but we are dealing here with a different part of the brain – the reptile part. Sex doesn't have to make sense.

For me, good Sex is when:

There is mutual pleasure.

There is intimacy, even if limited only to physical intimacy.

The sex is safe, not hurtful or damaging, neither physically nor mentally.

The Baby Factor fully considered and addressed.

It is not always possible to achieve all these conditions. But just like the life of Jesus Christ, who can perfectly imitate him? Yet we owe it too ourselves and to the world to try.

All in the family: Two types of women, one group is mothers, sisters, and grandmas. The other is made up of sexual prospects.

CHARACTERISTICS WHICH MAKE MEN MORE ATTRACTIVE TO WOMEN

1. Security
2. Handsomeness
3. Bad boy image
4. Adventurer (risk taker)
5. Competing attention from another woman
6. Giving an unexpected gift at an unexpected time
7. Physical courage (the warrior class)
8. Intelligence
9. Humor
10. Sexual prowess / endowment
11. Persistence
12. Smooth and timely approach
13. Massage table?

TOP REASONS FOR HAVING SEX

The top and bottom reasons for having sex from a list of 237 that college-aged men and women gave University of Texas researchers:

Men's top 10 reasons:

1. I was attracted to the person.
2. It feels good.
3. I wanted to experience physical pleasure.
4. It is fun.
5. I wanted to show my affection to the person.
6. I was sexually aroused and wanted the release.
7. I was "horny."
8. I wanted to express my love for the person.
9. I wanted to achieve an orgasm.
10. I wanted to please my partner.

Women's top 10 reasons:

1. I was attracted to the person.
2. I wanted to experience physical pleasure.
3. It feels good.
4. I wanted to show my affection to the person.
5. I wanted to express my love for the person.
6. I was sexually aroused and wanted the release.
7. I was "horny."
8. It is fun.
9. I realized I was in love.
10. I was "in the heat of the moment."



X. HOUSE AND HOME

I have lived so far (July 1999) in about 20 different houses or apartments, including college dorms. I cannot think of any one thing, like an object or piece of furniture, which would make me feel at home. Most definitely home is where my family is. Pictures of them could perhaps help as much as anything to make me feel at home, though pictures alone would be an inadequate substitute for the real thing. I try to take pieces of home everywhere I go, to work, or to wherever. Home might temporarily be in my backpack or computer bag. Little things can carry great meaning. A house is not needed to make a home.

My favorite home to date would most probably be the house on QL 12 in Brasilia. The address is a strange one, but for the record it was QL 12, Conjunto 3 Casa 3, Brasilia, Brazil. It was close to being a perfect house. Today I would like to have the same house but with another room or two added. Space has always been my greatest luxury. I'd prefer a spacious barn or warehouse to a small apartment, but location is of course an added and not insignificant factor. Therefore a barn in Manhattan would be ideal. Do you know of one available?

The Brasilia house was all one floor, had a nice pool (two pools actually, a kiddie pool and a regular pool), a great yard (3 yards actually, a decent front yard with Jabuticaba Trees, a back yard with pools and nice landscaping, and a back *back* yard with sand volleyball, mango trees, and some huge anthills), large living and dining, an office, hardwood floors, marble floor living room, big really big closets, a winter garden with a hammock, double maid living quarters, nice fruit trees, lots of good stuff. No heating, but none necessary. No air conditioning, but again, none necessary. Security was great with decorative but functional steel shutters on every window. The only down side was that it was in Brasilia, which after some years, became too much to bare. It was an island surrounded by land, you might say.

Honorable mention goes to the second apartment in Rio on the beach of Barra de Tijuca. My only complaint is that I wasn't there long enough to fully enjoy it. It was spacious

once again, nicely appointed, and had great views on 2 sides; the ocean and Lagoa Marapendi. Muito bonito.

My current house in Buenos Aires is not bad. As a rental with a pain in the ass landlord, it has its shortcomings, mainly maintenance issues, but it has the luxury of space, a lovely garden, huge master bedroom, and a great dance floor in the living room. My bar also gets honorable mention. It followed me from Brazil.

My house where I spent my childhood years in rural Marseilles, Illinois was a bit of a house of horrors. It was too hot in summer, way too cold in winter, offered one bathroom for a family of 8 and virtually none of the modern conveniences. It burned to the ground once we had all moved away, and in spite of a tinge of regret for having lost a few mementos lost with the blaze, it was probably unfortunate it didn't happen 20 years earlier, as it would have almost certainly meant we would have moved into something better. It would be tough to find a worse house. But it was my home during the formative years, and for that reason alone, it rates as an important if not pleasant place in my memory.

Home today is where Kelly and Tyler and Marcia eat and sleep and play and meet me when I come home from work. I have the luxury of having more homes than most folks, including a condo in Siesta Key, FL, a mountain home in Robbinsville, NC, and a rental home in Buenos Aires. Ridiculous luxury, you might say. You might be right.

A list of all the homes in which I have lived, as best as I can remember, follows:

1. Two-story wood frame farmhouse in rural Marseilles, Illinois from 1953 to 1971.
2. Manchester Hall, 7th floor, Illinois State University, Normal, Illinois. 1971 to 1972.
3. Salzburg, Austria, with an Austrian Family for one semester of college. 1973 (6 months)
4. Waterston Towers, 7th floor, Illinois State University, Normal, Illinois. 1972 to 1973
5. Back to family farmhouse in rural Marseilles, Illinois from 1973 to 1974
6. Trailer, south side of Carbondale, Illinois. Both colder and hotter than hell itself. 1974 to 1975
7. Rental house on Sycamore Street in Carbondale, Illinois while attending Southern Illinois University. 1975 to 1976
8. Elva Lane, Rockford, Illinois near Rockton and Riverside, home of brother David, 1976 – 1978
9. Apartment complex on a busy road with Brother Bill in Carbondale for final semester of school. 1978-1979.
10. Apartment on J.B. Alberdi, Olivos, Buenos Aires, Argentina with friend Richard Weyrauch, for student teaching at Lincoln School. 1979 (6 months)
11. Apartment at Colon 222, Martinez, Buenos Aires with Marcia. 1979-1981.
12. A few temporary homes in Portland, Oregon (Williamson cousin's house) 2 months
13. NE 27th Avenue NE Portland, with Beth and Bill. First house Marcia and I bought. 1981-1983
14. Rental house on Old Capital Highway and Barber Blvd. 1983 – 1985
15. Alfa Barra Apartments 7th floor, (right on the ocean) Av. Sernambetiba, Barra de Tijuca, Río de Janeiro, Brasil. 1986 – 1988
16. Same complex, different building. Queen Elizabeth, 11th floor 1988 – 1989
17. QL 12, Conjunto 3, Casa 3, Lago Sur, Brasilia, Brasil 1989 – 1995
18. Temporary housing at Aparthotel on Suipacha and Esmeralda, downtown Buenos Aires, then an apartment on "La Isla" on Gelly y Obes. 3 months
19. House on Parana 569, Martinez, Buenos Aires 1996-2001.

20. House on Pasteur 51, Martinez, Buenos Aires. 2001 to present.
21. Apartment in San Telmo in Av. Caseros
22. Apartment in Puerto Madero for 5 years
23. Apartment on Carlos Pellegrini 2 years
24. Apartment in Recoleta, Parana 1289 piso 5.
25. Not permanent residences but important ones:
 - 1080 West Peppertree Lane Apt 203, Sarasota, FL 34242
 - 435 Eagle Nest Road, Fontana Dam, NC

My dream house...well. That's tough. I will try to spell it out below.

- Space, like a vacant warehouse.
- High ceilings
- Big yard, part tended, part wild.
- Music room with Piano and at least one electric guitar and conga drums plus good acoustics.
- Well wired for sound
- Lots of lighting options for atmosphere but also for work and for reading and study.
- Location near a river or a lake or a body of water.
- An office
- A big garage
- An art or hobby room where I could paint or sculpt or do all the things I don't have any idea how to do. Perhaps the room would inspire me.
- For Marcia's pleasure, add a dramatic view. That way she would be happy, and I would likely be happier as a consequence.
- A stable or barn for a few horses, a dog or two, a garden, and even a greenhouse.

I guess what I really like is variety, and therefore enjoy owning more than one home, and with the idea in mind to own several more some day, depending on my ability to make it happen. It is a bit selfish, I suppose, and for this I do apologize to the world. But if I can make it happen, my portfolio of homes will one day include:

- Peppertree Condo, Siesta Key, Sarasota, FL
- Eagle Nest House, Robbinsville NC
- An apartment in Buenos Aires
- An apartment in Rio de Janeiro or in the Northeast of Brazil
- A cabin near Bariloche, Argentina
- A house and small farm on or near the Guaraní Aquifer (Salta, Entre Rios, or Corrientes)

But I am not going to worry about it too much.

XI. Vocation / Advocation¹ / Occupation

I know a guy who claims to be so very lucky in life because his vocation, his avocation, and his occupation all align along the same path. He does what he likes and is good at and gets paid for it. That is indeed good luck, but if we could all focus on the concept from an early age, perhaps luck is less involved, and good planning plays a more important role in arriving at that point.

I will do a little chart here which has three columns, showing what I am good at, what I like to do, and what I actually do professionally. I have not filled out the chart yet, but I have noticed something important. I always appreciated the arts, though I had little training in it. At one time I wished to be an artist, either a painter or a creator of artistic installations. I also wished to become a writer. I also always enjoyed singing. I did not act on this desire. I knew I had to provide for myself and eventually for my family. I had no confidence in my ability to be a successful artist. I did consistently write, but only semi-seriously.

Today I find that the most important thing I do is create art. I want to write, make music, and perhaps even do some art installations. It is now what I wish to do; the rest is peripheral.

What I am good at?

What I like to do?

What I do professionally?

Cliff's Business Philosophy

(Copied, created or stolen outright over the years)

- Our established clients are our greatest asset.
- Later changed to “Our staff is our greatest asset.”
- Later changed to” Our greatest asset is the undeveloped potential of our staff.”
- The 4 Rules of Marketing: Do a good job. Do a good job. Do a good job. Tell people about it.
- Never hold a meeting without addressing the subject of quality.
- Expect from your suppliers the same quality and level of performance that you expect from yourself.

¹ AVOCATION: : a subordinate occupation pursued in addition to one's vocation especially for enjoyment, like a hobby

- The customer is not always right, but always has the right to be heard.
- If you can't explain it, you don't understand it.
- Find a way to be profitable in every endeavor.
- Exceptional service is the best sales strategy.
- Inefficiency is the silent enemy.
- Be curious about the competition, but don't be preoccupied. If you must rely on your competitors to set the standard, you will never be number 1.
- The Golden Rule applies in almost everything. You know your own perspective best. Think of how you would want the job to be done if you were the customer.
- Grow Slow.
- Bring a problem. Bring your solution.
- If everyone is responsible, no one is responsible.
- You can't expect if you don't inspect.
- Work smarter, not harder.
- For every ten new forms, you need one new employee.
- Lawyers make money from problems, not from solutions. Keep them on a tight leash, pick their brains, and the moment you see the road clearly which will lead to a solution, solve the problem yourself and get rid of the lawyer.
- Lessons from my mother: Look for joy in the little things. Be generous. Have faith.
- Lesson from my father: Be honest.
- It is not the lack of problems which indicate a professional, but rather the way in which those problems are resolved.
- Public praise / private criticism: Never pass up the opportunity to praise your colleagues in public, but when you disagree with something they have done, tell them immediately, and in private.
- The 1-2-3 rule: Hire one, pay for two, and expect the work of three.
- The unexpected will happen.
- Providing better service is your only assurance that you will have a place in the market.

- Race as close to the cutting edge of technology as you can. You will always be a little behind, but being a little behind is not a bad thing.
- Dull minds discuss people. Bright minds discuss events. Brilliant minds discuss ideas.

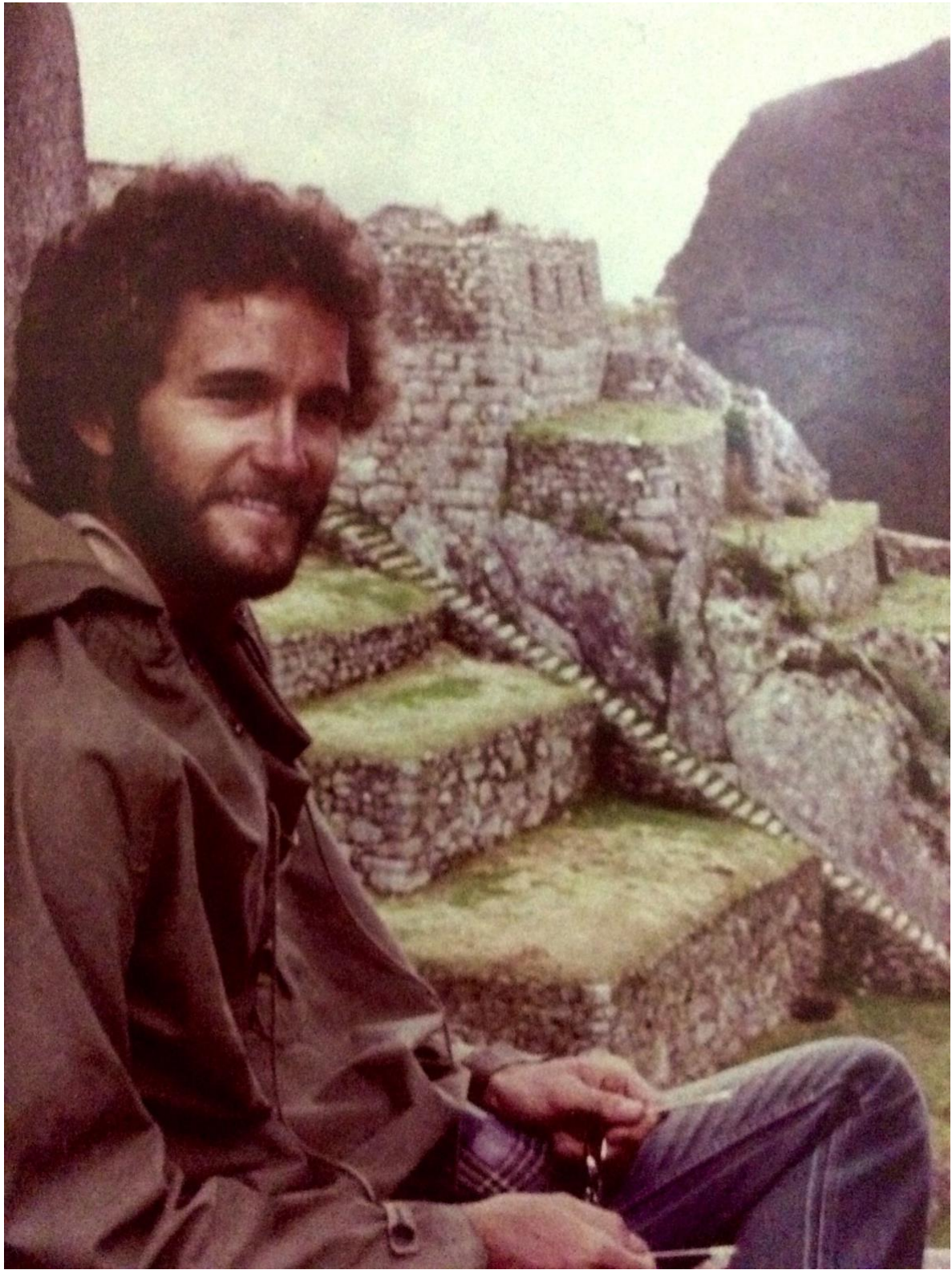


XII. My Credo

This I believe...

- People are born not inherently good or evil, but with the ability to learn quickly to distinguish between the two. Being good or evil quickly becomes a personal choice.
- I believe that the concept of GOD is humanity's means of expressing and understanding awe for the Wonders of the Universe. Our potential as humans for experiencing this feeling of awe is limitless and endless. The more we know, the more there is to know. Society and the individual frequently lose sight of that which is awe (or GOD), but the insight can come back, over and over, year after year, throughout one's lifetime.
- I believe that the power of the human mind is largely untapped, and that traditional education often serves more as an inhibitor than as a stimulus towards self-discovery and the unleashing of this potential. Conformity seems to be a stronger force than is the average person's will to educate him or herself. As we make advances in understanding our mind and how it works, we compare it always to the latest technological breakthroughs. It is no small coincidence that at various times in recent history, we made analogies to brain function as something akin to the workings of the telegraph, the telephone, the television, the computer, and now each new development in memory recall, storage, retrieval, and so on. We do seem to be getting closer, but there is clearly a long ways to go.
- I believe that one small but extraordinary act of kindness each day can give sufficient momentum in the life of a person to lead to fulfillment and personal happiness. In addition, you add to the lives of many others as you do so.
- I believe that our purpose on earth is not something predetermined by a superior being, but rather a choice we make as individuals. Passing of a life without recognition of purpose is wasteful and tragic.
- Some purposes of life which I like to consider and which I feel worthy of my life are:
 - to contribute to the dignity of mankind.
 - to create something beautiful (not necessarily art in any traditional sense)
 - to serve humanity
 - to love
 - to teach
 - to learn
 - to be happy
 - to lead.

- I believe that peace (World Peace) is perhaps the most noble of all goals, but while peace is a desired outcome, there are times when a fight – even a war – is justified. War can be justified when it is fought to protect one's freedom and human dignity. It must, however, be a last resort.
- Human dignity is not possible without personal freedom.
- Women are oppressed, still, in most of the world.
- Charity can heal the spirit.
- Each of us has a spiritual, mental, and physical, and emotional self. They are connected to each other in the form of the individual.
- Drugs in and of themselves are not bad; neither is the recreational use of them - in moderation. However, the greatest argument against the use of drugs is that a sizable segment of the population is unable to regulate their own personal drug urges. Therefore, even when personal use is not a problem for the user, it often is for others who witness or become aware of the practice. They use this as justification for their own use, and ultimately, for their own failures. A further argument against the recreational use of drugs is that the marginal elements of society typically control and profit from anyone's use of drugs.
- I believe that our presence on earth is the result of a series of wonderful natural occurrences of great good fortune. Believing so, as opposed to divine creation, has zero effect on my awe, respect, wonder, and appreciation of life – mine and everyone else's. I believe that religion slows and diverts humanity's progress towards enlightenment.
- Government is pretty bad at almost everything it does, but MUST be responsible to provide some basic services, such as public safety and security (police, military, etc), enforcement of basic rights, healthcare, infrastructure (roads and bridges), and safety net services.



XIII. IDEA MANAGEMENT

Ideas are like fish. Most get away.

I think there might be ways to be better fishers for ideas. Much simply depends on first recognizing what constitutes a legitimate idea, appreciation of ideas, and means of capturing those ideas in writing or in some other form.

This idea, for example has floated around in my head for years, and only now am I putting the idea into words, on paper (or in memory in this case), and there may now be some hope of developing the idea into some workable form where it can do me or someone else some good.

We don't respect our ideas most of the time. We think of them and let them go. I think everyone is capable of creative and useful ideas, some which can change the world, some which might merely change the life of the creator.

BRILLIANT THOUGHTS

1. Splendid Isolation -Brian Putt
2. La arrogancia de existir demasiado
3. The bond of common faith -Robert Kennedy
4. Idea Management is here -Cliff
5. What we know, what we don't know, and what we don't know we don't know.
6. Gaia - that the earth is a living system - Robert Lovelock
7. Humanity will survive, but civilization may not.
8. Don't shoot where the duck was.-Bill Graebel
9. Approach any job with the Soul of a Servant
10. Spiritual Good Health (karma)
11. Hunger for the Arts
12. Take back your country
13. Laws of Physics
 - a) Conservation of M. & E.
 - b) Entropy
 - c) Inertia
14. MacArthur Genius Awards
15. Storage "On the Highway"
16. It's never too late to have a happy childhood. You don't have to be hungry to eat.
17. The way to success in business... introduce higher standards of comfort to what is known, what we already have.
18. To study philosophy is to fight the continuous battle against the obvious.
19. Paul Samuelson's quote ... 4 types of economies ... Developed, underdeveloped, Japan, and Argentina (Nobel Prize winner)
20. A teacher is someone who makes h/self progressively unnecessary. - Thomas Caruthers
21. Knowledge mgmt. - Price Waterhouse
22. Creation story... The earth was dark and void. Then science let there be light, and we followed the light. And when we could not find answers (apparently because there wasn't

quite enough light) then we created God. And it was good... Well, it was pretty good... sometimes.

22. Maximum feasible misunderstanding- Patrick Moynihan

23. Warren Buffet: Be fearful when others are greedy, and be greedy when others are fearful. He also said, "only when the tide goes out do we discover who's been swimming naked."

24. Free Trade Plus: adds requirement for environmental and human rights.

25. The Lesson of Cro-Magnon: We must pay for our orgy of Freedom with an orgy of blood.

26. Keep fit physically, emotionally, socially and cognitively, and adapt actively to the onset of aging. Helen Perkins

27. In linguistics, the Sapir-Whorf hypothesis (SWH) postulates a systematic relationship between the grammatical categories of the language a person speaks and how that person both understands the world and behaves in it. The hypothesis postulates that a particular language's nature influences the habitual thought of its speakers. Different language patterns yield different patterns of thought. This idea challenges the possibility of representing the world perfectly with language, because it acknowledges that the mechanisms of any language condition the thoughts of its speaker community

28) Darwin: Hi-fidelity replication of coded information.

29. A good deal in real estate is when the value per m2 exceeds the cost to construct the same.

30. When shopping for real estate, if you can look over the ass of a cow and see a high rise, buy it.

31. Cathy Bertini, Woman of the Year and ex-Chair Woman of the WFO: the best way to affect change in the world is to educate young girls.

Cliff's Funeral Music:

Music

- James Taylor, Walkin' Man
- Elton John, He will be Blessed
- Crosby Stills Nash and Young Deja Vu
- Beatles. Blackbird (new version is good.)
- Joni Mitchell Clouds from Love Actually
- Sting Mercury Falling

- Pat Metheny Map of the world and others
- Bach
- American Beauty The plastic Bag Song
- John Mayer “Home Life”
- Tom Waits Take One Last Look



XVI. READING LIST

From age 55 to 60, I want to complete this self-study Program
COMPONENTS

1. Reading List
2. Journal
3. Publications
4. Article Submissions

5. Interviews

6. Writing

1. Reading List

Carlos Fuentes

Dostoyevsky

Death in the afternoon

Dr. Jeckel and Mr. Hyde

Ken Kalfus...A Disorder Peculiar to the Country

The Game by Neil Strauss

Death in the Afternoon

Ram Charan - Execution

Terhorst Paul . Cashing In on the American Dream

Time Travelers Wife

Thomas de Quincy... Murder as One of the Fine Arts

Po Bronson-What Should I Do With My Life

China Inc.

Great Books series

Philosophy

History

Jewish History

Shelby Foote - Civil War

Scheuer, Michael (2003). Through Our Enemies' Eyes: Osama Bin Laden, Radical Islam & the Future of America. Brassey's Inc. ISBN 1-57488-553-7.

Scheuer, Michael (2004). Imperial Hubris: Why the West is Losing the War on Terror. Brassey's Inc. ISBN 1-57488-849-8.

LA Writers

Cortazar

Borges

Science

Scientific American

Sagan/Hawking/

Biographers

Self-help

Technology

Gardening

Horses and Dogs

2. Journal: Daily Entries. Whether a journal or something else, a writing exercise of two hours per day.

3. Publications (read)

New Yorker

Esquire

Scientific American

4. Article Submissions

Trade Publications

5. Interviews

6. Writing

7. Enrichment

Tattoo 2008

Horse 2013

Rio / Bariloche / BA / México

Tennis

Weight training

Musical Partnerships

3 year Classics tour

2 year Film tour

2 year Music tour

Hunger for Art

Sushi/Bonsai





XVII. STRATEGIES FOR SURVIVAL

1. Enjoy life.
2. Protect the environment.
3. Seek independence from fossil fuels. (Return of the horse /moto/ windmill/ water mill /steam/ River House Refrigerator/etc)
4. Seek ways to preserve life and gain subsistence.
5. Survival skills
6. Self defense / fighting skills / hunting skills (bow)
7. Good shoes
8. Herbal medicines
9. Brazilian Citizenship
10. Stay Fit

XVIII. Survival Shopping List

Survival Shopping

List

Last update December 3, 2007

Cost Estimate

Property

20 acres fertile land with sturdy house
Cellar which can be locked or hidden.
Fence, wall, or other defensible position
Water Access ideal.

Potable Water

Large water tank, supply of fresh water
Windmill

Power

Generator
Batteries
Propane Gas Tank
Gasoline
Firewood

Firewood

Communication

Radio
Walkie talkies

Weapons

2 compound bows and arrows
two pistols
ammunition

two rifles
ammunition
scopes

assorted knives

Transport

Pick-up / 4-WD
2 horses
2 motorcycles
2 bicycles
4 horses with tackle

Water Transport

40 foot utility coastal transport
Dinghy

Clothing

Tools

Books and Entertainment

Food Emergency supplies for 1 year

**Supplies and
Equipment**

Medical kit / Drugs
Tools (mechanical / electrical /carpentry /
plumbing)

Key bodies of knowledge essential to the survival of the community

Engineering / power generation
Mechanic
Farming and animal husbandry
Medicine, Herbs, First
Aid
Defense / Hunting / Fishing
Covert Ops
Negotiation and trade
Cooking / Nutrition / Preserving
Communications
Plumbing
Sailing



XIX. NICE WINES and WHISKEYS

Chimney Rock - cabs **NICE WINES:**

Quintessa -one special red /year

Regucci - stag leap- cabernet 02 or 03

Pine Ridge -encantado rose, dijon clones chardonney, 2003 Charmstone cab/merlot
blend

2003 cab. Franc

Mumm - blanc noir

santana dvx 1999carlos sparkler

sparkling pinot munier

brut prestige

Miner family 2003 Zinfandel-Napa Valley (light red,

NICE WHISKIES

Woodford Reserve (\$31.99): Since \$30 is at the high end of the price range for American whiskeys, bargains are to be had. The Woodford is a huge, sweet pussy cat of a whiskey — all creamed corn and vanilla pudding, but with alcohol.

Old Rip Van Winkle 10 (\$29.99): Ten years slumbering in the wood leaves this one fragrant of old leather and tasting of dark-chocolate-covered cherries, with a loooooong finish.

Bushmills Black Bush (\$33.99): Biscuity, slightly musky aromas, and a full-bodied graininess on the palate, with just a bit of nip to show you that it's serious.

Chivas Regal 12 (\$29.99): With demand up and the dollar passed out in the gutter, you can basically forget single-malt Scotches for \$30. That leaves the blends, and since they include this velvety smooth old warhorse, that's not a hardship.

Suntory Yamazaki 12-Year-Old Single Malt Whisky (\$34.99): Not all single malts are from Scotland. Japan's been making them for 70 years and knows how. The native oak barrels it's partly aged in impart hints of incense to a clean, rich, and barley-sweet base spirit.



20. Job History

1. Janitor, Stavanger Lutheran Church, Stavanger, Illinois 1968 - 1971
2. Walking Beans, neighboring farms, Marseilles, Illinois 1967 - 1970
3. Shelling Corn, neighboring farms, Marseilles, Illinois 1967 - 1970
4. Bailing hay, neighboring farms, Marseilles, Illinois 1968 - 1971
5. Babysitting, neighbors 1965 -1966
6. Busboy – Dishwasher, The Coffeehouse Restaurant, Marseilles, IL 1968 - 1971
7. Assistant at Flatness Dairy Farm, Marseilles, Illinois 1970
8. Managers Assistant – Waterson Towers Cafeteria, Illinois State U. 1971 - 1973
9. Feature Writer, Illinois State U. Newspaper, Normal, Illinois 1972 - 1973
10. Resident Assistant – Manchester Dorm, Illinois State University 1972 - 1973
11. Door to Door Bible Salesman, Southwestern Publishing Company of Nashville, Tennessee, territory Mesquite, Texas 1973
12. Tester and assistant, Head Start Program, Rockford, Illinois 1972
13. Juvenile Advocate for Youth Services Bureau, LaSalle County, working in Streator, Illinois 1975-1975
14. Writer, Youth Column, Streator Daily Newspaper, Streator, Illinois 1974 - 1975
15. Bartender, Jim's Pizza Pub, Illinois Avenue, Carbondale, Illinois 1976 - 1977
16. Bartender, Carbondale Hilton, Carbondale, Illinois 1978
17. Writer, Market Makers Advertizing Agency, Rockford, Illinois 1977
18. Bartender, Good Times Bar, Rockford, Illinois 1977-1978
19. Bartender, Alexander's Great American Connection, Rockford, Illinois 1977
20. Counselor, Rosecrans Home for Pre-delinquent Children, Rockford, IL 1978
21. Bartender, Jim's Pizza Pub, Illinois Avenue, Carbondale, Illinois 1979
22. Student Teacher, Assoc. Escuelas Lincoln, Buenos Aires, Argentina - 6th grade 1979
23. Teacher, Assoc. Escuelas Lincoln, Buenos Aires, Argentina - 5th grade 1980 - 1981
24. Teacher, Bolton Middle School, West Linn, Oregon 6th Grade 1981 - 1984
25. Teacher /Asst. Administrator, Willamette Middle School, Linn, Oregon 6th Grade 1984 - 1986
26. Teacher, Escola Americana Rio de Janeiro, 6th Grade 1986 - 1989
27. Writer, Rio Life Bi-monthly magazine, Rio de Janeiro, Brasil 1987 - 1989
28. Manager, Brasilia Branch, Transportes Fink, Brasil 1989- 1995
29. Manager, Transpack Argentina, Buenos Aires, Argentina 1995 - 1997
30. Managing Director, Transpack Argentina, Buenos Aires, Argentina 1997 – 2005
31. President, Transpack Companies, Buenos Aires, Argentina 2005 – present
32. Writer
33. Musician

XXII. Writings in Trade Publications, Rio Life, Newspaper Columns, etc.

Discurso Fin de Año 23 de diciembre, 2008

Gracias por el honor una vez mas de poder ponerme frente a todos ustedes, en ese momento feliz para todos.

Bienvenidos a Oscar, a Silvia, los miembros de mi familia, Marcia, Kelly, Tyler, y mi sobrina Amanda. (other guests?)

Tuve la oportunidad durante los últimos meses de charlar con varios de ustedes sobre el tema de la cultura corporativa de Transpack y las Transpack Companies. Para las “victimas” de esas charlas, tal vez no fue muy claro mi motivo, ni que el tema que estábamos tratando fue la cultura corporativa de la empresa. Pero algunas veces, hablamos sobre un tema cuando en realidad estamos pensando en otro, y así fue el caso en esas charlas particulares.

Igual que ahora, mi hija Kelly esta recién de vuelta en casa después unos meses en el exterior. Por los próximos días, sin deuda, cuando este hablando con ella sobre no se que, el tiempo, la comida, una cosita, lo que estaré pensando en realidad es, si ella esta bien, si ella esta comiendo bien, durmiendo bien, si ella esta formando amistad con otros chicos, si ella esta feliz. ¿Se ve como funciona?

Así fue con ustedes. Puede ser que hayamos hablado sobre cajas o camiones, sobre OBL's u operaciones, pero lo que yo quería saber realmente, ¿cómo esta Transpack y las Transpack Companies?

Aprendí algunas cosas, porque escuche bien. Escuche cuando estuve hablando con Luis y con Aníbal, con Carlos y con Pedro, con Alberto y Norberto, con Felix y con Víctor. Escuche bien cuando estuvo hablando con Jorge y Vicente, con Laura y con Walter, con Miguel y con Romina. Aprendí mucho. Aprendí mucho sobre la cultura corporativa de Transpack. Entre todo, hice una lista de cosas, y voy a compartirlas ahora con ustedes.

1. Cuanto mas trabajo tenemos, mas felices somos.
2. Entendemos bien que significa trabajo en equipo.
3. Nos gusta aprender. Nos gusta la oportunidad de aprender.
4. Somos todos suficientemente inteligentes para entender que somos todos importantes. Si uno tiene éxito, todos tenemos éxito. Si uno fracasa, todos nosotros fracasamos. Y con ese entendimiento, tenemos respeto uno para los otros.
5. Nos gusta mejorar.
6. Nos gustan los desafíos.
7. Si hablamos de elogios, nos ponemos como chicos, locos para escuchar elogios. De los clientes, de las cuentas, y mas que nada, de nuestros colegas.

8. Creemos en la calidad. Es como una religión para nosotros. Un servicio mal hecho es como un pecado, y un servicio bien ejecutado es como un himno bien cantado.

Tenemos – ahora – en este momento en las Transpack Companies – una cultura corporativa que es, dinámica, funcional, con características que se perpetúan. Por eso, yo les agradezco. Estoy orgulloso. Ustedes deben estar orgullosos también.

(Aplauso)

Hay contingencias. Hay riesgos. Hay peligros. El ser humano tiene la tendencia de relajarse en los momentos de éxito. Bajar la guardia. Perder el foco y la concentración. Hasta ahora yo no lo había visto. Pero estoy mirando. Y como un bombero que olfatea el olor de humo, voy a buscar y apagarlo como el fuego. Estoy buscando las señales. Exhorto a ustedes a hacer lo mismo.

Hay otro riesgo también. Hay factores del mercado que pueden lastimarnos también. Crisis económicos pueden aplastar nuestro mercado y sacar nuestros negocios. Tenemos que vigilar contra eso también. Tenemos que ser inteligentes, eficientes, y reaccionar con rapidez y eficacia. Tenemos que eliminar desperdicios. Tenemos que prepararnos para los momentos duros, y gente, me temo que vamos tener momentos duros de nuevo.

Vamos a hacer algo, no? Vamos a trabajar para asegurar que los momentos duros se caigan sobre otros menos preparados. Eso para permitir que nosotros estemos en una posición fuerte para dar una mano a los menos afortunados. Me siguen?

Escuche por casualidad a alguien hablando recientemente, y la persona utilizo una expresión que significaba mucho para mi. La expresión me recordaba a algún momento cuando Transpack fue mas chico, mas conflictivo, y tenia muchas dificultades. Estuvimos intentando llegar a ser una empresa de calidad, pero en ese momento el camino parecía muy largo y lleno de obstáculos. Lo que decidimos nosotros en una reunión, un “retiro espiritual” en un hotel en capital, primer piso, mas o menos en el año 1997 fue que necesitábamos “fingir hasta que lo logremos.” La expresión fue “fake it till you make it.” O sea, comportarnos como “la mejor” hasta que tengamos pruebas de que somos la mejor.

Fue muy divertido escuchar esa frase. Me reí cuando pensé en aquellos días, y como trabajamos tanto, todos nosotros, para llegar donde ahora llegamos.

Y mis amigos, escuchen bien... que puede ser que nunca llegamos a ser tan grandiosos como queremos, pero para mi, hoy, cuando miro ese equipo, nuestro trabajo, nuestra cultura corporativa, nuestra empresa, hay cada vez menos “fingir,” y cada vez mas “logros.”

Tenemos buenos materiales, pero no es porque los materiales son buenos. Tenemos buenos camiones, pero no es por eso tampoco. Tenemos una Buena planta, bien ubicada, pero no es por la planta. Otras empresas tienen también materiales, camiones, y plantas lindas.

Tenemos logros porque tenemos un equipo fantástico, y con potencial para ser cada vez mejor. Quiero reconocerlos ahora algunos de ustedes que merecen una mirada especial.

Nuevo Empleados:

- Ovidio Laborda, Matias Jiménez, Daniel Kluge; Victor Franco, Oscar Rodríguez, y Leandro Pejnovic
- Jorge Fernandez
- Ángeles Gomez Palmes
- Marina Koller
- Gonzalo Iglesias

Personas:

- Gaby y Sandra – el S.W.A.T. de Relocation
- Leo ... un rol nuevo
- Carlos y Alberto Pedraza en su rol de capacitación
- Norberto y Felix
- Anibal y Louis Centurion
- Luciana y su rol nuevo en seguros y almacenaje
- Aníbal por su trabajo excelente en deposito y su esfuerzo en traer la vacuna contra la rubeola para TPK
- Jorgelina: Mejor control de todos los servicios subcontratados,

Nacimientos y Casamientos:

- Casamiento de Anahí
- Hija de Beatriz
- Hija de Martin Moreno
- Hijo de Leandro Pejnovik
- Nieto de Carlos Coronel
- capacitación IT para gente operacional

Logros Profesionales:

- Home Services una trayectoria impresionante
- Acreditación FAIM por 4 años
- Récord de volumen embalado/ desembalado desde la creación de la empresa, menos el año fiscal excepcional 2002/2003)
- Mejor departamento de trafico en la historia de la empresa
- TPK companies crecimiento en personal en todos departamentos. Como el domo, crecemos y estamos mas fuertes.
- Crecimiento de profesionalismo en el departamento de ventas

Logros Personales:

- Roberto Cabaña – Titulo de Abogado
- Valeria Baglivo – se recibió en Comercio al Exterior

Piedras Miliarias:

- 15 Años: Laura Anchava / Jorge Fernandez
- 20 Años: Luciana Ventura, Oscar Acosta y Walter Piriz



Lincoln's Class of 2008 Graduation Toast

Thanks for the honor.

Individuality

- “A graduation ceremony is an event where the commencement speaker tells all the students dressed in identical caps and gowns that 'individuality' is the key to success. ”

Lincoln

- I taught at Lincoln
- Ups and downs but a great education, a fabulous experience, and if I were offered a high school education almost anywhere else I don't think I would exchange. My hats off to the Lincoln staff. Look at what you have done !!!

Students, you are well-prepared.

- An impressive class
- A fantastic city
- A dedicated staff
- A second language.
- An ability to understand and communicate to different types of people from different cultures and backgrounds.

But you don't know everything. Be prepared for surprises

- Wait till you get to University and are with a group of students who are drooling with excitement about going out and buying some beer!!! Or staying out late!!!
- But there are some things to be careful of ... they are used to cars, driving and even owning them. American television. I can sing the theme songs of a hundred TV shows from the 50's 60's and 70's and you know it really doesn't get me anywhere.
- Here I tell you to stay away from crowds. In the USA, stay away from weirdoes.

What is going to happen to you?

- You will learn a lot. You will be surrounded by very smart people and you will have a million opportunities to join groups, make friends, get involved, and make mistakes.
- You will make friends. There will be more people there to make friends with than you will have time for. Choose well.
- You will make lifestyle choices which you will keep for your whole life. Exercise. Eat healthy. Don't drink too much. Don't take drugs, especially the nasty ones. Get some sleep. See a doctor when you are sick. Call home.
- You may fall in love. That is OK. It happens to the best of us. But take care. Protect your heart. Be kind to the hearts of others.
- Learn about sex. It is even better than what you see in the movies and TV. But it is best when you love the other person, and the other person loves you.

Some advise:

- Trust yourself. Trust your instincts. You are wonderful people with good training. Don't be afraid. Be strong. Stand tall. Say what you think. You will meet great people. You will meet some real losers too. Put some distance between yourself and the losers. Find ways to stay close to the great people. Learn and learn and learn. Later, when you are a professional, you can give back.
- Your parents will miss you. Terribly. We have been working to prepare you for this moment and right now we are dreading it. Remember that we love you. Remember that we will be happy to help you when you need it. If you get sad or depressed or lonely, call us. Believe me, we will be waiting by the phone. I worry more about us than I worry about you.

“I have the simplest tastes. I am always satisfied with the best.” Oscar Wilde



