

# Inquiring Minds: Rediscovering life in the face of death

#64 Jan 2022 “Time is a great teacher, but unfortunately it kills all its students.”— [Hector Berlioz](#)

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## LOSING FRIENDS & FAMILY AND FINDING APPRECIATION FOR THEIR LIVES AND OURS

We lost a dear friend this year the day before Thanksgiving. Her name was Terri Reese. Here’s a little history. I first met her husband, Pitt, when we were five and he pushed me in a huge mud puddle when I tried to defend my little sister, Mary, who had met the same fate for mouthing off to him. Growing



Us with Pitt and Terri on one of two cruises

up in the same neighborhood in Belmont, we made forts, ice skated, and eventually met and double-dated our future wives. who both went to Notre Dame HS in Belmont, were in the parish teen club, and even became roommates for a while. Terri’s sudden and expected death took us all by surprise. She will be remembered most for being a great daughter, mom and grandma. In addition she had many careers: dental hygienist, financial bookkeeper, and a thriving cake artistry business. Following her parents’ example, she and Pitt helped the poor in so many ways. We are grateful to have had Terri...and Pitt in our lives.

**M** MIKE LESCROART, Oct. 7, 1949-  
Dec. 18, 2021, Patricia’s Brother

“Michael Paul Lescroart passed away on December 18, 2021 from complications of stroke and vascular dementia. It was his 44th wedding anniversary. Mike was the third of eight children of Maurice and Loretta Lescroart, and lived most of his life in the Bay Area. He was a graduate of Serra High and UC Davis. He worked 25 years in corporate finance and 15 as a realtor serving Almaden Valley. Mike was a big man with a big personality. He delighted in hearing

complete strangers’ life stories (and sharing his own). He often gathered with a group of local retirees at Maple Leaf Donuts, where he swore he only drank coffee. Mike was a devoted brother, husband, father, and grandfather. He is survived by his wife Ginny, his three children, Mark, Annie, and Steve, and his four grandchildren, Elliott, Claire, Benjamin, and Daniel. Donations may be made in his memory to the [Alzheimer’s Association](#). A memorial service is planned for the spring.”([Local obit.](#))



MY EXISTENTIAL QUESTION in these tumultuous times of personal and universal challenges is: **What feeds the soul to help us get through this?** For some it is their belief or hope that Justice and Goodness will prevail, either in this world or possibly in the next. But what a disappointment if we humans let the miracle of creation, or “God’s plan for humanity,” with all its culture, art, advances in science, etc., turn into a dystopian society as portrayed in a [Mad Max movie](#). The Dark Ages happened, so did so many other catastrophes in the course of human history. We do have possible tools for meeting these challenges: technology, intelligence, resources, and now even Mother Nature herself telling us forget our partisan egos and work together. I am reminded of the [Allegory of the Spoons](#) depicted above. Another answer for me is the goodness exemplified by millions if not billions of good people throughout history who benefited family, friends, and were compassionate to humanity at large, people like Terri Reese and Michael Lescroart, and many other wonderful people who have touched our lives.



*Be safe and sane, wishing all the best, Joe B.*