

Starting out in a very small coal mining town in Wyoming, I grew up in a projection booth at my Aunts "Last Picture Show" theater and began dreaming early of far away places from the sagebrush and harsh winds. (The town actually went down to a population of 1 person...Big Red who ran a little store for prospectors.) Because of a mine accident, my father moved us to Ogden Utah where my mother attempted to follow in the footsteps of her mom with 16 kids. Being the oldest, running the household due to constant pregnancies, births of 6 more "makrell snappers" and her disabling illness, I knew I had to get out of there.

At 13 I called my parents together for my announcement that God was calling me to be a priest. All hell broke loose and I was told "no", grounded and told to wait until I was 18. The rebel in me never liked that word "no", so, after secretly contacting the Bishop in Salt Lake, he called my parents in and convinced them that it was OK for me to leave.

In spite of their objections, I took my freedom train by myself to San Francisco. I was excited and loved my new digs and seminary life...geez...I did not have to do my own laundry, cook family meals, constantly working chores and I could study and socialize...I was in paradise from the start. Even the rigid discipline allowed me a freedom from what I was accustomed. I enjoyed the camaraderie, sports, studies and challenges. I loved being on the Indians and engaging in most sports...Steve Dells was an awesome Captain. I was challenged academically to catch up with my "urban" classmates, which took a while. I had no TV at home, so I did not miss anything with the restrictions. I wasn't as sophisticated and exposed to the world events as many of my citified classmates, so I grew from your experiences. The seminary was huge adventure and loved most of my experiences in this safe bubble .

I laugh and cry a little at the "caveman" labeling years but I made fun of the whole thing in the Steve Essig's film masterpiece - that would be a kick to see it again or even get a copy. Rolling with the punches trained me for my political years ahead. In my sophomore year, I took on a grotto plot of land to tend. I got a serious infection poison oak in a soccer cut on my leg. It spread throughout my body to the extent I was flown home to recover. My legs were bandaged and wrapped for the plane trip, and Charlie Dillon gave me his pair of his large pants to wear on the plane... huge awkward baggies....wish I had them today to auction off.

I got in trouble in study hall when I had waited so long to read "To Light a Candle" by Father James Keller, that I memorized the entire passages of the book. When the time came, I turned the book upside down and never looked at the pages but read it dead-pan from memory....you all were laughing hysterically, especially when an actual passage surfaced about Salt Lake City where I stood up and took a bow, never breaking from the rhythm. Yup, I got a C in conduct for that move from the tough Selps.

I also recall once for a speech class, I went out to the field in back and wrestled down a live sheep as a prop....I did not know what to do with it so put it in my room until class. When I returned to my room before speech, it had peed all over my floor and rugs. When I took it into the hallway it dumped hundreds of little round poop balls that rolled down the hallway under doors and into the elevator shaft. For a week, the entire floor stunk beyond belief...OK, we were all trying to be shepherds right?

An awakening point occurred at St. Pats where I got involved with Father Eugene Boyle and a small group in preparing the Little Kerner report (awesome leadership by Pat Johnson and Clint Reilly in those early years). This exposure to Social Justice and the Chronicle Headlines "Clerics Blast Church" flipped my switch, influencing my after-seminary-life and many years of political involvement.

When I left after graduating with my BA, I attended Hayward State to get my teaching credential. However, this was interrupted abruptly when I walked on to the San Jose State University campus as part of the rebellious 70s student protest movement and occupied the Student Union, assisting in organizing the national meeting of student Colleges and Universities as a response to the Vietnam War and the Kent State killings. I became a student there shortly afterwards, starting a Student community Involvement Program, and ran and was elected Student Body President. I loved my role and ability to set different priorities for women, minorities and underprivileged students. I sued the President of the University on student rights issues and won....those seminary rebel threads runs deep.

After San Jose, I received a CORO Foundation Fellow in public Affairs which supported my commitments to public policy. I got involved with Dick Boone (of Daniel Boone decent and the Kennedy family) and the Field Foundation out of New York, working to establish a public/private partnership business model which also served as a training module for low-income youth and young women. My research and success led me to be a presenter at a White House Conference on Public/Private ventures. I wrote and published in this field and became involved in national training on labor and work programs. I loved visiting different States. My efforts led me to consult with the People's Progressive Labor Party in St. Lucia in the West Indies where I got my feet wet in international politics and economic development.

In the 1980s, I became a Public Official with the City of Oakland as a Department Head of Social Services for nearly 10 years. This is where I really came of age with trench challenges beyond words with 125 staff, 145 members on community Boards and Commissions, the City Council, 700 volunteers and 45,000 clients. Impossible at many levels -I was instrumental in establishing a Commission on Aging and a Commission on Disabled Persons. I co-founded and

launched the 1st California Public Utilities Statewide Weatherization effort at \$40 Million per year, weatherizing over 400,000 homes. A highlight was securing a first in the country Federal District Court award of \$300,000 in a white color criminal for my Oakland clients. The term I used was “ societal restitution”. it was when my secretary got shot through the heart and I gave a powerful sermon at her funeral in West Oakland where I was accepted at a grass roots level (I was most thankful for my priestly training).

That rebel in me challenged the City on behalf of Seniors and the elderly population to establish a Department on Aging.....I hit the wall with a 45 week community organizing fight and won the establishment of a Department on Aging with \$500,000 in base funding. .I took a lot of heat on this and left Oakland victorious with many lessons...lol...those of you in politics know what I mean...pyrrhic victories.

I immediately took a job at the State level in Sacramento representing the California Community Action Agencies and their jurisdictions, from 4 to 6 million folks in the State. Although I was involved in working the framework and formulae for the CSBG \$ 340 Million Block Grant and special projects, after nearly two years, I came to a stark realization...again. I realized the power of people during an election year with so much attention in getting out the vote, and the frustrations of meeting the needs of those in need during the off years. I had fun and it was exciting, but I saw the dead-end of significant success sticking and a potential toll on my health....so I quit and left that aspect of advocacy.

Over the years I have gotten involved in a variety of businesses and start-up ventures where I played the roles of COO and CFO with number of companies. On the side and sometimes full time, I began a career of negotiating solutions at many level as a facilitative mediator....25 years of handling accidents, fires, employment issues, medical claims, business deals and just about anything that required a creative solution before escalation through the court system. On the wild side, a few years ago I was asked to go to Moscow to negotiate an unusual deal to bring a technology to the US to make blind people see...yup, crazy making .believe it or not, a wild story to share after a couple of drinks :)

For a few years, I enjoyed representing one of the top Native American film makers in the country, George Burdeau, and loved participating in production of documentaries ...one sweet piece is “Beyond Reservation Road”, a Cherokee piece that has showed on PBS. I love film, reminds me of my childhood time in the projection booth, but not enough money for the time spent.

I am vegan now for nearly 8 years and primarily raw in my choices of food. I advocate a healthy vibrant lifestyle and address and consult on Food Justice issues....even consulted over the phone with protestors on the front line in Argentina while they attempted to shut down the building of a Monsanto plant. Currently, I work with Congress and staffers and orchestrate push-backs on

issues such as GMO labeling which passed at the end of last year. I have a mom of four representing me on the ground in DC. I publish regularly in a magazine on food related policy matters.

I still feed the rebel inside of me and seek to have significant impact on the lives of others while dancing through the changes of my own life. I never married, although I had two good 7-year runs with two very special women in my life. I look for ways to fund my activism and am more than ever committed to making a difference with my years. The future is speeding up beyond belief with the onslaught of technological advances. I am intrigued by the challenges of policy and ethics with the CRISPR technological advances and the use of animals to grow human organs for transplant. Although the world population has exploded to 50% being under the age of 25 years old, I still believe there is significant room for us elder folks to have a powerful role in carving out a future that has all of the ingredients we believe in and is a notable baton to pass on to the generations who will succeed us.

I look forward to seeing all of you at the reunion.