



ON GETTING INVOLVED: SHARE YOUR PASSION IN *OBSERVATIONS*

Of all the experiences we share at SAGE, traveling is perhaps the most interesting. It requires a lot of thought to plan and get the most out of any trip. It takes resilience, tenacity, energy, and good humor to actually enjoy it. It may be the ultimate learning experience. Most of us have traveled along vicariously as Rosalie wrote about her many adventures. We have shared moments in the blue caves of Chile, and the backwaters of Europe, China, and South America. Here are two more epic trips she documented.



THE WORLD VIEW FROM OUR SAGE FELLOW TRAVELERS:



The Relentless Traveler

Rosalie L.

*The Relentless Traveler**Rosalie L.***WHAT DID I HAVE IN COMMON WITH TEDDY ROOSEVELT?**

Well, I did visit his summer home in Sagamore Hill when I explored the Oyster Bay area of New York and had always read about his adventures on the Amazon River. So, when I opened my mail and saw a small boat trip up the Amazon it caught my attention and my imagination. Why, I could do that even at 92. So, with no further delay, I checked into the availability and before I knew it I was booked for January 2nd 2025. I did belabor the fact that the only availability till 2026 was to share a cabin with someone I didn't know. I vacillated about doing it but was encouraged by my daughter-in-law and grandson who said it would be just another part of the adventure. I was also dubious since I had the roommate from hell on my trip to Israel. Taking their advice I sent in my deposit.

The trip was to begin in Lima, Peru and since I had never been there it was another reason to book it. I got in touch with my roommate to be and found she lived in Denver, Colorado and was a retired psychologist. Oh good, she could get me through any panic attacks or fears of the piranha. This is a good time to relate that the largest piranha only grow to twelve inches and weigh less than a pound, but, I should add, they are flesh eaters. No, I didn't see a one. I also didn't see any strange animals either.

Back to the trip! I purposely booked a flight that had an eight-hour layover in Miami so that I could see my aunt Irene. She was 95 and in poor health.. I'm so happy I did because she passed away this week just six weeks after I saw her. I treated myself to business class and must admit I should have flown that way a lot sooner.

Upon arrival I met my new roommate at the hotel and found her quite nice and we seemed to like the same things, especially good food. While still in the states we booked an evening dinner tour and were pleasantly surprised at the lovely restaurants in Lima, but then again, I had heard they were quite proud of their culinary expertise. Besides the good food we were joined by five young couples from Charlotte, North Carolina and they were adorable. While sharing stories about L.A. and North Carolina they said they were being invaded by "midners. "Now of course we had to ask what that was. We found out it was New Yorkers that went to live in Florida, didn't like it,) etc. and a huge statue of a kissing couple. A good idea for Santa Monica.

It was now time to see the Amazon. We met our guides and the other guests in the lobby of the hotel, walked across the street to the airport, boarded a small plane, and headed to Iquitos, Peru. We then took a bus for a bumpy two hours till we reached our destination. Our boat resembled a hotel on the water. It had only thirteen cabins and there were only 21 guests. Our accommodations couldn't have been lovelier. It was large with a huge window covering an entire wall of the cabin. The food was outstanding and presented beautifully though I must say the French chef on the barge in France was even better. The tour company was Natural Habitat and they did an excellent job.

In retrospect I think the biggest disappointment was not seeing more animals. The ambiance wasn't what I expected. I thought it would look more like the Bayou in Louisiana with vines coming down into the water and, perhaps the word I'm looking for is "Eerier". Like an African safari we set out in small skiffs twice a day searching the small tributaries for birds and animals. Birds there were plenty, animals not so many. We saw mostly small monkeys and those adorable sloths. We watched a sloth go down a tree and I swear it took him about ten minutes to get to the bottom. There were many dolphins, some pink, some grey, but we can see plenty of them off our coast. In fact, I just saw on the news that a school of hundreds were spotted on the Monterey coastline. I was also fascinated by the fact the skiffs could go through fields of water hyacinths and water lettuce without the motor stalling. I learned that the rotors are on a very long pipe that goes under the roots.

I have a long list of the birds we saw and must praise the wonderful naturalists from Natural Habitat though I really was most interested in seeing the Toucans and the Macaws. Only saw one of each. On one of our night skiff rides we spotted a cayman. My only familiarity with the word was The Cayman Islands in the Caribbean. FYI it's a small alligator and both the cayman and the alligator are in the Crocodile family. I'm always amazed at the knowledge I pick up in my travels.

The most enjoyable fun was when we were given buckets of baby turtles and were instructed to place them on the beach next to the water and watch them wend their way to the sea. Unfortunately we were told few survive with the waters full of predators.

My tranquility was destroyed when on the fourth day of my trip someone came in the dining room and announced that Los Angeles was on fire. That's exactly how they said it and since I was the only one from L.A. I took the news the hardest. From that moment on, I listened to the news every chance I got.

When we finally arrived back in Lima I immediately went to the airport and changed my flight home. Fortunately, I was able to, but only in coach. Oh well, better than staying in Lima and wondering if I still had a home.

In retrospect I have to say that the most memorable moments were on the skiff in the early morning hours when we would just sit and listen to the sounds of the jungle. They were so very special.



WHY WOULD I GO TO EAST JESUS???

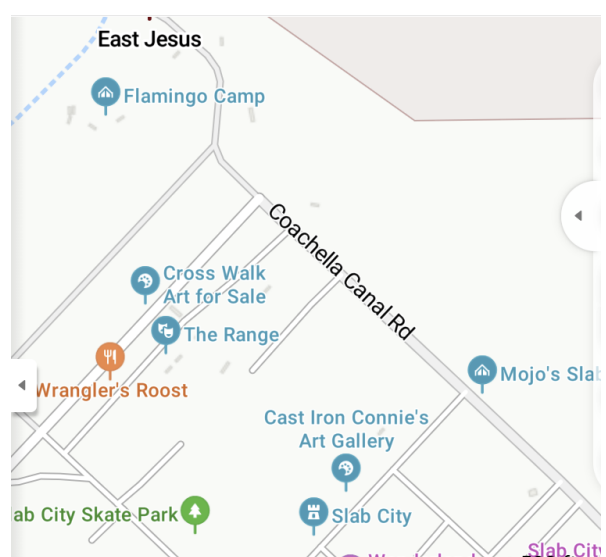
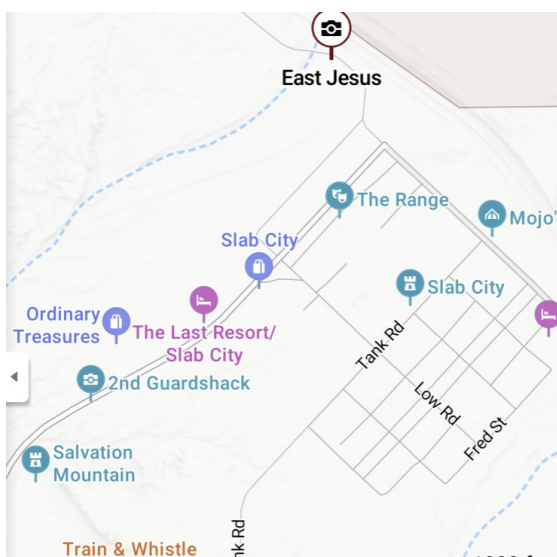
I don't think many people know where East Jesus is. I certainly didn't. I happened to be at the Broad Museum and enjoying an exhibit of Mickalene Thomas' work when a lady started a conversation with me. I needed a rest anyway so of course I happily answered any questions she asked. I soon found out she was a photographer and loved to explore California. Eager to hear of any new places she proceeded to tell me about East Jesus.

As soon as I got home I was asking Google what she or he knew of the place. The photographer told me it was an artist colony which really piqued my curiosity. I also asked my son Barry if he knew of the place and of course he had already been there and filled me in on what I would see. He also recommended I visit Slab City right next door.

Slab City is an unincorporated off-the-grid alternative lifestyle community. In other words unhoused people have found a place to park their vans and campers. The closest town is Niland and that is where they fill up their tanks cause there isn't much water in the Mojave desert.

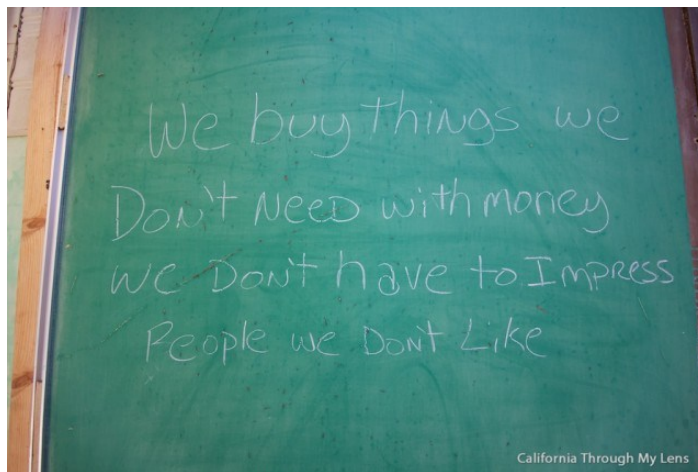
Now back to East Jesus. It's located east of the Salton Sea and I'll be damned if I know where the name came from. After looking it up I can tell you it's an experimental, habitable, extensible artwork in progress since 2006 begun by a man named Charles Stephen Russell.

One Sunday morning when we had nothing better to do, Ann and I set out for this God Forsaken place. I know not why but curiosity is a part of both of our personalities. Mind you, it's 210 miles away but that didn't thwart us.



Three hours later we arrived in the closest town to East Jesus. Have you ever heard of Niland? We hadn't. Google listed three restaurants but they lied. We could only find a road-stop on the highway. But believe it or not, the tacos were pretty good.

Back on the highway we passed Slab City. About all we found out was that many unhoused people have settled there in their vans but why it's called Slab City remains a secret, to us anyway. About a mile up the road we came to "East Jesus". It's considered an artist colony but damned if we knew why. It's a huge area with many thrown away articles. In other words, I would have to describe it as the biggest junk yard I've ever driven 170 miles to see. The good news is that it's free to all and if you ever are curious enough to go there, don't wear heels.



We did spot a couple on a swing that looked like they lived there and learned a little about their existence. They consider themselves artists, live in a camper behind the yard, and look like they won't die from over-working. They suggested we drive to Mandalay Beach on the Salton Sea.

Having never been to the Salton Sea we figured we came this far we might as well see what it offered. What we found was a very large smelly beach but certainly not one vying with Malibu or Lake Tahoe for the tourist trade. What was unusual was several small, covered bus stops with a bench and a mailbox outside. Mind you, this was on the sand. A bit weird but then again so is Slab City and East Jesus. But, just to keep us from feeling we had wasted the day, we found out some important facts. The Salton Sea is misnamed. It is not a sea because it has no tributaries. It was formed in 1905 when the Colorado River breached an irrigation canal being constructed in the Imperial Valley. Its content is 4.4% salt, the ocean is 3.5% and it happens to be the largest lake in all of California. All this info made the long trip home kind of worthwhile. Or was it?

THE CALL IS GOING OUT

HELP SAGE AND YOURSELF

STAY CREATIVE AND VIBRANT

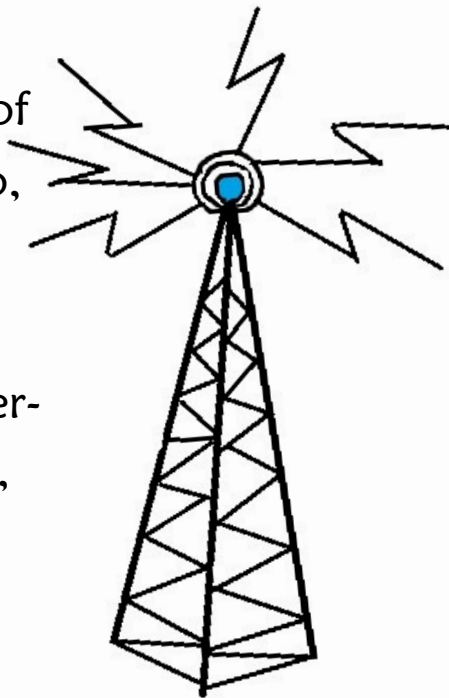
*Help to grow SAGE

*You are the source of new ideas, leadership, new activities, new study groups

*You provide new perspectives, new topics, and new ideas

*Try something new

*Create something new



*Get to know lots of new people

*Become an activity leader, a discussion leader, coordinator,

*There's lots of training and support

*Learn how to lead a lively discussion

*Learn to be interactive

* Share some creative writing you have done. A short story, a poem, a painting or photographs you have taken. It can be serious or humorous. Tell us about a hobby you love or part of a journal you have created or a trip you have taken.



(With Apologies to Edgar Alan Poe: *The Raven*)

Once upon a Sage group weary, while we pondered, asking Siri
Searching for new leaders, studying volumes of forgotten lore -

While we nodded, neatly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of someone gently tapping, tapping at Sage's open door
Tis some active member, we muttered, tapping at Sage's open door-
Hope for this, and many more!

Ah, distinctly we remember, it was in the warm September
When we reach out, asking members: please, can you do more?

Eagerly we wished the answer – vainly seeking an enhancer
Will you please become - a Coordinator – evermore?

For the rare and radiant member, who the angels name Coordin-ator –

*To learn more, contact Barbara V. at bvogel8@aol.com

WORDS, WORDS, WORDS

gasconade noun, intransitive verb | [ˈɡæskənād] gas.co.nade
bravado or boasting

limn verb | lim

Limn is a formal verb most often used especially in literary contexts to mean "to describe or portray," as in "a novel that *limns* the life of 1930s coastal Louisiana." It can also mean "to outline in clear sharp detail," as in "a tree limned by moonlight," and "to draw or paint on a surface," as in "limning a portrait

ruccion plural noun | ruc·tion

a disturbance or quarrel; unpleasant reactions to or complaints about something.

"If Mrs. Salt catches her there'll be ructions"

friable adjective | 'frī-ə-bəl

Easily crumbled or pulverized

Friable entered into English in the mid-1500s, and was borrowed either from Middle French or directly from Latin *friabilis*. This Latin adjective comes from the verb "friare," which means "to crumble." "Friare" in turn is related to the verb "fricare" ("to rub"), the source of the English noun "friction." "Friable" is used to describe something that can be easily reduced to a powdered form. In contemporary usage, it is often found in the discussion of asbestos

ostracon noun | os·tra·con ˈästrəkän]

An ostracon is a piece of pottery or stone with writing on it, often used for short messages or voting, A potsherd used as a writing surface

genocide "... the destruction of a nation or of an ethnic group. This new word, coined by the author to denote an old practice in its modern development, is made from the ancient Greek word *genos* (race, tribe) and the Latin *cide* (killing)....

perdurable adjective | [pəˈrɒdɔrəb(ə)l]

enduring continuously; imperishable

Middle English: via Old French from late Latin *perdurabilis*, from Latin *perdurare* 'endure'.

aggro noun | ag' · ro

aggressive, violent behavior

1960s: abbreviation of aggravation (see aggravate), or of aggression.

utile adjective | yo^oot'l, yo^oo'tīl'

useful

of use or service; serving some purpose; advantageous, helpful, or of good effect: *a useful member of society*. Middle English, from Old French, from Latin *utilis*

velutinous adjective | ve·lu·ti·nous v^o-lo^oot'n-^os)

covered with short dense soft hairs

from New Latin *velūtīnus* like [velvet](#)**noisome** adjective | noy·sum

a formal and literary word used to describe things that are very unpleasant or disgusting; it is used especially to describe offensive smells. *Noisome* can also mean “highly obnoxious or objectionable” as in “we were put off by their *noisome* habits.”

The *noisome* odor of a trash can in the alley was so strong that even diners seated inside the adjacent restaurant complained to staff.

puer aeternus adjective | poor-eye-TER-nus

a Latin term translating to “eternal boy” refers to a man who seems stuck in their adolescent phase. They have big dreams, and are capable of great things. But, they often get in their own way, failing to fully rise to their potential and achieve a meaningful life. Above all, they fear the loss of potential, worried of making the wrong choice and wasting their time. However, in doing so, they paradoxically waste more time, and struggle to make real progress.

algospeak

In social media, *algospeak* is the use of **coded expressions** to **evade automated content moderation**. It is used to discuss topics deemed sensitive to moderation algorithms while avoiding penalties such as shadow banning, downranking, or de-monetization of content.

The term *algospeak* is a [portmanteau](#) of *Algorithm* and *-speak*; it is also known as **slang replacement** or **Voldemorting**, referencing [the fictional character](#) also known as “He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named”. *Algospeak* is different from other types of [netspeak](#) in that its primary purpose is to avoid censorship, rather than to create a communal identity, though it may still be used for such end.

palimpsest noun | PAL-imp- sest

Palimpsest in its original use refers to writing material (such as a parchment manuscript) used one or more times after earlier writing has been erased.

palimpsest cont.

“The ancient city is an architectural *palimpsest*.”

Long ago, writing surfaces were so highly valued that they were often used more than once. *Palimpsest* in its original use referred to an early form of recycling in which an old document was erased to make room for a new one when parchment ran short. (The word is from the Greek *palimpsēstos*, meaning “scraped again.”) Fortunately for modern scholars, the erasing process wasn’t completely effective, so the original could often be distinguished under the newer writing. *De republica*, by Roman statesman and orator [Cicero](#), is one of many documents recovered from a palimpsest. Nowadays, the word *palimpsest* can refer not only to such a document but to anything that has multiple layers apparent beneath the surface.

antifa can be understood as a shortened form of the word *anti-fascist*, and like that word, it’s both an adjective and a noun. The adjectival use is straightforward (“antifa protestors/groups” are protestors/groups opposed to fascism). We define two senses of the noun, one referring to a person or group actively opposing fascism, and another for an anti-fascist movement.

nurdle is a non-technical term that refers to a plastic pellet that is usually less than 0.2 inch (0.5 centimeter) in diameter or length, that is the raw material from which plastic products are manufactured, and that is a common pollutant of global waters and beaches.

Irenic adjective

In Greek mythology, Eirene was one of the Horae, the goddesses of the seasons and natural order who in the *Iliad* are the custodians of the gates of Olympus. According to the Greek poet Hesiod, the Horae were the daughters of Zeus and a Titaness named Themis, and each had a name indicating her function and relation to human life. Eirene (in Greek *Eirēnē*, meaning “peace”) was the goddess of peace. Her name gave rise to not only *irenic* but to *Irena* (the genus name of two species of birds found in southern Asia and the Philippines), and the name *Irene*.

perseverate verb | [pər'sevə,rāt]

Repeat or prolong an action, thought or utterance after the stimulus that prompted it has ceased.

“They perseverate under stress.”

Can you identify this??

Hint: In today's frantic world everything is upside down.



Close-up of a dishwasher filter

