WHAT'S HAPPENING?

Thursday, October 31
BCC HALLOWEEN DANCE
Costume Contest, Potluck, Cash Bar and LIVE SPOOKY MUSIC from Coastal Scrubbers and Psychedelic Seniors. 7-10pm FREE

Friday, November 1
DIA DE LOS MUERTOS
Bolinas Community Center Altar for contemplation and celebration of our lost loved ones. 8am-10pm Pozole dinner, performance by West Marin Choir at 7pm

STINSON BEACH DOC FEST
Starts today. Gala dinner, live music & film “Echo in The Canyon” plus more good films through the weekend. See stinsondocfest.org for details

Saturday, November 2
FREE TOXIC AWAY DAY
Dispose of your residential household waste. Call for an appointment – 800 207-8222

STINSON BEACH DOC FEST
continues

DIA DE LOS MUERTOS
continues at the BCC

PAT HULL AT THE FARMSTAND
LIVE MUSIC 7 pm $5-$15 No one turned away BYOB
The Mothership will be open

(above) Painting by StuArt from Saturday night’s Evening of Jazz (on display at the Book Exchange)

Saturday, November 2
ERIC KARPELES
Bolinas painter and writer Eric Karpeles will speak about his latest book, An Apprentice’ship of Looking, a richly-illustrated monograph of the work of Polish painter Józef Czapski. Point Reyes Books, 7pm

Sunday, November 3
LA MESA DE LAS ABUELAS
Postponed until a future date because of power outage

October 30: Richard Estrada
October 31: Anne Vrolyk
November 1: Michael Phinney
Wesley Straton
Ney Alvarado
Heather Clapp

November 2: Doug Robinson
Jesse Boychuk-Horvath

November 3: Susannah Mills
Kai Mander
Jill Whiteroof (remembered)
FREE Toxic Away Day
Bolinas
60 Cars Maximum - by Appointment Only
Dispose of your RESIDENTIAL household hazardous waste

DISPOSAL OF MATERIALS SUCH AS
• Paints, stain, shellac, solvents, roof patch
• Fertilizers, pesticides, herbicides, rat poison
• Adhesives, caulk, motor oil, antifreeze, bleach, cleaners, pool chemicals
• E-waste, batteries, lightbulbs

Maximum deliverable amounts: 15 gallons liquid or 125 pounds dry.

Sponsored by:
City of San Rafael Fire Department
Bolinas Fire Protection District
Bolinas Community Public Utility District
Zero Waste Marin

FOR AN
APPOINTMENT
CALL
1-800-207-8222
and press 204

Saturday
Nov 2, 2019
9am to 1pm
Mesa Park
100 Mesa Road
Marin County residents only.
Safe & Free

Crafternoons
AT THE BOLINAS LIBRARY
Creature Workshop!

Come by the library for arts and crafts.
Supplies and snacks provided.
All kids welcome!

Every other Thursday 3:30PM
BOLINAS LIBRARY
14 WHARF ROAD

BOLINAS
COMMUNITY CENTER
Bolinas Winter Fair 2019

This year’s fair will be on
Friday December 6th, 5 pm - 9 pm
Saturday December 7th, 11am - 8pm
Sunday December 8th, 11 am - 6 pm

If you would like to be a vendor please pick up
your application at the Bolinas People’s Store
starting on November 1st at 9:00 am.
It is a first come first serve and there are about
25 vendor spaces available.

Please fill out the form and submit it to the
Bolinas Community Center office with payment.

We look forward to seeing you all there!
The Bolinas Community Center Staff
& Board of Directors

MIGUEL
BUSTAMANTE
DENTAL
CORPORATION
24 WHARF RD, BOLINAS
415 868 0911

STAR ROUTE FARMSTAND
Cool Coastal Greens
and then some!
Friday 12 - 5 PM • Roadside In Our Field
Stinson/Bolinas Community Fund
Grant Deadline Extended

Due to the recent power outage, the Stinson/Bolinas Community Fund will be extending the fall grant application deadline from October 31, 2019 to November 5, 2019.

All applications received or postmarked by Tuesday, November 5th will be honored. Please visit our website at www.sbcfgrants.org for more information or call me at 415-868-2043 (cell 415-847-0343) with any questions.

Applications can be emailed to belle.w.wood@gmail.com or mailed to S/BCF, P.O. Box 367, Stinson Beach, CA 94970.

Sincerely,

Belle Wood
Grants Consultant
Stinson/Bolinas Community Fund

NEW 868+ DIRECTORY DEADLINE 11/1

We've added the + (plus) because you can also have your cell number listed, and P.O. Box numbers are good too. If you have released your 868 land line number, please let us know so we can replace that with your cell number or other contact of choice. Please let us know by calling the Hearsay at 868-0138, or emailing hearsay news<868hearsay@gmail.com>. You can also be added to the classified section if you have a service you would like listed.

GO BOLINAS FIREFIGHTERS GO

Thank you so much for the most awesome Community dinner ever! You are so amazing and we are so blessed to have you! Pat Dickens

Ken & Sam Levin
Window Cleaning
415.663.9669
West Marin's Best

SAT NOV. 2nd LIVE MUSIC
Pat Hull at the Farmstand
$5-$15. No one turned away BYOB. 7 pm
The Mothership will be open

"Pat Hull has a voice that's rare in today's musical landscape, with a high-pitched androgyny that hearkens back to the days of classic pop stars like Wayne Newton for Frankie Valli, but he applies it so a warmer singer-songwriter sound in a way that's absolutely captivating and frankly, unseen in contemporary music, or at least isn't done this well." -Nerdist

submitted by Bronwen Murch

Stinson Beach Documentary Film Festival
November 1-2-3
Stinson Beach Community Center
Opening night gala dinner, live music & film Echo in the Canyon
Additional fabulous films Saturday & Sunday
See website for more info & schedule: stinsondocfest.org

Additional fabulous films Saturday & Sunday
Biggest Little Farm, Toni Morrison: The Pieces I Am, Maiden, and Human Nature plus a short by Bolinas filmmaker Marc Sanchez-Corea Along the Borderline

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31st
FREE!
BOLINAS COMMUNITY CENTER
HALLOWEEN DANCE
With live renditions of your favorite spooky classics
Psychedelic seniors 7-10pm cash bar
I have been reading Larry Distasi’s blogs for many years, and I thought this piece was inimitably beautiful and poignant, and asked him if I could reprint it in the Hearsay. I hope you enjoy it as much as I did. Enjoy. — Michael Rafferty

Stroke

I am waiting to go home. My son Gavin and I are sitting in my hospital room at Marin General Hospital for a wheelchair to wheel us down to the car after five days here for what appears to have been a mild stroke (some 795,000 people a year suffer a stroke, according to the Mayo clinic). But suddenly, I am woozy and dizzy and when Gavin sees me slumping in my chair, my eyes rolled back, he yells for help. He tells me much later that they called Code Blue, but all I remember is dozens of nurses and docs huddled around me and asking if I’m all right (which I’m clearly not) and then wheeling me downstairs. Rapidly, on my second floor. They want to check for blood on the brain, but find none. Still, my near-breakout is clearly over. I’m transferred downstairs to a unit that’s one step below ICU, to be watched carefully. Next morning first thing, I’m wheeled down for another, useless MRI (they had pushed to do it Thursday, but I refused). I endure the fierce machine-gun rattling of the MRI and the results show that my original stroke has “extended,” meaning that now the affected area of my left pons is larger, with the result that I have lost function on my right arm and my right leg is floppy and no longer under my control. Where just a day earlier I was walking freely around the ward, now I can barely move with a walker. I’m here for another week at least.

This all started a week before. I had done my usual routine on both Saturday the 10th of August and Sunday the 11th, noticing only some tiredness on Saturday and then while watching the 49ers, that my speech, when I complained about a play, sounded a bit slurred. I figured I’d go to Beas with a clinic on Monday (why do these things always happen on weekends?) and be fine. Then next day I did my usual routine and cooked breakfast, but when I was typing, noticed more mistakes than usual. Hm. Ah, I thought I’d try to write longhand, but was nearly impossible to control my pen. More hrm. At that point I still figured a Monday visit to the clinic would suffice, but, to be sure, I decided to call my sister Elaine in New York. I had hardly said two words when she said “Hold on; I’m calling Laura to have her come right over” (my sister-in-law lives next door). Before I knew it, I heard a knock and.I heard a knock, and heard me speak, (I thought she’d just drive me to Marin General, but my niece Amber wisely advised getting emergency help) and called 911. Within minutes, my tiny kitchen was bursting with a dozen huge guys from the EMT company taking my blood pressure and vitals, and then three more EMT’s doing the same thing and urging me, despite the good signs I was exhibiting, to go to the emergency room. I didn’t think it was necessary, and resisted at first, but finally yielded to the consensus. Marin Regional’s emergency unit, it was the usual wait, and then a CT-scan. My son Gavin then arrived (he’d just gotten back to Berkeley from San Diego for son Nicolas’ soccer tournament and rushed over), and agreed that I should be admitted to be safe. I said I was figuring I’d be out in a day or two, but my blood pressure kept going around 200 and the docs insisted they had to get it stabilized. I complained that my soaring BP was mainly ‘white coat syndrome’ but they argued that that can maybe account for a few points, but not the much. So, I protested, I stayed. Walking around the ward freely; squeezed every doc’s hand to demonstrate strength in my limbs; admired some of my nurses and the therapists for their empathy and dedication. And was relieved when, with more meds than I’ve ever taken, my BP went down to 122 and I was discharged the Thursday after I arrived.

Then Code Blue and calamiy. My right side was gone. Almost no function in the right leg or the right arm, with fingers mostly paralyzed, and swallowing difficult, strange. My speech was also more slurred though, thankfully, my cognitive function (such as it was) remained mostly intact so I could generally express what I wanted to say. It was the motor functions on my right side that had mainly been compromised. And I only learned later that my stroke (the extension that caused damage was ischemic (caused by a blood clot as the initial one seems to be), but rather hemorrhagic—caused by leakage of blood in the brain. The only positive thing about this is that those brain cells, as I now understand it, don’t die from lack of oxygen, but are knocked out temporarily by the accumulated blood, which has to drain out. They then have to heal from what doctors call ‘brain injury’ which takes time, but they can come back.

So there I was in the hospital for another week, while the docs tried desperately to stabilize my BP. This has taken me way beyond my pattern of minimal use of blood pressure. But right now I could be a drug commercial. I’m taking high doses of losartan and metropolol (which I’m used to in low doses) and at least two more drugs for blood pressure (now pretty well controlled by the way)—hydralazine and chlorthalidone. In addition, on Plavix as a blood thinner Lipitor for cholesterol, did not have a problem with the latter, but it can apparently be an added risk factor for stroke.) I’m also taking my usual aspirin, and Miralax to keep me regular, and Melatonin at night to help me sleep, and a diuretic or two to help with the edema in my face. Whew. How long this regime will last is anybody’s guess but for now I’m accepting it for the simple reason that I do just about anything now to avoid further damage to my brain.

After a week and some helpful physical therapy, the docs told me that I was ready for inpatient rehab. We were given three choices for sites, and we chose CPMC (California Pacific Medical Center), even though its location in San Francisco might represent some access problems for my son in Berkeley. But it was the oldest and best, and I was driven there in another ambulance on Friday, the 23rd of August, and taken up to my room, a private room with spectacular views of the city (not that any of that mattered at the time). I met Eliazo, the muscular nurse’s assistant who became my good friend. He was one of several workers there who provided yeoman service way above and beyond the call of duty: all three of my therapists, about whom more later, and some exceptional nurses—Tina, who fixed my impacted self in the early days when I was painfully constipated, the best night nurse anybody could wish for, and, with whom I shared some medical humor; Tryva, an always helpful nurse who has to drive from her East Bay home at 4:30 in the am to get to work; Chrystyn, who always made me laugh while she took care of every need; Helen, who tends to be as I if I were her dear father ; and Patrick, who emigrated from the Philippines at 19, but whose English was so perfect because, he told me, everyone there knows English—it’s our second language (thank you, American imperialism.) Angles of mercy, all.

For them and the therapists—the heart of the place. I was assigned three: Hollie, my occupational therapist; Jen, my physical therapist; and John, my speech therapist. They were all first-rate, though that doesn’t really express it. More than doctors, who are usually perfunctory, these therapists give you hour-long sessions where they push you to engage muscles and patterns that you’ve never given a thought to.
and think will never work again. Try walking these stairs. Are you sure? Today, you'll take a shower; yes, you can get dressed yourself afterwards. With only one arm? Yes, you can do it. But I can't. Don't say 'can't'; it discourages the brain; say 'not yet.' Try balancing on this riser. Are you kidding? You can do it; the muscles remember. Don't look; you just have to get the brain firing again. So today, you'll have to cook yourself lunch—don't you often have a fried egg and avocado sandwich? Yes, but, Ok, here's the egg; what are you going to do first? (My brother and sisters came to visit that day and saw me finishing up, impressed though that I was eating my own meal!) And on and on through the most elemental re-learning: how to put on socks; how to put on a t-shirt with one hand; how to stand with a wobbly, out-of-control leg; how to swallow pills without choking because it takes seventeen different movements to swallow a pill? Who knew moving one's fingers to simply grasp a spoon took so many muscles and tendons, and a trained brain controlling them all? Only someone who suddenly loses the ability that babies master and easily have yielded to despair: how the fuck am I going to re-learn all this? But Holli and Jen and John were there nearly every day to insist that I could and I was, a little bit each day; up to and including, towards the end, actually making an outside trip into the community down a steep San Francisco visit a café, order tea and pastry, and sit there like a real person, enjoying it. To describe each tiny victory would be tedious. But what I really want to convey is the special dedication of each of them, all three collectively. There wasn't just that they were controlling which they were. It's that they gave more of themselves than anyone, I, had any right to expect. You can feel it. They're not just doing a job; they're connecting on some level that's hard to describe but is clearly there. And even at the end, one—person, if I felt—a personal bond to each of them that I won't soon forget. Little bodhisattvas they are, doing work that saves the world. And that work includes telling you—me—that it's time to leave; you're ready. But I'm not ready. My son's not ready; we need a couple more of these so I can get stronger and he and my daughter-in-law can get my room prepared. No. You're ready now; any more time here can only feed dependency. And they were right; and we left on Friday the 6th of September as scheduled, and have been at home in some sick room they set up (we've always called it 'the sick room'—my mother convalesced here, as did my brother Edmund, and my wife and Gavin and now me) in their Berkeley home ever since.

I could tell you more about the home there but I have now, about how I can now cook my usual oatmeal for breakfast; about how we went out for dinner last night for exceptional Chinese and that I was able to button my regular pants myself which I absolutely could not do when yet it's not that I didn't want to but I just couldn't. What I will do is try to convey what this all means. For one thing, it means that I am now forced to be slow and patient for the first time in my life. It's not just slowing down either, as when it takes me four or five minutes to get the brain compression on or my shoes on before it was a matter of seconds. Or when I have to make five trips back and forth to the table when I'm preparing cold cereal because I have to get the dish to the table first, then get Tracy's help to open the package of cereal, then get help to put the plastic container of cantaloupe, then slice it and carry it separately to the table, then go to the fridge and get the milk, and carry it to the table, then get my wheat germ out of the freezer and also to the table, then realize I don't have a sharp knife to cut the cantaloupe and the banana, or the spoon to eat with so I have to get up again to get those (I only have one lame arm to use because the other one holds my cane), then put it all in the bowl with the four almonds I also put in, and finally, take a bite and settle in. No it's not just that. It's that my sense of who I am has had to be drastically altered. I'm not the quick one who could do anything in seconds (when I was your pride in being able to play Chopin's Minute Waltz in just about a minute), the fastest learner in the west. I'm slow now, and people have to wait for me to make my slow, halting, cane-aided way across the room or down the stairs. They have to help me up, help me down. I've hated asking for help but I was the one who could do it, but not anymore. Now I'm the one who... yet. I'm the one who has to ask my granddaughter to cut open a package of chips, or my grandson to open the damn container of sauce, and on and on. And at one time, it was the other way around. But not anymore. Now it's the current me. Now I'm among the 'differently abled.' And that, perchance, evokes a different image or 'self model,' as Thomas Metzinger puts it.

But it's more than that, something more fundamental still. We are all addicted to the illusion of being independent, all under the spell of the notion that to be a real human being, we must strive, from almost the moment we take our first steps, to be self-sufficient. 'I can do it myself. I don't need any help.' This is encouraged by our parents, our teachers, our culture. The measure of a man is the extent to which he can support himself with no help from anyone or anything. Just as the measure of a people or a nation is the degree to which they are self-sufficient. It's the point: 'We do it hold to no one.' By contrast, to be dependent—on others, on charity, on the state—is to be diminished in both the eyes of others and of oneself. But is this alleged independence, this total self-sufficiency ever the case? Even where one attaches an American label, the absolute freedom of the billionaire? Or is it our great sustaining, and ultimately damaging delusion? I am reminded of an article that appeared in my alumni magazine not long ago. It was written by one of the great advocates to come out of the college, a world-class skier, mountain climber, trek leader. Until one day he was doing some heliskiing I think it was, and he crashed, nearly killing himself. After agonizing recovery, he ended up a paraplegic, confined to a wheelchair. He spent a couple years depressed, but then began giving talks about what was still possible, and along the way came up with a term which still haunts me: he said of people with all their functions intact, people we call 'normal,' the temporarily abled. In other words, those who still have use of their bodies and minds will have them, do have them only temporarily. Age, or sickness, or accident are sure to intervene to show them just how temporary their 'able-ness' really is. And even before that, every single healthy person on this planet, given moment, is, from the beginning, utterly dependent upon the functioning of billions of creatures—in the soil, in our guts, in our cells, in the trees and plants and creatures that sustain us, and without which we could not survive for even one second. And that doesn't even count the countless people in our lives who make us possible. This is so for everyone, without exception.

In light of this, is it not an illusion to think otherwise? Is it not the greater delusion to think of ourselves as healthy selves as self-sufficient, as beyond help to no one or no thing? I have to admit this is pretty much what I have been striving for. I have lived alone for much of the past thirty years. I have pursued a writing career that has become more and more independent—the point I can call my own books, which are written on my own computer with most research done on that same computer, and now even the printing done via print-on-demand publishers who can print however many or few books I need without my ever having to get out of my chair. Self-sufficient with my own imprint, in almost every
way. But then along came a little thing called a stroke, and suddenly I can’t tie my own shoes. Can’t cut my fingernails, or trim my mustache. Struggle to put on my pants or socks, or climb stairs with the ease of my two-year-old grandson—suddenly dependent on “the kindness of strangers,” as Blanche Dubois puts it. And astonishingly, I have been able to see this as not some catastrophe that has ‘disabled’ me (though it has done that), but rather as something that was inevitable, and in some quirky way, just. To see that contrary to what I’ve always liked to think, I have not been exceptional so much as temporarily abled. Living the great human delusion that somehow, I could escape the great denouement. But none of us can, and more, none of us, even from the beginning, ever has. We are all entangled in what Mahayana Buddhists call the “net of Indra”—all of us connected by invisible strands to all else—and I mean all else, from the meanest bacterium to the grandest rainforest. All jewels in the net of being we are, reflecting and reflective of all else so that whatever happens to one of us ultimately happens to us all. Always, and now, this has been demonstrated for me in the most immediate, powerful way; and strangely, I am, if not fully content, at least ready to stay open to whatever follows.

For what else could one, unable to tie his shoelaces, do? Or be? Even if it’s only temporary.

-- Lawrence DiStasi

Community Spaghetti Dinner at the Firehouse

It was a pretty busy time for everybody and all the people were really touched and thankful. They wanted to give some donations and pretty much paid for the food as well as bringing many delicious and appreciated food, drinks and desserts.

Honestly am sure they were over 200 people that ate dinner at the Bolinas fire House last night. The fire department really is amazing and I have to say that we got it together in under three days just decided to do it and made it happen because everybody pulled together. I took time to take a few photos. Feel free to pass them on stash them or trash them. It was great that has the dinner progressed the power went back on and everybody was thrilled.

- Vickisa
MAGIC IN THE PARK

The Ten Dancing Princesses—Los Diez Princesos Bailarines performed in the Downtown Park on Saturday, October 19, bringing to life the Grimm's Fairy Tale. Director Camilla Ford taught the princesses, ranging in age from four-twelve years old, dances and dialogue in English and Spanish, using the Labyrinth as the stage, and colorful parasols in the background. The Princesses performed four dances, wearing their shoes out each night, and fooling the King, their father, played by Jose Leyva.

English-Spanish narration by Camilla Ford and Rosario Alvarado

The Ten Dancing Princesses: Phoenix and Nova McKenna; Mill Sabbatini; Pheobe Murch; James Bat-Cipriano; Regina Jimenez-Vasquez; Roxanna Velasquez; Maria Mora-Tiscornia; Hayley Moreno-Moras; Johanna Alvarado

Play some music, do a few dance moves around the Labyrinth, until you wear your shoes out. Only the Water Sprite sculpture will know. There is magic in the Downtown Park.

Submitted by Liz Vezzani

Many thanks and grateful gratitude to all who helped to make Saturday night’s Jazz Blow-Out a searing success!!! From the beginning of a month-long drive to the last notes played to a standing ovation from a still full-house – it was much more than everything I’d hoped for. If you want to know more, ask someone who was there.

Warm acknowledgments to those who made it possible:

Don Smith
Dale Polissar
Stuart Chapman
Steve Heilig
Kate Ross and Randy
Jeff Manson
Vanessa
The Coast Cafe
Brenda Stine
Linda Saunders
William McGovern
Leonard Brady
South African Walter
Howard Dillon
Gurukar Singh

The stellar band who brought us much joy and to Shannon who astonished everyone with her supernatral aerial performance

-Ananda Brady

Life During Wartime

That was an amazing evening of Jazz at the Community Center. Especially the way the PG&E power outage was skillfully woven into the evening's music. A few days before the event with PG&E threatening to cut power because of high winds, Ananda made the decision to have the jazz quintet play unplugged, not to use the big sound system. Don Smith set up a generator to power the lights in case the power went out, which, of course, it did. The lights went out about halfway through, but then magically reappeared as the generator kicked in.

The music continued - magnificently - even in total darkness (before the generator kicked in) And what Jazz it was - the classics from the Blue Note era played by 5 accomplished artists. The jazz was even sweeter because of the blackout. It was "life during wartime" A friend commented, "Bolinas is Brigadoon and the portal is Jazz."

My view of the quintet was from up on the stage where a painting easel was set up for live painting. A couple of big canvases had been painted blue with "JAZZ" in big letters. Blue in honor of Blue Note records, and Kind of Blue and the bluesy roots of Jazz. Don and Leonard had rigged a blue light to shine on the canvas.

It was all so blue. So soulful and romantic. So melodic and flowing. A river of Jazz. Twisting and tumbling and flowing from its soul source to the ocean - the ocean that surrounds us here in Bolinas. an ocean of Jazz.

Shannon Gray started the second set with an incredible performance on the trapeze. The quintet accompanied her as she scampered and flipped and climbed to the ceiling. The jazzsters were a bit bemused by Shannon's gymnastic ability. She brought a wonderful fiery feminine energy that was a great counterpart to the cool jazzy cool of the musicians.

It was an epic evening
The power of Jazz
the power of soul
Ringing out answers for whom the bell toils
For whom the sax wails,
for you and me
the power of Jazz
not PG&E

thank you, StuArt

COMMUNITY & CULTURAL CENTER

Medicare 101-New Alignment Plan Options
10/31/2019 - 1:30pm to 2:30pm
Medicare 101 - New Alignment Plan Options
Come learn about the changes with Medicare for 2020 and an exciting new plan option that includes very low copays, RX, Dental, Vision, Transportation and more! Presented by Black Point Insurance Solutions

Point Reyes Community Lunch
Every Thursday - 12:00pm
By West Marin Senior Services 415-663-8148, x.104.
(above)
Shannon Gray soars above the Jazz Quintet at the Community Center on Saturday evening
(painting by StuArt – on display at the Book Exchange)

Today’s Hearsay brought to you by:
StuArt Chapman, editor
McKay McFadden, ads
Alex Bleeker, press
WANTED:

ATTENTION KITTY LOVERS!
We need more catnip! We are about to sew our traditional catnip pillows for the Holiday Faire. Will purchase or trade. Thankfully, Magi and Mary 868-0902.

MB 10/11

RED/AUTUMNAL COLOR YARNS
be donated to the library for craft supplies.
Thank you! 868-1171

VW 9/18

ARTISTS, CRAFTSPeople, IMPORTERS
To participate in the 27th annual
BOLINAS WORLD CRAFTS FAIRE
December 14 & 15—Contact Flower Sierra at 831-747-4540
or email...riverflower@sbcglobal.net

FS 11/22

ANNOUNCEMENTS

AL-ANON MEETING - WEDNESDAY 6:30-7:30 PM
@ St Aidens. All Welcome

JAX

Classified ads that are free
As a public service, the Bolinas Hearsay News will print
ads in the categories LOST & FOUND, FREE and
RIDE SHARE at no charge. Maximum approx. 20 words,
it will run at least one week, often longer.
Drop your ad through the slot in the door at our office on
the left side of the PBUD building at 370 Elm Street.
Or email to 868hearsay@gmail.com

LOST AND FOUND

FOUND: LIME GREEN RETAINER MOUTH PIECE
Found on beach, wharf side. Call Vicki at 415-868-0932.

V 10/21

JOHNNY'S GREEN BIKE WITH SURF CARVER
surf rack, last seen in driveway across from Bolinas Hardware,
maybe picked up by "mistake". Please call 868-1442

SR 10/14

MISTOOK: PETE'S GUITAR AMP WAS REMOVED
from the white storage box at the back of St.Aidan's church
recently. Any info welcome, and a return of the amp promptly
will forgo any involvement from the authority's. Please return to
the white box or call 246-1446. Thank you...

PP 9/16

LOST: 2 CHILDREN'S WET SUITS, LEFT HANGING ON
tree at Wharf Rd. beach on Sunday 9/1. If found please call
Linda -0634

LS 9/4

THE BOLINAS HEARSAY NEWS
270 Elm at Maple, Left side of PBUD Building
Ad forms in smaller mail box, slot in door to submit.

Office Hours M.W. F. 11ish to 11ish. Call 868-0138

BOLINAS
COMMUNITY CENTER
Weekly Classes and Events Schedule For October

MONDAY
Somatic Exercise
BOBO Baby Group
Pilates Mat w/Lisa Townsend
9:30 am - 11:00 am
1:30 pm - 3:15 pm
5:30 pm - 6:45 pm

TUESDAY
Elder Diaspora Dance w/Ambler Hines
Pirate Pizza: Call (415) 328-1066 to preorder
BCC Board of Directors Meeting (Tuesday 22nd)
Contact w/ W. Lisa (teens & adults)
9:00 am - 10:15 am
3:00 pm - 7:00 pm
5:00 pm
6:30 pm - 7:30 pm

WEDNESDAY
Pilates Mat w/Lisa Townsend
F.L.A.G.ship in front of Library (0-5yrs)
BCAST w/ Lisa Starting on the 23rd
8:30 am - 9:45 am
1:15 pm - 2:30 pm
2:45 pm - 5:30 pm

THURSDAY
USDA Food Bank
Diapora w/ Amber
12:00 pm
6:30 pm - 8:00 pm

FRIDAY
Pilates Mat w/Lisa Townsend
No Place Like Home (Free Brunch 4th Fri of Month)
9:00 am - 10:00 am
12:00 pm

SATURDAY
Ballet w/Erika
9:00 am - 10:30 am

SUNDAY
Call 868-2138, check the Library Marquee, Calendar in BCC
Foyer or visit www.bocenter.org for more info & special events!

The Bolinas Hearsay News is a community
ewspaper representing you, the populace of the
community. The Bolinas Hearsay News is not a
scandal sheet, nor does it seek to advocate any
single political or philosophical stance. The Bolinas
Hearsay News is not a vehicle for self-aggrandizement or commercial hoaxes. It is, rather,
an expression of the citizens of Bolinas. In light of
that, every citizen of Bolinas, who is a reader of the
Hearsay News is hereby depuditized as a Hearsay
News Reporter.

FREE

SOFA-BED MATTRESS 52 IN. X 72"IN X 4 IN.
Clean. Kathleen 868-2283

KO 9/4
S E R V I C E S

AIRPORT? HOWARD DILLON HAS A 2010 SUBARU
Outback for all Bay Area (& beyond) destinations. Many local refs 868-2144
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windows, sliding glass-door rollers, screens. Reasonable.
No extra charge for West Marin. Sean 415-699-6204
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Fine Trimming • Hedges • Removals • Brush Chipping
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$150 per truckload, delivered, 868-1993
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Early power assist bicycle. Has RockShocks, a Knox lock, paperwork, the Owners and Repair manuals.
Excellent condition, stored in shed, hardly used. Best offer.
kathleen-onelli@att.net or -2283
KO 11/1

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SC 11/1

1989 TIoga Arrow Motorhome, 24 Ft., 71,000 original miles, new tires, new cat converter, muffler, tune up, Kohler generator, needs awning repair or removal. $3300 Call Rick 415-819-8624

How to contribute to the Hearsay News in person
Come to the office at 2:30 Elm at Maple, behind the BPUD office on Mon’s, Wed’s and Fri’s between 9:30 & 10:30 am to have your article appear the same day, and until 11:00 am for classified ads.

Ad forms are also available anytime in the small mail box next to the Hearsay door. You can fill out the form and have your ad billed to you, or you can enclose payment (please note on your ad if you are paying cash in case they become separated) & drop into door slot.

Regular meetings in West Marin

Stinson Beach Fire District
Fourth Mondays 6 p.m.
Sigmunis School Board
2nd or 3rd Thurs 6 p.m.
SGV Planning Group
2nd Mondays 7-8 p.m.
Dance Palace Board
1st Fridays 6 p.m.
Point Reyes-Olema 4-H
1st Mondays 6:30 p.m.
Bohn Community Center
3rd Tuesdays 5 p.m.
Point Reyes Village Assoc.
2nd Thursdays 6 p.m.
Stinson Beach Village Assoc.
1st Saturdays 10 a.m.
West Marin Lions Club
1st/3rd Tuesdays 7 p.m.
Brones Lions Club
4th Thursdays 7 p.m.
West Marin Rotary Club
Wednesdays 8 a.m.
W.M. Chamber of Commerce
1st Thursdays 7 p.m.
Shoreline Unified School Board
3rd Thursdays 4 p.m.
KWMR Board
3rd Wednesdays 6 p.m.
Inverness Public Utility District
4th Wednesdays 5 p.m.
Inverness Association
4th Wednesdays 7 p.m.
Bohn Comm. Public Utilities Dist.
1st & 3rd Mondays 7:30 p.m.
Marin Municipal Water District
1st & 3rd Mondays 7:30 p.m.
Ba-Sis Union School Board
2nd Mondays 7 p.m.
2nd Wednesdays 7 p.m.
Tomales Town Hall Board
1st Wednesdays 8 p.m.
Tomales 4-H Club
3rd Mondays 5:30 p.m.
North Marin Water District
1st & 3rd Mondays 6 p.m.
Tomales Bay Youth Center
Last Tuesdays 6 p.m.
Inverness Stamp Collecting Club
2nd Mondays 7 p.m.
Fried French conversation salon
Bohn-Stinson Youth Group
3rd Mondays 4 p.m.
Mainstreet Momm
Mondays 3 p.m.

Stinson Beach Freshwater
Lower campus
Corinn center
Dance Palace
WMS Old Gym
Bohn Library
Dance Palace
Comm center
Sta House Café
Rad & Boat Club
Tidy's Feed Barn
Sta House Café
Rotating
Fire station
Fire station
Inv. Library
BCPUD office
MNWD office
Inverness Town Hall
Inverness Park
Inverness Park
Inverness Park
PBFO office
BTC
Inv. Library
Inv. Library
Inv. Library
Comm center
St. Columba's

2020-2021

8 6 8 +
LOCAL DIRECTORY
BOLINAS-STINSON

Help us get it right!
Get us your new or updated info in one of those ways:
1. Complete the online survey
2. Post Note on sporadic Fridays / Saturdays at the Post Office
3. Fill out the form through the door at the Hearsay
4. Come to the Community Center on October 15 starting at 3pm and 6pm to give us your updated information
Deadline is October 31

Are you a business? Email us about purchasing or updating your advertisement! 868hearsay@gmail.com