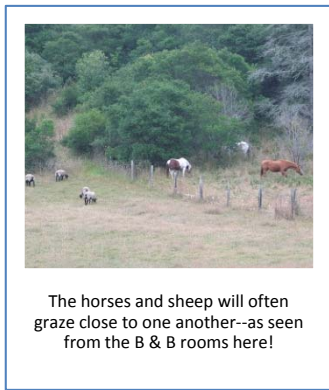


I finds peace and appreciation through the lens at the beach house owned by long-time family friend, PS



Indie--one of the greatest loves of my life-- grazes with a young doe in the pasture this spring when the grass was knee-high



The horses and sheep will often graze close to one another--as seen from the B & B rooms here!



Rowdy (left) and Indie are best pals, totally unrelated though they look alike



Janine Behrens (my right-hand woman) and Dave prepping for a tour being filmed by Cannel 7 News here at the farm

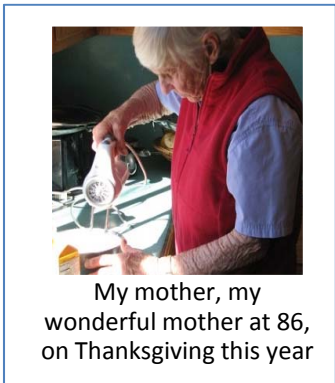


We all gathered at Mom's house for Thanksgiving, but what I loved most was seeing my mom with her life-long friend, PS

Watching the sunrise from anywhere in the world is the basis for bliss. From my earliest memories I have greeted the sun whenever possible. When I was six years old, I watched the sunrise from my sleeping bag alongside my siblings beneath the pines next to Coffee Creek in Northern California. I have watched the sunrise from the Sheraton 30 floors up in Perth, Australia, while traveling with my father before he died in the late 1990s. In Thailand, it was from my room on the third floor of the house owned by my friends Jumbo and Jittin, while studying elephants in the last decade. And nearly every morning I watch the sun rise from behind the trees here in Sebastopol and, as with all sunrises, I feel a renewed sense of hope and even excitement over what the new day will bring.

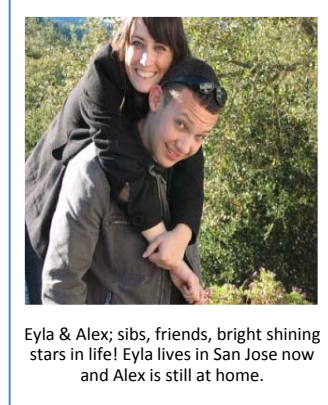


On our annual trip to the Berry Patch in Oregon, I actually do things like collect wild flowers to put in a vase!

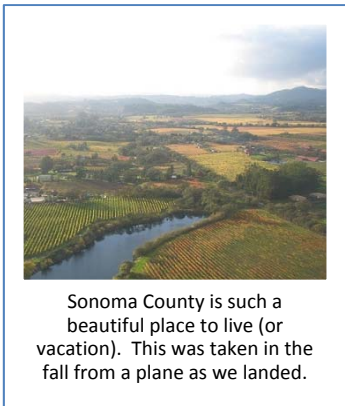


My mother, my wonderful mother at 86, on Thanksgiving this year

Sunsets are pretty nice, too. One remarkable sunset I watched when I was 15 years old and on a train connecting Italy with France. The train ran up the Mediterranean coastline, slithering along the edges of cliffs and through short tunnels where cliffs were not available. The red sun was sinking into the sea as the train dove into blackness and then emerged again. Sometimes it emerged for only seconds and the scene was like a snapshot burned into my mind. Other times, there were long moments where I was able to breathe the beauty in deeply, another way to etch bliss into my soul. I stood at the window in the long corridor of the train, the doors to the little rooms with bunk beds behind me.



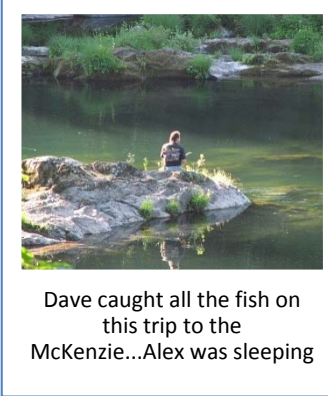
Eyla & Alex; sibs, friends, bright shining stars in life! Eyla lives in San Jose now and Alex is still at home.



Sonoma County is such a beautiful place to live (or vacation). This was taken in the fall from a plane as we landed.

There were many of us watching the sun set. We were all held in common by this exquisite sight, a sense of gratitude for our inclusion.

Although contrived, the year is like a day with both the sunrise and sunset. What lies between is brief and not as serious as I would make it out to be, perhaps. I might think logically that what I do in a day, or a year, is more important than the few moments of a sunrise or sunset. Yet it is not the activities of the days and years in my lifetime that I remember. It is a sunrise when I was six or a sunset nearly 40 years ago. It is the beginnings and endings because they both hold a similar expression. They represent transition even while they magnify the beauty of a single moment.

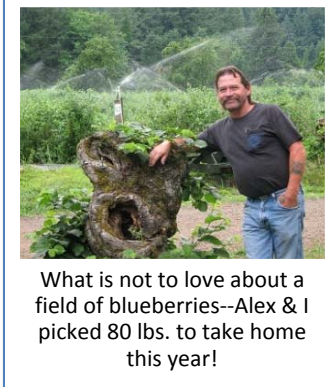


Dave caught all the fish on this trip to the McKenzie...Alex was sleeping

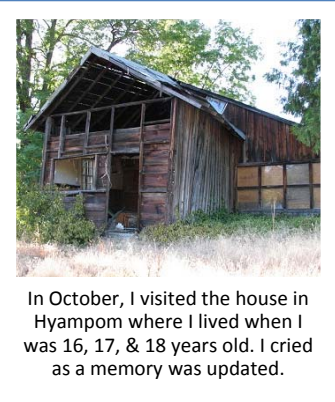


Eyla and I went to Seattle in November (frigg'in' cold). We went to the top of the Space Needle and had coffee at Starbucks

That single moment is what holds the DNA of creation. It is the place where all we intend is born. Thank goodness for the beauty of the sunrise and sunset. Thank goodness for the hush of beginnings and the sigh of endings. I like what goes on in a day or a year. I enjoy the immersion I experience in long conversations with friends or chores stacked one upon the other until I flop down in a soft chair and groan with tiredness. I like the challenge of staying on task while remaining open to any new experience that might present itself along the way. However, it is transitions that recalibrate my soul, creating and sustaining positive change.



What is not to love about a field of blueberries--Alex & I picked 80 lbs. to take home this year!



In October, I visited the house in Hyampom where I lived when I was 16, 17, & 18 years old. I cried as a memory was updated.

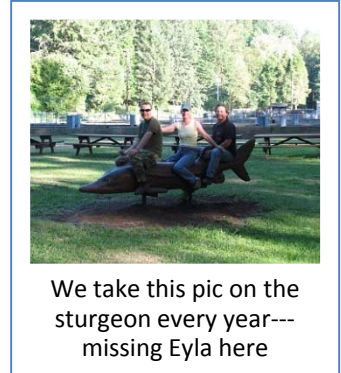
So, as this year ends and a new one begins, I wish for you many sunrises and sunsets. No matter what your new day or year holds, it is within these eternal moments we find what lives in our heart, and it is always good. I trust that.



My friend, Susan Bassett, hosted my week-long Inspiring Clarity clinic on Guemes Island, WA



We went to Mom's for Thanksgiving--much to be thankful for in our lives



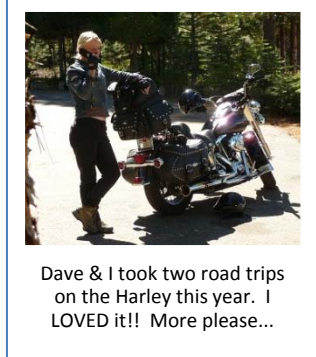
We take this pic on the sturgeon every year---missing Eyla here



Yes, I actually know how to row a boat and it is on the McKenzie ONLY



I keep two gardens here at all times. One is near our house and one is near the Vacation Rental at the top of the property.



Dave & I took two road trips on the Harley this year. I LOVED it!! More please...



Eyla graduated from San Jose State with a degree in Communications (Nana left, me right)



Every year we host the Annual Block Party in our neighborhood