



A Personal View: Home For The Holidays

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Home For The Holidays



Dr. Christopher Gardner returned to live in our community after a separation that took him away from Skylonda and two children. Living in Davis, so far away, just didn't cut it. So, back he came, and he even threw us a party.

October 22 found us enjoying sunshine outside in the back of the Boulevard Grill. A private party for neighbors that gave us a chance to meet. The first big discussion on everyone's mind was the previous night's windstorm. Some even called it "the storm of the century." All night it blew hard. Branches, limbs off trees fell down all around us. It seemed that our house on Big Tree Way was especially in the wind's path. Parts of trees fell all over our pathways and lawns. When raked up, it took over five piles, each over four feet tall, to bring some order. All this made my husband break down and buy a chipper-shredder. Our new toy is a loud hungry piece of machinery, which we think we can keep happily fed in its new home.



Neighbors talked about plans for Halloween, but mainly we enjoyed the last warmth of summer. Later in the day, Christopher told me how unique it was to be back home. "At this moment we are overlooking the bay, a family of deer has strolled by, horses are tethered, and we are in the redwoods amidst bikers, cyclists, Silicon Valley types and locals." "We're glad you're back," I said.

This year's Halloween costumes were the best ever. A trend that seems to get stronger each year is that our neighbors, their kids, and friends are now traveling in packs. What used to be three or four in a group is now fifteen or even more. Opening the door to such a sight was startling and made me blink and stare. Also a new trend: More and more parents are in great costumes and make sure you notice them too. I love it.

In between events, we took a chance and ate at the new Merry Pranksters Café in La Honda. The food I must say was very good. All the old familiar memorabilia was gone. We started wondering what happened to the great posters, the painting of Jerry (Garcia) and all the lava lamps.

Things had just not settled down in the Middle East. Trying to absorb all that hate was painful and tiring. A friend, Carla Olivera, had listened to my state of mind many times. She had recently purchased at a fundraiser a session at her home with a Feng Shui consultant. She offered to allow me to observe the process, and very interesting it was indeed. In a nutshell, this is what I learned. If you stand in your house in front of your front door, your house is split into eight parts (love, family, business, travel, money, health, career, friends). Working different parts using the Feng Shui system improves the chi, good energy placed in right places.

I had a visit from my cousin-in-law Janet Lantner, a doctor of mechanical engineering who lives in Houston, Texas, but enjoys flying to California as frequently as possible. This time, I wanted to prepare a special treat for her. Knowing that she loves quilts and the art of quilting, I had arranged for her to meet Laura Page and see her unique collection of quilts.

Laura, a neighbor who lives off old La Honda Road and who is new to this area, is quickly fitting into life in the woods. All of Laura's quilts are made by her family. The major ones are pieced and quilted by her grandmother and aunt. It is their irregularities that make them unique. Triangles turned the wrong way, patterns turned around mid stream. She showed us ten quilts in all. Two were made by her mother. They were tied rather than quilted, stitched through with the loose ends tied together. These quilts' homemade charm, not bought at antique stores or auction houses, tell us a lot about this family's values and their homecraft ways.

So now we face winter. It's majestic force still to be unfolded and spent. We turn to face each other, a New Year just around the corner. Can we please try to just get along?

Happy Holidays, and a very happy New Year.