



The No Sweat Gazette

January, 2021



HAPPY HOLIDAYS!

***...this moment for sure,
but also looking toward better days to come and feeling nostalgic
with a glimpse back at some COVID-free Sticks holidays:***

Sticks Holiday Events, Dec 2017/Jan 2018



**President
Barbara Nuss**

**Vice President
vacant**

**Secretary
Judy Gregory**

**Treasurer
Steve Hughart**

**Newsletter
John McLaughlin**

Sticks Holiday Events, Dec 2018/Jan 2019



Sticks Holiday Events, Dec 2019/Jan 2020



The No Sweat Gazette

The newsletter of America's largest AVA-affiliated walking club, the **Sacramento Walking Sticks**, P.O. Box 277303, Sacramento, California 95827, published monthly. Reader submissions are welcome and vigorously encouraged. Submit articles, proposals for articles, photos, any questions, comments, or suggestions to: sticksnewsletter@aol.com **Roving Reporters:** Zori Friedrich, Marie Rob, Nancy Calkins, **Roving Photographers:** Bruce Calkins, Theresa Ihara, **Editor:** John McLaughlin

Meet Our New No Sweat Gazette Roving Reporters!

Zori Friedrich—It was a small entry on the Sacramento Bee's Out and About page mentioning an October walk in Sutter Creek in 2005. I wasn't available on the walk date, but being a "groupie" (I love to join groups for fun, adventure and meeting people) I ventured out for my first walk January 4, 2006. It was a blustery rainy morning and I — the fair weather walker — tried to talk myself out of driving downtown "just to walk". Silly me — I had made a New Year's resolution to walk more and meet new people, so I bundled up and headed out to do the Capitol Walk. I can't say I really "enjoyed" the walk with the wind blasting in my face, the rain drops dripping off my nose and my fingers frozen from the cold. But I did enjoy walking and chatting with a lovely woman named Jean Lucas! And so my life as a "Stick" began. I made a point those first few weeks to attend every Saturday for "Friendship Walks" and that summer I attended the 2007 National AVA Convention hosted by the Sticks and other neighboring clubs. I was hooked! I love the walks, the people, and of course how can you not like a group that gathers to eat afterwards? That first walk led me to some wonderful walking experiences — The Colombia Gorge event, the Whidbey Island Event, the Redding Extravaganza, CVA Conventions (Asilomar was my favorite!), AVA Convention in Albany, and trips with Tater Tours and Walking Adventures! My friends will say "You drove all that way just to walk?!" If you are a Stick you know it's not "just to walk"it's to share the joy of meeting amazing people, explore new places, and make wonderful memories.



Marie Robb—Paul and I joined the Walking Sticks in January 2013 after Paul read about the group in the Sacramento Bee. We were hooked from the start! Exercise, social interaction, and the chance to explore Sacramento and the surrounding areas from a completely different perspective—who could ask for more? Shortly after we retired, we became the POCs for the Elk Grove walks; it's a job we really enjoy. Besides walking, we keep busy with camping, baseball, musical theatre, and travelling. I am also an avid scrapbooker—I consider myself the archivist for my extended family. Recently, my nephew needed pictures of his grandfather (my father) for a project; he knew exactly who to ask for those pictures! We have two daughters, a son-in-law, a grandcat and a granddog, who all live in Citrus Heights. They are proud that we are active walkers. As you can see, our lives are full and busy.



Note: Due to other commitments because of COVID, Barbara Rigler is unable to continue as Roving Reporter. We're sorry to see her go! Nancy Calkins has graciously volunteered to replace Barbara, and we will introduce Nancy in a future issue.

Keep Calm...and Wash Your Hands

By Gorgiana Mari Alonzo

We're nearly nine months in as I write this. As some of the other Sticks noted in recent editions of the *Gazette*, tackling long-planned (and perhaps long-neglected) household projects seemed like the way to go. My garage has never looked better. I planted two gardens instead of the usual one. I made dozens of masks the first two months from fabrics that I finally organized for future quilts. I cleaned out my bookshelves and donated books to the little libraries in my neighborhood.

Leading up to the stay-at-home order? I returned from a business trip mid-afternoon on Sunday, March 15th. I had planned to hit the grocery store on my way home from the airport. Listening to the radio, I heard that San Francisco was shutting down on Monday. I parked my car at the grocery and it was not the usual, "I-don't-want-to-cook-tonight" type of energy. More chaotic. A woman blocked the door to the frozen vegetables in the cold box. I asked if she needed help reaching something on the top shelf. That brought her out of whatever agitated state she was in, and she let me open the door. I repeated my offer of help. She said that she was just trying to think of what she needed and was drawing a blank. We chatted for a minute or two, and she thanked me for "helping" her.

The cashier was visibly rushed and I could see that she wasn't taking full breaths. I suggested that she take a moment, use the hand sanitizer, breathe, wipe off the register buttons—that we were in no hurry. She followed my suggestion and told me about the craziness of the day. At the end of our transaction, I reminded her to breathe and she smiled and said she would.

During my professional career, I worked at a large government facility that researched, among other things, how climate change could affect the spread of disease, depending on the geographic location and changes in temperature and vegetation. Even though I'm retired, I still read the weekly CDC's publications and related papers from the NIH, the WHO, and NOAA. I caught up on these science newsfeeds as I flew back to California. Certainly, my thoughts were centered on the previous week's coronavirus news, and on the way home from the store, I drove by the car shop.

Our local Midas repair shop—whose owner puts up funny phrases, puns, and other messages about what's going on in our community—had put up a new sign for that week: "Keep Calm...and Wash Your Hands!"



You all have seen a version of this phrase in modern advertising: KEEP CALM AND CARRY ON. The original red-background-and-white type with a crown was part of a poster series to help the British people maintain their morale for what was to come during World War II. Eighty years on, it appears in all sorts of advertising: Keep Calm and Chive On. Keep Calm and

Garden On. Keep Calm and Wine On. Variations are everywhere. The Midas owner not only captured the spirit of what we as a community were about to experience, but also offered some practical advice.

I laughed about the sign and took this photo several days later. As I pondered submitting a piece to the newsletter, I found the photo on my phone, and this article is the result.

As far as walks go, I did the Lake Natoma walk on June 20th when the lockdown was eased. We were shut down again by the July 25th Natomas walk, and other walks in August were cancelled by the bad air quality from the wildfires. The September 19th walk in Placerville was appropriate given we were officially at the six-month's mark and I enjoyed that immensely. And, I found a place where my yoga students, currently deprived of our yoga classes, can walk along the El Dorado Trail with a Par Course that we use for safe and physically separated standing poses. We've walked every Monday since October 19th, and we're planning to continue in December until it rains. Unless the latest restriction linked to hospital and staff capacity puts the kibosh on our walk-yoga outings. Being yogis, we are flexible in many ways.

I did the December 1st walk through Sac State, seeing its arboretum for the first time and giving me ideas for native plants and trees to consider for next year's landscape project. I plan to join other walks this month, keeping flexible with the outer world's conditions and in the flow with my inner world's calm. And I'll keep washing my hands, too.

Popular Walking Tour Companies React to COVID Crisis

In an email communication (furnished to the NSG by Sticks member Jennifer Stanley)



Walking Adventures International states in part:

"A couple weeks ago, as we rounded the corner on what has been a year of epic worldwide challenges, Linda and I made the difficult decision to cancel tours in 2021 and 2022 and, for the time being, suspend the operations of walking adventures international. We will be in touch soon with more details about what that could look like."
—Dan and Linda Friesen

In an email to *The No Sweat Gazette* regarding Tater Tours, Sticks member Connie Haugen advises:



"I wanted to let you know that on the Tater Tours site, MARY stated in August that she rolled over her trips to 2021, intact with anyone already signed up. Therefore, they remain full albeit pending. I think anyone on those lists were contacted and realize their status and are being patient. The Home page has April and August updates that are pretty clear. Since the first trip is scheduled for April, that gives her time to monitor the vaccines progress and make decisions as appropriate."

What a Difference a Year Makes!

By Nancy Calkins, No Sweat Gazette Roving Reporter

I'm writing this on December 4, 2020. Last year, we were getting ready for the Sacramento Walking Sticks 2019 Christmas Party at Casa Garden. Casa Garden supports the Sacramento Children's Home (SCH). Like so many other non-profits, Covid has disrupted their funding, while their mission is more important now than ever for the children in the Sacramento community. I contacted Casa Garden regarding how we can continue to support them. Here was the reply:

Casa Garden <casagardenrestaurant@yahoo.com>

To: calkins_family@yahoo.com

Fri, Dec 4 at 4:35 PM

Nancy - Thank you for considering a donation to the Casa Garden. Currently we are not open and our Board will decide our future in January. Since we operate solely to support the Sacramento Children's Home, we recommend you make a donation to the Home. They have a donate link on their main webpage at <https://www.kidshome.org/>.

Additionally, we are also selling our new hot-off-the-press Casa Garden cookbook. The cost is \$22 for pick-up on Dec 15, or \$25 mailed to you. You can support the Casa by buying one or more cookbooks (they make

great holiday gifts!) on our website at <http://casagarden.org/>.

Thanks,

Casa Garden Restaurant and Event Venue
(916) 452-2809

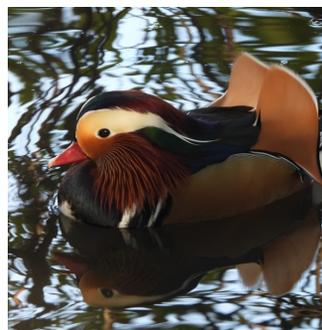
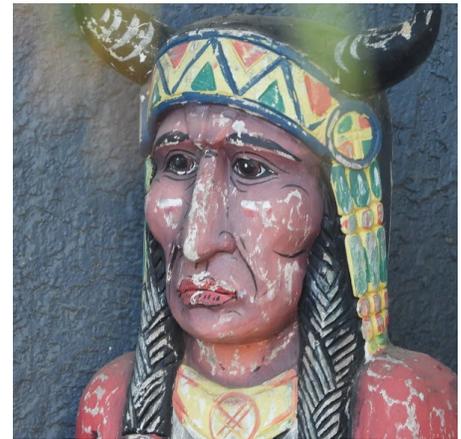
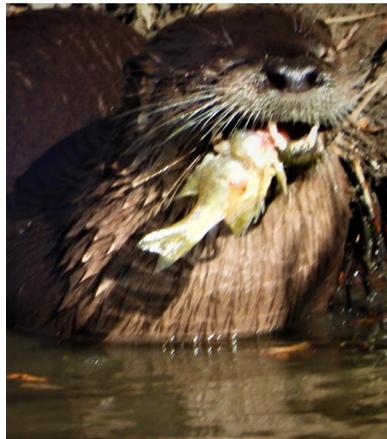
I spent some time on the <https://www.kidshome.org> website and was amazed at what I learned. The SCH, founded in 1867, is Sacramento's oldest active charity. SCH serves over 7,000 children and 4,000 families every year with eight programs across six locations. In addition to financial donations, one of the programs, the Crisis Nursery, has an immediate needs list, see <https://www.kidshome.org/how-to-help/in-kind-support/>.

Enjoy the pictures of last year's Christmas party <https://photos.app.goo.gl/oGZJTcRkojrA8Uez8>, remember the good times of years gone by at Casa Garden, and consider a donation to the Sacramento Children's Home. I'd like SCH to know that the SWS is supporting them and thought that after your last name, write "- SWS" which would help identify you as part of our group.

Faces. Such Beautiful Faces. Masked and Unmasked.

By Bruce Calkins

No Sweat Gazette Roving Photographer, becalkins@gmail.com



Editor's note: Since Kris Ericson-Cano and I began working together on this newsletter nearly six years ago, before she handed over the editor job to me, we have become good friends. Over the years and in the course of our periodic communications, we learned that both Kris and her husband Vince and my wife Kaia and I had been backpackers in our younger days. Because of our mutual backpacking pasts, Kris recently shared with me the below narrative describing her and Vince's backpack trip up Mt. Whitney. Kris is modest, but I was able to persuade her against her modest nature to allow me to share her tale with you here in the No Sweat Gazette. Her writing of her Whitney experience is so flowing, so bristling with fascinating information, and so downright enjoyable to read that I was surprised to learn that she never published this anywhere, that she wrote it shortly after the trip years ago solely for the sake of just writing it out of "a profound inspiration from the beauty we encountered" on the adventure. This piece is considerably longer than usual articles in this newsletter. But I am so sure that you all will be delighted by reading it that I am presenting it here in its full length.

THE TREK TO MT WHITNEY

"You should see the view from the 'john' on Mt Whitney."

By Kris Ericson-Cano, sackris@gmail.com

We were making our first pit stop on our descent into the Grand Canyon in May 1990. The primitive relief station was open on one side to a magnificent canyon view. The old man was waiting his turn with a roll of toilet paper cradled in his hand. His words, quoted above under the title, planted a seed that, almost thirteen months later, found Vince and me standing in the Lone Pine Ranger Station, clutching our permit for Mt Whitney and swallowing hard as the harried ranger warned us of bears and ice.

"After June 15, ice is no problem." Or so stated the pamphlets we had read. Bears are always with us. They are part of the wilderness experience. But we had not mentally prepared for switchbacks still closed by snow and ice in late June. "You need ice axes or ski poles for the final approach," she went on to say, throwing in a plug for the sporting goods store where we could rent ice axes for \$5 a day. No more needed to be said. We drove through the town of Lone Pine, California, to the tiny, bare bones store. The owner, blurred by a swirl of blue cigarette smoke, agreed that we had made a wise decision as he prepared our credit card slip.



Lone Pine is the type of rural village you find only in California. With a population of 1,700 scattered about the town and nearby cattle ranches, it is wedged between the snow-covered high Sierras on the West and the mysterious and dry Panamint Mountains on the East. It is the gateway to Death Valley, home of the lowest point in the United States, and to Mt Whitney, the highest point in the lower forty-eight. The rocky Alabama Hills just northwest of Lone Pine have hosted many Hollywood productions, from "Gunga Din" to "How the West was Won" to Humphrey Bogart's "High Sierra." Lone Pine's main street plays host to your typical small town coffee shops and your typical old-fashioned hardware store, aisles overflowing with tools and fishing gear, household goods and gardening supplies. The Califor-

nia touch can be found in places like the local deli with its choices of eight premium wines, sold by the glass or the bottle. The chic and the athletic, who drive up from Southern California, demand a slightly different cuisine than your ordinary camper or fisherman. Lone Pine stands ready to accommodate all.

Now, properly outfitted with snow gear, we drove out of town, led by the jagged peaks of Mt Whitney to the base of the Whitney Portal road. In just a few miles this twisting and narrow highway carries the traveler 6,000 feet up from the arid countryside of cotton wood and creosote to the refreshing pines and juniper at the 10,000-foot level. At a campground near the end of the road, we pitched our tent next to an ice-cold, roaring stream. We loaded our day packs with treats and headed out for an altitude-adjustment hike to Meysan Lake.

After we had scurried up a rocky slope, walked passed charming redwood cabins while discussing the politics of private ownership on public lands, and started some minor gravel landslides on a narrow ledge along a granite cliff, our adventure took an ominous turn. Strange guttural sounds drifted over the

whispers of the river below. Ever the optimist, I suggested it was the wind reverberating through some rocky outcropping. Ever the realist, Vince convinced me it was a bear ...a very close-by bear. We replayed the ranger's warnings and advice. In an encounter, do not act aggressive, move out of the bear's way, maintain a low profile, and don't, don't, don't snap a picture!

We decided to continue in hopes that our friend was heading away from us and that, if he were not, he would respect the advice we had been given. Unfortunately, his rude grunts became louder and our confidence in "low profile" melted away. We retreated to our camp and a welcome nap.

The next morning, Wednesday, June 26, we dined on a Tex-Mex breakfast of migas, beans, and tortillas to prepare us for our climb. We drove a mile to the parking lot at the base of the trail. On our way to one last "decent" bathroom stop, we met Rolf and Ryan. Ryan, a backpacking veteran at eight years old, was sneaking a stuffed skunk into his sleeping bag while his dad arranged the gear for their 22-day trip. Rolf, we later learned, is a high school German teacher who does not teach German. The increasingly Hispanic population of his Los Angeles area high school is not interested in the language of the Deutschland. (Oye, vato, sprechen zie Deutsch?)

Now we were ready to begin the trip we had mentally climbed so many times since the Canyon. We struggled into our bulging backpacks, strapped on our extra water bottles, positioned our cameras, took a few deep breaths, and commenced the journey. Up we rose from the cool shade of the pines to the open moun-

tain path. Owen's Valley sank below us as nuthaches and stellar jays and everyday sparrows serenaded us from the tree tops at eye-level from the path.

After about twenty minutes, we entered a refreshing shady fern garden, water trickling from the rocks beside us. Here we approached our first stream crossing. A small waterfall plunged from the cliff on our right as I gingerly stepped onto the smooth and slippery stones. One step, two step, three and I was in, socks and boots soaked to my ankles. There was nothing to do but pull myself out and slog on as blisters formed where I had left skin exposed between strips of Dr. Scholl's miracle mole skin.

The beauty around us and the thrill of the venture kept my mind from my tender feet as we continued up the trail past marmots sunning on large granite slabs and small wildflower groves of dainty shooting stars. One other thing kept my mind from my feet. Again the guttural sounds of a black bear accompanied us for what seemed a great distance. We hammered our ice axes against the rocks lining the path, hoping to alter his intended direction with our commotion. Eventually, his grunts drifted off below us.

We stopped the first descending climber, a man in his late forties or early fifties, his robust appearance slightly diminished by the cigarette pack in his pocket. His words changed our plans of sleeping at Trail Camp, which is just below the final set of switchbacks. "Camp at Outpost half way up," he advised. The cold winds blowing off the crest were almost unbearable at Trail Camp and the marmots were enjoying a feast on the hikers' food caches.

Without trees at the 12,000-foot level, it was almost impossible to secure the food from these furry, rodent-like creatures.

Our friend went on to describe the difficult 2-1/2 to 3 hour climb up the ice bank beyond Trail Camp and the two-hour crossing on the crest to the final short hike up Mt Whitney. The climb was exhausting, but the slide down the ice was a thrill. The way down was on one's derriere, with the snow axe semi-successfully used as a break to slow the furious descent. One man had lost his pack on the wild ride and our friend had managed to split his pants. I felt a sinking feeling in my stomach. I had packed two of everything but jeans!

We encountered more climbers who described their ascent, their eyes sparkling at delight with their accomplishments. We also met those who were forced to stop short of the summit by altitude sickness, borderline hypothermia, and sprained ankles. Though disappointed, none were discouraged from trying again when conditions improved and their names were pulled in the permit lottery. Traffic on this, the most popular mountain to climb in the U.S., is controlled by a rigid lottery system to protect the fragile environment. All requests must be postmarked March 1, the first day of the lottery each year, to even remotely be considered.

We crossed many more beautiful streams over carefully placed rocks and tree trunks. We passed by fiercely falling waterfalls, placid Lone Pine Lake, and a green, marsh-like meadow before reaching Outpost Camp. We selected a campsite located between a five-person group from Los Angeles and our new friends, Rolf and Ryan. The Los An-

geles group later tantalized our appetites by cooking "real" spaghetti and roasting marshmallows over their camp stove. (No fires allowed here!) We, on the other hand, "savored" the wilderness experience with tasteless, but expensive, dehydrated pseudo food. The chipmunks were not picky. They ricocheted off the rocks and trees and tent and packs in our camp, crisscrossing the ground, looking for any crumb that the demanding nuthatches and jays had missed.

After we had established our camp site, we hastened to Outpost Camp's one luxury item . . . the solar toilets with real privacy! Rude signs interrupted our delight. These very special gifts from the Forest Service, erected at great effort and expense, were for defecation only! The signs advised the hiker with a full bladder to find a discrete place somewhere else. It seems that urine takes too long to break down in the solar process. Forgive me, Inyo forest rangers, I cheated more than once! If it's any consolation to you, it was not a pleasant experience. Obviously, bowel movements do not break down rapidly either. Enduring the fumes from the decomposing mass was a worthy penance for disobeying the rules.

Back at camp we enjoyed Rolf's many camping stories as the afternoon wore on. We sat on rocks and tree limbs, moving ever closer together as the thin mountain air turned frigid around us. Ryan challenged Vince to Fish, a card game that brought back memories of playing for hours as a child with my freckled, saintly grandmother. Later, when Vince and I borrowed the cards to play Rummy, Ryan called me back with a crook of his finger. In whispers he explained that I could

cheat by reading the cards reflected in Vince's sun glasses! This eight-year-old is more than just an accomplished hiker. He is a winner, whether in the company of creatures of the wild with his stuffed skunk standing guard close by, or in the company of adults who mistake him for an innocent child.

We huddled in our tiny backpack tent playing cards, barely propped up on our elbows, while our bodies heated the cramped interior. Blissfully, we soon fell asleep with movies of the next day's summit assault playing in our heads. Around 2:00 I awoke to the sounds of something large racing through the camp and the unfortunate desire to relieve myself. I fought the discomfort. I really wanted to know what animal had just passed by before I struggled out of the tent and I really wanted to put on my boots before hitting the cold, rocky ground outside. Both were impossible. Neither Vince nor I had mastered putting on boots or jackets or any clothing with someone else in the tent. It was difficult enough to dress alone in the tiny interior.

The situation grew more urgent as I contemplated my options. Finally, with stocking feet, I struggled out of the double-zipped entry way. I tiptoed behind a large boulder that hid me from the young California Conservation Corp. (CCC) teenagers sleeping in the open nearby. I finished my business, deposited my used paper in a plastic bag, struggled back into the tent, and removed some of the sticky pine gum and needles from my socks before shoving them into my down bag in resignation.

Forget the socks, what about the plastic bags, you ask? This is the

land of zero-impact camping. All that is carried in must be carried out. No garbage, no empty container, no used bandaids or soiled toilet paper are to be left behind, with the exception of any legitimate business conducted in the solar toilets. Therefore, plastic bags become a very important part of every camper's gear. We are talking "many" plastic bags because once sealed over some ripe garbage or soiled paper, you sincerely do not want to open them again for additional refuse. It is on trips like this you wish that those handy, self-sealing bags also were available in solid colors.

Vince and I awoke early, before 5:00 a.m. and before anyone else in the camp had stirred. We packed our snacks, filled our water bottles, grabbed our ice axes, walked silently past the sleeping campers, and expectantly headed for the summit. Our first stop was at Mirror Lake, just a stream crossing and a short rise out of Outpost Camp. We ate a meager breakfast of trail mix and granola bars while contemplating the dawning of the new morn in the perfect reflection of Mirror Lake. Mt Whitney loomed above us with grey fingers of clouds teasing at her summit. Warily, we watched as the clouds multiplied and darkened.

Despite the changing weather, we optimistically resumed our climb. With each step, the air grew colder and the vegetation thinner. The higher altitude was slowing us. We hiked up the switchbacks through patches of snow and ice. Soon we passed the tree line and entered a lunar-like world of huge boulders and bare ledges. Three small red finches swooped at eye-level over the massive rocks in front of us and lighted inches from our feet. Fearlessly, they glared at us through

their beady little eyes. They silently chastised us for not having food readily available. We unburied some hi-ho crackers from our packs, but too slowly for the demanding rose-winged birds. In disgust they flew off, disappearing into the desolate landscape.

The snow patches grew wider and icicles now hung precariously from dripping rock faces. We stopped briefly at a small meadow, the frozen ground crunching under our feet, as snowflakes lightly fell around us. We approached Trail Camp, stopping to take pictures of Consultation Lake, frozen and completely surrounded by snow. Now Trail Crest and the Mt Whitney summit were entirely obscured by grey, threatening clouds.

Our fears were confirmed by the first couple we met at the camp. The risk was too great to continue our climb. The clouds and falling snow were converting the rerouted trail into a deadly slide of solid ice. Bill and Diane, had made the ascent the day before and were breaking camp to return to Los Angeles. They offered us hot apple cider, but we continued on a ways to eat our lunch in quiet awe before the mountain.

We would return to complete our climb, of that we were certain. But now we savored the rugged beauty of the High Sierras. Nothing had prepared us for this beauty, a beauty that deepened our hunger for more and filled us with thanksgiving to be alive. The desert and the Grand Canyon we had visited the year before were a different beauty, a silent, haunting beauty of living creatures and plants and rocks struggling to exist in a severe environment. The desert had driven us to our knees in contemplation of our God and our

mortality. In contrast the High Sierras were lifting us to our feet in praise and adulation for all the wonders of this planet. And though we were disappointed, we were not saddened and we were not defeated. We had been blessed and renewed by the experience, just as the Canyon had blessed and renewed us.

Later, as we were leaving Trail Camp, we startled two marmots, rummaging through a camper's backpack, munching on the carefully packed dehydrated food. Bill and Diane had seen them too and prepared some vegetarian-style survival food for the camper's return, a bagel and carrots in a plastic bag, suspended from a ledge. Hikers take care of their own, like members of a special brotherhood, tied together by the threads of common experiences.

Our trip down was filled with more beauty and warm conversations with fellow travelers. One young, pimply-faced youth was spending the summer hiking the 212-mile John Muir Trail. Another young man, a Brit, was fulfilling his mother's dream of hiking the 150 miles from Whitney to Yosemite . . . with occasional forays to civilization for "veggies and a sit-down toilet!" For a mile or two we leap-frogged down the trail with three women who had reached the peak the previous day. One was ecstatic . . . despite a metal knee brace and the threat of surgery, she had reached the summit. Her joy was contagious.

We stopped at Outpost Camp to gather our tent and bags, feed the birds and chipmunks one more time, and avail ourselves of the marvelous solar toilet. Then we headed down the final leg of our journey, thoughts of gourmet Chinese food from Bish-

op tantalizing our appetites and speeding our steps. The camp food had left a big empty place in our stomachs that we planned to fill with spicy stir-fry and egg foo young in the town just 60 miles from Lone Pine.

As we descended the countless switchbacks, the temperature rose from 28 degrees at Outpost Camp to a very warm 80 degrees. The physical ordeal of our climb, the thick clothes and heavy packs were contributing to our steady streams of sweat. Again, though, the mystical magic of the High Sierras made any discomfort almost a joy to bare. We had climbed Mt Whitney, maybe not to the top, but we would return, we would complete our goal. For now, we were satisfied with our journey into the heart of the wilderness. We had crossed lush meadows and snow-covered moonscapes. We had scampered across bubbling streams on narrow logs and slippery rocks. We had rested beside rushing waterfalls and placid lakes. We had met people with that special glow that comes from testing their limits in a wild and glorious land.

I thought about a friend of mine who had survived what was predicted to be a fatal illness. Micki survived by a combination of sheer stubbornness and spectacular memories. When the nausea and pain of her illness drained her resolve, she played the memory tapes to renew her desire to live. I remembered her stories as I added the Mt Whitney climb to our growing inventory of outstanding experiences. If ever I needed a shot of Adrenalin to work through a physical or mental crisis, this would be a favorite tape to replay, with the sequel, "To the Top," to savor with anticipation.

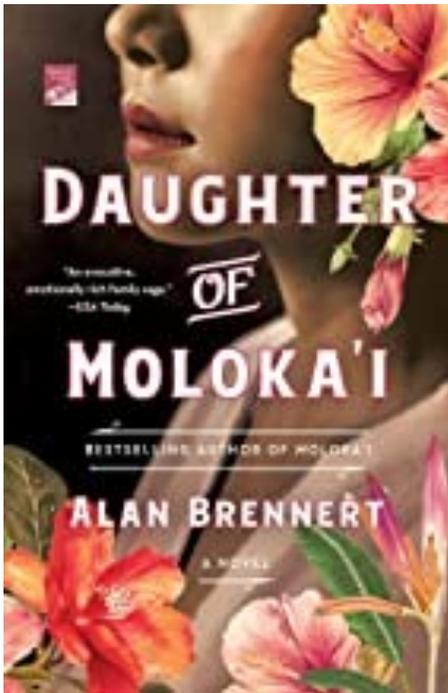


Walking Book Club

Priscilla Fife, Book Walk Coordinator
916.616.6003 • prfife@gmail.com



January Book Recommendation - *Daughter of Moloka'i b: A Novel* by Alan Brennert



There are 10 print copies available through the Sacramento Public Library system as well as e-book and e-audiobook formats. Available online in hardcover, Kindle and Audiobook formats.

Book description from Amazon:

Alan Brennert's beloved novel, *Moloka'i*, currently has over 600,000 copies in print. This companion tale tells the story of Ruth, the daughter that Rachel Kalama—quarantined for most of

her life at the isolated leprosy settlement of Kalaupapa—was forced to give up at birth.

The book follows young Ruth from her arrival at the Kapi'olani Home for Girls in Honolulu, to her adoption by a Japanese couple who raise her on a strawberry and grape farm in California, her marriage and unjust internment at Manzanar Relocation Camp during World War II—and then, after the war, to the life-altering day when she receives a letter from a woman who says she is Ruth's birth mother, Rachel.

Daughter of Moloka'i expands upon Ruth and Rachel's 22-year relationship, only hinted at in *Moloka'i*. It's a richly emotional tale of two women—different in some ways, similar in others—who never expected to meet, much less come to love, one another. And for Ruth it is a story of discovery, the unfolding of a past she knew nothing about. Told in vivid, evocative prose that conjures up the beauty and history of both Hawaiian and Japanese cultures, it's the powerful and poignant tale that readers of *Moloka'i* have been awaiting for fifteen years.

Please join us on Sunday, January 31, 2021 at 10 am for a 5K walk in Elk Grove Regional Park which is close to the former town of Florin where part of the book is set. **Bring a lunch and we'll eat in the park**, weather permitting, and have our book discussion there.

This book walk will be postponed if there are restrictions on gatherings due to Covid.



Click here for Carpool Guidelines:

<http://www.sacramentowalkingsticks.org/docs/CarpoolGuidelinesWestSacParkRide.pdf>



FOOTNOTES

By Barbara Nuss, President



"Christmas is forever, not for just one day. For loving, sharing, giving, are not to be put away." Norman Wesley Brooks

Holiday Greetings,

The year 2020 is almost behind us ~ we not only struggled with the pandemic but also the wildfires all over the state of California. We were on lockdown several times and had so many familiar, traditional gatherings taken away from us. Movies, meals out, music in the park, church, live theater, parties were all put to the side for our well-being. So many businesses shut down for good but I'm so proud that the Sticks have remained intact and stronger than ever! Thank you all for doing what was best for you—staying home completely and/or joining in the walks on your own. For those who came out with the group, thank you for wearing your masks and social distancing. Speaking for myself, I know I'm healthy physically and emotionally because of all of you in my walking group! Thank you.

The Sacramento Walking Sticks will be hosting a New Year's Day walk on Friday, January 1, 2021. We hope that you'll come out and join in the fun.

Start location: Sutter's Landing Park, 20 28th St, Sacramento 95814
Register between: 9:00 a.m. to 12 Noon

Description: This is a brand-new walk designed by Sticks member Jennifer Stanley with a bit of help from Myrna Jackson. We'll be



strolling through the new McKinley Village neighborhoods, enjoying art work at every turn. This route is a 6K or 3.7-mile route. Myrna has given us two 5K loops to walk or choose from that will take us into the new development on the site of the torn down Sutter Memorial Hospital. The other loop takes us to an even older neighborhood, New Era Park and Boulevard Park, featuring many homes of grandiose architectural styles of bygone years.

Cost: Everyone can walk for FREE (donations welcome) or \$3.00 for volkswalk credit

Patch: Interested in getting one of your own with Woody wearing his COVID-19 mask (photo above)? They're \$3.00 each—contact Steve Hughtart, hughtarts@sbcglobal.net to preorder one.

Contact information: Barbara Nuss, 916.283.4650, nussb@surewest.net or Jennifer Stanley, 916.456.6538, stansylph@aol.com

Brochure: Go out to the Sticks website, Calendar of Events, scroll to January 1st and click.

Thanks to Monica Moriarty, the Sticks have been supporting the Ronald McDonald House near UC Davis for many years. We encourage everyone we know to take the time to snap off those aluminum tabs off soft drinks, beer cans, pet food, etc. and save them for the Sticks. Several times a year, Greg Samcoff takes these tabs over to the Ronald McDonald House and they add them to their barrels. Why not save the whole can? Imagine cleaning the cans and stomping them down. The money they make by recycling these tabs goes right back into running and supporting the House for the families who need to stay nearby their children staying at the Hospital.

Do you have tabs you have been saving and need to hand over to us? If so, please contact Barbara Nuss (916.283.4650 or nussb@surewest.net) and we'll make arrangements to get together.



Or you can bring your stash with you to any of our group walks. THANK YOU!

The Sticks are hopeful and excited for walking opportunities in 2021. We encourage you to put your name and email address on our Walk Alert

listing so you can get full descriptions each week where and when the group walks and bikes will be taking place. You can easily go out to the Sticks website SacramentoWalkingSticks.org and click on the link for Walk Alerts on the Homepage or you can contact Barbara Nuss to add your name.

I challenge you to try out a Special Program this coming year—you'll be surprised at how fun and addicting it can be. Go out to the Sticks website, click on Special Programs link and scroll thru. The Sticks have **Walking with Woody** and the challenge there is to do a volkswalk in a town that starts with a letter of S.A.C.R.A.M.E.N.T.O.W.A.L.K.I.N.G.S.T.I.C.K.S. It's not something you finish in a week or even a month; what it is, though, is a road map full of adventure. You will discover towns you never would've gone to before and

there's no greater satisfaction than stamping your Woody book. After 1 ½ years, I'm finished with 1 book and have 1 more entry to finish my 2nd book—that's right, I couldn't stop at just one!

Another fun book, similar to Woody is the **Walking the USA A-Z** program. This time you're walking 26 towns that start with letters of the alphabet. Just like Woody, you get to choose 1 as a wildcard (Xenia Ohio is the only X walk in the USA). So now you see why the Sticks keep Zamora on their roster of walks!

There's a **Little Free Libraries** program that warms my heart as a retired Library Tech of 40+ years. They're all shapes and sizes and are filled with books of all types ~ people of all ages are welcome to take 1 or more and you can also drop off

books for others to read. Another fun program has been **Rockin' Around the Clock**—you see a clock tower or a clock face, and you get to stamp your booklet. Did you know there's a clock on the top, left hand side of the entrance to the Sutter Health Field entrance, formerly Raley Field? There's a way to look up and see if any clubs have a walk that has a special program qualifier—next thing you know, you've got a Road Adventure planned. Just remember ... the fun is in the hunt, not the finish. That's why I'm on my 3rd Little Free Library book and my 2nd Rockin' Around the Clock book. I just can't stop or is it because they bring me such joy?

Take especially good care of yourselves,

Barbara Nuss, Sticks President

916.283.4650, nussb@surewest.net

IMPORTANT COVID SAFETY INFORMATION ABOUT REGISTERING AND WALKING WITH THE STICKS:

Whether you are walking by yourself, using walk instructions you've collected in the past, or participating in a current organized event, the SWS encourages everyone to enjoy the outdoors and fresh air. SWS will continue to offer walks to anyone who wants to join in.

If you join in the organized walks, everyone **MUST**:

- be wearing a mask at all times
- be OK with other people nearby
- be Feeling fine with no symptoms before arriving to walk
- practice Social distancing 6' from others along the walk
- bring a completed and signed Official Event Start Card with you

What is the Official Event Start Card? You'll find it on the last page of every walk alert. Bringing it with you already completed and signed makes registration quick and easy, minimizes touching common items and helps with social distancing.

At the walk, it's as easy as one, two, three:

- 1) Turn in the Start Card,
- 2) Pay for Credit, Donate or walk for Free,
- 3) Stamp your book(s) Your registration is complete!!

As always, we walk, rain or shine, and we appreciate the sights and sounds around us— morning and night. As we walk, "Let's be careful out there!" —**Thanks for this safety info, Nancy Calkins!**

UPCOMING WALKS FOR JANUARY, 2021



Friday	Jan 1	9 am-Noon	Sac—Sutter's Landing Park, <i>Traditional Event</i>
Saturday	Jan 2	9:15 am	Davis—University, <i>Friendship Walk</i>
Tuesday	Jan 5	9:15 am	Sacramento—River/Miller Park
Wednesday	Jan 6	6:15 pm	Sac—North Laguna Creek Wildlife (Evening Walk)
Thursday	Jan 7	9:15 am	Folsom
Thursday	Jan 7	9:15 am	Davis (Bicycle)
Saturday	Jan 9	9:15 am	Sacramento—Capital, <i>Friendship Walk</i>
Monday	Jan 11	6:30 am	Elk Grove—Charlie Fowble, EARLY RISER
Tuesday	Jan 12	9:15 am	Gold River
Wednesday	Jan 13	6:15 pm	Sacramento—Fab 40's (Evening Walk)
Thursday	Jan 14	9:15 am	Sacramento—Ashton Park
Saturday	Jan 16	9:15 am	Historic Vacaville, <i>Friendship Walk</i>
Monday	Jan 18	10:00 am	Road Adventure to San Jose/Santa Clara Univ.
Tuesday	Jan 19	9:15 am	Carmichael—Ancil Hoffman Park
Wednesday	Jan 20	6:15 pm	Fair Oaks (Evening Walk)
Thursday	Jan 21	9:30 am	Davis—South Davis/El Macero Walk
Thursday	Jan 21	9:15 am	Northwest Roseville (Bicycle)
Saturday	Jan 23	9:15 am	Auburn—Museums, <i>Friendship Walk</i>
Tuesday	Jan 26	9:15 am	Elk Grove Regional Park
Wednesday	Jan 27	6:15 pm	Sac—Elmhurst to East Sac (Evening Walk)
Thursday	Jan 28	9:15 am	Carmichael—Hidden Parks
Thursday	Jan 28	8:00 pm	Full Wolf Moon—Elk Grove, Charlie Fowble
Saturday	Jan 30	8:30-Noon	Holly's Hot Chocolate, San Jose, <i>Traditional Event</i>
Sunday	Jan 31	10:00 am	Elk Grove Regional Park (<u>BOOK WALK</u>)

For more information about the walks, including start locations, please check the Calendar of Events on the Sticks website: www.SacramentoWalkingSticks.org or the weekly Walk Alerts.

Congratulations on your Sticks Anniversary in January!



18 Years:

Yvonne Brandon

15 Years:

John Joseph
Marty Langley
Karen Lopes
Mary McMonegal
Steve Oesterreicher
Otto Saltenberger
Leonard Strickland

14 Years:

Lenore Blaauw
Zori Friedrich
Pat Hamilton

13 Years:

Jennifer Stanley
Susan Z'berg

11 Years:

Julie Bohmfalk
Pat Mason
Pat Piotrowski
Joanna Watzig

10 Years:

Pat Drouin
Patricia Elliott
Carol Gallardo
Nikki Hall
Tracy Harrison
Dorie Oca-Schmunk
Russ Schmunk

9 Years:

Bernard Cody
Anita Davies
Shu Davies
Mike Drouin
Pam Saltenberger
Esther Weaver
Miles Wichelns
Phyllis Wichelns

8 Years:

Peggy Briggs
Barbara Leach
Janice Lew
Chris Loupy
Gretchen Moffat
Anne Ofsink
Connie Ramos-Haugen
Caitlin Robb
Marie Robb
Paul Robb
Chris Smith
Julia Smith
Pam St.Martin
Steve St.Martin
Doug Thompson

Christina Wagner

7 Years:

Teresa Licholai
Ann McCandless

6 Years:

Bonnie Apple
Judy Baumann
Sharon Grunow
Barbara Hodges
Bryan Jacobi
Mary Jacobi
Janice Warta
Marvin Warta

5 Years:

Jean Alford
Kit Carlson
Mendel Carlson
Marty McKnew

4 Years:

Mary Adams
Dana Beales
Jean Bonar
Robert Bonar
Kathleen Leahy
Jean Whitlock
Richard Whitlock

3 Years:

Noelle Anderson
Mary Cho

Judy Cuchna
Linda Haviland
Grace Moi
James Moi
Jacqueline Patterson
Cat Ricketts
Roland Ricketts
Don Zajic

2 Years:

Debra Coubal
Mick Coubal
Ashleigh Mitchell
Shelia Mitchell
Susan Rubinstein
John Szabo

1 Year:

Romana Bough
Randy Carollo
Claudia de LaTorre
Patricia Di Ianni
Doug Fee
Yvonne Fee
Ynez Fritsch
Victoria Goldblatt
Jan Heckey
Mark Heckey
Sharon Jacks
Leona Lucchetti
Richard MacGill
Becky Shaw
John Shaw
Inge Small

Sticks Apparel

The Anchor Group
linda.sue.ames@gmail.com

Land's End
LandsEnd.com/business



For more information (including Land's End
Customer/Logo Numbers), visit:

<http://www.sacramentowalkingsticks.org/Store.html>

Happy Birthday in January!

January Birthdays:

1 Candi Okada	8 Virginia Jelinek	16 Otto Saltenberger	29 Jacqueline Patterson
2 Jan Jerabek	8 Janis Williams	17 Terry Wieder	30 Liz Kono
2 John Joseph	9 Janece Killingsworth	19 Jan Heckey	30 Cindy Macias
2 Mike Vogel	9 Mary McMonegal	19 Joanna Tabarez	30 Pat McKnight
3 Steve Purcell	10 Tom Frame	19 Kristi Wakefield	
6 Pat Hamilton	10 Martha Korff	20 Karen Matolo	
7 Sally Barton	10 Shelia Mitchell	23 Teri Steinman	
7 Dennis Ledbetter	12 Jocelyn Blinn	25 Barbara Seidman	
7 Parul Purohit	14 Kathy Mannion	26 Johanne Owens	
8 Amnon Igra	15 Bonnie Slavin	27 Cathy Guy	
	16 Mike Fosgett	27 Margaret Williams	
	16 Robert Futrell	28 Jean Whitlock	



Renewal Heroes

By Steve Hughart

This club asks its members to renew based on the month in which they first joined. Many clubs renew their members once a year. Since the Sticks has over 550 members, having a renewal drive once a year would overwhelm the all-volunteer Membership Committee. Our membership renewal process is fully explained on a new web page. First go to the Membership page and then follow the link at the top of the page (*Get all the details on the [Membership Renewal Process here.](#)*).

In an effort to reduce the time our volunteers spend on processing renewals, we encourage everyone to renew early and to renew for more than one year. The folks who have done this in the past are clearly “Renewal Heroes,” especially to the Membership Committee.

Super-heros

**Renewed for multiple years
AND responded to one of the
renewal emails:**

Claudia de LaTorre
Ynez Fritsch
Karen Lopes
Pat Mason

Monica Moriarty
Otto Saltenberger
Leonard Strickland
Jean Whitlock
Richard Whitlock

Multi-year Heros

**Renewed for multiple years
after letter sent:**

Tina Campbell

Welcome New Members!

Steve Rushing