

Ah, Spring!

Tuesday, April 20, 1993

Awoke to birds twittering and rosy-fingered dawn. Musing about PHILOSOPHY. Wish I had had it as a subject in college. I don't KNOW what Hobbes and Descartes believe or stand for. Now Kysa & Kristin have referred to them, so to the old World Book Encyclopedia I repair:

¹⁵⁹⁶⁻¹⁶⁵⁰
Rene Descartes... devoted his life to a search for truth, and by his method of doubt laid the foundations of modern philosophic thought.

Descartes asserted that, as all existing knowledge rests on an unstable foundation, the first step is to doubt everything that can be doubted. The only fact he could not doubt was the fact that he was doubting. He reasoned that to doubt is to think, and to think is to exist. (Cogito, ergo sum -- I think, therefore I exist.)

Similarly he arrived at the existence of God. He argued that the notion of a perfect Being could not originate in the mind of an imperfect being because the imperfect cannot originate the perfect. The idea must, therefore, come from the perfect Being, God. Therefore God exists.

In 1649 he accepted an invitation to teach philosophy to Queen Christina of Sweden at her court in Stockholm. His works include Discourses on the Method of Reasoning; Principles of Philosophy, and Geometry.

¹⁵⁸⁸⁻¹⁶⁷⁹
Thomas Hobbes... believed fear of pain and desire for power were two basic motives of human conduct; peace was possible only when men recognized that they gained more by respecting each others' rights than by force. (Yeah!) Hobbes' theories shocked England, were considered immoral and irreligious... In 1666 Parliament forbade Hobbes to write about human conduct!

He was educated at Oxford and was secretary to Sir Francis Bacon

(like Clinton!)

How pleasant it is to be educated by granddaughters. I shall to the Library and see what was so shocking and immoral that it had to be banned by Parliament. What a nicely long life he had... till 91 years. Hope I live that long. to see my great grandchildren.

Look out the window and see the forsythia and daffodils. The blooming red geraniums inside the window are straining toward the sun trying to get out to Spring.

A riot of daffodils, narcissi (?) and hyacinths are perfuming the morning, thanks to my darling's gardening hobby.

Tomorrow is Palm Sunday. Glen & I are to be the Greeters-Welcomers at church. I am the person who gets the ushers for the service every week and one of my ushers for tomorrow can't come so Glen will substitute and Mr. Carret will stand in for him beside me. He never gets sick and he's 96 years old! Then in the afternoon we'll drive to Deer Hill, the conference center Glen is on the board of and is the Secretary for (pardon those dangling prepositions).

This afternoon from 5 to 8 we may go to an Art Show in Armonk, a moneyraiser put on by the Inner Wheel (wives of Rotarians) showing art of members. I donated some art (not my own) but was urged to bring some of mine. I hesitate to do so as I don't have enough, really only the two pieces hanging in our living room- a watercolor of the Seattle waterfront of Lake Washington and an oil and magic marker fantasy that I did in the middle of the night while Kath was being born out of Nancy. Kysa said once: "That really looks like Kathryn!" Pieces will be auctioned and sold and the artist gets 10-20% of the selling price. I would NEVER sell any of mine because I don't do art anymore and have so little to pass down to my granddaughters to remember me by!

My wonderful granddaughters! Two postcards from Kristin this week: relation about being done with finals, having handed in a 6 page paper, a 10 page paper, a 51 page paper (set of journals for Women's Studies class) and working at Jobs for Youth as interne. The second from Florida had the ultimate compliment a grandmother can get (and we need such for self-esteem as we get wrinkles and lumpy legs) She said her roommate hostess' mom "reminds me of you, Dem. She's bright & cheerful, funny, caring, generous, glittery, vibrant, welcoming." WOW, how that had me walking on air all day! I have that conviction that all three of you have that quality and that there is something of ME carried in you -- that's immortal.

One thinks a lot about immortality this week. A sad week for us as Glen's best friend in Rotary Dr. Martin Healy had a massive stroke with blood clot and bleeding in the brain and Glen has gone to the hospital every day to visit him. Glen was his Best Man at his wedding 2½ years ago, no, three in June as he married Teresa Sanchez in a Catholic wedding. He is 79, she only 50, but she had been through this before as her husband, also a surgeon, had been trained by Marty, and he died of Parkinson's. They have been so happy, going on cruises and European trips galore. Marty is paralyzed on his left side, almost blinded, but was able to talk two days ago. His children are two doctors, two nurses (+2 others) and so there is much oversight, but the prognosis is grim (one said probably only 48 hrs. but he was there sleeping when Glen went yesterday.) It strikes gloom in Glen, but he is so loyal. He goes like a true Boy Scout and Christian to funerals and hospitals while I copy my Christian Science mother who NEVER went to these, only twice in her life, her mother's and her son's.

yes we went! →

To continue: Is Marty gutsy? Or confused. When Glen told him "I'm going to Rotary lunch an hour early next week." Marty replied, "So am I." His daughter came in and said, "When are you next going to Rotary?" he replied, "Next week." As a physician is he aware of what is happening to him?

So now you have a picture of our routine lately. We worked at the church yesterday for a couple of hours. The church clothing sale is on today and I paid my dues by working in advance on Friday, making the signs. Our homeless Beatrice worked alongside us too. Glen was in the basement organizing the books for his book booth to be at the May 8 Garage & Tag Sale fundraiser at the church. He really loves his books -- heaps of donations.

On Thursday I attended a Lenten series led by our little (young) (28) associate minister Liz Gombach on "Satan and Angels" which brought out my A-theist cynicism. (that means "against theism" which malady strikes me when Bible interpretation becomes too literal) I love the poetry and metaphor of Christianity but of all other myths and religions also. The narrow Pat Robinson TV Christianity repulses me and I believe Liz as a minister in the United Church of Christ, which is our liberal, social-action oriented denomination, concurs. She didn't intervene, however, when a couple of "Fundamentalist-Bible is the Word-of-God" persons sounded off. She was just being quiet. I was quiet, too.

Glen took me to the Scarsdale Diner for dinner last night after we saw an ad in the Scarsdale Inquirer paper of a special dinner for \$9.95 per person, including appetizer, soup, salad, entree with potato & vegetables, dessert, coffee & complimentary glass of wine. It certainly was a lot for the money but alas, was typical diner food. Glen ordered ribs and I, turkey which were both tasteless. The lettuce was iceberg, sickly pale and white with a slice of rubber tomato. We shan't go again for a year. The desserts were awful also.

Ooh, I really must stop and get lunch. We're going to have honey chicken and asparagus.

Thanks for listening.

L O V E and Peace and Justice

and J O Y (my father's name)

from Beverly Grace (the Grace
of God)

And God means GOOD and Life should be a Holiday!!!!!!!

Write soon, ♥ Bev