

Remembrances



John Atcheson

Faith Boettger

Joy Naughton

Vicki Newman

Craig Ulak

REMEMBRANCES

As we live, we all forget far more than we remember, and so what we remember is vitally important. That is why we celebrate The Day of the Dead every year, and why we have created a memorial wall to fill with names, each one carrying so many memories.

Once I went with a member of my congregation to a Baptist funeral for her mother. I had done many UU funerals by that time, so I was rather surprised to see how different that church treated remembrance. The preacher began his sermon with a mention that the deceased woman had been married to an important man. He then moved on to why we all needed to make sure we were "right with Jesus." The loving mother and grandmother and civic activist who had died, became invisible.

In our UU tradition, whether we hold a funeral, a graveside ceremony or a memorial service all our acts of remembrance are called "celebrations of life." We laugh and grieve and sing praises and tell stories. May this magazine of remembrance help us celebrate life, dwell together in peace, seek knowledge in freedom and help one another.

Reverend Thomas Perchlik

Beannacht / Blessing

by John O'Donohue

On the day when
the weight deadens
on your shoulders
and you stumble,
 May the clay dance
 to balance you.

And when your eyes
freeze behind
the grey window
and the ghost of loss
gets in to you
 May a flock of colors,
 indigo, red, green, and azure blue
 come to awaken in you
 a meadow of delight.

When the canvas frays
in the currach of thought
and a stain of ocean
blackens beneath you,
 May there come across the waters
 a path of yellow moonlight
 to bring you safely home.

 May the nourishment of the earth be yours,
 May the clarity of light be yours,
 May the fluency of the ocean be yours,
 May the protection of the ancestors be yours.

And so may a slow
wind work these words
of love around you,
an invisible cloak

In Memory of John Atcheson 1948-2020



You can't distill a person's life to a page, especially the life of John Atcheson. He lived fully, touched the hearts and minds of so many, and embodied thoughtfulness and compassion. We can only cover tiny fractions of his journey, which ended much too soon.

John was born in Newark, New Jersey to a strong Irish mother, Eileen, and loving Canadian father, William. The youngest of three boys, John and his older brothers Jim and Gordon spent an idyllic early childhood in the small town of Pompton Plains, NJ before moving to Bethesda MD where he would meet lifelong friends. Their mother passed too young when John was only 14, and in his senior year of high school his father relocated to Chicago, leaving him and Gordon to share an apartment.

After high school, he joined the Army and was stationed in Texas and South Korea and went on to earn a Bachelor of Science degree in Geology. He met and married his wife, Linda, and they had two beautiful children together, Megan and Will. Settled in Rockville, Maryland, John began a successful career in environmental protection, first in pollution prevention at the EPA, and later at the Department of Energy focusing on energy efficiency and renewable energy. He loved to jog, could often be found along the C&O Canal path and he even completed the Marine Corps marathon. John often said that the most important job he ever had was that of a father and he prided himself on putting his children first. They spent many weekends together hiking in the Shenandoah Mountains, canoeing on the canal, or on a myriad of other outdoor adventures. He was a swim team referee and coached his kids' sports teams. When he and Linda separated, John learned how to cook (albeit not without triggering a smoke alarm or two) and provided a nurturing and fun home complete with family dinners watching "The Simpsons". John loved his children fiercely and was proud of the people they've become. He was looking forward to his son's wedding in May and welcoming Will's fiancé Amanda to the family. He was an amazing stepfather to Kevin and Kiel and his wife Anna, and more recently, he was adored by his grandsons, Benjamin, Daniel, and James.

John and Linda Pratt cultivated a remarkable cross-country courtship for 17 years; he in Maryland and she in San Diego. Each had two children to nurture before they built their life together. When John retired in 2009, he moved to San Diego, and they were married at the Birch Aquarium in August 2010. They were very happy and always grateful to be together. He maintained close friendships in the East and quickly made many new and dear friends in San Diego. He loved his dog Misty, who moved out to California with him and lived to be 18-years old, and Nellie, the Goldendoodle that John and Linda raised together.

John had an encyclopedic mind and was well-read on many topics. He had an unquenchable thirst for knowledge and could synthesize information better than anyone. He loved cooking, photography, and strongly advocating for environmental protection. He published two books and was a frequent and very popular contributor to the online news service, CommonDreams.org. But most of all, he was an irreplaceable soul full of light and love and humor and wisdom and he will be forever missed.

Remembrance from John's beloved wife, Linda Pratt

Writing a testimonial for the love of my life is a daunting task. I met John in 1991 and it was love at first sight. We were at a conference and he gave a talk about environmental economics, and my head swooned. I knew he was the smartest man I had ever met, and perhaps I somehow intuitively knew that he also had a heart of gold. We got to know each other very slowly, through phone calls and letters. It was an old-fashioned courtship across the country. John's children were his first priority, and being a wonderful father was his greatest joy and accomplishment. He was a very important father-figure to my boys, too, and they always looked forward to seeing him. A sweet example of his kindness is when he taught my oldest son how to tie a tie. He did it by phone while they were both looking in a mirror. I have to admit that I was a bit jealous that our oldest grandson liked him the best. But why wouldn't he? John was fun and silly and a gifted teacher. It melted my heart to see his antics with the kids. I know that he made many dear friends at UUFSD. The Men's Group was a commitment he took very seriously, and he loved those Tuesday night meetings. He also enjoyed our Sacred Circle gatherings and his perspective always made us think about things in a new way. John was an agnostic and found his spirituality through nature. He quoted Carl Sagan's "Pale Blue Dot" a couple of times in his sermons and as a Worship Associate, and truth be told, it made him cry every time he read it. He was passionate about making a difference, whether it be in politics or the environment. He had an unquenchable thirst for knowledge and was a truly gifted writer. Most of all, he was an irreplaceable soul full of light and love and humor and wisdom. I am eternally grateful for every moment we spent together.

Remembrances from members of John's Mens Group

Irv Himmelblau Over 250 people came for a Celebration of Life to honor John. In our Mens Group we sometimes talk about legacy. This was truly John's legacy, surrounded by family and friends who admired John and loved him deeply. We heard of John as a brother, husband, father, grandfather and friend. We heard of John's intellectual and spiritual works. I will remember John most for his friendship, honesty and compassion. John, I will see your smile in the sun's rays. I will hear your voice in the songs of birds. I will feel your love in the void that I have in my heart from you leaving me so suddenly and so soon.

John Sherman John was my very dear friend, and someone for whom I will always have the greatest respect and admiration. John lived his values in all he did. An expert on climate change, he and Linda made every effort to minimize their personal carbon footprint, including driving an electric car, putting solar panels on their roof, and employing rain catchment for their garden.

I remember when John and Linda urged the Finance Committee, of which I'm a member, to stop using Wells Fargo as our Fellowship's bank, because this institution had been a bad corporate citizen. I argued against this, because it would be a lot of work to switch, and our small account meant nothing to a bank with hundreds of billions of dollars in assets. John looked at me and said, "John, that doesn't matter. We have to live our values, and this bank's actions are not in keeping with those values." We voted to make the change, and our account is now with Union Bank.

So that was John, a man who lived his values in all he did. There isn't time for me to delve into his progressive writings on CommonDreams.org, or his book WTF America. It's enough to say here that John vigorously argued for his progressive values in our politics, and in his work for environmental justice. My life was enriched by John's friendship, and the world is a better place today because John Atcheson was in it.

Nick Baltins My beloved friend John, I wish you have a wonderful afterlife now and I also wish a wonderful life to everyone that John touched especially Men's Group, but I am not ready to accept that you are not here John. But I have to move forward in my life and yes our friend John will be missed and everyone that John touched in life will remember John's life.

Steve Rosen Odd things bring me thoughts of John Atcheson. I recently viewed the Netflix series Ragnarok, a Norwegian mythology of good vs evil among the ancient gods brought into a current days high tech environment. A greedy super species is destroying the planet's environment for profit. One adolescent human is granted superpowers and proceeds to deal with growing up and carrying forward the ancient legions battling evil forces to mutual destruction. Thereafter, the earth has to solve its environmental problems by itself. Its all Atcheson.

Roger Harmon John and Linda were inspiring friends for the 7 years Nancy and I were a part of UUFSD. The day we learned of John's tragic death we were in agony. Then we received an emailed copy of John's pulpit message, "What Does it Mean to be Spiritual." This became a comforting meditation for us in those hours and now, especially the words, "*This then is the source of my spirituality. To walk in this time and place immersed in natural treasures and know that I – we – are truly the stuff of stars, animate and self-aware for a time, capable of choosing good, wonder and joy while here.*" The following day Nancy and I drove to the countryside to see old friends. Returning home, a half hour before sunset, we turned into a wildlife refuge, parked and walked towards the wetlands. Overhead, thousands of sandhill cranes, Canadian geese, and snow geese flew over us, wave after wave in a cacophony of cries, and settled for night in water only yards away! We turned and looked into each other's teary eyes and said in unison, "John." John was with us so passionately in the years we knew him. He remains so today, through his example encouraging us to live and love deeply.

Chris Butler John Atcheson was my friend. I only knew him for 5 very short years, but was instantly attracted to his intellect, infectious smile and superb sense of humor. The tragic circumstances of his sudden death have shaken all of us. There is only one word in my vocabulary that describes John well. John was a Mensch in every sense of the Yiddish word. It is an all-encompassing word that describes a person of values, integrity, truthfulness and above all, a close and abiding relationship with his fellow human beings. I will **ALWAYS** remember John and miss him. Rest in peace, John.

Kenneth Kales Something John said to me once had a profound effect on my thinking, and is perhaps a cornerstone of what is helping me now in my grief. He said, paraphrasing him, people's downfall is that they think they're bigger than the forces of nature. They think they can build businesses without regard for the consequences, human and environmental. They think they can retreat to their manufactured lifestyles away from the messiness of life on the outside of their metaphorical gated communities safe within their inner circles without regard for the consequences to themselves or others. They think they can bathe in the pride of their own rightness without regard for the consequences of confirmation biases and self-generating intolerances.

What a beautiful, thoughtful, caring man John was. And yet his tragic passing so painfully validates his worldview that the forces of nature are indeed bigger than each of us. The inexplicableness of luck being chief among them. We shared many things in common, particularly during what neither of us could have known would be the last year of his life. One of those was a love of the written word. I'd ask him what he was working on and he'd casually say "Oh just another one of my screeds." Later he'd add it was cathartic for him. But John was not a frivolous man. Whether it was a screed or a catharsis, he was fulfilling his life purpose to make the world a better place through compassion and finding common ground on at least some subjective truths.

Bob Quick

ATCHESON

my dearest friend, John Atcheson

he brought a smile to my face

every time I'd see him, even now just in my head.....

so complex and yet so simple

both in real life and in real print.....

proud to have had Atcheson

both as my friend and as his friend as well.....

I will miss you buddy, already do.....

Remembrances

Scott Thatcher John and I co-chaired an environmental justice task force at the Fellowship for 2-3 years. As a mere beginner in the field of climate change, it was a thrill it was for me to know an expert, like John, who had fought on this issue inside the system--the U.S. federal bureaucracy. We talked often at the Fellowship. I will remember his warm smile, seeking me out, sharing his latest. This could be his pointed critique of optimistic press coverage on the prospects for reducing fossil fuel use. Or, when there was good news, the plunging cost of wind and solar energy.

John often doubted that global society could come to grips with climate change and prevent widespread suffering. His pessimism about the feasibility of political change grated against my optimism more than once (and vice versa, I'm sure). But here's a last word from John, a man of ideas, from an e-mail last fall. Judge for yourself! "This is a very good op-ed from Al Gore ... the first line is one of my favorite truisms ... popularized and documented by Nassim Taleb in "The Black Swan," a great read.

Debbie Hecht The world lost a great mind when my friend, John Atcheson was killed this past week. The man worked for the Department of Energy and knew so much about that subject. Just look at the articles he wrote for Common Dreams. He and his wonderful wife Linda Giannelli Pratt were some of our favorite couple-friends. John was a well-loved member of the Unitarian Fellowship of San Dieguito, UUFSD. I already miss all the conversations we should have had as we all grew older together. Linda we love you. Whatever we can do to comfort you, I wish I could help to bear your pain.

Alana Shuller "Mensch" is a Yiddish word that means: "A person of integrity and honor"...

Leo Rosten, an author who is well versed in Yiddish defines "Mensch" as "someone to admire and emulate, someone of noble character." John Atcheson was a "Mensch." He came to UUFSD after an important career at the EPA in Washington DC. He was also a great writer and authored several books. John brought his talents, his gifts and his willingness to work hard, here, to our beloved fellowship. He was a Board President. He was very involved in Environmental Justice, especially Climate Action and, he and his wife Linda, were involved with "Stay Cool for Grandkids." He was involved in our Sacred Circles, a member of our Men's Group, a Worship Associate and he presented many Sermons. And most recently, he was serving on the Settled Search Committee. Together, we grieve the loss of this kind, compassionate & loving man. We are so lucky to have known John and he will be forever in our hearts.

WHEN I DIE
By Merrit Malloy

**When I die If you need to weep
Cry for someone walking the street beside you**

**And when you need me put your arms around others
And give the what you need from me.
You can love me most by letting hands touch hands
And souls touch souls**

**You can love me most by sharing your joys
Multiplying your good deeds.
You can love me most by letting me live in your eyes
And not in your mind.**

**And when you say Kaddish for me
Remember what our Torah teaches:
Love doesn't die, People do
So when all that's left of me is Love
Give me away.**

In Memory of Vicki Newman 1945-2020



Victoria Anne Vicky' Newman, MS, RD, retired chief research dietitian, died unexpectedly but peacefully at the age of 74 on January 23, 2020, while at her home in Pacific Beach. Vicki was born in Los Angeles on July 18, 1945, to George Armstrong Newman and Jeanne Duquette Newman. She graduated from [UCLA](#) in 1967 and worked at Pan American Airways before moving to San Diego and getting her Masters of Science degree in 1974 from San Diego State University.

She went on to have a distinguished career both at Wellstart International, where she taught nutrition to teams of doctors and nurses from around the world, and as chief nutritionist

and associate clinical professor at the University of California, San Diego School of Medicine before her retirement in 2014. Vicki was a devoted mother, daughter, sister, and steadfast friend who served as a dedicated teacher and pillar to the nutrition community. She enjoyed taking daily walks on the beach, hosting singing get-togethers at her home and musical events at her church, the Unitarian Universalist Fellowship of San Dieguito in Solana Beach. Well into retirement, Vicki continued to share her passion for healthy eating by continuing to give lectures at UCSD, Bastyr University San Diego, and the health spa Rancho La Puerta.

She will be deeply missed by her friends and family, who treasured her dedication, enthusiasm, knowledge, and boundless energy. Vicki is survived by her son, Tei Newman-Lehman of San Diego, CA; her two sisters, Alexandra Newman of Acton, CA, and Lucinda Hood of Ventura, CA; her nephew, Douglas Hood of Camarillo, CA, and her two cats, Pepe and Fabby.

She Let Go by Safire Rose

She let go. Without a thought or a word, she let go.
 She let go of the fear. She let go of the judgments.
 She let go of the confluence of opinions swarming around her head.
 She let go of the committee of indecision within her. She let go of all the 'right' reasons.
 Wholly and completely, without hesitation or worry, she just let go.
 She didn't ask anyone for advice. She didn't read a book on how to let go.
 She didn't search the scriptures. She just let go.
 She let go of all of the memories that held her back.
 She let go of all of the anxiety that kept her from moving forward.
 She let go of the planning and all of the calculations about how to do it just right.
 She didn't promise to let go. She didn't journal about it.
 She didn't write the projected date in her Day-Timer.
 She made no public announcement and put no ad in the paper.
 She didn't check the weather report or read her daily horoscope.
 She just let go.
 She didn't analyze whether she should let go. She didn't call her friends to discuss the matter.
 She didn't do a five-step Spiritual Mind Treatment. She didn't call the prayer line.
 She didn't utter one word. She just let go. No one was around when it happened.
 There was no applause or congratulations. No one thanked her or praised her.
 No one noticed a thing. Like a leaf falling from a tree, she just let go.
 There was no effort. There was no struggle.
 It wasn't good and it wasn't bad. It was what it was, and it is just that.
 In the space of letting go, she let it all be. A small smile came over her face.
 A light breeze blew through her. And the sun and the moon shone forevermore...

Remembrances from friends

Lisa Shaffer My dear friend Vicky Newman left us on January 23. Vicky was a Registered Dietitian Nutritionist (RDN) specializing in an integrated and personalized approach to nutrition, health, and healing. She believed that food not only nourishes the body, but also nurtures the spirit. She had an enormous heart and a deep spirituality. She was always sending emails to her very extensive list of friends with links to TED talks or articles or music that she wanted to share, to lift our spirits, to enlighten our brains, and to heal our souls.

Vicky leaves a broad network of friends and connections. She hosted an informal folk-singing group that has gathered for about the last 15 years. Many of us have been nourished by this circle of friends, joining our voices in song. Vicky was committed to sharing her expertise in nutrition and holistic health, and we are all better as a result of her care.

Knowing her as I did, I believe she approached death not with fear, but with curiosity, ready finally to know what happens next. Vicky touched many of us here at UUFSD through music, food, and sacred circles, and she will be deeply missed.

Lois Dorn Vicky Newman gave me many gifts in the few years I knew her. Although she would downplay it, she had a very generous heart. I first got to know Vicky through her nutrition talks around San Diego, and later my nutrition consults at her home. One of the things I admired about Vicky was that she was always on top of the best research in nutrition, never static but willing to change as new evidence arose. Practically everything I learned about healthy eating and living in sync with Mother Earth, I learned from Vicky. Because of Vicky's counsel, I eat better, sleep better, and am on track to prevent Alzheimers. This is huge. Through UUFSD Sacred Circles and potluck sing-alongs at her home, I got to know her as a very spiritual person with deep connections to the workings of this mystery we call life. Her departure from us was sudden and brutal in many ways. I always thought Vicky would live forever. This was her final gift to me, the realization that none of us will escape from THIS mystery either.

Sara Ohara Twenty years ago I met Vicky at First Church. 'Service is our Prayer' is what drew me in and that's where we met. Vicky was always willing and excited to help in so many ways; creating a labyrinth, helping build the home and gardens at the Peace Resource Center, my monthly Food Bank group, anywhere that was needed she was there with wisdom, energy and love. I attended her first Sacred Circles and many of her Singing Group gatherings. The song 'Music in my Mother's House' so represented Vicky. The potlucks were always healthy and delicious. I also created her website: <https://www.mindfulnutritionalsolutions.com> and learned so much about the food we put in our bodies. She was such a wise, caring, loving and fun friend. I am hurting from your absence but grateful for our friendship.

Mary Anne Trause Most of you knew Vicky far better than I. Yet she had an amazing impact on me. My husband Paul and I joined her Sacred Circle within two months of our moving to San Diego in 2017. We continued in her group each year, having met with her less than two weeks before her untimely death. Vicky was a master at leading our group, quietly considering each of our thoughts, then sharing her own with animation. She fostered community and was a warm welcoming spirit who invited each of us into her house and into her life. Through that welcome, we joined her for sing-a-longs and to see fireworks from her beautiful hilltop on the Fourth of July. We were told about concerts by performers like Emma's Revolution. She shared her nutritional wisdom, her observations from her daily beach walks, and titles of books and podcasts we would enjoy, like Brian Swimme's *The Universe is a Green Dragon*. Vicky and I shared a fascination with Swimme's view of our being part of the earth and its evolution. He said, "The earth was once molten rock and now sings operas." We humans are the earth's brain which allowed it to become conscious of itself and all its glory. So I think of Vicky daily when I marvel at the sunset, serve our breakfast fruit and yoghurt wondering if Paul and I will get our 8 half-cups of fruits and vegetables that day, and sing songs at the fellowship that we sang in her sing-a-longs. Vicky was a rare gift. I envy those of you who knew her better.

In Memory of Faith Boettger 1926-2019



Faith, 93, died Thursday morning, November 28, 2019, at the home of her daughter, Angela, in Carlsbad, CA. Faith and her twin, Hope, were born April 19, 1926 in Keyport, NJ, the youngest of seven children of the late Rev. Fenelon B. and Coralie Parsons Whitaker. Growing up along the Jersey shore, Faith developed a lifelong passion for nature and the ocean. In 1944, Faith graduated from Penns Grove High School and entered Brothers' College, Drew University, in the first class that admitted women. Faith received a Bachelor of Arts from Drew University in June 1948 with a major in Sociology.

Upon graduation, Faith married "Sammy", the Rev. Harold L. Knappenberger Jr, a United Methodist minister and had four children. During their marriage, Sammy served several churches in western Pennsylvania. Faith was a devoted mother, a leader in the church, served as Christian Education Director, and instrumental in the community.

She and Sammy had the opportunity to travel to several countries in Europe (Russia, East Berlin, etc.) and Asia to develop better global awareness for themselves and to share their experience with their community.

In 1968, Faith was asked to fill a substitute position and fell in love with teaching. She went back to school, earned a Masters of Education from University of Pittsburgh in 1975, and taught 6th grade in the Westmont School District, Johnstown, PA from 1970 to 1993. Faith was an exceptional teacher because she saw children as a gift to be discovered, not a problem to be solved.

After 33 years of marriage, Faith and Sammy divorced in 1981. Faith married Don Boettger in 1984 and made their home in in Ligonier, PA, which became a cherished place for Faith's and Don's children and families. Together, they enjoyed square dancing, cross-country skiing, and working in the garden. In 2008, Faith and Don relocated to Carlsbad, CA. Don passed away shortly after the move. Faith easily adjusted to her new West Coast home, watching sunsets, walking on the beach, making new friends, and enjoying time with family.

Faith identified as a feminist, a Unitarian Universalist, an environmentalist, and truly espoused and modeled unconditional love. She was an advocate for all of humanity and exemplified that throughout her life.

"What I Believe"

Excerpts from Faith's writings September 1992

I feel a partnership with God – like a soul mate. I want to work with this supreme being to bring heaven on earth. I want to live this life to the fullest and help others do the same. I love life. Life as I know it is beautiful, wonderful, and miraculous. I'm thankful for being alive, for sunshine and rain, for seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting, and touching, for love of family and friends, for animals and flowers, for music and works of art, and for work and play.

I believe life can be lived without knowing all the answers. There are few absolutes!! I believe each person must search for his/her own truth. Each person must choose and travel their own pathway to truth and to understand the meaning of life. I believe happiness is found in such values as loving, honesty, sharing, respecting, co-operating, truthfulness, kindness, patience. I put my faith in these values and act on them.

I believe in miracles. I believe miracles happen when these values are put into practice. The miracle of loving can bring healing, self-esteem and peace. The miracle of sharing can abolish hunger, war, and inequality. The miracle of kindness and respect can end abuse. The miracle of thankfulness and unselfishness can save the environment.

I believe death is a part of life. Since I have known the past, since I'm comfortable with the present, I trust the future. I have no fear of death, although I must admit I know nothing of what happens after death. I believe I have a soul that will live forever, because I know my love for family and friends cannot possibility end with death. I know that this life, this spirit, this love within me cannot end. There has to be more. What that is I do not know.

How I live this life is not determined by what I think about life after death. It is determined by what I know about life here and now!

Remembrance

Angie Knappenberger

I am so grateful for my mother.

I had the gift of knowing that my mother loved me unconditionally. And she taught me that love, by its very nature, is unconditional. I could go to my mother about anything.....bare my soul..... and trust what would come next. I knew that she would respond without judgement and that everything that came out of her mouth was because she deeply, unselfishly, and unconditionally loved me and wanted the best for me. It was always about ME; never about her.

My mother was a pretty woman! It seemed to just come so naturally to her. She took pride in presenting herself well and was consistently dedicated to being healthy and keeping active. She was fashionable! She would notice and often compliment what I was wearing, "Angela, I like that top on you", but she would always add "but what's more important is that I like the person that is wearing it". She raised me to know that what is inside of us; our character, our values, our integrity.... Is so significantly more important than our exterior. The beauty that counts is on the INSIDE.

The last 3 years or so Mom would want me to go upstairs to her apartment and tuck her in. I'd check that she had taken the few meds that she needed, put her eye drops in for her glaucoma, and give her a kiss. She would always say "Thank you, Angela for taking such good care of me. You are a sweet, sweet daughter." Always so so grateful.....

My mother was incredibly wonderful to be around... she was fun, she was happy, she had an unbelievable zest for being alive – up to the very end. My mother fell and broke her hip last February and recovered amazingly well for then being 92 and once she returned home, a home health team was assigned to her. Each one of them individually commented that my mother was their very favorite patient and they were not used to having elderly patients with such a determined and resilient attitude.

My mother was a healer and believed that love could bring miraculous healing. When she married Don, her second husband in 1984, he had been estranged from his four children for quite some time. My mom deeply wanted Don and his children to re-establish connection. She wrote beautiful, long letters to his four kids saying how much she loved Don, what a wonderful man he was, and expressed concerned about how much they all were missing out on by not being connected as family. It took a while, but the relationships were re-established and deepened with time. My mom and Don's home became a favorite place for them to visit. Two of his daughters became extremely close to my mom and continued in deep relationship with her after Don died in 2008.

Ending Thoughts:

Life has been abundantly good to me. I am thankful for loved ones and friends and all people (there are sooo many) who have knowingly and unknowingly made my life beautiful, exciting, and fulfilling. I say, THANK YOU! God has been extravagant with me. I do hope I have given a little in return. **Faith Boettger**

In Memory of Joy Naughton 1925-2019



Franziska (Joy) Ballin Naughton died on December 22, 2019 at the age of 94 in Encinitas, California. Joy was born in Chicago IL on April 17, 1925. The family moved to Houston, Texas in 1930 and returned to the south side of Chicago in 1936. Joy attended Calumet High School in Chicago. Joy would ultimately graduate as class valedictorian at Calumet. After graduation, Joy attended the University of Chicago.

Joy and Tom married in September 1947. Joy's first two sons were born in Chicago, and they bought a small house in the brand new suburb of Park Forest, IL. In 1952, Tom accepted a remarkable job opportunity to relocate to London, England. Joy's last two sons were born in England. The family came back to the US in 1956, and returned to Park Forest. They established a strong bond with the local Unitarian Universalist Fellowship and especially with its Social Action Committee.

While her children were in school, Joy completed her degree at Roosevelt University and began teaching sixth grade in 1961 at Mohawk Elementary School in Park Forest. Joy was a gifted teacher and was greatly appreciated by her students. After a number of years of teaching elementary school, Joy became interested in the emerging field of special education. She returned to school and earned a Masters degree at the University of Illinois and was credentialed as a school psychologist. Joy joined SMA, a newly established cooperative that provided special education services to school districts across the South side of Chicago.

Joy's husband Tom died of cancer in 1989. After Tom's passing, Joy began an exciting period of international travel. She joined bicycle trips in Europe, New Zealand, Arizona, and many other places, and took a trek in Bhutan. Joy moved out to Encinitas, CA on September 11, 2001, the date of the terrorist attacks. Her flight was grounded in Denver, but she made her way by bus. She joined the San Dieguito Unitarian-Universalist Fellowship and soon developed a new network of friends, and embarked on a new, wonderful and mostly unanticipated phase of life in California. Joy is survived by three sons, Jeffrey and wife Jane, Barry, and Michael and wife Odette; and by five grandchildren (James, Matthew, Elizabeth, Kieran, Claudia) and two great-grandsons (Isaiah, Nasir).

Remembrances

Sheila Fugard I came to know Joy Norton during the final decade of her life. She was a life time UU member, who held the spirit and dedication of the UU principles in her life and work.

After the Sunday service, I joined Ann Heuton and Joy for Sunday lunch and this became a regular event. Over the years, we were joined by Eberly Barnes and long time UU member Pamela Puckette.

Joy's sons came to lunch as well, and we got to know Barry, a UCSD academic, and there were visits from Scott, a professional diver, from Huston. Then her eldest son, Jeff, and his wife Jane moved to Encinitas to be near Joy. They too came to the Joy lunch, and over the years our lunch became a celebration of her life. Then in the last year of her life, when Joy was silenced by memory loss, her wonderful smile still lit up our table.

Joy's inevitable decline was a sadness for us all. Still, there have been moments when Joy's smiling face appears in my mind as if to say "I am still here..especially here in the peaceful grounds of the UU garden."

Good wishes.

Remembrances

Christie Turner The first time that I met Joy, on a hike at San Elijo Lagoon, she was unapologetically prickly. She had recently moved from Illinois and wasn't at all sure that she liked the change. What struck me was that even though she didn't know me that she was speaking honestly about herself and her life. While later, I believe she came to love her California home, she could always be counted on to say her truth, even when it was uncomfortable. She had such a delighted smile which made me feel that she was happy to see me.

If she was puzzling over some new issue or discovery, she would eagerly ask for our thoughts and then enjoy the conversation all the more if there was disagreement.

Eventually we belonged to a Sacred Circle that morphed into a women's group that met for years, the last few in Joy's home. She shared her love of her family, travel, books, and new adventures. Her curiosity seemed boundless and her lively intelligence was fascinated by life's challenges. She wasn't much interested in complaining about physical problems, preferring to talk about ideas and people. I am so grateful for her shining example of vibrancy and appreciation of life.

In Memory of Craig Ulak 1945-2019

Remembrance



Carol Ulak Craig grew up a Unitarian as a child and attended First UU Church in San Diego. His mother Dorothy was a devoted member & involved her children in the teachings of Unitarian Universalism.

When Craig & I married in 1983, we moved from San Diego to Encinitas. We started attending the Solana Beach Fellowship & became members. After the birth of each of our three son's we as a family became very involved with the Fellowship. Our children grew up attending services & Religious Education classes on a regular basis. Craig back then served on the Religious Exploration Committee & the Buildings & Grounds Committee.

Craig retired 7 years ago as co-owner of a software company! Loved to golf, loved his garden , traveling & spending time with his family & friends! He is survived by his wife Carol of 37 years, his eldest son Ryan who lives in Denver, his sons Evan & Jason who live in Leucadia & Carlsbad in addition to a sister JoAnne & her husband Richard who live in Northern California!

After a brief hospital stay due to some heart & lung related conditions Craig unexpectedly passed away on July 28. Our family has proudly dedicated a plaque to him that is displayed in the courtyard. Although our attendance to Sunday services were not very often as of recent his dedication to Unitarian Universalism remained with him until his passing.