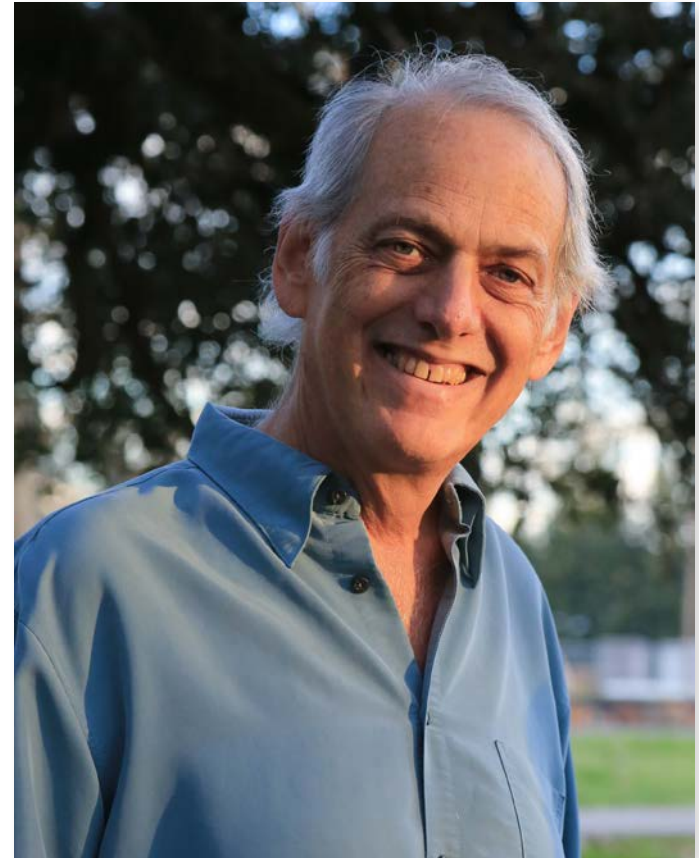


Celebration of Michael Slater's Life



21 August, 2016

Please go to partingthoughts.net
to read Michael's writing



November 15, 1955—June 19, 2016

Program

Irene Stratton—*Michael's wife*

Take Jack presents Time after Time

Richard Mains—*Brother-in-law*

Ruth Ahlers & Roger Corman present My Favorite Things

Larry Slater—*Brother*

Patsy Slater—*Sister*

Irene & daughter Mandy present Tears in Heaven

Barney Saltzberg—*Friend since childhood*

David Schwartz—*Friend since college*

Nick Tredennick—*Microprocessor Report days*

Barney Saltzberg—*Music*

Mandy Slater—*Daughter*

Loralee Denny—*Lifelong Friend*

Opportunity for guests to speak

Claire Beery reading Threshold, by Newton Smith

Beethoven—Ode to Joy

Please join us in the Social Hall for food & drink



Life



Threshold

by Newton Smith



It has happened.
You thought you had some control
of your life
and that you were in a place
you understood
in a time that moved
from a past you knew
to a future that followed
in a more or less straight line.



But here you are at the edge
of a shore, the shallow waves
washing over your feet
taking the sand you stand on
away and suddenly you wonder
if all the ground beneath you
is disappearing.

You have stepped through the threshold.
The door closed and locked behind you.
You are on the other side.
You try to forget it, distract yourself,
but nothing works.

You check your messages.
The doctor's office left a number
on your phone.



Is it a blood test result,
survival rate for treatment,
or days left to live?

Now you are alone.
After the panic subsides you stand there
looking around.
Everything is fresh,
colors are vivid,
you can smell scents,
even subtle ones,
and your hearing is sharp.

You feel the breeze on your skin
and the tickle of hairs moving
across your brow.

You are pierced through
with the inexplicable joy
at having nothing.



The sand forms around your foot
and the water wipes out all traces of your path.
Everywhere you turn there is something new
and the space around you
holds you gently
as it spills out and becomes
a part of the expanding world.

So many things are remarkable now.
Here is the freedom that always frightened you.
You have forgotten your name
and it does not matter.