

## Tyler Traubman at 13: A Grandma-Grandpa San Francisco Weekend

One Friday morning in late March, 2018, our grandson Tyler Traubman awoke to the surprise that he was to fly that morning from his home in north county San Diego spend two days with us -- Grandma Libby and Grandpa Len – to celebrate his upcoming 13<sup>th</sup> birthday. This is about some of the experiences during those two days together.

### Friday

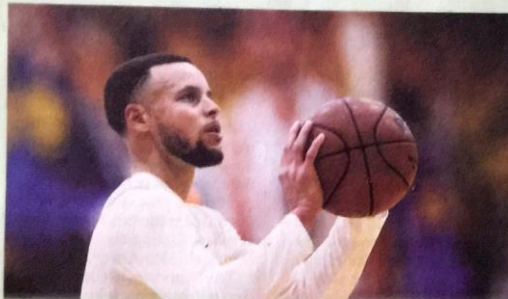


SEC	ROW	SEAT
124	5	18



Golden State Warriors vs. Atlanta Hawks  
Fri, Mar 23 @ 7:30 PM, Oracle Arena

## He's baaaack — Curry is ready to go



Stephen Curry, who has missed six straight games with an ankle problem, will play against Atlanta on Friday night.

Michael Macor / The Chronicle

By Connor Letourneau

After missing six straight games with a tweaked right ankle, Warriors point guard Stephen Curry slogged through his first post-practice shooting routine Wednesday in two weeks.

In a drill called "Beat the Ogre," a variation on an old basketball game called "Beat the Pro," Curry drained 21 three-pointers in a row. The next exercise called for him to shoot three-pointers from five different spots on the floor. Curry scored a personal record of 89, 39 points above his stated

### Friday's game

**Who:** Atlanta (21-50 through Wednesday) at Warriors (53-18)

**When:** 7:30 p.m.

**TV/Radio:** NBCSBA/95.7

goal.

"That is totally unheard of," said player-development coach Bruce Fraser, who has worked closely with Curry the past four seasons. "He's shooting as well as he's ever shot."

It was a feel-good sight for a team that needs Curry at his best entering the playoffs next month. Now, with the two-time

NBA MVP set to return for Friday night's matchup against Atlanta at Oracle Arena, Golden State is optimistic that the right-ankle injuries that have nagged Curry for nearly four months won't be a factor come the games that matter most.

Still, there is reason for concern. It was little more than a half-decade ago that Curry was so prone to ankle sprains that many wondered whether he'd stay on the court long enough to realize his potential. As the Warriors face perhaps their most daunting path to the NBA Finals in the Steve Kerr era, the

*Warriors continues on B5*





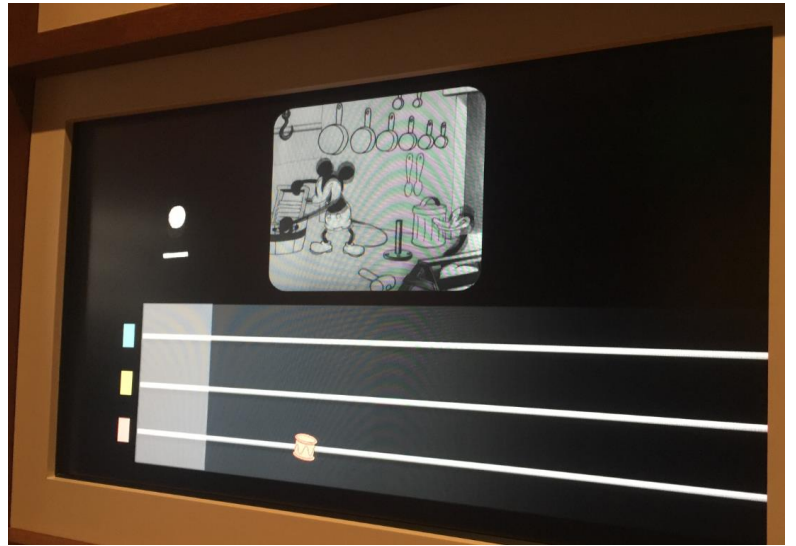


A classic Curry 3  
([CLICK](#) to see Adam's video from our seats)

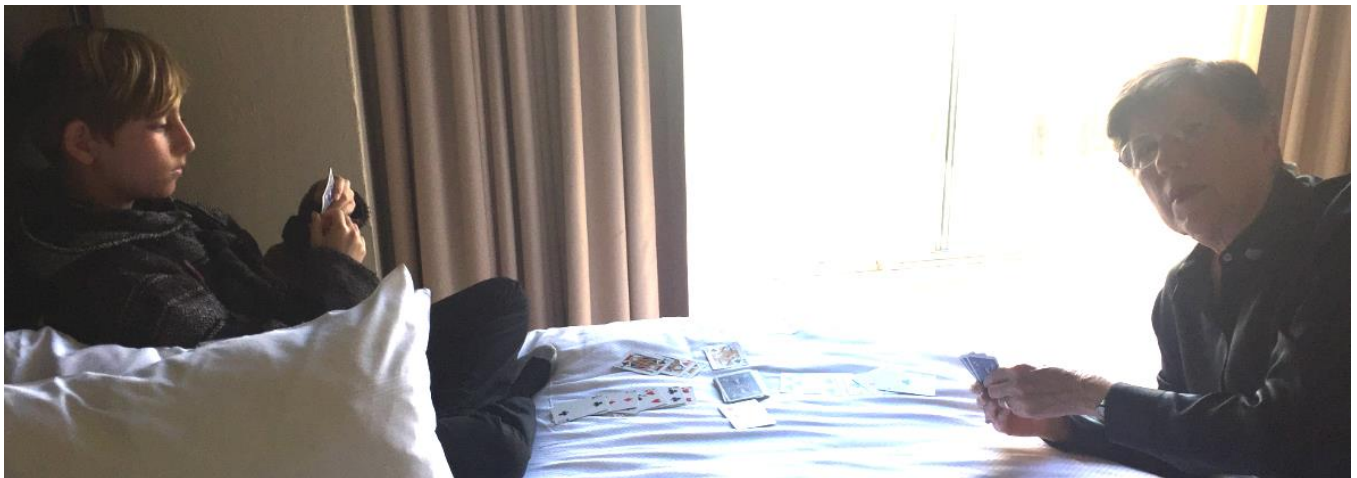
## Saturday











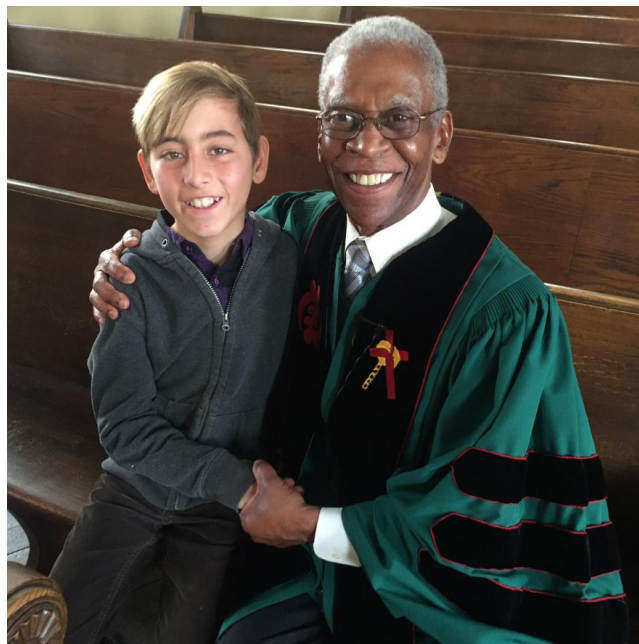





## Sunday





## The Commitment

I affirm my need for a growing understanding of all peoples as children of God, and I seek after a vital experience of God as revealed in Jesus of Nazareth and other great religious spirits whose fellowship with God was the foundation of their fellowship with all people.

I desire to share in the spiritual growth and ethical awareness of people of varied national, cultural, racial, and creedal heritage united in a religious fellowship.

I desire the strength of corporate worship through membership in The Church for the Fellowship of All Peoples with the imperative of personal dedication to the working out of God's purpose here and in all places.

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**This inter-racial Sunday morning service included this meditation of author, Carol (CJ) Verburg, read by her at The Church for the Fellowship of All Peoples, in San Francisco on Sunday morning, 25 March 2018.**

### **PEN VS. SWORD: POWER & LANGUAGE**

The pen is mightier than the sword. As a writer, I've always loved that idea. Even though in reality, nobody's faced off with pens & swords in centuries. Even Alexander Hamilton & Aaron Burr used dueling pistols.

Is Microsoft Word mightier than an automatic rifle? The marchers yesterday are hoping the people with pens in Washington are mightier than the people with swords. But those pen-wielders haven't shown much respect for words. It's ironic: here we are at the epicenter of English, the most universal language ever, & what are we doing with it? Advertising. Tweets. Cell phones that finish our sentences. A president with a third-grade vocabulary who uses language as a weapon. It doesn't have to be true; just keep shooting. Like the slogans in George Orwell's novel 1984: War is peace; freedom is slavery; ignorance is strength. In 2018, all of those contradictions are realities. Dystopian is the new normal.

Make no mistake about it (as they say on the news): language matters. Last week when one GOP senator promised to hold a fulsome hearing, I wondered: Does he know that fulsome doesn't mean full? It means stinky, or disgusting, or excessively flattering. Was he telling the truth on purpose? Language is often used as camouflage. Look at an academic journal article or scientific report. Is there information in there, under all the hedging of bets? Look at the June ballot proposals. Is this a subtle form of voter suppression? I have to laugh when I hear the White House deny that the Russians hacked into our election results. Of course they didn't. Why bother, when they get such a huge return on investment posting fake news on Facebook? Fluency in language is essential for critical thinking. You know Facebook now has a link in those dots in the upper right corner where you can flag a story as fake news. The problem is our yearning to believe any story that confirms what we already think.

Paying attention to language is work. “Use your words” is not a skill humans are born with. We have to be taught to communicate by speaking, instead of hitting & hollering. Felix Justice asked us in a meditation not long ago to remember being four years old. The memory that called up for me was, what a savage I was. My sister & I constantly tried to kill each other. Not that we understood killing. What we understood was power. Control. Just like the self-described grown-ups who run governments & gangs. There’s equality: In this economy, the White House, the Mafia, and the drug cartels speak the same language. Not English, to communicate. Money. The 21st century’s lingua franca for power. If you have it, you’re a winner. If you don’t, you’re a loser. When people squeeze the universe into a ball, as TS Eliot said, when they reduce the interactions between humans & all forms of life & energy into slogans, there’s no middle ground. No negotiation. No reaching across the aisle. For that, we need language.

A lot of outstanding writers came to English as a second language. Vladimir Nabokov. Joseph Conrad. Or because a band of conquerors forced their ancestors to learn it. I’m working with an Italian immigrant to North Beach right now, a retired restaurateur who’s turned to writing; he’s having a ball with English, piling up adverbs & adjectives & circumlocutions like the frosting on a wedding cake. Many of the great bilingual Nigerian, Indian, and South African writers, among others, chose English so they could reach the widest possible audience. And also because it’s a wonderfully rich & subtle tool. Some writers point out that it’s a double-edged sword: a gift of oppression. Some are amazed that we who were born with this gift appreciate it so little.

My favorite comment about that contradiction, that irony, that paradox, is by the Chilean poet Pablo Neruda. He was writing about Spanish, but as part of the international brotherhood of writers, I suspect he was thinking of English, too.

*“What a great language I have, it’s a fine language we inherited from the fierce conquistadors . . .*



*They strode over the giant cordilleras, over the rugged Americas, hunting for potatoes, sausages, beans, black tobacco, gold, corn, fried eggs, with a voracious appetite not found in the world since then . . .*

*They swallowed up everything, religions, pyramids, tribes, idolatries just like the ones they brought along in their huge sacks . . . Wherever they went, they razed the land . . . But words fell like pebbles out of the boots of the barbarians, out of their beards, their helmets, their horseshoes, luminous words that were left glittering here . . . our language. We came up losers . . . We came up winners . . . They carried off the gold and left us the gold . . . They carried everything off and left us everything . . . They left us words."*

From "Lost in the City," in *Memoirs*, Pablo Neruda, 1976