

LYNN PHILYAW

Before getting to current events, I have to wax a bit

autobiographical. A classmate recently told me Roger Anderson had died this year and that he remembered him as only rather quiet. Though I went to six different grade schools in four different states, I spent most of that time and beyond in Zion (a town that my great grandfather helped found before it was built), and Roger and I grew up together, only blocks apart (along with Donna Harlow, Doug Roberts, Mary Martinez and John Nelson).

We were going to become great hunters, studying the ways of cape buffalo, lions – how to track them and what calibers would be best for each. In third grade, we would toss pebbles at the other's bedroom window at 3 A.M. and secretly go hunting in a new-fallen snow. We went together through various weapons stages – bb guns, Whammo sling shots, bows and arrows, pellet guns, 22's. But, more than a fellow hunter, he was one of the brightest and funniest guys I knew, always the iconoclast.

In 5th grade we spent a couple of days sitting in my back-yard apple tree memorizing how to say every obscenity we could think of backwards so that, when angry or frustrated, we could express ourselves before adults without censure. Later, in junior high school, we, along with Paul Kramer and Kevin Murphy, thought ourselves the strongest, smartest and cleverest guys in our class. We were so full of ourselves that we became the bane of teachers – and I decided long thereafter never to teach junior high school.

I spoke of him so often that, when we again met at the last reunion, my wife Cyndee said that she would have known him without introduction. I can still hear his laughter that night, the same as in our youth. I'm sure many of you have had similar experiences – but when, at a local bagel place, John told me he'd died, part of my childhood died that moment. I came home and wept that out for a few minutes (as I do now recalling him – and the regret that I feel not staying in touch, my loss).

Current events. I'm still very much involved in the martial arts, an internationally recognized 7th dan, which means only that I can rank my students up to 5th – plus I have the added responsibility to live up to that rank. I still conduct my class at CLC, officiate at the occasional tournament, attend and conduct week-end workshops and try to keep ahead of my students (Cyndee being one of them who keep me going).

I believe in the arts properly approached and taught. My sensei, as luck would have it, was a Methodist minister (as well as a big game hunter and DI in the Marine Corp), a man who became a second father to me. I'm sure our studies in Buddhism over the last few years are a result, in part, of our experiences with karate. As a matter of fact, Cyndee will perform in a play this spring at the Next Theater in Evanston, representing the Buddhist perspective in "Shape of Faith," an attempt to gather together many points

of view concerning the ways our faiths can unite or divide us, how they affect our decisions personally, socially and politically.

I also fell into (by default, since Cyndee, being female, was ineligible) a group of guys named the "Jackets." (For obvious reasons, I'm dubbed "Silver Jacket.") They're a great bunch of men, soft-ware programmers and independent entrepreneurs from all around the country and Europe who gather together periodically to share business and personal experiences, though I'm short on the business and soft-ware end! We meet at various places around the globe, and Cyndee and I hosted last year's session in Santa Fe. For many personal reasons, we both fell in love with the place, felt an immediate affinity for it and may one day have a residence there.