

Heather Flower's World

Welcome to Heather Flower's World! Heather lived a full life during her 40 years, and left behind a world she loved and that loved her.

As a tribute to Heather Flower, this book will focus on those that knew and loved her, alongside Heather herself. The influences in her life, the effects she had on others, and the living beings that mattered to her, were every bit as important to Heather as were her individual experiences and actions.

This book is organized into themes that permeated Heather's World, along with sections on the phases of her life and the influences within those phases. Some themes were essential to who Heather was, and others simply were a part of her world. The appendices have links to additional or more in-depth materials for anyone who is especially interested in the specifics of a particular topic.



***Heather:** "Life is a series of friendships, they are the colors with which our life is painted. They'll be with me always – as a part of who I am. Some are gone already, some soon to be... they create my eternity. They taught about life, and opened up my world... I love them all and always will."*

Heather was blessed with wonderful friends who have contributed significantly to this book.

Luckily I, her mom, have memories of my own, plus photos and videos and writings and songs and more, that I can share with you to help illustrate Heather's World. I adored Heather, admired her, was proud of her, and miss her, so my contributions to this book will be biased, and voluminous, as I focus on celebrating all the positives I can recall of her existence.

There is no correct sequence and no need to read everything. Please just look at whatever interests you, in whatever order you desire.

If you are reading this, the odds are good that Heather loved you. She would care about your feelings, your thoughts, your experiences, and your needs. If this book triggers feelings that need processing, please take care of yourself, and be aware that you are among friends, Heather's friends, kind people like yourself, who understand that we are nothing alone and everything together.

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The Circle of Life

Heather has always seen the interconnectedness of all things and has been a strong believer in the value of all life. She has intensely loved her family, friends, and pets - while also being loving to strangers, animals, and even plants. She valued the moon and the sun and the stars, the fireflies and the butterflies, and she loved flowers.



As Heather's mother, I saw Heather as a human being - a beautiful soul - within whom was the potential of humanity. I know that sounds grandiose. However, I think most parents feel that way when they hold the miracle of life in their arms. At birth she was so tiny, and so perfect. She was not yet marred by life experiences or constrained by society's failings. She was the embodiment of life's potential. She spent her life striving to realize that potential, to fulfill her life's purpose, despite the obstacles our world placed in her way.

Heather's friends and I cannot capture Heather's life essence to share on these pages - I wish we could, but we cannot. Instead we can only share our love for her and what she meant to us, and try to communicate some of her spirit.

In order to facilitate people picking and choosing what to read, you will find that there is redundancy. I like to think of it as being similar to the gradual way people get to know each other, visit by visit, topic by topic, sometimes telling the same stories but other times telling stories in new ways or with new depth, sharing fresh perspectives on aspects of their reality.

By sharing aspects of Heather's life journey that you may not already be familiar with, I am hoping we can help to further enhance and strengthen your connection to Heather, somewhat countering your sense of loss with something you have gained.

By being reminded of aspects of Heather we knew well I am hoping we will collectively make progress in transcending from sorrow to warm memories, and once more feel the joy that Heather brought to the world.

Heather would have wanted us to experience “Another Day”. She created an album in 2011 with “Another Day” as her lead track. Below are the lyrics:

Another Day

It's a choice we make each day we breathe,
will I see this through again?
Though we don't know what the future brings,
will I see this 'till the end?

There's a woman that I am creating.
Never yours to hold, to understand.
Yet still in your darkest moments,
she could be there to hold your hand.

I'm not the stories that I tell.
I'm not the songs I sing.
I'm not the hurt that made me break.
I'm not the risks I take.

I'm a lover, and I am a stranger.
I am strong, yet I am weak.
The world goes on with or without me,
yet I demand this chance to speak.

And I am here with you now.
I am real.
The sun will rise another day.

There's a chapter still to be written.
It will always go unread.
There's so much that we could learn,
from the things that go unsaid.

I am not who you need me to be.
I am not the life I've lead.
I am just an ordinary girl,
who has the courage to face the world ahead.

And I am here with you now.
I am real.
The sun will rise another day.

Compiling this book has made me realize that ordinary can be extraordinary. Heather wrote “I am just an ordinary girl”. However, as we look deeper it becomes clear that ordinary can be truly extraordinary. When I started this book I thought it was in honor of Heather, but that quickly grew to be in honor of everyone she loved. Now, I am realizing that writing a book about “an ordinary girl”, highlighting all that could be seen as extraordinary, is really a way to honor all the people whose stories go untold.



It gives me comfort to know that what Heather valued in her life lives on in me and in you, her loved ones, for “Another Day”, in this circle of life.

LINKS:

- [Another Day](#) on Heather's album
- [Another Day](#) informal video on guitar

Creative Expression

Joyful Creativity

Throughout her life Heather was always creating. Some aspects of creativity mattered to her a great deal, music and yoga being the two that she was most passionate about. However, she was also creative in many other ways, creating to give gifts, to be playful, to express herself, to explore her world, and just for fun. She much preferred to create than to consume.

For special occasions, or when we simply had some free time, our family often embarked on creative projects and Heather loved that. We created tie dyes,



made candles, built ginger bread houses, read books aloud on tape, wrote and illustrated stories, created treasure hunts, made up riddles and jokes, and did many other creative projects.

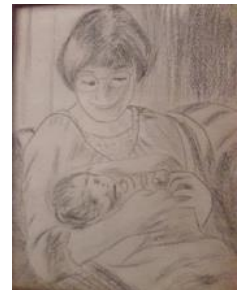


Heather delighted in being inventive and creative.

For birthdays and other occasions, Heather often made homemade gifts. I was the fortunate recipient of so many creative presents. I fondly recall a homemade dress she designed for me when she was in high



school, a crocheted scarf she brought home for me from her first semester at college, arts and crafts and puzzles and games she made when she was young, a beautiful charcoal



she wrote and performed for our anniversary in her last year (“[One Evening At Dusk](#)”), and so much more. I really miss her kind and thoughtful gifts and the creativity and joy they embodied.

I was by no means the only recipient of her homemade creations. As a child she gave homemade gifts to all of her family and friends.



As an adult, friends of hers received candles, soaps, shampoos and more.

She also created as part of her daily life, designing her own cat fence made of fiberglass patio roof panels the cats could not climb, as one small example.



Heather's creativity really flowed, though, in her expression of her passions. She wrote songs, she developed her own yoga philosophies and lessons, and she thought deeply, creating her own world view.



Throughout Heather's life, behind each major passion, and each minor dalliance, there was a profound love of creativity and expression.

If you look closely at the flowers on the right, you will see that she used these flowers as a way to avoid having to repaint her bedroom

This creative vantage point made her contributions to the world unique.



Performing

Heather was happiest when she was contributing to the positive energy of others. When she taught Yoga if her students were inspired so was she. As a music teacher if her students were excited about playing she was excited too. Heather's energy always flowed positively towards her students, and their pleasure was her greatest reward.

What many of you, who knew her through yoga and/or through music, may not have known is that Heather embodied this approach in all aspects of life from the youngest possible age. One solid embodiment was her love of performing. She discovered early that through performing she could share her energy and her enthusiasm, and she always loved the sense of positive connection that led to.

Heather never had stage fright, and was always thrilled when an opportunity to perform came her way.

My earliest memory of her "performing" was at her first birthday party. She was the first grandchild of not just of my parents, but all of my parents' friends, and she was the first child among my friends too, so a large group of adults came to help us celebrate her having completed her first time around the sun. Seeing everyone looking at her, Heather immediately began dancing. Next thing we knew, everyone had picked up a noisemaker of one kind or another, and everyone in the room was focused on giving her music to dance by. She loved it and danced and danced.

LINK: [Heather enjoying noisemakers at age 1](#)



Soon after, Heather began acting out cartoons, and by the time she could talk she was directing her brother, and various friends, in little skits they would put on for friends and family.



A memorable part of this phase of Heather's life was her enthusiasm for Betty Boop. She loved the female energy and especially loved Betty Boop's connection to Little Pal (her dog). I suppose, now, that this was a foreshadowing of the love Heather had for her beloved pets, but at the time, it was just adorable.



I made Heather two Betty Boop shirts, a Betty Boop costume, and a Betty Boop doll, and she loved them all



LINKS to Heather's favorite Betty Boop Cartoons:

- [I Want to Be Loved By You](#)
- [Little Pal of Mine](#)

If viewing online, click left photo to see 4 year old Heather sing "I Want to Be Loved by You" & click on right photo to see her sing along with a Betty Boop recording of that song

Bobby: "Heather did a complete impromptu Betty Boop rendition in the ladies room at a family friend's wedding. She regularly performed elaborate original dramas on the home-made stage, and played Charades and other "theater" games with great verve and enthusiasm."



I was always a little shy, so it took me a little while to get used to how Heather volunteered to be on stage everywhere, as a child. She was the one who volunteered to read out loud at the library, to be the assistant to a magician at a party, to lead the class in song at nursery school, etc. At home, kids singing and acting out plays, of their own creation, was a favored activity, so much so, that instead of building a play house in our back yard, our friends Mike and Cindy built a stage. It had a blackboard at the rear, which they could decorate for each performance, a changing area behind the blackboard, a puppet theatre they could pull out from the changing area, and a shower curtain at the front of the stage.

This was an early "performance" before the backdrop became a blackboard



LINK:

- [Montage of Heather & friends performing for fun – from nursery school age to high school age](#)

It was used constantly.

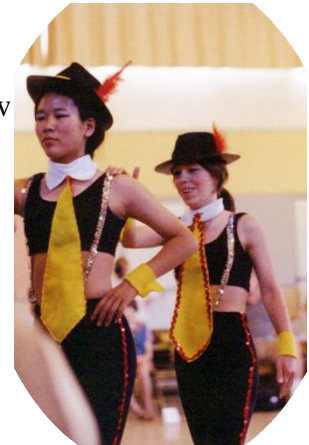
Heather acted in her classes and at school at every opportunity. When her brother was in Kindergarten, his class was doing a small skit on stage, and Heather's enthusiasm while watching led to the teacher asking her to play a central role in the overall school performance.

Heather in middle of front row - with white tights

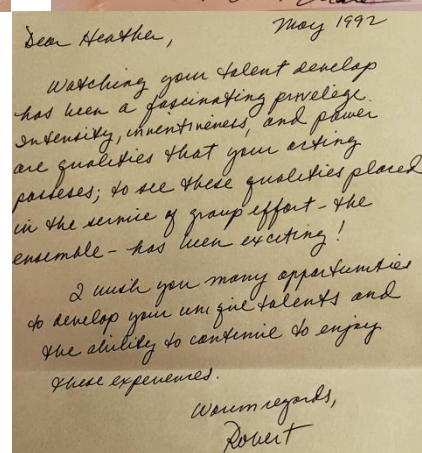
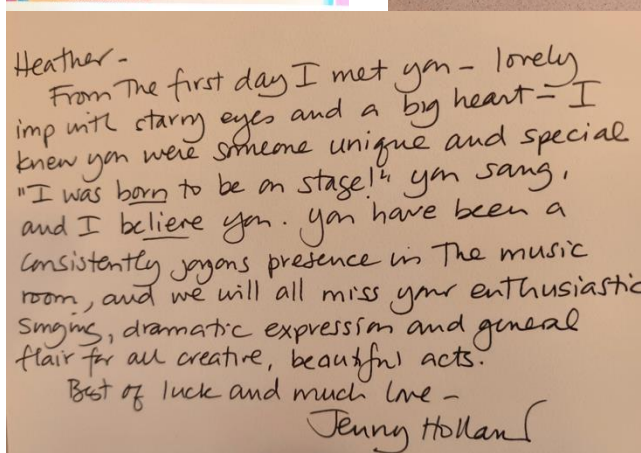
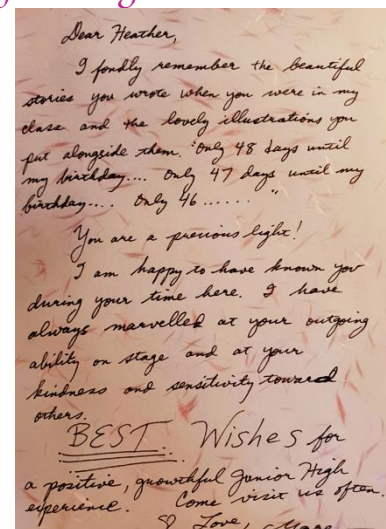
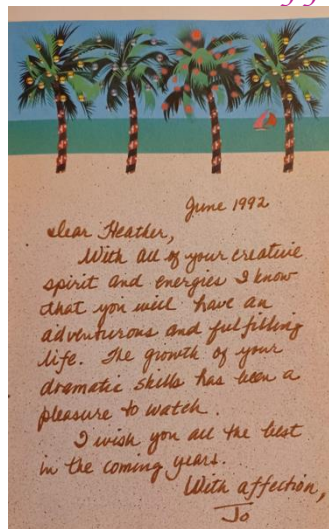
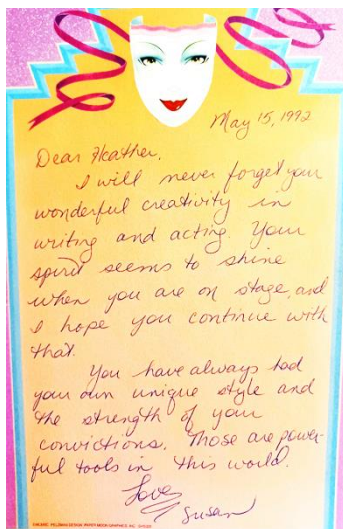


Heather on the right in school play

Heather dancing in dance show



When I looked back at letters Heather received from Walden's teachers upon elementary school graduation, I found it interesting how consistently performing was mentioned.



Photos of Heather at
Walden Elementary School
performing & doing a “trust exercise”



When we waited in a doctor’s office Heather would suggest that we play Charades. She loved acting out the whole idea and Adrian enjoyed this as well. If the waiting room wasn’t too crowded I would agree that we could play, and the time would pass quickly.

When we went camping, Heather would gather fellow child campers together and organize a production which we lucky parents got to watch.



Kathy: “While at MacKerricher, I wandered into a group camping area. And there was a large platform, and on the platform there was a little girl, maybe five years old. She was alone, “on stage”, dancing, twirling, jumping, singing, prancing around, with a constant semi-internal monologue of description and narration of some play or performance which she was acting out — and she went on and on and on. I was watching her for a while, very entertained, and a woman in front of where I was standing turned and looked at me, and I said something like, “I’m watching that girl, it all looks so familiar, that is exactly what my daughter used to do!” The woman said, “Ah yes, that is my daughter...She does this all the time!” The celebration continues.”

When no kids were available Heather acted out her imaginings on her own.

Heather also volunteered to assist whoever was leading the campground campfire, and in later years performed songs on the campfire stage.

Bobby: “I recall a campground presentation on Banana Slugs, with Heather waving her hand to volunteer at every opportunity.”



I wish I had a photo or video, but I don't – so you will just have to imagine it – here they are sharing music at home

One memorable performance was when she dragooned her brother into playing “Don't Get Around Much Anymore” on a tiny keyboard, with Adrian verbally adding the rhythm of the stand-up bass (bum bum-bum bum), while Heather sang the song with gusto.

LINK:

- [Don't Get Around Much Anymore](#), performed by Duke Ellington & Ella Fitzgerald

Heather always appreciated comedians, with special favorites being [George Carlin](#), [Paula Poundstone](#), and [The Kids in the Hall](#). Our family went to see shows by [The Smothers Brothers](#) and [George Carlin](#), and also attended local comedy shows from time to time.

When Heather was about 12 she volunteered to assist a comedian performing at a local comedy show, and convinced her brother to go on stage with her. They so stole the act, that they were asked to join the comedy troupe, as the only child participants. They had a great deal of fun writing and performing their own material for close to three years with [The Clean Comedy Club](#), mostly on stage but also on a couple of local TV shows.

Our friend, Martha, did a photo shoot when the comedy troupe leader said she wanted “promotional photos”



They were still performing comedy when our city launched a kids' Star Quest talent show, so Heather and Adrian, performed one of their comedy routines.

If viewing online, click photo to see Heather & Adrian's comedy routine at the 1993 Star Quest, when they were 13 & 10 years old



The next year Heather was back at Star Quest, and recited a poem she had written accompanied by an original dance. The year after that Heather performed a monologue as a Vietnam Vet who had been injured in the war. Her last year at Star Quest she performed an original dance.

1994 Star Quest:
14 year old
Heather recited a
poem she wrote
using an original
dance to
communicate its
message

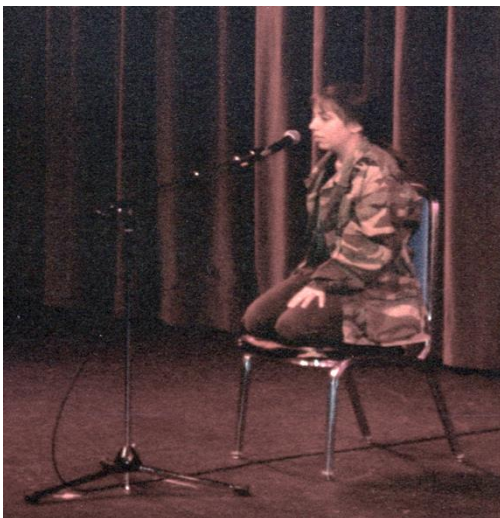


1996 Star Quest:
16 year old Heather
performed an original
dance she had
choreographed



If viewing online, click the photos to see Heather's performances in Star Quest

1995 Star Quest:
15 year old Heather
delivered a monologue
as a disabled Vietnam
Veteran



A newspaper reporter
interviewed her
afterward and wrote:
"Kerrihard became the
veteran...
With passion...
from anger to pain"

Singers were not the only acts in the show. Heather Kerrihard, a freshman at College Park High School who has been with Star Quest since its inaugural show in 1993, performed a monologue, "Dominick Vontano," by a Vietnam veteran.

Sitting on a chair with her legs tucked under her from the knees down, Kerrihard became the veteran who had lost a friend in combat. With passion she delivered the lines, varying from anger to pain, when she said, "You come home and your legs don't."

Kerrihard said she sees herself carrying on in a political arena. She is concerned about social injustices and wants to make a difference.

While in high school, Heather also had a tiny role in the play 1984.

Performing

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As a young adult Heather performed music whenever she could. She never hesitated, or had any fear, just joyfully looking forward to the opportunity to share her love of music with others. She played in a church in Florida, she performed with 80 year old black jazz musicians in a nightclub in SF, She was part of a World Band in Sonoma. She performed at open mics, at parties, and at music clubs. She loved it all!

Even after Heather had mostly stopped performing, focusing on teaching, she continued to play music at open mics, with delight.



Heather played with one of Mike's bands (Black Angel) one evening, just for fun



Above Heather played: "A Prayer in 6/8" accompanied by Mike & Mia

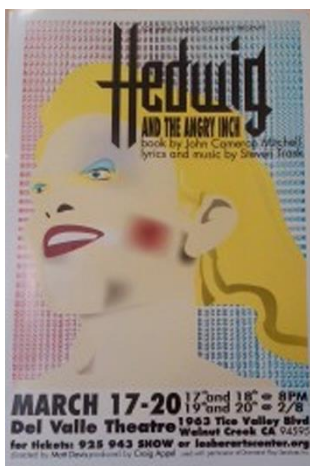
If viewing online, click photos to see Heather perform her original songs at the Starry Plough's Open Mic in Berkeley in 2011 & 2012

Right Heather played: "Tidal Wave", accompanied by Mike



Dave: "I'm sorry to hear of Heather's passing. I was a fan of her youthful musical performances at the Solano stroll and taught her several improv acting classes. She was memorable among my recurring students always kind and positive to me - I valued knowing her."

Heather also took improv classes for a while, just for fun - Keefe joined her.



In her thirties she really enjoyed being the bass player in a local theater production of Hedwig.



Some comments by cast members from Hedwig:

Ryan (Hedwig): “Working with her was truly a joy, and it was an honor sharing the stage with her. ❤️”

Matt (owner, director, and drummer): “Heather was invaluable to us and was a wonderful addition to our production of "Hedwig". Love and peace to all of Heather's friends and family.”

Stephen (stage manager): “She was an absolute kind soul without a hateful bone in her person.”



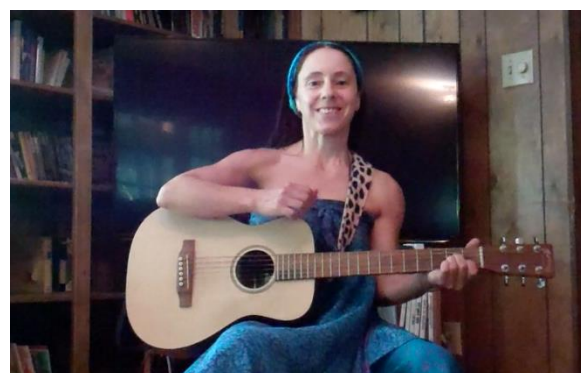
If viewing online, click photo to see a video of Heather, as the Bass Player, in the opening scene of Hedwig on Opening Night

Although she switched her focus to yoga later in life, she never stopped composing, practicing, and playing music. While she lived in Georgia and focused on yoga, she confided in me that she played music most evenings, writing and learning songs, even though she rarely shared it publicly at that point in her life, saying in hushed reverential tones that music touched her soul. She always found such joy in music.

In 2020 Heather wrote a song for Mike's and my wedding anniversary, and performed it for us. I loved her smile as she sang it to us.

If viewing online, click photo to see and hear Heather sing “One Evening At Dusk” to us in our living room on our anniversary

(NOTE: She had an ear infection that day and mentioned that she was worried she might be off key a bit)



I don't think Heather would have called her yoga teaching "performing". She quite adamantly believed that really good yoga teachers should inspire their students to embrace the fundamentals of yoga, rather than being stars of a show. For Heather, I think an emphasis on inspiration was central to every performance throughout her life - so even when she was performing it was never about her - it was always about those she shared it with - and yoga fit that pattern.

From the grownups who joined in with sound-makers to encourage a one-year-old to dance, to childhood friends who imagined plays with her, to her music students who followed her lead onto the stage at an open mic, to her yoga students who thrived as she doted on them from the front of the class - I think Heather's "performances" were all the same - they were her way to connect with others and inspire positive energy and joy.



If viewing online, click photo to join Heather for "Flower Yoga ~ Joy"

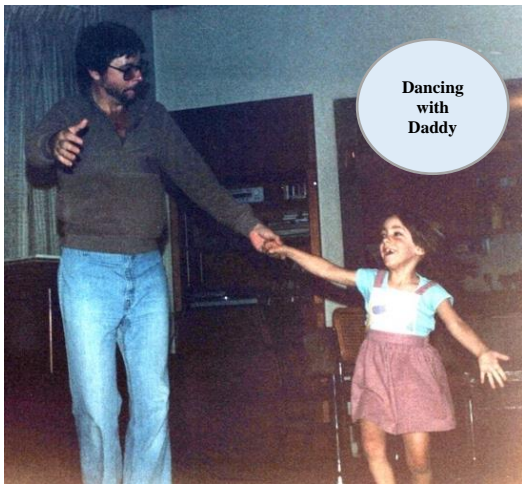
If viewing online, click photo to see Heather & Adrian's adorable interpretation of "Take A Bow" at ages 5 & 3



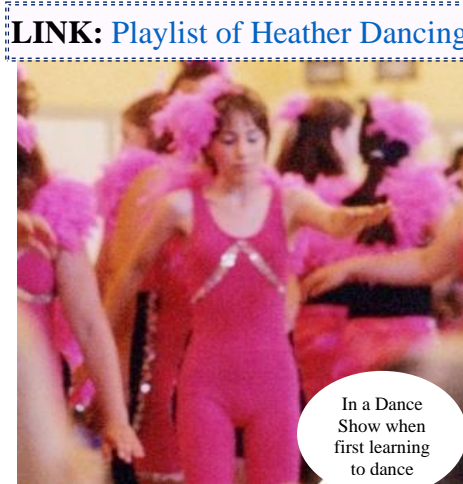
Dancing

Heather: “To dance is to feel the power of what you are, the pleasure of life, & the potential of the world.”

Heather loved to dance! From her first birthday party where she bounced to music made by friends and family, to dancing at home with her daddy and family friends, to teenage dance lessons, to choreographing an original dance to a poem she wrote for a local talent show, to just dancing for the love of it.



Dancing
with
Daddy



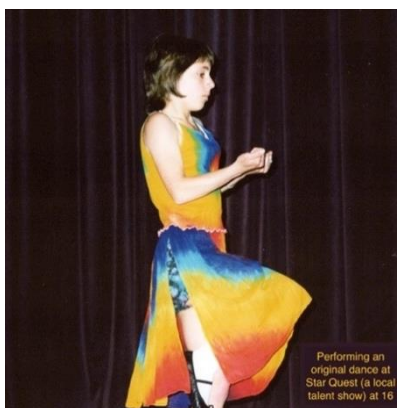
In a Dance
Show when
first learning
to dance



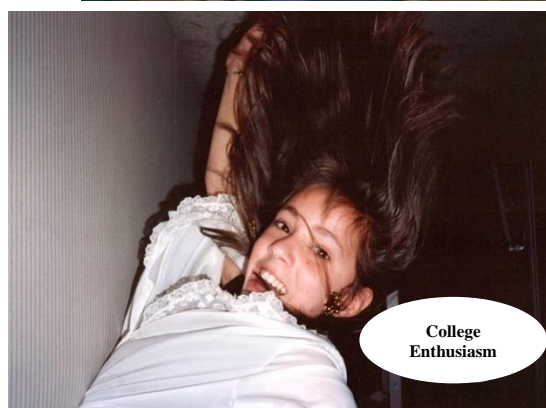
Dancing
at home



High
School
Joy



Performing an
original dance at
Star Quest (a local
talent show) at 16



College
Enthusiasm

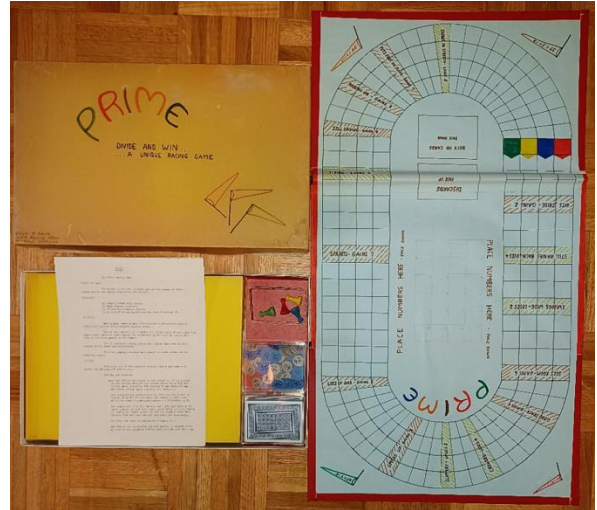


Dancing at Wedding – with Taylor watching

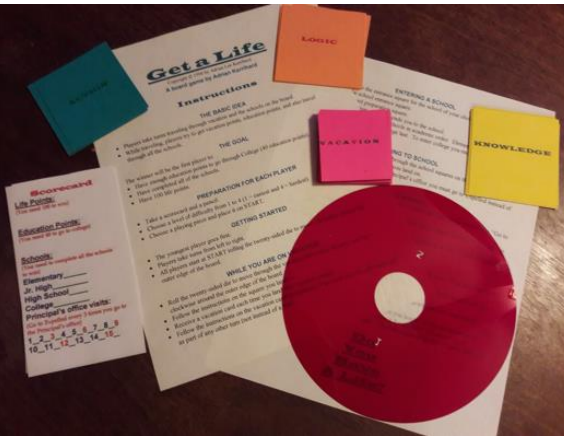
Bobby: “Heather performed her original dances with vigor and beauty at home, flushing with pleasure when we honestly praised her. She broke her toe by the same vigorous dancing in her dorm.”

Games

One fun, brief, hobby of Heather's was inventing games. Heather's grandfather, Poppy, invented two math board games when I was young, "Math-E-Magic" & "Prime", and he and Bobby tried to market them, but the game companies said there was no market for educational games.



Heather's brother, Adrian, invented a game, "Get a Life", in junior high, which kicked off a flurry of board game creations, by both Heather and Adrian, of which a few games survived and are on my game shelf.



Heather's Game:
Imperialism

Heather's Game: The
Case of The Empty Cage

Family Created Games:
Variety on our shelf



Heather lost interest in this particular type of creative project by college, but Adrian returned to it with enthusiasm in his thirties and he and his fiancée created a 2-3 player hidden traitor tabletop game, “Mantis Falls”. They had a successful KickStarter (crowdfunding campaign) in 2020, and then used the success of “Mantis Falls” to launch a game company: Distant Rabbit Games.



Distant Rabbit Games: Mantis Falls

Heather supported their KickStarter, and the creation of their game company, and was very proud of Adrian, for his creativity and for his persistence in seeing his game through from conception to production.



Heather was undefeated at Othello,
shown here being played by
Bobby (her grandmother) & Wendy (her niece)



Heather loved Air Hockey, so she
gave this game to Taylor & Wendy
so they could love it too

Art

Heather had many opportunities to explore art while growing up. Her grandparents, Bobby & Poppy, both painted, and engaged in multiple artistic endeavors. Poppy had an art studio, where he welcomed grandchildren with open arms. Bobby's idea of fun was to do an art or craft project with the grandkids.

Bobby & Poppy



Painting by Poppy of an Art Fair

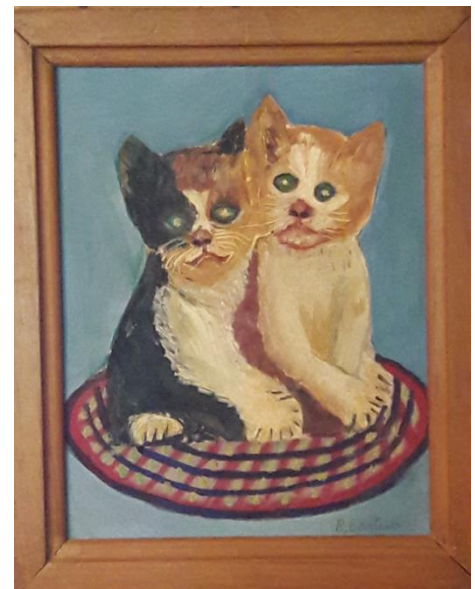


Bobby's parents, Hyman (Papa) & Bertha (Baba), both painted, starting late in life, with their styles reflective of their personalities: Papa's paintings were careful and serene; while Baba's paintings were vivid and bold.

By Papa, Heather's great-grandfather



By Baba, Heather's great-grandmother



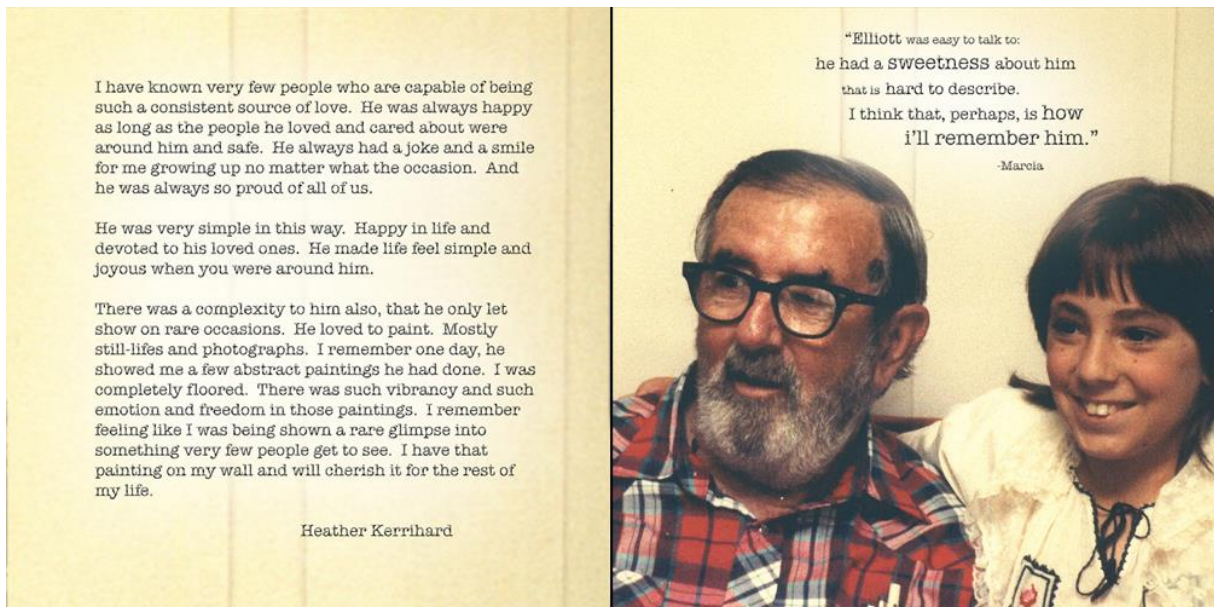
Heather's grandfather, Poppy, defined himself as a painter, although he was also an avid gardener, a principled man at work and at home, a loving family man, and a playful character. His paintings adorn our walls.

A few oil paintings by Poppy, Heather's grandfather



Heather appreciated art, and artists.

Below, Heather explains her love of Poppy & her appreciation of his art, in Poppy's Memory Book

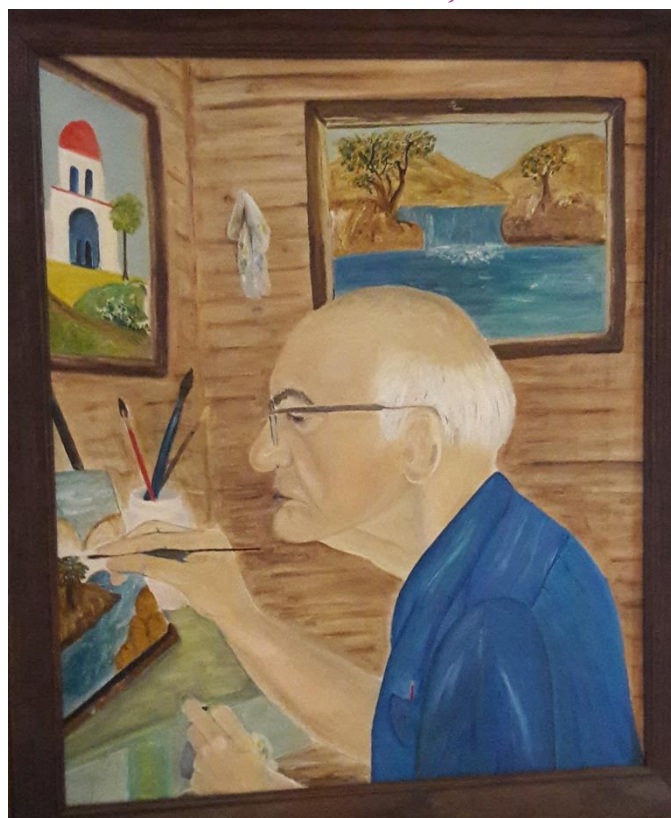


A couple of watercolor paintings by Poppy, that Heather loved and placed in her living room



Bobby only painted for one short phase in her life, to be companionable with Poppy after they retired. Her paintings met with instant accolades, however painting was not important to her, and she did not want to risk outshining her husband in an area of great importance to him, so she switched her focus to crafts the two of them could do together. First, they painted plaster craft and later they launched The Flower Smiths, with my father pressing flowers he grew in his garden, and the two of them using the pressed flowers to make pictures, magnets, bookmarks, and more. They sold The Flower Smith products at art fairs, alongside Poppy's paintings.

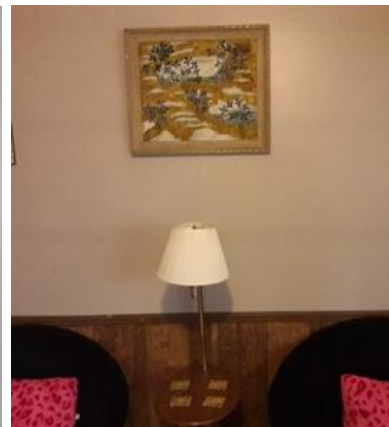
Below on the left is a painting by Bobby of Poppy
On the right is one she painted of her father, Papa



Plaster craft by Bobby & Poppy



Heather decorated her Flower Yoga Studio with Flower Smiths art & a favorite painting of Poppy's



So, naturally, Heather had to at least give art a try.



Heather's painting of her rabbit, Pettle, who loved pushing a big ball with her nose

In public elementary school Heather's teacher told me during a parent/teacher conference that Heather was going to have trouble in life because she would not color within the lines, both literally and figuratively. She gave me the example of Heather coloring an apple blue, and not even staying in the lines, when given an assignment to color the apple. I managed to avoid laughing in her face, and embraced this story as an example of why I was so proud of Heather - marching to her own tune.

One time, on a camping trip, we set up easels and paints, looking out at a scene of water and hills and both Heather and Adrian set out to paint what they saw. I loved that their paintings could not have been more different! Adrian's reminded me of his great grandfather's paintings, trying to accurately represent the scene. Heather's painting was full of swirls and emotion representing the scene emotionally without an effort at precise visual representation.



Heather also painted a few things near and dear to her heart - her bunny, her brother on a baseball diamond, and her family on a hammock while camping.

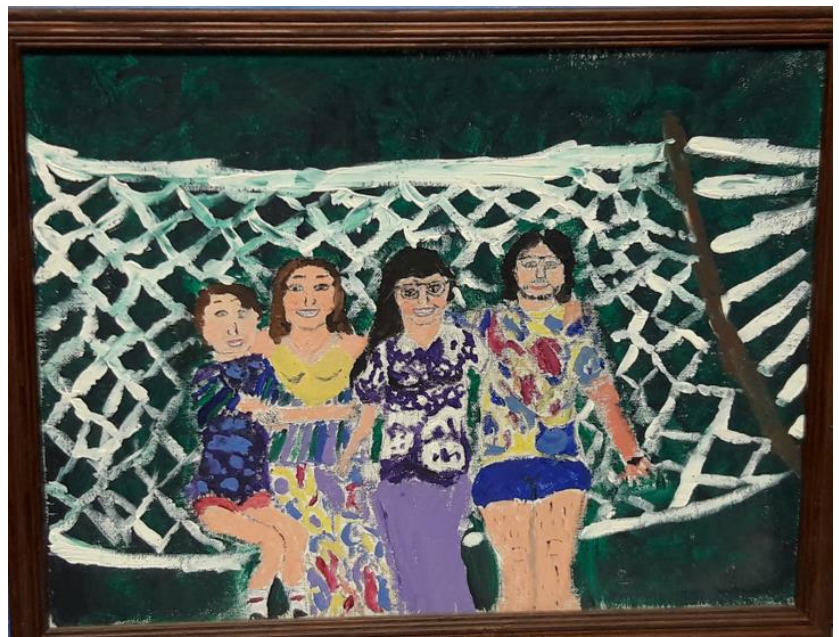


Photo on left * Heather's painting on right



Adrian on a baseball diamond



The Sound of Space



Heather Painting

Heather painted sporadically, when the opportunity presented itself, without really going out of her way to pursue it. She did make a solid effort to understand how to use charcoal to sketch, and I cherish a charcoal drawing she made for me of me holding her as a baby. She said she drew it at Bobby's house, seeking her input as she did it, so she could learn as she created.

Photo is on the left, Charcoal Drawing by Heather is on the right



Sketch of
Thom York
of Radiohead
by Heather

This drawing, of me holding infant Heather, sits on my bedside table as an enduring reminder of Heather's love and creativity.

When Heather went to college she took art supplies with her. There she encountered a passionate artist, a homeless man who painted for spare change that he used to buy more art supplies, rather than to find himself a home. Heather gave him all of her art supplies. She said he would make better use of them than she was. And that was that. She never painted again.

Heather continued to appreciate art and artists throughout her life, most recently valuing the art of her friends Lauren and Taima, and the pottery made by her friend Rebecca.

Gifts from Rebecca that Heather cherished



Lauren: “This is a painting I did that I showed Heather a while ago, it is a watercolor of the aurora borealis and layered on top is a translucent paper that I used ink and colored pencil to depict narwhals in the arctic. Heather was one of the biggest supporters of my art-making and for that I am forever grateful.”



These paintings were shared with Heather by Taima, and Heather kept them in a special folder on her computer

Although she no longer painted, herself, I do think that the artist in Heather remained – just taking different forms. Heather started her own music studio, so she could teach the way she thought would be best for her students. Heather joined donation based yoga studios, and prepared to open her own, so people could experience yoga unencumbered by the dynamics of financial roles. Heather tried to change the world, in her own way, never feeling compelled to color within the lines.

Pam: “One of my kids also colors the ‘wrong color’ and ‘out of the lines’ and I think they bring our world the most hope for change and betterment. Heather did that and touched all of our lives in that way.

Childhood

Born into a Loving World

Heather was born into a warm and wonderful world for a baby. She was lucky to be born to parents who were together and enthusiastic about having a baby, living in a comfortable and safe home, surrounded by family and friends. Although her parents were young, and money was tight, they had family support so she was safe, secure, and in an environment where energy could be spent loving her.



Laurie &
Scott -
one month
before
Heather
was
born



Heather was the first baby for her parents, the first grandbaby for her grandparents, and also the first child and grandchild to be born among everyone's circle of friends. She was a miracle surrounded by people that were thrilled that she was there. I wish every baby could have such a wonderful start in life.

Bobby: "On her first day home from the hospital Heather quieted down at the sound of her mother's voice and no others."

Her grandmother (my mom) became nicknamed Bobby when Heather babbled "bababa", and my mom said "I'll take it!". Her mother, Bertha, had been called "Baba", so it actually made perfect sense. My mom's real name was Violet, and her sisters were Rose and Daisy. As a consequence, I was named Laurel after a bush, and Heather was named after a flower. Heather later named her first pet, a rabbit, Pettie, as a sound-alike to a flower Petal. This flower theme contributed to Heather eventually changing her last name to Flower.



Bobby was a dynamo, much like Heather, and they were kindred spirits. Bobby was raised by immigrant Marxists, obtained a Master's degree in 1950 when most women did not, became a political activist starting in her teen years, and then went on to have a career as the Director of one non-profit after another, trying to make a better world. She was brilliant and kind. We all called her a Pollyanna, as she was endlessly cheerful and optimistic. She lived until she was 92, and was a consistent loving grandmother always.

Her grandfather (my dad) became "Poppy" when Heather arrived. Poppy was a character with character - a highly principled man with a playful personality. He worked to support the family, rather than out of love for his work, and compensated by focusing on his hobbies of painting and gardening. He was famous in our family for his love of chocolate. He adored Bobby, and loved Heather and his whole family, with consistency throughout his life.



Painting by Poppy of an art fair he was in



Heather expressed her feelings well, at age 17, in these excerpts from their 50th Anniversary Book

As grandparents they, as a couple, have always been a source of constant love, caring, sweetness, and magic. Their house has this overwhelming and magical feeling of warmth, love, and family togetherness. I've always theorized that part of that feeling was the warmth between them. Or maybe a happy loving house is just the result of a loving and happy couple who've learned to intertwine and share their lives together in such an ideal fashion.

Also, thank you, both, for being a constant in my life. As hard as I try I can't think of powerful enough words to adequately let you know how much that's meant to me.

Bobby & Poppy had a tight-knit friendship circle of like-minded people. Marty & Fran Harwayne were their friends starting in college, and Viv & Vern Sutchter were their "newer" friends who they met in their early 30's. There were other close friends, but the Harwaynes and Sutchers were more like family - joining us to celebrate special events throughout our lives. Our generation of Harwaynes, Michele and Jon, and of Sutchers, Jan, Steve, and Sandy, contributed to Heather being surrounded by loving adults. Daisy, Bobby's sister, also joined us for many family events when she was in town.

Fran Harwayne, Vi's close friend, holding newborn Heather, wrote this poem for her 1st birthday



TO HEATHER WITH LOVE FROM HER HONORARY GRANDMOTHER HARWAYNE

There once was a small girl named Heather
Who smiles through both foul and fair weather
She was born in the fall
And brought joy to all
For her sake we've all come together.

She's reached the old age of one
And thinks life is nothing but fun
She is loaded with toys
And all of life's joys
Her smile is as bright as the sun.

Her parents are Laurel and Scott
Who are really quite proud of this tot
They love and adore her
Want all good things for her
To achieve this, they'd give up a lot.

Her grandparents also take pride
In this child whose charm can't be denied
To them she's so fair
There are none to compare
Even though you might search far and wide.

Heather also has Martha and Jon
Whom she knows she can always call on
Her smile always charms them
Her cries quite alarms them
At her whim they'll run hither and yon.

So hooray for our Heather's first year
She's made the world a happier sphere
May she grow strong and tall
Know life's joys - great and small
And remain always a person so dear.

Marty Harwayne



Vern Sutchter was a gifted photographer to whom we owe thanks for many of Heather's best childhood photos



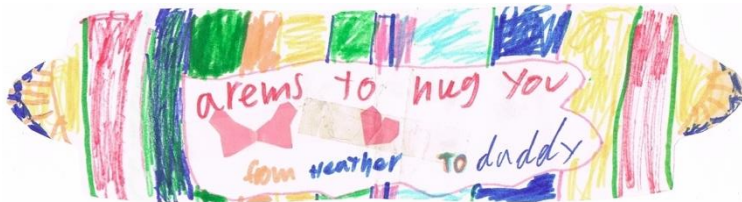
Daisy, Vivian Sutchter, and Heather at a party



Viv knitted this baby blanket for Heather



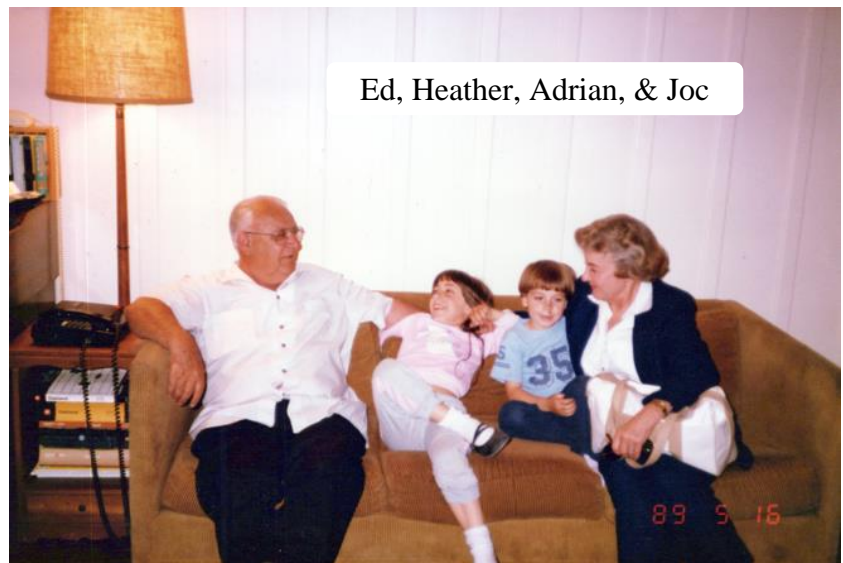
Heather's dad, Scott, had a degree in Philosophy from UCB and was working in a local bookstore when Heather was born. The job was not what he had hoped for, and by the time Adrian came along he had enrolled in a Master's program in Librarianship at San Jose State University. We were pretty poor during those school years, but family helped us through that time. Afterward, Scott got a job as a newspaper librarian at the San Francisco Chronicle and stayed working there until he retired. Like Poppy, he worked for the money for his family, not for the love of the work, and compensated by seeking fulfillment at home.



Scott read with an endless thirst for knowledge, enjoyed and appreciated all manner of music, adored our dogs, and loved our long camping trips. He passed on all of these loves to Heather.



Scott's parents, Heather's grandparents, Ed & Jocelyn, lived in Seattle, Washington, so we did not see them too often. However, every year or two there would be a special visit. Ed & Joc also really got into giving gifts for birthdays and holidays, making those exciting occasions for Heather. They delighted in giving cute outfits as gifts, so if you ever notice Heather in fancy attire as a little kid, the odds are good that was a gift from Ed & Joc. Scott's brother, Chad, and his wife, Sherry, and their kids Krista and Justin, also lived in Washington State but we saw them less than Ed & Joc, so although visits with them were memorable, they did not play a major role in Heather's childhood.



Ed, Heather, Adrian, & Joc

Cousins Justin (baby on the left) and Krista, with baby Heather



Prior to Heather's birth, my close friend, Jan (the daughter of my parent's friends the Sutchers) and I started a business we called *The Data Handlers*. I had a degree in Sociology from UC Berkeley, and we both had worked doing data analysis during college, so we had the skills we needed. Our plan was to be able to work flexibly from home, so we could have children and be with them - rather than putting them in day care. We kept this business afloat for 8 years, and it accomplished our goal. When Jan decided to leave the business, to take a job that appealed to her, I continued on as an Independent Contractor for another 8 years, and was able to continue to be home with my kids a great deal of the time.



Bobby: "I recall Heather, at about 15 months old, hitting keys, leaning forward and peering into the turned off computer, as she'd seen her (nearsighted?) mother do. Also, picking up miscellaneous pieces of paper and carefully depositing them in the filing cabinet."

Heather was the first of Jan's and my children, so Jan helped me adjust to motherhood and loved Heather by my side. Later she and I added sons just month's apart (Adrian & Colin), then later still she had



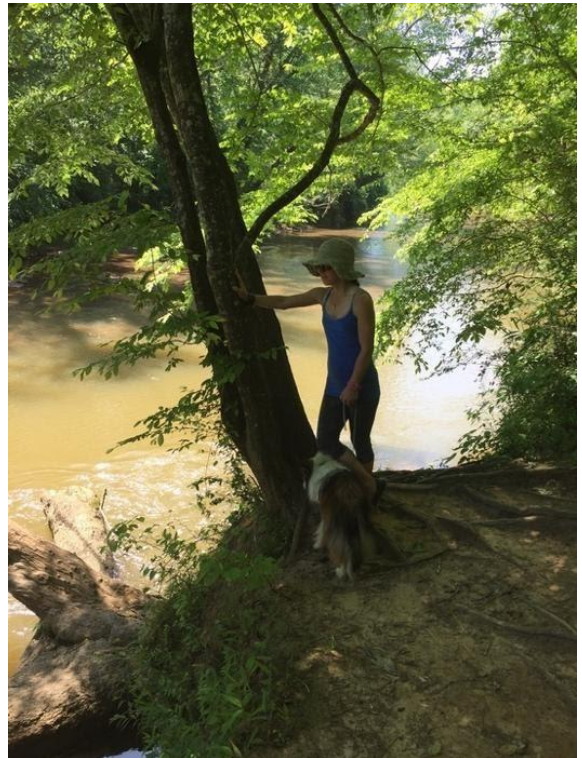
her own daughter (Jenn). Throughout Heather's life Jan's family was alongside ours, part of her warm world.

Below Jan & I before kids & right pregnant with our boys

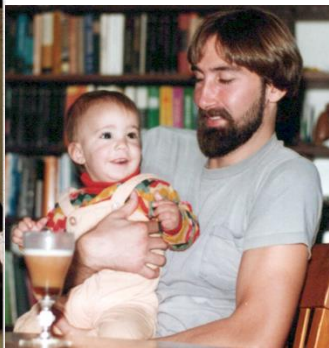


Jan: “It is with deep sadness that I write these words. I knew Heather all her life and it is tragic that it was cut short. Heather was such a sweet, kind, energetic, and fun child. She grew into a caring adult who took an interest in everyone and everything in her orbit. I loved hearing about what books she was reading, her latest passion, and her thoughts on life. I will miss her emails welcoming the change in season, telling me about her garden and her cats.”

Jan: “Here is a picture I took of Heather and Ginger when I visited Georgia a few years ago.”



Jon Harwayne, as the son of my parent’s best friends, has been like a brother to me since we were babies. He became Scott’s close friend as well. Jon doted on Heather, and I loved seeing them together.



Jon: “I have to admit that Heather was a bit of a mystery to me. I loved her to pieces since the day she came home from the hospital. As she grew up, I was constantly amazed (and eventually in awe) of her growth as a person, continually searching, growing, expanding her horizons. Surprise! Heather is a musician! A performer! A teacher! An athlete! A jazz aficionado! A jazz performer! A yoga instructor! Constantly searching and growing, but always a loving daughter, sister and concerned human being. I regret not knowing her better as an adult, the missed concerts we could have attended together... The last time I saw her, I was struck by her maturity, poise, confidence... She grew up to be an awesome person and I was so lucky to have had her in my life.”

We could not afford our home when Heather was born, so we rented the third bedroom out to our close friend Martha. That was fortuitous, as it facilitated Martha and Heather becoming very close. As an honorary aunt, Martha remained a key loving family member throughout Heather's life.



Martha: “My Dearest Heather: I have known and loved you since the first minutes your Mom walked in the front door with you tucked in her arms. You and I bonded very quickly and deeply. I am a part of you, as you are part of me. Forever. What an amazing spirit! Strong, joyous, funny, wise, and incredibly caring. A gift to all of your family, friends and students. A gift gone too soon. Thank you from the deepest parts of my heart for sharing your life force so beautifully with all of us!”



One cute aspect of their relationship was that Heather could not, initially, pronounce Martha's name, so she called her Marthla. It was so adorable, that we only acted to correct her when it was clear that Adrian was going to follow suit.



Elementary School
Assignment by
Heather

Caring	
A. Write about a special time that you felt cared about by a friend.	
When my friend Martha took me to a store to choose my birthday gift	

Young Heather labeled this photo, in an album: “Marthla and Heather were very good friends.”

Martha is a gifted photographer, and we were fortunate that she turned her camera towards Heather often throughout her life. This page contains photos from one very special photo shoot.



As the first grandchild, Heather also got to have the undivided attention of her uncle and aunt, my brother, David, and his wife Laura, before they added their kids, Robin and Dan to the mix. There were so many wonderful moments where my family doted on Heather.



Bobby: “I loved watching Heather happily and busily tootling around in her walker while she investigated every reachable nook and cranny”



Bobby: “Heather would sit in her stroller and look at everything within her range of vision with intent concentration.”

Bobby: “At her 1st birthday party she leaned on the coffee table, leading the “band” of all of our friends making “music” by shaking assorted noisemakers, making more noise than anyone, and loving every minute.”



Bobby: “At her 2nd birthday party she responded to every present with a gleeful “Oh Boy, just what I wanted!”



David: “I vividly recall the six-week-old Heather’s presence at our wedding reception. The coincidence between her birth, Dad’s birthday, and our reception comes to mind every November....”



Family vacation at Tahoe – photo shows Scott, Laurie, Heather, Laura, Bobby, & Poppy – David took the photo so was there, but not in the picture



Laurie: “For some unknown reason, when Heather was tiny, I used to gently stroke the bridge of her nose and sing to her: “I have a Pumpky Poo, Pumpky Poo, Pumpky Poo, I have a Pumpky Poo, Yes it’s true I do!”. Later, when Adrian came along, he sometimes squeaked when he got excited, and he was so tiny that the phrase pipsqueak came to mind, so I changed this silly song for him to be: “I have a Pippy Poo, Pippy Poo...” Totally silly – something I rarely (if ever) have mentioned to anyone – but it was a gentle and loving gesture of intimacy to a baby who did not know words, but could feel the love in my voice. I hadn’t thought of this in ages, yet when Heather was lifeless in the hospital, I sang it to her, gently stroking the bridge of her nose. She was unaware, but somehow it felt right, like loving book-ends on either side of her life.”



Of course, I was always there with Heather, also, loving her. The bond between a mother and a daughter goes beyond words: she was a part of me and I was a part of her.

LINK:

- [Playlist of some cute videos of baby Heather surrounded by love](#)

Enriched by her Brother's Arrival

Heather's little brother, Adrian, arrived about two and a half years after Heather was born, and Heather could not have been happier.

Adrian's first day



They had an unusually close bond throughout childhood. Early on Heather was tender and gentle.

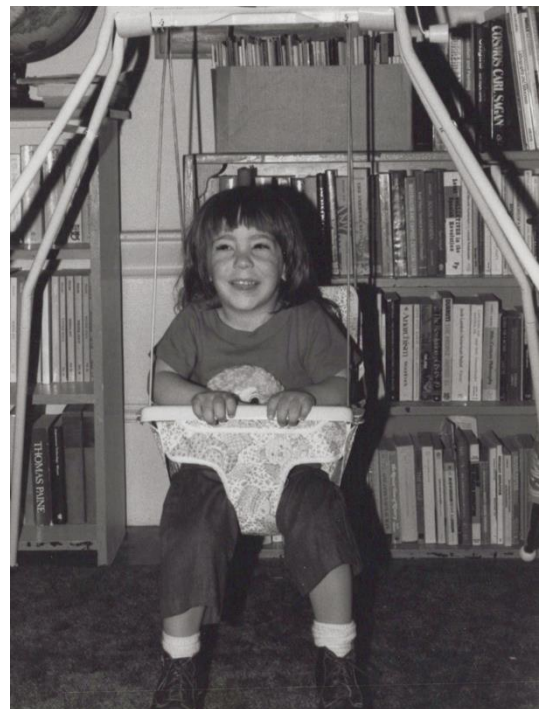
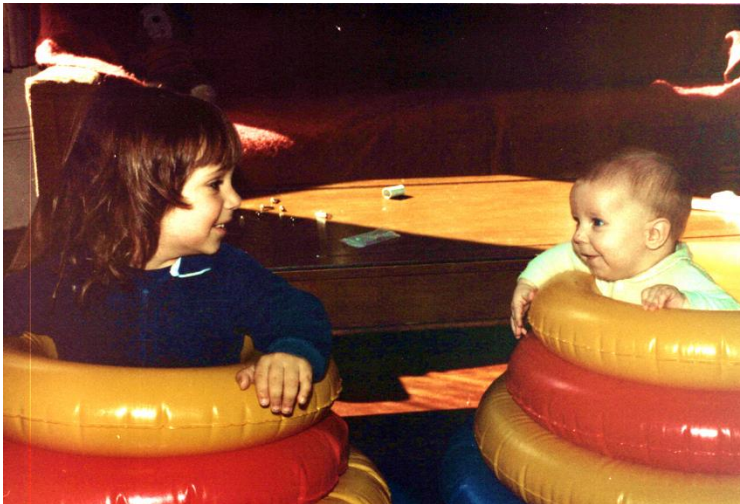
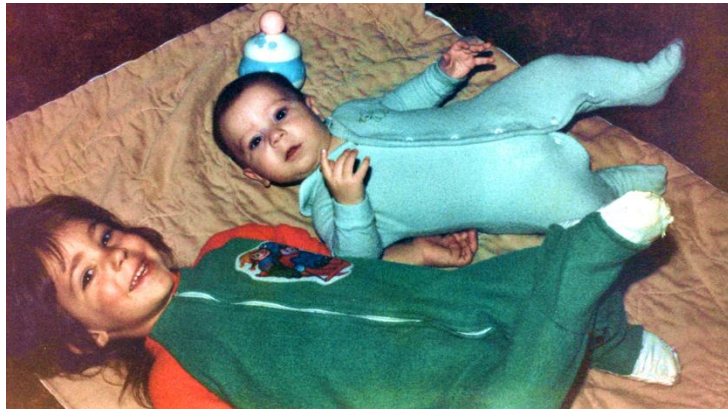


Robin & Dan:
“Heather was
indissolubly
part of ‘Heather
& Adrian’.”

Bobby: “I recall Heather showing the new-born Adrian to visitors with the comment: ‘This is our new baby... and I’m the o-old baby’.”



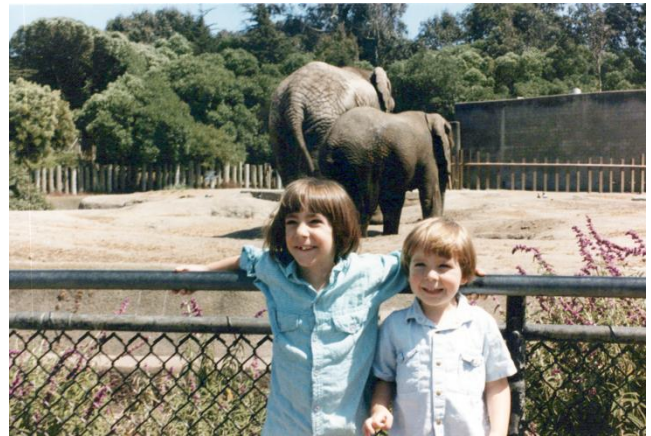
Bobby: “One day Heather was lying on the floor and waving her feet around (as baby Adrian was doing) – when her psychologically-oriented grandma suspected she might be jealous and asked her if she wished she were a baby. Heather explained that she wondered what it felt like to be stuck on your back and unable to turn over or talk or anything.”



She was always sweet towards him, so much so that my friends would comment on how unusual it was that they got along so well and did not exhibit sibling rivalry.



As Adrian grew, Heather was happy to include him in everything she did.



Bobby: "All our friends and our friend's kids spoke of 'Heather & Adrian' as though it were one word, describing an inseparable team."



Heather was protective of Adrian, always.



Heather made a photo album of this day in Fairlyland, for Bobby & Poppy, and dictated this caption for this photo: "And they went through the slide. Adrian was scared so Heather holded onto him."

Heather, in 4th grade: "Heather's brother, Adrian is the pride and joy of her life. They spend countless hours playing, reading, talking, laughing and just being together. Of course they do fight sometimes, but Heather feels her life would not be half as good if Adrian were not in it."



Heather wrote the below poem in Elementary School

TO THE BEST PARTNER IN LIFE, ADRIAN

I love Adrian
In a way I cannot explain,
And I know Adrian
Certainly feels the same.
So I write this poem
Because of the joy em
Of including him
In every game.
He's my best friend,
He's my partner in life.
Sometimes it feels more so
Than a husband and wife.
If I have a secret,
I won't keep it from him.
To other people
He is different from me,
But we are alike in ways
Only we can see.
We talk together,
And come up with plans.
The times we are together
Are grand.



Heather wrote this note in 2019

Feb. 18, 2019
Adrian, I hope you know how
infinitely proud I am of you. I am so
fortunate to be your sister.

Adrian looked up to Heather and let her lead him into acting and comedy and so much more.



When Adrian found his own paths and passions Heather could not have been more proud of him.



Bobby: "Heather was always busting with pride in Adrian. At our family reunion I recall her bragging about him to every relative who would listen."



When Adrian had children of his own, Heather loved them with all her heart - just like she loved her brother.



Heather & Adrian



Heather & Taylor



Heather & Wendy

Enriched by her Brother's Arrival 44

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Heather and Adrian shared so much! They shared joy and helped each other through life's challenges. They loved each other unconditionally. Heather told me, repeatedly, that Adrian was the best gift I could ever have given her.

Adrian: "I remember the dawning realization I had growing up that apparently it is normal for young siblings to be mean to each other. I remember seeing it in my friends' houses, at school and on TV. I remember being puzzled about it when I was young - why would people bring such unkindness from the world into their own home? And why was it seemingly so relatively easy for me and Heather to be good friends?"

As I got older, I realized there are plenty of good reasons it can be hard to be nice to the people closest to you. I also came to understand that I was friends with my sister because of the type of person Heather was. She had an extraordinary tendency to observe the unkind patterns of the world and replace them with love and support, seemingly without even a second's thought. She showed that in how she treated me, from the moment I came home when she was only two years old to the very end. And she showed similar in how she treated the rest of the world - so much support and generosity and love.

Looking back, it's as though she were a version of what humans might hope to someday be, while living in a world frustratingly unready to fully understand that gift. In her final moments, I remember marveling at what she'd accomplished - to be kind and understanding and loving like that from beginning to end, despite the burdens that task carries and the enduring strength it requires. It struck me as perhaps the greatest feat any of us could strive for. I remember thinking that if there's any peace or relief that may come from eternal rest, I can't imagine how anyone could be more deserving."



Exploring a Wider World

Heather was very tentative about going out in the world alone, as she reached nursery school age, so we were very pleased when we found the Child Study Center Parent Cooperative Nursery School, where I could volunteer, helping to ease her separation anxiety at leaving the nest. Alongside the parent volunteers, UC



Teacher, Marilyn, is on the left, with a parent & the school bunny

erkeley students participated in the nursery school as part of their schooling, so there were many adults on site enriching the experience for the kids. From my perspective the best part of the school was Marilyn, the head teacher, who had a calm joy about her as she related to the kids, and inspired all the adults to treat the

There were dress up things and cups to walk on. Our teacher would sing songs to us and that was fun! Sometimes our teacher would put out a big, big, big, big, big, big, tall, tall, square shaped pillow that you could get on and be way up high, and then jump down onto a bunch of soft little pillows. The kids had fun doing this for hours and hours.

My teacher was very, very nice. She gave us a tape of songs she used to sing. I still like them even though I am already ten years old. Sometimes we go visit my teacher after her school is over.

By Heather in Elementary School

kids with respect and tenderness. From Heather's perspective, circle time was great because everyone sang songs together, but the very best aspect was the bunny!



Heather gardening with Marilyn and some kids – you can see the bunny in Marilyn's left arm

Once acclimated to the nursery school Heather began a long-term pattern of befriending people very selectively with her own special criteria. She ignored most of the other toddlers, and made a special connection with Collette – the extremely bright daughter of a mom whose behavior was unpredictable, and a sweet but homeless dad. Heather saw something special in Collette, and Collette shined in Heather's presence. Collette, at 3 or 4, while Heather's friend, told her parents that she wanted to live with her dad. Her dad found a job and created a home for the two of them, and Collette thrived.



If viewing online, click photo to see Heather & Collette



Heather's other main friend from nursery school was Robby – a sweet little boy, who had a little sister Adrian's age. One day at Robby's house, all four kids decided to climb up a large bookshelf, and it toppled, throwing them but not crushing them. Odd how Heather and/or Adrian could have died that day...



Lisa entered our lives during this period. Lisa was officially a babysitter, but she was so much more! I had started a small business with my good friend Jan in order to work from home, flexibly, so I could be with the kids. I mostly managed to keep my work out of the way, in their early years. However, sometimes work encroached.

At those times, Lisa would come over to play with them. Lisa spent hours with them playing games, singing songs, doing crafts and so much more!



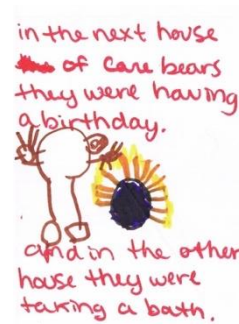
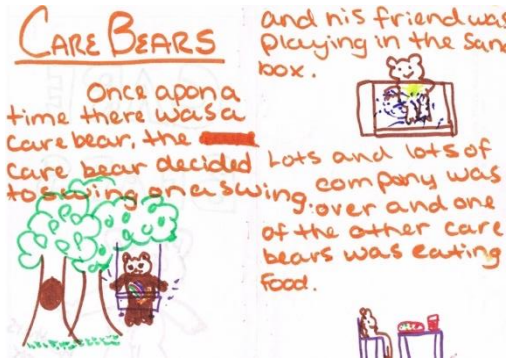
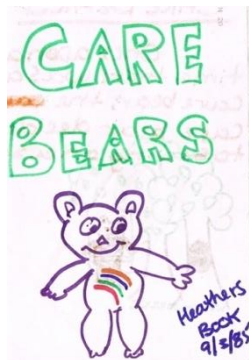
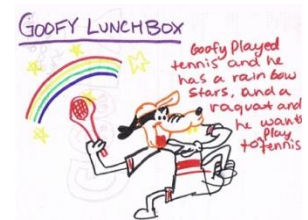
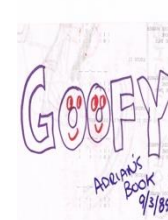
Heather's & her doll's handprints



From Lisa to the kids, and from the kids to Lisa



One summer after Lisa left for college, when I had to work more than I would have liked, and Heather was in need of some tutoring, Lisa and I created Sunshine Summer School, where Lisa did all kinds of fun and educational activities with the kids while I worked.



Later, she introduced her sweet husband, Jack, to our family and he joined us for games & crafts & more. Lisa has stayed in our lives always, and we love her, & Jack too!

After nursery school Heather attended a sweet little private school, Walden, for Kindergarten. She was only enrolled in a half day so it was affordable. She enjoyed the environment and the sweetness of the teachers.



Walden had a bunny too!

During these years first one cousin and then another joined the family.

David: “I had been living with Laurie and Scott, and their beloved dog Amy, when Laurie became pregnant. I suggested naming the baby "Biff," but Laurie, for some reason, thought differently. Soon, I met Laura, we moved into our own place...and baby Heather arrived. (Amy, who had always slept near Laurie's feet, instantly made room for Heather. She was a wise and loving dog.) I have a kaleidoscope of memories of little Heather, who was a sparkling sparkplug from the word go, singing and dancing, re-enacting Betty Boop cartoons, and enlivening every moment. Our two young sons Robin and Daniel adored their livewire cousin, and Heather loved them back. In a spirit I knew well, she had ideas for their names, too: "Buttercup" for Robin, and "Robin" for Daniel. That, that truly, was our Heather.”

Robin and Daniel lived in town when the kids were little, so Heather got to spend many wonderful hours playing with them. Bobby & Poppy, and/or David & Laura, often joined in the fun. Those were joyful times.

Robin & Daniel: “What stands out, as one of our most vivid memories is the improv theater games we played whenever we were together. One was like what you might see on the TV show: 'Whose line is it anyway?' Another typical example would be a game in which 'every sentence is a question.' A lot of the fun of the improv games was the general atmosphere of jokey, goofy, wacky, sarcastic humor.”



Robin & Daniel: “We have lively memories of gatherings in all our various homes over the years. We fondly recall jumping on a small trampoline in the middle of Heather & Adrian’s back yard, kitty-corner to the swing-set.”

David: “Heather in her Betty Boop phase -- what was she, literally 3 years old at the time? -- is the subject of indelible memories. I particularly recall her singing and dancing on a little platform in the backyard, and singing while airborne on the swing-set just a few feet away...”



FROM ROBIN



Written by Heather:

Dedicated to Robin, her cousin.

They both love animals.

Heather's big wish is to make friends with animals.

Lich Lamb is a little lamb. The little lamb is playing in the meadow. She sees a girl named Heather. Her brother is not afraid. Heather's cousin is there to, named Robin. They are kids who love animals. The animals know that so they are their friends.

Lich is not afraid to have Heather pet her. She wants to go play with her and Robin. Robin is playing with another lamb so, Heather and Lich go to have fun.

So they go to Hawaii and we dance and swim. Lich and me find a pencil and climb the tree. A volcano comes and Heather runs and Lich is scared so Heather saves Lich. But Lich cannot run fast enough so Heather takes Lich and runs home and says good-bye to the lambs, and Robin does too.

Robin and Heather love each other and the lambs. They visit the lambs and Heather visits Lich and Lich visits her.

THE END.

Daniel: “I recall playing with Jody. Heather seemed especially fond of Collies (though of course she liked dogs in general).”

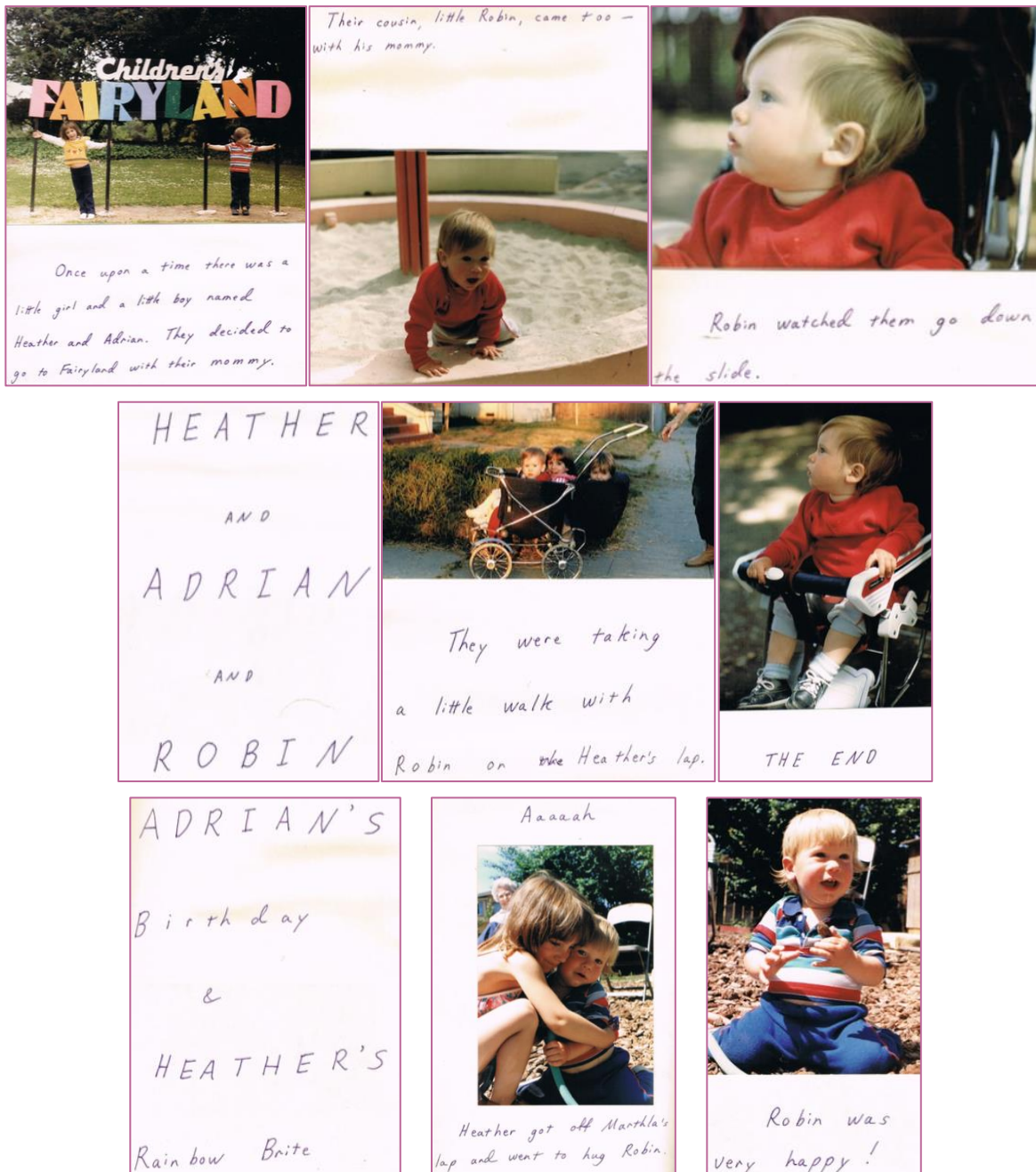


Robin: “I saw *Dumbo's Circus* and enjoyed a special sugar cereal for the first time.”

David: “On one particularly fun morning, Robin played with Heather and Adrian on your living room floor, while I filmed with your video camera. It was like a kid paradise, and the kids played together incredibly sweetly. And it's good that I remember this, since I forgot to take the cap off the camera lens....”

Robin: “There’s a lot I took for granted about what people think and how people behave, things that I consider normal humanity, aspects of myself, that I owe to Heather and her influence. Her kindness, her humor, her honesty, her patience; her willingness to share; her upbeat spirit, and alternately her seriousness; her deep convictions of care for the world, for people, for animals, for justice. Obviously these are also familial traits with a lineage that can be traced back to family and friends, but for me personally, her role modeling to me can’t be overstated. I think back to when I would share a song or a poem or just some thoughtful reflection with her, and the sincerity with which she attended and how much positivity she gave me in reception, it was palpable. I feel strongly that nobody has ever cared more than Heather, nobody has ever been more sincere or thoughtful.”

Below are excerpts with Robin from “Fairyland and Other Adventures”, a book Heather dictated to me, and added photos to, as a gift for Bobby & Poppy, when Robin was very young.



Expanding Horizons

We lived in Berkeley, California, an intense and interesting community. Berkeley tries to be forward thinking and kind, but as a side effect welcomes lots of people who are homeless, dealing with substance abuse, and otherwise struggling. Adults can self-select who to relate to but the schools are a melting pot, and the pot did not work for Heather. Used to kindness and nurturance, and freedom for creativity, she found herself in Washington Public School which had to deal with children who were abused or neglected, and angry, which was a bit scary for Heather and also led to the teachers being too controlling for her sensibilities. She could not understand why teachers yelled, and did not understand why kids were not nice to each other.

Meanwhile, to avoid having any classes at less than maximum capacity, the school made the decision to create a 1st, 2nd, 3rd grade combination class, which Heather was assigned to. The best we could hope for in that environment was that she would learn through osmosis - and she did in some subjects - however she was not learning to read that way. I tried to teach her, but the school undercut my efforts by putting her in a remedial reading lab where the one-on-one instruction consisted of shaming her for not parroting back what they had just told her.

Bobby: “I remember Heather thanking the crossing guard at Washington school for helping us across the road, to the utter amazement of the crossing guard. Similarly, apologizing to a shoe salesman when we were unable to find the shoes she wanted. And, profusely thanking the Tooth Fairy for bringing gifts and happiness. Come to think of it, profusely thanking me and everyone else for any and all favors.”

David: “I vividly remember the dilemma you faced when Heather was in the first grade, in a three-grade classroom taught by a 3rd grade teacher. And the fact that only two parents showed up for parents' night stands out, and the fact that you had to fix the broken swing at her school by stealth, at night...”

Laurie, for context: Repairing the swing was in the school's 'queue' but they never got around to it. They said I couldn't fix it due to insurance. I fixed it anyway, one evening, and the kids used it from then on.



If you are viewing online, and are in the mood, you can click on this photo to hear Heather describe her life, in detail, at age 7

**Heather's Poem, written down by Lisa,
to be turned in at Washington School:**

"PINK

Pink is my favorite color.
Pink is flowers and a lip and a tongue
And a sun and a rainbow.

Pink looks good with yellow
And it looks good with gray.
And Pink looks good with both."

We managed to get Heather through the first and second grade, with my teaching her at home, Lisa and I teaching Sunshine Summer School each summer, and having many talks about empathy for others to help her understand her surroundings.



In third grade I found an alternative. I worked out a way to have her return to the sweet little private school, Walden, that she had attended for Kindergarten: they were willing to let her in at a discount if I volunteered in their office. Bobby and Poppy offered to help cover the remaining cost, which made this manageable. She switched to Walden midway through her third year, and her brother followed her the next fall after completing his first grade in public school (he had lucked out with an excellent teacher, so did alright there that year, but we couldn't count on luck for the remainder of elementary school).

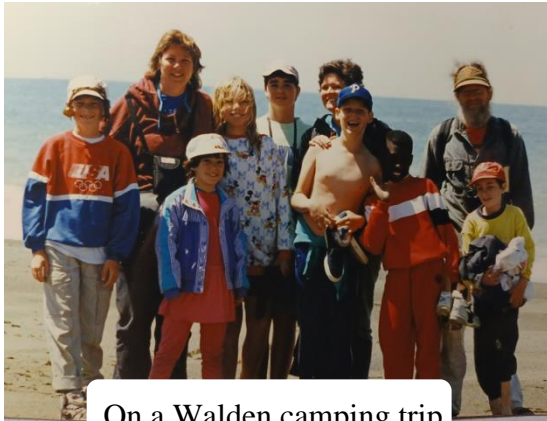


Heather on the sidewalk outside Walden

Walden was gentle and sweet and creative and kind - so Heather loved the school and the teachers. In addition to English, Math, and Spanish, Walden had art, music, and drama classes and Heather loved them all!



Heather, in 5th grade: “I’ve really been enjoying drama and art. Emily, the art teacher I really think is a great teacher, I really enjoy her classes and art projects, and Robert is really fun all of his classes I have enjoyed. Our new study of jazz in music class is great I’ve always loved music. In Spanish I have a lot of fun in class but I don’t feel I’ve learned much in it, but I’m glad we have it, it’s really fun to study another language. One thing I’ve always liked about the upper group is the camping trips they are always the kind of trips that make you say “Wow, what an experience,” and I guess that’s what I say about this year!”



On a Walden camping trip



In a Walden play
Heather is on the floor on the left



Heather in 3rd
grade, with
Mare, her
favorite teacher



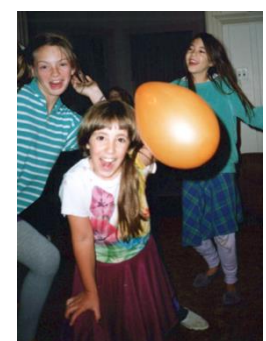
In “Upper Group”



Pottery from Art Class:
Self-portrait above
& Pettle below



Although Heather loved Walden, she and the other students were not completely compatible, as many came from wealthier families, and her perception that they had a sense of entitlement alienated her, especially in the later grades. She got along with them all... but she made no close or lasting friendships.



Heather celebrating her 11th birthday with her Walden classmates + Collette & Adrian

Walden was also a politically aware environment, which meant that sensitive Heather began to be much more aware of the challenges in our world. This was the dawning of an age of deep talks and deep thoughts.

THE FENCE

- - by Heather Kerrihard

Right this moment, I, a sixth grader
sit outside my classroom in jeans with matching jacket,
watching the traffic through a wired fence go by
like the painful endless road of life.

I can hear the cries of desperate birds
screaming out the right to live, breathe, see, hear, feel
just as I am doing.

What is life anyway?, I ask myself,
if not to experience and live?

The fence that blocks me from the outside world
is like the fence that blocks us all
from our true earthly nature, and our need to be, and
ourselves.

We slowly learn to give in, and accept it.
Why have we done this to ourselves?

Heather, in 3rd grade:

"Dear World Leaders

Please try harder to fix up the world.

Love,

One of the People"

early evening fear
comes a turn
on the television for company
and see
the news.

Some political thoughts Heather wrote
down while attending Walden

Fantasia
I dream
of
giving birth
to
a child
who will ask,
"Mother,
what was war?"

Bobby: "Heather and Adrian gave us a live redwood tree for a gift, one more expression of their love of all living things, along with their special love of redwoods."

On a lighter note, I have a very fond memory of Heather and Adrian's childlike dawning awareness of protest. Their dad and I were explaining the differences that begin to occur in male and female shoulder strength, when kids hit their teens. Both kids told us that was not fair, and a bit later emerged from their bedroom carrying protest signs. I don't recall the specific wording, but they communicated that it was sexist to assume physical differences between the sexes, and that our views were unfair. I suppose this was the beginning of Heather letting nothing stop her: Heather's shoulder strength served her well for challenging poses in yoga (headstands, shoulder stands, AcroYoga, etc.), for planting trees, and more.

LINKS:

- [Flower Yoga ~ Outtake ~ Scorpion Pose](#)
- [Flower Yoga ~ Advanced ~ Playlist](#)
- [Heather learning AcroYoga from Juli](#)

It was during these years that Heather started having recurring ear infections, and had to have tubes put in her ears and her tonsils removed. I remember how shocked she seemed to be after the tonsil surgery, realizing that life was not all happiness and light.

Bobby: "One of my favorite memories is Heather calling on the phone with an agenda of "free flings" and reminding me that there were two more "flings" to go, if I started to say goodbye after the first "fling"... I remember one call in particular where Heather called to verify her parents' contention that there was a whale in the bay – she wasn't at all convinced until I confirmed their unbelievable story."

Heather was also starting to learn about the challenges that other people faced. Heather had met Ale during nursery school, and he and his little sister, Mariah, became frequent guests in our home, while their mother Peggy, was working out how to get out of an abusive relationship. Ale was becoming angrier and angrier and tried to take out some of his anger on his sister – but Heather would not have any of that – always intervening and coming up with something fun to do that stopped that in its tracks. It was not all challenging, Peggy was creative, and her kids were too, so a lot of fun activities occurred, and apples with peanut butter (Ale's favorite) became a tradition whenever they visited.



Ale, Adrian, Heather, Corey, and Mariah celebrating Heather's 5th birthday

Meanwhile, Heather and Adrian became much closer friends with a neighbor, Corey, who was half-way between Heather and Adrian's ages. He was very sweet and became a regular visitor in our home, joining us for breakfast most days, since his parents started work earlier than his school opened. Scott and I became friendly with their parents too, gathering to celebrate the 4th of July, Super Bowl, and a variety of other occasions. Partway through Heather's elementary school Corey's dad struggled with substance abuse issues, and Heather and Adrian could not have been sweeter, trying to help Corey cope with his dad leaving the family for a time.

Bobby: "Heather was worried about the effect on Corey when his father was using drugs and his parents were having difficulties."



Adrian, Heather, Corey, and Glen



Corey with younger brother, Glen



There were many fun outings with Corey



They loved Trick or Treating together



Corey's family moved away after elementary school.
This was a happy reunion during high School

Corey was a wonderful friend, and Heather cared deeply when he suffered, and rejoiced when things improved for him.

Heather was beginning to learn about many challenges, still in the context of a primarily loving world.

LINK:

- [Corey with Heather & Adrian](#)

Happily throughout Heather's childhood whatever was happening in the larger world, she was always surrounded by love at home. She spent wonderful time with her me, her father, and her brother, and also with our extended family, and loving multi-generational circle of family friends.



Harwayne, Sutchter, & Smith Grandchildren – at Bobby & Poppy's house
Robin, Casey, Heather, Robin, Jenn, Kelsey, Courtney, Adrian, & Colin

David: “Once, when Heather was 7 or 8, we were hanging out in the park just south of Stuart Street. Heather was wandering aimlessly, with a detached, lost-in-thought look, while kids were playing all around her. Suddenly, Heather snapped into focus, and authoritatively called out: ‘Kids! Here's what we're going to do....’ “



Robin, Adrian, Heather, & Daniel

There was a lot of fun at home, and at Bobby's and Poppy's house.

Robin & Dan: “We recall many visits with Heather & Adrian at Bobby & Poppy's homes, some memories include playing table-top shuffleboard and a throwing game, and a funny incident with a special juice we all liked. Playing games at the Pacheco house, outside in the garden, all around the front and back.”

I am lucky I have so many grown up friends. Some are: my Grandma Bobby, my Grandpa Poppy, my best baby sitter Lisa, and my friends Cindy, Mike and Martha.



Found among Heather's papers from Walden Elementary School

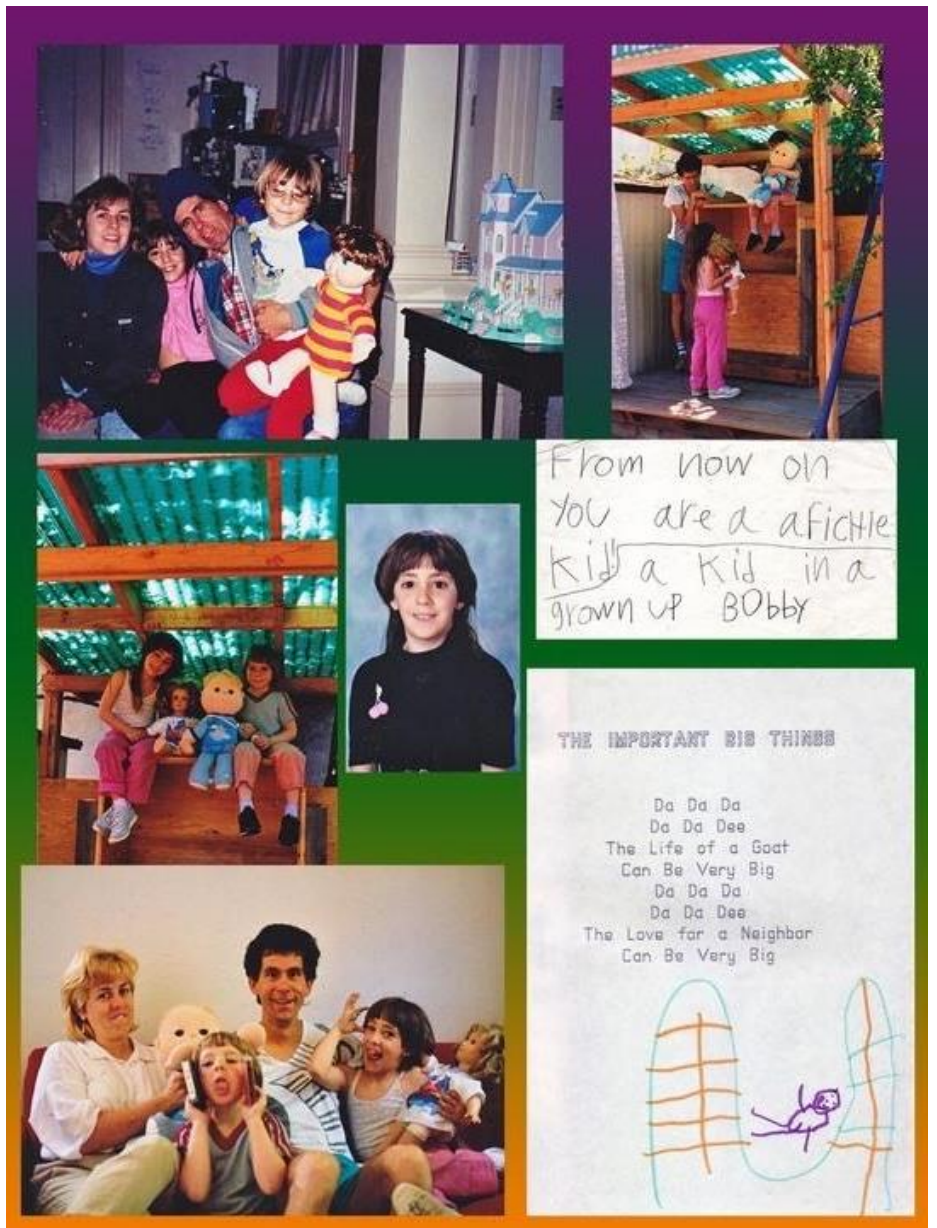
There was built in fun for Heather and Adrian at our home, too. Our friend Martha had lived in the back of our home, when Heather was born. After she moved out we were still unable to afford to pay for our full home, so we converted the back part of the house into a studio apartment, and rented it out to a lovely couple, Mike & Cindy, who played a sweet role in our children's lives during elementary school.

We shared the backyard and Mike & Cindy played with the kids when they ran into each out there, which was often.

A favorite game involved the kids swinging and trying to kick a ball Mike threw to them.



Mike: "The kicking the ball game evolved into a game where they would kick it and I would try to catch it before it hit the ground, which I sometimes did. When I didn't, they felt they had won and got really excited. Then they would sometimes kick it way over my head, with squeals of laughter whenever they did. So much fun. It was a real challenge to throw it so they'd be able to kick it at the height of their swing and it would go higher and further."



Mike & Cindy, along with Martha, joined us for many special events.



For Heather's 10th birthday party there were friends her age and also Mike & Cindy and Martha

Mike was a handyman and Cindy was an artist so, over time, they added enrichment to Heather

and Adrian's environment also, building them a swing set with a fireman's pole, a stage, a rabbit hutch, and loft beds, plus they transformed their bedroom into a magical place with clouds, flowers, Care Bears, and more. Eventually Mike & Cindy moved, and then had children of their own. We are still in touch.

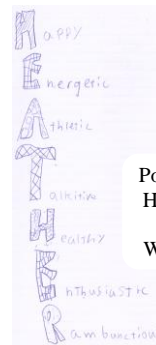


Mike: "I remember how much they appreciated the stage, they often thanked me for building it. I think they liked it most of all because now they could put on real shows. Always a treat to see a Heather & Adrian show on the stage I built myself. Who could ask for more?"



Mike: "A few days after Cindy, Marie and I had painted their room, Heather came up to me like she had a secret to tell. She looked at me and quietly thanked me for sprucing up their room. She said it made her happy because Adrian was sleeping much better now thanks to a Care Bear on the door looking over him. So touching. She's happy because he was feeling better."

Poem by Mike: "HEATHER
Heartfelt being walks among us
Eager Goddess blazes with clarity and repose
Always willing to help those in need
Tirelessly spreading light and joy
Her smile -- etched forever in our memories
Empathy this deep bears awesome fruit
Realize we have been blessed to know her even briefly"



Poem by
Heather
in
Walden



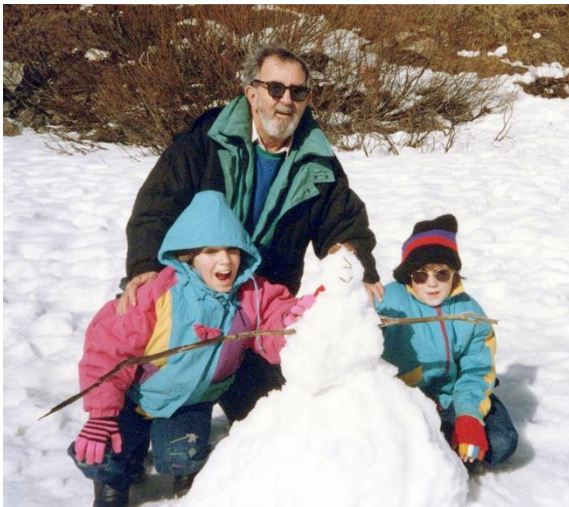
There were also special family outings, often with Bobby & Poppy, to places like the zoo, Marine World, and even Disneyland.



Marine World



Disneyland



Lake
Tahoe in
the Winter

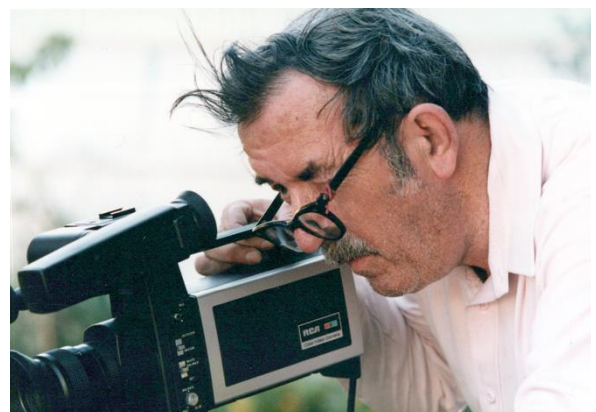


Heather, wrote this poem in 1989 at age 10:
“HAPPY ANNIVERSARY BOBBY & POPPY

A long time ago
Bobby and Poppy married.
They’ve been married
For a long, long time.
And now it’s
The end of this rhyme.

Forty-two years --- Wow!

Bye, Bobby and Poppy ”



Poppy did most of the video taping

Bobby: “I appreciated how Heather listened to our frequently repeated ‘stories’ and ‘wisdom’ with apparent appreciation; always being respectful and considerate of our feelings.”

Camping remained a major part of our lives during this time period, as we went camping for almost every vacation, with Scott's union job providing him with 4 weeks of vacation a year, that I managed to match through the flexible scheduling of running my own business. Bobby and Poppy often joined us when we camped nearby.



As always, our pets were a very important part of Heather's life!

My dog helped me when I was at the beach. I was talking to a stranger and my dog Amy was worried because she did not know the stranger. She barked to warn me that she could be bad, cause how do I know? But she was nice.



By Heather in Elementary School



I love Pettie very, very much and I know that she loves me very, very much, too. I know that very rarely Pettie gets upset with me.

I try my best to make most of her life wonderful, and I'm very great at it. Most of her life I give her love, and fresh food, and water and lots of times that I play with her, which is different than cuddling her which I also do.

But if she bites me, I have to punish her or she'll never learn. And if I don't have time to let her out of her cage, then I just can't.

Heather, in 4th grade: "We got a new dog, named Jody who is young and very frisky and playful, unlike Amy who was older and calmer. Jody seems to need love and the family is growing to love her."



If viewing online, you can click on this photo to see Adrian petting Jody

These years were filled with so many good times, alongside some challenging ones.

Boring Suburbs

The prospect of public middle school in Berkeley looked worse than public elementary school. There were gangs and rapes at the school. Heather was not a tough street kid – actually more or less the opposite – being sweet, gentle, and vulnerable. There was no private middle school that we could afford even with volunteering.

Heather's grandparents lived in nearby suburbs and convinced us that a fresh start in a safer place would be good. We moved to Pleasant Hill, a middle income “safe” town, and thus began the years of Pablum. In retrospect, if we had been able to find a way for Heather to thrive in Berkeley that would have been better – but I did not know how to do that.

Sooo, Heather was in boring – but safe – Pleasant Hill.

Luckily, one of her teachers at Walden had two teacher friends in Pleasant Hill, and they had set up pen pals between their respective students, for a year, culminating in a joint picnic. Thus, Heather arrived in town with two close friends: Dawn & Danielle. This was a real saving grace.



Dawn went to Heather's middle school and high school and was her close friend there.



Danielle went to different schools, so was an outside-of-school friend who became Heather's first roommate when she went away to college years later.



All three of these photos were taken at Heather's 13th birthday party. Dawn is with Heather in the upper left photo, Danielle is in the lower left photo, and in the trio Danielle is on the left and Dawn is on the right.

Dawn introduced Heather to Lilli who became a close friend also. Heather made other school friends while we lived in Pleasant Hill, but Dawn and Danielle remained her closest friends.

Dawn: "I was so upset when I heard, because I could never imagine such a beautiful soul taken away at such a young age. But to that, I think of people who never knew her and it makes me so happy that I got to be friends with her for so many years.

I will always remember how I met her. She was in 4th grade, I was in 5th and we were pen pals for our classes. We finally got to meet and I instantly liked her. It was so rare for us to remain friends after that. Then, I was completely elated when she told me that she was moving to Pleasant Hill and we got to go to middle school and high school together. I loved it!

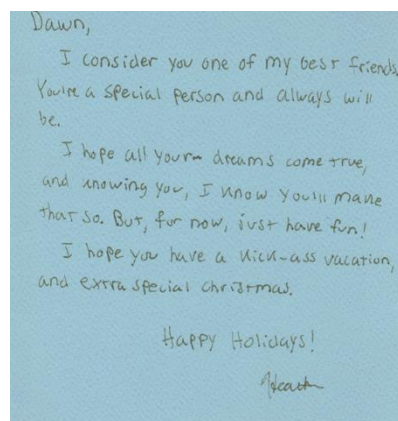
We had birthdays together, sleep overs, and countless hours on the phone. I even found some old "notes" that she sent me when we would write notes back in high school.

As a person, I always thought that she always seemed to know who she was, someone who knew the best way to be. She was a musician, animal lover and naturalist. I admired her for that when I struggled with knowing who I was.

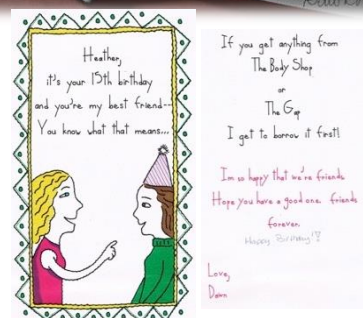
She was the most proud of all aunties in the world. I could tell how much she loved Adrian's children by the way she talked about them. It was a beautiful relationship I am sure.

My life was enriched having known and loved her. Please know her CA friends have not forgot and will never forget that sweet girl. Heather, we will miss you as you were very loved. Rest well, sweet friend."

This is a short, sweet card Heather sent to Dawn during High School



These are all letters and cards from Dawn to Heather



Dawn & Heather



I found a few of the many letters and cards from Danielle to Heather



Danielle acting out Charades

Danielle: "It's been a very long time and I don't remember much about meeting Heather other than our teachers were friends and assigned each student in our classes pen pals for the year. I wish I could remember any of the letters I sent to Heather or that she sent me but I must have loved writing to her because I do remember I was very excited to meet her at the end of the year picnic both classes shared. Unlike most of the other students and their pen pals, Heather and I really hit it off and I remember thinking that I actually wanted to stay in touch with her after 5th grade so we could hang out more.

Once she and her family moved out to Pleasant Hill and were much easier to see - in high school she was just a bus ride away - I loved spending time with Heather. She was different from my other friends in Middle and High School. Outgoing, vivacious, earnest, and passionate about the world. She was also a lot of fun and independent in a way that I was but not a lot of my other friends were. She liked to go and explore or adventure. That often included a lot of time at the mall, we were teenagers in the 90s, but also at great music shops, Waterworld in Concord, and even a few times up on Mount Diablo.

I think the thing I miss most about our time together in high school was dancing to music in her room. I was an introverted teen but I loved dancing and having someone else who was brave enough to pick music and start was all I needed to join in myself and have fun."

LINK:

- [Dancing to Love Shack at Heather's 15 Birthday Party](#)

Dawn & Lilli, via social media, after learning the news:

From Dawn to Lilli:

“Remember when the three of us would get together for soup and sit and chat all afternoon? Good memories ♡ ♡. I think I’m making a big pot of soup in Heather’s honor this weekend. Now to find some great bread. She always brought the yummiest rolls to share ♡. I have memories of all of us having lunch outside in the front of CP. Good times. I also remember all the slumber parties we had. 🍷🍷🍷🍷🍷 I treasure those times ten times more now ♡ ♡”

From Lilli to Heather and Dawn:

“Heather, I am making the yummiest veggie soup/stew. All veggies, split peas, and beans, with curry spices. You’d love it. What I wouldn’t give to share a bowl with you right now, and those yummy rolls you’d bring ♡ ♡. I think our dear friend would approve ♡. I’m missing our get together so much right now. I love you guys ♡

From Dawn to Lilli:

Your choice is so Heather. Good Job. I so miss her already. I keep seeing things that remind me of her ♡.”

Dawn: “Laurie, you two had a wonderful relationship, one which I am sure many mothers and daughters wish they had. You two were fortunate to have had each other in your lives.”



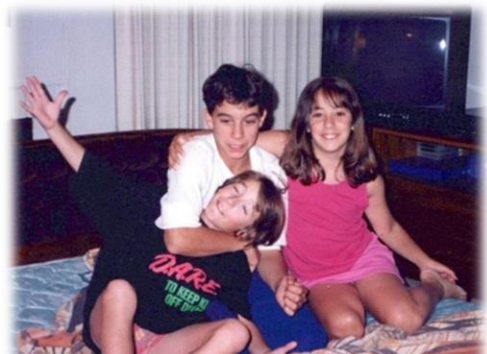
Dawn & Danielle in back row
Collette & Heather & ? in front

Lilli: “I have been friends with Heather since high school and just found out today of her passing. Such a tragic accident. She will definitely be missed.”

Our first summer in Pleasant Hill, Heather & Adrian made a friend in the neighborhood. Similar to Corey (the kids’ neighbor in Berkeley), Anthony was between their two ages. At first they had a lot of fun together, being pretty silly, however they were very different people and the relationship did not last.



Anthony with Heather



Anthony with Adrian & Heather



Heather going to Middle School Dance

Valley View Middle School was really tedious, academically, although a few of her classes allowed her the opportunity to do some writing, which gave her pleasure.

Heather, as part of a middle school assignment:

Like: Extra little pleasures; music (Madonna); and comedy class

Dislike: School (sort of); Mrs. Agron; Mr. Squiret; Mr. Noteangelo; Mr. Salmorn; Miss Zeteberg; and Mr. Baker

LINK:

- [Heather's brief appearance in a Halloween Parade at Valley View Middle School](#)

College Park High School wasn't much better. However she did have two wonderful teachers in high school - her sophomore English teacher and her Psychology teacher. Both appreciated Heather for who she was, and encouraged her, in a context where many of her teachers did not "get" her at all.

I am so grateful to those two teachers, for the contribution they made to Heather's life: they gave her an opportunity to write and write and write.



Posed photo at school in Freshman year of High School

Dear Readers,

I hope that you enjoy reading my portfolio. I love to write and I hope that comes across in my writing.

This is a collection of all my writing assignments in English class this year, my freshmen year, 1995.

I enjoyed the writing assignments that I had freedom with, such as the autobiographical incident, and the free writing. In fact, I wrote three of them. Don't worry, you don't have to read them all!

Well, it looks like you have a lot of reading ahead of you so I'd better let you get to it. I'll close by saying, that while reading my portfolio, you may laugh, you may cry, and you will get to know me.

Sincerely yours,

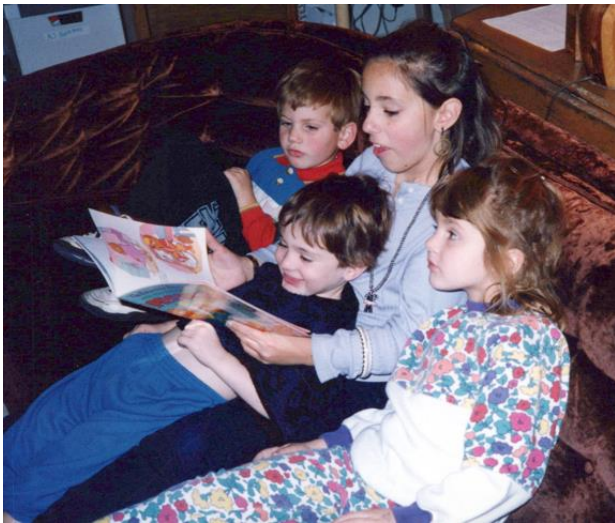
Heather Lynn Kerrihard

Heather Lynn Kerrihard

Heather compensated for the blandness of her school and neighborhood by creating her own gusto. She started a babysitting business in Berkeley and expanded it greatly in Pleasant Hill, establishing a number of regular clients, and also specializing in managing



groups of kids for kid and adult parties, so the adults could enjoy themselves too. Adrian helped with the group events.



THE KERRIHARD SITTERS

Heather & Adrian Kerrihard
are offering a new babysitting service for children aged 1 & older.

We will supervise them, and entertain them as well!

The babysitting will take place in our house:

1819 Stuart Street, in Berkeley

Our mother will be there in case of emergency.

We will charge only \$1 an hour.

The first time we babysit your child, the first 2 hours are free!

We are usually available:

Monday 6:30-9 PM
Tuesday 7-9 PM
Wednesday 11 AM - 9 PM
Thursday 5-9 PM
Friday 4-10 PM
Available other times on occasion.
Saturday & Sunday's availability varies.

Please call to make reservations.

548-6645

Your child will be in good hands with the Kerrihard Sitters!

Babysitting is how she met Josh, a neighbor boy, who she babysat and grew to take a special interest in. His life took quite a few challenging turns, and she cared and let him know it. They stayed friends forevermore. He got a tattoo to remember her by - which included, in her handwriting, something she wrote in her journal that spoke to him - they were that close.



Josh: "I finished my tattoo for Heather. What was very funny and made me laugh was a dragon fly flew into the room on my last session with the artist and stayed the whole time until I left. I feel signs all the time and am still processing this news as she made such an impact on who I am today."

Josh: "Heather, I am who I am because of you, you inspired me, you held me, you helped me learn how to love myself. There are no words to describe how broken my heart is that you are not here but I know you are never gone. I will continue to search for the signs you leave me every day, to never give up, to be the best version of myself that I can be. With all my heart I miss you terribly and love with every breathe I have.

It's never goodbye, but I will see you soon." 🙏

These years were very creative years for Heather, and for Adrian! This creativity was fundamentally important to Heather's transition from a child to an adult. They helped to define her.

Almost immediately upon arriving in Pleasant Hill Heather and Adrian joined a comedy troupe, as the only child performers. They loved it! They



wrote their own material and performed on stage, on public access TV, and at Star Quest (a local annual talent show for kids).

Robin: "I recall youthful performances of Heather and Adrian's comedy, some on video. Just an overall playful, ironic humor; often silly and always good natured."



Heather also studied dance, performed in a local dance show, and choreographed two dances to perform at Star Quest. She improved mightily between the two dances.

Heather, loving performance, tried to immerse in the theater program at the high school, but ran into several obstacles. One was a principal who loved sports and disliked theater who kept doing things like "forgetting" about a performance and scheduling a pep rally in the theater at the same time. The other, more challenging obstacle, was a culture of cliquishness in the theater department, that led to the same kids being selected for roles in plays time after time. She did get one tiny part in the play 1984, but her love of performing was not close to satiated.

Fortunately, the local talent show, Star Quest, gave her an outlet for her creative expression. In addition to performing comedy and dance there, she also performed a monologue by a disabled Vietnam veteran.



Music was an incredibly important part of Heather's life at this age. She happily shared this love with her brother and father. There were concerts to go to, albums to listen to, and music to create.

She increasingly believed that music could be life changing, and her desire to contribute to the life changing nature of music really came into focus for her. She was so powerfully affected by music that she wanted to harness that power and impact others through music. When she took guitar lessons her world expanded, as she could feel the power of music in a new way.

Robin: "I have memories of singing Beatles songs in car rides across the Bay Bridge when we would visit. Heather would lead and coordinate us in these singings. Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds, stands out to me as perhaps her favorite of their songs, at least in our childhood."

Robin & Daniel: "We recall being introduced to new music by Heather & Adrian -- most notably, Belle & Sebastian, Radiohead, and Chumbawumba."

Adrian and Heather had a great deal of fun, and found a lot of meaning, through music, together, at this stage of their lives. With Adrian's help, Heather produced four albums of original songs. She remained proud of the poetry in her songs, but as she learned more about music, later on, became shy about the music in the albums. No question about it, though, creating those albums was a real blast!



Heather with Allen Whitman,
bass player for the Mermen

She also had a wonderful experience job shadowing The Mermen, a local popular surf band, for her Senior Project.



Heather's 4 Albums

This was the age when Heather began to have a better intellectual understanding of the inequities of our world, and the environmental issues we face. The powerful emotions that accompanied this awareness almost knocked her off her feet, but she chose to channel her energies into activism, rather than despair.

Heather tried to set up an official political club at school, called S.T.A.R.T. but the vice principal denied her request saying they did not need troublemakers on campus.

Attention Radicals

Does hearing the news give you indigestion?
Do you find our society repressive?
Are you interested in taking action on social issues?
Would you like to join with others who feel the same?

If you feel this way, we'd like you to join :

S. T. A. R. T.
t a c a o
u k t d g
d e i i e
e o c t
n n a h
t l e
s l r
y

Together we will:

- Organize protests
- Write alternative articles and leaflets
- Do political theatre
- Try to create change while having fun.

Let's **START** fighting back!
Let's **START** educating people!
Let's **START** showing our power!

This is probably one of the first completely student organized political groups at College Park since the sixties.
All ages and grades are invited to come!

First Meeting:

Wednesday April 5th from 3-4 PM
in the Club Room at the Recreation Center

(Rec. Center is behind school. Club Room is at the top of the ramp, first room to the left.)

*So, she entered the realm of political activism by asserting her views in the contexts she was already a part of. She inserted some political humor in her comedy sketches, performed a monologue by a Vietnam Vet at Star Quest, protested unquestioning patriotism built into Star Quest's finale, wrote a letter to a history teacher asking him to rethink how he taught about war, wrote a letter to the Elk Grove school board in Sacramento protesting their ban of *Catcher in the Rye*, and spoke out against a proposed CA English Language immersion proposition.*

She also never hesitated to speak her mind with her friends and fellow students.

Bobby: "Heather boldly went from class to class in her high school, making presentations in opposition to the hotly-contested 'English Language Immersion Proposition'.

Heather also took a stand against participating in a jingoistic finale at one of the Star Quest performances and won the admiration of the Chief of Police (who organized the show) for the principled and sensitive way she handled her objection."

LINKS:

- [Heather speaking at the Unz Forum on English Immersion Proposition](#)
- [Heather's Vietnam Vet Monologue for Star Quest](#)

Issues Heather wrote about in high school are present in our society right now.

About WAR

Dear Tillson,

Ch.9 made me realize I had to discuss with you my opinion that war is childish and immature. We are young as a people and that is my only explanation for it, fighting and violence are looked down upon in children, criminals, and average 'Joos'. So why is it looked upon as heroic from the government?

You may or may not agree with these ideas. However I find the way the book presents war, as a sort of game, (it talks about who won, who lost, who was the main achiever, where each "team" was the most successful.) to be the way people talk about the world series. And I find that offensive because my main identity is as a human. Suppose it were a particular race being discussed, and they treated the destruction of millions of lives of that race due to prejudice like a game. Someone in the class of that race, who was proud of their heritage would probably find that offensive. Especially if they were made to learn all about the "winners" and "losers" of each battle, and what great things the "winners" (of the opposite race) got from it.

Well my pride, heritage, and sense of self comes from humanity as a whole, undivided. Therefore it is against my "religion", "race", and views to be taught about war in this way.

If I still have your attention this far in the letter I would like to close by telling you that, speaking from a student's point of view, the view of war these lessons gives you is as a very distant thing, not quite connected with its results or the reality of it, and as sort of a game.

So I ask you to please consider if this is the view you want to give the rulers of tomorrow and the future keepers of nuclear weapons.

Sincerely,
Heather K.

About CENSORSHIP

Heather Lynn Kerrihard
124 Luella Drive
Pleasant Hill CA, 94523

Elk Grove Unified School district

Dear people:

I am writing, as a high school student, in regards to your decision to ban Catcher in the Rye in our high schools.

Your arguments about why it should be banned have several flaws with them. First of all, you don't clarify why teenagers reading these things will cause a problem. Do you believe that they will imitate Holden's behavior? I can assure you that these things are not hidden from us in our daily lives, and that seeing it through the eyes of Holden only gives us something to relate to. There is nothing in that book that is going to force us to do anything, unless we're angry enough that we would have anyway. And, we've seen it all before. And will many times again. Besides, what harm is there in reading it anyway?

But, more than that, you have to weigh the good that it does, against the "poisoning" of our ears.

Besides the fact that it in no way glorifies his condition, or what he does, he speaks the dark side in all of us, and helps us put things in perspective. It is a classic, and is actually well written, fine literature, unlike any other. There is so much to get out of it! It is one of the few classics that we can really relate to.

What right do you think you have to ban a classic like this? How could you possibly justify not allowing teachers to use it in their class room? What gives you that kind of power? Isn't it a violation of the freedom of speech to tell teachers everywhere they're not aloud to mention a certain piece of literature? How could any human being assume that kind of power? If you legally have that power, there is something wrong with that.

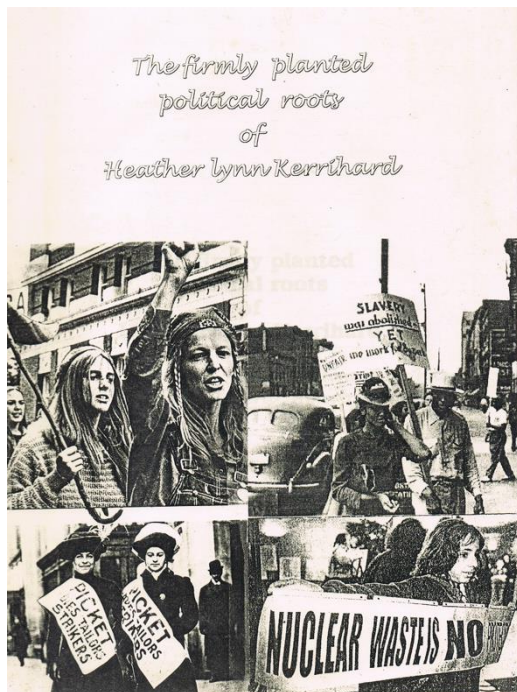
Censorship is simply a bazaar form of mind control. It accomplishes nothing but limits ones exposure, and creativity. It doesn't even accomplish that when it's incomplete censorship, say, of one book.

If you really wanted to protect us from the things in the book, I suggest you implant a censorship device in our brains. It will automatically send a shooting pain down our spines when we have "the wrong thought" and erase the thought from our brains. Also, it could blind us when ever there is something not approved by you in front of our eyes. Maybe then we would live happy, pure, lives.

The truth is, most of the things you mentioned, like sex, there is nothing wrong with. It's just that our society is extremely up tight about it. That very up tightness (which you are contributing to) is what causes these things to become the focus of our society, which is why it has to be reflected in our literature. It must be expressed to be dealt with. That's why banishing it greatly adds o the cycle.



For a school project, she had the opportunity to explore our family's political roots, and she wrote a 27 page paper on the subject, really getting into it!



*The firmly planted
political roots
of
Heather Lynn Kerrihard*

MY AMERICA

I am the result of a long line of Americans with different beliefs and ways of experiencing our country. My father had to rebel against his capitalist father to follow his beliefs. On my mother's side I come from a long line of people who feel similarly to me. I come from a long line of activists, and that is a major part of my family heritage.

The firmly planted political roots of Heather Lynn Kerrihard

1st paragraph, above
&
last page, below

CLOSING

I have always known that my ideas were a part of me. That my hope for a better society was a way of being that defined me.

Through research I have found out that it is also a part of my heritage. That it goes way back in the family history. I have discovered that it is more a part of who I am than I realized, that being a radical is in my blood, that I come by it naturally.

Finding this out has told me so much about myself. It has given me an explanation, for how I and my parents came to think this way, that I never knew existed.

It has also given me a new respect for my past relatives. I'm very proud of them! I can now see how I fit into the family.

It gives my beliefs new strength to know I'm not alone, and that so many people before me thought like I do. Seeing how bravely they all fought for their beliefs also gives me the strength I'll need to fight for mine.

That's the story of who I am and why I am. I'd say "the end" but it's a never ending story. My kids will have kids and the story will continue forever. Maybe one day one of us will help to completely change our society.

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The more Heather learned about the world, and the more she learned about her family's history of activism, the more she wanted to make a difference!

Meanwhile, Heather was able to continue to enjoy the extended family friendships that had always been part of her life, as Berkeley was nearby.



Heather & bird at Marine World



Laurie, Adrian, Heather, Colin, & Jenn at Marine World

Jenn: "I've known Heather my whole life - our moms have been friends since childhood, our grandparents were friends, and even though we had an 8 year age difference, it never got in the way of us connecting. It's not every teenager who will actively include someone who hasn't aged into double digits. But that was Heather - at every multi-family gathering that I can remember, she was instrumental in pulling the kids and teens together into a game of mafia or charades, singing songs or putting on skits.

But there is one memory that stands out with particular clarity. The year: 1996. The occasion: a joint family trip to Marine World (We didn't know! It was a different time!) We'd just entered the ticket gate and we were walking past a row of kiosks selling key chains and hats and things. Something caught her eye and she disappeared briefly into a stall, and popped back out with a pair of round sunglasses with bright yellow tinted lenses. There we were, Heather and Adrian, and my brother Colin - all teenagers, and tag along eight year old me. And out of all of us, she turned to me and looking through those yellow shades said sagely "The world is dark enough - why wear sunglasses that make it darker when you could wear ones that make it bright?" Sixteen year old Heather had a point.

When I think about Heather, that comment made 25 years ago resonates in lots of ways. Even though the world can be dark, it doesn't mean we can't be kind, or passionate. That we shouldn't laugh or make time for the people we care about. Those are the values that she embodied so fully, and that I hear reflected when others speak about her.

Sifting through 3 decades of memories is a lot, and some things jump out in high definition - like when Heather took me to my first Jazz show at Anna's Jazz Island. And some come into softer focus, the accumulation of repetition. The way that she laughed while talking, like there was no need to wait until the punch line, or even the end of the sentence, to let the laughter out. The love she had for animals, her pride in her music students, and her devotion to her friends and family. The way she always made time for my brother and me, even when we were all grown - always willing to listen, to celebrate, to encourage.

For 25 years I've had the wisdom of teenage Heather to help guide me and inform my view of the world. For my whole life I have been lucky to be a part of her world. The world can be dark. She made it brighter. That is a light that cannot be diminished."

During this time David's family was living in Kansas, and when they came to visit, Bobby & Poppy would turn it into a major event by throwing a party with everyone they felt connected to in the Bay Area, and also often arranging for us all to go on a little vacation together. Heather loved the chance to connect more with her cousins during those visits.



Dan with Heather & Robin with Adrian



Frozen Yogurt!

Robin & Daniel: “We were impressed by Heather's enthusiasm for her favorite restaurants (above all, Indian -- when the four of us were together, that's typically where we headed). We remember many vacation excursions, with Heather & Adrian, especially to beaches. Once we were surprised to see a deer on the beach (we gave it a name.) Another time, Heather drove us to a Pacific lookout from a family vacation in Marin County – that was particularly bonding. One of our most memorable improv games was played at the Kerrihard cabin during a visit to Tahoe....”

Robin: “I recall swimming in the pool in Pleasant Hill; dancing to music in the living room; going to Amoeba Records and Rasputin's, the overall musical influence; going bowling altogether with Bobby and Poppy at the Paddock Lanes, watching movies at their place; spinning on the footrest of the leather chair; and other visits, mostly just talking about life.”



David: “For some reason, an image of Heather playing the piano at a rental house during a family vacation sticks in memory...”



Extended family dinner - when David's family came to visit



Growing up - Robin, Adrian, Heather, & Dan

Pets remained central to Heather's heart while we lived in Pleasant Hill. Initially we had Pettie (Heather's rabbit), Jody (our dog), and Dandy (Adrian's hamster).



Dandy died of old age, and Adrian adopted a guinea pig, Magnolia (Maggie for short). He loved her, briefly, but she had a heart defect and failed to thrive.



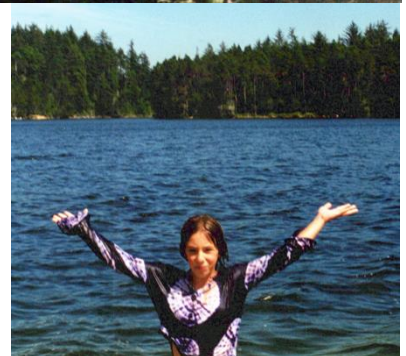
Pettie died when Heather was 15, and although heart-broken, Heather decided to love again, so she adopted Winter, her rabbit, while Adrian adopted Autumn, Winter's sister. Adrian's bad luck continued and sweet Autumn died when she was just one year old. Winter lived a good long life, still living with us well into Heather's college years.



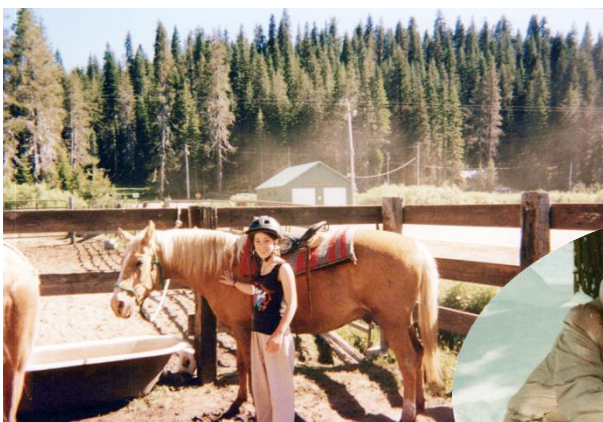
I bet you can guess which one was called Winter and which one was called Autumn



As the kids grew older we started going on more adventurous and varied vacations. We had some sensational camping trips during this period, including one wonderful trip up the West Coast to Canada, stopping at several redwood campgrounds, Honeyman Sand Dunes, & the rainforest at Orcas Island Moran Park. There were also stays at cabins and a trip to Yosemite.



Heather loved every bit of it, delighting in the variations of nature and enjoying many activities like horse-back riding, sledding and skiing, a hot tub in a cabin in the woods, boating and jet-skis, snow, and so much more.



Amidst the adventures we made plenty of time for our favorite activities of reading, hiking, games, and campfires with singing, guitars, and Charades.

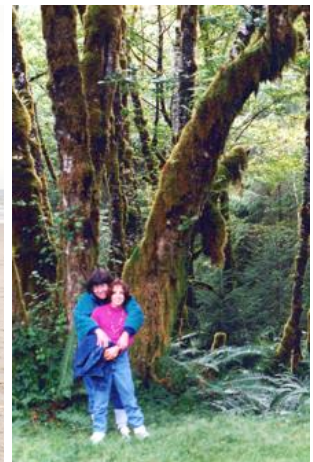


Heather's dad is a sensational outdoor cook

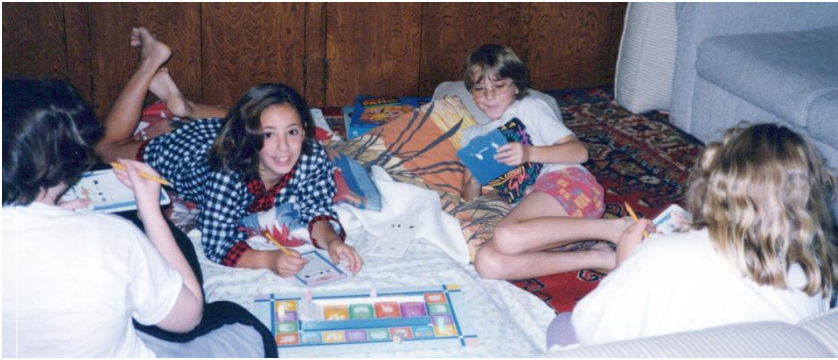
Bobby & Poppy joined us when we camped close by.



As always, camping was our family's joy.



During the school year, despite a lot of homework, we found time for friends to come over, for board games, crafts, family gatherings, holiday happenings, special dinners, TV shows and movies, and more.





Pleasant Hill, was very hot, but fortunately our backyard had a pool. Heather really enjoyed it, as did family, friends, and many kids from the neighborhood. Heather continued to love to swim, always, although she preferred lakes to pools by a fair margin as she got older.



Heather and Adrian knew all the kids from the neighborhood because of their babysitting and because of the pool. One year, just for fun, they created a Kiddy Carnival in our front yard. Heather was the fortune teller.





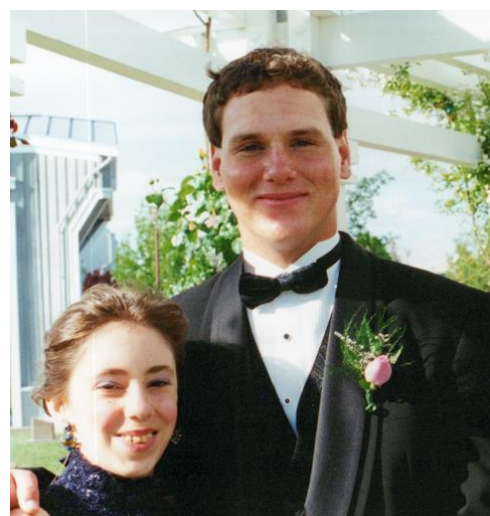
Bobby: “I have such clear memories of Heather in high school:

- Protecting Elliott and me from movies with too much violence or swearing, particularly when we went together to select videos.
- Carefully explaining the symbolism in complex contemporary movies when we found them incomprehensible.
- Occasionally, reading aloud one of her many wonderful poems to an appreciative audience of parents and grandparents.
- Always making herself available to help with any and all problems her friends were having – with school, parents, boyfriends, etc., etc.
- Sitting up all night with her friend’s sister, who she barely knew but who was anxious about an up-coming surgery.
- Having passionate devotion to animals with indignation over any abuse they are made to suffer.
- Being concerned that Capitalist consumerism was being pushed as a substitute for the more meaningful aspects of life, Heather put her ‘money where her mouth was’ by urging us to contribute to worthwhile causes in lieu of giving her presents (while graciously thanking us for all past gifts and assuring us that she had everything she needed or could use).
- Taking us to a performance of The Who’s “Tommy” to celebrate her graduation, anticipating and explaining every symbolic development and glowing with pleasure over the music and our expressed appreciation of the show.”

Heather’s first boyfriend, Rick, was a high school football player. She liked him at first, when he was playful, but when he shaved off all of his hair on a dare they started talking more deeply, including about politics, and their relationship was over.



Her next boyfriend, Jamie, was the grandson of a friend of Heather's grandmother, who she met at a large family gathering in her junior year. They had a sweet little high school romance that ended when he left for college. Before that, though, they made a cute couple at the Prom.



Heather's Graduation Ceremony was nothing special, but there was a really fun "Grad Night", with dancing, a casino, an outdoor carnival, hairstylist and manicurist, plus a hypnotist.

LINKS:

- [Heather getting her diploma upon graduating from College Park High School](#)
- [Heather getting her nails done at Grad night](#)
- [Heather Dancing at Grad night - 1st Dance](#)
- [Heather Dancing at Grad night - 2nd Dance](#)



Heather,

*We are so proud of who and what you are –
a profound, logical thinker, always open to new ideas
a principled person, passionate in your beliefs,
a poet, dancer, musician, writer, actress,
a loyal and compassionate friend
a loving daughter, sister, granddaughter...
and, now, a High School Graduate!*

*Congratulations on being you.
We'll love you always,
Bobby and Poppy*



Heather may have lived in boring suburbs but she never became a boring suburbanite – not even close!

Cultural Influences

Note: Unlike the rest of this book, which includes only original photos and videos, this section primarily includes images I copied from the Internet.

Growing up Heather did not spend all of her time being creative. Some of the time she watched cartoons, ate ice cream, or went to the mall.

*Many of the parents I knew spent a lot of energy restricting their children in one way or another. The kids were only allowed to watch **Sesame Street**, they could never have sugar, and swearing was considered a horrible offense. We ascribed to the philosophy that if given a choice our kids would make good choices, so we tried to offer them wide varieties of positive experiences to choose from.*



*That is how Heather came to love **Betty Boop**. She was allowed to watch all manner of cartoons, including the crummy ones on commercial TV, but we made sure to add classics like **Dumbo** and **Winnie the Pooh**, harder to find ones like **Betty Boop** (this was pre-internet), and random ones by independent cartoonists.*



It did not take very long for Heather to be discerning, and have favorites. We had not

*expected her to fall in love with **Betty Boop**, but she did, and it appropriately reflected her budding feminism, her love of music and dance, and her total devotion to her pets. We could not have guessed, and made this choice for her.*

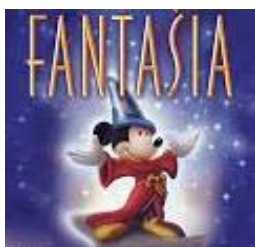


Other times Heather chose popular shows to watch, that enabled her to have something in common with her peers. Some shows struck her funny bone, and helped her develop her comedic appreciation and style.

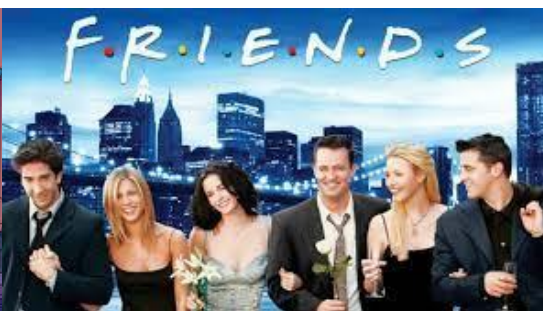
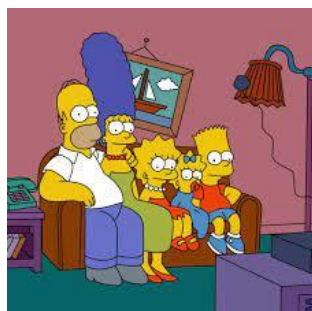
*I thought it was fun, and enriching, to expose our kids to culture from other times, and my mom joined in my search for cultural enrichment and fun. Together we found cassette tapes of **Danny Thomas** telling stories and old time radio classics like **Burns & Allen** and **The Jack Benny Show**, which the kids really enjoyed.*



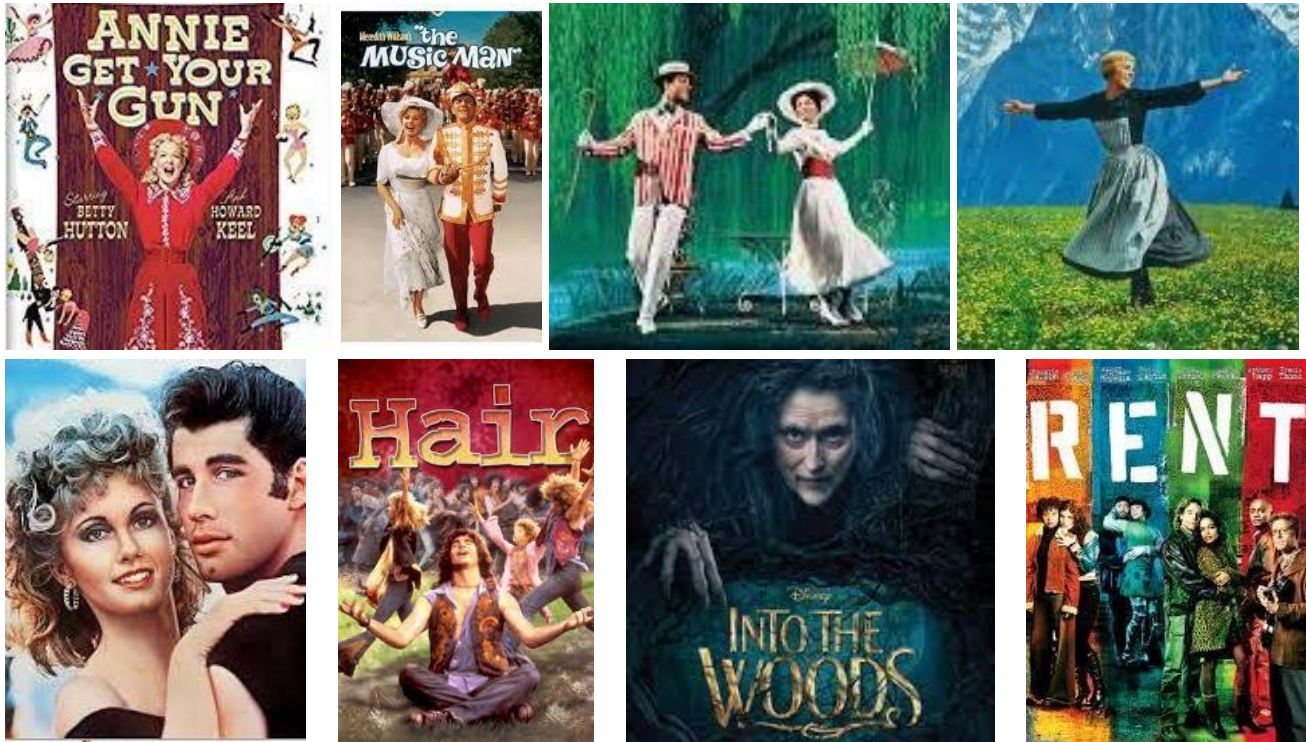
*We found classic fables and cartoons like **Fantasia**, **The Three Little Pigs**, and the **Silly Symphony** series.*



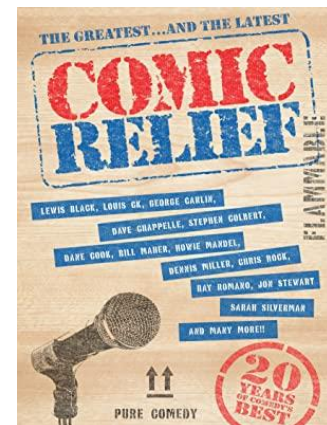
*As the kids got older we shared **The Dick Van Dyke Show**, **Car 54 Where Are You?**, **The Patty Duke Show**, and **Perry Mason**, and they watched those alongside **The Simpsons**, **Friends**, **Saved By The Bell**, and more.*



Heather, with her love for music, watched a lot of musicals, learning all the songs. She delighted in all musicals ranging from older ones like *Annie Get Your Gun* and *The Music Man*, to musicals for children like *Mary Poppins* and *The Sound of Music*, to period pieces like *Grease* and *Hair*, to meaningful ones like *Into the Woods* and *Rent*. She also saw some of these as stage productions.



Heather and Adrian also really enjoyed watching comedy specials, and reading books by comedians.



**PAULA
POUNDSTONE**



They really got into *Comic Relief*, and special favorites of Heather's were *Paula Poundstone*, and *The Kids in the Hall*.

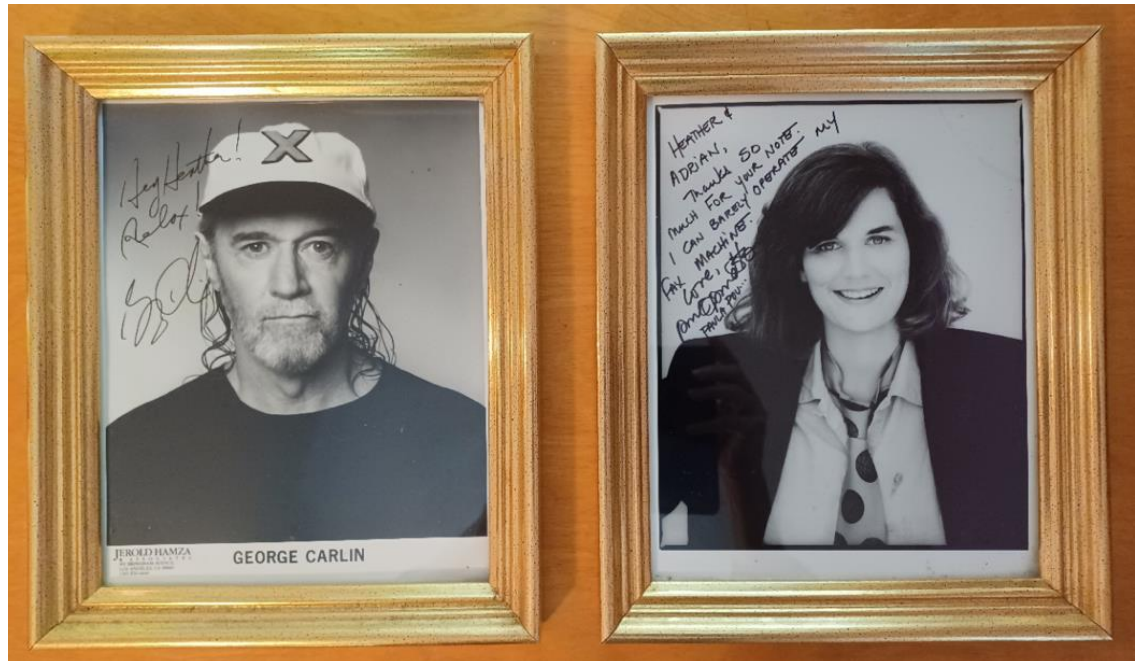
Our whole family loved **George Carlin**, and we got to see him live on a couple of occasions. We also saw **The Smother's Brother's** perform at a reunion show.

Heather's dad worked at the **SF Chronicle** and through work had access to some celebrity contact information. He brought home some contact info., and Heather wrote to her favorite comedians enthusing about their comedic talents and requesting signed photos. Many sent autographed photos and she had the ones from **George Carlin** and **Paula Poundstone** on her walls for years.

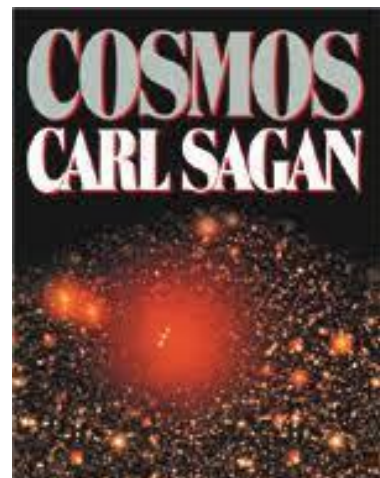


Adrian's recollection is that Heather had written a to **George Carlin** that she was disappointed & concerned that he was making a sitcom, to which **George** replied:

"Hey Heather! Relax!"



*As a family we watched **Star Trek the Next Generation**, **Cosmos**, and a variety of science and nature shows and movies - at home and in the theaters - discussing the ideas in each.*



As a teen Heather, and the family as a whole, enjoyed watching a Seattle-based community public-access TV show called *Love Laverne*, that was sent to Heather's father by a friend who worked on the production. It was a satirical take-off on mainstream sitcoms with a woman star like in *That Girl* and *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*, with the main role played by a transvestite. It focused on themes like gay culture, sexual orientation, and gender identity, from the perspective of young adults who were, at that time, living slightly on the fringe of society. Heather and her family visited Seattle and met *Laverne* in person, and a brief excerpt of that meeting was videotaped...and then included in the intro-sequence of the show's second season.



If viewing online, click photo to see clip

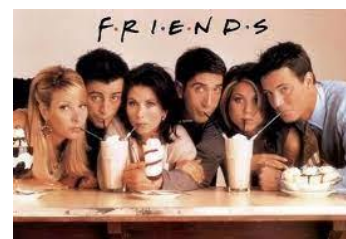
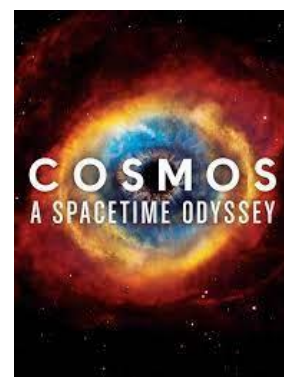


As a child Heather watched *Disney* movies, and when she was a teen she had hot debates on the role they played in our culture. She was critical of them, especially of the image they projected regarding the roles of girls and women. She did not advocate banning them, but she did advocate offering alternatives, and having critical dialogue rather than unspoken approval.

As an adult Heather chose not to have a television. It was not because she disapproved of people partaking in that form of popular culture, but simply



because she found it too tempting to waste time that way, and preferred to be pushed to seek her own entertainment – in books, in music, in conversation, and through creative expression. She did watch the newest *Cosmos* series at her friend Rebecca's house, along with some other science shows. She



would come to my home to watch *Vienna Teng* in concert. Occasionally, we would also watch an old favorite, like *Friends* – just for fun.

As a teenager Heather hung out at the mall, with her friends, and went bowling and to the movies. She partook of the culture around her.



***Heather's list of Top Movie Picks
– during High School:***

- 1) The Who's Tommy
- 2) Rocky Horror Picture Show
- 3) Philadelphia
- 4) Evita
- 5) A League of Their Own
- 6) Contact
- 7) The Kids are Alright
- 8) Murder in the 1st
- 9) Airplane
- 10) Modern Times
- 11) That Thing You Do



As a young adult Heather participated in the parties at college, and many events.

Heather did not shy away from experiencing the culture around her. However, she did, simultaneously, seek additional cultural influences that mattered to her, that her peers may not have been aware of or appreciated. In this way, she was part of a normal culture, and an extraordinary one too.



UC Santa Cruz's tradition of running nude in the first rain
This is a Stock Photo (Heather is not in it)

This book is full of meaningful memories, but I also wanted to mention some of the less serious ones, because while they are not meaningful in any profound sense, they are warm memories, and they often led to a valuable sense of connection through shared experiences.

Wisdom Ideas

Heather wrote, in her late thirties: “I am an ever changing and evolving carbon based being. My cells renew every seven years. My thoughts and feelings every second. I exist because a star exploded billions of years ago, and I breathe the same air as every living being who ever has or ever will exist. I am made mostly out of empty space and vibrating waves of energy. I have been given the gift and curse of consciousness through an evolutionary process I don't understand. I choose to spend my brief time on this planet doing the things I love. I do yoga every day. I play music. I run in the forest. I watch the sun rise and set. I listen to the ocean waves. I swim in lakes. I read science books and philosophy books. I grow flowers. I play with my adorable dog, Ginger. I cuddle my kittens and love them with everything I am. I love my close family and friends with all of my heart and would do anything for them. I laugh and cry at this amazing, beautiful, painful, tragic, inspiring, hysterically funny, and sensational world I was born into.”

One of the hardest parts of Heather departing this world, from my perspective, is that her ability to continue to grow philosophically and morally will remain unrealized.

A deep thinker, Heather never stopped observing, analyzing, feeling, and expanding her understandings. I had come to rely on Heather's evolving wisdom, and will dearly miss learning new perspectives from her.

I can imagine what advice she would have given, now, but I will have no way to know what wisdom she would have shared with us ten years from now, or twenty, or thirty.

I do know that the kindness at the foundation of her wisdom never wavered, and we can carry that core of wisdom with us, even without her.



The wisdom Heather shared with me when she five, was priceless in its simplicity and truth: “People should be nice, Mommy”. The wisdom she shared with me when she was forty was priceless in its complexity and truth: “If humans could learn to love our world fully, we might be able to survive as a species, but if not, then it will make sense for another species to replace us, rising from our ashes.”



I also know that each new understanding built upon Heather's prior understandings, and was carefully vetted to fit into an increasingly subtle and complex world view. Although we cannot know how her understanding would have evolved further, we can still learn from the level of depth and nuance she had already attained.

Sara: "Heather and all of us are so complex, aren't we? We all have projects in the works that we share carefully, public sides, things we are trying to become, and more."

Heather started out with simple kindness, traveled through rebellion and anger, fought off frustration and hopelessness, and landed eventually on the belief that people could be so much more than they are.

Heather:
"I especially love Western Science, and Eastern Philosophy. They go well together."

Due to her many forays into knowledge, Heather learned about many different forms of human society, from earlier historical periods

and from across the globe. She studied many aspects of science and knew an impressive amount about physics, being

inspired by the beauty of the natural structures in our reality. She read philosophers' writings, sociological analyses, and political theory. She learned about animals, their feelings, their societies, and their oppressions. She even learned about insects and plants and stars. She read fiction too, and delved into the psychology of the authors and the characters, to try to better understand humanity. Heather's knowledge, interpretations, and analyses were solidified through the many conversations she had with people dealing

Bobby: "Heather loved to engage in abstract discussions – Idealism vs Materialism; the origins of life; black holes; the existence of life on other planets – whenever we drove together in the car or ate together.

She engaged in deeply serious discussions with her Dad about Indian philosophy and the wonders of the universe, and engaged in equally serious discussions with her mother about what makes people tick and how best to help people and the world.

I have a clear image of Heather lying in our guest room, with me and Adrian, discussing all aspects of complex interpersonal relationships, among kids, within families, in the world, etc."

Mike (of "Mike & Cindy"):

- Heather was the embodiment of all the magic in our existence.
- Proximity to her accentuated this awareness.
- All of us were swept up in her vision, though we may not have known it at the time.
- Our time spent together was short, but not inconsequential.
- It's all magic, or none of it is.

with real life. Heather saw patterns everywhere – patterns to learn from. It was through this process that she developed a deep abiding conviction that everything was interconnected, that we all are part of a larger circle of life.



Heather's evolving ideas and wisdom led her to develop a powerful yoga philosophy. In combination with yoga philosophies, Heather embraced a lot of other ideas and understandings. From her early political roots, she understood systemic exploitation, cruelty, and dysfunction – and also understood ways in which social structures could be improved, if people were willing. This is where yoga met politics – she believed we could have a much better world if people were better.

Juli: “In our last conversation she talked about how interconnected the world is and that she is so glad to be able to nurture the world around her as it has nurtured her. ♥”

I feel really lucky that she chose to discuss her views on being a part of the larger circle of life, with me, at length, in the year before she left us. Her beliefs give me some solace, and I hope my sharing them gives you some solace too.

Heather:
“We are one with everything and the individual self is an illusion.”

Heather told me, not once, but repeatedly, in many contexts, that we all share our brief existences with others on this planet and the cosmos, with none more important than any other. She told me that there was no need to fear death, because we were all part of something so much larger than our own lives. She said that if people could understand that, they could live

better lives, free of the fear of death, and content with their role in the universe.

Heather was inspired by the interconnectedness of all things and it was her view that when one of us dies, we simply return our energy to the universe from which it came, and the circle of life continues.



Christine: “I remember Heather talking to me about energy, and the belief that our energy simply goes back into the universe in some form once we pass. Heather's energy seems to be out there and doing some pretty magical things.”

Laurie: “I came across a graphic that I would have shared with Heather, that would have led to a wonderful conversation. Heather so loved knowing more about her beloved nature and valued understanding how everything is interconnected. May we all embrace that wonder.”

This is a lung.



This is a tree.



We breathe in what trees breathe out, and they breathe in what we breathe out. We are nature.

Heather
is in this
Picture



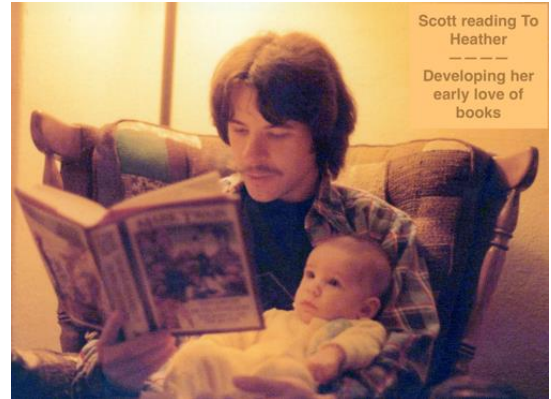
One
with
Nature

Reading & Writing

Heather was fascinated by books from the earliest age, happy to listen to a book read aloud before she could understand words, and wanting her favorite children's books read aloud to her over and over again.



Martha & Heather



Heather was in a combination 1st through 3rd grade class where learning to read was essentially through osmosis. That did not work well for Heather, who seemed to need to understand the structure and logic of words and language.

I felt that it was very important for Heather to learn to read, and write, not only because society expected it, but because she had a lot to say. I had been

writing down her stories, as she dictated them, since she was tiny, and I knew she needed a way to get her thoughts on paper. So her beloved babysitter, Lisa, and I, spent a summer having "Sunshine Summer School" with Heather and Adrian, mixing fun and education, and Heather mastered reading and writing.



Lisa

Lisa & Heather



Once she had learned to read and write, she took off like a shot. She loved, loved, loved books. Bedtime stories had always been a favorite part of the day, and once she could read she wanted to continue them, but now with her doing the reading. Later she would read to herself at bedtime.

LINK to read this book:

- [Fairyland and Other Adventures](#)

If you are online, you can click on this photo to see Heather reading aloud "Fairyland and Other Adventures", a book she dictated to me, and added photos to, as a gift for Bobby & Poppy



Heather: “I am a very obsessive reader. It is what I do with all of my spare time. The time I get to relax and read in my garden is my favorite time of the day.”

During the pandemic, working less than usual, she treated herself to reading time most afternoons in her garden, as well as at bedtime, and was able to feed her voracious appetite for connection, through words.

She read fiction that explored complex social dynamics and played with differing ways to view people, society, and reality. She read dense non-fiction in a wide variety of subjects, ranging from physics, to Native American history, philosophy, astronomy, yoga history, animals, plants, music, and so much more.

LINK:

- [Flower Yoga ~JNANA Yoga ~ Knowledge](#)



Heather also loved to talk about books. She took her reading seriously, and “processed” what she read – attempting to distill the essence of whatever value the book contained to incorporate into her world view.

I loved discussing books with her, from the time she was tiny, through the last day I spent with her. I miss that very, very much. Not just the social aspect, and the pleasure of the content of the books, but also the thoughtful interpretations that she had and the enthusiasm she communicated for ideas and feelings she encountered.

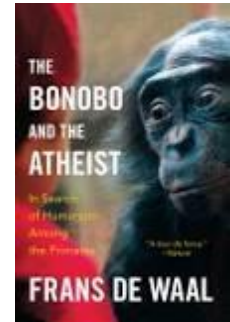
Heather also would turn to books when she had deep questions that she wanted to resolve. For instance, during the Trump years, when she and her many friends observed and lamented examples of humanity’s inhumanity and self-destructive behavior, Heather wanted to fight the feeling of hopelessness and despair that accompanied these observations. So she read to investigate human nature and the nature of other species. She read about Native Americans, she read about ancient yogis, she read about many different animal species, and more.



Heather loved to discuss books over lunch on her back porch, overlooking her garden

Among other wonderful discoveries I remember how delighted she was to learn all about Bonobos, a primate that resolves tension with sex rather than with aggression. Cheerfully then, not hopelessly, Heather celebrated her understanding that aggression was not a necessary component of intelligent life and society. She went further, to imagine that humans could evolve, while simultaneously feeling more at peace with the idea that humans might self-destruct, saying that we could be replaced by something better.

I found *The Bonobo and the Atheist* on her bookshelf, by one of her favorite authors: Frances De Waal.



Before Heather could write she told stories in her head. She used to run back and forth in the backyard, and I would have to call her at least twice to get her attention. I would ask her what she was doing, and she would say she was creating stories in her mind. I asked her why she ran and she responded simply that the stories had energy that needed to be felt.



If you are viewing this online, you can click this photo to hear Heather explain her imagining, in her own words, at age 7

Once she could write, her own stories poured out. In elementary school she wrote at every opportunity. From the earliest age, her writings often dealt with topics of significance, and reflected her evolving wisdom. Looking at some of these writings now, I am struck by how consistent her world view remained over the years, although, of course, she added a lot of depth.

I am an alien from the planet Gonzo, and I come down to explore the star Earth to watch the way in which the creatures upon it live. I look inside a building and see that almost everyone looks exactly the same. They are all black and white and very stiff. They all walk, talk, look, eat, breath, , and seem to feel the same. They even think the same. Or do they think? Could these things be robots? . . . Or just made to seem that way?!? - - by Heather Kerrihard

Growing, Changing
We are all growing
up, up, up,
and changing
as the Earth turns round.
I feel I turn round
with it!
The scary thing is
there's no one to help
us grow up
straight,
not crooked.

We're in charge of the world
and yet we're so young,
that the world's
in charge of us.
- - by Heather

These quotes on colorful paper were written by Heather in Walden Elementary School

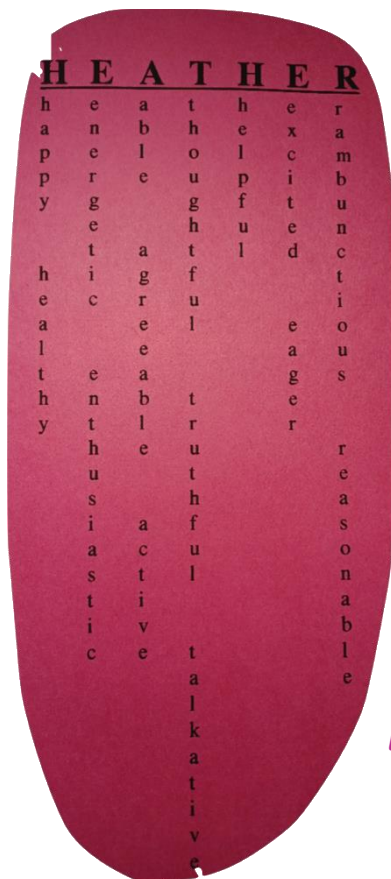
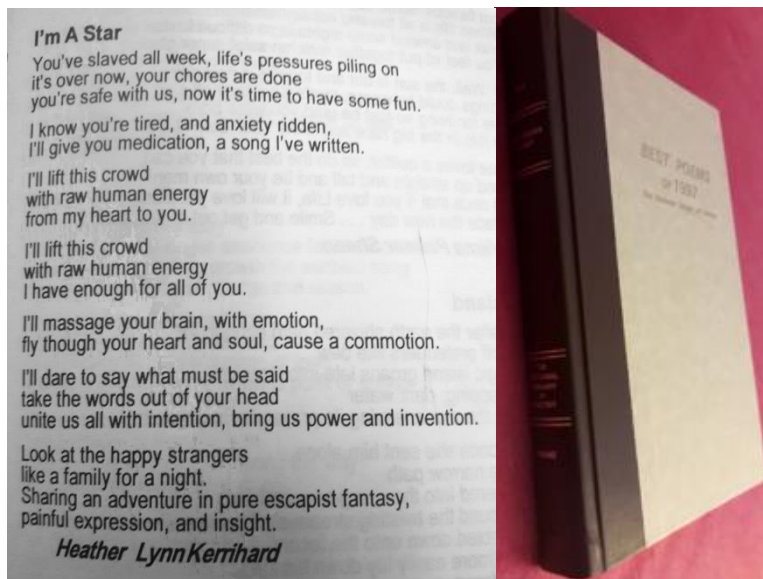
By the time Heather was a pre-teen she was a prolific journal writer – something she continued her whole life. As a teenager she wrote amazingly sensitive poetry, and communicated her thoughts in writing about so many things - ranging from introspection to politics to literature appreciation to observations about the people and the world around her. When she was in college she wrote an entire book as her senior project. Starting in high school, and continuing throughout her life, she wrote many songs, putting poetry to music. Even her emails were often thoughtful written communications, not just short coordination messages. She loved communication!

Heather shared some of her writings publicly, so I feel comfortable sharing them here, with you. She published one poem in a book of poetry as a teenager: “I’m A Star”.

She recited an original poem as part of a performance at Star Quest in high school: “Artistic Expression”.

LINK:

- [Star Quest Poem: Artistic Expression](#)



Her poetry infused her music, and as an adult she proudly shared two albums: “Another Day”; & “Music for the End of the World”.

LINKS:

- [Another Day – Music & Lyrics](#)
- [Music for the End of the World – Music & Lyrics](#)

Heather wrote so much more!

Writing was an extremely important part of her life.

Heather:

“Sunset Girl. Living life on borrowed time.
Sunrise Girl. Chasing things she’ll never see.
Fighting things she’ll never find.
When will these two collide and form as one?
In another lifetime.
When an ending and a beginning are united.”

EPITAPH

Heather was a very fun and funny girl, and she fought for the rights of people and animals.

These quotes on colorful paper were written by Heather in Walden Elementary School

Heather really appreciated the writings of others, always finding and valuing new authors. Reading was an integral part of Heather's world, always.

Tina: "I'm currently reading a book about kindness to keep her close in my heart and carry on her vision in some way."

I know that Heather told many of her friends about the books she was reading, as she was so pleased with, and eager to share, the contribution they made to her life. I know that Heather spoke and wrote to

communicate what mattered to her. When you miss her, perhaps read a book, have a conversation, write something, or ponder an emotion or idea to bring to life your empathy and intellectual curiosity - as Heather loved to do.

Sarah: "I loved seeing the pictures of Heather's blooming fruit trees. On Heather's suggestion I'm currently listening to the book, Overstory. Listening to so many human stories that revolve around plants makes me appreciate those young trees even more."



Heather reading "The Real Book"

Heather's living room with her hammock, where she loved to read, and her bookshelves lining the walls plus a few cat toys on the floor :-)

LINK:

- [Heather reading "Guess How Much I Love You" to Taylor and Wendy, when they were young](#)



Heather,
Taylor,
&
Wendy
enjoyed
reading
together



University of California at Santa Cruz

Throughout Heather's life her passions made her follow her own path. Thus she did not go away to college for 4 years, and come away with a pre-planned degree. Instead she traveled a circuitous route, gaining knowledge, wisdom, and clarity in the process.

She started out in college at UC Santa Cruz intending to get a bachelor's degree there. Danielle (a youthful pen pal who became a close friend in high school) was her roommate in their dorm, Porter, known as "the party dorm". There Heather became well known as The Groovemaster, due to her ability to identify the right music to put on for every occasion. She was often the designated sober one, ensuring the safety of those tripping. Occasionally she experimented herself. She had valuable experiences and enjoyed the people she met.



There were many more, but the friends I recall her mentioning the most often were Laura, Amy, Rita, Vanessa, and Danielle.

Vanessa took this wonderful set of photos at UCSC



Laura, Amy, Heather, and Rita



Porter “Squiggle” – Photo by Amy



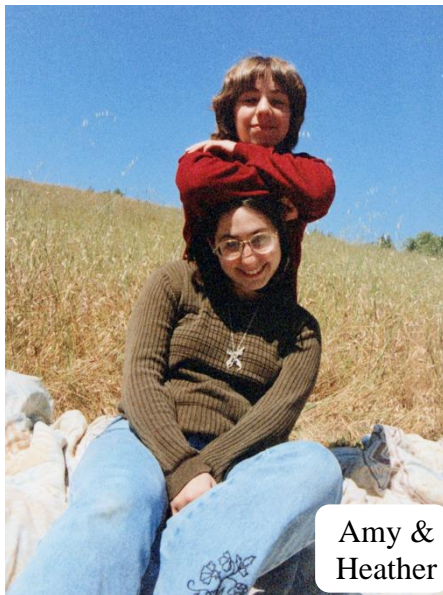
Bus they painted at Porter – Photo by Danielle

Danielle: “Heather and I were first year roommates at Porter on UCSC campus. We actually had toured the campus together the previous year and we both really liked that Porter was the Arts college - though neither of us were thinking about majoring in the arts at the time. We asked people all over campus about their opinions about their college and the reputations of other colleges. UCSC at the time was made up of eight "colleges" that had an academic focus with classrooms and faculty that supported the focus and housed students in dorms in the same complex. Everyone kept saying that Porter was where the weird kids went. I knew that if that was where the weird kids went then it was where I belonged. Heather felt the same way and we both put Porter first as our preferred housing when we applied, as well as named each other as potential roommates.

It was fun living with Heather. We were both disciplined about our studies but enjoyed hanging out with friends or going to parties. We also had overlapping but also separate friends groups which was great because one thing I learned that year was that spending all day with your roommate was a good way to drive each other batty. Overall, we did great as roommates, we vastly agreed on most of the important things about living together and could compromise when we couldn't. Mostly. We were eighteen after all! We both slept through the Porter tradition of First Rain, helped paint a school bus that one Porter student had bought as a van conversion to live in on campus, danced in Porter meadow at sunset while the deer wandered by on their way to bed down for the night, wandered in the woods around campus near Tree 9 until we found drum circles, played guitar on the Porter squiggle, and suffered through horrible dorm food.



The next year, Heather lived with a mutual friend, Amy, until she decided to leave UCSC and go to a school that fitted her better academically. One where art and music was more a focus of education than a UC campus. I know that Heather thrived socially at UCSC but I also know that isn't always enough to make a person happy and whole. I wish I had spent more time with her that second year while she was still at Porter, because I didn't know she was going to leave and I didn't know that I would struggle to connect with her again over the years. We met up a few times in Berkeley and I got to meet her amazing, adorable Sheltie and see her music studio. Still she is a friend that will always be dear to my heart as the fellow weird kid who knew she'd found her home, even if only for a while, at Porter.”



Amy: “I was an old friend of hers from college. Though we were rarely in touch, she made a huge difference on my life and love of the redwoods. She always had such strong passion and focus to pursue what she loved.

I didn’t keep in touch that much with her, after she left Porter, we did meet up a few years ago in Berkeley where she was teaching music and performing in shows. She was someone who first taught me how to seek out the wilderness, and I will always remember her strong passion for justice, compassion for the world, and how she loved going to the woods to study and write. I’ll have to listen to some Radiohead and They Might Be Giants and take a visit to the woods in her memory soon.”



Amy, Heather, & Laura



Laura & Heather



I recall Heather calling me, giddy, one day, telling me about a college tradition of running naked, across the campus square, with other students, in the first rain of the school year. She slept through the first rain, but students declared that a drizzle, and she participated in the do-over.

She experienced college life.

College Friends who had lost touch with Heather reacted when they heard the news:

- ♥ “I’m so sorry to hear this. She was a very kind and caring person.”
- ♥ “I lost touch with her after she left, but I can still hear her voice in my head clear as day. She was a unique, gentle soul.”
- ♥ “I would like to buy some flowers for her today. I can try to nurture an African Violet, the attempt at least would be a good gesture.”



While at the university she took lower division classes in a wide array of subjects and enjoyed looking at the world from different perspectives. I think her favorite class was a music class, though, where she frequently spoke, adding to what the professor said (and once correctly contradicting him), even though there were about 500 students in the class. As always, she did not have any stage fright.

One of Heather's favorite aspects of attending the University of Santa Cruz was the redwood forests the campus was nestled in, and another was the campus' proximity to the ocean and beaches.

Bobby: "When Heather started attending UC Santa Cruz, she took me on a tour enthusing about the beauty of her campus and showed me the special spot that she'd found in a wooded area."

Heather also made forays into the political scene there, starting with a group called C-Beyond, but was very uninspired by the frequent strategy of marching downtown - and using other tactics that did not seem effective to her.

Poppy's (grandfather) poem on her 20th Birthday:

"Heather left behind College Park
To Santa Cruz to make her mark
She has been surrounded with new friends
As her way through classes she wends

Life often can have problems diverse
She has encountered these chapter and verse
Great variety in our humanity
Tugs and pulls on our empathy

Classes that lift us out of the pedestrian mire
Raising our sights, our goals in life, higher and higher

But time moves on the tide
Principle everlasting is her guide

Life is rich with things to do a-plenty
As she hones in on year 20

Great energy and activity brews
In Santa Cruz
May Heather always enrich her understandings of life
Become ever deeper with passion and ideas rife
As she further launches from
Laurel, Scott & Adrian's embrace
Her degree of independence on the increase in life's race"

Bobby: "Trying to make a difference, when she was going to college in Santa Cruz, Heather:

- Joined every leftist organization she could find (on campus and in the city), taking on way too much responsibility in each of them.
- Plunged into C-Beyond (a political group she felt aligned with), though she soon had concerns about their political approach, and tried to find a way to promote radical positions positively, without alienating potential allies (her differences with them came to a head at a LWV debate, where she refused to be the lead spokesperson for the disruptive approach they were pushing).
- Made and distributed peanut butter and jelly sandwiches to homeless people on the streets of Santa Cruz."

Heather sought out other political groups and was very pleased when she found, and joined, R.A.S.C.A.L.S. While involved with R.A.S.C.A.L.S. Heather enlisted Adrian's aid in creating a web presence for them.

Heather also really enjoyed working on R.A.S.C.A.L.S.'s "Insanity Series", involving 13 presentations put on at UCSC. She was the key person responsible for arranging for Earth First to speak about efforts to resist the destruction of the Headwaters Forest (an old growth redwood grove in Humboldt County, California) - a topic near and dear to her heart. She called me, with great enthusiasm, after she had spoken directly with Julia Butterfly Hill, who had inspired her by camping in a redwood tree for over a year, to try to prevent it being logged.

R.A.S.C.A.L.S. sought funds to pay their speakers honorariums, in the proposal, excerpted below

R.A.S.C.A.L.S.
Creek Hull
UCSC, Merrill College #266
Santa Cruz, CA 95064
Winter 1999

Dear Chairperson,

Everyday in this university, students confront the realities of this society and are challenged to engage with the problems devastating our world such as racism, violence, ecological destruction, sexism, and poverty. Truly, new ideas and approaches to life are necessary to ensure a survivable future. We seek to provide tools that enable students to integrate their academic experience with real issues.

Through a series of speaker forums and documentary film presentations, the R.A.S.C.A.L.S. seek to raise awareness of students to contemporary and historical social, environmental and political issues. The R.A.S.C.A.L.S. is a student-lead organization of inspired individuals communicating with other student leadership working in coalition to form community at UCSC. One of the focal goals of the speaker series, usually held at Kresge Town Hall or the student JunXion at UCSC, is to encourage the type of critical thinking in students that allows us to contribute to the well-being of our injured world.

...

The R.A.S.C.A.L.S. provides not only a political community and leadership building experience, it also brings important issues to student's attention and significantly empowers those who attend the events. We hope you can share in this open forum in any way possible. R.A.S.C.A.L.S. would greatly appreciate a contribution towards the speaker series budget. Without your help, these opportunities will be lost.

Thank you for your time and solidarity,



Heather was also part of a another group, Santa Cruz Art & Revolution, that did musical theater at demonstrations. She really enjoyed their activities, but their theater was pretty infrequent, and - although fun - Heather was not too sure if they had much of an impact, and Heather really did want to make an impact!

UC Santa Cruz

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R.A.S.C.A.L.S.
Radical Action Student Coalition Against Lies & Suppression

R.A.S.C.A.L.S. is on the web!

Check out this ultimate student activist website at

<http://www.webfx3k.com/rascals>

This site has loads of political information, extensive lists of the upcoming political events, sections dedicated to poetry, and much much more!! We even have multiple sections which allow all our visitors to submit events, writings, reviews, or just about anything you can think of!

C'mon, become part of the movement, check it out at

<http://www.webfx3k.com/rascals>

Also, you can send email to R.A.S.C.A.L.S. at:
rascals@givepeaceachance.com

Again, the address is:

<http://www.webfx3k.com/rascals>

Budget Proposal for R.A.S.C.A.L.S. INSANITY Series (Winter 1999)
Speakers Cost (i.e. honorarium fees)

Mumia Abu-Jamal - 2 Documentaries, Jan. 21st	\$0
- Co-sponsored with the Committee to Free Mumia.	
- A forum to educate students on issues surrounding the case against Mumia Abu-Jamal, a journalist and radio commentator on death row in Pennsylvania accused of murdering a Philadelphia police officer.	
Gillian Greensite, Jan. 28th	\$100
- Campus Rape Prevention Coordinator speaking on current issues at UCSC and a history of student activism on the campus.	
Virginia Rasmussen and Mary Sepernick, Feb. 3rd	\$0
- Co-sponsored with the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom (WILPF)	
Speaking on the effects of globalization and corporate power.	
Headwaters Forum, Feb. 4th	\$200
- Speakers from Earth First who are resisting the destruction of the Headwaters Forest, an old growth redwood grove in Humboldt County, California. Julia Butterfly, who has continuously occupied a tree marked for removal for over one year, will be contacted live by phone interview.	
Kevin Danaher, Feb. 11th	\$400
- Co-founder of Global Exchange, an organization that responds to economic globalization with a multitude of media campaigns and community projects on a local and global level.	
Iraq Teach-In, Feb. 16th	\$300
- Educational forum on the current situation in Iraq, bringing various speakers and viewing a film released by the Institute for Policy Studies.	
UFW Forum, Feb. 18th	\$100
- Co-sponsored with the United Farm Workers	
Speakers from the fields and a showing of the documentary, <i>Chicano!</i>	
Ford Ord, Feb. 22nd	
- 2 speakers from the Monterey Bay region addressing the extreme environmental degradation occurring at Ford Ord, a natural reserve administered by UC Santa Cruz, that contains an endemic plant community, woodland, and plants and animals that are listed as endangered or threatened species.	
Affluenza, Feb. 24th	\$0
- A film presenting the tragic costs of consumerism as well as successful communities that have adopted practical methods to reduce consumption.	
Chris Conrad, Feb. 25th	\$0
- Local author of <i>Shattered Lives. Portrait from America's Drug War</i> , examining the effects of the drug war in the United States.	
Latin American Human Rights Forum - March 2nd	\$300
- Discourses on Chiapas, human rights issues, disappearances and recent events in Columbia, bringing speakers associated with Global Exchange.	
Norman Solomon, March 4th	\$500
- A media critic speaking on critical current issues involving the influence of the media.	
Indigenous Peoples Forum, March 11th	\$700
- Speakers John Truedell, Keith McHenry and professors from Native American/American Studies to speak on topics surrounding the rights of indigenous peoples of the world.	
Cost of reserving Kresge Town Hall	\$60 X 9
Advertising	\$300
Total	\$3340 (\$3400 ceiling)
(make checks payable to Kresge College - any surplus funding from winter 99 INSANITY Series and workshops will be directly applied to Spring 99 INSANITY Series)	

UC RASCALS

Return to Table of Contents

Heather introduced a speaker on Iraq as part of R.A.S.C.A.L.S. Insanity Series – below are her notes

I. Introduction, "Hi!" "Thank You all for coming!"

II. I think the next time any of us feel like the problems in the world are overwhelming, and that humanity is evil, we should remember that the fact that we're all here is proof that there are people who care.

III. Our government, supposedly represents "us", the public. However, the almighty dollar is what they allow to rule their decisions, not our opinion! The public they represent is the small percent of exceedingly rich people in our country.

IV. The attack on Iraq has little to do with being afraid of Saddam, and a lot to do with economics and protecting American oil interests.

V. Our Gov is practically proving this by establishing sanctions...

- a. For those of you who don't know, sanctions are when the government refuses to trade or offer supplies anymore to the public of another country.
- b. This is causing a major depression, mass starvation, and many are dying of diseases.
- c. Over a million of innocent men, women, and children have died already. These people have nothing to do with the war or Saddam, and have suffered enough with him as a dictator. They should be helped - not killed!

d. And, as an uncaring leader, surprise, surprise, this attack on his people is having, and will have, no effect on his actions, -

e. Our government is now talking about bombing Iraq. This also would kill many innocent civilians who have no say over anything Saddam does, and have never met the guy! This will accomplish nothing!

f. We have more in common with the people of Iraq than with Bill Clinton, and they have more in common with us than Saddam. How dare these world leaders put us at odds and make us fight their war for them!

VI. It is up to us as citizens in a supposedly democratic country, and simply as fellow human beings who care that others are suffering and dying, to let our government know that we will not tolerate this! We will not allow this to continue!!

of students for

VII. This is why a group of us - this demonstration together, ~~Thank you all for being here!~~ We have some more speakers - and then we're going to march around campus and spread the word! <Route>

optional - if TA's strive:

VIII. Our march is going to end where the TA's are picketing. At that point, we'll be asking you to turn your signs around - and stick around to march in solidarity with the TA's who are planning to strike for the right to unionize.

IX. Once again - Thank You all for being here! Together can do it!!

Throughout this period Heather's love of music only grew. She felt deeply that music had inspired her way more than anything else, more than words or political activism. She realized that there did not need to be a choice between music and political activism, that music could impact our world, in a very potent form. This liberated her to pursue her dreams.

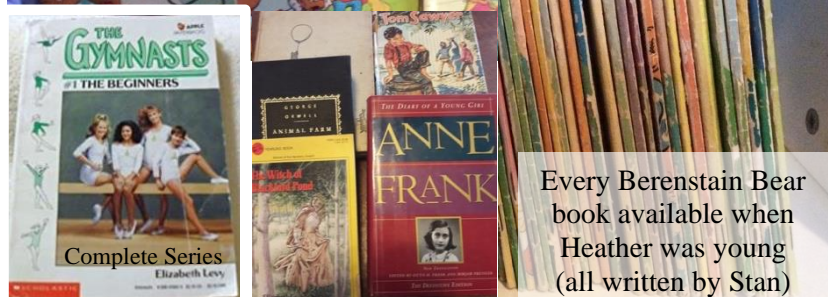
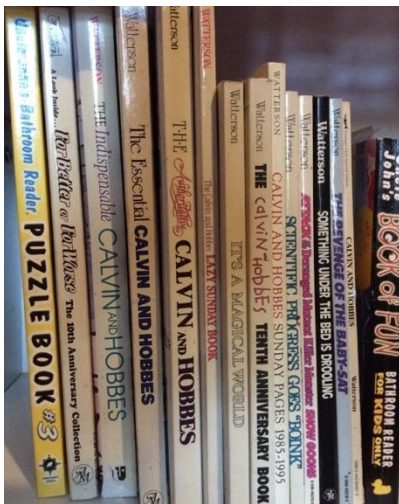
Heather left UCSC when she realized that she could not ignore her musical passion any longer. Heather had a deep love for music, and for the power of musical expression, and she knew she had to find a way to focus on music in her life.



Books Heather Loved

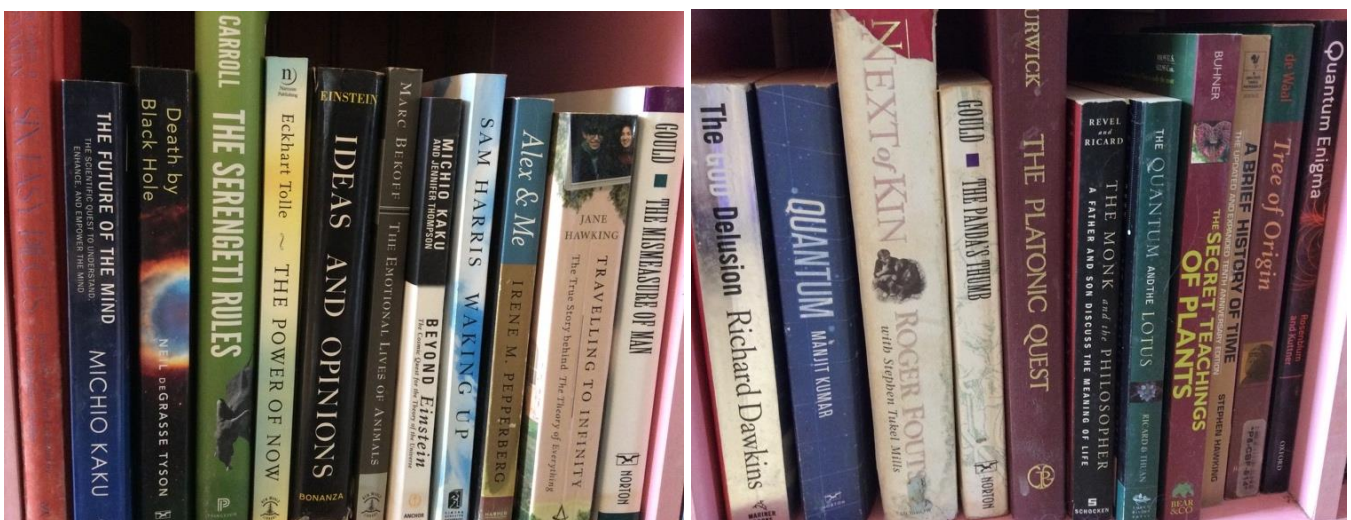
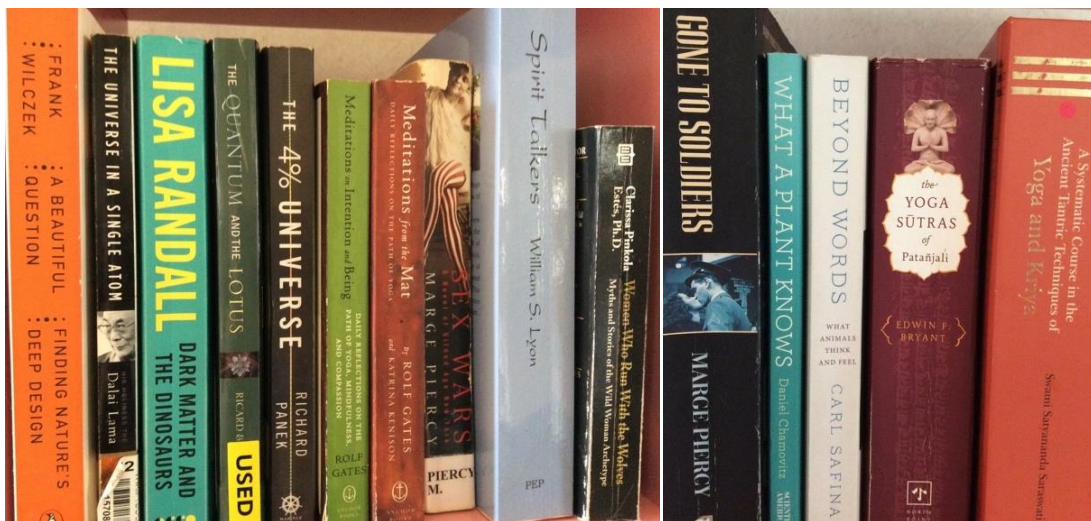
Heather gave away a lot of the books that she read, always wanting to share her joy with others. She also gave away books she did not value, thinking others might. So her bookshelves contained a subset of the books she had read, and only ones that she had valued. Please browse these photos of her bookshelves if you would like suggestions from Heather on what to read.

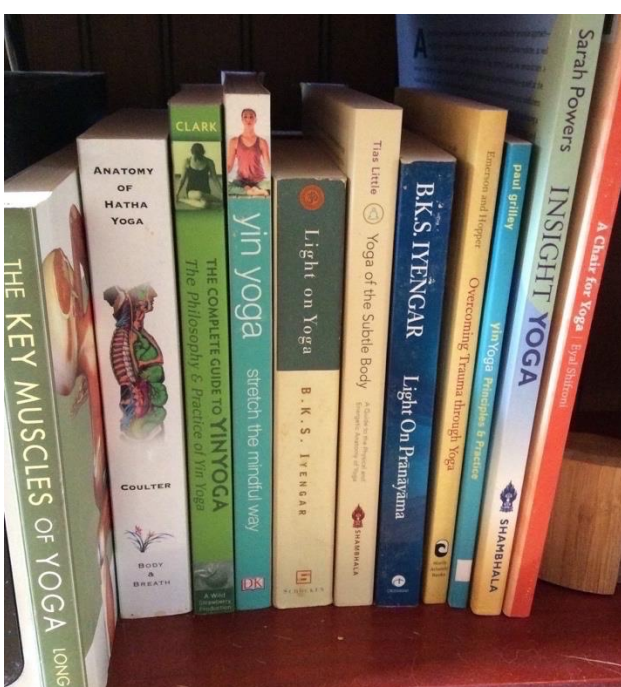
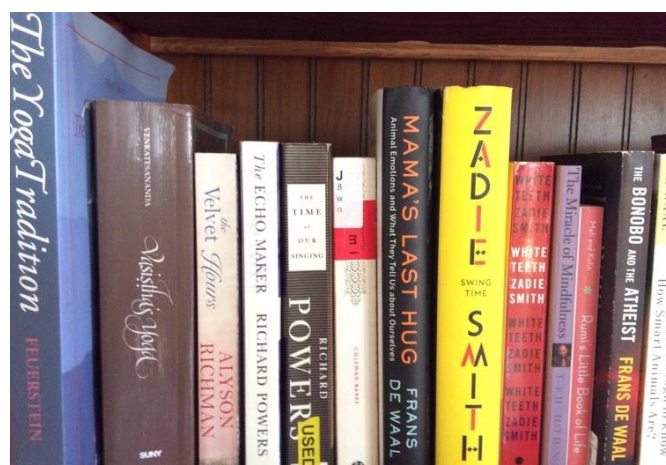
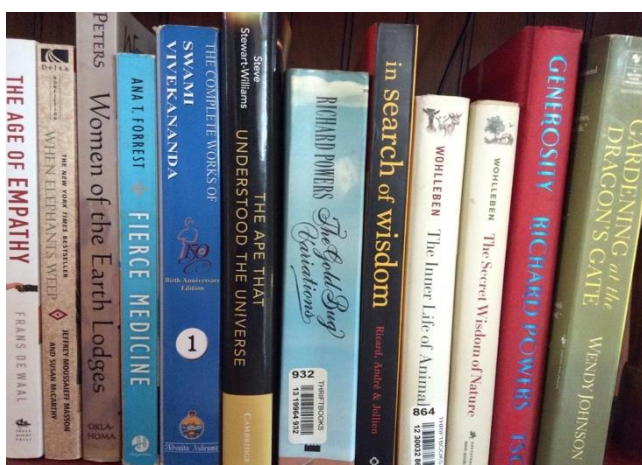
Below are some of Heather's favorite childhood books and comic books, that we kept for her niece & nephew:

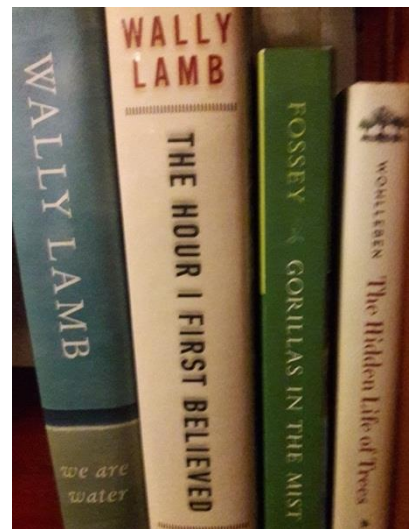
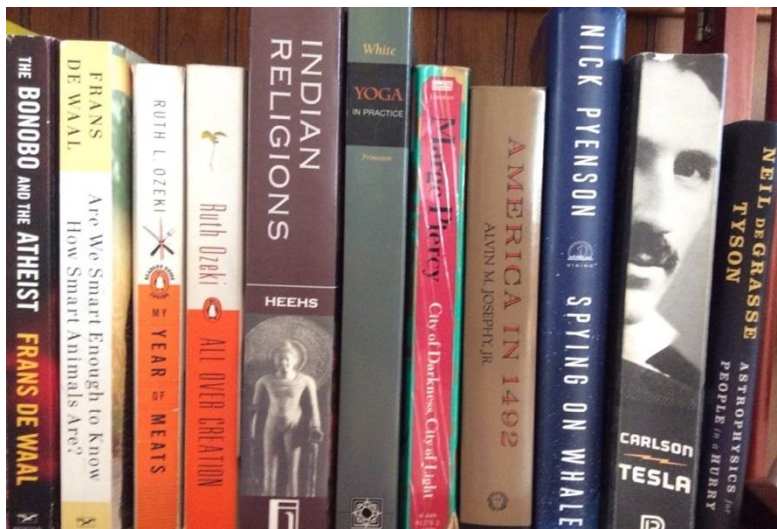


Every Berenstain Bear
book available when
Heather was young
(all written by Stan)

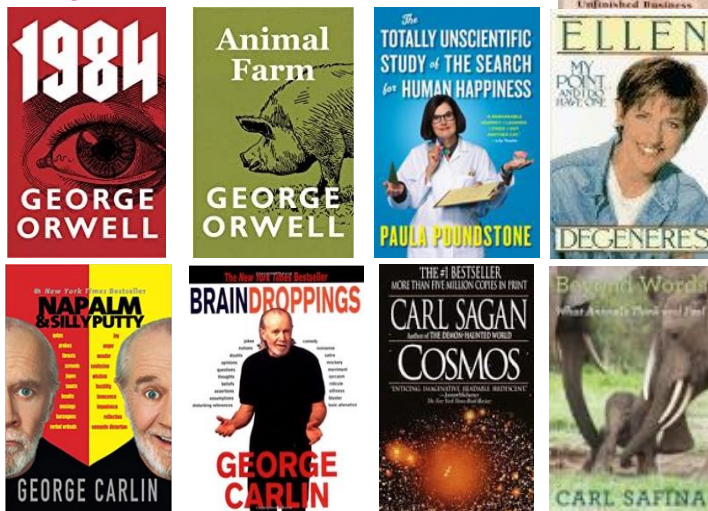
Below are books currently on Heather's bookshelves which she read & valued:







There were many more that Heather gave away. A few we recall Heather appreciating, starting in high school, are shown here.



Heather wrote in 2014:

“The names of my favorite authors are: Margaret Atwood and Wally Lamb. They are amazing!”

Margaret Atwood has written a lot of books, so they kind of vary a lot. “The Handmaid’s Tale” is her most famous. It’s a well known classic. I really liked “Alias Grace”, it was my personal favorite.

Wally Lamb only has four books. They are all incredible masterpieces. They are all the best books I have ever read. My favorites were “The hour I first believed” and “she’s come undone”. But, they are all great. The one I am reading now, “We are Water” is incredible.

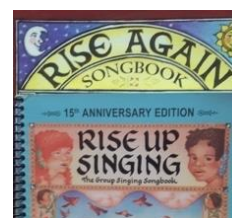
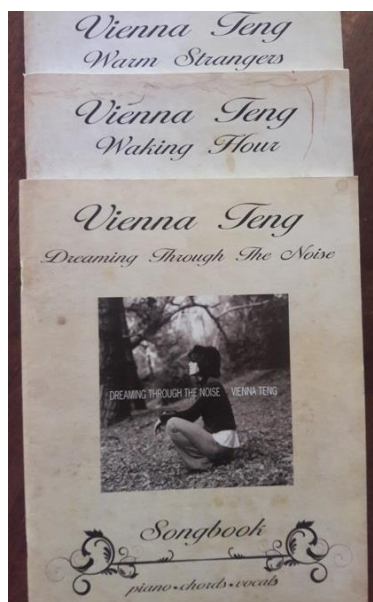
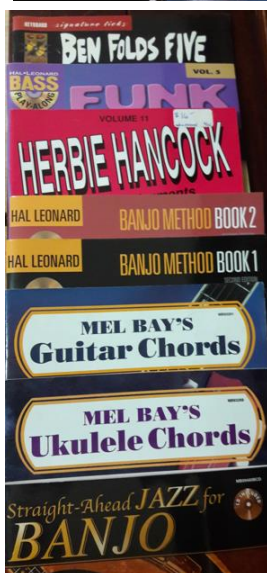
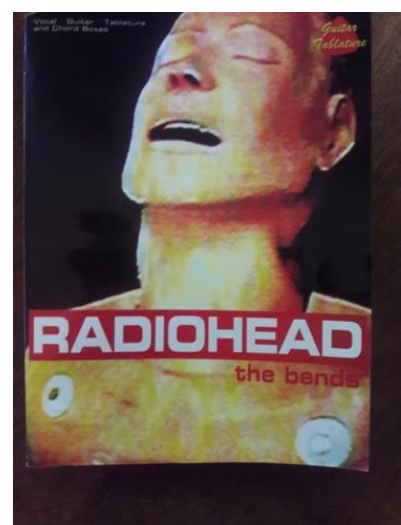
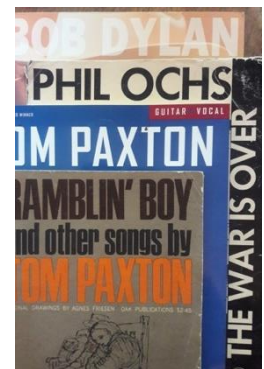
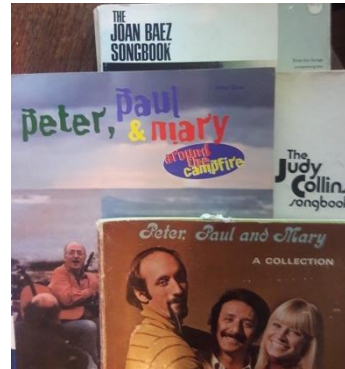
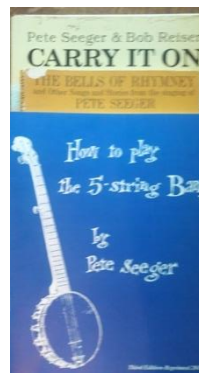
Heather recently sent emails in which she described some authors she valued:

- ♥ Richard Powers is by far the best fiction writer I have come across. I have become completely enthralled with his writing. He has twelve novels out. I really want to read them all, and so far have read 6 of them: “The Overstory”; “Three Farmers On Their Way To A Dance”; “The Gold Bug Variations”; “The Echo Maker”; “The Time Of Our Singing”; and “Generosity”.
- ♥ The naturalist I have recently discovered is Peter Wohlleben. So far I have read and loved his three part nature series: “The Hidden Life Of Trees”; “The Inner Life Of Animals”; and “The Secret Wisdom Of Nature”.
- ♥ My other favorite new author is Ruth L. Ozeki. I loved: “All Over Creation”; “My year of Meats”; and “Tale of Time Being”.
- ♥ I really love the books by Frans De Waal: “Are We Smart Enough to Know How Smart Animals Are?”; and “The Bonobo and the Atheist”.

Lauren: “A few of Heather's favorite books she shared with me and we spoke of often are:

- ♥ "The Overstory" by Richard Powers
- ♥ "Next of Kin" by Roger Fouts,
- ♥ "A New Earth" by Eckhart Tolle”

Heather also had quite a collection of music books. She gave many of them to students while teaching, and others as gifts, so those on her shelves were limited, by comparison, but included the following:



Kathy: “Below is a list of books that Heather and I shared. Most were sent by me to her, some from her to me. All of these she seemed to enjoy and she found meaningful — although of the ones I sent her I can’t say which were really her favorites. But she said she read them all — and her reading time was an important part of her daily routine. Whereas I take a very scattershot approach to my reading — reading at least several books at once (thus most often never finishing anything) -- Heather would read one book at a time, all the way through. I was always impressed by that!”

Henry David Thoreau

- ❖ Henry David Thoreau: A Life - By Laura Dassow Walls
- ❖ Henry David Thoreau - Various Writings (Including Walden) Published by Library of America
- ❖ The Journal: 1837 - 1861 - By Henry David Thoreau
- ❖ Henry Thoreau: A Life of the Mind - By Robert D. Richardson Jr.

Yoga (Physical and Philosophical)

- ❖ The Yoga Sutras of Patanjali - Commentary by Edwin F. Bryant
- ❖ Vasistha’s Yoga - Translation by Swami Venkatesananda
- ❖ A Systematic Course in the Techniques of Yoga and Kriya - By Swami Satyananda Saraswati
- ❖ Yoga of the Subtle Body - By Tias Little
- ❖ Indian Religions: A Historical Reader of Spiritual Expression and Experience - Edited by Peter Heehs
- ❖ Yoga in Practice - Edited by David Gordon White
- ❖ Anatomy of Hatha Yoga: A Manual for Students, Teachers, and Practitioners - By H. David Coulter

Science

- ❖ The Elegant Universe - By Brian Greene
- ❖ The Hidden Reality - By Brian Greene
- ❖ Quantum: Einstein, Bohr, and the Great Debate about the Nature of Reality - By Manjit Kumar
- ❖ The Hidden Life of Trees - By Peter Wohlleben

Science / Animals, Animal Consciousness, and Their Relation To Humans

- ❖ Beyond Words: What Animals Think and Feel - By Carl Safina
- ❖ Alex and Me: How a Scientist and a Parrot Discovered a Hidden World of Animal Intelligence--and Formed a Deep Bond in the Process - By Irene Pepperberg
- ❖ Next of Kin: My Conversations with Chimpanzees - By Roger Fouts
- ❖ Gorillas in the Mist - By Dian Fossey
- ❖ "The Overstory" by Richard Powers

Science / Spirituality / Body Mind Spirit

- ❖ Plant Intelligence and the Imaginal Realm - By Stephen Harrod Buhner
- ❖ New Self New World: Recovering Our Senses in the 21st Century - By Philip Shepherd

Native American

- ❖ The Lost Universe: Pawnee Life and Culture - By Gene Weltfish
- ❖ An Apache Life-Way: The Economic, Social, and Religious Institutions of the Chiricahua Indians - By Morris E. Opler
- ❖ Book of the Hopi - By Frank Waters
- ❖ The Sacred Hoop: Recovering the Feminine in American Indian Traditions - By Paula Gunn Allen
- ❖ Women of the Earth Lodges: Tribal Life on the Plains - By Virginia Bergman Peters
- ❖ America in 1492: The World of the Indian Peoples Before the Arrival of Columbus - Edited by Alvin M. Josephy, Jr.

Gardening / Buddhism

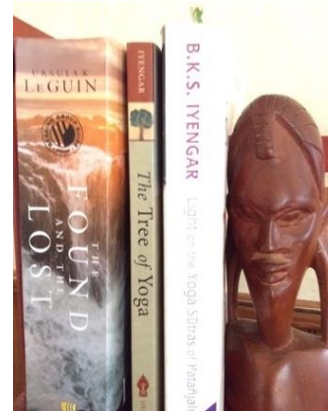
- ❖ Gardening at the Dragon's Gate: At Work in the Wild and Cultivated World - By Wendy Johnson

Spirituality / Social Service / Buddhism / Psychology

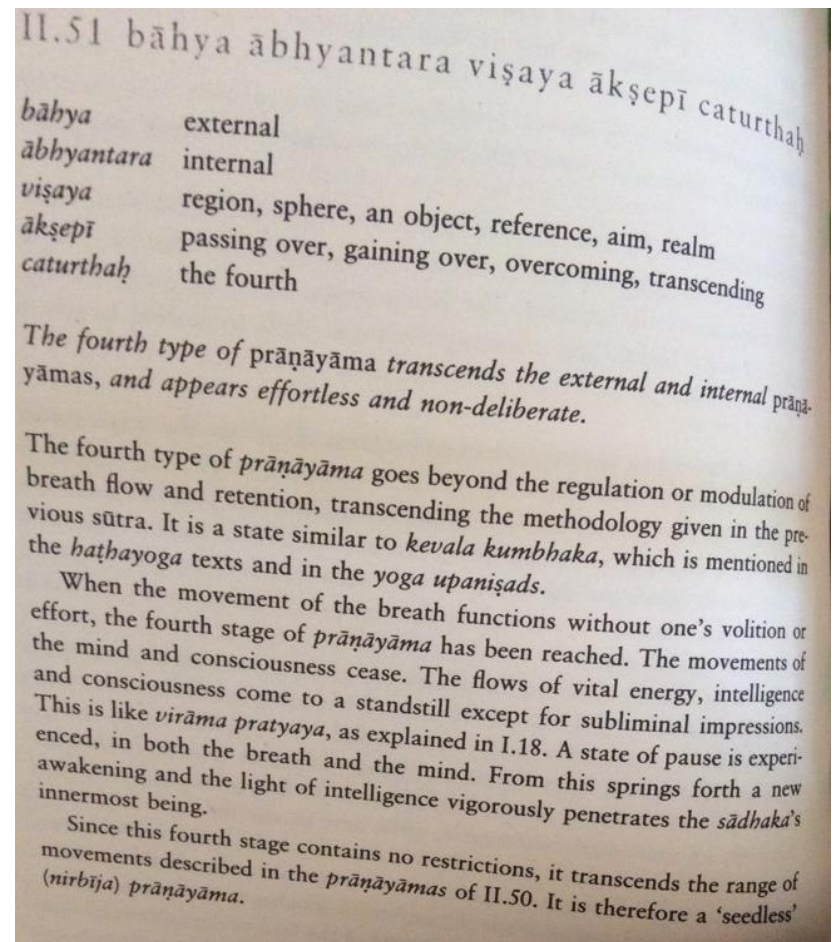
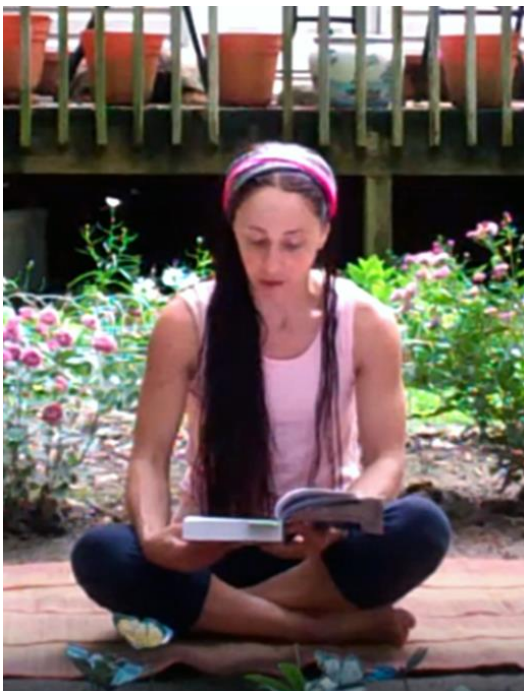
- ❖ Altruism: The Power of Life to Change Yourself and the World - By Matthieu Ricard
- ❖ The Ego and the Dynamic Ground: A Transpersonal Theory of Human Development - By Michael Washburn

For her 41st birthday, upcoming on November 12, 2020, Heather had hinted for books from her dad and brother.

Until her birthday books arrived she planned to read the books on the right. She had started the Iyengar book & marked her current page with the little green bookmark visible at the top in the photo.



On the top left is Heather enjoying holding a book & on the bottom left is Heather reading in her garden & on the right is the page in the book Heather was reading that she had bookmarked



Music

Musical Passion

Music moved Heather. It touched her. She felt it. She grew from it. Music was her constant companion.

Heather's appreciation for differing types of music evolved as she evolved, and she embraced a wide array of music, to have in her heart and mind.

As Heather's friend Sara stated so perfectly, she had a soundtrack for life. Whatever Heather and I talked about, there was always a song that she found relevant. When we visited Heather would often put on a song that communicated the essence of our conversation, or communicated the mood of the moment.



Often, after Heather and I would part, she would email me the words of a song that furthered our conversation.

She did not need to search for these songs, they were there - always there - in her mind, as a part of her.

Heather had a set of 4 canvas prints on her walls with messages about music

I looked for, and did not find, any playlists on her computer, other than compilations for three musicians and as accompaniment for her yoga classes. I was disappointed, but then I realized that no playlist would have worked for her. It would have been too constraining, too repetitive - she had the world of music in her mind, easily retrievable - she had no need for a list. She used the Internet, in recent years, to find and play these songs, and before that she compiled an amazing collection of CDs, with complete collections of some musicians and single albums of many, many more.



Heather's CD Cases

I first noticed Heather's musical memory when she was about 4. We were driving somewhere and I had the radio on. We listened to a song, neither of us had heard before. I turned off the radio, and Heather sang the song - the full song - word for word - exactly correctly. I thought "wow!", and then really didn't think much about it until years later when I noticed that if you mentioned a song to Heather, or she brought one up, that she could sing it - every word - even if it was one she normally no longer listened to, or had heard only once. Songs from movies, from her childhood, from phases she went through, and songs she loved - she knew them all.

The influences songs had on Heather were massive. Their philosophies, their emotional energies, their spirit, spoke to her and she absorbed them, much like she did books and knowledge and interactions, and she made the best parts of the songs she listened to a part of herself.

Music also made her move. She loved to be held in our arms and danced with as a baby. As she grew she loved to dance on her own. Dancing felt natural to her, as the music carried her.

During the pandemic, I decided to learn some dance moves so that I could dance for exercise. I would spend over an hour watching and re-watching a dance instruction video to master the steps and embrace the rhythm. When I saw Heather I would proudly show her what I had learned, and Heather, who was unfamiliar with the type of dancing I was learning, would watch me and then say “like this?”, and replicate the steps precisely, moving perfectly to the unheard music that must have played in her mind. That always made me smile.

Although Heather loved every type of performing, music was always her favorite. When I turned on a video camera, when she was young, Heather would often start singing. At an early age, Betty Boop songs were a favorite. At nursery school she sang with enthusiasm, learning all the songs they sang, and suggesting songs when given the opportunity. She attended a parent cooperative nursery school, so I was sometimes there helping when they had circle time and sang songs, at the end of their school day. One time, while I was there, Heather was called upon to suggest a song. She named a song that the teacher had not heard of, so the teacher asked Heather to sing it for the class. Heather very proudly sang an intense rock and roll song about the impending end of the world! My shy self was a bit embarrassed (what must her home life be like that Heather would know such a song?), but my mothering side felt nothing but pride that she could sing such a complicated song so fully and so confidently in front of a crowd.

*If viewing online, click
photo to see Heather
sing Betty Boop*



Nursery School

Kathy: “I think the song Heather belted out in nursery school started out something like this:
‘What’s that in the sky? Falling to the ground? Looks like a nuclear warhead! Falling on our town!
Lookout! ...Below! Lookout! ..Below! Lookout below lookout below lookout below lookout belooooow!’”

From the earliest age Heather was a bit of a character. So full of life and vitality. She marched to her own drummer, and did a lot of the drumming herself.

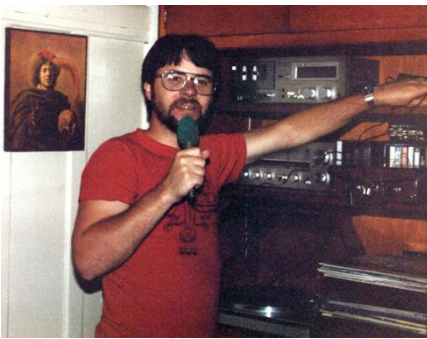
I am not at all a musician, but did enjoy the political folk music of my youth and enjoyed singing lullabies and other songs to my kids. I like to pretend that my singing lullabies to them contributed significantly to their musicality and love of music, but I know that only played a very small role.



Their dad's love of music probably contributed a fair amount, as he pretty much always had music on in the house. Scott's musical tastes were very wide, varied, and eclectic so while the kids were growing up he played all kinds of music: Rock; Surf; Jazz; New Wave; New Age; Punk; Exotica; Hawaiian; Indian; Folk; Country; Bluegrass; Swing; Classical; Psychedelic Trance; Electronica; World Fusion; Easy Listening; and more. Any and all of these were constantly coming out of our stereo speakers and into Heather's ears.

By Heather in
High School

Classical example
Sixties Rock music. When I was a little tiny kid, before I could even walk, my dad would blast Sixties Rock music, and dance with me on his shoulder. I now associate that music with childhood, love, comfort, safety, and my dad.
Now, when I'm stressed out or upset, I listen to sixties rock music and feel better. I feel calm, at ease, and my upsetness goes away. The music includes the Beatles, The Who, The Grateful Dead, and all the classics.
It's gotten to the point where, if I'm a bit in a bad mood and acting bitchy to my family, my parents will actually order me to go listen to music. It changes my personality. Seriously.
I have so many memories of that music. I've also gone to a lot of concerts with my dad. I'll always remember those adventures.



Scott would also go through phases where he did deep dives into a specific group like The Grateful Dead, or a type of music, discovering, for instance, that there was one type of Hawaiian music that he loved or one country singer. This immersive approach was appreciated by Heather who embraced opportunities to understand music on a deep level.

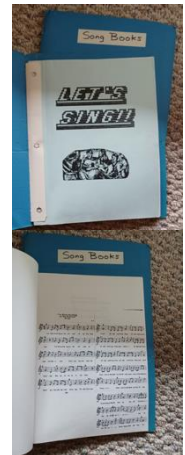
Heather's dad also used music to accompany life, putting on dinner music, party music, wind-down music, and more. When we went camping, his primary method of preparation was to compile music tapes to have with us to enjoy on the camping trip. He played the tapes on a little boombox he would bring on the trip, and the car ride was also filled with music.

When Scott was not playing music through the stereo, Adrian was playing music on the piano, and later also on the guitar. At first, Adrian played songs he was learning to play, and later played songs of his own creation. Heather loved it when Adrian played music - it moved her.

At her grandparents' house, Poppy usually had on either Classical music or Opera - at high volume. His mother had aspired to be an opera singer, and he had been raised with a love of music in his home.

Bobby: "Heather patiently tried to teach a song (something about a blue cow, I think) to her musically challenged grandparents and earnestly praised our efforts."

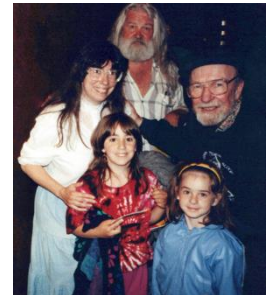
For various family events Bobby would delight in having sing-alongs, with a focus on protest and folk songs. For a gift one year we created a book of her favorite songs, with multiple copies, so we could all know the words. When she was older, Heather would read the music and play her guitar during the sing-alongs.



I guess music was almost everywhere Heather went.

Concerts were a family favorite. Every year Scott and the kids would examine all the upcoming concerts in our area, and at venues near where we planned to camp, and select a few special ones for that year's family outings. We went to major concert venues, music clubs, and outdoor festivals.

We saw Pete Seeger in the Berkeley Community Theater, and our friend and neighbor knew him, so we were able to get a photo with him. I recall waiting to see him after the show - the place had emptied - and [Pete Seeger](#) stepped out on stage and yodeled - seemingly just for the pleasure of it.



In her teens, Heather and her dad also explored a variety of other music together in small intimate venues, for instance seeing [Rasa](#) playing and singing beautiful meditative music based upon Hindu spiritual poetry, and [Steven Kent](#) playing didgeridoo music.



Heather with Allen Whitman, bass player for the Mermen

For Heather's senior project at High School she was supposed to job shadow someone in a career of interest to her. She contacted The Mermen, a local, very popular, psychedelic surf band, which was a favorite of hers and her dad's. They agreed to let her spend a day with them, and she had a blast!

LINK:

- [Heather's "Senior Experience" Paper](#)
- [The Mermen on YouTube](#)



When Heather got older, she went to concerts with her brother and/or friends, expanding her musical exposure and tastes.



As an adult Heather would take me to music shows she knew that I would enjoy at [The Freight and Salvage Coffeehouse](#), a local mid-sized music venue. She went there often with friends, as well. She used to take her dog Shevek, who would sit peacefully on her lap for the entire show.



She also used to go to [Yoshi's](#), a major jazz venue, and [Anna's Jazz Island](#), a sweet small quirky venue, now closed, that featured local jazz musicians.



I know she also went to musicals with friends and/or her brother, when she could afford them, and I recall her valuing [Rent](#), [Hair](#), and [Into the Woods](#).

She enjoyed going to many of the student musical productions in our area. She also loved to watch musical productions when they were on the screen, ranging from classics to childhood movies to period pieces to contemporary productions. In keeping with her ability to remember music, she could sing all of the songs of all of the musicals she saw. She often danced while she sang.

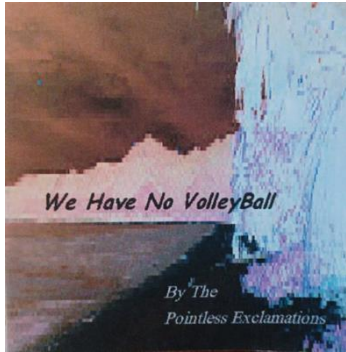


While growing up, Adrian, Heather's brother, showed an early and powerful musical talent. He started to play piano on his own at around 5, and started taking lessons at 7. By the time he was 12, we couldn't find a piano teacher who could satisfy his musical curiosity, so he switched

to studying on his own. I recall one summer when he bought a guitar and as far as the family knew had put it in his room and not picked it up again. Then, one night, he brought the guitar out of his room and played a complicated song on it, perfectly. Heather was blown away!



Heather greatly admired her brother's musical talent. She was also a bit intimidated by it, believing that she did not have his innate ability and thus music was more his territory, than hers. Despite this doubt, she took a few guitar lessons in high school, and began her road to musicianship.



During this time, Heather and Adrian had fun together making playful songs. I recall one with a repeating refrain about my making pancakes and one I especially liked: "We have no Volleyball" (with friend Jim on the drums).

LINK:

- [We Have No Volleyball](#) - Digitized by Robin

LYRICS for "We Have no Volleyball":

Volleyball, volleyball, volleyball, volleyball,
volleyball, volleyball, volleyball, volleyball,
volleyball, volleyball, volleyball, volleyball,
volleyball, volleyball, volleyball, volleyball

We have no volleyball
We don't care.
We have no volleyball
So beware.
We have no volleyball
So won't you share?

Because the game's begun
My skin is bleeding with the sun
My friends are always having fun
And now it's time to show my worth.

Nothing matters at the beach
The heat has slurred my song and speech
When playing's over nothing's done
And that is why the game's begun.

Volleyball, volleyball, volleyball, volleyball,
volleyball, volleyball, volleyball, volleyball,
volleyball, volleyball, volleyball, volleyball,
volleyball, volleyball, volleyball, volleyball

We have no volleyball
We don't care.
We have no volleyball
So won't you share?
We have no volleyball
So beware.

Life is a game they say
In the sand my face
I know I'll lose the race.

Once upon a time
It's a metaphor for life.

A husband and a wife
How can you fit in?
Without a volleyball
There's nothing left at all.

Heather was always in love with music, however beginning to play music was transformative for her and when she started to learn to play the guitar it became clear to her that musicianship was a path she must follow.

***Heather, wrote this paper in her senior year of high school:
The Never Ending Goal, The Never Ending Dream***

Music is power. A wonderful, sweet, and powerful power. I've known this my entire life. Since before I could walk I could feel the power coming from my dad's stereo. When he took me to my first concert, a Neil Young concert, the connection between music and power became clearer in my mind. Music can have an emotional energy and power, and I felt the emotional effect it could have. My dream was born then without my even realizing it.

For a while, music was a pleasure/pain experience for me. Loving music, and loving to feel it through my body, I could never quite get close enough to it. Wanting to touch it, to be inside it, when all I could do was sit and listen to it was indescribably aggravating. This became increasingly frustrating, even physically painful for me, until I almost couldn't stand it. I could never quite put my finger on how to end this sweet agony, or even figure out exactly what was causing it. Eventually, I did just that, I put my finger on it.

A few years ago my mother gave me her old guitar, a classic well-made beautiful wood one from the sixties. The guitar has a very full and fulfilling sound. With this new possession, I decided it would be a kick to learn how to play, having no idea yet the effect that would have on my life. After taking a few lessons put on by the Recreation Department, I had learned a few chords. There were only four lessons and they were only a short introduction. When it ended all I knew were a few chords. Having not gotten much satisfaction from having to memorize, I forgot about the guitar for a short while.

As a freshman, I was in an advanced drama class. In this class, I was the youngest amongst many outgoing juniors and seniors. One junior boy was especially cute, extremely nice, funny, and mature also. As you can see, I had a bit of a crush on him, so I jumped at the chance when I found out he was offering guitar lessons.

After only a few lessons he gave me a chart of the notes that told how to find the notes on your guitar. One day I was memorizing scales and listening to my little brother play beautiful songs on the piano, and suddenly realized I could actually play a song using that chart! My brother wrote out the notes to "Strawberry Fields Forever", by the Beatles, for me. Slowly, and painfully, I looked from the sheet he wrote to my chart until I had memorized where to put my fingers. Practicing and practicing I worked at it, until I could play it at a good speed and it sounded right. Suddenly, I wasn't just doing good to impress my teacher. At that moment the energy reached me. Right then I knew I had found the answer. I had found a way to feel the music like never before, I could create it. When it was coming from my fingertips I was inside the sound in a way I had never dreamed possible. Right then I knew my life had changed: I knew I had to master this instrument and unlock its full potential.

We went on a family camping trip and I bought a little miniature toy guitar for 30 dollars that I could take with me. During this trip I spent all the time I could learning new songs using my chart. After I begged, my brother wrote out songs he knew. Between this and his old music books, I played anything I could get my hands on. I was addicted!

My teacher taught me and I worked very hard at learning what he taught, as well as learning lots of stuff on my own. However, that was an extremely hectic year, and he gave me a lot to learn fast. Although I worked hard, at that time it was still just a hobby, and not the major part of my life it has become.

The Never Ending Goal, The Never Ending Dream - continued

When my teacher graduated and moved away, I spent the summer memorizing his chart, understanding the system behind it, looking over the scales I had memorized, and teaching myself to read sheet music. This made learning songs much easier, and that summer I wrote my first song. Endless hours were spent learning and writing songs, all summer long. My new ability, and the new ease with which I could do those things, were so exciting to me that I was giddy. On the first night I finally mastered it I was so excited that my hands were too shaky to play, but I did anyway. Exactly what I was getting out of it I wasn't sure, but I knew I was addicted. I had the bug big time. On my own, I kept learning and working from books and looking over what my teacher had taught me. My passion became stronger and stronger, until it was more than a hobby, it became a life-long dream and goal, a way of life.

Now I passionately want to master this instrument and unlock its potential and go beyond. Dedicate a large portion of my life to my music and reaching people with it is my dream. Whether I "make it" doesn't really matter, as long as I can survive while dedicating myself to creating music. Deciding otherwise isn't really an option anymore, it's what I have to do. A musician is what I need to be, what I truly am, and I will feel unfulfilled until I am fully able to express myself through music.

On my 17th birthday, my parents, my brother, and all four of my grandparents chipped in to give me the best gift I have ever received: my very own, brand new, guitar. Made out of a thick, dark wood, it is absolutely beautiful, with a rich, clear, sound. In fact, the most beautiful sound you've ever heard. Most of my free time is spent learning and creating on this guitar. Having gone as far as I could on my own, I wanted to resume lessons. A nice guy responded to an advertisement I put up at DVC. Right now we're working on chord theory.

This is a dream and a goal that will never really come true or be shattered. Music will always be a major part of who I am. You could say I am accomplishing my goal of learning how to play, and am yet to have my dream of getting to dedicate a large portion of my life to it (without it being a hobby outside of school). The truth is, the more I play and learn, the stronger the goal becomes, the goal of learning more. Since there's no limit to how much one can accomplish on a musical instrument, this is a never ending dream.

Although Heather was now committed to music playing a major role in her life, she decided to pursue a BA first, assuming she could focus on music later. So, Heather went off to college at the University of California at Santa Cruz.

One highlight for her at UC Santa Cruz was when she took an elective on music history and found delight in getting a bit in trouble for correcting the professor - in front of 200 students - on an obscure fact - that she was right about.



Heather focused on music whenever she could, and became known as The Groovemaster, playing music (like a DJ) at parties, using her encyclopedic knowledge of songs and her awareness of their impact, to pick exactly what fit the moment.

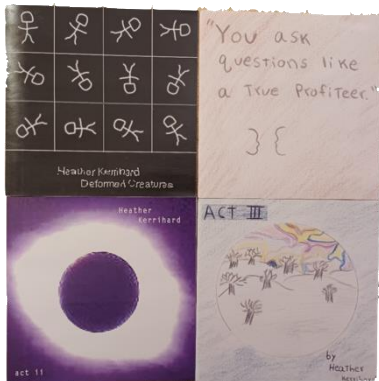
Heather also dabbled in astronomy, philosophy, and more - all subjects she cared about - and she threw herself into political activism too - but she was not feeling like she was on the road to her life's path, and she needed time to think.

So, Heather left college and came home to re-orient, earning a living for a time as a nanny.

Bobby: "While a nanny, Heather diagnosed the older son's reading difficulties as related to vision, not a learning disability as was thought. The diagnosis was later confirmed by an eye doctor, and she worked with him on vision exercises."



Adrian was in his final year of high school, when Heather came home, and was recording his original musical compositions, on a little four-track recorder. Heather joined him, and while creating his own music, Adrian helped her produce 4 albums, putting her poetry to music. It was a project they both loved.



Heather's high school album covers & some lyrics

It's always at the other end of time

There's always tomorrow, and it's just a day away.
There's always tomorrow, and it's just another day

The sun will rise up once again. Bring us hope, bring us peace.
The sun will rise another day. We will watch, and we will pray.

There's always your secrets, and the precious truth you hide.
There's always your secrets and your animalistic pride.

It's at the other end of time. Just a walk, just a climb.
Everyone should be like me, and everyone, will soon be free.

There's always the breath you take.
I promised you I wouldn't break.
Another day, and you will awake.

The Gypsy

The gypsy walked by, and silence fell upon them.
With her golden eye, they all knew she forgot them.

This is it, the time is now.
No time to waste we got run somehow.

The queen she walked by, asking only for a favor.
The people would comply, they'd do anything to save her.

Wishing all the very best, for you. For you.
She's wishing you the very best, it's true. It's true.
The photograph immortalized, nothing. Nothing.
That's why I played a trick on you, you fool, you fool.

The statue walked by, and the people were astounded.
Everybody said 'Good bye' and silence fell upon them.

This is it. Time will stop.
Let's run away, let's beat the clock.

Wishing all the very best, for you, for you.
She's wishing you the very best, it's true. It's true.
The photograph immortalized, nothing. Nothing.
That's why I played a trick on you. You fool. You fool.

Lunar eclipse

I am born again into the fragile womb.
Stripped of all poetry and everything I fear.
I am born again, into the fragile home.
Stripped of cosmology, and everything I hear.

The lunar eclipse is going to clean your mind.
Of all the horrors, you think you've seen.
The lunar eclipse is going to set you free.
It will make, everything so clean.

Since the Big Bang, there's been motion.
Since they took control we've been causing a commotion.
Pain is beauty, and beauty equals pain.

I do not mean a thing I have ever said.
There's nothing genuine about what's in my head.
It's not a gimmick song with a catchy melody.
It's just a fantasy that the sound could set me free.

I fondly recall, during this period, when Heather was recovering from having her wisdom teeth out, that she and I embarked on a project to determine which of the musicians and songs I enjoyed she also appreciated. This resulted in a 5 CD compilation of folk music that we both loved (and I still have).

Then, we went on a camping trip. There were long walks, and long talks.

Heather spoke earnestly about her love of music and of her sadness that she didn't seem to have the background she needed to pursue it. I remember the moment, on the bank of a river, when Heather turned to me and said that she loved music, and she needed to be true to herself, so by golly, she was going to put her mind to it, and work harder than anybody, and master



musicianship! That evening, around the campfire, she told us her full plan.

Kathy: “We were camping at Plumas-Eureka ... after Heather left UC Santa Cruz... and we were sitting around our campfire, and, of course, this was a time for contemplating “Well, what now?” Heather announced to us that music was something that meant so much to her, that she loved music and it had been such a part of her growing-up and of our home-life, and that it was a way of effecting others and perhaps even making a difference in the world — And so, she said, why not do that which you love? And so she had the idea of formally learning to play an instrument, and then to open her own music school. We, of course, supported her in this idea...

I was always so impressed with the way she had this idea and then actually carried it out. So many “fireside” ideas remain just that — ideas — but Heather put hers into action and made it happen....So I always remember that campfire — and Heather telling us her plan...”

When we returned home we tackled the challenge of finding a music school that would accept her with only a slight knowledge of guitar. A lot of schools required audition tapes, and clearly were for people whose parents considered them prodigies and thus provided them with lessons from early ages. Even state colleges and universities consistently required proof of prior musicianship.

Heather was not deterred. We kept looking. Then we found The Players School of Music - a dream come true. The school was created and led by a renowned jazz musician, [Jeff Berlin](#), who believed that most people had been taught music incorrectly, so he preferred beginners - people who did not have to unlearn. We called the school. We learned that their next semester was starting in less than 10 days, and that she was welcome there.

The Players School of Music

Heather was accepted to attend The Players School of Music in Clearwater Florida, less than 10 days before the program started. So, in a whirlwind, she and I packed her up, flew across country, found her an apartment, bought some inflatable chairs and a bed, and set her up in her new home. Without hesitation, Heather adopted Shevek, her beloved dog and companion, and then plunged into two years of intensive music training.



The Players School of Music was a very small school, often with classes as small as four. Heather was one of the youngest students, and the first female to attend. Heather studied electric bass in private lessons with Jeff Berlin (a prominent American jazz fusion bassist, and the owner of the school), and had classes with other teachers in other instruments, ear training, musical theory, sight reading, and more.



At The Players School, Heather, and we, learned that something we had taken for granted was a real gift - her ability to remember the melody and all the words of almost any song after hearing it once. Now we understood why she had been known as The Groovemaster at UC Santa Cruz.

Heather explored many different aspects of music and a variety of instruments, and discovered that she was a natural at musical theory, music appreciation, sight reading, and teaching. She turned out to have such a gift for musical theory, that in addition to doing her own homework she tutored her peers.



A highlight for her was when she mastered a very difficult song by [Jaco Pastorius](#), with great pride, and played it to accolades at the school. She was proud of her effort, dedication, and accomplishments.

While Heather was at the Players School of Music her brother, Adrian, moved to Arizona to go to radio school. Having both lived at home, compromising with us and each other, for most of their lives, I found it fascinating how differently they each set up their environments. Heather had no curtains on her windows and had sparse and mostly inflatable furniture, creating a light and airy feeling. She made dinners of brown rice and broccoli and ate plain yogurt. She rode her bike to school.



Meanwhile, Adrian put blackout curtains on his windows and got a deep dark rug to create a cozy environment where he could play music undisturbed. He learned to cook full meals, including a complete Thanksgiving feast with ham and biscuits and yams and so much more.



Heather visited Adrian in Arizona, and Adrian visited Heather in Florida, and we had wonderful whole family visits too.

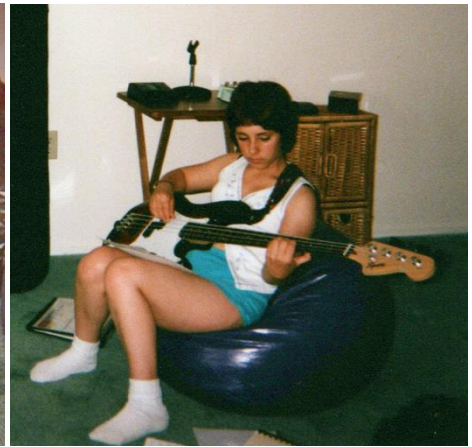
Music was always with them as well!



While Heather was still at the Players School of Music Adrian decided that being a radio DJ was not for him, and he enrolled in the California State University at Monterey Bay, where he received his bachelor's degree in Teledramatic Arts and Technology. This led to our having memorable visits with Adrian at his campus and dorm, as well as being able to meet his friends.

Heather and Adrian each experienced life out in the "real world" on their own, with all the ups and downs that entailed. They had many adventures and experiences. It was a lovely phase of spreading their wings.

Laurie: "Heather called me one evening at 11:15pm PST. She said: 'Hi Mom, hypothetically speaking, what does one do when they come out of a nightclub and find that their car has been towed?' I quickly realized that it was 2:15am where Heather was and remembered that she had gone alone to see a band play – that meant – yikes! – Heather was alone on a street corner in the middle of the night. I suggested she go back into the club and ask them to let her stay there, safely, while she arranged a ride home. She did so and returned to get her car the next day. She never parked her car where it could be towed again."



Kathy: "I spent a terrific week with Heather in Clearwater Florida during the early stages of my gender transformation. Being on vacation provided me an opportunity to have my first full-time Kathy adventure, and Heather was wonderfully supportive - as she had already been in many, many ways before. She showed me a great time — we spent the week visiting the Players School, and also a museum, an aquarium, a bookstore, a jazz club, and each afternoon we would take Shevek for a long walk along the wooded river area across from Heather's apartment. One evening we went to the beach near downtown Clearwater, just to walk around enjoying the night. One night we went on a late night excursion to the Walmart — to have fun walking around looking at whatever was on display. We spent most evenings just hanging out in Heather's apartment, and she would practice her bass playing, while I would try to read, while being constantly provoked by Shevek into playing tug-a-war (I always gave in). It was a wonderful experience for me, partly because of the full-time Kathy adventure, and partly because it was an opportunity for Heather to share with me what her life was like while she was living in Clearwater. I know that we both enjoyed the week - it was a great time for all of us (including Shevek)."

Heather was a bit of a fish out of water in Florida, being a purple haired radical hippie in a world that was many years behind California culturally and politically, at a school where she was the only female.

However she managed to thrive, due to her love of music, and having adopted Shevek - her beloved Sheltie, and, a bit later, Shara - a very sweet shelter shepherd mix.



Heather enjoyed some friendships, and had some romances too - unfortunately including one that was upsetting. For the most part she let these relationships fade away when she returned to CA.

Laurie: “Heather briefly took in a roommate, a young woman who came to the Players School for a short music adult summer program. They instantly hit it off, although this friend was a bit “over the top”, according to Heather. For example, one day Heather came home to find that her roommate had given Shevek a Mohawk haircut, and dyed his hair pink. When recounting this story many years later, Heather still shook her head, saying ‘what was she thinking?’”

Heather had the opportunity to perform at local jazz clubs on multiple occasions, while attending The Players School, and really enjoyed doing so. She also volunteered with another student to play at a local church, and loved the sense of community she felt when everyone shared music together there.

For fun, Heather taught herself to play the didgeridoo, and I have fond memories of her playing it while we were camping. The sound really traveled!

This was a very enriching period in Heather’s life.



If viewing online, you can click on the photo on the left to see and hear Heather proudly playing “Blue Bosa”, a jazz standard, as an audition tape, after completing her two years of instruction at The Players School of Music

Sonoma State & The New College of California

Heather was relieved when, after she completed her two years of music school, she could return to California. Her music degree was not accredited, so she turned her attention to getting a bachelor's degree.



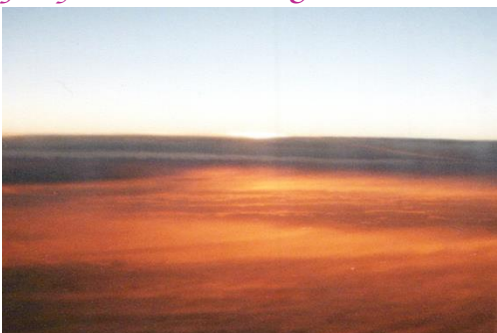
She enrolled in the music program at California State University Sonoma. She didn't like the way the school was teaching music (the main teacher was a raging alcoholic who once threw a guitar at a student), and learned that to graduate would require a minimum of 5 years of school (despite her schooling at both UCB and The Players School), so she left after one year.

It was a valuable year though, due to experiences with roommates, friends, and lovers.



She also enjoyed performing in Sonoma State's Big band and being in a World Music Band, Salon Shalom, as it was large, with many interesting instruments, and they played at many festivals, including the Cotati Accordion Festival and a benefit for the Peace and Justice Center. It was always a treat to go see her perform.

It was during Heather's time at Sonoma State that her father's and my marriage ended. Although we had loved each other and delighted in raising a family together, it had become clear that we would be better off apart, for our remaining years. We were civil, still caring about each other's well-being, and took our time to transition to our new phases of life. While Heather was at Sonoma State we still visited her at school and came to her musical performances, together, however things were not as they were.



Heather and I took this photo of the beach at sunset during this time

Heather was old enough, and perceptive enough, to be aware of some of the challenges that were negatively impacting my husband's and my relationship, and her empathy for each of us made this aspect painful for her.

Simultaneously she was directly experiencing the dissolution of her beloved family, and this was a difficult transition for her.

Tina was Heather's roommate at her dorm at Sonoma State, and they really connected! They remained extremely close friends forevermore.

Tina: "This photo is from the first time I met Heather, just taking photos of all our roommates as we embarked on dorm life. Not knowing at the time how we would bond talking at the table over her late night yogurt or the fact that we were the only two women out of the 6 who would use the kitchen to cook meals. She was a largest influence for me to go almost fully vegan about 3 years ago."



Tina: "This photo is from 2004 when we were 25, having a night out in San Jose. She jumped on stage to play with the band. Her passionate spirit will be forever with us."

Tina: "The photo with her guitar is the time she crawled out the 2nd story window and serenaded the campus just for fun."



Over time Heather became friends with Mario, Tina's husband, and when Tina and Mario had their two children, Fiona & Kate, Heather absolutely adored them from day one!



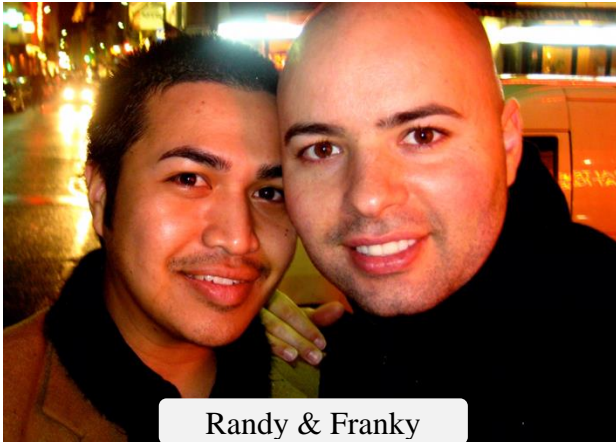
Kate, Mario, Fiona, Tina, & Heather
Camping at Big Basin Redwoods

Sonoma State & New College of CA

Tina: "I have been looking for that balance. The way that Heather did, and then she would put it out to the rest of her circle with kindness and love. I took the dogs out for a walk, and there were three interactions with birds that I felt Heather's presence. Small birds flying into the bush right in front of me, one stopping and looking at me. Same thing later with a crow looking right at me. A while later a crow flew through my camera shot really close. She is all around us and helping us through this difficult period."

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After her year at Sonoma State, Heather was eager to be done with school and move on with her life. She enrolled in the New College of California in San Francisco, and a year later emerged with a bachelor's degree in humanities with an emphasis in music. This school was hippie-dippy and she felt at home there.



Randy & Franky

Her closest friend from that school was Franky, with whom she shared an adventurous approach to life, and joyful experiences. Heather regaled me with tales of time spent with Franky, as that was always a special event for her. She was fond of his partner, Randy too! I have memories of tales from school, from Franky's nanny job, of hypnosis, and so much more.

Franky: "I have loved Heather since the day that I met her so many years ago. She and I went to college together and we made music together. She and I had sleepovers and dance parties in our living rooms as well as so many laughs and memories together. A true TRUE friend!

I have never been as proud of someone as I was of Heather! She and I talked about what she would do after college, and what she reallyyyy wanted was to do something with music! I remember this so vividly. I encouraged her to throw caution to the wind, be fearless and find some way to perhaps teach it. Shortly after graduating, I got a message from Heather that simply said, "Hi Franky! I did it! Call me!" ...Haha! I immediately called her and asked, "What did you do, Heather?!" We were both already laughing, sparking off of each other's excitement. She said, "I did it... I started a school!" ...WHAAAT?!?! WOOW!! I remember I had so much pride for her that I started crying. I just knew that I had to go and help her set it all up! My partner, Randy and I both were so deeply proud of her and so deeply inspired by her!

Heather helped everyone to feel so alive and free. Such a deeply talented person, on all levels that a person could dream of being gifted with. Heather will always remain one of the most beautiful souls I have ever been blessed enough to know. I can feel her now as I write this... Beautiful, beautiful Heather."

Franky and his partner, Randy, helped her set up her music studio, painting some of the walls a light green. They remained true friends.



Franky: "I miss how Heather and I would just start making musical noises with our mouths and hands and then start dancing to it. Haha! We were dorky and silly together! It was fun! She helped me to be more free and uninhibited in countless ways."

To celebrate Heather's graduation her family booked her a tour of Costa Rica. She was so excited to go and "see the world" - this was her first trip abroad! She had studied the Tropical Rainforests at UCSC, and valued and understood their contribution to our ecosystem, so was thrilled to be able to go see them. The trip got off to a wonderful start, with her delighting in the natural beauty and people she encountered, and being so excited for the adventure.

She was very careful not to drink the water. However, it did not occur to her that the fresh fruits and vegetables that she relished had been washed in water. Within days she was incredibly sick. She thought it would pass, but it did not. She asked the tour bus driver to take her somewhere where she could get medical help. A day later they stopped at a pharmacy, where they gave her something - which did not help. She asked again to be taken to get help and was told they could leave her somewhere along the route and she could find a way to get help on her own. By now we, at home, were becoming very worried - as dehydration seemed like a real danger. I did not have a passport, but my new boyfriend did and he offered to fly to her to help (he later became my husband and Heather's step-father, and this type of reaction to our concerns is partly why). Luckily, the tour bus passed near a hospital the next day and they finally dropped her off where she could get help. The medicine they gave her addressed the problem, and we helped her find a place to stay to recover, and then arranged a ride to the airport for an early return home.

Once home, she regaled us with her experiences. She had no use for the profit oriented tour company which was unwilling to go out of its way to help her. She had little positive to say about her fellow travelers who did not advocate on her behalf, did not seem to notice the Costa Ricans, and instead focused on drinking and partying. However, she had nothing but glowing things to say about the Costa Ricans and Costa Rica. She marveled at how carefree and happy the kids she encountered seemed, despite apparent poverty. She appreciated the family life and community life that she witnessed. She also spoke glowingly about the beauty and diversity of the natural environment, especially the Tropical Rainforests.



I couldn't locate Heather's Costa Rica photos, however I found some online that evoke her descriptions of the children



Costa Rica made a long-lasting impression on her - so much so that - years later when we discussed what our options might be if our country fell to totalitarianism - Heather said she would want to move to Costa Rica.

Groovemaster's Music & Enduring Friendships

After college Heather looked for ways to play music out in the world. Trained in jazz, she did some one-time jazz gigs, in addition to being in a small and friendly smooth jazz band for a while.



So far I haven't been able to recall the name of her smooth jazz band, or find photos of it, however, I recall clearly that their favorite venue was the Kensington Circus Pub - we used to go and watch - and one memorable evening Bobby and Poppy came and saw her perform, as well, pleasing Heather

One memorable jazz gig (at least for me) was when Heather substituted for the usual bass player for a jazz band she had been admiring (and telling them so). The funny part was that everyone in the band was about 80, big, male, and African American - and here was this tiny, white, young woman on stage with them. Heather, who never had stage fright, was just a bit intimidated before going on, but the moment her feet hit the stage she was "on" and she gave a terrific performance. I think her fellow band mates thought her enthusiasm was cute, and her appreciation for their music flattering.

Heather had less success with rock bands. She found that a lot of the guys in rock bands were just looking for a pretty woman who was willing to dress and dance sexily, to help the image of their band on their imagined road to success. Time after time, an audition meant asking her what her costume was and to show her moves, not even wanting to hear her play. She was pretty disgusted.

She linked up with an all-woman band for a little while, but it fell apart before even performing, when one of the women moved away. After that Heather decided to focus on writing music, and performing it at Open Mics, instead of seeking a band to join.

Out of school it was time for Heather to earn a living. As with most things Heather did, she started by making a decision to do what it would take to accomplish her goal. She understood that making a living at music was not easy, but she had decided that music, and sharing its power and beauty, was her path to making a difference in this world, so she knew she had to make it so. Thus, she unhesitatingly set up Groovemaster's Music Lessons, offering private lessons in electric bass, guitar, piano, ukulele, music theory, music appreciation, and ear training. She started in a tiny rented space below a music store in Berkeley.



Dan: "During one memorable visit, Heather took us to Anna's jazz club on University Avenue, and showed us her first studio, below a music store off an indoor patio on Telegraph Avenue, next to an excellent Japanese restaurant."

Robin: "I recall seeing her studios and the pride she had about it, the love she had for her students. We went to a Jazz club one night and I don't recall the music, but I remember being there with Heather."

David: "I recall Heather's pride and enthusiasm when she showed us the space that would become her music studio."



Blue Note Music was upstairs & Groovemaster's Music Lessons was downstairs
in a small room right below the Blue Note Music sign

There was about a two week delay from signing the rental agreement to gaining possession of her music studio which Heather used to write a music theory instruction book and homework for her students, in hand-writing, along with ear training lessons. Her students really valued these, in fact her step-dad still raves about the positive effect they had on his musicianship.

Laurie 03/25/21: "I have to add a special note, that today Heather would have been so pleased! Yesterday evening her 14 year old nephew, Taylor, mentioned that he had become interested in understanding music, and had been looking for online resources, but he had not found anything too helpful so far.

Mike and I dug out a copy of Heather's music theory book, and gave it to him. I didn't really expect him to read it, in this computer age, especially without Heather there to walk him through it. However, today, he could not stop telling me, Mike, Juli, his dad – everyone – about what a wonderful book it is!

Taylor said that it explained things so clearly and he instantly had more understanding than he had acquired in a month of trying to learn. He shared with me 'before' and 'after' attempts at writing a musical progression, and credited Heather with a marked improvement. He said he would read every bit of her book, and wanted to make sure I would let him take it home with him, and pondered which of his friends he should share it with, and encouraged me to scan it into the computer and make it available online.

Heather would have been so pleased! Both that her book was useful, and that her nephew's love of music was being enhanced... She had hoped to someday be able to help expand his horizons in this way, and it has turned out that she was able to do so."

LINKS:

- [Heather's Music Theory Book](#)
- [Heather's Music Theory Book Homework](#)
- [Heather's Ear Training Lessons](#)

Lesson One

- In nature, Every Sound has a pitch. This refers to The speed and frequency of The Sound wave being Created.
- Western music has 12 pitch names. Each are an equal distance apart in terms of sound wave frequency.

These are Their names:

A A^{sharp} B C C^{sharp} D D^{sharp} E F F^{sharp} G

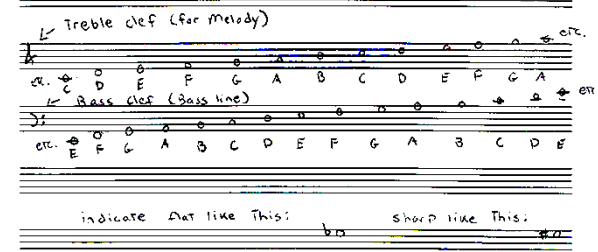
A B^{flat} B C D^{flat} D E^{flat} E F G^{flat} G

This is Known as The Chromatic Scale. It is Every Note name. The Chromatic Scale is all 12 pitch names.

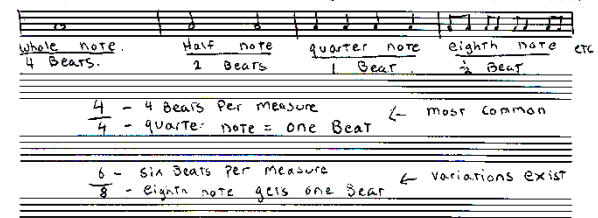
- Each note is a Half step apart in pitch.
- The music alphabet is A Through G. The notes in between The letters are called enharmonics. They can be called Sharp or flat depending on The situation.
- "A^{sharp}" means a half step above (Higher in pitch) than "A". "A^{flat}" means a Half step below.

This is a pitch grid known as a Staff

- You can indicate a pitch like This:



- You can indicate how long to hold a pitch like This:



When it looked like her music studio was going to be a success after just a few months, I noticed that a larger space on a main street in Berkeley had put up a "for rent" sign in the window. Heather immediately arranged to rent it! She then taught there for twelve years.



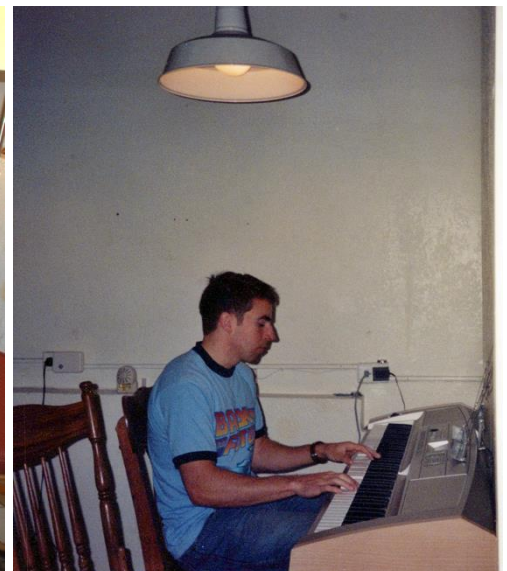
The Sign - in the window of Heather's studio on Martin Luther King Jr Way



The Waiting Room – this was right after Heather obtained possession, before it was fully set up
(we were celebrating her birthday there)



The Office – Adjoining the waiting room, it was used by students for homework, parents for remote work, and Heather for scheduling & written assignments



The Music Room – Where the Magic Happened
At one end there were guitars, bass guitars, ukuleles, and a banjo
At the other end Heather replaced this keyboard with a piano
(In this photo Adrian is playing Happy Birthday at Heather's party)



The Bathroom – We don't have a photo of the bathroom, but there was a bathroom
- it is behind Keefe in this photo of him being silly at Heather's birthday party

Heather advertised for Groovemaster's Music on Craigslist, as follows:

I am a young female musician and music teacher, offering lessons in Piano, Guitar, Electric Bass, Ukulele, Music Theory, Music Appreciation & Ear Training out of my studio in Berkeley.

I welcome all ages, levels, interests & personalities. I will develop a personalized program for you based on your goals, musical interests, and learning style. We will progress at your pace, playing the songs you want to learn.

I try to make my lessons as fun & exciting as possible. Music is my passion and I believe it should always be explored with a sense of wonder and joy.

My lessons also tend to involve a certain amount of theory & fundamentals, as my goal is to give you the tools and knowledge that you need to keep growing and progressing as a musician your entire life.

I am qualified to teach all levels from beginner to advanced, as I have credentials in jazz composition and theory; knowledge of classical theory, rock, folk, blues, and world music; plus years of playing and teaching experience.

I have a deep love of music and want to share that with you and help you learn how to express yourself with your instrument. I want to help you to understand the full magic of your music and set you on a path for a lifetime of learning, fun & personal expression.

If you are interested, please give me a call or send me an email!

As a music teacher, Heather's appreciation of music came into play every day. People from all walks of life would come in, bringing the music they enjoyed with them, asking to learn to play it. Heather loved all of the music. She would tell me, with joy, when someone brought in something unique or different, or when someone communicated their love of music.

She loved teaching music to teens, and some of the children & adults. She was less thrilled with parents who tried to live through their children's accomplishments - and did not enjoy dealing with the occasional obnoxious adult - but she realized that no job was perfect.

At first she charged for lessons on a sliding scale, and wanted to continue to do so, essentially being donation based, so everyone could experience musical training, but the combination of studio rent, utilities, and the need to eat eventually forced her to charge more consistently.

When Heather first started teaching music she lived, for a while, in the downstairs apartment of a Berkeley Hills/Kensington home, with her dogs Shevek and Shara. It was there that she met Sarah – a wonderful soulmate and confidante.

Sarah: “I’ve had a hard time coming up with a post that could begin to capture how, and how much, Heather means to me. I thought if I gathered all my hard copy, digital and cloud-based photos of her, I could come close to having enough pictures to begin to do it justice. But after a lot of digging in boxes and gathering images from old hard drives, the pictures fall short. How could they ever fully capture how such a wonderful soul came in to my life, became a beloved friend and confidant, and helped me form my own chosen family?

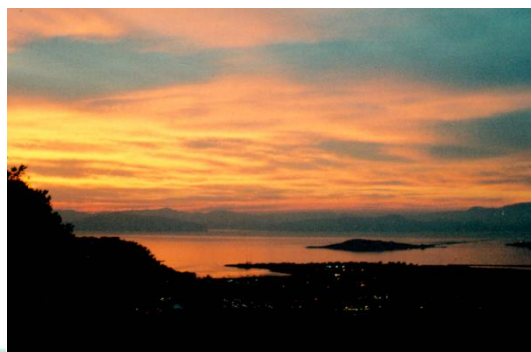
I wanted to post a few pictures here, for now. In one, I’d just met Heather in 2004, and we were both in our early twenties. She was living in a three-bedroom apartment on the bottom level of a large house in Kensington. I met Heather, toured the house, and en route away from it, started a hand-written note about how much I wanted to be her roommate. She thought that was a little over the top, but agreed that I could move in anyway. Soon after, Heather and the other roommate and I went to Tilden Park and rode the carousel at night (one picture below was taken in front of that).

This was the beginning of many conversations at a shared kitchen table, in the backyard with our dogs (her dogs Shara and Shevek and my dog Thadius), on hikes and walks, many Sunday afternoons at the laundromat, meals at Au Coquelet café in Berkeley, and more. Two pictures below are of a hike near Pacifica with her dog Shevek.

It didn’t take long for Heather’s warm, enduring and loving friendship to transform the way I saw the world. At the time, I was a transplant from rural America, trying to get through college, put some difficult times behind me, and to “belong” somewhere. Heather’s friendship made me feel like I did. Her love and friendship gave me a home, roommates or not. Her kindness and the way she trusted me with her stories helped me let my guard down, open up, be a little less scared of the future, and form a tribe. I simply wouldn’t be half the person I am without her. After such a deep connection, and so many years of friendship, I feel like trying to fully capture her essence is like trying to fish the stars out of the sky. I guess I can just say, to my dear friend: I will carry your presence with me wherever I go and will treasure it always. I love you.”



Sarah: I remember showing this print to Heather when I took it back in 2005 and she said, "I love that picture. It's so us." I completely agree.



Sarah: "Here are photos I took of the house where Heather and I were roommates. The sunsets up there were quite beautiful."



Below, left, Sara & Heather hug their dogs, Thadius & Ginger, at Big Basin on a camping trip
Sarah took the other photos, below, of Heather & Ginger, at Sandy Creek on a hike in GA



Heather and Sarah stayed close, always, and Heather was so thrilled when Sarah married Dave and then had their baby, Ari. Seeing baby Ari over Zoom, and knowing Sarah was so happy, made Heather's heart soar.



After some challenges with mold in her apartment in the downstairs of the Berkeley Hills/Kensington home, which the landlord would not address, Heather moved to a studio apartment that Heather referred to, un-affectionately, as “the box”. While living there Heather really missed her connection to nature, and took frequent walks in the woods of Tilden, Berkeley’s largest and most natural park, that has wooded trails and a lake. Sometimes she walked alone or ran with Shevek, but often she walked with friends, old and new.

Jenn: "Jess and I went on Heather’s Hike in Tilden on Saturday (Lone Oak parking lot up to Lake Anza) and it is a joyful reminder of Heather. We did that hike many times she and I (and sometimes with Colin and even Jess a few times). Enough times that I don’t know the actual name of the trail, it’s always just been “Heather’s Hike.” I don’t plan on learning the trail’s official name, and I know I’ll hike it again soon."

In an attempt to compensate for city living Heather and I started an annual tradition of setting up camp in Big Basin Redwoods during the summer and inviting friends and family to join us there.



Big Basin: Colin, Mario & Kate, Tina & Fiona, Heather, Laurie & Ginger

Berkeley friends often joined us, which Heather loved. These trips were also an opportunity to spend quality time with friends who did not live in Berkeley but with whom she was still close, like Tina, her roommate from Sonoma State, who lived in San Jose at the time.

Those were magical trips!

Tina in 2022:
“I wanted to share my new tattoo. It's inspired by her flower and the circles and line somewhat by string theory/particle collision.”



While Heather was teaching at Groovemaster's music her stepfather and stepbrother entered the picture. Mike, her stepdad, is a musician who has been playing electric bass in one band after another since his teen years, so he and Heather bonded over this right away. Early in their relationship Mike took lessons from Heather. He was self-taught, and greatly appreciated her sharing her knowledge of musical theory. Keefe, her stepbrother, also took music lessons from her, for a time, and has also become a musician. Heather enjoyed sharing music with her new family members, and enjoyed being surrounded by a larger family to love and be loved by.



Mike, Heather, and Keefe

While Heather loved teaching, she also really enjoyed playing music on her own terms! She frequently performed at Open Mics, with Mike usually accompanying her. Heather used these Open Mics as a place to try out new songs she was writing, which helped to keep her creative juices flowing and also helped to satiate her love of performing.

Mike accompanying Heather at an Open Mic



Heather also was a real appreciator and supporter of other musicians at the Open Mics, giving them high fives and personal encouragement. I noticed, on Heather's Facebook page that she was following one musician, who I recall Heather being enormously supportive of when he was a really young musician (teenager) at The Starry Plough's Open Mics in Berkeley. I remember her telling him his songs were great, that he had talent, and that he should trust and believe in himself. If you are interested, you can listen to [Matt Jaffe](#) on YouTube.

While Heather was teaching at Groovemaster's Music Mike and I married and my dog Sparky (a Pomeranian) and I moved into Mike's and Keefe's home. Mike and Keefe had a Stratfordshire Terrier mix. Heather's dog Shara, a rescue German Shepherd mix, was not happy without a yard in the small apartment Heather lived in, so Shara moved in with us too. Then, sometimes, Shevek missed Shara, so Heather would drop him off for a visit. I used to joke that we had three and a half dogs. During that time our cat, Smokey, adopted us too - so our house was pretty full.



Spike sleeping on top of Keefe



Shara being cozy with Sparky



Heather loving Shevek



Shevek and Spike surrounding Keefe



Sparky & Smokey – almost the same size

Keefe and Heather bonded firmly. They each embraced the opportunity to have an older sister or a younger brother and a real closeness ensued. They shared family experiences, Keefe took guitar lessons from Heather, and they turned to each other as only a brother and sister can.

Keefe: “Heather’s influence on me had a lasting positive effect. It was instrumental in my development as a person and a creative soul. Both her instruction of music and love of nature both reverberate in the marrow of my being ceaselessly. Many musical lessons still cling to my consciousness, granting ideas for future creative pursuits, or as fleeting cherished memories that flutter into the frame of my thoughts. Without Heather I would not have found the soil in which to grow my abilities to play instruments nor the comfort to pursue singing. Heather and I would run daily, in the early hours of the morning. I often felt reluctant to wake up let alone run, but through Heather’s cheerful and persistent exuberance I found the willpower to not only get out of bed, but to run 4-8 miles up hill daily. Heather’s positive influence on me both artistically and physically has been forever transposed on the fabric of my being. I undoubtedly would not be the man that I am today without her.”

*Keefe expressed some of his feelings in a song he wrote for his big sister, titled **Sight and Breath**, that he performed with his band **Androgygnar**.*

LINK:

- [Sight & Breath – by Androgygnar – Live at People’s Park in Berkeley](#)



Bobby, Heather, and Keefe – Happily Camping at Big Basin

Joyfully Heather embraced becoming an aunt when first her nephew, Taylor, and later her niece, Wendy, were born.

When Taylor was born Adrian and his family moved into a little one-bedroom in-law unit Bobby & Poppy created by converting Poppy's art studio in their garage. This enabled Adrian to live affordably while continuing his education. We all enjoyed having them nearby, and Heather spent lots of time doting on Taylor.

Baby Shower for Taylor at the apartment at Bobby & Poppy's



Heather doting on Taylor



This also gave her an opportunity to see more of Bobby and Poppy, which was important as Poppy was declining due to Parkinson's, so time with him felt precious. Taylor's parents kindly gave Taylor the middle name Elliott, after my dad. This pleased him mightily! Poppy died when Taylor was just four months old.

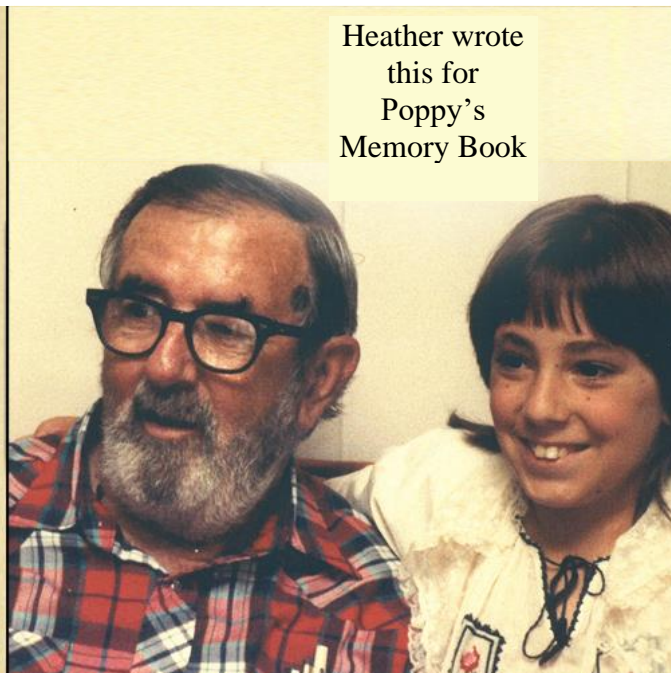
I have known very few people who are capable of being such a consistent source of love. He was always happy as long as the people he loved and cared about were around him and safe. He always had a joke and a smile for me growing up no matter what the occasion. And he was always so proud of all of us.

He was very simple in this way. Happy in life and devoted to his loved ones. He made life feel simple and joyous when you were around him.

There was a complexity to him also, that he only let show on rare occasions. He loved to paint. Mostly still-lives and photographs. I remember one day, he showed me a few abstract paintings he had done. I was completely floored. There was such vibrancy and such emotion and freedom in those paintings. I remember feeling like I was being shown a rare glimpse into something very few people get to see. I have that painting on my wall and will cherish it for the rest of my life.

Heather Kerrihard

Heather wrote
this for
Poppy's
Memory Book



Shortly after Poppy died Adrian's family moved to Humboldt county in CA so Adrian could attend school at Humboldt State University. They were living there when Wendy was born. Heather visited when she could. However

her teaching did not give her much time off, so we were all grateful that they were able to come to see us pretty often.



Through Sarah, Heather met Pam, who played a large role in Heather's life.

Pam: "I've known Heather about 15 years and she taught my kids piano. I actually used to live in the house next door to her grandmother for a couple of years when my kids were really little.

Heather was such a loyal friend. She listened so intently and remembered things. She was there the day or day after all of my kids were born and I knew her before that.

I know Heather would love joy and happiness for all in her life.

I just think the extent to which she really loved her friends and knew them and was there for them in multiple ways - she did feel like a sister, like family: her family feels like family."

Pam lived for a while in the little one-bedroom apartment converted from Poppy's art studio at Bobby's house, after Adrian had moved out. It was good for Bobby to have someone there and it was a warm and welcoming home for Pam, her husband Mauro, and their new baby Cato. Heather spent a lot of time there with them, and Bobby, and she and Cato totally bonded.



David: "I see Heather on the hammock in Pacheco, and deep in conversation with Pam...."

Pam & Cato with Heather & Taylor in the hammock at Bobby's

Bobby smiling at Heather holding Cato



Heather smiling at Pam & Mauro holding Cato



Later, Eva, and then Itzel, were born to Pam and Mauro, and Heather loved them too.



This was a wonderful gathering shortly before we moved to GA. From the left, there is: Eva; Itzel; Pam; Heather; Cato, & Bobby

Heather loved this photo from a trip to Big Basin with Pam; Eva; Heather holding Itzel; and Cato



After Pam moved out of Heather's grandmother's in-law unit, Bobby moved to an independent living apartment complex in Kansas, to be near her son, David, his wife, Laura, and her other grandchildren, Robin and Dan. Heather visited her there, and Bobby returned to California for long visits, as well. They remained very close.

Heather wrote this email to Bobby in 2015, seemingly for no special occasion:
"Hi Bobby,

I love you with all of my heart. Thank you for helping to teach us what love and kindness can look like. You are truly an amazing human being, and I am so grateful and fortunate that you are my grandmother.

I love you!"
Heather



Above: Bobby in her apartment in Kansas

Right: Robin & Dan in Kansas while Bobby lived there



Laurie: "Heather would laugh recalling the time she went for a run, while visiting Bobby, and it started to rain. She loved it! When she returned Bobby and all of her friends were waiting for her in the lobby, worried about her getting drenched."

Visits to see Bobby also gave her an opportunity to spend time with her cousins, Robin and Dan.

Dan: "I recall a particularly intimate visit with Heather when, around the age of 20, I visited Bobby by myself, a year or two before she moved to Lawrence. I went into Berkeley to go for a long walk with Heather in the dog park -- she had two dogs then -- and we went out for sushi afterwards. Another day, we joined Bobby for a game of dreidel on Hanukkah."

Dan: "I recall the time that Heather joined me, Robin, and Paige for a walk around campus -- and Paige fell into Potter's Lake!"

Robin: "I recall waltzing into the Eldridge Hotel one evening, where we found a piano in the lobby, and Adrian sat down at the piano and the four of us sang Beatles songs."

Dan: "I recall that the four of us played a special board game which featured Aztec temples and a currency consisting of tiny rubies."

Dan & Robin: "We also recall Heather's later visit to town with Ginger, when she stayed with Bobby at Drury."

Robin: "When she came to Lawrence while Bobby was living here, we talked for hours in Bobby's apartment. There were walks too."

Robin: "I also recall talking on the phone, when we were apart, "Hello, Dear Cousin!" she would say. I'll never forget her laughter."



Adrian's family eventually moved to Athens, Georgia, where he attended graduate school. Heather missed her niece and nephew, but visited with them in Athens and when they came to Berkeley, and stayed in touch when they were apart by regular Skype visits. Occasionally she sent them a video too.



LINKS:

- [Heather saying "I Love You" to Taylor](#)
- [Heather saying "Peek-A-Boo" to baby Wendy](#)
- [Heather being silly on video for Taylor & Wendy](#)
- [Taylor and Wendy jumping holding Heather's hands](#)

Taylor, Wendy, and Adrian looking at a family video on our little Flip video camera (the same one we used to record Flower Yoga Videos)

When Heather created her second album, she included a song she wrote for Taylor & Wendy.



When she wrote her music theory book she commented that she wanted to teach them theory one day. When she appreciated some aspect of nature she wanted to share it with them. When we moved to Athens, to be nearer to Adrian and his family, she rejoiced in being able to be with them



more and invited them to swim with her in the lake, garden with her in the yard, take hikes with her & Ginger, and more.

Heather told me, with a fair degree of confidence from her years of teaching, that she was good with teenagers and young adults, and she looked forward to being an aunt they could turn to at that time of their lives. She said that in her relationships with young people they often confided in her as she was the right mix of seeming young and "cool", being non-judgmental and supportive, while giving them honest mature feedback. It is unfortunate that she isn't able to be here for Taylor and Wendy, during their transitions from childhood to adulthood, in the way that she wanted to be.



As kind of a culmination of Heather's Open Mic performances, Heather recorded two albums in 2011 and 2013. In these albums she wanted to share, more broadly, the music she had written and tested out on Open Mic audiences. She was trying to make music covering a wide variety of styles while expressing poetic messages that were meaningful to her. Heather's stepdad, Mike, accompanied her on bass, her brother, Adrian, played piano for some songs, and a friend, Brian (who was just opening a recording studio), collaborated with her on instruments, back-up vocals, and handled the recording and mix for her. She was proud of these albums and had an album release party for each one, at the house of her good friends, Adrianna & Matt.

Heather read this letter aloud at one of Mike's and my anniversaries

It has been such a fun adventure getting to know Mike. It has created many memories.

However, one of my favorite memories is all the many hours we spent working on my first album.

It was so sweet of him to offer to play bass for me. He let me use his lesson time writing, creating, and practicing together, joking, having fun, and making magic. He contributed ideas, advice, and every song has his influence in it.

His bass playing on every song was amazing. He brought my songs to life. He made me believe in what I was doing. He helped me believe in myself.

He got along so great with my friend Brian, and gave up many Fridays and Saturday afternoons to hang out with us in the studio.

Making that album was one of the best memories of my life, and partly because of the time I got to spend playing with Mike. I am proud of the album also, and I wouldn't be without the changes he made, and his contributions. And, his encouragement. It was a group effort on every level. It felt so good to collaborate with someone who I trusted, and who's playing I respect so much.

Thank you so much Mike!



LINKS:

- [Another Day Album](#)
- [Music for the End of the World Album](#)



Mia: "I was so proud of Heather for taking the time to write and record her songs. She was feeling a little burnt out at the time teaching all of us students E chords and sight reading and missed the artistry of creating something for her own sake. She loved working with Brian because he'd add onto her ideas or suggest something that was a little outside the box and it would inspire her to stretch more. The first time she played me a version of "Taylor and Wendy", I thought it was the cutest thing I'd ever heard and that this was a song they'd treasure forever of a snapshot in time when they were so little and excited about things like magic. That song in particular reminds me of Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club."

Shortly before creating her albums, Heather played the role of the bass player in a local stage production of *Hedwig and the Angry Inch*. She had a great deal of fun being part of the production, dressing up as a guy, and playing bass on stage. One performance someone moved a vocal monitor into a spot where she was supposed to back-up while playing. She did not see it and went flying on stage. She laughed and kept playing – not missing a beat. She was always, always, comfortable on stage.



If viewing online, click photo to see a video of Heather, as the Bass Player, in the opening scene of Hedwig on Opening Night

As with other phases of her life, the themes of creativity and self-improvement continued. She grew a lot in these years, never resting on her laurels.

This period was also one in which she continued her ongoing appreciation of music. She loved being exposed to the music her students brought to her. She continued to go out to see live music with her dad, and also went with myriad friends. She continued to explore new types of music and to discover new musicians. She almost always had music on in her car and on her stereo. Her thirst for music was unquenchable.

Kathy: “I loved going to concerts with Heather. Being with her felt like being with a many faceted jewel with all these shining sides, with so many colors and depths”

Reflecting upon this time period, I realize it was also a time during which Heather was deeply engaged with many people. She had romances and close friendships, students who meant the world to her, people who inspired her, family she loved, and more.

There were some people that Heather was very close to that I don't know or have lost touch with. Therefore, not everyone Heather loved is included in these pages. However, there are so many wonderful contributions that I hope you will be able to gain some sense of the depth and breadth of Heather's world at this stage of her life. It was a very rich tapestry.

For any friends of Heather's whom I may not have highlighted anywhere in the book, please know that my omission was not purposeful and does not in any way lessen how much Heather cared about you. Heather was always very selective in her friendships. If you were her friend, you were special, you were loved, and you contributed to who Heather was and to her world – and I thank you for that!

Throughout these years Heather was a success, often with a waiting list.

Below are some Yelp reviews, still posted, that I just found looking online

Jennifer: "I took music lessons as a kid and experienced the typical angst about practicing, wallowing in mediocrity, and offending the ears of the musically gifted, including my teachers. Many years later, I am having an entirely different experience at Groovemaster's. Here, under the gentle and genuinely enthusiastic tutelage of Heather Kerrihard, I fell downright entitled to make music, dammit. An incredibly versatile instructor, Heather shares her infectious love of music with students of all ages, and seems to know, and appreciate every song ever written by anyone. I'd recommend Groovemaster's to anyone hoping to study music and feel good about it."

Sidhartha: "Heather is awesome! I am an old dude who has learned bits and pieces of music over the years from middle school (Clarinet) Junior High (Bass Guitar) Freshman in College (Guitar) and recently decided to get back into it. Really all I knew were some very basic theory things and some bad playing habits. A year or so ago I picked up a guitar and then a bass and started to learn again. Kind of settled on the bass primarily. I got books, and online videos, and tried working with a few different private teachers.

Those teachers were all pretty darn good musicians, but not really the best teachers. Some seemed a little put out to be teaching at all. One said play every note right, then learn to do it and keep time. Another said "Forget most of the theory stuff, on the bass it is all about patterns." And another said, "Don't worry if you make a mistake, play through it, just stay in time!" And with all of them, it seemed almost like at each lesson they were meeting me for the first time. "So what do you want to work on today?"

Not so with Heather! She clearly enjoys teaching and is very professional at it. She remembers where we left off so when we start she puts me through the things I was to have worked on. Her studio is very nice and comfortable and there aren't a row of other studios with lessons going on. As another reviewer David D. said, she starts where you need to start and doesn't skip steps. Heather is right there with positive reinforcement and a gentle way of saying, "Let's do that part again."

I can see the progress I am making after a few short weeks and look forward to much more. Even her scheduling system is efficient and easy to access online. No wonder she is booked pretty solid each week."

Anna: "I am 30 years of age and have never taken up an instrument before, ever! I finally decide to try and couldn't have signed up with anyone better. Heather is a music "G", she knows her stuff! She makes me feel absolutely comfortable with her encouragement and teaching. I go in every week to show her what she's assigned me to practice, she tells me "great job" and gives me a high five, then we are on to the next thing. If I stumble, she's there to help me out, and I don't feel embarrassed. It's pretty exciting to progress with my instrument, the ukulele. F.Y.I. Heather teaches Guitar, Bass guitar, piano, and ukulele"

David: "Heather is a great music teacher. I had multiple false starts with learning guitar - mostly with teachers who were happy to teach me how to play a song but who left me with nothing to work with but the chords to that particular tune. With Heather it was completely different. If you are a beginner as I was, Heather will start you at the beginning: the major scales, the circle of fifths and chord progressions, and at the same time site reading music. She knows the importance of not skipping steps and she knows music very well. I always look forward to our lessons."

Through her teaching she made some wonderful friendships, some temporary and some enduring, and I know she felt enriched by the people she taught, and by the love of music they shared.

Joe: “Let me start off by saying that I am an older student 45 and am so glad I reconnected with Heather. I went to other bass teachers who immediately started teaching me songs (lazy asses) mixed in with theory related to the song never mind if it needs to be played in a different key sorry let me get off that train. Back to Heather she listens to what you want and teaches scales, rhythm, theory and reading music the hour literally flies by. She teaches me bass but she also plays other instruments so if you want to learn how to play more than just a few songs definitely take lessons from Groovemaster (Heather) I honestly cannot say enough good things about her you will get a great joy of music from her as well. I do not think there is a genre she is not knowledgeable of I brought in some gospel cd's and she was like I love his playing this is a great cd WOW talk about musical knowledge.”

Richard: “With Heather as my piano teacher I went from knowing next to nothing about the piano, reading music and music theory to being a confident beginner pianist. Heather started me off with very simple songs to play, but also with a good dose of music theory, allowing me to understand why and how music works. I've been taking lessons with Heather for the last few years and I still have a lot to learn, but now I've reached a point where Heather allows me to explore the music and lessons I'd like to pursue. I found Heather's style of teaching to be attentive and focused on the needs of her student. Heather is a wonderful and knowledgeable music teacher, not to mention a great person. I highly recommend her.”

Kk G: “Heather is fantastic. She's knowledgeable, patient, and very upbuilding to her students. My daughter felt very comfortable with her, and she can't wait until the next session. I've tried other places in the past, but I haven't been able to find the right fit until now. I highly recommend Heather's services.”

Alex: “Heather is great. She will teach you theory and how to read music. She made me sing songs as well as play them on guitar. I didn't want to do this but she made me anyway and I'm glad I did. I didn't feel that uncomfortable doing it because of her gentle, sunny disposition. Heather is slowly molding me into a well-rounded musician with ear training and whatnot. Previously I could only read tab and I barely knew what keys were. I have had four different guitar teachers before her and she makes three of them look like total slack-asses. She is still better than the fourth guy too.”

She successfully made a living teaching music for 12 years. Her love of music, and of most of her students, made her feel fulfilled in her work. She could have continued teaching music indefinitely – if Yoga had not called.

Sarah: “Her music teaching business was so impressive. Heather taught me once how to play Somewhere Over the Rainbow on the piano and I was so moved by her attentive, gentle and loving way of teaching. This was also evident in the kids and adults alike that stayed her students for so many years. She gave so much more than music through music, and was already a healer through music before she chose to be a more direct healer through yoga.”

Some of Heather's closest friends started out as students. Mia was Heather's ukulele student - and the connection between them was strong! They became enduring friends, helping each other through formative phases of life, during which Mia married Ben and moved to Southern California, Heather moved to Georgia, and they each embarked on switching careers to make more of a difference in the world (Mia to nursing & Heather to teaching yoga). Mia visited Heather in Georgia a few times, which delighted Heather.

Mia: "Here's one of my favorite photos of Heather from when she attended my wedding. She wore head-to-toe pink and looked fabulous."



Mia: "Oh, my sweet friend. I'm so unspeakably sad.

When I met Heather, she was my ukulele teacher in Berkeley -- I found her through Craigslist. A month into learning C, G, D chords and I decided that she was too delightful not to be my friend. I texted her from the bus after my next lesson and asked her, "hi, do you want to be real friends and hang out?" and she said yes. From then on, we were set. It was finalized: actual, real-life friends.

She was so wonderful and unique; Heather was tiny, but such a goddamn powerhouse. I'd talk about a few natural skincare things I was trying and - within a year - Heather was explaining how she invented the perfect recipe for homemade shampoo for herself and Ginger, oh, and she had to go check on the vat of her own organic hand soap. She went from a tiny studio with a few potted plants to planning her own orchard. You'd spark her interest in a subject and she'd read a dozen books about it by the end of the summer. She was bright and curious and voracious and incredible. I think of her of as the girl with an infinite gift for giving.

During the pandemic, we got into the habit of chatting once a week. In our last phone call, Sugar and Spice ran in and out of frame. Ginger jumped onto her lap and she laughed so hard she lost her train of thought. She'd just planted a small pear tree and she was so excited. Heather missed the ocean, always the California girl, but hoped to make a beach trip next year. She told me to give my husband a huge hug and to start making plans to visit her when the pandemic was over. I'm glad I accidentally revealed what her birthday gift was going to be. She adored her niece and nephew and hoped to adopt her own kids one day."

Mia: "I made a playlist for her and I'm so angry that she'll never hear it. It's all the songs of Heather: songs she introduced me to ("Garden Song"; anything Vienna Teng), songs we played together when I admitted that I didn't practice for my lesson and she'd bring out her guitar so we could jam out instead ("Ripple", "Landslide", "God Only Knows"), songs she just loved ("Only Love Can Break Your Heart"), songs that simply remind me of her ("Rosehip November"). I can't promise that it'll speak to everyone, but even if it doesn't, I can promise that the music is very pretty: Featuring The Beach Boys, Led Zeppelin, Crosby, Stills & Nash, and others."



If viewing online, and you have a Spotify account, or want to set one up, you can listen to the playlist Mia created for Heather by clicking on the Spotify graphic on the left

Another close friend of Heather's, Adrianna, connected due to Heather's music lessons being located within a couple of blocks of where Adrianna gave haircuts. They bartered music lessons in exchange for haircuts and a friendship was born. As with other close friendships of Heather's, her circle grew when Adrianna's family grew. When Adrianna married Matt, and when baby Olly was born, Heather's love expanded. Adrianna recently gave birth to a second child - a son named O'Shea. Congratulations Adrianna!

Adrianna: "I'm another Lucky person that got to be friends with Heather through her teaching me ukulele & guitar. I'll miss her so much! ♥"



Heather and Adrianna
at Adrianna's Wedding

Heather
with
baby
Olly



Olly with
newborn
O'Shea



Jeffrey met Heather at an improv show, where they discovered their mutual love of music. They went to concerts together and had many long walks and meaningful talks.

Jeffrey: “I spent a fair amount of time with Heather meeting her and Shevek, and then Ginger, at Ohlone Dog Park during breaks in her teaching schedule, going out for hikes, meals, shows, going to her CD release parties, etc. I seem to miss her more each day, yet my sense of gratitude for having her in my life grows more than that and keeps me from too much sadness. I am so happy I had her in my life! She is still with me, it's just hard for a while when the physical being has transformed. I will hold Heather in my heart with joy every day for the rest of my life.”

Heather had another good friend, at this time, a like-minded human being with whom Heather clicked. They connected about ideas and emotions and helped each other through transitions and challenges. When geographic distances separated them they stayed in touch by phone, email, and mail.

Excerpt from a letter written to Heather, while she was still alive, that seems apropos now:

“This may seem a left-field question, but have we ever talked about angels? I’m both pretty Jewish and pretty open, and I have a tendency to see a little of the Divine in everything. A few months ago, when I was commuting back and forth between the Bay Area and my new home, I threw my dog in the car with me and started off for California through the mountains. The twisting road and the gargantuan California conifers teased by the morning mist, with the view dropping off into infinity — it was probably one of the most religious experiences I’ve had. In that same way, I’m convinced that I’ve seen angels. Not wings-and-feathers-and-white-robos angels. No magical transportation to alternate realities or Christmases past, either. These angels have a greater power — they seem to arrive at particular junctures in life, show up and with word or deed, make me think about what I’m doing, what my purpose here is, and what kind of life I want to lead. Possibly, I spent too long in Berkeley, and probably, I’m seeing the Divine in interactions with “ordinary” people — but is that such a bad thing? Honestly, I’ve had too many people and too many interactions that have come at precisely the right instant for me, precisely the instant when I was lonely or having some sort of crisis or about to embark on a completely different path, sometimes carrying advice, and sometimes just the omen itself.

My point? I think you’re an angel. In many senses, surely, but mostly in the sense I’m talking about now. You have a way of coming into my life at interesting junctures and showing me that something I was afraid of or stumbling over is actually okay, that I can slough off the fear or the torpor and do what I want or need or love to do. Thank you.”

The teenagers and young adults were among Heather's favorite students. She loved their energy, their strivings, and the bonds she formed with them. Although she lost touch with some of them over time, I know that she continued to care, wanting them to have joyful and fulfilling lives.

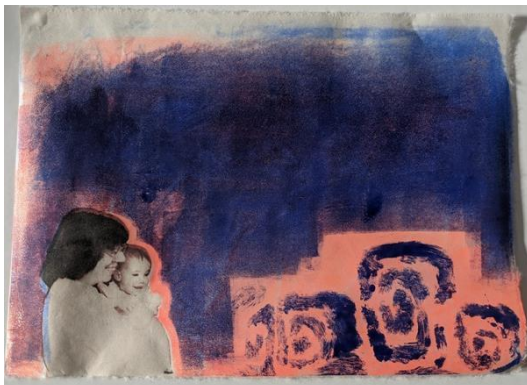
Taima was quite young when she started taking lessons from Heather. Heather saw something special in Taima and loved their connection. Over time their relationship grew and Heather loved her like she was family. When Heather's grandmother, Bobby, had challenges after a surgery and was staying with me, Heather arranged for Taima to help care for her. It was during that time that Bobby and I joined Heather in understanding that Taima is a special being.

Taima: "She was so incredibly patient with me. I was too all over the place to pick an instrument and stick with it. She never questioned when I wanted to switch, she was so supportive and just said: 'Yes, let's switch!'"

Taima: "I'm still struggling to find the words to describe what Heather was and is to me, because that's just not possible, there's too much to say about Heather. She was such a complex and beautiful person. She was like an older sister and even mother figure to me.

She taught me music with three different instruments because I couldn't decide which one I wanted. And each time I switched to a new instrument she was so supportive and immediately made the switch no questions asked. She supported all of my artistic creations and was by far my most enthused cheerleader.

Heather was incredibly kind, unfathomably intelligent, and an absolute go-getter. If she had a goal she would work hard and achieve it before you knew it. I miss that energy of hers dearly."



Taima created this art as part of her effort to process Heather's death

Heather frequently mentioned her teenage students with fondness. She respected them as people, appreciated their bright and lively energy, and fully saw their potential – both musically and otherwise.

Rachel: “This is such heartbreaking news. She taught me guitar for years. She will definitely live on in my music and my heart💖”

&

Lisa (Rachel’s mom): “I knew Heather when I signed my daughter Rachel up for guitar lessons. I am so grateful for knowing her during those years and appreciated having her in our life. Her loving sweet soul was such a gift to my daughter during the tumultuous high school years. I know she touched many lives the way she touched ours in her too short life.”

Heather took pleasure in her relationships with young people, and took pride in being helpful to them. She was young, “cool”, and unthreatening, so they often told her things they would not tell other adults. Heather did not judge, but instead offered gentle wisdom for them to accept or reject as they chose. In this way she often provided positive guidance at formative moments.

A former student: “Heather changed my life, I love her deeply and I often think about her. She made a positive impact on many peoples' lives and she was wise, creative and so courageous.”

&

The former student’s mom posted an online recommendation for Heather, when she was teaching: “My daughter was going to Heather Kerrihard, who has a studio in Berkeley. She learned so much! Heather is a patient and learned teacher. And “cool” too. I can highly recommend Heather at Groovemasters. She taught my daughter the bass with ease, patience, and fun.”

Heather delighted in the little kids too! Heather had always loved kids enjoying their mischief and rebellion along with their sweet and loving natures, so teaching them was a joy for her.

Christine

(mother of a student):

“Oh, dear! I am so sorry to hear this. Heather taught our daughter piano, and lived right around the corner from us. She spent one Thanksgiving with us. I had lost touch with her, and didn't know she'd moved to Georgia. My deepest sympathies and condolences - what a huge loss to the world.”

Many former students have sent condolence messages making clear that whether or not they stayed in touch, their relationship with Heather mattered to them, and they will always carry her with them in their hearts.

Richard

(father of students):

“I'm so so sorry to hear this. Heather was such a wonderful teacher for our children. A lovely human being. We will miss her.”

Anthony was the best friend of Heather's stepbrother, Keefe. Anthony took lessons from Heather during a formative time in life (high school), and they had many deep and meaningful conversations.

Anthony: "Today, I picked up an upright piano for my household. My son has really taken a liking to all things musical, and he has, to all of ours, been absolutely delighted to experiment with a real set of keys. I was so excited to show off to my childhood music teacher (and older sister figure), hopefully to ask her to help my children develop their love of music.

Tragically, she passed away just today. If there is some consolation, it is that she was very content in the niche she carved out for herself, surrounded by natural beauty and at the center of a budding, loving community, that the end appears to have been instant and unexpected. That black hole poked in the cosmos by this loss has brought together man.

If you're reading this, please take a moment for a deep breath. Take in the world with all your senses as often as you can. Life is so fragile, so brief so precious. Love it with all the attention you can muster.

Rest in peace, Heather. We love you."



One Halloween: Anthony, Heather, & Keefe & Anthony with Heather

Heather was so happy to see Anthony grow up and become a father to twins, Blake and Sophia, with his partner Katherine. When Anthony's infant daughter died suddenly Heather was heartbroken for their family!



Above: Anthony with his sons
Lucian and Blake
Right: Playing Guitars

In December of 2020 Lucian joined the family. Congratulations Anthony & Katherine!



Heather would have loved knowing these special children, and would also have been delighted by their early love of music.



Richard was initially just another music student, but they soon discovered a shared love of yoga, meditation, and trying to live life right. That led to them having wonderful conversations!

Richard: “I saw Heather weekly for piano lessons for five years.

I vaguely recall looking for a piano teacher on Craigslist. I saw Heather's ad and I recall it being brief but not much else. For whatever reason, I went with Heather. I wasn't sure who would open the door when I went to my first class. An older lady, retired lady maybe? I really had no idea. Then this really cute woman answers the door! Honestly I was a little smitten with Heather as my lessons first started but my feelings swiftly moved towards friendship.

I recall most classes with Heather would start with me knocking on the door and her opening it usually right away. I think Heather was just finishing up her dinner before my class. Sometimes we talked about what she was eating for dinner. Often she'd tell me about how dissatisfied she was with the space she was using for her lessons. It was drafty and there wasn't any insulation making it hot in the summer and cold during the winter. We'd also discussed things that were going on with us personally. For example, Heather would listen to my current dating situation and to the problems me and my sister were having with my aging father. I remember Heather telling me about her brother and the problems he was having with his ex-wife. And she mentioned you too, Laurie. You sound like a great mom. After chatting like this for a while, Heather would say something like, 'Let's play some music!'. We talked about a lot of things and I greatly enjoyed our conversations.

Another thing I remember is how Heather decorated her studio. I remember arriving at class one day and Heather had put plants all over her studio! I remember saying something about this, trying to convey my surprise that her studio seemed to have exploded in plants. I think she just said she liked plants. It was such a low-key reply - like nothing much had changed. I thought that was funny actually. Heather did take really good care of those plants too. They always seemed healthy, green and watered.

I wish I could've hung out with Heather more. I did go to a birthday party for her. We were able to chat a bit near the end of the party along with some of her other friends. That was fun but I wish I would have spent more time at the party talking to her. I remember going to a yin yoga class at the Green Yoga that Heather had invited me to (I think I went to more than one class there with Heather). That's when I introduced my future wife, Nitya, to Heather.”

I was surprised when Heather told me she was moving. A bit sad too. I know that things change though and she wouldn't be teaching piano like that forever. This seemed like an exciting new chapter in her life too. I was happy knowing that she would be near her brother and her mom. I haven't looked for another piano teacher and probably won't. Heather taught me what I needed to continue by myself.”

Bob was a student who started taking lessons to understand a character in a book he was writing. Heather and Bob shared a love of Vienna Teng's music, leading to many trips to concerts together and to fascinating conversations.

Bob: "Back in 2005, I placed an ad on Craigslist for a music theory teacher. Several people replied, and ... I'm still not sure why ... I chose, sight unseen, a woman named Heather. It must have been Divine Intervention. Heather was a superb teacher. In no time at all, we became the best of friends. In addition to theory, she became my piano teacher. She eagerly read all of my unpublished writing, and gave me good, solid suggestions.

Of course Heather and I discussed all forms of music and many different musicians during our time together. Shortly after we started our lessons, I introduced her to the music of Vienna Teng. Heather became an instant and rabid fan. The two of us attended several of Vienna's performances together over the years and joined the far-flung, loving community of Vienna fans.

Heather was one of the finest people I've ever met. Through both her music teaching and her yoga classes, she made the world a better place. Heather was brilliant. And kind. And loving. And talented. And many, many more good things. Those of us who loved her are determined to live by her example."

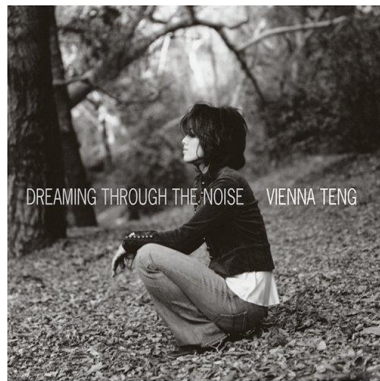
"We saw you off
and returning through the fields
I thought the morning dew had wet my sleeve
but it was tears."

-Saigyō

Bob took these photos of Heather with Vienna Teng and Vienna's frequent collaborator



Vienna Teng, responding to Bob, after he posted the news on Facebook: "Oh no oh no. I'm so sorry to hear this. What a loss for the world indeed. It was always such a joy to see both of you at the Freight."



Bob: “When Vienna's album, "Dreaming Through the Noise" first came out, several of her fans decided to re-create the cover photo. I talked Heather into letting me take a photo of her in the pose. At first, she giggled uncontrollably, as she thought it was a silly idea, which I suppose it was. But I eventually got a photo of her with a properly reflective look on her face.”



Bob: “Back in 2011, I spent a week house sitting and dog sitting for a friend. Heather and I set up a "dog play-date." We spent several hours up in Tilden Park. The dogs had a great time, and Heather and I had several good long talks. Here's a shot of Heather with the two dogs.”



Bob: “I started taking theory lessons with Heather in part because the main character in one of my novels is a teenage jazz musician and aspiring composer. Soon after I started our lessons, I shared the manuscript with Heather. She really loved reading it, and had plenty of helpful suggestions. I set the book aside for several years, and worked on other projects while continuing to study theory and piano with Heather. I finally completed the first draft in January of 2020 and sent it to Heather. Here's what she told me a few weeks later:

Heather: “I just wanted to let you know I started reading your latest version of *Darn That Dream*, and I am loving it so far! I am so proud of you and grateful that you sent it to me. It makes me sentimental, thinking back to all of the earlier versions I have read, and seeing the changes. Also, seeing all the ways our lessons together are in there. It is a beautiful way for me to feel like I am still connected to my life back home. Thank you for sending to me and sharing it.

I am proud of you and inspired by you! And, this book is bringing back lots of memories. Over the years I have seen it develop and grow and it's been a beautiful thing to witness!”

Bob: “Heather made a significant contribution to the book that she may not have fully realized. At one point, I mentioned to Heather that I was working on a new scene. She responded with, "God, that's such a great book!" I got the feeling she would have said that if she had no idea who had written it. She wasn't just being nice. She really saw value in the story. That helped give me the confidence and motivation to finally finish it.”

Christine was one of the last friends that Heather made while living in Berkeley, and one of the closest. They shared a deep intimacy that endured the geographical distance between them after Heather moved to Georgia. I know that Heather cared deeply about Christine and her well-being, and that the feeling was mutual.

Christine:

“Dear Heather,

I got this tattoo in your memory. To say the past many months has been rough would be a major understatement. I have cried so many tears and felt so much sadness, but I wouldn't change a thing. The longing lets me know that you brought so much joy into my world. I feel so extremely lucky that you left such an imprint on my life.

You were the first woman I was vulnerable with, and you treated my heart with such love and care. And even though that was not meant to be, we still grew into a deep 5 year friendship. You taught me about the importance of living in the moment, the necessity of protecting our gorgeous green Earth, and the healing power of yoga. Now every time I am in Uttanasana, I will see this beautiful butterfly and know your energy is here.”

Remember, the caterpillar thought it's life was over until it became a butterfly! ❤️🦋❤️

- Heather Flower



Christine's tattoo in Heather's honor

Hi Christine,

Thanks for the wonderful talk last night. Here is a picture of a beautiful butterfly drinking nectar from my absolute favorite and treasured lavender plant in my garden. Everyone said lavender can't be grown in GA, but, I did it and it's thriving!

Remember, the caterpillar thought it's life was over until it became a butterfly!



Email from Heather to Christine

Mike and I worked together to fix up our Berkeley home, and as part of that we converted a detached carport into a cute one bedroom apartment for my mom to live in after my dad died. However, my mom decided she was too social for that, and she also wanted to be close to her younger grandkids who had always lived in another state, so, instead, she moved to an independent living home near my brother in Kansas.

Thus, we had an apartment sitting empty. At first Heather balked at our suggestion that she could live there, liking her independence, but we promised never to come over without calling first, so eventually the free rent and the sweetness of the apartment (it had a skylight and a little deck) beat out “the box” that she was living in, and we had a few sweet years of having Heather as our back door neighbor. Heather loved that it had a deck, giving her some outdoor space, and she filled it with plants.



Sadly, towards the end of her time in Berkeley, Heather lost her beloved Shevek to an illness common in old age. She had some advance warning so she made his last week special by taking him to Big Basin one last time.



On the morning of his death she took him to the ocean, something he loved, at Albany Bulb Beach.

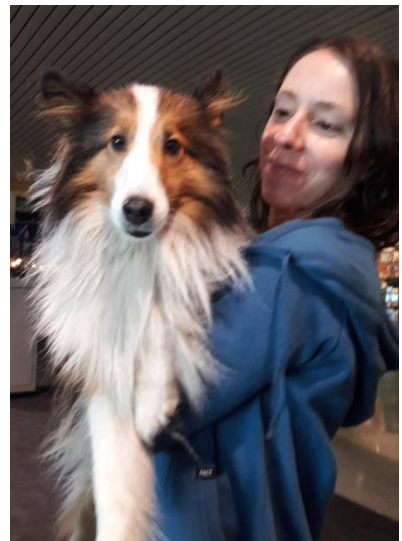


Heather mourned Shevek's passing until the end of her days, keeping his ashes by her bedside and having photos of him on her bedroom wall.

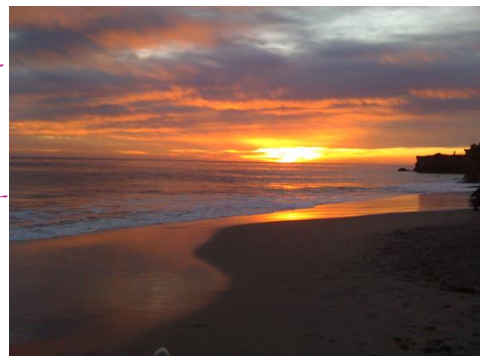
She made room in her heart for another, however, and adopted Ginger - whom she grew to love with all of her heart.

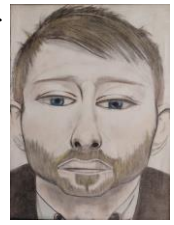


She once told me that Shevek felt like her partner, her soul mate with whom she grew into adulthood, while Ginger was more like a daughter whom she loved unconditionally - each playing an important role at different stages of her life.



First with Shevek, and later with Ginger, Heather and I took frequent trips to Santa Cruz, where we would hike in the redwoods of UC Santa Cruz and go to the dog beach to frolic. These were wonderful mother & daughter bonding times.





Musical Influences & Explorations

Heather loved, loved, loved music! She also loved to share music, so I have compiled some of her key musical influences and collections to share with you.

In 2020 Heather summarized her dominant musical influences as follows: “Radiohead, Vienna Teng, John Coltrane, Miles Davis, Jaco Pastorius, Simon and Garfunkel, The Beatles, Neil Young, and world music. Classical Indian is what I use for my classes. I love anything genuine, sincere, deep and real.”

Below are Heather’s youthful musical influences that her mom, dad, and brother were aware of and can recall. There were many more influences than these, especially when she began exploring on her own as an adult.

Kid’s Songs

- ♥ Alvin & The Chipmunks
- ♥ Betty Boop
- ♥ Disney Songs
- ♥ Nursery School Songs
sung by her teacher
- ♥ Wee Sing

Shared by Poppy

- ♥ Classical
- ♥ Opera

Shared by Bobby

- ♥ Protest songs
- ♥ Old Folk songs

Shared by Mom

- ♥ Bob Dylan
- ♥ Joan Baez
- ♥ Judy Collins
- ♥ Malvina Reynolds
- ♥ Pete Seeger
- ♥ Peter, Paul and Mary
- ♥ Phil Ochs
- ♥ Simon & Garfunkel
- ♥ Suzanne Vega
- ♥ The Beatles
- ♥ Tom Paxton

Small Venues with Mom

- ♥ Alex Wong
- ♥ Big name Jazz Musicians
- ♥ Joan Baez
- ♥ Local jazz musicians
- ♥ Malvina Reynolds
- ♥ Tom Paxton
- ♥ Vienna Teng

Shared by Dad

- ♥ Bluegrass
- ♥ Classical
- ♥ Country
- ♥ Easy Listening
- ♥ Electronica
- ♥ Exotica
- ♥ Folk
- ♥ Hawaiian
- ♥ Indian
- ♥ Jazz
- ♥ New Age
- ♥ New Wave
- ♥ Parody & Comedy
- ♥ Psychedelic Trance
- ♥ Punk
- ♥ Rock
- ♥ Surf
- ♥ Swing
- ♥ World Fusion

Some Deep Dives of Dad’s

- ♥ DEVO
- ♥ Dick Dale
- ♥ The Grateful Dead
- ♥ The Mermen
- ♥ Wall Of Voodoo

Discovered On Her Own During Her Teen Years

- ♥ Dolly Parton
- ♥ Madonna

Small Venues with Dad

- ♥ Rasa
- ♥ Stephen Kent
- ♥ The Aqua Velvets
- ♥ The Mermen

Major Concerts with Various Family Members

- ♥ Ancient Future
- ♥ B.B. King
- ♥ Bob Dylan
- ♥ Bob Dylan with The
Grateful Dead
- ♥ Holly Near
- ♥ Jefferson Starship
- ♥ Jeff Beck
- ♥ Johnny Cash
- ♥ Los Lobos
- ♥ Neil Young
- ♥ Pete Seeger
- ♥ Quadrophonia by The
Who, with Billy Idol
- ♥ Santana
- ♥ Simon & Garfunkel’s
Reunion Tour
- ♥ Singer-Songwriters Music
Festival, with Wilco,
Shawn Colvin, Rosanne
Cash., Mary Chapin
Carpenter, and Emmylou
Harris
- ♥ Steve Miller Band
- ♥ The B-52’s
- ♥ The Doobie Brothers
- ♥ The Go-Go’s
- ♥ The Mermen
- ♥ The Moody Blues
- ♥ The Pretenders
- ♥ The Smothers Brothers
- ♥ The Ventures

Adrian’s Music

- ♥ Piano & Guitar
- ♥ Original Indie Songs

Concerts with Adrian & Friends

- ♥ Cyndi Lauper
- ♥ Coldplay
- ♥ Dave Matthews Band
- ♥ Radiohead
- ♥ Roger Daltrey
- ♥ They Might Be Giants

Musicals

- ♥ Hair
- ♥ Hedwig and the Angry
Inch
- ♥ Into the Woods
- ♥ Rent
- ♥ Tommy (The Who)

Musical Movies

- ♥ Annie Get Your Gun
- ♥ Fiddler on the Roof
- ♥ Grease
- ♥ Hair
- ♥ Mary Poppins
- ♥ Rocky Horror Picture
Show
- ♥ The Music Man
- ♥ The Sound of Music
- ♥ Tommy (The Who)

Music She Performed

- ♥ Gospel
- ♥ Indie
- ♥ Jazz
- ♥ Rock & Roll
- ♥ World Music

Music for Yoga

- ♥ Classical Indian music

"What kind of music do I like" has always been a hard question for me because I love millions of kinds of music. The only kinds I don't like are opera and certain kinds of classical. I do like the following: oldies, jazz, rock-n-roll, hard rock, lite rock, folk, country, Grateful Dead music, surf, electric surf, exercise music, other kinds of classical music, and little kids' animals songs, and rap, and those are just a few of my favorite kinds of music!

Heather turned this in for a school assignment at Walden elementary school. Interestingly, in her rough draft, she added regarding opera and certain types of classical: "Even those I wouldn't say are bad. I just don't know about them enough to appreciate them. Right now I think they're boring but that's because I don't know enough about them. If I really understood them I probably would find them great. A lot of people say they don't like a kind of music that they just don't understand."

I opened Heather's Spotify online music, and there is a Recently Played tab that shows some albums she played songs from. Some of these were for playlists she was creating for her Flower Yoga Studio. The cartoons and musicals were mostly ones I recall her pulling up to share thematic songs with me. The others were probably music she recently enjoyed listening to. The list includes:

Aladdin
Deva Premel
Dolly Parton
Ella Fitzgerald
Grease
Hair

Indigo Girls
Jai Uttal
Louis Armstrong
Nat King Cole ('Tis Autumn)
Ram Das
Shivoham

The Beatles
The Lion King
The Little Mermaid
The Talking Heads
The Wailin' Jennys
Vienna Teng

Heather created 26 Spotify Yoga Music lists, to accompany her yoga classes. Some were compilations and some were individual artists or albums that she appreciated. Below are the lists.

jai uttal	Ravi Shankar	sitar
Dub Kirtan All Stars – Haribol	Ram Das	Miles from india
Dreamcatcher	Krishna Das	explosions in the sky
Flute Jazz	Lankshmi Shankar	Flute
summer solstice	Ali Akbor Khan	Didjiridu
Spring Equinox	Shivoham	VT Savasana
Best Yoga Music of the Year - Chanting & Mantras	Deuter-(Savasana)	
Winter Solstice	Deva Premel	
kids yoga music	Rasa	
hip hop yoga 2	Prem Joshua	
hip hop yoga		
fall equinox		
animal sounds		

Other than 3 Spotify lists for a few of her favorite musicians (Vienna Teng, Sigur Ros, and The Mermen)

Heather did not have Spotify lists, except as playlists for yoga. I believe this is because of her encyclopedic knowledge of songs and her fine-tuned listening desires, which led her to hand select each song or album when she listened to music (which was most of the time).

Prior to music being readily available online, Heather developed a massive CD music collection. I have just looked through her CDs and was blown away by the quantity and the diversity of music I discovered. Looking through her CDs, it became very clear that her influences went far beyond those she was raised with. She explored the musical world with a voracious appetite!



Below is a list of the varied music I found in Heather's CD collection.

MUSICIANS/BANDS:

- ♥ Ahmed Mukhtar
- ♥ Aimee Mann
- ♥ Al Green
- ♥ Alex Wong
- ♥ Alvin & The Chipmunks
- ♥ Arcade Fire
- ♥ Art Blakely & The Jazz Messengers
- ♥ B.B. King
- ♥ Bang & Olufsen (B&O)
- ♥ Barney Kessel
- ♥ Bela Fleck & The Flecktones
- ♥ Belinda Carlisle
- ♥ Belle and Sebastian
- ♥ Ben Folds Five
- ♥ Betty Boop
- ♥ Beyond the Bean
- ♥ Bob Dylan
- ♥ Bob Marley
- ♥ Bonnie Raitt
- ♥ Brad Mehldau Trio
- ♥ Bruce Dittmas
- ♥ Buddy Guy
- ♥ Carle Brani
- ♥ Charles Loyd
- ♥ Charles Mingus
- ♥ Charlie Byrd
- ♥ Charlie Parker
- ♥ Chick Corea
- ♥ Chris Isaak
- ♥ Christian McBride
- ♥ Christina Aguilera
- ♥ Chumbawumba
- ♥ Cyndi Lauper
- ♥ Coldplay
- ♥ Colonel Les Claypool
- ♥ Corey Larue
- ♥ Creedence Clearwater
- ♥ Dan Croll
- ♥ Dave Matthews Band
- ♥ Death Cab for Cutie
- ♥ Deep Forest
- ♥ DEVO
- ♥ Dick Dale
- ♥ Disco Dance Hits
- ♥ Dolly Parton
- ♥ Drifting Sand
- ♥ Duke Ellington
- ♥ Eagles
- ♥ Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis
- ♥ Emily Remler
- ♥ Ethiopiques
- ♥ Eurhythmics
- ♥ Forest of the Trees
- ♥ Frank & Joe
- ♥ Girlyman
- ♥ Go-Go's
- ♥ Halcyon Days
- ♥ Hawkwind
- ♥ Helen Reddy
- ♥ Henri Dikongue
- ♥ Herb Ellis
- ♥ Herbie Hancock
- ♥ Holly Near
- ♥ Indigo Girls
- ♥ Jaco Pastorius
- ♥ Jeff Beck
- ♥ Jeff Berlin
- ♥ Jefferson Airplane
- ♥ Joan Baez
- ♥ Joanna Newsom
- ♥ Joe Satriani
- ♥ John Coltrane
- ♥ John Lennon
- ♥ John Linnell
- ♥ John Patitucci Trio
- ♥ John Scofield
- ♥ Johnny Cash
- ♥ Jon & The Nightriders
- ♥ Joshua Goodman Quintet
- ♥ Joshua Redman
- ♥ Judy Collins
- ♥ Juno Reactor
- ♥ Keith Jarrett
- ♥ Kenny Burrell
- ♥ Lene Lovich
- ♥ Lights in a Fat City
- ♥ Lisa Monet
- ♥ Liz Phair
- ♥ London Wainwright III

- ♥ Loose Wig
- ♥ Los Lobos
- ♥ Louis Armstrong
- ♥ Luther Allison
- ♥ Madonna
- ♥ Malvina Reynolds
- ♥ Mariah & Gaby Kerpel
- ♥ Mark Helias
- ♥ Mark Soskin
- ♥ McCoy Tyner
- ♥ Mel Graves
- ♥ Michael Ross Quartet
- ♥ Miles Davis
- ♥ Mojo Workin' Blues
- ♥ Natalie Imbruglia
- ♥ Neil Young
- ♥ Neko Case
- ♥ Nirvana
- ♥ Patsy Cline
- ♥ Pat Metheny
- ♥ Patty Griffin
- ♥ Paul Simon
- ♥ Pete Seeger
- ♥ Pete Townshend
- ♥ Peter, Paul and Mary
- ♥ Phil Ochs
- ♥ Planet Dawn
- ♥ Primal Instinct
- ♥ Sergei Rachmaninoff
- ♥ Radiohead
- ♥ Rasa
- ♥ Ravi Coltrane
- ♥ Red Hot Chili Peppers
- ♥ Robert Johnson
- ♥ Roger Daltrey
- ♥ Sallie Ford
- ♥ Santana
- ♥ Shig & Buzz
- ♥ Shonen Knife
- ♥ Simon & Garfunkel
- ♥ Smash Mouth
- ♥ Sophia Mae Lin
- ♥ Space Tribe
- ♥ Spirit Zone
- ♥ Stan Getz
- ♥ Stanley Clarke

- ♥ Stephane Grappelli
- ♥ Steve Earle
- ♥ Steve Miller Band
- ♥ Steve Morse
- ♥ Steve Roach
- ♥ Steven Bergman
- ♥ Steven Kent
- ♥ Steve Wariner
- ♥ Stevie Ray Vaughan
- ♥ Surf Crazy
- ♥ Suzanne Vega
- ♥ Talking Heads
- ♥ The Astronauts
- ♥ The B-52's
- ♥ The Beatles
- ♥ The Cardigans
- ♥ The Clancy Brothers
- ♥ The Doobie Brothers
- ♥ The Double Crossers
- ♥ The Exotics
- ♥ The Flaming Lips
- ♥ The Go-Go's
- ♥ The Grateful Dead
- ♥ The Greenwich Blues
- ♥ The Mayfield Four
- ♥ The Mermen
- ♥ The Moody Blues
- ♥ The Postal Service
- ♥ The Pretenders
- ♥ The Silent League
- ♥ The Space Cossacks
- ♥ The Ukulele Orchestra of Great Britain
- ♥ The Ventures
- ♥ The Ventures
- ♥ The Verve
- ♥ They Might Be Giants
- ♥ Toes On The Nose
- ♥ Tom Paxton
- ♥ Tom Waits
- ♥ Toots Thielemans
- ♥ Tori Amos
- ♥ Tracy Chapman
- ♥ Uptown Mandolin Quartet
- ♥ Victor Jara
- ♥ Vienna Teng
- ♥ Von

- ♥ Wall Of Voodoo
- ♥ Weather Report
- ♥ Ween
- ♥ "Weird Al" Yankovic

COMPILATION

THEMES:

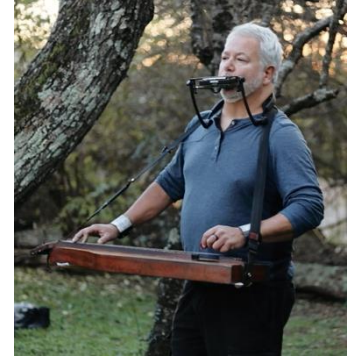
- ♥ Blues
- ♥ Children: Wee Sing & Nursery School tape
- ♥ Classical: Bach, Chopin, Schubert, & Beethoven
- ♥ Folk: Political, from 1940's to the present
- ♥ Jazz
- ♥ "Music Of" for: Katrin Wreede; Keith Jarrett; & Fred Hammond
- ♥ Opera
- ♥ Rock
- ♥ Surf
- ♥ Swing

MUSICALS:

- ♥ Annie Get Your Gun
- ♥ Cabaret
- ♥ Fiddler on the Roof
- ♥ Grease
- ♥ Hair
- ♥ Hedwig
- ♥ Into the Woods
- ♥ Josie and the Pussycats
- ♥ Mary Poppins
- ♥ Quadrophenia
- ♥ Rent
- ♥ Spring Awakening
- ♥ That Thing You Do!
- ♥ The Fourth Messenger
- ♥ The Music Man
- ♥ The Rocky Horror Picture Show
- ♥ The Sound of Music
- ♥ Tommy (by The Who)
- ♥ Verdi: La Traviata
- ♥ Wicked

Music For Life

Music never ceased to be extremely meaningful to Heather, but eventually she decided she could have a more direct positive impact on people by sharing her love of yoga. When Heather decided to be a yoga instructor, she brought music with her. She made playlists for her classes selected from music she appreciated. Primarily she played Classical Indian music, but she was not at all averse to mixing things up. Every now and again she would prepare and play a song for Savasana at a yoga class she led, and I know she was thrilled when David Court started playing live music at some of her classes – collaborating with him on what music fit best.



Behind the scenes, Heather always kept her music with her. She had an entire room dedicated to music, with a piano and her electric bass and acoustic guitars, plus ukuleles, a banjo, and her digeridoos. Despite being a minimalist, she had a way to listen to music in every room of her home, and on the back porch as well.

After switching to focus on yoga, Heather shared with me in a hushed and reverential tone that she still played music almost every day. She was still writing music as well, holding it near and dear to her heart.

Below is the last photo I took of Heather playing guitar and singing, in 2020. I just love her smile! It exemplified her love of music and of sharing it! I will cherish the memories of her playing music, always. As I will cherish the many memories of the joy music brought to Heather and the joy Heather brought to others through music.



Yoga

Finding Yoga & Deciding to Move to Georgia

Here is Heather doing yoga at age 16



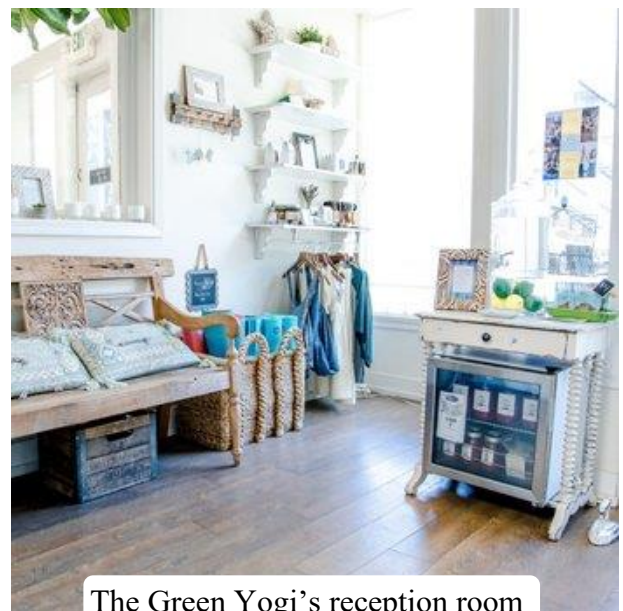
It was while living in Berkeley that Heather discovered her love of Yoga. She had actually practiced yoga when she was as young as 16. However, it was not until she explored it deeply, in her early 30s, that she discovered its real potential.

She was not well off financially, always choosing to be frugal instead of working more, so she decided to take advantage of the introductory offer at every yoga studio in town – to try them out.

Eventually she discovered The Green Yogi, and she felt the connection she had always been seeking. Her whole life was about connecting, in one way or another, and now she had found a sense of community, meaning, and purpose that transcended her prior experiences. She was more than hooked! I am so pleased to be able to share wonderful contributions to this book from a few of her favorite teachers at The Green Yogi: Mary; Julie Anne; Sloane; and Aleta.

Richard: “Heather started getting into yoga at one point. For her birthday I gave her a series of prepaid yoga classes at The Green Yogi which is up the street from her studio. Heather told me that it was this gift that really helped her get deeper into yoga practice. Knowing this warms my heart.”

Mary: “Heather was such a tremendous light on our planet. Such a sweet soul and a catalyst for good in this world. Our team at The Green Yogi was so honored to be a part of her journey into yoga. Her enthusiasm and determination to go from avid practitioner to yoga instructor inspired us all. I can't believe she is no longer here to grace us with her presence and ever-expanding, and impressive, yoga knowledge. But more importantly, the world will be without one of the kindest souls I have ever met. Please watch over all of us Heather and continue to guide us from the other side. I love you Heather and feel incredibly blessed to have known you in this lifetime. I will miss you very much.”



The Green Yogi's reception room

Julie Anne: “I teach at the Green Yogi in Berkeley. Heather was one of my first students there and always a ray of light. She took my classes, front and center, and would bring me calm as I navigated my way teaching in this new (to me) studio. She not only attended my wedding, but was so supportive during my first pregnancy with my daughter, Torrey, who is almost 4. I now have another girl, Jade, who is 14 months old. I have been holding them tighter after reading the news of sweet Heather. May the spirit of Heather live in us all...”

I'll end with an excerpt from one of my favorite books, *The Prophet*, by Kahlil Gibran: *“Only when you drink from the river of silence shall you indeed sing. And when you have reached the mountain top, then you shall begin to climb. And when the earth shall claim your limbs, then shall you truly dance.”*



Sloane: “Heather is one of those beings who immediately takes up space in your heart and mind forevermore. I met her when I worked the front desk of a yoga studio in Berkeley. She came to take class daily, always with Ginger who would hang out with me at the desk during the classes. Heather wouldn’t leave the studio after class until she had thanked and complimented the teacher, chatted with other students, and chatted with me. Her priorities were always straight like that – care about people, and let them know. I can still see her now, as if it was yesterday... sitting on the reception bench, slowly putting her big sun hat on while waiting to compliment the teacher before heading out for a hike with Ginger. I remember all of our conversations vividly, and I’m so grateful for her YouTube yoga videos so I can hear her voice (which I’m so proud to note became even stronger and more confident).

I began teaching yoga at that same studio, and Heather arrived for my first class early to gift me a mini Ganesha statue and cheer me on. She made it to every one of my classes that she could, always sharing sweet thoughts with me about how class felt for her afterward. I didn’t ask her to do any of that. I didn’t expect her to. But she did because she somehow sensed how much it would mean to me. That, or it was just her MO.

In summary, I, and everyone else at the studio, were so lifted up by Heather. She listened when people spoke and stored away info about them to reference for a future gift – like when my birthday was and that I was curious to try more natural beauty products. So, she gifted me makeup on my birthday from the most pure and natural brand she knew of, and blew me away in the process. I thought I was a compassionate, active listener. But Heather taught me how to increase it 100 fold. I thought I was decently authentic, but watching Heather I saw what it really looked like to not try to be anyone other than yourself.

We both talked tenderly about living life alongside or tangled in mental health struggles – how we get through the hard days and what it all means. We could see the bouts of pain in the other, but much more importantly, we could see the light, hope, and love in the other. Heather has inspired my soul since we met 7 years ago. And she isn’t done. Thank you, everyone here (and those who aren’t), for continuing to love yourselves and all beings by Heather’s guiding light. Her ripple effect on this world is massive. I imagine she’s now gently spreading her flower-power love to even more beings here and beyond. Thank you, Heather. Namaste.”

Green Yogi Of The Month, Berkeley: Heather Kerrihard!

Posted on [July 1, 2015](#)



Heather felt honored when she was named: "Green Yogi of the Month", and she answered questions for their flyer.

We are so excited to honor **Heather Kerrihard** as our **Manduka** Yogi of the month for July! Heather has only been with us at The **Green Yogi** for five months and she has already taken over 130 classes! She inspires our Green Yogi community with her strong practice (often doing more than one class per day!), humble heart, and cuddly companion, Ginger! **We're honored to have you in our yoga family, Heather!**

OCCUPATION: Musician and Music Teacher

NICKNAME: The Groovemaster, or Heather-Bo-Bether

FUN FACT ABOUT YOU: My little dog, Ginger, is the love of my life. She goes with me everywhere. You will see her at the studio with me. Any morning you don't see me here at the studio, it means I am taking her for a run through the forest (Tilden Park, my other favorite place). It also means I will probably be at the studio that afternoon or evening!

WHO IS YOUR FAVORITE INSTRUCTOR AND WHY? I love all of them. I do not play favorites. Every teacher at this studio has given me something very special, that I could not possibly have received from anyone else. They all have a unique gift that only they can share.

WHAT IS YOUR INTENTION FOR YOUR YOGA PRACTICE? To feel my connection to all life on this planet. We are all energy. I feel that.

WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE YOGA POSE? Again, I don't play favorites. I am learning to find the joy in every pose. It's the flow between them and the breath of life you put into them that matters. That is where the energy is.

WHAT SONG SHOULD BE ON EVERY YOGA PLAYLIST? "Gravity" by Vienna Teng.

LINK:

- [Gravity](#)

WHAT INSPIRES YOU? The beautiful and amazing people I have met at this studio. They are some of the most kind, genuine people I have ever known. I am surrounded by a truly loving and caring community here, and that is the most inspiring thing I can imagine. When I am here, I remember that none of us are alone in our human experience.

HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN PRACTICING AND HOW HAS YOGA IMPROVED YOUR LIFE? I have been practicing for almost two years now. Yoga has improved my life in every way imaginable. I have found my true self. I have become a more complete person. I have learned what truly matters. It has revolutionized my understanding of my own existence. I have become who I really am. It has healed me in a way nothing else ever has.

Bobby, Heather's grandmother, (upon learning that Heather was "Green Yogi of the Month" in July of 2015) wrote to Heather: "Congratulations!!! Wonderful achievement!!
AND marvelous statements....from them to you ...and from you to them!!!!

I'm so happy that you have discovered this world of kindred people and that you have found your real, fantastic self....and I'm so glad that I have lived long enough to enjoy seeing you evolve from your charming babyhood, through many stages, into the magnificent person that you are!!!

All my love, always,
Bobby"

Heather replied: "Hi Bobby, Thank you! That means a lot to me! I love you so much with all of my heart.

I am so glad that I have had you here my whole life to help me grow up and evolve. You have given me and taught me so much about what it means to love and be loved.

Thank you!
Heather"

In September of 2015, Heather's beloved grandmother, Bobby, had surgery that went awry. I ended up caring for Bobby while working full time, which was challenging. The situation was also less than ideal as I could not afford to cut back on my work to care for her while living in Berkeley (it is expensive in California) and could not leave her to visit my grandchildren in Georgia. I came up with the idea of moving to cheaper Georgia, where I could cut back on work, see my grandchildren regularly, and take better care of my mom. My husband, Heather's stepdad Mike, was on board for this life change, and felt hopeful that his son would join us.

Heather with Bobby in our home in Berkeley,
after Bobby came to live with us



I hesitated, however, because Heather had built a life in Berkeley and I did not want to leave her. We talked. She surprised me by saying that going with us to Georgia could be the opportunity of a lifetime. The cheaper cost of living could enable her to transition from teaching music to teaching yoga, and she would have quality time with Bobby and with her brother and his children. So it was decided: we would move together - and our new adventure began.

Finding Yoga & Deciding to Move to Georgia 169 [Return to Table of Contents](#)

Heather's good friend, Aleta, from The Green Yogi, gave Heather a card to send her on her way to Georgia, and I found it in her bed stand, clearly as a cherished message.

Heather~

You are one of the most special people I have met in my lifetime. Your overflowing positive spirit and immense gratitude for life are so refreshing to be around. You amaze me with your dedication to your practice and to leading a healthy life. I've so appreciated your gratitude for my teaching and my food. It's because of people like you that I continue to be inspired to

teach yoga and grow food. I am really going to miss our Friday routine, the hugs, the laughter, the friendship. But I know everything happens for a reason and you are moving on to a brighter future! Uprooting yourself and transplanting is hard, but just like the plants teach me in the garden, it takes a little time to adjust, but then they grow and thrive under the same sun, in new and unique ways. Your new community in Georgia is so lucky to be

You are
the Berry
Best Friend!



receiving you!! You are such a gift to the world. Never Stop being YOU!

With so much
Love and
Light,

Watercolor by Helen Krayenhoff

Aleta

Family & Yoga Teacher Training/Experience



Moving to Georgia allowed Heather to spend quality time with her grandmother, with me and her stepdad, Mike, with her brother, Adrian, his fiancée, Juli, and with her beloved nephew & niece, Taylor & Wendy.



Heather especially loved it when Taylor and Wendy joined her and Ginger playing frisbee in the yard at sunset, when they went to the park, or frolicked in the lake together in the summer.



This was also the time that Heather adopted her adored Siamese kittens, Sugar and Spice.

Several friends and family members came to visit, which helped Heather with the transition and gave her joy.

Robin & Dan: "We have warm memories of visiting -- and taking a wonderful nature walk with Heather -- when we drove Bobby's furniture to Winterville."



There were campfires, birthday parties, hikes, time spent gardening together, and so much more.



Love flowed freely!

David: "My memories of Heather in Winterville are very fresh. We had our best conversation ever one morning. We talked about politics, books, family....everything."



Upon arriving in Georgia, Heather immediately dove into transitioning to become a yoga teacher. She obtained her 200 hours and her additional 300 hours to obtain her 500 hour Yoga Teacher Training Certificate through



5 Points Yoga in Athens, where she was so pleased to get to know Shannon & Anne (the owners at the time), and her fellow students.



Five-Points Graduation Photos



Heather obtained supplemental training for kids' yoga, learned CPR, got her Silver Sneakers certification, and more. Her thirst for mastery of all things yoga was insatiable.

Anne: "Heather was such a beloved, dear soul. I appreciate her pure way of moving through life....with such vitality and kindness. She had a gift of connection and tenderness. Shannon and I always said that she embodied the "spirit and essence" of yoga in the most genuine way....and that is something you cannot "teach" someone...it is a quality that is developed within and given from God. Heather will definitely live on in my heart. Knowing her was such a gift."

Anne's memorial message shared with the people at 5 Points Yoga: "Lindsey, Shannon, and I are so grateful to have shared life's journey with precious Heather Flower.

Heather graduated from our 200 hour Yoga Teacher Training in 2018 with a passion for yoga. She then became the first 5 Points Yoga 300 hour (advanced) Yoga Teacher Training graduate just 18 months later.

She was a dedicated and teachable student. Heather naturally exuded the "essence" of yoga... compassionate, gentle, and giving, which are all things that can only be gifted from God and cultivated within.

Just this past Summer, Heather was so excited to share that she had opened a small yoga studio in Winterville.

I am personally grieved to have lost such a bright light in this world. She will continue to live on in my heart as I remember her dedication to Yoga and her spiritual practice as well as her love for fellow humans.

Rest in peace, dearest sister and friend. "

Heather sought out and got paid experience teaching yoga at Keep it Simple Yoga where the owner, Charlotte Johnston, took her under her wing and mentored her with kindness.

Charlotte: "Heather was a beautiful young woman and such a gift to our yoga community. I am grateful to have known her and I am so sorry her life was cut short. I am glad she did not suffer and was able to donate her organs and continue being a giving person even in death."

Heather went on to paid teaching jobs at the Winterville Senior Center, the YMCA, the YWCO, Saint Mary's Wellness Center, and at UGA for a class of 80 college freshman as part of their Movement and Dance Appreciation class.

Winterville Senior Center



She also volunteered her time at the donation based studios Let It Be Yoga & Rubber Soul (now called Revolution Therapy & Yoga), Yoga in The Barn at Sweet Olive Farm, and Yoga in the Garden at the West Broad Farmers' Market.



Heather at Rubber Soul



Heather arriving at the Barn to teach



Lauren:
"Here are some photos I took of Heather teaching yoga at one of her favorite places to teach – Sweet Olive Farm."



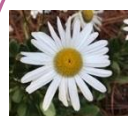
LINK:

- [Video of Heather with a goat at Sweet Olive Farm](#)
Captured on video by Taima

Heather also put her energy into a lot of shorter term efforts including teaching Yoga for: Prenatal and Mother & Baby Yoga at Reblooming; emotionally disturbed teenagers and children as part of their therapy program; kids in low-income neighborhoods as part of their summer enrichment program; adults in recovery as part of enrichment for people returning to the community after jail-time; a cat adoption group (cat yoga); and a group of residents at Georgetown Condo.



Yoga at the Georgetown Condos



Janet: "Dear Heather,
This morning as I watched the stars fade I thought about how the world is a lesser place today without you here to greet the dawn.
Thank you for sharing your joyful approach to life with so many.
Rest In Peace."

She also did a lot of subbing, purposely expanding her experience to include chair yoga for seniors, yoga for very small children, hip-hop yoga, and so much more.

Lizz: "A bag of Heather's that I brought home had a tiny pin with "Peace" in three languages on it--Hebrew, Arabic, and English. I have pinned it to my purse as a memento of Heather's influence on me and the world."

In her free time Heather read Yoga philosophy.

Heather was serious about this! She believed that yoga was capable of transforming how people lived and experienced life, and could help the world be a better place. She wanted to make a difference, and as she had done with everything in life, she threw herself into this fully.

She did make time for some yoga fun, too, though. She attended Let It Be Yoga, and on Friday nights went early to do AcroYoga with Gary. Before that, Heather learned a little AcroYoga from Juli (her brother's fiancée).

Juli teaching Heather to fly, with Wendy watching

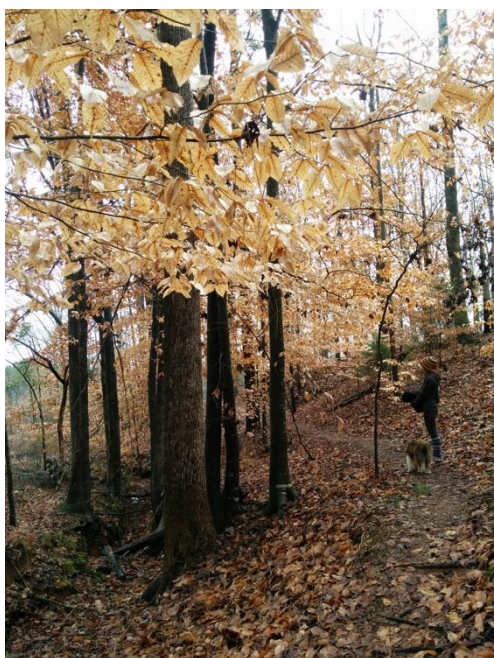


LINK:

- [Juli teaching Heather AcroYoga](#)

Heather & Juli applauded after Bobby, age 89, showed how she could balance on one foot

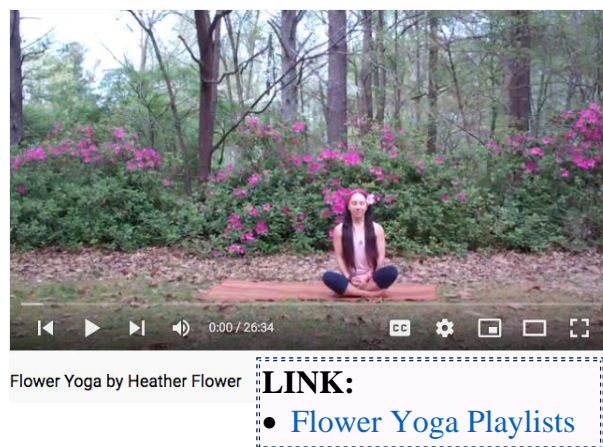




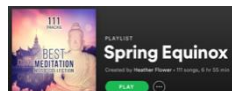
Heather also made time for nature, regularly hiking and swimming at Sandy Creek, and visiting myriad parks in the area. Heather and I had one very special outing to a beach in South Carolina, making a whole day of it, like we used to do when we went to the beach in Santa Cruz, & we planned to go again.



When the pandemic made teaching less viable, for a time, Heather created more than 80 yoga videos with the dual purpose of trying to help people unable to attend yoga classes right then, and to hone her skills. She delighted in the freedom the video format provided, allowing her to focus on one topic at a time, rather than trying to meet the needs of each person in the room. Normally, she loved trying to adapt each class in a way that would reach each of the students in attendance, but she found she also loved the freedom of communicating what she wanted to, solidly, one video at a time.



She had completed the series she envisioned, except for the Winter Solstice and Spring Equinox videos, which she planned to create at the appropriate times. Happily, her friends are creating those for her so the series can be complete. Heather also created myriad yoga sequences matched to music playlists.



Heather had identified 29 Spotify Yoga Music playlists to use in her classes – Spring Equinox Best Meditation Music Collection is one that she liked and saved.

Heather anticipated that the remainder of her life's purpose would be fulfilled by having a positive effect through yoga. It is my hope that her videos will live on, so she can continue to have some positive effect on the world through yoga, in addition to the positive effect she has already had on the people that knew and loved her.

Yoga Community & New Friends

As Heather became enmeshed in the yoga community in the area surrounding Athens, Georgia she made quite a few new friends. Many have contributed to this book. Some did not, as they were overwhelmed trying to find a way to put their feelings on paper, but their thoughts have been with Heather and with all of us. Heather was truly surrounded by love.

Below, I will share the contributions of many of Heather's Georgia friends, providing context where I can. I did not know every friend, and can only mention those that I am aware of, so some of you will not be mentioned here - however, please know that if you considered Heather a friend, she valued your friendship. She repeatedly told me that she was so pleased with the warm welcome she received in your community.

The Moon Sisters was an informal group that gathered around a fire pit on the full moon to share their spiritual journeys, often writing on pieces of paper things they wanted to transcend and then burning those slips of paper in the fire.

Sarah (describing a time ~17 years earlier): "In an attempt to not let our hurts and troubles of the past tie us down, Heather and I one night decided to do something about it. We bought a carton of eggs and headed to the side of a random wall, which happened to be a bank. We took turns taking an egg, assigning it a memory or thing we wanted to let go of, and then throwing the egg and watching it break and splat on the wall. While our time together was usually not so vandalous, I have to say, we both thought throwing those eggs felt pretty good."



The Moon Sisters included some of Heather's closest friends in Georgia: Shara; Lauren; Leticia; Rebecca; Shannon; Mindy; and Clare. When the pandemic began in the Spring of 2020, the Moon Sisters continued their gatherings virtually which allowed them to connect with some of Heather's friends on the West Coast, and Christine from California joined the group regularly.

Shannon: "I've only known Heather for about a year, and I'm so glad for it, because Heather was such a light. I will forever feel blessed by the people she introduced me to and the centeredness she carried with her."



Shara and Heather shared a special bond, each in the midst of major life transitions. Shara would advise Heather, and Heather would advise Shara. Heather mentioned to me, laughing, that she noticed that they often each gave the same advice, better able to give it to another than to give it to themselves.



Shara: “I was so privileged to be one of Heather's Moon Sisters. Heather was an incredible woman who loved deeply, generously and lived her values with such integrity - I always saw her as a beacon of what was possible in living in Right Relationship, Compassion and Sustainability in this world. She has touched me very deeply and I will treasure her always. I hope we can all take comfort in, at least at some point, being able to celebrate the potency of Heather's authentic life and the myriad lives she touched on the west and east coasts on this landmass, not to mention beyond.

I found Heather to be a beautiful soul, strong woman who lived her life with such astounding integrity to her core values and her visions for what is possible for a conscious, loving world in right sustainable relationship with its various parts... She took her power and lived purposefully creating who she wanted to be and what she wanted in the world, manifesting in one aspect in changing her name... This very generous being who delighted in beings, Ginger and her two cats Sugar and Spice, all of the plants and trees in her garden and each individual flower on each plant! She was such a proud plant mama for all of the plants she gave life to, including propagating African Violets, which she said are really finicky and cultivating lavender in GA which everyone told her couldn't be done because of the climate. She had just planted a pear tree before she passed and was so giddy about it. She named it Doris in honor of this 90 year old woman she had been giving private yoga lessons to who had passed on recently. She was so excited to get old with the tree, for the tree to outlive her... and she had planted seeds for a donation based yoga studio on her property and had gotten EVERYTHING ready, including putting signs for it up in the street! And was just waiting for Covid-19 to end to open.

She gifted the world so many big and little things including a butterfly necklace I'm wearing that she gave me for my birthday last year when I was in growing pains writing my dissertation and she saw the butterfly that was emerging... she held that vision and gifted me the necklace so I could remind myself. I'm so sad she didn't get time to experience in this body things she deeply yearned for - sacred partnership, her thriving yoga studio participating in the processes of healing consciousness/awareness raising of our community, voting President Biden into office, witnessing her pear tree get tall and full. I'm so glad she left the earth her legacy in the YouTube channel she created among many other things....”

Heather loved her long walks and talks with Rebecca. They shared the woods and swimming in the lake, and Heather cherished the homemade pottery that Rebecca crafted specially for Heather.

Gifts from Rebecca that Heather cherished



Lauren was a kind and gentle friend, with whom Heather shared the love of artistry and the frustrations of being pulled away from what you love to meet society's expectations. They bonded over fighting for self-actualization, and Heather was so proud of Lauren when she painted.

Rebecca: "Heather and I have seen each other through so much. She was such an incredible friend. She brought so much light and peace to my life, and I've learned so much from her."



Lauren: "This is a painting I did that I showed Heather a while ago, it is a watercolor of the aurora borealis and layered on top is a translucent paper that I used ink and colored pencil to depict narwhals in the arctic. Heather was one of the biggest supporters of my art-making and for that I am forever grateful."

Lauren, in 2020: "I will never forget the first time I met Heather- she had just come to my yoga class straight from her garden wearing her sun hat. I will never forget how warm, friendly, open, and genuine she was. We instantly connected. She was one of my biggest supporters. She was always there for me. She was my soul sister. She was one of the kindest souls I ever had the pleasure of knowing. I honestly don't know how to exist in this world without her, she left such a mark on me. She changed me."

Something I wrote not long after I found out: 'Heather: you always supported my dreams, encouraged me to pursue my art, and to never settle. You lived the life you had dreamed for yourself and encouraged everyone else to do the same. You were an inspiration to me. You were my beautiful soul sister. You always will be. Until we meet again in the cosmos dear Heather.'

I have been spending time doing things that Heather and I would do together- yoga, eating lunch outside in the garden, and taking hikes with the dogs. When I am doing these things, I get flashes of memories with Heather. And I kind of have conversations with her about her passing. I feel like I can hear her talking to me in these moments. I feel like she is still very much with me. We often talked about life and death and the interconnectedness of all things. She told me we were all part of the greater life energy and that there really is no beginning or end. Till we meet again in the cosmos dear one."

Lauren, in Fall 2021: "We are having a baby boy in Feb. 2022 and we decided to name him Heath after Heather. Heath name meaning "Land of Heather and Grass". We like to think that he is a gift from her :)."

"I have been thinking of Heather often and I have been dreaming about when our son Heath is born and how I will tell him all about Heather, the wonderful and amazing person he is named after."

Leticia and Heather delighted in being kindred spirits, bonding at first over pets and yoga, expanding their connection through so many conversations and confidences. They shared many meals, at the GRIT, or with Leticia making a vegan curry that Heather loved. Heather also adored Leticia's son, Dado, and Leticia welcomed Heather as an honorary auntie, with Heather occasionally babysitting when Leticia and her husband Steve went out. It was a wonderful friendship.

Leticia: “Beloved soul sister, here we are in this weird place. Weird for me, awkwardly and hopelessly trying to understand how it is that I cannot call you, see you, hug you. I bet you are all glitter and sparkles rejoined with everything that is most pure and magical in the universe. I miss you so much it hurts. I miss our conversations, our laughs, our hikes, our hangs with my son Dado (who adored you) and our pets, our silences, our meals together. I don't really know yet how to continue on this bizarre path of life without you, but amazingly, it is like you were never gone. I feel your presence with me every day.

I am so thankful that I never took it for granted. I always knew that you, and our connection, was special and one of a kind. I learned so much from you. I never met such a strong, brilliant, beautiful, resilient, authentic, empathic and compassionate person before. I am so grateful for the years we had together during your life in GA. You made me feel at home here for the first time, after all, home is where family is.

These pictures I am sharing are from my birthday last year. I mentioned to Heather that I did not want to make the day about me, I wanted to celebrate and pamper the lovely women in my life... what if we practiced yoga and had a meal together? Needless to say, Heather insisted on teaching a practice and did not accept any kind of money or donation. I cooked her favorite vegan chili and it was such a wonderful, special time for all of us. Everyone loved it so much that we promised to make it a tradition and do it every year. I was planning on turning it into a fundraiser to support causes that Heather and I cared about, such as animal welfare, environmental protection and women's rights. She was inspiring that way and turned everything she touched into pure love and light.”



Celebrating
Leticia's
Birthday



At Let It Be Yoga Heather was fond of everyone, frequently telling me what a wonderful community it was. I recall Heather specifically mentioning her affection for Chanda, Jason, Gary, Susan, and Julie (and I assume there were others that she spoke of that I just don't recall).



Julie: “Heather & I shared yoga practice at LIBY, rubber soul, and the Y and she had invited me to teach/sub when her studio was open to the public. I dearly miss her spunky spirit and her zest for the spiritual quest. She is forever in my heart.

Heather was a frequent flyer at LIBY studio. Whether teaching or attending classes she was a friendly helper to anyone in need. Whenever we shared a class together, she always invited me to practice next to her and was sincerely interested in what was going on in my present moment. I always noticed how she tended to the studio's tidiness. It was always a treat to share a cuppa tea with Heather. I especially appreciated Heather for her extensive knowledge of vinyasa and diligent passion for the technical aspects of yoga. I am today, continuously inspired by her adoration for this practice. Her teaching is truly a legacy and I am so honored to know her spirit.”



Susan: “Heather was a gift to so many of us. Heather was-- and is--pure light.”

Chanda at the LIBY Winter Solstice Celebration in honor of Heather



Chanda: “Heather would love to sit with each of us individually or in small groups in Spirit outside safely distanced and yet surrounded by nature and with our pets which Heather Loved! Thinking of all the beautiful things that are Heather ...singing and humming into the universe outside.

Heather will not sit in the front of my class anymore (in her physical form) beaming her smile of encouragement at me and then warmly hugging me and telling me I just offered her the most beautiful practice. She was by far one of the most kind and generous souls I've known. And she truly did the work of life...working inwardly on herself. She was genuine and I will always admire her. And I've learned from her.”

Chanda, the owner of Let It Be Yoga, was a dear friend of Heather's, and Heather was also very fond of her children. Chanda very kindly hosted a Winter Solstice Yoga Practice in honor of Heather, and helped arrange for it to be filmed so we could add it to Heather's Solstice and Equinox Seasons Playlist for her Flower Yoga Videos. Heather had planned to add a Flower Yoga Winter Solstice video on the solstice, but alas, was not here to do so.

LINKS:

- [Let it Be Yoga Winter Solstice Celebration in honor of Heather](#)
 - [Let It Be Yoga Winter Solstice Celebration – 1 minute clip](#)
 - [Flower Yoga ~ Winter Solstice ~ Let It Be Yoga](#)
- Various Scenes extracted from full Winter Solstice Celebration*



Chanda, excerpted from the LIBY Winter Solstice Practice in Heather's honor: "We are here to celebrate the Winter Solstice together in honor of our late friend and teacher Heather Flower, who we just love. She loved the solstices and equinoxes.

I met Heather years ago when I taught at Rubber Soul, and she would come to my class on Saturday mornings and she would be right in the front and at the end of every class she would come up to me, and she was so exuberant, and she would say "Chanda that was the best class ever!". She was just an exuberant, lovely, vibrant, and very gracious and giving soul. I am going to do my best to keep this joyful and happy because that's the epitome of what Heather Flower was to me.

We journeyed on through some life together. I opened this studio and she ended up teaching here and teaching within our community. One of the most honoring things you can do for a teacher is try to emulate the teacher and we used to talk about this, and I want to read just a little bit of a letter from Heather to me. She was talking about how she was going to be busy and we wouldn't see each other for a while and she wrote:

Heather: *'You will be in my heart with me every step of this journey. Someday you will take my class and see so much of yourself in it. I really hope that I will be able to inspire people as much as you have inspired me.'*

Chanda (continued): I loved going to her classes, and she came to mine, and I've been watching her online videos that she posted through Covid-19. Some of the flow we will do tonight was inspired by her moon flow that you can find on her YouTube channel.

I could go on and on about how much I loved Heather and she was a great part of our life and the yoga world and community. The spirit of Heather Flower will always be with us. She lives on because we have all of the memories, her happy memories – her energy was so good.

I am very blessed to have known her in the physical presence and to have her with me still. One of the greatest legacies we can leave as humans is the memory of who we are and she's very loved and remembered. A most kind and generous spirit."

Jason, a mentor to Heather, with whom she shared a love of the stars and a love of yoga, also made a Winter Solstice video for Heather's Flower Yoga series. Heather would have been so honored. She mentioned Jason in a number of her videos, crediting him with teaching her a favorite pose, moon salutations, so it is totally fitting that Jason contributed to her series.

Jason: "A personal observation is that Heather was as much or more of a mentor to me as I was to her."

Jason: "Heather meant so much to all of us. I have always been honored to call her 'friend'.

I was trying to remember when I first met Heather. I think it was roughly four years ago. I was substitute teaching a vinyasa yoga class at Rubber Soul Yoga (it has since changed names and is now Revolution Therapy And Yoga). It was a packed class of about 30 people. Heather was in the front row. I remember her comments after class about how much she enjoyed the practice. That was my introduction to her positive energy. After that, I had the privilege of going to HER classes.

I can't think of a better memorial than the yoga videos that Heather already left us. So, I will simply add a couple quotes from some of Heather's many beloved books:

"The cosmos is within us. We are made of star-stuff. We are a way for the universe to know itself." ~ Carl Sagan, "Cosmos"

"There is no better prayer to morning than to feel glad to know: the greatest story is that all life is one." ~ Carl Safina, "Beyond Words"

Heather really enjoyed honoring nature and one of many expressions of that were moon salutations. I thought about listing one of those here, but it would be far better to simply watch her moon salutation practice and follow along. She would have deeply enjoyed the full moon over this past weekend. Peace."



LINKS:

- [Flower Yoga ~ Winter Solstice ~ Yin Yang](#) (by Jason)
- [Flower Yoga ~ Moon Salutations](#) (by Heather)

Heather mentioned to me how supported she felt that Gary made the effort to come join her for Yoga in the Market, even when it was cold and few others made it there. She enjoyed going to his Friday night classes at Let It Be Yoga, saying they were unique and original, often going early to do AcroYoga, which she said she loved as she felt like she was flying.

Gary: "Heather was my good friend. A few years ago when I first started teaching yoga at Let It Be I met Heather and I started going to her classes at West Broad Farmers Market. I would go every Sat. I loved her classes out in the garden then we would hang out and eat lunch there. I loved those Sat. mornings. She also would come to my Fri. night classes at Let It Be. When I first started teaching yoga I was nervous and didn't think I was good enough - Heather always was so kind and encouraging and helpful to me and always said she loved my playlist. She was such a sweet and giving person." ❤️

David played a unique and special role in Heather's life. They met when he was playing music at the Farmer's Market where she was leading a yoga class. They joined together, and magic occurred. From that point onward, they worked together whenever they could. David was planning on regularly playing music for her yoga classes at her Flower Yoga Studio.

David: "By the time I met Heather she was fully immersed in the world of Yoga. It had become her full time passion. It showed. I was in a unique position while in her class and I could observe the love and energy she poured out on each student so they could have the best practice possible. A wonderful teacher.

Heather was also a musician and I wish I knew more about that part of her. What I can say is that Heather enjoyed many different artists with Neil Young being prominent among them. If you want to feel close to Heather I suggest listening to "After The Goldrush". I believe it was one of her favorites. She also told me she liked Tom Paxton, and that was when I started playing "The Marvelous Toy" for her classes occasionally."



David played the music for the Let It Be Winter Solstice Practice, that Chanda led. Among other songs, David played "Starry, Starry Night", a song he played for Heather's yoga classes and that Heather loved, about a painting of Vincent Van Gogh's. I know Heather would have been honored by David's musical contribution.

LINKS:

- [Let It Be Yoga Winter Solstice Celebration – 1 minute clip](#) where David plays "Starry Starry Night"
- ["After the Gold Rush"](#) by Neil Young
- ["The Marvelous Toy"](#) by Tom Paxton

Heather valued the warm community of Rubber Soul (now known as Revolution Therapy & Yoga), and was pleased to be a part of it. I don't know everyone that she connected with there, however I do know that Kate and Nicole were important to Heather, as she loved working with them and they were becoming closer over time.

Heather with Nicole's daughter, Ramona, plus Julie & Chase at Rubber Soul



Nicole: "I really cherished my friendship with Heather... she was such a special human. She really has left me with some gifts – little things like the way she said hello and goodbye have been coming to mind – she would end a conversation by saying “good-bye, hug your little girl, keep good things going this week” – she had this send-off that was wonderful. I often bumped into Heather outdoors, like at the lake or the park, both enjoying the outdoor world – we bonded over that. We had been friends for a number of years, and were on the cusp of a deeper friendship – it makes me happy to hear about the deeper friendships she already had."

Kate and Nicole sponsored a Zoom Memorial for Heather, soon after her accident. Emotions were raw, however Heather's lovely friends treated each other with warmth and compassion.

Kate: "I remember Heather's warm, strong hug soon after we first met. I would see her after her restorative class and before I taught--glowing with connection and kindness, sharing exercises she brought to class like having the students write encouraging letters to themselves that she would bring back to them at a later date or practices to honor the seasons and nature. The studio I teach at had been in transition when she came into my life, and I linked her with my teaching position at the YWCO (which she was amazing at) while I went back into volunteer teaching. In the tumultuous first year of the studio transition, Heather was consistent, kind, solid, and encouraging--an active and vibrant contributor to teacher meetings and social gatherings alike. She was so well integrated through the yoga world in Athens, and I admired that, in addition to her broad-ranging talents (we never did get to having the musical performance we all wanted to do in the space featuring some of her jazz work). She was focused on her values and sacrificed for them, with her patiently and thoughtfully waiting for when she could open her own donation yoga space in Winterville in a safe way when the pandemic let up. I will so very much miss her, and I honor the family and friends that helped to cultivate such a bright light, as well as the ways her memory will live through me and the many others she has touched."



Nicole & Kate at the Zoom



I think Barbara may have been Heather's most dedicated student. Barbara met Heather at one yoga class, and moved with Heather when she changed where she was teaching. Then, she arranged for Heather to work with her mother, Doris, who was needing some limbering up, and further went on to organize a yoga class for Heather to lead at her condo. Heather appreciated Barbara, and Doris, and was pleased to have gotten to know them. Heather created a very gentle Flower Yoga video for Doris when she was recovering after being in the hospital, and another one for Barbara, later, in loving memory of Doris.

Barbara: "Heather and I met the summer of 2019 at the sunrise yoga at the YWCO. I started yoga with Heather at the Y and was hooked in a few short weeks in her class. It always motivated me for my day and I grew to love the early morning.

She was so special to my mother and myself. Heather did yoga with my mother, Doris, when she was ailing and they became friends. My mother died September of 2020, and Heather planted a pear tree in her honor.

Heather also helped me start a yoga group at my condo that we kept going during the shutdown. Our little group continues to remember and honor Heather. She was so special to us. A couple of weeks after her accident we gathered outdoors around a lovely arrangement of candles and flowers. We shared our thoughts of Heather and then did our practice, her Animal Party Flower Yoga video. I had mentioned to her it was a group favorite.

We will continue to remember her in our practice and our lives. She was a lovely influence on so many people."

Pear Tree
Heather
planted in
Doris' honor



There has been a real outpouring of love by so many wonderful people in Georgia. When I think about the fact that Heather only lived in Georgia for 4 years, and that the pandemic kept her apart from most people for the last year of her life, I marvel at the welcome she received and the positive connections that were made.

LINKS:

- [Flower Yoga ~ Gentle Chair Yoga](#)
- [Flower Yoga ~ In Loving Memory](#)
- [Flower Yoga ~ Animal Party](#)

Collectively, you have made my heart sing by sharing the ways in which Heather had a very powerful positive effect on you and the community. Through each of you her positive contribution to this world will continue, even without her continued presence, and for that I am grateful to you all!

Heather's Yoga Philosophy



Throughout her life Heather struggled to make sense of our crazy world and the pain it creates, and to find a way to embrace hope within it. From the youngest age she empathized with friends in pain, evolving by her teens to understand and empathize with suffering due to systemic issues, and by the time she reached adulthood her understanding had expanded to a passionate belief that all living beings are worthy of equal care and compassion.

Heather's passionate beliefs led her to seek ways of living that would transcend our world's self-destructive behavior and help the world become what it was capable of. When she discovered yoga's philosophies her heart soared, as she felt that she had finally found a kindred way of approaching our reality. Thus, Heather's love of yoga included an intense philosophical embracing, alongside an appreciation of the physical components. Heather saw the two aspects as inextricably connected, believing that the physical component was vital to helping people actualize the philosophy in their lives.

Leticia: "There are so many things that she used to say in yoga practice that I never forget and come back to me often. From profound teachings (such as how "we are not our thoughts and feelings, and there is a deeper truth and meaning to us") to practical things that still make me giggle (such as "your lungs are not in your belly, there is no reason not to breathe during a plank"). Just brilliant."

I am not as well versed in yoga philosophy as many of her friends, but I learned a lot about her views while I had the privilege of assisting her with her Flower Yoga videos – discussing her intentions for each video, holding the camera, uploading them to the internet, and assisting her with their names, descriptions, and the selections of thumbnails to display.

Through this process, I saw her carefully choose what to emphasize within each yoga concept, and thematically across her representation of yoga. There were lots of nuances she had researched. For instance she would mention to me that a classical interpretation of a component of yoga might be X, while a Western interpretation might be Y, and a New Age interpretation might be Z. In each case she thought through what she believed was the most useful aspect to embrace, to help people self-actualize, and to fulfill humanity's potential, and she found a way to emphasize that in her yoga instruction.

If you look at the list of her Flower Yoga videos, just at the titles, you will see that she was trying to share with others each philosophical, inspirational component of yoga.

LINK:

- [List of Flower Yoga Videos](#)

The short descriptions Heather used as labels for each video, often communicated which aspect she was choosing to emphasize, and across the videos they give a pretty good sense of the range of concepts she had embraced and wanted to share. The short descriptions included the following concepts:

- *Embracing the Three Paths of love, knowledge, and action*
- *Celebrating the Seasons, the Elements, Animals, Nature, the Cosmos, and Children*
- *Caring for each other through gentle yoga, and empowering through power yoga*
- *Celebrating motherhood, birthdays, and the lives of departed loved ones*
- *Finding ways to do what you love, like running, gardening, creating, and playing*
- *Opening and aligning energy points in your body, and learning to deal with traumas*
- *Embracing Fresh Starts, Gratitude, Intention Setting, Joy, Love, and the Miracle of Life*
- *Interpreting the Eight Limbs of Yoga to focus on Opening Your Heart, Concentration of the Mind, Meditation, Devotion, Contentment, Purity, Self-Study, Inner Fire, Breath of Life, Withdrawal of the Senses, Higher Consciousness, Non-Harming, Non-Hoarding, Non-Stealing, Channeling Energy, and Honesty*

Heather tended to briefly summarize the key tenets of her philosophy, per topic, at the start of her videos, so if you are interested in hearing her ideas, in her own words, I recommend listening to the beginning of each video whose concepts intrigue you. I am also creating a compilation of these concepts.



Jason:

“Frankly, Heather herself was as good a theorist as any of the big names in yoga.”

LINKS:

- [Flower Yoga Philosophy](#)
- [Flower Yoga Video Playlists](#)

I observed that Heather really enjoyed creating the Flower Yoga Videos which focused on theory. She had read numerous books on yoga history and philosophy, and as with all concepts she embraced, she brought a critical eye to the ideas, insisting that they pass her criteria of being kind, caring, compassionate, and hopeful.

Often Heather would discuss an idea in a Flower Yoga Video casually, and briefly, when I knew she had read one, two, or even three books about the topic. She was committed to communicating the essence of the ideas in an approachable way.

*Of all of the yoga theorists, Heather told me that she was most aligned with Ana Forrest. With this in mind you may find it interesting to check out Heather's video on Ana Forrest and/or read Ana's book, *Fierce Medicine*, a book that Heather read and loved.*

LINKS:

- [Flower Yoga ~ Honoring ANA FORREST](#)
- [Fierce Medicine](#) by Ana Forrest

John: "Heather really "owned" her space when she practiced yoga, and her enthusiasm and dedication to her practice was inspiring. I'm sorry your earth journey has ended, Heather, but shine on."

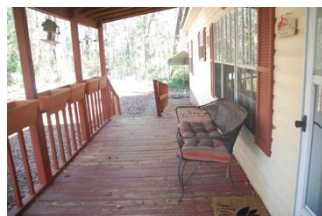
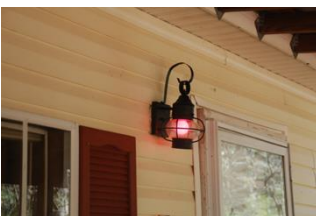
Yoga was incredibly important to Heather, with her love deepening over time. Sharing it with others was one of her greatest joys.



Flower Yoga Studio


Heather lovingly prepared to open her Flower Yoga Studio, a donation based studio on our shared property in Winterville - once the pandemic ended.

Leticia, after visiting the Flower Yoga Studio: “Heather and I spoke endless times about every little thing she was doing to prepare the studio for opening, it meant so much to me to be able to see it. Needless to say, Heather was there in every detail, from the cute signs with her handwriting to the perfectly placed candles, to the beautiful pictures of pressed flowers on the wall. I came prepared to practice yoga but I couldn't. I felt like I was in a sacred place, so I just allowed myself to feel what I had to feel, to appreciate my dearest friend, and to admire all the work she put into the studio.”



Below is how Heather planned to present her Flower Yoga Studio online, on her Flower Yoga Studio website. The flower pictured is an African Violet that Heather grew. I have changed it so now it just provides a link to her videos.

Heather Flower Yoga



Flower Yoga is a donation based studio offering yoga for all ages and all levels.

Please join us!

[Click here to watch Heather's Flower Yoga Videos.](#)

Each class is tailored to the people who attend.

Our current schedule is very stable, although we do hope to add some new classes soon.

If you provide your email address we will email you if there are any last minute schedule changes. (We will never share your contact information!)

If you have questions you can email us at FlowerYogaStudio@yahoo.com.

Time	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
4-5 pm	Yoga by Heather		Yoga by Heather		Yoga by Heather		
6-7 pm		Yoga by Heather		Yoga by Heather		Yoga by Heather w/ Music by David	
Time	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat

Flower Yoga Studio is located at 22 Leaptrott Lane in Winterville, GA *(there was a map & directions)*



Namaste

LINK:

- Heather's current Flower Yoga website

Flower Yoga Videos

It was very important to Heather that she make a positive impact on this world. After years of trying to have an impact through activism and then music, she arrived at yoga as the way she could make the most significant difference. She wanted to help people find themselves, their humanity, and their role in this world.

Towards that end, Heather created more than eighty videos during the Pandemic in 2020. She created the videos to help people who could not come in physical contact with others during that trying time. She also used the videos as a way to fine-tune what she wanted to share when she taught.

Thumbnail Photo from Heather's first Flower Yoga video



Heather was very thoughtful, and had developed a great deal of theory to support the practice of yoga. In her videos she tried to popularize her understandings.

Her approach to creating a video was to select a topic, run in the woods for one to two hours while pondering what she wanted to say and what the sequence would be, write down the sequence, take a deep breath to center herself, and then begin. There was a lot of love and effort embedded in each video.

Heather planned to make her Flower Yoga ~ Spring Equinox video on the Spring Equinox. In a notebook of yoga sequences, I found this page labeled: "Spring Equinox".

Heather did not have a chance to make this video, so I created one excerpted from her Fall Equinox video. Her friends may also make one on her behalf.



It is my hope that these videos will live on, inspiring people in the ways that Heather had hoped to do, and that in this small way, Heather's impact on the world will continue.

Spring Equinox

w easy Scar

Wrist stretch

Neck stretch

Toe stretch

Ankle stretch

Puppy Dog

~~rad pole (frog)~~ Childs pose

~~Puppy Dog / up Dog flow~~ Prayer

rad pole (frog)

Cross legged side stretches (shirlean)

Cross legged fold (Square) - Blom

Forward fold Staff Pose

Supported Bridge

Wrist fall / supported fish

Twist - wide-legged

Supra Baddha Urdhavana

~~Savasana~~ Savasana

Namaste Sate te

Shivoham (Santi mantras - peace)

FLOWER YOGA LINKS:

- Flower Yoga Video Playlists
- If offline go to: www.heatherflowersworld.com/videos

Playlist names are clickable, if you are online.

A) Flower Yoga ~ Advanced

- 1) Flower Yoga ~ Advanced Arm Balances
- 2) Flower Yoga ~ Going Upside Down ~ part 1
- 3) Flower Yoga ~ Going Upside Down ~ part 2
- 4) Flower Yoga ~ Mermaid
- 5) Flower Yoga ~ Using the Wall
- 6) Flower Yoga ~ Pinwheel
- 7) Flower Yoga ~ Origins of ASHTANGA

B) Flower Yoga ~ Animal Poses

- 1) Flower Yoga ~ Animal Party
- 2) Flower Yoga ~ Water Animals
- 3) Flower Yoga ~ Land Animals
- 4) Flower Yoga ~ Air Animals

C) Flower Yoga ~ Celebrating the Seasons

- 1) Flower Yoga ~ Spring Equinox
- 2) Flower Yoga ~ For Kids ~ Summer Solstice
- 3) Flower Yoga ~ Summer Solstice
- 4) Flower Yoga ~ Fall Equinox
- 5) Flower Yoga ~ Winter Solstice ~ Yin Yang
- 6) Flower Yoga ~ Winter Solstice ~ Let It Be Yoga

D) Flower Yoga ~ Connections

- 1) Flower Yoga by Heather Flower
- 2) Flower Yoga ~ Joy
- 3) Flower Yoga ~ Love
- 4) Flower Yoga ~ Fresh Starts
- 5) Flower Yoga ~ Gratitude
- 6) Flower Yoga ~ Motherhood
- 7) Flower Yoga ~ Intention Setting
- 8) Flower Yoga ~ Miracle of Life
- 9) Flower Yoga ~ In Loving Memory

E) Flower Yoga ~ For Kids

- 1) Flower Yoga ~ For Kids
- 2) Flower Yoga ~ for Kids ~ Nature
- 3) Flower Yoga ~ For Kids ~ Playtime
- 4) Flower Yoga ~ For Kids ~ Summer Solstice
- 5) Flower Yoga ~ For Kids ~ Gardening
- 6) Flower Yoga ~ For Kids ~ Birthday Party

F) Flower Yoga ~ For the Cosmos

- 1) Flower Yoga ~ Moon Salutations
- 2) Flower Yoga ~ Shooting Star
- 3) Flower Yoga ~ Venus
- 4) Flower Yoga ~ Yoga for Runners

G) Flower Yoga ~ For the Elements

- 1) Flower Yoga ~ Air Element
- 2) Flower Yoga ~ Earth Element
- 3) Flower Yoga ~ Fire Element
- 4) Flower Yoga ~ Water Element

H) Flower Yoga ~ Gentle

- 1) Flower Yoga ~ Gentle Empowerment Flow
- 2) Flower Yoga ~ Chair Yoga
- 3) Flower Yoga ~ Gentle Chair Yoga
- 4) Flower Yoga ~ Restorative
- 5) Flower Yoga ~ Yin
- 6) Flower Yoga ~ Origins of YIN
- 7) Flower Yoga ~ Invitation to Trauma Informed Yoga

I) Flower Yoga ~ Historical Influences

- 1) Flower Yoga ~ UPANISHADS ~ Hindu sacred treatises
- 2) Flower Yoga ~ Eastern Origins
- 3) Flower Yoga ~ Worldwide Origins
- 4) Flower Yoga ~ Honoring IYENGAR
- 5) Flower Yoga ~ Honoring ANA FORREST
- 6) Flower Yoga ~ Origins of ASHTANGA
- 7) Flower Yoga ~ Honoring BIKRAM
- 8) Flower Yoga ~ Origins of YIN
- 9) Flower Yoga ~ AYURVEDA ~ The Science of Life
- 10) Flower Yoga ~ Invitation to Trauma Informed Yoga
- 11) Flower Yoga ~ HATHA Yoga
- 12) Flower Yoga ~ VINYASA Flow

J) Flower Yoga ~ Outtakes

- 1) Flower Yoga ~ Outtake ~ Heather Flower Dancing
- 2) Flower Yoga ~ Outtake ~ Heather Flower's Audience
- 3) Flower Yoga ~ Outtake ~ Ginger's Agility
- 4) Flower Yoga ~ Outtake ~ Scorpion Pose
- 5) Flower Yoga ~ Outtake ~ Caterpillar on Yoga Mat

K) Flower Yoga ~ Power

- 1) Flower Yoga ~ Flower Power
- 2) Flower Yoga ~ Empowerment
- 3) Flower Yoga ~ Birthday Party
- 4) Flower Yoga ~ Using the Wall
- 5) Flower Yoga ~ VINYASA Flow

L) Flower Yoga ~ The Eight Limbs

- 1) Flower Yoga ~ YAMA AHIMSA ~ Non-Harming
- 2) Flower Yoga ~ YAMA SATYA ~ Honesty
- 3) Flower Yoga ~ YAMA ASTEYA ~ Non-Stealing
- 4) Flower Yoga ~ YAMA BRAHMACHARYA ~ Channeling Energy
- 5) Flower Yoga ~ YAMA APARIGRAHA ~ Non-Hoarding
- 6) Flower Yoga ~ NIYAMA SAUCHA ~ Purity
- 7) Flower Yoga ~ NIYAMA SANTOSHA ~ Contentment
- 8) Flower Yoga ~ NIYAMA TAPAS ~ Inner Fire
- 9) Flower Yoga ~ NIYAMA SVADHYAYA ~ Self Study
- 10) Flower Yoga ~ NIYAMA ISVARA PRANIDHANA ~ Devotion
- 11) Flower Yoga ~ ASANA ~ Finding Balance
- 12) Flower Yoga ~ ASANA ~ Do the Twist
- 13) Flower Yoga ~ ASANA ~ Open Your Heart
- 14) Flower Yoga ~ PRANAYAMA ~ Breath of Life
- 15) Flower Yoga ~ PRATYAHARA ~ Withdrawal of the Senses
- 16) Flower Yoga ~ DHARANA ~ Concentration of the Mind
- 17) Flower Yoga ~ DHYANA ~ Meditation
- 18) Flower Yoga ~ SAMADHI ~ Higher Consciousness

M) Flower Yoga ~ The Seven Chakras

- 1) Flower Yoga ~ Root CHAKRA
- 2) Flower Yoga ~ Sacral CHAKRA
- 3) Flower Yoga ~ Solar Plexus CHAKRA
- 4) Flower Yoga ~ Heart CHAKRA
- 5) Flower Yoga ~ Throat CHAKRA
- 6) Flower Yoga ~ Third Eye CHAKRA
- 7) Flower Yoga ~ Crown CHAKRA

N) Flower Yoga ~ The Three Paths

- 1) Flower Yoga ~ JNANA Yoga ~ Knowledge
- 2) Flower Yoga ~ KARMA Yoga ~ Action
- 3) Flower Yoga ~ BHAKTI Yoga ~ Love

O) Flower Yoga ~ Philosophy

Heather customized her classes, and many of the Flower Yoga videos, to focus on what was happening right then, whether it was a change of seasons, a birthday, or another special event. Below I have attempted to identify when she would have been likely to share specific videos, if she were here to do so. You can search for these in YouTube by typing or copying & pasting the title.

When	Celebration	Recommended Flower Yoga Videos
Events		
*	Birth or Birthday	Flower Yoga ~ Miracle of Life
*	Birthday	Flower Yoga ~ Birthday Party
*	Kid's Birthday	Flower Yoga ~ For Kids ~ Birthday Party
*	Anniversary	Flower Yoga ~ Love
*	Anniversary	Flower Yoga ~ BHAKTI Yoga ~ Love
*	Death or Remembrance	Flower Yoga ~ In Loving Memory
Occasions		
*	Full Moon (or any moon)	Flower Yoga ~ Moon Salutations
*	Shooting Star	Flower Yoga ~ Shooting Star
*	When Gardening	Flower Yoga ~ For Kids ~ Gardening
*	Life Transition	Flower Yoga ~ Fresh Starts
*	Recovery from Illness	Flower Yoga ~ Gentle Empowerment Flow
*	Dealing with Trauma	Flower Yoga ~ Invitation to Trauma Informed Yoga
*	Marathon or Any Run	Flower Yoga ~ Yoga for Runners
January		
Jan 1	New Year's Day	Flower Yoga ~ Fresh Starts
February		
Feb 10	Bikram's Birthday	Flower Yoga ~ Honoring BIKRAM
Feb 14	Valentine's Day	Flower Yoga ~ Love
Feb 14	Valentine's Day	Flower Yoga ~ BHAKTI Yoga ~ Love
March		
Mar 19-21	Spring Equinox	Flower Yoga ~ Spring Equinox
Mar 30	Date this first Flower Yoga Video was shared	Flower Yoga by Heather Flower
April		
May		
May 3	Ginger's (Heather's Dog) Birthday	Flower Yoga ~ Love
May 3	Ginger's (Heather's Dog) Birthday	Flower Yoga ~ Outtake ~ Ginger's Agility
May - 2nd Sun	Mother's Day	Flower Yoga ~ Motherhood
May 17	Created for Leticia's Birthday	Flower Yoga ~ Birthday Party
June		
June 20 or 21	Summer Solstice	Flower Yoga ~ For Kids ~ Summer Solstice
June 20 or 21	Summer Solstice	Flower Yoga ~ Summer Solstice
Jun - 3rd Sun	Father's Day	Flower Yoga ~ Motherhood
July		
Jul 15	Created for Fiona's Birthday	Flower Yoga ~ For Kids ~ Birthday Party
August		
September		
Sep 21-24	Fall Equinox	Flower Yoga ~ Fall Equinox
October		
Oct 16-20	Anniversary of Heather's Accident & Death	Flower Yoga ~ In Loving Memory
Oct 20	Heather's Organ Donations (including lungs)	Flower Yoga ~ PRANAYAMA ~ Breath of Life
Oct 20	Heather's Cats' (Sugar & Spice) Birthdays	Flower Yoga ~ Outtake ~ Heather Flower's Audience
November		
Nov 12	Heather's Birthday	Flower Yoga by Heather Flower
Nov - 4th Thu	Thanksgiving	Flower Yoga ~ Gratitude
December		
Dec 11	Ana Forrest's Birthday	Flower Yoga ~ Honoring ANA FORREST
Dec 14	Iyengar's Birthday	Flower Yoga ~ Honoring IYENGAR
Dec 21-22	Winter Solstice	Flower Yoga ~ Winter Solstice ~ Let It Be Yoga
Dec 21-22	Winter Solstice	Flower Yoga ~ Winter Solstice ~ Yin Yang
Dec 31	New Year's Eve	Flower Yoga ~ Intention Setting

Way of Life

Nature

Lauren: “I was thinking back to this past Saturday night and I remember looking up at the night sky and it was the clearest I had ever seen it. I was able to see the Milky Way Galaxy for the first time! I stayed outside for a long time marveling at its beauty and splendor. I feel like it was Heather there, up amongst the stars.”



“Mom? Are you free to join me to see the sunset? It is sooo beautiful tonight!”

“Mom, look at the moon!! Isn’t it gorgeous? The moon is so timeless for us humans, it was here before us, it will be here long after we are gone. People have shared wonder at the moon through every historical phase of our evolution – it unites us across time.”

“Oh look! Do you see that dragonfly? It is almost translucent. How amazing is that?”

“I can’t wait to show you something...see this flower!! It blossomed overnight!!”

“I just read all about fireflies...it turns out they spend almost their whole lives eating, storing up energy, so they can shine their light to attract a mate – very briefly – then mate, reproduce, and die.”

“For my birthday I would love a gift of moccasins...moccasins let me feel the earth under my feet when I run...I love feeling the earth!”

“Oh, look at the stars! Aren’t they amazing tonight?”

“How I love the redwoods and the ocean, I feel so at home there.”

"I think this plant is dying. Did you know that plants help each other, sharing nutrients, and warning each other of danger? It appears that this plant was beyond help. But it's okay, it will go back into the earth and nourish other plants, and the circle of life will continue."

"I talked it over with my pets and they told me they would be happier if I make this decision, so I need to do so for them."

"I am so tired today, but I just needed to get up to see the sunrise...the miracle of life on this planet is owed to our relationship with the sun."

"You need to prune your peach tree to help it thrive...oh, never mind, I will do it for you!"

"Ginger, sweetheart, would you like to come here to cuddle while we watch the sunset?"

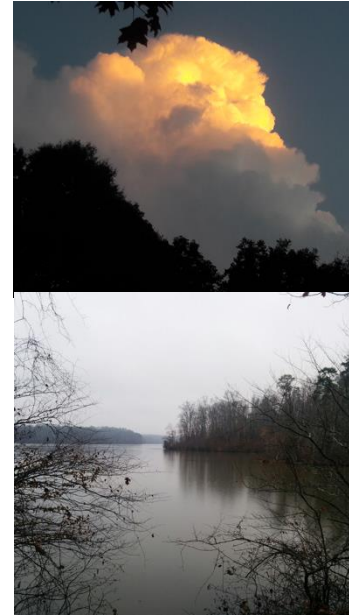
These are just a few of the phrases that I recall Heather saying in the last few days of her life. These were not unusual comments, these were part and parcel of the way she saw the world. She had seemingly endless appreciation for every aspect of nature, and a vast appetite for understanding nature and its meaning. I was so privileged to have her share that love with me!

Now, I have an app on my phone that plays a tune when sunset is approaching. I have always tended to get lost in doing things, and thus miss noticing many aspects of nature around me. Heather used to pull me out of myself and into the world. A phone app is a poor substitute, but at least it reminds me to go outside and see the sunset and feel the awe that Heather helped me to discover.



Heather always said that being in nature, was being “home”. She could not always be camping, so she found ways to have nature with her, even in a city. She would go running in the woods of Tilden in Berkeley and later around the lake at Sandy Creek in Athens, and she would visit the redwoods and dog beach in Santa Cruz whenever she could. Wherever she was, she would plant a garden. She would have her pets with her. She would notice the moon and the sunrise and sunset, and the butterflies, and the wind and the dew, and the birds and the clouds, and so much more.

Below are photos from an outing with Sarah at Sandy Creek, plus looking at the sky from our yard



Heather’s love of nature led her to really try to understand it. In college she took astronomy classes, and on her own she read books on physics, trees, animals, and the cosmos.



Throughout our many wonderful years together, I would often be in my little box, doing whatever it was I was doing, and Heather would pull me out and show me that the world was there, beautiful, for us to see, feel, and experience. The world was always with her, as she was tuned into the beauty around her, and it filled her with wonder.



Camping

Heather's affinity for nature started young. Her father and I both loved camping, especially in redwood forests and near the ocean. We took Heather camping for the first time when she was about 4, and then camped a lot every year after that for her whole childhood. Our trips were long and leisurely. Her dad's job gave him 4, and later 5, weeks off each year and I had my own small business which gave me the flexibility to match his scheduled time off. When they were able, Heather's grandparents, Bobby and Poppy joined us.



We used our vacations to essentially live in the woods, with the California Redwoods being our favorite destination. We would pack enough to be self-sufficient for one or two weeks and then go somewhere and stay, never getting into our car or going anywhere, except on foot - until our supplies ran out. We immersed in our environment. We hiked, we swam and played in ocean waves, we cooked slowly over a campfire and washed dishes with boiled water from the fire, we played games, read books, swung in the hammock, sang songs around the campfire, attended campfire programs, hikes, and the junior ranger programs, met and played with fellow campers, and communed with nature.



Heather, written in early elementary school: “We go camping and have fun. We have a very, very big tent. And my daddy is good at cooking over a camp fire. Me and my brother play together. In the woods, we play ball, exploring, and being silly.”



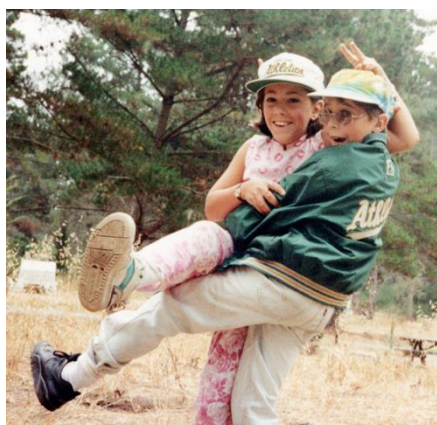
Our family was happiest in the woods. For one thing, we were all on vacation. There were no work or school pressures, no social responsibilities, no boring chores like cleaning the house. Plus we all felt so at home in the woods. There was time for laughter and deep conversations and time to do nothing and time to embark on creative endeavors.



We brought rope swings when the kids were little and guitars when they were older. We brought paints and binoculars and cards and notepads and more.



We had fun.



Camping

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Very young, Heather drew a story of herself and Adrian camping, in which she shows them playing, hiking, swimming, watching the sunset, and enjoying the campfire.



One memorable year, when Heather was about 7, it rained for 3 straight days, and we huddled in the tent - it seemingly never occurring to us that we could change our pattern of staying put, and go somewhere dry - and we embarked on one project after another. It was there, then, that Heather and Adrian took turns reading children's books out loud onto a tape, ringing a bell to signal when a page should be turned, to give as a gift to their younger cousins Robin and Dan. They also included a rendition of Puff the Magic Dragon.

LINKS:

- [Storytime Side A & B with List of Stories](#) - books read aloud by Heather & Adrian for Robin & Dan
- [Puff The Magic Dragon](#) - song by Tom Paxton sung by Heather, Adrian, and Laurie

When Heather was about 5, and Adrian was only 3, I noticed them being suddenly still and quiet. I watched them, and saw them watching a squirrel. Little energetic kids stayed motionless for what seemed like a really long time. They were fascinated, and respectful. It was so cool to see!



We bought an orange pop-top VW camper, and when the kids slept in the top bunk they looked down at us, eagerly waiting for us to wake, each morning.



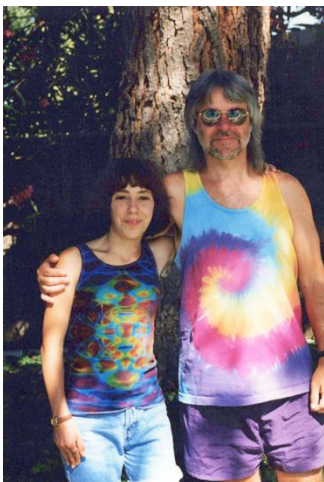
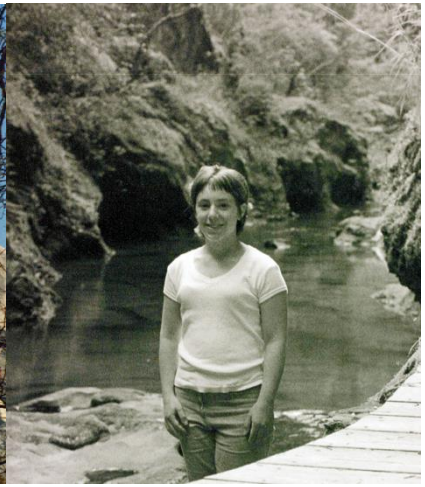
Kathy: “I fondly recall waking up in the van...and Heather and Adrian sticking their heads over the edge of their bunk, looking down at us with their cute half-asleep faces...”



Kathy: “We’d use our flashlights to project shadow-animals on the inside of the tent and play Charades around the campfire at night.”

As they got older our trips were sometimes a bit more varied, taking us beyond redwoods to sand dunes in Oregon, a rain forest in Washington, Yosemite, Lassen, and more. Everywhere we went, we stayed, and immersed, and experienced the nature around us.







As an adult Heather often went camping with friends and family at Big Basin Redwoods (the closest redwoods to where she lived in Berkeley).

Heather camping with stepbrother, Keefe, and grandmother, Bobby, at Big Basin's Tent Cabins



Colin & Tina's family
(Mario, Kate, Fiona, & Tina), with
Heather, Laurie, & Ginger at Big Basin

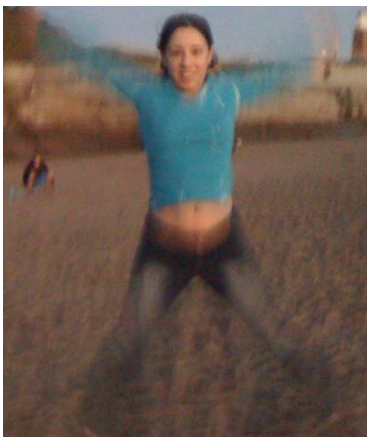


She had many favorite hikes there, her favorite one involving a huge boulder, on a steep

Pam, Evita, Heather, Itzel, & Cato with
Heather at Big Basin
sitting on her favorite boulder



slope, that she would climb to the top of to meditate and connect with nature. She once told me that when she died she wanted her ashes spread there. I will honor that request, and sprinkle the ashes of her pets with her, but not yet. I don't think Heather would mind if I keep her with me for a while first.



Heather also loved day trips, that reminded her of camping,

On the dog beach at Santa Cruz she experienced real joy!

We had special day trips in Georgia too!



Camping

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Gardening

Heather's grandfather, Poppy, loved to garden, and Heather used to help him. Poppy used to help his father when he was young, so a love of gardening was passed down through the generations.



Poppy's front yard in Pacheco California

Poppy's oil painting of his garden



Heather told me, years later, that one of her favorite imaginings, when she ran and imagined in our back yard when she was little, was that she would plant a garden and watch the flowers grow.

Years later, when finally, in Georgia, she had enough land to have a good sized garden, she told me it was a dream come true.



Before that she had a ton of potted plants and houseplants on her porch, in her home, and in her music studio.

Sarah: "I have four of her houseplants from when she moved, and I gave them 'haircuts' yesterday (Heather's word, not mine)."



Heather loved sitting on her small deck in Berkeley surrounded by her many potted plants

In Georgia, she finally had a large yard to do with as she pleased. The first week she moved to Georgia she planted fruit trees, which now bear fruit.



Heather's Peach Tree with a closeup on her peaches



Heather's
Plum Tree



Heather's Pear Tree

When her second pear tree perished in 2020, she bought a new pear tree, and named it in honor of Doris, an elderly woman she cared about who had died.

Heather's new
Pear Tree:
Doris

Next she planted roses, and flowering bushes.



Heather established an area of her yard as a flower garden, and that became her ongoing labor of love. She selected each plant with care - mostly buying them from local gardeners at the Farmers Market - and added a beautiful flowering ground cover.



Heather planted strawberries & blueberries & figs. She planted bell peppers, cucumbers, Kale, Cherry Tomatoes, and other vegetables and herbs.



Then she added seasonal flowers – mums, snap dragons, and wildflowers.



Having lunch at Heather's meant having a tour of each plant's accomplishments - this one is flowering - this one has fruit - this one is rebounding after a hard period. She was always celebrating life!

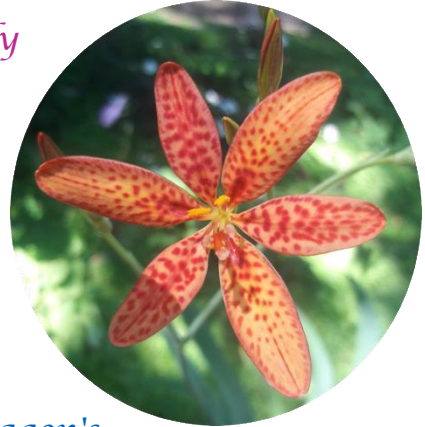
Adrianna: "I think of her when I'm in my garden and appreciate the friendship we had! She was the best!"



Left is Heather at her picnic table in Berkeley

Below is a flower Heather said only flowers briefly – once every 2 years – she was proud of its bloom

Lunch also usually meant discussing whatever book Heather was reading at the moment, and I recall wonderful conversations about a book she



had recently received as a gift: Gardening at the Dragon's Gate: At Work in the Wild and Cultivated World, By Wendy Johnson. She was especially tickled to learn all about how trees communicated with each other, underground, supporting each other, reaffirming her belief in the interconnectedness of all things.



Heather sent an email to Kathy, about Gardening at the Dragon's Gate:
"Hi Kathy,

I finished the book you sent me. I truly loved every minute of it. She is an inspiration and a wealth of knowledge and experience. I learned so much from her.

I don't know if you knew this, but, in addition to managing the garden at the Zen Meditation Center in SF, she also manages the garden and "edible school yard program" at King Middle School and Washington Elementary, where I went for a while as a young child. I remember that garden very well. It was a very sacred space for me.

I am amazed at her generosity in sharing her wisdom with me by writing this book. I am also overwhelmed by your generosity in sending it to me. It made a very challenging time so much brighter.

Speaking of which, the wild flowers I planted last spring are in full bloom now. I want to share their beauty with you, so, I will send some pictures."

LINK: [Flower Yoga ~ For Kids ~ Gardening](#)



I have a clear image of Heather planting our peach trees forever etched in my mind. I had planned to do it “sometime” and Heather decided to plant them for us, on the Saturday before her accident, as a gift for Mike and I.

I looked out from our porch and saw her below me standing with a shovel in her hands, so healthy, so strong, and so determined to bring new life to this world. She looked up and smiled.



Heather’s last gardening diary entry, on Saturday October 10, 2020: “I planted a pear tree on Monday. Today I planted 2 peach trees on my parent’s property.

The pear tree is in my garden. It’s there as a companion to my other pear tree to help it cross pollinate. I named it Doris.

The peach trees are a gift to my parents. I am planting roots on many levels!

Welcome to the family pear tree! It’s so beautiful and elegant. I look forward to nurturing it over the years and watching it grow.”

One thing that is so beautiful about the Circle of Life is that we will each live on in ways we could never have anticipated. Like the butterfly that flaps its wings and affects the world, I have found, through the wonderful messages of Heather's loved ones that Heather lives on in them, and in the world through the effect she had on them, with her influence often intensified by the emotions that arose from her death. Heather's spirit does live on. From the friend who tattooed something she said on his arm to carry her wisdom with him, to the mother who hugged her daughter more often, to the story of the garden that follows, beauty has occurred in wonderful and unanticipated ways.



Adrianna: "Right before Heather's passing, my husband and I were somehow able to buy a house in El Cerrito Ca. It was a fixer-upper! We had thought the landscaping/garden was going to be last so that we could really think about how to landscape a big dirt hill. While we had the time to think about it during the inside remodel and after moving in, we got to draw out what we wanted. Right in the middle of it is when Heather's fatal accident happened.



So naturally we were thinking of her while choosing plants and trees, deciding where they would go. The project transformed into something more than just a garden, it became a dedication because we couldn't help but think of Heather and her love of colorful flowers and beautiful plants. Our landscaping turned into a fruitful array of colors and textures that we didn't previously plan on, and it was exciting as well as emotional as Heather was a part of it somehow. Now that it's spring and the plants have grown and flowers are in full bloom it's just amazing and I feel like she would feel proud of us. We would naturally share gardening tips if she were around & talk about what plants we were growing and how it all enriches our lives. The circle of life indeed continues, even through plants.



Celebrations

Heather loved the Spring Equinox. She loved the symmetry of the days and the nights being exactly equal. She loved that it was the dawning of Spring, of new life and new beginnings. She loved that it connected humans to the cosmos, to the sun and the rotation of the earth, and to humans throughout history. She considered this, of all days, to be a day worthy of celebration.

Adrianna: “Happy spring, I love this time of year and it will always make me think of Heather when the equinox approaches.”

To honor it, she would remind all of her friends and family that it was a special day, and she would do special yoga poses that showed respect for nature and the seasons.

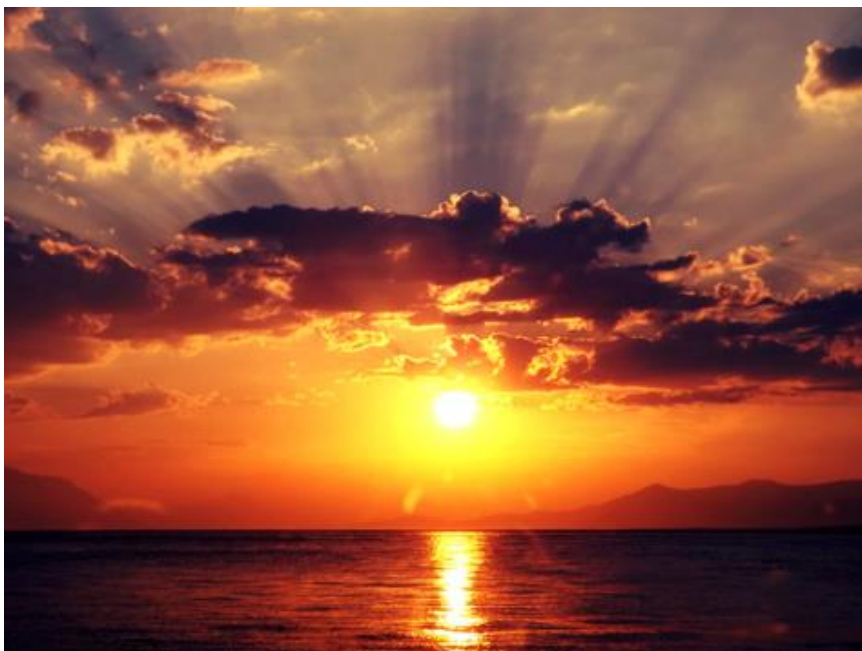
Jason: “Looks like Spring is upon us here in Georgia. I'll be thinking a lot about Heather. She was the embodiment of Spring.”

Leticia: “We are entering one of her favorite seasons and I feel and see little reminders of her presence all the time, everywhere - from the flowers blossoming, to the animals showing up, to the sudden crazy weather changes.”

Heather loved the Fall Equinox too, but just slightly less because it meant the seasons were headed towards winter instead of summer.

Heather shared this photo, Kathy took at MacKerricher State Park in CA, in an email she sent on the 2018 Summer Solstice, titled: “My Favorite Day Of The Year”

The Summer Solstice was an extra special day for Heather. The longest day of the year and a time when fruits and vegetables were plentiful, and birds were mating, and lakes were perfect for swimming. Her preferred celebration was a swim in the lake, and of course special yoga poses.



The Winter Solstice was special too, in its own way. As the shortest day of the year it marked the beginning of the end of Winter, the start of the movement towards Spring, and once again it represented human's timeless connection to the cosmos. Heather often gave Winter Solstice gifts to her niece and nephew, since it tended to be close to the holidays, when it is traditional to give children gifts, and she took pleasure in bringing this day to their attention; a day she considered so worthy of celebration.

Heather created a Summer Solstice Flower Yoga video for adults, and one for kids, and a Fall Equinox video too. She intended to make Flower Yoga videos for the Winter and Spring, when those seasons arrived, but did not get the opportunity to do so. These were the only Flower Yoga videos she had planned that she did not get the chance to make. So, very kindly, friends in her yoga community have been making those videos for her, so her series will be complete.

Tina: "This beautiful artwork with the moon reminds me of Heather."

LINK: [Flower Yoga ~ Celebrating the Seasons Playlist](#)



Heather also celebrated each change of the moon, the full moon for sure, but also the new moon and each quarter moon, and each night the moon shined brightly or was muted through the clouds. She marveled at how constant this celestial body's presence was throughout our planet's history, and often pondered how people from bygone periods related to its beauty. She also valued a variety of information she read about the phases of the moon, most recently including a gardener's perspective that water under the soil was pulled by the moon, much like waves in the ocean, making some aspects of gardening most effective on a full moon.

To celebrate the full moon she would almost always go outside, with others if they were available, and simply marvel at its beauty and philosophize about it too. She included moon salutations in many, many of her Flower Yoga videos. In recent years she gathered with some of her friends, the Moon Sisters, on the full moon, to share a campfire and discuss all manner of meaningful topics.



Leticia:
"Campfires
always make me
think of her!"

Heather also celebrated each trip around the sun (birthdays), thrilled that each person she loved had made it through another year, with all of its trials and tribulations, and all of its beauty.

For Leticia's birthday, the year before the pandemic,
Heather led a yoga session
and also enjoyed the party with Leticia's friends



Mia: "She was full of the gift of giving. I never met someone so unreservedly generous."

She loved to send wildflower seeds with a handwritten card to the children in her life, and to some of her adult friends, on their birthdays, symbolizing and celebrating life.



She made two birthday Flower Yoga videos, one for an adult friend, and one for a child she loved.

LINKS:

- [Flower Yoga ~ Birthday Party](#)
- [Flower Yoga ~ For Kids ~ Birthday Party](#)

Here is Heather giving Mike a Lemon Tree for his birthday; you can see her joy in giving



Heather gave me moccasins like hers for my birthday so I could feel the earth under my feet like she did



Heather also paid close attention to what events mattered to the people she cared for, and observed those events with them. It might be a wedding anniversary, or a celebration of any meaningful event, or a birthday of a pet, or really anything that was significant to someone she cared about.

Christine: “The last conversation I had with Heather was on National Coming Out Day, October 11th, 2020. I was wearing a shirt I only wear once a year that says "Gay As Fuck." Heather told me how much she loved my shirt. It has felt extra special to me that this day, a holiday that celebrates the beauty of all forms of love, was the last day I was able to see her and hear her voice. I am so thankful and forever grateful that Heather was in my life. And she will always be in my heart. There is so much of Heather that I will carry with me throughout my lifetime.”

Sarah: “I had a dog when I moved in with her (a Corgi named Thadius, or Thad). She loved him like her own. When I moved out of the house in Kensington where we were roommates, she and Thad continued to be happy to see one another whenever they did. On the very sad day when he had to be put down, she came over and pet him for a long while in the park across the street from our house in Emeryville. Seeing them together on his last day made me more peaceful.”

Here's a video of [Heather petting Thad on his last day](#).

Heather holding a puppy at
Martha's Graduation Party
(for her Masters in Career Counseling)



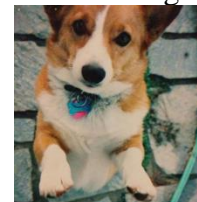
Heather happily holding
Shevek and Thad,
both seniors at this point



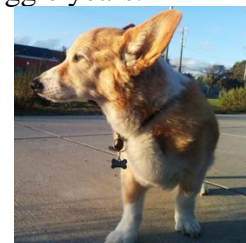
Sarah: “This is Thad as a puppy. I share this one mostly because Heather would have loved it.

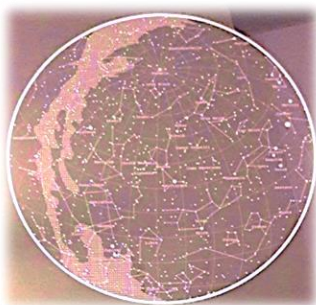


I took this one below at the house Heather and I shared in Kensington.



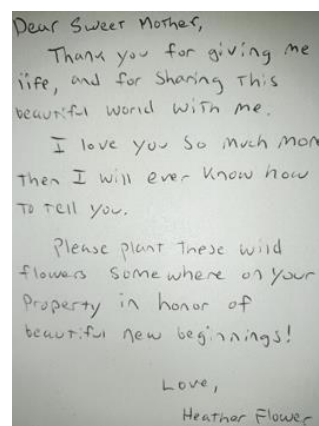
This one below is Thad in his more senior doggie years.”





Heather celebrated many days of personal importance with very thoughtful gifts, often symbolizing what we were celebrating. For instance for one of Mike's and my wedding anniversaries she enlisted the aid of a friend and together they created a beautiful poster of the stars for the night sky as it appeared on the night of our wedding where we were married (Brookdale, California).

*This last year, on our anniversary, she gave us a song she wrote for us, about our love: **One Evening At Dusk**, and on her birthday she gave me a loving card with seeds.*



Bobby: "Heather's stitchery in support of our pressed flower hobby."



Friends have told me how she would give them symbols to hold onto as they made life transitions, and books to inspire them as they were challenged by life.

Shara: "She gifted the world so many big and little things including a butterfly necklace I'm wearing that she gave me for my birthday last year when I was in growing pains writing my dissertation and she saw the butterfly that was emerging... she held that vision and gifted me the necklace so I could remind myself."

Her gifts were not usually expensive in terms of dollars, instead they were rich in their thoughtfulness.

Mia: "Heather was so gung-ho about learning things and would throw herself into the deep end with gusto. One year, I got really into making candles and Heather came over to make some as Christmas gifts for everybody. I think she made, like, 30 vanilla scented candles in flower pots for all her loved ones and I made maybe 3. I miss her deep dives into new subjects. I often discover something that I think is cool and wish I could email her about it or save it for our next call <3"

Heather also used other people's desires to give gifts to her as a way of staying thoughtfully in touch. For instance, she shared a love of books and reading with her dad and brother. So, for every birthday, Heather hinted that she would love personally selected books as gifts from them. She loved the selections, and read them all, but also loved that it gave them something to discuss all year round. From me she tended to hint for something practical, like shoes or clothes, knowing that I loved taking care of her, and would enjoy seeing her get good use out of my gifts throughout the year.

Heather's friends sent many warm thoughts on Heather's birthday, shortly after her accident. I have included a few here, along with some photos of Heather enjoying various birthdays over the years.



Lauren: "Happy Birthday dear Heather. I will never forget when you learned of my birthday being Oct. 12 and we marveled at the connection of both being born on the 12th one month apart. You gave me the most thoughtful gift on the first birthday I had after becoming your friend, a journal made from recycled materials with a lotus on the front. This year, on my birthday you called me and sang Happy Birthday on my voicemail, the week before the accident. I still have the voicemail and play it when I miss your voice. You were a lovely singer and musician and an even lovelier friend. I know this year you made it around the sun again, this time landing in the cosmos."



David: "I remember on Heather's birthday last year how she was so excited to be teaching a class that day. The class was an evening class so Heather put out candles around the studio and turned off the lights so the practice was held in low lighting. Low lighting for her classes was something she was fond of doing. At the end we all sang Happy Birthday to her and sat around talking for a while. What a great evening."

Heather, I'm sorry I won't get to see you today but I want to tell you I will cherish the gift you gave to me of your friendship and wisdom."



Leticia:

"Dear Soul Sister,



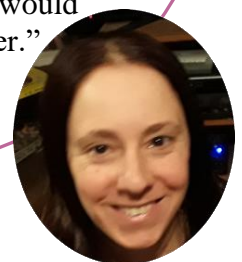
It is your birthday today! One of my favorite days of the year. How I miss you! I miss your loving embrace so much, always saying "hi beautiful", every single time we met, even if we had already seen each other that day.

I planned a whole socially distanced celebration for us at my backyard, where we have so many good memories. But today I can say that it is OK that our plans changed. I got to be part of your life and this is a blessing. I am choosing gratitude because I will not allow for sadness on your day.

With all my love,
Leticia"



Jan: "Thinking of Heather on her birthday today. As I walked by the bay where she often walked Ginger when she lived in Berkeley I thought of how much Heather loved being out in Nature. As I listened to a webinar entitled Exploring Nature with Sound and Music it reminded me of Heather's love of nature and music. The host closed with this remark: "The world is always singing and wherever you are you can tune in." I feel that would resonate with Heather."



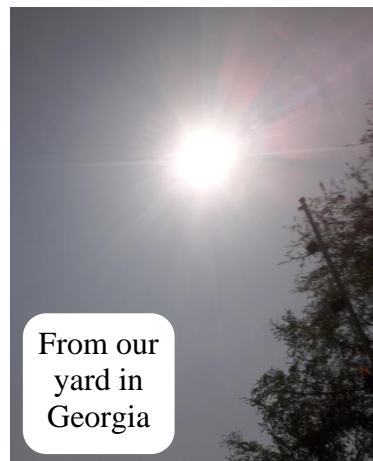
Heather had prepared her calendar for the next year, ahead of time, and in it she had noted the birthdays of all of her friends and family members, each full moon, the Equinoxes and Solstices, and specific special events for the people she loved. Each of those noted events would have led to communication by Heather to those she cared about. Many of us received emails reminding us to notice the full moon or an equinox or another celestial event, and we could count her to acknowledge days that were special to us.

Mia: "She always reminded me of special celestial moments. I miss that."



A butterfly landed on Taylor's stick

Heather also celebrated the little things in life, that were not tied to a date. She celebrated when a flower bloomed, when the sun shone, when a butterfly landed nearby, and so many things. In so many ways, Heather celebrated life and joy.



From our yard in Georgia

Our family was not religious when Heather was growing up, so many traditional holidays had no real meaning to us. However, Heather's dad and I liked the idea of celebrations, fun activities centered around events, and providing our children experiences that were similar to those of their peers. So, we gave this some thought and chose to create traditions of our own around each holiday, sometimes just having fun, and other times infusing our own type of meaning into the event.

We celebrate too many holidays to list. We celebrate the holidays differently each year. We are creative and make up different ways to celebrate the holidays. We celebrate Christmas and Hannukah, even though we don't believe in the religion. We made up a holiday called Brother and Sister Day. Me and my brother each give each other one present early in the morning before our parents wake up.

By Heather in Elementary School

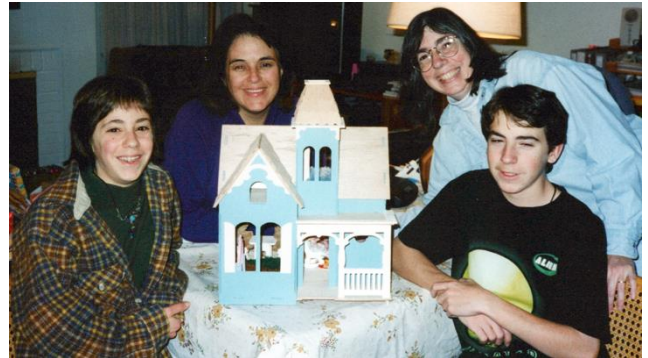
Some occasions were just for fun, like Easter Egg hunts, and pumpkin carving, and dressing up for Halloween.



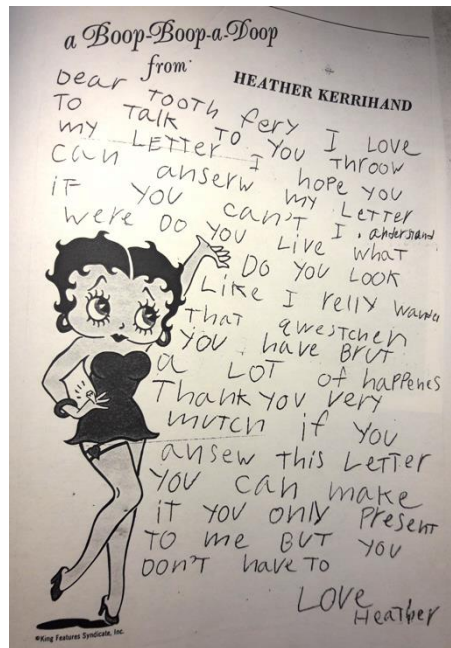
For Christmas we would have a tree and gifts but also spend a few weeks ahead of Christmas working at “Santa’s Workshop”, where we did crafts to make handmade gifts for all the people in our family - combining the fun of a variety of crafts with the spirit and effort involved in giving.



This was a very memorable project when Heather was 18 - Martha joined us in making this dollhouse for a little girl whose wish for a dollhouse was on a “giving” tree



For Hanukkah we would learn about the history of Jewish oppression but also play with dreidels and have a menorah and small gifts.



For Thanksgiving we just enjoyed each other’s company and good food, with a little bit of Native American history thrown in.



For almost every event we played games or did crafts.

Some occasions were meaningful, such as the memorials celebrating the life of a loved one no longer with us, along with the joyful ones celebrating births, weddings, anniversaries, and other events special to the people we loved.

As an adult, Heather actively maintained the meaningful traditions in her life, including the memorials, so I know she would have understood and appreciated the value of writing this book - for our healing, and to honor her and her family and friends.

We also made a fuss over birthdays, and had a tradition of sharing “birthday wisdom” over dinner – sharing some wisdom we had gained over the past year – which usually led to animated discussions.

My parents had created similar, but a bit different, traditions when I was growing up. For instance, my father used to “find a poem in the gutter” for each occasion and happily read the crinkled, corny, sweet poems he created out loud. He wrote clues on presents and pretended we could not open the gift unless we could guess what was inside. Both parents participated in a

Heather, from the start of a poem to Poppy for his 68th birthday in 1993, when she was 24:

*“You see, I was walking around
When I saw something on the ground
It was a poem about Elliott --
his friends call him Poppy --
And he is old enough to have ridden a jalopy...”*

Poppy, extracted from a poem to Bobby for their 33rd anniversary, in 1980, when Heather was a little baby:

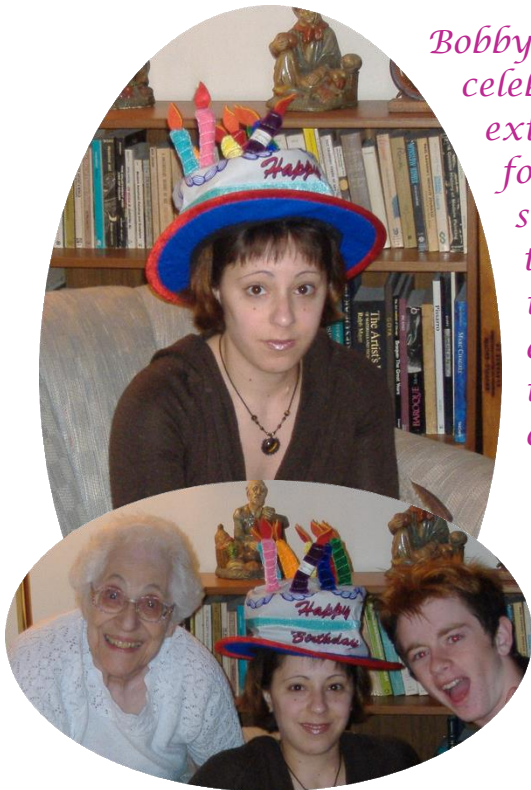
*“...For this is the year of Heather!
Her unsmiling face greets us everyweather!*

*The angel of the 80’s resides at Stuart Street
a temperament so thoughtful and calm
it cannot be beat*

*Mum is now a grandmum
life’s destiny is no longer glum...”*

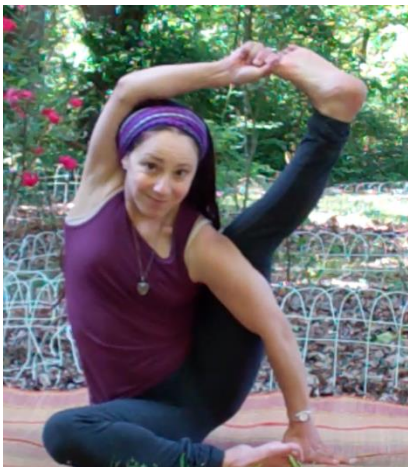
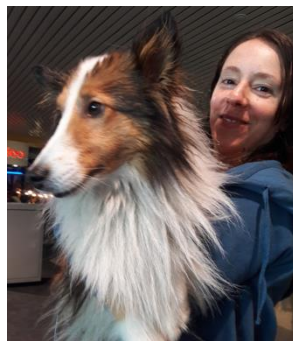
Hanukkah play, that they invented, where we kids got to gleefully attack our father, who played Antiochus, representing the suppression of religious freedom. Heather and Adrian were exposed to, and enjoyed, these family traditions.

Bobby and Poppy also happily joined us for our family celebrations. Over time, they also added a few extras, tickled when they found a silly hat with stuffed candles on the top, deciding that we would each wear it and take a photograph on our birthdays.



I was pleased with our creative ways to celebrate, and have very fond memories of many of our traditions. So, initially, I was surprised when Heather made clear, as an adult, that the events she chose to celebrate were instead of some of our family's celebrations, not in addition (although she did still make an appearance when it mattered to others). Ironically, this is now a comfort to me, as her absence at some of these events is nothing new.

It took me some time to fully understand that Heather's celebratory choices represented an active attempt to improve upon our traditions. Heather had internalized that celebrations have significance, so rather than spend her time and energy on superficial celebrations she embraced those aspects of our worldly experience she considered worthy of celebration, and celebrated them frequently & fully.

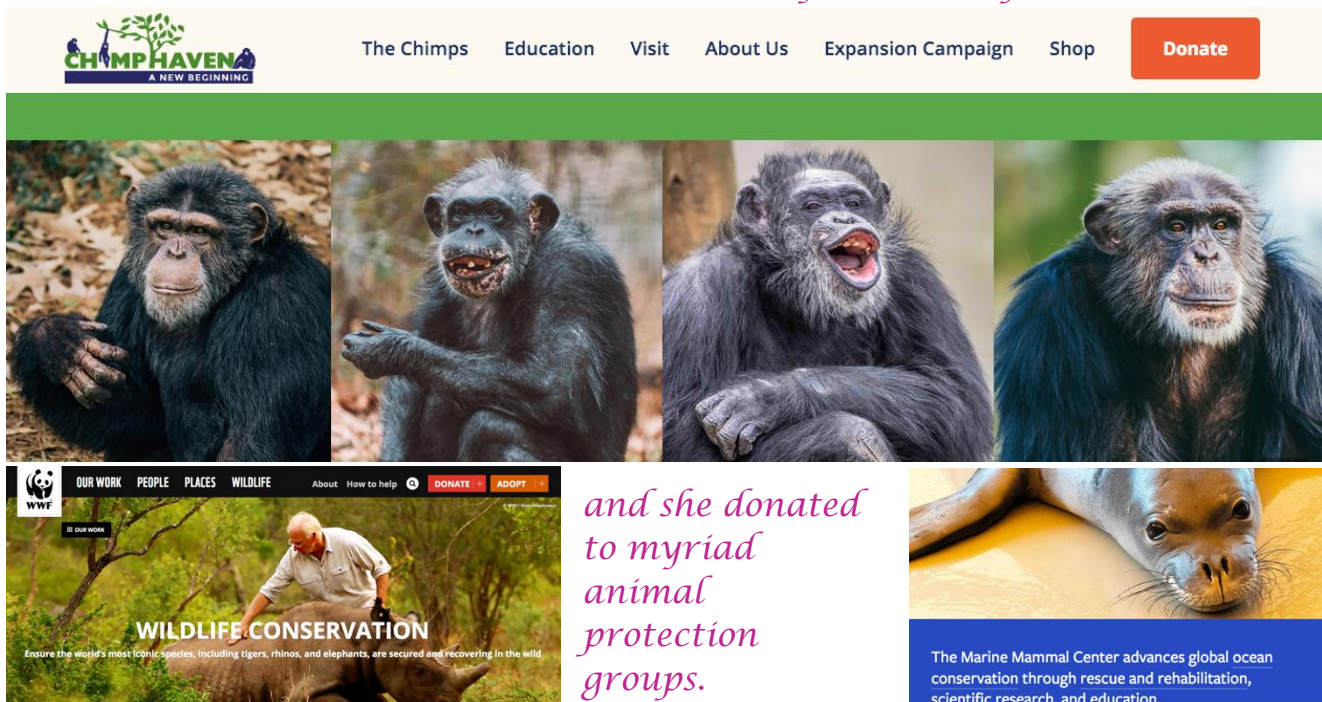


Now, as I look back on my time with Heather, I think of each day I had with her as a gift to celebrate.

Organic Veganism

Heather's love of animals eclipsed her love of every other aspect of nature. She felt a connection to animals extremely deeply. She would tell me that there is no rule anywhere that says that humans are more important than any other creatures. That all of earth's creatures are worthy of respect, and that we humans needed to stop our tyranny over other creatures. It broke her heart, growing up, to learn about our food industry's abuses of animals and about experimenting on animals.

She read books about animals, always impressed by what she learned about them, and she shared that enthusiasm with anyone who expressed interest,



and she donated to myriad animal protection groups.

Given her love and respect for animals, it was no surprise when she became a vegan. She could not imagine eating beloved creatures. Heather taught herself a lot about nutrition, so that she could be a vegan in a very healthy and sustainable way. She worked on cooking and on recipes to make her diet balanced and tasty. She did not proselytize, or pressure friends who were not vegans, but whenever someone expressed interest in reducing intake of animals, whether they decided to stop eating mammals, or to try out being a vegetarian, or to go all out and become a vegan, she tried to help with practical tips about how to manage that diet to eat healthily, get enough protein, etc.

Barbara: "Because of Heather, I began making vegan pesto. One of my favorite pesto to make is Rosemary and Arugula."

Organic foods were also important to Heather. She did not assume that all chemicals were bad, however she had a healthy dose of skepticism regarding how humans could mess things up, sufficient to cause her to eat organic foods when feasible. She was working on learning how to grow her own fruits and vegetables, organically, knowing that she could control what she was eating and ensure that it was healthy. She also loved the process of gardening.

In 2020, Heather was growing enough fruit to give her at least one serving almost every day. There were lots of blueberries (her favorite), quite a few figs, strawberries, and lesser quantities of fruit from her young trees (peach, plum, pear, and new different type of pear). She also had planted more blueberry and fig plants. She was looking forward to eventually having all her fruit grown in her garden.



One of her fig trees

One of Heather's blueberry patches, with fruit starting to come in



Heather's success with vegetables was at a more fledgling state. She was getting better and better at growing vegetables so she was optimistic that she could grow a lot in the

future, but thus far her most successful vegetable was cucumbers.

For anything she could not grow herself, she tended to buy from the farmers at the local farmers market. For dry goods she tended to buy in bulk, and in paper, cardboard, or glass, to minimize wasteful packaging.



Although she did not eat sugar, she adored honey

and bought it by the case. She used honey in her homemade yogurt every evening, and in her oatmeal every morning.

Leticia: "We went to the Grit most Fridays (our local vegan/ vegetarian restaurant) to catch up; and I loved cooking for her."

So, Heather ate great, and unlike some of us, who might have considered it a sacrifice to forego cake and ice cream and so much more, Heather loved it! She felt vital and healthy and relished the food she ate.

Living Sustainably

Global warming terrified Heather when she first learned of it, as it did many of us. It also opened her eyes to the inadequacies of human society. How could we be so short sighted? How could we be so selfish? Heather was determined that we learn and do better. Heather studied global warming, although that made her cry, and she understood what transformations were needed to make this world sustainable. Heather also studied history and sociology and psychology and politics to understand the human flaws that led us down this destructive path. Her ideas were complex, and nuanced, but simple at the same time – we must do better! Heather was so proud of her many friends who were trying to make a difference, each in their own way.

Tina: “Qualities she had that I've used as a guide to a richer and fulfilling life: Material minimalism, love of nature, a centered wellbeing and always the next goal ahead.”

In addition to being a Vegan and trying to gently encourage people to understand, love, and respect this planet, Heather made an effort to ensure that her impact on the earth was as positive as possible.

Leticia: “She has left so many legacies around her, it is so amazing. I have been reflecting so much on my life and how to make sure I follow her example and make her proud of the world we are building.”

Heather often faced the choice between a purchase being affordable or morally acceptable and always chose the morally acceptable option. She sought out clothes, shoes, food, and more, that were made by union labor or by villagers running a collective, and with sustainable production practices. On a limited budget she would buy the minimum she needed, at expensive prices, to ensure that the people who made the products were not exploited, and that the earth was not harmed by their production.



She bought yoga clothes made of organic bamboo, headbands by indigenous women in a collective, and handmade summer silk dresses.



She needed more clothes than she could afford, at these expensive prices, so she bought used clothing for gardening and everyday wear, never succumbing to buying inexpensive clothing made exploitatively.

During the pandemic Heather spent a lot of time trying to figure out how to get shoes that were non-harmful. It was not easy. She bought a moccasin kit, so there would be no slave labor, but it yielded a pretty fragile pair of moccasins, and she was uncertain whether the leather had been obtained without hurting animals. So, she wrote to every moccasin maker she could find, and she found one that used only scraps that would otherwise be thrown away, with US workers who were decently paid. She bought a pair, but since they were pricey, having additional ones to run in was her big hint to me for her birthday.



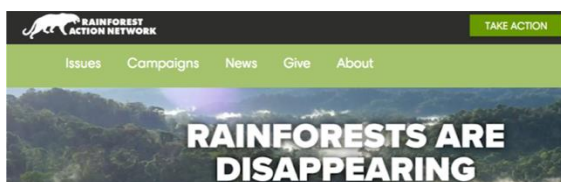
Heather purposefully lived frugally, and owned only what she needed, so that she could minimize the amount of time she worked for pay and would have time to donate her efforts.

Sarah: "She knew the simple treasures in life."

Yet, within that frugality she always found a way to donate to nature and animal causes. She donated to Save the Redwoods, Rainforest Action Network, Grand Canyon Conservancy, Chimp Haven, Gorilla Sanctuary, The Marine Mammal Center, World Wildlife Fund, and many more.



Heather & Adrian loved camping in the redwoods



Heather also paid a lot of attention to the damage humans were doing to the planet, through the use of pesticides, waste, and pollution. She was determined to be part of the solution, not part of the problem. She gardened organically, and she bought organic food to reduce pesticides in the world and in her body. She bought in bulk, to minimize packaging, and paid extra for products in cardboard or glass, avoiding plastics. She taught herself how to make soaps and shampoos and laundry detergent and more, all out of natural materials.

Mia: "I like to credit myself for kickstarting Heather on her homemade skincare journey (I'm sure it wasn't just me, but a lot of things going on in her life), but Heather took it to the next level in terms of sustainability. All I did was mention some cold-pressed organic face oils and homemade toners/honey face masks that I liked to make and she was off and running and far outpaced my amateur efforts within a year. She cared so much about her imprint on the earth."

She saved for ages so she could buy a Prius, a hybrid car, and then immediately started saving up for an electric car, to further reduce her carbon footprint on the planet.



Heather bought food in bulk, in glass or recyclable containers, never in plastic



Heather bought clothing & personal items made of organic bamboo & cotton, with non-exploitive labor



Running & Physical Fitness

Many of Heather's friends knew that she loved to run.

Not everyone is aware, however, of why she ran. In my view, there were three primary reasons.



One, was that when she ran she could keep pace with her thoughts. From the earliest age she would run while thinking. I recall worrying when I watched her run around the yard, for long periods of time, lost in thought:

"Where was she?".

But when she came in she was full of energy and enthusiasm and had stories to tell that she had made up in her mind while running.



When she got older she explained to me that when she ran she could experience the energy behind the ideas in her mind.

Bobby: "I loved watching Heather running back and forth in her bedroom talking a mile a minute the whole time."



Another aspect was that it complemented her love of nature and of her pets. She and her dog could run in the woods, and on the beach, immersing her in what she loved, with someone she loved.

The other aspect was a conscious choice to try to be & feel healthy. She loved how she felt when endorphins flowed & when she felt physically strong.

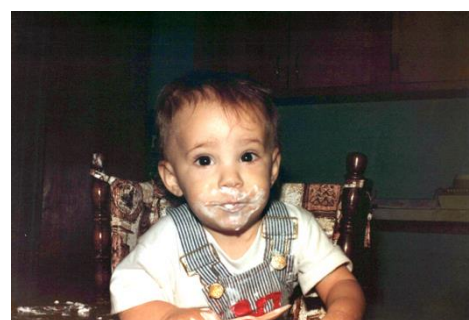
When Heather was young she had recurring ear infections that took two rounds of anti-biotics to defeat. Then, in her teens, our dog got strep throat (unbeknownst to us) and gave it to Heather, Adrian, and myself over and over again until we identified sweet Jody as the source. I noticed that Heather seemed to feel uncomfortably vulnerable when she was not feeling fully healthy.

As was always the case with Heather, when life happened Heather decided how to take charge and make it more the way she wanted it to be. So, in her teens Heather decided to be as healthy as she could by, eating right and exercising, and no half way measures would suffice.

Heather focused on eating right, first. She reduced fats and oils, and sweets. She ate whole grains and fresh fruits and vegetables. She liked how this made her feel. As a baby she liked plain oatmeal, loved fruits, preferred plain yogurt to ice cream, and



enjoyed broccoli and other vegetables, so this transition was not a hard one for her, fortunately. She liked what she was eating!



Mia: “Heather's tea! Oh, that takes me back! She had two giant glass mugs and every night, she'd cold steep one of her herbals so she could have fresh iced tea the next day. I always joked with her that visiting Winterville was like being at a wellness spa because after a week of being on the road for my sales job (which I absolutely hated) and dining clients with too many bottles of wine and steaks, I'd retreat to Heather's and we'd hike and eat vegan soul food and go to the farmer's market and read together in her garden while Sugar and Spice stalked critters.”





Then she focused on her decision to stay physically fit.

She had always been strong and full of energy, and she wanted to stay that way.



She bought a lifetime membership to 24 hour fitness, and went there regularly for years (perhaps as many as 8 years, if I am remembering correctly).

Heather ran, also, during this period, but it was sporadic, when opportunity knocked, as it tended to require a drive to get to the woods, and she was relying on her 24 Hour Fitness regimen.

Sierra: “I was Heather’s personal trainer in Berkeley. As would happen with anyone spending time with Heather, we quickly became friends too. As a client, she was a dream— her work ethic and determination were incredible and she always wanted to be better. We would often train in the Oakland Hills, since we both loved hiking and outdoors so much— sometimes she even brought her sweet doggie with her.

Knowing Heather’s musical talent and calming, yet uplifting demeanor, I purchased music lessons for my husband for his birthday. He plays various instruments but wanted to learn to read music. Unbeknownst to me, Heather and Andrew secretly worked together to get him playing “our song” and to have the confidence to sing it... at our wedding, as a surprise to me. Heather was in attendance, of course, watching her student perform to his new wife, in front of all their friends and family, because of her. I remember her dancing the night away later. 😊

Heather, thank you for allowing me to teach you what I knew and you teaching us in return. I will always remember you and be thankful for our friendship. ❤️”



Eventually, Heather decided the time spent driving to the woods, to run, was worth it, and she and Shevek started running regularly. Later, Ginger accompanied her.

They ran early, most days, to get her motor racing, and to help her body catch up to her mind. They ran in the rain, the cold, the heat - only avoiding lightning storms.

One time, when her grandmother, Bobby, had moved into an independent living apartment in Kansas, Heather went to visit her - and as usual - got up early and went for a run. It began to pour. Heather kept running, relishing the cool rain on her hot body. When she returned to her grandmother's place she was greeted by Bobby, and a large group of Bobby's friends, who were all soooo worried about her. This made Heather laugh, and they all laughed with her.

I couldn't find a photo of Heather running in the rain but here she is loving running through the sprinklers with her brother



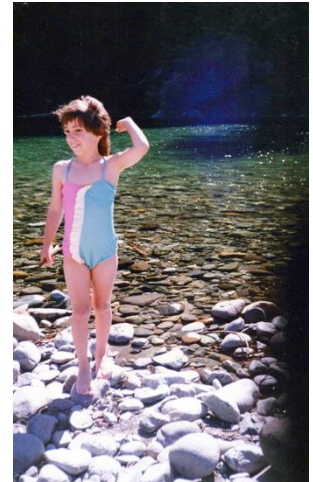
Heather said she did her best thinking running, and would often plan to think things through while running. When she made her Flower Yoga Videos, she would plan a topic, and have a basic idea of the poses and messages she wanted to share, and then she would go running. When she came back I could see a calm about her. She knew what she wanted to say and do and felt good about it.



In the summer she would run in the morning and swim in the evening. In Berkeley she ran in Tilden, and in Athens she ran at Sandy Creek and Watson Mill Bridge State Park. She loved to swim in a lake, at Tilden in Berkeley, at Sandy Creek in Athens, and at other lakes when camping.



At 40, Heather was still running 1-2 hours most days, often doing physical labor (like planting in her garden), attending or teaching yoga classes, sometimes swimming in the evening, and also doing a morning and evening



personal yoga practice each day. Her morning yoga practice tended to be a bit gentle, to warm her up for running. Her evening yoga practice tended to be robust. She explained to me that she needed to expend some energy in order to be tired enough to sleep.

Heather had a well-tuned body - and that was entirelyly her doing. I remember thinking, when she planted our peach trees (with irony now, as her fateful encounter with a truck was just a week later), how incredibly fit she was for a 40 year old, and how being in such great shape she should be able to live a long and healthy life.

Heather created a Flower Yoga video for runners, telling me that running tightened people's calf muscles, while yoga favored flexibility, so some people felt they had to choose one over the other, but that she thought both were wonderful and could coexist.



LINK: [Flower Yoga ~ Yoga For Runners](#)



Love Hugs

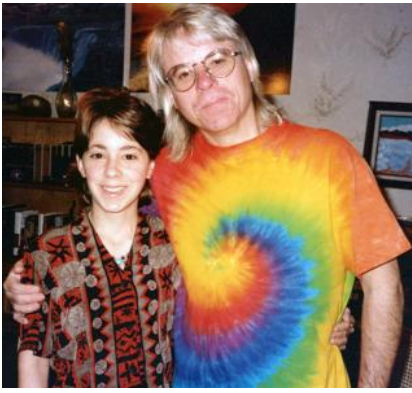
Heather loved hugs! Living beings (people and pets) were always the heart of Heather's world. She loved connection, so she loved hugs!

Heather was such a small person but her hugs were always large. She would stand straight, raise her arm up and over you, and hug in a way that felt strong and sure.





Heather's hugs were not always captured on camera - so I was pleased I was able to find so many photos to share.





Drawing by Juli

The feeling of Heather's warm hugs will live on in our memories.

Loving Pets

Heather's love for her pets was central to her being. When Heather was ten she summarized the story of her life, in third person, for a Family Portrait our extended family was compiling. Pets were a key part of her story.

Heather at age 10: "The family had a dog named Amy and a cat named Priscilla, but the family had to give Priscilla away because Heather seemed to be allergic to her. Amy was a very good dog, and although she was not very frisky, she was very loving and the family loved her a lot....Heather got a new baby bunny for her 10th birthday, which she had wanted since nursery school, and which she adores with all her heart – her bunny's name is Pettie. Heather is doing a very good job of raising Pettie... Their dog Amy was hit by a car and killed. That made Heather very, very, very sad....they got a new dog named Jody who is young and very frisky and playful, unlike Amy who was older and calmer. Jody seems to need love and the family is growing to love her. Heather's family has always loved camping and has gone camping a lot!!! They always brought Amy with them, and now they will bring Jody. "

Amy was a mixed Husky and Border Collie, and the smartest dog I have ever met. As Scott's and my first dog, I don't think we realized how sensational she was until we had other dogs later in life. She would walk with us without a leash, stay within a defined territory when let out on her own, wait for us without a leash while we went into a bookstore or had dinner out, and follow myriad voice commands. She also had an uncanny ability to distinguish between scary people and not. She used to guard Heather when we went out, sometimes trusting a ragged looking person to approach her (who would turn out to be a nice person) and placing herself between Heather and a stranger who looked nice, but was not.

Amy loved Baby Heather & was a wonderful dog



Priscilla was a beautiful Calico cat



As a baby Heather made the usual mama, dada, baba sounds, but the first real word that Heather spoke was actually “Amy”. Heather and her dad were sitting on the stairs on the front porch, with Amy, and suddenly Heather looked at her and said “Amy”, clear as could be. That was pretty exciting, but not surprising given that Amy was such a special member of the family.

After Amy died, we adopted Jody, another mix, and this time a playful one with big soulful eyes. Heather and Adrian used to create obstacle courses for her, and she navigated them with delight. She also



loved to tug hard on a leash, having not learned to walk properly on a leash by the time we adopted her at age 1. Rather than fight it we got her a harness, and Jody would pull Heather on her skateboard all over campground roads.



Jody:

- Above left - camping
- Above right – Jody pulling Heather on her skateboard
- Left - 1st day with us
- Right - in backyard



Jody was a bit of a character who bonded instantly

with the family. After spending one day with us, she walked with us to Heather and Adrian’s school, in the morning. Mid-day I opened the door to a friend wearing all black (we eventually figured out she had some past trauma with someone in all black), and she panicked and ran outside directly in front of a car. The car screeched to a halt and lightly tapped her. Although she was clearly not injured, Jody took off running a mile a minute. I thought we had lost her, as I drove all over the neighborhood and she was nowhere to be found, and then the school called, she had run to the school and was playing with Heather and Adrian in the yard. Jody was always sweet, always playful, and definitely a personality.



Heather's nursery school had a bunny that Heather adored, and later, her elementary school had a bunny, Brandy. We bunny-sat Brandy during a school holiday when Heather was 9 and Heather's wonderful care of Brandy helped her father and I know that it would work to get Heather a bunny. We gave Heather her bunny for her 10th birthday, a Blue Dutch Mini.



Pettle on Heather's 10th Birthday



Heather loved her bunny, with such gentleness, from the moment she laid eyes on her. In keeping with our family tradition of naming girls after flowers, Heather named her bunny Pettle (spelled differently, but intended to be like a flower petal).

Heather wanted Pettle to have the very best life possible, so our good friend, Mike, built her an amazing huge rabbit hutch.



Heather trained Pettle to come when called and return home when told to, to play with a ball and other toys, and she gave her steady attention and love.

While Heather had Pettle, Adrian adopted a hamster, Dandelion (Dandy for short), and after Dandy died of old age he adopted a guinea pig, Magnolia (Maggie for short). Heather enjoyed Adrian's pets too, but her heart belonged to Pettle.

Pettle died when Heather was 15, and that nearly broke her heart. She got a new bunny, Winter, and Adrian got Winter's sister, Autumn, two Mini-Lops. Winter lived until shortly before Heather moved to Florida for music school. Winter could never fully replace Pettle, but Heather still loved her dearly. In 2020 Heather remarked that a rabbit might be her logical last pet - when she was too old to run anymore...

Heather holding Winter



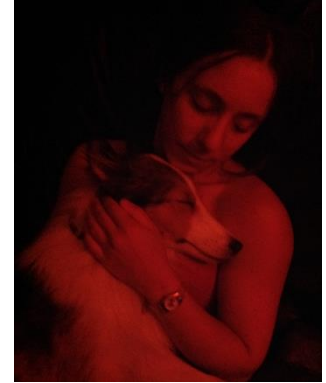
Shevek



When Heather was moving to Florida, to attend music school, we looked for a place for her to live. We found one on the beach – “a dream come true” in Heather’s words – and another apartment, that seemed okay, but was not on the beach. The beach apartment did not allow pets, so the dream of living on the beach disappeared, and Heather took the other place.

We went together to a pet store, just to imagine getting some kind of pet, and Heather met Shevek there. He looked into her eyes went into a play stance and she laughed, and we left there with a Sheltie in her arms.

Shevek was her faithful companion for the next 12 years, and she adored him.



While in Florida she volunteered at an animal shelter, and – naturally – that meant that Shevek soon had a puppy in the house to play with. Shara, who started out looking like a smallish dog, turned out to be rather large – so sometimes Heather was not able to find places to live that would accept her. Thus Shara spent some of her time living with me – but she was always Heather’s beloved Shara.

Shara as a tiny puppy, with Shevek



Shara all grown up



Shevek, Shara, and Jody playing tug-of-war when Heather came home for a visit.



Meanwhile...

Heather & Adrian gave me Sparky, an adorable Pomeranian puppy, to help me with my “empty nest”



Heather holding Smokey, a 6 week old stray kitten, Mike & I adopted

Shevek was Heather's steady companion, going with her almost everywhere. He was with her when she worked teaching music, ran with her, played frisbee with her, slept with her, camped with her, went to friends' houses and restaurants (eating outside), and more. If Heather could not take Shevek with her, then usually Heather did not go. Heather considered him her soulmate.



Heather was thoroughly heartbroken when Shevek died and thought she would never get over it. She wrote a song for Shevek and included it on an album she created, it is a song between her and Shevek & feels like a fit as a song between her and us as well. Heather placed a large photo of Shevek on her wall along with a collage from his last fun day at the beach (shown below).

Open Fields (Shevek's Song)

Thanks to the darkest night,
and the bright sacred day.
We run through open fields,
like children at play.

Remember I love you.
Remember I care.
Though it's harder to see me now,
I will always be there.

Chasing the star light.
And seeking the sun.
That's when the truth appears,
and our day has begun.



And your voice will become my own.
You will see through my eyes.
Then we'll learn that we're not alone.
Sad, scared, and wise.

I won't leave you here like this.
You are not on your own.
I was so much younger then.
Now my strength has grown.

Remember I love you.
Remember I care.
Though it's harder to see me now,
I will always be there.

Thanks to the darkest night,
and the bright sacred day.
We run through vacant fields,
as we lose our way.

Don't leave me here like this.
I can't do this alone.
Although I am older now,
and my wisdom has grown.

Remember I love you.
Remember I care.
Though it's harder to see me now,
I will always be there.

LINKS:

- [Open Fields Song on Album](#)
- [Open Fields Open Mic Video](#)

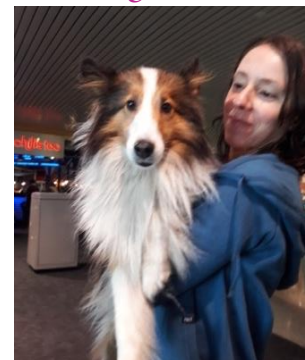


Ginger, like Shevek, went everywhere with Heather.

Ginger, another Sheltie, came into the picture, and helped Heather heal. Ginger's personality was a bit different than Shevek's. Heather told me that Shevek was like a partner and Ginger was like a daughter - she loved them both, just differently.

Heather shortly after adopting Ginger:

"Shevek taught me how to nurture someone in a way I didn't understand before I had him. He taught me how to take care of someone I love. I was just a kid. Ginger will benefit from what he taught me. In this way he will live forever."



Being younger, Ginger could run for longer than Shevek had by the end, and Heather and Ginger would often run together for two hours at a time. She was an amazing Frisbee Dog, who could catch the frisbee in the air -

although she did not always choose to bring it back to you. Heather also took her for Agility lessons, and later set up a mini-agility course for Ginger's fun.



Ginger loved to cuddle with Heather! They would cuddle while Heather read or rested.



At sunset Ginger would sit next to, or on, Heather and they would cuddle as Heather admired the beauty of the sunset and unwound from her day.



Sadly, Ginger was in the car with Heather on their way home from a run, their special bonding experience, when they were hit by the truck. Ginger died instantly, so at least she had no pain or suffering. Heather was instantly unconscious and never awoke, so she never knew that her beloved Ginger had died.

Leticia: “Ginger was Heather’s soulmate and an extension of her existence.”

Christine: “To Ginger, Heather’s baby girl. The being that Heather always called the love of her life. Ginger, you will be missed as well. Very deeply. You were such a sweet dog and brought so much genuine joy into Heather’s life. I met you when you were one year old. I saw you often back then and have fond memories of you. Memories of the three of us going to Cesar Chavez park for walks, and memories of you accompanying us for our dinner or lunch dates.”



Christine: “These photos were taken in 2020 in celebration of your birthday Ginger, when you turned 7. This should not have been your time, this should not have been Heather’s time. You are two extraordinary beings taken too soon.”



Heather made a Flower Yoga video for Ginger on her 6th birthday, called Love.

LINK:

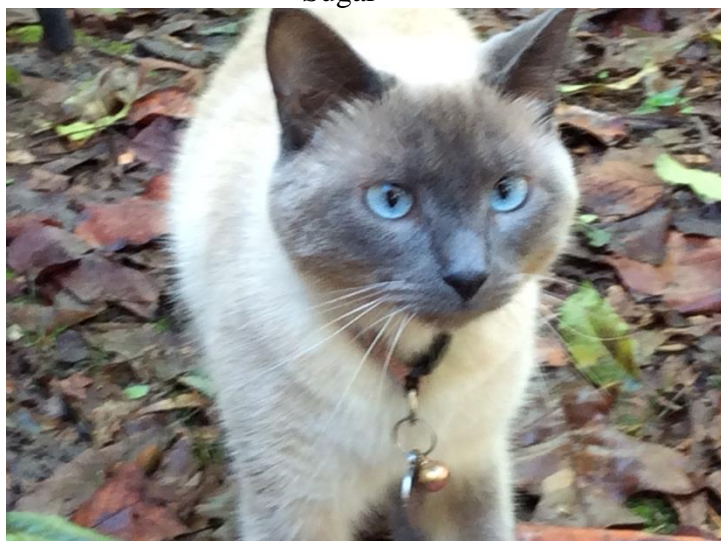
• [Ginger Video Playlist](#)



When Heather moved to Georgia, and had a full home, she expanded her family to include Spice and Sugar, Siamese cat siblings. Heather loved them a great deal, and insisted on raising them in an unusual way. Our area has some dangers for cats – as we live in a wooded area – so she did not want them to roam freely. However, she could not imagine them being indoor cats with no freedom to relate to nature. So, she tried one approach after another, and eventually enclosed her yard with slippery fiberglass roof panels, which contained her cats and protected them from other animals. When we adopted her cats, high on our list of things to do was to recreate this type of outdoor enclosure so her cats could continue to relate to nature, safely.



Sugar



Spice



Heather told me all about their personalities, and now that I have taken over their care, I understand them more



fully. Spice pretends to be the strong, brave one, yet he is the one who needs and wants cuddles, who checks in with you frequently, and is sensitive to every perceived threat. Sugar comes across as meek and mild, who loves to be petted, yet she doesn't seem to be worried about most things, and is an intense and competent hunter.

All three pets got along well & Heather felt surrounded by love, living with her beloved Ginger, and Sugar & Spice.

Ginger with Sugar & Spice “Sharing the cat tree”

A photo retouched & stylized – a gift by Taylor & Adrian – proudly displayed on Heather's fireplace mantel

Loving Children

Heather adored the children in her life. As the first born daughter and granddaughter - and first child amongst my friends - all the children in her family and family's friendship circles were younger than her.

She loved, loved, loved being her younger brother's bigger sister.

Heather holding Adrian on his first day of life



Heather looked after Adrian out in the world



Camping



At Home



Photo Shoots



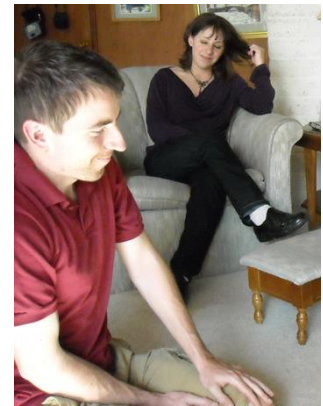
Heather's 16th Birthday



Adrian's 16th Birthday



Grown Up



Loving Children

[Return to Table of Contents](#)

She enjoyed being the older cousin to Robin & Daniel.

Heather with Robin & Adrian



Robin, Adrian, Heather, & Dan



She welcomed younger kids as friends from our family circles & neighborhood.

Jon's daughter, Kelsey,
in Heathers arms



Family, and children of family friends:
Robin, Adrian, Kelsey, Heather, & Colin



*Heather was a natural
at nurture.*

Adrian & Heather with
neighbors Corey & Glen

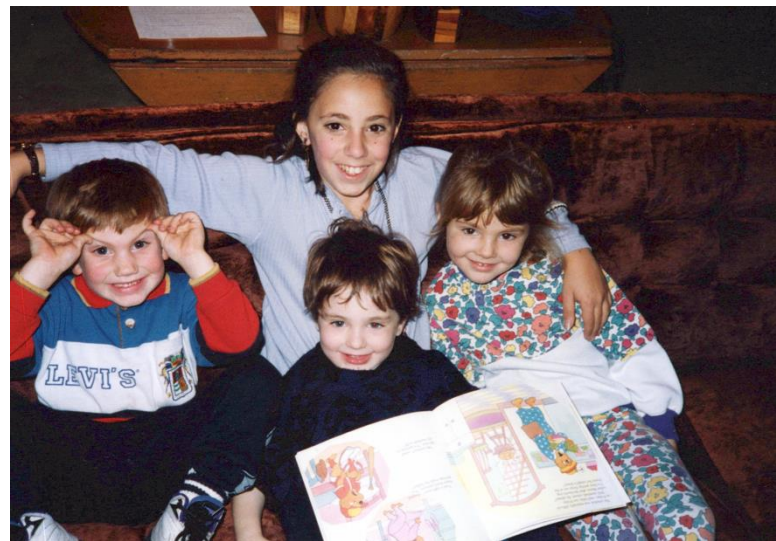
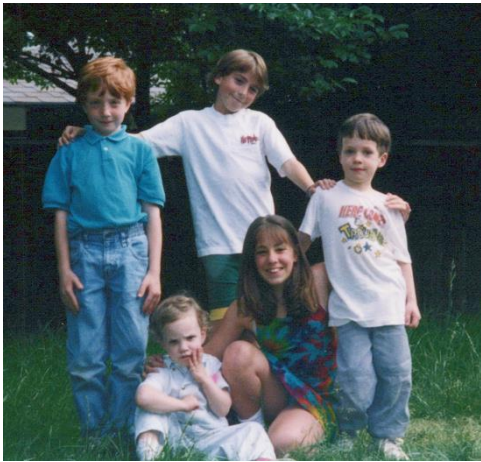


Family, and children of family friends:
Robin, Courtney, Heather, Dan, Jennifer, Kelsey, & Casey



As a young teen Heather had a babysitting business, babysitting kids in the neighborhood and also taking care of the kids at parties so the adults could relax a bit. Adrian helped with the parties.

Heather & Adrian babysitting a variety of kids



Josh: "She inspired me so much when I was a kid. I know she was proud of me the last time we spoke. Her energy was just so beautiful, precious and rare."

Heather babysat Josh when he was a young neighbor in Pleasant Hill, and they stayed friends always.

Heather was a nanny during a gap between attending UC Santa Cruz and music school.

Laurie: "The oldest boy Heather cared for as a nanny was not learning to read. Heather suspected an issue with his eyes was at fault, but his parents were convinced his issues were behavioral. Heather really insisted they get his eyes checked, and she was right! His problem was correctable with eye exercises, so she worked with him to resolve the issue."

Josh: "Heather is the main reason why I became who I am because she's shaped me as a teenager and taught me The Importance of Being Who I Was no matter what Society put pressure on me to be."

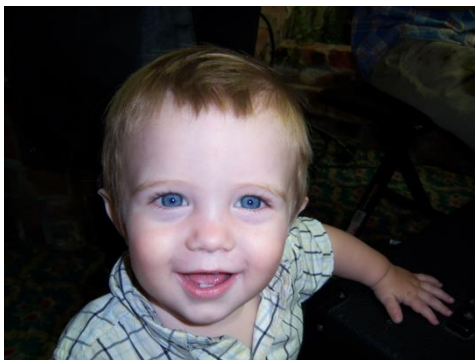


Josh is currently happily living in Bali

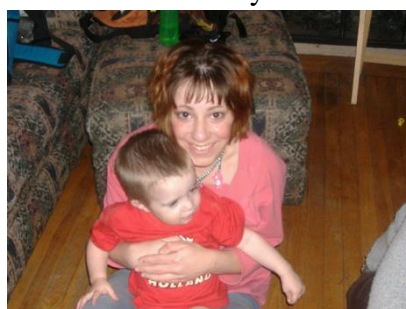
When her brother Adrian had children she held them & loved them as though they were her own.



Heather & Taylor



Heather & Wendy



She wrote a song for them, included in her 2013 album "Music for the End of the World".

LINKS:

- [Taylor and Wendy Song](#)
- [Taylor and Wendy Lyrics](#)



Sarah: "I know Heather loved Taylor and Wendy fiercely. I remember how she would Skype and read stories to Taylor (when she lived in Berkeley and he lived in Georgia) and I was struck by how consistently they chatted and the bond they had over the internet (pre-pandemic)."

For a while Adrian's family lived near Berkeley, but then they moved to Humboldt in Northern California and later they moved to Winterville Georgia, making visits with them a bit harder, but we visited them and they visited us, and we used video conferencing to stay in touch as well.

Bobby, Heather's grandmother, wrote when Heather was leaving to see Adrian's family:

"Heather Sweetie, Just a note to wish you a safe journey and a perfectly wonderful visit with your brother and his adorabubble family!! Give them all big hugs, little kisses, and assurance that you love them all! And, if you don't mind, you can deliver another set of hugs, kisses and I LOVE YOU's from me too. And, while you're at it, give yourself a great big hug and kiss from me, and remember that I love you lots!!"

Heather responded: "Bobby, what a sweet e-mail! You made my day. I don't need a plane anymore, I can fly there on all the good vibes and happy feelings you just sent me. I love you also, and am sending hugs and kisses and love back to you. I will definitely give Adrian and his family the hugs, kisses, and love you are sending. We will be thinking of you, wishing you were there with us, and knowing you are there in spirit. Have a great week. I love you lots. You are the sweetest grandmother in the world."

Then friends began to have children, and she loved them too. With all of her heart, Heather loved Pam's children, Cato & Evita & Itzel.

Taylor & Cato meeting for the 1st time with Pam, Heather, & Adrian looking on



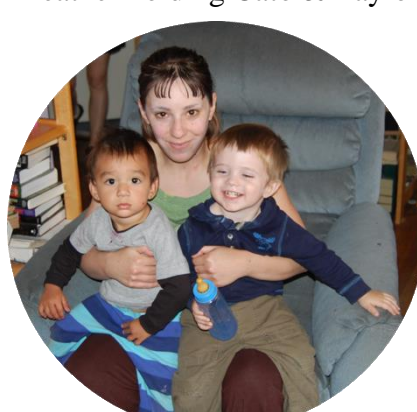
Heather & Cato

Sarah holding Pam's kids, Evita & Cato, while Heather is holding Taylor & Wendy



Pam, Evita, Heather, Itzel, & Cato

Heather holding Cato & Taylor



Heather with Ginger, Cato, & Itzel



Evita: "She gave us cards with seeds in them every birthday."

Pam: "Yeah, I don't think she forgot a single birthday. There'd be a letter from Heather, when she lived here and after she moved to Georgia, it came in the mail with the flower seeds to plant, and some touching memories about them."

Pam: "She was such a good friend and such a good teacher to Cato, accepting and honoring all that she saw."



Heather absolutely adored Tina's children, Fiona & Kate.

Colin & Tina's family (Mario, Kate, Fiona, & Tina),
with Heather, Laurie, & Ginger at Big Basin



Fiona & Heather
camping



Tina: "Here is a very special photo with Heather reading to Kate & Fiona. She always made a point at the end of a long play day to close with a book to read. Heather wanted to be a part of their lives including the bedtime story ritual."



Tina: "This is Fiona and Heather on a camping trip. Something Ginger and Fiona were doing made Heather giggle."



Heather made a birthday video for Fiona.

LINK: [Flower Yoga ~ For Kids ~ Birthday Party](#)
(Created for Fiona)

Heather immediately fell in love with Adrianna's daughter, Olly.

Adrianna, Heather, & Olly



Heather in a message to Adrianna: “Olly is becoming more and more gorgeous as she gets older. She is also looking more and more like her mother. I recognize that sparkle in her eyes! Please give her a hug for me and tell her how proud I am of her.”



Heather wanted to be a mother, but since that had not happened yet, she focused all her love on the children in her world, delighting in them. She appreciated their mischief, and valued their stubbornness and sparkle, and believed in their potential.

Heather's love of children extended to her young students. She laughed with the little kids, sometimes having to remind herself that she was being paid to teach them, not just play with them.

Heather adored her teenage students, seeing them for who they were, not the image they projected during that fragile time. Heather loved being able to gently guide them by respecting their own good instincts and talking things through with them.

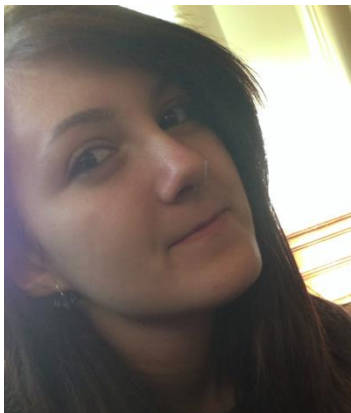
She also sometimes lent an ear to parents trying to cope with various challenges. Heather cared and helped, and loved the closeness of that bond.

In many cases the relationship with her students came to a natural end when the lessons stopped or the kids went to college or moved away. Occasionally, the relationship continued, and deepened, which pleased Heather very much.

Taima took music lessons from Heather for four years, starting about age 15 and continuing until Heather moved to Georgia. Their relationship grew over time, and Taima became a cherished friend. She visited Heather in Georgia, & they talked frequently, setting up a weekly video call during the pandemic.

Taima: "Heather was a very intensely supportive person in my life in this very amazing way. She supported me in all ways like the way she did whenever I decided to switch instruments: she very, very rarely tried to talk me out of doing something, and instead was very supportive. Even if it wasn't the most amazing choice, she saw that it was getting me where I wanted to go and she supported the path I was on. I think this is what a mother's support should be like."

Taima at age 15, then playing the ukulele, and now all grown up



Moving to Georgia allowed Heather to spend additional time with Taylor and Wendy, and she especially enjoyed their time swimming at Sandy Creek, playing frisbee with Ginger in the field between her home and mine, when they joined her for gardening or walks in the woods, along with the fun and meaningful conversations that randomly occurred due to close proximity.

Wendy, Taylor, & Heather
in our house in Georgia



Heather with Wendy after they found
Heather's childhood Charmkins Sunglasses



Living in Georgia, Heather had begun to establish bonds with children nearby, with Leticia's son Dado, and with the children of a variety of yoga teachers. She had not known them from birth like she did with the children in California, but slowly but surely connections were growing.

Dado

Leticia: "Dado proposed that we do a gratitude 'game' on our walk this morning - we walked alternating saying things that we are thankful for, and of course we thanked that Heather was and will always be in our lives."



Heather included kids in her yoga at the Farmer's Market, and anywhere they happened to show up, and planned that once her studio was launched she would include some classes especially for kids, and that pleased her.

While Heather was living in Georgia several of her California friends expanded their families, with Sarah having her first child, Ari, and Anthony having twins, Blake and Sophia. Each birth mattered a great deal to Heather, who loved her friends and instantly loved their offspring.

Ari



Blake & Sophia



When Sophia died as an infant, Heather mourned with Anthony.

Heather could not wait for the pandemic to get under control so she could go see all the children she loved. She loved showing me the photos and videos her friends sent, delighting in each new development of their children.

Sarah: "I remember sending Heather this photo of Ari and that she particularly liked it. I think this is around the time he "discovered" his tongue."



Blake exploring the piano



Sarah: "I'm so grateful that she and I had gotten a chance to Zoom fairly recently, and that she got to see Ari walking (with some assistance) around our apartment. I will always wish for more moments, but I am glad for this last virtual visit and the many years of memories before it."

During the pandemic, Heather made several Flower Yoga videos for the kids in her world, both those old enough to know her, and those she planned to know well by the time they were old enough to do yoga.

LINK: [Flower Yoga ~ Yoga for Kids Playlist](#)

Heather was thrilled when she learned that Anthony was expecting another son, Lucian, and Adrianna became pregnant with her second child, a son, O'Shea. She was looking forward to meeting them when they arrived.

Lucian, born
December 27, 2020



Lucian with his big
brother, Blake



O'Shea with his big
sister, Olly



O'Shea, born
March 26, 2021



I know she would have loved to see the videos recently shared with me of Anthony's son Blake dancing with his dad and baby brother, and of Sarah's son Ari dancing - just as Heather had done at their ages.

Blake dancing



Ari dancing



Sarah: "I am trying hard to capture and absorb the precious moments with Ari. Just the other day he started dancing. He has a toy with some buttons that make music, and he turned it on, walked away, and started dancing. It's so cute I can barely stand it. I thought Heather would love that video of Ari. I secretly hoped she would teach him something about music, no matter how small."

If viewing online click photos to play videos

It is so wonderful that Heather had an opportunity to share love with so many wonderful children. I am extremely grateful to their parents for welcoming Heather into their children's lives with open arms!

Although Heather never had children of her own, I feel as though, through her love for children, and their parents, she has passed her baton on to the next generation. With so much love surrounding these wonderful children they are receiving the support they need to carry the torch of humanity forward, as the circle of life continues.

LINK: [Flower Yoga ~ Motherhood](#)
(Dedicated to Mothers)

Loving Friends & Family

When I brought Heather into this world she immediately began redefining the



world for me. Heather had an intense empathy, from the youngest age – internalizing what others felt – so I learned to examine my feelings and make sure they were worthy of Heather feeling them.

I grew up almost overnight – keenly aware that what I did mattered, in a way I had not previously been aware of. Our connection felt so good, so right, like a symbiosis between souls.



Tina: “Laurie and Heather had such a special mother daughter relationship.

It's not as common from what I have seen. Another personal inspiration to strive for with my daughters.

I think about Heather and how she was so kind to all beings.”

As Heather grew, she tended to avoid shallow friendships and instead bonded with individuals for whom her empathy and intensity were a match. Each close friendship strengthened her, and deepened her empathy. I felt like I was witnessing the creation of a Heather mosaic, with Heather becoming more and more defined each time a new meaningful relationship occurred.

Heather kept the relationships that helped define her mosaic, cherishing each one, loving her friends and family intensely. She believed in them, and was endlessly loyal, caring about their every concern, embracing their hopes and dreams as her own.

Her connections with the people in her life played a role in every aspect of her life and being. I knew that Heather had a profound impact on others' lives and development as well, but have understood that more thoroughly due to their contributions to this book.

Sarah: “Heather is family in my book. She and I had a very deep connection that doesn't come along all that often, if at all. I feel so lucky that we met, and that we met when we did. We were in our early-to mid-twenties and it was such a time of soul searching. It was the perfect time for us to talk for hours, go on walks, paint, listen to music and talk some more. I would not have become the person I am without her. She's in my foundation.”

Leticia: “She was my family and a soul sister. There are so many things every day that make me think of her, miss her, want to talk to her. I feel her presence all the time.”

Heather's friends and family have filled these pages with warm and loving remembrances, and are helping to share the mosaic that was Heather. Some contributions are included in this section, however the contributions are too many to include in one section. Rather, loving contributions are sprinkled throughout this book, just as they were sprinkled throughout Heather's life.

- ♥ **Mia:** "She was a really wonderful person and I'll miss her forever."
- ♥ **Sara:** "Her presence is so vivid and real to me. I guess this is the beauty (and the pain in the loss) of being so close with her. I have taken a few walks over the last few days and felt like I wasn't quite sure which was more real -- a tree right in front of me, or her presence."
- ♥ **Sara:** "One of my friends who knew her a bit called her a tiny mountain -- small in stature but large in life."
- ♥ **Tina:** "It's not all pain, less and less. I can remember her and miss her, yet still appreciate the blessing to have her in my life."
- ♥ **Leticia:** "My friend is not here to advise me and let me know that no matter what I do, it will be OK. It was much easier to believe in things like this when Heather said them :)"
- ♥ **Leticia:** "I go to this place where I remember Heather being so happy in spite of whatever was happening - that inner state and fortitude that she had and role modeled to everyone around her - and this definitely gets in the way of sadness. She did have an amazing life and her legacy will always stay with everyone that was lucky enough to meet her."
- ♥ **Jeffrey:** "I seem to miss her more each day, yet my sense of gratitude for having her in my life grows more than that and keeps me from too much sadness."

This book is called "Heather Flower's World" because no flower can survive alone, and Heather was no exception. Each of you were important to her in different and special ways.

Pam: I cherish Heather and am so utterly grateful to have been friends. Oh. This is so surreal. I am sending love, thoughts, and gratitude for Heather's friendship to her and out into the world, and my kids and Mauro are doing the same.

♥♥♥
🌻🌻🌻
🌻♥♥ We love
you, Heather.

Thank-you all for contributing to Heather's life, and to this book!



*She lived, she loved,
she mattered,
because of you...*

*... you made
her feel
complete.*

Heather Flower



It was no secret that Heather loved flowers. She was named Heather as part of our family's tradition of naming daughters after flowers. She changed her last name to be Flower and was so pleased to have done so. She gave flower seeds as gifts and planted a flower garden and sent photos of the flowers she grew to her friends and family.

Reflecting upon Heather's love of flowers, now, I am realizing that they were the perfect metaphor for her. Flowers are so beautiful. They appear to be so fragile, and they are, but they are also strong, resilient, and very importantly a part of the web of life.

All of the flowers shown in this section were grown by Heather



Heather was so proud that she succeeded in growing Lavender in GA



Heather's inner strength was an inspiration to me, and to many others, just like seeing an emerging flower on a cloudy day.

She felt the world deeply, so carried its weight on her shoulders, sometimes closing her petals to take shelter from the storm, but always reopening to share her flower with the living beings around her, to add joy to the world.



Heather's empathy and sensitivity meant she had no choice but to suffer as she understood our world more and more fully. She had her own challenges and sorrows, as she traveled through life. She also deeply felt the challenges and sorrows of others.

As she grew up she expanded her empathy to the world. Learning about human suffering hurt her deeply. Discovering about animal abuses led to so many sleepless nights. Fearing for the future of humanity, for those she loved, and those she never knew, made her angry and sad.

Yet, Heather sought out knowledge of pain, fear, suffering – for people she knew and for the world she lived in – she cared – and wanted to do something about it.

Heather once told me that I was lucky that my daughter was not a drug addict or alcoholic or someone who escaped into a world of decadence. She told me that facing the world was hard, and that she understood why many choose to try to escape it. However, she believed that people were capable of so much better. She wanted to find strength and resilience, and share it with others.



Friends and family knew they could confide their saddest moments to her and be received with kindness, empathy, and wisdom. She took each pain, each fragile moment of fear, each angst and sought to learn from it, to grow from it, to find a way to flower in the storm.

I am aware that Heather kept many of her personal stories to herself. She often chose to listen fully to someone else's story, and focus her empathy on them, rather than reliving how the story resembled one of her own. I asked her why she set aside her own tragedies in this way, and her answer was that a flower could only hold so much weight and still bloom. If she carried her stories with her day in and day out there would be no room for other stories on her shoulders, so it would harm, not help, to carry them with her.



Heather told me that resiliency was the art of experiencing deeply and rebounding, not avoiding life and not drowning in it. I think she expressed this beautifully in her song Tidal Wave, from her 2011 album. I love the whole song, but since her death one refrain keeps going through my head:

*Sadness is such a waste of time
And I've got things to do.
I guess that that's the bottom line
I don't have time for you.*

RELATED LINKS:

- [Tidal Wave Song](#)
- [Tidal Wave Lyrics](#)



Heather embraced yoga, believing that it provided a path to understanding the interconnectedness of all things. It communicated that no flower was alone, but was part of a circle of life, so much bigger than itself. It helped people understand that they could be more than they are, by being part of something larger. That this could take myriad forms, from learning to love more deeply, to learning to accept what you cannot change and to try to change what you can.

Heather was born into a political family. Her great grandmother's proudest story was when she hit a strike-breaker over the head with her umbrella during a strike at the garment factory she worked at. Her great grandmother was a passionate woman who embraced the causes of workers everywhere, and loved her family with fierce devotion. From what I hear, she lacked Heather's nuance and subtlety, but shared her fire and joy. Heather's great grandfather was a kind and scholarly man who shared his wife's political beliefs.

Bobby, Heather's grandmother, embraced her parent's ideals but added nuance regarding how to act on her political convictions, spending her career being the director of one non-profit after the other, working to improve our world. Known as a Pollyanna, she didn't spend much energy empathizing with pain and suffering, spending her energy instead on trying to stop it. Poppy, Heather's grandfather, came out of serving in World War II with a passionate conviction that this world can and should do better.

I, being raised by Bobby and Poppy, in Berkeley, in the 60's, naturally spent years engaged in political activism and study. I fell in love with and married Scott, who I met in a political group, delighting in discovering our world views were so similar.

When we needed an alternative to the public elementary school for Heather, we found Walden, a kindly open-minded, left-leaning school within which she could find a haven. Here, too, Heather encountered politically aware adults, who shared with her knowledge about our world.

So there was little to no chance that Heather could escape being aware of the evils in this world, and that there could be a better way. Unlike the rest of us, though, this threatened to crush her. She grieved for each ounce of suffering she learned about. She angered over each injustice.

She also thought deeply. She did not think hitting someone over the head with an umbrella would save the world. Nor did she think that a non-profit could make enough of a difference.

LINK:

- [Heather speaking against eliminating bilingual education](#)

So what to do? She tried out political activism, first in high school and then seeking out and joining the most creative groups she could find when she went to school at UC Santa Cruz, but tired of the impotent theater and self-aggrandizement she witnessed.



Here is Heather (in the stroller) at her very first political demonstration, wearing a Texaco hat as part of the Satirical Theater

Music was a powerful inspiration to her, so she decided to focus there, learning to create music, and to share it - affecting one heart at a time. She performed, she taught, she wrote songs.



Then yoga showed her a way to embrace her humanity, despite humanity's failings. It showed her a way to find strength and beauty in a world filled with pain and suffering, so she embraced yoga and chose to share it.



Heather filming a Flower Yoga video in her backyard

Precious Heather in my arms



In the end, I think Heather had the most impact by being herself: Heather Flower. The little perfect baby I held in my arms, the baby not yet blemished by the world, chose to show us that she could share a beautiful flower while still feeling, while still understanding and seeing the depths of our tragedies, while knowing that she was just one fragile being in the circle of life.



Precious Heather in a Flower Yoga Video

Namaste



ARCHIVES

*As Heather's mom, I find almost everything about Heather's life interesting. So, deciding what to share and what to skip in *Heather Flower's World* has been challenging for me.*

I have selectively shared photos, videos, audio tapes, memorabilia, writings, yoga materials, arts & crafts, music, and Heather's recommendations throughout the book, using them to illustrate the content being shared. For some of you that will be plenty (or more than enough).

For those of you who want more, I have a lot more that I can share.



Some of the many boxes I have saved of Heather's stuff

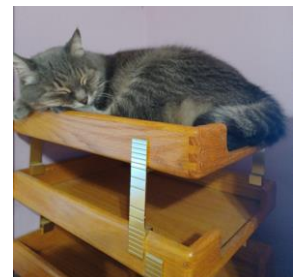
I have the originals of everything I shared in the book, as well as many materials that I did not include in the book. A lot of this additional material has been scanned and uploaded into archives and can thus be accessed digitally. I will be providing some links here (both clickable and that can be typed if reading this offline). If you are looking for something specific, and cannot find it, please just let me know what you are interested in and I will do my best to share that with you.

For those of you reading this offline, you can find an online version, including this archive, with clickable links, at: [Heather Flower's World](https://www.heatherflowersworld.com)

<https://www.heatherflowersworld.com>

I should mention, also, that I am still discovering, organizing, and uploading materials, so the archives will expand and become more complete over time - as I work my way through my inbox. If you have anything to add, please send it my way.

Smokey loves to sleep in the inbox



ARCHIVES

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[Return to Table of Contents](#)

If you are offline, you can access all links online via: <https://www.heatherflowersworld.com>

Photos

I have archived all of the photos I have of Heather and her world, and will happily share any of them with you. For as long as Google Photos exists, and retains the albums I created, you can also view the photos via the links below.

All the photos in the book can be found in the below album:

Heather Flower's World Photos

<https://photos.app.goo.gl/oeRUnBZKnMiQzD3t5>

NOTE: These photos are in .png compressed format, used to keep the book's size manageable.

Below are stage-specific albums from which photos were selected for the book:

CHILDHOOD

01 (1979) ***Born into a Loving World***

<https://photos.app.goo.gl/j92YSCxkx9Byv497A>

02 (1982) ***Enriched by her Brother's Arrival***

<https://photos.app.goo.gl/revYuk3u5FMMsXkW7>

03 (1983) ***Exploring a Wider World***

<https://photos.app.goo.gl/bE4FkoFY5jXbtBhh7>

04 (1985) ***Expanding Horizons***

<https://photos.app.goo.gl/ht7qcd2D8CctxWRBA>

05 (1992) ***Boring Suburbs***

<https://photos.app.goo.gl/Ti22XZoN4izbbJj97>

06 ***School Photos & Collages Created by Poppy***

<https://photos.app.goo.gl/CrLQGvxcxAQt5hEs8>

NOTE: The labels per photo may not mean much to you, as I labeled them for my purposes, not specifically to share.

For the early photos the main thing to be aware of is that often the same label was applied to all the photos within a roll to aid in my searches of the photos.

THE COLLEGE YEARS

07 (1999) ***University of California at Santa Cruz***

<https://photos.app.goo.gl/6cqmg9buroUqsCZyF7>

08 (2000) ***The Player's School of Music***

<https://photos.app.goo.gl/QhGeLaCWldRkVS338>

09 (2002) ***Sonoma State & The New College of California***

<https://photos.app.goo.gl/UAjMBqf5cc966WHz7>

For later photos there are often irrelevant numbers or words included.

These are in .JPG format.

ALL GROWN UP

10 (2005) ***Groovemaster's Music & Enduring Friendships***

<https://photos.app.goo.gl/KzibSgtHQ38X65Ar8>

11 (2015) ***Finding Yoga & Deciding to Move to Georgia***

<https://photos.app.goo.gl/fjAyxKTK8yCP6sTP9>

12 (2016) ***Family & Yoga Teacher Training/Experience, Yoga Community & New Friends***

<https://photos.app.goo.gl/34aSVoa124d97iAj6>

13 (2020) ***Heather's Home, Garden, & The Flower Yoga Studio***

<https://photos.app.goo.gl/M8LzxmXiEd9KuevKA>



Videos

I have digitized and archived all of the film and videos I have of Heather, and her world, with the exception of a few early film and video formats that I am still working on digitizing. I have only uploaded those that I referenced in the book, and a few others, but I will be happy to share any of them that you would like to see.

For the ones I have uploaded, I placed them on YouTube, where you can view them for as long as YouTube exists and retains my uploads. Below are the YouTube playlists I created:

*All of the video clips in the book, excluding Music & Flower Yoga Videos:
Heather Flower's World ~ Videos in the Book ~ Playlist*

https://youtube.com/playlist?list=PLzr_rcyLXjilKZ2Wej03XBh9NAGFi53Q_

Heather's Flower Yoga Videos:

Flower Yoga Videos ~ Playlists

<https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCvtmmmbh78W8c-eKOTG3EJxA/playlists>

Playlists of a few compilation videos (a small number of clips are in the book):

Heather Flower's World ~ Archive ~ A Few Compilation Videos ~ Playlist

https://youtube.com/playlist?list=PLzr_rcyLXjikJIBJXLdHd5LR03nziCeMv

Heather & Adrian's Clean Comedy videos (only a few are in the book):

Heather Flower's World ~ Archive ~ Clean Comedy ~ Playlist

https://youtube.com/playlist?list=PLzr_rcyLXjinF5jm-5dfbYNCXC1--5Msj

*Heather's music videos can be found in the Archive on **Music**.*

For anyone who would like to see more videos, you are welcome to take a peek behind the scenes into Heather's world in motion. Bobby & Poppy bought and used a video camera when Heather was a baby, so I have quite a few cute kid videos, as well as some from later in her life.



If there is a time period, or a type of activity, that you would like to see, please just let me know. The videos are well labeled so I can easily locate specific content if there is an interest.

If viewing online, click photo to see Heather sing a Betty Boop song

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wYaCWMgHJBc>

Audios

I am in the process of digitizing and archiving multiple audio tapes from Heather's childhood. I have listened to them all and have labeled them, for ease of retrieval. I am pleased that I found some really cute ones.

Here is an example of one fun tape where Heather and Adrian were joined by Bobby and Poppy to read the Berenstain Bears:

Berenstain Bears

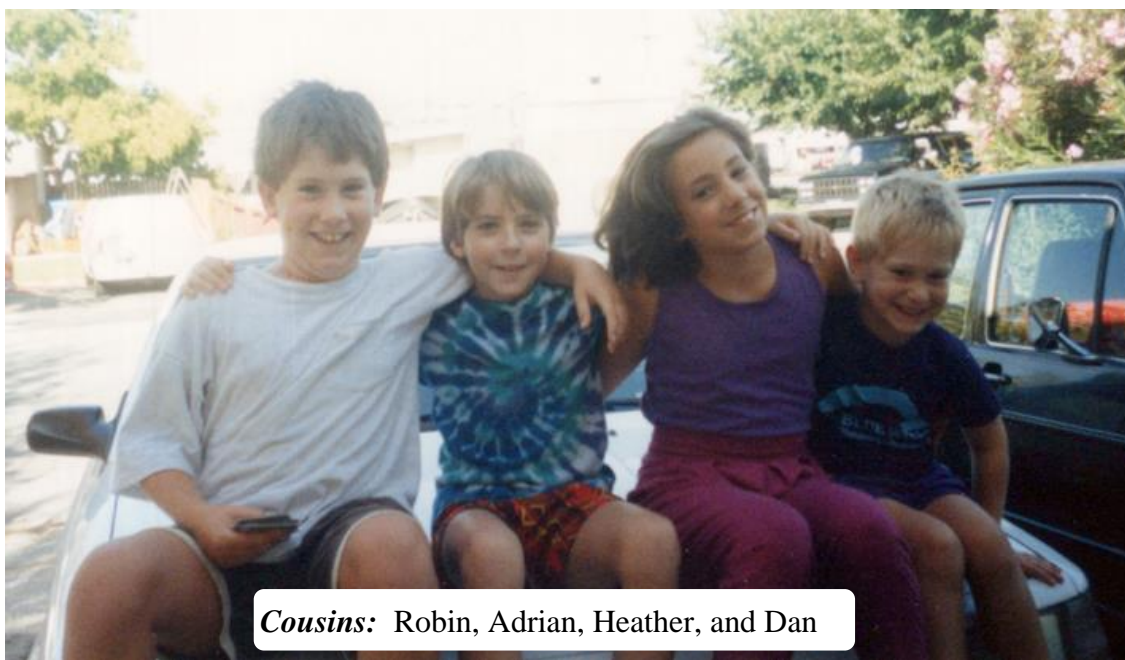
https://www.heatherflowersworld.com/Berenstain_Bears.mp3

In the camping chapter of the book I included an audio tape, of Heather and Adrian reading books aloud in our tent as a gift for their cousins:

Storytime Side A & B with List of Stories

https://www.heatherflowersworld.com/Storytime_Side_A.mp3 & Side_B

<https://www.heatherflowersworld.com/Storytime-List-of-Stories.pdf>



Cousins: Robin, Adrian, Heather, and Dan

I also included them singing Puff the Magic Dragon, a song by Tom Paxton, from the tape they made for their cousins while camping:

Puff The Magic Dragon

https://www.heatherflowersworld.com/Puff_The_Magic_Dragon.mp3

If you are interested in hearing additional childhood audio tapes, please just let me know - I would be delighted to share. Heather's music audios can be found in the Archive on [Music](#).



Music

Heather created 2 albums while she was teaching music (in 2011 & 2013) and they represented an effort on her part to really communicate musically. She tried to include different styles and messages in a variety of formats, with an intention of finding her musical voice and having an impact on others the way others' music had impacted her. Her step-dad, Mike, accompanied her on bass. Heather shared these albums broadly and was proud of them, so I am pleased to share them with you. I have physical copies I can give to anyone who would like one, and you can currently also find both of her published albums, on the following Website:

Heather's Music: Another Day & Music for the End of the World

<https://heathermusic.weebly.com/>

Heather also created 4 albums, with Adrian's help, shortly before she started music school. As Heather learned more about music she became shy about the quality of the musicianship in the albums, therefore I am not providing links to these albums. However, I have copies and am open to sharing these with people who are interested in approaching them in a nonjudgmental way. Heather remained proud of the poetry in her songs, so I am sharing the lyrics I was able to locate, and the names of the other songs on these albums:

Heather's High School Albums - Lyrics or Song Lists

<https://www.heatherflowersworld.com/High-School-Albums-Lyrics-or-Songs.pdf>

Just for fun, here is one song written by Heather, Adrian, & Jim as teens:

We Have No Volleyball <https://www.heatherflowersworld.com/Volleyball.mp3>

https://www.heatherflowersworld.com/Volleyball_Lyrics.pdf

Heather performed lots of music live some of which we captured on video, including Open Mics, music she played informally, a jazz audition tape, and her performances as part of the play Hedwig. You can find this collection at:

Heather Flower's World ~ Archive ~ Playing Music

https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PLZr_rcyLXjimUioC7RiICP3foD6oezX9t

Here are the lyrics of the song she wrote for Mike's & my anniversary:

One Evening At Dusk

<https://www.heatherflowersworld.com/One-Evening-At-Dusk-lyrics.pdf>

Last, but not least, I am providing links to the instructional books she wrote for her students that I shared, and described, in the music chapter of the book:

Heather's Music Theory Book & Heather's Music Theory Homework

https://www.heatherflowersworld.com/Heather_Music_Theory_Book.pdf

https://www.heatherflowersworld.com/Heather_Music_Theory_Book_Homework.pdf

Heather's Ear Training Lessons

https://www.heatherflowersworld.com/Heather_Ear_Training_Lessons.pdf

Yoga

Heather was proud of her Flower Yoga Video series, which she created for students and friends during the Pandemic. The [Flower Yoga Videos](#) chapter, lists all of these videos with links.

If YouTube ever ceases to exist, or you are unable to find Heather's Flower Yoga videos there, you can always reach out to me to get copies or fresh links, as I have them all stored in Heather's archive, and I love sharing them.

In addition to her Flower Yoga videos, you may find it interesting to hear the yoga music playlists she had selected to accompany her sequences (she had a lot). For those of you with Spotify I can share links, for others I can send you lists of what she included in the playlists. Below are a couple of examples:

Heather's Spring Equinox music playlist

<https://open.spotify.com/playlist/2tgBuxnhWPobFZ3oN2qa2u?si=zUQQDJTTCvRtONWwuiyg>

Heather's Kid's Yoga music playlist

<https://open.spotify.com/playlist/2foKHfLcXcrWvG2v10JJLD?si=S4NZZY2FSJKnKbQJHNPY4g>

Heather also designed a great many yoga sequences, handwritten in one of her journals, that I will be very happy to share!



Spring Equinox
w easy Scar
Wrist stretch
Neck stretch
Toe stretch
Ankle stretch
Puppy Dog
rad pole (frog)
Puppy Dog / up Dog flow ^{child's pose} Prayer
rad pole (frog)
Cross legged Side stretches (shre laa)
Cross legged fold (Square) - w/ Block
forward fold Great Pose
Supported Bridge
Wrist fall / supported fish
twist - wide-legged
Supra Baddha Urdhva
Sanskrit Sanskrit
Namaste Salute
Shivoham (Santi mantras - peace)

Writings

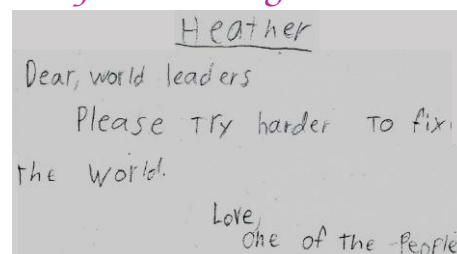
I have selectively included examples of Heather's writings throughout this book, attempting to strike the right balance between sharing and overload.

Heather writing at Walden



However, Heather was a very prolific writer, with a lot to say, so I have also been digitizing Heather's other writings, organizing them by the stages of her life. I can now easily locate her writings and I am happy to make them available to those of you who would enjoy perusing this extra depth.

These writings sometimes represent stages she had outgrown - so please keep that in mind if you read them. At the same time, I found it fascinating to discover that Heather



wrote about many topics with a great deal of consistency throughout her life.

Heather's Writings - as categorized in her archives - with some examples:

- ♥ **Dictated Stories - Prior to Elementary School**

Susan's Experience In Making Friends

https://www.heatherflowersworld.com/Susans_Experience_In_Making_Friends.pdf

Letter to Lisa from Heather and Adrian

https://www.heatherflowersworld.com/Letter_to_Lisa_from_Heather_and_Adrian.pdf

- ♥ **Very Young Writings - During Washington Elementary School**

Heather's Journal 1987

https://www.heatherflowersworld.com/Heathers_Journal_1987.pdf

The Bear Family Goes Camping

https://www.heatherflowersworld.com/The_Bear_Family_Goes_Camping.pdf

- ♥ **Young Writings - During Walden Elementary School**

Heather's Walden Graduation Book

https://www.heatherflowersworld.com/Heathers_Walden_Graduation_Book.pdf

Fourth Grade English Writing Binder

https://www.heatherflowersworld.com/Fourth_Grade_English_Writing_Binder.pdf

- ♥ **Pre-Teen Writings - During Valley View Middle School**

English Journal

https://www.heatherflowersworld.com/English_Journal.pdf

"It's A Girl" - My First Week

https://www.heatherflowersworld.com/Its_A_Girl_My_First_Week.pdf

- ♥ **Teen Writings - During College Park High School**
Psychology Class Papers - 10th Grade
https://www.heatherflowersworld.com/Psychology_Class_Papers_10th_Grade.pdf
English Class Papers - 10th Grade
https://www.heatherflowersworld.com/English_Class_Papers_10th_Grade.pdf
- ♥ **Young Adult Writings - During College**
What a clean city - I'm kind of sleepy
https://www.heatherflowersworld.com/What_a_clean_city_I'm_kind_of_sleepy.pdf
You Sometimes Wonder
https://www.heatherflowersworld.com/You_Sometimes_Wonder.pdf
- ♥ **A Novel - Written in senior year of college**
The Things Which Are Visible
https://www.heatherflowersworld.com/The_Things_Which_Are_Visible.pdf
- ♥ **Music - Song lyrics and Music Instruction Books**
Another Day Lyrics & Music for the End of the World Lyrics
https://www.heatherflowersworld.com/Another_Day_Lyrics.pdf
https://www.heatherflowersworld.com/Music_for_the_End_of_the_World_Lyrics.pdf
Heather's Music Theory Book & Heather's Music Theory Homework
https://www.heatherflowersworld.com/Heather_Music_Theory_Book.pdf
https://www.heatherflowersworld.com/Heather_Music_Theory_Homework.pdf
- ♥ **Yoga - Variety, including Yoga Philosophy once videos are transcribed**
Resume - Prior to 500 Hours
https://www.heatherflowersworld.com/Resume_Prior_to_500_Hours.pdf
Halloween Yoga Sequence
https://www.heatherflowersworld.com/Halloween_Yoga_Sequence.pdf
- ♥ **Compilation of Poems & Songs - Duplicated from Across Ages**
Poems - High School
https://www.heatherflowersworld.com/Poems_High_School.pdf
Poems - English Class UCSC
https://www.heatherflowersworld.com/Poems_English_Class_UCSC.pdf

I'm giddy, I'm drunk,
 merely with possibilities
 All I see now is promise
 The walls have collapsed and what
 was beyond I never would have seen
 I see nothing and all
 I've lost perspective
 and suddenly have it
 thank you for the gift
 Thank you for the push to see
 what's real is not
 my life is complete
 it all makes sense now that it doesn't

The Things Which Are Visible

Chapter One
Isaac Dreamer

By Heather Lynn Kerrihard

I am a poet. I use words to paint images that play with people's minds. I penetrate into the consciousness of my fellow humans with simple turns of phrases. Language is actually a very alienated means of expression. Words are several steps removed from the thing they symbolize. In poetry, when you add the element of symbolism and metaphor, you are adding yet another level of separation between truth and meaning. It would seem appropriate, therefore, that I use it as my chosen means of expression. For I am a very alienated person.

As comprehensive as her archive is, it only contains a subset of Heather's writings – there were so many more! Some of her writings were challenging to scan or seemed unlikely to be of interest, but there were also a lot that I have not read out of respect for her privacy and yours. I am willing to share any of these that have significance for you, so please let me know if there is anything you would like me to look for to send to you. For instance, if you recall a drawing of hers or a story she wrote, or if she wrote you a letter or email or you wrote her one, or if you shared an experience and wonder if she wrote about it, or if she read you one of her poems or shared a song, or if you are interested in her gardening tips, etc.



A Heather Doodle

Heather also wrote a great deal that I cannot share with you, even if you are interested and I want to, as she seemed to think of emotional writings like chalk drawings: you do them for the process itself and then blow away the picture.

In her early twenties Heather threw away her recent journals as a symbol of transcendence, explaining to me that those were then, and this was now; she was no longer the person of before, and had no need to keep reminders of prior times. She added that she would not want people to read any of her journals and think they represented her, because she used them for explorations of feelings, not conclusions, and thus they only represented transient aspects of herself.



Journals that Heather somehow failed to throw away that will remain unread



Heather's last journal

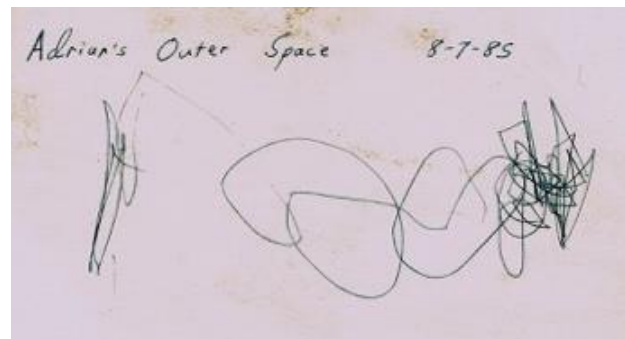
This remained her philosophy forevermore, so she threw away each personal journal when she finished it, only having one journal, the current one, at a time. She did write in her current journal often, though, as a mechanism to process her current reality and feelings.

For these reasons, although her current journal sits here beside me, I have not read it, and will not read it. I cannot, however, bring myself to throw it away.

Arts & Crafts

I kept Heather's, and Adrian's, young arts and crafts. There were a lot because they were a very creative duo. I have now sorted through them and admitted that some weren't worth keeping, but others are gems (in my motherly opinion). I will be delighted to show you any you would like to see.

I have scanned, and kept the originals, of many cute early artistic efforts. I found a particularly fun batch where they were so young that their drawings were not self-explanatory, so I had annotated what they intended to represent.



I have lots and lots of crafts saved, as well. Below are photos of a few:



When we helped Heather make a handprint she wanted to make a handprint for her doll too



For Adrian by Heather



Heather's Self Portrait



Some 1st attempts:

Left: Crocheted scarf she made for me

Right: Embroidered sign for Bobby & Poppy's hobby



You can find scans of some of Heather's paintings in the chapter on [Art](#).

If you want to see any more scans of Heather's arts and crafts, and/or would like to see any of the originals, please just let me know. I find them to be delightful and enjoy sharing them.

Memorabilia

I kept a fair amount of memorabilia from when my children were young. Heather, who was a minimalist by nature, never could understand why I felt the need to hang onto the past. I could never really explain it myself, but now I am so very glad that I did.

Heather kept very little memorabilia, thus each object that she chose to keep had special meaning for her, such as a gift from a loved one, a cherished memory, or a symbol of a passion or belief.

I have sprinkled photos and stories of memorabilia in the book, and I will share a little here, but there are plenty more that I could share. If you want to see any of it, digitally or in boxes, with or without the story behind it, please just let me know.

I have organized Heather's memorabilia into the following categories, with some examples shown below:

♥ *Special Memories represented by objects that Heather chose to keep*

♥ *Memorabilia Heather Shared with Adrian*

Heather's beloved
"Saxy
Wolf"
alarm clock
(if online,
click photo
to hear)

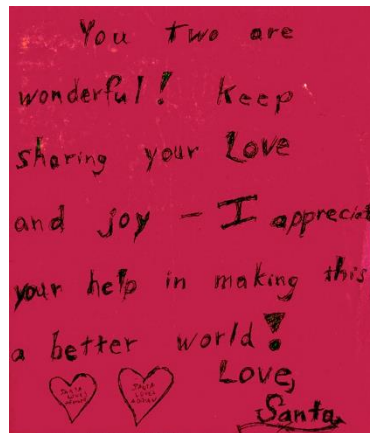
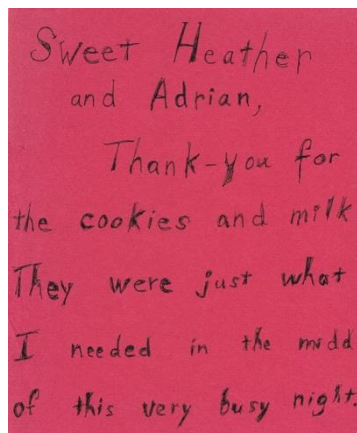


Real Rose in Globe –
A Gift from Bobby



Clean Comedy T-Shirt

♥ *Love Notes and other Memories to & from Family & Friends*



♥ Certificates, Posters, Flyers, and Promotional Materials



♥ Wall Hangings, Plants, & Other Items on display in Heather's home in GA



Above: Stuffed dog that reminded Heather of Shevek
Left: Oil Painting by Poppy

♥ Memories from prior homes – relying on photos from her past – please refer to the Archive of **Photos**

♥ Heather's instruments – Bass guitars, guitars, ukuleles, and digeridoos

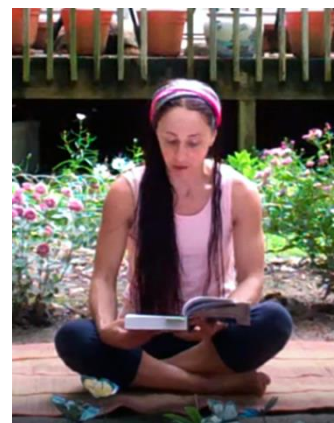
I imagine there is more memorabilia still to be discovered – especially because Heather gave so many things away to the people she loved. If you have something to share, I would love to hear about it, and – if feasible – receive a photo to add to the archive. If I uncover more, I will add those as well.

Recommendations

There are chapters included in the book on Heather's musical influences & explorations, her cultural influences, and on the books she loved. If you ever are in the mood for a recommendation from Heather of what to read, what music to listen to, or what show or movie might be interesting or fun, I recommend that you visit these chapters:



- *Books Heather Loved*
- *Musical Influences & Explorations*
- *Cultural Influences*



Additionally, if you are looking for a wonderful outdoor spot, Heather's favorites are listed below.



Big Basin

California camping:

- *Big Basin Redwoods State Park*
http://www.parks.ca.gov/?page_id=540
- *Humboldt Redwoods State Park*
<http://humboldtredwoods.org/>
- *New Brighton State Beach*
https://www.parks.ca.gov/?page_id=542



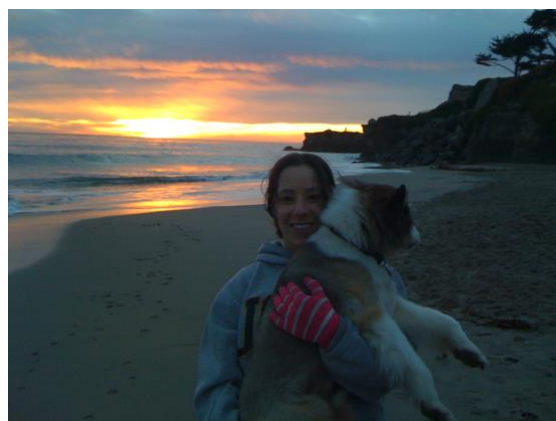
New Brighton

California day outings:

- *UC Santa Cruz Campus*
<https://santacruztrails.org/trails/>
- *Santa Cruz Dog Beach*
https://www.parks.ca.gov/?page_id=550
- *Tilden Regional Park in Berkeley*
<https://www.ebparks.org/parks/tilden>

Athens area outdoor spaces:

- *Sandy Creek Park*
<https://www.accgov.com/sandycreekpark>
- *Watson Mill Bridge State Park*
<https://gastateparks.org/WatsonMillBridge>



Santa Cruz Dog Beach

Enjoy!