



What does Pacifica mean to me? That sounds like the kind of question high school sophomores get to answer in essays for English class.

The question, though, came up very naturally for me last Saturday. With the question came part of the answer. Pacifica means people, places and beauty.

I thought of Carl McCarthy and his wonderfully simple phrase, "scenic Pacifica" as I interrupted this writing just now to go to the Tribune door and observe one of our patented sunsets. You're a Pacifican so, you know what I mean. The clouds over the ocean, brilliantly backlit with red, a bright red setting sun, wisps of reddish clouds trailing off on all sides. As the minutes pass the colors change and fade. And then it's dark.

Soon there will be flashes of lightships and lighthouses, far out to sea.

Off in one direction the Farallone Light will flash. In another direction will be Point Reyes, that exclamation point at the end of the Marin headlands.

So much has been written about the beauties of our ocean. Yet, not enough. It's too big. It's too changeable. There's too much to say.

Earlier today (Saturday to you) I watched the events of the Tribune recipe competition.

It was held in the incomparable setting of the

Moonraker. You'll be seeing the delicious results in next week's Tribune. What I enjoyed most, even more than the samples of that food, (oh, that food) were the scenery and the people.

The Moonraker shows off Rockaway Bay to its best advantage. This is hardly news to most Pacificans, but it added to the drama of the competition.

The people whose recipes were being judged were a varied lot. Their common ground was talent.

You'll learn more about them next week. I was reminded as I talked to some of them that this group is only a small sample of the talent we have in Pacifica.

One of the talented cooks (Charmane Berry) also enjoys creative writing. I heard her give some of her poems at the Pacifica Library the other night, when the Pacifica Writer's Workshop put on a program for the Friends of the Library.

Within a few days I had sampled the results of two kinds of talent. Both show Pacificans being creative. First they give pleasure to themselves in the act of creating, whether it be a poem, or a recipe. Then they share their creativity with the rest of us.

I'm not a good enough judge. I don't really know whether we have a new Julia Child or a new Ernest Hemingway in our midst. If we do, the history books will give San Francisco credit anyway.

But it's fun to know that when I shop at a local supermarket the lady (or gentleman) in line ahead may be a talented and creative cook, good enough to share his talents, and the person in line behind may be a published author. I found out at the Library Friends meeting that Pacifica does have such an author, Marie Talbot. Her book has been published by one of the world's largest and most distinguished publishers, McGraw, Hill.

The sea, the sky, the people. What a combination we have in this town!

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