



WOOD FORUM

Newsletter of the Sonoma County Woodworkers Association

Volume 43, Issue 2

March 2023

Greg Zall

September 27, 1957 to February 11, 2023

Mark Tindley, Greg's partner in the fledgling Two Rock School of Woodworking, writes:

I don't know how to write an obituary, so that is not what this is. I also might not be qualified - many of the people reading this will have known Greg Zall for far longer than me. But I want to say goodbye to my friend and pay him the credit he so richly deserves. I'm pretty sure you're not supposed to start writing such things with a load of swearing. But if I'd told Greg I was going to do that, I'm certain he would have egged me on. So, for starters - cancer can go and fuck itself. Later he would have told me he was joking and that doing this was a terrible idea. But I'm gonna stick with it - because god damn fucking brain cancer has robbed us of one of our brightest lights.



I first met Greg in 2010, and I liked him immediately. I'd been led to his workshop door by the great folks at the College of The Redwoods Fine Woodworking program - the school he was so proud to have attended in the early '90s. I had just moved to the Petaluma area and was on the lookout for other woodworkers to connect with. Greg was the first one that I met, and he changed my life forever.

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Meeting Reminder

Our March meeting will be held at 7pm this coming Tuesday, March 7 at the shop of David Marks, located at 2128 Marsh Road in Santa Rosa.

BYOC (Bring your own Chair)

The very first day that I met Greg at his shop he had this wonderful fire burning in his fireplace that helped draw you in to his orbit. He gave me a welcoming tour – showing me all his tools and every little piece of wood that he could share his fascination with. I have watched him give this same tour so many times over the following years to other people – it was one of his absolute favorite things to do – and there has never been a single soul that didn't love it. That tour was also the first time I had seen modern marquetry that I considered spectacular. To be clear – I'd seen plenty of marquetry before, I had been a member of The Marquetry Society in Britain, and had learned a fair few techniques using an old fashioned knife cutting method. A few weeks after that first visit I showed him some of my earlier marquetry work and he said some lovely, complimentary things about it. It was many years later when I forced him to confess that he had been desperate to find something nice to say and that it was among the most amateurish work he had ever seen. I'd worked it out for myself by then of course! He had already taught me a lifetime's worth of skills and techniques with the "double bevel" method. I had never even used a scroll saw before I met him.

At what I had presumed to be the end of that first visit Greg told me about the existence of the Sonoma County Woodworkers Association, and that they held monthly meetings – one of which was to be at Michael Cullen's shop that very evening! He insisted that he should come and pick me up from where I was staying and that he would take me out to dinner and introduce

some friends. That's how it all started. Dinner was fun – but when we got to the meeting he announced that his good friend Mark was here from England, that I would be coming regularly to meetings and that someone there that night should offer me a job quick before they lose the opportunity! We'd only met a few hours earlier and I feared he might be a nutcase. But it



was far from the last time that he went to bat for me. Greg was a member of the Sonoma County Woodworkers Association for over 30 years. In that time he hosted many meetings, gave countless talks and warmly welcomed all woodworkers to his shop. He is also by far the most decorated recipient of awards

from the annual *Artistry in Wood* show – winning Best of Show in 1997, 1999, 2008 and 2015; the People's Choice Award in 1996, 2000 and 2001; and scores of other Awards of Merit and Excellence.

There are more than a few of people around the world that practice the ancient art of marquetry. Many of them were either taught to do it by Greg or have long admired his work. Anyone can learn some simple marquetry techniques in a weekend and go on to make some very cool stuff. Greg proved this hundreds of times over with all the brilliant classes he ran. But no one can do with wood what Greg could do. This is not to do a disservice to all the other marquetry masters out there – Greg had a long list of all the other people whose work he greatly admired, and he loved bringing in pictures to me of something he had recently seen. But there were a few things that put Greg in another category of genius.

Greg had an innate ability to see when something wasn't quite right. Countless times I watched him agonize over tiny pieces of wood in a larger image that just didn't sit right with him. 90% of the time I'd tell him he was crazy – that it looked great and that he should stop fussing. Even if he seemed to believe me at first, he'd inevitably come back and switch that piece out for something else – but not until he'd milled up many more pieces from his incredible wood collection into veneers in the elusive search for a perfect piece.

Then we'd both step back and look at the work afresh. He was always right. I once did a set of lilies for a project we were working on together. I was damn proud of them and pretty sure they were great – but Greg made me re-work them three times because it just didn't “pop” from the background. The later he got into his career, the more he became obsessed with creating lifelike images with an astonishing 3D feel. Some of it was almost photo-



realistic and holographic. This became such a consuming part of the craft for him that he started to worry that some of his earlier work was too “cartoonish.” He would frequently apologize that he was burning through the hours we had allotted for a project by spending way too much time on little things. But I never once had a problem with it. Sure, we were trying to make a decent living, but there was no point working with Greg unless you accepted that craftsmanship and integrity came first, second and third.



Fourth was a good lunch. Fifth was a game of Frisbee. Money wasn't even in the top ten. Greg's knowledge of wood species, grain, figure, color and characteristics was by far the best I have ever encountered. To him, wood was a palette with which to paint. Much of his work incorporated woods that only his vast experience could lead him to. Many of them are not commercially grown, and available only by hunting in obscure places – something he absolutely loved to do. He knew which woods were going to keep their color over time and which would ultimately disappoint when they faded into various shades of brown. He loved the thin black zone lines in spalted oak, the rich reds and pinks in Carob, the stripiness of Canary Wood, the creamy yellow of California Nutmeg, the grey/blue of Blue Mahoe and the stark white of Holly. He knew to avoid the enticing but temporary red lure of Chaktekok even though he had many boards of it. We never, ever went to a wood yard without

digging through their pile of Yellow Heart searching for the stuff that had been attacked by a particular fungus that made some of the sections go blue/green. Greg has used that blue-stained Yellow Heart on almost every piece of flora he ever created. Hundreds of years from now those pieces will still be the same bright blue/green as the day he delivered the project to its excited new owner.

Some woodworkers use exotic species to create a feeling of opulence. Greg just cared whether they looked cool. He was just as happy using Douglas Fir if

around the room as you moved.

The other thing that separated Greg's work from his peers' was scale. Most marquetry either finds its way into a picture frame, a small box, a door panel or some such thing. There is nothing wrong with that. Greg did plenty of those too – each one more beautiful than the last. But Greg was most famous for his giant commercial scale projects. There are a couple of reasons that most marquetry projects are small. For one, it's a pretty painstaking process. We once tried to count the number of pieces in a

project we had done and just gave up after the first few hundred. But there is also the mechanics of the saw used to create the work. The throat is only so deep (30" if you are lucky), and even if you get around that problem you still end up having to swing some pretty big pieces around. Greg wrote the playbook on how to do large-scale marquetry. He worked out that it started in the design phase – making sure there were natural horizontal and vertical breaks so that larger works could be split up into smaller workable sections. He could also join two veneers together using a



the grain and color were right. He once found a board of Poplar that was jet black along half its length – as we were paying for it he was smiling as if he was getting a free Tesla. One of the finest pieces he ever created was a life-size Great Blue Heron where much of the plumage was formed from a piece of Blue Stained Pine he found at Home Depot. The face of that bird was a piece of Buckeye burl that when he found it made him happier than I had ever seen him. The Burrowing Owl in the same piece was my favorite. It's eyes followed you

scroll saw technique he devised that makes it almost impossible to find the join. I used to call this his 'jigsaw' join (the puzzle, not the saw) but he didn't have a name for it. Like every other marvel he pulled off, he didn't think it was that big a deal.

If you have never seen Greg's large-scale projects in person, I strongly recommend that you attempt a pilgrimage (you will almost certainly need an appointment). Here are just a few local ones:



Congregation Shomrei Torah, 2600 Bennett Valley Road, Santa Rosa, CA

Congregation B'nai Israel, 740 Western Avenue, Petaluma, CA

Stanford University (Hilel Student Union), 565 Mayfield Ave, Stanford, CA

Gideon Hausner Jewish Day School, 450 San Antonio Rd, Palo Alto, CA



Marquetry was Greg's great passion – but he was no one-trick pony. And I don't just mean that he was pretty good at marquetry as well. (He was of course. In the same way that Monet was pretty good at painting.) Greg was an all-round woodworker and cabinet maker of extraordinary talent. He kept the wolves far from the door with all sorts of cabinetry, furniture and architectural woodworking commissions - all of them made with the same attention to detail and pride in fine workmanship. He seemed to be almost as happy installing massive oak trusses with a beam lift as he was sitting at his scroll saw.

Greg's calm presence and lack of drama or hyperbole was something really special. I only once saw him lose his temper. We were in San Francisco delivering a large project and the job site was downright unsafe. For the first (and only ever) time, we decided to walk off the job. Greg confronted the site foreman and an argument ensued. But even in anger he was so eloquent and reasonable that the foreman's attitude changed fast. By the time we left, they were in complete agreement with each other, and the foreman declared that he had no idea why any of us should be out there “killing ourselves for fucking millionaires.” The next time we visited the site that same foreman greeted us like old friends and gave us a tour of the property.

Passing on the craft to the next generation of woodworkers was something that really mattered to him. He was a gifted educator, and always seemed to be prouder of his students' work than his own. It saddens me greatly that he was only able to teach three classes at the Two Rock School of Woodworking, the school that we founded together, before becoming too ill to continue. We had very different teaching styles – he was always happier to let people make mistakes than me, because he was sure that it would help them in the long run. I think I'm gonna try that a bit more myself now. Most people with Greg's knowledge and experience are pretty closed off to new ideas and methods of working, particularly where they challenge

a long held belief. But not Greg. He was always so open to trying new things and ultimately taught me to do the same. He was normally excessively modest about his skills – to me he'd earned the bragging rights long ago – but there was not even a hint of arrogance about him. I loved him for that.

Greg had a wonderful talent for whimsy. I have so many photos where he took silly selfies with my phone when he was supposed to be photographing me doing something interesting for a project album. I treasure those photos now. He had a natural ease and impish sense of humor that I never tired of, even when his constant attempts at an English accent made Dick Van Dyke look like Laurence Olivier. I don't want this to read like a hagiography. I mean, no one is perfect, right? Just for balance, and in case that little spiritual side to him was somehow right and he gets to read this in the afterlife, I should point out that he left parties far too early (even when he was the host!), drove me crazy with computer illiteracy, and couldn't do math for shit. But that's a pretty short list. He leaves behind a world full of people who admired him greatly. Not simply as an artist and woodworker par excellence, but as the nicest and kindest human being you could ever meet. If I could just have one more hug, one more word of advice, one more project to build together, one more lunchtime crossword, one more night of eating, drinking and playing games...I'd pay a lot for any of those.



As I drove in this morning, just before sunrise, I passed a burrowing owl on the roadside near my house. A real one - and the first I have seen in over 10 years. Now OK, perhaps I just don't normally get up early enough to see owls. But come on - you just can't make this stuff up. I had to drop my car off at the garage on the way in. I sat there waiting for a shuttle to take me on to the workshop and realized that I hadn't ever done that before. Greg had always picked me up. It's the little things, right? When I got to the shop we shared together for the last eight years, I put the Fleet Foxes on the stereo (one of his favorite bands) and lit a massive fire in that fireplace in his honor (and because it was fucking freezing). It was the sort of fire that you should never light in an old redwood building. But he wasn't there to tell me to go easy on it. I got away with it. I just hope I'll get away with everything else.

Mark Tindley 2/13/2023

GREG ZALL OBITUARY

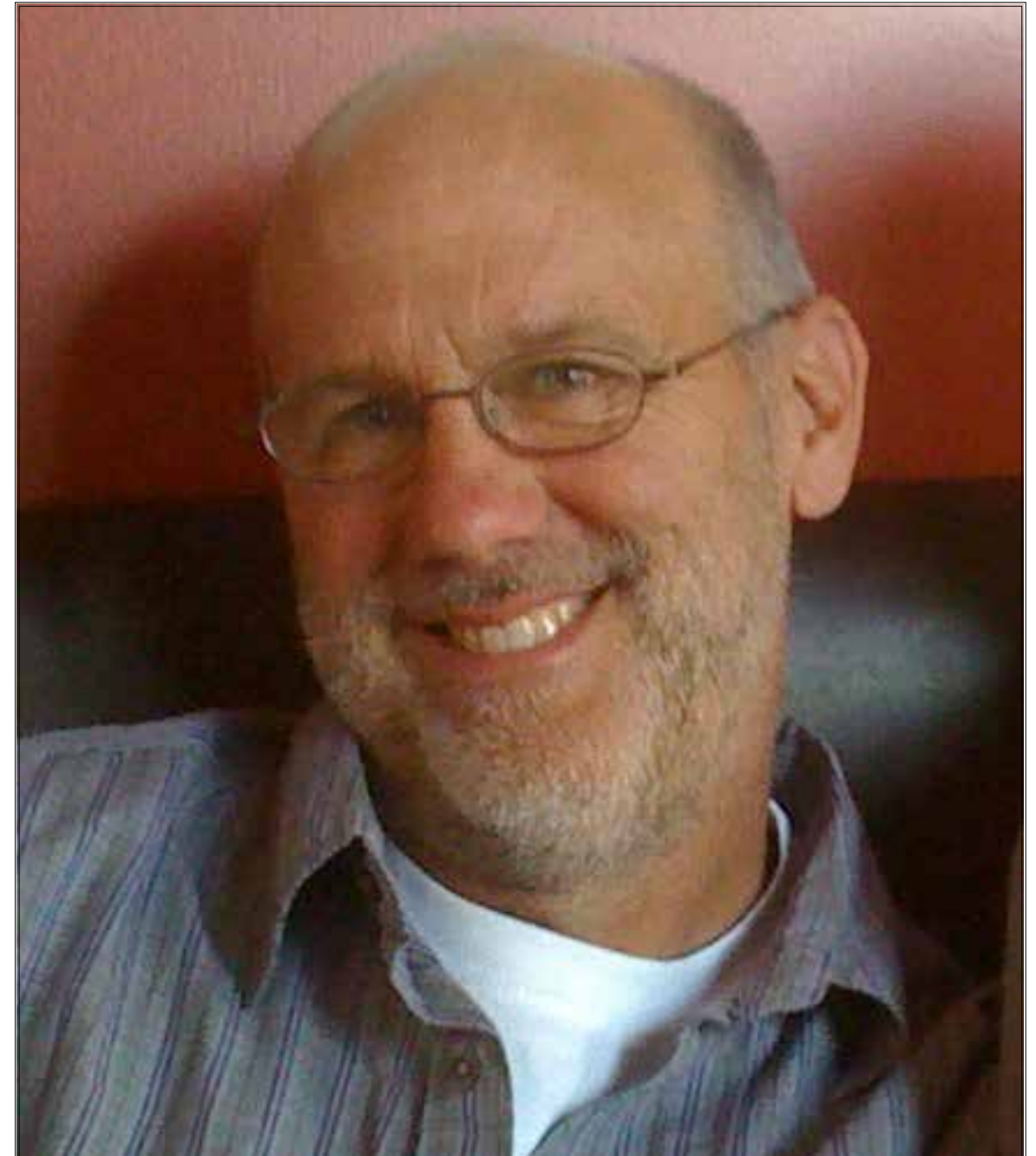
Published by Sonoma Index-Tribune on Feb. 22, 2023

Gregory Leon Zall died peacefully at his home in Sonoma, California after a brief illness. He was born September 27, 1957 in Long Beach California to Leon and Terrie Zall. He is survived by his husband David Leyva, brother Mark Zall, niece Madeleine Zall, nephew Jakob Zall, great niece Iris Carter, great nephew Arlo Carter, lifelong friend, Nancy Aiona; shop partners Gordon Mandeno and Mark Tindley; and faithful companion Bernie Sanders-Leyva-Zall.

For over thirty-five years Greg worked as a woodworker, furniture builder and marquetry expert. He was a graduate of the College of The Redwoods Fine Woodworking Program, now known as The Krenov School of Fine Woodworking. Mentor and master furniture maker James Krenov featured Greg's work in his books, *With Wakened Hands* and *Leave Fingerprints*. Some of Greg's closest friends and colleagues were alumni and instructors from the school.

Greg set up shop in his beloved converted barn in Petaluma, California. He grew an extensive list of Bay area clients and projects. His work has been featured in *Fine Woodworking Magazine*, *Metropolitan Home* and in the February of 2023 issue of *Architectural Digest*. Greg was proudest of the work done on several synagogues that featured his signature marquetry ornamentation. His large-scale public projects include Congregation Shomrei Torah, Stanford University Hillil Student Union, Gideon Hausner Jewish Day School, and Congregation B'nai Israel. As a woodworking and marquetry instructor he passed on his love of craft to professionals and amateur woodworkers alike. He was a proud member of the Sonoma County Woodworkers Association. In September of 2022, he co-founded The Two Rock School of Woodworking.

Arrangements for a celebration of Greg's life will be announced at a later date. His family asks, if you are so moved, donations to The Krenov Foundation may be made in his memory.



I took Greg's optional weekend marquetry class when I was a student at the Krenov School in 1998-1999. Double bevel marquetry, bird's-mouth jig, painting pictures with wood - it was all new to me. A happy accident, because it eventually turned into the main focus of my work. And Greg remained a mentor and an inspiration. In 2008 I was invited to show some work at an American Marquetry Association exhibit, and Greg and I were on a speakers panel together. He talked me through some advanced tips about working bigger than the scroll saw that have been invaluable over the years. Every so often he would shoot me an email with feedback on a piece of mine he had seen, always encouraging words. I saved them all. From time to time we would help each other by sending shopsawn veneers. Once he sent me some really creamy holly. I had some gorgeous pink carob that I sent him a bunch of. Just this past summer he bailed me out of a bind by sending me his last scraps of blue mahoe that I just could not source any where else.

My face-to-face interactions with Greg were few, but I always had a sense of mutual respect. He was up in Sonoma, I was down in Santa Cruz, someday our paths would cross again. Now its not to be. Rest in Peace, Greg. And thanks for everything.

Matthew Werner
Santa Cruz, CA



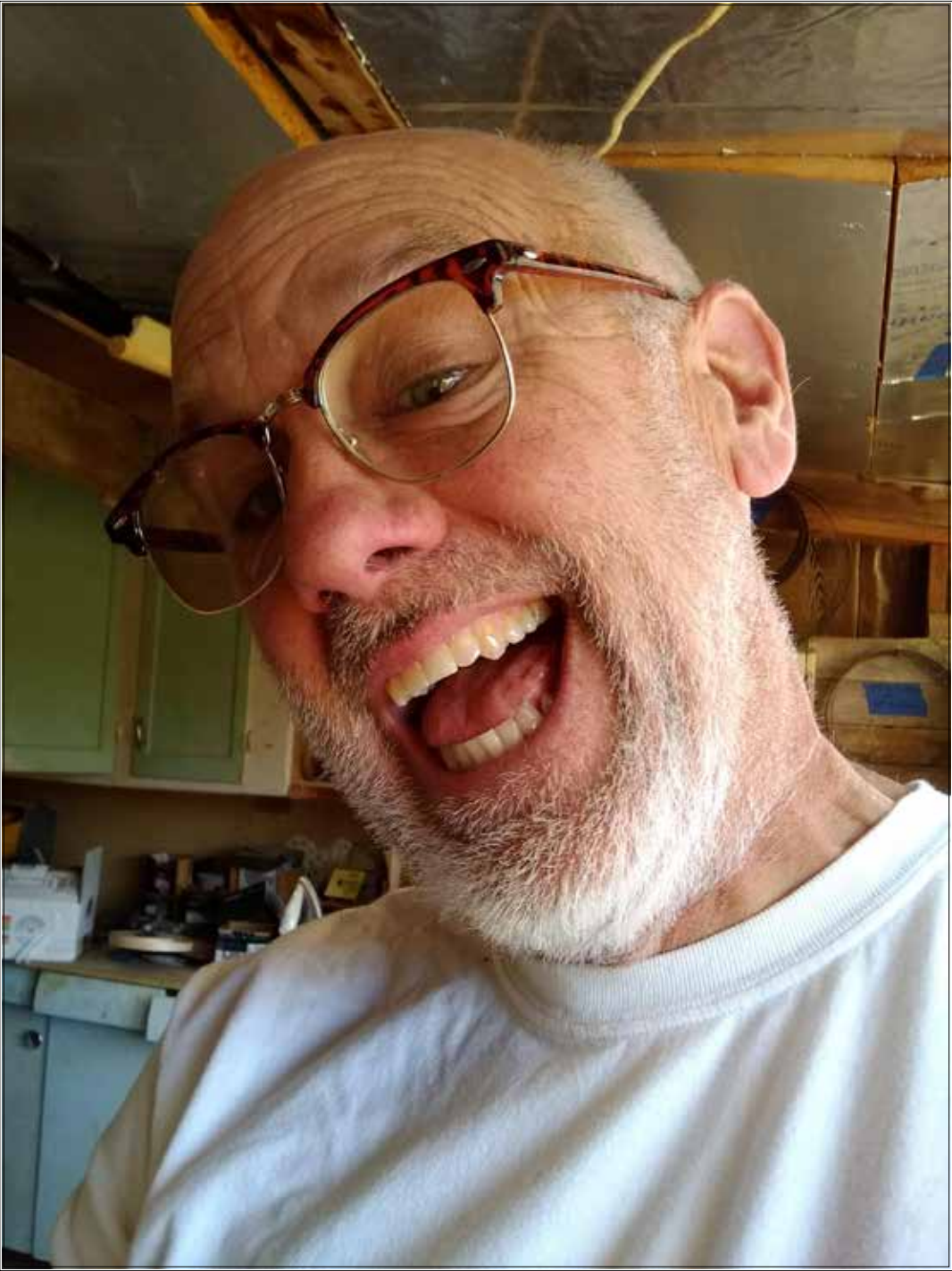
Shannon Ratcliff, a graduate of the College of the Redwoods Woodworking Program, and a classmate of Greg's, writes:

I would like to share the following with others in your newsletter. I hope that it's not too hokey. But then, Greg had an appreciation for hokey.

Thank you,
Shannon



Dear Greg,
I miss you already. You were one of a kind. In honor of you, who I so adored, I thought that a Greg Zall Alphabet that starts with A and ends with Zall would help me remember just a few of the things that I loved so much about you.



A is for Altruistic
B is for Boy
C is for Creative

D is for Dog Lover

E is for Effervescent
F is for Fun

G is for Glorious
H is for Humane

I is for I love You
J is for Jocular

K is for Kind
L is for Lover

M is for Man
N is for Nimble
O is for Outstanding



P is for Peaceful
Q is for Quiet

R is for Radiating
S is for Stunning
T is for Tenderhearted

U is for Unwavering
V is for Victorious
W is for Whimsical
X is for Xenacious

Y is for Yabba-dabba-doo

Z is for ZALL, which we all know means 'talented' in another language.

I love you, Greg!

Shannon Ratcliff

Guild member David Marks remembers Greg:

Greg Zall was a good friend of mine. In fact he was a good friend to everyone who knew him. He always had a smile and welcoming personality.

When I was building the bar and cabinets for Paradise Ridge Winery back in 1994, I had blown out a disc in my lower back and was unable to build the cabinets in time for their opening. I called Greg to see if he could help me out, and Greg said that he would be glad to help.

Greg was a Master of the art of double bevel marquetry and helped me to improve my techniques.

With his help, I was able to delegate the cabinet building to him while I worked at my scroll saw, cutting marquetry under the influence of pain meds in order to meet the time commitment to the winery. We completed the job on time and it was a huge success.

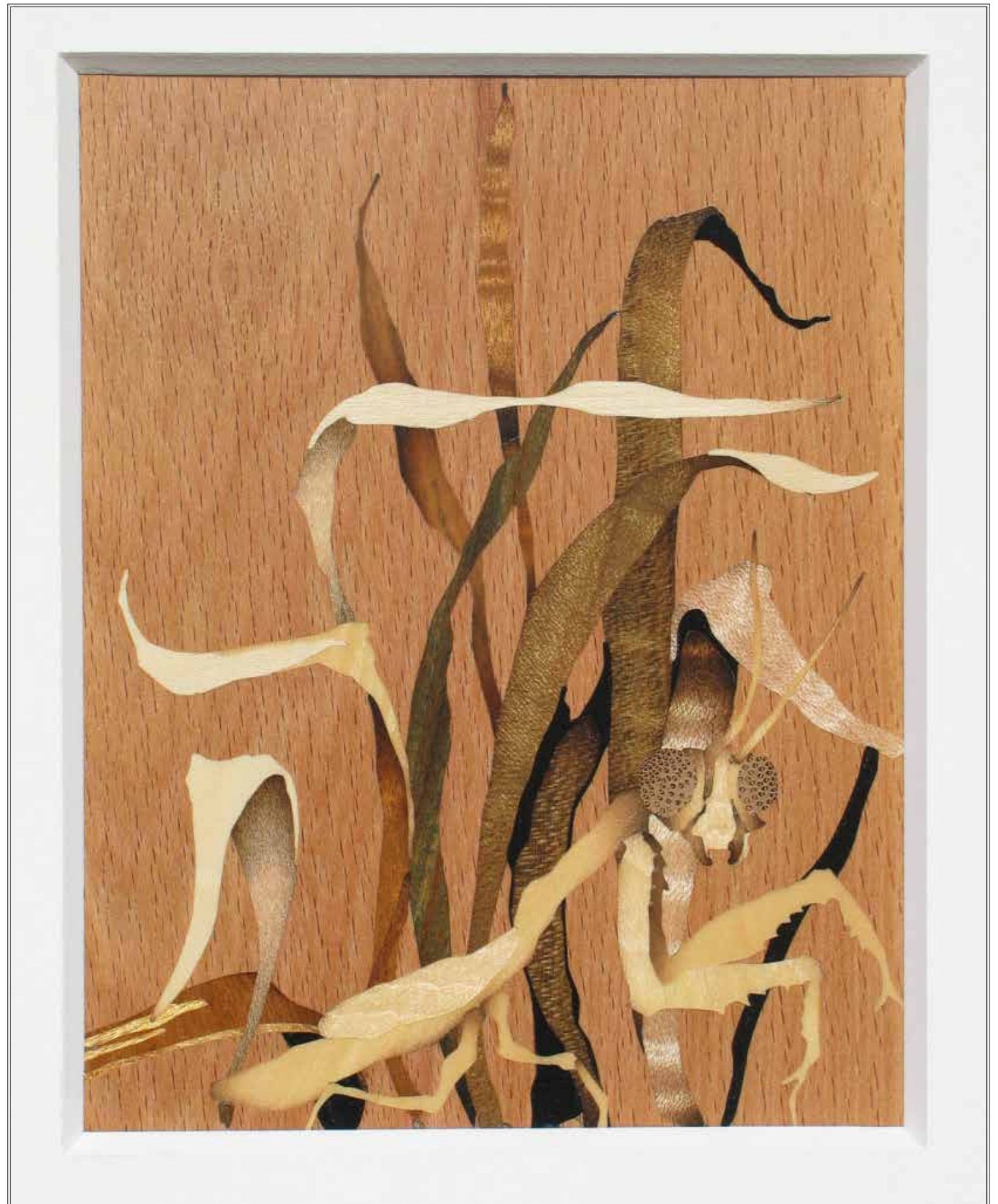
I saw Greg in September when he came by to purchase three of my scroll saws for the new woodworking school that he was starting with his business partner and good friend, Mark Tindley. The Two Rock School of Woodworking was a dream come true for Greg, who was a graduate of the Krenov School of Fine Woodworking in Fort Bragg.

I was shocked and devastated to learn that just a short time later, Greg was admitted to a hospital for brain surgery to remove a glioblastoma tumor from his frontal lobe.

Greg died February 11. I have been struggling to find some words to express my grief and shock ever since. He was only 65 and just starting his school, with so many students already excited to learn from him.

Life can be very cruel, and oftentimes the good die young. Greg died much too early. He had so many gifts to share with others that shared his passion for woodworking and marquetry. Rest in Peace, my friend. The memories of your masterpieces will live on.

David Marks





I really got to know Greg through the Redwood Violin Project. When I asked Greg and Mark if they would like to contribute a marquetry motif to the violin, I didn't realize how much I was asking for. It was a LOT of work, and I was overwhelmed by Greg's wholehearted support, engagement and generosity towards the project. Between us we came up with the idea of a local Tiger Salamander, and it was Greg who transformed the idea into the perfect symbol for the project, adding local Valley Oak leaves to balance the design. It is nice to think that Greg has left many similar tokens of his talent and generosity around the Bay Area, along with many happy memories.

Andrew Carruthers

Andrew is a renowned instrument maker who specializes in cellos, but also knows a bit about violins. He is the founder of the Redwood Violin Project.



We will all miss Greg.

I first met Greg in 2008, my first year as *Artistry in Wood* Chairman. I was preparing an exhibit displaying photos of previous award winning Show entries. Greg had won two Best of Show awards during the past ten years. I asked him for photos of his entries. That was the year that Greg's wonderful guitar won the Best of Show award. I was somewhat surprised that he had made a guitar, and when I asked about his interest, his reply was, I just wanted to try making one. That's how talented Greg was.

One thing that Greg and I shared was our interest in marquetry, more specifically using marquetry as an art form. Everything that Greg made was a work of art, a new creation, and he shared them with us.

But Greg's talent didn't end with the marquetry decoration; each piece was elegantly designed and crafted. One of my favorite pieces is his beautiful shaped urn titled M J Box that was the Best of the Show in 2015.

I learned a lot from Greg; not directly as his student, but from his sharing with us what he was making and how he was making it. I know that many of us have learned a lot because of Greg's eagerness to share his talents with us. I wish that I had the opportunity to thank him for his friendship.

Bill Taft

Bill is a longtime Guild member who has recently moved to the San Diego area. He served many years on the SCWA Board, including 5 years as Show Chair, as well as stints as Board Chair and as Treasurer.

Most people who look at this picture will wonder, "What the heck is he up to?" But any marqueterian would know immediately: he's solving the ultimate problem of working large scale. That's one of the things I really admired about Greg - his problem solving abilities, and his enthusiasm for the task.

I was lucky enough to have taken one of his weekend marquetry classes for beginners, and it was, of course, a great learning experience. But the greatest learning experience was watching him work, seeing him figure out how to get the result he wanted. These were not classroom sessions, and I did not simply sit and watch him cut wood. No, these were the little tidbits he offered freely in casual conversations, and that I lapped up like a hungry dog.

His generosity with his students was what I shall most remember about Greg. How lucky we all were to have such a man in our lives. I really only knew Greg as a teacher, and he is in my personal pantheon of great teachers in my life. The list is short, one hand's worth, but I will always remember Greg that way. He knew just how to make you believe that you could do anything he introduced you to.

What I really liked about the man was the high bar he set for himself in his work. He was the best. I will miss him.

Joe Scannell



I am so saddened to learn of the loss of Greg Zall, an incredibly kind, gentle, and immensely talented craftsman - a treasure to the world. Over the years, Greg became my teacher and collaborator, helping me as a visual artist to construct several wall-hanging sculptures in quilt formations with marquetry, parquetry, and inlay. He was enormously open to working with me to realize unusual projects. Despite my lack of expertise in woodworking, he always welcomed me and was entirely up for experimenting with the ideas of my designs, paying such close attention, care, and consideration to every detail of what I dreamed up. His shop is one of the coziest places in my memory. This feeling of warmth permeated that space because of his relaxed, focused, open-hearted presence. I found in Greg such a rare collaborator, and I owe him a great debt for choosing to work with me. I will miss him dearly.

Lena Wolff, Artist, Berkeley





The Measure of a Life

How do you measure a Man's life?

Is it by the inch, is it by the yard?

Is it by the things he's made, is it by the things he's done?

How do you measure a Man's life?

Is it in the wisdom he has shared, is it in the road he's traveled?

Is it by the help he has offered, is it by the friends he's made?

How do you measure a Man's life?

Is it by the skill he possessed, is it in how he treated others?

Is it in what he left behind, is it in what yet was to be?

How do you measure a Man's life?

Is it in the life he led, is it in the satisfaction that he did the best he could?

Is it in those whose lives he touched, is it just in our memories?

When all is said and done, what ruler do you apply?

How do you measure a Man's life?

*In memory of Greg Zall,
from an old friend and marquetry student, Jeff Heon*



Greg was one of the sweetest humans it's ever been my privilege to know, and a superb craftsman and artist. Thinking of him always made me smile.

Kalia Kliban

Kalia Kliban is an SCWA Guild member.

Dear Greggo, It's Clinton,

How are you doing? How do you like your new digs? We hear it's really different up there. Myself? I'm doing okay. Well, not really. I've been feeling kind of low since you left. It was just so unexpected and everything.

You didn't leave a forwarding address, so this letter is going to the Sonoma Woodworkers. I hear they can forward stuff to you on the Internet. I guess they'll beam it up or something? Beats me. I don't know how all that works, but I feel kind of unsettled putting this out there. You see, I've fallen into some awfully sad moments thinking about you leaving and everything. Grieving is a mysterious process; it can bring up the very deepest stuff. And I've been looking into a bunch of photographs, too, from over these past years. So there's been a lot of my life that's come up on account of thinking about you passing. This letter's bound get kind of sentimental. It can't be helped. You'll understand.

Anyways, one the hardest things about all of this for me comes with the pain of wishing I could have had more time with you. It hurts my heart to think of it. It really does. It hurts that I didn't get to know you more, and that I didn't get to see more of the beautiful work you did over the years. It hurts knowing that there's no getting time back.

Do you remember the morning we met at the Fine Woodworking school in 1991? I do. Remember, I was feeling nervous and out of place, and there you were, good natured and welcoming. I told a friend recently that I can remember that there was something soothing in your voice that put me at ease. It really did. I remember something else from those first few days. It was the enthusiasm you seemed to have about being in the program. I guess most everybody was pretty happy those days, or they wouldn't have been there in the first place. But you were downright thrilled about the prospect of learning and creativity and everything. So it was my good fortune to have been benched up across from you and having some of that rub off on me.

Did I ever tell you I felt especially blessed by the gods of woodworking that they granted me the privilege and

honor of being your bench partner at school? I'll tell you something else, and it's kind of ironic; being your bench partner was my only claim to fame in the woodworking world. I mostly left that work when I went off to New York. I think that's kind of interesting; like, what the hell do we know of what the Fates have in store for us.

I just thought of something else. Did I ever remind you about how you'd stop your work from time to time and say something to me like, "Isn't it great that we get to be here with Jim Krenov and all these people working like this?" You were just so amazed and inspired by it all. The thing is, you weren't excited just for yourself, you were excited for all of us. That's it, that's just the thing. That's the way you were. Sometimes you'd take a break from your work and make your way around the shop simply to enjoy talking with other people about their work and stuff. You'd most always come back to your bench happy and that much more energized. You were something else, Greggo. And I'd never met anybody quite like you.

I know, you weren't just a good natured bundle of joy and enthusiasm. You had your struggles. We both did, and we'd talk about that and other stuff over dinners at my place or yours. That was when I met the more serious, introspective Greggo. I learned that you knew how to listen and think about and care about what was going on in other people. That's when I really began to appreciate who you were as a man. All of our time together was great, but I think those dinners and some of the walks we'd take back then was when we got to be the friends we became.

Anyways, I guess I'm sort of going on a bit here with my sentimental reminisces, but for good reason: I miss you, and writing helps keep you near. It's a hell of a thing, you being called away like you were. If anybody wants to know my opinion, it's that it's nothing short of tragic what happened. I'll tell you what, though, I filed a complaint. Yep, and I'm waiting to hear back. Good luck with that, right? But I mean, really, the timing sucked. What were the woodworking gods thinking? They had to know what a natural and inspired teacher you were and how people looked up to you. And they knew what

true artist you were and how much work you still had in you. And what about the Two Rock School of Woodworking? That was practically a life dream for you, and it was just getting going. I'm going to ask again more loudly now: What were they thinking? I know, we're not supposed to ask questions like that, but I've a mind to curse 'em just the same. It's all got me wondering, though. I've heard stories about jealous gods and the mean things they'd do. Kind of messed up stuff. Do you think it was something like that? I mean, did they just want you up there being your gregarious self and making beautiful things for their sake? I guess you'll be finding out real soon. Let me know. But whatever they were up to, it's a darn sorry loss for a lot of us back here. And tell 'em I said so.

Alright, Greggo, I need to finish this. But don't think I'm saying good bye. I'm not. This is just so long for now, brother. I'm going to keep the air waves open. One more thing though, and don't forget, I love you; loved you for a long time. Talk to you later.

Clinton

P.S. I saw you on YouTube in your shop with Mark, that English chap you partnered with. You looked just like yourself. Ha-ha. It was great when the fella interviewing asked you about doing some marquetry on one of his violins. Being able to see your reply touched my heart. You said, with that inimitable smile of yours, "That would be great. I would love it. That would be so much fun." That there was quintessential Greggo.

Love you mucho, amigo.

Clinton Seccombe is a graduate of the College of the Redwoods Woodworking Program.

We know you haven't really left us...



Officers of the Association

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Harvey Newman

Secretary

Lars Andersen

Program Chair

Guild Chair

Mark Tindley

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Judith Garland

Show Chair

Don Jereb

Editor

Joe Scannell



Web Master

Rod Fraser

Wood Forum is the monthly newsletter of the Sonoma County Woodworkers Association. Please feel free to submit articles and photographs for inclusion in the publication. You can send your submissions to the Wood Forum Editor at SCWAEditor@gmail.com. Advertisements are also accepted with a nominal cost for paid members.

Membership Application

I would like to join the SCWA to meet other people interested in the craft, the art and the business of fine wood-working. Enclosed is my check in the amount of \$35 for the annual dues. I understand that this fee entitles me to attend monthly meetings and to receive the Wood Forum newsletter by email or via the SCWA's website.

Name _____ Email _____

Address _____

City, Zip _____ Home Phone _____

Cell Phone _____ Work Phone _____

What can you do to help further the organizational goals of our volunteer-run association? Please tell us how you would like to help:

Please send check and completed application to:

Sonoma County Woodworkers Association, PO Box 4663, Santa Rosa, CA 95402