

Update for Nancy Rose Meeker - July 2014

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Name: I still answer happily to Nancy, but I've been known as Rose for the last 10 years.

From 2004 I spent nine years in England, in Dorset. There was a lot that I loved about being there - beautiful countryside, intriguing things to learn about the layers of history everywhere in the British Isles. Also cheap flights to many places in Europe, so much to explore and discover and taste!

I made many dear friends. One delight was a women's 3-part community choir, Island Voices, based on the Isle of Portland off the south coast (where I lived for six years). I became one of the five co-leaders, and along with the other leaders composed songs for the group. It was a mutually supportive creative situation, and good in many ways. We sang often at community events and were known for our original repertoire.

Another delight was my work for 5 years supporting a musically talented young man who is blind. I started when Tim was in high school and went on to college with him. He aced his courses and was much in demand for gigs, playing several instruments and singing. He is now married to a fine young woman who is also blind from birth, and they plan to set up a music therapy practice.

The reason I moved to England was that in 2004 I was at a turning point in my life. Sally Tremaine, who had been an opera singer and voice teacher in London, came to Sunrise Ranch (where I was at the time) for a Sound Healing intensive. We hit it off, and because I have a British passport she suggested that I try coming to England and staying with her. We have become partnered, though neither of us was comfortable with the idea at first - we both like guys! - but we have a kind of spiritual work in common, which holds us together. I have integrated into her family, and love them all dearly.

I would have been happy to stay in England, having meaningful work and an interesting life, but the pull to be with my own family became strong. My granddaughter Siena was 12 at the time, and though I Skyped with her, my son Anthony and daughter-in law Holly almost every week, it was not really being in her life as she grew up. I think the fact that I had lost my daughter Angela to cancer was in the background - my son and his family mean a lot to me. So Sally generously said, "Go, be with them, I'll come too and we'll work it out somehow." So we've been based in Victoria for a year, and I'm very happy for the times I have with my family.

Sally is in the midst of studies for her diploma in wines and spirits (I know, hard job but someone has to do it!). She will go back to England for several months early next year for study and exams, and has a job next summer with a winery tours company in the Okanagan (the main wine-growing area of BC). On our way to the reunion we have a trip planned down the west coast of the US, for her to become familiar with the territory and wineries there. She knows a lot about European and New Zealand wines, but the wines of this continent are quite new to her.

Since landing in Victoria I have “hung out my shingle” on a new website, www.nancyrosemeeker.com, offering “Transformative Support for Your Inner Life.” I have a growing number of people asking for sessions, and I’ve witnessed some exciting results. This work includes several aspects, and is really an expression of my calling.

So life continues to be engaging, and I look forward to catching up with you all!

Update Sept 2004

Personal narrative!

I always felt a little outside the high school culture. Maybe it was because I was living at Sunrise Ranch, and some regarded that with caution and curiosity. Maybe it was because I was a late bloomer, and through junior high and the first year or so of high school I was pretty spacey and found it hard to grasp all the things that were expected of me. I certainly didn't have the money for cool clothes, and didn't do cool things with the cool people. For instance, I never was invited into a group to do a skit for Rag Day. But I had abilities that were recognized, especially in English, French, Choir and Art, and that gradually gave me confidence. By the time I graduated, even though I still didn't quite fit somehow, I did feel that I had the respect of many people who were important to me, and was really touched by some of what was written into my yearbook.

A Loveland memory from 1950/60 era!

Lunchtime in the gym, eating our bag lunches, joking and trading parts of sandwiches.

Biology class when we had to dissect a frog--I wondered how anyone could make a career of this kind of thing.

English class struggling through Julius Caesar, trying to understand Shakespeare's obscure references. I concluded, though, after we had gotten all the way through, that the man had some insight and was worth reading.

French class with the dashing Monsieur Santoni--I had a HUGE, almost obsessive crush on him the whole time he was at LHS. I made straight A's in French!