

KhabarNameh

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Newsletter of the Peace Corps Iran
Association

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From the Editor



As always, the February issue of the newsletter allows me the pleasure of wishing each of you a Happy New Year and a joyful Now Ruz.

Please give special attention to the lead article concerning the work of the **Future of PCIA Task Force** in charting our future. The first of a two-part series by **Sheldon Fleming** on his **Long Night** reads like a novel, and the **Aya Midanastid?** tells of the surprises in a narrow mountain pass. **M.R.** sends a haunting **Letter from Tehran** while **Kerry Segal** continues his story from Sar Cheshmeh with his remarkable friend, Dr. Tasbihi. **Tom Klobe's** stunning photography in a Sicilian church is revealed on the **Books, Books** page, and **Chef "Babri"** invites us again into his **Ashpaz khanae**. The Olympic games are not forgotten. Iranians are there, too.

And so, gentle reader, befarma'id!!

IN THIS ISSUE

Future of PCIA	2	"From Sar Cheshmeh..."	10
The Long Night	4	From the Ashpaz Khaneh	12
Aya Midanastid?	8	Books, Books	12
Trivia Corner	9	Varzesh	13
Letter from Tehran	9	Dooreh-ye Ketab	14
		In Memoriam	15

What Happens to an Organization when its Membership Disappears?

By Fraser Lang (Baft/Kerman/Isfahan, 1966-69)

That is precisely the challenge that PCIA must confront. Obviously, no Peace Corps volunteers have served in Iran since the revolution. Even the youngest members of PCIA are now in their sixties.

The mission of PCIA in advocating for better understanding between the United States and Iran has never been more urgent. The collective knowledge, experience, and commitment among the members is a valuable resource worthy of continuing after we are all gone.



Bill Brandon

A Task Force, co-chaired by **Bill Brandon** (Shiraz, 1964-66) and **Chuck Kaminski** (Kermanshah, 1969-71), and including members of the Board and several volunteers, has been established to tackle this challenge. Following a Zoom meeting on December 7 to which the entire PCIA membership was invited, the Task Force organized its work by forming five workgroups to explore different possible long-term futures.



Chuck Kaminski

It is upon these workgroups that the main work of the Task Force falls. Each workgroup, which includes a current or past Board member, is responsible for assembling information that will help to decide the future direction of PCIA.

The first three workgroups listed below represent possible “endpoints.” The last two groups, “Status of PCIA” and “Endowment/ Financial Legacy,” prepare supporting information. There are clearly overlaps, but all five groups will ultimately merge and together make their recommendations to the PCIA Board.

The workgroups are as follows:

I. Successor Partnering

Chair: Jackie Spurlock (Abadeh, Riz/Zaminshahr, 1974-76)



Jackie Spurlock

This workgroup looks into partnering with a like-minded organization or organizations with a view to eventually merging. The assessment of PCIA’s strengths (see group 4 below) summarizes what we have to offer a potential partner. The Successor Partnering workgroup will identify and evaluate organizations that align with our mission and would be willing and able to build on PCIA’s legacy assets.

II. Expanding PCIA

Chair: Ed Seiders (Noshahr/Chalus, 1967-69)



Ed Seiders

This workgroup is exploring ways of expanding the membership into one or more of these demographics: (1) younger adults; (2) Iranian-Americans; and (3) people interested in peace and friendship with the Iranian people and government. This option allows PCIA to continue operating with other leadership after the Peace Corps Iran community has aged-out.

III. Planned Phase-out

Co-Chairs: John Salamack (Bojnurd, 1965-67)

John Krauskopf (Ahwaz/Kermanshah/Arak,/Babolsahr, 1965-69)



John Krauskopf

This group is investigating how PCIA might “turn out the lights” and close operations. This could be a complete end to our programs or it could be perpetuating some programs in combination with one of the other endpoints.



John Salamack

IV. Status of PCIA

Chair: Carolyn Yale (Shiraz, 1974-75)



Carolyn Yale

This is an assessment that looks at PCIA’s strengths, or “assets” with an eye to future directions. For reference, the Telesto Report provides guidance on assessments. Discussions with volunteers active in our programs, such as advocacy, newsletters, and discussion groups will be important. This assessment provides useful information for the “endpoint” work groups – Partnering/Successor, Expanding PCIA, and Phase out.

V. Endowment/Financial Legacy

Chair: Bill Brandon (Shiraz, 1964 – 66)

This feasibility study will identify ways to provide funds supporting whichever future direction we decide on. The specific assignment of this workgroup is to explore the feasibility of establishing a non-trivial sum whose earnings can be used in perpetuity to support the activities in which we believe. If deemed feasible and desirable, such an endowment would presumably include funds donated while supporters are alive, sums donated at death, and some or all of the PCIA treasury, unless membership decides to continue as an independent organization. In any case, annual earnings from such an endowment would create a legacy-giving program.

A Zoom meeting of the full Task Force on January 6 resulted in consolidating the membership of each of the workgroups and establishing the operational mechanics of the groups. Doug Schermer will be recording the meetings of the Task Force while JoAnn Meyer has volunteered to act as its recording secretary.

All members of the PCIA Future Task Force are hard at work within their workgroups, each of which has already had several meetings. In addition, individuals within each group have been tasked with specialized work assignments.

At its January 20 meeting, the overall Task Force decided to move to monthly meetings. It strategically chose Thursdays before the monthly Monday Board meetings. Thus, the most recent meeting was Thursday, February 10.

At this point, as Chuck Kaminski has said, the workgroups and the Task Force as a whole are still taking “baby steps” to determine PCIA’s future. This exploratory phase will end in a final report with recommendations which will then undergo thorough review by the Board. No action will be taken without full transparency and consultation with the entire membership. It is also important to note that the PCIA expects to survive largely in its present form for several more years.

Any member interested in joining one of the workgroups should contact Jackie Spurlock Jackie@peacecorpsiran.org or Bill Brandon at bill@peacecorpsiran.org

Stay tuned.

The Long Night

By Sheldon Fleming

Peace Corps Iran Staff Dependent 1974 – 76

Written November 2021



Sheldon Fleming

Stories of the Peace Corps Iran experience usually deal with the volunteers (as they should) and occasionally staff members, but there is a third group which gets little mention, that being the Peace Corps Staff Dependents. I was one of them. My father, Quentin Fleming, served as the last Peace Corps Director in Iran. Our family arrived in Tehran the night of March 5, 1974. I was sixteen and a half years old. When we left as the program closed in the summer of 1976, I was almost nineteen years old.

My orientation to Iran was a bit different than the volunteers. I remember that Country Director Warren Sawyer visited our family and stayed at our house in Northern Virginia before we left. He showed us a slide show of Iran and Tehran. I received Farsi language training via Berlitz by a young Iranian taxi driver named Farooz. When I arrived in Iran people told me that “I talk like book.” For example, I would say “Haleh shoma chetor ast?” rather than simply “Haleh shoma?”

I remember many times looking out the office window of Joe Blatchford, Director of the Peace

Corps/ACTION, which had a view of the White House across Lafayette Square. I received my vaccine inoculations over several visits to the State Department, and also was given an orientation on Iran at the Iranian Embassy. I also remember sitting in a room at the embassy with amazing mirrored tile archways similar to a mosque I would later visit in Shiraz.

I carried an “Official Passport” and my visa was “Service.” It was neither the green-colored passports that the volunteers and tourists had, nor a black diplomatic passport. Instead, it was a dark burgundy Official Passport which most border crossings treated the same as diplomatic. I also received an American Embassy card which gave me access to the Embassy, *Armish Maag* American Army Hospital, as well as some military installations such as the Gulf District where there were restaurants, softball fields, and pools.

When I turned eighteen, I received a yellow card (we called it the “Zard Card”) from the Iranian Foreign Ministry, which opened a lot of doors. It was an identification card with my photo, passport information identifying me as the son of the American Peace Corps Director and specified that the Shahenshah directed all members of his government and citizens to provide me with any assistance that I might need. It got me into restricted areas such as arriving customs at Mehrabad Airport so that I could meet volunteers and others and escort them, and I could often present it rather than my passport.

While I underwent language and other training sessions with volunteers (spending over a week in Isfahan and occasional sessions at the Peace Corps office), there was another aspect of training that Peace Corps Staff Dependents received that was different from volunteers, and that was in personal security and safety. We were taught to mix up our routine and paths of travel. My father routinely would leave for work at slightly different times and take different routes to and from the Peace Corps office. I was told to always be aware of where the emergency exit was on my school bus and to be near it in case people tried to take the bus I could jump out and run. I had been trained to always know two ways to exit from a place such as a building, the bazaar, etc. I wasn't obvious about doing it, I was just aware of options.

There also were “what if” contingency plans such as, heaven forbid, something should have happened to the royal family or government. The escape plan was to drive west off the main roads and cross the border into Turkey. In addition, I was trained (by the Peace Corps – certainly not the State Department) what to do if I was ever detained in a hostile situation. My instructions were to destroy my American passport, claim that I was British and demand to speak to the British Consul, and when the British Consul showed up, they would understand and take care of me.

During the time that I was in Iran, I did not get into a Peace Corps vehicle that had been parked on the street without first glancing underneath it to make sure that there were no suspicious packages placed under it. (The Peace Corps vehicles had license plates on them identifying them as belonging to foreign government workers. Originally, they said “Service America”, but towards the start of 1975, the Iranian government changed them to simply say “Service”.) When in public places such as restaurants or theaters I was told to be on the lookout for unattended luggage or bags.

Please don't think of me as being overly paranoid; I just was taught to use certain precautions. Overall, I considered Tehran to be an extremely safe city and, with the exception of certain neighborhoods late at night, I freely traveled about the city on my own all hours of the day and night.

The month of May was always of particular concern. We had been advised to be extra vigilant in the time frame of approximately a week before May through a week after May. I can't remember all the reasons for this, but one was because May 1 was International Workers Day and all the Communist parades took place. There had been Communist groups in Iran that liked to act up during that time. I believe there also had been some attempts on the shah's life and other revolts and uprisings through the years that had occurred in May.



Fleming on the front porch of the Peace Corps office flanked by two Iranians who worked at the Peace Corps office. Reza, on the left, did driving and maintenance. The young man on the right, whose name I don't remember, also did maintenance in the Peace Corps office.

To show how the month of May had significance for security, and how it led to the Long Night, let me start with several incidents in May in reverse chronological order. My identical twin brother and I left Iran ahead of our family on May 13, 1976, flying east to be able to say that we had been around the world. We reconnected on that trip with several acquaintances from Peace Corps Iran. About a week before we left, my brother and I had been out running errands one afternoon and had been delayed. When we got back to the house, we found our father out in front looking down the street waiting for us. He had become very concerned because it took much longer than was expected and it was the month of May.

Similarly, Director of the Peace Corps, John Dellenback, visited Iran on April 23 to 26, 1976. On his last night in town, my father, my brother, and I took him to dinner at an Indian food restaurant near the Peace Corps office. After dinner late at night we were dropping him off at his hotel on the north side of Takht-e-Jamshid, halfway between the Peace Corps office and the American Embassy, when a car went by with an extremely loud backfire. All four of us reflexively dropped down towards the ground before we realized it was just a backfire and not a gunshot.

In May 1975, I was a proud member of the graduating class at the Tehran American School. I was the Senior Class President, my brother the Student Government President. While our graduation ceremony was held on May 28th at the American Embassy (under extremely high security for reasons to be explained), as seniors, our last day of school was one week earlier. That gave our teachers and the school a week to process all the final exams and certify who was entitled to graduate.

My last day of high school was Wednesday (the equivalent in Iran of our Friday) May 21, 1975. My first period class was English, and it was unusual because my identical twin brother, Quentin, and I had the same class. Growing up through the years, we intentionally always had had different teachers, and this was only the second time that we actually had a class together.

The room was diagonal, with the seats in a horseshoe configuration. I sat in the first row and to my left was Quentin. To our right, was a pair of fraternal twins – four twins in a row. Scott Turner sat on my right, and on his right was his twin sister, Mary. My back was to the window and I could look to the slight left towards the classroom's door which had a window in it. About seven or eight minutes before the class ended, I saw a few school officials hovering outside the classroom door and after a minute they knocked on it and entered. They politely asked if they could talk with the Turners. Scott and Mary got up with their books and left the room. That was the last time I ever saw them.

Class ended and about ten minutes into second period, a PA announcement was made for all students and faculty to report to the courtyard. When we did, our school principal, the school superintendent, and an American army general were up on the balcony and gave us the news that the Turner's father was one of two American Air Force colonels that had been assassinated in a terrorist attack on the way to work that morning. Their car had been pinned in front and back and they had been sprayed with machine gun fire. They advised all of us to be extra careful the next few weeks. Some of you might remember Army Doctor John Murphy who was a great friend of the Peace Corps and who came to our conferences and parties. He told me a few weeks later that he had been at *Armish Maag* Army Hospital when the officers' bodies were brought in and had inspected them. One of the bodies had literally been cut in half from the machine gun fire.

I saw a few school officials hovering outside the classroom door and after a minute they knocked on it and entered. They politely asked if they could talk with the Turners. Scott and Mary got up with their books and left the room, and that was the last time I ever saw them.

After the announcement, my brother stepped outside the school gates to use a pay phone to call our mom and give her the news. We were also concerned as our father was traveling back that day from a trip to Kermanshah, and we didn't know if he would learn of the attack before he arrived back at the office or at home.

I remember later that night sitting with my brother on the second floor of the outside balcony of our house watching the airplanes come into Mehrabad Airport, especially Pan Am Flight 2 on its eastward around the world journey, and listening to the shortwave radio and the BBC and Voice of America broadcasts. The colonels' killing was the lead-in story that night. Thus, the added security for our graduation.

A few weeks later, there was another incident where a chauffeur's car left the American Embassy turning right (west) on Takht-e-Jamshid, then taking an immediate right to go north around the Western perimeter of the Embassy compound. A motorcycle pulled up alongside the car and the passenger on the back of it shot the persons in the back seat. A Persian woman who was sitting in the front seat was not harmed, and she had a Peace Corps connection. She had worked several times at the Peace Corps office as a temp worker filling in for administrative staff who were on vacation.

As a result of those two attacks, the annual Fourth of July celebrations ended earlier than usual (there had always been nighttime fireworks, of course) so that everyone would be home well before the sun went down.

All of this leads us to the events of “The Long Night”.

To be continued in the next issue. . .

Aya Midanastid?

The Persian Thermopylae?

By “Rom Rom”

The little village of Abolhayat is located in the district of Kuh-mareh in the province of Fars. As the name of the province suggests, except for mountain climbers, Abolhayat would seem to hold little interest for tourists.

However, not far from Abolhayat a surprise awaits the curious traveler. In that narrow *tang* through the mountains, archaeologists have discovered scores of weapons and other equipment dating back to the Achaemenid era. But these artifacts are not Achaemenid. They are Greek!

There is an uncanny connection between *Tang-eh Abolhayat* and the famous battle at the similar narrow mountain pass of Thermopylae in Greece where, in 480 BCE, King Leonidas and his 300 Spartans held off the Persian army of Xerxes until the Spartans were betrayed by one of their own, and then massacred.

Tang-eh Abolhayat holds an almost identical story. It was the only access route from the south to the center of Fars and thus, to the capital, Persepolis. Researchers think it was here, in 331 BCE, that the Persian general, Ariobarzan, closed the route to Alexander the Great’s Macedonians—as Leonidas had closed Thermopylae—by simply killing the Macedonians as they tried to march through the pass. As with Leonidas, Ariobarzan was also betrayed by one of his own. The Macedonians then surrounded Ariobarzan’s army and slaughtered them. The way was then clear for the Macedonians to march on Persepolis with the well-known result. Alexander had the capital burned and his way was then clear to conquer the rest of Persia.



The battle is commemorated with reliefs cut into the stone on either side of the pass.

Trivia Corner

By “Rom Rom



Ramin Djavadi

You might be familiar with the music for *Game of Thrones* but you might not have known that it was composed by Ramin Djavadi, an Iranian-German musician who won Emmy awards in two consecutive years, 2018 and 2019. He has scored a number of other films as well, including *Curse of the Black Pearl* and *Iron Man* as well as for the video game, *Clash of the Titans*.

Letter From Tehran

By M.R.

Midnight

Now that midnight spreads its darkening tent,
bit by bit, over all sorrows and joys,
and hides the bad and the good in such a way
that there is no movement, no burning nor sighing,

Something rises inside of me.

It is as if a seed, with unspeakable effort, seeks to rise.
Like the flicker of a distant star,
it takes me to the city of dreams and aspirations
that, in the most far-off places, have remained pristine and untouched.

What lips should be bitten and what words should not be spoken
so that the thorn does not pretend in the heart of a friend,
and the sleepy pond of friendship will not be plundered?

These things that I write have neither beginning nor end.

Only when I touch the pen or tap the buttons on the keyboard
a door opens to nowhere.

I do not know which way it beckons nor where I am standing in time and space.
I am lost and confused in a state surrounded by hearts beating beyond the shadows.
Without them, my existence has no meaning.
Leave me alone; let's skip this!

I am in the vestibule of the profound hollow ocean of words
and I do not want to make you my confidant.

“From Sar Cheshmeh-e -Khonsar to Vaneshan”

By Kerry Segal (Khonsar, 1969-71)



Kerry Segal

As I reported at the 2019 PCIA Conference in San Diego, and as was mentioned in a previous edition of the *KhabarNameh* (June 2021), I recently had discovered several essays about my Peace Corps experience written in Persian by my good friend and mentor Mohammad Hossein Tasbihi in 1969-1970. My personal commitment since then has been to prepare and share English translations of those articles. In this edition of *Khabar Nameh*, I want to introduce the essay that led to my discovery, “From Sar Cheshmeh-e-Khonsar to Vaneshan.”

“At 7:30 a.m. Friday, the 24th of the month of Mehr, 1349, I and Kerry Segal [*my name appears in both the Arabic and Roman alphabets*], English teacher at the Dariyani High School in Khonsar, set out for the village of Vaneshan. Our aim was to view and make a pilgrimage to the mausoleum of Prince Abu Fatouh.” [*page 141*]

Mr. (later Dr.) Tasbihi and I lived in the district of Sar Cheshmeh, named for the spring from which gushed an enormous amount of water that flowed throughout the entire city of Khonsar. (The name “Khonsar” derives from the Middle Persian names for “spring” and abundance.)

What was especially significant about this trip was that we decided to travel the ten kilometers or so on foot, which took us through all the villages between Khonsar and Vanishan. The trek took us along paths hemmed in on either side by a combination of mud walls and towering trees, often with spring water flowing in the “jubes” beside us. I was amazed at the numerous multi-storied, ornately decorated buildings along the way that seemed more likely to be found in large cities than towns of 10,000 like Khonsar. It was harvest season, and we met a group of people, many of them our students, engaged in “walnut tree shaking.”



Mohammad Hossein Tasbihi with his wife.

It was when we arrived at one of the northern most districts of Khonsar, Paytakht by name, that I witnessed the insatiable desire for knowledge that characterized Mr. Tasbihi. Whether a tomb or shrine or mosque or religious school, out from his ever-present brown briefcase he would extract his pen and notepad, taking copious notes on the details of each historical object, even barely readable Arabic inscriptions.

He also loved to engage in conversations with people he met along the way. He would regularly ask Khonsari dialect speakers about a word form or translation. This collection of language samples led to his book on the Khonsari dialect, *Guyesh-e-Khonsari*.

Leaving the last of the Khonsari villages, we arrived at the town of Bidehend, to view and record the details of more historic sites, and to have lunch at his uncle's house. In Bidehend, there are numerous historic sites. What stood out to me was the gravestone in the shape of a lion known as "Sang-e-Shir."

From there we passed through four other villages until we arrived at Vanishan, a beautiful village and the location of the shrine we had set out to visit. As we entered, the inhabitants of Vanishan stared at us in amazement. A uniformed guard blocked our way, and the following conversation, as transcribed by Mr. Tasbihi, took place:

Guard: "Where are you going?"

Tasbihi: "For a pilgrimage and site seeing."

Guard: "Who are you?"

Tasbihi: "We are high school teachers from Khonsar. I am Tasbihi Tojarei, and this agha is William Kerry Segel, from Utah."

Guard: "Very well, Befarmied" [*pages 145-146*]

Following my introduction to dealing with power relationships (the guard was a police sergeant from the neighboring city, Gulpayegan), we spent a significant amount of time sightseeing, with Tasbihi taking highly detailed notes and trying to determine the date of the building of the shrine. By the time we finished, it was very late and we were too tired to walk back, so we hitched a ride back to Khonsar in a gravel-laden dump truck.

Little did I know that Mr. Tasbihi would be writing an essay on our day-long trek and submitting it the next day to the *Farda* newspaper.

*These essays appeared in Tasbihi, M.H., 1997, *Khonsar Nameh*, Lahore, Pakistan: Baybar Sulton

Note: You can view Segal's presentation at the San Diego conference on our website, www.peacecorpsiran.org on the conferences page.

CHICAGO!!!

It's the WINDY CITY next!!

The site of our next PCIA conference in the spring of 2023 is Carl Sandburg's beloved "hog butcher of the world," his "city of the big shoulders." A committee has been formed to be sure that Frank Sinatra's "toddling town" lives up to its name. Tentative plans call for us to visit the Oriental Institute at the University of Chicago. The OI led the excavation of Persepolis in the 1930s.

From the Ashpaz Khanae

By Chef “Babri”

Khoresh – Dariya-ye

1 lb. salmon	1 15 oz. can tomato sauce
1lb. jumbo shrimp	Juice of one lime
A pinch of saffron	1 medium red onion
4 cloves fresh minced garlic	Salt, pepper, and red pepper to taste

Scallops, mussels, or other seafood as desired



Chop the onion really small and caramelize in a bit of olive oil. Add the minced garlic and pinch of saffron and a little bit of the salmon but not all of it. Then add the tomato sauce and a little bit of water, enough to make a thick broth. Cook for about 10 minutes and then add the lime juice, salt, and peppers. Then add the fish and cook about five minutes.

All of these portions can be changed to suit your individual taste. Remember that cooking is an art so put your whole heart into it and everything will taste better.

BOOKS, BOOKS

“Maybe an Early Peace Corps Volunteer”



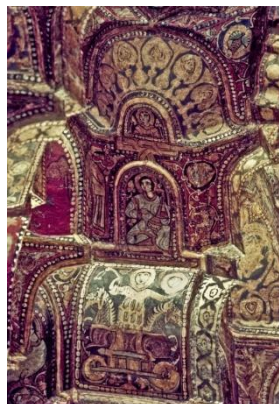
Tom and
Delamare Klobe

The Islamic Ceilings of the Cappella Palatine in Palermo by **Tom Klobe** (Alang/Kordkoui/Gorgan, 1964-66) and published by Mazda is anticipated to come out in August this year. The book is enriched with nearly 500 photographs of the ceiling of the royal chapel in Palermo, Sicily. “With new theories on the provenance of the artists and the meaning of the imagery on the ceiling, the book has been a major endeavor,” Tom says.

The chapel was constructed by the order of Roger II, a Norman king of Sicily, whose population was largely Muslim but with a good mixture of Roman Catholics as well as Byzantine Christians. His birth in 1095 coincided with Pope Urban II’s call for the First Crusade. Rather than sharing the anti-Muslim and anti-Byzantine biases of the Crusaders, Tom points out, “Roger worked hard to bring the diverse heritage of the three distinct peoples on his island together. He was rather hated by Western Europeans [who] accused him of being a secret Muslim.”



One of twenty stars
bordered by regal epithets
(ad’iay) in Arabic script.



The ornate chapel shows a blend of Islamic, Byzantine, and Romanesque influences. Tom writes, “...I feel that Roger is a rather good example of détente that should be looked at by current world leaders.” He adds, “Maybe he was even an early Peace Corps Volunteer!”

Klobe is now photoshopping nearly 1000 scanned slides of Iranian architecture that he took in 1971. Eventually the University of Hawaii will put them online.

Photo left: Painted muqamas, detail of solar/lunar chariot connoting royal power and apotheosis rooted in the Middle Eastern and Persian psyche.

Varzesh Iran in the 2022 Olympics



As of late January, three Iranian athletes had been entered into the Beijing Olympics. They were Atefeh Ahmadi in alpine skiing, Hossein Saveh Shemshaki also in alpine skiing, and Seyed Sattar Seyd in cross-country skiing. Seyd was due to carry the flag at the opening ceremony but he tested positive for Covid just nineteen days before the games opened so Daniel Saveh Shemsaki was selected to replace him.

Iran (then called Persia) first entered Olympic competition in 1906 with a single competitor, a fencer and Qajar prince, Feridoun Malkom. It was not until 1947 that an Iranian Olympic committee was established and sent a team to the 1948 games.

The 2022 games are Iran’s sixteenth since the 1979 Revolution. Iran has won 76 medals in the summer games, many in wrestling and weight lifting. It has not yet won a medal in the winter games, however.

Maybe this time or next.... Khoshbakhti!!!

Check our website, www.peacecorpsiran.org. You will be surprised at all that is there including reports and videos from past conferences. From the home page, select “What we do” and then click on “Conferences” and make your selection.

Dooreh-ye Ketab

Jackie Spurlock (Abadeh, Riz/ZarrinShahr, 1974-76) and Jim Goode (Tuysarkan, 1968-71)

Hello Dooreh members,

Here are the titles selected by you, our group members, to be read and discussed in 2022's Dooreh-ye Ketab (book discussion group). All authors have agreed to join us for the discussion of their book (or in the case of the July title, translators).

- **January 12** - Goode, Jim F. *Living, Loving Iran: A Memoir*. Mazda Publishers, 2021.
- **March 9** - Kahn, Margaret. *Children of the Jinn: The Story of My Search for the Kurds and Their Country*. Second ed. by Pearlnote Press, 2020; first ed. by Seaview Books, 1980.
- **May 11** - Ansary, Nina. *Jewels of Allah: The Untold Story of Women in Iran*. Revala Press, 2015.
- **July 13** - Pezeshkzad, Iraj. *Hafez in Love: A Novel*. Translated by Pouneh Shabani-Jadidi & Patricia J. Higgins. USYRC, 2021.
- **September 14** - Bakhash, Shaul. *The Fall of Reza Shah: The Abdication, Exile, and Death of Modern Iran's Founder*. I.B. Tauris, 2021. Paperback edition, May 2022.
- **November 9** - Gaughan, Joan. *The Shuster Mission to Iran: Leaving Something Worthwhile Behind*. Real Nice Books, 2021.

Doorehs are held in odd-numbered months, on the second Wednesday, at 5:00 p.m. Pacific (8:00 p.m. Eastern). A Zoom link will be emailed to you close to the meeting date. If you have never attended a Dooreh, please send email to doug@peacecorpsiran.org to ask for the link. If you have attended previously, we have you in the list..

Looking forward to seeing you at a Dooreh!

Complete archives of PCIA publications including *From the Field*, *KhabarNameh*, and *Advocacy Bulletin* in PDF format are on our website linked to the Legacy page. *From the Field* is a monthly email newsletter edited by Jackie Spurlock that features PCIA activities and other news. You can subscribe at <http://eepurl.com/7ld95>. Paul Barker's monthly email newsletter, *Advocacy Bulletin*, addresses current U.S.- Iran relations. You can subscribe to either or both by sending an email to our webmaster: doug@peacecorpsiran.org

In Memoriam

By Genna Stead Wangsness (Shiraz, Tehran 1965-1971)



Peter T. Flowers died on November 30, 2021, in Quincy, Massachusetts. He served with Iran 30, a group of vocational educational volunteers, arriving in June of 1971. Born in NY City, he was raised in Ft. Lauderdale, FL, then earned a bachelor's degree from Northeastern University. He worked as a mechanical engineer for many years, eventually starting his own business. Skilled in design, he was granted seven patents over the course of his career. He enjoyed music, especially rock 'n roll, and was a roadie in the 1970s. Peter is survived by his wife of forty-four years, Mary D'Aloisio Flowers,

daughter Ashley F. Fleming, son Jake L. Flowers, and their families.



E. Carol Posey died unexpectedly after surgery on Monday, December 13, 2021. Carol served with Iran 4 in Isfahan, sharing a house with three female TEFL teachers. A licensed clinical social worker in Pensacola, Florida, she held the position of Director of Adult Outpatient Services until 1986 when she opened an independent mental healthcare practice. Along with Gayle Privette, her wife and partner for thirty-nine years, she led a life of active service at community and national levels, working with HIV+/AIDS sufferers and their families in the early years of the disease and with the Red Cross in NY after the bombing of the WTC.

She was an accomplished sailor, a great cook, a published poet, an extraordinary woman who combined the qualities of a gracious Southern lady with those of a tenacious social worker determined to improve life, especially of the marginalized and disadvantaged. A warm and vibrant person, Carol embraced life and the living with kindness, love, and generosity. Carol is survived by her wife and numerous friends and relatives.



Douglas Reinhart died on Friday, October 29, 2021, in La Crosse, Wisconsin. After studying Agriculture Economics and Dairy Technology at Ohio State University, and with a knowledge of dairying and general farming, Doug joined Iran 15 in 1967, training at Fresno State. Post Peace Corps he graduated in 1971 from Michigan State, and in 1976 he married Beth Gollnik. Throughout their married life they farmed at various locations on the east coast and in the Midwest. Following retirement, he volunteered at the Shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe and joined the Shrine's staff in 2015 as a Pilgrimage Assistant, where he was employed until his death. In addition to his wife, his sister and two brothers, numerous nieces and nephews survive him.

Terese A. Maurella Salehyar, RN died on April 9, 2021, in California. Born, raised, and educated in Chicago, Terry began her career as a Public Health Nurse, arriving in Iran in early 1966 as the first and only staff nurse. With a B.S. from Loyola University, she cared for countless numbers of volunteers and staff until the Tehran medical office closed in 1971. In Iran, she met and married Morteza (Morrie) Salehyar. Their son Peter was born in August of 1969, joining the family which included Morrie's son Ali. Terry is survived by Peter and Ali. Morrie predeceased her in 1988.

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Eid-e shoma mobarak



Happy New Year