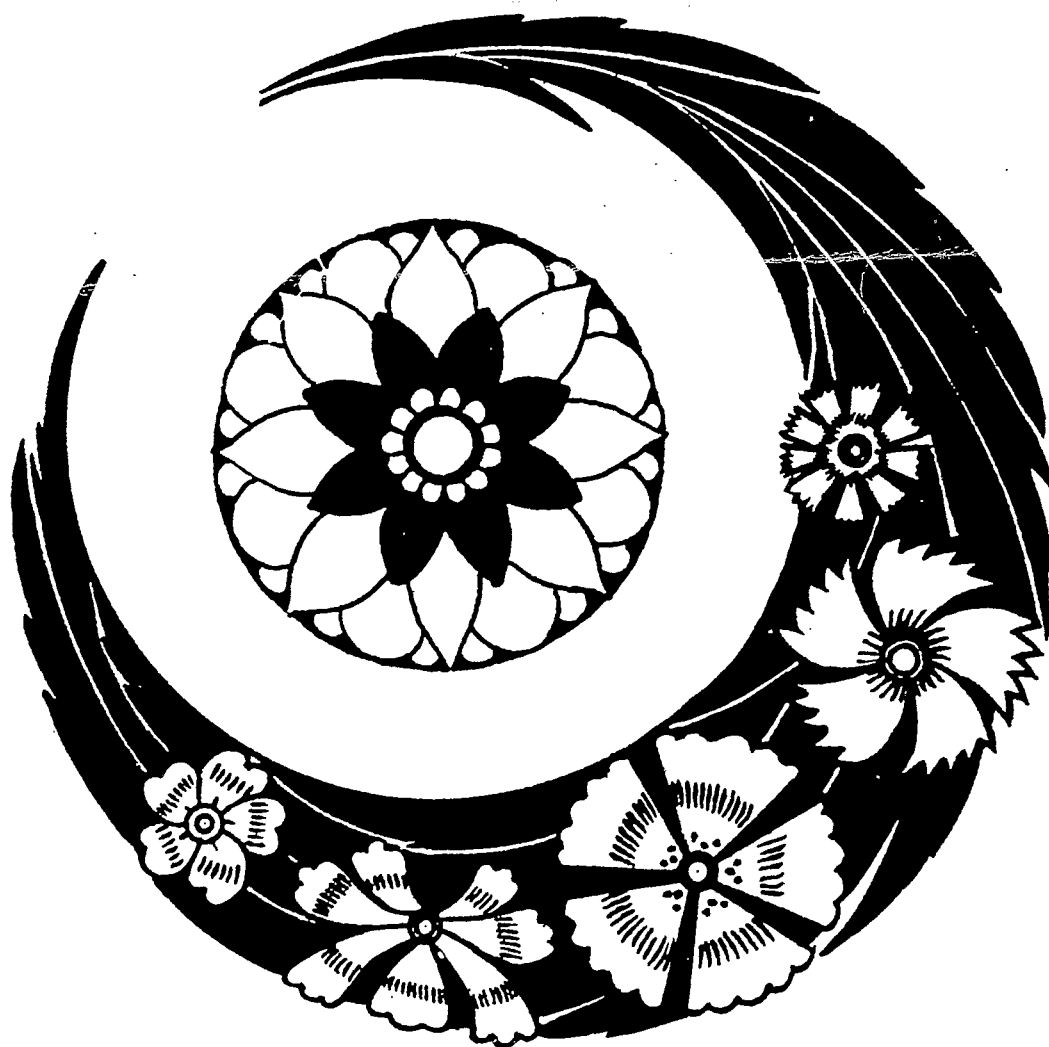


# **T h e N O D E**

May, 1998



## **THE NODE**

**The Node is published 3 times a year by  
Sheighlah Hickey, Heidi Holmes, Sandra Rafos & Jeanette Stanfield**

**New Mailing Address:  
Heidi Holmes  
7 St. Denis Drive  
Suite 1102  
Toronto, Ontario, M3C 1E4  
e-mail ica@icacan.ca**

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## EDITORIAL

Dear Colleagues,

Enclosed are some of the reflections, healings, celebrations we as the Global Movemental Order have been a part of in this last year. I find these stories and poetry care for me in strange ways.

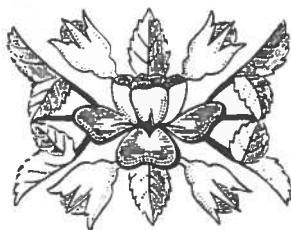
Last night, the four of us Sheighlah Hickey, Heidi Holmes, Sandy Rafos and I sat down over dinner and talked about the dilemma we find ourselves in relative to the Node. We are not getting enough "stuff" from which to create the Node. The once a year letters many of us send are our main source of material. Occasionally we get something else from other newsletters and individuals. We take some things off the ICA dialogue but we don't at this point have enough materials for 3 Nodes a year.

We decided it was time to survey you about the future of the Node. Please fill out the survey and send it back to us. We are now into the 12th year of the Node.

In the immediate future, we are sending you this Node and we will send you one more in 2000 before the Order reunion. We intend to have some conversations with you at that reunion and to make a decision about future directions. No renewal slips will be sent out until that decision is made. We presently have enough money to do 3 more Nodes.

Thank you for dialoguing with us about the Node.

Jeanette Stanfield



## COLLECTION OF STORIES

I shared this little note with Betty Pesek apropos the collection of stories that will be published in some form in the next year or so. Her appreciation led me to think that you might like to see it as well.

It's very striking to me to experience myself praying over a book project that was until just recently a somewhat distant, impersonal rumor.

Is this a book about the ICA or is this a book about the Order? It seems to me to be very important to clarify. Perhaps it is already clear to some. I find it an open question, at least it remains so for me, absent the actual stories.

The direction of my thought this first Sunday in Lent, listening to Rachmaninoff, is on the theme of "a culture of peace," the theme Dick Alton says is the United Nations' theme for the first decade of the new millennium. I found myself rehearsing a theme that has been a part of my brooding for some time: the highest calling of a religious person is to serve the future of another religion. The highest calling of one Christian might be to serve the future of Islam, for example. Or the highest calling of a devout Muslim might be to care for the future of Judaism. Or the highest calling of an Irish Protestant might be a life of service to Catholicism in Ireland. You get my point.

I have never gotten over the call of the Congolese cross. I never want to forget the glory of struggling with a common life for Hindus, Muslims, Christians and what-nots in India, or daily rituals with Muslims, Coptic Christians and assorted friendly pagans in Egypt. It seems to me that the Order: Ecumenical gave up its life for the culture of peace that is the theme of the new decade. It was a holy cause. It was a holy demise. It might be a powerful unifying theme for the stories of the new book. David Dunn

David Dunn writes, edits and publishes useful things of all sorts for people and organizations who need to communicate values, passion, attention and service.

## NEWS FROM S. AFRICA Via Friend of D. Morrill

Life is not easy here at the moment, appallingly high crime rate, we live behind security gates, razor and electric fences, with Armed Response Security Units on tap - awful. We have lost friends to hi-jackings, and two of my clients have been hi-jacked at my gate in the past year. Our government is really inexperienced and at the

moment pretty incompetent so we are seeing deterioration in all areas, health services, education, justice systems, maintenance and development in the suburbs.

All quite distressing but we keep on hoping "this too will pass". Sadly there is almost mass emigration of professional and skilled people which is an enormous brain drain from a country which cannot afford that.

Black on Black political violence is rife which raises fears of civil war in certain areas, and corruption is widespread. This is what has happened in most other parts of Africa with dire consequences, especially for the indigenous peoples who were looking for and deserved upliftment.

I have to remind myself often that there is a divine plan for the universe and therefore what is unfolding is destined to unfold - its hard to hold on to that at times! I cannot bear man's inhumanity to man.

I like to think that the work I do with individuals and couples is a contribution to world order as I really believe that until there is change within all of us and within families, there cannot be peace in the world. My greatest reward is to know that the work I do with couples has a positive effect on their parenting skills and potential, as well as on their own growth. Then destructive patterns do not get repeated. Thank you for caring and sharing. Jean, a friend of Del Morrill (S. Africa)

## ROOM AT THE INN

Innkeeping and the Care of Souls

The Water faucet in Room 102 hasn't worked for six weeks, the housekeeper is out sick, the holly decorating the buffet table is brown, the vacuum cleaner is on the blink, the phone is ringing, ringing, ringing - and we'll have a full house for Christmas.

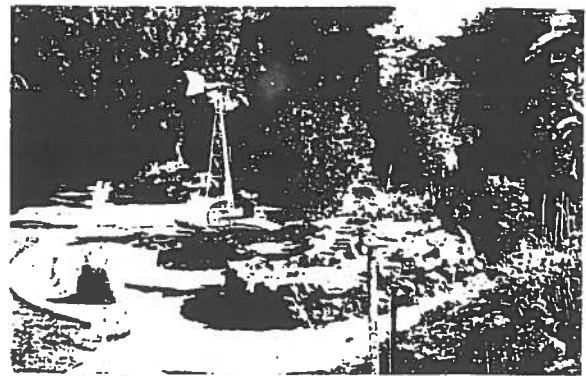
A typical "Inn-moment"! Full of little challenges in the midst of bigger challenges, like building work teams that take responsibility, like finding ways to astound our guests with service beyond their expectations.

We find innkeeping a spiritual adventure. There's a discipline to meeting the onslaught of details with grace, a discipline we are just beginning to master. We are grateful for our years in India, in Australia, and in ICA's own B&B, the Kemper Building, for giving us a training ground.

And we are grateful this season for the history, the southern charm, and the exquisite beauty of The Tarrer ("Tara"), complete with its rich Victorian furnishing and our breathtaking Christmas tree. The people of Colquitt are making room for these two newlyweds and we are making room for them in our hearts and minds.

Life is strange. Innkeeping was never in our plan, and yet it's somehow perfect. We are discovering, once again, the sacred task of playing host to weary travelers. So, Merry Christmas everyone! And come see us anytime. We've got coffee in the parlor, pie warming in the kitchen and a comfy bed waiting for you.

David McCleskey and Patricia Webb



## THE WINDMILL

The windmill was given us by our friends in the cluster. They have a strangely apt sense of humour! The windmill had been a symbol of our work together in the Cluster and one day it occurred to some of them that they should give us a b-i-g windmill. So they did. It is 2 metres high and a working model. We were delighted with the gift but had no idea what to do with it. So it sat in our shed for 9 months. Then

someone told us the garden hose was a good thing to design curves and squiggles to make the garden interesting. To that point it had been two rectangles. One was lawn. The other was solid garden, no paths or anything. One of our other colleagues mentioned paths one day. So the picture tells the story.

You are looking at the centre piece with the windmill, rockery and two little pools among the rocks, allowing the water to cascade down into the pond. All of this depends on an act of God called wind. There are two other sections of the garden, one each side of the windmill segment containing an apricot tree, 2 apple trees and shade house for exotic plants. We haven't got many exotic plants, but what we have like being in there! The most exciting feature of all this is the birds that it attracts. They bathe in the little ponds, drink and warble to their hearts' content, try to eat our apricots and apples, a practice we try to discourage, and all in all have a great time.

Between the segments of the garden and running along the back of it are walking paths. One path leads to a shady tree and a place to sit and meditate. The other path leads to the shade house where you can sit and contemplate. Right behind all this the neighbour has a b-i-g aviary where they spend quite a bit of time sitting, contemplating and meditating. So you can see that there is sacred ground at the bottom of our garden!

Brian & Rhonda Robins



## REFLECTIONS ON THE YEAR

Mid-September I began experiencing acute leg pain. After trying to ignore it or manage it, I finally went to my doctor who x-rayed them and showed me that I had no cartilage left in my knees. Surgery was recommended. The surgeon commented to me that this had been a problem for some time. Yes for at least eight years. I knew I'd have to have it done sometime, but not when.

So my Christmas present to myself was a double knee replacement on December 10th. Immediately after the surgery I could already tell that the horrible pain in my legs was gone. I journal daily and list at least three things I am thankful for. I was in the hospital four days, in a rehab center nine days, and arrived home on the afternoon of the 23rd. What a gift--to be in my own home for Christmas. Now I am doing intensive physical therapy. Am using this window of opportunity to increase my range of motion. It is pretty intense and focused work. I hope to return to work about February 8th. What a great promise: pain free walking for the first time in years. Something to work hard for, right!

Doris Jane Conway

This has been a year of recovery for me. I have made a lot of progress but still have a ways to go. It has been much slower than I had hoped. At times it has been very depressing. Before my stroke, I had little to do with the medical world. So I have had to learn. The most difficult thing for me was coming to terms with the limits of medicine. Both my doctor and therapist were willing to give up on my recovery almost a year ago, and I still have hope. I finally realized that it wasn't their body so why should they really be interested? Also, I realized that medical people are out to control disease, which means keeping you from dying. Quality of life does not seem to be a category they are interested in. It is amazing to me that 14% of the GNP of this country is spent on disease control! Quality of life issues are not important to enough people. Hopefully that will change as the population ages.

I have found a few "alternatives." About a year ago I found out about a weekly acupuncture clinic. I have been going most weeks for a year and feel as if they have really helped. I have also done research and change in diet and vitamins. Did you know that the quality of oil is important (as well as the type)? I am eating less meat, more fiber, and have discovered some interesting grains. I have also discovered vegetarian cooking, which is a whole other universe: very interesting and very good. Other things I have tried include music therapy, breathing exercises, chiropractic, massage and meditation.

I have had a journey with how to get around. Canes are ok but they don't allow you to carry anything. I have a backpack for long distances but it isn't practical for short distances and is useless with liquids. A few months ago there was an article in the Wall Street Journal about some equipment called a rover. After hearing about it I decided to order one. Boy is it ever great. It is a four-wheeled cart that you push. It includes a basket for carrying things and a tray attachment. So, I can now take a hot cup of tea across the apartment or take several things from the fridge at a time-in any container. Also, it has a built in seat so if you are out, there is always a place to rest. It is of Swedish design and much more practical than the usual stuff. In addition, it is helping me walk faster and further. In addition, every day I practice walking without assistance, but I still want to be near a wall so I can use it to brace myself, if necessary.

Lin Wisman

Pat has had quite a remarkable year. It would probably be accurate to say that improvements in his health lead the list. He was diagnosed with a little-known thyroid condition as a major source of his fatigue and some other chronic troubles. After a therapy that lasted several months, his fatigue is largely gone and he feels like a new person. Upon advice from long time friend Dr. Bayard Coggeshall, magnesium supplements have brought his blood pressure to normal for the first time in his memory. Pat will turn 50 at the end of the month, and will have much cause to celebrate his renewed health and vitality. This past February, Pat had the opportunity to travel to Cuba. The trip was organized by friend Joe Thomas, who had previously accompanied a humanitarian mission from Mobile, a sister city to Havana. Pat and Joe were joined by friends Stan and Miriam Gibson from Toronto, and Tina Valdes from Chicago. Pat returned with many stories to tell and reflections on the pros and cons of Cuba's decades of communism. Pat has also appreciated the deepening relationships he enjoys with family members. He is especially proud of all his nephews and nieces, and in awe of the fine parenting of his brothers and sisters, Kathy and Mike, Steve and Leslie, and Kevin and Cathy. He and his sister Terry take great pleasure in being aunt and uncle to such impressive kids. Pat's aunt, Sister Mary Audrey, continues to provide spiritual nourishment.

Marsha & Pat Moriarity

We've tried to wisely test the limits and get the most top-priority activities from Abe's physical strength. He appreciated oxygen for the high altitudes in Colorado and New Mexico. Breathing problems cut short our trip to the South and brought us quickly back to see familiar doctors. The diagnosis was congestive heart failure; a change of medication and careful home routine have helped a lot. We'll space high-energy activities. For Janice, creating a new productive routine is a challenge.

We were inspired by dramas, music, and historical displays in Seneca Falls, NY During the 150-year celebration of the signing of the Declaration of women's Rights. Work on the more than 40-year history of the Institute of Cultural Affairs for a weekend conference was enriched by contributions from many parts of the U.S. and half a dozen other nations, via an e-mail listserv administered by Abe. Robert Fulghum's book *From Beginning to End* demonstrates that we all experience activities (rituals) which make rich, even sacred, the ordinary and extraordinary moments of our lives. He tells stories of people who found honest and powerful ways to celebrate and share treasures in life that might have been missed.

Abe & Janice Ulanga



Lots of environmental terror this year - fires within six miles surrounded Crescent City, filling the air with smoke. They came right to the back yards of many of my students' homes in St. Augustine. The first semester included a lot of "post trauma" counseling. Hurricane George gave us a very small sip of what Nicaragua must be feeling. It hit "The Farm", the second hurricane hit this year, this time washing out the road - but the bass fishing has never been so plentiful!!!

What I experienced at "the heart" of the year, was when we spent a day in the Wichita Mountains Reserve. While winding through the reserve - up Mt. Scott for a panoramic view, then on the road

to hang out with prairie dogs, long horn, buffalo...all of which had new babies to care for. At one place, we saw a sign, "The Holy City" - seemed odd for such a sign to show up like that, so we followed the arrows. At the turn onto the path, we met a wolf (or a huge coyote!!!), got out of the car, stared at it while it stared at us, this continuing for a long while. Then, thanking it for safe passage, we went on to walk through the holy city - a replica of Jerusalem and stage for the annual Easter passion play. A really low key afternoon, but for some reason it was an event of many meanings, like the song, "I have often walked down this street before...", transcendence of the ordinary into the fullness of the moment. There have been several such jaunts this year, including a day fishing as we wound through the hyacinths on the Ocklawaha River, an area rich with local folk lore. **Judi White**

A major shift in our lives has been that Richard no longer needs to take on long-term computer related contracts to earn money, thanks to our learnings from Your Money or Your Life (finding what is enough and making reasonable investments). He was able to be more involved in our voluntary activities and other programs than had been possible so far. This has been the fulfillment of a long held dream of ours and we are thoroughly enjoying the change. The only money we need to earn is enough to cover unexpected costs for our volunteer activities, as well as immediate program costs, networking, conferences and trips to visit family as we did this year. This relatively small annual outlay can be covered by our facilitation and course income with a few small computer contracts (which we did at the beginning and end of the year) to enable us to pick up on any special opportunities or finance any special projects. Our experience from our first year is encouraging.

Speaking of projects, our biggest project in the coming year will be writing a book on life purpose. this subject has long been-if-not always-important to us. Our experiences in teaching Your Money or Your Life and Creating Life Directions have shown how important it is for people to reflect on and act in accord with what they feel deeply that their life is about. We would like the book to reflect our own and others' views and experiences, representing a

broad spectrum of people and provide the readers with exercises to help them explore their own sense of purpose and how they can live it out most effectively. **Richard & Maria Maguire**

Doris has become skilled in computer graphics as she designs for Pat's and Marsha's business, Collegiate Services. I am working more with the County's Indigent Health Care program, and am participating in a lively and challenging retired clergy group. We have both worked on a project for our subdivision and have taught our Sunday School Class. We see so many places we want to engage that we find it difficult to be chaste in choosing a few key places to focus. Jacques, our little poodle, continues to be a delight and a window into the mysterious realms of nature we do not understand but enjoy and embrace.

**Doris & Charles Hahn**

Joe turned 70 with a requested no-fanfare birthday, celebrated with separate trips with his three favorite people: with Marilyn to California, New Mexico and Prince Edward Island; with Ben to Arizona; with Jon to Nova Scotia. His volunteer work has involved him in trips to pre-Hurricane Mitch Nicaragua to participate in furthering North-South accompaniment of local churches, and to Washington DC where he experienced the utterly unexpected impact of the Holocaust Museum. He was honored to officiate at the marriage of Timothy Case to Barbara Kim Morton (daughter of long-time friends) on an island in Squam Lake, NH.

**Joe & Marilyn Crocker**



It's time for a holiday chat that warms the soul,  
So If you were here, I'd hand you some hot  
cider,  
and with Celtic music in the background,  
I'd ask your opinion on things like:

Where does all the energy come from  
after a session of Latin dancing?

Who is your role model for growing old  
in an adventuresome way?

Are there any guidelines for dating after  
50?

How did we forget our kitchen spices  
had medicinal value?

And I'd share with you my latest "speels" on:  
 The need for training in Alzheimer care  
 My mother's great 90th Birthday  
 Celebration  
 How my daughter still tells me which  
 movies are too violent for me,  
 And the fun of turning beeswax and  
 herbs into hand creme.

And much more!  
 So do come over when ever you can!

Heidi Holmes



The biggest change at the Stover's Séjour came in the form of a 1,500 gallon fish and flower pond. Nelson, with the assistance of a few friends, dug the hole in the inter-softened clay. Now the pond houses Tiger - who outgrew the place, he had been living at our friends' house - and eck, dow, and tien (Hindi for one, two and three). They seem to enjoy themselves swimming amid the rocks and flowers. The LifeStyle Simplification curriculum, which we developed in recent years has continued to draw positive responses in Greensboro and around the nation. Seven people who had participated in programs here met monthly under the rubric of "Cultural Creatives" to explore new patterns of living for the 21st Century. These gatherings prepared non-consumptive holiday gift certificates which included encouragement to support Buy Nothing Friday (the day after Thanksgiving).

The spring rains brought a bumper crop of wild black raspberries. Nelson picked 1/2 gallon of berries a day beginning in mid-June. Over the 4th of July weekend we hosted a Berry Bonanza. Friends came over at sun rise and picked 20 quarts from the patches which line the fence. Then we gathered on the deck and enjoyed pancakes with raspberry sauce. Elaine baked an

11-pound cobbler which was delicious with ice cream.

Over the Labor Day week-end we hosted five people for a curriculum wiring symposia to make the Here I Stand seminars which Nelson has been conducting more widely useable. This 9-session constructive theology course has proven helpful to participants during the first four times it was conducted and is now available for use by others.

Elaine & Nelson Stover

For Barry this year has also meant some more writing. He has updated, added some sketches & republished his book Harvest of Years, tales of a S.A. pioneer family. It has come up very well & is a good read. If you are interested in purchasing a copy lease let us know, we have a few left to sell. Barry has also decided to learn to play the trombone & goes off to band practice once a week & is learning to read music at last. I suspect he still trusts his ear more than his eye!! Oh yes, he has grown a fine white curly beard, a symbol of a different life.

I have enjoyed going to Greenwith primary school (where Dylan & Kaitlin go) to help with a reading programme, and have joined a local covenanting committee with the Aboriginal & Islander Congress. Square dancing helps to keep us fit, and grandchildren keep life really lively. Our baby Brodie is now almost 3 and such a delight with blonde curls, brown eyes & a keen sense of humour. Our children, Geoff & Chris, Diane & Isidro, Kathy & Grant are well & very busy in their various work situations. Diane has left her long time job, has studied Hypnotherapy, & is beginning to practice.

As I look out into our front yard I see the branches that fell from the gum tree in yesterday's storm. The limbs from the tree top had broken as they were especially heavy with blossom & new growth. Isn't it a miracle that an old tree continues to bloom and grow, risking damage but still providing nectar for birds & bees, and for we humans, shade, a sense of wonder and desire to continue risk & nurture. Our deep longing is that the gifts of this century be not wasted but be used to give nectar & shelter & nurture to our planet ant to ALL people.

Barry & Margaret Oakley



A vivid memory of the year was a birding trip out on a local tour boat into Monterey Bay, California to see the pelagic birds in the area. It was during a time of extremely high waves. At times, I saw I was 15 feet above the surface and then slowly it shifted so I went 20 feet below the nearby wave! It was just awesome yet I was not sick!

I continued my foray into taxes and finances by taking a 16 week correspondence course on "The Foundations of Financial Planning". It was hard work but I managed an 87 on the final after a 3-day push to prepare. My next step is to take over all the accounting functions of our business.

I'm still on the Board of the IAF (International Association of Facilitators), being co-chair of World Wide Conferences. I try to motivate facilitator groups to hold conferences to develop the profession. This year there were conferences (besides in N. America) in Latin America (500 attended; all in Spanish), Australia, Europe and Asia. Especially amazing is the good volunteer work the Latin American facilitators are doing following the aftermath of Hurricane Mitch.

Since our work has afforded us occasion to sightsee (and not just birds!) we decided to visit New York City again. We so enjoyed the energy and unusual "human" sights as we ran around the subways all day. We could have spent all day at the Natural Museum of History (fossils and the like). But most wonderful was the Ellis Island Immigrant Museum -- a beautiful and hear-felt display of what has made our country great. One quote was, "Before I came to America I was told the streets were paved with gold. But when I arrived the first thing I found out was that they were not pave with gold; second, they were not even paved; and third--I was supposed to pave them!".

Bob & Cynthia Vance

In this year of launching my new business as an artist and creativity consultant, the big excitement was having two paintings accepted in national juried shows: "Winter Solstice Queen" in the 1998 Third Annual National Interpretation of Angels Art Exhibition in Placerville, California and "On the Road to Guadalupe" in the North Valley Art League's 15th Annual National Juried Art Show in Redding, California. LiDoña Wagner

In November, I celebrated my fourth year at Senior Services North Fulton, Inc. As one who works with the elderly, I feel personally indebted to John Glenn this year for bringing the world "spotlight" on senior citizens in a way that no P.R. person or marketing firm could have accomplished! His positive attitude, vitality, courage, curiosity, and zest for life were indeed heroic and exemplary.

When I consider why I love my work and what I've learned, I realize that our elders truly are the repositories of wisdom in society. A friend once commented to me, "Every time an old person dies, it's as if a library burned down." I hope that wherever you are, you have befriended several older adults. Mary Lou Vergara

I received a Leadership Award from the School District for my "We can do" attitude and "See it's done" manifestations of the Mt. Diablo Relationship Violence Prevention Project. This project is a community wide attempt whose goal is to shift the attitude, which says violence is normal. Seventh graders (2500) from each of the nine middle schools received a four day curriculum called "You Never Win With Violence." In addition we created a parallel curriculum for parents and school staff around the same thing. 430 staff were trained in dynamics of violence, teaching and discipline in a multicultural classroom, and anger management. 100 parents participated in topics such as "I just don't understand you", which looked at diversity of personalities within a family, building healthy relationships in teen years, and anger management.

Sharon Turner



Our new address is 550 E. 12th Ave., #1104, Denver CO 80203, phone 303-864-0656. We gave up commuting, yard work, house repairs, and gardens with tomato worms. So far we have not missed any of them. We traded all that for a view of the Denver skyline and the mountains of the Front Range from the 11th floor of a lovely building with indoor parking, pool, and exercise room. We each have about a 4-mile commute with no interstate driving. We are learning to live in the city again, and love being near the concert

halls, theaters, museums, parks, shopping and friends. Sam is learning to be an urban high-rise cat. Ken is singing in a 60-voice choir at Trinity United Methodist Church, which we both love. Come visit - we have room!

Clare & Ken Whitney

**B**ike riding remains a great treat for Judi & Mike. We managed several long-distance trips this year; in June we participated in the "Boulevard-Lake Tour" (BLT), a 35 mile trek, on the hottest day of the year (I swear). We rode through many of the older south-side Chicago neighborhoods. The focus was the architecture & was wonderful. We also participated in the Apple Cider Century ride in Michigan (again, did not do the hundred miles - our goal was 50, which we "almost" made). In July, Brooke, Keith, M & J did our usual L.A.T.E. ride, 25 miles, from 1:30 a.m. to 5:30 a.m. We love this one as it ends coming down the lakefront at dawn. However, this year, not dawn! With just about 2 miles left, the heavens opened; thunder, lightening & a huge down pour. Brooke and Keith raced ahead to get to our cars, but Brooke slipped on the wet pavement & smashed her left wrist - broken in 4 or 5 places. When M & J got to her, just seconds after the fall, her wrist was huge & she was bloody from scrapes on arms and legs. So, while Judi stayed with Brooke (in the pouring rain) Keith and Mike raced to the cars. Keith got there first & watched as Mike rode across the parking lot, put on his brakes, skidded and did a perfect somersault off his bike. Damage: one scraped knee. So much for the myth of fragile senior citizens! We took Brooke to the emergency room; surgery was done that day - bone transplant from her elbow, a plate & pins. She is fine now & almost has full range-of-motion in the wrist (not her conducting hand, but it is her writing hand). She and Keith were in the midst of moving to a bigger apartment next door, so Brooke was relegated to the roll of supervisor of all the friends and family who chipped in with painting, installing and carrying, including our guests, Ken and Barb Smith from Detroit.

Meg, Mike & Judi Tippet



### Gifts of Our 1998

**S**elling our Men's Shop after 14 years

Packing up, storing, and thinning out again  
Leaving behind a wonderful community & friends.

Embarking on a new adventure of semi-retirement.

Temporarily locating near grandchildren here in Greensboro.

And available to parents in Tennessee.

Lynda Cock

**M**artha loves being the Admission's Director at a private Presbyterian Church School in Atlanta, and I completed another year as Development Director of the Atlanta Food Bank. For those of you who remember my former fund raising days soliciting Foundations, Corporations, and individuals, you might be interested to know the Food Bank raised over one million last year from special events, i.e. golf tournament, gala ball, hunger walk and community food drives. Two annual events generate \$400,000 & \$225,000 respectively. Even though you work on an event for months, this is an easy way to raise money and fun too. Bruce & Martha Donnelly

**T**his has been a year of progress in so many ways. My sister, Lin, continues to slowly improve. She and her rover are picking up speed. My grandson, Salvador, is learning to sound out words at 4.5 year! My daughter and son-in-law, Kathy and Matt, expect to welcome a second child the first of August 1999. My son, Kent, continues to put on roofs. A dear friend died this year, Lyn Mathews Edwards. Lin and I enjoyed participating in the 60th anniversary celebration of our aunt and uncles, Arlene and Ellis Fesler.

In 1999 Lin expects to relocate in Adrian. I hope to sell my condo in Chicago. I expect to travel less and to be more present to my own interior journey. Looking forward to the news from your daughters and grandchildren.

Margie Tomlinson

**G**reetings from the beautiful Northwest. We continue to thrive here, both in the natural ambiance and in our work - Gordon with ICA:West and Roxana with Plymouth Congregational Church. We are grateful to have our vocation be so synchronous with our avocation!

1998 has been marked with many highlights and two shadows - the death of two dear friends, Ruth Rawson and Lyn Mathews Edwards. We shall miss their presence in our lives.

Among the highlights were:

A last (but most memorable) trip to Prescott, AZ in mid-June to help Elena and Daudi pack up for their move to Los Angeles. Daudi accepted a position at Rocketdyne/Boeing and is having the time of his life. Our grandson, Reuben is a year and a half and the delight of his immediate and extended families. Elena is now working full-time as Administrative Assistant in the Office of Student Affairs at Mount St. Mary's College in Brentwood. Elena and Daudi are expecting our second grandchild around May 24.

In mid-July, we traveled to Minneapolis to visit Geoff's fiancée, Audra Hanson, and her two children, Nate (5) and Jessica (3), as well as Gordon's mom, sister, and brother and their families. A great family time. Geoff was recently promoted at Prudential, as was Audra at Minnesota Mutual - way to go!

Gordon & Roxana Harper



**Amara** is pleased to be learning the skills of facilitation in a year long internship under the tutelage of the Packards in Chicago. She keeps bumping into 'old colleagues' of ours and creating new relationships with them in her own right. She is passionate about rites of passage in our society and is looking for the niche in which she can creatively work on them.. Amara graduated U of Illinois, May 1998, B.S. Anthropology

**Luke** is in the 'real world' now and continues to be pleased with his choice of employment at Navistar International. He initiates soccer teams wherever he goes and has recently plunged into the world of golf. The care and feeding of his 1986 Nissan since 1996 has brought it successfully to 170,000 miles. We all hold our breath. Luke graduated from Rose Hulman

Institute of Technology, May 1998 with a B.S. in Computer Science. Ken & Ruth Gilbert

The Hong Kong Patterson's family chronicle reflects the joys and challenges of its awesome members.

**David** is completing his senior year at Trent University in Peterborough. A highlight for him was his summer job with Naisbitt-Burns working on the Toronto Futures Exchange Floor. There are sometimes long silences when we ask about next year but post-graduate work in economics seems a likely option.

**Miriam** moves through the flat like a whirlwind, with classes at the British Council for English Language Teacher Training, assistant teaching at the Canadian International School, spare time tutoring and rock climbing with her friend David Major. What a juggler! She also joined her Dad on his 1000-km MacLehose Trail Walker team.

**Thea**, as enthusiastic as ever, is teaching third graders at Hong Kong International School. It's hard to believe it's her eighth year. The children's energy and enthusiasm are a joy. A highlight last summer was traveling with John to visit Richard and Beryl Thurston in the historic city of Prague. Glorious music and soaring cathedral spires "inspire" and enchant the visitor.

**John** pursued the well-being of Kanbay throughout the region and officially opened the new Kanbay office in Singapore a few weeks ago. He and Miriam proudly finished the MacLehose Trail in aid of the Oxfam Charity in 32 hours, 55 minutes, with a few blisters, some black toes and aching joints, but victorious! At age 54 and a half, one would think that 6 outings on that event were quite enough but relative to next year, John refuses to declare a definite 'yes' or 'no' just yet.

These are but a few of the adventures of the Pattersons. We have not mentioned the thrill of fording the venerable Blue Creek rapids, as we christened the Greenwald's Prairie Pagoda home; the precious couple of days with John's brother and sister-in-law David and Anne in Muskoka; and our delight at the occasional (or annual) visits of wonderful friends and family members.

John, Thea, David & Miriam Patterson

Our 1998 has been a year of: visits with friends and family in Oregon, California, Nebraska.

- Celebrating Jim's first 'hole in one'
- Golfing adventures in southern and central Oregon as well as across Willamette Valley
- Visiting with friends though e-mail (oberg@europa.com)
- Cards and golf with friends and family
- Celebrating Greenwald's new home (Prairie Pagoda in Lewellyn NE)
- Involvement in local community through homeowner and women's group board participation
- Christmas in California with family
- Golfing after Christmas in California desert
- Being faithful servants to our favorite felines 'Nosey' and 'Blackjack'
- Enjoying good health. Jim & Sue Oberg



### SABBATICAL YEAR

Whew! What a year this has been! We have been visiting and talking to many colleagues across the United States, Canada, Guatemala. It has been rewarding to pick up the threads of all our lives. We started off our sabbatical year at the International Association of Facilitators Conference in San Francisco where we met many "old" colleagues and brought back a slew of new learnings from a number of presenters. What a joy to discover both ICA people with new insights and so many non-ICA presenters opening up a whole new world in things like intuition, humor, improvisation and on and on.

We were hosted with great love and care by the Grows in Colquitt, Georgia and invited to see the opening night of their famous "Swamp Gravy" community theater performance. It's quite awesome to see the whole community dramatically act out their personal stories. It certainly welds a community together powerfully when everyone shares in something they created. The Grows took us to supper at Colquitt's restored Tara Inn with Donna and Dallas Zigenhorn. And then, lo and behold, Ike &

Charlene Powell showed up. We realize that time is the creation of the human mind and doesn't exist in the world beyond, but having eight colleagues we have worked with around the world show up in the same little town in southwestern Georgia at the same time surely makes one pay attention to synchronicity.

Listening to Deepak Chopra spin his verbal web for two and a half hours at "The Power in You" Conference in Indianapolis opened us up again to the world of synchronicity. He held us in the palm of his hand while he took us on a journey of the other world that exists in the midst of this world. The mind, he said, is not in the brain or in the body. Most materialistically trained Western scientists would scream, but enough evidence has been accumulated that we humans really do have other bodies. The Chinese have documented our electromagnetic bodies for over 3,000 years and we can now scientifically prove that the seven chakras (the Eastern world has known about for centuries) really exist. These ethereal bodies vibrate in patterns too fast for the human eye to see. However, there are a number of humans who do see these patterns. Some of them are becoming famous as medical intuitives, like Caroline Myss and Barbara Brennan, working with physicians in discovering health problems that "scientifically-based" medicine alone cannot solve. This view connects with most of the cultures of the world who have, for centuries, believed that the line between the physical world and the spirit world is only an illusion. This viewpoint is beginning to pervade even our materialistic American belief system. Might this be the reason that Americans are spending more money on alternative health care than they are on traditional medical approaches? The last time we saw our dear friend, Lyn Mathews Edwards, was when she stayed with us while attending a Caroline Myss Conference. We really miss Lyn a great deal for she was such a loyal, loving and dedicated friend. It was heartwarming to see over 200 colleagues who traveled from near and far to attend her memorial service in Chicago.

Vance Engleman spent the Easter holidays with us and informed us that it was unethical for us to spend a whole year on a sabbatical. He workshopped us to death on how we could start our own business as consultants. So, we started Alerding & Associates and have been busy ever

since marketing our services. We have already been doing consulting with two different companies and one large organization and are researching the whole health industry as a possible future niche. We also made a series of visits to Chicago attending meetings and courses from July to November, helping us become members of the international faculty of Technology of Participation Trainers (ToP). We have scheduled a few ToP demonstrations in 1999 for the United Way and for the Indiana/Purdue University Continuous Learning program.

Another trip took us to Toronto, Canada to visit our ICA colleagues where we were hosted with great graciousness. Their recently published book, **The Art of Focused Conversation**, won our hearts with its excellent contexts and timely publication of 100 model conversations. We are both pleased to be on the editing team for their new book about pulling together ICA's key philosophy and learning. Hopefully, this will introduce more and more people to the art of caring for the world.

An Alerding Family Reunion was held in August in Connecticut with Bill's mother as the guest of honor. She is approaching her 90th year and was thrilled to be surrounded with four generations of "her family". We managed to visit her twice this year and both times stopped in to see Vance Engleman in Pittsburgh along the way. Vance is a gourmet cook and offered us a constant "taste explosion" that left us sated, satisfied and fatter. He's got to be a cardiologist's best friend!

The newly wedded Pat & David McCleskey stopped by in mid-August to lead us and our Indianapolis colleagues in a Silence Workshop, which has resulted in our doing daily journal writing ever since. This workshop helped us to see how important it is, in the midst of doing, doing and doing, to stop and appreciate ourselves interiorly in silence.

All of this year was highlighted on December 1 with the celebration of our 30th Wedding Anniversary. It is amazing since we have promised each other a divorce every one of those years! Maybe we are attached at the hip after all! We also celebrated Barb's return to the university. Relearning the discipline of being a

student has taken most of the Fall Quarter of this year.

Barb & Bill Alerding



## MEDITATIVE COUNCIL

In 1980 an 8-year old girl, Sheyann Webb became a member of my meditative council. That was the year the University of Alabama published *SELMA, LORD, SELMA* Childhood Memories of the Civil-Right Days as told be Sheyann Webb and Rachael West.

Why did she and Rachel who marched with Martin Luther King in Selma become a part of my meditative council? I don't believe it is a rational process. But when your life is jarred or intruded upon there are certain people who pop up in your council who have something to say to you at that time of your life.

Sheyann appears whenever the question of prejudice, rights or freedom arises. She says "In Selma we got the right to vote because we set ourselves free."

When it is a question of the role of ritual, two dialogues with MLK appear. ... Martin Luther King leaned down closer and said to us, "What do you want"

And we said, "Freedom."

"What's that?" he says, "I couldn't hear you."

So we say, louder this time, "Freedom."

And he shakes his head and kind of smiles a little. "I still don't believe I heard what you said." So we laugh, and then real loud we yelled. "We want freedom!" I heard you that time," he says, "You want freedom? Well so do I."

This ritual was repeated every time he saw them. The second ritual starts with, "Do you young ladies have your marching shoes on."

When coming face to face with my own contingency, I remember Sheyann facing

the possibility of death and writing her own obituary at the age of 8. An exercise I find as powerful as the tombstone.

I have used her story in Imaginal Education lectures and/or whenever or wherever the question of what it means to allow children to be their greatest. Sheyann and Rachael marched long before their parents did.

When she asked her Mom if she wanted her to stay home, her Mother told her she wanted her to do what you know is right. Even their teacher never scolded them or told them they should be in school, they only reminded them "to be careful out there."

I have told her story when little girls needed a heroine. Or when children or their parents think they are too young to make a difference.

When asked what she wanted for her 9th birthday, she said she didn't want any toys, she wanted her parents to join the marches and try to register to vote.

Why did this come up now? Because here in the USA there will be a TV program on Sunday, the eve of M.L. King's national holiday. SELMA, LORD, SELMA will premier on ABC at 7CST. One of MLK's daughters plays the role of Mrs. Bright, the teacher. I can only hope that it remains true to the book. At the very least maybe they will publish the book again.

I'd like you to meet Sheyann and Rachael. Perhaps, you can introduce them to young people, especially girls.

Grace and peace and love, Barbara Barkony



## IRAQ SANCTIONS

Hello everyone!

We, along with a dozen others from University UMC in Seattle, spent Sunday afternoon working to lift the economic sanctions on Iraq in

this way: We met with 400+ people from interfaith communities at St. James Cathedral (RC) where clergy from several faiths spoke briefly: RC priest, Protestant clergy woman, a rabbi, Islam leader ---and a folk singer with guitar. We all proceeded to walk (in some rain) the 2 + miles to St. Mark's Episcopal cathedral. People along the way reacted with anything from stares to thumbs-up and smiles to honking their horns (in favor of). At St. Marks, we heard from poems and readings of Buddhist, Native American and Ba'hai faiths. Children spoke, we sang and heard testimonies from those who have gone to Iraq with food and medicines (with Voices in the Wilderness) and have seen what is happening -- children dying at a rate of 200+ a day because of malnutrition, poor medical care, lack of potable water, etc. Social structures are breaking down after 8 long years of continued sanctions imposed by the UN with US and Britain pushing hard to maintain them. It is politically complicated, but it is not changing the Iraqi government and the people are paying a heavy price which we will eventually feel. They only hate the US more and a nation of 23 million having had good education and health care systems, and a more open view of the world because their young people studied in the US, Britain and Europe, is closing in on itself and could easily turn more toward terrorism in its frustrations.

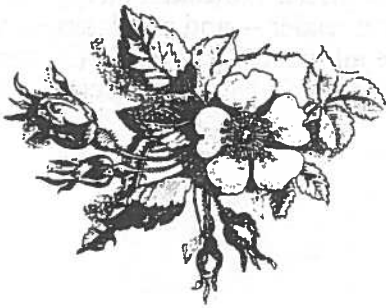
It seems the time is right to put pressure on our legislators and president to do some re-thinking of this. A woman pediatrician from Physicians for Social Responsibility who visited hospitals in Iraq last year, said that the soul of America is in jeopardy - we can't continue to live with this burden we have created.

We ask you to write or call your congress people and tell them we must lift the sanctions. If you have questions, please write back or call ---we have tons of written documentation of the destruction. We heard Dennis Halliday, former UN assistant secretary who resigned under protest of these sanctions and now speaks around the country. He spoke at the University of Washington last Monday to more than 500.

As you see, we feel moved to do something --oh, yes, there is a movement to gather 1 million signatures to protest the sanctions. We can send

you a form to sign and perhaps gather more signatures from people you know.

Marian and Fred Karpoff



## COMPLETED LIFE CELEBRATIONS

### THE CELEBRATION OF THE COMPLETED LIFE OF JOYCE JOAN SLUSHER REESE

A celebration for the completed life of Joyce Joan Slusher Reese, 67, of Chickasha, was held Saturday, December 5, 1998, at 10:00 a.m. in the First Christian Church, with Reverend Jim Moore officiating and Reverend Willard T. Reece, retired minister of the Pine Valley Christian Church in Wichita, Kansas, assisting.

Joyce Joan Slusher Reese was born December 20, 1930, in Chickasha, Oklahoma, the daughter of Howard Slusher and Lottie Penney Slusher. She died December, 1998, in Oklahoma, of ovarian cancer.

Joyce grew up in Chickasha, attending Chickasha Public Schools and graduated from Chickasha High School in 1948. She married David D. Reese, of De Queen, Arkansas in 1951, in the First Christian Church in Chickasha, after receiving her degree in Vocational Home Economics from the Oklahoma College for Women, now U.S.A.O. They moved to Enid, Oklahoma, where David completed work on a Masters Degree in Theology, at Phillips Graduate Seminary and Joyce taught school in a nearby town.

After leaving Enid they moved to churches in Chandler, Tulsa, a Campus Ministry at Purdue University in West Lafayette, Indiana and then

worked as full time volunteers with the Ecumenical Institute and the Institute of Cultural Affairs. Work with these Institutes took them to Cleveland, Ohio; Denver, Colorado; Chicago, Illinois; San Jose, California; Orlando, Florida; Fukoka, Japan and back to Chicago until retirement in 1994.

Joyce and David returned to Chickasha in November of 1994.

Joyce was a member of the Toastmasters Club, a past president of her Christian Women's Fellowship and served on one of the Boards at the local Vocational Technical School. She was an active member of women's groups related to the Institutes, was a skilled planning facilitator and studied Psychosynthesis with a mentor in California.

In the more than two years since she was diagnosed with ovarian and then breast cancer, Joyce read and researched the varieties of ways to treat this disease. She was especially interested in nutrition and alternative medicines.

Joyce was preceded in death by her father, Howard Slusher and an infant brother, Howard Kent Slusher.

Immediate survivors include her mother, Lottie Slusher, who lives next door; husband David, of the home; three daughters and one son; Virginia Savage, of Oklahoma; Elizabeth Carr, of Yukon, Oklahoma; seven grandchildren, Christina, Jimenez; Grace, David and Joy Beard, of Newcastle, Oklahoma; Kasey, Teri and Jonathan Carr of Yukon, Oklahoma and one foster grandson, Marcel Longpre of Olympia, Washington.

Interment was in the Rose Hill Cemetery under the direction of Ferguson Funeral Home.

### JOYCE

Joyce is my spirit sister of 45 years: She and David were our very first dinner guests; she gave me confidence and set me at ease. As our clothesline stretched between our two tiny houses, she helped stretch my understanding.



Joyce has always been able to see and receive the gifts of others. She has always had a fierce and protecting love and respect for her children. She has had a rich love for David, other family members, and an extended family.

Joyce has always been a realist, yet open to that which goes beyond reason. She also has had a unique sense of humor -- presenting us with smiles and laughter like a small child hands out bouquets.

Joyce has always been a reader, continual learner, and a gifted teacher. She has had a love of natural things, from rocks to rainbows, sturdy to fragile.

Joyce could make every living space a "home" and friends always felt welcome. She could plan, organize, and actualize - all tumbling out of deep pockets of awareness.

1. Joyce always liked to live and work in the present, conscious of the past, and hopeful for the future.

## Therefore

I use the word "is," not "was." --  
Though her life here was, it is!

The one human entity we knew as Joyce is no longer, but all the little qualities that made her Joyce have come into our lives:

Now, there are many, many little Joyces -- residing in our hearts, our minds, our hopes, and our endeavors; coaching, coaxing, climbing in our consciousness; opening areas to explore, opening doors to humor, and opening more gates to love and understanding.

Now, Joyce is in us!  
Let us celebrate her newness and or newness and re-Joyce.

Ginny Reece



## THE CELEBRATION OF THE COMPLETED LIFE OF L.E. PHILBROOK

L.E. Philbrook known to most of us as Phil completed his life on January 5th, 1999.

We have been on an incredible journey as a family these past days since January 5th.

Here is a short version of the events that celebrated L.E. Philbrook's life. At the ICA building in Chicago, a memorial room was set up. The stories, e-mails and cards were collected and shared in the Guild Suite where a candle was lit for Phil and space provided for those who wanted to mediate and pray.

We held a **Songfest** on Sunday evening the 10th. Gene Philbrook was a great song leader. We sang songs from Phil's life, songs the Philbrooks sang as kids in the car, we sang songs from the church, movement songs, civil rights songs, good old gospels. It was wonderful. It was a release and a blessing. We sang for 2 hours and it was so good to laugh and cry and sing.

Then on Monday we continued our celebration with a liturgy from the Ecumenical Institute, the **Daily Office** (requested by Phil). We used the Lumumba room and it was filled to the brim with over 120 people including 5 of Phil's 7 sisters and lots of friends and relatives. We practiced for three days. Roy did the introduction of rubrics so everyone would catch on. the band was made up of grandchildren with Dallas



Ziegenhorn and Ken Otto. Evelyn Philbrook was first liturgist, Kenneth Henry was second liturgist, Lela, Larry's daughter read the Old Testament and Phil's sister Peggy read the New Testament, a special section from Hebrews. It told us to remember to love each other as brothers and sisters, (very healing.) and Margaret Aiseayer was the 6th liturgist, the silent witness. Paula Philbrook, Otto, Lynn Oden, and Joyce Ollison Sloan each gave a witness that declared the significance of Phil's life:

*He was a student of life, always  
engaging others in new dialogue.  
He was a man of BIG action, always the  
visionary!  
Creating teams to do the next great deed.  
He was a man of his calling-always  
calling others to their greater life  
purpose.*

It was quite an event. Roy, Larry, Deana, Paula and Marge were in the first row crying and laughing and praying throughout.

Then we had a feast of New Orleans Po 'boys and special baked goods from Phil's family recipes. Phil's sister Kay read a poem she had written when he was 10. The grandchildren prepared stories, songs, a violin special form Mathew with Sherri Henry signing the words, and got everyone up to dance to a James Brown song.

We concluded the celebration with a circle dance while singing "All I ask of you is forever to remember me as loving you".

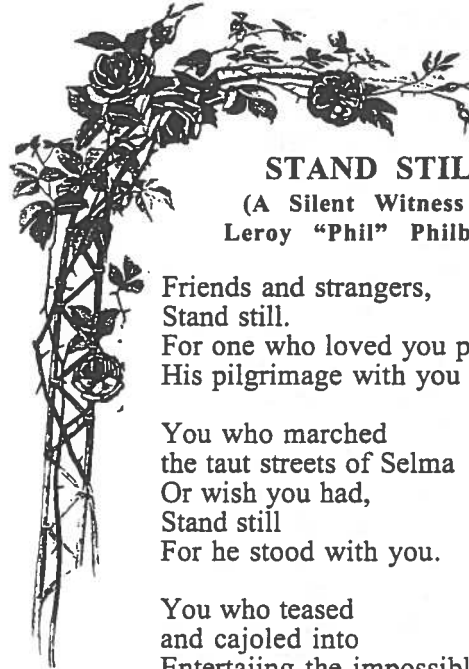
The ashes will be placed in the Indian Ocean, the Mississippi River, the China Sea and in Paw Paw. We have given our selves a year to reflect and grieve and may determine during this time where other ashes need to be placed.

The family have all returned to their homes, recovered from a flu-like cold that wiped everybody out, and are learning how to be the new Philbrook clan.

Thank you again from the whole family for support as we celebrate Phil's completed life. He is at rest with the mystery and lives forever in our hearts. We thank you for your prayers, your messages, cards, and gifts

In Celebration,

Marge, Roy, Gene, Deana, Kenneth, Paula, Ken, Larry and Evelyn. Conan, Sherri, Aaron, Erick, Leroy, Micah, Matthew, Maryann, Donna, Rebekah, Hannah, Leah, Lloyd, and Lela.



### STAND STILL

(A Silent Witness for  
Leroy "Phil" Philbrook)

Friends and strangers,  
Stand still.  
For one who loved you passes by,  
His pilgrimage with you now complete.

You who marched  
the taut streets of Selma  
Or wish you had,  
Stand still  
For he stood with you.

You who teased  
and cajoled into  
Entertaining the impossible.  
Stand still  
For he inspired you to  
begin your own pilgrimage.

You who sometimes enraged  
Squirmed under his piercing insight,  
Confused, in turmoil, searching.  
Stand still  
For he spurred you to new  
understanding.

You who stunned  
Thought a world so big  
That you so small could not touch it,  
Stand still  
For he showed you .

Stand still.  
Hold silence.  
Let the gong sound three times.  
Arise, rejoice, and live.

Donna Ziegenhorn

We thank you for caring for us in this special time of grieving a celebration of the life he was given to live. This poem is a gift to you.

Marge & Family

## Letters From Colleagues & Friends

Dear Marge,

Larry's very poignant email advising a vast number of us of L.E.'s death on January 5, 1999 has set in motion a deepening of my consciousness of your family and of the contributions each of you has made to our common life. It is the awareness of this new fact in all of our lives, that brings me to the place of a profound remembrance of someone I doubt I ever knew as Leroy Elwood Philbrook.

I want to recall "gumptosness" in L.E.'s life; I am now able to recollect something like his nose for "gumption" which in his life was more than the dictionary reference to 'ready perception', 'quick wittedness', and 'taking initiative'. In his life commitment to principle informed how he took action. He sought effective results, personal respect for his contribution, and he gave a passionate focus to his enormous expenditure of energy. I can see his knowing smile concerning some current intention of his. I can see his brooding countenance as he reflected upon his immediate family and upon each of their needs and well being. Such "gumption" is an informing legacy for more than those of the "Philbrook Clan"

L.E. did one special thing I want to celebrate today, and had he not laid his life down on last Tuesday, I might not have been able to recall it. L.E. did some powerful work with the city of Chicago's youth employment agency. Several of us applied to that agency for summer job income for order youth. We were told that we were not a likely candidate for their support, however, the director was curious to know whether our organization was one that a consultant by the name of L.E. Philbrook might be associated with. We said, "Yeah, he's one of us." A big smile came over to us from the director and he allowed as how our being associated with L.E. might make a big difference in his evaluation of our application. We sat there as he went on to tell an enthusiastic story of the benefit his agency and he personally received from a workshop led by "L.E." Consequently, "that" director funded our Summer '75 employment at two different "Order" camps in Indiana and Wisconsin, one Sixth Grade Trip on the Blackfeet Reservation in Montana, and two high school farm projects in Michigan and in California on the strength of his respect for L.E.'s "gumption".

In memory of this dear friend whose personal and missional life of small acts of love yielded abundant fruit, I shall devote the three hours of 1:00 to 4:00 PM EST here in Atlanta, to being with the community of you all. For my part during this celebration I will sit and walk in silence, some of which will be in nature.

As we advance toward the new with great expectation, may the celebration of the completed life of Leroy Elwood Philbrook be for us all the mindful reminder of the Oneness in which we all live, and move and have our being.

Charles Lingo



Dear Marge,

The Gibsons, Clements, and Alerdings met last night for the Common Meal in honor and memory of L.E., better known to me, at least, as "Phil". During our ritual, we individually remembered him in various ways. Jesse told about coming back from Hong Kong and being assigned to the print shop. Phil was in charge. Jesse said that at first he wanted to characterize this experience as a "beehive" and then something else (I forget) and finally decided on "hornet's nest." He said he was afraid to ask what he could do! (I can imagine). About all he could think of was to pick up some of the papers off the floor and throw them away! Then Molly remembered Phil's little acts of kindness to Krispin, her daughter, when K. was assigned to the telephone (I think it was).

I told about our coming to your 50th wedding anniversary at the farm and how Phil really waxed eloquent in answer to various questions put to him. I thought he seemed really at peace both with himself and with the world. He certainly talked a lot about how proud he is of all the "kids" and about his great love for his wife, all that you have been through, etc. Don't cry now, because this was a very happy time!

John and Anita remembered Phil's love for tradition--the traditional church, for example--in fact, that is why we did the Common Meal. One

of Phil's characteristics, we all agreed, was that he was a dedicated and loyal churchman, first, last and always. John spoke of L.E.'s love for his children. Bill reminisced about the first time Phil and he met, and Phil took him all around Fifth City on the 64-thousand dollar tour!

Well, Margie, these are a few remembrances the six of us have. Remember that we all love you very much and will be thinking of you today. I like Lingo's 3-hour canonical hour meditation. We will do the same. **Barb Alerding**



### CELEBRATION OF COMPLETED LIFE OF WALTER SCUDDS

Walter was the treasurer for the Ecumenical Institute in Canada for years and years. Brian and I got to know him while we were in the Toronto House in the 1970's. We hadn't seen him since then. He lived in Hastings, Ontario a little town on the river. With RSI strongly a part of his life, he turned to Buddhism in the last 10 years and was a practicing Buddhist.

Brian and I went with Jim Patterson, David Patterson, and Stan Gibson to the Funeral in the United Church in Hastings. We were greeted warmly by his wife Valerie and their sons.

The first song we sang was the Lord of the Dance! Walter's son celebrated his dad as a social pioneer throughout his life. A community forum held in Hastings was highlighted. One of the ministers talked about the fact that Walter had a strange lung disease where the lung gradually dies. Most people with this disease die at 30 or 40. Walter was close to 70. In the hospital a few days before he died, Walter came out of a coma and talked with the doctors about the fact that they needed to document everything they were learning about this disease in the process of caring for him so that it would help others with the disease in the future. Farewell and a deep thank you to our colleague Walter Scudds.

**Jeanette Stanfield**

### THE COMPLETED LIFE OF JUDITH GRITZMAKER MCNEAL

Judith Gritzmaker McNeal completed her life today at Evanston Hospital. George and Judy were part of the early days of Fifth City. If anyone remembers her and would like further information, you can contact me at [jseale@suba.com](mailto:jseale@suba.com) and I will be glad to send you details on behalf of her daughter Meida and her son Shange. She taught for over twenty years on the west side of Chicago at Faraday, Gallstone, and Jefferson schools. She will be much missed by many.

**Judy Seale, Chicago**



### DANCE LIKE NO ONE'S WATCHING

We convince ourselves that life will be better after we get married, have a baby, then another. Then we are frustrated that the kids aren't old enough and we will be more content when they are. After that we're frustrated that we have teenagers to deal with. We will certainly be happy when they are out of that stage. We tell ourselves that our life will be complete when our spouse gets his or her act together, when we get a nicer car, are able to go on a nice vacation, when we retire. The truth is, there is no better time to be happy than right now. If not now, when?

Our lives will always be filled with challenges. It's best to admit this to ourselves and decide to be happy anyway. One of my favorite quotes comes from Alfred D. Souza. He said, "For a long time it had seemed to me that life was about to begin real life. But there was always some obstacle in the way, something to be gotten through first, some unfinished business, time

still to be served, a debt to be paid. Then life would begin. At last it dawned on me that these obstacles were my life."

This perspective can help us to see that there is no way to happiness. Happiness is the way. So, treasure every moment that you have. And treasure it more because you shared it with someone special, special enough to spend your time . . . and remember that time waits for no one . . . .

So stop waiting until you finish school, until you go back to school, until you lose ten pounds, until you gain ten pounds, until you have kids, until your kids leave the house, until you start work, until you retire, until you yet married, until you get divorced, until Friday night, until Sunday morning, until you get a new car or home, until your car or home is paid off, until spring, until summer, until fall, until winter, until you're off welfare, until the first or fifteenth, until your song comes on, until you've had a drink, until you've sobered up, until you die to decide that there is no better time than right now to be happy . . . Happiness is a journey, not a destination.

Thought for the day:  
Work like you don't need money,  
Love like you've never been hurt,  
And dance like no one's watching.  
M.A (unknown author)



For all those worried about Y2K, you are invited to Gadway Gulch (below the Navajo reservation and next to the Petrified Forest in Arizona) next January. I am already set up with solar panels and wood stove. Please bring a tent, wood and food. It will be the first time that the way I live all year long may be helpful to someone. And we can search for Indian artifacts. Have a great year.

Kaye Hayes Gadwy 11:43:57 -0700



## BOOKS

A couple of books you might take a look at: **Saints and Villains** by Denise Giardina is both a delightful and extraordinary moving historical novel about the life and death of Dietrich Bonhoeffer. **Quarantine** by Jim Crace is another historical novel - this one about Jesus' forty days in the wilderness - very intriguing and wonderfully written ( I could taste the sand!).

Gordon & Roxana Harper



## THE DIRECTORY

The **1998 Directory** contains listing of over 1000 people who have been involved with the ICA in one way or another over the years. Where they are and what they're doing.

Some copies of the 1998 Directory are still available by sending check/money order for \$15.00 to :

**Michael Tippet**  
6342 North Sheridan Road, #7A  
Chicago, IL 60660

If People want to be included in the Directory, they could write or e-mail me (jayandem@aol.com) for an application blank. Listing are free. Updates made annually.

