

# The Node

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## **THE NODE**

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New Mailing Address  
The Node  
Heidi Holmes  
757 Victoria Park Ave.  
Suite 205  
Toronto, Ont., M4C 5N8

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## EDITORIAL

We appreciate all the notes with words of encouragement to keep The Node in being. We especially value the messages from Australia that came these months and hope that others from the other continents will also write and send us their reflections & reports of their journey.

Nancy Lanphear sent the stories of Don Baker, stories which touch many of our lives. She wrote, "His illness has given the Order in the area an opportunity to gather and sing, talk and tell stories, caring for Don and ourselves. Why would it surprise us that this "new" adventure of care thru the lives of Kay, Bev & Don would take place - we've cared for each other in many ways before? Aren't we fortunate!"

This richness of the human journey, our journey, is what we are trying to capture in The Node - please send us your contributions.

## THE COMPLETED LIFE OF DON BAKER

Don Baker died in Seattle on April 15th -- Easter Sunday in Australia, as several people pointed out who knew Don's high sense of the symbolic. Don had fought the cancer which was to end his life with the same determination and spirit he brought to the many other challenges he faced in his life. Colleagues in the northwest gathered to celebrate Don's life first at a wake and then at the Memorial Service in the Congregational Church of which he had been an active member.

### A Service of Thanksgiving for the Life of Donald Francis Baker September 12, 1941 - April 15, 1995

**DONALD FRANCIS BAKER** was born September 12, 1941 in Adelaide, South Australia, to Norah Jane Coutts and Walter Francis Baker. At the age of three his family moved to Perth, Western Australia, where Don attended school. Don was the older brother of two sets of twins, Gordon and David, and Peter and Kim. After the death of Kim and his fraternal grandparents in Western Australia, the family returned to Adelaide, where Susanne was born.

Don was active in church youth groups and choirs. He was in "The Cancel Players," a drama group, and sang in "The Gallery Singers" for many years. At age 17 he was ordained the youngest deacon ever at College Park Congregational Church. Don was a leader of church youth camps, helped organize state-wide activities, and helped set up coffee shop outreaches - "The Attic" and another one at Stow Church - attracting many Aborigines and street people. He completed two years of seminary training at Parkin Congregational Theological College.

Don was a great motorbike enthusiast, owning and perfecting a Honda 300. In addition to flying around the hills of Adelaide and taking interstate trips, Don was instrumental in helping to transform ongoing rivalries of Honda, Vespa and Scooter motorbike clubs into friendly competition. At the age of 20 Don completed a three-year apprenticeship in tool making. He held a variety of tool making and machinist jobs as well as offering continual TLC for his biking friends and their machines.

In 1973 Don learned of the community-building work of The Ecumenical Institute, and shortly thereafter joined their staff in Mowanjumb, an isolated Aboriginal community in North Western Australia. The following are excerpts of a letter received from colleague, George Holcombe:

"I remember, years ago, being in Mowanjumb on the Western coast of Australia and one day meeting this lanky Aussie, so unassuming and with a smile that was his whole face. His eyes were slits with twinkling beams. He was a real miracle-worker with a spanner and a vice. In that hot weather where a few hours of theirs could lose a lot of cattle, Don Baker kept worn out pumps squirting liquid and old Land Rovers, Mokes and Utes doing necessary deeds. Sometimes when parts weren't available he made them. He was an amazing genius at keeping things mechanical doing what they need to do. And when day's labor was done he would lift good, cold Emu Bitters and Don would detail metallurgical stories that could only be comprehended by mechanical experts of another planet, but we waited for more stories because of the charm of the teller. Or, without changing speeds, he would pose a theological question that left us all whirling. The Aborigines were close to Don; because, beyond his skills, his spirit made us complete.

Don was never satisfied. He always felt much more needed to get done than was humanly possible. People often mistook this as a criticism directed at

them but the storm was inside Don, it had nothing to do with others and it generated his unique creativity. It was his own conversation with God.

Don always wanted to help the forgotten people of the world to stand on their own feet. The world really doesn't know what to do with such people. It's hard on such people; they seldom get to dictate the course of their life. Don was not different there, but I believe he's beaten us to it. Somewhere his energy is fixing broken things. He certainly made our life richer for being our colleague."

Don's work with EI, later known as The Institute of Cultural Affairs, took him to many places in the world, sharing with people planning skills and practical expertise. He met Joanne in The Marshall Islands in 1975. They were married there in 1976, spent a brief time in Boston, then went to Jeju Island off the tip of South Korea. Their next stop was Oombulgurri, another Aboriginal community in Australia, accessible by way of a three-hour boat trip on the Forrest River or a small plane ride. Don's first assignment there was to help raise the barge from the bottom of the river so the community could continue to get supplies and people in and out. In all of these community projects, Don repaired everything in sight and trained young men in maintaining equipment.

Don and Joanne spent five of their ten years together in Australia. After Oombulgurri they were in Brisbane one year, Melbourne one year, and Perth for two years. Andrew and Peter were born in Australia. One of Don's favorite jobs of all time was at the University of Western Australia in Perth working with a team of technicians to build a sheep-shearing robot. In 1983 they moved with the ICA to Atlanta and, two years later, to Houston where Elizabeth was born.

Don moved to Seattle in 1987, drawn by the beauty of the mountains and water. He joined Plymouth Church in 1989 and enjoyed singing in the choir and the fellowship of the church over the past six years. Andrew came to live with Don in 1989 and Peter joined them two years later. During his time in Seattle, Don continued to live with ICA colleagues and supported their work in facilitation and community-building. In September, 1994, Don, Joanne, the kids and Don's sister, Sue, set up a home together to support him in the final months of his life. ...**Sue Baker, Joanne Henjum, Bill Norton**

## REMEMBERING DON BAKER

There is a kinship--even a genuine affection--one feels toward another human being when you have shared a bit of profound purpose, bleakest despair and glorious fulfillment. Human connections forged in and during these intense states are not easily erased by time, distance or changes of interest. Such is the case with the Earlys and Don Baker.

When the Earlys recall Don, we think of his tall, bony frame cutting across the glaring white coral of the Marshall Islands. He had a great slow coming smile that started and ended after transforming his entire face with a twinkle in his eyes. And, he had large, strong hands. More times than not his fingers were cut or nicked from his work and had fascinating dark rings around the nails. I especially liked standing next to him during Daily Office. During the passing of the peace, his hands said more in a reassuring way than words could. They reminded you of something that you had forgotten: "The peace of God is yours this day."

He knew everything one could possibly know about two things of the atoll: (1) pieces of scrap metal (often times rusty metal) and (2) dogs. I speak of those caramel colored dogs with long noses and substantial tails that all look the same due to close breeding. He never went anywhere that he didn't have two or three Majuro dogs following him as if they were an integral part of his team at the Multi-Purpose Repair Center. When he worked in the repair center he liked to listen to classical music and carry on conversations with the dogs. When he stopped and petted the dogs, his touch literally drove the dogs crazy. They would wag their tails until they threw themselves off balance. All you could see were dog legs up in the air and tails going sixty miles an hour in all directions.

Marjuro must have been paradise for a man such as Don who got his kicks out of fixing things. It seemed that every possible moving thing on the atoll was in a constant state of disrepair. He was always working on five or six different things at a time. If it wasn't a broken down truck, then it was an outboard motor, or a big refrigerated storage unit, or a defunked generator off a copra freighter. Marjuro was the darndest place for things to be breaking. The consequences of some little something small enough to hold between two fingers were complicated, costly and extremely time consuming. Why there wasn't a neighborhood Ace Hardware within a million miles. Replacement parts were eight

to ten hours north every other day by Continental jet airplane in Guam or Hawaii -- if there. This impossible situation proved over and over again to be the choice chemistry that ignited Don's unbelievable creativity and resourcefulness.

One of our favorite incidents involved a small freighter, the Tatami Maru. It was stranded in the bay at Kwajalien Atoll. Its Marshallese owner hired Don and flew him to Kwajalien to appraise the freighter's condition and, if possible, fix it. Don boarded the plane to Kwajalien with a handful of tools and a very serious and determined look on his face. We did not hear from him for several days. Then one morning, among the scratchy spurting of the CB radio, we heard this:

"Kitco Majuro, calling Kitco Majuro ... (more spurting, crackling interference ... This is Don Baker, calling Kitco Majuro. Do you read Me? Come in please"

"This is Kitco Majuro. Go ahead Don, We read you loud and clear. How's it coming with the Tatami Maru?" Leah yelled straining for Don to hear her.

"The engine room of the Tatmi Marus is three feet deep in water. (sputter, sputter, whistle, crack) ... And then, in his most sober, deeply dramatic voice: "The crew has abandoned ship. ... But, Elijah" (the ship's engineer -- It was not unusual for Marshallese to be given Biblical names.) "Elijah and I remain"

The CB radio sputtered even louder. Then, all was quiet. Nothing. We had lost contact with Don. You can imagine all the dangerous things that went through our minds during the next several weeks as we waited word from Don and the Tatami Maru.

We imagined the worst sorts of tragedies. Headline might read: ENGINEER AND MECHANIC WITH SCREWDRIVER IN HAND GO DOWN WITH THE SHIP or another possible banner" TATAMI MARU TURNS UPSIDE DOWN -- FEARED LOST AT SEA. There were others that surfaced -- headlines and possibilities, that is, but, they were too grim to repeat in present company.

Then, one afternoon a young Marshallese man came running into the Kitco offices shouting that the Tatami Maru had been sighted at the pass of Majuro's lagoon. People were shocked. Confusion and excitement reigned. "The Tatami Maru?"

"What? She is headed this way?"

"How can that be?"

Sure enough in short time the Tatami Maru docked. Elijah and Don disembarked walking tall and straight down the gangplank and beaming with the smiles of quiet, unassuming heroes.

They had done it. As incredible as it was, they had done it. Don relayed all the bloody details as only an authentic Australian storyteller could before an enthralled audience. He explained how he and Elijah rigged up a forge on the back of the ship. With the use of coconut hulls, they built up the fire and sustained its temperature long enough to forge a replacement part from scraps of metal and an automobile hub cap. And, with a wing and lots of prayers, they daringly sailed the 275 miles in open seas to bring her home.

Some believed Don and Elijah were at the center of a modern day miracle. Miracle or not, the sailing of the old ship was a sign that gave many Marshallese -- and others of us who stood very close -- a reason to lift our heads with hope.

The Marshall Islands of the Pacific is today a nation because its people rediscovered courage and self-determination. Perhaps that new nation exists today in part because of men and women such as Don Baker who used their less than perfect lives to turn matter into spirit. God is amazingly generous with grace.

In deepest gratitude, **Lee and Leah Early**

## NOTES ON THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

Recently I had the good fortune to go to Kenya to facilitate an international meeting on small environmental projects. The last night of my stay in Mombassa I had an amazing conversation with a Ghanaian French translator for the U.N. This man is a voracious reader who intellectually digests just about anything he can lay his eyes and ears on. I shared my stories of the similar circumstances of birth shared by Jesus and Krishna. He came back with the story of the Ten Commandments.

The Historical record says that the young and brilliant Joseph became the Pharo's right hand man and his father and all his brothers and their families moved to Egypt. Four centuries later, their fortunes having been somewhat reversed, they left with the

help of another Hebrew leader who was also well connected to the Royal House of Egypt. Moses and his people crossed the desert and re-encountered their cousins in Israel. The major difference was that the returnees showed up with this special agreement between themselves and The Lord God.

Where did they get It? The profound cultural and religious context is that Moses went up on the mountain, had a mysterious and moving conversation with the Lord God of the Hebrew people and came back with ten commandments.

My friend from Ghana told another story. Apparently the Egyptians had a practical legal and social guide to human relations consisting of forty two rules or commandments. I guess these had been developed over time and served to enable and protect people. They included things like prohibitions against murdering, lying and stealing. So after four hundred years some of the practical gifts of Egyptian society had become internalized by the Egypto-Hebrew people who had undergone a kind of socio-cultural hybridisation.

Another of my guesses is that in their heart of hearts these folk knew where the commandments came from but if they just came out and said "We got them from Egypt." It would probably have been a hard sell. So out comes another conversation with the Lord God which is the way that all the major moral and social insights about the human encounter with deep reality get introduced in Hebrew tradition. All of the following; Adam and Eve, Noah, Abraham, Joshua, Joseph, Moses and Jonah had these conversations and the list goes on and on. However, an encounter with the divine has never been a one-way conversation. We always bring our knowledge and experience with us which the mysterious power of existence somehow transforms.

This has the potential to turn into a book that someone else has already written with far more clarity than I could ever come up with. However, in order to make these insights my own I must continue.

My personal take on all of this is that rules are probably helpful and necessary if we are to continue to exist on this planet but...They are for the convenience of memory and education. "Don't kill" is a lot simpler to say than "Be wise and loving in all that you do." It takes so much more patience and energy to come to an understanding of how you can love and care for creation than to say "Don't do that".

What's moral? The question for me is what is underneath morality? When I was in my twenties I leaned about contextual ethics. What is the right, the good, in each situation? Right and good can be moral words that can justify a whole lot of shit depending on how much power you can exercise over someone. My favorite way of talking about this is **The Big Yes**. The Tao is another word that comes to mind. Love is another way of coming at it. Balance comes into it as well.

The guts of all of it comes at the point of experience. "Should" and "ought" are wish words, imperative and ideal words. They come out of experience but the emphasis is on controlling behavior. "Is" and "are" are experience words. Don't lie is a rule, a commandment. "What happens when you lie? is the question that asks about experience.

I love Marguerite my life mate. I love Mira my daughter. I love Charles my son. I am so close to them that they are in my mind and I am in their minds. Often when I sit at the table with them my mind wanders to some thought or other and they start talking in direct response to what I'm thinking. One time when I was overwhelmed with thoughts of death, Mira, who was four or five at the time said to me at that very instant "Don't worry Daddy you aren't going to die." I hadn't said a word about this but somehow she knew what was going on in my head and answered me. Just after Charles was conceived he came to me in a dream. I saw his face, his eyes, his smile. I knew who he was. My experience is that I am deeply connected to my family. This is not rational but it is my truth.

How could I lie in that context? What would happen to us if we lied to each other? For me this is not a moral question it is a practical one. If I lie I am breaking the wonderful connections that I have with the people who are dearest to me. I am choosing to cut the lines and to destroy the balance that we have created or discovered with each other. In my experience I would have to be crazy or hurt or damaged to want to do this.

People know when they are being lied to even when they consciously act as if what they are being told is the truth. Often it is because the liar needs power. This power comes from things like poverty, insecurity or weakness. Lies are accepted because they appear simpler or easier than the truth. The big con is that someone else will take care of it or that someone else is to blame.

Charles said. "I know dad. You don't lie because God sees everything." For me the insight behind that teaching is that the divine in each one of us knows and recognizes the lie. At our deepest level we sense the imbalance.

Why would I lie? Back in 1948 when I was in four-year-old kindergarten my teacher asked which ones of us had pets. Different kids talked about their dogs, cats, goldfish etc. I didn't have a pet so I said "I had three doggies and they all died." The teacher was sympathetic. she said "Oh dear. that's too bad." My experience of school was that we kids, like the rest of my community, defined our own worth and importance by what we had. At that point I had to have what they had to feel important so I created not one, but three imaginary pets and then got rid of the proof with imaginary deaths. My experience was also that most of the kids had fathers. I didn't. My father had been killed in Holland in 1944.

Lying is ducking away from reality in order to protect myself from pain, loss of power, or even from death. Within me or outside of me the balance has been lost, the lines are broken between me and what exists.

In the most ideal situations when humans are in balance with their lives there is little reason to lie. The original people of Australia "dream" while awake and communicate with other people and animals over great distances. Native North-American people have similar capacities which have been described by Farley Mowat and many others. some aborigines think that people of European descent are limited in their ability to "dream" because they have to lie as a matter of course in order to protect their own interests. In the chaos of "the former Yugoslavia", people of identical genetic origins are pitted against each other on the basis of which empire has best succeeded in imposing its culture on which social fragment. Those who are presently killing each other are actually cousins in the same family. Why can't they acknowledge this? Why do they continue to lie to each other? They do it out of fear and anger as did their grand-parents and great-great-grand-parents before them.

Where is all this leading? The universe we live in as I experience it, is a wonderful inter-relatedness of life's diversity. I am a part of it. I am connected to it. I want to be balanced within it. I want to love it and be loved by it.

Recently I watched a programme on PBS where some geneticists prevented some yeast cells from dividing by removing the instructions from their chromosomes. Don't ask me how and anyway its not important to the story. They then took some human cells and extracted the bit that instructed the human cells to divide and put it in the yeast cells. The yeast cells began to divide. The cells did this because both human cells and yeast cells have the same genetic instructions for cell division. How come?

Answer. Yeast cells, human cells and any other cells that divide have a common ancestor. Because of this they all share identical genetic instructions for cell division. My conclusion to this story is that beer, bread, trees, birds and fishes are my cousins.

Where there is war, rape, destruction of the environment and any other abuse of power the story that justifies these actions is as follows: Human beings are supreme on the planet. Anything they do for their own security and comfort should be done even if other lower life forms have to be "sacrificed" (which originally meant "to be made holy"). Lower life forms are those weaker than us, e.g. darker skinned people, those who don't speak our language, women, children, fish and forests to name a few.

For me anyone who denies their balance and connection with life in all its diversity is living a lie. It is written that Jesus said "Thou shalt love the Lord Thy God with all thy heart, mind and soul and thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." I would take another step and put it this way; "You are connected to all that is and you are balanced in its web. You are joined in love to all creation."

For me this is the truth. It is true to my experience. The part about being connected is a scientific truth. Being joined in love is true when I say yes to the connection. Then I live consciously attached to the universe. I live in the attempt to share in life's harmony, balance and diversity. As I take life then I agree that sometime my life may be taken.

The commandments are true only in so much as they flow from this understanding. If they are used to separate one part of life from another, one people from another, to divide the universe into good and bad then they are used to deny the balance and connection in life and they become lies.

.....**Brian Fisher**

## MAYA ANGELOU—A WALKING, TALKING RS-I

Maya Angelou, the poet laureate for the Clinton inauguration was coming to town. When Sandy Rafos heard about her presentation at Roy Thomson Hall, the tickets for the 7:30 show were already sold out. A second presentation was announced- for 10:30 PM the same evening! Sandy and I decided to be adventurous—it was a Tuesday night! We'd both had an intuition I think that Maya would be something special. We were right.

I got one of her books from the library—a lively book based on her life when she was in her 20s. I got out her poem that I'd kept from Clinton's inauguration and re-read that. Tuesday night came. We arrived at the hall about 10:15 and there were crowds everywhere. There were some of the sharpest-dressed black women I have ever seen. They had 12-inches-tall gorgeous hats and fabulous earrings. You could barely keep your eyes off of them.

Sandy and I found our seats in the front row of the choir loft. We had a great view of the stage with bouquets of yellow and white flowers sitting in delicate paths and of Maya—especially when she turned around and looked at us. Her body beat and energy is so great you could feel the good vibrations.

A quartet began the evening with some rousing singing to get us in the mood. Then Maya came in—genuine Maya—no pretenses—just her being alive. And she talked, sang, told stories, shared poetry, and did some spontaneous dance and the two hours were gone—just like that. I was caught up the whole time with this tall black woman. In fact, I noticed at the end that I literally felt taller than when I came into that room. I felt fully human and fully alive and it was 12:30 at night on a week night!

Why did this happen—not just to me but to Sandy and many others? People asked for two encores and could have taken more. Sandy and I reflected to ourselves on the way home that Maya Angelou is a living talking RSI. She affirmed life as it is. Now I knew from her autobiography that she had been raped by her mother's boyfriend, that she was a single mom, divorced from a white man who never honored her blackness, that she had danced in strip joints to keep herself and her son alive, and was very close to suicide at several points in her life. Racism was a constant painful experience. She knows what "in spite of" is all about.

In this evening now in her 60s, she was honouring the pain and struggles of all the ancestors that went before us, not just the history of black people—although certainly that—but also the history of Asian people, Europeans, Native people; and just as we proclaimed "You are accepted", she announced "You have been paid for."—Your ancestors have all fought the good fight—"You have been paid for" (You don't have to prove yourselves. The past is stamped approved. The future is open.) No exceptions. Simply accept.

And you felt your back getting straighter and yourself getting taller by the minute.

Her other strong image was that of the Rainbow. She said that she never did anything without taking her "Rainbow" with her into her presentations, classroom and home. We never got a definition of the Rainbow but we did get images of it in the form of her ancestors, romance (passion), humour, hopes, energy. This Rainbow for her is about living a life of courage without any excuses.

All her images were communicated in rich experiential language and yet simplicity of style. In her final bow to the applause she brought the two sign-language interpreters for the deaf up to the front of the stage to bow with her. No words were spoken but volumes was communicated.

Several colleagues in the movemental order have said that they have met up with Maya in the last few years. She is definitely a global colleague in the spirit. Sandy and I certainly recommend her books, poetry and presentations- even at 10:30 at night. Her life and presence are a gift to all.

.....Jeanette Stanfield

## OUR NEIGHBOUR INDONESIA

As soon as our aircraft flew past the Kimberleys coastline and into the Timor Sea, islands started to appear in the sea, first tiny ones and then larger and larger. Then, out of the clouds emerged the top of a mountain; then we saw another, and another. This country has the largest number of active volcanoes on earth and lies where two of the earth's tectonic plates meet and push at each other for room. It was not surprising then that during our ten day stay in Indonesia, two volcanoes started erupting, one on Lombok and the other on the neighbouring island of Bali.



My husband John and I traveled to Jakarta in August, to stay with friends in the oil industry who have lived there for three years. They are part of a large expatriate community from many European countries, who work with Indonesian companies in demanding and highly technical jobs which pay very well. Part of their salary package is the provision of a very nice house, and money to lease a car for the period of their contract and to pay the wages of a local driver.

The house our friends live in is a veritable mansion, with marble floors all over the house, carved teak paneling, banisters and doors, and a swimming pool. They have a day watchman who looks after the garden and night watchman, so they are guarded around the clock. There is also a maid who does all the cleaning, washing and some of the food preparation, while the driver takes the husband to work and then drives the wife to the shops or wherever she wants to go during the day.

This is very much the norm in this pampered community, and is appreciated by those who are the recipients, despite the fact that the husbands' work loads are very heavy and they often work up to 14 hours a day for six days a week. The wives join clubs which are places for social gatherings as well as groups for raising money for local community needs - which are many.

Jakarta is a busy, polluted city with a population of about a 10 million people, most of whom live in kampongs, small villages bounded by low walls and crisscrossed by lanes which serve as roads. Most of these people do not own cars, so traffic is not a problem in the kampongs, but there is no clean water, and variable supplies of electricity, so life is not easy. Some kampongs are bounded by deep walled ditches where people wash themselves and their clothes. Most of the small rivers we saw driving through the city were terribly polluted with garbage and other waste, but seemed to be used regularly by the local people. Street vendors are everywhere. When we were driving through the city, everytime we stopped - mostly because of traffic jams we were accosted by people selling everything from bottled water to cigarettes and magazines. Because there are so many people, labour is cheap and labourers are numerous so it is nothing to see 25 to 30 men working on refurbishing one house. People are also very inventive. when we drove to any shop where parking was difficult, a man would help the driver park, then stop the traffic for him to drive out after our business was done, and would be

handed 300 rupiah (about 20 cents Australian) as payment for his service.

Most of the main roads in the city are very good, but when you reach the suburbs, there are many pot-holes and electricity posts appear in the middle of roads with hairpin turns, so it was good to have a local driver. The new freeway to the airport, a lovely modern building built in Indonesian style, was beautiful but we had to pay 10,000 rupiah (A\$6.50) tolls each way, which is as much as a street vendor makes in a day. The streets are also full of general store-type stalls and kaki lima (literally five legs) which are food carts with 2 wheels on the front, two wooden logs on the back and a single leg on the front to steady the cart when it is set up. From these kaki lima all kinds of food is served, the favourites being nasi putih (steamed rice), sate ayam (chicken sate sticks) and offal in various forms. Many vendors sell watermelon slices and a type of peeled fruit like a small coconut. There are the usual fruit stalls selling fruit very much like what we eat in Queensland with the addition of rambutan, mangosteen and durian, a vile smelling large fruit, in season only at Christmas and very popular among the locals.

Along the roads there are sections of the city where craftsmen work in wood. They have their wares lined up outside their small workshops and it is beautiful carved work. They use teak and many other rainforest woods to carve the furniture, as it is plentiful and popular, but the forests of kalimantan on Borneo are being rapidly depleted for the sake of this lovely furniture and ever-increasing exports.

We visited a couple of huge markets (pasars) where there are up to five stories of small shops set up like Paddy's markets with each vendor selling something different. They make wonderful copies of expensive items like Rolex watches and Cartier handbags in fine leather, and no one would ever be able to tell the difference, so it's a great place for shoppers!

During the day the temperature was around 30 Celsius and at night about 22, but 3 hours away there was a mountain range covered in tea plantations, where we visited a safari park of animals roaming freely about the park while we drove through. It was much cooler there and the animals obviously appreciated it, but we were distressed to see a polar bear in a pool on a sunny Indonesian hillside, and although they had done their best to house him well, he was not happy.

At the safari park we had our photographs taken with a young orangutan name Kiki who was a bit of a

clown. She took my sunglasses, had them adjusted by her keeper, and then posed with her long arms around us, to the delight of onlookers. She was also interested in looking through our hair to see if we needed grooming.

We made a detour on our way home to see Bali, because we hadn't been there before and were curious to see what it was like. We had decided to stay in a hotel on Nusa Dua, a peninsula about 30 minutes from Kuta and Legion beaches, the market area where most of the young travelers stay. Wanting to see what it was like, we took a taxi there one night for dinner and were quite disappointed as it was very commercial, and the quality of the goods being sold was poor. After spending the same amount of taxi fares to and from the hotel as we did on the food, we decided that we would rather see more of the island than the markets. The next day we were driven on a tour of the towns and villages on the way to the mountainous area, where a few days earlier Mt. Batur had suddenly begun erupting.

By the time we got there, the eruption was only a small puff of black smoke, but the drive through Bali was very interesting, especially seeing the rice paddies that climb up and down hills and into valleys with an ingenious system of watering from a dam built at the top and ditches which are cut into the terrain so that the water covers every part of every paddy before falling to the lowest point. All these paddies have been carved out of the jungle over centuries by farmers, and each new generation adds to the system.

There still seems to be plenty of jungle (what we would call rain forest) left in Bali, and it did not look over-farmed, but many of the farming families are losing their sons and daughters to the tourism industry which is Bali's biggest money earner. As our guide said, Bali has none of the mineral resources of Sumatra and Java, and none of the hard wood forests of Kalimantan, so tourism is a good way for them to make money. The Balinese people are mostly Hindu and very pleasant and gracious. Their culture is intriguing and they are willing to share it with visitors who respect their rituals and feelings, but the many feet that tread the paths of the ancient temples are disrupting the meditative atmosphere and Bali is inevitably changing.

We enjoyed our short trip so much that we are determined to go back one day. We want to visit the craft centre of Java, Yogyakarta, and other towns and cities that have special features. There are good rail services to many parts of Java, and we will

probably see more of the country if we travel that way. We picked up a bit of the language while we were traveling and the people are always pleased to see you making the effort.

Indonesia is so close to Australia, that we are surprised that more of us don't make it a holiday destination. Apart from Bali, very few Australians visit, which is all the more interesting when we found ourselves surrounded by Germans, French and other Europeans who consider Indonesia an excellent place for a holiday. I hope that soon, many of us discover its beauties and take a journey through its lush green islands. ... **Julie Miesen**

## REFLECTIONS ON A TRIP TO INDIA

It makes me so mad that in 1992 Nike paid more money to Michael Jordan to promote its products than it paid to all of the thousands and thousands of people throughout the Third World who actually make those products. These people work in crushing sweatshops and Nike takes no responsibility for them at all. This is what some people call The New World Economic Order. I call it exploitation. Just a new way for the North to colonize the South. In a small way I would like to do something about it. So, I went to India to identify a few products which could be sold in North America. Then through I.C.A.'s Women's Centre at Panvel, we would set up women's cooperatives to manufacture these goods. The women involved would share equitably in this economic process and receive a lot of family health and life skills training besides. Hopefully this would contribute to the modest protest against exploitation on the basis of wage differentials.

I traveled to Bombay, Puna, Delhi, Farozabad and Jaipur looking for suitable products. Right now, we're considering stationary and greeting cards made with handmade paper, leather products such as luggage and handbags, purses etc. and certain kinds of jewelry. Joe Thomas is involved as is Vijay Lokhande, a businessman and long time ICA: India board member. If anyone else wants to get involved, (ie looking for markets in N.A. etc..) please call me at 905-275-6147.

I really enjoyed seeing my old ICA colleagues - the Gavais in Bombay, the Bhattacharyas and the others at Panvel, and the Jadhavs and Taksandes in Pune. Unlike us busy North Americans, they had all the

time and all the hospitality in the world for a visitor. The work they are doing with the Chikhale Ashram School, the women's centre in Panvel and the Malegon Village Development Project is just great. I am especially impressed by their kids. I found these young people to be just tremendous. I asked Anil and Lucina Prasad what the secret had been in raising their three outstanding children. Anil said, "It's no secret, Mariam. It's the training they got in ICA. They learned to be responsible and to care for each other.....**Mariam Quereshi Gibson**

## RS-1

In Sept. 1994, Stan Gibson was given an RS-1 for his 50th birthday. It was such a great weekend for us that we decided to offer it again to our friends and colleagues. So the weekend of April 21 we presented Toronto with yet another RS-1. The group was exceptional. The level of participation was truly out of the ordinary. We recruited most of the participants to their first encounter with this material. The one exception amongst the nineteen participants was John Beach who said he had taken several and was in fact an RS-1 groupie. Lyn Mathews Edwards flew in from Chicago. Joe Thomas flew in from Daphne. We manage to recruit two of our study group, Ian Gilmour and Hillary Bell to take on the other teaching roles. Mariam Gibson and I took part as participant observers.

Joe Crocker: What a pleasure to meet your sons Benjamin and Jonathan. Many of those who sat down around the table Friday night have family ties to the Ecumenical Institute. Kendra McCleskey and Ian Woodbury are honest and witty. The two Crocker boys, whom I have mentioned, were always ready to offer another perspective and have boundless sincerity. The Patterson contingent included my daughters Corina and Jesse and their cousin Paul (son of James and Lorraine) and brought enough energy to make it difficult to stay grounded. Shelagh Kitney has a quiet certitude that she seems happy to share. Also represented at the table were the Jewish and Muslim perspectives. The participants ranged in age from 16 years to 50 years. They included high school students, poet, teachers, dentist, one serious high altitude kite flyer, medical students and consultants. Great group!

Other members of our team included Nancy Fraser, Stan Gibson, Sheighlah Hickey and James Latrobe. This may have been one of the best ever in terms of enablement. We met at the historic Montgomery Inn.

Two foot thick stone walls and five foot fireplaces helped to give a solid feel to the course.

Shelagh Kitney has so internalized the freedom paper that she has since the course confronted her visual arts teacher, "If you want me to exercise more responsibility you're going to have to give me a little more freedom." She is now being allowed to take videos home.

Our little study group (don't all good stories have a study group in them?) would be happy to communicate with anyone who might be interested in what we are doing. The papers and the Daily Office have been worked on in terms of inclusive language. All of these and other materials could be available.

On Saturday morning a context for Daily Office was given followed by a dress rehearsal of the parts of the Office which illustrated the context being offered. On Sunday morning another context and people seemed to feel very open to it and a full Daily Office was held. It's a drama - it's a dialogue - it's a dance.

During the closing conversation, a couple of people asked for the poetry from the course and Lyn suggested that we include the poetry and icons in a packet to the participants. We set a fee for the course and covered our expenses and were able to send a donation to the Archives of \$158.00CDN.

We as a study group (we jokingly refer to ourselves as the RS-1 survivors support group) are not sure where we're going. When I was talking about the course to my brother David prior to the event he said at one point "but it's too bad you don't have any structures to pick people up afterward". At this point the course feels like a gift to be shared with others for whom we care. Stay tuned.

.....**Stephen Patterson**

## REFLECTIONS/EVENTS

Gordon re-located from ICA Taiwan to ICA Seattle and, as Pacific Rim Services Director, is focusing on marketing ICA services and building networks with the private sector involved with the Asia Pacific. He is, of course, already installed in the local computer club and has been asked to serve in 1995 as Vice President of the China Club. All this, plus Seattle's obsession for coffee, has given his life a distinct Shangri-La aura!

And I love this place! It's wonderful! It's fresh and green and lively and even sunny. Yes, it does rain off and on a lot, but then there's the sun and blue sky and Puget Sound and Mt. Rainier. Terrific! Our apartment is in downtown Seattle, a block from I-5 and three minutes by car from I-90, which means it's very easy to get to us. I've been working for seven months now as secretary to the senior minister at Plymouth Congregational Church and, besides being able to walk to work, I am very happy to be there -- it's a busy, challenging and exciting place to work. Gordon and I have recently joined Seattle First Baptist Church and look forward to becoming involved in this active congregation.

.....**Roxane & Gordon Harper**

During the month of October Claudia had the first public showing of her quilt art. She had 14 on display at Undercover Quilts in the Pike Place market. Some of the pieces for the show had to be borrowed from their owners. She sold two quilts and got commissions for three more. Recently she was invited to do a show in another gallery. As part of this 'coming out', she had six full-color greeting cards made from photos of her most dramatic pieces. She is selling/will sell the cards for \$1.25 each, a set for \$6.00.

In September, Don said yes to a full-time faculty position at the Business and Management Training Center at Bates Technical College in Tacoma, WA. The BMTC provides consulting and training services to small-medium sized business and not-for-profits in the Puget Sound region. Since Bates is a public institution, Don is in reality an employee of the State of Washington. We like the 8-5 routine and the regular salary & benefits. It is only a 45 minute commute and when he has clients in Seattle he doesn't even go to the office.

.....**Claudia & Don Cramer**

This has been a very full year for us. As a family we have settled into our first "home of our own" in Arncliffe - a very multicultural suburb close to the city and airport. Our front lawn has now been completely transformed into an area of surprises and changes with flowers and shrubs of all sorts now beginning to show their colours. Our no-dig garden at the back of the house is struggling along in the drought but we are hoping to harvest beans, tomatoes, cucumbers, corn and strawberries at least.

We have also been very involved in organising a visit by Shakuntala Jadhav, co-ordinator of the Malegaon Village Project near Bombay, which John was able to see while in India. Her visit to Australia enabled

her to speak to groups across the country. In Sydney we held an Indian Dance Benefit Concert for the project.

**John, Robyn, Glen, Kiran Hutchinson**

Pat Scott and I continue to develop workshops around the title of Wise Women. It is a slow organic process. One was Wise Women as Artists and the other Wise Women as Storytellers. Pat and I have three more workshops scheduled for next year.

Part of this work is being done at Heartsong Hill, the retreat centre for which I am a faculty member and help coordinate programs. HSH gives me the opportunity to deeply open my senses and commune with the earth. I 'poured water' at my first earth lodge (sweat lodge) this year. This work has opened my self into larger realms of existence and the cycles of birth, journey, and death. There is also a community of dear friends gathering around the work of HSH.

I decided if I was going to live in this province I needed to fully know the land. Two highlights: taking lessons in sea Kayaking in Georgian Bay, and a fall canoe trip through Algonquin Park. What excitement!

I find the phrase 'social spirit pioneer' fitting. I am delighted to find my business once again focused on community development. Part of my work in the future will be finding ways to bring my spiritual practice into community development. Several ways that worked for me this year: The canoe trip occurred right before the larger community meeting at Rama. I felt that through the trip I had done the spiritual homework necessary for me to be a healing presence in the community. That community meeting was truly a 'healing circle'. The community at HSH knows about these major facilitation events and holds me in their circle of prayers and concerns for the day. (they generate an energy field around the event) The Riverdale work is with people active in the Christian/Ecumenical traditions so I think there is room for deeper dialogue. Visions continue to dance through my imagination. In recent years I am beginning to appreciate the truth that the more I penetrate and map my own internal reality, the better I can manifest new external responses to the issues of our time. ....

**Jan Sanders**

Each season welcomes a wealth of wildflowers, and Doris continues to capture some of the majesty and wonder on film for all to share, while her active participation in the Bastrop Camera Club led us to host the club's Christmas party a few nights ago.

A November weekend in Utopia (that's right, it is in Texas and is where Bill and Helen Newkirk run a Bed and Breakfast) and to the Lost Maples State Wildlife Area was a needed renewal break in the midst of a full and demanding fall. Orders for hundreds of Doris's Wildflower Greeting cards puts us both to folding, sticking, and stuffing this season. In April Charles began a part-time job working with the Bastrop County Indigent Health Care Program and was named Administrator, a role that keeps us in touch with people's pain and aware of the absence of comprehensive care. ....**Doris & Charles Hahn**

This has been a particularly memorable year for the Hoffs. We spent the month of July in a cabin on Lake LBJ in Texas. Relatives came and went and we relaxed and enjoyed the company, our family of three and the peace and beauty of our spot. We have been living in dispersion since the beginning of August when Mike decided to go back to his old university, Southwest Texas State University, in San Marcos, Texas. There he has begun work toward a masters in English with additional course work in education. After substituting and tutoring last year he felt that he had been out of the mainstream of education for a long time and needed to go back and retool himself. Although he had secured a 7/8 grade teaching position at California International School in Hong Kong for this school year, Mike decided to pursue an advanced degree before reentering the field of education. So there he is, living in Austin, substituting during the day and attending classes at night. Remember those major papers which were assigned at the beginning of the semester and due at the end? Well, after 30 years, Mike had to write one, on comparing the thinking of John Stuart Mills and Jean Jacques Rousseau.

Meanwhile, back in Hong Kong, Mary and David are doing pretty well, all separation considered. Mike calls every Sunday night and is coming at Christmas. We are going to the Philippines for a week with the Pattersons, Obergers, Greenwalds and Nagys and Joan Knutson. ....**The Hoffs**

This past year has been "busy-busy-busy" on several fronts. Both Sally and Jim have been working more hours than they ever thought they would. Sally has continued her multiple job schedule: five days, including weekends with the Ecumenical Institute, and two days during the week managing the finances of the Chicago Technology Park. Jim, not to be outdone, has been teaching and tutoring chemistry at three different community colleges. Our bank

accounts may have improved, but we are definitely ready for something new and different.

The whole issue of teen-age pregnancy came home to us when Kathy's daughter Marilyn Scharko gave birth to a 9 pound, 13 ounce boy November 11th. Baby and family are doing well. Marilyn will attend St. Ignatius Academy in January. Sally and Jim have certainly enjoyed seeing holding and spoiling our first great-grandson. Kathy's younger daughter, Nicole, has just turned 13 and continues to bring her energy and vitality as well as lots of friends to the family.

The main benefit from all of this work at paying jobs has been the new house that Kathy and Sally and Jim bought last June. The three spent a lot of time looking all over the city to find a two or three flat apartment building that met a whole series of seemingly impossible criteria. Finally, the only candidate was a large three flat that was a converted big farmhouse in Jefferson Park. The neighborhood is traditionally Polish. Kathy is selling her house and has already moved into the new house. The two other flats are rented. Jim has plenty of opportunity to perfect his "home improvement" skills and all of us have been delighted with barbeques of brats and hamburgers in the big backyard.

.....**Jim & Sally Fenton**

Marie began the year with a trip to Australia for Heidi's wedding, Act I. The rest of the time has been devoted to Training Inc. She notes that there is now a higher percentage of men in the program (23-34%). Training Inc. National Association has involved some of her interest and passion this year. She also led a team for Trainer Training for a new facilities maintenance program at TI in Indianapolis. As a member and secretary of the Pastor Nominating Committee for our local congregation, she has been putting in extra time with the church.

For Basil this has been a year of changing work situations. He has served four employers this year, including himself. After a canceled contract resulted in being laid off, he went on his own as an independent contractor. When the consulting situation did not work out, he took a position with Mnemonic Systems working on re-engineering the Coast Guard's pay and personnel data system. It is nice to know that there is a demand for one's skills. Besides preaching and leading study groups at our local congregation, he is the chairman of Presbytery's Social Justice/Peacemaking committee and interim moderator for the N. Virginia Taiwanese Presbyterian Church.

Yours in the fullness and wonder of life, born anew each day.

**Basil and Marie Sharp**

We don't know what did it but 1994 turned out to be remarkable. Maybe it was John turning 50, or David learning to fly an airplane or Miriam spending the summer in Quebec or Thea again walking the 100 Km MacLehose Trail in October.

Oh yes, there was also the fishing trip on the French River (for John and Thea) with family and friends in August 1994. When the fishing got bad, we went to the golf course. When that got bad, or that is, didn't get better, back to the fishing holes. A pretty good rhythm, actually.

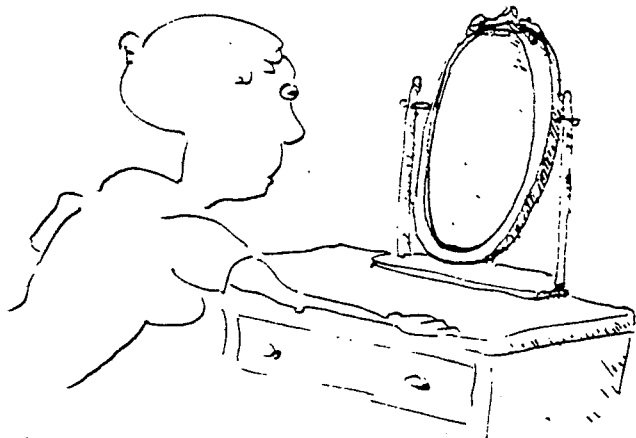
David worked in Oshawa for the summer at a Drop-in-Centre for street people, a great learning experience, one might say. He continues to play trumpet in the school orchestra and full back on the REAL Rugby team. (Not the kind with all those pads.)

Miriam is finishing her 4 year BA in English and Anthropology at Trent University and it seems likely that at least the first few years after graduation will be spent elsewhere than in Canada. Where does that travel bug come from?

Thea has her contract renewed at Hong Kong International School where she continues to make a significant contribution to the colony's Primary Education system.

John continues to assist companies who are making the transition to more highly participative cultures. Freedom, Responsibility, Commitment do not helpfully appear, one without the other.

.....**John, Thea, Miriam, David Patterson**



"Mirror, mirror, on the wall,  
Who's the profoundest of them all?"

Mary is in her third and final year of graduate school at Iona College in New Rochelle, New York. In summer 1995 she will graduate with an M.S. in Counseling and a certificate in pastoral counseling. She is doing an internship year at a state psychiatric clinic in Peekskill and is also the group processor in the Guild for Spiritual Guidance at the Wainwright House in Rye, New York. Recently she represented ICAI at the UN in the PrepCom meeting for the Social Summit. She participates in the caucus on spirituality in preparation for the Beijing Women's Summit. She is on the Board of Directors of two NGOs, one in Peekskill concerned with daycare for the mentally ill and one in Larchmont providing housing for the homeless. She enjoys her ceramics class as well as working out in a local gym.

This November Rob celebrated his fourth year with the United Nations Development Programme (UNDP). He is Senior Programme Advisor in the Urban Development Unit and coordinates the LIFE programme which promotes "local-local" dialogue to improve the urban environment in low-income settlements in Asia, Africa, Latin America and the Caribbean, the Middle East & Eastern Europe and the CIS. In the past year his work has taken him to Mexico, Senegal, Tanzania, Pakistan, India, Thailand, France, Sweden, Switzerland and Portugal. While in India he appreciated participating in the global gathering of the ICAI. This year he also fulfilled a life-long dream by studying classical European dance (ballet) and is now working out in a gym.

Rob & Mary have enjoyed attending numerous performances of modern dance and ballet in the New York area as well as a Mystery School weekend with Jean Houston on the lives of Martha Graham and Georgia O'Keefe. Our family savored hosting Rob's parents at our home during Christopher's graduation, visiting Mary's parents in Phoenix, seeing many old friends including Rev. and Mrs. Kang Byoung Hoon and Rev. and Mrs. Lee Jae Joon and going on our first ski trip. ..**Rob, Mary, Ben, Chris Work**

Joe's new church is situated on the southern boundary of the city, and serves a multi-cultural neighborhood. The congregation includes many life-long members (some of whom now commute from the outlying suburbs) as well as residents of the immediate community who represent the city's richly diverse population--Liberian, Hispanic, Indian, Portuguese and Southeast Asian. We have welcomed many things about this appointment. Among them are the strong and committed laity; the comprehensive urban ministry of Project Outreach,

staffed by the only Church and Community Worker appointed by General Board of Global Missions in the New England Conference; an outstanding Church Secretary who is the glue for multiple dimensions of congregational life; a dynamic Lay Leader who is preparing for ordination as a UM pastor and now serves as Executive Director of the Rhode Island Organizing Project, a faith-based community development effort; and the developing cooperative ministry among the clergy who serve the four United Methodist Churches across the city. Although it was difficult to leave so many wonderful friends and parishioners in Winthrop, this new appointment has been a challenging gift.

Life for us this year has been energizing and demanding. We often wish we could make time to smell the roses, write poetry or play the cello more often. We agonize over the widening gap between those who have and those who have not, particularized in our Nicaraguan colleagues who must live on one or two meals a day. We rejoice over those in local communities, schools and churches who are working to transform time, space and relationships. We pray for the continued healing of our planet; we seek new levels of care for the soul. ....**Joe, Marilyn, Ben & Jon Crocker**

Over the past year we have been working towards the Global Gathering in Lonavala. With the scare of the "plague" only Cyprian was able to attend. The children and I stayed in Delhi as the children were advised not to travel. The visits to New Delhi from Global Gathering participants Rob Work, Ken Otto, Leroy and Margie Philbrook, Maria O, Elaine & John Telford and Wendy Saegenschnitter enabled us to share in the joy of our global colleagueship. I find myself increasingly grateful for those who we have worked with over the years in the Institute and the continuing relationship with them.

Our work has continued to grow. We now have four clients and our work with them is keeping us on our toes. As of April this year we have been operating as Kanbay. This has encouraged us to also work in information management and business process

reengineering. We are hoping to work increasingly in education. So far this has been limited to two schools in Delhi. Over the last year we were able to initiate work in Rajasthan in reforestation and environmental education. This continues to be an area that beckons our interest and creativity.

.....**Cyprian & Mary DeSouza**

My consulting work with IRI/Skylight, an educational training and publishing organization has taken me to many states around the country. Particularly exciting were opportunities on a Navajo Indian Reservation in Arizona and a first work assignment in Canada. It has been especially fun to create training seminars built around my book.

.....**Bruce Williams**

1994 began with my election to the Seattle Men's Chorus Board of Directors. This was an exciting year for the chorus as we mounted an energetic tribute to the 1960s in March and a Stonewall celebration with guest artist, Maya Angelou, in June. Then on to Carnegie Hall for the big "Stonewall 25" celebration in New York. What a thrill for John and me to take in the festivities, including a surprise acappella performance of the chorus at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. ....**Bruce Robertson**

January marked my biggest publication coup to date - my story of the role played by an Australian aboriginal man in the rescue of two German pilots in 1932 - published in a major Australian newspaper.

**John Burbidge**

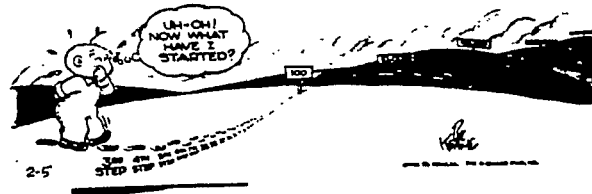
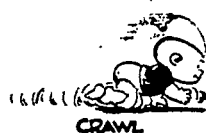
## A ROSE FOR PAT

Pat Scott will be having surgery for a brain tumor June 14th at 11:00 a.m. in Hamilton, Ontario. She asks colleagues to put a rose beside them and send good energy to her and her doctors as they perform a very delicate operation.

We pray for her healthy recovery.



**THE LONG JOURNEY**





## POETRY

## Human Family

I note the obvious differences  
in the human family.  
Some of us are serious,  
some thrive on comedy

Some declare their lives are lived  
as true profundity,  
and others claim they really live  
the real reality.

The variety of our skin tones  
can confuse, bemuse, delight,  
brown and pink and beige and purple,  
tan and blue and white.

I've sailed upon the seven seas  
and stopped in every land,  
I've seen the wonders of the world,  
not yet one common man.

I know ten thousand women  
called Jane and Mary Jane,  
but I've not seen any two  
who really were the same.

Mirror twins are different  
although their features jibe,  
and lovers think quite different thoughts  
while lying side by side.

We love and lose in China,  
we weep on England's moors,  
and laugh and moan in Guinea,  
and thrive on Spanish shores.

We seek success in Finland  
are born and die in Maine.  
In minor ways we differ,  
in major we're the same.

I note the obvious differences  
between each sort and type,  
but we are more alike, my friends,  
than we are unlike

We are more alike, my friends,  
than we are unlike.

We are more alike, my friends,  
than we are unlike.

Maya Angelou

## POETRY

## River Walk

We walked along the River  
Sun warmed and pleased to be sharing time together.  
The once angry, brown, torrent  
slipped quietly by - a clear refreshing stream.

"Let's go closer", she said,  
and there we watched the glistening scene  
of sand and liquid life.

Two children played in wild abandon.  
Feet wet,

stomping

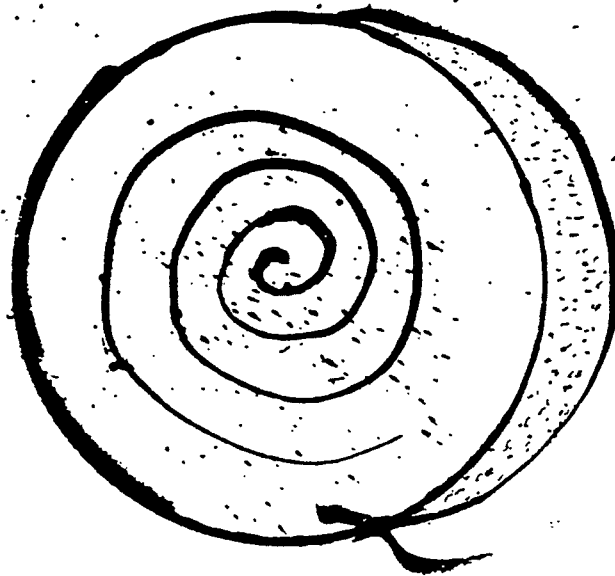
splashing

squealing

treasuring the moment as they will the memory  
This water in the desert catches all of us in awe  
and swirls us deeper to the past and future.

"It's like being at the beach", she said,  
and then we left,  
grateful for our Riverwalk.

.....Judy Lindblad



He  
34



Once more, let me advise you not to look upon me as a fool. Yet if you do, then listen to what this "fool" has to boast about.

I am not now speaking as the Lord commands me but as a fool who must be "in on" this business of boasting. Since all the others are so proud of themselves, let me do a little boasting as well.

From your heights of superior wisdom I am sure you can smile tolerantly on a fool. Oh, you're tolerant all right! You don't mind, do you, if a man takes away your liberty, spends your money, takes advantage of you, puts on airs or even smacks your face? I am almost ashamed to say that I never did brave strong things like that to you. Yet in whatever particular they enjoy such confidence I (speaking as a fool, remember) have just as much confidence.

Are they Hebrews? So am I.

Are they Israelites? So am I.

Are they descendants of Abraham? So am I.

Are they ministers of Christ? I have more claim to this title than they. This is a silly game but look at this list:

I have worked harder than any of them.

I have served more prison sentences!

I have been beaten times without number.

I have faced death again and again.

I have been beaten the regulation thirty-nine stripes by the Jews five times.

I have been beaten with rods three times.

I have been stoned once.

I have been shipwrecked three times.

I have been twenty-four hours in the open sea.

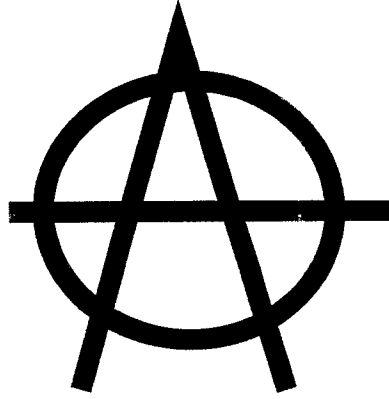
In my travels I have been in constant danger from rivers and floods, from bandits, from my own countrymen, and from pagans. I have faced danger in city streets, danger in the desert, danger on the high seas, danger among false Christians. I have known exhaustion, pain, long vigils, hunger and thirst, doing without meals, cold and lack of clothing.

Apart from all external trials I have the daily burden of responsibility for all the churches. Do you think that anyone is weak without my feeling his weakness! The God and Father of the Lord Jesus, he who is blessed for ever, knows that I speak the simple truth.

In Damascus, the town governor, acting by King Aretas' order, had men out to arrest me. I escaped by climbing through a window and being let down the wall in a basket. That's the sort of dignified exit I can boast about.

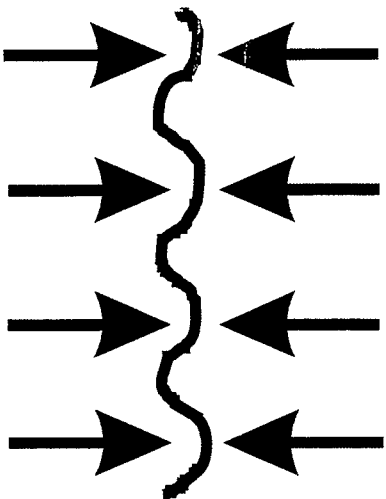
II Corinthians 11: 16-33

# The Poetry of Living Profoundly



Excerpts reprinted from :  
*D.H. Lawrence, Selected Poems*, ed. Kenneth Rexroth, Viking Press, New York, 1970

and  
*The New Testament in Modern English*, J.B. Phillips, Geoffrey Bles Ltd., London, 1960



Not I, not I, but the wind that blows through me!  
A fine wind is blowing a new direction of Time  
If only I let it bear me, carry me, if only it carry me!

If only I am sensitive, subtle, oh delicate, a winged gift!

If only, most lovely of all, I yield myself and am borrowed

By the fine, fine wind that takes its course through the chaos of the world

Like a fine, an exquisite chisel, a wedge-blade inserted;

If only I am keen and hard like the sheer tip of a wedge

Driven by invisible blows,  
The rock will split, we shall come at the wonder,

Oh, for the wonder that bubbles into my soul,

I would be a good fountain, a good well-head,  
Would blur no whisper, spoil no expression.

What is the knocking?

What is the knocking at the door in the night?

It is somebody wants to do us harm.

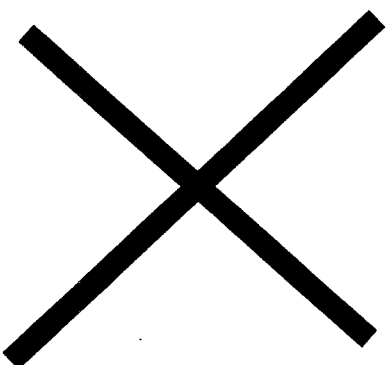
No, no, it is the three strange angels.

Admit them, admit them.

The Song of a Man Who Has Come Through, D.H. Lawrence

Directly after this Jesus insisted on his disciples' getting aboard their boat and going on ahead to the other side, while he himself sent the crowds home. And when he had sent them away he went up the hillside to pray. When it grew late he was there by himself while the boat was by now a long way from the shore at the mercy of the waves, for the wind was dead against them. In the small hours Jesus went out to them, walking on the water of the lake. When the disciples caught sight of him, walking on the water they were terrified. "It's a ghost!" they said, and screamed with fear. But at once Jesus spoke to them. "It's all right! It's I myself, don't be afraid!"

"Lord, if it's really you," said Peter, "tell me to come to you on the water."



"Come on, then," replied Jesus.

Peter stepped down from the boat and did walk on the water, making for Jesus. But when he saw the fury of the wind he panicked and began to sink, calling out, "Lord save me!" At once Jesus reached out his hand and caught him, saying, "You little-faith! What made you lose your nerve like that?"

Matthew 14: 22-32

As we live, we are transmitters of life,  
And when we fail to transmit life, life fails to flow through us.

That is part of the mystery of sex, it is a flow onwards.

Sexless people transmit nothing.

And if, as we work, we can transmit life into our work,

life, still more life, rushes into us to compensate, to be ready

and we ripple with life through the days.

Even if it is a woman making an apple dumpling,

or a man a stool,

if life goes into the pudding, good is the pudding,

good is the stool,

content is the woman, with fresh life rippling in to her,

content is the man.

Give and it shall be given unto you

is still the truth about life.

But giving life is not so easy.

It doesn't mean handing it out to some mean

fool, or letting the living dead eat you up.

It means kindling the life-quality where it was

not,

even if it's only in the whiteness of a washed

pocket handkerchief.

We Are Transmitters, D.H. Lawrence

