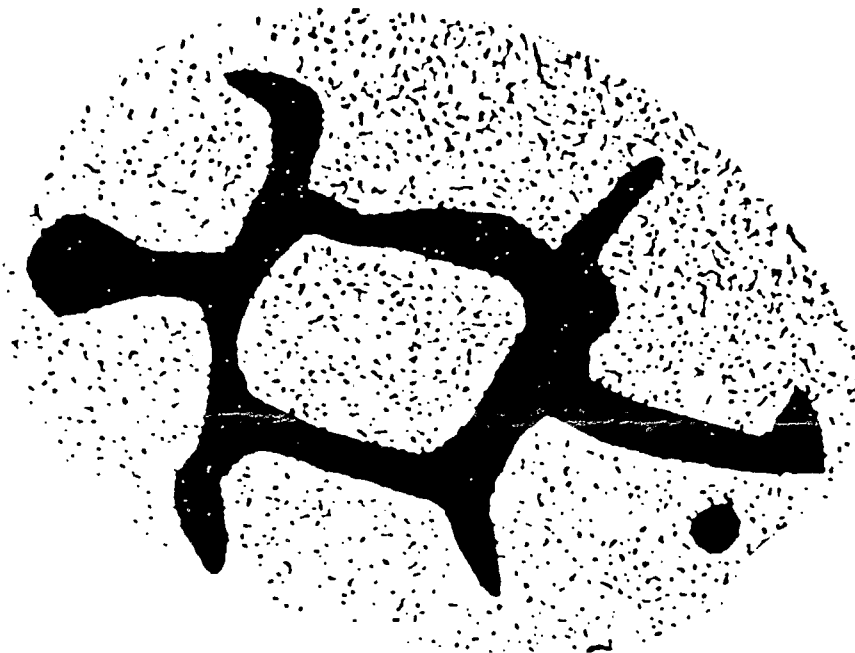


The Node

Volume 9, No. 1
March, 1995



*Turtle ... Great Mother
Feed my spirit
Clothe my heart
That I may serve you too.*

THE NODE

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EDITORIAL



Dear colleagues,

Once again the magic happened. At the stone chapel on Parliament Street in Toronto it happened. Bev Parker had told her daughter she wanted a Memorial Service like the one that was done for Brian Williams. She passed on peacefully on March 9th after a four month dance with lung cancer. So again in the stone chapel, a table for her symbols was assembled in the center aisle, and many stories were told between song, witnesses, chants and readings. The sixty colleagues and family members present were amazed at the mystery and wonder of her life. They laughed and cried and knew their lives had been touched.

This edition of the Node is dedicated to Beverly Parker, who was editor of the Node until last September. She wanted very much to have the Node continue to help the network pass on the pearls of wisdom, experience, and inspiration to each other. Before Bev had left us, we planned to focus this issue on what people were doing in the area of spirit. We had great fun gleaning the 68 Christmas letters that somehow got into our hands. Some of it will wait until the next issues. We found Bev's service such a spirit happening that we want to share it with you.

The cover is Beverly's totem, the turtle, as she was one of these white on the outside and red on the inside people. You will find parts of the Eulogy spoken by Duncan Holmes, and witnesses by Brian Stanfield and Sheighlah Hickey. The sketches were some of the items on her table of symbols.

Also fitting is the report of the retreat experience of Lyn Mathews Edwards and Karen Troxel.....

We look to our next issue to be more bubblings of the spirit. We were wishing the books mentioned in letters had an intriguing paragraph with the titles to entice us to read them. Please send us your reflections by mid May for our next issue. We especially welcome short reflections on the important events in your life. Also we encourage you to use E-mail if at all possible.

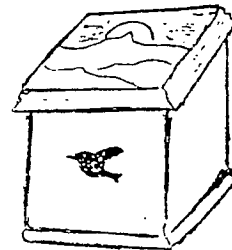
A CELEBRATION OF JOY

Welcome. I'm Duncan Holmes and I have been given the honor of guiding this celebration of a

woman who taught my first course with the Institute and who has been an example to me of an incredible mix of power and humility - a living example of what continuous learning is all about.

We gather today to celebrate the completed life of Beverley Joan Parker -- a woman who touched the lives of all of us here and many who aren't here -

Bev is here at the center (unlike Bev - she usually was on the edges and ensuring that all the details were cared for). On and around this table in the center we have many of the articles that are symbols or reminders of Bev's life. Her sweaters that she put her creativity into with her knitting; eggs to symbolize her celebrating nature's seasonal holidays (Bev would balance eggs on their ends during the solstice); her stones and shells that she gathered as she cared for Mother earth. If you haven't had a chance to look at them, please come up at the end and see them. We also have Bev herself here - both in spirit as well as her ashes in the pine box her daughter Wendy lovingly crafted.



My wife came across a reading that captured for her some of Bev's spirit. She read it to Bev about 2 weeks ago and it brought a brilliant smile to Bev's face. Reading of whirling rainbow prophecy; "The prophecy of the Whirling Rainbow was very specific. When the Time of the White Buffalo approaches" (and there was a white buffalo born in the States last fall) "the third generation of the White Eyes' children will grow their hair and speak of love as the healers of the Children of Earth. These children will seek new ways of understanding themselves and others. They will wear feathers and beads and paint their faces. They will seek the Elders of the Red Race and drink of their wisdom. These white eyed children will be a sign that the Ancestors are returning in white bodies, but they are Red on the inside. They will learn to walk the Earth Mother in balance again and reform the ideas of the white chiefs. These children will be tested as they were when they were Red ancestors ... to see if they can remain on The Sacred Path." Bev has walked the Sacred Path and cared for the Earth with great honor and spunk.

We know that no one of us here can hold the entirety of the incredible human being that Beverley Parker is. Not one of us or even those of us here can know the impact she has had on lives of people she has met in her journeys through the world.

But we have asked a couple of people to bear witness to her life in the midst of some songs and readings that were important to her. Then we also want you to share with us what you know of this woman. We will not have time for all the stories to be told but we do want to hear some of them and you will notice there is a reception after to which you are all welcome to come and share other stories of her life.



Reading - Wendy

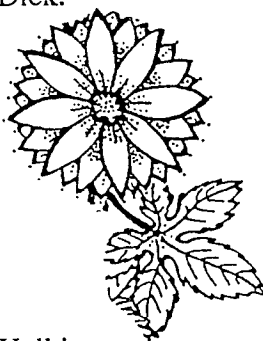
We want to begin with a reading which came to Bev recently from one of her many friends around the world. She thought enough of it to send it to each of her family. Her daughter Wendy will read it for us.

Fra Giovanni 1513 AD

EULOGY FOR BEVERLEY JOAN PARKER

Bev was born in Winnipeg in East Kildonan on March 7, 1922. She was an only child for ten years before her parents adopted a brother - Dick.

Bev's knowledge and love of flowers, nature and mother Earth is one of her hallmarks. We think it came from her father who always had flowers and a garden. His was always the best looking place on the block - he always had a flower garden blooming.



Bev attended high school at Balmoral Hall in Winnipeg - a private school for girls - one of her grand daughters is currently following in her footsteps. Balmoral Hall was the school for the top section of society to attend.

Bev received her Bachelor of Science from the University of Manitoba. During her time at university she became a member of a sorority. She has continued to maintain contact with her sorority sisters to this day.

During the war Bev worked at the weather station in Winnipeg. No fancy technology in those days. How much did it snow last night? She would have

to climb up on the roof and check the container at the bottom of the funnel. Bev lost many people who were dear to her during the war including her favorite beau.

After the war she went on to get married in 1944 to Hugh - a Winnipeg lawyer. They were to have 8 kids. One of her boys, Casey, drowned when he was two years old. Bev's life centered around the home, caring for her family. But family wasn't just the kids. It was the kids plus their friends - many of whom adopted Bev as their surrogate mother. Bev always had an ear to listen and words to challenge the thoughts and hearts of those who inhabited their house.

The house was always open and was very cosmopolitan. Bev and Hugh's friends were always coming by. Some of them lived with the Parkers for periods of time. The family friends were from around the world - Canadian Indians; East Indians, Chinese - you name it they came by and talked. Bev was always there and was ready to talk about anything. At one point Bev hosted a group of Indian women to respond to the bill which was changing the status of Indian women who married non-Indians.

A group of Japanese professors used to come over each Thursday evening to spend time learning how to use English idioms. The kids remember Bev would tell them that Hugh was only pulling their leg. They would all look down at their legs to see what was going on. Bev once asked one of the Japanese men if he was dreaming in English. He certainly hoped not - he wouldn't be able to understand his dreams.

A Chinese friend, Norman Lee, supplied all the restaurants with meat. He also provided the Parkers with meat. When he moved Bev had to start out again on her own to buy meat. The kids say that's when they learned to eat meat loaf, chicken wings and pasta. Norman also taught Bev Chinese cooking.

Much of Bev's life during these years centered around the cottage on Lake of Woods. The cottage was big enough that each room needed to have a name. Sleeping 50 people was not a problem. Life was very hard for Bev (sheer hell was one description) as there was no division of labor - Bev cared for the cottage as she did for the home in Winnipeg. She worked incredibly hard to keep everyone well cared for. (Bev officiated at the burning down of the cottage. Hugh and some of the boys were redoing the roof. At the end of the weekend, Bev was left to burn the shingles and tar paper that was covering the ground. Bev took some

of it into the house to burn in the fireplace. Several bricks at the back of the fire place were gone, so there was less insulation than usual. The base boards in the next room caught fire and that was the end of the cottage.)

Some of Bev's happiest memories were canoeing on the lake with Hugh listening to the loons in the early morning.



In 1967 Bev and Hugh met Joseph Slicker from the Institute and attended an RS-1 in Brandon. That summer they went to Chicago with 4-5 of the kids to participate in a 4 week research assembly. It was here that Wendy discovered that Bev was not totally fulfilled or satisfied with just looking after the kids. These events were major turning points for Bev as she began to exercise her freedom in a new way.

Bev joined a team from the Institute on a teaching trip across Canada in the summer of 1969. The Institute in those days was teaching religious studies courses to church leaders and those interested in deepening their understanding of Christianity. I remember in my course outside Ottawa, Bev, clearly a housewife picking up all her courage and spunk - standing up and delivering the opening lecture in this weekend course. There was great nervousness and it was clear that Bev would never be a great orator. But I also noticed that I didn't notice it as the lecture went on. Her stories were too powerful. I can only imagine the effort and courage it required for her to do that.

The trip is remembered in a letter that Paige Cousineau (Fisher) wrote to her last week.



"I guess I have known you since the summer of 1969 - that would be 26 years. It is hard to believe so much time has passed - that's what all 'older people' say, isn't it.

That trip across Canada was one of the high points of my time with the ICA. I remember the two of us sweating blood over our preparation for teaching roles in RS1 - but I had to hide it, or so I felt, because I was part of the "International Team". Your support and kindness were very much appreciated, as were your stories about married life, and your candor about your struggles and sufferings in the role of wife and mother.

I think you've always been that way, have you not? - Nothing to hide, (no false pride), just out there living your life 100%, and finding joy in yourself and others. At least, that's what I've always seen."

After this trip, Bev and others in Winnipeg took to teaching these courses on their own without any support from Chicago. This did not meet with Chicago's approval as it did not maintain the quality control standards that the Institute had put in place. It does however speak to Bev's spunk and new lease on life.

When the Ecumenical Institute opened its first religious house in Winnipeg in Sept. 1970, Bev, Hugh and family moved in to be part of the intentional community. They became part of the Order Ecumenical and Bev has continued to understand her self to be part of the order through all these years. This brought about significant changes for Bev. She was no longer tied to the kitchen and looking after children. She self consciously decided to take on new roles and learn new things.

In 1972-73 Bev struggled with whether to continue in her marriage. She finally decided to separate from Hugh after more than 25 years of marriage. This was a major decision for her to take. It shifted her friends relationship to her. She was no longer seen as a nice person. People questioned her actions quite strongly. It was one thing to have a freed mindset but still another to act decisionally from that freedom and decide about your whole life - and step forward and do it.

Bev continually struggled with her freedom over against the role she thought people wanted her to play. Yet, if you tried to influence her decision, you ran smack bang into dynamic resistance. If she was not ready to decide, she didn't decide. She made her own decisions about her life. Last year while deciding on whether to move or not, Bev would have these frequent conversations about whether to make the move. People would do research for her and take her on visits to all the places. Push as much as some of us did, - you just ran into dynamic resistance. She would decide when she was ready.

During her time in the order and with the Institute, Bev worked in Chicago, Montreal, Paris, and then came to Toronto in 1984. She participated in funding, community development consultations, administering the global health desk, finances, and on it went. Until September she was one of the editors of the Node, a newsletter to colleagues around the world. While she was on the health desk she dealt not only with the finances but also all the personal issues that went with it. She also wrote personal notes on the bottom of the cheque stubs she sent out to people.

Bev was always exploring the new - among the first to do things.

- In the early 70's she went on a one month global odyssey - a trip to visit each major culture in the world.
- In 1987 and 88 she attended Jean Houston's Mystery school - a series of 9 weekends a year - that explored new levels of the human potential.
- In the early 90's she announced she was going to a Pow Wow in New Mexico. And off she went and shared a room with someone else. She came back and said she had learned she was passed sharing rooms with people.
- Yoga, women's spirituality, drumming



During this last 10 years in Toronto, Bev continued to expand her understanding of the care for the Earth and for the goddess. Her pilgrimage to Dreamers Rock in 1986 was another turning point in her life. She then began to explore native spirituality in a new way.

Bev continued with her gardening and cared for her apartment building -- not just her apartment. There were flowers on every landing. If the steps were dirty, you could find her out cleaning them. In the midst of all this care, she had a great humor, warmth and ability to laugh at herself. She was always full of spirit. Recently while out walking her youngest grandson, they came across a small yapping dog blocking her way. She looked at this situation briefly and just started running with the stroller straight at the dog. That stopped the yapping.

Bev even loved the weeds in her garden and often would not want to pick them. They were part of creation's beauty. One day however, she was showing this lovely tall weed to her son. Ian thought this looked vaguely familiar and realized that this lovely plant Bev was growing was marijuana. It disappeared several days later when someone else must have realized the same thing.

Bev was a care giver through out her life. She always went the extra mile. When she was a home maker, she would always be bringing clothes home to sew or iron. When I was over doing therapeutic touch on her, she noticed the hole in my sock and said she should mend it for me. Bev visited Atlanta twice in the last year to look after Kay who was

struggling with Cancer. During her time in hospital she woke up one night at 3 am and said to Ian I want to call Charles in Atlanta. Ian tried to dissuade her with its too late and we could do it in the morning. No, Charles would be up and so they hunted down the number and called to Charles to make sure he had fed the dogs. And Charles was up. After a while she got tired and said it was time to rest and said goodbye.

Bev was able to bleed the meaning out of every situation. Every situation got turned to spirit. Every situation was an opportunity to learn. She picked up rocks from every place she was. Brian talks of her going off while he was preparing lunch up at the camp and coming back with rocks - ordinary rocks in his mind. But he also noticed that when he came to Toronto to visit he knew which rocks had been from his place. And she knew where each of her rocks came from.

Bev had a zest for life. I just remembered her playing soccer with her granddaughter at 71 - and fell and broke her wrist. Which ones of us hope to be out playing soccer at 71.

Maybe two last statements to pull together Bev's life from this perspective. Her doctor at Toronto East said to her "You are a very dignified woman" Bev replied. "That reminds me of something someone said at my 70th birthday party. "You're a dignified woman but also a rogue"



When she heard that she had cancer that had spread through her body she told Sheighlah that she had a great concern. She said I don't want to be seen as having been hard done by this disease. I've had a great life."

Let us continue to celebrate this life with a **reading** from **D H Lawrence** by Bob Rafos.

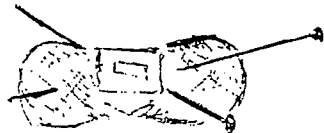
Witnesses

The Completed Life of Bev Parker

We are here to celebrate the life and death of Bev Parker, weather scientist, wife, mother of eight, a global woman, catalyst of social change, a friend to people of all races, and a deep spirit. We do not try to escape the fact of Bev's death, because we know that Death is a very lively part of a human's life. No life is finished without the experience of death. We

know that The Mystery that gave Bev Parker her life in 1922 is the same one that took her life away in 1995. We are here to hold up that fact as a great and significant event, and to receive it with gratitude. Bev's death is also an internal event for us, her family, colleagues, and friends. In standing before Bev's death, we inevitably stand before our own death and experience ourselves called to attention and accountability all over again for our own lives.

We grieve the passing of Bev --- we grieve that that presence which told us so many stories, knitted so many sweaters and afghans, served so many buffet luncheons with such sensitivity to special diets is not with us any more. When talking with Bev, I often found myself compelled to say "Bev, you're beautiful!" To which she would reply invariably in the same tone of voice, "Yes, I know". That little interchange with Bev will not happen any more. We can all recall vignettes like that. We all grieve that the subject of those vignettes is not around any more.



Bev knew that life is good. And that death is good. She also knew that those two truths were not glib utterances but insights derived from struggling one's struggle authentically as a person who dares to say yes to life as it happens. I think it was this sense that life is good just as it is that made of Bev Parker such a storyteller. I have spent many hours chatting with Bev. She made a media event of everything going on in her life. If you asked Bev how things were going, she would talk of her garden, her knitting, her children, her walk along the boardwalk with a friend, the Chinese woman she was teaching idiomatic English to, or she would tell of the conversation with the manager of the health food store that was in danger of going bankrupt" or the purple beans that were growing like topsy in her mini vegetable garden, or the eggs she had got standing on end at the equinox, or the new rock she had found on her last trip. To chat with Bev was to talk about the nitty gritty of life. As the time approached last year to move into a new home, the thing she worried about most was her rocks. Would she be able to take her rock collection with her? What's going to happen to those rocks is still a live question.

This concreteness, for me, was one of the addresses of Bev as a human being: the more mundane her life became, the more she seemed to relish it and consider it newsworthy. For Bev life's significance was in the here and now. Some people make a vocation of the reverse Midas effect: turning the gold

of their life into garbage: Not so for Bev. For her, every part of her life was a media event. And all of life was intensely fascinating. It was intensely significant, and Bev related it with all the concretion of earth itself. Whether it was a trip to the chiropractor, or the tulips blooming, or the latest doings of her children and grandchildren, or this neat meal she had cooked up yesterday, it was all fascinating and all invested with great significance. After all, it was her life, she was talking about, and it was good.

When Bev was working at the ICA office, she and I often went out on the back porch of the ICA office for a smoke. As a Magazine editor I was hot on the trail of big ideas, stuff like Virtual Reality and Cyberspace. One day I started spouting about some of these ideas between puffs. In the middle of my full flight of abstraction, she interrupted, "Oh for goodness sake, Brian, will you just look at that squirrel running right along the top of that fence! What an acrobat it is!" That was the last time I talked to Bev about highfalutin ideas. She had taken my measure. And I was a chastened man invited to recognize that life is lived in the particular, the here and now, or not at all.

Bev also knew that Death is a part of life. She really struggled as her death loomed large along with her cancer. She struggled as to whether she would take the chemotherapy treatment. She struggled with her death: she struggled about staying on or letting go. She knew that Death is good. But this was her death and her dying, and she would struggle its struggle, up and down, (for cancer is an up and down phenomenon). Sometimes she gasped for air, other times she would knock the oxygen hose out of her nose; at other times call out for it; often she did not want to eat or drink, other times she lay there peacefully and fed herself, thank you very much. And, sometimes she enjoyed playing the self-confessed rogue.

A few days before Bev's death, Brian Parker, my wife, Jeanette and I were in the hospital ward chatting by Bev's side. She seemed to be unconscious. I said, "What are we prepared to bet that Bev will wait for her birthday to come before she dies." Jeanette replied, "Well, it's my bet that Bev will do it her way." At which the apparently sleeping woman opened her eyes to give a great beaming smile: as if to say, I heard that, and I approve. Bev died two days after her birthday.

And now that death is to be celebrated. It is as if the curtain has just come down on a great drama, or play, the play called, "The Life and Death of

Beverley Parker". If we let our imagination go, perhaps we can hear the applause from the theater's orchestra pit all the way up to the gods: this unique and unrepeatable human being, Bev Parker lived her one great life and died her one great death. And so, part of our time today will be spent in rehearsing the details of Bev's great play, to the accompaniment of deep attentiveness, tears, and perhaps, a considerable amount of glee.

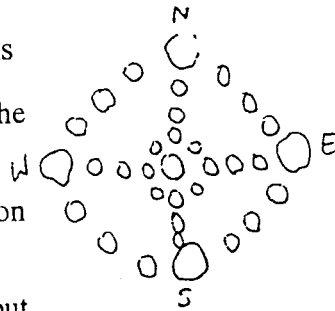
.....Brian Stanfield

Witness to Bev's Life

When Bev was in Atlanta caring for Kay, I stayed in her apartment to water her plants and feed her fish. While I was there, I invited a friend in for coffee. When I let her in Joan just stood inside the door and looked around and looked around, then she said "whoever lives here is a great spirit person". I then asked her how old she thought this person was. She said "she would have to be at least between 40 and 50, there is experience here."

The first time I visited Bev after she discovered she had cancer, her great concern was that she not come across to people as being hard done by with this disease. Bev said she had lived a good and full life. I said to her, you are the last person who need worry about that, I went on to talk about a medicine wheel teaching out of one of her books. In this medicine wheel in the east is birth, illumination and we are concerned with the emotional, in the south is love, trust and we are concerned with matter or the material, in the west is introspection where we are concerned with mental activity and the intellectual and in the north, well, we'll just put wisdom.

The author says that most of us run around the lower half of the medicine wheel and that a few people will go from the south which is matter, shoot straight up into the north and turn matter into spirit and fewer people still will take that same spirit and shoot straight back down into the south and turn it back into matter. Bev did this constantly, with her sweaters and afghans (a story behind each one). The previous evening I had watched Joseph Campbell and what struck me was his explanation of communion. Campbell said receiving communion was the symbolic act of turning matter into spirit. Well, Bev lived in communion with life, in communion with the plants and tree, with the birds, squirrels, spiders and other animals and with people.

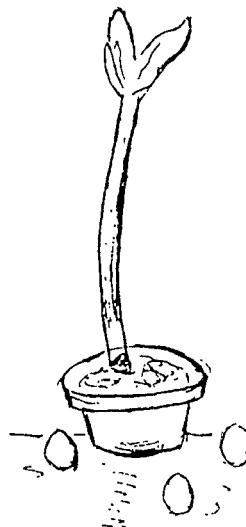


While she was in hospital, Bev had her way of caring for us care givers. With me it was, "Now Sheighlah what do you need?" With daughter Wendy, "Now Wendy, what do you need to tell me"? With son Ian "Now where is my most quiet son?" With son Brian it was quiet and nonverbal, eye contact, touch and watching the moon move across the night sky. Or Bev would say "the two strange angels", smiling at me and Sandy and we replied you are the third! With these moments, Bev enabled us to go to a place of centering and calm.

The second Thursday Bev was in hospital, she looked at the bulletin board and thought it was a bit cluttered and needed tidying up. Bev had Wendy rearrange the board and she looked and said "there is something wrong with this chart", Now Bev had been making these charts for 30 years. She looked and said there is only one day left on this chart, we need a new one. What Bev was too gracious to say was that the person who had made the chart had only put six days and she knew they were supposed to have seven.

Bev had five of us reading one of her favourite books, The Keeper'n Me while she was in hospital. We said Bev is still weaving her magic. Some of us had finished the book and others of us were in various stages of reading it.

One afternoon, I read a quote to Bev from "Touch the Earth" which she particularly responded to. "What is life? It is a flash of the firefly in the night. It is the breath of the buffalo in winter time. It is the little shadow running across the grass and losing itself in the sunset." (Crowfoot of the Blackfeet 1890) Bev said "My sunsets". The sunsets at her apartment where we'd watch the shadows running across the buildings over the city and losing themselves in these flaming red sunsets.



All of us caregivers had various stories about Bev and the plants and flowers. Two in particular I want to mention. The first being the hyacinths Sandy brought in with their fragrance which Bev loved. Now, plants are supposed to turn towards the light, this plant didn't - it was always turned in towards Bev. Jan had brought in this pot with earth in it and what appeared to be a stick in the middle. This pot and earth sat around doing nothing for about a week. Then a little green shoot came out and this plant took off. It grew about an inch every

day. It is the Amaryllis in bloom on the centre table. Bev would have us rearrange the plants and flowers to her liking, or have us remove any wilted flowers or she would have us bring the plants close to her so she could smell them and would run her hands over every flower and bloom and would smile. In communion with life. ONE Beverley Joan Parker.

Sheighlah Hickey

When asked what her favorite songs were Beverley listed 3 songs. We want to sing one now - **At the Center Tranquil**.

Poetry on Life and death

- II Timothy
- The Gita



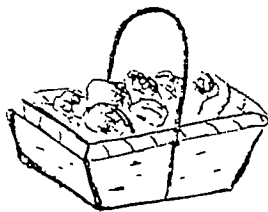
Stories

You have all known Bev in different ways. What stories would you like to tell? What is Bev's gift to you and this world?

Reading

One of the books we read to Bev during her time in hospital was Keeper'N Me. Ian is going to read us a section of that.

We're going to end with some drumming and a chant. As you leave after the chant, feel free to come and look at the table. Also at the back is a basket of Bev's rocks and shells. If you would like one as a memento, please pick one up.



Silent Retreat Reflections

Dear Friends and Colleagues:

Karen Troxel and I attended a Vipassana meditation course at the **Southwest Vipassana Meditation Center**, Kaufmann, Texas (45 miles from Dallas) from December 10-21, 1994. It is difficult to find the right adjective to describe this experience. One thing I can say is: "Sadhu, sadhu, sadhu" or, translated, "well said, well done; we agree, we share this wish". This affirmation was repeated at the end of each session.

It was the hardest work I have ever done. I mean 10 hours a day sitting in a dark room with eyes closed, not speaking with anyone the whole time, challenged my capacity to focus, to control my body, to be willing to experiment with the new. I wasn't sure during the first three days that I could make it to the end. I am glad I did. I think it was only social pressure that made me persevere. The greatest gift of the 10 days: discipline.

A bit about the externals of the course. It is a very well designed format. The course is wholistic, intentional at every point. The meals are vegetarian, prepared and served by the two "servers" who had volunteered to enable this course. A healthy breakfast, and equally healthy and delicious lunch, and a 5 P.M. tea break consisting of tea and fruit. I have continued on this regimen since coming home. I feel better: more alert, more energy, and more good sleep. Finally, to symbolize the perfection of renunciation, there is no charge for the ten days. On the tenth day and with no "development pitch" a box is put out for your contribution.

This movement (and it is a movement) was started by S.N. Goenka, now an old man who spends most of his time now in Igapuri, India, where so many of our colleagues have participated in learning this meditation technique. Although the practice is rooted in the life and wisdom of Gautama, the Buddha, Mr. Goenka is Burmese and a Hindu. This points to the fact that this meditation practice is universal and non-sectarian; it is but one of many ways to meditate. It is suggested that you discover for yourself which is the most beneficial and practice it.

The objective of the course is to free one from the bondage of negativity, cravings, aversion, worry, and uncertainty. What I experienced was the surfacing of negativities, long buried yet still active, that has undoubtedly affected my ability to care selflessly. This was not 10 days of navel gazing but a method for intensifying one's awareness through the observation of the body and its sensations and the mind and its contents. The key to refining this meditation method is practice, practice, practice. Mr. Goenka keeps reminding the participant, almost nightly in the ten evening discourses you hear via video, that the ten days is but an introduction to the technique. Since returning, I am doing but one-half of the recommended practice: 1/2 hour in the morning and 1/2 hour in the evening. Unlike former New Year resolutions, I am committed to maintaining this discipline.

.....Lyn Mathews Edwards

Dear Colleagues,

Lyn Edwards and I had the opportunity to attend the Vipassana Meditation Retreat of ten days of directed silent meditation. We wanted you to know about this opportunity for the time in your life you decide this is right for you. (Judy Gilles told me about this retreat five years before I decided to participate in it).

This was my second retreat; the first one I did with Sandra True in Shelburne Falls, MA, last February. My sabbatical gave me the luxury of doing two within one year. At the end of this second retreat I decided I wanted to attempt to share this experience with people I know who continuously seek to embody profound truths about life.

I think the best way to share is to reflect briefly on my personal experience, although words seem totally inadequate. S.N. Goenka, the teacher from Burma, talks about how this meditation enables psychological/physical healing. This was my experience. During both retreats I had physical healing, literally feeling tension drain away and back pains I had for years now gone. At the same time I know there has been deep psychological healing revitalizing my spirit. In the second retreat I began to realize how much the first retreat had been influencing me over the previous ten months with a bubbling up of new creativity and increased effectiveness in my actions. I am deeply appreciative of having a meditation method (based on observing one's life experience through the mystery of one's body) to now use on an ongoing basis.

In the midst of the retreat I found myself thinking about the work that has been done on the New Religious Mode. Remember how the Odyssey had exercises for poverty, chastity and obedience and meditation contemplation, and prayer? I believe that the Vipassana silent retreat is the profound exercise for the Being chart. Some of you know that I have used the Progoff journal writing process during the past ten years; the Vipassana retreat is like having a "dialogue with the body" for ten days. The meditation allows one to become aware of ineffective acting/reacting patterns in one's life and enables a retraining of the mind to observe and reflect before acting.

The method of Vipassana meditation was recovered by Buddha. It almost died out again in India during the 20th century. However Goenka has played a major role in recovering the meditation method during the past 25 years. Lyn and I reflected on how the "spirit movement" needs this method for empowering the spirit deeps, while at the same time

the "meditation movement" needs practical social methods to enable people to be more effective in their action on the other side of this profound experience. Maybe already these two "movements" are beginning to weave together to empower each other as a number of colleagues in India and elsewhere have already participated in this.

Enough of words. If this sounds interesting to you, please feel free to talk with Lyn or I further. Or contact the Vipassana Meditation Center, PO Box 24, Shelburne Falls, MA 01370, phone: (416) 625-2170 for information on US or other global centers. There is no set fee for the retreat; you pay at the end according to what you are able to do and the value you consider this retreat may be to others. Lyn and I are confident that you will have a life-giving experience when you attend one of these retreats. Best wishes to you. Peace, **Karen Troxel**



Journeys of the Spirit

We received a wealth of Christmas letters that gave us a glimpse into some of the fascinating and challenging spirit journeys people are embarked upon. We would like to share several with you.

One of the highlights of the year was Don's participation in the 5 Day Spiritual Academy at Lakeview in March where his spiritual life was deepened and where he gained new insights into how the Wesley brothers built the Methodist movement. March also saw Don participate in a truly ecumenical style when he walked side by side with a Hindu priest, a Vietnamese monk, and a Native American shaman in blessing the Avalon Academy's new school in the Montrose area.**Don Raschke**

Midyear we joined the Southern Rockies Ecosystem Project which is identifying a system of habitat reserves along the spine of the Rockies from Casper Wyoming to northern New Mexico. It involves working closely with the Bureau of Land Management and U. S. Forest Services; coordinating a team of volunteers who field check the areas, and finally writing management alternatives. It is practical - hiking around in the mud and snow, convincing agency people that we don't have to cut all the old trees or drill for oil in fragile soils, and it is visionary - our reserve proposals are combined with the surrounding Central /northern Rockies, great

Plains and Colorado Plateau proposals to imagine what it would be like to "re-wild" significant portions of Northern America. This work draws forth our deepest spiritual understandings: there is intrinsic worth in all things; the ethical stance must include the broadest context; and action is drawn forth from both the vision and the strategy. And besides it is the greatest fun!**Art and Jean Smith**



Twice this year we had the privilege of hearing Fr. Thomas Berry spin the story of the Universe. We've come to share with him the conviction that these times mark a radical change in the complexion of the Universe. Thomas calls our time "The Beginning of the Ecozoic Era". New patterns of acting and thinking are emerging.

And we found for ourselves our Center of Being and discovered there -- a *Calm* like the eye of a hurricane where stillness is surrounded by incredible power; a *Creative* energy which continually generates exciting possibilities within the on-goingness of life; and an awareness of our *Connected* relationship to all of reality, people, animals, ladybugs and rocks. Finally, we both found ways to sustain ourselves at the center, to return there when distracted and to talk about this to others.

...**Nelson and Elaine Stover**

My inner growth this year has been catalyzed by my time spent with a remarkable massage therapist, who works with deep tissue massage, energy rebalancing and bringing awareness to our daily emotional patterns. This work with the mind-body-spirit connection has helped me go on a very enabling journey of self discovery and creation of new approaches in my life. ...**Martha Talbott**



I was reminded that Spirit is alive and with me every time I glimpsed at the tomatoes, green beans, onions, cabbage, collards, and peaches that were growing in my garden. I felt my connection to earth when I weeded or dared to walk and smell the rain. Each breath when taken mindfully assured me that I would indeed be all right. That waiting and prayer go hand in hand and is a deepening process within itself. I learned to hold a vision and keep breathing life into it. Sort of like creation itself. ...**Sharon Turner**

An event that shocked our family life, was sudden demise of Monu's father. After forty years, he had gone to visit his ancestral place never to return. He

chose his end on the very date he was born, peaceful departure without any illness. A very unique gift was presented to us by one of his cousins during this time. A document of 987 pages and huge chart, tracing Bhattacharya family's origins back as far as 1180. This document is a precious gift indeed.**Monu and Lakshmi Bhattacharya**

This year it was Barry who experienced the miracles and the trauma of the surgeons knife. In late July he was diagnosed with prostate cancer. This was picked up in a routine blood test and we urge friends to have this test as early detection is essential. After various tests it was decided that radical surgery gave the best chance of total recovery. Barry suffered 2 major complications but the skill of the medical team, the prayers of many people and his own determination won the day, or rather 3 long weeks in hospital followed by weeks of recuperation. Today Barry is almost back to full health! Life is indeed GOOD. During this time we prepared and sustained ourselves with meditation and music such as the Gregorian chants and the classics. During one week spent with Brian and Rhonda Robins, they found a tape on Sufi meditation and a great talk by a Sufi guru, we were awed by the depth of spiritual insight.**Margaret and Barry Oakley**



In November I went on a pilgrimage with two friends to Nepal and India, knowing only that I needed to walk and reflect. The walking was brilliant in a world without time, along a river valley and with the constant presence of the mountains. I learned in walking that the ground is beneath my feet. The more attention I paid to my walking, the more I realized that I did not know that the ground would be there for me, and so I would put a tentative foot down and then my weight would follow. I learned to let myself feel the earth beneath me and carry me. At the same time I felt totally fluid inside my body and in my movement, and very solid.**Christine Mead**

A special event during our visits was to recall some family memories with Richard's eighty year old father and with Maria's eighty seven year old aunt Lolo. It was very moving for us to sense the presence of so much history in our talks and in the many photos and family memoirs we looked at. We were surprised to find documentation about Maria's father's family going back into the thirteen century! A few samples of those treasures we were allowed to

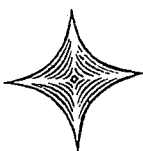
take with us and one day we will make time to pull it together in book form. ...**Richard and Marie Maguire**

This is my forth year working on a master program at Azusa Pacific University. I am working on my graduation paper this year and Don Hinkelman is kind enough to be my advisor for the thesis writing. I usually spend morning studying at the library and then work from 1-9pm at the office. I attend a weekly Japanese cooking class on one morning and go swimming once a week. I try to lead a balanced life style according to the social process triangle.
.....**Kenji Yoneda**



Some of you mentioned in your letters the joy, calm, and refreshment that you have found in books, music, family togetherness, friends, health, nature and other spiritual experiences. Tom Harpur's Jan.1,1995 column in the Toronto Star said, "...life is ultimately about the nurture and shaping of our true, inner self or soul...". Each of us savors the quiet time we have with one another.
....**Margaret and Phil Devor**

Ron has continued his interest in the Enneagram soul-journey work and went to the first ever Enneagram conference at Stanford. He is still at Unisys working at giving a human face to the corporate world. Sixty plus hours weeks means that he misses traffic going and coming from work! There is a great quote by Katherine Graham, "To love your work, and know that it matters, how could anything be more fun." He really lives that one. We rarely work on weekends anymore and journey into the great open spaces surrounding where we live. The mountains, the early morning fog, the clear, sunny skies, the sea and the forests are healing and renewing. We even did a "High ropes course" together. That means doing outrageous, before unconsidered, risky things high in the trees being held in a harness by colleagues. Neither of us would ever have believed that we would climb a 30' high tree, stand on a 12' platform, turn and jump for a trapeze. Since we were actually, nearly completely physically safe it was fun to watch the limiting mind games. Visualization and focus helped a lot.
....**Ron and Beret Griffith**



For spiritual renewal, Maxine has continued involvement with Women's Circle and Elder's Lodge, and Bill has been involved with the local

Unitarian Universalist church. While the kids are at school, we have been having fun doing lots of things together, including participating in a Dream group and 2 couples' retreats at La Push, WA. We continue to try to face the challenges of living a life of spirit within ("in but not of") the society of which we are a part.**Maxine and Bill Norton**

This fall I celebrated two very significant events - the 15th anniversary of moving to Germany and the 10th anniversary of my work as an independent teacher of English, especially medical English. I invited close friends to celebrate the 15th anniversary - we had a brunch for about 30 people. It was quite an experience to look through pictures I had taken during the years and to create a montage to share. A number of people wrote to indicate their appreciation for the experiences they have had in courses I taught. I feel very grateful for their kind words.
.....**Yvonne Ford**



Cristofori's Dream is playing on my new music system, the walls are hung with numerous of my drawing sketches and watercolour paintings, homemade pies and soups fill the freezer, my garden trees and plants have been prepared for winter and I experience a contentment for which I am deeply grateful. I enjoy being LiDona, Fire Woman.... I still live close to the bone, but it's the choice I make in order to have control of my destiny, have energy for art and writing, and lead a spiritually fulfilling life.
.....**LiDona Wagner.**

A very special event was a meeting, after a five year interval, with Lily Tomlin. Mike and Meg went to hear her give a reading from her new book, and were invited into a separate room where Lily was to autograph copies of the book. Lily had no idea that Meg would be there, but she saw her and jumped up crying, "Meg, I'm so glad to see you. I know I owe you a letter, I'm sorry that I haven't been in touch." She rushed over to Meg, hugged her and just chatted away.**Mike, Judi, Meg Tippet**

I was recently thinking back over the last few years -- a period that has been extremely difficult and painful, and yet also marked with unparalleled growth and vitality. I realized that through it all I have had a quiet but unshakable faith that things were exactly as they were meant to be, that I was being presented with my life's work, and that if I did that

work, taking each step as it became clear, my way would be shown to me. I am grateful that this faith is alive in me and am blessed by its fruit.

....**Marsha Hahn**

The Highlight of our year, to celebrate our 10th wedding anniversary, was a 32 day trip to Nepal, India and Korea. The opportunities we encountered in Buddhist and Hindu countries were phenomenal. We found ourselves fascinated with the cultures, temples, homes, people of these great nations. Totally OTHER from any Western culture, we were immersed in cities where buses, taxicabs, motor-rickshaws, bicycles, bullock carts, pedestrians, cows, dogs, goats, vie for space on streets no wider than 2 lanes as we know them. Horns honk constantly, and I rode with my eyes closed a good share of the time as I was sure we would crash! The poverty is great by US standards, yet we saw proud and carefilled people. Our biggest shock and the issue with which we struggled most was the air pollution in both Kathmandu and India. Local folk cover their face with masks or handkerchiefs - they too are miserable with it. No emission control laws exist, so the many poorly maintained vehicles belch clouds of black smoke. Population control is inadequate in both countries, and there are many beggars and people living on the streets.

In Kathmandu, we visited several Buddhist and Hindu temples. Pashupatinath, a Hindu temple, sits on the Bagmati River which flows into the holy Ganges, making the Bagmati also sacred. Alongside the river are several cremation ghats - 3 for the wealthy, 4 for the common people. We were privileged to witness 3 public funerals with the rituals preceding the cremations. We were reminded that mourning is universal -- saying "Good-bye" to a loved one is not easy in any culture. This manner of honoring the dead quickly - usually within 12 hours - seems so much more natural and in harmony with seeing death as part of the cycle of Life. We felt honored to have been there.**Stan and Carol Crow**



Toronto's Celebration of the Completed Life of Kay Ent Lush

We gathered at Bob and Sandy Rafos' home for a pot luck and wake. There were about 30 of us from across Toronto. Connie and Tom Reemtsma brought Kay's favorite Kelapa Dua food (Thai noodles) and they got us to sing "Hello Kelapa Dua", a song Kay wrote. Ilona Staples brought the Thai salad to go with the noodles and both were great. In fact all the food was delicious and the event held the humor and good fun Kay loved so.

Bev Parker sent carnations for the gathering. When Bev cared for Kay in the Summer of 94, she noticed that Charles Lingo had carnations all around the house in Atlanta for Kay. She also shared one of Kay's favorite songs, "At the Center Tranquil".

Bill Staples remembered that Kay decided he needed to get married! She went searching for the "right" person. Jan Sanders and Ronnie Seagren both remembered Kay giving them both comfort and care-filled advice at a time of personal crisis.

Bill Bonnell talked about the wild Operations Centrum days with Kay when everything was in flux and crisis. Kay would step into the "breach". Pat Scott told of the days in the late 60s when Kay would come down to 5th city from her school in the suburbs and spend hours on end trying to decide if she would join the order or not. All Pat could say was "Its up to you to decide". We all know what Kay decided.

Brian Stanfield remembered Kay for her gift of surprise. To get some good singing going she'd use her hands, make side comments, tell jokes until everyone was awake and then we'd sing. Clare Bonnell remembered that Kay seemed tired a lot of times. But then all of a sudden she would surprise you with her energy and passion.

Bob Rafos got us to sing another song Kay wrote "The Cost of Our Care" to the Anniversary Waltz. On the first chorus Heidi Holmes and Jeanette Stanfield started swirling around the room dancing to the chorus: "Strange awful power is dancing through me, buoyantly forging impossible be, With all my heart I'm poured out endlessly; I'm burdened eternally. "Yes, Kay was buoyant, full of strange awful power. Sandy Rafos talked about the lectures on the other world that Kay gave. Her lectures were always grounded in her life and delightfully

humorous. Sheighlah Hickey met Kay in Lorne De L'Acadie when she was on a priors' trek there for a day or two. Kay talked individually with the community people attending events and honored each one. They still talk about her in Lorne.

People enjoyed sharing jokes about Kay because she loved joking about herself. Several times Kay experimented with bifocal contact lenses held down with weights. The squinting and moving around of her head that she had to do in order to see! One story everyone remembered Kay telling was about living in Kelapa Dua and teaching in town. On muddy days, she would have to walk to school so she'd wear her skirt wrong side out, and change it in the bathroom at school. That way the mud was on the inside.!

Heidi Holmes read a wonderful poem from the book "Grace and Grit" by Ken Wilber.

*Do not stand at my grave and weep;
I am not there. I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow;
I am the diamond glints on snow.
I am the sunlight on ripened grain;
I am the gentle autumn's rain.
When you awake in morning's hush,
I am the swift uplifting rush
Of quiet birds in circled flight.
I am the soft star that shines at night.
Do not stand at my grave and cry,
I am not there....*



Concrete, practical, caring, a passionate one, a person you wanted to be around. You felt better after you were encouraged by her. All is possible. Kay lived that word throughout her life.

....Jeanette Stanfield

Spirit tools recommended by:

Doris Jane Conway--- A book which provides practical advice for being present to those struggling with cancer is The Tibetan Book of Living and Dying by Sogyal Rinpoche. Another current book I'm reading is Wherever You Go There You Are, Mindfulness Meditation in Everyday Life by Jon Kabat-Zinn.

Keith & George Packard--- Initiating a "Symposium Series" of studies including Celestine Prophecy & other gems.

Ann & John Epps---- Book: The Empty Raincoat by Charles Handy

Article: Beyond Strategy to Purpose, Harvard Review, Nov- Dec 1994

Music: From Bach to Bach pianist, Jaques Loussier

Speech: Vaclav Havel's Declaration of Interdependence In which he calls for a "new spiritual vision" for civilization where earth's inhabitants respect "the miracle of Being, the miracle of the universe and the miracle of our own existence."

Mary & Stuart Hampton share an anonymous quote: "Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth. Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with dark imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue and loneliness. Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself ... And whether of not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should."

Heidi and Duncan Holmes ---- Some books that we have found important to us this year are: The Celestine Prophecy; The Mutant Message; The Reinvention of Work; and Fats that Heal, Fats that Kill. The later has resulted in many nutrition discussions and some diet changes for both friends and family.

Carol and Cliff Stocking ---The men of the local congregation have begun to show some interest in sharing in the current issues facing men in today's modern society. We have looked at Robert Bly's Iron John and Sam Keen's Fire in the Belly. We have had some very interesting discussions as we have studied these books. I have had the privilege to lead these sessions.

Prose and Poetry from Various Journeys of the Spirit

A Song of Hope

Look up, my people,
The dawn is breaking,
The world is waking
To a bright new day,
When none defame us,
No restriction tame us,
Nor colour shame us,
Nor sneer dismay.

Now brood no more
On the years behind you,

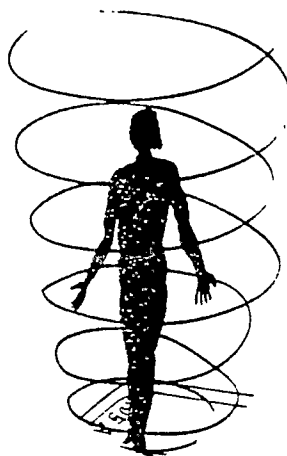


The hope assigned you
Shall the past replace,
When a juster justice
Grown wise and stronger
Points the bone no longer
At a darker race.

So long we waited
Bound and frustrated,
Till hate be hated
And caste deposed;
Now light shall guide us,
No goal denied us,
And all doors open
That long were closed.

See plain the promise,
Dark freedom-lover!
Night's nearly over,
And though long the climb,
New mateship meet us,
And joy complete us
In our new Dream Time.

To our fathers' fathers
The pain, the sorrow;
To our children's children
The glad tomorrow.
....Oodgeroo of the Noonuccal



Who yet respects so much our right to choose
He did not come dramatically
Blasting onto planet earth, arriving on the clouds for
all to see.
Instead so silent was the coming, and so
commonplace
That most of Bethlehem never heard the angels,
never saw the star
Most people slept & worked, ate & drank, laughed &
cried
Quite undisturbed by wonder in the ordinary right
next door.
Only a few of humble working folk
Whose shepherds' hearts and ears were open
Heard the angel choir.
Only a few of educated leaders-just three kings-
Risked time and life and treasure
To follow the star-fire.

I think that God must yearn to have us freely open up
our lives
To wholeness and to health
To those we do not know or trust or like -
Those different from ourselves.
I know that growth and change and healing do bring
pain
But also bring new friends, new paths, new sense
that life is given abundantly
To my one unique mortality.
.....Janice Ulanca

Hospital Thoughts At Christmas

Within the grey-haired patient
In the next bed, sound asleep
There lies a laughing man
Wondering man
Lonely man
Proud grandfather
Humble about his job
Gruffly pleased when three co-workers came this
afternoon
And scared to be
Slammed up against mortality.

Within the nurse
Who, smiling, challenges with needles & with dos &
don'ts
Who comforts us with humor and with "here's why"
Resides a pharmacist, biologist, psychologist
Mother of a seven-year-old
Sighing producer of interminable paperwork.
What caring strength! day after day to be
Gentling people as they face mortality.

Within the Bethlehem event
Lives God of all the universe

Poem by Judi White

Gentle sweet wildness
When did you leave me so alone?
A heart song
In a whispering pinewood field
Loving
Weren't you to be here forever?
The sunset changing the colors of the sky
Forever
Watching as the full moon holds midnight
on a lake
Distant now are sounds of soul song
Sung.

Now.
Playing.
The same soul.
Wild
The same sun.
Heart song singing
All is One.

Our Tree...



One day you turn around and discover the world is not as you thought. This year it happened for us right near the Christmas holidays. It happened the day we got our Christmas tree.

We decided that going to a tree farm to select our tree would be one of our holiday events. So, off we went one Saturday afternoon, out into the country.

There were some lovely green, full trees. But it seemed the tree farmer had gone on vacation during the first several growing years of the trees. None of them were your typical triangle tree; they were generally, more, well sort of, round. But there we were and we didn't want to get back in the car and go find another tree lot.

So we went looking for the best tree on the lot. Ken had also said this year, "no more than 6 feet", so we carefully measured that dimension. A tree was duly found, cut, lugged, stuffed into the van and brought home.

We are sure the tree changed shape on the way home. I know some trees grow taller on the way home, but this one just went wider. We knew it was kind of round on the lot, but on the way home it grew rounder and rounder and rounder. Even the base of the tree grew rounder. On the lot we knew the base would fit in our tree stand. On the way home, it grew just enough to break the stand as we mounted it.

We kept looking at this tree on our front porch. Then we looked at the space we had ready for it in the living room. No way would it fit. It would have to go in a corner of the dining room where two corner walls could help hold it up. The tree did come in and did go in the dining room and there it stands resplendent and ready to mark this season for us.

BUT.

It is definitely not a tree. It is definitely a bush; a very, very round fat bush with one little spike one might put an angel on. And Ken has started a new mythology in our family for picking out the best of the best tree lots.

AND, we find you can celebrate Christmas with a tree bush rather than a proper Christmas tree. Each time I go in the dining room I have a good laugh and

a little conversation with this dear bush. I can't quite tell you what it does for my imagination but the world has taken a little tilt.

I don't read the newspaper the way I used to. I don't listen to the news the same way. I don't take my self quite so seriously or any of the unsolvable problems at work, or get bogged down in unending details of Christmas preparation or expect our youthful children to do as I would, or expect the world to turn out just right immediately. Somehow, this little tree bush is responsible for all of this transformation.

Here is hoping that you run into your own tree bush in the middle of this season or at least early in the new year that is coming.**Ruth Gilbert**

A Tribute to Koinonia

Less than a two hour drive from Colquitt is the community of Koinonia Farm in Americus, Georgia. Founded in 1942 by Clarence and Florence Jordan and Martin and Mabel England, Koinonia is one of the pioneering social experiments of the movemental church in the 20th century from which the founding of our own tradition (Austin Faith and Life Community, Ecumenical Institute and ICA) drew inspiration. Koinonia began as an intentional community serving the poor and the innocent suffering, regardless of race, in an environment whose hostility to such a witness was to explode with violence in the 1950's.

One enters Koinonia Farm with a sense of awe. It is one of the sacred places on American soil where you want to take off your shoes, kneel down and give thanks for the families who stood their ground there under the rain of gunfire, excommunications, burnings, beatings and boycotts, in order to demonstrate the possibility of human community.

It is fascinating to count the parallels between their experiences and ours. Koinonia, too, began its journey in another city (Louisville), related to an institution of higher learning (So. Baptist Theological Seminary), then shifted to what they believed to be the critical point of mission (the rural south). It is interesting that after a ten year period of model testing in the urban north, we would follow their lead in going to the rural villages of the world for similar reasons.

Koinonia, too, suffered the sudden and untimely death of its leader, Clarence Jordan, at a time (1969)

when it was felt so much was left unfulfilled. Its amazing continuity and continued creativity through the 70's and 80's is a testimony to the strong spirit embodied in Koinonia.

The manner in which their members stood watches during the violent epoch brought back recollections of a similar activity in 5th City, Chicago in 1968 & 1969.

One point of contrast is that where our commercial publications have only hit the markets in recent years, Clarence Jordan began publishing his delightful Cotton Patch Version of the New Testament early in Koinonia's history.

Like our own experience with Training Inc. and the International Association of Facilitators, Koinonia has spawned several spin-offs, including Jubilee Partners (a global refugee sanctuary in Coner, Georgia), and Habitat for Humanity. How well we know the pain and the promise of such birthings.

Today the Koinonia community includes a core of 11 full-time residents, two one-year interns and a stream of short-term work/study volunteers and retired couples. Also, there are seven employees at its Child Development Center, a multi-cultural preschool that has modeled peaceful resolution of conflict since its founding in 1972.

Other current missional pursuits are the Koinonia Prison and Jail Project (which includes advocacy of prison reform as well as a ministry to hundreds of southwest Georgia prisoners and their families), ecological gardening practices, a used postage stamp project whose receipts help the hungry in south Georgia and beyond, and a continued support role to surrounding neighborhoods that includes promoting self-sufficiency in the maintenance of the over 200 houses Koinonia has built since 1974.

How often we have talked about getting a "wine press" going. Koinonia's is enviable, with all their farm products processed with mouth-watering names like "Honey-Nut Peachcake", "Hickory Smoked Pecan Halves" and "Milk Chocolate Peanut Crunch". If you can't make your own pilgrimage to Koinonia, at least you can purchase via mail order catalog their delicious offerings and help, in their words, "get the nuts out of Georgia"!

....Bill Grow



*Lost in cyberspace, Benson tried correcting his errors
in a more traditional manner.*

