

THE NODE

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THE NODE is an informal publication intended to keep the Global Covenanted People informed on the journey of the transformation process. THE NODE is published four times a year by a small team in Toronto who collect news and reflections about this global group from whatever source.

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* This article is at the back of the People section due to an error by the editor.

REPORTS

EDITORIAL

In this Node, there are a number of articles on the journeys several of the ICA's have been on in the last 3 years. We highlight Kenya.

There is also a strong beat on the travels some of us have been doing around this planet. It seems to be in our blood!

ICA Brazil and Guatemala share the major work they are doing with companies in those two countries.

ICA West in the USA shares the adventure of a first meeting of members.

Terry Bergdahl reflects on the Global Spirit Community we are becoming.

A big thank you Janice Ulanga for your timely poetry.

For the next Node, we suggest that some of you share your research or learning projects. I have at least two these days: exploring how people learn, and hands on long distant bicycle riding- just for the fun of it. What about you? Let us hear what you are up to.

Other reflections and tidbits are always welcome.

Jeanette Stanfield



Too short
Too tall
Too skinny
Too fat

Silly, dumb, loudly laughing

All the things I've spent a lifetime to avoid,
a clown picks up
and makes victorious

Dee Horn

ICA AUSTRALIA RETREAT AT HUSKISSON, NEW SOUTH WALES FEBRUARY 1-3, 1991

The Sydney Team met for three days at the Thomson's beach house at Huskisson on the south coast of N.S.W. to look into the gifts and mission of the ICA for the coming decade.

We used *Winning Through Participation* to share with one another what we have learned and have been able to do with the methods and insights of the ICA. We reflected on how we see their role for the future.

Four teams, led by Adrian Rhodes, John and Elaine Telford, Richard and Maria Maguire, and Jim Thomson and Carol Borovic, prepared and held studies on each of the book's four sections. We then closed with a morning on the philosophy and mission of ICA Australia, led by Rob Duffy.

All 21 people present found the weekend very stimulating and refreshing. It became apparent that we are extending the work of the ICA into many arenas. We look forward to hearing more from each other and working together in new ways.

We will continue the dialogue in the coming months. We will think about recommendations for the Annual General Meeting at the end of May. Particularly we will look at structural changes which might enable the mission of the ICA in its expanded form.

BRISBANE TEAM PLANS FOR 1991

From a report in Pacific Waves

Brisbane Team's plans for this year are a mixture of studies, art activities and environmental experiences.

We will be continuing to delve further into the work of Matthew Fox and Thomas Berry, and will use the book "The Discoverers" by Daniel Boorsten to expand our interests.

Our yearly retreat will be at Bowder Park Lodge, Maroon Dam, south east Queensland, and is open to all colleagues. As well as studying, we will share art activities, tree planting and videos both for art form conversations and for relaxation.

During the year our team will visit an environmentally sensitive area, Downfall Creek, to see what has been done there to improve its viability. We will study urban greening and plant trees in the Miesens yard which is being turned slowly into a permaculture garden.

As part of learning new skills, we will practise paper making and later make festive envelopes. Trips are also planned to the Planetarium and Botanic Gardens and to Wivenhoe Dam for a picnic. We have always shared a meal at the end of each meeting. This year we feel the need to bring back the rituals of celebration and gratitude for life. Out of our Christian heritage, we plan to break bread together every second meeting.

ICA BRAZIL: Providing Deep Care for the Workplace!

By Bill Grow

(The following short excerpts are from ECHO NET, the publication of ICA's Consulting Services in Rio de Janeiro.

Consultations are busting out all over

As we entered 1991 in Consulting Services we were unsure about our programs. We didn't know whether we would have more program than we could deliver on in 1991 or we would have nothing. Many decision makers were on vacation. Everyone seemed to be thinking about Carnival, and the saying is: "The work year begins March 15". Now it is March 28. We have already done five substantial programs with three old clients and are poised on the eve of a full LENS of fifty participants. Our reputation within old client companies has been so positive that we have over US\$90,000 in follow-up program contracted with four companies. We have not had time to begin marketing to new clients.

The miracle of it all is that we are in a recession in which most consultants are going out of business. We have had tremendous assistance from our volunteer facilitators. The dilemma is that all of our new post-LENS program demands require the presence of veteran minds and experience, because our work is focused on priorship training in the corporate setting. The real challenge to us is getting indigenous people trained in the tools, methods and contexts.

In April alone we will be working with one company in six cities: Rio, Sao Paulo, Belo Horizonte, Brasilia, Salvador and Recife. This represents only one

fourth of our work load for the month. We don't know how we are going to do it, but if any of you know how to transmit 25 years of ICA experience to half a dozen people inside of six months, please tell us! Fast!

Light in the Coming Dark Ages?

(Reflection on the future role of the work place)

No, we are not predicting a new age of doom, but we are clear that we are entering a period of increased confusion and reorganization of all of society. There is no institution in the world that is not facing or refusing to face radical change.

During the Dark Ages, the institutions and customs had already disappeared. It was the monasteries that held the learning and therefore the hope of the future.

Today, as more and more industries see themselves as "learning organizations" (even though the objective of this was originally a competitive edge not a service to humanity), could it be that the work place is to be the bearer of the united field theory of education? Will the work place be the beacon of higher learning in the 2000's?

The Jackson Pollack #31 Organizational Model

You've seen the many innovative organization structures that have appeared in recent publications. But have you seen the Jackson Pollack #31 organization model? No neat lines, revolutionary organograms, or tightly controlled hierarchical reality disguised in picturesque organizational geometry here. Only a splash of oil colors exploding in a cacophony of red, yellow and blue sinews of paint whirling across a canvas, like a technicolor version of sub-atomic particle paths in a Wilson Cloud Chamber.

Such was the novel presentation by Mills' president, Cristian Nacht, on the theme of organization structuring at a recent Rio Galaxy meeting. Like most of the other ICA client company executives gathered at his home that afternoon, Cristian was reaching for an image to hold the emerging future reality of his company. Tracing some of the discordant paths of paint with his finger, he made reference to the corresponding ambiguous lines of communication in Mills, pausing here and there on little blobs of intersections that could represent nodes of consensus activity. In typical understatement, Cristian summed up his presentation, "I'm not sure how to get there from here, but I think it's the right direction."

When the definitive history of organizational transformation is published will Jackson Pollack be given due credit for Ilya Prigogine's Nobel Prize winning open systems model, in which new patterns of response to exploding complexity are constantly being self-generating? Will Tom Peters confess up to borrowing from Pollack when he said, "The flexible, porous, adaptive, fleet-of-foot organization of the future is one in which every person is "paid" to be obstreperous, a dis-respecter of formal boundaries, to hustle and to be fully engaged with engendering swift action and constantly improving everything?" The artist has pioneered the way in several disciplines in the 20th century. Maybe Jackson Pollack #31 shows us a way to reimage our organizations in the coming century.

DEMONSTRATING A "NEW WAY OF LEARNING"

By Pamela Bergdahl

December 10-21, 1991 I conducted a Training of Trainers seminar at the Co-op College in Lusaka. Most of the participants were faculty members who teach in long residential programmes. I was asked to conduct the seminar because of the need for participatory training methods. As in most of Africa, the faculty relies upon a traditional lecture approach followed by questions and answers. Many of the experienced faculty had attended Training of Trainers seminars before so they were "aware" of other methods. For some, it was not knowing how to use participatory methods, while for others it was not really believing in the why.

Some of the attitudes I encountered at the beginning of the two-week seminar were:

- I know there are other methods, but they can't be applied to my subject.
- The problem is lazy students.
- The problem is a low calibre of student being accepted into the residential programme.
- You only use visuals with children and illiterate adults because they have never seen what you are talking about. To use visuals with literate adults would be a "put down."
- There is so much data to cover from the syllabus, it is better and faster to just tell them in a lecture.
- The students don't know anything about some subjects so of course you have to tell them something before they can participate.

Most people in Africa have always experienced teachers as "lecturers" and there is, therefore, a simple assumption that the lecture method must be the right way to teach. It is what people have seen and known. Correspondingly, teachers also begin to think they have all the knowledge and learners have none. The basic climate at the beginning of my T.O.T. seminar was set by this attitude. As a result, I tried to make sure that all the sessions were demonstrations of the following adult learning principles:

- Adults learn best when actively involved.
- Adults bring a lot of experience with them that needs to be used in the learning process.
- Adults learn through a variety of techniques.
- Adults' motivation for learning comes from within when they see the need for such training.

My focus was always on "how to get the learner involved in the learning process." We kept asking the question "how can I make my classes so interesting, exciting and fun that the participants will look forward to coming?" The flow of the two weeks followed basically three modules. The first three days focused on context: Why do we need participatory training methods? The next five days focused on the participatory training methods: what are the methods? The final two days focused on practice: How do we use the methods? Interspersed in the first week was also a bit of self-evaluation with the social styles inventory and personal time management tools.



During the contexting days, I used several things including workshops to enable the teachers to come up with their own list of Adult Learning Theories. They reflected on other quotes about education/ training and then wrote their own quotes. They read excerpts from the book *The Making of an Adult Educator* by Malcolm S. Knowles. We had a tremendous time together and the experience really was the key. They experienced themselves being treated as adults with insights to offer. They experienced the methods working in all the sessions, and their own attitudes changing as a result.

REFLECTIONS

THE GLOBAL SPIRIT COMMUNITY WE ARE BECOMING

By Terry Bergdahl

(Terry wrote this as a response to a letter received from a colleague he had not heard from for ten years. This colleague had been receiving the Bergdahl family newsletters. Terry wanted to share this with Node readers as well. Here are some excerpts.)

You probably picked up some hints in our two newsletters that the Order has been undergoing a radical transformation over the past few years.Many people in our "spirit community" are now rooted geographically for the first time.

Reading your letter, I found myself wondering once again about life in North America where we will soon be living: concerns like global responsibility and significant engagement. In short, your questions are our questions. I think they are the questions of a whole lot of other people.

I'm convinced that there is something very important in being connected with a group of people who share a global vision, ask these types of questions of each other, and who try to act upon them. In spite of all its shortcomings, that has always been the power of the ICA/Order.

I don't want to get too carried away with the analogy, but due to new geographical roots, the ICA/Order is now facing a similar situation to that of the Hebrews in the Old Testament when they suddenly found themselves dispersed from the holy land. They asked themselves "is it possible for us to remain a people, a religious community, when always before we were a people based in

Jerusalem?" It seems to me that the ICA/Order is faced with a somewhat similar question today.

Is it possible for us to remain a "spirit community" of caring people responding faithfully to real needs in the world when we no longer have tight disciplined structures, when we no longer live together communally, when we no longer have the collective flexibility for submission to an assignments commission?

I think it is and want to be a part of those who give this "community" its new form. I don't know exactly what it will look like given our new geographical rootedness and physical separation, but some elements are more clear than others. I think it's going to mean:

1) a broadly shared vision about the future that values human dignity, honours the pluralism of cultures, explores authentic spiritual depths, promotes simple living, preserves environmental resources, (you add to the list);

(2) a manifestation of this vision through concrete action taken in many different local settings (you may be dissatisfied and feel that the context needs expansion, but don't belittle your involvement with the Chamber of Commerce or your commitment to the local School Board);

(3) a connectedness through occasional events where people get together to rehearse the vision and to learn from each other's experiences, all reinforced through continual long distance communications, i.e. newsletters, telephone, computer networks, etc.

Of course, there is a more fundamental question that must be answered before getting to such propositions: is it really important for this particular "spirit community" to continue? Many would say no. For some reason I find this "spirit community" to be personally valuable and I don't want to lose it. The ICA/Order, and we definitely need a new name for it is my global "church home," it's the "congregational dynamic" that I want to belong to, it's who I want to ask me the question of accountability "have you been faithful?", it's the people who I want to attend my funeral in spirit if not in physical presence. I don't have good language for this, or very many clear thoughts. Maybe at a later date. In the meantime, I want to keep the collegiality alive.

NOTES ON AGING

By Liza Tod

(Liza wrote this for Pacific Waves newsletter)

"You asked me to write about aging. This gave me a shock and my immediate reaction was to say, But I don't know anything about that; I haven't started aging yet! My second reaction was that was unlikely and as I am now 78 years old, I must know something.

What is aging? *Is it mental, physical or spiritual?* Is it real, or does one think oneself into it? I don't know.

My *body* is not at all strong nowadays. I put that down to all the operations that I have had over the last half dozen years or so. Not age. My legs are just as long as ever - with two big feet at the end. My arms are still too long for ready-made clothes. My body is recognizable as my own - changed, but not too much - and surely could be coaxed into something faintly resembling the one I have lived in for so long. My hair has changed, and I must admit that the grey, and almost white parts is a sign of aging (though secretly I find it rather becoming and a change for the better. To have the same colour hair forever could become boring). Now my face - that has become unfamiliar. It bears some resemblance to the one I used to have and people recognise it, but I don't, so perhaps that has aged.

Mentally? That's a problem. Sometimes I think my brain works just as well as ever and it's only because I am adapting to a new life that I get confused and don't think things through; I may neglect one side of a question. But how can that be age? It's just people or things that distract me. After all, there is so much that interests me in this extraordinary and wonderful world, some big things, some small, some good, some bad. How can it be age that trips me up? Is it that there is so much constantly shouting for my attention? I was never very clever about ordering my thinking.

Spiritually? Now what is that? I hoped that I would grow wise as I grew older; that would have been a splendid and enriching sign of aging. But no, I don't get wiser. I have more experience, and have thought more, so my head tends to be a jumble of this and that, from which I can pull words of what appears to be wisdom at first sight, but alas, not for long. Then the great thought becomes a cliché. Most disheartening! Is that aging?

What is wisdom? I think it must be a gift that is not of one's own making. It can be cultivated to a certain extent, but in itself it is there, waiting to be of help if called upon. Sometimes it illuminates without any provocation or action on one's own part. This is a great joy and surely not a sign of aging.

So what is aging?

I just don't know, but thank you for asking. It's been interesting and fun and I must think about it some more."

THE RE-GENERATION OF ICA IN WESTERN USA

Harvesting the Old and Incorporating the New

(From the newsletter "Initiatives")

What is the living spirit of ICA?

What must ICA learn in order to create change?

How do we incorporate new members into the organization?

How can we honor and bring forth the rich legacy of the first ICA era?

These questions help capture the tone of reflection, openness and celebration that marked the ICA West Members' Meeting held in Phoenix from 18-21 January. The first-ever event brought together over forty people in a rich mix of old hands and brand new faces.

The idea of it being a highly participatory gathering was set the day before the meeting when Pasadena colleague Dorothea alias "Babette" Bradley drove up in a Ryder truck full to the brim with fruit, vegetables, meat, fish and a host of other goodies. Some wondered if she

was taking ICA West's "member-driven" slogan just a little too literally!

As members reported on their activities, the incredible diversity of work being undertaken in the ICA network became apparent. "Hometown Meetings" in Denver, Food For All chapters in southern California, Machakos Development Simulation games in Houston, Facilitator Methods Guilds in San Diego - the list was endless and growing.

People had the opportunity to get inside some of these activities and other concerns of members by participating in a "marketplace." This pick-and-choose slot in the program allowed adhoc groups to form around particular issues, decide their own agenda and conclude with one minute reports. Among the array of offerings were: Harvesting ICA's First Generation of Experience, Changing Images Through Metaphors and ICA as a Learning Organization.

One small group visited the Garfield Neighborhood near downtown Phoenix, where ICA has been working with local residents in a self-help project. They sat in on a committee meeting and were hosted around the community. Robert Gonzales from Denver came back aghast at what he had experienced: "I was blown away by the condition of the neighborhood. I thought we had it tough in the inner-city area where we are working in Denver. This is a real challenge."

One highlight of the meeting was the Awards Night, where everyone joined in creating awards for everyone else. Another was a visit by the Navajo raptor conservationist, Larry KeeYazzie of the Sovereign Wings organization.

As we gathered for a final reflection, a number of concerns that had been surfacing throughout the weekend came into focus. A key question was how to bridge

the gap between earlier generations of ICA members and newcomers. Opinions oscillated between doing an intensive charism-type retreat with new members to encouraging multiple versions of "the ICA story" to co-exist.

This first attempt at a members' meeting was a great beginning. As Phoenix member Rosalee Mitchell reminded us: "There are folks out there who need what ICA has to offer and ICA needs them. It is tragic to miss each other."

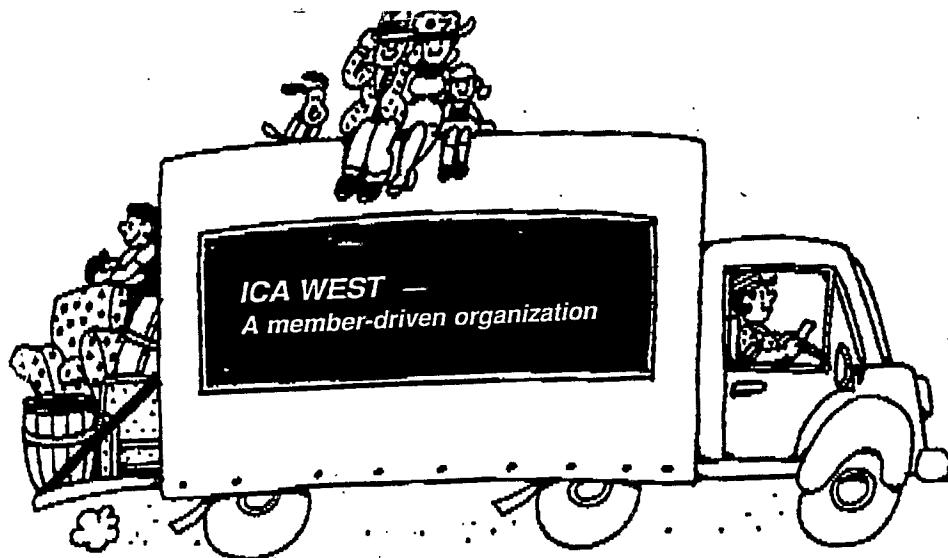
ICA KENYA JOURNEY Reflections by Jean Smith

This year has brought many changes to the Institute of Cultural Affairs, Kenya, where Art and I spend the majority of our time. It has been a year of increased financial stability. A third contract with the Ministry of Agriculture and a strong overture by the Ministry of Water Development made it clear that ICA has a significant arena of service and income through the ministries. Our revenue for 1990 is Ksh 5,500,000 in contrast to Ksh 4,000,000 in 1989. More important, we have diversified our income base so that 15% comes from the Kenyan private sector, 30% from government contracts and the remaining 55% from grants, primarily from Europe. This has allowed ICA to set aside major reserves for staff retirement and staff education, as well as a fund to cover both salaries and programme should there be a gap in grants. We were able to give a 10% cost-of-living increase in salaries, and have completed detailed job descriptions as a key step in instituting a graduated salary system.

Effective Village Development Programmes Including emphasis on Environmental Projects.

This economic stability has enabled effective programme throughout the year.

With generous support from Misereor and Village Volunteers, ICA has continued its strong staff support and development programme, including sending two staff to the International Training Programme in Brussels and enrolling two more for the upcoming February ITGP. Misereor, along with Europe Third World, Wild Geese and CPC, funded integrated project development, health education and water tanks in 54 villages in Machakos District and has renewed the grant for an additional 60 villages. ICA did a complete internal evaluation of the



Machakos programme, using it as an opportunity to train five staff in evaluation techniques. Misereor, as you can see, an important partner - also funded the Kenya Grassroots Leadership Training Programme which trained facilitators and conducted strategic planning seminars and follow-up sessions with groups on the Coast and in Kakamega, Muranga and Kirinyaga Districts.

New work was initiated through a grant with Helvetas which brings an environmental emphasis into ICA programmes. We completed a solar cooker pilot project in Western Kenya, and will initiate health caretaker training and community health campaigns with 25 groups in Kilifi District. As part of the programme, groups are introduced to solar cookers, bio-intensive home gardens, pit latrines and rain catchment water tanks, which raise the health level of the village while making appropriate use of simple solar and water-harvesting techniques.

Another new venture, thanks to the Presbyterian Women of USA, was income generation training and project start-up with 15 groups in Kilifi District. We developed the curriculum from scratch, with lots of help from written resources, and trained staff to carry it out.

Kabiro-Kawangware Urban Collaboration

ICA continues its urban collaboration with Kabiro-Kawangware Health Care Outpost. This project, begun years ago by the Kawangware Human Development Project, has been self-sufficient for several years. But we have maintained strong ties, especially in a joint programme of training volunteer health workers from the Nairobi slums. BAS-AID and Kenyan sources supported the latest of the three-week training seminars, and the 250th graduate received her certificate. Helvetas helped establish a Youth Polytechnic to provide carpentry and tailoring training in Kabiro. Symbolic and practical support was given Kabiro when ICA was able to loan it money to cover three months of salaries when government cash flow problems resulted in a delay of Kabiro's contract revenue.

Staff Facility Shift

Facility shifts have been part of our life again. In January 1990, both the Powell and Packard families moved from the corporate living arrangements at Rose Ave. to apartments in the neighborhood. This was in anticipation of the sale of the Rose Ave. property. Rose Ave. was sold in May, providing initial capital for land, which is currently under negotiation. It is imaged that this land would be the site of a permanent ICA facility on the outskirts of Nairobi. The Packard/Powell move was a portent of the future, for ICA soon decided that the four Rose Ave flats

which we were now renting from the new owner, were too expensive. So in October we reduced our occupancy to one flat for the offices. Housing allowances were started and everyone quickly found other accommodations. So we have moved from the old familiar corporate living to individual living and are learning to be commuters. The Smiths bought bicycles and worked out a 20 minute 'back-road' route that avoids major traffic.

Staff Role Changes

Shifts in staff roles reflect a growing maturity and capacity on the part of the Kenyan ICA staff. At the Annual General Council early in December, three women were elected to the leadership team of seven. We believe this was a landmark decision in efforts to practically and symbolically integrate women into leadership roles. A woman was also assigned for the first time to the International Training Programme in Brussels. Of course women have participated significantly in all staff development activities from typing to learning written English to management training for development workers.

In other arenas, when three experienced Kenyan staff left to form a private consulting business, ICA responded with considerable sophistication to this loss of administrative and programmatic talent. It first did some soul searching to discover, if possible, the root causes for such a departure, and then proceeded to fill their positions from within the organization, while at the same time exploring the possibility of hiring 'outside' staff. It was a hard time, but the organization has grown through this experience. As another sign of maturity, the highest staffing priority at the Council was to ensure adequate personnel in both the Fiscal and Legal and Funding and Programme Authorization offices. This reflects the recognition that total indigenization of ICA in Kenya is the mode of the future. There is a serious move to take on these responsibilities now.

As a result of three years of restructuring, there has been a significant shift in the role of extra-national personnel, now three people out of the total of 45 staff. Extra-nationals clearly play a consultative and training role. This was embodied in the Powells taking employment in private consulting and with another development agency, with the Packard's returning to the United States, with Elisabeth Castiglioni planning to spend more time in Europe and less in Kenya, and with Art and I intending to return to the United States in early 1992. Both Art and I are giving up the day-to-day routine work - no more trips to the bank, or balancing the cash box, or writing proposals

or making development calls! Art will be training another staff person in the Finance Office, as well as continuing his present training with two people. I will be teaching courses in proposal writing, project evaluation, funding raising, and computer skills. Both of us will do additional work in programme evaluation and making sure that systems are functional. Art will continue to work with the Finance Commission and I will continue my work with the Personnel Commission. This Commission is investing major time in creating a personnel system and a staff benefits package. Dick Alton, from Brussels, will visit ICA Kenya and work on the Europe-Kenya fund raising connections and system.

During this next year we will continue to define the role of consultant in this particular setting, especially making sure that explicit, self-conscious training is going on and that sustainable systems are being refined and created.

ICA: BRAZIL IS COMING INTO ITS OWN

By Nan Grow

Two selections from Brazil's newsletter.

Money, Money, Money, Money!

Yes, money! It does make certain things happen!

This year has been the best in our history as ICA:Brazil. We received more, earned more, saved more and spent more than in any other year. The savings, it should be said, are in terms of economizing, not in building bank accounts. We have up-graded our staff in both Rio Bonito and Rio de Janeiro and the visible products of their work are more and more apparent.

This is the third year of growth and not coincidentally, it corresponds to the three years of increasing autonomy of the ICA internationally. Though at first we felt ourselves to be cut off and orphaned, we are now finding our own strength and the strength inherent in the philosophy and mission of the ICAI. In terms of finances also, we are finding our way. With the move away from corporate structures of living and their accompanying education, health, training and other support benefits, we are having to pay higher salaries and spend more "work time" in the training of staff. Some of the new staff we are hiring lack the original context of our work as vocation and at least initially are less productive.

We are grateful for the year that was and hopeful for the future. We see expansion and change to be our lot. We anticipate the rural work becoming more

and more consult-oriented as we seek to spread our learnings to more and more communities and states within Brazil.

We anticipate our urban work becoming increasingly a matter of catalyzing organizational change and social participation on the part of our client companies. Our role is becoming more one of trainers and pastors than of facilitators of planning. Yet at the same time, we see an increasing possibility in the area of training with NGO's, churches and other agencies of social change. We are also looking forward to beginning a Training Inc. in Rio de Janeiro. The absence of an Academy or corporate living training means we will also have to spend more and more time training our staff in the basic life stance which has been the hallmark of ICA.

Leaky Margins

Where does the work of ICA leave off and personal interests take over? A good question, you say? So do we.

For example every Saturday night a group gathers in our apartment for study, potluck supper and the common meal. The group is not limited to the ICA nor does it include all the ICA staff. It is made up of a wide variety of caring people who are active in serving the needs of the people of Brazil. We have studied Matthew Fox's *Original Blessing* and are now working on Scott Peck, *The Road Less Travelled. Servant Leadership* is in the wings.

Is it ICA related? Once we would have had no question. Even now, the question seem imposed and a bit irrelevant. Our lives are tied to a memory as well as a task. The memory and the task feed each other as they feed our lives. We remember the Word with every action of our days. We continue to have a vocation and not a job; we continue to share with all those like-minded. As one of my heroes said, "If your heart is with mine, then give me your hand." If you find a common motivation in this common meal, is it not still the center of our lives?

.....

MEXICO OUR HOME

By Rod and Rose Worden

We share our deepening involvement in local community and Mexican culture.

The proposals for a sustainable development project raised enough money to initiate work this year in two of nine villages in the region of Tepeaca, Puebla, Rancheri 'a Hernandez and Virreyes de Juarez. They are located in a semiarid region east of the city of Puebla where

overuse of the land has increased deforestation and reduced the rainfall and water table. The typical agriculture is centered on corn (one crop during the rainy season) with heavy use of fertilizer. Our participation is based on the deep belief that this type of ecological disaster must be reversed through appropriate technologies of soil and water conservation and that the same people who are affected must make the decision to renew their environment. At the same time, having a working relationship once again with a village project has been a source of inspiration and renewal.

The past year we have held a theory-practice course in the new conference room nearly every month. This room doubles as a greenhouse full of thriving tropical plants. The courses which we offer are the theoretical framework for human development and include Imaginal Education, Integrated Sustainable Development, Social Changes and Symbols for the 21st Century.

Besides these courses and the Tepeaca Project, our activities have revolved around networking with other non-governmental organizations, and enabling greater participation by the advisory board and directors. With satisfaction we sent our President Rogelio Cova to the "Our Common Future Conference" in Taiwan this past November.

This year we made a decision to begin investing in our future plans to continue to live in Mexico. Along with seven other families we have purchased the right to develop 3000 square meters on the beach in the State of Nayarit, an hour north of Puerto Vallarta. The process of the "Creativity Center" will take years, beginning with the land development and construction of individual family houses. Over Christmas we worked on clearing and staking the land. At the same time we enjoyed camping and swimming at the finest beach area we have seen in Latin America. Our family was all together.

Elaine enjoys her job at Boeing Co, in Seattle. Helen will finish her doctorate at Cornell this coming year and John has started graduate work in Physics at the University of Colorado in Boulder.

We continue in the hope that this decade will carry the people of our planet to new modes of participation in a process for peace and for revitalizing the planet's environment.

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PEOPLE

ASIA-AFRICA TRAVELS

By Terry Bergdahl

We lived for four years in Asia from 1975 to 1979. We stayed in Japan but our work took us on occasion to Hong Kong, Korea, and Taiwan for weeks at a time. Now, having lived in Africa for six years, it was all the more interesting to return to the far east. Here are some impressions.

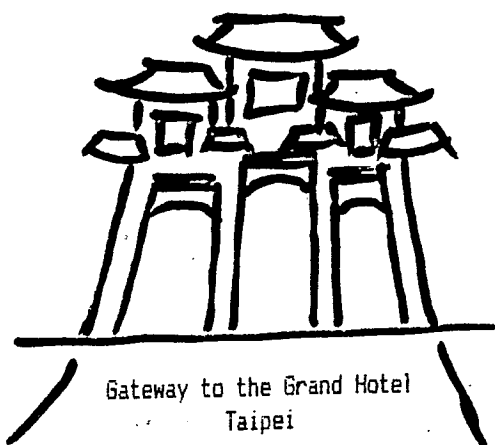
Thailand

Pam and I knew we were back in Asia when we came across a place in Bangkok promising "business cards in one hour." First, we were reminded of the fact that in Asia one simply isn't taken seriously without a calling card. Second, competitive drive turns efficiency into an art form. To design, proof, print, and package business cards in a mere sixty minutes is just business as usual. In Lusaka, it takes a minimum of two weeks to have photos developed!

Our three day stop over in Bangkok was the first time either of us had been to Thailand. We enjoyed the sightseeing, the food, and the people. We were struck with the general pace of the population, the near intolerable air pollution, the motor bikes in heavy traffic and young business women riding side saddle behind their boyfriends without the slightest shred of worry about falling off. I wandered around the Temple of the Grand Palace with the Emerald Buddha along with nearly every other tourist in Bangkok and enjoyed it immensely. I was a little surprised at the permeating presence of Buddhism in Thai society. It is everywhere, from shops selling religious icons to monks on the street in their orange robes.

Taiwan

In Taipei, a good friend of ours attending the ICA conference, Karen Troxel, took us on one of her daily walks up the mountain behind the Grand Hotel. The extent of early morning activity in the lush trees of the hill side was amazing. Thousands of people were on the slopes going through different rituals for greeting the arrival of the new day. Some were involved in religious chants, graceful tai-chi exercises, or quiet contemplation of the sunrise while others played badminton, visited with friends, or went through a regime of solitary calisthenics. It was enchanting to be a part of the diverse yet strangely common celebration



of the mountain side as we walked to the top.

When the conference was over, my mother arrived in Taipei to join us on the next step of our journey, Hong Kong. Back in June of 1989, Pam and I hosted Mon on a whirlwind visit of England to mark her sixtieth birthday. At some point in the conversations, she let slip how much she would like to visit Hong Kong some day. Later, when Pam and I learned the ICA gathering would be held in Taiwan, the chance to spend a week with her in Hong Kong seemed pre-ordained.

Before departing Taiwan, however, she arranged to see an old acquaintance of hers, Chi-tai (John) Feng, who is now the Director of the International Service of the Broadcasting Corporation of China. She first met Mr. Feng when he was with the foreign service during the time she was state Chairperson of the Democratic Party in Oklahoma.

Mr. Feng took us all to lunch along with a small group of his foreign language broadcasters. We were hosted in grand Chinese style and enjoyed it a lot, though it was a bit difficult for the three of us to get into the full spirit of the occasion since none of us drink beer. Apparently, the custom is for beer to be consumed by two people gesturing a toast to each other, followed by a simultaneous drink. As long as a symbolic sip would suffice, all was well, but it became more difficult towards the end. Formal toasts were then offered and people were expected to empty a full glass. Mr. Feng required us Okies to designate a proxy to drink on our behalf. When it came my turn, I bravely downed my own but slightly gagged in the process. Embarrassing.

As is often the case in Asia, corporations sponsor organised sports. Besides

holding his position as the Director of Radio Free China, Mr. Feng is also the Commissioner of Baseball in Taiwan. It was extremely interesting to hear him discuss this work. Just this year Taiwan launched a professional Little League. As you might expect, he had strong opinions about his perception of American belly-aching over the fact that Taiwan consistently wins the Little League World Series. He insists that his Little League teams are "community-based," as the rules require, but that community is differently understood in Taiwan where all schools are very large and accept students from across the entire country. That certainly is different from organising a team at Taft Elementary in Enid!

Hong Kong

Hong Kong was fun. We spent our week walking around, shopping, and hunting down the manufacturer of some special blazer buttons. The Hong Kong harbour viewed from the top of Victoria Peak must be one of the most spectacular urban scenes in the world. We also enjoyed our travels on the Star Ferry across the harbour. On one trip, Mom had her name transcribed into Chinese characters.

We stayed at the Caritas Hostel, a modest but comfortable guest house run by the Catholic Church in Kowloon. We were just 200 meters from the subway station, two stops north of the harbour. From there we could easily travel to almost any destination in Hong Kong as we did when we visited the ICA at Woodside. One of our most interesting trips was to the Wing on Street Market which consisted of shop after shop of fabrics strung along a single alleyway near Hong Kong island's financial district. I'm sure Mom could have spent many more hours there if she hadn't become concerned that Pam and I might get bored. Whereas I merely saw bolts of cloth, she walked through the stalls envisioning different creations that could be made from raw material. I saw the given, she saw the potential.

We will have to do some thinking about where to meet Mom for our next big holiday. Some have suggested that the ICA's next gathering should be in central Europe in 1992. Maybe Czechoslovakia?

New Years in Zimbabwe

Oscar Damen, a Dutchman who's a good friend of ours working in Kenya, travelled over the holidays across Tanzania to Zambia. From Lusaka, we drove down to Victoria Falls and on through to Southern Zimbabwe and back to Harare.

The Falls, as always, were beautiful. No matter how many times one may be

told about their splendour, they are much more powerful than the first time viewer ever expects. It's hard to put into words the wonder of these falls which stretch for over a mile dropping 150 metres at a sheer 90 degrees, all viewed across a narrow chasm of less than 50 metres. Though I had been there before, it was the first time for Pamela and Oscar.

All three of us made the white-water rafting trip down the rapids of the Zambezi River. When I did the rafting three years before, it was at high water so we started in the fifth gorge below the falls. This time it was low water and we started immediately under the falls. Looking directly up at the falls was even more awesome than looking down on them. The rafting was a lot of fun. Oscar and I were even thrown overboard on the fifth rapid, much to our surprise. The strength of the Zambezi must never be underestimated.

In Bulawayo we saw the Matopos where Cecil Rhodes, the archetypical imperialist of the nineteenth century, is buried. His grave is on the top of a barren granite dome a mile in diameter. At the very top are a dozen or so lonely boulders twenty feet tall. From this vantage point, one has a perfect 360 degree view of endless sprawling Africa without a sign of human presence, save for a lone monument in memory of British soldiers killed by the Matabele at the turn of the century. Such scenes, Oscar commented, make Holland seem like a small crowded ant hill.

We spent New Year's Eve at the Great Zimbabwe ruins in Masvingo. Great Zimbabwe are the stone remains of a powerful black civilization of the twelfth century. To make the arrival of the New Year, the three of us took turns reading the Tarot cards. It seems that all three of us have possibilities and big challenges before us in 1991. As always, the cards left it to us to fill in the content and to offer interpretations. Which is precisely why the Tarot is so interesting and why, as a good friend of mine in Hong Kong confidently declares, "the cards never lie!"

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BICYCLING AROUND PUGET SOUND By Alison Powell

From Kenya, I flew with Pam Bergdahl to Brussels and then on to Dallas where my grandparents, Uncle Al, Aunt Sheila and my cousin Leslie were waiting. We spent a couple of days there and went on to Waco. I spent a week there, and all our time was taken shopping for a new wardrobe and provisions for camp in

Seattle (a water bottle, bike helmet and gloves). Then my grandparents put me on a plane to Seattle, and I was off to the great unknown!

Well, I got to Seattle safely. I was a week early for the trip. Another girl, Sandy Brown was also there early. We became fast friends. A week later the other kids arrived. There were supposed to be seven of us altogether. Three came on time. They were Ali Roper, whom I knew in Pace, Mississippi, Andrew Rozendal who was born in New Orleans right before I was born, and Doug Linley, who was from Ontario, I think. Andrew became my boyfriend at camp. Two other boys arrived later: Simon Strange a terrific guy who was a great actor and who knew every Weird Al song that exists and Jeremy Guske, whom I didn't get to know very well.

We had all been told that our bike trip around Puget Sound would be two hundred miles long. What we weren't told was that we would also ride two hundred miles to get in shape. That freaked us all out, because if you have not seen Seattle: it is uphill, uphill and more uphill!

The first day we started out, I was behind most of the time because my bike wasn't so great. We rode to a part called Gas Works, where we ate lunch and relaxed a while. Sandy, Doug, and two counselors rode to a bike shop to buy supplies and helmets. Andrew, Ali, Stan, another counselor, and I started riding back. Now the path we were riding on had two parts, for bikers going one way, and for bikers going the other way. I was riding behind Andrew. He moved over on the other side of the path to ride by two ladies going the wrong way. They took up a lot of room because they were pushing baby strollers. Andrew braked, and I didn't brake fast enough to stop so I flew, yes, flew off my bike all the way across the path. Fortunately, I was wearing my helmet. I did pull a muscle in my knee, and I had to use crutches for a week. However, if I had fallen an inch over to my right without my helmet on, I would have really hurt myself. I might have hit my head on a metal post.

I missed quite a bit of riding that week due to my leg, but I made it up. Each day, we rode a little bit further until we were riding fifty miles. Meanwhile, we were learning how to lead workshops, and organize things, although the one thing that was *never* organized was the girls room!

Time flew and we soon realized that the real trip and the end of the three week adventure was not far away. The real trip around Puget Sound started and we were cruising. It was flat for thirty miles of the forty we rode that day; then the hills

started. Help! That night we stayed in a friend's front yard, and that friend just happened to have a hot tub.

The next day when we started off, we took a while to get used to it because we were sore all over and our bike seats weren't very well padded! That day was a lot of uphill and when we were three miles from the campsite we were to stay at that night, Jeremy punctured a tire. He ran over three nails and punched three very large holes in the tire. While Jeremy and Stan were figuring out that problem, the rest of us were just messing around. Every now and then Andrew would lie down on the road (it was not very busy), and about five seconds before a car came up, he would slowly get up and walk off the road, thus scaring the wits out of me. A few minutes later, the van carrying our supplies came back and Julie, one of the counselors, said that our campsite was full and we would have to ride ten miles to the next one. Well, most of the kids after three hours of waiting walked four miles of the ten until we got to the downhill. We had a very mushy spaghetti dinner and canned peaches and fell asleep.

I am skipping the next day, which was too agonizing for words.

The fourth day we started off. Half-way through the trip, I had to stop because I had some trouble. One of the counselors stayed with me and the rest went on. When we were almost to the ferry that would take us across the bay, the rest of the group caught up with us! Julie had taken them six miles in the wrong direction, so they had to ride twelve extra miles. That night we stayed again in someone's front yard. They also had a hot tub.

Finally, it was the last day!! We were Home Sweet Home. The first thing we all did was take a shower, put on some clean, nice smelling clothes and have a glass of real milk.

As you can imagine, parting was sad. When Andrew and I said goodbye, we were quite a picture. We had red rimmed eyes. Sandy told me it was pretty funny all the sympathetic looks we got from people (sigh). Oh, well.

Most of the rest of my time in the USA was relaxation with family in Mobile and Texas.

I did some more shopping. I had a great time. Most of the shopping was for dad: four hundred bottles of French's mustard, fifty large bags of Cheetos, thirty bags of Butterfingers (I still haven't found out where he hid those butterfingers, but I haven't given up yet), his golf clubs, hickory chips, barbeque sauce, and heaven only knows what else!! All the things that are so expensive or hard to get in Kenya. I swear, he is spoiled.

WE CONTINUE TO EXPLORE THE WONDERS OF KENYA

By Jean and Art Smith

Over Easter we rented a 4 wheel drive and took an excursion into the Rift Valley, passing through the Kedong Valley and into the southern outlet of Ol Njorowa gorge of Hell's Gate National Park, then up over the ridge, dropping down to Lake Naivasha, Crater Lake and Hell's Gate. It was a timeless journey and occasioned much reflection on our stay and role in Kenya.

In July, we decided to carry through our resolve to back pack through Hell's Gate Canyon. At our age, this takes real resolve! Carrying everything, including water, for four days actually turned out to be OK. We took public transportation to the Y camp at Lake Naivasha where we stayed the first evening. We set out for Hell's Gate park in the morning, arriving at the campground mid-afternoon. The third morning saw us on the road early with a stop at the information centre and then down through the canyon. It was a glorious day, just enough clouds to keep it relatively cool, but enough blue sky to lift our spirits. We walked within a kilometre of the outlet to the canyon and across Masai land toward the Narok Road. It was very hot, and we were running low on water, taking the last at lunch. By two o'clock we were in sight of the little stores on the main road with a welcome soda as our reward. We ended the trip feeling very satisfied with the physical accomplishment and the mental and spiritual refreshment.

Over Christmas we had a wonderful four days almost by ourselves in Meru National Park. This is not a high priority tourist park - the animals are more scattered and very shy, and at this time of the year the grass is very high. The park is rolling plains, dotted with thorn trees and criss-crossed by rivers which are marked by dark riverine growth and Doum palms. There was a wide variety in the habitat and thus surprises at every corner.

We saw lions, a giraffe, an elephant, zebras, gazelles, oryx, water buck, gerenuk, dik-dik, a civet and African wildcat: jackals and hyaenas among others. We have never been in a park that had such an abundance of birds: flocks and flocks of guinea fowl, sand grouse, spurfowl, starlings, weavers, lilac rollers, bee eaters and doves. There were many eagles including long crested eagles and a pair of Battelaur; one was the more rare buff

plumage. Although we could not get to the Tana river because of high water at the drifts, we counted our time in Meru as one of the most enjoyable we have spent in a Kenyan game park. Later in the week, we drove up the Mt. Kenya Sirimon track toward the peaks - a glorious view all morning, suddenly shrouded in clouds in the afternoon. After a night at Nara Moru River Lodge on the west side of Mt. Kenya, we went into Aberdares National Park. Because of the altitude, it was cold enough to frost that night, but five minutes after the sun came up we were warmed. We went on, stopping for the last night at our favourite camp ground on Lake Naivasha and then on to Nairobi the next day. These trips are filled with wonder: the beauty and power of the wilderness renews our commitment to ecological integrity and spiritual and physical refreshment.



We look forward to at least one trip every quarter this year, including revisiting Maasai Mara for the wildebeest migration. We hope to revisit Siawa Swamp and Kakamega Forest as well as Lake Naivasha. For any of you who have dreamed of a trip to Kenya, we hope you will come before we leave in early 1992! We would love to host you and promise to share -our- favorite places with you.

THE YEAR OF CREATIVE ADVENTURE

By Jan and Abe Ulanga

For us this has been "A Year of Creative Adventures." What is a "creative adventure?" Often it is one where the stakes are high and the effects will last

awhile. There may be a crunching deadline so that you put everything else aside and work till you drop. Usually there is no real model for how to do it, so you invent it as you go, never sure if you are making the right decisions.

Sometimes you are forced into these adventures - as when you invent a new life after "retirement." The world needs a new word for that time of life when you've done most of your lock-step "9 to 5"ing and the economic foundation is mostly set, as much as it ever will be. So how about a word that rejoices in your time-freedom, and encourages exploration and the zestful creation of new modes of service! We do know that 'sorry-but-you're-over-the-hill' messages lurk, sometimes in our own minds. This is all part of a larger issue - finding possibilities for a new and adventurous life in situations which seem filled with limita-

tions of time, money, skills, opportunities and physical strength.

Abe had a splendid send-off at a retirement dinner just a year ago. A 'This is your life' kind of program was MC-ed with dry British wit by one good friend and co-worker, and was video-taped by another. Abe was mystified when he heard some details of his teenage years in the Philippines - furnished with the connivance of his cousin in New Jersey, who had been part of some of those exploits.

The next 'creative adventure' was the addition of a new room on our house. Abe took charge of interviewing contractors, identifying sources of materials, supervising the workers and the inside painting. Janice mostly agonized over the decisions - hundreds, it seemed - about color, pattern, shape, durability, and expense. Due to be finished in June, it was mostly done by August, and truly

delights us. New siding and windows, our first dining room (with windows on three sides) and attractive tile on the bathroom and kitchen floors give us a whole new perspective.

The "Big Trip" came next - to the Philippines, to visit family and friends, and to Taiwan for the global conference of the Institute of Cultural Affairs. We left October 7th and returned November 15th, in a whirlwind of hugs, reminiscing, jet-lag, climate change, laughter, dismay and inspiring beauty.

This was our first visit to Abe's homeland since 1981. It was highlighted by family reunions and the revisiting of old haunts. His sister Thelma and family did everything to show gracious hospitality. Sharing with Abe's Mama and with two of his brothers, was priceless. A phenomenal covered-dish dinner with old church friends was arranged by Thelma and cousin Ed and hosted by Ruth Canillas, daughter of cousin Ben. Some thirty folks brought their fanciest dishes to share. Abe remembered them as young friends from Knox Church; they are now contributing to the life of the nation in medicine, engineering, education, politics, business, and on the Supreme Court. They are still active church leaders. We wished that we could have spent much more time with every family there. A visit to the Associated Press offices and a terrific lunch with Abe's former co-workers was also very memorable.

Manila traffic requires more patience than ever, as over eight million people are in the city during weekdays. It now takes two to three hours to go across the city in traffic which is often stop and go even during non-rush hours. The heat and humidity were a challenge.

We got out of the city of Manila on three occasions. We visited the new campus of Harris Memorial College where Janice taught in the early sixties. It was their Foundation Day. Reunions with former students and co-teachers were inspiring, as was the excellent singing, alertness and commitment of today's students. These young women are studying to be deaconesses, with majors in Christian education, church music, or kindergarten education. Secondly, we spent a day at an ecumenical Protestant missionary retreat, where we saw more old friends, and were amazed at the stories of church growth. New churches are being founded throughout the Philippines almost as rapidly as anyone is there to help organize them; people seem hungry for the hope, support and love that the church offers. Our final trip outside the city was a three-day visit to Legazpi City, on the southern tip of the Island of Luzon. There we were privileged to attend the

celebration of the first year of an ICA project - a community reforestation project which has planted over a thousand trees on the slopes of Mount Mayon. In addition we were glad to get to visit Mayon. It was our first visit. Mayon is a famous tourist spot; it is a volcano with one of the most perfect cones in the world. Cousin Ed's inlaws hosted us most thoughtfully.

There seems to be general disillusionment with President Corazon Aquino. We heard many times that, sadly, she does not seem to be able to accomplish anything in the midst of complex political maneuvering, huge problems, and the despair of the growing numbers of desperate poor. Most felt that she would be able to withstand coup attempts and finish her term, but people were not excited about the present field of candidates for the presidential election in 1992.

We saw fewer beggars on the streets of Manila, but more folks hustling from sunrise to long after dark, trying to sell you something. Men, women, small boys and girls brave several lanes of traffic to come to your car window when everyone is stopped at an intersection. Their dignity is moving; their large brown eyes are eloquent as they urge you to buy a single cigarette, a stick of chewing gum or an air freshener to put in your car to combat the serious effects of car exhaust pollution.

In Taipei, Taiwan, we encountered Chinese culture in a powerful way. Perhaps we'll never be quite the same, after this experience with Chinese ways of thinking and doing. We were wowed by Chinese architecture on a grand scale, at the huge Chiang Kai Shek Memorial, the Grand Hotel, and the outstanding miniatures at Window on China, including The Forbidden City. It is clear that anything important, even a home, has a gateway, to "introduce" you visually to what is to come. The space between the gate and the building is part of the effect.

We were deeply impressed with the work being done by ICA staff in Taiwan, particularly bringing together leaders from government, business, and voluntary organizations to wrestle through practical steps to address their horrendous environmental problems. Taiwan has some of the most polluted land, air and water on earth; if nothing is done, Taipei will be uninhabitable by the year 2,000. There is now a lot of concern, but the challenges are also great.

Back in the USA, we worked on a December 1st North American ICA meeting in New Orleans, which was another great event, in terms of colleague reunions and encouraging paths toward a significant future. And boy, does that city know how to celebrate! Kick up your heels and

dance to infectious Cajun music, and have some more gumbo. Not to mention the wonderful jazz! Never have we been any place where the home folks took as much delight in sharing their local culture.

During December and January, we went "all out" working with a Council of Churches group to set up 11 days of ecumenical prayer-filled activities for peace, ending with the January 15th deadline set by President Bush. Five hundred people, about 1% of the population of Binghamton, packed a downtown church for an interfaith service January 13th. Jews, Christians and Muslims heard readings from the Koran, Isaiah in Hebrew and in English, 1 John, Thomas Merton, and Martin Luther King Jr. A mother with two sons in Saudi Arabia read names of friends and loved ones of those gathered who are also in the Persian Gulf. Then 26 different churches each took part in a 40 hour around the clock prayer watch, ending at 1 P.M. January 15th.

World leaders did not avoid war as we had hoped. Yet the air at that interfaith service was charged with the intense energy of prayer, and many clergy met each other for the first time, and recognized kindred spirits as they processed together at that solemn event. We feel that God must weep, as we do, at the waste of dollars which could do so much. Thousands could be fed and educated for the cost of each "Patriot" missile. And even more - what a waste of human bravery. This bravery could enable new hope for millions, if we could be persuaded to fight hunger and ignorance with anything like our zeal for blowing up Iraqis. It is certainly true that there are things worth giving our lives for. There is much to be done, and we must each keep looking for ways to do more - perhaps especially in this powerful, influential, and potentially spiritual United States of America.

MEANDERINGS AND PONDERINGS By Sandra and Frank Powell

Sandy's Meanderings.

I have traveled to Ethiopia, Sudan and Uganda. Ethiopia was a lovely surprise. I was there just after the rainy season, so the highlands around Addis Ababa were lush and beautiful. It made it somewhat hard to realize that there was a war raging not very far away. We took a trip to Dire Dawa, in Hararghe, where drought and famine pockets are showing up again.

Then back to Addis, and out to a small town called Debrezeit to conduct a one-week workshop with CARE - Ethiopia staff -- a great event! I took a working weekend to a resort area called Wondo Genet, the site of one of Haile Selassie's many palaces, selected for its natural hot springs -- and again, a beautiful area. Ethiopians are a joy to work with, a deeply gracious, elegant people. I certainly experienced a bombardment of images beyond starving children, but that reality is equally present.

Sudan is another world. Desert, dust storms, dry aching heat. The Sudanese have a reputation for being extremely friendly, and this proved true, but the environment is genuinely inhospitable! I didn't know what 'hot' was and that's a Texas girl talking! It was made bearable by interesting people, interesting work, and the swimming pool at the American club. Again, war rages in the south and west of the country, leaving the general populace unhappy and with a sort of despairing expectancy about the future. Given the current situation in Somalia and the Middle East, things don't look promising, but we shall see. CARE is managing to do some development, but the bulk of their work is still in food relief.

My trip to Uganda was very brief. Impressionistically, it is a lovely country, rebuilding slowly but surely after many years of suffering.

Christmas mom and dad visited us. We spent two weeks at the beach south of Mombasa, ate ourselves silly on fresh seafood, played a lot of cards, had long walks on the beach, turned brown as berries and laughed alot. Mother actually got into shorts and a bathing suit, a first!! Took some day trips around Nairobi, and then spent New Year's Day in the Aberdares, the Ozark-type mountains about 250 kilometres from Nairobi. We had a double rainbow to start the year, followed by a spectacular view of Mount Kenya the next day.

Frank's Potterings

My consulting work continued unabated through the year. I ended 1990 with roughly 200 days contracted, though payment for all that work is still trickling in. Several contracts have spread into 1991. Virtually all of this work has been with two offices in USAID - the Regional Housing and Urban Development Office (RHUDO) and the Human Resources Division (HRD). Sadly, the HRD office is being disbanded and its functions redistributed after May, so that may dramatically cut down on my work. It may also provide time to go back to my studies.

My studies have basically been on

hold. After completing 12 of the 18 courses required for the MBA, I have not been able to take any courses since March 1990. On the Masters in HRD, I am a year and a half behind on the class-work, so I may be reduced to simply auditing courses for a while.

In the meantime, as Alison hinted, I have taken up golf again after a six year hiatus. I quickly discovered that that is far too long to lay off. After 13 rounds of golf, some of it is beginning to return (on Sunday, I had my best round so far, an 84), but my 44 year old body doesn't perform as well as it did six years ago. It takes longer to loosen up what muscles are still there and longer to recover. I get very tired about the 17th hole and I ache for several days afterward. Each time, thought the loosening up happens more quickly, the aches are fewer, and they disappear faster. It is good exercise (a four mile course, but the way I play, about six miles worth of walking each round), a good mental break, and an opportunity to get to know a lot of new people. So far, I've already played with about 15 different people.

One interesting happening for me this year was that I was offered a job with a Washington, DC consulting firm to open a regional office for them here in Nairobi.

It was extremely tempting and forced a lot of reflection on my priorities, both short and long term. In the end I passed on the offer. It would have involved traveling about 50-60% of the time, much of it on short notice, and that turned out to be the deciding factor. With Sandy on the road so much, I finally decided that my primary value, at least for the next four years, was to have one or both of us here to be with Alison. This offer was an incredible opportunity for values clarification and I am very grateful for it.

We have decided to visit the US this summer and are in the process of booking our tickets. It will be my first visit to the US in two and a half years, so I expect to experience some culture shock. Sandy can only come for three weeks, so Alison and I will probably come before she does.

Before you feel too sorry for her, though, she gets to go to Bali in March and to the US in April with her CARE job. Alison and I will be in Mobile sometime in the last two weeks of June and then will join Sandy in Texas.

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GREETINGS FROM THE GULF

By David Tickner

a letter from United Arab Emirates January 28, 1991

We arrived in Abu Dhabi in August last year and already feel as if we've been here much longer. Each day brings new people and new experiences. We still 'golly and gosh' whether we are jostling at the fish souk, enjoying a BBQ out in the desert, watching the sun set and the camels pass by, or, simply lounging at one of the modern hotels.

My work at the Higher Colleges continues to challenge and to reward. I travel among the six colleges in Abu Dhabi, Dubai, and Al Ain coordinating curriculum projects and training instructors from many countries. Mark and Kiran work hard at the demanding International School of Choueifat. We chose not to buy a TV while here so the kids study more, read more, and play more. Raymonde is pulling together a 'circle' of local women and developing a clientele for her work in spiritual direction.

We do much together as a family. We joined 'The Club' which provides us with many recreational activities. Squash, badminton, swimming at the beach or pool, movies and restaurants are some of our favorites. Mark is currently enjoying scuba diving lessons. We bought a car and have visited several places: Khor Fakkan's beaches, Ras Al Khaimah (home of Sinbad the sailor!), Dubai's lanes and bazaars, the zoo at Al Ain, and the fabulous dunes around the Liwa Oasis.

Living in the shadow of the Gulf war brings us our share of tension and uncertainty. We feel very close to our Arab friends' pain and worry. We find our lives occasionally disrupted with minor inconveniences but are not in any immediate danger.

At times, I find myself incredulous. "How can this actually be happening?" Sometimes I'm cynical. "We'll be back with our live coverage of air strikes on Baghdad right after these important messages". However, most times, I feel caught in an odd mix of despair and hope. My feeling that "no matter what anyone says, this war is right out of control, the proverbial beast is out of the bag" is blended inexplicably with a deep and profound sense that, in spite of the tragedies and sufferings we humans insist on inflicting upon one another, all of us are being cared for, lifted up, and challenged to discern the higher purposes being revealed to each of us in all of this.

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TRUSTING THE NOW

By Margaret Lazear

1990 has been quite a year. For those of you with whom we are not in regular contact, you should know that we have a new address: 1117 Bitterroot Court, Indianapolis, IN 46234. Our phone number is 317-271-3565. We now live in our own mobile home just a few miles outside the Interstate that circles Indianapolis.

We can make room for two others with full privacy. We can make room for four with semi-private considerations. We have made room for six and all meals are served buffet!

We left the Christmas tree up last year until Naomi returned from Venezuela in mid-January. By early February she was bored to tears with studying at home alone and decided to complete the year at the local Junior High. As of September both Esther and Naomi are at Ben Davis High School in tenth and eleventh grade.

February found us adding Buddy Albert to the family. He is a poodle-terrier mix: small, cute, smart, fun and loveable.

We willingly admit extreme prejudice on his behalf. He is an absolute sponge for love and affection and does us all good.

March brought Lynne Larsen visiting from the Netherlands while Spring break took Esther to visit friends in Washington state. At Easter time the girls both went to visit family in Colorado with their dad.

We had some serious late season snow and cold in 1990 which had no more than passed and it was clear we needed to be looking for another place to live. This was our fourth move in a year. That is enough!

Spring into Summer was consumed with making this last transition, trying to really settle in. We are still living with boxes, but not nearly so intrusively. Our mobile home is set on a lovely pie-shaped lot that backs up to a small woods. A very large neighborhood garden is carved out of the space between the back edge of our lot and the trees. The late spring gave things a very slow start, but we had garden tomatoes until mid October.

One of the greatest delights of the summer was a surprise visit from cousin Linda Appelgate and her family, bringing news of family and reunions in Iowa. Five of my long-distance friends descended one weekend and brought the tools and expertise for gutter cleaning, tree trimming, towel rack and picture hanging, gate building and even a healing massage to counteract the effects of the first half of the list.

Considering that Esther and I left Chicago in September of '89 with about six boxes, mostly books and files, and our clothes, it is remarkable that we have a roof over our heads, with recently insulated pipes underfoot. We have furniture to sit on, beds to sleep in, pots to cook in and plates and a table to eat from. We have survived several crises in health, in the maintenance of a vehicle and in the courts. I am divorced and have custody of the girls, in spite of the system. I even still have the job I moved here to take and the company has progressed rather dramatically in this year. (Margaret is working with David Spicher's company Knowledge Systems.)

It is hard to explain or justify my current, fairly low-level of trust in the larger schemes of the Universe. Most of the year, anytime it seemed we were surely on the edge of breaking through to some modicum of stability, something else happened. The miracles of the year were absolutely equal in number and kind. Provisions to survive the changes came from unexpected quarters in the form of gifts, services, friendships proffered, visits and letters. When I really couldn't have survived the day, the week or the fortnight without a miracle, one happened. Clearly the issue of trust is related to the issue of growth. If we decided we could risk celebrating with a meal out, a flat tire on the way home seemed either like a warning or only fair exchange.

To look back and see the changes of the year in the broader sweep, the miraculousness is overwhelming. To look forward and note even a hint of light at the end of the tunnel seems overly optimistic.

To do today and trust that what is truly required today will be provided today seems viable.

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THE MENDING PROCESS

Brian Williams has been spending the last four months dealing with melanoma (skin cancer). All of this time has been spent in a hospital. As a result of chemotherapy treatments, surgery on the vertebrae in his back and determined efforts at visualization, the disease appears to be in remission. Brian has now shifted to a rehabilitation hospital where he is actively recovering the use of his legs which have been affected by vertebrae pressure on the spinal chord.

Brian is now looking forward to the possibility of being out of hospital by the summer with the capacity of walking restored using a cane or canes. Additional months will probably be required to recover full use of his legs and to return to a successful consulting practice.

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The support of people in Toronto and around the world has been greatly appreciated and has contributed significantly to his progress.

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DEVELOPMENT OF INTELLIGENCE IS THRIVING

From the Semi-annual Newsletter of ICA Guatemala

The second group of graduates from Training Inc. was sponsored by 10 different Guatemalan companies, including the largest cement company in Central America, three pharmaceuticals, Cummins tractors, two transportation companies, a metalurgical company and a computer distributor. The nineteen men and six women, an increase of four women, came from very diverse kinds of occupations: finance, manufacturing, administration and sales. In the evaluation, the participants rated the Development of Intelligence Course (the work of DeBono and Feuerstein) as the most interesting course, the most useful one and the most beneficial to their companies!

Three cycles of Training Inc. will be held in 1991. There are already six new companies ready to step from the wings onto the stage!

During the last six months of 1990, staff members facilitated a total of 10 Basic Tools courses, "Learning How to Think", for personnel of Cementos Progreso. In 1991, ICA is facilitating this thinking skills courses for 950 employees of Cementos Progreso at two different locations. ICA has also facilitated this course for all the supervisors of Foster Parents' plan in Guastatoya, El Progreso; for the personnel of Metacentro, S.A., the planning department of Almacenes Paiz, S.A. (Guatemala's largest supermarket chain); for Mezcladora, S.A. (ready-mix cement); as well as an advanced thinking course called "Interaction" for Mazuipos (Cummins tractors).

Presently, ICA staff is preparing additional thinking skills courses for Duralux (Ray-o-Vac), Mayatrac (Caterpillar), Paiz, Allmaquate, Rapitiendas, Mi Amigo, and Shell Oil Company. In addition, special courses are on the drawing board for the secretaries and the wives of employees of Cementos Progreso. Many

companies, development agencies and other organizations have a great deal of interest in training their personnel. They are aware that their future success depends on intelligent and responsible personnel. In the midst of these successful programs, the ICA staff never cease to be amazed at the response.

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BELIEVE IT OR NOT

Ken Otto says the Garbage is Disappearing at Kemper! That's right! Worms are eating the garbage. Ordinary red worms we've all used for fishing are eating all of the food garbage from the Chicago Residential Community's kitchen where about 40 people eat. The food scraps become compost and there is no odor.

A little book call *Worms Eat my Garbage* is published by Flowerfield Enterprises, 10332 Shaver Road, Kalamazoo, MI 49002.

By the way, Jo Nelson is experimenting with this in Toronto also.

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"My fellow board members asked me to bring it to this weekend's retreat. We'll be working on our long-range plan!"

CELEBRATION

We celebrate with ICA:Chicago the honoring of **Ruth Carter**.

Ruth Carter was one of twelve women featured by the Chicago Tribune in the January 28, 1991 Sunday edition of Tempo Woman. This is an annual recognition of women who give service to the community. The ICA has a deep sense of pride and participation in this recognition of Ruth as one who holds on to the vision of giving life skills to preschool children in the inner city.

As a parent of four children, Ruth became active in the Fifth City Preschool in 1964. She completed her education in order to join the teaching staff. In 1977, Ruth became director and has guided the team of teachers and parents who run the school. It is a model of community based management. The school is noted for its high parental involvement and implementing action that maintains an environment of possibility; assures economic stability; and offers opportunities for service as aides in the classrooms. The imaginal education curriculum - created, refined and tested in the Fifth City Preschool - is the hallmark of the school's success and is used in preschools around the world.

Ruth reports that "Three or four thousand children have gone through this center and the majority of older ones are in college or they are working. They still come back and visit our school and they're still concerned about the neighborhood. And we have parents who come back and want to help just because their children were here."

EVENTS

Scheduled events include:

Rite of Passage Journeys for 1991.

• **Initiation into Youthhood**

Puget Sound of Washington State, USA
July 2-23, 1991

• **Tour de Cultures 1991**

a Rite of Passage into personal responsibility and global awareness
Puget Sound, Wash State
July 11-August 1, 1991

• **Central American Youth Summit**

A Rite of Passage into Global Responsibility
July 9-30, 1991 for youth ages 14-21 (and a few adults)
Belize, Central America.

For more information write ICA Right of Passage Journeys
22421 39th Avenue Southeast
Bothell, Washington
98021-7941
Ph. 206-486-5164

Space Between

A Guided International Life Experience

"An opportunity" to live in a culture and not just look on it."

Peru July 26-Aug. 9, 1991
Mexico Nov. 3-17, 1991
Peru Jan. 10-25, 1992
Peru Feb. 7-22, 1992
Guatemala June 5-20, 1992
Mexico Nov. 1-14, 1992

Get information from Lyn Edwards at
ICA:Chicago 312-769-6363

Life Options 2000 and the Earthwise Learning Series

Chicago, Illinois, USA
July 4-14, 1991

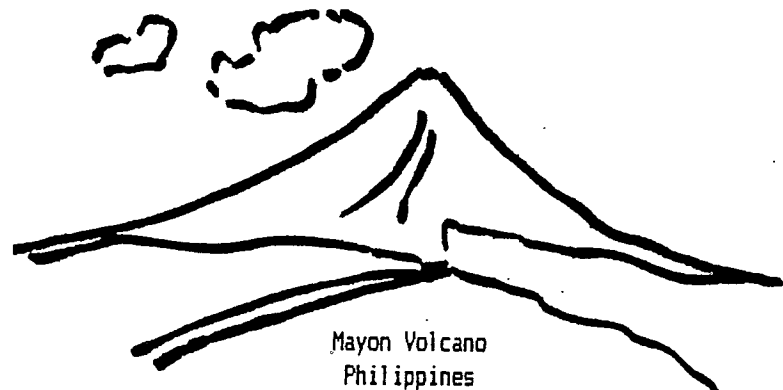
A training and research venture creating a connecting whole with the introductory modules of ELS.
Get information from ICA Chicago 312-769-6363

Empowering Whole Systems

Georgian Bay in Ontario, Canada
July 12-14, 1991
Applications of whole-systems approach to personal and social change
Get information from Jan Sanders at 416-690-8666 or the ICA Canada office

Our Common Future Global Conference of ICAI

Europe
Aug. 30- Sept. 6, 1992



CONNECTING WITH THE MYSTERY

By Janice Ulanega

(an excerpt)

Would I really want the whole wide world
To sit in Presbyterian pews, or sing old Methodist hymns?
To march with Catholic banners, or say only Baptist prayers?

Oh no!
For beside the Christian tapestry
There is high understanding in the Talmud
Much wisdom in the stories of the Sufis
And many riches in the Buddhist practice of attention to the now.
There is precious knowledge in the spirit life of ancient peoples
And there is insight in the honesty of those who feel
that any faith community does not seem to be for them.

And if I do not close my eyes, I see
There is a great procession passing now before my door
Welcomed by poets, accompanied by musicians
High leaping dancers lead the way
And treasure glints around the edge of storytellers' words.
I know that I must heed their call
And join the celebration path.

We go beyond the messengers of God that speak through river, lake and forest
Through the majestic disciplines of Sinai and Mecca
Past the bright-hued Hindu visions of the faces of the Mystery.

Until at last with golden trumpet's sound
We come upon the stillness in the center of the soul
Where from the farthest reaches of the universe, Love
With whiteness of all colors
Descends and silently transforms.