

EDITORIAL

Dear Colleagues,

We bring you greetings from the snowy "Northlands" in Toronto. We are most grateful for all the letters we've received over the New Year. We will be sharing all of this richness with you in this Node as well as in the next one. We just didn't have enough room for everything this time. Please keep the news, subscriptions and reflections coming.

Beverley Parker is now a full member of the Node Publishing team. She is doing the input of the basic content and the distribution of the newsletter. Hurrah for Bev!

Wishing you a great 1992.

Jeanette Stanfield Beverley Parker

REPORTS

Global Perspective Evenings in Cincinnati, USA

The second series of Global Perspective Evenings had its premiere on September 13th with a presentation of the Ukrainian city of Odessa by Vicka Appatova and Sergey Greenshpun. Vicka and Sergey shared the history and culture of their unique city and excited 40 guests with their enthusiasm and love for Odessa. Vicka commented that when other Soviets hear that they are from Odessa they smile and there is a twinkle in their eyes. Odessa has the reputation as the city of happiness and eternal hope.

Odessa's location as the largest seaport and beach resort on the Black Sea and crossroads to the West and Middle East provide a diverse architecture and a rich cultural and scientific heritage. The second largest opera house in the world is found here as well as seven live theaters, three major universities and numerous scientific institutions. Many leading Russian and Ukrainian writers and scientists spent their productive years in Odessa. Pushkin and Dostoevsky were names we all recognized. The evening was highlighted by several folk songs of romance and happiness that Vicka and Sergey sang for the group.

On October 11, Dims and Amodanie Dimantha shared slides and stories of Sri Lanka. Exotic art, batik prints and brass lamps were on display and Amodanie made a coconut-almond pudding and a "love" cake with rose water as one of the delicious ingredients. Sights, textures, smells and tastes made the evening a total immersion experience.

Earlier in the year, the first anniversary of the Global Perspective Evenings was marked with a picnic. Gypsy dancing on the lawn and foods from Ireland and India, Japan and Jamaica, the Middle East and the Far East made a delightful Sunday evening outing.

ICA KENYA

Report by Jean & Art Smith

Many things have happened in ICA Kenya. There has been extensive staff training through both in-house and outside courses. The first-ever formal evaluation of job performance for all staff was conducted. A graduated salary system was implemented with different pay scales for program facilitators, finance officers and program coordinators. At the recent Annual General council it was decided to merge the Personnel Commission, Staff Development Commission and Staff Development Post into the Human Resources Commission and Post. This will integrate related work, reduce duplication and provide two full-time staff to implement all the personnel and staff training work.

Staff have been in programs outside of the country. Titus Wamini went to Nigeria to facilitate a program of NIRADO. Grace Muia and Edwin Donde attended the six-month International Training program in Brussels. Edward Mutiso and John Momanyi went to the four-week Development Practicum in Brussels. Highlights of that event were visits to ICA:UK, a visit to Misereor (our largest European donor partner), and a number of visits in Switzerland with Elisabeth Castiglioni - Switzerland.

ICA has been fortunate in having substantial program. We completed three Ministry of Agriculture contracts mid-year. Leadership Training and Integrated Development in Machakos, Health Water Solar in Kilifi, Kabiro Polytechnic, and a three year grant for Kenya Grassroots Leaders Training Program in Kakamega, Murang'a and Kirinyaga were all fully funded.

Nairobi Health had partial funding which enabled us to continue training urban slum health volunteers. The 10th class graduated recently. In addition we conducted a symposium for graduates. Water tanks and solar cookers are part of all our health training programs; and we will initiate an AIDS education program with 9-15 year olds in Nairobi. We have very strong committed funding, but inflation is 15-20% per year and the decision to compensate staff adequately is making it extremely difficult to get enough money into salaries and overhead.

Kenya was impacted by many happenings, but several African events were of special interest. The fighting in So-

malia brought the disasters of war very close to home when refugees arrived in Lamu and Mombasa in small boats. The Zambian election was watched carefully by both sides of the "multi-party" debate in Kenya. The peaceful turn-over was very encouraging, although it remains to be seen whether the new government can deal with Zambia's extremely difficult economic situation.

In Kenya the growing movement toward a multi-party system has had its ups and downs. Arrest or detention of some multi-party advocates brought severe criticism from the international press and northern donor countries. From our perspective, outsiders would do well to exercise a bit of patience and let Kenya work its way toward a better system. The recent article in TIME magazine characterizing Kenya as "a second Uganda" was grossly exaggerated and extremely adversarial in tone. Actually things are more open now than they have been since we arrived. And several days ago, the ruling party KANU voted unanimously to recommend to parliament the repeal of the one-party state. Since all MPs are members of KANU, it is quite likely this will take place very soon.

Alleged misuse of bilateral aid money, charges of 10% (bribes), government cover-up of the murder of Government Minister Robert Ouko and general perceptions of corruption in high places did not enhance Kenya's image. The economic situation is under pressure due to falling commodity prices, increase in oil prices, the burden of debt service and a growing population which outstrips the ability to provide health, education and jobs. One bit of good news - according to Family Planning Assistance Kenya, the birth rate has dropped from 4.1, the highest in the world, to 3.5. In spite of these adversities, most people are hard working and struggle like everyone else to feed, clothe and educate their children. They have the same hopes and dreams for peace and a better life as people all over the world. Kenya has great potential, as well as great problems, and the next few years will be crucial in its development.

ICA IN THE EASTERN USA

A Weekend Retreat at Fellowship Farm
October 11 - 13, 1991

The weekend began with a gathering of art and conversation on Friday evening.

A dawn walk up the hill in meditation and dance started off Saturday. After a filling breakfast, we reflected on the movie, "Dances with Wolves". Then we looked at ourselves as the dreamer and the dreamed and answered the question how the dream was being acted out with a sharing of the activities we have been

involved in the last half year.

In the afternoon we swirled the possibilities for the future. In small groups and with the whole group, we explored the areas where we are connected in our passion and our actions. We were surprised how fast the time went. After dinner we celebrated by reflecting on our time together through song, art, poetry, clowning and skits. We rediscovered the power of singing and were delighted with the way that our spirits soared. The evening ended with conversations and sharing of books and ideas.

*"The East is a very old land.
There are people who have
decided to come to this land. The
land has magic in it, and it
shapes the people who live on it.
You do not force it. What would
it mean to take this land on its
own terms?"*

On Sunday morning at dawn our walk down to the road symbolized moving back into the world. Then we reflected on our retreat journey together and took another look at our vision work of Saturday afternoon. Small groups looked at the arenas on the vision chart and asked these questions:

What are the values we are holding; our images of structure; some present and future programs and actions; questions raised? What metaphor would describe what is happening from this particular standpoint? What difference does it make to raise the ICA flag over this arena?

Some images: Programs are happening thru local efforts linked together. The network is not now calling for cross-state, campaign-type programs. We're looking at programs that will support members of the network in their local efforts.

INDIVIDUALIZED LEARNING CENTER LETS STUDENTS LEARN

By Carole Johnston

This is a report from the Onawa Democrat Newspaper, Jan. 2, 1992. It is about the work David Zahrt is doing in Sioux City, Iowa.

Maybe they need a less restrictive environment. Maybe it's a chance to work at their own speed. Or maybe they just need someone to listen. Whatever their reasons, high school stu-

dents attending the Individualized Learning Center in Onawa are getting a second chance.

"The ILC serves students with unmet needs, not only educational needs but psychological needs, as well. Often they need a role model and a counselor," said Cliff McMurlyn, principal of the ILC in Sioux City and supervisor of the Onawa center. "For some, it's the first time in their life someone has shown an interest in them."

The Onawa Center, now in its fourth year, is operated by Western Iowa Technical Community college in Sioux City and is open to students in the surrounding area. The program is funded through WIT and cooperating school districts.

"I am working daily with people who initially saw no alternative and couldn't get through the high school system. They've chosen an alternative to dropping out. It is rewarding to see them assume the discipline required to get their degree," says center instructor David Zahrt.

According to Zahrt, most of the students in the program have found it difficult to adjust to the regular educational system.

"It could be the instructor, the regimentation of the schedule or the lack of socialization skills," he said. "Some have moved so often that their perception of themselves is as an outsider, so they feel they don't fit in the schedule."

Zahrt is not only the instructor, but also administrator, counselor, nurse, social worker and janitor. But he considers his role as "encourager" one of the most important.

"When a student is not performing successfully in a high school setting, we ask what's wrong with the student. Perhaps we should be asking what's wrong with the learning environment."

"I want to help them change the way they see themselves. I want them to see themselves as confident about their abilities and as successful students," says Zahrt, former high school and adult education teacher.

And he tries to meet his students half way. "First of all, I assume they all know how to learn; otherwise they wouldn't have gotten this far. Second, I look for their places of passion. If I can find their passion, I can get them involved in learning. When I find out, I tell them a story. They don't forget the analogy."

"When a student is not performing successfully in a high school setting, we ask what's wrong with the student. Perhaps we should be asking what's wrong with the learning environment. If we asked that question, we'd be forced to find another answer."

REFLECTIONS

SUMMER IN TIBET

By Sharon Turner

This summer I went to Tibet. It was not an ordinary, touristy trip, but rather a pilgrimage I was making with Tsultrim Allione, the author of *Women of Wisdom*, and 21 Buddhist practitioners. It was a journey that would test everything I had. Our quest was to web a dakini net around the sacred sites of Tibet where the great women teachers carried out their mission. (Dakini refers to the wisdom and feminine energy flows of the Great Mother.) The government provided everything for us which was sparse but fun. Our diet was very simple—noodle soup, pancakes, canned pineapple, boiled eggs, some green vegetables, tuna, chocolate bars, crackers, jerky, Nescafe and tea. Each meal was a variation on the same theme, I must admit once or twice we did make it into Lhasa where we got a bed and warm food at the Holiday Inn.

For two weeks, we camped in remote places outside of Lhasa—I counted only four showers I took the entire time I was there. It rained everyday, but even in the midst of the falling rain, one could look up and see snow on the top of the mountains. Like good pilgrims, we explored caves and did our practices, we visited self-arisen Taras and did our practices, we went to ruins where once stood temples and did our practices. And it was not plain sailing. Everything was strange, but a few events stand out in particular.

I'll never forget standing in a burial site, at an altitude of 17,000 feet, chanting our practice, smelling the stench of rotted bodies, watching the vultures circle above us, feeling the onslaught of altitude sickness, watching others and myself struggle for breath. At the same time we were deep into chod—a ritual developed by Machig Lapdron, a revered and beloved female Tibetan mystic. Chod enables the capacity to transcend fears. It was a rare treat to see the eyes of the Tibetans light up in recognition as we did our chod.

As the pilgrimage continued, we had to deal with broken-down busses, mudslides, and swollen rivers. The caves of Machig Lapdron were on our itinerary, but to get to the caves, we had to cross the river. Several participants decided not to go, but there were a few of us who were daring enough to try it, even at risk of life or limb—after all, we had done the practice of Chod at the sky burial place, and were now supposed to be able to transcend our fears! However, it seemed as if everything was going against us. The government refused to give us a permit to cross the river. Then, just as we were preparing to reboard the bus and

turn to the campsite, someone informed our guide that there was an easier crossing 30 kms down the road, where a permit would be easier to obtain. It meant going that much out of our way with no transportation assured on the other side of the river.

At that moment a truck appeared on the far side. By shouting across the river, our guide was able to make arrangements for the truck to pick us up and take us to the caves. Crossing that river had to be the most prayerful moment of my life, and as I looked at my colleagues I could see it was the same for them too. Well we made it across. We were greeted royally with hot roasted barley which tastes something like popcorn. As usual, there were trails of kids on our heels eager to learn English. At the caves of Machig Lapdron we meditated in the ruins, and ate lunch where Machig herself had done her practices. A rare treat that day was the joy I saw in the faces of the Tibetans when I allowed them to feel my skin and run their fingers through my hair. I saw no judgement from those people; only fascination as they looked at Carla and myself—the only two African-Americans on the trip.

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Another excursion was to a temple site in Nepal where we went for afternoon puja. There we heard several hundred monks and students reciting a practice as we sat in a special place as guests of honour. We were served yak butter, tea and biscuits. After tea, out came the Coca Cola. I was reminded of the Pepsi commercial where the monks are all chanting, "It's the real thing, baby!" At that point a light bulb went off in my head: all of life was present in that temple—people coming in and out, the monks chanting, puja being served, kids running around, birds sqawking. Life itself was abundant and dancing that afternoon.

There are so many memories and new friendships that I cherish from my short stay in Tibet: a 1960s-style rock songfest with wild creativity by candlelight; the many lamas who blessed us, numerous trips into the mountains, shopping sprees, visits to temples where everything was alive and vibrant; and my teacher Tsultrim—seer of visions and the embodiment of detached compassion.

I returned home to California to the re-

cession and cancelled contracts—the life of an independent consultant is also unpredictable. I now start looking for work. Who knows what job search will bring? I am learning confidence, and I delight in being alive and in the breaking of each new day. I even love California.

What's In The Basket

**an ancient story from the Kalahari
 People of Southern Africa,
 as told by Laurens van der Post and
 transcribed from Dr. Jean Houston's
 Gerroa Seminar 1990 tapes**

Jean Houston's Introduction:

This story gives a poignant and powerful revelation of why so-called civilized people of the earth have brought such destruction to the aboriginal peoples. It was told to Laurens van der Post as a child by his nurse, half bushman and Hottentot.

The Ancient Story

Once in the days of the early race there was a man who captured a superb head of cattle, all stippled in black and white. He loved them so very much. Every day he took them out to graze and brought them home in the evenings, put them in his thorn shelter and milked them in the morning.

One morning he found they had already been milked. Their udders which had been sleek the night before were wrinkled and dry. He thought, "This is very extraordinary, I couldn't have looked after them very well yesterday." And he took them to better grazing. But again, the next morning he found that they had been milked. That night, bringing them back after a good feed, he sat up to watch. About midnight he saw a cord come down from the stars and down this cord, hand over hand came young women of the people of the stars. He saw them with calabashes (gourds to use for carrying things) and baskets, whispering among themselves, creep to the shelter and start to milk his cattle. He took up his stick and he ran for them. Immediately they scattered and running for the cord, they went up as fast as they could. He managed to catch one of them by the leg and pull her back. She was the loveliest of them all and he married her.

Their life would have been happy but for one thing: she had with her when he caught her a tightly woven basket with a lid fitted tightly into its neck. She said to him "There is only one thing I ask of you and that is that you will never look into the basket without my permission." He

promised. Every day she went out to cultivate the fields and he went to look after the cattle and the hunt.

This went on for some months. But gradually this sight of the basket in the corner began to annoy him. One day, coming back for a drink of water in the middle of the day when his wife was away in the field, he saw the basket standing there and he said, "Really, this is going to be too much, I'm going to have a look in it." He pulled up the lid of the basket, looked inside and began to laugh and laugh and laugh. In the evening his wife came back and after one look at him she knew what had happened. She said: "You looked in the basket". He said, "Yes, I have. You silly, silly woman, that basket is empty." She said, "You really saw nothing in the basket?" He said: "No, nothing." Thereupon, looking very sad, she turned her back on him and vanished into the sunset.

And van der Post's nurse said to him::

And do you know why she went away, my little master? Not because he had broken his promise, but because looking into the basket he had found it empty. She went because the basket was not empty; it was full of beautiful things of the sky, she had stored there for them both and because he could not see them and just laughed, there was no use for her on earth any more and she vanished.

Jean Houston's subsequent comments in the Gerroa seminar:

At one level this is Africa's and the primal people's of the earth eternal message to the world: that the images of the heart must be seen with the same clarity that we see the images outside of ourselves.

And on another, it is an accurate depiction of our situation in the world right now, as individual people and as nations: the glory of the aboriginal peoples stand in rags and tatters, rejected by much of the contemporary Western and Eastern mind, offering us such warnings. Laughing, unaware of the peril, we lift the lids of our own particular baskets and blindly declaring them to be empty, we lose our soul - of which the woman is the immortal image, all over the world. And

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that is why the woman leaves. It is about the loss of soul, the ability to see things of our own depths that are there waiting

for us in a world of quantity, of measure, of how much, how many dollars, how many degrees, how many domains. Our soul is languishing, so that we don't even know it's there. And how could the being of the depth, the being of the star be our partner, how could the deep people and the Aboriginal peoples be our partners, how could the Beloved dare to live with us when we cannot see the things that he or she cherishes so deeply. The depths cannot live with us if we cannot perceive of those depths.

Now the plight of the Bushmen of the Kalahari, of the Aboriginal people of this land or the aboriginal people of my country, their passion and their possibility speak to the loss and the recovery of soul in our time. I actually believe that by meeting with children, all over the world, some of this is recurring--one meets the soul, one meets the person who is in the basket. It seems like all over the world a whole new breed is being strained through... What is it that you find in these new children?... Sensitivity, perception... love..., healing... All over the world people are whispering to me, "Have you noticed what's happening to the children?" Nobody talks about it, it's not a television

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special, you don't read about it in the papers, all you read about is education and accountability, you don't read about the real story, what's in the basket. What's in the basket are these children that are coming through. It is an extraordinary thing.

The statement about the Bushmen and what has happened to them also speaks to what has been the repression and active extermination of virtually all aboriginal peoples all over the world. Now-aboriginal peoples, ab origine, that means people who are truly of the place of origin, are people of the land, of the earth in the innermost being, the people in Africa, Australia, South America, in the arctic reaches who of themselves know nothing about exploitation and the stripping away of resources but whose skin is synonymous with the earth's covering, whose senses are the extension of the earth's self-knowledge, whose minds are "earthed" and in whom and through whom the earth is indeed conscious.

For the Aboriginal people appeared to be like children to people who in some sense had had their childhood exterminated and repressed. Many of us as children have been exterminated and repressed, forced to be far less than who or what we truly are. And that genius of childhood,

where the brain is growing at such an extraordinary pace when we had another chance, had been repressed by schooling systems, by cultures that could not see the depth and breadth of what we are...

PEOPLE

Ron & Beret Griffith
California, USA

With children and parents all living far away we have spent time connecting with the family this year. Between January and April last year, we visited daughter Christina & her partner Jim in Pittsburgh, Greta and Benjamin, who now live in New York city in a fourth floor walk-up in the East Village, working long hours prior to starting school in January. Greta is in a MA program at the New School and Ben goes to the City University of New York; Brian & Chris are in their new home in Denver & Dean is in Alpharet, GA. She's getting married in February.

Ron & I are always glad to get back to California. We did get our "Fall Fix" this year with a long visit to parents in the Midwest. We stayed at our cabin on Beaver Lake in Wisconsin during October and were treated to the glorious colors of fall and brisk morning and evening air.

Ron is still at Unisys. His organization is located in San Jose & Salt Lake City so he spends a fair amount of time travelling. We spend weekends hiking and continuing to explore this geography.

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I have finished all of my course work on my MA degree in Organization Development & Transformation. My final project & paper, creating advanced facilitator curriculum for the ICA, will be my focus for the first quarter of 1992. An ICA colleague and I are also offering two seminars: training people in the Technology of Participation, one on basic group facilitation skills and the other on the process of strategic planning.

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The Hampton Family Hong Kong

As the Hong Kong winter temperatures dip into the mid 70s F and the weeks of low humidity and clear blue skies are upon us, we wish you all greetings

For any of you who might be envious of this gorgeous weather, let us assure you that Hong Kong summers more than take their revenge for this respite of pleasant weather. Six months of high humidity and high temperatures over the summer can cause Hong Kong residents to forget that cooler weather ever exists here. But sure enough, at this time of year we have a few weeks of really blissful weather, and we enjoy it while we can.

The Hamptons are celebrating their fifth completed year in Hong Kong -- our longest stay in any city. Looking back on the year, it seems an appropriate place for us to live -- fast moving and changing, much like the younger members of our family.

Both the children visited the USA this past summer. Christopher is rapidly outgrowing his clothes (a week, it seems, after they have been purchased). He moved from primary to secondary school this year. Elisabeth received excellent marks in her exams. She will leave the nest in June 1992 to go to college in the USA.

Mary and Stuart have continued more stable existences with Mary entering her fifth year at Rehabaid and Stuart his third as book publisher with the Asian Sources Media Group. The work is enjoyable and rewarding.

Juggling school work, job work, social activities and the usual providing and procuring has been made easier by the securing of the Woodside property until at least June, 1993. Relocating is a headache we are glad to put off as our location is idyllic. Plus our dog, cat, hamster and birds appreciate staying just where they are.

The best things to happen to us in 1991 were:

Christopher - going to Camp in the USA.
Elisabeth - good exam results.
Stuart - playing a musical instrument in public for 10 minutes without making a mistake.
Mary - feeling extraordinarily cared for by family and friends with flowers at two tough points and childhood photos from her mother.

In closing, the arrival in town of Larry

and Diane Greenwald and John and Thea Patterson has further expanded the network of ICA colleagues in the territory. Hong Kong, always interesting to us, has been made even more so by their presence.

Janet Hughes and Betty McGee, Queensland, Australia

We are both well and enjoying life. This year has been perhaps the most fruitful we have ever had, though there have been difficult, even painful, times.

Alton Downs is sixteen kms out of town. Our house is a couple of kms off the main road on a four acre block of stony land where only the ironbarks can survive. When we moved here at the end of January it was lush with tall grass and the dam was full to overflowing. But the drought and an extensive grassfire left it looking desolate until the intermittent rain of the last month. Not rain enough to put water in the dam but enough to bring a green sheen to the burnt paddock. We have been minding Chime, a mare belonging to the landlord, for the last five weeks. Jan, the city bred girl, took charge and soon had the big quarterhorse literally eating out of her hand. I am not sure who was the sadder, Jan or Chime, last Friday when the carrier came to take her to her new home in South Australia. We have some great snaps of Jan grooming her in preparation for inspection before she was sprayed for travel!

When we found that this house was going to be available to us for more than a couple of months, we began to create a garden. This meant collecting soil, grass hay and manure by the bucketful, composting and building garden beds. Then as water became scarce, we carried it, again by the bucketful, from the dam. Much impressed, the landlord put a pump on the dam for us and agreed not to sell the house until after June 1992. We have been eating our own zucchini, pumpkin, cucumber, tomatoes, lettuce, capsicum and a wide range of herbs. A rockmelon has appeared among the cucumber and will ripen soon. We make a good partnership. Bet creates the soil and builds the beds. Jan raises seedlings, plants out, water and harvests!

The house is a blue and white, double gabled, Queensland high house. It was brought out from the city centre about five years ago. It has high ceilings, polished floors and plenty of windows, cool but glarey until we put up our own curtains. It has the usual verandahs and space underneath for laundry, 'beer'frig, 'potting' space and storage.

In spite of ups and downs in her health with M.E. as the aftermath of glandular fever last year and then shingles in the last two months, Jan has maintained a regular commitment to part time teaching

at TAFE in Business Communication and Human Resource Management. Bet went back to work after recuperating from her damaged hand but retired at the beginning of May and has been extremely 'busy' ever since. We have continued our consultancy work together, one regular client in Brisbane bringing in a regular addition to our income. Each of us has also undertaken some staff supervision for community organisations. The work has been exciting, challenging and has enabled us to broaden the range of skills and expertise we offer. We have become better known and are in demand!

Jan has completed half a century as of 1st December! We celebrated the day together quietly, completing a course in healing and having tea together at home. A week later, a group of friends gathered at a friend's house in town and we had a wonderful evening. Her old school staff from St. Aloysius' have organised another party for the 17th in Newcastle. And of course there will be a family celebration. In fact, some of our friends who missed out will continue the celebrating after we get home in January. Why not make the best of it? Not many make it to another fifty!

Sue and Jim Oberg in Hong Kong

During 1991 Jim enjoyed his job as an International Financial Consultant and Sue continued being a Unit Leader-Teacher at the Hong Kong International School.

Sue finished her course work and dissertation on "Integrating Organizational and Methodological Strategies That Actively Involve the Whole Student." This was a culmination of several years of work in the area of learning styles and classroom curriculum planning. In February, she was awarded a Doctorate of Education. She continues to be an in-house facilitator for learning styles training at her school.

In March, Sue enjoyed a week in Beijing as part of an accreditation team for the International School. It was a chance to work with other educators from the United States and other international schools in Asia and help the school towards the realization of its mission and goals in education for the 21st Century. While in Beijing she enjoyed a walk on the Great Wall, a visit to the Forbidden City, and walks around the city. Sue looks forward to being a part of a team from her school to the ASCD (Association for Supervision, and Curriculum Development) Conference and Elementary Consortium next April in New Orleans.

Jim continues to work as a financial planner for Finexco and is now a Senior Consultant, which fortunately is helping to make our own financial plans look bet-

ter too. The job is proving to be very satisfying as he becomes more skilled in helping people build strategies and tactics to meet financial goals. With over 250 clients now looking to him for infallible advice on everything from stock market movements to the price of tea in China, he is quite busy, like most people in this major global financial center.

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In April we added a new member to our family with the adoption of Lucy, a year-old white and spotted tabby cat. She fits in very well, as she too is very independent and self-sufficient in every aspect of her being. However, her main complaint has to do with being confined to our small apartment when we're at work, which she lets us know about each night in her loud Siamese-like voice. We're forgiven on weekends, though, when she can have long exploration periods in the great outdoors around our house. There she happily watches the birds, squirrels and people and braves the gauntlet of dogs also living here to go back and forth from our apartment for food and bathroom breaks and some rub-downs from her loyal servants.

During June and July, we spent some time with family in Oregon and California. We enjoyed a visit to rural Oregon. The summer highlight was Sue's parents 50th anniversary celebration by the whole family at Newport Beach in California. We rented a house on the beach front at beautiful Newport Beach and had

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**We
Celebrate
Our
Common
Future
as One
Global
Family**

the whole family together for a week. The week culminated with a surprise open house for Sue's parents with many friends and relatives in attendance.

Paul Schrijnen, Christine Mead and Family

London, England

We are now in our fifth year in London - and in our fifth house. Despite frequent moves we find ourselves strangely at home in London, having this year a sense of being settled in work, home, school, church and friends.

One of the big changes this year has been our participation in a church community again. Max's christening in September became thus an important event. It is wonderful to have a space in our lives again, where we can be open to mystery, to a community, which frequently challenges our assumptions about life, and allows us to celebrate the day to day challenges in our life.

We would like to share some news from each of us, beginning with the youngest.

Max - now 16 months old, half angel, half thug. He is an irrepressibly happy boy on his own path of discovering how things work. He loves books and tickling, worships his big brothers, and has mastered the art of saying no.

Patrick - Six years old, a tall boy living in a world of Ninja Turtles, Bart Simpson and engaging in learning to read and write. Patrick is very certain about what he wants. He makes friends easily and has moved into a new school where he is doing very well.

Stefan - a self conscious eight year old with a million jumping beans inside his body - he loves sports, athletics, riding his bike. Stefan says his best thing this year has been moving to a new school and getting lots of new friends. Stefan is looking forward to a trip to Amsterdam with his father to see an exhibition of his great grandfather's work.

Christine - a self-conscious 34 year old. My main achievement this year has been the publication of a report on counselling following disasters. I learned this week that it has sold out of the first edition. I have also begun working as a psychosynthesis psychotherapist, and am now in my third year of a four year course which I love. I find working with individuals on their journey exciting and stimulating. I've begun to appreciate the use of therapy both personally and professionally. The last few months of this year have been difficult because I have been unemployed and finding it hard to find the work I want for the money I want for the

hours I have available.

Paul - now a mature 36. Paul has been thriving on his work with coaching managers. This involves both team facilitation and individual sessions, and has been a constant source of challenge and delight. The issue he has been struggling with is how to get people to do what they want to do in the midst of difficult organizational pressures. Paul has also started a mens group - a group of brothers - which has been very supportive, and is part of a fellowship group (with Christine) of members of the church we attend. His greatest happiness this year has been Max, who is particularly fond of him.

Eunice, Sherwood and Robert Shankland

Eastern USA

Robert is in Junior High. This has been a transition year from one teacher to multiple teachers and classrooms, challenging assignments, new friends and great adventures at Robinson Intermediate. Robert has imaginably enrolled himself in the "Frequent Walker" program accumulating miles and increasing speed as he moves from home to school and from classroom to classroom throughout the day. Tech Ed has been a wonderful opportunity in discovering ways to work with his hands and to engage in creative designing of projects.

Sherwood worked with NIRADO in Nigeria conducting leadership training in villages with Shirley Heckman and colleagues. Along with Bob Vance, he led the third annual strategic planning for Nigerian International Bank in Lagos. He teamed up with Lee Early and colleagues from Phoenix, California and Seattle in facilitating two planning events with Lockheed and Zitel Corporations.

Eunice joined Alan Berresford and John Stringham in facilitating the "Practical Modes of Cooperation" Conference in Frankfurt. At the conference, there were many ideas and proposals on how organizations could work together at national and regional levels in order to complement each other and be more effective in providing services to communities and individuals in the effort to serve people's needs and to build a positive future for all people.

Both Sherwood and Eunice continue to work primarily with the Household International companies particularly for Tonia Shusta, group executive. It has been a great year of collaborative efforts. Eunice teamed up with Ruth Gilbert and Diane Galbreath in organizing and leading the Dinwiddie County Public School Retreat that involved the Board of Education, principals, teachers and management in a 4-day retreat; she also joined Bob Booher and Janice Ulanga in leading the Council on Ministries of the

UMC (Wyoming Conference) at a planning session, with a volunteer team in putting together two retreats for ICA colleagues in the East. It was fun to see the clowns come out of Basil Sharp as "Flash Facilitator", Marie Sharp, Ellen Howie and Doris Price as "Connectivity Clowns" at the Fall retreat. Dick Galbreath and Eunice led a 3-evening "Revitalization Time" at Bethel and St. John UMC. Sherwood worked with the team that put together the ICA Network Meeting in Minneapolis. All these endeavors give us a wonderful sense of cooperation and dedication to something beyond our daily engagement - towards building a society and future that belongs to all.

We are grateful for the many opportunities to broaden and deepen commitment to human and organizational development in the corporations we work with and all the organizations, groups and individuals we have come in contact with this year. We are encouraged by people's desire and dedication to build a culture of participation and response-able engagement in the life of their organizations. We are delighted by the desire of our colleagues to work with us in these efforts which makes the events a chance to expand the learning experience for all of us.

We continue to have fun times with Prancer, our black labrador, whose friendliness crosses every boundary conceivable by human standards. She helps keep Robert company when both of us are travelling.

Art & Jean Smith

Nairobi, Kenya

The changes in ICA Kenya have practically reduced our *doing* to a minimum and increased *training* to a maximum. Jean taught two proposal writing courses, a documentation course and many computer skills. Art taught three budget building courses and trained all five centres in more effective financial management. We worked together in training staff in evaluation techniques and, with their help, completed two internal programme evaluations. Jean also took a course in participatory evaluation, which greatly increased her interest in how local people not only design and implement their own work, but also set their objectives and judge their success.

One of the advantages of living in Kenya is the opportunity to see some of the most beautiful scenery, animals and birds in the world. We re-visited Lake Naivasha and Lake Bogoria to camp and watch the birds and kudu. Jean also spent a long weekend in Kakamega Forest, the far eastern edge of the indigenous rain forest that runs across the continent. It is under increasing pressure for cultivation and firewood and has a number of unique species of birds, as well as torren-

cial mid-day rains during October!

In July we spent several days at Shimba Hills on the coast. The area rises rather sharply from the flat coastal plain about 20 km from the ocean. Beautiful bandas on a high hill at \$2 per night gave a view over the valley and of ocean sunrises. This is the only remaining habitat of the Sable Antelope. It took two days to find them, for they are forest dwellers, but then we saw them several times. There are many forest elephant, as opposed to the larger, more common bush elephant, but they too remain mostly in the trees. We saw one nice group of cows and calves; a young male made a threat charge out of the trees as the car passed nearby; and we turned back on the footpath to Sheldrick Falls when we heard them rumbling off in the bush. It was a wonderfully relaxing weekend and a great respite from city life.

Over Christmas we will go back to Amboseli. After reading Cynthia Moss's *Elephant Memories* about her 14 years of observing elephant families, we want to see them again. Also Amboseli is one of the few places left in Kenya where there are "wild" rhino - that is, not protected by a fenced sanctuary as in Nakuru, the Aberdares and Tsavo. We also will do a back-packing, public transport trip to a private ranch north of Mt. Kenya.

In April we return to Denver after completing more than five years with ICA in Kenya. We love Kenya and hope to return briefly in about a year to do more training with ICA, but it will be good to get back to Denver after an absence of 20 years. Vicki has maintained the Smith family house at 1308 St. Paul, and we will join her there.

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Martha Talbott,
Atlanta, Georgia, USA

This past year has been one of real transition for me, as I have started putting down roots in Atlanta and finally found a job after many months of looking.

January through September was a time of ongoing job searching while I continued to teach International Business at night at Georgia State University. I met a lot of very interesting and sensitive people during this process, some of whom have led me into activities which I will want to be related to in the future. One of these was a group of people who have been associated with Willis Harman's Institute of Noetic Sciences in various different ways and are just starting a group here in Atlanta.

October was the month of harvest for me as well as the crops in the fields. The time spent in looking for a job paid off when I started work at the Emory University School of Law. My official title is Trial Techniques Coordinator, which basically means being responsible for the

administrative coordination for a program for second year law students in litigation methods. Around 200 lawyers come from across the United States to be on the faculty at different times during the program. I have enjoyed the last few weeks a great deal as I have begun to get to know my colleagues here better and better.

Working at Emory has a feel of "life coming full circle" for me. My father was Methodist campus minister here for years and I practically grew up on the Emory campus. Then I went to college here. So, it seems very strange, indeed, to be working here after so many years.

I find myself looking forward to 1992 as a time of deepening a lot of the new aspects of my life since moving to Atlanta. I hope this next year will be a wonder-filled one for you as well.

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Charles & Doris Hahn
Texas, USA

*Varied colored leaves
lace the ground
as seasons change and old
orders make way for the
new.*

Still, the world won't stand still! At this point last year we thought unthinkable upheavals had occurred. This year, the heat of summer and the leaves of autumn signaled political and cultural changes no science fiction writer could have conceived. The autumn of Eastern/Soviet Communism has passed, and beneath the leaves of the unexpected winter, new stirrings enthrall and terrify us. The Hahns have been experiencing new stirrings while standing before the gateway to a new phase of life beginnings.

Doris began working half-time February 1st and is now working almost full-time. Later in the year, she completed her sixth decade with a great family celebration. This year, her forays into photographing wild flowers took her skills to new levels; however, marketing a new line of note cards has yet to produce a deluge of orders from across the nation. Charles continues to learn more about watch and clock things by participating in the Capitol Area Watchmakers Guild and in some of the Guild's training seminars. Pastoring the church is increasingly demanding, as additional community claims arise. He is president of the Lions Club this year. In our sixties, we have arrived at the point of claiming one corner of a dream---that is, purchasing a house. We could not be more excited. The house is located among the

pinetrees and oaks in a development at Bastrop, a town about 13 miles from Smithville. Currently, we have the house leased, but we hope to move in ourselves within a few years.

The rest of the family has experienced other new beginnings. Marsha finished college and is searching for the right job. Roy turned a very distinguished 40. Their son, Erin, entered first grade and is obsessed with learning to read. Shelley has changed jobs and is searching for the right master's degree program to enter. Scott returned to college full-time and is plunging toward a degree.

These brief glimpses into our 1991 are only a few of the startling vistas or surprising caverns confronting us as we reconnoiter the entrance to a new phase of our lives. The new is indeed at hand. We do prepare for its coming, but we must also wait.

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Larry & Shirley Henschen
Texas, USA

1991 was exciting, adventurous and event-filled.

In May, Larry and I threw all caution to the winds, spent some of our retirement savings, and journeyed to Hong Kong, Bangkok and Singapore. We had a wonderful time. (Of course, the fact that I received three hours of credit for the trip was a bonus!) All three cities are bustling examples of capitalism. Hong Kong's political system bows to the colony's economy. Singapore, on the other hand, is highly controlled and regulated by its government. The people of Bangkok are warm and friendly and made us feel welcome.

In October, I visited my mother, sister and other family members in Indiana. The weather was made-to-order, and the colors of the trees were fresh from an artist's palette. Mother, Aunt Helen, sister Marge and I visited Brown County State Park and the little town of Nashville, Indiana. We stayed a night in a bed & breakfast where we spent the evening in our pajamas taking turns reading selections from a book of poems by James Whitcomb Riley. Riley is perhaps Indiana's most famous poet as well as having been my father's favorite.

In November, I accompanied Larry to the Henschen family reunion in Indianapolis. It's a wonderful opportunity to visit with relatives. Attendance increases each year, and each year we meet family members that we didn't know existed.

In May, Carla received a Master's degree in Deaf Education from Lamar University. She is now teaching hearing-impaired first graders. She loves teaching. Shawn is also employed by the school district assisting in the transport of hearing-impaired children.

In August, Patty began work on a Master's degree in literature at the University of Houston Clear Lake. She continues in her job as "Macintosh guru" at Lockheed Corporation. Ghy has nearly completed the work on his Master's Degree in Clinical Psychology and in September began a new job training mentally retarded people in community integration skills.

If it sounds as though we are proud of our children, let me put all doubts to rest. We are!

In August, I received (after 6 1/2 years with Larry's encouragement, help and support) a Master's degree in finance from UHCL. Such a lot of hard work! Bank One has decided to get 100% return on investment in my degree. I have been given considerable additional responsibilities as the manager of a new group. However, have any of you noticed that corporations these days are quick to hand out increased duties but slow to raise the compensation? Larry was recently assigned to be the manager for the Avionics Development Facility (ADF) Systems Engineering & Integration group. This group is responsible for creating the testing facility for MDSSC's portion of the Space Station Freedom.

This season of the year reminds me of the never ending promise of new life. I marvel at the fullness of life, its opportunities and challenges.

Barbara & Bill Alerding

Guatemala

2 Av. "A" 13-34, Apto. 4C, Zona 1
01001 Guatemala, C.A. (new address)

Yes, we are still in Guatemala! Since every year seems more exciting for us than the last, it may be that we'll never leave this green place. It has been an intriguing year too for the whole globe; the break-up of the Soviet Union; Europe preparing to finally unite; the beginning of PARLACEN (the new Central American Parliament of nations); the Gulf War (obviously a show put on by the Arms dealers of the world); the proposed economic union of Canada, USA and Mexico; etc. As Dr. Reuven Feuerstein says - since there are so many changes going on in the world, everyone has a learning problem. Guess we are all in the same boat no matter where we reside; we are living in a Global Village.

During the last few years, the ICA house has become increasingly crowded with guests, volunteers and new members. The Alerding family decided it was time to have our own apartment. We expanded our ICA space and rented an apartment in the same area of the city as the House. It is on the fourth floor overlooking the western hills surrounding the

capitol with a marvelous view of the volcanoes. We even have a guest room for you when you come to visit us.

Our urban and rural programs continue to go well. In the urban we have had 18 different companies send employees to the five cycles of Training, Inc. We are now preparing for three more in 1992.

These companies are requesting an advanced program for the employees who have participated in the basic one. So, it looks like we are looking forward to an expansion of Training Inc. When we returned from the Accelerated Learning Conference in Seattle last April, we immediately began applying new learning methods in all our courses. Our Thinking Skills courses continue to be very popular. We now have over 1,600 graduates of these courses from 20 different Guatemalan companies and organizations. We also orchestrated a LENS for Metacentros. This is the planning, development and sales company which organizes department store complexes all over the country. All 60 of the participants were so pleased with the LENS the company has contracted us to do a special program for them every six months.

In the rural, the large Community Center in Conacaste was finished in June with help from the DePauw University team, as well as the many teams from the Global Volunteers of Minnesota. Two volumes of the manual, How To Start Your own Preschool have been published. We used our experience with ICA's five village preschools to write this manual. In October, we did a one-week training conference for 30 participants from villages in Guatemala, Honduras and El Salvador. Each participant used the new manual, actually wrote curriculum, and then taught in three of the preschools. In addition, our staff led a very successful two-day Town Meeting and a full-scale Health Fair in an Indian village near Lake Atitlan. All the various village projects ICA is helping throughout Guatemala continue to go well.

As we look forward to 1992, it becomes more obvious that everything in life is complex. Seeing anything simply, in black and white, is really not to see it at all. We wonder at how many times we habitually fail to use the limitless capacity

What a silly waste of human energy!

of our marvelous brains to enjoy complexity; how little we enjoy life because we perceive most things as dull, commonplace and boring. This was painfully brought to mind recently when we

watched the Thomas Hearings on C.T.V. What a silly waste of human energy! Bill Cosby said it well for us when he said: "I watched a group of white men looking down at two well-educated blacks. One of them was being nominated as a Supreme Court Judge. And what were they doing? They were publicly examining the private sex lives of these two individuals. I thought the whole thing was silly. So, I turned it off and never watched it again." When we see life in simplistic terms, such as a person's sex life as the total answer to his or her character; we are only left with self-righteous anger and a defensive posture. Life is always complex. One never has to defend any issue; never has to judge anything -- just simply accept and delight in whatever is at hand. Thus, life really does become more fun!

Isabel & Jim Bishop,

Australia

I and Jim are still busy as parish minister & gaol chaplain. Cathy is a government solicitor (attorney) and happily married. Peter & Rebecca single, busy and doing well.

Rhonda & Brian Robins

Tumby Bay, Australia

In many ways this has been a transition year for us. So were the previous three, but this one has been toward a specific decision. The previous years didn't have quite the same intention.

About this time last year, Brian said "yes" to an invitation to return to the Parish ministry. He began work in the Tumby Bay Parish on January 20th. Because of some uncertainties, Rhonda kept her employment with TAFE which finally went on until May. So Brian began what will probably be his last Parish in the same way that he began his first - as a bachelor!

There is no doubt that there is something refreshingly different about this parish. Scenically and climatically it is beautiful. But spiritually, there is diversity of opinion and gifts, there is a desire to serve the crises of the present times and to move toward the future, and there seems to be an openness to the sort of ministry we can offer, rusty as we felt ourselves to be - and often still do.

The highlight of the year was undoubtedly the Community Meeting in the middle of the year. It was designed to allow our District to take responsibility for its own destiny, beyond the rural crisis, and so it turned out. It was a watershed event, that we felt went far beyond any

ill that we brought to the event. It continues, to be a reference point, yet something deeper happened on that day that has put these people on a different journey - quite remarkable. It is a humbling privilege to be working among them.

We are 600 kms from Adelaide. This has been a bit of a pain in terms of separation from our family. Rhonda seems to have worked out good ideas for one or both of us to get over there reasonably often! Church meetings have helped too.

It was also a bit of a wrench for us to leave our little nest in Adelaide. We didn't sell it. It is being rented (to daughter Jenny at the moment) and when we retire we will no doubt go back and rejoice in it!

We have had great times with the church. In Tumby Bay and Port Neill there are many older people who are a thorough delight - as self sufficient as it's possible to be and hope-filled to the end. The Elders are a refreshing group of people really wanting to prepare themselves for a life of mission - in much the same sense as we knew in the ICA. We have had great times together. I must confess that the struggle has been in preaching to the rather conservative mind set. It's the old struggle of "crossing over" but this time it also includes "returning back" so I am forever stumbling over words and thought forms that don't really communicate. However, I suppose that is more of a challenge than a problem.

We have been refreshed all year by rumours and snippets of news from you all. The Pacific Waves, Edges and The Node have been great connections for us. It was a bit of a jolt though not without some joy, to know that 3 Bayley Street had finally crumbled. It was sobering to attend Ken Maher's funeral and to be reminded of our finiteness once again as it was to learn of Peter Duffy's death and Kay Lush's brush with cancer. Such is the wonder of living.

It was exciting recently, to talk to Laura Spencer and to realise that Kevin Balm had catalysed another link of a different kind between us. We felt that "Winning through Participation" trip was quite a coup, somewhat reminiscent of a similar journey 33 years ago.

We have to confess that we are digging our grave in the churchyard. It would be nice to attend colleague meetings in Adelaide, see the Laura Spencers of this earth and travel to help colleagues facilitate seminars, but me thinks that is no longer very possible.

However, there is a tie that binds and that will always be. We find ourselves often lifting hands of gratitude for a method, a short course, a speech, a grounding in theology, philosophy, methodology, upon which we forward the Order vision.

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The Crocker Family

New England, USA

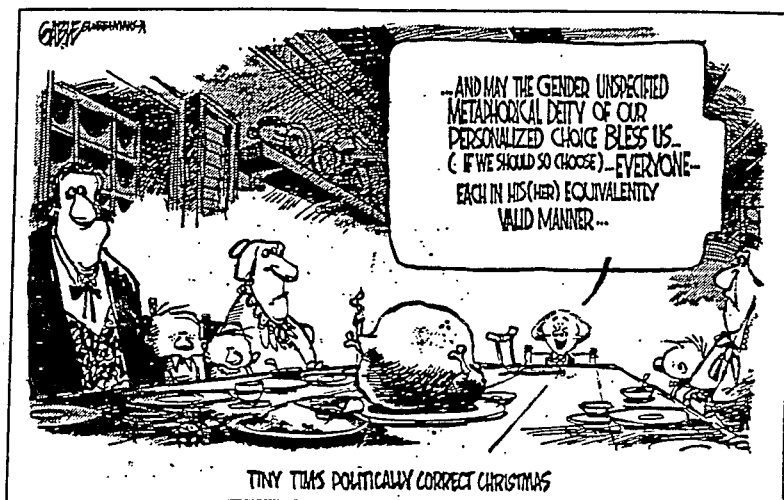
The weather is barely above zero, a light cover of snow is on the ground and more is promised. With each day's delivery of mail we delight in cards and letters bearing accounts of your daily activities, rare adventures and profound reflections. It is as if we all experience having our world stopped at this time of year, and pause in thankfulness for the year which has been and the relationships which have given it significance.

For the Crocker family the past year has been one of great variety. Joe and Jonathan travelled to Nicaragua in June - Jon on a Johnson Fellowship for international community service and Joe to visit our congregation's dental missionary, Dr. Belinda Forbes and work with members of the Southern New England Conference's sister denomination, Iglesia de Cristo. Jon assisted in extending dental treatment and preventive practices to residents of the barrios surrounding Managua and taught English and remedial Spanish to school children in Sierra Maestra. On the basis of this work he is seriously considering returning to undertake public health education and research there next year. Jon and Joe returned brimming with stories, pictures and deep appreciation for the courageous and gracious Nicaraguans who hosted them.

gua and the homeless in the city of Lynn. After extensive househunting the Trustees have located and purchased a parsonage which will soon be our new home. It will not only provide much more comfortable living quarters for our family, but will offer gracious and convenient space for informal congregational gatherings and for visiting family and friends.

Following his six weeks in Nicaragua, John spent three weeks in Germany and Czechoslovakia being introduced to the ever-changing reality of Europe. He will return to Europe in June, following graduation, with the Amherst College Concert Choir Tour to France. During the remainder of his vacation last summer he served again as staff at The Hole In The Wall Gang Camp for children with cancer and blood-related diseases. This year at school John has lived in the Spanish House, rowed with Amherst's varsity crew - including the Head of the Charles meet - and directed the Zumbeyes, a 14 - voice male a cappella group.

Ben spent the summer performing quality control tests with vermiculite products at Grace Chemical in Cambridge. For recreation he volunteered as crew of a 26' yacht and raced in Boston Harbor, Marblehead and Scituate. This fall he was inducted into Tau Beta Pi, the national engineering honor society and served as a tutor in physics and chemistry to undergraduates at Tufts. He continues



The work in Nicaragua was one of several Conference level efforts for Joe this year. Others have involved working on the development of a Peace Center and thinking through alternative celebrations for the 500th Anniversary of the European "discovery" of the Americas. We continue to find great joy in our work with First Church of Winthrop and its congregation of committed, caring people. Despite the difficult economic times experienced in New England, the church has not wavered in its decisions to support the mission to the campesinos in Nicara-

to sing bass with the Tufts Beelzebubs and meets an ambitious concert schedule which this fall included performances in St. Louis, New York, Pennsylvania and North Carolina, and during spring break will travel with the group to the west coast. Ben has just begun the process of medical school interviews, with an acceptance already received from Tufts Medical, and so the careful process of evaluation and decision unfolds.

Marilyn has completed 50 credit hours of her doctoral course work and will be

finished with all but the dissertation by May. She was inducted into Phi Delta Kappa, educational research society and Phi Beta Delta, international scholars society, last spring. Marilyn has cherished the privilege of full time study, the collegueship of a wonderful community of faculty and fellow students and the challenge of life-long learning. She has worked two part-time jobs (one her assistantship at B.U.), continued selected consulting assignments in Utah and Orlando and assumed leadership of the middle school youth at the church.

**"Will ya still need me, will
ya still feed me when I'm
64?"**

We look forward to 1992 as a year of great symbolism for our family, especially as it is set in the context of repentance for the exploitation of the native people of the Americas. In 1992 Joe will have completed 40 years in the ministry; Marilyn will reach the half-century milestone; the Crockers will have been a family for a quarter century. Marilyn will commence her dissertation; Jon and Ben will graduate from college; and Joe, anticipating his next birthday and recovering from the emotional and economic strain of having three-quarters of the family as full-time students, will echo the words of a once-popular song, "Will ya still need me, will ya still feed me when I'm 64?"

Among the books which have spoken to us this year and which we would recommend for your consideration are: *The Active Life*, Parker J. Palmer (thanks to Bob Griffin); *The Conquest of Paradise: Christopher Columbus and the Columbian Legacy*, Kirkpatrick Sale; *The Colonizer and the Colonized*, Albert Memmi; *What Ever Happened to Ecology*, Stephanie Mills; *The Poor Christ of Bomba*, Mongo Beti; *Mother Comes of Age*, Driss Chiraibi; and *So Long A Letter*, Mariama Ba.

Although this is a great time of expression of love for family and friends, we are mindful that all of us stand in a global context where cessation of war has not brought peace; where most people are still held hostage to poverty, violence and indignities; and where planet Earth is dishonored daily by those who still believe God made it for them. We trust that the New Year will offer abundant new possibilities and that we will all experience joy and perhaps catch a glimpse of the peace of God that passes understanding.

Fred & Nancy Lanphear
Washington State, USA

**Waking up this morning, I
smile,
Twenty-four brand new hours
are before me.
I vow to live fully in each
moment
and to look at all other beings
with eyes of compassion..**

Thich Nhat Hanh

Several key events, or perhaps birthings have taken place for us in the past two years.

Nancy E. and Bruce Lanphear gave birth to Rachel Therese, our first grandchild, on November 7, 1990. She has just now completed her first year of life and celebrated the event with a special gathering of her immediate community in Cincinnati. We have had 3 wonder-filled opportunities to get acquainted with Rachel, hold her in our arms, and listen to her grow...we wish she and her parents could live closer... but until then, visits, letters, pictures and telephone calls will have to be enough.

Robert Lanphear and Nina Crow symbolized their marriage covenant on September 7, 1991 and along with Ilaria (our second granddaughter) created a new family unit within the community and the larger Perrin-Lanphear/Crow family. We are constantly amazed and grateful for the number of different relationships we have with our children and their offspring especially when we live under the same roof...Ilaria addresses Fred in several ways...Grandpa Fred, Fred, or "Silly Goose" as she encounters him many times a day in different roles.

It's been delightful to see Sandra Lee Lanphear and Paul Krauss enjoying their time together both here in Seattle and in Rhode Island visiting family and friends during November. Just this past weekend they became certified scuba divers as they encountered the very cold waters of Puget Sound to demonstrate their capabilities. This brings them one step closer to a dream of being in Australia and the adventure of the Great Barrier Reef.

Songaia Co-housing Community was birthed this past year in the form of a Development Partnership and includes three Lanphear families, Stan and Carol Crow, and three new families; others are considering. We are in the process of purchasing the land that has been the Residential Learning Center for 4 years in Bothell, Washington, and continuing to build the intentional community called Songaia (Song of Gaia), a Residential Learning Community.

As it is for each of us, there are many transitions through which we flow that become part of the marvelous fabric that is the essence of our existence here on Planet Earth.

Mildred P. Lanphear (Fred's mother) died on May 5th, 1991 following many years of being bedridden. She lived a long and very full life... her presence will remain in many familial likenesses as well as in the love and care that we experienced during her lifetime.

Fred's decision to resign from the presidency of NIAOM allowed him to take the position of Provost and Financial Aid Officer and thus reduce the number of official working hours to 2 days each week. He is now more fully involved in the operation of *Songaia* and plays an active role in its development as well as continuing as Gardener General during the spring and summer.

Nancy continues to work at NIAOM doing the necessary task of scheduling for patients, students and supervisors. More significantly she is a part of the healing team. The new, however, is that she is now at work only 4 days, giving her more time at *Songaia* and she's looking forward to more reading, sewing and writing time.

As another year comes to an end, we are once again aware of our deep gratitude for our community across the globe as well as our fellow creatures of our home, Planet Earth. Life is good!

Ken and Ruth Gilbert
Galax, Virginia, USA

(new address)
1925 Moraine Drive
Champaign, Ill 61821

Leaving Africa

To mark the end of our stay in Africa, we took an over land trip by public transportation from the Ivory Coast to Guinea. We wanted to see more of West Africa, visit some good friends in Guinea and arrange for Ryan to finish his school year while Ken and I went on to the U.S. to get our life started there.

The trip was a real adventure. We were sorry Amara and Luke weren't with us to enjoy it. African public transportation is by definition, leisurely. We absorbed a lot of local culture while waiting for various buses, ferries, taxis and cars. We spent one night in the rain, stuck in the mud, very wet, very cold and very muddy. We climbed a wonderful mountain, went barefoot across a ravine holding tight to the hand-made vine "bridge", stayed in a Catholic sisters' retreat and wandered around a resort location used by government officials. We skirted the edge of Liberia and had extended conver-

sations with Libyans fleeing from civil war there. It was chilling. We took in the scenery and hospitality and diversity of West Africa and wished we had time for more. We were especially sorry to miss seeing Mali.

Home in the Mountains

Ken had arranged a two month contract for July and August, in Galax, Virginia before we even had an inkling of leaving Africa. When trouble erupted, we decided to go ahead with this contract, generate some income and then sort out our longer range plans.

We stayed in Galax for a longer period than originally planned. We found out a week after arriving that John and Lynda Cock also live there. What a wonderful serendipity! It has been a wonderful year and a half with them. We were back and forth in each others homes, visiting, going places and just enjoying life together. We will sorely miss them in our next location.

We love the Blue Ridge mountains, the greenery, the spring and autumn delights, the warmer weather and the Galax community. This is the first time we have lived in the "south". We have learned about southern warmth (pervasive), small town operations (everyone really does know your business), and the Fiddler's Convention (four days of revelry with 35,000 visitors celebrating mountain music, blue grass and clogging).

In this community, the church is still a vitally important part of the wholeness of life. We were grateful to find such a welcome in a Methodist church just a block away from our front door. Rev. Caraway is a very down to earth minister whose vision and theology encompass all of earth's corners and concerns. We have had an interesting family dialogue as our various experiences with meditation, Indian mythology, world mythologies, healing arts and whole-earthness have been pulled back through our original Christian background. Each of us is synthesizing in different ways and I don't think any of us have come to final conclusions.

Networking in our New World

Having our previous network of friends (ICA and Africa) pulled out of existence, we went about our various ways of building a new one in Galax. We love the telephone. It is such a treat to pick it up and have it work, and to be able to use it for both business and pleasure! Amazing! And now, for the five of us...

Ken took us on a weekend foray to meet all the psychiatrists in a five county area. (There were some wierd ones!) He also established formal relationships with one of the medical practices in Galax as a way of rubbing shoulders with other doctors in the community. He continues to

be interested in the subject of multiple personalities and disassociative disorders.

He finds them when no one else does. He says it is like finding fossils. If you have the eyes to see them, there they are staring you in the face. Otherwise, all one sees is a bunch of rocks in the river bed. Ken was lucky during one of his earlier short term contracts to work with some of the experts in this field and so now finds himself skilled in this arena. As part of his preparation for the future, Ken is also pursuing geriatric psychiatry. He says it is a demographically certain thing and he would like to grandfather into it as a sub-speciality.

Luke took a year off from Penn State to be with the family for a year. It has been a long time since we were all together, and this seemed like the right moment. He has since picked up a year of courses at the local community college. In addition, he has spent many hours at our new computer, mastering multiple programs, fiddling with various set up options, and learning "C", a new programming language. He has assisted both the Cocks and a law firm in various computer matters. During the summer Luke worked as a counselor at a camp for the mentally retarded. While the campers were quite a challenge, the counselors were well supported through diverse weekend social opportunities. During a "second-generation" RS-1 in Chicago, a gang of old Student House friends reconnected. Since then, Luke has maintained contacts with friends in the Washington, D.C. area. His cat, Cynthia, is loved by us all except when she digs up the household plants.

We have had an interesting family dialogue as our various experiences with meditation, Indian mythology, world mythologies, healing arts and whole-earthness have been pulled back through our original Christian background.

Amara "suffered" her separation from the Residential Learning Center and her friends there. The first part of her new year was filled with long letters and numerous phone calls to former friends. During this same time she was absorbing the shock of the insularity of her new high school environment. This era did pass, however, and she has thrown herself enthusiastically into the drama program and a wonderful gaggle of new friends. She led an aerobics class for a year as a part time job, participated in the end of the cross country season and is now on the varsity volleyball team. Wehni, a one year old beagle mutt, is her devoted friend who loves the rest of us

when she isn't around. Both Amara and Luke have followed the "Conversations" newsletter regularly.

Ryan was eager to get to the U.S. and go to "real" school in English rather than French. It was a bit of a shock to find out how undisciplined, loud and rude some American students were. He spent a year absorbing this new culture and making his way through it. He fell in love with bikes and baseball. His baseball coach said he improved a lot during the season. A lot of his allowance went toward baseball cards as he picked up the lingo, learned about various team members and collected the "important" ones. Most recently he was playing with a soccer team that was glad to find a person of his experience and skill level. He now has the beginning of a trophy collection for both baseball and soccer. He is putting a lot of his hot air into a trumpet now and is preparing for his second marching band parade late in December.

Ruth has had the opportunity to play both at-home-mother and working-woman. On the at-home side, she has carted kids around as needed and done weekly grocery shopping for the first time in 20 years. About 1/2 the time, she enjoys fussing with food and finding new recipes to try. The other 1/2 time, food preparation seems like a chore. Fortunately, Ken enjoys cooking, so we solved this little discrepancy by sharing the load. Ruth has also enjoyed exploring music a bit. She has taken both piano and voice lessons with the objective of singing alto in the congregation on Sundays. The rest of the family reports some success in this arena. In the working-woman arena, Ruth has done some facilitating with both Don Bushman and Eunice Shankland. She enjoys this but is only half enthusiastic about marketing. However, it is an unsure future to rely on other people securing the work! She has also recently stepped back into the classroom as a substitute teacher. Her hat is off to all people who do this day after day!

Our World Changes Again

In the midst of arriving back in the United States, we also threw some of our long term future in Mexico. We joined seven other families in the purchase of some "primitive" beach land. It is our dream to develop it for both pleasure and service to Mexico (yet to be defined). Come on by!

During the summer of 1991, after a year of work, it became clear that Galax was not an option as a long term work location for Ken. We started the process of looking for another place. We preferred to be on the East coast near parents in Raleigh or Philadelphia but work options led us elsewhere.

We have passed through the painful time of thinking about new options and thinking about disengaging from Galax. We have selected a place and a job and a house and are now ready to go! We have moved too much recently and plan to stay in Champaign for 10 years or more, so you can go ahead and put our address in your permanent address book!

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Thought du jour

*"A mind all logic is like a
knife all blade.
It makes the hand bleed that
uses it."*

Sir Rabindranath Tagore

Margie Tomlinson
Chicago, Illinois USA

I am sustained by meditation, and the opportunities to share my skills in this arena with others. Last August I designed and co-facilitated a spirit retreat for the staff of a church. These opportunities allow me to actually move into a mystical reality that is filled with mystery and joy and fun!

1991 has been a year of rapid global changes and much to be joyful and pained about. Operation Desert Storm was indeed a blot on the USA's capacity to be a peaceful nation. The return of the hostages has been a sign of hope in the capacity of the UN to function comprehensively. The instability that has arisen in Eastern Europe and the former USSR as a new form of political governance is trying to be born reminds us that global regional balance in the political dynamics is still evolving. The election of Clarence Thomas to the Supreme court reminds us that equity for women is back sliding. Seeing the fluctuations in the global depression and the widening gap between the "haves" and the "have nots" calls all of us to a deeper personal care for innocent suffering. This is demonstrated by the increase, nationally, of individuals giving to local needs.

I have done more facilitation and training this year than in any other year. This included a year long contract with the United Methodist Church in Battle Creek, Michigan, which was funded through a grant the church received from the Kellogg Foundation. This was an op-

portunity to create new constructs and watch a staff grieve over the death of the senior pastor and refocus with an implementation plan for 1992 community development. Training in the technologies of participation went on in the Diocese of Kansas City-St. Joe and in the Archdiocese of Chicago. The facilitation and modification of the process called "Re-imaging Priestly Identity" continues. The two day convocation has been facilitated three more times. Seven are on the schedule for 1992. There is a plan to increase facilitation team membership. I've facilitated strategic planning and other constructs. In the Earthwise curriculum series, I was on the facilitation team twice for "Individual and Group Creativity". In July I stepped a bit out of my niche to facilitate on the team for the City of Chicago Department of Health. The new commissioner is a nun for whom I worked when she was in charge of a hospital. We have begun a new contract in New York with a Franciscan Sister's group. I've worked with the Cenacle sisters in their local house and used the modified High Community/High Individual course. The most recent new development is creating a dialogue construct for Hispanic Ministry formation for theological educators, pastoral agents and church leaders.

Our community in Chicago continues to grow with returning members and a retired full-time volunteer. We are actively looking for new people who want to be part of our experiment in community living. We have had input from the co-housing network in the USA and Europe. Our study of The Fifth Discipline by Peter Senge brought in many guests.

In August my sister, Linda, and I closed our parents' home on the farm north of Quincy, IL. My daughter, Kathy, and her husband, Matt, came and helped us. Matt and a friend did the total painting of the interior. My son, Kent, came and helped in the final days which were the hardest. We divided everything up. My sister rented a storage unit. I brought things to Chicago (too much!) and Kathy and Kent each took things. Mother does not always remember that this has been done and gets confused when she sees her things in my apartment. I have written down the process we used if anyone is interested. We have rented the house. This required selecting some new carpet and having a chain-link fence installed. These are all things I know little about! Linda was good at this kind of decision making!

Kathy received her PhD in math from Rice University in Houston in June. I was proud to be present for the ceremony and to visit her a few days before. I got to meet those who had helped her on this journey which took five years. Kathy asked me in July to help her buy a house in which to live in River Falls, Wisconsin

where she is now teaching math at University of Wisconsin at River Falls. Her husband was in Mexico to see the solar eclipse. This is only the second time I've participated in buying real estate. I did have questions that Kathy had not thought of which she was grateful to consider. I am glad that she is closer.

Kent worked in construction last summer and is currently working in a garage.

My mother continues to live in the Methodist Home 1.5 miles from me. She is still physically active and her medication greatly reduces the mental confusion. I can see gradual degeneration but anticipate that it will be a very slow process. I meet with the doctor, head nurse, social worker, active director and chaplain every three months to discuss her care plan. I'm sure it is very frustrating to her. I visit her at least twice a week and we go out at least once a week. But within an hour after I leave she does not remember that I have been there. I write it on the calendar for her. She has a hard time reading but she does have peripheral vision so can get around ok.

In 1992 I anticipate spending a month in Europe with 10 days at the ICA Gathering in Prague. I hope to visit Vienna, Budapest and Assisi and perhaps some places in Belgium and the Netherlands.

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Bob & Cynthia Vance
South Florida, USA

Our year has been a mixed one full of both accomplishments and excitement as well as pain and uncertainty. On balance we both think it has been an important and valuable year for us. As Bob persevered through a long year of chemotherapy we continued to have a basically good year with our business and continued to have several great business and vacation trips.

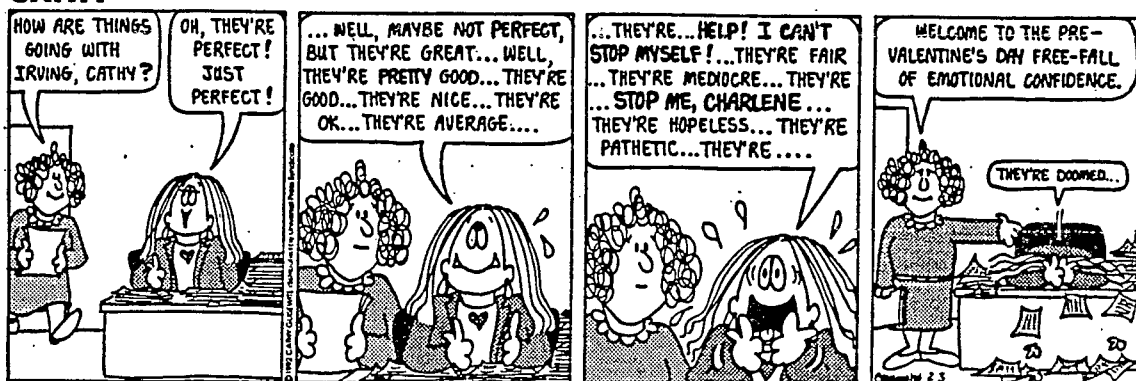
The news on the colon cancer seems to be all positive. After starting chemotherapy December 1990 as a preventive measure, Bob ended up in the hospital over Christmas for 10 days as a reaction to the chemotherapy. Neither of us has ever been so sick before and it was a frightening experience for both of us. But after six weeks of recovery characterized by extreme tiredness, Bob began the chemo again at a lower dosage and finally finished up a couple of weeks ago. Despite several irritating and persistent side effects Bob maintained a fairly decent quality of life throughout the year. A colonoscopy in May and a recent CAT-scan and chest x-ray all came back negative so we are very hopeful about the future. Time will tell..

Despite an essentially good business year for us, the recession is finally catching up with our work. Several of our past clients have simply run out of the types of funds we were receiving and it is be-

...ing very difficult to line up new clients. We have talked candidly with several people who told us we continue to be the best at what we do in South Florida, that they would have loved to hire us, but that they are hiring no one right now.

One of the ways we are dealing with this is to take on part-time contracts or positions that provide some steady income while we continue to cultivate new business. As part of this Bob worked part-time from March through July as an interim clergy in a Presbyterian church that was in transition. The best part of this was the chance to preach and during June and July Bob delivered and printed a very popular series on the Apostles Creed that was basically a survey of the Christian faith today.

CATHY



Secondly, we have just started 3 months sharing the position of Interim Executive Director of the Homestead Chamber of Commerce (a town 30 minutes south of Miami). We each work 20 hours a week. In particular, we will help them build a strategic plan, relocate and organize the office, develop ongoing policies and procedures and rebuild the membership base.

Our travel this year first took Bob to Nigeria for the third year to work with Citibank's top management there -- including a day and half of pre-planning in Zurich. Then in May we both went to San Francisco for a combined business trip, several visits with friends and with Bob's daughter, and some great bird watching in Northern California. In August, we drove to the Maritime Provinces in Eastern Canada visiting friends and relatives on the way and then seeing tourist sights and looking for unusual birds once we got there. The end of November we flew to Wisconsin where we visited friends and then attended the ICA Network meeting in Minneapolis.

We have continued to "settle" our yard by adding more fruit trees, i.e. carambola (star fruit), guanabana (soursop), longan (a small lychee), a new grapefruit, 2 bananas and finally 6 raspberry bushes. Cynthia sang in the B-Minor Mass with the Miami Bach Society and has continued to head up their fund raising effort. As part of our police contract she went out in a squad car for the midnight shift

in Miami's infamous Liberty City. For the second year she also headed up the program committee of Leadership South Dade. Bob served this year as the President of the Miami Chapter of the American society for Training and Development. As part of that task he attended the Regional conference in Atlanta and managed to stop in Tallahassee on the way up to attend a Fossils conference and to find a fossilized piece of a whale bone in a Northern Florida creek! Bob also continues to be an avid bird watcher. And somehow while doing all this we found time to learn country dancing and are growing to really enjoy it!

that the sky was continually dark from the burning oil wells. We are awed by the destructive powers with which we are interdependent. Our little garden is a reminder of our commitment to a new social responsibility.

A big event this year was the visit of both our parents who all stayed for a month. Dad White's visit was the first in 25 years and we appreciated the opportunity to get to know him and his friend, Helen. Mom Nelson, here at the same time, had her pacemaker changed at the Mayo Clinic. Of course, we did a really traditional Thanksgiving, complete with name cards.

More than anything this year we were reminded of the utter cruciality of living to the hilt, in every situation, the life you are given.

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Bob & Judi White Crescent City, Florida USA

In October, we moved to Crescent City, Florida. From the porch, we have taken time to watch the sun rise on the lake. We planted a garden on the front lawn with tomatoes, broccoli, peppers, onions, lettuce, herbs, spinach, strawberries and a few other healthy things. The garden, intended to be an ancient Celtic spiral, looks a lot like an ear, so we listen.

Bob works as a house parent weekends at the Lake County Boys Ranch where he takes them hunting, fishing, horseback riding, plays basket ball, hangs out at the mall, etc. He also just began a Mon-Fri job in a management track with Handi Way, the home base of which is here in Crescent City. Judi got a job at Taylor Middle High School teaching the self-contained ESE class. She teaches all subjects 7th grade through high school to 21 students. She wrote and got approved a mini-grant to do some career development with the high school students.

Randy went to Saudi Arabia following Desert Storm to retrieve vehicles. He reports that the fighting continued, the entire landscape was coated with a film and

We are looking forward to a March reunion of our immediate family: Russ, Randy, Rob, Sandy and Brandyn. Rob will be racing his motorcycle, we'll all go to the Volusia County Speedway, and do all the tourist sites from Disneyland to the Fountain of Youth. We find it refreshing to think about and feel like being a family.

No, we don't miss New York. For all its energy and challenge to be creative, it's been a journey of emerging from a very stuffy sewer, however finally healthy, MS Ed'd (and in debt). The solitude has been healing. We reflected on our move as similar to the historical change which has taken place in the USSR this year. In the same light, we are grateful for the new kind of connections we are making with long time colleagues.

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Alice, Joel and Stuart Wright, Gladstone, Missouri, USA

I am writing this letter on the 50th Anniversary of Pearl Harbor. I mention it because Stuart was in Hawaii this past Spring and the Arizona Memorial was very moving for him.

It has been two years since we wrote a Christmas greeting. In December 1990, Alice, Stuart and I were in Italy and Greece. It was a great trip for the three of us. Alice and I reflected that maybe it

was the last such trip as Stuart graduated from the University of Arizona in August, 1991. We spent pre-Christmas and New Years in Italy. Had a great time in Rome, Pompeii and skiing the Alps. Christmas day and following found us in Greece.

This year we plan to be in Tucson, Arizona, Stuart is working for the Copper Bowl Foundation (a college football bowl game, played on New Year's Eve). He has invited us down to participate in all the festivities (steak fry, formal ball, parade, basketball tournament, luncheons and tailgate party). He has tickets on the fifty yard line so we intend to live it up! Stuart is planning a career in sports marketing and promotion and has found the Copper Bowl and his work with Women's Basketball at the University of Arizona very exciting.

Alice and I also plan to play lots of golf while in Tucson. She began playing in earnest in the Summer of 1990. In 1991 we worked hard and are having fun honing our recreation skills for the next 30 years.

We have been living in Kansas City for the past two years. It has been fun being with family. We have spent more time with our relatives than the past 25 years combined.

Alice works for a local dentist. She gives great care to patients and keeping the staff organized. It goes very well.

Joel is a partner in Parker, Wright and Wilson. Joel, Bill Parker and Priscilla Wilson and a couple of other folk work with clients who want to align their business strategies and their culture for more effective performance. It has been a real challenge and has provided significant rewards.

Our dog, Rho guards the house by day and entertains us by night. Could not go on without him!

We find ourselves grateful for the past two years, blessed by family and friends and a world a little more at peace.

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CELEBRATIONS

Welcome Aileen Kitamura Hinkelman
Sapporo, Japan

Best wishes for 1992 from the Hinkelmans -- all three of us. We are pleased to announce the birth of a baby girl, Aileen Kitamura Hinkelman, on 20 November 1991.

Aileen is our first child and we are pleased the birth went so smoothly. Her name honors her grandmother and the first part, "Ai" means "love" in Japanese. Over here, Aileen is easy to pronounce but probably most people will call her "Ai-chan" for short. "Chan" is an affec-

tionate ending for all children.

Although we have been waiting almost ten months, the shock of seeing the real thing in your hands is unbelievable. Is she really ours? Can we take her home? We are totally unprepared to be parents but it is so exciting. The only regret we have is that everyone says Aileen looks exactly like Don! What a cruel fate for any child.

For the record, she was born 9:10, November 20th, at 3056 grams (6.7 pounds) and 50.7 cm (20 inches) -- a fairly normal baby. She even has the right number of toes and fingers. The baby and Manami came through with no problems although it took 26 hours of hard, painful labor before the birth. Don was lucky to be there all the time, including the delivery. What a miracle!

Aileen is growing every day, loves taking baths, and is learning to breast-feed. We think Aileen is pretty smart as well. She seems to understand everything Don tells her about Japan-US trade relations and other global issues. But she cried when he spoke about the fighting in Yugoslavia. Wars seem to upset her.

Manami is working hard to keep the girl fed while Don reads books on child development. In addition, this year he is finishing up a master's degree in human resource leadership, writing articles on the Asian OT Network and will start a full-time position at a national university in the spring.



"Ai"

*The character meaning love
in Japanese and Chinese*

Welcome Joseph Anthony Gowers
Sydney, Australia

Lilian, Rory and Lyle Gowers announce the birth of Joshua Anthony, born on Saturday October 19th, 1991. He weighed in at 9 lbs 3 oz- a big boy! All is well.

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Greetings Hugh Peter Firkins (nee Priest)

Adelaide, Australia

Joan, Michael and James Firkins welcome with love their new son and brother, Hugh Peter, born on Friday October 11th, 1991.

*Moments of Creation
by Joan Firkins*

glistening vernix, first breaths of life,
father gently cuts the cord that binds you
to uterine waters.
mother holds you
and smiles in wonder
at the gift of creation;
and welcomes into this brave new world
the unique possibility
that was born with you
Hugh Peter, our inspiration and strength.

.....

Happy 60th to Wendell and Shirley St. John

Tokyo, Japan

A Tribute by Don Hinkleman

As 1991 closes, the ICA in Japan is privileged to have in its midst, two new elders. On July 29th, Shirley St. John reached the glorious age of sixty and was followed by Wendell who came of age on September 12th.

Wendell and Shirley have spent well over twenty years working with the ICA in Japan, Germany and the USA. Their most recent work involves intensive networking with the mental rehabilitation community in Japan. This has involved travelling seminars to innovative program sites in the USA, guest tours across Japan of prominent American reformers, and monthly fax newsletters covering this movement of international exchange.

The St. John's mission is deeply connected with the Japanese and sensitively fits this culture's mode of social change. In this hierarchical society, it is disturbing to challenge established opinions within the country. By visiting and interacting with "approaches that work" in other nations, Japanese can bring back and promote new ideas that become non-threatening because they are from the outside. Wendell and Shirley have allowed the top professionals in mental rehabilitation to act as the up-front spokespeople and sponsors. This is true and effective catalysis for Japan.

Joan Knutson sums up the presence of these two as "living the Word every day". The St. Johns are a family who see possibility in everything. Despite institutional rigidity in a hidden social issue that few

citizens acknowledge, they have refused to accept dehumanizing situations. They have stepped into an area of social pain and literally taken a backstage but critical lead in repentance.

Besides these visible accomplishments, the St. John's style as elders is most untypical. Instead of slowing down, their life is a flurry of travel, teaching, networking and caring. But a word of warning - don't call Shirley before ten in the morning. The cobwebs take a little while to clear out before even remembering her name. Better to visit in the evening when you are sure to be served Wendell's evening ritual of fresh popped popcorn. However, if you write a letter or come to Tokyo for talk, you are advised against reminiscing. Wendell is most unsentimental about this birthday, saying, "don't send me any cards about our past times together!". Rather, he seemed to be eager to hear news of how other elders are using their lives to further change in their communities. What unforgettable characters!

Congratulations, Shirley and Wendell.

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Celebrations of the Completed Lives of Peter Duffy and Ken Maher.

Australia

From Reflections in *Pacific Waves*

Colleagues recently celebrated the completed lives of two of our friends who died in the past few months - Peter Duffy, the son of Robert and Ann Duffy of Canowindra, NSW, and Ken Maher, husband of Maysie and colleague of many years, in South Australia.

Peter Richard Duffy

Peter Richard Duffy, who was 33 years old, died on August 22, 1991. The following is an extract from the witness his father Rob gave at the funeral.

Free to Decide ...

Life is a journey. It has a time of beginning and a time of ending, and in between, the adventure of living. There is no life-journey without a birth and there is no life-journey without a death. It is the final act of encounter with the Mystery for every person.

The life-journey often brings us to points of departure. We farewell those who have journeyed with us so that they can go on.. beginning school, leaving home, getting married. No matter how joyous the event, how necessary or significant, there is sorrow at each departure. So it is in the experience of the death of a loved one.

In the last four weeks of Peter's life, our family sat with him in a Melbourne hospital and together we participated in an intense spirit journey. In those four weeks Peter made some profound decisions. His first decision was to die.

Peter always struggled with life. He was often angry. Life was unfair. Most of his friends and family experienced his anger at one time or another. Early in his life Peter had learned to identify 'love' with 'pain'. People who were "supposed" to love each other hurt each other instead.

In hospital Peter had a new experience. He fell in love with life. For the first time he really understood the giving and receiving power of love. He surrendered to love. He fell in love with his mother. He understood a new dimension of the affection of his friends, of the care of doctors and nurses. He experienced a new fulfillment in his life.

"I've had a full life and it's been good," he said to us. And on behalf of the community of faith we declared his life whole and made perfect in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit.

Peter died about 7.00 pm. He now rests in awesome tranquility, his victory won.

The journey depends not on the length of life but on its quality. We celebrate that quality which is Peter's in the words of a friend who said to us, "Peter taught me to love life."

With St. Paul we say, and add a bit: "...we have complete victory through him who loved us! For I am certain that nothing can separate us from His love: neither death nor life...neither the present nor the future, neither the tragedies in youth nor the infirmities in age, nor AIDS, nor cancer nor any dis-ease; there is nothing in all creation that will ever be able to separate us from the love of God which is ours through Christ Jesus our Lord."

Rev. Ken Maher

Rev. Ken Maher died suddenly at the age of 58 on October 12th 1991. He was born and raised in New South Wales and was apprenticed as a hairdresser when he left school. He found fellowship and companionship in a local Methodist Church and also his vocation in the ministry. He was sent to appointments at Port Lincoln, Port Broughton and Broken Hill in South Australia after studying for the ministry at Wesley College in Adelaide beginning in 1960.

In 1970 Ken, Maysie and their family joined the Order: Ecumenical, working first in Sydney and then in Perth and Ken taught at the International Training Institute in Hong Kong. In 1974 the family returned to South Australia where Ken was minister at Light Parish and at Stirling, where he worked in an area devastated by bushfires and where his compe-

tence and compassion endeared him to the whole community.

When he retired in 1985 due to ill health, the Synod recorded its appreciation of his work with the words, "His abiding and continuing passion is the question of how to translate and convey the Gospel to the 'ordinary person'".

In retirement, Ken and Maysie worked in Taiwan with the ICA for nearly 2 years and they carried many happy memories from that experience. His last two appointments were in the interim ministry.

Ken had a love for storytelling and that led him into many exciting arenas such as workshops in creative thinking in church, business and community groups. He was the editor of the South Australian Storytelling Magazine and a member of the Biblical Storytellers Australian chapter.

Ken was working with a group of 150 people who, in mid life, had found themselves unemployed. They were bruised, broken and had lost their self esteem, but with workshops, positive thinking and counselling, they were gradually putting their lives back together. Some had lost their businesses, homes and all they owned. They too have shared Ken's gifts, his love and his laughter, and now feel they can laugh again.

During the thanksgiving service for Ken's life and his and Maysie's ministry, their son Grahame and Rev. Barry Oakley were two of those attending who paid tribute to Ken. The Rev. Allan Shephard read from Paul Tillich's "The Shaking of the Foundations", the passage which begins "You are Accepted..."

Members of the ICA and colleagues around the world joined in celebrating the completed life of Ken Maher.

"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

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THE DOGWOOD

The dogwood tree is bearing small, red fruit
on the same twigs where grey buds grow,
Beginnings and endings together.
Strange simultaneity. And yet --

How often this happens in our lives,
Unnoticed, unappreciated, unappropriated.

The bud of a new endeavor, a new challenge
Grows unnoticed amid cherished fruits
Of past accomplishments.

We mourn the ending ways, when
We need to celebrate new growth.

Barbara Schriever
ICA East at Fellowship Farm, 10/13/91