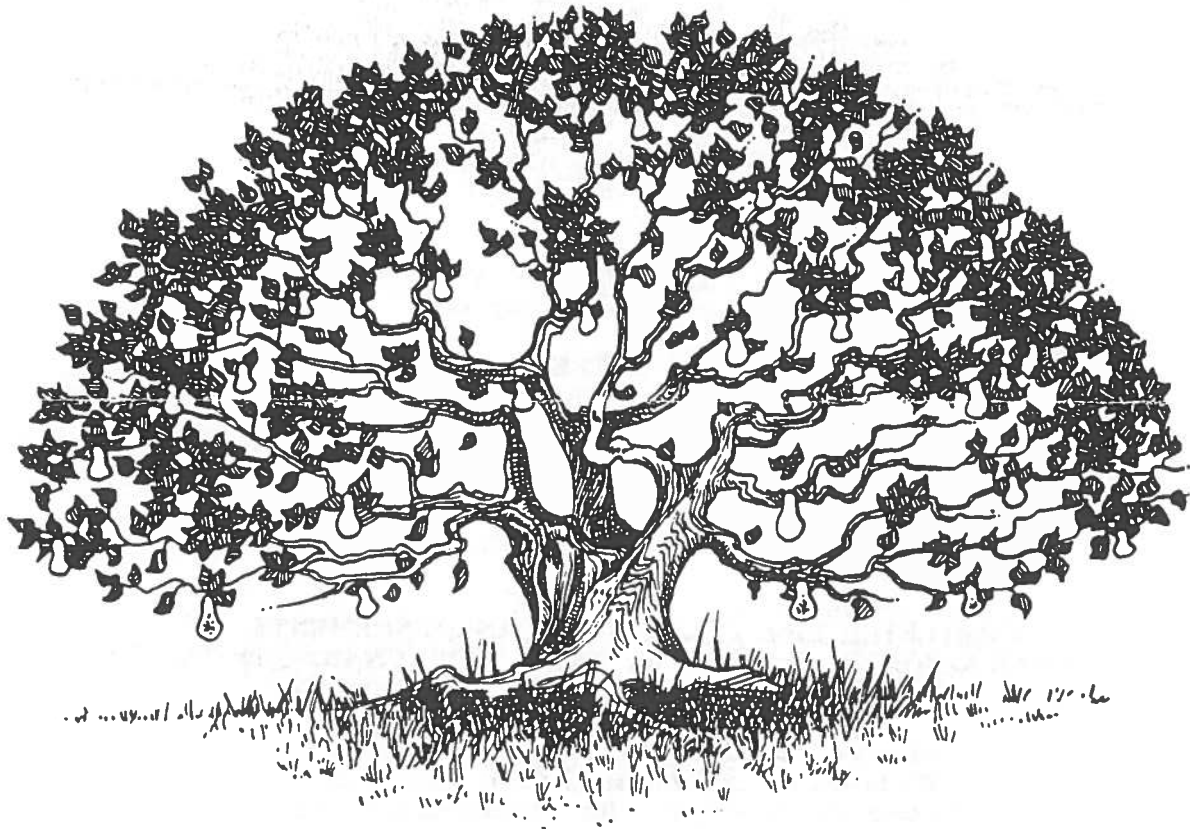


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October, 1997



THE NODE

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

New mailing address:
Heidi Holmes
7 St. Denis Drive
Suite 1102
Toronto, Ontario, M3C 1E4
e-mail: icacan@web.net

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EDITORIAL

Greetings from the Editorial Team. Many thanks for all the notes of encouragement that you have added to your renewal slips! The ICA Resource Centre in Australia has offered to send in subscription money in a lump sum to save transfer costs. Great Idea! Maybe other countries could do something similar. We are working out a more fixed pattern of publishing The Node for our subscribers. Hopefully you would then know if you have missed an issue. We appreciate that none of you have complained. So our yearly plan is to have a double issue in February, full of gleanings from the Christmas & New Year letters. This will be followed by a regular issue in May and October. The intent is to give form to some of the invisible glue that holds us together.

Lyn's request for stories has stimulated many discussions. I recently had a great visit with a colleague I had last seen 20 years ago, back in the Vogar days. Ken Thomas and his partner stopped by during a visit to Toronto. We sat spellbound for over two hours recalling building the log cabin in the rain, not knowing if we had pulled a muscle lifting logs or if the chest pain was pneumonia. We talked of driving from Winnipeg up to Vogar with a pickup truck of inkind supplies over drifting snow and black ice. Once I tried to get the driver to sing, "Slip sliding away", but he was busy praying. Another time Brian Griffith gave me the choice of driving the truck or being his navigator as his glasses had broken. We recalled the women of Vogar going to Winnipeg to see their quilts on sale at Eaton's. They had to be pulled from the bargain basement and pushed upstairs. And then the men of the village could not be outdone and started their construction company. Ken quietly turned to his partner and told her, "that was what it was all about, changing people's images of what they could do." So send us more of your stories that arise from your "kitchen table"!

Heidi for the Team

REFLECTION ON HONG KONG TRANSITION

We have received numbers of phone calls, faxes and E Mails concerning our great transition. Thank you for your messages. We thought it appropriate to share a few reflections.

On the 30th June, Thea and I walked 16 Km in the hills of Hong Kong, grateful for what HK has been and shall be for our family.

We then watched the "Handover-Takeover" proceedings on TV from the dryness and comfort of our own living room. The British capacity for doing these things well is astounding. Chris Patten's speech at Tamar is a classic piece, I believe. The fact that the Royal Yacht Britannia was fulfilling one of its last if not its last official duties before being decommissioned and that the 3 naval vessels which accompanied her to Manila after the handover ceremonies were actually being sold to the Philippines Navy added a wonderfully poignant note. We owe the British much. Several references were made during the official ceremonies to the circumstances surrounding the British acquisition of HK. No one was proud of those bits yet the capacity of a nation to stand before the past realistically and in humility and celebrate the entire journey was deeply appreciated.

This morning, July 1, when I went out to an appointment, my first encounter was with the toll-taker at the Aberdeen tunnel. The conversation may have been only in me but my brief two second encounter went something like "John, this man is now a proud citizen of China. You are a guest in his country."

To an extent that has not been the case before in our 6 years of residency here, I felt myself a guest in this great place, called Hong Kong.

Without my being aware of it, I believe that my attitude in these years has carried elements of "the white man is in charge here". I found it highly releasing and not a little embarrassing to come upon myself in this light.

There are differences that divide us. That is good. Without the differences, we all run the

risk of thinking that we have arrived or that the way "we do it" is **THE** way. The differences highlight the fact that we humans are on a global journey of discovery and that none of us has arrived. I like that. Pray that diversity might prevail. I have worried since the collapse of USSR that differences in the way we organize society were less substantial and that uniformity of approach was not what was needed.

I don't like all that I see in our new home, China but the differences do force reflection.

There are differences in our perception about:

- The meaning of leadership
- The role of authority in society
- Symbols and the realities to which they point
- The role of nationhood and it's future
- The role of law and it's courts
- What democracy is
- Autonomy and dissent

Some of you knew Tarzi Vittachi. He has a son who lives in Hong Kong, Nury, who writes for the local press. In a recent comment on the handover he wrote of the changes to HK that this time will bring. But he went on to say that China is changing too and that absorbing HK into China will bring even greater changes to China. Can you imagine, he said, what it would be like to have HK in your belly? Compare HK to a bran pill, he said, tongue in cheek. Work through the next line for yourself. One major question which keeps coming back to mind is the question of how HK can most effectively move the civilizing processes forward, positioned as it is within the great and restless and burgeoning nation of China. One senses a deep self-depreciation north of the once impervious border - a self-depreciation reflected in the rehearsal of the last 100 years of HK history as years of deep national humiliation. Maybe HK can assist with the development of a national self-image more appropriate to this country on whose direction for the future the whole human race is so dependent.

With every good wish and greeting from the great nation of China. John & Thea Patterson

When you walk across the fields
with your mind pure and holy,
then from all the stones,
and all growing things, and all animals,
the sparks of their soul come out and cling to
you,

and then they are purified and
become a holy fire in you.

Hasidic Saying



**WORK, TRANSITIONS,
CELEBRATIONS**

Many of you know Lela John (formerly Campbell). On August 1st, she received a great honor that I thought you would like to know about. The National Association of Women Business Owners in Washington, DC each year, through a nationwide selection process, chooses a woman to receive their most prestigious award, the "Gillian Rudd Vanguard Award." It is their humanitarian award, given to "A woman who is changing the world."

Friday, Lela attended a luncheon given in her honor by 400 women business owners from around the country attending NAWBO's national convention in Orlando, Florida. She received the award in recognition for her years of work with the poor and women's causes internationally as well as her current work with teen women.

Who would have ever thought that the director of the preschool in Fifth City and Kawangware, and one of the founders of the Human Development Project work in Brazil, would be recognized for her work like this some day. L.E. Philbrook

In April, Bill and Nan joined Ike and Charlene Powell, Jean Watts, Julia and Luis Leon and Joanne Sutherland at the Powell's gulf shore retreat center at Alligator Point to experiment with a spirit formation lab. Next step: a follow-up in Atlanta with a product the end of August.

We would like to share with you the completed life of a dear friend, the Rev. Douglas Cook, who introduced Nan & Bill to each other at Yale University's Wesley Foundation in 1953. A Spirit movement colleague, Doug had been a missionary in India and the Philippines and



served as assistant chaplain at Emory U. before his death on June 5th.

Amidst the many programs going on, we have had the pleasure of visits from friends and colleagues. Cristian Nacht of ICA Brazil spent a productive weekend the beginning of February meeting the leadership of "Swamp Gravy" and program "Bounce", speaking in Nan's two churches and visiting Kolomokie Indian Mounds. The week following his visit, Methodist Missionaries from Brazil, Marion and Anita Way, made a surprise visit that we had been urging for three years. Charles Lingo came down from Atlanta in March to talk with the "Bounce" children about his experiences in the Civil Rights Movement in the 1960s. Ken and Dorcas Rose, ICA East member services teams from Troy, New York, spent two days in early June enjoying the trees, flowers and hospitality of south Georgia. Nan & Bill Grow



Daffodils & golden wattle herald springtime (at least, on this side of the world) as I take this chance to include some news along with an invitation to celebrate "retirement" with us. I share these two lines from my diary. "The secret to enjoying life is to be thankful for what each day brings, fear not tomorrow, God is already there! Simple wisdom, not always easy to follow.

Earlier this year Barry & I had the fun, & no little embarrassment, in seeing a 30 min. video on prostate problems, made by the Dept. of Veterans Affairs and in which we were "stars." Thanks to the skill of professional technicians & medical staff who knew what they wanted to achieve, the video came off really well. It was decided that a Prostate awareness program should be launched in Canberra by the Prime Minister, Mr. Howard. And so it was that we found ourselves on a dais with Mr. Howard, who, after Barry had made his 3 minute speech (he had been warned to keep to the topic in hand) warmly shook Barry's hand & congratulated him on the work he is doing in encouraging men with prostate cancer. It was an interesting interlude. Much more is common knowledge now than 3 years ago when Barry had his operation, and we

are pleased to have participated in that. Barry's health & mine, continues to be good.

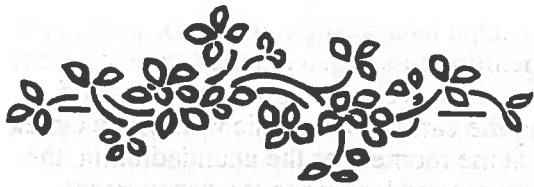
During the last week of April all our family from Sydney, Melbourne & Adelaide traveled to Pomonal, a tiny township 2 hours from Melbourne, for a week long family re-union. With 8 adults and 6 children under the age of 8, the open space farm setting & accommodation were ideal for our needs. With walking trails & activities for us all plus a craft & coffee shop within walking distance, the week went all too quickly. We have some nice photos to remember this time.

Issues of major concern across our land and beyond have been: Aboriginal reconciliation: the race debate that has raged far & wide: the "have's" & the "have not's" re employment: care for our children & youth: continued clearing of forests. These few prayer points hardly touch the needs of so many of the Earth's people, yet we offer them as a symbol of our concern.

This year is passing very quickly and we are having to take seriously the fact that another major transition time in our lives is taking place at the end of this year. In the midst of week by week activities we have taken some time to reflect & plan with Brian & Rhonda Robins, Dean & Joy Brook who are also facing this transition time. We are all mindful of marking our journey. It is an awesome exercise to write down the places we have lived & to name the people who have touched our lives along the way. How incredibly blessed we have been. How much love & support we have been given to take and share in this new phase of our lives. We would love to hear from those who have already taken this step as well as from folk who remember us in some way and can help us celebrate the last 40 years.

I am running out of space & have not touched on so many things that have been part of our year. May we all be enriched by expenditure and care. New generations and the complexity of our time demands that we share our wisdom & compassion, for we are the bridge between the past & the future. May we all know God's peace as 1997 draws to a close and the newness of another year begins to unfold.

Margaret & Barry Oakley



It is approaching the equinox. Let us image life on our planet and beyond approaching a new sense of balance. One of the most exciting times Esther, Naomi and I had in Indianapolis was spending the better part of an equinox evening standing eggs on end. If you haven't tried it, we encourage you to enjoy the fun.

The year has been full and it is obviously not yet over, but my annual letter needs to come early or I suspect that it will not come at all. The size of the mailing I have chosen to complete in relation to my name change is formidable, and I don't really think I can manage it again so soon as the turn of the seasons. So, I have decided to remove that demand on my life and do it all at once.

At the beginning of February, Esther took off on a long planned adventure, moving to Las Cruces, New Mexico. She wants to get her residency and images continuing her education at the University of New Mexico. She took off from Chicago, driving alone in her van, pulling a small U-Haul with all her worldly goods, some time after 8:00 p.m. on a Sunday evening. Within the week, she arrived, had a house, gas, electricity, phone, and job. Not bad. She has already spent a lot of time entertaining guests and hiking most of the great State Parks that surround Las Cruces. I can hardly wait to visit.

Naomi, Colin and Austin have been living just North of Chicago in Evanston with Colin's folks. Naomi continued at Shimer College, beginning just a couple of months after Austin was born. For the first semester, he went with her every weekend. Early in the new year, she went to work part-time with the Evanston YMCA in their early childhood education program. Austin began swimming lessons in January, but had to stop due to recurring ear infections and eventually had surgery to put tubes in his ears. He attends pre-school full time. Naomi has gone full-time working with the five-year olds and has transferred to Loyola to finish her degree in education.

June was the month of Naomi and Colin's wedding, a large affair at the First United Methodist Church in Evanston. The minister required a series of visits and in the first one mentioned that the conversations were designed around the thinking of one of his professors at SMU and personal mentor, Joseph Mathews. Naomi then said, "Oh, you mean the man that baptized me?" This was the beginning of a grand series of confluences leading to the event. It was decided to incorporate Austin's baptism in the midst of the wedding ceremony and the Bailey family was well-established.

For me the greatest wonder of the event was the collection of "family." Naturally, Esther was back from New Mexico to serve as maid-of-honor and become Austin's Godmother. My folks, brother and sister-in-law, step-sisters and nieces brought a fullness with them for which I have no adequate words. This was extended by the presence of my Human Capacities Program and Institute of Cultural Affairs families. It promoted great images of completion and permission to shift. My name change, which had been languishing in unresolve found its spelling and became a symbol of that. Because I wanted both Esther and Naomi to participate in my Naming/Claiming celebration, we did it August 30 when Esther was passing through Chicago.



NAME CLAIMING CELEBRATION

You may have known me as Peggy Appelgate, Margaret Appelgate, Margaret Lazear, Margaret Appelgate-Lazear or simply as Margaret Helen. I take great pleasure in introducing myself, again.

Nine years in gestation, this is the name I have chosen for myself. I had promised Esther and Naomi that I would retain Lazear through their high school years, so for a long time I experimented with other options; then considered simply living the rest of my life using only my given names. I am still willing and delighted to be called Margaret Helen anytime, anywhere. I will respond. I may also continue to use this in

publishing endeavors, but I have encountered a deep resistance in my colleagues, acquaintances and business associates to accept two given names as complete reality. After lengthy struggle with the idea of giving in to the norm, I concluded that the persistence of this resistance was a true need for something more. This is my confessional.

In sounding work I have found the vowel sounds the most powerful sources of healing and consistent energy. They are sounds that can be clearly made while inhaling or exhaling. It was actually in a sounding exercise (a,e,i, o,u) that this name first emerged and in conversation following someone asked if I would spell it ICU. After much humor about how that would be pronounced, it was (as a perpetual doer) a great affirmation to have someone say, "Yes, intensive care unit, that fits."

It has always been my mythic intention to see each human being and every dimension of the planet I encountered. On the other hand, I have often not been seen, frequently by my own choice. I was carefully trained in early childhood that I was not supposed to see what others did not see and that I was not supposed to hear what others did not hear. If I did, I was certainly not to mention it. I choose this name in celebration of that training upon which I no longer need to rely for protection. I am choosing the vulnerability of agreeing to see and be seen. It is a commitment to struggle consciously with seeing each being I encounter. It may entice others to consider the journey of seeing in response. This name is an intention to alter the dynamic patterns of my life.

Margaret Precious pearl - perhaps of great value, that I have not willingly admitted to possessing. My grandmother Barkema-Johnson's first name. Pearl-a mature irritation.

Helen Light - an aid to, but not necessary for sight. My grandmother McAfee-Appelgate's first name. The manifestation of a vibrational frequency that is a companion of energy in the universe of creation.

Aiseayew A-honoring the Appelgate and thereby the Iowa farm-girl in me.
Ai-preserving the pain known in depth perhaps only by the hopeless romantic, the idealist who

chooses hope over despair in spite of the overwhelmingness of having been convicted and sentenced before she was born to the task of building the earth. The classic wail of the Greek chorus at the moment of the ununtiadromia, the great turn around leading to the denouement. Aye-yes, my response to life at the cellular level. sea-the source of life. A seemingly endless geography of tumult and tranquillity in rhythm. An element claiming and inspiring intentional consciousness throughout the ages. See-to perceive, have the experience of, to come to know. The root of seer and the core of seed. yew-the druidic tree of great healing power. An evergreen whose presence circles the northern hemisphere of the planet, just as its foliage is attached in spirals around each branch of distinctly male and female plants. You-a significant other, recognized and held within myself. A unit of measure of our diversity in all its glory.

This choice of being, not knowing or doing (in spite of the intense struggle of the processes). It reflects my choice to live in a Constant State of Acknowledgment. Margaret Helen Aiseayew



THE INVITATION (May, 1994)

It doesn't interest me what you do for a living.

I want to know what you ache for. And if you dare to dream of meeting your heart's longing.

It doesn't interest me how old you are.

I want to know if you will risk looking like a fool for love, for your dreams, for the adventure of being alive.

It doesn't interest me what planets are squaring your moon.

I want to know if you have touched the center of your own sorrow, if you have been opened by

life's betrayals or have become shriveled and closed from fear of further pain! I want to know if you can sit with pain, mine or your own, without moving to hide it or fade it or fix it. I want to know if you can be with JOY, mine or your own; if you can dance with wildness and let the ecstasy fill you to the tips of your fingers and toes without cautioning us to be careful, be realistic, or to remember the limitations of being a human.

It doesn't interest me if the story you're telling me is true.

I want to know if you can disappoint another to be true to yourself; If you can bear the accusation of betrayal and not betray your own soul. I want to know if you can see beauty even when it is not pretty every day, and if you can source your life from ITS presence. I want to know if you can live with failure, yours and mine, and still stand on the edge of a lake and shout to the silver of the full moon, 'YES!'

It doesn't interest me to know where you live or how much money you have.

I want to know if you can get up after the night of grief and despair, weary and bruised to the bone, and do what needs to be done for the children.

It doesn't interest me who you are, how you came to be here.

I want to know if you will stand in the center of the fire with me and not shrink back.

It doesn't interest me where or what or with whom you have studied.

I want to know what sustains you from the inside when all else falls away. I want to know if you can be alone with yourself, and if you truly like the company you keep in the empty moments.

Oriah Mountain Dreamer, Indian Elder

THE TENTH AND THE EIGHTIETH - WOW!

June 19 is the day each year that I celebrate my Birth Day. I have often thought that it is really my Mother's due that I intensely and most consciously experienced an event of profound creation - giving the world a life Force through which the entire fate of the human race and therefore the world, was altered. That is quite an unsurpassable intervention! But (as has been dictated by whom and when I haven't a clue) this is My Day.

Birth-days that mark the end of a decade have always been a bit special. I guess it is because we in the West are so numerically grounded in the decimal system. That is one explanation.

I do remember my 10 Birth Day vividly. It marked the end of a certain kind of innocence. It was a huge party of fifty - cousins, school chums, church peer group friends. We played 'Spin the Bottle'. That was the first celebration that moved beyond the excitement of Blind Man's Bluff and Pin the Tail on the Donkey. I don't think my parents were consciously introducing a rite of passage for their daughter Evelyn. Playing a kissing game just sort of happened, I guess. Anyway, I experienced that when the bottle pointed to Sonny Kenworthy, kissing him, was something quite different than the peck on the cheek my cousin Barclay and I exchanged at family meetings. As I reflect back over the years and name the awareness that broke in on my 10th birthday, I realize that it was then that I BECAME CONSCIOUS OF ...my sexuality. The male animal was a new reality in my young life. It was both exciting and scary.

And now I can scarcely believe that I have recently celebrated 80 years of joy and pain, living and dying, happiness and sorrow. Several events marked the occasion. The most intensive event was a ten-day course in Vipassana meditation - ten days of "noble silence". It is hard work not to talk aloud for that period of time and much harder work to quiet the incessant chatter of the mind. But it can be done and it is worth the effort. So now this year how do I finish the sentence: On my 80th Birth Day I BECAME CONSCIOUS OF ...my temporality. The reality that life comes into being and goes



out of being. The natural law of impermanence: change is the nature of reality is now more than a natural law; it is a pervading consciousness. I am 70 years closer to death than I was at 10 years of age.

Rabindranath Tagore, an Indian 19th century "spirit" colleague of mine for many years says it for me very well.

"We have come to look upon life as a conflict with death - the intruding enemy, not the natural ending - in impotent quarrel with which we spend every stage of it. When the time comes for youth to depart, we would hold it back by main force. When the fervour of desire slackens, we would revive it with fresh fuel of our own devising. When our sense organs weaken, we urge them to keep up their efforts. Even when our grip has relaxed we are reluctant to give up possession. We are not trained to recognize the inevitable as natural, and so cannot give up gracefully that which has to go, but needs must wait till it is snatched from us. The truth comes as conqueror only because we have lost the art of receiving it as quest." RABINDRANATH TAGORE

This is my first decade Birth Day I have celebrated at The Admiral. The lively space which fills the Admiral is also a daily reminder that the end is in the beginning and the beginning is in the end. It is a time when the struggle is not one of denial, anger, bargaining, depression but gracious acceptance and affirmation that death is a part of life.

The 90th is just around the corner. So how in 2007 will I finish the sentence "I BECAME CONSCIOUS OF...???" Lyn Mathews Edwards

JOURNEY TOWARDS ELDERHOOD (PHASE IV RITE OF PASSAGE)

This has been a special year as I marked my 60th birthday one year ago and embarked on a year's rite of passage into Phase IV or elderhood. I do not know what name to put on it yet, but I do know I am in a different time in my life. It is like everything that has happened until now was in preparation for this special time in my life. I want to share some of the elements and happenings of the journey as a way of symbolizing the end of my rite of passage year.

The year was envisioned to have three dimensions for reflection and celebration: past, present, & future. The past was highlighted in a grand 60th birthday celebration with family, friends, and colleagues present. It was a time of naming and letting go of the past. The primary work was in designing a mythological quilt that depicted the community of reference and the two primary cultural or vocational images for each decade. The other focus or work on the past was in honoring my roots. This was accomplished during a trip to R.I. this summer where I walked the sacred land on which I grew up, participated in a Lanphear Family Reunion and had the opportunity to reconnect with my brothers and a 95 year-old boyhood pal of my father. It was awesome! I am still processing the experience and the data I gathered in reflecting on the overlapping journey of the three Lanphear brothers. The trip was also very special because we were accompanied by our granddaughter Rachel who traveled with us from Rochester all by herself, representing the emerging generation in this continually unfolding journey of life. Perhaps the symbol of letting go of the past this year was in the sale of the Lanphear estate in R.I. which brings closure to another generation.

The work of the present was acknowledging that 60 years had taken its toll on my body, mind, and spirit, and that some repairs, renovation, and repatterning was needed. Care of the body included being fitted for hearing aids and some major dental work along with some attention to nutrition that includes a quarterly 3-4 day fast. Care of the mind and spirit included a year of reading some great books and facilitating an Institute of Noetic Science study group focused on the "Spiritual Aspects of Healing".



Adventurous events included a white water rafting escapade and a hot air balloon excursion, both of which elicited fear and fascination. How to include a daily pattern of QiGong exercise and mediation remains a challenge as I go into this next year.

The future work involved opening myself to the universe. It began with an astrological reading provided by me colleagues at NIAOM, included an encounter with the I Ching and culminated in a four-day vision retreat. The setting for the retreat was Lopex Island. The daily protocol included fasting, yoga, meditation, journal writing, reading and communing with nature. The intent was to bring vocational focus to the new phase of life I am entering...and it happened.

Synchronicity was the tone of the retreat. Awakening to a destinal calling of being a midwife in the rebirth of communities as a vehicle to reconnect people with the natural world became the vision. The knowing, doing, and being required in responding to that call is still taking shape. It includes continuing my role as facilitator and teacher at NIAOM, maintaining my role as a communitarian at Songaia, and becoming a spokesperson for the rebirth of community as the basic unit of society. Perhaps the greatest challenge is in rediscovering our connection with nature, our interdependent relationship with all life forms and to planetary patterns. So be it! Fred Lanphear.

One Reality, Eternally

A wave strikes the sand -- again;
The sun, as it has a trillion and a half times before,
Begins its trek from horizon to horizon;
In the cedar tree, the mockingbird relates
A very lengthy tale;
The green lizard scurries down the railing; and
Across the street a family hangs out a banner
Announcing their arrival.

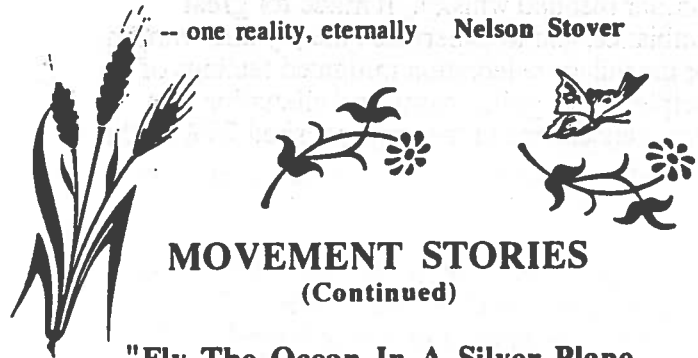
Sitting in the rocking chair on the deck, I know:
In the long sweep of things--today, tomorrow
and yesterday, they're all pretty much the
same.

At each particular point--ingenuity, creativity
and individuality abound.

Taken as a whole, everything is interrelated,
forever.

I, the wave, the sand, the sun, the mockingbird, the cedar tree, the lizard, the deck and the family across the street

-- one reality, eternally Nelson Stover



"Fly The Ocean In A Silver Plane Smell The Jungle When It's Wet With Rain"

I heard something close to these lines sung by a Philippino singer in a cafe somewhere in Southeast Asia around the time of the ICA Sudtonggan Consult. She rendered the song in sort of an understated yet intense way that made it hover in my subconscious and come back, dredging up images from past experiences in the Asia-Pacific.

The song recalled the many times I flew the Pacific in a silver plane, almost always landing in a gleaming airport, driving into a modernized capital city, staying at an international hotel and having meetings in a gleaming new skyscraper. The song sort of eased me back into the plane where often, as we began our descent I would look down at the country I was visiting and see something very different from my regular life. Sometimes it would be a green jungle, with a village on stilts, maybe even a lovely beach lined with Palm trees. Sweeping out hundreds of yards into the blue water might be a graceful fish weir, symbol of life lived close to survival on nature's offerings.

I would always wonder about this "real" country I was landing in, and would never see. Most of the mystery and adventure that lured me to Asia seemed to lie there rather than in the new cities.

Two weeks of hard work on Social Demonstration in Sudtonggan changed my perception. My most vivid memory is that of a village wedding, not such hard work. We as foreigners were all welcome and the entertainment was spontaneous and multicultural. In addition, one can always find in the Philippine

countryside a very passable party brew which reminded me of a sweetened Four Roses or some similar blended whisky. It made for great ambiance, and to experience the joy and warmth of the village celebration mitigated feelings of helplessness, guilt, shame and alienation that harsh conditions in the impoverished 75% of the world can impose.

Finally, a memory during the workday; hot, bright white coral all around, bordered by sparkling blue sea, looking up in the deeper blue sky and seeing a silver jet way up there, possibly beginning its descent into Manila. I wondered, and still do so wonder, if there were anybody gazing out of the round windows of this silver plane; down on the coral beach, jungle, blue water and sweeping fish weir, pondering the mystery down on the ground in this exotic village.

Happy birthday Lyn!

What a great occasion to bring back images, some strong, some faint, but all carry a powerful message of human feeling and possibility.

Jeff Coolidge

This is a personal story because it is a spiritual story. It took place in Paris in 1973. There was a Paris house at the time and Jack Barringer was the Prior. I was sent over from London to help with an RSI course. At the end of the course Jack Barringer was to drive me to the airport. But he was late, he was around his religious house talking to people, and one woman in particular. So finally we left, and we rushed through the streets, rattled over the cobblestones and around Paris and zoomed all of the way to Orly airport. We were late and I missed the flight, and so I had to catch a later one. I was in the air and landed in England, and I heard that the flight I missed crashed, shortly after takeoff, outside Orly airport, one of the worst airline disasters in Parisian airport history. Everybody thought I was dead and they were quite shocked to get a phone call from me, and relieved.

Now that story has always meant a lot to me because I had been someone who had always had a phobia about getting to places on time, never being late.

I think also of Jack Barringer because I only ever saw him once again. Once I was walking through a busy section of Kowloon city and there he was, and he was with this woman. I can't remember her name, but I'm sure that was actually one of the reasons why he was late to the airport, he was dallying with this particular woman who became his wife. He was in Hong Kong together with his wife and he was enthusiastically showing something to her, and he was absolutely enthralled with this. It wasn't particularly interesting, sort of a busy, ugly thoroughfare in Hong Kong but he was absolutely in love with this. I saw him out of the corner of my eye. I stopped and looked and I thought should I go over and talk to him? I never did. Somehow, I was going one way and he was going another and that's the end of the story. But that is part of a spiritual journey I had, it was an encounter with a particular person of the Order. And he will never know, you will now that I've told you. Bill Bonnell

This is a bit of a more recent story. In the early 90's I took up responsibility for monitoring the CIDA -Canadian International Development Agency - grant to ICA in Zambia. So, on one of the trips I made there, the staff wanted to make sure that I had a chance to see Kapini village. So, we went out to Kapini.

Now, after the great work of the human development project itself, and the expansion into what was called the diamond of Zambia, ICA in Zambia really stretched out across the country for quite a number of years and wasn't doing very much in Kapini at all. They had some staff living there, but most of the time people were traveling.

One of our traveling colleagues, John Rupert Barnes, mysteriously appeared again in Zambia and came to Kapini, filled with the fire of sustainable agricultural development. So they started working again in Kapini, and they visited with people in the community, and they visited with the Ministry of Agriculture, and they visited with the faculty of agriculture at the University of Zambia. They put together a project that would help people renew the soil without using fertilizers and would help people develop pest control methods without using chemicals. They organized and helped form several farmers' clubs, to the point where they had about 100



people in the community directly involved in improvements to their own farms. They kept rather careful track of this and discovered that while reducing their use of commercial fertilizers, they all increased their yields and they all increased their incomes. It was the vision of John Rupert Barnes and the on-the-ground practical passion of our Zambian colleagues that really made that happen. And now, in the later 90's they are repeating and replicating that project throughout Zambia.

Wayne Nelson

This would be Vogar in 1978. We were working in Vogar, there was also a community forum campaign going on, somebody had set up a community forum in south-western Manitoba. Two of us got in the car and drove out of Vogar and stopped in Winnipeg and picked up Heidi, who was working in Winnipeg, and went down to this community forum. We had dinner with the host and the various questions that we asked seemed to result in clearly vague answers, about who was coming to this meeting, etc, etc.

So, we arrived at this community forum and started into it, and after about five sentences somebody from the community interrupted us and said "who are you people anyway? Who invited you here?". We spent the next, it seemed like an hour, it was probably about that long, answering a whole variety of questions under accusations of who we were and what had brought us here. We were, if you can believe it, checked out with the RCMP to find out who we were. They didn't need us there to help them with their community. So, we gracefully sort of opted out, went home cursing and swearing about the person who had set up this community forum inappropriately.

The conclusion to this story came about 4 or 5 months later, when we heard from one of our advisors in Ashern, that father-in-law had been at that meeting, and had been the new minister in town. He had also shown up in a blue suit, as had the rest of us, and so everybody had initially thought that he was part of our group. But, since he didn't leave, they talked and found out that he was the new minister.

After we left, the people who had led the attack said "Well we can all go home now." and somebody said "No we can't. What is all this stuff we hear about that is going on in our

community, that the rest of us hadn't heard about?" And they spent the next two hours talking about what really needed to happen, and the whole community got mobilized. The report back finally was that the meeting had catalyzed a lot of momentum in the community and in essence the intent of the forum happened, even though we weren't there to do it.

Duncan Holmes



Many readers of The Node will recall in approximately 1973 when Research Centrum in Chicago decided that Order members were in need of a "Quarter of Sophistication". This was mostly to be played out through the common Ecclesiola program for that quarter. The theory behind such a notion could not be faulted even if assumptions as to capability were somewhat exaggerated.

Let it be known that the London House, then situated at New Malden in south London, embraced the Quarter of Sophistication with a determined sense of purpose... so much so that the first Ecclesiola evening of the quarter was devoted to attendance by all House members at the annual Queen's Concert held in the stately Royal Festival Hall on the banks of the Thames. This gala pinnacle of The London Social Calendar featured The London Philharmonic Orchestra and performances by several of Europe's artistic luminaries. Needless to say, it was graced by the front-and centre presence of an array of Royals including Elizabeth Regina herself.

The sophistication of the evening began for London House members upon their arrival by British Rail and Tube when Joe Thomas worked the awaiting crowd outside to scalp two tickets which somehow had been purchased in excess. Had the purchasers of these two seats understood their location, it is doubtful they would have responded even to Joe's smoothest solicitation.

Once inside we were led somewhat brusquely to our seats. We understood, course, that these were (shall we say) not amongst the more expensive seats for the occasion. We did not

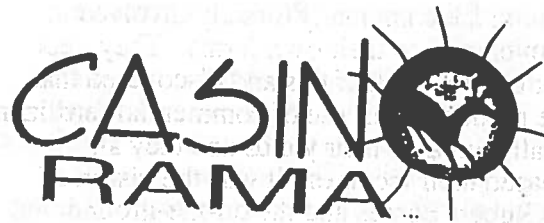
understand, however, that the London House would be privileged to take up most of two rows of stacking chairs literally lined against the back wall of the stage directly behind the orchestra. While we were so close as to be deafened by the percussion section, we could actually barely see the orchestra or anything else blinded as we were by the power of the stage lights shining directly on our faces and soon saucer-size eyes. Although somewhat affronted, our commitment to sophistication remained intact...that is until the evening progressed a little further.

Self-doubts began to creep in as we realized that floodlights were exposing to an audience of thousands a certain lack of sartorial elegance on the part of people who were so poor at the time they were reduced to inventing creative recipes for the use of several cases of orange tapioca baby food inked by Ann Avery and Yvonne Workman. Witness Mort Glassner whose sartorial presentation varied little between Royal Festival Hall and munching an entire fried chicken on his bunk bed in the New Malden men's dorm. Then there was the matter of a couple of our colleagues who found the glare too much and started falling asleep. Who will forget the prominent snoring sounds and grunts of Frank Hilliard intermingling with the musical performances (accompanied by Aimee's strident admonitions and elbows to the ribs). It was a pity that such lapses were fully disclosed by the perfect visibility of a floodlit stage.

In retrospect the camel's back was probably broken when Mark Porter, then a student member of the House, jumped up and jogged at a slow pace up the centre aisle of the Royal Festival Hall stopping intermittently to throw up en route.

Research Centrum was very consoling. For the members of the London House, however, we retreated to the safety of the New Malden House never again to venture into the ethereal (and evasive) realms of sophistication.

Stan Gibson



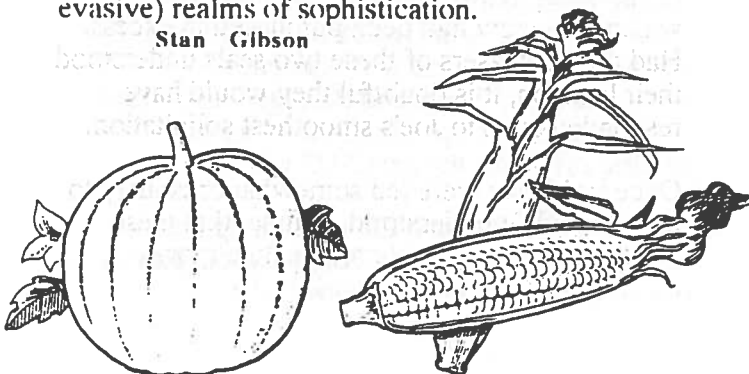
MNJIKANING - A HISTORY OF PROGRESS

Many people have inquired about the origins of the Casino Rama Logo. This logo was not developed specifically for our Casino, but in fact has been used by the Mnjikikaning First Nations since 1984.

In 1983 ICA Canada, began working with The Mnjikikaning First Nation as training consultants. In 1985 ICA Canada Continued as the training consultants, their responsibility included assisting the Working Committee and staff to design and deliver the nine training sessions. They also guided the Working Committee on the design, coordination and coaching of the Community Meeting, provided coordinating session with the Staff to reflect on the status of project objectives and prepared the evaluation and final report for the project. Jan Sanders continues to work with the Mnjikikaning First Nation.

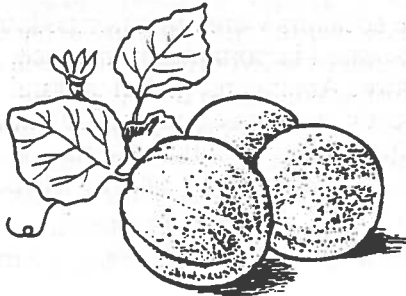
In 1983, the Mnjikikaning First Nation began a journey of change and growth. The community was faced with many social and economic difficulties and began plotting their future. What developed was a three phase project called "Rama Community Vision". The main activity in Phase I was "kitchen dialogues", which provided an informal survey of community households to identify needs.

Phase II was perhaps the key turning point. In April 1984 a three day conference was held to develop a community plan for future goals. Several task forces were established to reach specific goals such as a junior bank council, elders' club, a Pow Wow and recreational and housing needs. The community newsletter, "The Ojibway Times", also began here and is still growing strong today. Also significant was the



adoption of the phrase "Proud, Progressive Community". Phase III was the implementation of the plans. While a casino may not have been part of the original plan, there was commitment to continued economic prosperity. The final components of this initial plan have been recently realized along with the casino, the completion of the sports complex, and construction of a seniors' centre.

The community conference in 1984 was also the point of introduction for the new community logo. Terry Desormeaux, a community artist, was asked to design a picture for the community. "I sketched the design of the sun symbolizing the new beginning of the sun rise, and the deer, symbolizing the deer clan", Terry says. This symbol has been the focal point for the Chippewas of Mnjikaning ever since. And when the community was met with a new challenge, hosting a First Nations Casino, what better than to unite the logo of Mnjikaning with that of Casino Rama.



HIGHLIGHT OF THE RETREAT (AUSTRALIA)

Two of the most enjoyable parts of the AGM/Retreat were the reviving of the Other World charts and conversations and the Masked Ball on the Saturday night.

Following the lead of LENS Malaysia who used the Other World constructs at their OTN meeting last year, our Retreat was characterized by conversations on the Other World before each of our work sessions. We were delighted to see how relevant each of the categories remains today, decades after they were created, and the conversations were a high point for all our participants.

For the Masked Ball, plain half masks were provided along with decorations, sequins, glue and crepe paper so that people could make their own creations. Time was set aside in the middle

of the day and before the event on Saturday night for the making of the masks, and our photographs show how successful the creative efforts were.

Each person was then asked to choose which category of the Other World charts their mask fitted in with, and four teams then played charades using the descriptions on the charts. Later in the evening, we read Dan Quayle jokes from the Internet and spent the evening chuckling.

It was a great party and the celebration team of David and Sonia (who supplied the art expertise and materials) Jago and John Miesen are to be congratulated.

From Pacific Waves June /97

NEW PRESIDENT OF ICA AUSTRALIA (ELAINE RICHMOND)

Elaine is originally from northern Wisconsin in the USA and lived in California until joining the staff of the Ecumenical Institute, Chicago in 1966. There she worked mostly in management roles or in fundraising, including a year in Montreal, Canada, raising funds for a village development project in New Brunswick. Widowed in 1974, Elaine met and married Australian Ray Richmond in 1977 while he was working for the ICA in Chicago. The Richmonds have four children, including John and Kurt Dahlke who live in Seattle, and two daughters, Sand and Karen who are both married and live in Brisbane. They also have five grandsons in Brisbane.

Elaine was Co-Director of the Northwest ICA based in Seattle WA, USA from 1978 to 1984, holding community meetings across 3 states, conducting Strategic Planning Session for business and helping to design the forerunner of the methods training courses. In 1984 she moved to the ICA International headquarters in Brussels, Belgium and participated in consultations in Spain and Portugal, later moving to Madrid to take up operations of the ICA Madrid office for the next 5 1/2 years.

In June 1991, Ray and Elaine took up positions at the Wayside Chapel in Kings Cross. Ray is one of the ministers and Elaine is the

one of the ministers and Elaine is the Administrator where she finds using strategic planning and ICA-based training and supervisory methods are most valuable. She also finds herself calling upon her past fundraising knowledge and the experience of working with volunteers in her present work at the Chapel.

From Pacific Waves June '97



2000 CONFERENCE

(Report Guide Team)

The initial meeting was held June 13-15, to plan the ICAI global conference in the year 2000. The guide team was made up of ICA USA board, staff, and colleagues from ICA West, ICA East and ICA Heartland. We were privileged to have Dick Alton from ICAI and Martin Gilbraith from ICA United Kingdom.

Following are recommendations for the conference:

1. Theme: Inviting Participation In A New Millennium

facilitating a culture of participation, reinventing the social fabric

creating AncientFutures into the new millennium

2. **Dates:** August 15-22, 2000 (7 days)

3. **Place:** Denver, Seattle or San Diego (in order of priority from present information. Other proposals are welcome)

4. Objectives:

Attendees would form themselves into a collaborative network or global servant force. 500 people would attend with at least 100 from outside of the U.S. Result in a network of at least 5 close collaborating organizations.

Other values:

Part of the conference would be shared globally by teleconferencing

Balanced registration of men and women

One-third would be under 30

All cultures of the globe would be represented

Conference would be taped and videoed.

Registration fees would pay the cost of the conference.. Include colleagues who are not professionally involved with ICA.

5. **Audience:** The people who will attend this conference are presumed to be: the cultural creatives, that is, people who are already awakened, aware, have similar values, are global, holistic and creative, desire social justice, economic integrity, authentic community, and true civil society, and seek fulfillment in an integral society of the 21st century.

6. The format will be 7 days - 2 days of presentations exchanging what has worked in the 20th century, 1 day of visits, 3 days of workshops and celebrative activities, that would be projected through teleconferencing in some fashion.

7. Possible speakers were brainstormed, various categories seemed important, for instance, men, women, Native Americans, global cultural groups, already awakened people, ICA staff members, globally conscious persons, contemporary thinkers, futurists who are actively doing something.

8. Co-sponsors will be sought, such as National Network for Youth, Habitat for Humanity, National 4-H Council, I.A.F., U.S. AID, NCPDR, University of the site, airline, UNDP, IYF, Sustainable Seattle, Jacobs Foundation, Ford Foundation, Civicus, Fetzer Institute, and Lily Foundation. Sponsors would help to plan, invest resources, provide technology, make presentations and send participants.

9. Additional collaborators will be sought who will offer presentations, send participants and publish results.

10. College Credit will be sought through a participating university.

11. Promotion and Communication were outline for the 3 years. Year 1: Internal so that all ICA organizations can begin their plans for attendance. Year 2: Focus on getting the co-sponsors and collaborators.

Year 3: Recruitment brochure and packet.

Next Steps

1. One-day meeting of the planning teams before the ICA USA Board meetings in October 1997, February 1998 and June 1998.
2. An advisory consultation with possible co-sponsors the week of December 15-22 in Washington, D.C.

Guide Team

1. Three teams coordinator
 - a. Format & Site
Bill Alerding (P) 317-270-1876
e-mail walerding@agc.org
Ellen Howie, Marge Philbrook,
Cecil Gray, Verna Crooked Eyes
 - b. Sponsors & Funding: Barbara Alerding
(same phone and email)
John Oyler, David McCleskey,
Judy Lindblad, J'Lein Liese,
Carol Pierce, Bill Grow
 - c. Promotion & Communication
Ray Caruso (P) 614-621-1112
email icacaruso@igc.apc.org
Louise Singleton, Lyn Edwards,
Gordon Harper, Don Elliott,
Heidi Kolbe.

Response Requested

We are asking feedback that will contribute to future planning.

- What strikes you?
- What do you feel may be right?
- Would you invite people to a conference with any of these themes?
- What words would help you get people to come? L.E. Philbrook

In Winter

Matted brown leaves cover wilted fern.
 Gifted to valley floor creatures
 by stately towering hardwoods,
 These ready-to-decay surfaces
 shield tender greenness
 From Winter's arctic cold.
 Stiff green holly gather winter sunlight.
 Three slow-growing hardy holly
 thrive through winter's harshness,
 When steep angled sun rays
 reach their food producing photo-cells
 Through hardwood's barren branches.

Brittle branches clatter in sharp winter winds.
 After their October color spectacular
 long-living hardwoods willingly
 Gave up that which gives them life
 and though temporarily weakened
 Survive Winter's weighty ice and snow.

Life and death touch as years change.
 Once green leaves which fed tall trees
 will soon themselves disappear
 Having fed bugs and grubs
 whom the birds will eat
 as a Life-Death dance continues in the valley.

Neison Stover

ANNOUNCEMENTS

The Boivin Family asks you to celebrate with them the completed life of Eugene A. Boivin who died the evening of July 20, 1997 at home while sleeping. Funeral services were held at 11:00 a.m. on Saturday, July 26, at Holy Name Cathedral in Chicago. L. E. Philbrook

Thought you might want to know and share the news we heard this week. We found out from Gavai that Madan Tribhuwan died in Pune in April from a heart attack. He was teaching school there and had remarried. Jack Gilles

Dawn

Swirls of water, hitting the beach...
 Sounds of waves, each unique, yet
 joining their own energy, make
 one sound - constant - held in
 being by unseen forces in this
 universe - a wholeness...
 a holiness,
 vibrating
 with life...
 given and taken away...
 given again.

Ellen E. Howle

