

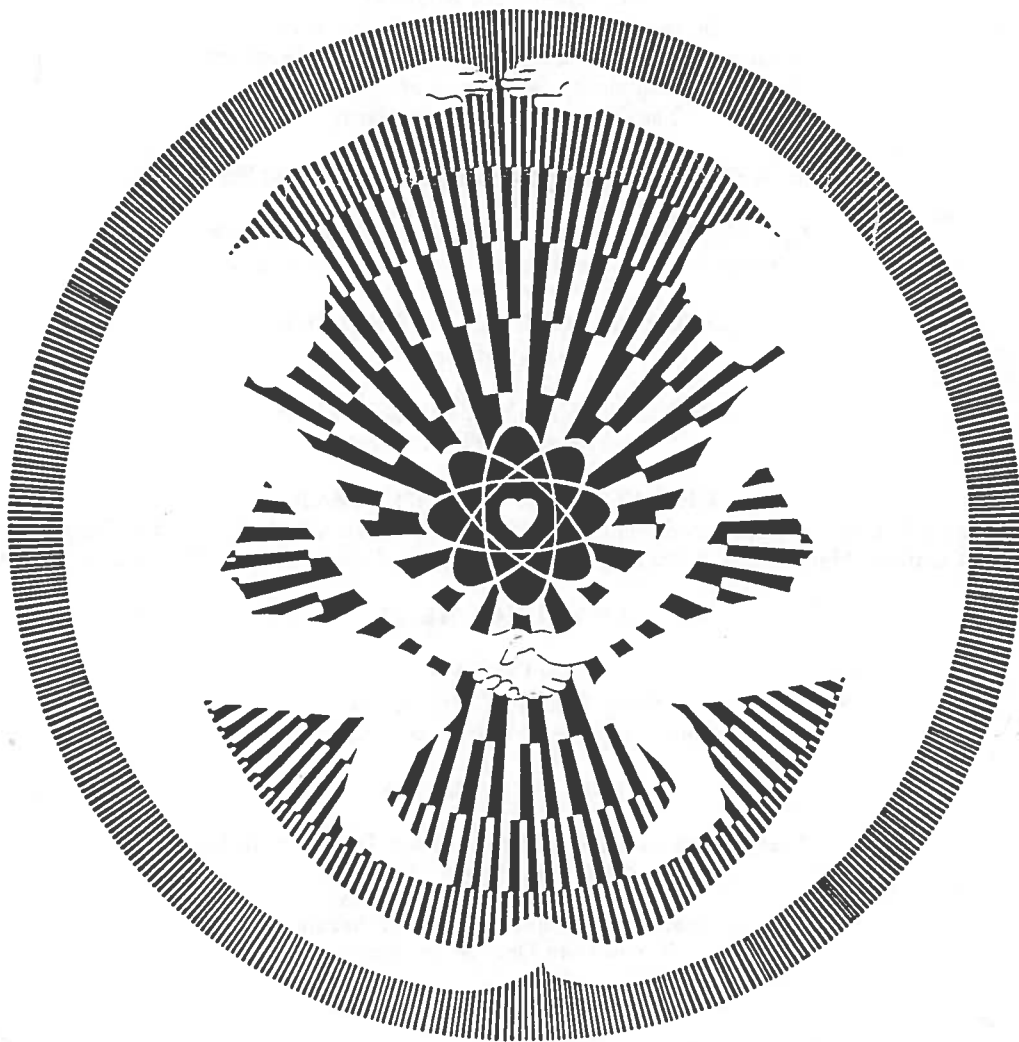
The Node

July, 1998

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EV ✓

*last person put it
on the kitchen
bulletin board, please*



THE NODE

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EDITORIAL

In this Node we wish to focus on celebrating the completed life of Lyn Mathews Edwards. Lyn was always a champion of the Node encouraging us to keep it going and even offering to do it herself if we had to stop publishing it.

I went to Chicago for the memorial service of a woman who thrust me into a world of finance, community care and graciousness.

As I entered St. Paul's United Church in Chicago, I experienced the presence of the Global Order standing still in awe, honouring the life of one of our "saints". I looked around and saw people I hadn't seen for 15-20 years - Fred Buss, Aimee & Frank Hilliard, Priscilla Wilson, Bishop Jim Mathews, Larry Ward, Ruth Carter, Martha Talbott, Joe Crocker, Kay and Geof Nixon, Lyn Wisman, Doris and Charles Hahn, Joe Slicker and so many more. I saw children of children I once knew- one of them being Naomi Lazear with her baby and her husband.

Memories both joyous & painful flooded in. In seconds during 3 different receptions following the service we rediscovered each other - now who is that - oh yes and a face and name would come together. Across the room - I know that person and you would go rushing over to see that one of long ago - older and yet the same. A hand on your shoulder and you would turn and a presence from another time and place- remembering together, sharing hopes, dreams and care. Our faces and voices spoke of the dying and rebirths we all have experienced.

In the first reception - awe was so deep that we ate very little of the wonderful fruit and pastries and they had to be put away for another time. By 7 or 8 p.m. when we got to Ray Spencers & Tina Valdez's home - we were starved as I'm sure Tina and Raymond discovered.

From the beginning of the memorial service which began around 2:00 p.m. with wonderful harp music until midnight, gathering and regathering continued to happen as we celebrated together and experienced being with Lyn in her endless tranquility.

A big thank you to all of Lyn's family and to our colleagues in Chicago for your deep care filled attention.

In this Node, you will find excerpts from Lyn's 1998 letter, as well as a copy of the memorial service with the witnesses by her sons and a send out by Bishop Jim Mathews. One of the stories from the Kemper conversation is shared by Fred Buss. We encourage you to use all of these materials to create your own celebrations of Lyn and to share your own stories. We would love to share some of these stories in a future Node as well. In the rest of the Node we continue to celebrate the lives of families and individuals around the globe. *Jeanette Stanfield*



THE CELEBRATION OF THE LIFE OF EVELYN JOHNSTON MATHEWS EDWARDS

The Welcome

The Mathews Family would like to welcome you to Evelyn's garden. So there be no doubt what or where her garden is, just look around you. Do you see all the vibrant colors? Do you smell the intoxicating fragrances? Do you hear beauty unfolding revealing the mystery and the wonder of nature? Do you feel the tranquillity carried on the wind, free and unadulterated? I do and for that I am grateful. Every person here present knows Evelyn, each in a particular and unique way. Yet, we all share fertile common ground in her gentle tending to our needs and her guarding the life forces essential to our evolution. We are in full blossom today thanks to her nurture, and what a marvelous sight it is to behold. Come, let us celebrate the Eternal Spring of Evelyn's life force where love grows deep and true.

Witness

I would like to begin by thanking all the friends and colleagues of Lyn who have gathered here today to celebrate her life and death.

The family is very grateful for your support over the past month. Our family owes a huge debt of gratitude to Betty Pesek who walked "the extra mile" to put this memorial together.

Lyn died a week ago Thursday, on June 4th, at 7:40 a.m. surrounded by her family. She died as she had lived with great dignity. Lyn would have been 81 on the 19th of June. She was active to the end. Being totally engaged in life was very important to Lyn.

Lyn loved to travel and was always on the go. One of the family jokes in my household was to ask "where's Lyn?"

- on an Alaskan cruise
- She's in Arizona
- On her way to Egypt
- In Texas meditating
- East Coast

Lyn still worked two days a week at Kanbay. I think she was in line for a raise, for a job well done.

The ICA archives was very important to her. She was in the Book Reading Club and involved in the Admiral newsletter. Her latest passion was Storytelling - stories of the spirit project movement.

Lyn wore many hats in life:

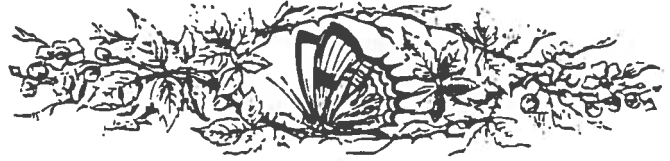
- a loving mother
- a nurturing grandmother
- an educator
- a mentor
- a ruthless scrabble player
- a gracious lady
- a good friend

Most people can count their true friends in life on one hand. Lyn ran out of digits many years ago.

The quality I most admired in my mother was her grace. She lived her life with grace. I looked up grace in the dictionary last night, and came up with this: eloquence, charm, refinement, goodwill, a compassionate nature, kindness & a disposition to be generous. All of these I'm very comfortable with when I think of Lyn. Yes, she will always be remembered as a gracious lady.

.....And part of her grace and what made her such a valued friend is she was a great listener. Lyn always made our stories important, and thus gave our lives significance and value.

Grace and Peace, Jim Mathews



Reflections

Today we celebrate life, replete with sadness and pain, joy and fulfillment, love and healing. When I was 12 years old a lady name Helen Salisbury, a family friend and supporter of the mission of the Christian Faith and Life community in Austin, Texas, took me aside and softly spoke the following, "Your mother is truly a Queen." It was not until many years later that I understood exactly what she meant, too late for some decisions I made which caused my mother anguish, but in time to heal, thus allowing us to profoundly enjoy each other's company.

I must confess that it took me a long time to reconcile and put to rest a degree of resentment I felt at having to share both my parents with the entire world. Too often I felt that needs of my family were subservient to the myriad demands of so many others. Regarding Evelyn, I allowed myself to stand in public crowds as a stranger witnessing and applauding the virtues and acts of kindness of a woman who really was an enigma to me. Well, I stand here today, in Evelyn's garden, completely at peace and eternally grateful for having had the opportunity later in life to rediscover my mother.

So how does this humble son remember his mother? In the broadest possible context, she was a woman who did not waiver in unconditionally caring for a son who experienced countless moments of profound weakness and numerous episodes of self-destruction. Having survived and transcended life as it had been, my mother and I began a new journey. In this journey we lived a whole lifetime of honesty, sharing our emotions and feelings which had been out of reach for so long. Never missing an occasion, I was able to tell her over and over

again how much I loved her, and she would do the same. She would tell me how proud she was to be my mother and I in turn, proud to be her son. She embraced my pain and struggles, all the while telling me how proud she was of what I had accomplished in life, and I too fully embrace her life's mission. We hugged. We kissed. We laughed. We cried. In the morning we would greet the sun and later run off to the sunset, singing praises to life. Every day was celebrated by a thousand rainbows and heavenly rains of shooting stars. All life's pain and guilt was washed away, and I was finally able to shout at the universe, "Thank you Lord for my life." This woman Evelyn, my mother, rekindled the fire within me. She taught me to live life to the fullest with honesty as my guiding light, my beacon.

Although she will always live in my heart and counsel my soul, I will miss the times of this world. So I bid farewell to this woman, my mother, my friend, my Queen." Mom, I love you and I am proud to be your son.

Joe Mathews.



The Sendout

Just now I walked around the table upon which Lyn's ashes lie. Was this some archaic ritual? In reality, I was "walking around the boundaries," to help define the sacred space which gives meaning to our gathering. Whenever God's people gather there occurs a fresh definition of sacred space - or we could say that the Church happens all over again -- even in the beautiful sanctuary.

This has become sacred space for us because here and now the earthly part of Evelyn Johnston Mathews Edwards made its final entrance. We all stood as one to acknowledge the honor we hold for her.

It became sacred space because Lyn's life has touched each and all of us significantly in so many ways which have made all the difference for us.

- Because here we have sung the Songs of the Spirit - songs she and we have come to love; and to hear words which in their very sacredness make this a more sacred space too.

- Because here words have been spoken which have made clear our love for Lyn - words too long left unspoken in the past.
- Because here Lyn finally received her very own "4 x 4". In fact, she lived her way into it. In a rare way she embodied the Mystery. She progressed through the years from a relatively casual approach to life to an acute sense of Awareness or Consciousness. Surely her Care extended to all. Through vicissitudes which would have overwhelmed most of us she was the very model of Tranquillity.

I cannot help thinking that Lyn is even now laughing a little at the rest of us. For she possessed a sly sense of humor. Here we are: still puzzled about mystery and meaning while she now knows the answer.

Let me say more about sacred space. It is a good thing that we meet in a rather large church for a great multitude needed to be accommodated. Nevertheless this church has proved to be not nearly large enough. From where I stand the invisible ones who are present far outnumber those we can see.

We rather piously confess from time to time that we believe in the "Communion of Saints" -- as if we knew what we were talking about. We must mean something by the phrase. Could it be that whenever we gather in solemn and sacred assembly, somehow all those who believe -- of whatever time or place -- are present with us? So you see why a great deal of sacred space is needed.

Thus it is that:

Sarah & Abraham
and Isaac and Rebekah;
and Leah, Rachel and Jacob;
and Joseph and Moses and Aaron and Miriam;
They too are here,
And what of King David? -- though Kinging has more or less gone out of style.

Present too are the prophets. Isn't it great to have Isaiah here, and Jeremiah, and Ezekiel and Daniel and all the Minor Prophets too? And Ruth and Naomi together with all the faithful men and women of old
Then the Apostles are here and Mary and Mary Magdalene and Jesus: especially Jesus, who promised that where two or three are gathered together in his name, he would be in their midst. In the number is also Paul, for this is St. Paul's Church. He has to be a very busy Apostle to get around to all the churches which bear his name! Then there is St. Augustine, and St. Cyprian and St. Tertullian, although the Church never got around to calling him a saint, he who said that "the soul is naturally Christian" -- sort of like Lyn. Then there is St. Francis, St. Thomas, St. Martin Luther, Sts. John Wesley and Jon Calvin. And St. Martin Luther King, Jr. and St. Mother Teresa, and Mahatma Gandhi. They're all here! And hosts of others too. This in indeed sacred space!

These ashes are not Evelyn, for she was separated from them days ago.

We send her out because she has been called out of God into the Great Venture which lies ahead of us all. She is not alone in her journey, for others have gone before: like her son John: her parents; Joe, Bill. But above all has gone before her -- the One who conquered the last enemy, **death** and called it what it is! Nothing!

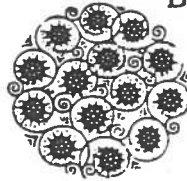
And we send out all the others gathered here to go out and be the scattered people of God, doing unendingly the "necessary deed" which brings life to all.

We sang a moment ago, "They that wait upon the Lord." Some of us recall that those words were sung around Joe's death-bed while he, with his last strength, tried with his lips to shape the syllables. Not a bad way to die! Not a bad way to live!

Lyn was a Global Person. Therefore, I give the benediction in Marathi, the language the people of Maliwada speak, then in Shona of Zimbabwe where Joe long ago danced like Zorba on the rim of the chasm of Victoria Falls. And then in English:

"The Grace of the Lord Jesus Christ;
Which is the Love of God the Father;

Make real and present right here and right now
by the Holy Spirit;
Be with us all, now and all along the way."
Amen James K. Mathews



Lyn Mathews Edwards
Letter of January, 1998

My weekly schedule is well paced to yield available time to savor each day. Three days a week, M-T-TH, I work at Kanbay where I particularly enjoy having lunch with Betty Pesek. this work provides the income stream needed to keep the car in good repair and hopefully running for another 100,000 miles and also to economically undergird my attending the ICA: I global meeting in Brussels next August. Life at the Admiral is comfortable, gracious, low-level energy demand, and a place of having the companionship of some great people, among whom I am one of the youngest!! Social life abounds. Never did I dream of a time when the legitimate theater would be twice-a-month on my calendar. I revel in the excellent performances at the Goodman; the renewal of the classics - Moliere, Chekhov, etc. - that is the focus of the Court "Theater; and the spirit exuberance of the Black Ensemble Theater - all great. Next week I am going to the Goodman to see "The Notebooks of Leonardo de Vinci" - excellent reviews. I love to cook so it is always a treat to prepare a meal and evening for colleagues coming through Chicago (next Saturday Neil Vance will stop in for breakfast) or for those living in the Chicago Area or for my Admiral friends. Enough, enough. But I do hope it communicates that life is blessed and filled with joy.

Three events have become treasured memories:

1. **The 80th Birthday Celebration.** (June 19, 1997). At my request I asked to receive EI/ICA/OE stories of happenings that remain to this day persistently funny, incredible, part of our shared past. 37 tapes and scores of handwritten letters have been collected to form a body of "folklore" that will, by the year 2000 meeting, be presented as a Legacy Book, along with photographs and possibly an extended biographical sketch of Joe written by his brother, Bishop Jim. It is also envisioned that a socio--historical dramas, using the stories as script material, be presented at that meeting. Donna

Ziegenhorn is the coordinator of these intents. There will be a series of two-day meetings, attended by whosoever will, between now and then to design and create these products. If you would like to be advised of these meetings, please let me know.

2. The Nantucket Week. (August 7-17, 1997) The Joe Mathews' and the Jim Mathews' families and myself spent a week on Nantucket Island, enjoying the serenity and comfort of Retti Thomas' summer home. the trip across country in two vans and the two-hour trip by ferry to the Island were all part of the fun. Joe rigged the two vans with C.B.'s and we not only had communication between ourselves but also some spicy conversations with truck drivers. On our arrival, our first surprise was no T.V.! I very briefly wondered how we would survive the week. However, what a blessing that was - and we didn't miss it. Long walks on the beach, early morning fishing, sunbathing, evening games, relaxed and unhurried conversations - all worked together to affirm the gift we have of being this particular family, taking into account all of our weaknesses as well as our strengths.

3. The Jahn-Bayer Wedding. (September 13, 1997) I still have to pinch myself to believe that Lela and Don sent me a ticket to come to San Francisco for their entering "A Commitment to a Life in Covenant", their wedding. There were so many highlights that, given limited time and space, I am hard put to decide what to say. But a few: Don's incredible missiles describing in an exciting way all the decisions and events that take place between the naming of the day and the wedding itself. Lela's smashing red wedding dress with just the right amount of cleavage. Marilyn Oyler's witness in the service held at the Downtown Olympic Club. Meeting Lela and Don's families, friends and business associates. Staying with Beret and Ron Griffith in their "dramatic" home. Ron's role as Master of Ceremonies at the reception. Marshall Jones' open house Sunday afternoon for all who could make it on short notice. Nothing more heart-warming than hanging out with dear, dear colleagues. Sunday morning brunch hosted by four of Lela's business colleagues was the time when Lela and Don opened their symbolic gifts - great fellowship.

Three books worth your reading time:
Anatomy of the Spirit - The seven stages of

Power and Healing by Caroline Myss, Three Rivers Press, N.Y. **First In His Class** - A biography of Bill Clinton by David Maraniss, Simon & Schuster, N.Y.. **A Civil Action** - The Legal Thriller of the decade. by Jonothan Harr, Vintage Books, N.y. Lyn Edwards

I am not I, I am the one who walks beside me
that I cannot see.

And the one who at times I manage to visit.
And the one who at times I forget.

And the one who remains calm and silent as
I talk.

And the one who forgives gently as I move
into anger or fear.

And the one who walks where I cannot go.
And the one who remains standing when I die.

Juan Ramone Hermanes



One of Many Stories Shared At The Kemper Reception

A truly radiant photo. I was in Chicago the last three days for the memorial. Be certain to get a copy of the service; all the spoken portions and songs are reproduced in full (Fifth City Love Song, Lyn - a profound exemplar of the Other World, etc.), except for Bishop Jim's sendout. . A fine example of corporate writing power.

We gathered many time to re-tell Lyn stories which reminded us of her twinkle, her ability to care with precise directness, her availability and her strengths. Most often they were funny. The greatest of many hilarious stories at the Conversation held at Kemper following the service was by none other than Joe Slicker (who is thin but you'll be glad to know still wonderfully gregarious and deaf). He reported:

"At some point in the Fifth City Project it was decided that some of us should move out of the campus to more actively be in the neighborhood. Thus, several families moved into houses on other streets such as Trumbull. In our house the Slickers were on the 2nd floor, with the Mathews and the Hahns on the 3rd, etc.

One night I heard some bumps and dragging noises upstairs and finally the same in the stairwell. Those days one often investigated noises in the night, so I went cautiously to the door and carefully peeked out. Lyn was struggling down the stairs with two bags. I

decided that I should get on more clothes and see what urgency could require that she be headed out into the neighborhood at such an hour.

After getting on more clothes I went to the door. Lyn was now puffing back up the stairs with the same two suitcases. As she passed the landing at our door, she exclaimed between set lips, "I will not let my anger at that man cause me to leave!"

Fred Buss



Every supreme form of love is
a crystalline and eternal matrix.

To be beautiful is to become the centre of love
and dwell once again in the Divine hymen.

Lamp of Marvels, Ramon Del Valle Inclán



JOURNEY TOWARD ELDERHOOD

(Phase IV Rite of Passage)

The large Water Gong rang out to celebrate 60 years of my life...but it was in fact, a ceremony of the affirmation of life as it relates to all creatures and life forms on this our home, Planet Earth.

The evening of May 9th, found me surrounded by family and friends from three circles of community - home, work, and the Order...flowing together and celebrating...and what a celebration it was with cards, letters, gifts, flowers...some were read aloud, others read more intimately...laughter and tears...each of you sharing a bit of yourself to make the evening the wonder-filled event that it was...and I thank you for that. My family, including my 82 year old mother, conspired to make this evening an amazing one...and they did just that with all the energy and passion, talents and creativity they could pull together. There was singing of songs and telling of stories by the community and family, instrumental music played by two friends, a great wall of wonder of my life through 6 decades and other art masterpieces in montage form and photos that illustrated the past and future of my life.

I wish I could hug each of but but this note must do for now...untill we meet again!! Thank you for being in our lives.

Fred

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 meditation 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 my colleagues at NIAOM, included an encounter with the I Ching, and culminated in a four-day vision retreat. The setting for the retreat was Lopez 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! Nancy Lanphear

40TH BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION

Marsha celebrated her 40th birthday this October. Celebration began in September, when Pat and Tom Price organized a party that included friends who were all turning 40 during the span of a year or so -- lots of fun. Marsha's actual birthday weekend was made extra special by the visit of friends Mike and Susie Andrews from Seattle. We went to see "Riverdance," which was simply spectacular. The next night we celebrated with a gathering of friends, hosted by Elizabeth Capterton. So far, 40 feels very good. One of Marsha's desires for the year ahead is to begin singing again. She took a class in vocal harmony this fall, and is involved with a community choir that is forming and will begin rehearsing in January under the direction of William Chin. Marsha also hopes to dedicate more time to home projects. She spent several weekends last spring repainting the dining room--result, quite nice.

Pat has been quite focused on building business in the Midwest. Using his favorite metaphor for life, the marathon, he feels as though he is nearing the 18-mile mark. He benefited from valuable help from Joe Thomas last spring, when Joe spent some time in Chicago. Great camaraderie. When Pat had time to breathe between sales trips, he spent a long weekend in New Jersey where he joined friends from Seattle in a visit to Retty Thomas and Bayard and Mary Coggeshall. It was wonderful to renew old

friendships. In addition to his new role as stepdad, which he approaches with humility and deep joy, Pat is taking great delight in being an uncle to his 134 nieces and nephews. He enjoys spending time with each one as they grow form year to year. This fall, he had the pleasure of visiting nephew Jack during parents' weekend at Yale, where Jack is a freshman. The two had a memorable time together. As the year go on, Pat more deeply appreciates his brothers and sisters and enjoys every opportunity to stay connected. He also continues to draw great spiritual strength from his aunt, Sr. Mary Audrey McCoy, S.O.P.

Marsha Hahn & Pat Moriarity



REFLECTIONS ON THE YEAR

Sandra organized a wonderful surprise 50th birthday party for me in August. Old friends from Canada, Oklahoma, and Oregon joined new friends and family for a gathering which included an acrobatic troop.

Lynn spent her summer working as an intern for Killer Films, an independent film company. Look for her name in the credits.

I started learning to play the mandolin I received for my birthday.

Sandra started a new job with the New York City Health Department's new school health program. The school is only four blocks from our house; great kids (grades 1 through 5); lots of needs.

Lynn is in a special urban studies/architectural design program at Columbia University. The first semester in New York was very challenging. She has been working very hard, did well, and is ready for her second semester in Paris.

This month I joined thirty physicians in the first board certification exam to be held in the new specialty of hair restoration.

In September Sandra and I participated in the Boston-New York AIDS ride. Over a three day period we rode our bicycles 270 miles with 3200 riders. We raised 7 million dollars to serve AIDS victims. We spent most summer weekends preparing with 50 to 100 mile training rides. Both of us experienced this as being the most difficult physical challenge we have undertaken. Our participation was an exhilarating accomplishment. We thank all of you who contributed. We have become cycling enthusiasts and are already enrolled to do the ride again in 98.

This year was also special because of the many visits we had with old friends in Colorado, Minnesota and as New York guests.

Bob, Sandra, and Lynn True



A wonderful vacations in Southern California visiting Genevieve and Mike, and long-time friends, the Sallies. First trip there since our girls were very little.

Had a sign made for the front of our house with the name of the original owner, year 1906, and the designer, who we discovered was extremely well-known in these parts.

Justin has had two surgeries this past year dealing with removal of cancerous prostate and its repercussions. Two negative tests since...of which we are all extremely grateful. He has begun a new job at age 65 as Vice President in charge of funds development for Bellarmine Prep School (Jesuit), a highschool of 1,000 and is a Board members of the Taocma Girls Chorus, high-quality performers.

Del was nominated Woman of the Year by the International Hypnosis Hall of Fame, convention to be held in Pennsylvania in April. She is now working out at a gym 3 days a week and is teaching hypnosis at 2 colleges, and leading quarterly workshops and programs, along with a thriving practice as a counseling hypnotherapist.. Del enjoyed Home recital last fall, singing German, French, English and American songs. The recital before that honored American Composers, and the one previous to that, Women Composers.

Justin and I are well and happy, pleased with our home, our work and wonderful friends and colleagues. I guess we have become accustomed to this new phase of our life, keeping aware of the world without being overwhelmed by it; doing what we can to assist people's life journeys while handling our own.

Delores & Justin Morrill

Peter, who we thought was degree bound at University of Cincinnati, has transferred to Ohio State which has a more automotive focused Industrial Design program. He double jobbed at Just BMW and at Allyn's, a funky Mexican cafe with live bands several nights a week. He also "house and animal sat" which earned him enough to fly to London to visit his friend, Katherine, who was studying there for the fall term. It feels a little strange to be back to the two of us!

Tim is on the home stretch of his degree in aeronautical engineering; he graduates from UC in June. He is still working almost full time for his co-op employer and has become responsible for training and supervising other co-ops. Some of his stories make Dilbert look lame. He is headed to an aeronautical engineering seminar in Reno next week - with skis, of course.

Mark continues as Education Director of the World Affairs Council. He and the executive Director led a group of college professors to Cuba in June and plan a similar study trip to Turkey next June. In October he spend several weeks in Brattleboro presenting his thesis to complete his Master's degree. Last winter on of his projects was an essay contest for high school students on banning land mines. He was delighted with the Nobel Peace Prize which went to another School for International Training grad.

Dave and Ellen's big adventure was a "post tax season" trip to Washington, DC. The highlight for Ellen was seeing "The King and I" at Kennedy Center; and for Dave observing the Senate debating and voting on the Chemical Weapons Ban treaty. David is still plugging away at his CPA business; and Ellen was named Clinical Director of the Therapy Source, a rehab agency in the process of being Medicare certified. Gus continues to wag his tail with love when ever we return from journeys of a few hours or a few weeks. But one day he caught his tail in the gate; we didn't realize it was cut until he was in

the house and doing his shake and slobber routine. By the time we got him clamed down and the bleeding stopped (paper towels and duct tape) the house looked like something out of a Quentin Tarantino movie. **Dave & Ellen Rebstock**

Tony moved to a new situation in his work at The Admiral. He is now part of the Reception team, complete with teal and forest green balzers and silk ties. Another new experience has been both of us being on the Invitation Committee of Fourth Church. We enjoy the weekly fellowship and supper which enables us to keep working through being neophytes in our talking-with-strangers-over-the-phone skills. Jon is in his second year with homeless preschoolers for Volunteers of America. Starfeather's ship continues to prosper and she has launched into a new dimension of her creative spirit work. David continues in his work as Sales Engineer with Cutler-Hammer (Eaton Controls) and Debra is still with Carle Foundation Hospital in Cardiac Special Procedures. Debra and David hope to move down south eventually where the weather is warm and the winters are kinder.

Our cup overflows with the rich tapestry of friends, colleagues, work, health, our beloved children and their wonderful spouses and our increasingly precious grandchildren.

Ellery & Tony Elizondo



In February we were in a serious automobile accident, rolling a small car on a major highway. Ron came within a millisecond and an inch of his life and I climbed out of the upside down car with only a few scratches. Gratefulness at living though the accident, awareness that comes from staying in the present, consciously going through every moment of the experience and living fully no matter what happened were powerful for both of us. As a result of the accident, Ron actually stayed home from work a week. He healed very quickly from plastic surgery. While at home reflecting the contingency of life, he decided to pursue a job he earlier set aside thinking, "this is my dream job." He went for the job at a small software company, Premenos, got the job and

had his first adventure of being on the senior executive team of an organization.

Ron and I went to a four day workshop on how to enable the functioning of groups, "The Seven Candles of Community," led by Angeles Arrien and Patrick O'Neil. My car was stolen the day before we left for the workshop and found again in San Francisco a few days later. St. Gertrude, the patron saint of parking spaces (in the form of a small wind-up angel) was unharmed; the car registration and the garage door opener were all untouched. So after paying the city of SF for the privilege of picking up the car, getting it towed to San Carlos, a week long repair job, a deluxe bath and interior scrub at the car wash, the 1987 VW Golf is still plugging away. I'm going for 200,000 miles. The whimsical profundity of Brian Andreas continues to fascinate and delight us.

Ron & Beret Griffith

"In my dream, the angel shrugged and said, 'If we fail this time it will be a failure of imagination.' & then she placed the world gently in the palm of my hand." Brian Andreas



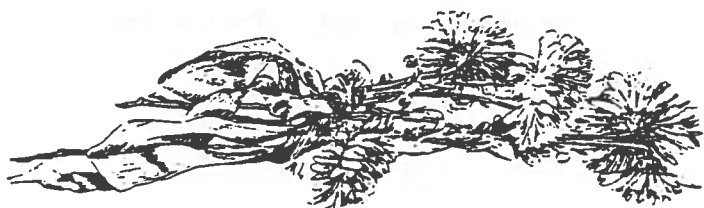
For the past four years since my father died and I have been in Egypt, I have taken my mother on a yearly vacation trip. She has met old Order colleagues in Egypt, Brussels, Phoenix, Mexico and Seattle. She is always impressed by the style and quality of the people. She said they have to be special to do what we have done over the past years. Through conversations with them she is getting a deeper understanding of what I've been doing for the past 31 years. She said I am really fortunate to have such a large and wonderful extended family. I agree and that is why the day the NODE arrives is a special day of gratitude and reflection.

I was in Chicago in September for the wedding of my son, Randy Hess to Michelle Karzowski. The whole event held in Cafe Brauer in Lincoln Park zoo was perfect including the weather. It was good to see former sister in laws and the Grows who came from Georgia. Fred and the bride's stepfather performed the ceremony.

I am going to be in Egypt for at least another year. Things really came together for me during the past year as manager of the Communication Development Sector. I attended training programmes and developed more formal management skills. I also expanded my consultancy role with two events for CARE Sudan as well as other clients in Egypt. I am also managing two longer term training grants for local community development organizations. I coordinate the ICA staff development and publishing of RU'YA magazine. ICA MENA has 40 staff in three locations. I have seven in my sector which includes two in the Training Centre in Bayad El Arab.

Socially I continue to enjoy running with the Hash House Harriers in the desert every Friday and going to the five formal dance events scheduled by the British community. This year I need to find a spirit community to expand beyond my personal reading and meditation.

Judith Hamje



Maicah did a January project at Oxford; graduated from highschool with honors; worked a summer internship with the ELCA (Lutheran Church) headquarters; began her freshman year at Wittenberg University in Springfield, Ohio; landed a job in the drama department costume shop and is building a professional design portfolio. She loved being a part of the school's production of Amadeus. She left Christmas Day for a holiday work project with Habitat in Honduras.

Truman received a Master's Degree in Development Economics from Oxford, and is now gaining valuable experience in a job with the World Bank in Washington. He's part of the Latin American Division collaborating in pension reform projects in Mexico twice since joining the Bank in July. He has applied for a grant to carry out research in Argentina; and in the meantime he is enjoying life in Washington, D.C.

We, George and Keith have kept the home fires burning. A special delight has been joining our Eighth Floor neighbours in multiple neighborhood renovation projects. The development of training courses and projects has taken us to Atlanta and New Orleans. Truman and Maicah made possible a spring visit to Oxford.

George & Keith Packard

Wilderness and a "sense of place" are motifs for this past year. In a few hundred years, 97% of the United States has been converted to farms, cities and roads, mostly for human uses. Something important is being lost: places where our native plants and animals can thrive, places where the human spirit can touch our deepest roots in the land, places where beauty and solitude renew the spirit. We come to a sense of place by doing something for wildness and by renewing our living space and family ties.

Art's work best captures the sense of place theme. When we returned from Kenya in 1992, Art "retired" and started a new career - chief renovator of our early 1900s family home. The first couple of years were devoted to tuck pointing and finishing the basement. Then there was an interminable time when he and his family apprentices worked on the hardwood floors. Advisors said to refinish woodwork, then paint, then do the floors. The paint layer came off the oak woodwork, but the ancient varnish was a challenge. Since we were painting, we did it all, upstairs and down. Finally this summer we got the floors sanded and varnished. Still in process is the new mantle and tile facade around the fireplace and painting kitchen cupboards. This home we bought in the late 60's has become center for our creative energy.

Jean is the coordinator of ecosystem mapping in Arkansas and South Platte headwaters for the Southern Rockies Ecosystem Project. We are part of a conservation movement with a 100-year vision. We want our grandchildren to see a continent-wide network of habitat reserves which preserve and restore North American's Native biodiversity. Admittedly ambitious, but also possible and certainly necessary! The trend of species extinction, which equals that of the big dinosaur die-off. millions of years ago, is a

warning sign. The natural systems which refresh the air we breathe, cleanse the water we drink, provide medicines and disease resistant food plants are under increasing stress. It is also an ethical issue. Should our human species, with our gift for communication, art, music and especially technology, continue to act as though nature is there only to provide for our human needs? Or should we look at life from the biocentric perspective - all life forms and their sustaining systems are equally valuable?

Our biocentric perspective has a practical application. Over the last three years, we trained 100 volunteer mappers to identify the boundaries of large roadless areas in Colorado's southeast mountains. Fifty of these potential core reserves are documented on topo maps and in geographic information systems (GIS) data files. Jean also turned her ICA fundraising skills into three major grants for equipment for computerized mapping, some major outreach work and the production of a "State of the Southern Rockies Ecosystems" scientific report.

Finally, our June trip to Vancouver Island, British Columbia combined the biological understanding and the experience of wild places. Art, Jean and Vickie journeyed to Victoria, where Vickie and Jean attended the Society for Conservation Biology conference. The marine biology theme captured Vickie's love of the ocean, and Jean covered the habitat preservation sections. Art walked the beaches and trails in the Provincial Park where we camped. Then we set out across the island for Pacific Rim Park where the bald eagles disagreed about who owned the tree top above our tent. Vancouver Island has old growth western red cedar and Douglas Fir - the trees are ten times the size of our Rocky Mountain Doug firs. British Columbia is also systematically clear-cutting its trees to send chips to Asia which is returned to us in the form of pressboard and paper. We saw more bare ground, roads on incredibly steep slopes and landslides in British Columbia and Washington than we care to remember! Later we moved to the state park camp-ground in the San Juan Islands where we visited the artisans shops and went hiking and whale watching. We saw many bald eagles, harbor seals and ocean loving birds, but no orcas. The next day Vickie decided to take a second try, and she saw one of the pods.

Art and I drove home. A day at Mt. St. Helens impressed us with the raw power of nature to both alter the landscape and then renew itself in different, equally marvelous forms. Flowers abound among the blown down trees, and shrubs are stabilizing the silted-up river valleys. We also stopped at Birds of Prey in Idaho. Immense vertical cliffs protect the nests, and the broad canyon rim has a large prey base of rodents. The cliffs were so inaccessible that even with binoculars it was hard to discover the bird roosts.

Art & Jean Smith

**Teach your children what we have taught our
children - that the earth is our mother.**

**Whatever befalls the earth befalls the sons and
daughters of the earth.**

**If men spit upon the ground, they spit upon
themselves.**

**This we know. The earth does not belong to
us, we belong to the earth.**

**This we know. All things are connected like
the blood which unites one family.**

All things are connected.

**Whatever befalls the earth befalls the sons and
daughters of the earth.**

**We did not weave the web of life, we are
merely a strand in it.**

**Whatever we do to the web, we do to
ourselves....**

Chief Seattle, January 22, 1854

on surrendering his native lands to the President of the
United States

ANNOUNCEMENT

Bill Newkirk died at home in Utopia, Texas on Monday evening, June 8 after an extended illness with Cancer. All of his children, Linda, Pat, Jim, David and Lisa were able to join their mother, Helen to be with him during his last week of life. They reported that at the time of his death he was at peace.

We acknowledge his completed life and celebrate the many contributions that he made to our work in the United States, Latin America and India.

A Memorial service was held on June 22nd at 4:00 p.m. at the Utopia Methodist Church.

ARTICLES

Story Telling Circles

In this turn to the new millennium, people everywhere are rediscovering the power of storytelling. In the last six months, storytelling circles have been conducted in El Paso's Project Vida neighborhood, the ICA East fall research assembly in Maryland, public schools in Colquitt and Mills Equipment Co. in Rio de Janeiro.

What's the magic in this technology of meaning? Is it that people everywhere want to tell their own story in a way that is heard and even performed? Swamp Gravy storytelling processes and ICA reflective methods have been combined to produce the following procedure that can be done by any group in less than two hours:

- Loosening-up exercises are done to relax the group and develop trust.
- In units of six or eight persons, individuals pair off and tell each other a "memorable" (or "meaningful") story.
- Each pair's partner tells the other partner's story to the unit.
- Each unit performs its selected story for the plenary gathering.
- A group reflection is conducted based on the ORID method.

Whether it be an individual, an organization, a business, a church or a community grouping, the foundation of its existence is a story.

"We've all got something to brag about, and we've all got something to hide. But if you tell it all, the truth will set you free, and we'll have a storytelling time." (Swamp Gravy Lyrics by Karen Smith Kimbrel). **Bill Grow**



Healing Through Anointing

In June of 1997, two key members of the Attapulcus United Methodist Church received death notices. Sixty-four year old R.L. was given two months to live with cancer in liver and lungs. Fifty year old C.P. was found to have cancer between the uterus and colon. Both parents and several other kin had died of cancer. At best, the doctors said, she might live a year. Yet today, six months later, RL is still running his own business, and CP has been given a clean bill of health; no sign of cancer.

The healing services held monthly at the church in response to the trauma this illness produced in our small congregation was not the sole reason for this healing, but in both cases the doctors cannot explain the reversal.

The ritual we use reminds one of the healing in scripture, the tendency of the body to heal itself and the role of an affirming community in healing. Participants confess bitterness, anger or fear that would hinder healing. We anoint with oil and lay on hands for specific healing in the name of the Creator, the Redeemer and the Sustainer of life. Thanks for the past and future is given through progress reports of the past month and anticipations of the next.

All those who attend the services have had some measure of healing: an eighty-six year old woman with anemia, a woman with a broken vertebra hindered by osteoporosis; progressive disease of the optic nerve in another has been stabilized. Local doctors call one of these women "Lazarus".

Could this be an application of Imaginal Education? Is it a form of RS-1, in which The Way Life Is is acknowledged, received as possibility and is responsive to trust-filled decision? Whatever is happening, it is not so much miracle fireworks as it is foundational acceptance of the good news about life.

Nan Grow

"If you hold on to the handle, she said, it's easier to maintain the illusion of control. But it's more fun if you just let the wind carry you." **Brian Andreas**