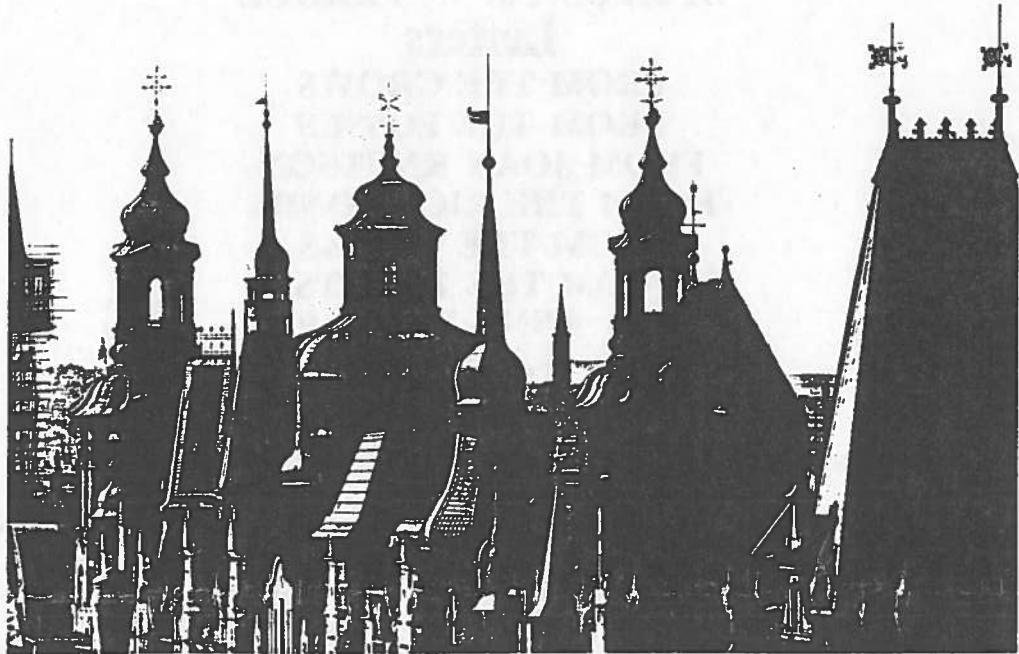


THE NODE

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Editorial

A City Celebrates

There are people dying of starvation; there are those whose homes have been blown away; there are earthquake victims, and people getting shot, tortured and treated unjustly. The globe is in turmoil. All of this.

But please humour us here in Toronto as the city celebrates "a great victory" and pardon this provincial and self-serving editorial, but the opportunity may not come again in a hundred years, and rarely do we get such a historical opportunity—so deep and wide in its national, ontological and geopolitical implications.

We refer, you must know, not to the national referendum that will determine the fate of current negotiations on the Canadian constitution, but to utterly megalithic ecstatic event of the Blue Jays' winning the World Series. (For international readers, the game in this connection is baseball.) This victory has been long desired, ardently longed for and fervently prayed over ever since Toronto minted a baseball team in 1978.

The impact on the nation and city has been, to say the least, spectacular. It is not only the city of Toronto that has found the Holy Grail after so many years of fruitless quest. It is the whole nation that rejoices in this new-found greatness.

Who knows? But in Toronto, the fans, both old and suddenly new, turned Toronto 180 degrees from its usual sedate and even tenour of its ways, and the whole town went joyfully berserk on the early Sunday morning after the last catch of the game with Atlanta gave the Blue Jays a 3-2 win.

The 50,000 fans who had been viewing the game on the giant TV screen in the Sky Dome Stadium burst into downtown Toronto, joined by everyone leaving the pubs at closing time and folk breaking away from their TV sets. The downtown core and nearby neighbourhoods were completely blocked to traffic as a million people hit the streets. Those at home in their beds got no sleep—the hand of every car driver on the road was hard on the horn and primordial screams and yells and unearthly shouts fractured the night sky. And the tumult was very, very good-humoured.

Next day, police guarding the Sky Dome had to work overtime as fans came back for souvenirs—there were people trying to literally steal the bases; someone tried to dig up the pitcher's mound. That night, the crowd again were out in force celebrating in the downtown core, still wild with excitement. And today, is the Victory Parade! No work of consequence will be done in this city today.

And just as we were wondering whether this editorial was an exercise in nationalistic and parochial bad taste, wonder to behold, we got an "affirmation" from, no less, the Secretariat of ICA International in Brussels. In the form of a fax, it read: "Congratulations

to ICA Toronto for the Blue Jays World Series victory! A real sign of the human factor at work as well as globality surging to the front." So, rejoice with us briefly over a city come gloriously alive.
Bev, Jeanette and Brian

On The Bus to Ipoh

Alan AtKisson

Ten years ago I boarded a bus in Malaysia to travel from the capital city of Kuala Lumpur to the smaller city of Ipoh, where I was working at the time. It was late in the day, and the end of a holiday weekend. The crowded bus drove off into the gathering dusk, down a two-lane highway that was soon flanked by a solid wall of jungle on either side.

Driving in Malaysia was always hazardous at best, but I had gotten used to it. The nations's highways were de facto raceways, and most cars made a point of passing the vehicles in front of them at any and every opportunity. This "go faster" ethic made the highways an effective, if brutal, training ground: the skill of most drivers was such that Malaysia was reputed in those years to have the lowest accident rate in East Asia. Because of its drivers' dare-devil antics, however, Malaysia had the highest rate of *fatal* accidents. And many of those fatal accidents seemed to involve head-on collisions with buses.

Once in a while an old Mercedes taxi would speed around another vehicle, or two, or three, finally squeezing back into its lane with just seconds to spare. it was a little unsettling, but as I say, I was used to it.

It was with that knowledge that I settled into my seat and began chatting - rather nervously - with my travelling companions. The shadows of the trees lengthened and finally disappeared, and the headlamps of oncoming vehicles lit up the highway. Once in a while an old Mercedes taxi would speed around another vehicle, or two, or three, finally squeezing back into its lane with just seconds to spare. it was a little

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unsettling, but as I say, I was used to it.

Suddenly, however, the headlamps on our bus went dark. The bus driver immediately pulled over, but whatever it was, he couldn't fix it. There wasn't much of a shoulder to the road, so the bus was sticking out into heavy traffic. The driver took the unusual step of asking the passengers what *they* wanted to do. They were almost unanimous in their immediate reply: They shouted "Jalan! Jalan!", which in Malay means "Go on!, Go on!"

I should have said, "*We* shouted," for in my reckless exuberance, I added my voice to that chorus. All of us in that bus just wanted to get home -- and the sense of excitement and adventure was very contagious. So with the whole bus cheering him on, the driver restarted the engine and cautiously drove forward into the deepening twilight. He steered by staring straight ahead and judging our position relative to the headlights of the oncoming traffic.

Of course, it got darker. Once or twice the driver seemed to lose his nerve and start to pull over, but instantly the other passengers would begin again to yell "Jalan! Jalan!", more as a command than an encouragement. And so into the night we went, until the sky became totally black.

Then it started to rain. It was just a drizzle, which the windshield wipers took care of -- until they, too, suddenly went dead. Again the driver stopped, again he couldn't fix the problem, and again the passengers shouted - with even more fervor than before -- "Jalan! Jalan!" And once again, the driver did "jalan!"

Once or twice the driver seemed to lose his nerve and start to pull over, but instantly the other passengers would begin again to yell "Jalan! Jalan!"

So there we were, on an old bus, without headlamps or windshield wipers, driving through the jungle, at night, through a drizzle of rain, which grew to a shower, and finally into a tropical downpour. The driver, by now resigned to fate, was doing a good 30 kilometers per hour, guiding the bus solely by the glow of oncoming headlamps - a smear of blurry light distorted by the sheets of water running down the windshield.

No longer were any of us shouting "Jalan, jalan". The whole bus was silent. I looked around me, and nearly all the passengers were sitting bolt upright,

frozen in their seats. However, in the feeble glow from the cars behind us, I could see as much exhilaration as fear in the faces around me. People's eyes gleamed with attention and anticipation. Whatever the outcome, there was no stopping now. I felt terribly afraid, and began to prepare myself for death or, worse, for becoming one among many mangled bodies.

The ensuing minutes were among the longest of my life. Once, the bus swerved and almost spun across the road, but somehow recovered. More than once, an oncoming car pulled into the lane ahead of us to pass another vehicle, and only pulled back at the last second, when presumably the horrified driver noticed our bus silhouetted by the headlamps of vehicles stacked up behind us - who were themselves passing us as often and as rapidly as they could. Soon, I was simply beyond terror. I began to understand, perhaps for the first time, that however much my American schooling might have led me to believe otherwise, there might indeed be such a thing as "fate." I offered up my soul to the care of whatever divinity might eventually receive it, and I sat back to await the inevitable.

Today, all of us on planet Earth are on a similar bus.

We are riding along in the enormous vehicle of our technology - wonderful in some ways, tattered and dangerous in others. The highway on which we're driving has split the natural world in two. It's getting increasingly dark and dangerous. There is no safe place to stop. Those sitting in the driver's seat cannot see where they are going. They do not even have their hands on the steering wheel, and tell us to trust the "invisible hand" of free-market economics. And all around us a chorus of voices is shouting, "Jalan! Jalan!" "Go on! go on!"

Some of us in the front of the bus, are trying to speak to the other first-class passengers about the obvious threat to our survival. Others of us are in the rear seats, too concerned with working to get ahead, or waging wars for supremacy, or fighting off starvation to care about whether the bus itself is safe. Some rare souls, like Wangari Maathai, are managing to inspire a few people at both ends to wake up and question the driver.

But most of us, no matter where we're sitting, have not yet come to terms with the fact that we are all on the same bus. Every row of seats believes itself to be an independent vehicle. And meanwhile, the rear door of the bus has been left open, and many of us are simply falling out onto the road behind.

My Malaysian bus story has a happy ending. It might be more entertaining to report that we were rescued by Rambo, or that supernatural beings appeared to guide us down the highway. But the truth is rather anticlimactic, as happy endings often are.

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Somehow the bus made it to the next town without a scratch. We all cheered, though somewhat halfheartedly. We were too exhausted to celebrate the miracle of our survival. Feeling rather subdued, I found a taxi to take me the rest of the way home.

As for the larger story of industrial civilization, the likelihood of a happy ending is far from certain. We do not know whether any reprieve lies ahead, and we certainly can't count on it. As far as we know, we are travelling this road alone, and we have only ourselves to count on.

Excerpted from an address given by Alan AtKisson at the ICA Conference in Prague, 1992.

Credit Slips and Social Capital

"...What is needed may be no less than a complete turnaround from the ideals that have dominated world leaders in recent years. The grassroots can set such a process in motion by insisting on the need for investments in social capital. This means paying attention to the resource potential that is contained in relations of reciprocity among people, whether they are among individuals in a community, or cut across such entities, in some instances perhaps reaching across oceans. Social capital thrives on trust and on reliable moral commitments. An individual helping someone in need does not expect an immediate *quid pro quo* response. The former knows that the latter will be ready to come to his assistance at some future point. In the meantime, he carries that expectation as a "credit slip" to be "cashed". These are the kinds of investments we must be making more of, not merely within primordial entities demanding their own sovereignty but also in relations that transcend their boundaries and build bridges between diverse communities."

—Excerpt from Goren Hyden's talk in Prague. Goren is from the Univ. of Florida

A Methods History of ICA

Beret Griffith

The Chronological History is an acknowledgement of the contributions of many people to the ongoing creation of the Technology of Participation developed by The Institute of Cultural Affairs (ICA). During the past forty years many people have contributed to the development of these methods. Spiritual depth,

intellectual breadth and an underlying social consciousness of care and compassion for people were a part of the methods development from the very beginning. People were concerned that communities and organizations find ways to work and learn together in a spirit-filled climate.

The intent of the Methods History is to acknowledge the contributions of the many, many people. It is also intended to be a documentation of the various pieces that make up the rich mosaic of methods that so many people helped to develop and who are continuing to create methods for groups and organizations around the world. Perhaps it will also be of interest to people who have not been a part of the journey of early methods creation and are curious about the background of the ICA as a result of being a part of "eventfulness" sponsored by the ICA.

This history became a part of my MA project/thesis in Organization Development and Transformation from the California Institute of Integral Studies in San Francisco as a result of a conversation at the beginning of a work session at ICA West in Phoenix in September 1991. Twenty-one ICA West facilitators gathered in Phoenix to consider "What's Next?" for the training of ourselves and the training of new ICA West facilitators. We were a mixture of very experienced facilitators and people just beginning the journey. We came with a sense that what we were about to do would empower all of us.

On the spot I decided that I would somehow incorporate this continued work into my project and I used the input from this session as a foundation for creating the chronological history.

One of our working sessions began by taking a look at the history of the development of ICA methods from the perspective and experience of people in the room. This produced a lot of excitement, interest and gratefulness from the people participating and a sense that it would be great to have work continue on the history. On the spot I decided that I would somehow incorporate this continued work into my project and I used the input from this session as a foundation for creating the chronological history.

Following the pull-together of the data generated in Phoenix, I began going through my own historical files to gather more information, made many additions to the chronology and began to request input

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from other colleagues around the world. As I gathered additional data I decided to expand the chronology to include personal recollections. I did a brainstorm of people I felt would have the memory of when and how methods originated and created a rough draft of the chronology to send to colleagues for additions and corrections.

The process of gathering information from colleagues was done through electronic mail on EICONET. Many of those electronic mail addresses represent additional people. Seventy-five people attended an ICA West Members Meeting at the end of January. The draft was given to all of them. In early February drafts were sent by postal mail to twenty-four people from the original brainstorm list of people. In mid-February draft copies were sent to seven people who were at the Wilder Forest ICA Network Association meeting who had not already received the mailing. In April it was sent to all of the people in the Western United States who are interested in the ongoing community experiment of the ICA.

It has been a wonderful adventure to receive input to the chronology. A comment from Lyn Mathews Edwards was a particular delight to receive. Lyn said, "The Chronological History is the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow., A great gift. I will review and send to you any additions, etc.". This came via Econet mail from Jim Troxel. Another comment from George West in Lima, Peru came early on in the process and encouraged me. - "This is a great project you have going. It's a good spirit exercise to reflect on these things, and fun. I am sending you what I have and will look for more time to work on it next week."

These few pages represent so much human experience and knowledge that has only been lightly brushed over in this kind of a record. It has been a wonderful experience to wander around in old documents, dig through boxes and be thankful for a huge old file cabinet full of treasures. At the same time there is so much being created by people around the world that the information here, representing the past few years is minuscule compared to what people are actually doing "on the spot" responding to the needs of their local situations.

The new image of the ICA as a Global Social Change Organization as a result of the Appreciative Inquiry work done with Case Western Reserve University in concert with the vast number of colleagues around the globe raises several questions for me: "What is it that has heart and meaning for us?" "What is worth our lives, really?" and since everything everyone does at every minute is creating what it means to be a human being, "What do we need to create for the future?"

This article is the foreword from Beret's Chronological History of ICA's Methods still in process. The current draft is 46 pages in length and is quite detailed. Beret is still seeking additions for input and refinement. See Directory for her address.

Educating to Eco-Consciousness

Bhimrao Tupe

Every day brings a new awareness about the environmental crisis and efforts to tackle it. Still more forests are being cut down and hundreds of species vanish with them. Homes and industries consume in ever greater quantities, while gasses that cause the Greenhouse Effect and Ozone Layer Depletion are emitted, and water, land and air are polluted. The population has doubled itself in forty years and is increasing the strain on already thinned resources. A few decades ago, when alarms were raised by experts and scientists about environmental degradation, we thought that the life of future generations was in danger but now we realise that the crisis is already so severe that the life of our current generation is in turmoil. What is being called for are truly revolutionary efforts by all sectors of the population.

What is being called for are truly revolutionary efforts by all sectors of the population.

The Agricultural Revolution took 10,000 years, the Industrial Revolution took 250 years but the Environmental Revolution must be achieved within a few decades. In many cases we may already be too late.

Everybody contributes toward environmental degradation, in one way or another, and similarly everybody must be involved in trying to regain an ecological balance. Hence it is essential that environmental education reaches the masses, the common people. In order to reach the masses today's environmental education needs to go beyond the written word, for those who cannot read, and beyond newspaper, radio or TV, for those who do not have access to it. When I say reaching the masses, I mean reaching their hearts and minds. To achieve a deeper level of understanding environmental education needs to become focused and relate to the lives of common people. For example, educating a farmer in the consequences of deforestation, in methods of bio-farming, water-catchment, horticulture, and alternative

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energy is just as important as educating a housewife in various ways of saving electricity, water or recycling.

In one of our programmes with a Technical School one participant witnessed that, since he had learned where electricity came from and what nature had lost in producing it, he now understood that saving electricity meant much more than a cut in the bill. The broader context of ecological impact highlights the meaning of routine activity.

Environmental education today has to address a population operating from different levels of environmental consciousness. The large majority of rural or less educated people is still quite simply ignorant about this subject. These people need to be awakened at a basic level so that they understand that it is not the curse of god that is behind today's unpredictable natural calamities but rather the interference of humans with nature, and that humans have a duty to put right what damage has been done.

At this stage a realisation of the ecosystem's interdependence is very important. It is an illusion to think that any society is secure and can live in isolation. Recently the City of Bombay came under the shadow of the threat of having to migrate out, because all the water reservoirs which supply Bombay had dried out to their lowest capacity level. Since the monsoon arrived late this year there was no rain in the far-away rural areas where these reservoirs are located. The situation had become so desperate that the authority even experimented with artificial rainfall at Vaitarna dam near Nasik. This illustrates how life in Bombay depends on natural life in far-away rural areas. If the interdependence of nature is ignored now, what happened in Ethiopia and other parts of Africa will no doubt be repeated around the world soon. It is the decision of each individual to protect the environment, that can trigger and fertilize societal change. Today this decision is a choice, tomorrow it will be forced upon us. In many aspects of life the Japanese have been forced to change. For example, in Japan, to have money to buy something is not enough, you must also own a piece of land to park it on. This is simply because there is not enough land to go around for everybody. That is why, unlike other developed countries they seem to have developed an environment-consciousness approach to development. Once I was told a story of a Japanese woman which illustrates the consciousness and commitment that is being called for in every human being. An Indian management team, which had gone to Japan for Japanese management training, was living in a rented house. They had hired a woman to do the housework. On the very first day she reported to them frantically that the kitchen tap was leaking and they should get it fixed. For three days, despite her warning of quitting her job, the team ignored it just as they would normally do in India. On

the fourth day, when they failed to respond, the housemaid quit the job with the remark: "I do not wish to work for people who do not value the natural resources of my country".

The environmental consciousness and commitment of the individual can only flourish if it continues to get a nourishing environment from society and the higher structures of the system. The leaders and policy-makers of a country are key factors in establishing trends towards safeguarding the environment. To do that our national and world leaders need to adopt futuristic visions for the planet by moving beyond narrow images of national development and economy. Sweden has illustrated this by deciding against using nuclear power in the future. Following a referendum it set out to shut down the nation's 12 nuclear reactors by 2010, despite the fact that it leaves them with very limited sources of electricity. It does not matter whether, one can influence the entire world, nation or just one's own life unless this is used for the well-being of the whole ecosystem at this crucial moment in history. Everybody's role is equally important and everybody's negligence is equally destructive. If we do not act now it would be a great and unforgivable mistake by nature's most intelligent creature.

This is an excerpt from a concept paper prepared by the author as first step in developing an ICA:India socio-ecological project in Rajasthan, India.

Drinking-Fountain Politics

Imagine that a network morning show has assembled six political heavyweights for a call-in show. A teacher phones to report that during a recent class tour of the White House, a student wanted a drink of water, only to discover that the fountain was out of order. The teacher asks the panel what message a broken fountain at the White House sends to the young people of America. Listen to the answers.[The election will be well over by the time you receive this, but it may still be good for a giggle—or a grimace.]

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Ross Perot: The question here is simple: how do we fix it. I say, let's bring together the finest plumbing talent in America -- from outside the system. Let them look at the fountain. Turn it on. Turn it off. Measure the flow in it. That sort of thing. And you can be sure, the next time you take a White House tour, you're going to drink from a world-class fountain.

Jesse Jackson: Let us not talk about this broken water fountain. Let us talk about the thousands of broken water fountains across America. For they, too, are broken, like the broken dreams of America's forgotten children. And whether you are black, white, brown or yellow, you cannot use them. Why? Because the Republican Party is more interested in Perrier water and Pellegrino water than it is in public water.

Al Gore: I love my country. And I love water. And I love the children who drink from the water fountains in the country I love, and that my father loves. And I believe in my heart that the time has come, now more than ever, for all of us to be inspired by the young people of America whose dreams for the future depend on our ability as a nation to provide them with the water that is the essence of their survival.

Dan Quayle: I am very, very sympathetic to the disappointment young people in America feel when they go to a water fountain in the single most important building in America and cannot drink from it. Because I too, would be very, very disappointed if I were to go to get a drink from a water fountain and discover that, because of the Democrats, the water does not come up. Water is a terrible thing to waste, when there is thirst but no water, that is a terrible thing.

Bill Clinton: I grew up in a home where public water fountains were very important to me and to my family. And I

have put forward a plan similar to the plan I introduced to Arkansas. This plan is good for America. It takes the \$4.25 million savings we realize when we eliminate the 10 percent reduction on the capital gains that exceed \$30,000 in any given one-year period for Americans under the age of 31 who graduated before 1984, and it allocates 18.5 percent of that to water fountain construction.

George Bush: O.K. Sure. Fine. There's something wrong with a water fountain in the White House? Not denying it. Have to be a fool to deny it. But make no mistake about it. There is a lot that is right with it, too. And that's one thing I want to focus on, you see, not what's bad about the water fountains in America by what's good about them. And with the help of the American people and a Republican Congress I can work with, I can make the water flow again in the water fountains of America.
from the New York Times, 8/31/92, p.A15)

Stop Press

Earthquake in Egypt

Staff of ICA Cairo made it through the earthquake that hit Egypt earlier in October. It appears there was very little damage in Bayad. Staff and families are well It seems there was very little damage in Bayad. See note on Anne Yallop in "Life and Poetry".

Joan Knutson in Prague

The ICA Conference: We had over two hundred people from 37 countries in attendance at the ICA conference in Prague. Six of us were there from Tokyo: Wayne, Shizuyo, Shirley, Wendell, George Kawai who is chairman of the board of ICA Japan and me.

The conference was held at a Physical Education University in Prague and people could stay in the university dormitory or at the Hotel Krystal, 5 minutes walk away. Dianne Greenwald and I roomed together at the Krystal. The first three days held a Keynote address by Alan Atkisson, former editor of *In Context* magazine, workshops given on a wide variety of topics by people from all over the world. It was a real pleasure to talk with a psychologist from Russia who was in one of the workshops I attended, my first time to talk with anyone from Russia.

The mid-week pause of the conference had us all going on tours of the area; 14 different possibilities were offered. I went with a group two hours out of Prague to a monastery. The art and architecture were magnificent.

The group had lunch at a little local restaurant which was delightful and walked around the village. The last three days of the conference began with a second keynote speaker, Goren Hayden, professor of economics of University of Florida. A second round of workshops was ended by a Saturday night celebration and a Sunday Plenary session. The conference was over by Sunday noon.

What was exciting for me personally was that we have a person, David Dunn, going into Russia by invitation to explore how the ICA methods of participation could be helpful. David was asking us for materials to show our work so he is carrying the program materials

and manuals from Bunka (my school) with him. Also I've been asked by Karen Troxel who is writing a book on the Institute's educational methods to write a chapter of the book about Bunka and how we have used the methods in Tokyo. I'm so happy to be asked to write this up for many reasons. I want the opportunity to explain my whole vision to the people I work with who see only the parts. I need the experience of processing all this to enlarge my own thinking as I am caught in the day-to-day. Anyway, as usual, what is needed is provided and the work moves on.

The Czech People: Warm, friendly, hard-working, anxious to exchange information and talk about their country. The few we talked with were basically in favor of the splitting of the country. As in most places, the women had to work hard and didn't receive much money even when they had responsible positions.

The food in Prague: Cheap, delicious, more meat every day than many of us see in a week. The standard fare is roast pork, sauerkraut and dumpling with gravy;. The desserts were lovely. We would go out in groups at night and find places to eat and spend the whole evening over dinner and talking. The service is slow which took me a few days to calm down and enjoy. We tried such delicacies as wild boar baked in beer, reindeer goulash, roast duckling, etc. There are many outdoor restaurants which we enjoyed. We could get a glass of wine or beer, a salad, a main course and dessert for \$8-\$10 (US\$). The day we went to the countryside and ate at the local restaurant we had homemade soup, brown bread and sausages for \$1.00.

The city or Prague: This has got to be one of the most beautiful cities in the world and a great place for cultural gluttony! The art, architecture and music are everywhere at affordable prices. In Old Town Square there was Czech

dancing in traditional costumes, blacksmiths making metal bells and souvenir coins, Peruvian street singers and flute players. Almost every night at 5:30 there are classical concerts in beautiful public places like the big gothic churches or the National Library. You could hear Mozart, Dvorak or Smetana everywhere. People came out on the streets at night to play violins, classical guitars and it was exquisite music. We saw the Don Giovanni Marionettes one night. It was so delightful and humorous.

The Prague Castle and St. Vitus Cathedral were wonderful. Dianne and I happened on the changing of the guard at the castle and it was a colorful ritual complete with brass band. The stained glass windows in St. Vitus were the most beautiful I've ever seen. A group of us took a boat ride down the river on a Sunday afternoon. We were served coffee and dessert as we glided by these incredible buildings. I could go on and on but mercifully I won't. I want to go back.

Another little story to share: When we were out on a countryside tour, we toured a brewery and went to Karlstein Castle. I was looking around some little souvenir shops near the castle and a Japanese woman began to ask me some questions about the things we were looking at. I asked her where she was from and found out she was from Tokyo and the same ward as mine. As I asked further I found out she lived at the same train station and actually lived only a few blocks from me. Small world when you meet your neighbor in the countryside of Czechoslovakia!

STOP PRESS

Laura Spencer, in a recent visit to Toronto, reported that sales of *Winning Through Participation* are now at the 8000 mark. It has now gone through several reprintings and is much in demand.

Living Through Andrew

by Cynthia Vance

We first became seriously concerned about the approach of Hurricane Andrew on our return from a conference on Saturday evening. We gassed up the car, retrieved money from the cash station, and purchased canned goods. We were just barely outside the flood zone so we were not required to evacuate; so we did not. Anyway, the storm was headed for our relatives' location, and going in any direction at all seemed risky. We decided that the value of being there to handle problems outweighed the risk of physical harm.

Next day we spent sixteen hours preparing for the hurricane. We filled the bathtub with water as well as every container we could find. Bob, my husband, had despaired of trying to wait hours for plywood. Two neighbours helped. One whom we scarcely knew gave us four pieces of 4 ft. X 10 ft. plywood—part of a huge sign which had previously served to advertise the Miami Boat Show. Our very kind next-door neighbour, Todd, came over with a hammer and the right nails and put them in place for us. We then put tape or cardboard on the inside of all the windows, taped shutters closed, lined the sills with towels, and waited.

We had about five hours before the eye came at 5 a.m. We watched the storm approaching on TV until 3.40 a.m. when we lost all power. Then we listened to battery radios for the next four hours. One of the local heroes of this event was Brian Norcross, the weatherman on the NBC station here. He had studied all aspects of hurricanes and consistently gave the best information. The network kept this simulcast going all night. Brian

counselled many in the area when to lock themselves in their closets and bathrooms and urged them to press hard against doors that were ready to break. He saved many, many lives, and, in a real sense, got us through the night, too. Bob knew within 30 minutes when the worst winds were coming, from which direction, and where we were located in relation to the eye. When we heard the wind shift from north-east to south-east—and there had been no calm—thanks to our weather man we knew we were in the northern wall of the eye. The estimated speed of winds over our house was 140 miles an hour (225 km/hour) with short 'cell gusts' of 150 and over.

When we heard the wind shift from north-east to south-east—and there had been no calm—thanks to our weather man we knew we were in the northern wall of the eye.

At round 4 a.m. we moved into the utility room where we had moved the computer and printer. We put mattresses on the floor and closed the inside doors. We had nailed a rug over the window of the carport adjacent to the utility room. Then we sat or lay on the floor in the dark with another mattress on top of us while listening to the radio. When the wind shifted Bob surveyed the inside of the house—we had heard things bouncing across our roof. He discovered that the plywood board had blown off the glass sliding doors on the back porch and all the doors were vibrating like crazy. And water was pouring under the front door—we had forgotten to jam towels under it. After an hour we looked out and saw that three of our trees were just sticks, and the plywood, previously nailed to the office window, was floating in the

pool. The scene at early light was one of the most frightening of the night. The backyard was a desert. Outside the front door window a large oak was hanging from the roof. Somehow I fell asleep and Bob tried. Then Bob started hearing leaks and jumped up to put pots under them. A falling tree had ripped off twelve feet of siding.

When I awoke, Andrew had moved on. We were both physically undamaged. Next evening we drove to my relatives in Boca Raton, since our home has no electricity, air conditioning, water, or phone, and the weather is hot and humid. It was like driving through a war zone. On several occasions we had to drive up onto someone's lawn to avoid downed trees. Every house we passed for miles had extensive roof damage. We went back to our house for three days and removed a ton of leaves from the pool and covered a large part of the roof with plastic. With the help of friend Mike, a chainsaw, and a "come along" rope and pulley, we trimmed and pulled back up straight our best mango and our grapefruit, after cutting them back to 10 ft. stumps. The work in the heat was overwhelming—we drank gallons of water each hour. Those people stranded south of us with no roof suffered much more terribly. Homestead, the area hardest hit, is 10 miles south of us. It is where we have worked with more than 200 people and had several strategic planning consults set up—most of which we will have to cancel.

all the doors were vibrating like crazy. And water was pouring under the front door...

The previous week we had done a strategic plan for Centro Campesino which builds homes for migrants in the area. That plan is already obsolete. 90 per cent of all

Homestead was destroyed.

Andrew took its toll of us. We both suffered from some degree of post-traumatic stress. We were both exhausted at the end of every day even if we did not work hard. We both had trouble sleeping. We had many friends and colleagues we could not locate; and were urged not to make phone calls so as to save the lines for emergency efforts. At first we had great trouble concentrating and would forget what we had just remembered we needed to do. Bob's habit of making lists was helpful when he could remember something long enough to find the list. Since all the little systems we used were out of whack, we often appeared confused, and probably were.

Daily, we would go to any length to locate the *Miami Herald* and read it for an hour or so. When we were at relatives, we would watch TV coverage for four to six hours in the evening. This obsessive ritual of watching TV is not unlike the days on end we all watched the tube during the assassination and funeral of John Kennedy. Even now, every time Bob thinks of listening to Brian Norcross all night, he is deeply moved. There is even guilt that we did not suffer more damage. But, in spite of all, life goes well with us.

Written August 31

The Great Hong Kong Walk

John Patterson

Across Hong Kong's fabled harbour and just beyond Kowloon lies an unbroken string of splendidly scenic trails known as the MacLehose Trail. It extends up mountain and down valley for a hundred kilometres from East to West.

Some friends and I for many

months have been preparing for the annual non-stop walking marathon which winds across that trail. The marathon, organized by Oxfam and the Queen's Gurkhas, supports with its sponsorship proceeds the relief work of OXFAM in Asia and the charitable work of Gurkhas in Nepalese schools and orphanages.

The challenge of walking a hundred kilometres for thirty hours in mountainous terrain seems quite sufficient for our team (average age 47.25 years).

We begin the walk on Friday October 30 at 3 p.m.. We hope to finish before midnight on Halloween, October 31. My fellow walkers are Larry Greenwald, Stuart Hampton and Philip Chatting.

The speed record is held by a Gurkha who *ran* the hundred kms in 13 hours and 20 minutes last year. Our team is hoping to *walk* it in 30 hours or a little more.

The challenge of walking a hundred kms for 30 hours in mountainous terrain seems quite sufficient for our team (average age 47.25 years). The time limit for the event is actually 48 hours.

What started off many months ago as a dare amongst four aging creatures (at least two of them significantly out of shape) has become a consuming passion in these last months. We have been across each section of the trail at least three times—in ever increasing bits, but never all at once.

Written 13 October

Symposium at Prague Creates Openings in Eastern Europe

Bill Grow

This was a prearranged symposium and one of the self-directed workshops held in the second part of the Prague conference. Forty people participated in this methods event, including 18 Czechs, 2 Hungarians, and one Russian. The balance came from West Europe, Australia and North America. The local participants represented business, government, NGO and educational sectors.

The facilitators included Vaughn O'Halloran, Sherwood Shankland, Marguerite Theophil-Adnani, Jack Gilles, Mary D'Souza, Kit Krauss, Linda Alton and Bill Grow. Bill Staples (documentation), David Dunn (logistics and recruitment), Abe Ulangca (materials), and Judy Gilles (recruitment) formed the support group.

The program was developed as we went along, in response to what we heard from stakeholders and participants. It could best be summed up in Gyorgy Maurer's comment at the end, "This was the first program I ever attended in which the name changed three times in one day!"

There were three underlying elements in each of the concerns of the brainstorm: (1) a recognition that things are not working, (2) a desire to change, and (3) the question, how can we do it? The emphases in the concerns were a need for partnerships and a desire to change values and attitudes and get a serious moral vision. There was also an

expressed longing for engagement that would touch the spirit level. Based on the results of the focus session, we decided to keep the symposium simple, a demonstration and practice of the basic conversation and workshop methods. The symposium began late Friday morning with an introductory conversation, followed by a demonstration workshop based on the focus question: "What practical actions can we take to improve our environment?" Friday afternoon, we completed the demo, did a methods review and planned three practice workshops for the next day. On Saturday morning, the participants divided into five study groups. Then we regrouped into three workshops for the participants to practice facilitating.

Workshop 1 centred round a small business issue, "How to guarantee a year's supply of livestock for a Czech meat distribution company."

Workshop 1 centred round a small business issue, "How to guarantee a year's supply of livestock for a Czech meat distribution company." Two of the company's partners were in the workshop. Workshop 2 was around an issue of office attitudes, "How to improve communications between different levels in the organization." Workshop 3 created a problemat to serve as basis for a proposal to promote awareness of unsafe products, "What are the problems caused by and related to unsafe products?"

The workshops continued in the afternoon, with outstanding leadership by people facilitating for the first time in their second or third language. Each workshop gave a report in the plenary, followed by a reflective evaluation in which the participants discussed their

facilitation performance ("Even though I learned something new I didn't feel like a student."), appreciated the process of structuring the mind, and expressed gratitude for the ICA team. In the discussion over next steps, the group started planning their next training session and invited the ICA to return to Prague. A closing spirit exercise on "sustaining art forms" revealed how important landscapes and architecture are in the self consciousness of the local participants (after spending two weeks in this beautiful country, this response was not surprising).

As Director of the CSFR federal aviation authority, he asked for a proposal to do a LENS for the nation's airport managers.

The symposium yielded many opportunities to follow up. The local participants requested the ICA to return to Prague to do more methods training. They set the date for the weekend of Oct. 31-Nov. 1, and Katja Kozel volunteered to find a location. Linda Alton committed herself to return to lead the program. At least six local people signed up for the training session at the end of the symposium.

A Czech participant, Jana Dudackova, returned home and sold her husband on ICA methods. As Director of the CSFR federal aviation authority, he asked for a proposal to do a LENS for the nation's airport managers.

Zuzana Ambrosava is arranging to send 35 of her students to visit Brussels in the spring of 1993.

In addition, we had several offers of office space to enable the set up of an ICA center both in Prague and in Budapest. Collegiality with our

Russian participant, Alexey Morozov, was deepened and will lead to concrete project collaboration in Moscow with Vaughn O'Halloran. Linda Alton reports that Zuzana Ambrosava is arranging to send 35 of her students to visit Brussels in the spring of 1993. Her aim is to create a demonstration high school in Prague with the support of ICA methods. Lin Wisman (Brussels) accepted an invitation from Hannerl Golda (Vienna) to visit Budapest at the behest of the two Hungarian participants, Gyorgy Maurer and Erzsebet Kovacs.

And, finally, the partners in the Czech meat packing company, Libor Halman, Lubomir Lampir and Jana Bohackova, will repeat their symposium workshop with their employees and asked ICA to help in facilitating.

The Global ICAI Assembly recommended a team of four people to coordinate the work in Eastern Europe.

A few reflections: I believe we discovered that there is already a "Spirit Movement" present in Czechoslovakia, represented by the symposium participants. These are definitely a "spirit" people who know what they need to do and would like our collaboration. I believe the Organizational Transformation Network proved we have the ability to mobilize around a specific global opportunity and make a responsible contribution. The capacity to create, recruit, facilitate and guarantee follow-up of this event, on very short notice, was gratifying. What is our next challenge?

The Global ICAI Assembly recommended a team of four people to coordinate the work in Eastern Europe.

FROM THE LETTERS

The Node

From the Grows

Nan Grow

In August, four members of the Grow family went to the United Kingdom to visit family and sites important to our sense of who we are. We visited Austerfield where William Bradford was born, and Scrooby where the Pilgrims, including Bradford, laid plans for their flight to Holland and ultimately to New England.

We drove all round the Isle of Dogs...

We visited the ancestral lands of the Camerons, the village of Strontian and the small city of Crewe where Nancy's parents grew up. It was a re-remembering time, a time of becoming again who we intrinsically are.

But another visit set a wider and more emotional context:: a visit to the Bridge House on the Isle of Dogs. Bill and Nan participated in the Isle of Dogs consult and Ian lived in the house for some six months.

But we couldn't find the house, at first. We drove all round the Isle of Dogs, stopping at the school, the playing fields and the mud chute which still has the vegetable gardens started by the project, but we couldn't find the house. It was only after we decided that no one would dare pull down the great old mansion that we drove into every

conceivable driveway. Finally, behind a new wall, we found not only the renovated house and gardens but a whole condominium of new houses and apartments. It was beautiful! The house is now the home of the National Federation of Boys Clubs. Although it wasn't open (it was a Sunday), we could peek into the garden and take pictures, anyway.

Suddenly there was nostalgia. There were clear and sometimes painful memories of what went on there, but more than that, there was gratitude that the house is still in service to the needs of the people of London. There was a feeling of oneness with the work of the new residents and a gratitude for all who had or would participate in the reclaiming of the Isle of Dogs. It all seemed to have been extremely worthwhile.

From John and Juana Foss

We are alive, well and farming here in Barangay Delusom, Mahayag, Zamboanga Del Sur, 7026 PHILIPPINES.

John left Taipei in 1990 fired up to do reforestation, and met with much frustration in the political morass that surrounds the large projects.

So we bought a hectare of hilly farmland and are doing our own research and demonstration.

So we bought a hectare of hilly farmland and are doing our own research and demonstration

It is exciting and exhausting. Some neighbours are skeptical, but

they are watching every move. Beginning Dec. 1991 Juana was paid for three months facilitation/training with the local World Vision office in Molave. We eagerly await reports from Prague!

From Joan Knutson, With Gratitude

It's been an eventful summer and I want to share with you. June found me staying in my good friends' beautiful downtown Tokyo apartment for a month while they were gone. It is such an elegant place. I do a lot of entertaining while I am there. No problem to have parties of twenty. They have maid-service twice a week. I could get used to that - unfortunately. Dianne Greenwald came from Hong Kong and stayed with me while she attended classes for her master's in the same program I completed: Operation Impact.

What a wonderful time - we laughed and laughed and laughed and laughed and cried and cried and laughed and laughed! We did facials, medicine cards, told stories, remembered, shared pains of our imperfect lives and listened.

The day school was out for summer vacation, I headed for the states. My first stop was Seattle and a wonderfilled weekend on Lopez Island in the San Juans with a great group of women: Leah Early, Maxine Butcher, Claudia Cramer, Dorthea Jewell, Sharon Robertson, Martha Dempster, Nancy Lamphear,

FROM THE LETTERS

Lidona Wagner. What a wonderful time - we laughed and laughed and laughed and laughed and cried and cried and laughed and laughed! We did facials, medicine cards, told stories, remembered, shared pains of our imperfect lives and listened. We collected stones on a beautiful beach; it really was a meditative exercise. We talked about getting old. The care of these wonderful women is a cherished gift to my life. After the weekend we spent several days in Seattle. Maxine Norton had a lovely evening at her home so we could see more people. I got to finally meet some of the grandchildren I had only heard about from the Cramers, Morrills, and Lachmans. It was such fun to see these kids, and I want to testify they really are as beautiful as the grandparents say.

The rest of the summer was spent in Michigan at my mom's or visiting Frank. Kristen came for a week to visit. Mom had had another operation in June so she was still recuperating over the summer. We had lots of company because there was a family reunion in Manistique, Mich. so the relatives all stopped by on their way to the reunion. My cousin Sallie from South Carolina also came for a visit. So it was a time of getting in touch with lots of people. Frank, Kris and I took a two day trip to Mackinaw Island. That was fun. Kris had never been there.

I always feel like I have bedsprings tied to my feet and that I could go bouncing around the stage when I hear Tchaikovsky.

Flew back to Tokyo on the 15th of August and was at work on the 17th. On August 27th I flew from Tokyo to Amsterdam, Holland. In the plane they showed the plane on the video screen flying over a map and we flew the whole width of Russia, north of Moscow, over St. Petersburg, Stockholm, Copenhagen and to Amsterdam. It was a 12 hour plus flight. I stayed overnight in Amsterdam and the next day back to the airport and on to Prague. As I was walking through Schipol Airport I heard someone call me and I turned around and there was John Burbidge from Seattle. We flew together to Prague. I'll try to tell you about the 12 wonderful days I spent in Prague, Czechoslovakia. All attempts will seem inadequate to the experience.

[See The Prague Report for Joan's account. Her continuing journey following that event follows:]

I flew back to Amsterdam and, again, as I was leaving for Tokyo out of Schipol I heard someone calling my name and here was a former student of mine from Bunka who now works for Northwest Airlines who was on her way back to Tokyo so she arranged for us to fly together.

Well, it was back to the real world. This fall I am piloting a new course I've just finished writing called "Social Issues". It allows our students to survey broad areas of concern, i.e. women, environment, education, etc. and helping guide the students to choose a focus within the area that they are interested in. We then teach them simple research skills and have them go out and do the research in small groups and come back and write a "context statement". This sets them

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up to do the five week overseas program we take them on in January-March in San Diego. This is all pretty exciting for me and HOPEFULLY the students will feel the same. This school is amazingly open to all this innovation and I'm really grateful to be here.

For Wendell's birthday I took him and Shirley to the Russian State Ballet to see ANYUTA. We had never heard of it but it was delightful. The music was Tchaikovsky. I always feel like I have bedsprings tied to my feet and that I could go bouncing around the stage when I hear Tchaikovsky.

From Elaine and Ray Richmond

Here's a glimpse of Elaine & Ray Richmond taken from The Wayside Newsletter. Their address is: 29 Hughes St. , (P.O. Box 66), Potts Points NSW 2011, Australia.

"It is nearly a year since Elaine and I arrived and began work here at the Wayside Chapel. It has been a wonderful and challenging 11 months. The team of staff and volunteers are a joy to work with and their caring and enthusiasm keep us reaching out."

The newsletter gives an interesting account of the many services offered by the chapel: **Coffee Shop** - open 9 am to 11 pm, **Little Shoppe** - sells pre-loved clothes, etc. at affordable prices, **Weekly Celebrations** - Sunday Services, blend of traditional/modern, **Rites of Passage** - Weddings, Funerals, Confirmations & Special Vocational Decisions, Naming Celebrations,

FROM THE LETTERS

"By the Wayside" - chapel open daily for meditation or prayer, **Little Theatre** - performances, films, venue for community & support groups - a supportive and non-threatening place, **Shepherd of the Streets** - focus on youth at risk in Kings Cross, **Outreach Team** - caring for lonely, isolated and sick, **Crisis Centre** - operates around the clock, **Wayside Forums** - expressing views on current subjects, shaping consciousness in our time, **Hands-on Health Services Centre** - ministering to the chronically ill, a total approach to health care, volunteer health care professionals, plus many special events.

"We believe in the creative potential of every human being and in each person's capacity to love and care for their neighbour, near and far".

From the Works

Yet another turn, another transition, another challenge.

The Works have moved one more time. After a year on Shadow Lane in our first single family house, we have emerged from the shadows of oak trees and rock gardens and from the rising shadows of our own psyches and have risen above the tree tops into the sunlight on the corner of Larchmont Avenue and Boston Post Road. We now live in a penthouse at the heart of the village of Larchmont which is on the Long Island Sound in Westchester County. We have a wonderful panoramic view of the community including a bit of the blue waters and white sail boats of the Sound.

After one and one half years as a consultant with the United Nations

Development Programme (UNDP), travelling to Nairobi, Brussels, Rio, Curitiba, Vancouver, Toronto and Paris, and attending the 30th reunion of his high school graduating class, Rob has become a staff member as senior Programme Officer for Urban Management and Human Settlements and Programme Coordinator for the Local Initiative Facility for Urban Environment (LIFE). He has finally transcended his own nationality with a UN passport and has taken the Oath of Office as an international civil servant. The LIFE programme, which he is coordinating, provides support in 24 countries (in Asia, Africa, Latin America and the Middle East) to small-scale projects by municipal authorities, nongovernmental organizations (NGOs) and community-based organizations (CBOs) to improve the urban environment. He continues to help operationalize within UNDP a human development approach to world development.

After assisting Benjamin in his transition back to college, being a Board Member of I-Care (a local voluntary organization that provides housing for homeless families), Mary has now applied for graduate studies in family counselling at Iona College in New Rochelle, a neighbouring community. She chose the programme because it combines both a clinical (scientific) approach and a pastoral (spiritual) approach. She sees her new professional focus emerging out of this because of her belief in the important role of the family in human development. After being at home and out of school for a year and a half, expanding his baseball card collection, and getting his first pair of eye glasses,

Benjamin is once again a full time residential student and is studying accounting and business

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administration at the State University of New York (SUNY) at Canton, a community in the beautiful Adirondack Mountains in Northwest New York state near the Canadian border. He seems ready to build his profession.

And after his first year in a suburban American High School, tutoring Hispanic children after school, his first summer job, learning to play and to love playing the base electric guitar, and letting his hair grow long, Christopher now has his first car and is ready to tackle his Junior year as he builds his future.

We are finding that living life as a family is not easy, but we are trying to keep with the programme. We are learning to give each other the space to become who we are becoming.

We enjoy hearing from you and yours. When you are in New York, please give us a call or drop by for a visit. We have a couple of guest rooms and some good ears.

14 September 1992

From the Zahrts

The garden continues to be a jungle. It grows well with so much moisture. But since there has been little or no opportunity to cultivate since mid-July, the weeds have thrived. I think the tomatoes will be protected from the 1st three frosts by all the weeds and grass! Tomatoes are plentiful, carrots are growing to China, potatoes are 8-10 per hill and we're just eating the last of the sweet corn. We have kale, chard and lots of New Zealand spinach. There are bell peppers and many hot peppers. The onions did poorly but we had good garlic. Our herb garden includes cilantro, basil and oregano.

FROM THE LETTERS

The Node

Mother and Dad finally had their elm tree cut. We provided the clean-up labor. I put the first three loads of wood in our basement. That was a mistake. It was too wet. Now we have a mildewy-wood smell coming up from the basement. I think this is the smell Chris identifies as the smell of Grandma and Grandpa's house. I should have let the wood dry outside.

I drove for King on the average of once a week during the summer months. That gave us enough to purchase a new computer. Our new Mac has arrived: 4 meg of Ram and 80 mug HD. School is back in session. We have 16 students registered. It's working well.

From the last weekend in May to the 1st weekend in September we had 13 double room occupancies. Karen sent me the book *How to Start and Run a Bed and Breakfast* for a birthday present. Now we know what we should have done! It is full of practical details. We can honour American Express, Discover, Master and Visa Cards, and have published a 3rd edition of the brochure. We also had friends and family. The redecoration is continuing. Last February or March we re-wallpapered the east wall of the living room. We changed

it from a glossy heavy brown to a flat white. It makes a pleasant difference.

We celebrated the Autumnal Equinox by having a sorghum and cider party.

In the dining room we re-finished the room floor and hung new wallpaper. The little bedroom upstairs is not yet cleaned out. We almost had it cleaned out when we started re-decorating. Now it's used for furnishings in transition as we are doing our redecorating. We expect to have it ready for occupancy by Christmas.

We celebrated the Autumnal Equinox by having a sorghum and cider party. We stripped 1/10 of an acre of sorghum. We (14 adults) stripped it, cut it, crushed it, and boiled down 80 gallons of juice. Three of us started stripping and cutting on Friday afternoon. The last of that job was finished on Saturday morning. Then it was crushed for the juice. We finished that at 1.30 pm. Then the boiling down started. That needs only a couple of people who feed the fire and constantly stir and skim the green scum off the top of the pan. There was a lot of socializing during that phase. The sorghum molasses came

off the fire at 8.30 pm. We harvested 10 gallons of sorghum molasses.

I collected 15 bushels of apples that would have gone to waste from trees around the neighborhood. There were 5 youth (ages 7 - 13) who wanted to do the cider. We started at 9.30 am. By 11 o'clock the youth were running the cider press. Shortly after lunch they finished it. We made 24 gallons of cider. I took some supers of comb honey. When the sorghum was all harvested and had only to boil, and the apples were all pressed, I got out the supers and we packaged 4 supers of comb honey before supper.

September 22, 1992

Anne Yallop

Anne is recovering from surgery at her sister's home in Brisbane. She was not in Cairo during the earthquake.

Her address is:
106 Edinburgh Drive,
Bethania 4205
Queensland
Australia

POETRY AND POT POURRI

Prayers for Rebecca Nichols

Your prayers, positive energy, concern and care are requested for Rebecca Nichols who has had surgery followed by six months of chemotherapy for breast cancer. The surgery date was September 21, 1992.

Rebecca's Current address is
113 Sherman Place
Jersey City, NJ 0737
USA

Rebecca had been greatly encouraged by the many expressions of care and concern at the time of surgery.
Sandra True

Bashar Qureshi

May we join with Miriam & Stan Gibson in celebration of the completed life of Miriam's father, Bashar Qureshi. Mr. Qureshi died 24 September, 1992 in Toronto, Canada.

A Patchwork of Friends

This is the story of a Patchwork Quilt made from many contributions for Liza Tod's 80th birthday.

Quilting is an old craft, and Liza's quilt is the culmination of many friends' ideas, work and memories. Using various needle and thread techniques, patches were made with counted thread needlepoint, cross-stitch, weaving, felting, crochet, embroidery, collage, applique and quilting.

The highlight was when Amanda Telford came down from Sydney bringing with her a big parcel which, when opened, revealed to us for the first time, The Quilt!

Within the central panel of Liza's quilt, surrounding the dove of peace made by Betty McGee and Janet Hughes, symbols familiar to many of us were subtly quilted. They include the Iron Cross, the Third Wave, the

topography of the Other World and Uluru (Ayers Rock).

When embarking on the co-ordination of my first quilt project for my mother's 80th birthday earlier this year, I had no idea how much enthusiasm and interest would be generated by the many artists, designers and embroiderers who worked on the squares.

Both my mother's and Liza's quilts have become pieces of history in picture patches and windows on individual lives. Surprisingly, even people not associated with the recipients of the quilts have become excited about the progress and intrigued by the stories that each patch told. Quilting expertise, in the pure sense, was absent, but the joy of communication with family, friends and long time colleagues across the world was the best part. As faxes flowed magically from the machine, and the mail box filled with letters and squares, we all became linked together. With the two quilts, we celebrated two great women's lives of service on the occasion of their 80th birthdays.

Elaine Telford.

Letter of Thanks from Liza Tod

Without a shadow of doubt, my 80th birthday was the most wonderful of all. So many cards poured in from so many places scattered around the world, all from friends and colleagues I had come to know during my 17 years with the ICA. They warmed my heart and often brought tears to my eyes. The little messages were so loving and caring.

The highlight was when Amanda Telford came down from Sydney bringing with her a big parcel which, when opened, revealed to us for the first time, **The Quilt!**

Jill (my daughter) and I were stunned. Neither of us could say a word - we just gasped out an 'Oh!'. It was too much. So many people had put so much time, thought and work into it. It is so full of love and caring that I can feel it flooding over me when I am tucked under its warmth and beauty. I lie and look at it and memories come flooding back of the many triumphs and disasters that I thought I had forgotten. Each patch is like a book that tells me different stories each time I look at them.

Thank you all for giving me this joy. It is the best present I ever had or could have. hoped for. Bless you.

Liza Tod

POETRY AND POT POURRI

**I can dance in my dreams on moonlit hills,
Old folks gaze from the dark window sills.
Mothers rock their babes in blue.
A loon calls o'er the lake in notes so true.**

**I can wake from my dreams with a joy
That holds all day in strong measure.
Rich and clean, life is seen
Deep, serence, with fullest pleasure.**

**I can sing in my dreams all the night
While doves spread graceful wings in their flight.
Flowers drip with crystal dew,
Water falls in rainbow hue.
Church bells chime as up I climb in warm sunlight.**

**I can laugh in my dreams though it's dark.
Children play Run Sheep Run in the park.
Kittens stretch on pillows soft,
Barn owls twitter in the loft.
Young folks call o'er the wall, and small dogs bark.**

**I am happy to know I was made to be me
With the power of choice to be free.
My choice is to live in the positive flow,
To live in the world's enchanting glow.
Come, sing melodies with me.**

Myrtle. G. Leatherman

Edit. Note: Thank you Myrtle for sending us some of your personal poetry and collections from other authors. We will use additional selections in the next Node.