

THE NODE

The Node

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EDITORIAL

Dear colleagues,

We are pleased to announce that we have new editors and publishers for this issue of the **Node**. They are Sheighlah Hickey, Heidi Holmes, and Sandy Rafos. They are discovering what it is like to publish the Node with some help from Brian, Bev and Jeanette.

Beverly Parker has had a rough quarter health wise and has discovered that she has lung cancer. Her family and colleagues have journeyed with her these last few months and ask for your energy in her healing.

This Node is the final issue to be published by ICA Canada. We have enjoyed publishing it and are grateful for your support over the last eight years.

From now on please send subscriptions, articles, poetry, letters for the Node to:

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LONAVALA

From the Global ICA Conference in India

• Lyn Mathews Edwards

On the morning of the fourth day Lyn Mathews Edwards spoke on behalf of the Archives Team working in Chicago. Lyn confessed as she stood before the group that she had not slept the night before. Then she proceeded to make a presentation to the assembly that was out of this world--rehearsing the phases of our history from Southern Methodist University to the present. Stories were told that even old dogs had never heard, and the conference alternated between roars of laughter, tears and deep silence in the presence of the awe. Following are a couple of excerpts:

I was recently in Toronto to teach RS-1. This was to celebrate Stan Gibson's 50th birthday and the 25th anniversary of the Toronto region. At the party Pat Scott said to me: "This feels like home. Where home is, is with this group of people". I experience "being home" here in Lonovala today. I am just delighted to be here.

Now to the Archives. What are archives?

Documenting the past. And indeed that is what we are doing. We are taking 30 years of thousands of hours of creative energy and trying to harvest that wisdom so that it can become a part of the future. It is not just to take hold of the past, it is on behalf of the future... What I hear is that we live in exciting times. I can't imagine a greater time to live. It is so pain filled. It is so joy filled. The interrelatedness. The kind of evolving consciousness. I believe consciousness has reached a critical mass. Everyone knows we live in a global world. It is so painful. One of the ways to deny that is to retreat and make your world smaller. That is not a possible move for us. Only our relationship to what is happening in the world is to give it a **Big Yes**. I like to say that only those people that can say the Big Yes can say the radical NO to the injustice that is going on. When I think of the Institute, I think back, we were so corporate, we all knew our role. It is just a different kind of universe now. I think it is a great time. A time when we are demanded to be detached from the past and allow whatever the universe is bringing out to take form.

• Other Symbolic Events

One morning session opened with a profoundly moving talk by Bishop Jim Mathews on the occasion of Joe Mathews birthday. Eunice announced that, at 82, this would likely be their last trip to India. They had renewed a long friendship with the Gandhi family, meeting just before arriving at the conference the great great grandson of the Mahatma. Jim's talk, delivered while wearing on of JWM's old blue shirts, sought to redefine the nature of sacrifice as exemplified by Mohandas and Joseph and to depict the implications of this for being part of the future of this organization.

His talk was followed by a joint presentation of Ramapati Singhania of JK Synthetics and Cyprian D'Souza, ICA India, on the journey, keystones and learnings of a company undergoing a transformative process.

The ICAI Board reported and shared the vision chart it had produced, networks finished their work, and small discussion groups prepared their recommendation for future directions, to be considered at today's plenary session. Then came the Great evening celebrative extravaganza, with Lyn Edwards leading the send-out of the ICA Zagreb delegates, an Indian stick dance in which everyone participated, songs, exercises and dances from the many cultures represented and a late banquet under the stars.

The ceremony of ending featured the great Indian lamp at the center of the conference hall, with representatives of each of the nine spheres lighting a candle from it and

passing it back to attendees who formed like the spokes of wheel behind them. Each nation received a floppy disk with the documentation that had been done for the conference, to be shared with others across the world.

BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS by Bishop Jim Mathews

Bishop Jim greeted the gathering in Marati...Marati is a beautiful language! In one language "Good morning" is the same as saying, "Do you remember that tomorrow we spoke of yesterday? Today we have arrived in that tomorrow." That is not so much an accomplishment as a gift. In Africa they would ask, "Did you sleep well?" They answer, "I did if you did." Do you see the wisdom? Our welfare depends on the welfare of our brothers and sisters. One cannot think of him/herself outside of community. That is ICA language, in one sense I have mastered it.

This is a particular day because it is the 83rd birthday of my brother Joe who was the founder of ICA. Someone was asking what Joe would look like. Take about 3 inches off me and you would have Joe. When he died in 1977, I asked Lyn for something of Joe's. She asked what I wanted, I said I wanted his shirt and she gave it to me. It was this shirt. I am not clothed in my own garment but his. I hope some of that rubs off on me.

Joe was born in a little town in Pennsylvania. You could pass through it and never know it was a town. We had a large family and we were an undivided family. We grew up in Ohio, what we call the Midwest. If you are brought up in the Midwest, you are a country person and unrefined. But that is no longer so. Now there is no extreme sectional accent and or behaviour. It is not bad to have grown up in the Midwest.

For three years I was an itinerant teacher with Joe. We learned at the feet of a master teacher how to chart things. When you chart you read from left to right, unless we are from some other culture then it ought to go the other way.

I was asked, also, to say a word about Gandhi, the father of India. The anniversary of his birthday was on the 2nd of October. Gandhi was born 125 years ago in the same year that my father was born. Gandhi was born in Forbunda, a town on the Arabian sea. Forbunda is the name of the white stone found in that region. This white stone has a unique quality. When a house is built of white stone, as it ages the stone becomes more solid and the house becomes stronger.

There was a temple on either side of the house Gandhi lived in. His life, like that stone, became more solid as he grew older.

On Wednesday evening of this week, I met a young man, 3 1/2 years old. I met his father also. A week ago, I met that man's father, Aru. Exactly 40 years ago in South Africa, I met Aru's father. I stayed at his home; his wife spoke Marati. Exactly 55 years ago, I met the father of Aru's father. I have named 5 males in a family line. They all share the last name of Gandhi. So I stand before you as one who has known 5 generations of Gandhis.

Years ago, near Nagpur, south of Savagram, I visited an ashram. Its site was deliberately chosen because there was no road. You had to walk. On a cool December morning we arrived and were met by a little man 5 feet 5. He invited us to go on his morning walk, so for an hour I had the privilege of walking with the father of this country. We walked and talked together. Non violence was just starting to be the great Indian movement. One of the leaders, who was called India's walking saint had just been arrested. I said, "Don't you feel sad." He said, "No, if you offend against the law, you simply pay the penalty"

Some of you were late 15 minutes. If you had an appointment with Gandhi, he would have looked at his dollar Ingersol watch, and said, "You have just delayed independence by 45 minutes."

In every religion of the world they have a concept of sacrifice. All kinds of things are sacrificed. But you know about 800 BC there came a critical movement that started in Iran. Zoroastra protested against blood sacrifice. The same thing happened in China and of course here in India with Gotama. In ancient Israel the same thing was happening. They learned that God demanded mercy, not sacrifice. It was internalized; it was ethicized; it was externalized again. But now it means to help, "help = sacrifice". That concept took place all over the world from the 8th century to the 6th century BC.

When we think of Gandhi, we think of the spinning wheel, the symbol of sacrifice, or the "Walk of Salt". The whole world heard of that trip. When he evaporated salt from sea water, he set a people free. The government had a monopoly on salt and there was a tax. We can't live without salt. This walk meant that everytime they tasted salt, they opposed British rule. So he called his salt walk Sacrifice. So salt is a great symbol. We have no one in the world today who comes close to that kind of political genius. You can't get along without salt, so he spoke for everybody.

He figured it would take 9 million weavers to make enough cloth and each weaver required 10 spinners. He said this was a symbol of independence for India. All those people employed. Daring! The boldness of saying your method is infallible. What did he mean? He didn't mean he was infallible, but that rather his method was infallible because it rested on a tripod of a great India. Truth must ever prevail. The British were clearly guilty of untruth. Truth had to win. Austerity commends the God. Sacrifice. What am I driving at here? If the ICA programme is not seen as Sacrifice it will fail miserably. That raises a question? Whose sacrifice? Who pays the price? You do and those you train.

I've been talking about Gandhi but I have been talking about Joe because he too knew the meaning of sacrifice. He came along at the time and place that people like you are needed. Gandhi's programme was not merely to overthrow the British but renewal within India. So that when freedom came people would be able to receive and operate it. That is the genius of the ICA movement that my brother gave and it finally involved his very life. You will see his message. It is not static because you have developed.

One of Joe's teachers said, " Joe was the greatest teacher that he ever turned out." Others spoke of global. Joe spoke about the global and walked his talk. When you go to the villages and link hands with everybody everywhere, now maybe you see the connection. Joe and Gandhi knew what sacrifice means. If you don't learn that, throw in your badges. It isn't going to happen.

I want to say how pleased I have been here to stand in for Joe. I even brought the proper costume along. I hope I have been able to get into character. Like Sunitella here, the actors get into character, learn the lines, and put on the costumes and then - on with the show.

KIM EPLEY RECEIVES DENVER YWCA WOMAN OF ACHIEVEMENT AWARD

For her work with the Council of Energy Resource Tribes {CERT) - Kim Alire Epley, CERT Facilitation Services Director, was awarded Denver Metropolitan YWCA's Woman of Achievement Award for work in the Non-Profit sector. Kim facilitates meetings for Indian Tribes and organizations using Technology of Participation (ToP) methods, a participatory facilitation system she helped develop over the past sixteen years with the Institute of Cultural Affairs. She successfully met all four YWCA criteria: strong leadership, significant community contributions, personal and

professional development of others, and commitment to diversity.

In 1988, Epley created the ICA/CERT partnership, enabling dozens of Indian Tribes and organizations to master ToP methods to plan business and community development. "In our development plans, Kim's methods show us not only when we can accomplish significant goals, but why and how as well," said Caleb Shields, Chairman of Assiniboine and Sioux Tribes of Fort Peck Indian Reservation in Montana. "And most importantly, her facilitation teaches us to participate, which allows for better planning on behalf of the Tribes." She is currently working with Fort Peck with on-going strategic planning for Tribal economic and education development.

ICA OFFICE STARTED IN CROATIA

Networking and serendipity play their part in responding to need for methods know-how.

ICA-ZAGREB emerged when two colleagues found themselves in the same place at the same time seeing a desperate need on all sides for technologies of Participation (ToP).

Susan Yates and Susan Fertig-Dykes's paths first crossed, rather prophetically, on New Year's Eve. They had flown to Zagreb from two different continents to spend the holidays at the InterContinental Hotel with their husbands, both in humanitarian work in the war-torn Balkans.

The "Two-Susans" moved to Zagreb and, meeting again in early summer, tentatively began discussing a partnership based on enigmatic references each had made about her experience in "training trainers" and "workshops" and "leadership training" and "community development". In their organizational meeting, the two found they had both worked for ICA, on different continents and decades apart. Susan Fertig-Dykes first worked for the ICA in Latin America and the United States beginning in 1972 and continued through 1977, contributing to development and testing of many of the ToP methods currently in use. Susan Yates came to Zagreb directly from the ICA in Egypt where she served as department head for Training and Consultancies from 1991-1993.

What excitement! After consulting with ICAI, the fledgling regional office applied for official status as the ICA-Zagreb and received its registration from the Croatian government early in 1994. The two-Susans are also separately incorporated in Croatia as Fertig & Yates International (FYI), operating on a commercial

basis and introducing ICA methods into the culture and economy of Croatia.

JIM NEWKIRK'S CAMEL TREK

I mentioned earlier a camel trek. Let me tell you about my camel trip in Australia. Australia is noted for vast distances and little population. Our vast distances are arid lands or desert. Aboriginal people lived a unique and dynamic existence in these areas for the best part of 100,000 years prior to the arrival of European settlers. Aboriginal culture required the sensible use of scarce natural resources. European culture required the transport of scarce resources to unnatural places.

Afghan camel traders were, for many years, the main source of these scarce resources. For some time a regular camel train ran from Adelaide and points east to Alice Springs and Darwin. In fact, The Ghan is the name of the rail line which currently services Alice.

Not surprisingly, many camels escaped captivity and then bred in the wild. There are now thousands of feral camels across central Australia. There are also thousands of domesticated ones, many used for private 'trekking' and many in commercial tourist ventures into the Gibson or Simpson Deserts.

Some years ago I decided I wanted to do 'a walk'. I say 'a walk' because my plan was to travel 600 kms from Marree to Finke along the old Ghan line. For reasons I won't bore you with my walk was cancelled 2 days prior to its start. This year I was given the chance to do my walk, albeit in a markedly varied form. The offer was 3 weeks along the Northern Territory/South Australia border, in and around the Musgrave and Mann Ranges of South Australia. Of course I jumped at the chance, seeing it as: an opportunity to finally fulfill my ambition to do a long walk and a 'rite of passage' for Anwar, who soon turns 13. I invited him on that basis and he accepted the invitation.

We started out in late June, the dead of winter and the only sensible time for walking in the desert where summer temperatures often reach 45 degrees C. The fact that temperatures also reach below freezing during the night is something I will return to. There were initially 7 of us, assisted by 3 camels. The 7 were Ushma Scales and his son Ray, William Hope and Louise Kelly and their son Jessie, and Anwar and I. The camels were Oliver (Ollie), Samson (Sam) and Whiskey (Bloody bitch). Our initial aim was to head north from Amata along the Musgrave Ranges, then head due west to a very small settlement named Angatja in the Mann Ranges.

The camels belonged to William and Louise and it was their responsibility to manage them. Louise and Jessie would leave us after the first week as Louise had to be back at work. I was OICP (Officer in charge of Provisions) and Ushma was responsible for equipment - rifles etc. Ushma quickly became Hooshma, a play on the word traditionally used for telling camels to sit down; hoosh.

Each camel except Whiskey was loaded with about 350 kilograms of gear, the single largest item being 10 twenty litre containers of water. Whiskey carried nothing except our only riding saddle, and anyone who wanted a ride from time to time. None of them liked their loads, especially Whiskey. Hence her nickname. She complained in no uncertain terms every time she was hooshed and had this pathetic little saddle put on her back. What an irritating beast. Sam was incredibly lazy ('Come on Sam, move up' was a constant cry) but he seldom complained.

We made one fundamental error. We took 1:500 000 maps, not 1:50 000. In the end this proved very embarrassing, if not dangerous, as we got lost. Not dangerous as we had maps and knew where we were but embarrassing because the lack of detail meant we never knew exactly where we were. On day 5 we ended up taking the wrong road and found ourselves by the end of the first week only 25 kilometres from our starting point, not the 100 kms we had planned. We would not have made the 100kms anyway as we did not make anywhere near the 20 kms per day we had planned, averaging about 12 during the first week.

We had a minor crisis at the end of the first week. William advised us he was not going on. At the time Hooshma and I were totally distressed as we had both stated publicly and privately that there was only one thing we would not do and that was be responsible for the camels. We knew nothing about them, they were big, the were cantankerous, and they scared us - a lot. Now we had a whole new world on our hands. Would we walk away from our adventure, something which apparently happens to many camel treks after only 3 or 4 days, or would we take on this odious responsibility? Some internal consideration (should I say soul searching) and an amazingly brief discussion between Hoosh, Anwar and I resulted in a decision to push ahead, on two conditions: we travel on the road, a reasonable dirt track with a fair amount of traffic, and we leave the Bloody Bitch behind.

A new adventure lay before us, and it became more difficult even before it started.

Camels are controlled by use of a nose peg. The peg is shaped like a chess piece, or a rocket, pointed at one end with a large, flat base at the other. The pointed

end is pushed through a hole in the camels nose, a hole too small for the base to pass through. With time scar tissue forms around the base and it becomes a virtual appendage. The old pegs were wood, today plastic is used - of course. The wood pegs have one major drawback, they rot. At "T minus 24 hours" Ollie's peg pulled out. By all accounts this is not a major drama, and in fact we had a new peg in, in just a few hours. There was only one 'but' - the peg should be allowed to settle and we did not have the time. While this presented no danger to either Ollie or us, he was most annoyed to be traveling with 300 kilos of gear on his back while being led along with an extremely sore nose.

Eventually his irritation grew to extreme anger. We are fairly certain there was an amount of power play in his actions as well, but whatever the explanation he became quite cantankerous. Prior to setting off on stage 2 of our journey Ushma and I had discussed who would be responsible for which camel. Ushie said he preferred Ollie, and although Sam was undeniably lazy and arguably stupid, I preferred him. I was secretly delighted therefore when Ollie became the less desirable of the two camels.

Each evening the nose line is removed from the nose peg, leaving you in charge of these huge, incredibly strong beasts only because they have been broken and, I think, because they don't really know that the line is not attached. If you were bush with a camel, removed its nose line one night and it decided to simply walk off and leave you to die, there is absolutely nothing you could do about it. But you remove the nose line just the same, or you might find a tired, frustrated or injured camel in the morning, if the line were to get tangled. In the morning you go to your camel, who stands 6' high at the shoulder and whose head is on a 3' long neck, and try to put the nose line back on the peg.

As soon as I got close to Sam he sort of whinnied like a horse and hooshed down. I then put my hand on his neck, slid it up over onto his nose and quietly slid the line on. As soon as Ushma got close to Ollie he stood up tall, raised his head as high as he could, looked at Ushie with these huge brown eyes with the long lashes and swore at him in camelese. Eventually I would have to get his neck line and wrap it around a tree. We would then cajole and frighten him so that the rope slackened and I was able to pull it tighter on the tree. Eventually his head would be jammed against the tree, unmoving, and Ush would be able to get the line on.

One day Ush went off on his own to get Ollie. He was gone about 30 minutes, doing a task that normally took 10. When he came back he was mad. Very very mad. He was also distressed, with a look almost of

depression on his face. He was also dirty. He was covered in an incredibly foul smelling, slimy green spittle. Ushie had copped the ultimate camel insult, and I can assure you that few experiences could be worse. Stupid and lazy were becoming great compliments in my vocabulary.

For the next week we made 20 kms a day. Day 4 of that week brought us our only real excitement. It was about 2 am, -2 degrees C, and incredibly clear - a night my friend Mark Johnson would describe as perfect: no moon, no clouds and no artificial light. Ushma called out to me, 'Jim, I think we've got trouble.' I had to restrain myself from laughing as he was dressed, except for his Crocodile Dundee hat, only in his birthday suit. He was quite a sight, roaming around camp with a huge fire stick.. 'There's a big bull camel out there and he's hassling Sam'. I could hear the noise, a grotesque gurgling sound, but could not see the bull.

Anwar, Ray and I rose, took fire sticks from the fire and headed out into the night to protect our camels. The bull kept swelling his tongue, lolling it out to the side of his mouth, foam pouring out all the time. It was a disgusting sight. We drove him away, with fire sticks and by lighting large clumps of spinifex, and went back to bed.

He returned in the morning and totally disrupted our loading process. At the best of times it takes about half an hour to load a camel. On this day they refused to stay hooshed - Ollie got up at least 15 times - and the process of loading the 2 camels took more than an hour and a half. All the time Anwar chased Gimpy (he had a bad knee) off with a fire stick. He never went far though, frothing and gurgling all the time. Every time he got close Ollie would stand up.

Our last night was possibly our worst. The temperature got to about -3 degrees C, a southerly was blowing, straight off of Antarctica. Each night during our walk we had 'night logs, large hardwood logs that burned most of the night and kept us warm. Our night log on the last night was about 8' long and burned for about 2 hours. The wind blew so hard it roared without providing any heat and the log soon disappeared.

We had an outstanding time. Three weeks walk through the bush, clear cold nights, long hard days, contending with our own fears, dealing with unwanted situations, sharing a special, unique, unrepeatable experience. Camels may not be for everyone, but grabbing a moment in time, making something special of it, and returning to the 'day by day' is something I can recommend from the bottom of my heart.

PAMELA & TERRY BERGDALL

Greetings from points south of the Sahara.

This month completes the tenth full year that we have been living in Africa (five in Kenya and five in Zambia). Such an anniversary seems a proper occasion to finally post a long overdue newsletter to friends, family, and colleagues around the world. Much indeed has happened since we last wrote.

At that time, Terry had just completed five and half years of employment with the Swedish Cooperative Centre, the ICA and the Order had gone through a major transformation, and we were both about to embark on the dubious task of trying to make a living through free-lance constancy work. Well, we are glad to report, things have gone far better than either of us would have dared dream. While about half of our work has been in Zimbabwe, Botswana, Malawi, Kenya, Tanzania, Uganda, and Ethiopia.

No, Rwanda, has not been one of the places where we have worked, even though it is relatively nearby. Many people ask us about effects of the tragedy, but the truth is it has no more direct impact upon us than it does on anyone else in the world who watches television. Except here one always worries whether the cancer of tribalism might suddenly erupt at some place much closer to home. Too many African politicians, in our opinion, play dangerous rhetorical games: the majimboism debate in Kenya and recent "regionalization" trends in Ethiopia bother us most.

Ethiopia has been a new place for us to work. Between the two of us, we will have spent at least 150 days this year in Ethiopia before the end of December. The really good news is that nearly 40 of those days involved work we did together. This is the first time as free-lance consultants that we have been engaged professionally as a single team. We conducted a facilitation training course with 25 government extension officers in South Wollo: two weeks of classroom work in participatory community development methods and then two weeks of monitoring field work conducted by our new trainees. This was all in preparation of a long-term support programme to South Wollo by the Swedish government.

"MAP Consultations Ltd," our company (which, in case you missed it, is named after Terry's book, **Methods for Active Participation**, published in '93 by Oxford University Press), has been contracted to assist in the development of this programme. We asked Frank Powell from Nairobi to join us in this. Rather than a conventional programme with a predetermined "blueprint" with specified objectives and

activities, etc, we suggested (in a 100 page report) a programme that will first promote and then subsequently respond to community initiatives. Though there is a lot of talk about a "process approach" to development, there are not many practical examples to be found in the field. SIDA, Sweden's funding agency, along with the majority of people on the Ethiopian government's zonal steering committee, have been enthusiastic about the "Community Empowerment Programme" which we have described. Now comes the hard work of making it all a reality. It appears that MAP will most likely continue to have a significant consulting role to play with the programme in the future.

Ethiopia is a totally different country from everywhere else we have worked in Africa. If you are ever there, people will promptly tell you that this is because Ethiopia, unique in all of Africa, has never been colonized. It is true, Ethiopia seems to have developed its own special way of doing things. For example, education is a very low priority, which is a very different state of affairs from all the other places we have worked. We were told by one official in the ministry of education that only about 15% of the eligible school age children actually enroll and attend. Most are sent to traditional religious schools where they memorize passages of the Bible or Koran. People there obviously have organized their society along different values: reading, writing, and advanced education are not considered a necessity for a successful life.

Echoes of its ancient history are apparent everywhere, from the design of the churches to the hillside transportation which is still provided by mules and donkeys. During Terry's last visit, he was fascinated by reading a book which spells out the immense credibility of Ethiopia's legendary claim to possess the ancient Ark of the Covenant. We're talking the original ark here, the very one carted around by the children of Israel across the Sinai after Moses gave them the stones and the law! As every Ethiopian knows, Menelik, the son of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, stole the Ark from the Temple in Jerusalem in the tenth century BC and took it to Ethiopia. Anyone who wants to read a thrilling and exciting "intellectual" detective story, check out Graham Hancock's *The Sign and the Seal*.

Enough on Ethiopia. Many people keep asking us when, if ever, we plan to return to North America, i.e. make our move back "home." Well, it is a good question but we're in no big hurry. Things are going well for us here and we think we are making a genuine contribution to the development of the continent. We don't plan, however, to stay forever in Africa. One of

these days we want to resettle, but not in the next four or five years.

We do have interests, though, that are attracting us back to North America. As a part of the transformation debates within the Order a few years ago, we became very intrigued with the concept of "co-housing." Rather than an intensely structured corporate life like we had in our old Religious Houses, concepts of co-housing encourage the preservation of private space, both literally and figuratively, while promoting a recovery of a community "neighbourhood." As implications of the Order's transformation became increasingly clear to us, we told ourselves that we would be interested in joining a co-housing experiment with a group of interesting people at some vague, indeterminate time in the future.

An opportunity unexpectedly arrived when Jim and Karen Troxel, long-time friends and colleagues, put forward a concrete proposal for our consideration. They invited us to join them in building a house on Litibu beach fifty kilometres north of Puerto Vallarta in Mexico. Nine families, all of whom had connections with the Order, had formed an association at Litibu to develop contiguous ocean front property along the Pacific and, in a more or less relaxed manner, to experiment with new forms of community life. It would have to be an experiment since members of the association, at the time the invitation was extended to us, were living in Peru, India, Egypt, Mexico, and various places across the USA! We would add Zambia to the list.

In May '94, we went to the annual meeting of the association in Mexico and confirmed our participation in the project. Our story for joining is a bit mixed. The house could serve as a vacation home in the short-term, a retirement home in the long-term, or a full-time residence for some intermediate future work in Latin America. When we were first married, we said that we intended to serve in Latin America at some point in our lives (it's in our "family document," ya could look it up!).

Beyond this, we decided a long time ago that the Order, to use some traditional language, is our church home, our "local (?) congregation." To be sure, the Order has gone through immense change (many, including ourselves, have declared it "dead" at different times) but the community at Litibu, in our view, continues to hold the essential context which is at its. Anyway, this is an important part of our story about why we have decided to build and own our first (and most likely only) home on the west coast of Mexico.

Another new involvement on our part has been charter membership in the "International Association of

Facilitators" (IAF). This professional affiliation is composed of people like ourselves who are engaged in organizational development through the use of participatory techniques. In many ways it is patterned on the "American Society for Training and Development" (ASTD) to which we have also belonged. We would like to see a European chapter of IAF formed, which would provide us with a little closer destination for professional growth and development. In the meantime, we hope that at least one of us will continue to attend the annual IAF conference in north America.

Because of our procrastinations since we last wrote, we have a lot to tell. Be we shouldn't make this letter too long. Here in brief summary are some of the other highlights from our past year and a half:

RICHARD AND MARIA MAGUIRE

We have had a lot of discussions and uncomfortable occurrences within the ICA over the past year and recently have come to a decision that hopefully will help everyone to get on with what they feel called to be and do and still find support from and for one another. It is exciting to have a national board now that promises to take initiative and responsibility for all matters, past, present and future and will, through many other individuals, make things happen in all the regions. Richard and I will **start our own business** from the first of the year with a new name and separate finances. Even though we felt this way will have many disadvantages for the ICA in Australia as well as for us personally it became the necessary thing to do. Five years ago ICA members had made the decision to act as independent interdependent ICA business units and as individuals employed in other organisations to impact society in many areas of social, personal and organisational development. Since Richard and I were the only functioning business unit under the name of ICA - putting the name and practices out widely and involving many new members--it got disproportionate attention in some people's mind.

Even though it was not our choice--we are too loyal probably to initiate changes such as these ourselves - we are now delighted about the prospect of being our own bosses for the first time in our life, fully free and responsible only to ourselves, one another and God (including the clients, other stakeholders, the laws of the land and the planet at large) for what we do, and to fully manage our own affairs, yet in relationship to many others. Melting our various ICA (and other) expressions of vision and passion together or affirming them to be next to each other, remains a challenge worth working on.

To be able to explore our inner and outer worlds along and with each other is the greatest gift of our life. It feels to us like all these years, with their glory and their pain, have prepared Richard and me - as well as so many others we know-for something bigger or deeper yet, and we will find out what this will be. Our wings are still a bit heavy, but it is time to fly again soon. We are finding fantastic help on the way, from our real and spirit friends. In this our ongoing searching-visioning process we are especially looking forward to a Shamanism weekend that we will facilitate soon, based on one of Jean Houston's seminars, as well as to our whole big trip, Jean's seminar and the India encounters.

A delightful discovery of the last few years that we haven't shared with most of you is the work of Joe Dominguez and Vicki Robin from Seattle and their book *YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIFE* which we learned about through some friends here. Realising that we need a whole new approach to money and the economy a new turn, a "new road map" they clarified their own life purpose and gained financial independence. For the last two decades or so they have given themselves freely to teaching people about how to take a hard and practical look at (their) finances and reach financial independence themselves, from any position regarding ownership/debt or job they are in. The main concept is to define what is "enough" (including some extra's) and to put careful awareness on your spending patterns as well as on your purpose and what brings fulfillment into your life. We are fascinated with their thought through and comprehensive perspective, their humour and love of humanity. We listened to the tapes and are distributing the book here, we also have taught a one day seminar recently and offered several shorter sessions on it. This really can help people become free from the entanglement with money, possessions, debts and all the rest of related miseries, greed and worries. We have received very grateful responses and seen empowerment and liberation happen. Joe and Vicky get lots of praise from well known people such as Ralph Nader, Robert Mueller, Donnella Meadows and Oprah Winfrey. We intend to share more of it with people from many parts of the city, of different ages and income brackets, including some of our neighbours.

We continue to explore and expand our services with large and small companies and government departments, religious orders, city councils, conferences, community groups, with individuals, health and other organisations, as well as our book and tape services. Our consulting work (both computer technology and process facilitation) as well as our participation in voluntary groups gives us plenty of opportunity to realise the extent of change in the

common thinking and acting that is needed, --for the sake of the people, the organisations and the planet.

There are indeed new bonds emerging, and the problems, issues, desires and fantastic gifts of far away places come very close to us,--hot spots and treasures such as Tibet, Timor or Burma, South Africa, Ruanda, the former Yugoslavia of course, the Middle-East and many others. In between we make a bit of time for friends - beyond our immediate family- and for our inner growth, freedom or fun and journey with each other. Some wonderful books or movies we could talk about. There never is a dull moment, the decisions what not to do are harder for us than the ones on where or how to engage. Leisure, silence and meditation do get a bit more space in our current life than they had for many years but not enough yet. Our vision for a more just and human, communing world seems to be calling us forward all the time.

PERSONAL BRIEFS

Barry Oakley

Our family has had a recent shake up! Barry was diagnosed as having prostate cancer and after various tests had radical surgery on August 18th. He had 2 severe complications, but, praise God, is now well on the road to recovery and apart from blood tests every 3 months does not need further treatment. He will not be back in the pulpit till mid November, so this is a time of restoration for us both. Life is very precious and this is so true when we are faced with how fragile we are.

Grace, Peace and Love,
Margaret,

Alan Herbert

Alan Herbert is the Administrative and Volunteer Coordinator of the Chaplaincy. Originally from London, England, Alan is a graduate of the University College of Wales (Aberystwyth) and has lived in Canada since 1974. Although trained as a teacher, in a varied career over more than 20 years, Alan has worked in lay training and community development with the Ecumenical Institute; information systems with Bell-Northern Research and Simpsons; and in human resource management at Simpsons and the Bay.

John Burbidge

One of the most enjoyable and exciting aspects of my job as Publications Director for ICA West has been gathering stories from people across the west and

across the country on how they use their ICA training in their life and work.

Recently, as part of the special "Member Month" edition of the newsletter INITIATIVES, I called about 50 people and asked them to send in a brief statement about who they are, how they use their ICA skills and what they value about them. Nearly 30 people responded. Unfortunately, I could only print 20 of these vignettes in the newsletter due to space limitations.

But this exercise, along with the others I've done, raised the question in my mind of how we might make greater use of these stories, both to honor the people involved and to promote the value of the ICA's training in methods and spirit.

The kind of thing I'm thinking of would be a small booklet, divided into sections such as government, business, community, education, family life, and so on, with one-page vignettes of each person or couple, saying what they do, how they incorporate their ICA training into that activity, what they value about their ICA skills and what they've learned from using them. I'd be after anecdotes and little pearls of wisdom, especially in answer to questions such as: What keeps you going when the going gets tough?

I'd like your feedback to this idea, and particularly to the following:

1. Do you see a market for such a publication? Who, where?
2. Why would people want to buy it?
3. What should we be sure not to leave out in it?
4. What questions or categories would you include in the profiles?
5. How could ICA use it to market and promote its work?
6. Who else should I be sending this memo to?

This is a start. I look forward to hearing your responses ASAP.

Thanks,
John

BOOK DIALOGUE

Authors G & E Pinchot Dialogue with Troxel over EMAIL

The book, "The End of Bureaucracy and the Rise of the Intelligent Organization" written by Gifford and Elizabeth Pinchot, was the subject of a group study at ICA:Chicago. As a result of the study, several questions were raised asked of the authors.

Jim Troxel, who had created the study plans, wrote the Pinchots a long letter over Email with a context on the ICA, and posed three questions:

1. "Every day it seems we struggle with holding the tension between the individual and the community and currently are falling a little too far down on the individual side and are looking for ways to retain balance. We wanted to know if you thought it was true that if you allow for total autonomy, individuals and teams would voluntarily create the balance emphasizing - on their own - the responsibility?"
2. "We were curious to ask if you had developed methods to allow for any of the kind of themes you espoused to take shape and root? We felt as if the arena we wanted you to describe some more was the leadership function and role and how that is played out within the Intelligent Organization."
3. "We were also curious to know if you have delved into the arena of the "spirit dimension of organizational life" and if so what you can say about it. We think that the kind of organization you are describing will require a lot of depth to it as well as breadth and hoped you might have something more to say along those lines."

The Pinchots eagerly responded October 15th with some initial comments.

1. Organizations generally require some central governance.....the whole of community spirit expressed by voluntary actions can come close in crisis situations but.....
2. Some mechanisms to increase the force of community may include: a search conference, interinternal marketing mechanisms, internal publishing enterprises, and a common quality control system. They also said to rotate facilitators, not leaders. Leaders will emerge, they are the ones with followers.
3. In the spirit dimension they referred to the problems of finding a common language, but what worked was telling stories. "Regardless of religious affiliation the stories communicated across the boundaries."

The Pinchot book is published by Barrett-Koehler, San Francisco, 1993. Study guides can be obtained from Jim Troxel, ICA:Chicago.

YULETIDE GREETINGS 1994

This special season is a time of "reconnecting" with family and friends across our great world. What a special gift for us all. We are grateful for the

opportunity to extend our warmest wishes to one and all.

The big news this year is that we'll be grandparents again (3rd time) next summer. After Thanksgiving dinner in Northbrook (TL), our daughter, Mary, and her husband Steve made their big announcement. This is their first...so we were all pretty excited. Jeffery, son ben's 13 year old, kept exclaiming that at last he will have a first cousin in the United States. All of his Mon's family are in Germany....so he doesn't get to see his cousins as often as he would like.

Rod began 1994 in Jamaica where he joined Montego Bay Rotarians to set up another service work project. This was a continuation of work they began in 1992. Then in May a team of Rotarians from the KC area returned with him to complete the project. This was to finish the rehab of the dining and food preparation area for the Granville Place of Safety....a facility for 70 young girls, 7-17 years of age, who have been abused, abandoned and/or deserted. They are placed in this safe haven by the Courts until a stable home environment can be established.

Rotary is ever an important part of Rod's life and in anticipation of Rotary related trips in 1995 (Dominican Republic, Ghana and France) his worn and battered passport had to be renewed. What a shock to discover that the expiration date for his new passport is the year 2004... a real reminder of how fast time is moving along!

In April, Priscilla and Rod (and Pris's sister Pam) had a wonderful week with a Victor Emanuel Birding work shop team on the Louisiana and Texas Gulf coasts. What a treat to go birding with folks who know so much! We plan to join the team again, in February, to study odd plumage's of the Ferruginous Hawks and other raptors in Arizona.

Priscilla's high school class gathered in Arkansas City for their 45th reunion in May and Rod's 50th class reunion was in October. It seems that his class still holds the record for railroad careers...33 in attendance were connected with the Santa Fe. The 50th was a real highlight for him. It is amazing how special friends are as we get older.

We traveled between Mission Hills and Arkansas City a lot during late May, June and the early part of July. Mary Reed Hobart Hutchinson (92), Priscilla's mother, died on July 6th. She had been failing for several months, however, a week before her death, Priscilla wheeled Mary to her piano where she was still able to play "The Eyes of Texas are Upon You" and "Amazing Grace" with one hand. She was a salty lady and we will miss her.

Traveling with a grandson is a magical experience, in August we took off for Europe(up-graded unexpectedly to business class) with our 16 year old grandson Marcel. We explored parts of the Netherlands, Scotland and England. In Scotland we stayed several days with Rod's Rotary buddy, Rex Cook & family, northwest of Glasgow in Cove. We concluded the trip with several days in London and special evening with "Phantom of the Opera" at Her Majesty's theater.

We're going north with all the family for Christmas this year to Balsam Lake, Wisconsin. Ben and family own and operate the Balsam Lake Motel so we'll be celebrating there. We'll probably experience lots of cold and snow, but Rod plans to put the explorer in 4-wheel drive and take off!!

We join you with prayers for peace and hope for unity on this planet of ours. May the joy of the holiday season be yours and you have health, happiness and grace in 1995

Priscilla and Rodney

THE FOURTH BLESSING

The Fourth Blessing has to do with my dear friend, Claudia Cramer. About seven years ago Claudia discovered that she was interested in quilting which was a great surprise to all who know her because her creativity had always flowed in other directions--community development, teaching, curriculum design, planning event, etc. It has been fascinating to be in dialogue with her during this time and watch the miraculous evolving. Two summers ago, Leah and I challenged her to do a one-woman exhibition which actually took place in Pike's Place Market, downtown Seattle, October 6 to November 6 this year. I was so excited to be involved with planning, invitations and funding a greeting card project of her gifts. I proudly announced to Claudia, "Now I am a patron of the arts." We talked weekly before the exhibit (and I have the phone bill to prove it) and furiously wrote ideas and answers to each other. It was very exciting for me and tapped into a passion I hadn't experienced for a while. This Christmas card is a result of this work. And not only that, but now I am the extremely proud owner of the Grand Canyon quilt you see on this card.

I hope Life has been and will continue to be a blessing for you.

Happy Holidays
Joan

POETRY

By Nelson Stover

The Sea Plus Two

The Pelican rested on the crest of a wave
 Which soon became a trough.
 Not far away,
 I, too, bobbed in the surf.
 The pelican watched nonchalantly
 As I drifted closer.
 Together we shared a bit of the sea.

Both of us paused
 From our daily toils
 To join with the ocean
 As it pulled with the wind
 And followed the pull of the moon.

Just after a huge wave passed,
 As we two sank into the ensuing trough,
 All visible contact with the world beyond
 disappeared.
 The universe, it seemed to us, contained only
 Sky, water, a pelican and a man.

Then, the pelican headed west into the sky
 And I eastward onto the beach.
 Each to continue our journeys into tomorrow.
 And the ocean continued to roll.

For a brief moment, the peaceful oneness of the
 universe
 Became manifest.

The Celestial Clock

A first generation star burns for aeons
 And then explodes
 Spewing elements in all directions.
 Some reignite in a fiery ball,
 While 93 million miles away others coalesce
 Into a soon to become blue pearl.
 The blue pearl and the recycled fiery ball
 Begin a dance.
 And the celestial clock ticks.

The quick green lizard
 Awakes in the leafy green trees.
 The sun rises above the ocean and house tops
 To warm the railing on the stairway.
 The lizard's body absorbs the railing's heat
 To empower itself on a day's journey.

And the celestial clock ticks.



