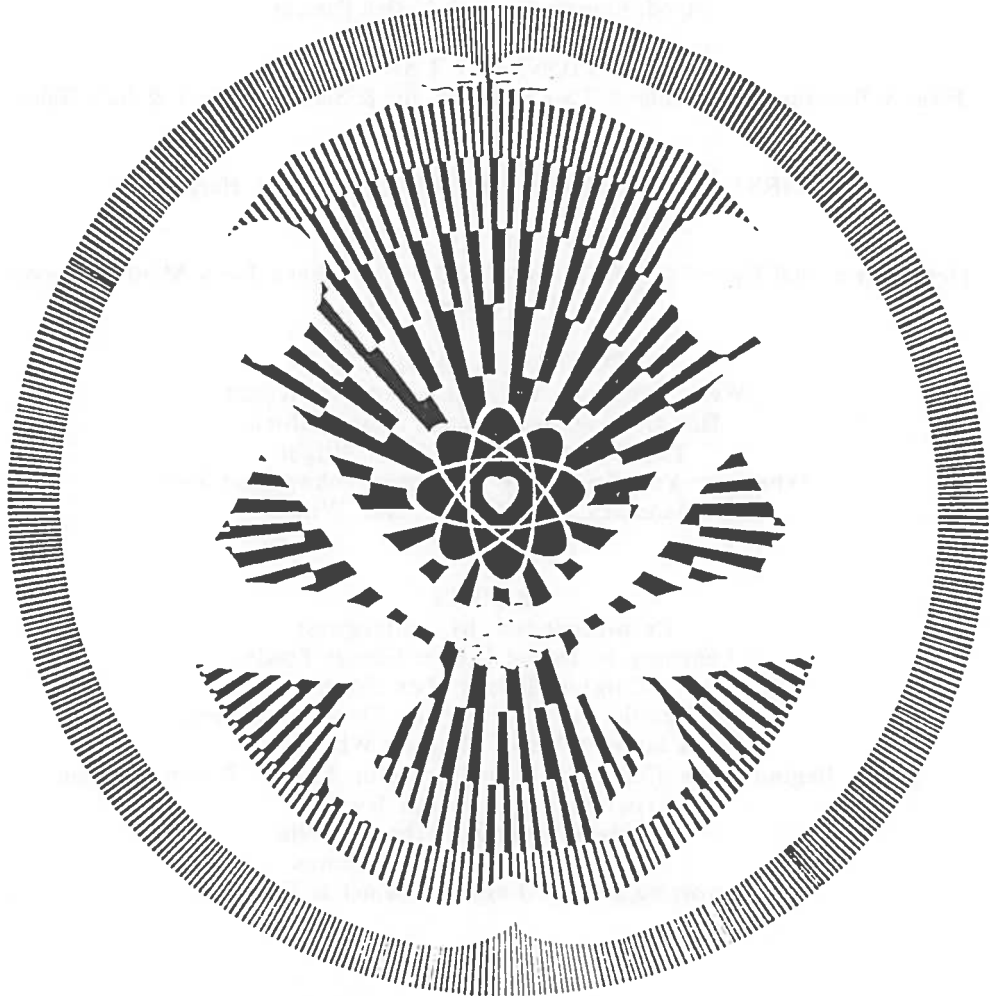


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March, 1997



THE NODE

The Node is published four times a year by
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EDITORIAL

This is our double edition of the Node. We decided that since we get so many wonderful reflections at this time of the year we would do a larger issue now and then not do the summer issue- a time when the written news is rather slim and far between.

Our December, Januarys yearly letters have become a time for reflecting on who we are and what we are about and sharing these discoveries with our colleagues near and far. In the last year, several themes emerged in our letters:

- Awe experiences that deeply affirm our lives
- Discovering and creating our bliss work
- Making plans for phase 4 of our lives
- Living phase 3 & 4 of our lives
- Great healings and completions
- Glorious painful and delightful journeys and rites of passage
- Travels into canyons and Egypt.

Colleagues in Toronto commissioned Lyn Mathews Edwards as she approaches her 80th birthday to begin creating the journey for Phase V.

ICA Canada is being asked these days to share our foundational understandings. We found ourselves asking the question: What is our world view as this network of Those Who Care? How do you answer that question? We'd love any input on e-mail or fax. Take care,

Jeanette Stanfield for the editing team

We're right on the Edge of creating millions of new ways of being together...We're right on the edge...

Pavel & Herbert



THE FIRST OF MANY...

Colleagues in the Toronto area have declared the season for celebrating Lyn Edward's 80th birthday officially open – even though Lyn's actual birthday is not until June 19th. Lyn joined Jim Addington, Stan Gibson and Nancy Fraser on the weekend of February 21-23 to lead an RS-1 at Westminster United Church in Mississauga, a satellite city of Toronto. This RS-1 with 27 members of this suburban congregation was an outstanding experience.

Then, on Sunday evening, over 30 colleagues from the Toronto vicinity met at the home of Mariam and Stan Gibson to kick off the season for celebrating Lyn's 80th. Revelers included Judy Harvie, Chair of the ICA Canada, plus the familiar clutch of wonderful ICA colleagues who go 'way back.' Brian Stanfield asked Lyn the traditional birthday questions and led a lively reflection on the events and meaning of her life. This was followed with a presentation of a gift to Lyn. The Gift was a Native Dream Catcher (specifically Ojibway). The Dream Catcher was three dimensional with four hoops and four colored beads (black, red, yellow, white) representing the peoples of the earth and the four directions plus a blue bead that represents Father Sky and a green bead which represents Mother Earth. A feather representing an Eagle feather hangs from the hoops for purity of spirit. Implicit in the Dream Catcher is the Medicine Wheel with the four directions (in the East is birth and innocence; in the South is youth, emotions, trust, love; in the West is maturity, intellect & introspection; and in the North is the elder, wisdom).



The myth behind the dream catcher is: At night when you dream, the good dreams filter through the web to the hole in the center of the catcher and enter the person dreaming where they remain & become part of the person forever. The bad dreams get tangled in the web, where they remain until dawn. At dawn the bad dreams perish never to be repeated.

The celebration included a lavish pot luck buffet with Indian, Japanese, Italian, Portuguese, Canadian food including jerky (dried caribou which Jo Nelson brought back from the Northwest Territories) and plenty of desserts.

At the RS-1, Lyn's 80-year-old dance of love was an amazing address on all present. And it was just as much of an address afterwards at what we have no doubt was the first of many 80th birthday celebrations of this remarkable life.

Stan Gibson

THE MYSTERY OF A CHILD

The presence of the Messiah is a mystery....There is something surprising, unexpected about the appearance of salvation, something which contradicts pious opinions and intellectual demands. The mystery of salvation is the mystery of a child....A child is real and not yet real, it is in history and not yet historical. Its nature is visible and invisible, it is here and not yet here. And just this is the character of salvation. Salvation has the nature of a child.... Only he who can see power in weakness, the whole in the fragment, victory in defeat, glory in suffering, innocence in guilt, sanctity in the sinner, life in death can say (with Simeon): Mine eyes have seen thy salvation.

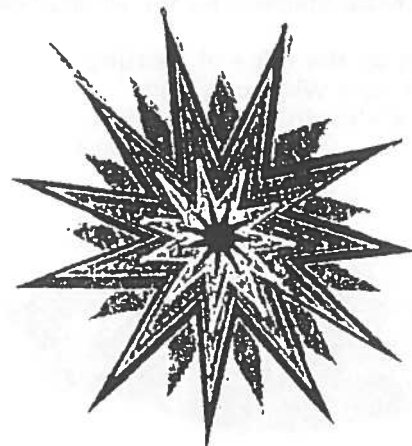
—Paul Tillich, 'Has the Messiah Come?'

Grand baby Kaitlyn has mesmerized us since November 14th. We see the miracle of her through Jeremiah's countenance and announcement ("It's a girl!") carrying her out of the delivery room. She is brand-spankin'-new, filling us with wonder and

awe. She comes ready or not, forcing us to respond to her in all her utter vulnerability with our fumbling care. She tries to see us who are loving her, but accepts our love blindly. She does nothing useful; no one asks her what she does for a living. She knows almost nothing; no one judges her for her lack of education. She is sheer being, just there to be cared for and loved. The miracle is that her "job" of just being transforms those around her: relatives that were alienated are reconciled; strangers become friends; great-grandparents are rejuvenated; grumpies show compassion; judges show mercy. Where did she learn to do all this? She has a mysterious power. She must be a bit of being itself—like all God's children—bringing with her a bit of the new creation, new reality, or new eon.

The mystery of the messiah comes into our world anew in the birth of a baby, whoever it belongs to, whatever gender, nation, color, or religion. It comes to us who as hardened cynics have given up on new life ever happening to us again. It comes to us who have learned to live with separation and have given up on reunion. It comes to us who have shunned religion, flooding us with deep religious rumblings. It comes to us who are following every wise man and every star, looking for that which we will never find and which was never really promised. The mystery of the messiah comes as it wills, where it wills, when it wills. Often it wills to come in the form of a child.

...John Cock



NEWS FROM AROUND THE NETWORK

A very happy Solstice greeting to you. There is something magical about the Solstice. Two years ago I was introduced to a labyrinth at Skyline Park. This labyrinth has quite a story. No one knows how it came to be in the park. Yet, it is kept up...not by the Park people either. Those who have lived here all their lives say one day not too long ago it appeared. The maze itself looks somewhat like the Dromenon and is visited regularly not only by humans but other living creatures.

Time stands still when I walk the labyrinth. I love being outdoors in the middle of nowhere, and yet knowing the city is nearby. I love swaying with the sounds of nature reminding me of how precious life is and that I am loved unconditionally.

This year I also found a labyrinth at Grace Cathedral Church in San Francisco. The labyrinth itself is a tourist attraction. This one is modeled after the original in Chartres Cathedral. I usually go walk the maze after I've gone to services at Glide Memorial Church...a landmark institution in the City. Glide is a church where I take people who come and visit.

You know you've been seen and loved once you've gone to a service at Glide. Services at Glide are an experience of making a joyful noise unto the Creator who has given us life. Services at Glide are the balm for the wounded soul. Services at Glide are standing room only at both the 9 o'clock and 11 o'clock worship. People sit in the stairwell, the aisles and on the steps of the pulpit just to touch the hem/to give praise.

Every kind of person from all walks of life shows up for services at Glide—from the Mayor to Maya Angelou—to the persons dying with Aids, incest survivors, homeless (they feed 3000 meals daily), the

poorest of the poor and the richest of the city. We all crowd inside the walls of the church and for a little over an hour we are one people. I try to go every other month and each time I go, my cup runs over with joy when I leave. I end that special time with visiting the Dromenon.

..Sharon Turner



Bob and Sandra marked each season this year with a weekend retreat learning the "four-fold Way: Warrior, Healer, Visionary, Teacher" guided by Angeles Arrien. Angeles is a gifted, deeply spiritual leader in sharing the wisdom of indigenous cultures, in ways to, "Walk the spiritual path with practical feet." We continue to enjoy ballroom dancing and biking.

Toward the end of the summer the 3,000 bikers of the 1998 Boston to New York AIDS ride came down our street. They were stopped by a thundering hard rain, the singing, dancing, energy, bonded community captured us. We plan to join the ride this coming year. This is the kind of commitment that necessitates a much needed lifestyle shift toward improved physical fitness. We will keep you posted.

Bob passed his re-certification boards for Family Practice. His "Patient Guidebook," is in the final draft stage. And don't be surprised if you see Bob on TV there have been several sightings reported - especially on the Discovery Channel.

Sandra deepened her love for clay with several creations including masks, detailed mother-child sculptures and a special Corn Mother Sings Spirit Statue. She continues to study wellness counseling and women's spirituality. Clearly the highlight

of Sandra's year was a 12 day retreat, in October, including a 3 day solitary Vision Quest, in the Arizona desert. Angeles Arrien guided Sandra, Friend Beret and 38 fine souls through the "Doorways to Intimacy: Transformation, Healing and Creativity." Among the pearls of learning cultivated was affirming the self as beloved, seeing the importance of equanimity and surprise relationships and the wonderful teaching mirrors of the group.

Bob & Sandra True

**"Forty spirits touch
Souls Fire revealed, shared
Our gifts proclaimed."**

Once again, it's that reflective time of year when we think back on what has been accomplished and forward to what the future may hold. We personally had a series of special events this year. First, we were able to raise sufficient funds to do two more training sessions of our Maintenance Technical Services program as well as to find full time jobs for the graduates. With our masters certificates in Neuro-Linguistic programming in May, we took a trip eastward to Connecticut to participate in Bill's sister, Mary's, tying the wedding knot one more time in her young life. Our stepfather, Francis, died at the ripe old age of 92. So, we spent a few weeks in Florida helping Mom readjust to her new solitary life and then back to work to finish our training program. So, here we are, trying to decide what we are going to do this year and it's already over.

...Bill & Barb Alerding

Colleagues in need of our energy, thoughts, cards & wishes

Justin Morrill who is recovering from a prostate cancer operation.

Joyce Reese who is ill with cancer.

Lin Wisman who is in hospital in Chicago ill with an aneurysm.

Teresa Lingafelter who experienced the loss of her husband Robert.



On June 4, I moved into a three bedroom, two bath condo which is on the south edge of Loyola University's northside campus. I have views of Lake Michigan in the dining room and living room and views of a convent garden in the kitchen. The bedroom and bathroom view are neighborhood trees from the sixth floor perspective. It is unbelievable what a difference it makes to be in an environment which is quiet. If my neighbors have arguments, I'm not aware of them.

On September 1, I began a new position as co-director of the PEP Pastoral Consultants. The focus of this work is the Parish Evaluation Project. This is a 2.5 year process of evaluation, training and direction setting for parishes across the country. At the present time the firm is working with fifteen parishes. This is a full schedule. As one finishes we begin a new one (between 5-7 each year). I have a suburban Dallas, a suburban Atlanta, a Manhattan NY church, a suburban St. Louis and two in the Chicago metro. The other co-director makes it his business to go to every parish so he is out every weekend during the months of Sept. through Nov. and Jan. through May excluding the Easter holidays. I put my energies into continuing my contacts and workshops with religious communities and with diocesan groups. The firm has one other full-time consultant, a full-time secretary and three adjunct consultants. The time is flexible so I can continue my parish activities. This year that includes being the co-ordinator for RCIA (Rite of Christian Initiation for Adults), and being a non-parent representative on the elementary school board. I am a member of a small church community in the parish which meets twice a month.

Margie Tomlinson

Each of the last ten years we have spent many long weekends in Venice, on the west coast of Florida, at the home of Cynthia's mother. The main things we do are: Cynthia visits with her mother and her father, who lives nearby, and Bob dives for fossils. We also help with house upkeep and this year repainted the porch. We still do a lot of birding and also play tennis together.

We recently bought a 2-person ocean kayak that is stable enough that you can scuba dive from it. Since Bob now lifts weights at a local club, he can move it quite easily. This summer Bob found an area of fossils about 60 feet in diameter in the clay down under the sand—which is about 100 yards from shore and 20 feet below the surface. He quickly named it the Bison Bed since he found a buffalo jaw piece with 3 teeth in it (an unusual ocean find—most stuff is isolated teeth and other bone fragments that have been washed about for centuries). He also found 2 other bison teeth nearby that day as well as numerous identifiable skull and vertebrae pieces.

Over the next two months he spent about 75 hours in the Bison Bed pulling up many other buffalo pieces—almost all probably from the same animal!—as well as fossils from 16 other animals. This area of the ocean shore had been a river estuary over 200,000 years ago and elephants, sloths, bison and even saber tooth tigers were found here in Florida.

One of the changes for us this year was the decision that Bob would take the 11 week H&R Block Basic Tax Course, to be followed by corporate tax courses. He will also do some part-time work to practice his new skills. H&R Block was recommended by a friend, with 30 years experience, as the way to get into the field. Bob enjoyed the course immensely and it appears that his conscientious and detailed approach to things makes it a

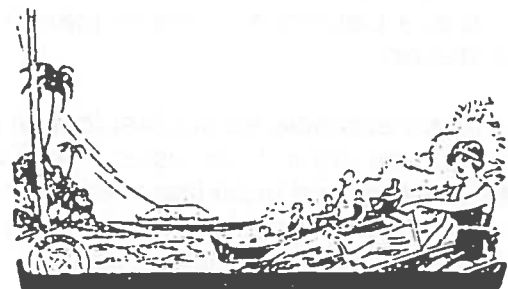
good fit. Cynthia, of course, would go nuts doing this complex stuff, but she's proud that he received a 99% on the final and a 97% for the whole course.

For a couple of years now we have been thinking about less stressful kinds of work once we get closer to "retirement". We do enjoy our work now but it is very demanding. We assume, also, we will need to continue to work some past retirement age.

But, we also want to do work that will have a very flexible schedule as we have now. Tax work is primarily a January to April job which is not a peak time for either looking for fossils or bird watching. We could continue to work from our house and manage our own schedule to a large degree. Bob would do the technical tax and accounting work and Cynthia could market and assist in the office (and play more tennis). We would still continue the consulting and training but to a lesser degree. Well this is our latest probe into the future; we have by no means solidified this into a final decision.

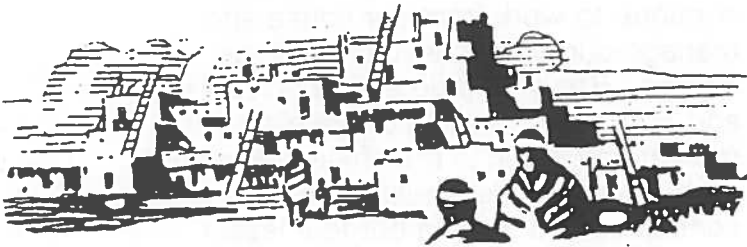
Cynthia has continued her gardening work and included this year the creation of a wild flower garden. This experiment was so Bob wouldn't have to mow a third of the back yard and it has worked pretty well! It is amazing what will grow when you get out of the way. Many more bees and butterflies visit daily the array of beautiful blue wild flowers that have taken over.

...Bob & Cynthia Vance



As you know, we have given up doing THE DIRECTORY and so do not have the contacts we enjoyed for many years, but time and age have a way of catching up with all of us. We have had to slow down quite a bit since George has lost most of his vision. He still works on the computer by having enlarged text. He keeps up with printed material by using a scanner and a 27" TV. He also has several magnifying devices for use in public meetings that have displays. His statement is that the inability to see is not a handicap—only an inconvenience. Both of us have been slowed down by some heart problems, but life is good.

...Ruthe Yost



Abe's first year on the U.S. board of the Institute of Cultural Affairs meant trips to Phoenix, Pittsburgh, and Chicago for meetings. In Chicago, he also helped at ICA CentrePointes (Archives), editing scanned copies of key speeches and significant planning methods which have inspired people during 40 years of ICA history. These are being saved on CD ROMs and distributed in some 20 countries. We both enjoyed living with the music from Menotti's opera Amahl and the Night Visitors as Abe prepared to sing the role of Melchior - one of the three kings. The cast, all from our church, did a fine job at a December 7 dinner theater presentation.

In April, we appreciated our first look at the Amish culture around Lancaster, PA. Two nights at a bed and breakfast with a hospitable Mennonite farmer and wife, and a tour of the Amish countryside

showed us amazing care to preserve their lifestyle and religion from destructive modern influences. No autos, no electricity, no schooling above the 8th grade, and plain clothing seem restrictive. Yet their family, church and community life is strong - which can't always be said of the rest of us.

Four months of planning by husband, son and daughter of Janice's sister Jeanine resulted in a great August 8th birthday party for her, where we were the big surprise. Jeanine survived the shock when we appeared, we had a grand reunion, and the conspirators were deservedly well-pleased. Since they live in the Denver area, we combined two fine weekend visits with the week between spent on a trip to a place we'd always wanted to see: Yellowstone Park.

Since all accommodations in the park were booked months ahead, we stayed in Cody, Wyoming several nights. A memorable day's trip into Yellowstone was guided by a former park ranger, who drove us in a van and told stories of park history and of his grandfather, who had guided parties into the park for William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill). He knew the best places to see, and zipped us around to most of the key sights during that day, leaving Abe free to take pictures. He shot geysers, the awesome falls, and the forests which were beginning to grow again where they'd been destroyed in the great fires a few years ago. We saw no bears, but were very close to elk, and saw lots of buffalo. Next day we visited the world-class Cody museums of western art, Buffalo Bill artifacts, and the life of northern plains Indians. Our final night in Cody was crowned with a real western rodeo. Yippee!

...Abe & Janice Ulanca

I had the opportunity, a few weeks ago, to go through a box of old family photos, some of which I had never seen before. Among them were photos of myself, very

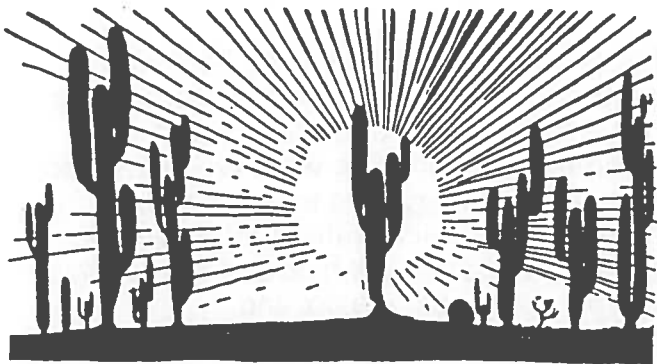
young, amid family celebrations of Christmas. As I looked at them, other pictures appeared out of memory.

I remembered Santa Claus peeking in the window at us at Grandma's house on Thanksgiving evening to check up and see if all the cousins were behaving. Those clandestine visits set up for me the anticipation of Christmas. "Watch out! Something marvelous is going to happen!" Years later, I learned this was the season of Advent in the Church, the time of anticipation. But I felt it first from whatever uncle or aunt or cousin it was who got dressed in the Santa suit, went out in the cold, peeked in at us, made a noise so we knew we'd been seen, then scurried away and disappeared.

I was filled with wonder at the richness of my life. These events of the past are part of what keeps us company in the world, the clothing we wear, part of the spiritual wrapping which sustains and shapes our presence.

Jim has been busy working with neighborhoods in Phoenix and San Diego. He is currently experimenting with a goatee to reflect his "over 50" wisdom.

Judy is teaching 9th graders this year at a school in west Phoenix, just 4 miles from home. They just finished journeying together through The Odyssey. The students themselves are on a journey of discovering who they are. **Jim & Judy Wiegel**



I remember an old friend of ours saying each year when we met, "this is the best year of my life". I think it has been that sort of year for us. Busy yes, and filled full of some exciting and challenging experiences.

Brian's time with the congregations of lay ministry teams is busy, and he is thriving on that. Four new congregations have joined in the "movement" this year. That brings the group to 13 congregations without an ordained minister but with their own appointed Lay Ministry Team. As they discover where the holes are in their experience, so the phone rings and the next step in the journey of discovery goes on for them. Brian is their guide, their encourager, listener, etc.!

I, Rhonda have also had my plate fairly full. One of the different things I did this year was to say yes to leading a Retreat for the women of our Presbytery. I was able to encourage Margaret Oakley to be my colleague for the week-end and we had a great time with a group of some 35 women as we went on a journey of the discovery of our "gifts" and how we use them. I am also Secretary for our Presbytery and I find that quite time consuming yet a task that I enjoy. Brian and I often vie for computer time, but we usually work it out without coming to blows!

Peter and Marina now have a high school daughter. We had their three children Tamara, Justine and Michael stay with us while Peter and Marina holidayed in Brisbane. Their family have acquired an 18' canoe and keeping it afloat is a real family event and achievement! Geoff,

Jesse, Steven and Lisa have had a full year with Geoff doing two-years-in-one in his degree and Steven & Lisa moving to a new high school. Rob, Carol, Rosalind, Benjamin, Nicholas and Megan are having all the adventures of a young family, learning how to be responsible for pets,

each other and a yard full of friends who come to play. Jenny and Bryan have spent six months in Central America and have just come back to settle in Darwin. Jenny is preparing for her teaching in an aboriginal community next year. In fact Jenny is in Adelaide right now. It has been great for our family to have some time all together even for only a brief occasion.

...Rhonda & Brian Robins

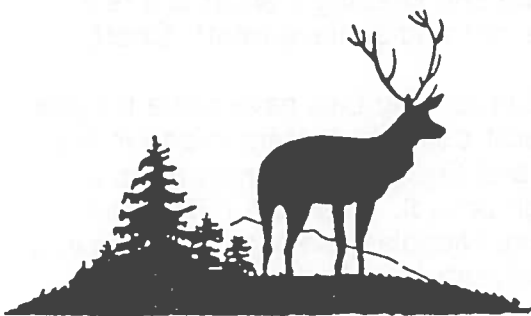
Art's name for this year is "Back on my feet with excellent vision." Besides participating with Jean in all her activities, I had quite an eventful journey. It all began the last part of 1995 and early 1996. I experienced some pain in the left hip joint, but that was overshadowed in February when I had cataract surgery on my left eye. Sine the right eye was done in 1993, I now have excellent vision. However the hip wasn't so good, so in early April my doctor started me on physical therapy. After seven weeks the therapist and I decided that instead of helping, it made the situation worse. In July, the orthopedic surgeon said the x-rays showed a hip replacement was needed. After many visits to radiology, blood donations, complete physical, etc. the surgery was done in late September. Physical therapy began shortly after leaving the hospital, and after six weeks I was walking a couple of blocks a day. Soon I was walking a mile a day and riding my bike five miles. In December, I went elk hunting three times on a private ranch southwest of Denver. No luck, but it was great just to be out hiking the hills and valleys. **Art & Jean Smith**

The Caress of Life

To pretend
that our
lives have no
dark side
of dilemma and
disappointment
is to fool
ourselves
about the
depths of
hurt that
inevitably
come our way
daily.

To dwell on
misadventure
is not better,
of course, than
ignoring it
or lying to
ourselves
about it.

It is a
secret
aspect of
attitude
that we can
allow the
caress
of life
in any form
to evoke in us
a learned
response
of yes. **T.C. Wright**



In our working lives this year, Paul and I have gone through a period of discovering the effortlessness of discovering the effortlessness of doing what we love to do and what really matters to us. It has, however, not been without effort getting there! We both work hard and get totally caught up in what we do, and overwhelmed by it, and are deeply moved

by it. I don't think we have a particularly healthy balance between work and the rest of life-but we have a balance of sorts which challenges us to work more in tune with our own natures, and with whatever we have to give. The rhythm and nature of the work we do is intense and sporadic. It has also been very good this year to do more work together, and to rediscover the pleasure in that. **Christine & Paul Schrinen**

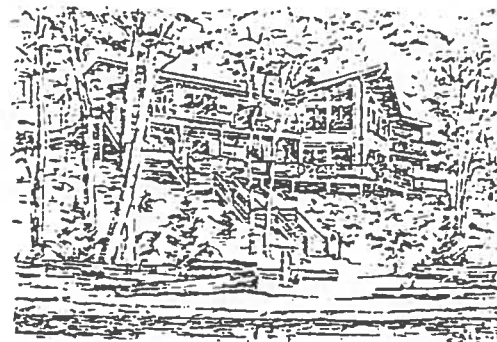
A year ago, my consulting business was waning. Because the deficit was finally having to be dealt with, the Feds were cutting back funding across the board and laying off thousands. Rather than fight my way back into private consulting with new clients, I took most of '95 off and did landscaping around the house. Thankfully Lia's editing and writing business continued to flourish. This past winter, I was telling my neighbour about my need to improve my cash flow. He said that he had the same need and was opening a bed and breakfast, and suggested I do the same.

Well, I love cooking. I like people, and compared to the stress of advocating gender equality and dealing with sexual harassment in the workplace, vacuuming floors and doing the laundry are cakewalks. Our downstairs has a separate kitchen, laundry, meeting room for 20, three bedrooms, access to the pool and two bathrooms. It took me a week to get all the paper work done with the municipality, and to register with the Pontiac and Outaouais Tourist Associations. I was recently elected to the executive of the Pontiac Tourist Association.

But, for the most part I watched nature. Each morning I get up and mutter "another day in paradise". The three dogs, Ruff (13), Tumble (7) and Sandy Mac (10 mo.) are three generations of male (mostly Bearded Collie) mutts that resemble Benji. They watch attentively, while I have a shower, make coffee, put on a hat and sun glasses then go to my bike and...the race is on.

We roar out of the lane way to travel 2km. to get the Ottawa Citizen. On the way, we have seen deer, foxes, grouse, partridge, blue herons, beaver, otter, ducks, hawks, snakes, cows and horses and an endless array of clouds and sky creeping over the escarpment, which once was the river's edge, and is called the Laurentians. When I come back. I fill up the feeder for the many visiting birds, pour more coffee, and read the paper.. By 11:30, I ask myself what I'm going to do today. This schedule is happily interrupted by guests who require the first 2 waking hours of the day for their needs. **Ken Fisher**

Siège de la *Wanaki* sur la rivière des Outaouais



Gîte touristique sur la rivière des Outaouais

- Vue panoramique - Plage d'été
- Spa thermique et salle d'exercice
- Piscine - Air climatisé - Non fumeur
- Cuisine familiale - TV - VCR - Cuisine - Buanderie
- Salle de réunion (20) - Disponible comme un condominium
- Trois chambres - Deux salles de bain - 10 + 4 lits
- 50\$-60\$ simple - 60\$-80\$ double - Argent comptant ou chèque

Accès aux activités suivantes:

- Nage - Bateau - Pêche - Patinage - Raquettes à neige
- La piste provinciale de ski de fond - Ski de bord
- Les routes de Lussville - Le Parc de la Gatineau

Bed and Breakfast on the Ottawa River

- Panoramic view - Sandy beach
- Indoor swim spa and exercise room
- Fireplace - Air conditioned - Fireplace
- Meeting Room for 20 - TV - VCR - Kitchen - Laundry
- Three rooms - Two bathrooms - Steps to 4
- Petes home cooked breakfast - Available as a condominium
- 50\$-55\$ single - 55\$-60\$ double - Cash or cheques

Access to

- Swimming - Boating - Fishing - Snowboarding
- Piscine - Bateau - Pêche - Ski de fond
- Le Parc de la Gatineau

Ken Fisher & Lia Bass

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Our highlights for 1996: Heidi and Tenzin, Reno, NY, received the gift of a son, Sonam, March 19, 1996. Lin who is Administrator of Monona County Public Health attends birth of Sonam, our first grandchild; Monona Public Health rates zero-deficiency in annual Medicare inspection; Lin spearheads County-wide Needs Assessment and figures out how to communicate with the old-boy network (County Supervisors)

David who is a farmer, B&B innkeeper & beekeeper writes for and gets two grants: Bed and Breakfast, and Management-Intensive Grazing. He requests and gets Intern, Cindy Gorter, from Holland to spend 5 months marketing the Bed and Breakfast.

Luella (David's mother) falls down basement stairs but breaks no bones, spends a month in the nursing home with dad, returns home and resumes her daily routines. Christy (David's sister) remodels a 1st floor bedroom for Mother.

By December 1, the B&B had accommodated 74 person-days (p/d's) of business, and 84 p/d's of friends, relatives and colleagues.

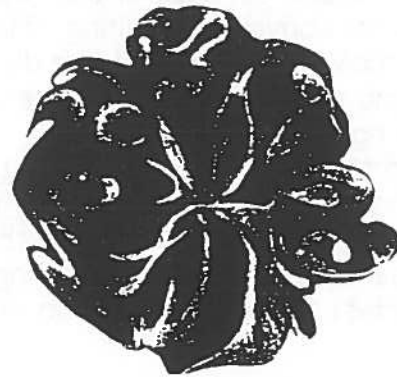
We've enclosed a quote that we've found inspiring.

David & Lin Zahrt

"Buckminster Fuller, the discoverer/inventor of the geodesic dome, at age thirty-two contemplated suicide for a few hours one night at the edge of Lake Michigan. As the story goes, a series of business failures that left him feeling he had made such a mess of his life that the best move would be for him to remove himself from the scene and make things simpler for his wife and infant daughter. Apparently everything he had touched or undertaken had turned to dust in spite of his incredible creativity and imagination. However, instead of ending his life, Fuller decided to live from then on as if he had died that night. Being dead, he wouldn't

have to worry about how things worked out any longer for himself personally and would be free to devote himself to living as a representative of the universe. The rest of his life would be a gift. Instead of living for himself, he would devote himself to asking, 'What is it on this planet that needs doing that I know something about, that probably won't happen unless I take responsibility for it?' He decided he would just ask that question continuously and do what came to him, following his nose."

from Wherever You Go, There You Are
John Kabat Zinn



A major cycle of my life has ended. My first book, *The Winter of my Soul*, is finished, ten years after it was begun. A memoir, it turned out to be quite different than I'd anticipated. As an everywoman journey from the explosive sixties to the spiritual nineties, it includes Fifth City, the Order, global projects, and many of you, all with fictional names to protect everyone's privacy. I'm giving myself two years to find a publisher, but with ten rejections, one unrealized nibble, and one submission still in the works, I'm not sure I have Clarissa Pinkola Estes' stamina (49 rejections before *Women Who Run with the Wolves* found a publisher). With the next round of submissions, I plan to send out to agents as well, since large publishers work primarily through them.

Writing the book was my way of laying the past to rest and has given me a freedom which is both refreshing and frightening.

When I finished it in May, I did a ten-day fast and meditation retreat to let it go and open up interior space for something new to emerge. Simultaneously, my painting began to shift and I found myself wanting more time to paint and push through to my unique style. In my dreams throughout the summer, I was having babies left, right and center. It was a restless period during which I wondered what these new aspects of my life could be. Fall brought the realization that my second book, *This Inner Journey*, was wanting to be written.

As these creative urges get truncated by the time and energy required to keep my business going, the image that has guided me for nearly seven years, my private practice as the financial underpinning for writing and painting, has come to feel less tenable. There is only so much time in each day and so much energy in one body. Moreover, the focused solitude required as I learned to write and paint, started my practice, wrestled my demons to the ground, and forged out a new identity as LiDona has left many emotional needs unsatisfied. I feel the need to stand back from everything in order to see what wants to happen next in my life. After much soul-searching and encouragement from friends, I am putting a request out to the universe.

May Sept. 1997-August 1998 be a sabbatical year focused on writing, painting and reconnecting with colleagues.



Perhaps you have a piece of the answer to my prayer. I am looking for a year-long house-sitting arrangement in the Pacific Northwest, in or close to a wooded area for the walking which is essential when I'm writing, outside the city but accessible by public transportation since I do not have a car, preferably not too far from Seattle colleagues. If you know of such an opportunity, it would relieve a big financial burden. Or perhaps you would like to sponsor a Wild Woman Odyssey? After doing two monthly groups this year, I have restructured it into three four-season weekends or a week-long intensive. This would take up slack relative to other financial needs.

In Toronto, Kendra is upgrading her illustration portfolio, Ian has expanded into designing transportation computer systems, and three-year-old Haley has begun Montessori School. As the holiday season approaches, I look forward to hearing where your journey has taken you and wish you Joy, Peace and Love throughout 1997. **LiDona Wagner**

Greetings to friends and relatives (of my maternal grandmother and grandfather Butcher).

Finally made it to 13 months, or is it 14. I never know. The old people repeat my age quite a bit, but I'm not much interested. In any case, some news for my grandparents who get caught in a slough of despond when it comes to putting pen to paper at Divali, Golden Week, Hanukkah, Christmas, or Kwanzaa, or any other appropriate time.

I get the most attention in the family now. When I go to my granddad and grandmother's they usually get my Aunt Carol to come too so that they have three people to take care of me. They need three since the older ones, though they seem tickled to see me, often fall asleep in the chair as old pelters do you know. My maternal grandmother had a little time off

this year in a county slow-down, but she's back at it full-time, often working overtime arranging staff schedules and dispensing the balm of human kindness as the economic health squeeze continues to chafe the bodies and souls of the people on her ward. She pays a price too as her knees and arthritis flare up quite often for which she sees a fine Korean acupuncturist once a week. Granddad seems to pay way too much attention to boys throwing around a big ball, which is nearly the size I am. Something about having kids shoot baskets instead of guns. Only one student was killed at this school this year but it was a sad day and he thinks the world is on fire where he works—if that makes sense. His only problem seems to be falling asleep with his mouth open after supper.

My mom, Elaine and Dad, Greg are doing well. They took me to the Links in Scotland, even though I don't play golf. Something to do with my mom's business—though she doesn't play golf either. To tell you the truth, I don't actually know what she was supposed to be doing there. I enjoyed it all right though there seemed to be something wrong with the people's speech (but then I can't get all of what people are saying all of the time anyway even though I get more than they think). And my Mom's quitting her job in January to help me. My dad is now the director of the downtown regional work of Catholic Charities of LA, so he's a busy person but he still manages to have a lot more energy than the seniors when he gets home.

My Aunt Carol changed jobs without changing her job. She's now a financial analyst I guess. I think that's supposed to be something about having enough of this stuff called money that you give to people to get stuff they have that you want, so I guess an analyst does something like tell you if you have enough of the stuff to get a toy at Toys r Us. Seems pretty simple really as they put the numbers right on the

stuff you want to buy and then you count your "money" to see if you have enough. Sounds simple, huh? And yet I guess it isn't.

My other aunt, Aunt Teresa, lives at the airport down a small long hall called Detroit Arrival. She only comes out of the Airport once in a while, though I'm glad to see her when she does. She seems to have started a graduate course in psychology at the airport also but it looks very unlike what you'd expect of a university.

The other airport experience I remember is going down the Texas hallway, where after sitting in this weird cramped up movie theatre which required ear phones and had only seven seats to a row we went out again to a hospital where I met my grandparents Stuart and even my great-grandfather Miller. He was about to give up on the life but I gave him all the charm I could muster and now I hear he has bounced back. Makes you wonder if babies aren't better than medicine. I know the grandparents are supposed to wish you a year of wonder and joy and so may the year be as wonderful for you as they seem to think that I have been for them. **Brooke Stuart DOB on behalf of Maxine and Roger Butcher**



Well, another year is coming to an end - for Atlantans 1996 will always be the year of the XXIII Olympic Games. We may not have hosted the best but certainly the largest peace time effort ever. Of course, I had to get into the middle of it - the Atlanta Food Bank negotiated with ACOG & food vendors to be the designated recipient of all left over food at every stadium, hotel, about 600,000 pounds. If that wasn't

enough, I took 5 days vacation to be an official volunteer driver for VIPs (I figured I could navigate through traffic better than anyone in Atlanta - notice I'm still my modest self), as well as pouring free cups of water at the Olympic Stadium. Martha and I were glad to host Linda Vernoy & Am Noel who had a niece from Malaysia Race Walking. She set a new Asian world record and was feted by Malaysian Ministers and then by a modest BBQ in our back yard. I witnessed enormous amounts of good will and charity with only a minor incident or two of bad taste &/or hostility. The Centennial Park bombing only increased everyone's resolve to keep the Olympic spirit alive.

Our family also has had an eventful year. Martha continues to expand her administrative duties at Mt. Vernon School working towards SACS accreditation next year. Mark is a paramedic with MedWings, Chris a commercial real estate broker with John Hunsinger, and Allison began graduate school in Industrial Design at Georgia Tech. My mom turned 85 & now resides at Knollwood Terrace, only a couple of miles away, and RoyAnne my sister continues to fly international routes with Delta. **Bruce Donnelly**

We have had a rich and varied year, and we thought we would like to box-up some of the residue and send it your way:

Civil Society

Colquitte Community Development Participating on the Board of the Arts Council (Nan) and administering Georgia's Grassroots Art Program in this and eight other counties (Bill). Administering funds and advising program Bounce, local after-school tutoring for at-risk-African-American youngsters (Bill). Facilitating a reading program for women in the local public library with conversations re women, race, the future (Nan). Launching a high school apprenticeship and mentoring project (Bill).

Primal Community

Family Extensions

Enjoying being "just the two of us" with shared chores, "Friday Family Night", sitting in our St. Francis grotto. Delighting and sorrowing in our children's ups and downs: Cam's bout with meningitis and visit home, Becky's friendship with Jeff and work at Harvard; Brad's continuing world travels in his work with GM; and Ian's forthcoming move to Atlanta with Motorola. Visiting Granddad Grow and brother Harry. Appreciating being part of the Grow family in Colquitt; officiating at the wedding of Rosemary Jinks and Ryan Luddy; the fun of Thanksgiving at Lake Seminole, as well as the sadness of illness and age. Hosting friends from other worlds and other times: Davidsons from Brazil days; John Russell from high school days in DC, Oylers, Stocks, Ike Powell, Betty Dyson, and Donna Ziegenhorn from EI/ICA corporate living days.



Creating Spirituality

Individual Renewal

Exercising through caring for our blessed acre, growing spring and winter crops, dealing with the quantities of cucumbers, tomatoes, lima beans, pears, etc. Indulging once more in crafts like knitting and cooking. Painting our porches and buying our first piece of furniture, an oak dining room table with pecan finish. Taking time to smell the azaleas.

ICA Network

Reinventing Our Organization

Enjoying collegueship, future visioning and methods sharing at ICA East research assemblies in Maryland. Participating in the ICA archives promotion project in Chicago and in creating our first CD ROM.

Linking with the "Order" around the world through newsletters and the gift of e-mail.

Nan & Bill Grow

I have taken the plunge into student life - now right into my second year of university life. I am doing a three year course in Development Studies - very interesting and fascinating area after the many years in community development. I am finding the work daunting but nothing good comes without sweat! It is a three year course and next summer I plan to go to Kenya and evaluate one of their Income Generation programmes as part of my dissertation - interesting in that I am to see how ICA methodology (Rural Community Empowerment) fits in with the theory of development. A controversial area currently as PRA/PLA seems to dominate the scene and the criticism and cynicism development theorists are leveling at Participatory approaches. I am not clear yet how my ideas of linking theory and practice will evolve/develop. Any suggestions - resources(s) on ways to go about it are highly welcome.

Rachel works in London - for a charity organization - working with young homeless. She is a UK education development worker. she commutes twice a week to London and works one day a week at home. We live in Norwich, Norfolk a small city south-east of London - approximately 120 miles from London. Kyalo, our three year old is with me most of the time - goes to the university nursery which she loves.

Patrick M. Mbulu

Care exists. Wondering what to do with it, when to express it, and how to make a difference. This has particularly been a year of powerlessness in the face of unthoughtful national politics, violence in families, dishonoring styles in school/work, and persistent national/ethnic tensions.

Mystery is encountered in the mundane and the extraordinary. This year it

appeared for Ruth in her daily walk from home to metro in an extraordinary location, Cairo Egypt, during ICA global conference. The conference also allowed for an 'anniversary' visit back to the village of Bayad twenty years after the initial health work Ruth and Ken (and many others) did there. Community life there is alive, well and still creating itself anew.

Profound sense of being family emerges in the midst of loss, change, and pain. Ken Gilbert, Sr. died December 12, 1995. Martha Durfee had minor stroke and then severe pain from fall. Pat Gilbert hit her head in a fall, spent three months in a brain injury unit and then moved on to amaze all with 100% recovery. Connie Marion had her hip replaced. Alex Kerr broke his collar bone. Marj Marion Wrenched her ankle. Noreen and Allen Gilbert delivered Emily Hope. We are grateful for the telephone and increasingly for the email that networks more of us together.

Creativity can be called forth with the strangest materials. Ruth's side of the family gathered in Mexico for sharing and celebration. Anticipating that someday we will have more than a big pile of rocks with a wonderful ocean view, we each crafted a cement tile decorated with beach finding to be incorporated in a path or wall of the future building. Amazing concentration, focus and fun! Come and see the tiles, and us.

Ken, Ruth, Luke, Amara, and Ryan

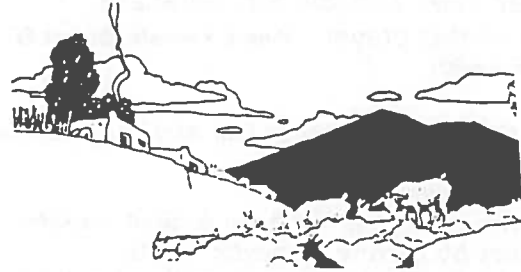


A highlight her and Keith's year was the opportunity made possible by two very kind travel agent friends who offered their bonus companion tickets to Keith and Maicah to return to Chile where Maicah was born. they stayed with Ann Maria Urrutia who is now retired from the Ninios Lisiados (Children's Rehabilitation

Hospital) in Santiago and whose vans 20 years before helped us locate the village that became the Institute of Cultural affairs (ICA) project site selection and the ongoing support phase of the project. And, they visited the village itself, Sol de Septiembre, and the families we worked with so many years back and whose new children are now Maicah's age. One young girl honored Maicah with the return of an infant's "first pink dress" which had been Maicah's when we were there. She had out grown the dress, and it had been given to the popular features of the human development project for the younger teenage girls. They would sign up for time slots when they would take care of the little "Gringita-Chilena" who even then was learning how to dance her way into people's hearts.

Truman has had a good first year at Oxford, where he is working on a masters program in economics. The economics statistics class almost did him as he faced the reductionism of the economic theories that rule our civilization's thinking. Many conversations buzzed back and forth across the Atlantic (less on economics than perspectives on facing a challenge outside the win/lose thinking loop) and once again he amazed himself and all of us by passing the test with confidence and courage. In his study of economics his interest is growing in the effect on development of rural to urban migrating populations. He is wrestling with the question now of continuing at Oxford for a PHD or getting more experience under his belt. Several appealing job offers have come and yet his energy is highly geared toward the academic setting. The heartbeat of our family is the breakfast each morning before Maicah catches the bus or train to school. This little ritual gives us the minutes to rehearse our thanks for life and breath, as individuals and as a family and to coordinate our comings and goings. It is remarkable what an ounce of family energy can do to keep its members bonded and up to date with

each other's lives. We check in together each Sunday evening too. We review the events of the week and acknowledge our struggle and breakthrough and one person form the week's interactions for whom we are thankful. Truman occasionally checks in by E-mail, letter, and phone.



Perhaps you too have experienced like us that life does not wait for any of us to accept its challenge; yet it comes with unending demand for personal growth and development, or at minimum, the unyielding invitation for change from previous and preferred solutions to the challenges it has presented. We see this as the Power of Creation loving us and asking us to accept that love as our destiny.

George, Keith, Truman & Maicah Packard

Greetings from Nashik. The year 1996 was good to us. After four years, we were a complete family once again as Sumit returned from Hong Kong. His return mobilized many family get-togethers and one long family holiday in November.

For our holiday we drive through Madhya Pradesh, the largest state of India which has the world renowned temples of Jhajuraho. We rejoiced in their glorious past and marveled at the skills of the artisans who carved life into magnificent statues of stone. On this trip, we also visited Buddhist Centre at Sanchi and the cities of Nagpur (where Vinod grew up), Jabalpur (where Vinod and Kamala were before their marriage), Bhopal and Indore as well as a lovely wild life sanctuary.

Long drives through vast expanses gave us ample time to recall the last few years

with gratitude and weave dreams for the future. Our thoughts went from the family to the nation as we move towards celebrating India's 50th year of independent rule in 1997.

We wish each one of you all the best for the year 1997 and join Ravindranath Tagore in this prayer. **Vinod, Kamala, Sumit & Nashik Pareekh**

Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high:

Where knowledge is free:

Where the world has not been broken up into fragments by narrow domestic walls:

Where the words come out from the depth of truth:

Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection:

Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary desert sand of dead habits:

Where the mind is led forward THEE into ever widening thought and action:

into the freedom my FATHER let my country AWAKE

Ravindranath Tagore

Planetary Symphony

It really is
the whole earth
that is
stretching
toward more
humanizing
operating
constructs
creaking
and crying
at the effort
crushing
some dreams
as it catalyzes
new ones
each moment
a choice
for survival

T.C. Wright

REFLECTIONS ON THE WORLD

We recently met Joe Jaworski who wrote the powerful book Synchronicity. We met him in Houston with Chandra. His father was the Watergate attorney. Joe was also an attorney in Houston, then changed his whole life and started The American Leadership Forum, working with brilliant people on how to do leadership with integrity. He's worked with Global corporations, and done some wonderful work. He met with David Bohm, who was close to Einstein, and also close to J. Krishnamurti, a famous evolutionary Indian thinker and teacher. (Chandra was also very close to Krishnamurti.) So there is the question of how to bring the Spiritual into the corporations. Some edge people are working on this. The corporations have such a huge impact on the planet, especially the Global corporations, that if this could begin to really happen, we might be able to have some transformations happen faster.

Goethe said. **"whatever you can do, or dream you can, begin it."** Anyway, it is wonderful to live life as a creative adventure, rather than a security seeking venture.

Blase & Roseanne Sands

The Hong Kong Pattersons are grateful for 1996 and its changes. Changes inevitably bring challenge, growth, struggle and delight. We are mindful of the painful distress in Rwanda, Burundi and Zaire; Israel and Palestine; Burma and Tibet. We believe the human spirit longs for dignity and peace. Closer to home, we follow the awkward British - Chinese conversations and confrontations as Hong Kong returns to Chinese sovereignty at midnight, June 30, 1997. Most of us are confident in a stable future. Hong Kong citizens have already experienced many of the changes which Chinese rule is likely to bring.



Summer was a highlight for John and Thea. In June we went on a ten-day trip to Beijing with a Chinese teacher from HKIS. Staying at the Beijing Foreign Language Institute allowed us to study Mandarin (hard); attempt ink and brush calligraphy on rice paper (we didn't keep our goldfish sketches); and limber up with daily Tai Chi exercises led by a dedicated, seventy-five year-old guru (who yelled at us when we didn't get it right). The Forbidden City gave an awe-inspiring glimpse into the secluded, walled-off existence of the Chinese Emperors through many dynasties. As for the Great Wall...we walked its paved stones, gazed over the peaceful mountains, and marveled at its thousand year-old, elegant construction.

John & Thea Patterson



1996 has been a year of setting into life in Oregon for us with....moving to our new home in the Charbonneau district of Wilsonville, enjoying the ups and downs of golf while enjoying scenery, fresh air and exercise. We visited friends and colleagues in Hong Kong for workshops and collegiality and hosted friends and family in Oregon. We enjoyed a Caribbean Cruise with Sue's mom, dad, brother, sister, nephews and nieces to Mexico and journeyed to the San Juan Islands and Olympic Peninsula with Sue's Mom and Dad. We played cards and golf with friends and family, surfed the Internet, visited with friends through e-mail (oberg@suropa.com), had car journeys through the west with visits to friends, family and breathtaking scenery in British Columbia, Washington, Oregon, California, Utah, New Mexico, and Colorado. We are enjoying good health. **Jim & Sue Oberg**

This past year was one of ending and beginning, of reunions and adventures into unknown places. Last year at just about this time Jack and I were called back to Meadville, PA to be with his mother, Lillian after she had a massive stroke. We and the family gathered around her bed for a week, sang her love songs, read poetry and the Psalms for the final good-byes. She died peacefully the Saturday after Thanksgiving. She was 92 years of age. She took great pride in her career as a nurse, her many travels and adventures caring for patients. One of the memorable experiences of the hospital vigil was Jack and I preparing a photo album of pictures and momentos of her life for her grandchildren, Jon and Jennifer. Another experience was rediscovering snow after being in India for 11 winters! It was the mother of snowfalls as the snow piled up layers and layers of white drifts.

1996 was the year we constructed a house in Mexico, part of a group of ICA families who have formed an association to build "creativity" into our future plans and models, including a place to live in and invite family, friends and creative events to take place on the Pacific Ocean, one hour from Puerto Vallarta, Mexico.

Many images crowd around the events of this year. I guess a holding image for me of 1996 was seeing the village of Bayad Arab on the edge of the Nile after 20 years! It was an oasis of the "civil society" that we talked about in our sessions in Cairo. To revisit the first well dug on the edge of Nile, the convent where the Bayad project people first stayed and where the consult people stayed, and to experience the wonder of fruit trees growing on desert soil was to experience wholeness in creation. It was so wonderful, I went back twice. **Jack & Judy Gilles**

It's interesting to reflect on the future, especially since the scientists have discovered what might be an early form of

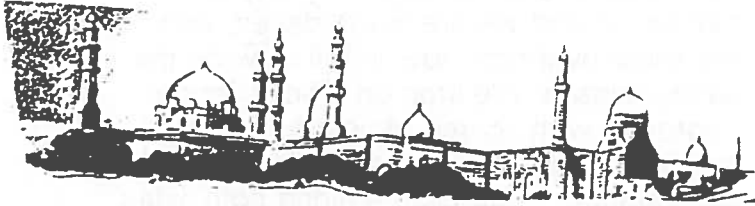
life in a Martian rock. Actually, this discovery makes all of us think of the past and the future at the same time. We think about when life began and what will happen ahead. If scientists are right in their theories, the more complex life forms came from the very simple life forms of billions of years ago. But why on our planet and not others? About three and a half billion years ago, when the earth was spinning twice as fast as it is today, a gigantic hunk of matter smashed into the earth causing the earth to spin in a different direction. This hunk of matter bounced off into space and became our moon. We are the only planet in the solar system with a moon that has such an effect on our gravity. The moon slowed down the earth's revolutions through these billions of years until we now have 24-hour days and are still slowing down. the moon also has sufficient pull on the earth to cause its magnetic field to expand, preserving the earth from harmful space rays. It also caused tides which probably helped very early life forms to leave the seas and come to the land. Because of the moon, the earth changed its noxious atmosphere to a more friendly environment for the evolution of various life forms. Did the very earliest forms of life come from earth or from an outside source, like the Martian rock? This is the kind of mystery that keeps the human brain humming!



Where do we go from here? Human beings have brains with an enormous capacity far beyond their present use. Is there some unknown purpose here? It is clear that in the next few centuries, more and more human being will be born in outer space. Scientists say that the earth is traveling into an orbit that will bring the next Ice Age within the next century or two; this happens every 10,000 years. The last Ice Age forced human beings closer to one another. During this time, with the evolution of larger brains, human beings invented tools and arms to deal with the encroachment of other human beings. With human beings now the largest species on earth, what will happen if we are forced to live in smaller areas close to the equator? Hopefully, we will have a broader space exploration program by then. It is estimated that in the next 500 years 100 billion humans will be living in outer space.

This all raises interesting questions. What will human beings look like after centuries in outer space? We certainly won't need our present bodies that are built to handle earth's gravity. Will we be part robot? What will be a human's future relationship with earth? Will we have the same religious beliefs we now have? It's interesting to reflect that the only historic religious belief that never was involved in ruinous religious wars is Buddhism. It has broken into a million divisions in its long history but never with any violent breakoffs. Buddhism believes in the oneness of all beings. Some scripture scholars believe it had a profound effect on early Christians, especially the Gnostics who believed they and Jesus the Christ were one. This oneness shows up again in the medieval mystics like Theresa of

Avila and John of the Cross. These mystics were writing about oneness with the Divine Mystery when the Spanish Inquisition was reeking self-righteous havoc in the name of an external God. Is this belief in the oneness of all things, the fact that all beings share the same existence, the same belief that drives the Mother Theresas of our world? Will this be the belief system of the future? We certainly are confronted with a profound mystery in all this. **Barb & Bill Alerding**



FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF CAIRO

The streets of Cairo at midnight are very reminiscent of Bombay. Lots of traffic, horns blowing continuously, cars switching and ignoring lane markers, people crossing wherever—but no hand carts or bullocks on the roadways, thankfully. Our little van is air conditioned, and we decide en route to the hotel to leave the next morning free to catch up on sleep and schedule our pyramids and Sphinx trip for that afternoon.

The Shepherd Hotel turns out to be a quite decent four-star hotel, its best and most famous years well in the past, but still adequate and reasonably priced. Egyptian nightclub music in the air, grand high ceilinged restaurants, smoking allowed and being practiced everywhere, lots of marble, arabesque designs, recessed lighting, balconies and gleaming brass works scattered about. Good levels of English among the staff, who carry themselves with that special air of authority and directiveness, yet courtesy,

appropriate to their standing. We are required to hand over our passports, to be returned when we check out, something that always makes me a tad uneasy.

The room John and I share is somewhat elderly but clean and spacious, with two double beds, working shower, and a delightful balcony overlooking Cairo's main street along the Nile, the Corniche el Nile. And of course, there in all its evening grandeur, the great river itself. The panoramic view awash with lights, with massive bridges spanning the river and connecting us to the large Gezira Island in its midst. River cruise boats tied up on the shore, mostly the small sailing crafts called faluka, with one grand dinner cruise ship named the Scarabee.

John and I decide about one in the morning to start our time in Cairo by taking a little walk along the river. We find memories of our years in India flood in on both of us as we wander along the wide sidewalk and dash across streets amidst the traffic and horns. Before long, the forty-plus hours without a bed catch up with us, and we return to the hotel and collapse for six hours.

Breakfast is included in our room rate. Since we are early for the conference, there is some confusion as to which breakfast we are entitled to, and we get the staff's nod to helping ourselves to the grand buffet. We indulge in a bowl of fruit salad, along with pastries, crepes and pancakes, sausage, fried potatoes, yogurt and coffee. Drinking water in Egypt is not a gratuitous commodity, and we buy a bottle.

After a photo session off our balcony, we head for the Cairo Museum, the great repository of Egyptian antiquities and a relatively easy walk from our hotel. Mobs of people beyond description unfortunately all have the same idea, most of them in tour groups, and the air in the museum courtyard is filled with the babble

of guides trying to communicate with groups in a dozen different languages. We pay the ten pounds for our tickets, fend off all the offers of guides and, as required, turn in our cameras as we enter.



Once inside, we regret not accepting a guide, since markings to the vast collections are in short supply indeed. Huge mummies everywhere, towering stone sculptures, vases, sarcophagi, hieroglyphics, unearthed tools, papyrus painting, scarabs and marble and granite works designed to proclaim the greatness of the rulers who commissioned them to all subsequent ages. We fight our way toward relatively unpopulated areas, moving on as the waves of visitors approach our locations. The museum suggests a Cavernous and somewhat dimly lit storehouse of loosely organized treasures from the various dynasties of Egypt's incredibly long and diverse ancient periods, from around 5000 BC to the time of Alexander and the Greek era.

All the vaguely remembered gods are here, Horus and Isis, and the pantheon of animal-headed anthropomorphic figures. I am struck by their postures and visages, neither fierce nor benign, simply present and watchful. Jaguars & ravens guard the sarcophagi, and pictograms in the flat old two-dimensional art still seek to tell the stories their inhabitants wished to have passed down to all succeeding generations.

Guards everywhere—we're starting to get used to seeing security forces everywhere on the streets and in all public places cradling automatic weapons. One of the young ones engages us in conversation and an offer of assistance. He shows us an urn with some of its owner's petrified body parts still inside, viewable only by climbing onto the display and peering down into it.



A short nap, then up and into the travel agent's van for the amazingly brief—only thirty-five or some minutes ride to Giza, on the outskirts of the city. As we approach it, we catch glimpses, between the buildings, of the top of the Great Pyramid of Cheops, much as one might notice Mount Rainier in the distance while driving in Seattle. With shocking abruptness, the city is behind us, and we are in the desert, with the three pyramids now in full view on the sandy horizon. We stop on a ridge for our photo-op, with scores of colorfully attired camels and their drivers, amidst the tourist stall operators that cluster along both sides of the road.

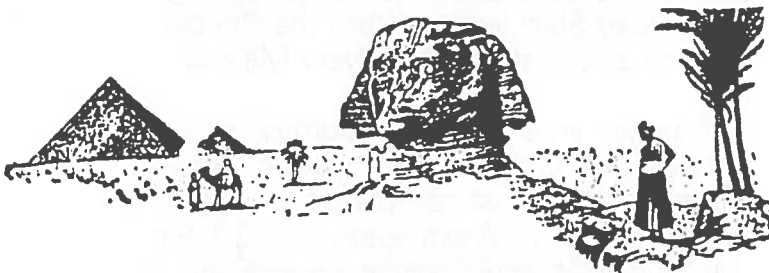
Virtually all of our group wind up astride a camel, either by decision or inadvertence, after which we make our way to the smallest of the three pyramids, where a considerable queue awaits its chance to enter the inner chambers. Even this smallest of the three pyramids is huge, the giant stones, we are told, weighing up to two tons apiece, with no cement or glue holding any of them in place. Irregularities and broken places tell of the toll the centuries have taken on these monstrous monuments, but what remains is impressive enough.

We are warned that anyone afflicted with claustrophobia should not attempt this journey—and rightly so. The passage requires walking in a nearly doubled over crouch along a small tunnel that seems to descend forever into the earth. Finally we reach the empty caverns at the bottom from which, alas, all residents and treasures have long since been removed and spend a few moments standing in awe at what must once have been.

And so on to the Sphinx. Facing the East and intended to serve as ominous and

eternal protector of the residents of these pyramids, the loin bodied face still gazes toward the great city of the living in the near distance. Unfortunately, the elements and those who over the millennia have braved the warning this crouching creature sought to project have rendered the once intimidating limestone features rather softened and indistinct. The powerful nose is gone, although our guide dismisses as highly unlikely the story that Napoleon's soldiers had used it for target practice. My mind goes to Shelley, and the line, "Nothing beside remains, from his poem, "Ozymandias." Such, however, is not the case in this spot today. Eminently visible to both the Sphinx and all those who stand in its presence, on the outskirts of the ever expanding city, one can clearly read a Pizza Hut sign.

Gordon Harper



rites of passage

In February, Mike traveled to Charlotte, NA TO help his folks celebrate their 60th Wedding Anniversary. Kit's family was able to go as well. Two weeks later, Mike made the same trip to say farewell to his dad, who had suffered a heart attack, and was, briefly, on life-support. We were (and still are) all saddened by the death of this wonderful man, father and grandfather and will always cherish his memory. Mike's mother is coping well and still living in their house in Coulwood.

The assistant Principal at Lincoln Park High School continues to enjoy his job, frantic and hectic tho' it is. Judi became the Executive Director of Arts Bridge in February, loved it, did a good job and was down-sized in mid-November. So - is

back into the job search market (UGH!!!). any help, suggestions, contacts would be appreciated.!

The year is drawing to a close. A strange, yet wonderful year for us, perhaps for you too. We know, and are constantly re-learning, life abounds with blessings, large and small. You, of course, are one of our blessings - friends new and old - who through your care of us and Meg - by your cards and letters, your visits and Meg Fund support, help us to remember the real meaning of this Holiday time through out the year. We think of you often with gratitude, with chuckles as we review the many cards, letters and pictures you have sent. We wish you and yours a new year filled - with the usual ups and downs and the spirit to count them all as blessings.

Meg, Mike and Judi Tippett

This past year has definitely been one marked by beginnings and endings for me.

Two very significant events this year were the death of my father in February and the death of my dear friend, Robert Lingafelter, in October. Both were the end of one relationship and yet the beginning and deepening of others. I have been very conscious of the utter mystery of life and the importance of actively taking the time for those most important to me.

I still work at Emory University in the computer division, but my job has evolved from facilitating and training to include organizational development. We are launching a major transformation to self managed teams which has given me this opportunity. I really like my job and the challenge it is giving me. I plan to take some organizational development courses at a university in town to fill in some experience gaps.

The highlight of my reflection time this year was my trip to visit Kaye Hayes and living with her in the bottom of the Grand

Canyon. Walking in and out 8 miles while awestruck by the incredible environment was as big a part of the event as the week "down there".
Martha Talbott

In June we put a new roof on the house and added a solar tube to light the family room. Mary and Cyprian D'Souza and their children Aswath and Hrito (from India) visited for a week. Together we traveled to the White Mountains of eastern Arizona where we celebrated with the Apaches a young girl's passage into adulthood. The three day long Sunrise Dance was a community event that we were privileged to participate in, mostly as observers, and an awesome reminder of the role and need for community in raising children. We returned home via the grand canyon, Oak Creek Canyon and the red rocks of Sedona.
Abe & Janice Ulanca



It is with deep gratitude that we approach the celebration of Christmas. We treasure the holiday greeting arriving from those who have helped to shape our patterns of consciousness and engagement. We are reminded of the invisible collegium that has nurtured us across the years as an essential network within the dynamic of community.

This year has been one of renewed appreciation for life's limits, of separations both temporary and permanent, of heightened awareness of life's fragility, contingency and brevity. Yet in the midst of it, we have been "graced" by the Word, experienced at an ever-deepening level, that All is good, approved, received and possible. We are still in the process of reflecting on and naming the significance of this year but will share a few important milestones, nonetheless.

For Marilyn, '96 was the year my mother died." In July after a long struggle with a pre-leukemic blood condition, Ruth Miller decided, no more transfusions, no more support systems – and courageously embraced her death with strength of spirit previously unmatched. We have learned that the stages of grieving have a life of their own. It was hard work, but healing to assume major responsibility for dismantling the family home which contained the collection of over a half-century of artifacts (Ruth never discarded anything!) and distributing the memories among family members. Throughout the year Marilyn was engaged in a variety of consulting projects with local school districts and national educational configurations, including facilitating a Wingspread Conference on educational accountability in Wisconsin and working with Head Start leaders from the Pueblo nations at Ghost Ranch in New Mexico.

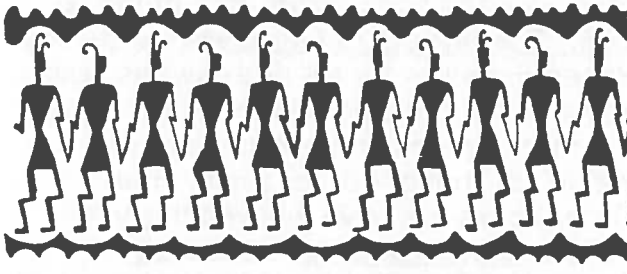
Joe began an unexpected journey with a strange and undesired companion: sleep apnea. He has just completed leading the Congregation at Washington Park United Methodist Church, Providence in a capital funds effort (6 months in the making) with results far exceeding any expectations.

Benjamin and Karen completed their 10 months sojourn in India, and returned with tales of their immersion in rural and urban health care systems as well as river escapades, desert treks by camel-back, the Himalayas of Darjeeling, the Taj Mahal, visits with the D'Souzas, the Parekhs, and the Gilleses. Jonathan joined them for six weeks during which he and Ben did a clinical rotation at Kasturba Hospital in Mumbai. They took a weekend trip to Maliwada, the village in Maharashtra which was our home 20 years ago.

We look forward to 1997 as a highly symbolic time in our family. In June we will mark the completion of 45 years in ministry for Joe; the 30th anniversary of

marriage; for Jon and Ben the culmination of 20 years of academic work, graduating as MDs and beginning their respective residencies; for Marilyn the 10th year of her consulting corporation; and, we hope, another year full of continued significant engagement. We give thanks for the gift of life that we have received, for Emmanuel, God with us and for the "churching" dynamic, historical, movemental and eternal.

Joe & Marilyn Crocker



The milepost that will be talked about for years to come was the celebration of Rodney's 70th. We had flown into the Grand Canyon (in 6 minutes) to the village of Supai where our friend Kaye Hayes was working. We intended to enjoy some hikes to the three water falls-sing "Happy Birthday with a birthday cake - and fly back out. For a series of reasons (too long a story for a Christmas letter) there was to be no helicopter in time for us to catch our flight home. SO—we hiked out—8 miles of photography and bird watching, 9 hours elapsed time from the Havasupai River to the Plateau, a 3500 foot elevation increase. The celebration part was that we weren't even stiff and sore the next day including no blisters. What an event for celebrating that milepost.

...Priscilla & Rodney Wilson

October 2 was Gordon's 60th birthday and he was back in Seattle in time to celebrate with 35 or so friends and family. Geoff, Stu & Cris, and Elena were here to join in the festivities and help make it a very memorable occasion. (Not-so-coincidentally, the weekend before the 2nd Daudi and Susan & Abednego Barnes (with baby, Julia!) joined us for the Green

Bay (31) /Seattle (10) football game at the Kingdome. Super!) Gordon's special birthday gift was a new sporty car—a dark green Saturn SC2 with sunroof! Yes!!

Last but not least, Elena and Daudi recently announced their impending parenthood, and so we are expecting our first grandchild in late May/early June! (1997 already looks very promising!)

" Our deepest fear is not that we are inadequate. Our deepest fear is that we are powerful beyond measure. It is our light, not our darkness, that most frightens us. We ask ourselves 'who am I to be brilliant, gorgeous, talented and fabulous?"

Actually who are you not to be?: You are a child of God. Your playing small doesn't serve the world. There's nothing enlightened about shrinking so that other people won't feel insecure around you. We are all meant to shine, as children do...And as we let our own light shine, we unconsciously give permission for other people to do the same. As we're liberated from our fear, our presence automatically liberates others."

Nelson Mandela



BOOKS

During one of our frequent Sunday book-browsings at Border's Bookstore, I picked Learning to Dance Inside by George Fowler. He was a Trappist monk committed to a 17-year long vow of silence during which he learned what meditation is not (Tillichian, isn't he?) Mr. Fowler suggests various books to help the beginner on the path of "contemplative bliss", which, he says, is the goal of meditation. I bought one of them, Coming Home, by Lex Hixon, which has a foreword by our colleague Ken Wilber. I am still engrossed in his text, which runs the gamut on comtemplative thinking from the

European to the Asian approaches. The subtitle of this book is "the experience of enlightenment in sacred traditions." I am also in the midst of yet a third meditative reading, Living Buddha, Living Christ by Thich Nhad Hanh, which describes the crossroads of compassion and holiness at which the two traditions meet.

This exploration of mine, as George Fowler puts it, is into "the why of meditation, not the how." Ever since the early days of the Spirit Odyssey—25 years ago—I have been only concerned about the techniques of meditation, without exploring its deepest and richest meaning. We all meditate whenever we seek the divine reality within us. Fowler says that meditation is a daily process which is ours for the taking if we will only recognize that it is always available to us. We want to give you a present of these three references. Our heartfelt opinion is that these three will provide a year reading for anyone willing to continue pursuing a spiritual path.

Learning to Dance Inside. Getting to the heart of meditation, George Fowler, Addison Wesley Publishing Company, 1996

Coming Home. Lex Hixon, foreword by Ken Wilber: Larson Publications, 1978

Living Buddha, Living Christ. Thich Nhat Hanh, with an introduction by Elaine Pagels: Riverhead Books, a division of G.P. Putman's Sons, 1995
Bill & Barb Alerding

A Simpler Way. Margaret Wheatley
Marge Tomlinson

A Good Scent From a Strange Mountain. Robert Olen Butler; it received the 1993 Pulitzer Prize. Cynthia Vance

Our good friends Marguerite and Taba gave Jack the book, **From Beginning to End: The Rituals of Our Lives**, written by Robert Fulgum for his birthday this year and it has stimulated a lot of thinking about the ritual dimensions of our life in ways we've not thought of for a long time. Other books we have enjoyed this year include **Synchronicity**, by Joseph Jaworski, (The Synchronicity book sparked the formation of a group of senior managers and some of our consulting and ICA colleagues to form a regular study and action research group. We see this group evolving into a real core network for our future work here in India.), **The Heart Aroused**, by David Whyte and two business books, **Built to Last**, by Collins & Porras and **Competing for the Future**, by Hamel and Prahalad. Jack & Judy Gilles

Inspired in 1989 by an ICA Panchayat document outlining seven key areas of social rejuvenation—Peace, Participation, Wellness, Economics, Ecology, Spirituality, and Learning. Titles are in English, Hindi, Chinese and Arabic.

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Fields of Change posters are back in print!