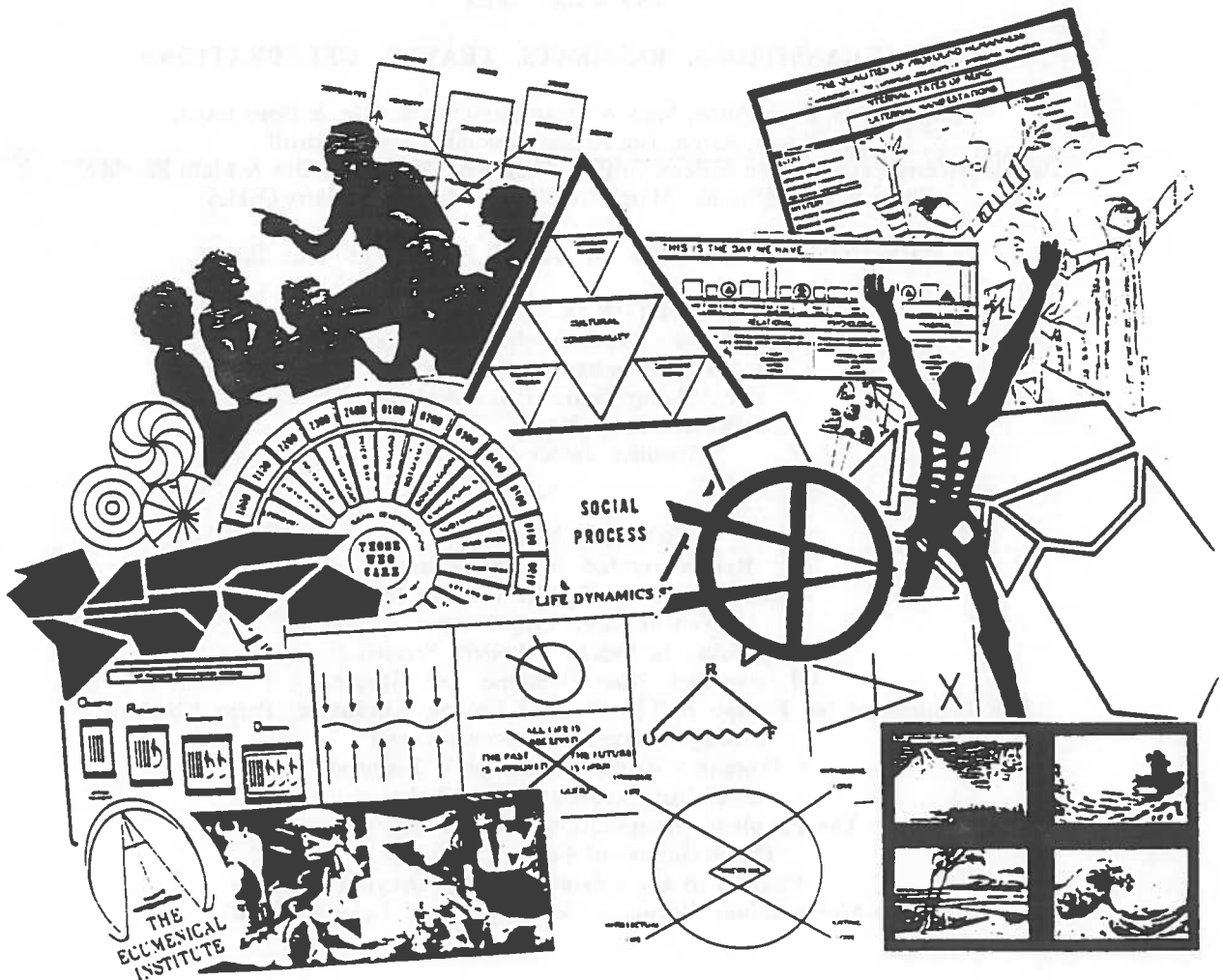


T H E N O D E

July, 1997



THE NODE

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EDITORIAL

This June I had the privilege of participating in a week of Native American ceremony and vision quest. We began the journey with a one-day Eagle Dance, a shorter version of the Sundance. The dancers dance to a tree in the center of an arbor that is built for this ceremony. This tree symbolizes the Tree of Life. The dancers never turn their backs on Life as they send intents and prayers for the healing of themselves, life and others up through the tree to the Universe and to Spirit.

In addition to our individual prayers we danced together for:

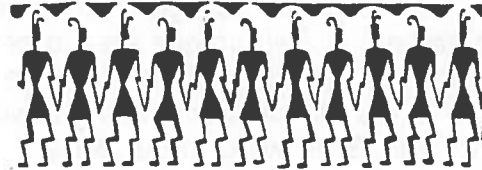
- * The healing of Grandmother Earth's Children (air, earth, water, plants, animals and humans).
- * The end of ignorance, oppression, hunger, dogma, bigotry, superstition.
- * Balancing of the female and male energies within our selves and on this planet.
- * Creation of a Gathering Together Circle of all religions, scientific disciplines and philosophies.
- * Continuation of people communicating the Sacred Knowledge of traditional and new wisdom.
- * The re-establishment of the Rites of Passage for children so that they may receive the proper guidance as they prepare for the future.

I found myself living again the times we celebrated rituals together in the Order. The Watch, the Fasts, the Feasts, the Grand Ball, and the Odyssey all flashed through my mind. I realized it was the same dynamic in just another form. The event was held at a Buddhist Retreat Center located on 250 acres of breathtaking wilderness in the Canadian Shield. During the time we had the opportunity to also experience the Buddhist tradition and understanding of nature and spirit through teachings and

walking the land. I found a true blending of these teachings with the Native American understanding of Mother Earth and all her children. I found myself grateful for the spiritual foundations I received in the Order. I felt they were in harmony with these new/ancient teachings and I experienced a wonderful sense of coming home.

Sandra Rafos

"We had gone far enough together to listen easily in the quiet spaces"
Brian Andreas



THE OCCASION: LYN EDWARDS 80TH BIRTHDAY STORY TELLING

(IN TORONTO AT BOB & SANDY RAFOS)

12 OF EI-ICA folks were just telling stories: close calls in Maharashtra, plane flight missed that crashed, funeral services for colleagues, village events in Nigeria, Zambia, Sudtonggan, prep for "The Ball" in 1972, Community Forums" Future to Success etc. Oh we had told them so many times before. But tonight they bled through. To die is to live is not just an idea, a theology, an action. It is embodied in our lives. It is woven into every bone and fiber of our bodies, into every breath.

We have seen the glory. We have seen the pain. We have experienced diversity - the deep anguish of diversity - the fascination with cultural richness. Our lives have been turned upside down by encounters with the other. Just as we are: weak, shattered, personality warped, ordinary folks, we have become the universal Ur. In spite of ourselves. And it hurts. Ask our children. Its in them too. We can't peel it off or let it go. We can't grasp it, explain it or control it. It is in our genes.

We are of Childhood's End. We are the mutations. The new cloth has been woven. It is walking around in every fiber of society. We are the New Society, the New Religious Mode everyone is seeking. We are home!

How did this new happen? Our lives were thrown into radical discontinuity. Patterns, values, modes, journeys were turned upside down and intensified day after day after day. We were thrown into the fiery furnaces and turned into pure gold.

In the last 10 years each gold piece has been finding its own unique way to be this new fabric in the midst of the old. The very texture of the old society is being reweoven by the big **US** growing larger daily.

Praise the Lord. Jeanette Stanfield



**LYN MATHEWS EDWARDS 80TH
BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION IN
CHICAGO, JUNE 19, 1997**

"All I really want for my birthday is a collection of stories, stories from our life together as a movement, as an order, as social demonstration. We have so many stories."

From all over the world have come stories. Australia, Africa, India, Japan, Europe, South American, North American, North Africa, China. So many stories, written out, gathered into booklets, videoed, taped, typed. Twenty-seven tapes, 70 typed documents, 3 videos, and one floppy disc.

Such fun, such memories. Stories about getting lost on the way to a village in India, traveling by train in Kenya, by bus in India, by ship in Majuro, by plane everywhere,

being too hot in Chicago, being surprised when teaching RS-I, marching to Selma with Martin Luther King, fasting in Samoa, making friends in Korea, doing tactics in a local church, laughing so hard you couldn't stop, getting up for daily office, raising money all over the world, moving to new places, hearing the word in Chili, seeing a snake in Cano Negro, teaching teachers in Chicago, revisiting towns, finding a place to stay, managing without money, giving lectures, leading town meetings, climbing a wall in Burma, drilling a well in Egypt, celebrating in London, living together, making meatloaf, singing, writing songs, etc. etc.

Celebrating Lyn's birthday by collecting stories happened in many places. Folks gathered to tell their stories on tape and video, then sent their stories to Lyn. And then on Sunday the 22nd, the Chicago story telling group was invited by Lyn's sons Joe and Jim and Betty Pesek, 100 people came. Lyn's children and grandchildren were all there. While most of the guests were from Chicago, others came -- Lynda Cock from South Carolina, Fred Buss from Florida, Joe Thomas from Georgia, Joyce Bonafield and Paul Tiedeman from Minnesota, Charles and Doris Hahn from Texas and Lloyd and Lela Philbrook from Taiwan.

Everyone sang, enjoyed the food, and, led by Geoff Nixon, shared their stories. In small groups, armed with tape recorders, each story led to another story. **"Oh, I remember one time when ..."**

And so many stories are still untold, in your minds, in your hearts, just needing to be told. We must be the people of the story. So - Lyn is inviting everyone to continue to send her stories. She has promised that they will all be accumulated into a book. Wouldn't it be great to create a drama from all these stories to present at the international ICA gathering in the year 2000 some where in North America!

Thanks for a wonderful celebration!
From Joe and Jim Mathews, Lyn Mathews
Edwards, and Betty Pesek.

**Sample stories: - Close your eyes
and reach into the box, and pick
one.**

There were so many memorable times for me while I was on the Global Odyssey. But, undoubtedly, the most unforgettable was our visit with Mother Theresa. We had spent the morning visiting the House of the Dying and the Nursery for the children she rescues from the streets. The nursery was filled to overflowing with beautiful little children. Some were playing and laughing, some hovered near death. All were cared for by happy, loving sisters. We then went back to her religious house and went inside and sat cross-legged on the floor and talked with her about the spirit life of her community. She was gracious and wonderful. We were all deeply moved by her devout and selfless concern for the human suffering she was attempting to address. Then came the time for us to depart. I remember feeling that I really did not want to go. I wanted to stay sitting at her feet awhile longer. I had not been able to absorb all that I could feel emanating from this very spiritual woman. We gathered in the very small courtyard of the community and said our goodby's. Then we sang to her the eagle song. It has never before or since felt so right to me. Those who wait on the Lord.

Surely this woman was the spiritual model for that song! Even today this brings a tear to my eye and a catch to my throat. It was an awe-filled moment and the remembrance of it is very precious to me.

Laura Westbrook

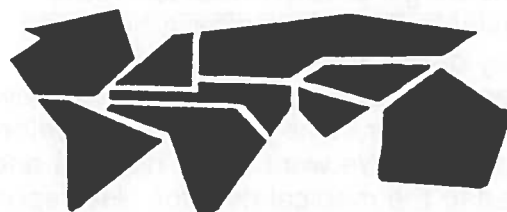
Does God speak in our time? It was the fall of 1982 and we were in Nigeria working to link projects, get their stories and their representatives to the International Exposition of Rural Development set for India 1984. We were confronted with hostile elements: a government that would give us only a

visitor's visa for three months, heat, dust, malaria, frightening public transport, etc. We decided to inkind a car to enable our travels to projects. My development colleague, Owo Olatungi, had malaria but we had important appointments in downtown Lagos so I went alone. I sat in one office a long time while he ignored our appointment. Finally, I excused myself to his receptionist and went to the second appointment. The "boss" was not unfriendly but skeptical and asked many questions which I answered as best I could but knew in my heart that I should have been a Nigerian and a male if he were really to hear the need.

The bus lines were long and it was late before I finally boarded a bus. My feet itched from walking the hot dusty streets. As I sat on the narrow, crowded, board seat praying I could get home before dark, I agonized, "God, what am I doing here? Is this where I belong?" Other passengers were absorbed in their thoughts and as eager as I to get home. They did not hear the voice or see the rosy light or feel the cool breeze that told me God was present: "Yes, you are where I need you. You belong here."

On my follow-up visit to the "skeptical boss" he called me his "Little Nun" and gave Nigeria ICA a fine little VW, the company car they were retiring. As you know, Nigeria did make it to the IERD.

Marilyn Bell



During the first foray of the Women's Advancement Module in Kenya, Sandra Rafos, Kenyans, Dorothy and Bernadette and I traveled by bus to Nakuru the fourth largest city in Kenya, took a matatu north along a dirt road then hiked into the village another 1-2 miles away.

The weather was warm as was the reception from the villagers who had prepared beans and rice and chapatis for us and showed us the hut where we would sleep. The next two days were spent in workshops on economics, literacy, clean water, and planting hybrid crops. We sat on a small hill with the 20 or so women around us and drew charts about the future of the village. I and two of the local women went into Nakuru to arrange for English classes to be taught in the village and returned with a blackboard, chalk, writing books, pencils (sharpened) and literacy books. The women were so pleased with themselves and that they had actual materials to show off to the others. Sometime later we carried water up from the stream, cleared off a patch of land, planted hybrid maize seeds, and watered them. Months later when I returned the maize was growing quite well.

When the weekend was over and now it was time to leave the women gave each of us a gourd decorated with leather and beads for carrying water. I still have mine.

Penny Portman



The Celebration of the completed life of Ellen Rissky, in Sevegram, India in 1982

On hearing that Ellen was still in the hospital in Sevegram after a bout with heavy diarrhea, and had been there several weeks, Charles Hahn and I flew out to see her. She passed away before we arrived. We went to the hospital and talked to the medical director. He reported that she had been improving when suddenly her heart went into failure. The toxins from the mixed bacterial infections had reached her heart. She had been getting good care as far as we could tell in the Intensive Care Unit of this training

hospital that educated the doctors for the rural areas of Maharashtra.

That night was spent with Cyprian D'Souza, Heriman Gavai, Don and Diane Francis and other colleagues from the Sevegram team. The intense discussion was around how to celebrate this completed life. What poetry to use? Do we get out the Daily Office as Charles pushed? Others said we need to honour the culture she was serving in. A service of sacred readings and songs of both cultures was created by dawn.

We followed the village women to hospital the next morning and let them show us the ritual of bathing and dressing the body before cremation. The tenderness and honouring of the process helped me to overcome my hesitancy to participate. The body was then carried on a stretcher on the shoulders of the village men draped in strings of flowers. We joined the women processing behind. This was followed by an oxcart of wood for the fire. The procession took us to the edge of the village in a lovely field used for this purpose.

As we approached the site, we saw another procession coming to the same spot from another direction. A man from China, who had been staying at the Gandhi Ashram had also passed away. They had approached Cyprian about a joint service. It had been agreed to as long as we could keep the service we planned intact. After the two services were held, with Christian and Hindu rituals, the fires were lit. Softly the chants of the villages of Sevegram began to swell. They were the most beautiful Buddhist chants I had ever heard. The circle of humanity was awesome. I remember Diane Francis saying, "Who would ever want a service in a funeral home after something like this!" We were joined by one of the male nurses from Intensive Care who was in tears. "Why did the Lord take her, not me. I'm the one who dropped out of seminary, and she

was serving the needy." She had obviously made an impact on the Community!

Heriman Gavai went out early the next morning and gathered the ashes from the site. We had them sealed in a brass container by a funeral home in Bombay. I volunteered to take them to Chicago as my father was fading and I wanted to see him before he died. I remember wondering what the customs official would say with this package. I decided to be up front about what it was. He gulped and just waved me on. I arrived at Kemper to find myself in a swirl of seemingly nervous guilt ridden ritual. I wanted to say "stop". "This life has already been celebrated in the most meaningful way possible!" But nobody had time to listen or even ask. I chatted with Ellen's family at the luncheon, and the days of ritual passed. Finally on Sunday at House Church someone gave me a few minutes to say a few words. I took however long it took to tell the story of the moving global event the celebration of her life had been on that lovely tree lined field at the edge of Sevegram. Heidi Holmes



In Nava Gram Prayas we were always looking for public funds to begin or complete projects in our villages and therefore were very sensitive to the visits of important government officials to the villages. The results of their visit and what they saw could mean the difference between a new irrigation tank or none, and could make the selection of new village projects in untouched counties much easier. Stories of collectors visits to various projects during a quarter could become the major topic of discussion during quarterly councils and the recognition of a government official was often the project directors guarantee of success. No wonder we were all in awe

when we found that the president of India, Sanjjeva Reddy was going to visit Maliwada.

We were informed of the decision by a government official in Delhi and for their next three months plans were made to ensure that the village would be at its very best and that reports of Nava Gram Prayas across the state would reflect our successes and some of the major needs that we felt. Needless to say that the news of the presidents impending visit became an important topic during our visits with donors in Bombay and Calcutta who often wondered why it was that if the real purpose of our work was ever revealed, that of local man's independence from the slavery of upper classes, that we would surely meet with opposition.

On the day of the visit, the village was lined with flags and banners and very child from preschool on up was dressed in his finery and all of the small industries from Brick factory to demonstration plots, sugar factory, clinics and everything else were spotless and newly painted. The president was no less than a king of this country of 700 million and on his approval would lie the fate of Nava Gram Prayas.

When he arrived, he made a quick tour of the village and then headed for the training school where classes were in progress. As soon as he had the ear of all of the people present including, staff, pupils, villages and various visiting government entourage, he carefully and with precision began to pick all the work to pieces finally exploding in an angry tirade against the Nava Gram Prayas and the village.

For a full week after we all were in a state of complete shock, with calls from funding agencies and companies asking if the things reported in the newspaper were true, and auxiliaries reporting that many project villages, particularly those which had just recently been selected suddenly

backing down from their decision to try something new.

A further unfortunate coincidence is that the year long visa of many Americans ran out at exactly the same time as the presidents visit and so the press reported that all the foreign nationals were being forced to leave because of the presidents visit.

The effects of all of these things were devastating and our funding dried up, our troops dispirited and we were close to having to leave the country. On the other hand many of our closest colleagues in cities and villages suddenly recognized that it was time for them to take a stand and decide for whom they would side. This was the opportunity for many people to get off of the proverbial fence and decide about their lives. Where did they stand on the moral issue between the rich and the poor?

The people that we were left with months after the presidents visit were those who were deeply committed to the meaning of Nava Gram Prayas and many others who were just hangers on disappeared. Sanjeeva Reddy himself lost the next election and I can still loudly hear Joe Slicker remarking one day during a talk that "Look what happens to people who fool with Nava Gram Prayas. Sanjeeva Reddy tried to stop the rise of local man and now he is out of office." **Bill Staples**

***"It's vast to be alive!
I can almost hear the rain
waiting to be born."***

Ancient Chinese Poet



ICA CENTREPOINTS RESEARCH GATHERING

On Friday, May 23rd, colleagues began to arrive at Puerto Vallarta and were transported to the beautiful colony of homes of the Litibu Association, an intentional community of ICA colleagues, 1 hour north of the city. We gathered as ICA CentrePointeS, (ICAC) to explore the task of getting our historic wisdom of spirit work into history. Those participating were: David McCleskey - ICAC Chicago, Jean & Bob Watts - ICAC New Orleans, Pat Miller - ICAC Fort Worth TX, Vance Engleman - Options International, Pittsburgh PA, Eric Nelson - Fetzer Institute, Kalamazoo MI, Jack & Judy Gilles - ICAC Bombay India, Ray & Sherry Caruso - Columbus OH, George West and Rod Worden - Litibu Assoc., Mexico. Great enablement was provided by Donnamarie West and Mitzi Moore of the Litibu Assoc.

A word about Eric Nelson and the Fetzer Institute. Eric has recently been in intense dialogue with ICAC since his participation in the Technology of Meaning Think Tanks in the IAF meeting in Tulsa last January. Fetzer is a research and education institute devoted to the exploration of mind, body spirit connections in service to humanity. They help fund, amongst other things, partnerships in these areas and promote networking through active partnering on various edge topics.

Process

The early part of the week together was spent in sharing many thoughts on ICA's historical spirit work and our present state of work in this area. We also studied the J.W. Mathew's talk on Transparent Being. We sang songs from our historic past, took long walks on the beach, watched the sunset every evening from a variety of porches and told lots of stories. Some of us watched two videos: Vincent and Theo

as well as Meg Wheatley and David Whyte the poet.

We listed the key questions we felt needed to be answered during our time together:

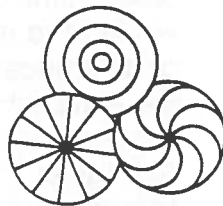
- What are ways to Journey people to the center of being?
- How to articulate and transpose our language for future partnerships?
- What would a formation partnership with ICAC and Fetzer Foundation be?
- What methods and practices from our past might other people use?

We began to zero in on the question of Formation, a term which implies the experience of awakening and the resulting spirit journey. We looked at how Ken Wilber's four quadrant model for understanding holistic spirit emergence informed our work. We then began to do corporate writing on a document for discussion with Fetzer Foundation and other future partners.

Product

We produced a first draft of a document that we shared with Fetzer on June 13. Hopefully it is something we will also be able to share with other individuals and groups. It is aimed at the "cultural creatives", those who are not only awake, but are actively exploring the path of human consciousness and its role in the building of a new society. In the paper, we have adopted the term Integral Culture for what we have in the past referred to as The New Social Vehicle or Civil Society. We are looking for possibilities of producing ICA's complete work.

This would include an in-depth transposition of our NSV/NRM/Profound Humanness work. We began to list those pieces of our work that would be critical to the building of the network of those concerned with formation.



Plans

The next steps in this process are to ask you to give feedback on the work done to date and send it to Jean Watts. A copy of the document for those who did not receive one may be obtained from:

Jean Watts, ICA New Orleans, 1629 Pine Street, New Orleans, LA 70118, phone: 504-865-7828, Fax: 504-866-5161
 In Canada: at ICA Canada, 579 Kingston Road, Toronto, Ont. M4E 1R3, Phone: 416-691-2316, Fax: 416-691-2491

Eric and Ray are going to participate in a Spirituality in Business conference in Puerto Vallarta in Nov. 97. Jean will participate in the gathering with influential leaders around Joseph Jaworski's book, Synchronicity, in June. Jean, Ray, and Jack along with others, who will be receiving an invitation from Jaworski soon, will attend a larger meeting in November to share experiences on what leadership is experiencing today.

Possibilities

The week ended with our looking at the implications of this work and what might emerge. A major reflection was that the ICAI gathering in the U.S. in 2000 could include a gathering of those involved in the formation process from around the world. It seemed to us that emergence of a formation network is what we have been preparing for in "the third campaign" we articulated 20 years ago (Awakening - Engagement - Fulfillment). The Asian Organization Transformation Network meeting in Japan (18-21 May) decided to create a formation program for existing ICA staff and colleagues and for other emerging ICAs around the three-fold work on participation, meaning and caring. We saw that such a program could be seen in a broader context of preparing ICAs for the 2000 meeting. What if we built a program that could be held on every continent, multiple times that would catalyze and initiate a global formation movement to be

launched during the Year 2000 conference. Finally, we began to speculate on the form of the intentional body needed behind a "3rd campaign" of formation.

June 13, 1997: Meeting With Fetzer Institute

The meeting with Tony Chambers and Eric Nelson of the Fetzer Institute went very well. We discovered many common missional concerns and experiences and now have two great colleagues within Fetzer.

Fetzer is presently in the process of the reorganization of their formation program and thus it is unclear how we might relate to their programs. It looks like we would have the best match for a partnership in the area of what they call their Common Work. As we understand their Common Work, it has to do with the inner life/outer life relationships. (which appears to us to be similar to ICA's NRM/NSV).

We brainstormed some possible areas for partnership. They were ICA Formation Products (collaborate on "deliverables" e.g. papers, models, that will inform collective work in areas of formation, systems, and leadership), Dialogue on Relationships of the Inner/Outer, work toward a vision of "leadership & service" as goal/program area for Fetzer, and Mutual Facilitation, Forming a Formation Network.

Our next steps are some internal conversations within Fetzer and ICAC. We will be continuing the conversation by phone this week and will keep you up to date.

Jack & Judy Gilles

WE ARE TRANSMITTERS

As we live, we are transmitters of life.
And when we fail to transmit life,
life fails to flow through us.

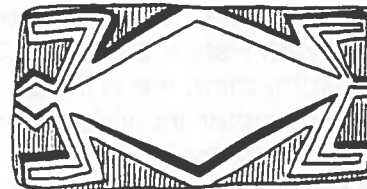
That is part of the mystery of sex,
It is a flow onwards.
Sexless people transmit nothing.

And if, as we work,
we can transmit life into our work,
life, still more life, rushes into us to
compensate, to be ready
and we ripple with life through the days.

Even if it is a woman making an apple
dumpling, or a man a stool,
if life goes into the pudding,
good is the pudding,
good is the stool,
content is the woman,
with fresh life rippling in to her,
content is the man.

Give, and it shall be given unto you
is still the truth about life.
But giving life is not so easy.
It doesn't mean handing it out to some
mean fool,
or letting the living dead eat you up.
It means kindling the life-quality where it
was not,
even if it's only in the whiteness of a
washed pocket-handkerchief.

D.H. Lawrence



WORK, TRANSITIONS, RETREATS, TRAVEL, CELEBRATIONS

For Australia this year, it's a time of testing as we struggle some deep issues of what it means to be a country at a time when we are becoming more and more connected globally and when our population reflects the whole globe more and more. It's a very painful time but I hope in the long term it will lead to more maturity and a celebration of differences. I am currently involved in the establishment of a Foundation to support authentic community work in the Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander communities. Many of these are worse than any conditions I've seen in India, Asia and Egypt. There's no hope and that is

devastating. The government cannot/will not effectively address this. Would love to hear any ideas of funding and/or support which I will pass on. Just hearing there is support helps these people.

Anne Yallop

Our journeys have been huge this year, and Dick just left yesterday, after spending a week here with us. Wonderful. So many shifts for all of us, amazing times! Waking up this a.m. to zero degree weather...and we love it!!! The Twin Cities seems to us to be an incredible secret wonder, schools, old ICA contacts, networks through Lynne's past work, theatre and sports for Kay, finding the terrific neighborhood associations here, joining the local Y, endless opportunities for community. In the last month I have joined with 4 others and re-instituted the ICA here...as the ICA Minnesota Field Office. Twelve courses scheduled, brochure printed and mailed in 3 weeks! We are not financially solvent yet, Lynne is working temp in Child Protection, I have taught some TOP courses, will market in-house.

Christine will be here for Christmas for 2 weeks (she lives, works and is studying in Berkeley), Dick will be back at Easter for 10 days...Lynne's daughter has visited from Connecticut, her mom will be with us for Christmas (from Iowa). Yearning for family, loving creating a space for ourselves, looking for the 'right' livelihood for us...neither of us wanting 9-5 work. Hmmm.

Linda Alton

This was the year when Chris cut his hair short, and gained his driving license and Elizabeth (and JD) celebrated their first year of marriage; reminders of how quickly children grow up. This was also the year that Mary and Stuart experienced the ups and downs of working for start-up companies -- reminders of both economic uncertainties and possibilities. 1996 also has seen Mary and Stuart and friends reflecting on our pasts -- the choices we

have made, the places we have been, the changes we have seen.

Mary experienced a year of pain and renewal, symbolized by her father's death in January, and her first ever vacation-for-two with Stuart in England in June. Her job as one of the many inventors of a new hospital continues to be a challenge. Mary's Quaker commitments include a monthly meeting-for-worship at a federal prison and a 16 hour retreat to reflect on the forms of consensus in a representative meeting of Quakers from around the region.

Stuart is a senior writer for a fast-growing business information company, now known as Hoover's Inc., which has helped open up the world of electronic information to him via the Internet. He reads newspapers from England, Hong Kong and India, (as well as from the US) every day on his computer. He even found the home page for Watford FC., his home town football (soccer) club, so he can keep up with their (mis)fortunes. He still runs and plays folk music on a regular basis.

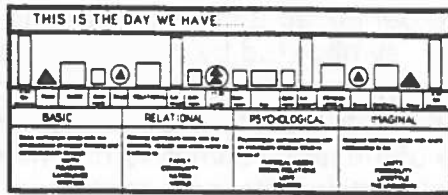
Mary & Stuart Hampton

Marsha remains the administrator for the Rogers Park Montessori School, and has just completed guiding it through the Chicago Fire Code to establish a second location. Collegiate Services, Patrick's business, is still thriving and has about reached the limits he envisioned for it. Running remains a core discipline of his dynamic day. Erin, a physically expanding sixth grader, is also expanding other vistas---particularly in science and athletics. He is also fast becoming a yo-yo master.

Shelly begins her first classes in a graduate studies venture (computer Science) in January, but will continue doing research for St. John Associates, a physician placement firm. It is rumored that Scott is the best math tutor at Ivey Tech, a Technical College, and next semester he

will capstone his Math degree at Indiana U. with a course in Math History.

Charles & Doris Hahn



Our work, as usual, has been very exciting. In addition to facilitating planning for organizations, our work in conflict resolution expanded this year. Jo continues to enjoy working with a major utility and an Aboriginal community to resolve some very old problems. Wayne is working on a different contract with a similar focus -- with a Native community who went to the IERD in 1984. Jo also taught a course in skills for dispute resolution to an Ontario government team. Both of us had more First Nations clients this year as well. Wayne enjoyed working with the board of a Native Housing Organization in Toronto, and Jo has stories of caribou taking over in a strategy workshop on the tundra in the Northwest Territory.

ICA Canada moved downstairs to a larger, newly renovated space in April, and the simple yet classy surroundings have been inspiring. Wayne has designed many processes, written proposals for client work, and tutored facilitators-in-training there. Jo has been on the road so much she's hardly had time to enjoy it. Alberta has been a regular stop. Baffin Island in February was really interesting. A trip to California to teach 2 courses in May gave her a chance to visit family in San Francisco and Reno. In September, Jo went to ICA's global conference on the Civil Society in Cairo. The highlight was going back to Bayad, our first overseas village assignment, exactly 20 years after we arrived there! There have been huge changes, of course. It was incredibly fulfilling to see that the things people planned 20 years ago have come to fruition and beyond, and that people are

still working together. People remembered us there -- especially because of "Haron", or Aaron. We now have a great set of pictures in an album showing Bayad in 1976 and 1996. A favorite is the 1996 picture of a sink with running water in a house!

Aaron is now in his third year at Trent University majoring in History and English Lit. We enjoy his being home for holidays and for 4 months in the summer. Tim is in grade 10, taking advance courses as well as a few technical courses. Skateboarding is still his major passion.



Jo, Wayne, Aaron, Tim Nelson

Justin still enjoys his job as director of PACE (Pierce Country Association of Catholic Educators.) He also carries on his own consulting work with various private and public schools, churches and agencies as they plan their futures. He continues to be a fantastic gardener. Out of a once-dead place, he has truly created a little paradise of lawn-trees-flowers and pond with goldfish, along with a beautiful patio to enjoy it all. He tackles various projects inside and outside the house, so we keep looking better all the time. However, I tell him that we will soon run out of projects for him and will have to sell and move to another house! He is currently preparing for our holiday bash/postponed due to weather); will be playing "Pictures at an exhibition" by Modeste Mopussorgsky-- and is sounding great. He has really been getting pretty serious about his piano playing these days. He is far more disciplined with it than I am with my singing.

I, Del love being a full-time Counseling Hypnotherapist, and I now have clients flying in from California and Canada. Besides the usual work with breaking habits, assisting with stress relief and building self-confidence, I specialize in working with depression, fears and

phobias, and chronic illness that seems unalleviated by medical treatment. I am pushing the envelope with Past Life Regression work and Earthbound Spirit Releasement therapy. Since a minor car accident in April 1995 I have been unable to do massage at all; my hands have still not healed. I evidently tried to use them to brake the car instead of using my feet! However, with the schedule I keep, I have plenty to do with the counseling/hypnosis work. Many most interesting people and cases--I am certainly never bored.

...Delores & Justin Morrill

This has been an important year for us, not least of all because we celebrated our twenty-fifth wedding anniversary in August. Time sure flies when you're having fun! Our work as "MAP Consultations Ltd" continues to keep us both fully engaged and on the road. As we will spell out later, the contracts have been so abundant and far flung that they've become something of a problem for us.

Though we thoroughly enjoyed each particular activity, the combination of travel-intensive work and "go-go" all the time has meant that '96 felt like one long marathon. Between 9 August and 9 November, we only had three days together (which excluded our anniversary). Crazy! It finally dawned on us that we had lost our sense of balance. Therefore, we decided (via fax, international phone calls, and e-mail) to use our three days together in October for a family retreat. This was similar to what we did a quarter of a century ago to prepare our original "family documents" prior to our wedding. We talked about values, mission, and purpose, reviewed our finances, reflected on the past twenty-five years, and planned our next two and a half decades. Now, before God and neighbour, we make the following declarations:

We will remain in Africa for the three remaining years of the 20th century (1997-99) to bring careful closure to our current

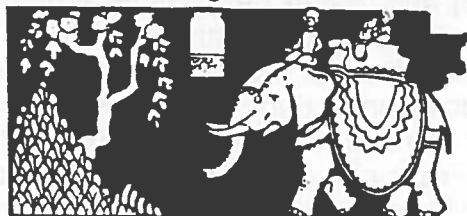
pursuits. During this time we will restore balance in our lives by 1) restricting each of our annual consultancy loads to a 100 day frame, 2) seeking more opportunities to work professionally together, and 3) structuring a daily time schedule in Lusaka for adequate attention to study, work, family, and recreation.

We will take up residency in North America at the beginning of the new millennium in January 2000. The first year is seen as a transitional year to prepare for a decade of engagement in a new challenging situation. Where we will live or what we will do is yet to be decided: This will become clearer during the next three years as opportunities are discovered and investigated. As of now, we are open and looking.

The years 2010 to 2015 will be years of "active but leisurely exploration" while based at our home on Titibu beach in Mexico. Though some might call this early retirement, we see it as a wide-range mix to employ vocational talents and fulfill remaining quests. Thereafter, we envision community service and on-going cultivation of personal interests on a more local scale.

We continue to find "our global community" to be a great gift -- a tremendous treasure worth guarding.

Pamela & Terry Bergdall



Twelve days at the Doorways of Transformation, Healing, Initiation and Creativity retreat with Angeles Arrien was a highlight of my year. Three days and nights alone in the high desert were a rare and wonderful opportunity to reflect and recreate my life dream. The dramatic change in pace and isolation from my usual work made it possible to really

disengage from my daily routines like never before. Loved it! I am now mentoring seven Technology of Participation trainers and for the first time in six years am not setting up the Bay Area courses, the new trainers are. Two weeks on a team of ICA colleagues facilitating the Learning Lab in San Jose was a rare treat. Work as co-chair of the International Association of Facilitators' conference being held in the Bay Area in 1998 will be the focus of my work for the year. We have a great team of 20 folks creating a terrific conference.

Ron - It was a surprise to find out how much I enjoyed being unemployed while I was between jobs! That good time came to an end (and another good time started) as I joined ADP. ADP is pretty decentralized in operation and I'm in a small division of the firm so it feels like working for a small company. This is a refreshing change after 30+ years at large firms. I've put in long hours; had ups and downs; learned a lot about technology, business and people and started to see some gratifying results. Now I need to achieve a bit better balance between work and the rest of life in the next year.

Our Partnership: Our vacations were to Beaver Lake in Wisconsin (still magical though not nearly as away-from-it all as it was before a recent influx of new residents) and to see Benjamin graduate on Staten Island with 18 other assorted family members and friends. We saw Bring in DA Noise, Bring Funk while in New York and for the first time have season tickets to the San Francisco Symphony (season now canceled because of labor strike). In April we celebrated our 20th wedding anniversary with a weekend in Carmel. We've been keeping "charts" of each of the 20 years and spent mornings remembering and reflecting on our time together.

...Ron & Beret Griffith



We traveled a bit this year. Coyote Creek State Park in northern New Mexico provided the base camping site (at 7,700ft.) for two weeks of saturating ourselves with natural and man-made wonders. In late October we made a two week trip to visit Kaye Hayes (now "Kaze") Gadway--1st, at her land, "Gadway Gulch," adjacent to the Petrified Forest and then at the Havasupai Indian reservation at the bottom of the Grand Canyon. WOW! An eight-mile walk from the rim to Spuai village; towering red canyon walls; a clear, swift little river, breathtaking waterfalls--to much to tell! Kaye is doing fabulously well as Tribal Planner (like a City Manager--Hahn description). On the way home we were able to see and share meals with numerous colleagues from our past. We had a great Thanksgiving weekend in Chicago with Marsha and Pat and then Erin, Shelley and Scott. On the Friday afternoon we joined the grand promenade along Michigan Avenue and State Street window shopping and reveling in a jostling sea of human vitality. Again this year we have been honored to host many of you in our home. Put briefly, our lives continue to be full, blessed and challenged.

...Charles & Doris Hahn

I finished my course work and was certified as a massage therapist. I incorporated my business as "Defining Touch." In March, work was completed on my home in a major sound insulation program. The week I was going to begin scheduling clients, I fell on a patch of ice by my garage and had a severe fracture of my left forearm (my writing hand): both the radius and ulna were compound fractures and shattered. That day, I had major surgery with plates and pins put on both

bones. The doctors said it was the worst fracture they had seen on those bones. Recovery extended over three months and involved major physical therapy. I had to learn to do the most common hand and arm functions again. Jessica came and helped me immediately after the surgery for a week.

By June I had recovered major functions and had the go-ahead to travel to Greece, Crete, and Stnaorini with a Women in the Wilderness trip organized by Judith Niemi. The eleven women who went were tremendous. Fun, interesting. They helped me a lot. And I carried a small wooden stool with me to sit on during the touring. We had two terrific women guides. I want to return to Crete in 1998.

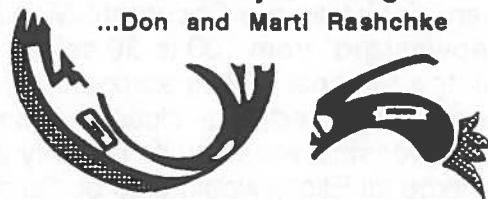
At work I was assigned to some major internal projects which I enjoyed a lot. I felt intellectually stimulated and excited. One was working on chaos theory (complex adaptive systems) and how it relates to organizational development. Glenda Eoyang and a small consortium group have been helpful there. I also am working with a local group on a training consortium for participatory methods.

Meanwhile, I am learning some non-hands on techniques for healing, like esoteric healing and Reiki healing. We'll see how this progresses.

Jessica came and helped me for ten days this time. I couldn't have made it without her! And both times after she left, I depended on friends to come by once or twice to help with food and other tasks made difficult by my restrictions. Thank you, all, who have helped and offered to help me. HMOs may save money but there is a time and money cost to families and friends who are needed to assist because of short hospital stays. The second time I came home the day after surgery. The first time it was the fourth day, due to need for massive antibiotics.

At Thanksgiving we had our first Conway family reunion in Minneapolis. Fourteen people were here. The day after Thanksgiving we had an 89th birthday party for my mother at the nursing home. It was great to have the cousins and significant others and spouses meet each other. We enjoyed a new, first grand niece. I got to spend some time with my sister, Kathleen.
... Doris Jane Conway

In March we joined seven other John Wesley members in traveling to Israel and Egypt. It was awesome to sail on the Sea of Galilee, to see the spot where Jesus might have preached the Sermon on the Mount, to walk the staircase that Jesus walked after his arrest in Gethsemane, to see the opulence of Caesarea which Herod built, and to see how close Nazareth was to Megiddo - the Biblical Armageddon, to see the striking contrast of the desolate desert around Qumram which is only 15 miles as the crow flies from the bustle and greenery of Jerusalem. This contrast was accentuated by the modern day confinement and harassment of Arab Christians and Muslims by the ever-present army and legal system of the Jewish state. It was again brought home in Egypt where Coptic Christians are being squeezed of existence by a resurgent Islam.
...Don and Marti Rashchke



What a year this has been! We decided there were 5 happenings that marked the journey that this year has been. They were definitely discontinuous/different from our day-to-day life! Without a doubt the highlight of the year was the Elizondo Family Reunion in Monterrey, Mexico. It was the first time in 50 years that Tony had been back to Monterrey, and it was the first time that the children of Antonio (Tony's father and next-to-the youngest) and Benigno (the youngest) had all been together. By Wednesday the 6th all of the

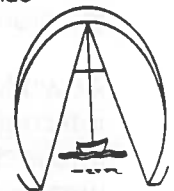
out of town relations had arrived and we celebrated the culmination of a dream which both Antonio and Benigno had: that their families would get together (reunion). Our discontinuous happenings were launched by a visit to Mom in Tennessee. Her doctor urged us to say our good-byes since Mom wasn't expected to last a week. So the family converged in Pleasant Hill. We decided to do a lot of singing and also listen to opera since Mom has always loved music and could participate in it. So we sang songs she had taught us in childhood, songs we learned in elementary, and everyone's favorite hymns. In essence we had a 3-day hymn sing with some conversation in between. Mom was able to join us in about 3/4 of the singing, which she enjoyed. As it has turned out, Mom is still "with us"--some days more lucid and interacting than others.

Tony and I took off for Las Vegas and the reunion of American Guerrillas on Mindanao (World War II) with some of the crew of the Narwhal, the submarine our McKinley family escaped in from the Philippines in 1944.

The overarching reality we have experienced this past year started in January when the Document Management "downsized" from 100 to 30 sales reps and all the regional offices across the nation were scheduled to be closed. From that point forward we knew it was only a matter of time till Ellery would also be "laid off". She made it past the April 14th severance and then the May 3rd deadline. From that time on it was living from day to day and week to week. It was never knowing "when the shoe was going to fall", or the Sword of Damocles was going to drop. Just before leaving for the Mexico reunion Ellery found out that November 22nd would definitely be her last day with Bell & Howell after almost 12 years!! The reunions definitely have played a role in sustaining us through these uncertain days and months. As to how and why, maybe the poetry will come

later but something in the arena of "...underneath are the everlasting arms..." the crown jewel in moving from being sustained toward being healed was our immediate family reunion at thanksgiving with Jon joining us from Seattle--4 days of enjoying each other's company, story telling, museum visiting, eating at 2 of our favorite places, delighting in Dominique's vitality, thoroughly enjoying a stage production of The Nutcracker ballet, savoring the preciousness of our time together, and missing Starfeather's physical presence with us.

We dare to hope for the future because of this promise. *"I am about to do a new thing; now it springs forth, do you not perceive it? (Isa. 43:19)* ...Ellery & Tony Elizondo



"for a long time, she flew only when she thought no one else was watching" Brian Andreas

Just wanted to let you know the good news that Lin is speaking and I can understand about half of it. So you say I used to only be able to understand two thirds! Her insurance has okayed that she can go to the Rehab Institute of Chicago (RIC) for rehab. RIC will come this next week and evaluate her and say when she can go. There she will get up and be dressed every morning and they will work on her capacity to live in the world! There is a minimum of 3 hours per day of intensive therapy. So it will be lots of work on her part. Right now she is motivated but to keep that motivation up will be the trick. Today she said to me, I have to write and thank these people who sent cards! In many ways she seems to have her old humor. She still likes the Far Side and Dilbert and smiles at them.

Our mother died last Monday. She had Alzheimer's for over 12 years and was three weeks short of her 84th birthday. She was cremated. Lin has asked that we

wait to do a memorial service when she is able to participate. We have the plot and the headstone where her ashes will be buried next to our father. Only my daughter Kathy is having some mixed feelings about not being able to celebrate her grandmother's completed life with the family now! I was with the Society of Mary the next day and they offered a Mass for my mother. The United Methodist home where she resided since 1990 included her in their weekly memorial service last Friday (I was out of town).

I am without a job as of September 1. I had interviews for two jobs both outside of Chicago with no luck. So maybe I am to stay in Chicago for a while longer. I have some consulting work lined up for October so time will tell!

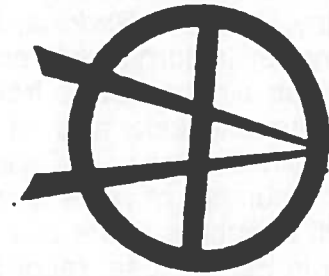
Margie Tomlinson

Retreats with several groups have been important to us this year. Especially appreciated have been the times of quiet in natural settings. Writing and reflection deepen awareness of being one with all creation and enables a joyful recognition of fellow beings. One such time was 4 days spent with Rhonda & Brian Robins in a Wilderness cottage in the lower Flinders Ranges. Not another human did we see, nor hear as there was no radio, TV or phone. I hope Brian & Rhonda make available their reflections on this time, as it is beautifully & thoughtfully written. Apart from daily meditations with the rocks, mountains, kangaroos and bird life such books as **The Prophetic Imagination** - Walter Brueggeman, **The Rainbow of Faith** - John Hick and **Pilgrim in the Cosmos** by our friend and contemporary, Dean Drayton were read and debated. The climbing of the mountain was a challenge & a triumph as we viewed the awesome scenery.

We still have the masks made at a single day spent with members of the Round Table colleagues at John & Gwenda Rees property. We have a lively monthly shared meal and usually a topic for study and

reflection. Bruce and Helen Martin, Frank Bremner, Joan Firkins, are names some of you would remember, but other like minded people have joined us along the way and we have fun!!!

...Margaret & Barry Oakley



Quality Declares Itself

*It's a
bachelor
button
day
a lone effort
to declare
that beauty
be adopted
as a hallmark
of quality
in life.*

T. C. Wright

THE COMPLETED LIFE OF JULIA ELLIOTT

My Daughter, Julia (40 years) died Sunday, May 25. We held memorial services for her in Sebastapol, Ca on Friday and held a service here in Denver on Saturday, June 7. The following is the obituary that ran in the Santa Rosa Press Democrat.

Surrounded by her family, Julia Elliott died at her home in Graton, Sunday, May 25, 1997, 8 pm. Forty years old, she lived courageously with cancer for more than a year. Survivors include her Father Donald, Mother Freda, sister Cynthia, brother Thomas, grandfather Jack Echols, god daughters Sophie Hinderberger and Sarah Jaisser Green and her beloved

companion Shirley Silver, and many dear friends and relatives.

Julia was born in Philadelphia, PA and grew up in Denver. She matriculated from Graland Country Day School in 1971 and attended George Washington High School for one year before graduating from the Verde Valley School in Sedona, AZ. After moving to California she received a BA in interdisciplinary studies from Sonoma State University and an MA in linguistics from University of California, State. For a number of years, she also worked with members of the Lua community in Santa Rosa, recording their language, and she and her Lua friends were in the process of developing a writing system for and a dictionary of their as yet unwritten language. Julia was a lover of choral music and had been active in choral communities in Sonoma County and San Francisco.

A memorial service was held and her ashes interred in the columbraium at Montview Presbyterian Church in Denver, Colorado on Saturday, June 7th at 2 pm.

Don Elliott

RIBBONS

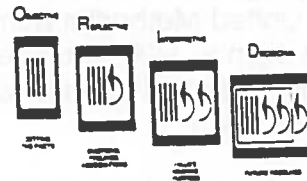
*Some people wear a white ribbon
to remind us we must stop
violence against women.
Some people wear a red ribbon
to remind us we must stop
drunk drivers from killing or
is it to stop
AIDS from killing
Some people wear a yellow ribbon
because
we don't need any more Vietnam vets.
Maybe I'll wear a green ribbon for all
the trees whose sawdust blood we've spilt.
Or maybe a blue ribbon for all the lives
devoured by the television set.
Or maybe a ribbon in a warm orange
for the homeless that shiver in our streets.
Or a rainbow one
to protest the wounds of
colour prejudice.*

*But if we can stop just one of these things
surely we'll gain wisdom enough
to stop the rest.*

*If we learn to stop violence against women
(an injury as deep and old as the canyons)
then we can have done with the rest.*

*So I'll wear a white ribbon
white
being all colours combined.*

James LaTrobe



BOOKS, MOVIES, TAPES

We still love the movies and highlights this year were **12 Monkeys** and **The Big Event**. both are thought provoking and entertaining. We continue to read a lot. **Anatomy of the Spirit** by Carolyn Myss for Beret and **Web of Life** by Fritjof Capra for Ron were our favorite non-fiction adventures. Wallace Stegner's **Crossing to Safety** and GG Marquez's **Of Love and Other Demons**, plus a few cat books capture our fictional fancies. A set of six tape by Carolyn Myss, "Energy anatomy" made a big impact on both of us. An Artist-Brian Andreas-has caught our attention for a few years with his whimsically profound poetry, drawings and story people wall hangings. ...Ron & Beret Griffith

Books that have been helpful to Me:

The Wisdom of No Escape and the path of loving-kindness - Perna Chodron
Anatomy of the Spirit (book or tapes) - Caroline Myss, PhD.
Taking Charge - Jean Stenau Lester

If I have any books to suggest they are:
A Woman's Worth - Marianne Williamson
Reviving Ophelia - Mary Pipher
Justin and I both highly recommend the Australian/British movie, **Shine**.

Delores Morrill