

# **T h e N O D E**

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## THE NODE

The Node is published 3 times a year by  
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## EDITORIAL

It is timely to bring a close to The Node as a means to keep in touch with Order/ICA colleagues. The Node was started in February, 1987 by the Research Team assigned to ICA Canada. When the Node was changed to a volunteer project, Beverly Parker played a major role in gathering the news of colleagues. After Beverly's passing Jeanette Stanfield said Lyn Edwards wanted The Node to continue, so several of us agreed to keep it going.

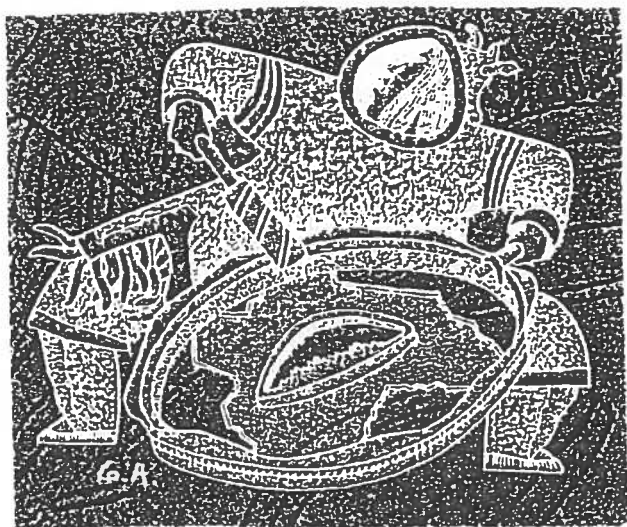
We sent out a survey last year to our subscribers. Twenty-six responded with many saying they would like The Node to continue twice a year. Most indicated they like to read at leisure rather than off the computer. But it takes about 100 subscribers to make the operation effective. Also the ica.dialogue seems to be playing an increasingly important exchange of news and witnesses that tie colleagues together.

We hope at the Reunion this summer that a dialogue will happen as to the forms of future communication of colleagues. Discussing the source of information is as important as the practices of any future publication.

In departing, our thanks to all of you who have sent letters & articles and poetry.

Also our thanks to Sheighlah Hickey for all the time spent at the computer, to Sandra Rafos for all the clip art arranging, to Jeanette for keeping us organized and to Heidi Holmes for tracking subscribers and subscription money.

Sheighlah Hickey, Heidi Holmes,  
Sandra Rafos, Jeanette Stanfield



## MILLENNIAL HOME

We learn early  
to stretch  
our minds and hearts  
to take in a year.  
Then we begin  
to learn about  
decades and  
centuries and  
we push and pull  
at our imagination  
until we grasp  
what those words  
mean for life's  
history and tenure.  
That expansion  
is followed quickly  
by the image of  
a thousand years.  
Suddenly  
some of us  
learn to think  
in billions of years.  
As space makes room  
for what we  
know about  
the Universe.

As we wrestle  
with order and  
chaos we find  
that a simple  
millennium  
is not so  
overwhelming  
as we once  
found it to be  
and, in fact, we begin  
to think of it as  
our home.....  
and our friend. T.C. Wright

INAUGURATION OF THE  
ETHIOPIAN ORTHODOX CHURCH

The official inauguration of the Ethiopian Orthodox Church of Medhane Alem occurred Saturday, May 15, 1999. Ruth and I were among the honored guests. Those who count themselves fortunate to have been friends in passing of Fr Michael Tafesse may not have realized that his patient pastoral work had

gathered a congregation which for many years had met as renters in an Evanston Methodist church. The congregation includes a substantial number of professionals and business persons and they were in a position to purchase what had been a Syrian orthodox church now vacant on Chicago's extreme south side.

Ruth and I had a wonderful morning with such a rich mixing of African images from our time in Abidjan with Ancient orthodox Christian images which seemed fresh in this location.

I am no authority on Ethiopian culture, but will do my best to share what we saw and what we were able to gather from those around us who had better preparation than we to fully understand what was going on.



The printed invitation informed us that the prior night a replica of the ARK of the COVENANT is placed in a tent outside the church where it will be housed for the night. We were later told that the ARK symbolizes the more ancient tradition of Ethiopia which had been a very Hebraic nation (Hebraic in the sense that you were worshippers of the Hebrew God, but not part of the Jewish People prior to the destruction of the Temple). The Ethiopian Orthodox tradition has been more aware of its Hebraic root than Western Christianity. The Tent in which the ARK remains over night is reminiscent of the Hebraic celebration in which the point is to spend the night in tents to recall the part of their history where Abraham and his retinue were herdsmen in the Caanon. The church happens to abut onto a rather big empty lot - half of which is almost park like with its big mature trees, the other half has served as a slag dump. The church had gotten permission from the owner to pitch the tent in the tree part. We don't know who all spent the night with the ARK.

On Saturday morning, the chanting in the church by the "members of the clergy, deacons, and elderly" started at 5 AM. We again are depending on our invitation for this information. We were still in bed in Champaign at 5

AM. We got to the church about 9 AM, which was the time recommended for outside visitors. What a rich mix of experiences was waiting for us! Men were on the left, women were on the right with an isle up the center. There was a huge collection of shoes at the entrance suggesting that everyone was shoeless inside. We were assured that we should leave our shoes on and we should both be seated together on the men's side. The insistently extended courtesy and deferential style was so much like what I had experienced as the "special guest" in places as diverse as Indian villages and Egyptian homes. Yet, I later realized, our deferential host was an American trained pediatrician with a large Chicago practice. Here in this setting he was able to recreate the sense of absolute welcome which I had always experienced as very much "other" when I am out of my own culture.

Once in our pew, I began to take in the scene. A majority of persons, both male and female, were dressed in the white gauzy draped clothing that I think of as typically Ethiopian. Some seemed to have wrapped these like a sari and shawl on top of Western outfits. Others were clearly dressed in such outfits from the skin out. Many people were in the aisles rather than the pews where they would prostrate themselves when the service otherwise called for kneeling in the pews. They prostrated so completely that one could not make out which end was which. Each prostrate body looked like a mound of white gauze. I couldn't figure out how they did that. I could imagine such complete prostration in the historic churches carved out of underground clay that I had seen National Geographic pictures of. Conflicting with this very ancient image, there were numerous hand held and tripod mounted video cameras taking in the whole scene.

The persons sitting in the front five or six rows had more elaborate attire. Many had red or blue capes with white crosses sewn in place, and assorted head wear, (sort of pill box hats with ties under the chin) also with white cloth crosses sewn in place. On the dais were about ten men and young boys in the most elaborate of vestments. I tried to take them all in fully, but the details are too extensive to recall exactly. Later that day, I looked very carefully at the outfit of one of the altar boys (I guess it is ok to use that term). They were wearing trousers and jacket of red-orange with gold brocaded leaf

design. On top of that they wore a wrap around cloak of dark blue and light blue brocade, and the head piece matched that except it also had a white cross mounted so it stood up in the center of the head piece. Over the shoulders there was layered a sort of scalloped broad collar that I don't have any name for. It was a lot too big to be called a collar, but it wasn't as big as a shawl. It just sat across both shoulders and came down about five inches in front and back. Fr Michael was no where in sight at this point. When he did eventually emerge, he was all in white, but dramatically robed with a head covering that I took to be a bishops hat (it turns out I was wrong, it isn't a Bishops hat - just looks like one)

Chanting was going on in a language which we were later told is Geez. Geez has the same relationship to the language spoken in Ethiopia today as Latin has to the language spoken in Italy today. Nobody really understands it, but when they go to church, they use it. So far as I could tell, everyone was chanting from memory and so far as I could tell, the chant sequence kept changing and had some kind of text to it. It wasn't the case that the same phrases had been chanted repeatedly since 5 AM that morning. The far front of the worship area (behind the dais) had three arches with velvet curtains pulled shut so you couldn't see what happened back there. Higher on the wall above the arches were a series of the sort of painting of saints which I associate with very early church art. It was all two dimensional, the faces were all roundish with a sort of ET effect. The colors were unshaded and simple primary colors. Seriously upsetting my sense of propriety was a single exception in the set. A gold framed "head of Jesus praying" painted in very Western three dimensional style and pious expression seemed out of place to me.

You lose track of time in a setting like this. After we had been there for a while, the people in the first six rows left their pews and started moving in the space between the pews and the dais. At first it was men in an outer circle moving clockwise, with women in an inside circle moving counterclockwise. This part is kind of dreamy in my mind and I can't exactly figure out how the chanting stopped and the dancers took over, but I began to realize that these dancer/singers were a kind of choir. They

got into a very slow, painfully slow, rhythm and sustained it for long enough that you wanted with your whole being that they would speed up. A lot of them pulled a kind of metal rattle from their pockets and when they tipped the rattle up or down, two metal pieces would slide and cling against each other. It was a little like a tambourine sound, but a tambourine has a bunch of metal pieces on one shaken rim. There were just two sliding pieces per rattle, so they could move them very precisely. They were never shaken randomly, but tipped together to provide a percussion beat. Fifteen or so of these instruments emphasized the slow discipline of the dance step. Finally they did start the rhythm faster and I experienced such a relief that it picked up tempo. They broke out of their two circles and started swinging partners a little like you swing your partner in a square dance, except the Rhythm was African not Western. The next thing I knew, four massive African drums were being played as well. The drums were cone shaped, with the larger head being 2.5 to three feet across, while the smaller end was about six inches across. The drums were of a size that with a strap over the shoulder to hold it in position, an adult with arms outstretched could just get the drum between their outstretched elbows, leaving their forearms and hands in position to play both ends. There were four drums. Both men and women were carrying drums, and they sort of danced with the drum like they had a partner. The tempo was getting faster. The basic rhythm was the same as when they had been doing it so slowly, but now there were the tambourine like sounds and the drum sounds added on top. The alter boys started ringing hand bells, the chanting got faster and louder. The Church bell in the steeple started pealing in a regular pattern that was completely different than anything else that was going on, but seemed somehow to fit exactly with what was going on. All my memories of dancing going on in the courtyards of homes in Cote D'Ivoire came back. Funeral dancing goes on for three days and three nights in that culture. I began to wonder how long the congregation intended to keep up this astonishing mix of mesmerizing sound. The layers of sound and rhythm were more deeply stirring than anything I can communicate in a letter. Did I mention that the women had started uvulating (that sound that I associate with women of Algeria and Morocco which sounds like a high pitched scream, except

they use the uvula rather than their tongue to modulate the flow and intensity of the sound) Then it just stopped. It didn't fade away, it didn't conclude. It just stopped. Everyone went back to their seats.

Someone who was dressed in a costume that I associate with the Eastern Orthodox Priesthood now passed along the isles with an incense censor going at full output. We were fumigated with incense, leaving no doubt as to the completeness of our cleansing.

The velvet curtains of the center arch were pulled back, and Father Michael emerged dressed in his most formal white robes and head gear. He was pushing a sort of cart all draped in velvet. On the top was a box about two feet on a side with a little peaked roof and a curtain covered front opening. It was a bit like a very formal puppet stage. He pulled back the curtain of this little house and revealed the cup and container for the bread. It felt as if he were showing it to everybody so they would know what was coming next, then he retreated back behind the arch with his little cart and the velvet curtains were thoroughly closed back in place. Ruth reflected that this particular brand of Christianity understands that Mystery is Mystery. There is no use trying to reduce Mystery to something we can understand by doing it in front of us. The Mystery of trans-substantiation goes on behind firmly closed curtains. Only after that is finished did Father Michael and his velvet draped cart re emerge. A few adults went forward for communion, but mostly it was little kids who were carried forward by their mothers. Communion is delivered on a spoon which we assumed contained both wine and bread. Fr Michael kept firm control of the spoon, while parishioners came to him. We were later told (by another invited guest who happened to be the pretty well informed son of the Orthodox Bishop for Milwaukee) that among the Ethiopian Orthodox, there is a kind of pious fear that communion can hurt you if you aren't properly prepared for it. You must fast for a day before you take it, you must be sure that you have forgiven all those who offended you and sought pardon from those who you offended. To fail to have done so leaves you inadequately prepared to take communion. It is considered safer to not take it rather than risk taking it when improperly prepared. Children,

considered too pure to have offended and too innocent to have sinned, can freely take communion without such concerns. Something in communion must be bitter, because everyone afterward is handed a paper cup of water to wash it all down with.



This was as sort of first communion for the church....a specially orchestrated communion to mark the first official time it had been used in worship. Chanting had been going on since 5 AM, we were now fully climaxed and had communion besides. We must be through. Silly Westerner, you forgot all about the ARK. Now, having fully installed the highest Christian symbol in the church, we must go outside and locate our roots. There is a great migration that includes putting on a great many pairs of shoes and we all go out to the tent. Here we are shown seats along the route that the ARK will eventually be carried (folding chairs are lined up two or three deep along the parade route, with pine bark marking the route itself from the park to the sidewalk. We were sitting next to the Elizondos on our right and a sister who said she was director for Ecumenical Affairs of the Chicago Diocese on our left. We got to chat about what was happening with ICA/EI since she last had run into us which was nice because whatever they were doing in the tent took a long time.

The choir members were out drumming and chanting in a way that felt like just to enjoy the day. There was a Professor of Religion from the University of Chicago sitting behind us who apparently had spent enough time in Ethiopia that he speaks the language comfortably. He kept saying, "I haven't seen anything like this in Thirty Years!" Finally, the tent door was pulled open, Ovulation started all over, people threw themselves down on the ground. This guy was revealed standing in the door. Dark face, full dark beard. Two hands firmly on the plates which are the replica of the ARK (looked more like tablets of the law than ARK to me, but I wouldn't argue the point). A cloth was draped so it went over and around the tablets and his arms so when he emerged with the tablets on his

head and his hands reaching up to hold the tablets, the drapes created a cave around his face. He was moving forward, but you had to watch about ten minutes at a time to be sure of that. Ahead of him and on either side were twelve men, each with a staff that ended in a simple cross piece so it looked like an elongated T.

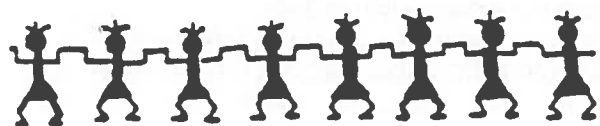


They did a long series of dance steps that were very reminiscent of every Israeli folk dance you have ever done in High School, but in High School you weren't waving this staff around. The women are uvulating, and the drums are pounding away, and the twelve men (twelve tribes of Israel I assume) are doing their little choreography, and the man holding the covenant is moving imperceptibly forward. The program says that they will encircle the church three times, so it looks to me like this will be a VEEEEERRRY long afternoon. We honored guests are ushered into line just behind the clergy following the ARK guy. It is amazing how slowly you can walk when you need to. As we got out of the park place and onto the road, we were amused to see the people who live on the street next to the church out on their porches. Here is this very mixed neighborhood encountering without preparation or explanation all these very black people in white gauze robes Uvulating and gyrating on the side walk. I would have given a lot to be able to hear what they were all making of this. The sun was shining. It was a beautiful May afternoon in Southern Chicago.

Good sense seemed to intercept ecclesiastical motivations and we ended up stopping at the front of the church steps the first time rather than processing around three times. There was a great deal of tugging and tussle to get a carpet to lie properly on the stairs so that the procession could enter the church on a carpet. The ARK was carried successfully into the church, accompanied by the clergy. The congregants were content to wait outside where there was a brief sermon by a younger man. The gist of this was translated to us as "when you got to Chicago, you thought this must be Heaven, but just wait, Heaven is as much better than Chicago as Chicago is better than Ethiopia."

We now entered the basement social hall where folding chairs and tables were crammed in about as tight as you could imagine. We were seated at the same table as the Orthodox Bishop of Milwaukee, whose responsibility includes all Coptic groups in his geography and whose geography includes Chicago. He was there with his adult son and infant grandson. The Bishop (of course I am not sure that is what I should be calling him) had eyes mostly for his grandson who he cared for most tenderly. The adult son was quite willing to have his trove of information revealed. It was he that told us why we saw so few adults take communion, and also pointed out that the elongated T staffs of the twelve tribes we saw out by the tent are the lower half the full Ethiopian Orthodox cross which always includes that T shaped piece as a symbol of the Hebraic base of the church, upon which another full cross is mounted - so it looks to the uninitiated like the staff that the priest carries simply has two parallel cross pieces to it. It turned out that there are five small congregations of Ethiopian Orthodox Christians in America. Mostly they worship with other Orthodox groups (ie Greek Orthodox), but here in Chicago the group finally has its own church. All the other congregations had sent sizeable delegations to help with this inaugural event, so we had actually seen the combined choirs of three or four of the churches today, as well as all the clergy from the whole country. I never did get an idea of how numerous the Chicago congregation might be by itself. The buffet was plentiful, full of wonderfully complex flavors that I haven't been around since forever. That Ethiopian bread with its odd texture and mass of holes was stacked up in heaps a yard high. It was great.

We got to briefly congratulate Fr Michael before we left. He was effusive with thanks that we had made the long trip to be part of this celebration. We, of course, were aware that we could never give enough thanks for the astonishing glimpse into this art form/faith event. We hope you have found reading it all to be a little reflection of the mystery in your life today. I'm sure he would be delighted to have a note from any of you offering your regards and warm wishes both for his congregation and himself. Ken Gilbert.





## BIRTHDAY REFLECTIONS

Last week was my birthday. It didn't seem like a big deal at the time, but it does seem like a good time to reflect a bit. As a result of that reflection, I've decided to offer you a small gift since I've received so much from you. It's sort of a list of lifetime learnings, with sincere apologies to Kurt Vonnegut whose alleged commencement address brought us great amusement -- and some reflection.

Anyway, the reflections have yielded the following insights. The list is probably not complete. And each one could easily produce a lengthy elaboration. I'll spare you that.

1. Speak to chickens, be nice to dogs, ignore cats. These are appropriate responses to the services they render us.
2. Horizons always tend to shrink; keep expanding them or you'll be an unknowing prisoner.
3. Say your prayers. You never know. Besides, it symbolizes your commitment.
4. Technology discloses the mystery of being. What you confront when the elevator, the CD, the computer or the TV go on the blink is sheer mystery. With luck, you can find a shaman to perform appropriate exorcism. But it's still a mystery.
5. Go to church or temple or synagogue or birthday mosque or shrine or your particular tradition's holy place. The old story & symbols speak volumes, even when encased in shallow misunderstandings.
6. Conservatism escapes thinking by relying on the past; liberalism, by relying on the present. Both find the future an impending disaster. What would it be to rely on the future?
7. Surprise is evidence of the Mystery's presence. You don't have to enjoy it, but you should affirm it.
8. Drive defensively. They really are out to get you.
9. "Mediocre" is a very inclusive term; with all its gradations, I'm definitely included.
10. Don't let your enemies know they are; you may need their help.
11. Revenge is a pseudo-idea; it doesn't equalize the pain. Revenge doubles it. Reconciliation really is the only way to reduce pain. Sometimes it happens; sometimes you can help it along.
12. Reconnect to your roots, at least once a decade. It's amazing how much energy they still provide.
13. Laugh at least once a week. It's healthy for both mind and body.
14. "Individual rights" is only half a value. Unless it's coupled with individual responsibility & accountability, it will destroy society. We depend on each other.
15. People, down deep, are NOT the same; differences are real and substantial, making conflict virtually inevitable. It's helpful to know what the differences are and how to deal with them.
16. Keep your negative feelings to yourself. Nobody else understands or cares much about them. They're mostly valuable to you. But make every effort to show appreciation, gratitude and love. Give face. People need it, and it doesn't cost a cent.
17. Good ideas are worth writing down. Very good ideas are worth writing very well.
18. Think and act theologically. All the old heresies are alive and well, though operating under different guises. Spot them and avoid them.
19. The greatest pleasure comes from providing a benefit, not from the gratitude that may or may not come from the beneficiary.
20. Rewards tend to be indicative: the reward for living authentically is authentic life; the punishment for living inauthentically is



inauthentic life. You tend to get what you pay for.

This could probably go on for quite a while, but perhaps it's enough for now. Your comments are most welcome; if I've trod on any favourite values, please accept an apology, consider the insight, then dismiss it if you like.

For those who would like a "scorecard," the first seven tend to deal with the Sovereignty of God; #8-10, with Original Sin; #11-15, with Sola Gratia/Sola Fides (Salvation by grace through faith); #16-18, with Ethics; and #19-20, with Eschatology. Who said theology was abstract!?

Yes and No.

John Epps



### HOW TO GIVE A CAT A PILL

A colleague passed this on to me. It demands sharing more widely.

1. Pick cat up and cradle it in the crook of your left arm as if holding a baby. Position right forefinger and thumb on either side of cat's mouth and gently apply pressure to cheeks while holding pill in right hand. As cat opens mouth pop pill into mouth, allow cat to close mouth and swallow.
2. Retrieve pill from floor and cat from behind sofa. Cradle cat in left arm and repeat process.
3. Retrieve cat from bedroom and throw soggy pill away.
4. Take new pill from foil wrap, cradle cat in left arm holding rear paws tightly with left hand. Force jaws open and push pill to back of mouth with right forefinger. Hold mouth shut for a count of ten.
5. Retrieve pill from goldfish bowl and cat from top of wardrobe. Call spouse from garden.
6. Kneel on floor with cat wedged firmly between knees, hold front and rear paws. Ignore low growls emitted by cat. Get spouse to hold

head firmly with one hand while forcing wooden ruler into mouth. Drop pill down ruler and rub cat's throat vigorously.

7. Retrieve cat from curtain rail, get another pill from foil wrap. Make note to buy new ruler and repair curtains. Carefully sweep shattered Doulton figures from hearth and set to one side for gluing later.

8. Wrap cat in large towel and get spouse to lie on cat with head just visible from below armpit. Put pill in end of drinking straw, force mouth open with pencil and blow down drinking straw.

9. Check label to make sure pill not harmful to humans, clean blood from carpet with cold water and soap.

10. Retrieve cat from neighbour's shed. Get another pill. Place cat in cupboard and close door on to neck to leave head showing. Force mouth open with dessert spoon. Flick pill down throat with elastic band.

11. Fetch screwdriver from garage and put door back on hinges. Apply cold compress to cheek and check records for date of last tetanus jab. Throw tee-shirt away and fetch new one from bedroom.

12. Bring fire brigade to retrieve cat from tree across the road. Apologise to neighbour who crashed into fence while swerving to avoid cat. Take last pill from foil-wrap.

13. Tie cats front paws to rear paws with garden twine and bind tightly to leg of dining table, find heavy duty pruning gloves from shed, force cat's mouth open with small spanner. Push pill into mouth followed by large piece of fillet steak. Hold head vertically and pour pint of water down throat to wash pill down.

14. Get spouse to drive you to the emergency room, sit quietly while doctor stitches fingers and forearm and removes pill remnants from right eye. Call furniture shop on way home to order new table.

15. Leave cat at vet's for entire course of treatment.

Brian Stanfield



## INFLUENTIAL PAIRS

Time and light--  
 apples and oranges--  
 you and I.  
 Such mundane  
 pairs  
 frequent the  
 universe,  
 seldom  
 examined,  
 shaping  
 the world as  
 consciousness  
 opens to yet  
 another  
 oblique observation.

T.C. Wright



## REFLECTIONS

To all those who know Barbara Alerding, she graduated "summa cum laude" from Martin University yesterday, Jan. 16th. She also received a gift of a dozen roses for being the oldest graduate in the class at 75 years of age. It was a very emotional ceremony where Barbara received special attention in stirring comments by the university president. Her degree is a B.A. in Humanities.

She will start her graduate classes in a few weeks at Ball State University in Adult Education. She also started teaching English classes at Martin University last week. She wants to finish her Master's degree in short order so that she can strive to become a full university professor. She may go on for a PhD.

She wants everyone to know that learning is not something children do but is a lifelong process that never ceases. There is never an age when one stops learning.

Bill Alerding

I wonder what President Clinton would see if he were going to Injan Wakagapi instead of the Pine Ridge. He might see the community

building that was built when we were there and the store building. Probably not the welding business or the farm. I went there with guardians on economic development and then again for a week to work on the store and marketing for the welding project with Dick Kroeger.

My favorite story from the project was the saga of the street signs. Putting up street signs was in the document. (The community had been moved from down by the river up to the bluff with its cold wintry winds years before to make way for a dam that the government never built). So community identity at least geographically was an issue. Anyway we brainstormed Indian names for streets i.e. like Peace Pipe Trail, etc with the community, people made the signs, dug the holes and put them up. Soon an old woman, I guess some sort of spirit woman in the community decided the signs and names were inappropriate and an insult to Indian culture. So she encouraged some young men to cut the signs down with chain saws, all in one night. The last day I was there Brave Bull, the village leader at the time, was at the house meeting with Jim Bell. On his way out he said over his shoulder, "We need to put those street signs back up some day". Jim Bell said something like "if those street signs go back up it will be the community that does it and we the ICA sure won't have anything to do with it". Some time later I read in the GOR that the signs reappeared. They had been remade and put back up without our knowing that they were going to do it.

Dave Rebstock

For the family there have been several major events. Brian's mum turned 90 last February and the family took the opportunity to mark the occasion. 'No speeches', was mother's request, so each of the children took time to write some recollections. Pauline, Brian's youngest sister, put it all together in a booklet with story and photographs to mark mum's 90 splendid years.

The Chapman sisters revisited the family in the Murray Malleee. My dad had built our home there with his own hands! I was 10 years old when we left the farm. So in October we were able to arrange with the present owners an occasion when we four sisters and Brian and Alan Davis rendezvoused at Yumali. We were

treated right royally and it was a great trip down memory lane as we talked, looked at pictures then roamed both house and farm. Oh. How it had changed from the days of the good old farm, from horses and implements to the huge implements of today. We also visited the homestead where dad and his family grew up and that too was great. That old homestead has been restored and is a gracious mansion. We enjoyed the privilege of returning there - it was like walking on hallowed ground. A delight for us all.

The immediate family are all well and doing some exciting things. Peter and Marina are in the midst of refurbishing their home. Peter is doing a lot of the work himself. Tamara and Justine have designed their furniture and Brian is enjoying the challenge of making bookshelves and desks for them. Michael continues to be creative and enjoys bike riding - he has great designs on the most splendiferous bike for Christmas.

Geoff and Jesse do well, Geoff has just changed jobs. He has worked with a small firm for the two years since he got his building degree and has just been added to the staff of another larger firm. He's enjoying the challenge that entails. Steven has just finished his first year as an apprentices electrician and Lisa is finishing year 11, her true love though is her horse!

Jenny and Bryan have spent another good year in Milingimbi. Jenny has been teaching at two of the homeland schools this year and has enjoyed that. At the moment she has taken a group of about 15 school children with parents and some other teachers to Cairns for 10 days. She is taking the first term of next year on leave, so we are anticipating a visit.

A highlight of the year was a visit from Cyprian and Mary D'Souza and their children who dropped by during their visit in Australia. Barry and Margaret Oakley came and shared the time with them too - oh what journeys were remembered. The Big event though was the visit of Brian and Jeanette Stanfield (from Canada) and we were delighted to host them. The Oakleys, Stanfields and Robins families headed to Yorke Peninsular, and we stayed in the Manager's Lodge at an abandoned gypsum mining town in Innes National Park. It was a

great time of talks, walks, and poetry which revitalized us all. Rhonda & Brian Robins



Pyramid cat and I continue to put down roots in this small town/rural county in the southern end of the state of South Carolina. There's no end to the diverse, often overwhelming challenges in all arenas of this community's life! If the county's only hospital where I work is still open this time next year, I will be very pleasantly surprised. My responsibilities there have expanded a lot this past year, and I now am the hospital and home health agency social worker. Another "root" this year has been becoming a board member of the county Council on Aging which has struggled mightily recently due to economic and leadership deficits.

I am looking forward to a trip to Alaska in June with family and friends. And, I am very much enjoying my part-time teaching job with Park College at the Marine Corps Air Station in Beaufort. This term I am teaching Introduction to Sociology; in the spring the course will be Minority and Race Relations. Returning to teaching has become a great motivator for keeping in touch with global and local events/issues.

It has been an honor to have know and stayed connected with each of you during the 20th century. Best wishes for a 2000 filled with quietness and peace, laced with spontaneity and adventure. Mary Ward

I have struggled most of the week with my feelings as I read the names of our colleagues who have gone. Some of the names bring back instant memories. Some bring back vague images of faces, places, words said, tasks accomplished. Some I cannot remember at all.

And I am deeply sad -- my soul is in pain -- my heart will not be still.

There was (is) an intimacy which exists among and between us which goes far deeper, and is much broader, than the intimacy described in the textbooks. Yes, there was physical intimacy -- holding Bob Fishel's hand on a picket-line in Selma; yes, there was emotional intimacy (despite the fact we did not feel free to explore it) -- feeling the rich joy when the first graduates of the training school in India got on the buses for their first assignments; and there was intellectual intimacy -- grasping the intellectual integrity of RS-I and seeing the mind as a route to the spirit.

But the intimacy goes much deeper and is much more inclusive -- the word we used was collegiality (language is so weak and incomplete) -- the knowing, in my soul, that we were all at the task together; each making our own unique contribution to bring about a new sense of being human.

What I experienced was the reality of an intense, decisional extended family. And I deeply grieve the loss of each and everyone.

I grieve for the loss of each colleague; I grieve for my self; I grieve for the loss of daily collegiality.

Grace and peace,

David Scott



Just as the doctors had said, my hair started coming out in handfuls this morning. I had already talked to the friend who cuts my hair and told her that when it started coming out, I would come in for her to shave my head. But I had such a surprisingly emotional response that I called and asked if she could come here today, since it is her day off. I decided I wanted to do this ceremonially at home rather than at the beauty shop. She graciously said that she could do that.

I then called another friend, Stephanie, who is a healer and a psychic, to ask her advice on the ritual. She has gone through cancer treatment with a lot of clients, and her mother is in the fifth round of chemotherapy for lung cancer now. She said that losing one's hair is an outward sign

of EVERYTHING about having cancer, very fraught with emotion though in itself it is not such a bad thing. It almost always brings a lot of tears.

Today's ceremony was a small one, a transitional piece of this transformational process, like a snake shedding its skin or a butterfly its cocoon. Its purpose was for me to honor my self as one who is open to all experiences of life. Another friend and healer, Patricia, came and led the prayer to invoke the energy of my ancestral lineage, my children, and my future life in which I shall experience all things healed and made new again. On the altar was a yellow cloth from Africa, printed with many animals, a candle, a small clay rendering of Mother Earth, a gourd rattle I made that has horsehair sticking out of the top. This was to invoke horse energy: acceptance of a yoke that is not martyrdom.

The effect on me personally was to take the emotional charge from this. It is not the Big Thing that it felt like this morning when so much hair came out in my hand. Actually, I don't look half bad as a nun.

We burned the hair, fueled by alcohol. (It burned a long time, but now I find that much of it didn't burn. Yikes! Asbestos!) Then I put on my new wig, and we laughed and talked a long time.

I give great thanks to God our Father and Mother, and the Lord Jesus Christ in all His comforting and healing roles, for All Our Relations, and for you.

Love, peace and blessings,  
Nov. 16/99

The passage I am completing has been one of depth and darkness, yes, but in the midst of pure blessing. The formula for healing prayer that I've been using begins with enumerating blessings. As I would feel my heart swell in gratitude for my family, which seemed first on the list each time, and for the rich community of faith and support I was experiencing, I would immediately have an image of my hands letting go of these blessings. For this is the Valley of Letting Go. As deep as it is, it is filled to the brim with blessing and blessings. And none of this blessing, none of these blessings, can be grasped or held.

Yet it is not only the Valley of Letting Go. I cannot hold on to the blessings for the very reason that they are being transformed and re-created in every instance, and given back to me in new ways. The family I had, the community that has enriched my life, is no more. It is new, it is different in each moment, and even as I am compelled to let go of the old, the new, the NEW!, presents itself to me as a miracle, and I can receive it. For this is the Valley of Letting Be.

In the darkest part of the valley, there is a well, a spring of creativity.

As I sat beside it and attempted to learn from it, to embody it, really, it became clear that to do that is to take one step, one stitch, one brush stroke, one word, at a time, until a new pattern emerges from this ongoing process of Letting Go and Letting Be.

And now, it is time to bear witness to this experience. This passage, this valley, has become my home, my family, my community, my blessing. It is from here in the Valley of Letting Go and Letting Be, that creation springs forth, for me and through me. It is from this experience that I claim the promise of finding my voice. Each cell of my body, each emotion, each thought, renewed and rehabilitated, washed and hung out to dry, burned and purified in a chemical fire, that Spirit may live in and through me in this blessed Valley of Letting Go and Letting Be.

That's the poetic part. I'll go back to the doctor on the 7th for another scan to be sure the tumors are gone, as I feel confident they are. I understand the lymphoma is classed as a chronic incurable disease, but I see that as just the human condition, and hope to go on to complete the D. Min. Degree I started 2 years ago, and to be a faithful elder for a while yet to come.

Thank you all so much for your thoughts and prayers. I send them back to you, with ten thousand angels to bless and keep you.  
Love and blessings      **Jann**



I joined the order in 1980 in Los Angeles. Later I went on to Sol de Septiembre and Santiago

Chile. Then to Azpitia and Lima Peru. Following on to Manila Philippines. Some of you may have remembered me as Darlene or Devorah. When asked to find other spiritual practices for the Order in Manila, I came across Raja Yoga Meditation. I've been practicing it ever since. I now live in Hong Kong in the Raja Yoga Meditation Center. I'm extremely happy these days. I teach meditation courses, positive thinking, organize interfaith dialogues, health Forums, etc. All of this is on a voluntary basis so I also try to teach a little English in between to earn a livelihood. Whenever I visit other countries, I usually try to connect with some former Order members and it's great seeing them after so many years. I just found out about this dialogue and I'm thrilled to be able to communicate with some of my former colleagues again. I tell many people about the good old days and would love to have more information on the life of Joseph Matthews and RS1. Can anyone tell me? Love and Peace,

**Darlene Golembo**

Reading the recent exchanges on order deaths has indeed been very moving. Somehow, like Del, I too now feel more keen to be present at the Order reunion event.

The exchanges on this listserve has gone through so many phases - from discussing the US role in Yugoslavia, to people's habits of sending messages that irritate some of us, etc. Each of these elicited different responses within me. But this last series really connected with me in a deep way. Why?

Perhaps the passing away of others has brought us from the realm of ideas to the reality of this community. Each person who passed away reminds us of particular times, places and activities we were involved in. Reading the poem in memory of Harold Williams reminded of the day when I first met him as an international intern arriving in Chicago for the first time and making the rounds of churches on slippery ice covered streets in the 70s. Thinking of him reminds me of life in Chicago - the smelly polluted air of the city in those days, the broken down buildings in Fifth City, the sense of fear and violence lurking in the streets and the sizzling spirit that seemed to have all of us in its grip. Somehow, it takes thinking about a specific person to bring all these alive in our memory.

Reading about the deaths of others also reminds me of the presence behind our left shoulder (or was it the right?), reminding us of our finiteness. \The other thing that has impressed me about all this is how technology has played such a vital role in bringing this awareness about - of being a community in dispersion. I used to wonder when and where globality manifested itself in the order - was it at Council meeting - but even there the geographic location of the meeting somehow dominated and skewed our perspectives. But now, for the first time, thanks to this technology, we have a location that is truly global.- this location in cyberspace where one can participate in a global dialogue while being rooted in a specific local geography.

I suppose this experience must also be happening to many other networks of people around the world. But in this listserve, I feel, we are pioneering for others by creating a form of community.

Vinasithamby Dharmalingam



### THE 12 GATEWAYS

In **Everyday Enlightenment**, author Dan Millman proposes that everyday life is a spiritual school, and that our evolution, no matter what our culture, sex, age, religion, financial or social status, involves our successful passage through these 12 core subjects:

1. Discover your Worth
2. Reclaim your Will
3. Energize your Body
4. Manage your Money
5. Tame your Mind
6. Trust your Intuition
7. Accept your Emotions
8. Face your Fears
9. Illuminate your Shadow
10. Embrace your Sexuality
11. Awaken your Heart
12. Serve your World

Aren't they great?.

Delores Morrill

## WITNESSES

### Its Just a Butter Plate

My wife was in a reflective mood the other day. It was one of those occasions when us phase IV types look at our past, future and present. She was thinking about some of the things that pleased her. She was particularly pleased about one of her possessions, a butter plate. She made the statement that this one object was something that, for some reason, was one of her most prized possessions. Hell, it is just a butter plate.

Now, that butter plate has taken on a regal presence for me - us. It has a dark blue oval shaped base and a clear glass dome that fits over the base and it's occupant is a stick of butter. The base sparkles. The dome is spotless, not a single finger print on it. It sits on the kitchen counter in its splendor. This butter plate.

I went down to the kitchen this morning to make my coffee and heat up a turnover, and there it was again - this butter plate. Every time I see this butter plate it contains its significance, its presence, its simple, elegant otherness. I butter my turn over and carefully replace the dome over the butter.

It is just a butter plate, or a life, or a job, or, or? How mundane is the vehicle of the Mystery. How significant is the life we live when we choose to give it that significance. Even in the Whiteness of a white pocket handkerchief.

Lee Early

### Kindling The Life Quality

Some years ago, I remember David McCleskey saying to a bunch of us in India, "It only takes a feather to trigger the deeps." I've been experimenting with ways to shift people's mood at the supermarket checkout counter. I'm a shy kind of person, so I've been surprising myself lately. I have lots of opportunities to do this since I do all the grocery shopping for our family.

I've got used to waiting for it. Oh, oh, here it comes. The man behind me says, "Why does it always take so l-o-o-o-ng?" referring to the check-out process. I have given up attempting to

remind them of their existential situation of being in the world. Instead, I try to divert their attention. This is an old trick I learned from my wife who has used it on me on innumerable occasions when I have sunk into the abyss.

Last Friday, when the grouching happened at the Dominion store, I looked around and my eyes lit on this Halloween display a few feet away. I said, "Well, great gravy, "will you get a load of that?" It was a figure of the Grim Reaper. At a signal, its eyes would flash fire. It was a fearsome sight, yet fascinating. I heard the complainers behind me: "Ooo, Alfred, look at that, isn't that something." Soon, the whole line was preoccupied with the Grim Reaper's performance. It was a small thing, but suddenly the mood shifted; the pall of complaints was gone.

One of my colleagues has the practice of going into places like licensing bureaus, or dentist lounges, and saying in a loud voice, "GOOD MORNING, HOW ARE WE ALL TODAY?" He says the effect is startling. People come out of their lethargy and introversion and recognize their innate sociality.

There are few situations that couldn't do with a turn of the dial, and a calling forth to living life fully. "It means kindling the life quality where it was not." I invite us once again to pick up that stance and find opportunities to do some kindling today.

Brian Stanfield



Peacock Butterfly

I know that butterflies are often cited as the harbingers of the mystery, but it happened to me, so here's one more butterfly witness!

I was attending an International conference on Children in Need in Dartington in SW Britain. We had just finished a plenary session, and my colleagues Malcolm and I were on our way out of the large and beautiful Tudor stone hall. As we talked, we suddenly spotted a small peacock butterfly flapping its wings animatedly on the flagstones before us. My first thought was that the insect must be in its death throes at the end of summer, since the conference was in September

But as I bent down I noticed that the butterfly had one tiny leg caught in a piece of blue-tack stuck on the floor. (That immediately brought to mind the many e-mails about blue and white tack, gum and so on.) It was a quite delicate job requiring patience and care to release the creature's leg, but eventually I manage it without having to amputate. The butterfly fluttered clear and free up to the large tall window ledge.

We weren't oblivious to the fact that the butterfly's days were still numbered, but just for a minute we had been privileged to witness the intersection of two realms normally quite separate, the butterfly's world and ours. And this took place in the silent gaze of the stone hall which would outlast not only the butterfly but also our own two ephemeral lives. Mystery, care, consciousness and tranquillity flooded through the moment. And I was grateful

Alan Beresford

### Diaspora of the Order

It has been fifteen years since we moved out of an ICA house. It's been only a few days since I used ICA/TOP methods.

I am amazed and pleased with reports of our global ICA/TOP networks doing very specific things that have profound impact on specific people's lives and setting in motion methods and resolve that will impact related social structures.

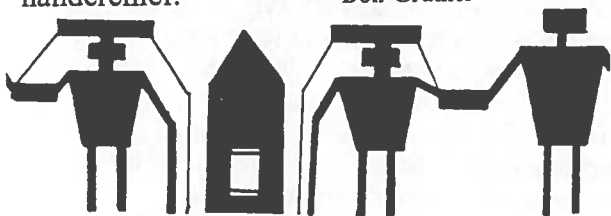
Over the years my dream world has served me with haunting, often bizarre images that weave faces of OE/ICA folks and events ranging from such places as London to India to Kemper to Mindinao to Fifth City. I believe it is a way my unconsciousness reminds me of the fact that life is all about giving your life to something: global, history long or parochial and specific in this moment of time.

For years I have struggled with the fact that I am not in \_\_\_\_\_ (name the place) doing \_\_\_\_\_ (name the service) like \_\_\_\_\_ (name the colleague). Some times I have felt guilty for not being somewhere else doing something more radical or profound.

I am the diaspora of the Order. I am the infusion of the EI/ICA's face of the Spirit Movement into the life blood of my nation, my community and any structure or situation where I find myself.

I remember the D. H. Lawrence poem "We are Transmitters." "Giving life is not easy...It means kindling the life-quality where it was not, even if it's only in the whiteness of a washed pocket handkerchief."

Don Cramer



### Life Fills With Awe & Possibility Each Day

Moving to a new city, new and strange surroundings, unprepared change, plans not working to expectation, frustration of anticipated outcome, rain on my parade, the end of a relationship, death, down-sized, out of a place which seemed so right.

These are occasions which this morning (it is six a.m. EST, right?) produce a sigh as I slowly let my breath out.

But it has been my continuing experience, that is I have learned again and again, that whatever has followed these ghastly interruptions has been absolutely filled with all the ingredients necessary to live and to dance, to teach and to mentor, to touch others deeply, draw new insights, learn new and more effective strokes for swimming in creation's plasma, and most of all, discover deeper involvements with people.

I have learned two things in life: (1) No matter the rudeness of the jolt you'd not want to have missed what followed around the corner; no jolt for you, no corner is turned. (2) Most often these involvements around the corner provide more energy than they consume, so I get better and faster at the dance.

Of course I am in debt, regularly sleep alone, can barely understand Ken's and John's reflections, struggle to be as effective as Pat, Terry, Lee or Paul, and have cultivated a gourmand's protruding stomach, but I thank the Lord, "that he wakes me up mornings."

Life fills with awe and possibility each day like a rising croissant. I would rather not be a cockroach. I want to be me.

How does it go? I signal my community college students that they can answer their bliss. I lighten a grocery store cashier's day. I diligently identify and serve culture's never-ending struggle to recognize and celebrate its profound meaning.

Don't seek for it; this is heaven. Don't wait; it's now.

Fred Buss

### And Was I Prepared For A Future Learning In The Week?

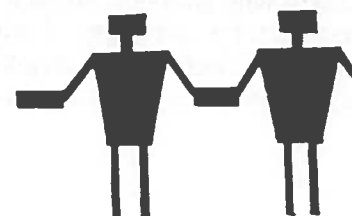
It was an auspicious week! I turned sixty-five on Friday. There was a great surprise party of fifty friends to kick off the week. Sixty-five is a great symbolic starting point for "checking on the condition of my condition". And it is more than just checking the physical. Also required is a check on my mental, emotional, and spirit aging.

On the physical side of things, I have not found it hard to realize the passing of years. My hairline has receded well below my ears, and I started the millennium with a daily dose of Saw Pаметto.

Then, Kendra died this week of cancer... Young Kendra!. My mind went back to the fateful year of 1977 the last time I remembered seeing her. She was a teen then. And wasn't I shocked to realize Kendra died at just about the same age as Elaine did (in 1977), young indeed with two young ones. 1977 was indeed a turning point in my life.

And was I prepared for a future learning in this week?? Arguably not! Anyway, it came. Tuesday night we went to see SNOW FALLING ON CEDARS (A great flick). Ishmael is caught in the year of his great high school love. He learns that life must move on; that not only is THE PAST APPROVED but also THE PAST IS PAST and must be released.

Goodbye 1977, Hello 2000. Len Hockley





**LIFE**

To live  
 Is to comprehend death.  
 To see the majesty of the snow  
 Is to know  
 That it will disappear  
 And love it                      Anonymous

**Out of Death Came New Life**

I was recently invited to write a monthly column for a local magazine and happily sent in my articles for January and February which were printed. I was delighted when a radio station read my February article titled 'Raising Children Spiritually' and called me to come and speak on the subject for a half hour. I felt like I had a wonderful creative outlet for two subjects I feel very passionately about. Children and Spirituality. Two friends of mine had agreed to do interviews on their area of expertise. One friend is a massage therapist and a duola, which in case you don't know what that is, is a person who gives labor support and helps to create sacred space at home or in the hospital for the birth of the baby. I sent in the great article which I was so delighted with and waited for the March edition to come out. But when I opened the cover to see my column listed, guess what? It wasn't there. I felt very disappointed and confused because the editor had not called me or let me know that my article wouldn't be there. My happy balloon of joy popped and I felt wounded. Eventually as I looked at the long list of features I realized that they simply did not have room for the article. But I noticed that they did have room for one on communicating with elephants and I have to say that I was offended that the editors felt that subject to be more important than children. Later when the editor returned my phone call she said, well we won't always be able to print the articles and we have to know the subject ahead of time etc. etc. This was not the image I had been given originally. They have been telling me for years that they wanted to include a column about children.

Everyone probably heard about the little 6 year old boy who shot and killed a little girl in his classroom the other day. I cried a few tears over that. Then I had a dream that woke me in the middle of the night in which one of my

precious preschool children ran out into the street and was hit by a car and killed. I didn't even want to write about that in my morning journal or say it out loud to my husband it felt so awful. But when I did tell Blase he had a great insight, that the car represents the mechanisms of our society and that the mechanisms of our society are killing our children. It's sadly true on many levels.

Therefore it was of course very synchronistic that my article was rejected at this time in terms of my own life journey. I went through all the processing of when in my childhood and my life I had been "left out". Actually it happened quite a lot because I never fit in. I never even fit in when I was with a radical, contemporary, experimental, religious Order that most of the world would have called a little weird. So in the first instance this was an opportunity to do a little healing from the conscious perspective of now being 50 years old and a grandmother and having ways to quickly process stuff and move on.

However, even after doing processing, meditating etc., the pain of these events would not leave me. I prayed and asked for guidance and surrendered the whole thing up to the Mystery. When I woke in the morning the "answer" came to me. I need to start my own magazine where I will not be restricted and where the messages about children, partnerships, and family, about a new ways to live, work and parent, can be expressed. When I told Blase my idea his face lit up with a smile and he said he'd had the same thought when he woke up and then another friend said the same thing to me. The pain disappeared!!! Out of death came new life. We'll see where this leads.

Roseanne Sands



### Shoveling Shit In Louisiana

This last couple of months has been a real trip down memory lane. We have shoveled our share over the years! Memorials, Town Meetings, OK 100, HDP's and shoveling all the while.

Summer '70, I believe it was, on the West's farm. The Order youth, and some kids, whose parents were at the summer program, were spending one of the first youth camps on the farm. The septic system was backed up for two weeks and the toilets were full to the brims. Leah literally pushed the crap down and around with her hands to make room for more crap. Lots of shoveling going on there!

We forgot to mention the baby who died on a coral atoll in the Pacific for lack of adequate health care. John and Judy Montgomery had been on Rong Rong for several years. It was their first child – and the last. I recall we buried the child and the Marshallese hung bars of soap around the gravesite. You had to be careful how deep to bury someone on a coral atoll. At high tide the salt water would percolate up through the coral and push the fresh water lens up to the surface along with caskets and what ever else was buried. Maybe the soap was to wash up with after a re-burial exercise. Can you imagine?

Let's not forget the celebration the "breakthrough" team held weeks before the Oklahoma 100 event. Thanks, Pat for the memory. We were a ragtag bunch who went to Oklahoma to get the things set up, in spite of all the evidence to the contrary up to that point. It wasn't much of a "celebration" – just a bunch of shovelers who set up five or six Town Meetings a day – who were dead tired and were on the next plane out the following day – back to other duties. I was off to London to meet with JWM.

Then, there was the shoveling in the Isle of Dogs, the tirades in Rome over the first HDP site. And, let's not forget the 3:00am screaming session in India with a little fat man over the pending marriage of one of our Australian colleagues with a beautiful Indian woman while he was designing the first Human Development Training School. I was literally knocked on my

butt for even bringing up the subject at such a critical point in the Order's history. (Yes, JWM)

Remember the HDP consults in India? Ten a month per team, not to be interrupted by the starvation death of a small girl we witnessed just before one of the consults.

How about the beautiful young woman laying on the floor in the Kemper building with a broken back, to be paralyzed from the waist down for the rest of her life?

### Where were you, daddy, during the Great War?

I was learning that shit and glory are corresponding concepts.

The youth, for the most part, are doing very well, thank you. Most are full of selfhood, self-reliance and self-confidence, in spite of what we did or didn't do.

The Montgomery's adopted a child who would have never had the opportunity of seeing this country.

Oklahoma 100 was the global event we'd hoped it would be. What was it - the county coverage equivalent - one Town Meeting per county in twenty nations?

The marriage never took place and both parties are eternally grateful for that. Not that it wouldn't have worked – it probably would have – but, from this historical perspective, I'll bet they are happy with the current relationships.

And, the school and all those consults did lead to the largest replication demonstration on the planet.

Oh yeah, that kid with the bum back? She's expecting to present me with my first grandson next month. Or, maybe it'll be Leah's first granddaughter.

Not all memories are laced with roses and sweet smelling perfume. Some are filled with pain and agony. All, however, have a corresponding characteristic – glory – glory to the Father and the Word of Endless Possibility.

G & P                      Lee Early

**The Word**

That life is good, even the limits good; that all is possible; that change reveals a kaleidoscope of depth in what we thought was flat, homogenized society; The Word came again to this town in southwest Georgia one day in 1978, and after that

**Was Made Flesh**

in the lives of a group of women, who passed it on to men and boys and little children and other women, black and white, who started to sing and dream and invest their lives for good within this town in schools and clubs and parks and buildings, and programs and liaisons and a spirit of hope that

**Dwelt Among Us**

in new businesses, a boardwalk, extended highway, tutorials, after-school programs, a renovated inn, a stop light, golf course, mural project, book discussions, arts and education building, performance hall, Community Development Corporation, Collaborative Committee, re-enlivened hospital, children's summer programs, community college courses - all locally held; losses and gains in enterprises closed and opened, people reborn with new commitment beyond themselves, living with change, up to the elbows in building life for all.

**And We Beheld The Glory**

We, Bill and Nan Grow, witness this day to the glory we have seen and see in the struggling and stumbling of Life, and furthermore, expect to see in the new millenium in this little town -- just one of all the towns in all the world that in 1978 or thereabout were impregnated with The Word.

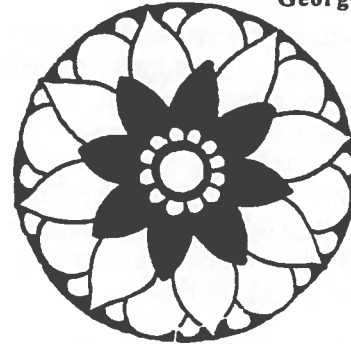
Nan Grow

**Consciousness is Strange**

I hadn't cried in a long time until I downloaded the email last Tuesday. Kendra had died. That's what it said. I remembered her gentle, shy personage. Her serious face. When her parents went out on international assignment we acted as her parents. On family nights we shared a meal and talked about the week. Later Tuesday, Doris sent me Ian's poem, so beautiful, what can one add. We thought about LiDona and David.

Consciousness is strange, through the tears it flashed in my mind what Jesus said a long time ago, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven", and that was followed by the words of Duke Ellington, "It don,t mean a thing, if you ain't got that swing". For some reason it seemed to make sense at the time.

George Holcombe

**COMPLETED LIFE  
CELEBRATIONS****THE COMPLETED LIFE OF  
JUDITH ELIZABETH  
SPARKS MONTGOMERY**

September 7, 1944 - August 7, 1999

Judy's memorial service was held Saturday, August 14, in Atlanta. It was a wonderful celebration of Judy's life and a fitting tribute to her spirit-filled existence. John's parents, Jack and Mary Montgomery; sister, Leslie; brother, Finley; and John's Aunt Matilda were all here for the service. Those former colleagues from the ICA were Bruce Donnelly, and Bill Grow, Joy Thomas, Charles (Allen) Lingo, Martha Talbott, and Mary and Vincent Scott.

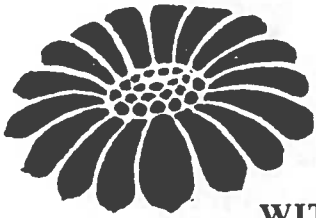
Other guests included youth and parents from Dynamo Swim Club, Matt's Boy Scout Troop, members from Glenn United Methodist Church, and colleagues from the Mission Resource Center where Judy had worked in Atlanta.

Included in the service was the reading of three poems: "We Are Transmitters" by D.H. Lawrence, "Warning: When I Am Old, I Shall Wear Purple" by Jenny Joseph, and a Tagore poem which was a gift from John and Lynda Cock. The service was taped and is available if you would like a copy.

On Sunday, John and the boys drove to Oklahoma City, OK for a memorial service and burial on Tuesday. Judy's ashes were buried in a cemetery plot next to her father, Paul Sparks.

The Montgomery family deeply appreciated all the calls and letters from literally across the globe. They were a wonderful witness to the legacy Judy left behind. She touched so many of us in a very special way. We are all richer for having known her on the Journey

Mary Lou Vergara



### WITNESS

Judith Elizabeth or "Judy Beth began her earthly journey as the daughter of a postal worker, Paul Sparks, and his wife, Jewell, an elementary school teacher. As an only child, Judy enjoyed the love of her parents and the broader community of the Methodist Church in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. At age ten, Judy's mother died, leaving Judy and her father to negotiate the teenage years together. In retrospect, her great loss of her mother gave rise to a deep and enduring bond with her father for the rest of her life.

In high school, Judy was already showing signs of her social consciousness and her passion for social justice which extended beyond her community and later to the globe. At Oklahoma State University, Judy earned a B.A. degree in sociology. Her continuing activities with the Methodist Welsey Foundation on campus led her to enlist as a Methodist US-2 missionary upon her graduation from college. Her assignment at the Kansas City Inner City Parish provided the stepping stone to greater challenges which lay ahead. Her US-2 colleagues became life-long friends.

The social unrest of the 1960's found Judy searching for a way to participate in reconciliation in the inner-city. In 1968 Judy found that opportunity by joining the staff of the Ecumenical Institute in Chicago, Illinois. It was there that she met a passionate, young, activist named John

Montgomery, who would be her life partner in creating a more just and peaceful world.

After their marriage in 1971, John and Judy accepted an assignment to the remote island of Rong Rong in the Marshall Islands in the north Pacific. For five years as high school teachers, they experienced the warmth and love of the Marshallese people. This love would support them in the loss of their daughter who died shortly after birth in 1973. Throughout Judy's life, she recalled this event which deepened her resolve to have a family.

Returning to Chicago from Southeast Asia, John and Judy accepted staff roles with the international faculty of the Institute. In that capacity, Judy led leadership programs in such diverse places as Zambia, the Caribbean, India, and Mississippi. In 1980, Judy joined the leadership team of a pioneering effort call "Training Inc". This program of the Chicago YMCA taught job skills to unemployed and under-employed adults. Judy's sensitivity to the students and her gift for teaching greatly strengthened this program.

In 1982, Judy's dream for children became a reality with the birth and adoption of Timothy John in Taiwan. Three years later, Matthew Paul was born and adopted to complete the family unit. That same year, the family made the decision to leave the corporate staff of the Institute to allow John to pursue graduate study. They joined the community of Weadon United Methodist Church which was working with others to be more open to the forces of diversity in the denomination: sexual inclusiveness, racial diversity and theological re-imagining.

As Training Inc. flourished in the late 1980's, Judy left to answer a call from the Methodist Church to lead the Chicago Methodist Urban Ministry Coalition: METRO. this venture was followed by Judy's appointment as Associate Director of the Mission Resource Center of the United Methodist Board of Global Ministries in Atlanta in 1991.

In tandem with Judy's busy work schedule, she had also become a Dynamo "Swim Mom" and Cub Scout parent. Weekends usually found her watching a local swim meet or transporting the boys to a meet out of town. Some of her greatest

pleasure came from watching Tim and Matt as they matured and developed in these activities. She was forever a proud Mom. She also enjoyed sharing this experience in the company of other families.

In 1996, Judy received the greatest challenge of her life. After a series of strokes, Judy was forced to give up her work and accept a life with permanent disabilities. For those around her, it was not surprising that Judy's predictable pattern of saying "yes" to life continued. She demonstrated the atonement that comes from flowing with the tides of life rather than against them. She taught us how to embrace our "being" when our idolatry of our knowing and doing is taken away. She knew that she did not have to do anything to justify her life just have faith.

It was this faithfulness that made Judy stand apart in our midst - like a beacon of light, beckoning those of us who are more fainthearted. As she demonstrated her "can do" spirit, her courage was daunting. So many people drew strength from her resources of faith. Her will was deep. It served her to her last breath. In the end, Judy's faith in the grace of God had sustained her, her family, her home, and the love of all those across the world who knew her. God bless you, dear Judy. Rest in that Peace which passes all understanding.

### THE COMPLETED LIFE OF LEONARD SIZER

We just received word that Leonard Sizer died this morning, August 25th, in Morgantown, West Virginia. He was 86 years old; birthday on July 28th. He was a father and grandfather. Leonard taught sociology at West Virginia University prior to joining the ICA community in Chicago. Later, he moved to Maryland and then joined the ICA Washington, DC community and remained there until 1988. Leonard continued to live in northwest Washington, DC until last year, when he moved to a residence for elders in Morgantown.

Leonard brought historical knowledge, dry wit, intellectual perspectives, and conceptual philosophy to conversations. He read a spectrum of current and historical writings and readily shared them with friends and colleagues. His

dry wit kept attention from wandering. His detachment from possessions (except books) and well exercised mind were models to note.

We are grateful for his life, his friendship, and his commitment to the ongoing path of intellectual and spiritual growth. We treasure his dry wit accompanied by a twinkle in his eye. A memorial service is planned for early September in Washington, DC at the United Church of Christ.

Grace and Peace,

Marie Sharp



### THE COMPLETED LIFE OF KENDRA JAAL MCCLESKEY

Kendra Jaal McCleskey died at 7:37 pm on Saturday, January 16th.

I am a small man. She made me better. This is a cold world. She filled it with love. I would break if I could, but grief does not kill you, no matter how much you wish it would.

I held her then, one hand on her hand, one on the rough stubble of new hair on her head. We had spent five months talking about it, saying everything there was to say, so I sat there, just talking, telling her it was all right to stop fighting, to let out that last long breath. Her eyes were tight closed, her face relaxed, but she heard me. She waited until we were all there, until Judy and Kier walked through the door, to start letting go. Her mother held her other hand, her four best friends circled the bed, each touching her, and we listened, listened to her slow, slow, until every breath was her last breath, and then one, no different from the last, was.

I don't know when I'll stop crying. Before I met her there was a black pit in me, a gaping hole filled with despair, and I circled it, toying with the lip like a sailboat on the edge of a waterfall. She placed her face there one day, and I have been happy for nine years. I made her happy too, she made sure I knew that. I helped her laugh. We built a life together that I could never have

imagined. She made me so big, feeding me love. I made her feel safe. And that let her loosen her heart, stretch it out and embrace so many people. And that let me see the humanity in others as I never had before. Kendra was a shy woman. She loved her home. She loved Merron and Haley. She loved me. She created beauty and love. She died at 7:37 and left this world filled with more love than when she entered it. I was not worthy of her, I know that. She was a blessing to me, to each of you, to life.

Kendra didn't want a service. Just cremation and a gathering of her friends and family at our home. We are having it in three sessions, a dinner tonight and two receptions tomorrow, one in the afternoon and one in the evening, since there were far too many to fit at just one time. When we moved to Toronto she had a hard winter, snowbound in a new city with no friends, a new baby and a workaholic husband. She was lonely then, worried she would be unable to make a friend. She could not have imagined how many people she would attract over the next six years.

One person expressed concern over confidentiality, don't. Everything I have written about Kendra is open to be shared. What I have not written is mine alone.

Ian Woodbury



*There was a bud outside my back door  
Yellow, squeezed tight by the cold  
On a solitary stalk stretched above the hard  
green plant  
Waiting for a warm day  
I watched it for a week  
Was it a metaphor? A leaf painted on the  
glass?  
Perhaps only a blind sign of growth, an  
extravagance of the soil  
But fraught, as everything is fraught  
Burdened with my need for meaning  
When it bloomed I cut it and brought it in a  
bowl  
Floating, fragrant, the outrageous yellow of a  
highway line  
And gave it to my wife to smell  
Stretched out in our green leather chair  
Between pains*

Ian Woodbury

## BOOKS

An unusual winter storm for this part of the country put North Carolina schools out for 2 1/2 weeks. Although some of those days were teacher work days, there was some spare time for curling up by the fire and reading some good books. I have thoroughly enjoyed catching up on books by our colleagues that John and I gave each other for Christmas:

**PLEASE FORWARD** is the story of Liza Tod, pulled together by colleagues and John Burbidge. I wrote John: I am delighted with the book about Liza. Her stories about life in India bring back lots of wonderful and colorful memories. Her spirit shines through all of it. It is like a visit across time and space. Thank you for doing us a great service by pulling her story together!

Richard Elliott's **FALLING IN LOVE WITH THE MYSTERY** is a clear, well-grounded book that would appeal to laypersons searching for a meaningful faith that they can realistically hold on to.

Lucille Chagnon's anthology: **VOICE HIDDEN, VOICE HEARD**, is a very helpful to those concerned about the need for continued literacy training.

John is enjoying Basil Sharpe's **ADVENTURE OF BEING HUMAN**. I get it next. "A roadmap through the hazards, detours...of the next millennium."

What a wealth of experience we have to draw upon! Thank you, authors, for putting your gifts of writing out there for others to appreciate.

Others:

Desmond Tutu: **NO FUTURE WITHOUT FORGIVENESS**, about Truth and Reconciliation Commission in S. Africa. Does anyone have any children's literature about Tutu?

Thomas Berry: **THE GREAT WORK** (Thomas Berry lives in Greensboro. We were pleased to be at his recent book signing. He was present at the Stover's dedication of The Universe Walk through Stovers woods.)

As you know, John's book is just hot off the press. It's my favorite. John calls me Edith the editor, and I call him Arthur the author.

Lynda Cock

It is always a delight when you discover that one of your long time friends and colleagues has outdone themselves and broken through in a new "vocational" arena. Basil Sharp has written a book, *THE ADVENTURE OF BEING HUMAN*, that deals with the task of creating a new Story about the Earth, the Universe and everything in it and how it all fits together. He has done a great job - with a fine non-technical text that has a forthright, non-defensive style.

Although for most of us there will be little totally new information (and we will recognize a number of images out of our common past), the book presents a new and unique approach that links all of reality together. This is done both with prose that is exacting and yet fresh (reminds me of Ken Wilber in some ways) and with introductory sections of poetry that breeze by. I almost never read or appreciate poetry in these kinds of books but I read and enjoyed this!

The end result is a book that can easily hold it's own with others in this arena!

Long before the book was finished Basil asked me to do a book jacket blurb. I basically let him write what would be helpful but the one thing I said was that if I could write a book, this was the kind of book I would have wanted to write!

I asked Basil to supply below an outline or a paragraph or two on the actual content - which follows as well as data on how to order a copy(s):

The book deals with the basic images or foundational assumptions out of which we live -- our worldview, our story of life. Traditional myths/stories of life are composed of five basic pillars:

- 1) The Universe: how did everything get to be the way it is?
- 2) The Planet: our environment, how it functions and how humans fit in?
- 3) The Individual Human: what does it mean to be a human, our role, purpose and meaning?
- 4) The Corporate Human: how do we relate and function with other humans?

5) The Ultimate: what is ultimate reality and how do we relate to it?

6) These pillars are then woven into a single story of life. These six chapters and Pat Nischan's (a colleague from Michigan) six drawings of the six images form a common, global "starter story" .

As Joseph Campbell noted, people want to experience life, not understand it. The *BOTTOM-LINE* of the book is to EXPERIENCE LIFE as full, complete and satisfying NOW, not some time in the future. I had fun writing it. I hope you have fun reading it.

You may order by check (\$16.95 -- s/h included) and mail to:

Basil Sharp  
1354 K St. SE  
Washington, DC 20003

or you may order by credit card at  
[www.wel.net/integratedlife](http://www.wel.net/integratedlife)

check out the cover and more details. Bob Vance

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#### **"The Courage To Lead"**

By R. Brian Stanfield

The Canadian Institute of Cultural Affairs

The essence of this book is that people need to be aware of their own ability to act. This book challenges us to take charge of our own internal quest for meaning in life. It encourages us to move out of paralysis by acting powerfully wherever we are.

Price - \$31.95 Cdn. or \$19.95 US

Shipping and handling is extra

For orders in Canada, please add 7% GST

#### **Brand New**

#### **"Please Forward: The Life of Liza Tod"**

edited by John Burbidge

ICA Australia

This is a charming book about the life and times of a seemingly ordinary "proper English lady"

that has been lovingly put together as a tribute by John Burbidge and the Institute of Cultural Affairs in Australia.

The book is in two parts. The first part deals with her life from her birth in England to her husband's death when she was just past 60. Liza did not become involved with ICA until after the death of her husband and her move to Australia. The second part contains her thoughts and wisdom as well as bits of her life past 60. Price - \$37.95 Cdn or \$22.95 US  
Shipping and handling is extra  
For orders in Canada, please ad 7% GST

#### "Edges" Reprints

Reprints of many of your favourite "Edges" issues are now available. Quantities are often limited however.

Cost - \$3.00 Cdn. per reprint or \$2.00 US  
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For orders in Canada, please ad 7% GST

#### "The Other World In The Midst of Our World"

by Jon and Maureen Jenkins

Imaginal Training

A fascinating odyssey which maps the topography of "The Other World"... those encounters with spirit as rich and diverse as consciousness itself.

This book describes The Land of Mystery, The River of Consciousness, The Mountain of Care, The Sea of Tranquillity and 64 states of being. The Other World charts and descriptions were created by ICA in 1972 as a guide to spirit states for people in all cultures.

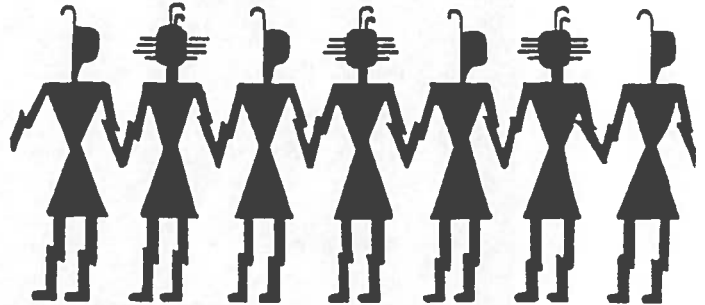
Cost - \$34.95 Cdn or \$25.00 US  
Shipping and handling is extra  
For orders in Canada, please ad 7% GST

#### "Golden Pathways"

CD - ROM

A veritable treasure-trove for all who participate in the historical task of exercising spirit and practical care for the world. Holds many of the lectures, writings, charts, pictures and diagrams stored in the ICA Global Archives in Chicago  
Recommended (minimum) system: 486 DX with 8MB RAM, 1 MB Video RAM (640x480x256 colors) 2x CD ROM drive - Macintosh Quadra with 8MB RAM and 2x CD ROM drive AND - Microsoft Internet Explorer 3 or Netscape 3.0  
Cost \$50.00 Cdn + \$3.50 Shipping and handling + \$3.75 GST

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#### Keeper'n Me

"Feel that?" Keeper asked real soft that morning as we stood in that snow and watched that day break open. "Yeah," I said, real quiet too. "Yeah, what is that?" "S'Beedahbun," he said. "S'Beedahbun." "First light?" "Life", he said, very soft now and respectful. "Life". That's what you feel, Beedahbun's life. When that light breaks on that horizon, you stand here, be part of it, you feel life comin' back. All around you, life comin' back. Rides in on that light. Whole universe shruggin' its shoulders, wakin' up together. That's what you feel. The wakin' up inside."

"You come here. Become part of it. Walk around the rest of the day bein' part of it too. Never get lost. No one ever got lost bein' part of somethin'. Only when they're not. Beedahbun connects you to life. Them colors become a part of you, them trees a part of you, rocks a part of you, water a part of you, animals a part of you, everything. And you . . . you . . . you're a part of all of it too. It's Beedahbun. That first light comes through your eyes, moves through you, all of you, fillin' you with light. The lighta life, all around you and part of you forever. Beedahbun."

From the book "*Keeper'n Me*",  
Richard Wagamese



