



**NEWSLETTER #26
Summer 1997**

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Check out:

◇ John O'Donohue—Coming August 14 !

◇ A New Dream Group—Coming August 16!

◇ A Creative Arts Retreat—Coming September 27-28!

(The Arts Of Sacred with Robin H. Lysne & DWM)

The Creative Edge: The Way Of The Arts is a nonprofit public benefit corporation formed in January, 1989. It operates under IRS Code 501(c)(3) for the educational purpose of sponsoring programs that introduce and develop for individuals the inner creative process used by experienced artists of all fine arts disciplines. In particular, these programs have as a foundation the belief that expression consciously based on intuitive material from the psyche and expressed in one or more channels of artistic endeavor supports healthy development of both the individual and the society. Furthermore, the underlying creative principles are the basis for a healthy way of life.

Issued: 7/7/97

Board of Directors:

Marlie Avant
Donald W. Mathews
Kyla McCollam
Barbara Rose Shuler
Patricia Waldin



THE NEWS

Summer 1997

No. 26

Programs Scheduled: (See pages 2-4)

- | | | |
|------------------------------|--|--------------------------------|
| • John O'Donohue | An Evening Talk († August 7) | Aug 14, 7 p.m. |
| • Robin Heerens Lysne | Creative Arts Retreat Weekend | |
| • Donald Mathews | & Donald Mathews (The Arts of Sacred) | Sep 27-28, 9 a.m. |
| • Donald Mathews | Creative Arts Fellowship | Monthly, 1st Sat-9 a.m. |
| | Dream Work Seminars | Monthly, 3rd Sat-9 a.m. |
| | Creative Development & Dreams | E-mail as scheduled |

† Interview on Barbara Rose Shuler's Discovery Radio Program—KAZU (90.3FM) at 7 pm.

New workshops are now scheduled with Jay O'Callahan and Brugh Joy for next year. (See page 4.) Your check to Creative Edge dated before the early price deadline will lock in one of the limited places!

Reader numbers are up! Members financially supporting Creative Edge remain stable. For all who recently responded to our request, thank you! Because of this year's workshop scheduling, publication of the newsletter was delayed until now.

The Labyrinth Project initiated by Community Church of the Monterey Peninsula is underway! A 36' diameter transportable Labyrinth has been delivered for use on a regular basis. Creative Edge is supporting this community project to build a permanent Labyrinth on the grounds for public use.

Regular times of availability will soon be published and Creative Edge expects to offer short workshops for those interested! The next walk is scheduled Sunday, July 20 in the church Fellowship Hall.

The Reader's Survey was disappointing—only 16 responses were received. It appears there is a small number of readers using the Internet and CE web site. Type computers: PC's-7, Mac's-7, None-2. Visited CE Web site-4. Downloaded: AR-3, CE PDF files-1. Wanting E-mail NL distribution-10 (Requires AR to access file attached to E-mail.)

I have sent 34 electronic copies to the first E-mail distribution list (includes some electronic only) and I am waiting feedback on this new process.

DWM

New & renewed Members of the Creative Edge:

Patrons: Illia Thompson, Carmel Valley, CA.

Associate Members: Gabriele Ullian, WA; Reese W. Sumner, AL; David Allan, Marjorie Brack, Virginia Conroy, Marguerite Craig, Russell Farkouh, Connie Hunt, Elliot Roberts, Tony Schaurer, Paul & Kay Selzer, Johanna Shippen, CA.

Friends: Carole Ann Lovin, FL; Anonymous, Paola Berthoin, Sherry Blair, Ethel Costagliola, Desiree Gillingham, Jean Jackman, J.D. Jones, Ann Marie Hardcastle, Frances Krause, Suzsanne Morrow, Katherine Mapes-Resnik, Peggy Williams., CA.

We invite newcomers to our mailing list — support with your fully tax deductible donation is totally voluntary.
Newsletter Distribution: 1429 — Current Membership: 5 Patrons, 25 Associates, 20 Friends.



“If you look for the truth outside yourself, it gets farther and farther away.”
—Tung-Shan

Background:

Our thoughts and imaginings are fed continuously by our emotionally guided six senses. Mystically, we receive dreams and intuitions to evoke our imagination. Therefore, along life’s way, we perceive and store a whole range of personal experiences and visions triggered by these processes.

Like creative artists of all kinds, we all have within our psyche this rich flowing wealth of personal and collective history and unexamined mysteries of creation. As a resource, it is a full treasure chest waiting to serve our glorious response to life. When we chose to manifest our unique expressions and bring them into the world in support of life, we fulfill our soul’s gift to community, Spirit or to Divine Creation.

Our urge to express from the heart through our natural ability to sing, dance, draw, tell stories, write poetry,

and make other highly creative expressions of all kinds from this personal wealth, provides a way to find, and meaningfully travel, the inner and outer roads of a rich life experience.

Instead of critical judgment, when we have appreciation and curiosity about our own and each other’s personal process, a door opens to imagination, inspiration and our soul’s deeper longing. An open supportive group with deep respect for each person’s journey gives sacred witness, provides safety and trust for intimate sharing.

It facilitates spiritual and mystical aspects of life where meaningful collective themes spontaneously emerge. Thus we gain strength to share the universal joy and pain of being human and courage to creatively participate in service to life.

Community Projects:

The Creative Edge supports various programs and collaborative efforts in the community where the creative process of individuals and groups is enhanced. Donald Mathews, the Executive Director, is available to advise or facilitate various interdisciplinary groups for special projects. He provides information, inspiration and emotional support from his wide variety of experiences.

Creative Arts Fellowship:

The monthly Creative Arts Fellowship is a public gathering seeking self awareness and presence through a practice of contemplation, creative sharing and mutual support. Our stories, dreams and artistic expressions of all kinds become a source of wisdom.

This free living room group for all skill levels is facilitated by Donald Mathews with those interested in sharing their creative work and process from a personal point of view. Bring an image, poem, song, story, dance or other creative expression that intrigues you. Meetings: the first Saturday each month, 9 a.m. till noon. No fee.

Creative Arts Retreat Weekends:

Explore with the core fellowship of Creative Edge Artist-Directors. Away from busy lives for either one or two days in a small intimate group, we leisurely seek the authenticity of our soul’s call.

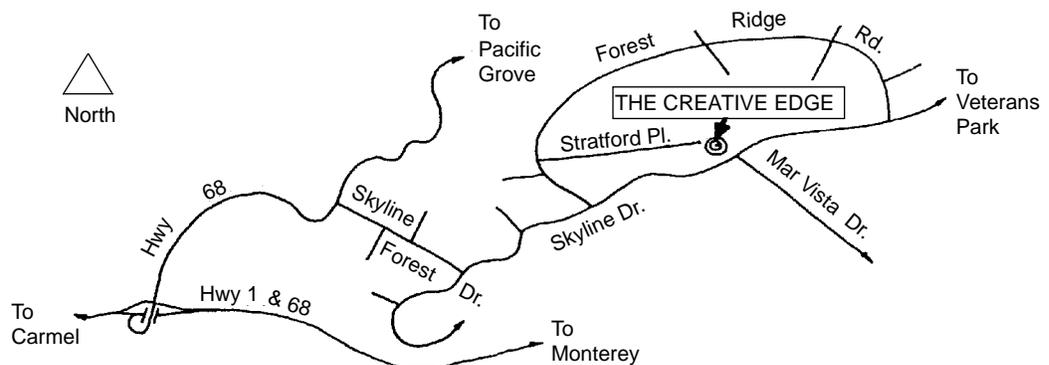
Although primarily a weekend of self discovery, we open to the power of collective energies and guest facilitators to bring and share their special talents with us.

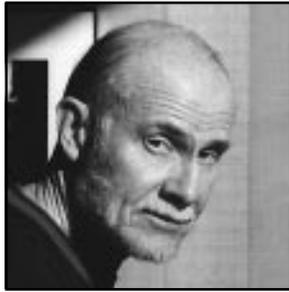
Forming a safe circle of support for dreams, sharing and contemplation, we will use lots of free time to follow our personal muse with reading, writing and other creative work. Mask-making, paints and clay are available in the studio. Lunch is provided. Offered spring & fall, 9 a.m.—5 p.m.

Special Workshops & Seminars:

Special workshops and seminars are scheduled throughout the year with different facilitators. Call for information or addition to the mailing list.

Reservations are made by sending your check payable to The Creative Edge. There is a \$20 handling fee for refunds.





Donald William Mathews is an artist, educator and Founding Director of The Creative Edge where he teaches and edits the newsletter. He has diverse degrees and professional experience with teaching credentials in education, management, fine arts, engineering and mathematics. He has studied and gained wide experience in various psychologies and other disciplines searching for a deep understanding of the human experience, creativity and spirituality.

“Come with me into the great hall of my heart. I will light the candle of my thoughts and I invite you to light yours.”

—Donald Mathews

In particular, he has been involved over the years with the Association of Transpersonal Psychology and Process Oriented Psychology. He facilitates trust and intimacy in order to find wisdom from individuals and groups based on his continuing journey learning from life. Married over forty years to his musician wife Lou, they have three daughters and seven Grandchildren.

Monthly Dream Work Seminar:

By experiencing the vital images and wisdom of each other’s dreams shared as our own, we gain an in-depth understanding of our selves and our common human experience. Limited to eight venturesome people seeking spiritual depth. Meetings: the third Saturday each month, Jan—May, Aug—Nov, 9 a.m. until noon. Sliding scale fee: \$15 or \$12 each in a series.

Creative Development & Dreams:

Donald Mathews responds to personal questions involving development of one’s creative process through artistic expression and the use of dreams as an intuitive resource (E-Mail, Telephone or other exchanges). This usually involves an intimate exchange seeking hidden talents, thus activating the individual’s deeper resources. Sliding scale fee: \$25-35 each hour's work.



Robin Heerens Lysne, MA is a writer, artist and intuitive counselor now living in Boulder Creek, CA. She is author of two books, *Dancing Up The Moon: A Women’s Guide to Creating Traditions that bring Sacredness to Daily Life*, and soon to be released, *Sacred Living, A Daily Guide*, both published by Conari Press.

“At the heart is your presence...”

—Robin Heerens Lysne

A graduate of Matthew Fox’s school for social change, *The Institute in Culture and Creation Spirituality*, she lectures, leads workshops and reads poetry across the country focused on personal healing, relationships and sacred living.

Most of us have little tradition in our lives yet crave a stronger feeling of connection to life and its meaning found in the sacred. *It can be found through the arts!*

In this one or two day creative arts retreat, we will seek the sacred through various artistic explorations. Forming a safe circle of support with a core fellowship of Creative Edge Artist-Directors, we will create ritual space from experiences we already possess by searching memory, dreams and imagination. Then, using some form of artistic expression that fits us, paint, clay, collage, or whatever comes to mind, we will explore our themes as we move into new creative territory. Finally, we will learn from each other by sharing personal discoveries.

The Arts as Sacred—A Creative Arts Retreat Weekend: September 27 - 28, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.

Lunch & simple art materials are provided. Fee: \$95, Saturday only: \$50. (\$85/\$45 prior to 9/1.)

Computer Users:

If you haven’t responded, please fill out and send to:

The Creative Edge
8 Stratford Place
Monterey, CA 93940

or
CEDonald@aol.com

Adobe Systems Inc. provides an ideal cross-computer program for distribution with their PDF file format. PDF files are read by Adobe’s free Acrobat Reader (AR) software available for download at <<http://www.adobe.com>>. (There are links to Adobe from the CE Web site.) This system works on all types of computers and gives an easily read presentation adjustable in

format with a menu click for different size screens. Buttons allow viewers to conveniently jump around to different pages. Images are in color! Desired hard copies may be printed on your own printer. PDF files with all past newsletters and other materials are already available at the CE Web site! Downloading is quick and easy because of compression technology.

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Computer: Y N A U **Type:** Mac PC Other **Word processor program type:** _____
Printer: Y N A **Type:** B&W Color **Modem:** Y N A U **Speed:** _____
E-mail address: _____ N A U

Circle or fill in blanks

Y=yes

N=no,

A-anticipate soon

U-unsuccessfully tried

I visited Internet sites: Y N A U **I visited the CE Web site:** Y N A U

I downloaded the free Acrobat Reader: Y N A U **I downloaded CE PDF files:** Y N A U

I would like to try receiving CE newsletter by E-mail (PDF file attachment): Y N A

Name: _____ **Comments:** _____



There is a deep beauty hidden in the luminosity at the heart of soul... hidden behind the dull facade of our daily lives. Only in your solitude will you actually find it, find the neglected beauty of your life!"

John O'Donohue is a poet, priest, philosopher and scholar from Conamara, Ireland. Born and raised in County Clare, he was awarded a Ph.D. in Philosophical Theology from the German University of Tubingen in 1990. He has recently been delighting audiences at intimate seminars and major international conferences. He is a true storyteller, dynamic teacher and prolific writer.

"My wish is that you can rest, and let go of this massive need to find yourself...relax—your soul will find you."

—John O'Donohue

John O'Donohue speaks to the great and relevant themes of life with a fresh voice unencumbered with religious dogma! He is unafraid to intelligently challenge many prevailing assumptions, bringing them to earth with poetry, stories and other human experiences. With the ease and richness of a Celtic Bard, he spontaneously dialogs with the audience, bringing a warm intimacy to subjects of profound depth.

**An Evening Talk:
Wednesday, August 14**

Community Church of the Monterey Peninsula (Carmel Valley Rd.—1 mi. East Hwy 1)

Tickets:\$20—\$15 prior Aug 5



Jay O'Callahan has been creating and performing stories now for over 20 years. Time magazine called him "a genius among storytellers...." "A virtuoso," echoed the Boston Globe.

Jay O'Callahan crafts the details of ordinary life into extraordinary stories containing deep spiritual wisdom. There are no gimmicks or clever tricks opting for the quick response so often found in today's entertainment. Rather, with artist's imagination and attention to authentic detail, he brings to life his personal perception of experience in telling the unfolding story. Then, combining his intimacy with the audience's deeper experience, participants discover their own stories.

"Each human being is a galaxy... Yet we live most of life superficially, unaware of our vast inner world."

—Jay O'Callahan

**Finding & Telling Stories
A Weekend Workshop
April 24—26, 1998**

In the warmth and trust of a special Monterey home, Jay will give a small supportive group the opportunity to experience this highly unique creative process. We will playfully examine rich stories hidden in our memories. "We are beings in a universe that is alive with creativity, with wonder." says Jay... Wanna dance?"

Fri.: 7—9 p.m., Sat.: 9 a.m.— 4 p.m. (with lunch), Sunday: 9 a.m. — noon.

Fee: \$230 (\$210 before March 1).. Limit 12.



W. Brugh Joy, M.D. is an extraordinary guide! In the dream realm, he follows personal images and stories to their mythical roots like a fine artist follows the mysterious trail of the muse.

By exploring the divine images, characters, and stories of our dreams and building personal relationships with them, a new profound resource is born in us for both creative expression and life's continuing adventure. This study group is for exploring the mysteries reflected in dreams & daily life.

"Dreams are our greatest and truest teachers, as they reflect our basic aspects in constantly creative variations."

—Brugh Joy

His book *Avalanche: Heretical Reflections on the Dark and Light* tells of the dark and disowned portions of the human psyche.

**Divine Mystery Reflected In
Dreams & Daily Life:
A Weekend Study Group
June 19—21, 1998**

Friday Evening: 7-10 P.M.
Saturday: 9 A.M. to 9 P.M.
Sunday: 9 A.M. to noon

Fee: \$380 (\$350 prior May 1). Limit 27.

Mail to:
The Creative Edge
8 Stratford Place
Monterey, CA
93940

or call:
Donald Mathews
(408) 373-7809

Registration Form: (Please complete computer survey on reverse side)
Name: _____ Telephone: () _____
Address: _____ City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____
Amount enclosed: \$ _____ E-mail: _____
 Please register me for the _____ Seminar/program. Date(s): _____
Please send: Map Motel information Back copies of Thoughts on Creativity (\$5)
 Information flyer for the _____ Seminar/program(s)
 Please accept my donation. Friend (\$5 plus), Associate Member (\$25 plus) or Patron (\$100 plus)
 Please change my mailing address. Please remove my name from your mailing list.



In David Whyte's poem, he shifts emphasis from some abstract God to the divinity found in human experience and in our responsible acceptance of it. He says we come to our Divinity through our full participation in life by declaring and following our longing even into our sure defeats.

You may ask what does God have to do with creativity and its process. For me, the mystery of *inspiration* is at the core of both the religious and creative processes. Longing and inspiration are inseparably entwined. Inspiration is the stimulation of emotions and intellect that moves us to action—the deepest longing and most important actions of our divine spirit. Inspiration remains one of the most powerful elements of the Divine. It is a message from what we humans call God.

Spiritual development leads us to find and use the divine or creative center within each of us for inspiration and motivation. Therefore, learning and using this part of the creative process is also spiritual development. It is to flow easily and congruently between the mysterious creative and healing inner resources of the psyche to outer actions in the world. Both art and religion are based on this relationship between humankind and the gods. There is a sacred creative wisdom, a deeper communal intelligence accessed from within each of us that knows more about the needs of life than our ordinary conscious mind controlled by ego. It is found in the hidden content of unpredictable inspiration and longing.

With proper *attitude*, we can all find this powerful supportive force guiding artists and creation itself. It is found by having faith in one of the deepest and most mysterious aspects of our being—our inspiration—and courage to interpret and manifest it in our life. It is part of the powerful creative force behind evolution. Inspiration's revelations often feel awesome and threatening to us because they lead into the fullness of our own life. This is particularly true with awareness of life's dangers. Life is full of tragedy, pain and suffering. However, inspiration—Soul's call to us—leads into it!

The personality component that is conscious, most immediately controls behavior and is most in touch with external reality is the ego. Ego is developed by building

successful inner strategies for living life that initially protect us from pain and suffering and ultimately allow us to heal from wounds and grow. Some aspects of ego are internalized from others and some we creatively devise from experience.

When we are vulnerable, ego is innately defensive, for protection is its important task. The ego often becomes defensive when we venture into new unpredictable territory—beyond its protective limits. So, it takes courage to risk explorations beyond the edge of what is known or safe. Support and a safe environment helps calm ego's fears. However, as we gain life experience reaching new stages, we can also relax controlling ego methods and enjoy more fluid, receptive and exciting ways of being.

Self-portrait

**It doesn't interest me if there is one God or many gods.
I want to know if you belong or feel abandoned.
If you know despair or can see it in others.
I want to know if you are prepared to live in the world
with its harsh need to change you.
If you can look back with firm eyes saying
this is where I stand.
I want to know if you know
how to melt into that fierce heat of living
falling toward the center of your longing.
I want to know if you are willing
to live, day by day, with the consequence of love
and the bitter unwanted passion of your sure defeat.
I have been told, in that fierce embrace, even
the gods speak of God.**

David Whyte—*Fire in the Earth*

Life experiences as well as dreams, intuitions and imagination all have the power to inspire or frighten us, depending on our attitude. How we respond to these mysteries is at the heart of the creative process. Openness and receptivity allow subtle clues to arouse our curiosity and inspire us—the way of a fine artist. Fear and defensiveness blocks inspiration.

When we quiet the mind, we access normally unused portions of the right brain and expand beyond everyday consciousness—we open to the sacred mysteries of inspiration found in imagination and intuition. It is also to open to what we call the heart. In spiritual terms, it is found in meditation and contemplation. It is known as the Inner Way. This requires us to experience without judgment, comparison and without the need to understand before taking responsibility for what we find and the ensuing personal actions that may follow. It may require us to totally change our outer life direction. This is the beginning of our most important life long journey—a pilgrimage searching for a spiritual life based on divine inspiration.

Until we open the defensive part of ego, we cannot be fully in life or fully present with another being. I think this why the ancient Greeks said it was so important to “Know Thy Self.” It was to know our hidden potential and limitations of ego so we could seek our soul's calling—time after time. It is often hard to risk this when we feel comfortable in a materially endowed life. But when we look for the subtle clues of inspiration, something new inside us often beacons. Then we can look back with firm eyes melting into the fierce heat of living falling toward the center of our longing!



Orinda, CA

Nov 6: I'm going through this difficult yet potent time of my mother's passing. I've written several poems during the process and wanted to share them with you. It's as though I'm able to climb into my "observer" self and carefully chronicle my emotions through writing. Yesterday my tears finally broke down my carefully constructed dam and they haven't stopped flowing since.

**DURABLE POWER
OF ATTORNEY**

Heavy body that cannot turn.
 "It hurts! It hurts!"
 You grip the side-rail
 of the hospital bed
 until your next morphine shot.

Years of leaning on your advice.
 Now I must choose—
 a tube to keep you alive
 or painful mini-swallows.
 And for what?

I want you to feel good again.
 Keep the cookie jar full,
 plants blooming in your garden.

I want the rock wall back
 that I grew against
 finding my shape
 in your strength.

Nothing to push against now.
 Only the sound of your voice,
 "It hurts!" rattling into my ears,
 bouncing off my heart.
 And restless limbs
 thrashing for relief.

PLAYING GOD

This is the hour
 to pull the tubes.
 Sugar in her veins
 will not pump Mom
 back into full life

only leave her trapped
 inside a body
 unable to raise her
 head,
 eating through plastic
 stuffed down her nose.

This is the death vigil.
 Slow starvation
 for a good woman,
 a junkie on morphine
 feces soiling her legs.

LINEAGE

I feel like my heart
 is about to break
 watching my daughter
 walk to the plane.

I'm alone again.
 No one to catch my grief,
 woman to woman
 in the blood line
 of my grandmother.

As old ones have died out
 and new ones have flowered,
 I've been in the middle,
 sandwiched between Molly
 and Mom.

Now I'll be at the top
 of the chain.

WAITING

I awoke this morning
 not knowing if
 she was still alive.

I planted a garden
 in her honor
 filled with red tulips,
 not knowing if
 she was still alive.

I ate my lunch.
 Talked to a friend
 on the phone
 about my mother,
 not knowing if she
 was still alive.

Then the call came!

Details will follow
 and time...
 but meanwhile,
 I have slipped
 into "oldest woman"
 of my family
 with the slipping away
 of my mother's breath.

Nov 24: I just received a call from my brother that my mother finally did pass away. A strange phrase, pass away. For the body remains, still and frozen in time and the decaying process. What is it that passes away? Their living, breathing, moving presence for us passes away, no longer available. But as I sat holding Mom's hand yesterday and looked into her eyes that could recognize me, what remained of her living, breathing, moving self? All that moved was her breath, and that was so labored that it puffed out her neck such that it came even with her chin. Her hand was no longer able to squeeze mine. Her lips could no longer move to form words. The most they could do was hang onto the damp sponge we put in her mouth to give her moisture. Her vocal cords could not form words either, only little grunting sounds, mono sounds of trying to communicate. Once when I told her I was leaving to go home now, her mono sounds came out rapidly in a pair... sounding like uh...uh. So I sat with her a little longer, stroked her, kissed her, cried a little and told her it was ok to let go. That we were all fine. That she lived and would always live in my heart. And other words that came pouring out of my mouth that could still form words.

Sharon Davies



Daytona Beach, FL

I was rummaging through my locker and ran across this poem I wrote for a multi-cultural event here.

THE BURNING WITHIN

**The word became light and the light became consciousness.
Some lived in a small, mean world,
And their perceptions were also small and mean.
While others lived in a competitive, large and generous world,
Therefore their perceptions became large and generous.**

**And after truth before all intendings,
Now was forever and here was farther than space.
Man loved his neighbor and his love was light...
And that burning light within became a flame for all to see,
That lives forever in our hearts without dreaming.**

**That flame became dynamic, olympic, eternal.
Positive self-direction; an ultimate goal of the contender,
Disdain and solemn heartache; for the loneliest of pretender.
In our struggles to be real, an individual who is seeking,
Through challenges in life may we achieve unity and God's
keeping.**

**And in the light, that couldn't be held, nor seen in one's hand,
A volition to be one... whatever they can.
T'was a light to behold—in the seed of one's soul,
For without that yearning flame there is only darkness,
And in darkness... are we???**

Bruce C. Jonas 913928-0-119S
Tomoka Work Camp
3950 Tiger Bay Rd.
Daytona Beach, FL 32124

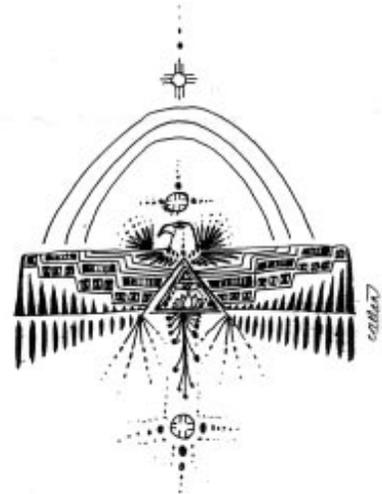
Carmel, CA

Donald, I just played our taped interview of "Discovery" for the third time. I was somewhat critical of my long rambling "growing up and family," but I realize now that you let me go on for good reason—To emphasize how each artist or any person's life can slowly channel into a sustaining adult creativity, with help from those who recognize that creativity. It is so important in this, the "Information Age."

I'm quite honored to be selected with the others that you interviewed and very happy to have contributed to the "Creative Edge."

Virginia Conroy Dedini

Carmel,



UNTITLED

**Deep within
My thought,
A misty binder
Is blown open
And swept away
Before a fresh wind.**

The pages sail everywhere!



David Allan

Downers Grove, IL

It is quite a labor of love for you and the other folks who participate in workshops and for those who share the content of mind and heart through the publication of their works in the newsletter and elsewhere. For my part, the creativity I have been able to share thus far is in appreciating those works which move and inspire me. Thank you all for what you share.

Johnny North



Pendleton, IN

An area I've been dabbling into is Yoga. Specifically the teachings of Paramahansa Yogananda. Meditation has led me to an inner peace which allows me to see the world from a new perspective.

I no longer find time for wasted emotions of anger, revenge or depression. I feel them at times, but do my best to recognize and discard them. Life is too short to wallow in the pools of apathy.

I've come to acknowledge to myself the only true freedom lies within—incarceration no longer is a punishment. I've ruined their game—I've learned to control the variables in which I can.

I have simplified my life. Aside from my box of colored pencils and a small collection of books which continually changes, my personal possessions are few. To "Shake down" my quarters is a 10 minute ordeal. There is nothing to search, and less to find. Yet, I am content. I honestly do not desire more.

It's been a long road to become the man that I am. I perceive challenges ahead, yet none so great I cannot persevere. I've come to realize the greatest assets a person can have are friendships. The time that I've spent in letters to you, and a multitude of others has allowed me to detoxify my mind of the demons of drugs and alcohol.

While I no longer have any desire for drugs, in times of boredom and depression addicts tend to search them out. In my opinion more for social acceptance than for the actual psychotropic effect. Instead of reaching out to them to find it, I reached out and picked up my pen. Thank you for being there with encouraging words of wisdom and your ear at the ready.

*Jeffrey (Levi) Ford #901024, 20-B-3C
DOC/ISP PO Box 601
Pendleton, IN 46064*

Portsmouth, NH

Here are poems from my collection *Wild Eyes and other poems.*

ANGELS WATCHIN' OVER ME

**Gulls soared over
Christmas morning
the temperature just above freezing,
crystal clear.**

**She waded knee deep
into virgin snow,
eased down,
and moved her legs and arms
in old remembered ways...
made a snow angel.**

**Lying there,
eyes closed,
soaking up the fierce noonday sun,
she was torn between delight
and terror
that some neighbor would see her,
that crazy old dame,
in the middle
of the Lafayette School playground
and call 911.**

**SOME THOUGHTS ON
THE END OF DAYLIGHT SAVING**

**This year, I had hoped to be more
prepared.
I accompanied my grandson to a museum,
I thought I understood.**

**But the onset of darkness
still feels
like a personal affront.**

**On these dark mornings,
I struggle
with waking up,**

**a trapped bird,
beating wild wings
against the glass.**

Anne Dewees

Salt Lake City, UT

UNTITLED

**I value your dedication to art
to life
to meaning
and hope that perhaps
you might find these which I send
to somehow be worthy
for what you do
and that you may use them
somehow.**

BLUE

**Blue is knowing
that grey won't last forever
that there is so much more
beyond the silence
that we live**

**Blue can be black
sometimes
on a night
when nothing else makes sense
except the clear view
of stars
we just can't reach
from where we are**

**It is a quiet comfort
a final peace
and resting place
when all else is done
and nothing is left
but truth
out of the chaos from
which life seemed created**

**Not ambiguous
simply gentle
Blue does not ask
for any more than it is
and reminds us too
only to be who we are
even if that's just
Blue.**

From: all the emotions



Ron Barton

Monterey, CA

After—how many years is it now?—your transformative workshops and retreats, I thought I'd be better prepared for my usual withdrawal symptoms. It's never been easy to say good-bye to the beautiful souls I've encountered there after having shared, up-close-and-personal, landmarks from our private spiritual journeys. But last weekend's story telling intensive with Jay O'Callahan still has me in its grip, experiencing a blissful kind of raptures-of-the-deep. And I just can't climb back onto the old conveyor belt of self inflicted commitments without offering up some kind of ritual object...

In an effort to decompress, I've been redirecting some of my painter-energies into lengthy (for me) journaling. What follows is a fragment of the March 17th. entry.

**This ancient Magdalene, who last night dreamed again of Love
on the face of her Messiah, reawakens within an empty citadel.
So hard to retrieve the skeins, recall the patterns, regain the rhythms
and the glint of purposes,
For the veil was rent from top to bottom when His lightning glance
flowed Truth.**

**Unstrung from even wanting to want those former threads which lacked
His grand design, she lashed the old weaving from the loom.
With strangled lamentations, shorn tresses, and still borne babes
pressed blindly 'gainst dry breasts,
Her bared soul seeks softly now, midst cooling embers
of yesterday's burning bush,
And weeps in remembrance of the Flame which did not consume the rose.**

Thank you for creating the space for honing our creative edges. And, most of all, for being there in the midst of it for all of us.

Newbury Park, CA

Patty Waldin

I was looking at early memories and this came.

**What was it like being born?
hard work!
lots of pushing
squeezing
squishy stuff
no more big warm water ball
to float around in
cold now
bright movement in the brightness
pain—I cry!
I am all sensations
words come later
to do's; not to do's
come later**

Instead of being planned, predestined—perhaps it is all random. This is Creation after all not Recreation... Wiping her lips with her napkin (tuna burgers can be SO messy) Beverly said: I believe life, the universe—all of this—all of history—everything—is random—no plan... it just happened... and after we die, that's it!

For some reason, as she spoke, I saw a swarm of sperm and realized out of them all only one would fertilize the egg to make a baby—me!

What a relief that would be—what freedom... No more worrying if I am doing "God's Will" or "my soul's work"—I can just be me and make my choices and take my responsibility for those choices.

So the law is cause and effect... choose and take the consequences... or be adventurous and see where it will lead me. So I am here NOW... NEAT... SCARY!

Ingrid Maria Middleton
Carmel, CA

I would like to share my first poem.

BE READY

Be ready.

**Sometimes grace bounds into your life
like a lost dog returning home.
Sometimes grace eases into your consciousness
like pancake batter seeking the edge of the
skillet.**

Be ready.

**Sometimes it take a grateful note to smell it.
It takes welcoming skin to feel it.
It takes a surprised tongue to taste it.**

**Grace can come unnoticed,
and go.**

**Grace can come, be noticed,
and fill you life forever.**

Be ready.

**Grace will receive your tears
and bless them.
Grace will fill you home
with laughter.**

**Your grace-filled heart will soften.
Your grace-filled mind will open.
Your grace-touched hand will reach out.**

Be ready.



Katherine Stadler

Pacific Grove, CA

Some thoughts and an image I am working with:
(An excerpt out of *Giacometti*, a biography by James Lord)

“Alberto never liked to be told that he had done well, and his dislike of praise had deeper roots than knowledge that satisfaction is the Artist’s enemy. Without false modesty, he told Pierre Matisse (Art dealer) not to pay him compliments.”

This statement revealed a truth to me. I have found on numerous occasions, when I get compliments on my work in progress... instead of feeling good, I feel powerless... like my creative energy was cut off. I believe what it is, must be the interruption of a neuron. When one is painting a painting which comes from your moral truths, you reach far within yourself and tap all that is stored from feelings, seeing, hearing and reading. You never see a clear picture, yet somehow it gets on the canvas. If you are lucky and the right neurons work together—giving the right messages to the neurons that tap the stored info—things fall in to place. All of that is very hard to explain, since it is mostly subconscious. You rely on and trust your intuition. It’s like having an inner eye! Or, like an inner detective seeking for the hidden clues. Therefore, compliments prior to finished work interrupts that delicate network.



Justine V. Weber

Monterey, CA

EMPTY

**When I am silent too many moons
Words leave me
Like birds scattered in the wind**

Duffie Bart

Ojai, CA

THE GARDEN

**In a dark garden I awake
To touch the barren branch
And that unblossomed part of me.**

**So sure am I the bloom is past,
I cry, releasing tears at last.**

**But in the dawns renewed light,
I see the buds have yet to burst.
And my heart swells to think I might
Still satisfy my childhood thirst.**

**Though it is late to blossom thus,
I feel an inner, ancient trust.
This tree of life, in cycles quite unknown,
Is giving wing to me before all hope is flown.**

Connie Hunt

Corralitos, CA

**They disperse where I cannot find
them.**

THE WALL

**Trusting has been a wall for me
Too high to climb, a Berlin Wall
Beckoning, threatening destruction
My persona rests on sand.**

**From time to time
It reaches out
With promises of open skies
But fear erupts**

**Until subdued I turn again
To gaze upon its outstretched arms:
The wall... that feels so tall
To contemplate its prize.**

**As days turn into years
I cannot turn away
I feel the urge to leap
To learn to risk without regret
I cannot turn away
My gaze is constant prayer
As finally the wall grows less
And I, at last, grow tall.**

As I awoke at 4 a.m. one morn,
this thought was on my mind.

SKY HIGH

**While reaching
For the sky
We found,
The sky
Is all around.**

**It comes
Way down
To the ground.**

**If you want
A piece
of sky,
You don’t
Have to reach
Up high.**

**On Hands
And knees,
You catch
As much sky
As you please.**



Stan Crump

San Francisco, CA

RENAISSANCE HAL, MAN OF STEEL

Picture this: With his delicate arrow
Cupid carefully performs a triple bypass
on the modern heart of an overworked lass,
long atrophied for want of romantic exercise.
This major surgery naturally opens her again to the splendors of love—
Surprise!!!

Along comes Hal, surfer extraordinaire and
modern renaissance man of steel,
Well-versed in the sciences, in building, & the art of the deal
Clanging along in his armor on his way to market,
making million-dollar enterprise—surprise!
He, too, is entirely captured,
By love's delights he's totally enraptured.

Ardent though he be, in the courtly arts he's poorly versed.
For him, romance has always been casual, its status Little League.
Besides, he's plagued by debts, business worries & fatigue,
And more inclined to study the Web, the Market & the arts of War
than engage in the gentle arts & knock at heaven's door.
Before long he carelessly bludgeons her heart with his clumsy spear
and decides he needs to disappear,
proclaiming love's demands too arduous, overwhelming &
restrictive.

What does this modern man know of love? the soul? the inner life?
Really!?
As if the hours of timeless intimacy could be cast away by casual
disregard,
as if the transcendence of their rapture could be erased from time &
place,
as if they were different from Dante's Paolo & Francesca, and could
be separated
in spirit or in space.

Stay tuned to see, "How will this story end?"
Will mighty Hal see the light and hurry to mend
the heart he carelessly did rend?
Will the modern Cinderella take him back
and mend his socks and mind the hearth?
Will they invent a fabulous universe entirely their own
living happily ever after—until old they have grown?

Though scorned, I'll not be bitter or dismayed.
Instead I will my muse obey
And take the time to ply my ancient craft
And weave the splinters of my heart into a mystic play,
this light-hearted song of Cupid's naughty little shaft.

Anya Kucharev
Carmel Valley, CA

THE CHASM OF DAYBREAK

each day
after the long hours of night
have gazed into the galaxies
and the destiny of a few exhausted stars
has been decided
the earth wakes

nocturnal prowlers return
to dark sanctuaries tugging
pagan shadows into daydreams
whatever torch you carry
whatever form you adopt
the earth
still dragging yesterday's gravity
rotates into dawn
drawing you out
to taste the sweetbrier wind

wherever
jasmine hurls its white incense
wherever the wild boar tramples
the purple lupine
there is still a new day
to be met

each day
light rises like cream
to feed time being
and you—attentive or not
leap into the yawning canyon
of fate

Thank you for your letters and offerings. Keep them coming. Look for emerging themes that resonate with your own intuitions and creative works.

I invite you to comment on how these sharings facilitate your own life journeys.
(I will add your address if you approve.)

The Editor.