



**NEWSLETTER #28  
Spring 1998**

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**Check out:**

◇ **Brugh Joy—Coming June 19-21!**

◇ **New Dream Groups—Coming August 15!**

◇ **David La Chapelle—Coming September 26-27!**

**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: 6/1/98

**Board of Directors:**

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



# THE NEWS

Spring 1998

No. 28

Programs Scheduled: (See pages 2-4)

- |                     |   |  |
|---------------------|---|--|
| • Brugh Joy         | Weekend Study Group<br>(Divine Mystery Reflected in Dreams & Daily Life.)                             | Jun 19-21, 7 p.m.  |
| • David La Chapelle | A Weekend Workshop †  | Sep 26-27, 9 a.m.  |
| • Donald Mathews    | Creative Arts Fellowship<br>Dream Work Seminar<br>Dream Work Seminar<br>Creative Development & Dreams | Monthly, 1st Sat-9 a.m.<br>Monthly, 3rd Sat-9 a.m.<br>Monthly, 3rd Sat-2 p.m.<br>E-mail as scheduled |

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

**B**rugh Joy will be here soon for another great Weekend Study Group. There are just four spaces left, so don't delay. Call now for your reservation!

**D**ream work has been so popular I have added an afternoon section on the third Saturday (2-5 pm). These groups provide intimate sharing of personal experiences using each other's dreams images. Come August 15 and join sensitive and supportive people when we start again.

**L**ou and I are heading for Norway in late July, so for the first time in almost 10 years there will not be a Creative Arts Fellowship on August 1. However, starting September 5 we will continue again.

**F**or those just joining the electronic age, don't forget to check out the Creative Edge web site! Letter Box On Line contains new E-mail submissions of poetry and comment added on the 15th of each month.

**A** few tape sets are available from John O'Donohue's February talk *Awakening the Soul to the Divine*. Recorded by Oral Tradition Archives, cost including tax, shipping & handling is \$20.

**B**ecause of heavy personal commitments, the next Creative Arts Retreat Weekend will be held next year. Send in your request for a particular theme or special leadership.

DWM

## New & renewed Members of the Creative Edge:

**Patrons:** Ray Cyr, John Erpelding & Sandra Peters, CA.

**Associate Members:** Michelle Gaugy, FL; Johnny North, IL; Sally Poilé, Tony Schaurer, Johanna Shippen & Bill Townsend, CA.

**Friends:** Dagma Beth Lacey, WA; Lydia Davis, Sophie Marshall & Lori Oneto, CA.

We invite newcomers to our free mailing list— membership with your fully tax deductible donation is totally voluntary.  
Newsletter Distribution: 1509 (39 E-mail only) — Current Membership: 6 Patrons, 21 Associates, 19 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:

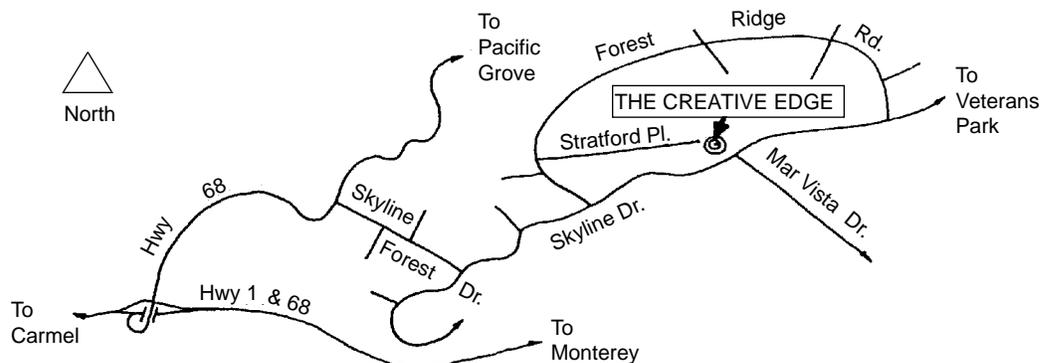
Explore with the core fellowship of Creative Edge Artist-Directors. Away from busy lives for either one or two days in a small intimate group, we leisurely seek the authenticity of our soul’s call. Although primarily a weekend of self discovery, we open to the power of collective energies and guest facilitators to bring and share their special talents with us.

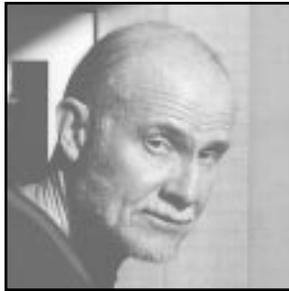
Forming a safe circle of support for dreams, sharing and contemplation, we use lots of free time to follow our personal muse with reading, writing and other creative work. Mask-making, paints and clay are available in the studio. Lunch is provided. Typically offered each year in the spring & fall, 9 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 Seminars:**

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. Jan—May, Aug—Nov, 3rd Saturday each month. Two groups, 9 a.m.until noon & 2 until 5 p.m.

Fee: \$15 each or \$12 each in a series of 3 or more.

**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.



**David La Chapelle** is an artist, storyteller and writer who weaves his craft in Juneau, Alaska. He first began his storytelling career singing songs to the stones while living on a research station next to a glacier as a child.

Since then, David has been a ski instructor, healer, high school guidance counselor and has led wilderness Quests for the last sixteen years. He co-founded a holistic health clinic in Boulder Colorado. Having written five books and produced two environmental videos of Alaska, he continues to listen for stories of the earth.

“Sacred poetry emerges from the fire of the Bard’s contact with his people.”

—David La Chapelle

The Bard is a poet and seer. His work is to reach into the rich soil of his people and pluck up the rhizome of the soul; the common thread which links the mundane activities of our worlds to their spiritual roots. David La Chapelle brings the tradition of a Bard to our modern world.

**A Fall Weekend Workshop: September 26-27, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.**

David La Chapelle has an ability to find the tale which needs to be told into the light of day where he extemporaneously creates stories and poems which capture the essential truth of the moment. His sensitivity and poetic language emerges like a sacred spring, bathing the listener in images for their own spiritual inner work.

Spending time with David is an opportunity to bring the fire of our inner life into a crucible woven of music, metaphor, image and word. The small group will gather together with him for the weekend to explore and seek our own spiritual mysteries. Lunch is furnished.

Fee: \$125—\$100 prior to Sep 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

**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:** \_\_\_\_\_

Circle or fill in blanks

Y=yes

N=no,

A-anticipate soon

U-unsuccessfully tried



**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. Limited to 27.



**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 ( To be scheduled)**

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 Limit 12.



*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.

**Awakening the Soul to the Divine: An Evening Talk ( To be scheduled)**

A few professionally recorded two audio tape sets of the February 26, 1998 talk and the Q&A session are available for \$17 plus \$ 3 shipping and handling.

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.



Like the sense of presence conveyed by the sun in Mary Oliver's poem, I have a new feeling and appreciation for the meaning of *trust*. For us humans, trust travels with a companion, *risk*. We are able to risk when there is trust. The more trust, the more risk is available. As trust and risk grow, so does one of our greatest human resources, creativity. In this regard, fear tends to shrink trust and creative potential while love, acceptance and faith in us by another, and self, enhances it. (At its root, faith means trust.) We read trust and emotional levels in each other though the sense of presence—in the poem, by the sun's "relaxed and easy" manner.

There is a connection that can be made in relationship that brings a powerful third force to experience. This is especially true between individuals in rare intimate moments, but it applies to group settings as well. This special quality is found where support is felt by those involved. Because of our vulnerability, we often need a supportive presence to witness explorations into unknown situations or capabilities. This does not mean giving up personal differences, values or opinions in relationship, but rather, being actively supportive of the other's expressive process. *It is trusting the mysterious creativity inherent in each other's process itself.* This is going beyond the edge, beyond protective control of often limiting ego fears.

Storyteller Jay O'Callahan talks about the importance of having a special connection, a relationship, between performer and audience that makes a difference in how the story goes. A supportive energy enhances all present including the work presented. Performers in other art forms mention this too. This is not just about the attitude and emotions of the performer, but equally important, it springs from the attitude and feelings of the audience. It requires a total commitment by all of being supportively present with mind, body and emotions in the moment of experience—*risking trust in a creative process beyond individual control.*

In a recent workshop experience with Jay O'Callahan, I personally felt a new level of ease coming from deeper trust in my self and the unfolding process! I feel this came from two

sources. First, I felt a high level of acceptance and support by the small group of listeners gathered in my living room waiting to share our stories. More importantly, I opened to a new level of trust in my self and my unrehearsed process. Before the work-

shop I filled the compost pile that would grow my story with memories and record details. I made a preliminary draft writing, but did not rehearse or revise it—mainly because of time limitations. The trust I felt with others in the workshop shrunk risk to an acceptable level where I experienced an "I-Thou" grace. I then felt safe enough to spontaneously try the story relying on a bare bones list of elements in my mind. The story took on its own creative form during the performance, interchanging some elements and leaving others out! However, the experience was extraordinary for both myself and the audience because it rose naturally from my depths.

The Jewish theologian Martin Buber writes about the "I-Thou" relationship differing from "I-It." "I-Thou" shifts experience allowing intimacy and divinity to enter. It is a total relationship! There is a defensive tightening and smallness with "I-It" that loses the poetic music and mysterious sacredness of "I-Thou." In "I-It" the moist emotional element of heart or loving support is missing! The protection of ego then limits one to the little I or self and excludes the deeper resources of the psyche where the human connection to the network of all life and creative resources are found—where is found the larger "Self" described by Carl Jung.

In Mary Oliver's poem there is this same rich quality of relationship expressed in the warm presence of the sun. The sun does not require anything from us for its gift. It is a matter of grace when we open to it.

From a theological point of view, grace is the divine love and protection bestowed freely upon humankind. By definition, grace is also an unmerited excellence or power bestowed by God or the unexplainable mysteries we call by that name. To experience this and our deep creative potential, we must risk opening to the relationship gift in whatever process we have engaged, or has engaged us—we must "trust the process!"

### The Sun

**Have you ever seen  
anything  
in your life  
more wonderful**

**than the way the sun,  
every evening,  
relaxed and easy,  
floats toward the horizon**

**and into the clouds or the hills,  
or the ruffled sea,  
and is gone—  
and how it slides again**

**out of the blackness,  
every morning,  
on the other side of the world,  
like a red flower**

**streaming upward on its heavenly oils,  
say, on a morning in early summer,  
at its perfect imperial distance—  
and have you ever felt for anything**

**such wild love—  
do you think there is anywhere,  
in any language,  
a word billowing enough  
for the pleasure**

**that fills you,  
as the sun  
reaches out,  
as it warms you**

**as you stand there,  
empty-handed—  
or have you too  
turned from this world—**

**or have you too  
gone crazy  
for power,  
for things?**

**Mary Oliver  
*New and Selected Poems***



*Pacific Grove, CA*

### **LITTLE SHOOTING STAR**

**Little Shooting Star  
Bursting upon an unsuspecting world  
Like a gift from Heaven  
brilliantly laminating upturned faces  
Of those lucky enough to witness your brilliance  
Warming hearts, filling souls with joy, hope,  
and love by your very presence  
Our pulses quicken, our minds race—  
filling with fantasies, dreams, plans  
Just knowing you are in the universe creates quite a stir  
Like snow swirling with frenzied delight in a shaken  
paper-weight  
Eleven days you streak across the sky of our days and nights  
Before leaving our world to cast your spell on other realms  
Our sorrow at your absence knows no bounds  
Our sense of loss shocks in its intensity  
But our lives are changed forever  
Having experienced your mystery.**

*Peggy Hansen*

*Carmel Valley, CA*

### **WATERGLASS**

**The glass full  
now empty  
Pick up water  
Wring it out  
Squeeze into hands  
of pink transparency  
Lines of fortune disappear into water  
The sinew of time  
pulled by magnet  
Gravity washes the heart  
Heart of hand  
hand immersed in mud  
Mud of life  
draws up  
to turn into hands  
Mud dissolving  
into cycle of creation.**

*Paola Berthoin*

*ISP DOC, Plainfield, IN*

I did this drawing in pencil titled "Lost Love." I drew it for a friend of mine that really enjoys my art work. He's in his seventies and the picture I used to do this drawing was taken back in the forties. He told me that he missed the chance to marry this lady and many times he's wished he did. He has been a lot of help on improving my art work even though he's not an artist he gives me inspiration.

I want to thank Levi Ford (DOC/ISP, Pendleton, IN) who wrote numerous things for your newsletter for opening the artist realm by simply saying "Ray you can do it." At the time he was telling me about my music not my art work, but I have carried that inspiration over to my art work.

I want to also thank Ed C. for showing me what he knew about drawing and giving me the shove he did. These men have helped unlock a door that was locked for many years.

In closing, I want to express to all your readers that when a friend tells you "you can do it" and is willing to help you and show you, then "go for it" for doors will open that you never knew could be open.

*Ray Saunders #906379*  
ISP DOC, 727 Moon Rd., Plainfield, IN 46168-9400





Monterey, CA

A PASSING

I come home from Forest Lawn. The Hospice nurse says that Dad will probably die today or tomorrow. His condition has visibly plummeted. At the sound of my voice, he jerks his head awkwardly in my direction. He apparently cannot see now, but he hears my voice and knows that I am home. Mom tells me that before he stopped talking, he asked where I was, and several times she reminded him that I was at the funeral home, and that I would be back soon.

Mom, my sister Jeni and I are in the room, sitting around his bed. We watch him breathe hard, like a fish lying on a dock. Each breath brings his head back and upwards against his pillow; his inhale is quick, and upon exhaling, his head falls down towards his chest. He is leaning slightly on his left side, and his eyes are only half open. I can see the iris of each eye; neither one is quite centered, but positioned wider than usual, pointing slightly upwards just beneath his eyelid. Like a fish pulled out of water, he appears to struggle for air, not receiving the expected oxygen upon each inhale. The Hospice literature assures us that at this point a dying person is not uncomfortable; however, it is difficult to imagine that he doesn't suffer.

The three of us are weeping openly now, afraid enough to know that hiding our grief is pointless. For roughly ten to fifteen minutes, he continues in this fashion.

Abruptly, he jerks his head upwards and to the right, as he did when I first entered the room. When his head drops back down, his chest fails to rise again. Our eyes widen in terror and confusion, not sure if this means he is dead, and afraid that it is so. But I remember what the Hospice pamphlet said. Often times the breathing intervals of a dying person become so few and far between as to appear gone, but the person is still alive. I remind Mom and Jeni of this, and sure enough, he begins the awkward breathing pattern again.

So many thoughts are flying through my head. I want to be more supportive and loving to him, stronger and more centered. Yet all I can do is weep. I try to convince myself that maybe this is what is appropriate, but I am confused. I am shocked at the sudden changes and swift approach of his death, and I question whether I can or want to be present for it. One minute I beg him to stay; the next I beg him to go, then pray for forgiveness for both wishes, and for my lack of conviction as well.

Roughly two minutes after jerking his head up, the same awkward motion is repeated, and a single tear drips from his left eye and slides slowly across his cheek towards his ear lobe. Mom wipes it gently away with a tissue.

We notice that his chest has stopped rising again, and that, after a long, long while, it fails to resume.

We look at each other, blinking and saying, "Is he dead?" "I think he's dead." "I don't know." And of course, he is, and we weep unabashedly as the life of our father and husband is stolen mercilessly from our hands, the hands that have been holding him for such a long time.

It is not sudden, it is not long. It is both beautiful and hideous. At best, we are unsure of ourselves and our place in life. At worst, our anger and rage surge wildly from our broken hearts, threatening to suffocate us.

Not one word, not one phrase, not one account ever mentioned about death has prepared us for this moment, and for this we are both grateful and outraged, for how dare someone attempt to express any understanding of what we have just witnessed so intimately, yet how dare no one ever instruct us on how to feel, how to act at this moment. I curse Life and God for what has just

happened, even as I dance in the soft-winged miracle of being witness to the single most awesome event of my life.

And what I remember most is the vacant half-closed eyes and the single tear, surely a testimony to the life so recently taken from my father.

Jeff Jacobson

Salinas, CA

**WHY DOES SUMMER GO SO FAST?**

**Why does Summer go so fast?  
Warm, gold days slip quickly past.  
We who have no kids in school,  
Want to read books by the pool.  
Children enjoy flashlight tag,  
No school night, no one will nag.  
Brilliant sunsets at the beaches,  
Pies and yogurt topped with peaches.  
Why does Summer go so fast?  
How I wish that it would last...  
LONGER!**

Sally Pollé

Cedarville, CA

**MUSINGS AFTER SURGERY**

**Anger, frustration—  
somewhat enjoyable!  
Got both—damaging!  
let it go & just be!  
Death came close but veered off,  
not needing to rush, will return later.  
Appreciate this time!  
I'm still strong,  
just not as strong as I was.  
How slowly this happened;  
invisible to me when younger.  
Now so clear. I'm determined  
to use my strength well.**

Jerry Blanchard



Corralitos, CA

I submit  
A few choice words  
That show  
The style  
Of poetry  
I write.

I don't profess  
To be the best  
Only one  
Who writes  
The best I can.

Sometimes with a jest,  
Hoping to promote  
A laugh,  
About the  
Fate of man.

The works enclosed,  
A poem from years past,  
And one I wrote  
Just yesterday.

**LIFE**

We try  
To find our way

Through this maze  
That we call life.

We stumble  
In the potholes

That create Persistent strife.

So it goes  
From day to day,

Leaving us  
With stress and strife

When we stumble  
In the potholes,

As we try  
To find our way,

Through this maze  
That we call life.

Valleyford, WA

**THE POET**

Hear the muse,  
If Poet you would be  
The words you say  
Are Poetry.

Cleanse your mind,  
Release all thought  
That blocks the light,  
Listen to your heart,

And Write.

*Stanley R. Crump*

**IN THE MEMORY OF EVERYTHING**

I floated in the memory of everything,  
floating in the weightless energy of always...  
It was there Mother Mary came to me  
and opened her arms...

Embracing the shapeless form of who I am  
she said,  
"Grace I give you my child,  
from the warmth of my womb."  
I sensed the glory of all time in that instant...  
I saw who I am...

In the likeness of the one day.  
I am in all, all is in me.  
Sophia lives...

*Dagma Beth Lacey*

*Monterey, CA*

“. . . and to the East of the garden of Eden he stationed the cherubim and a sword  
whirling and flashing to guard the way to the tree of life." —Genesis 3:24

**WHIRLING AND FLASHING**

We are exiles       tasting the sweetest fruits  
Longingly sigh for the lost increase  
And when you think you have found it  
feel the sword passing through the space between you and your desire  
hot and flashing like the night-bird's weeping  
baring your soul to you in a moment of shame

We are exiles       tasting the sweetest fruits  
Oh most golden and exuberant  
And having forgotten them with our conscious minds  
remembering the cycle of birth and death and the lunar decrees  
of the forest creeping through the memory like a trilling stream  
carrying the moment with you in its purl

There have been times I felt my hand upon the sword's hilt  
Ready to grasp its infuriating sting  
And wield the way free of obstruction  
Only to be thrown to the ground and see the angel's passing  
hem of a gleaming robe air-swirled  
hearing the whispered memento mori

We are exiles       tasting the sweetest fruits  
And after tasting the bitterness of sweetness lost  
Lifted again by some momentum to the dawn of awareness  
Hoping that soon the full sun will shine  
The whirling and flashing becoming a light show  
The echoes of loneliness and fate fading shadows

*Wes Lovette*



Monterey, CA

This poem refers to the deepest part of me, my imagination and creativity, which I avoid for fear that it won't be there, that I'll find my human gas gauge on empty.

#### SOUL TALK

**Where is the flame I long to feel?  
How do I fill the void so wide?  
Not children, nor possessions count  
Are foreign lands then paramount?  
Why do I search outside myself?  
Ignoring what lies close at hand  
When inward dwells a field so vast  
Which, lacking faith, I fail to see  
And so my life plods on, not free  
A vast, relentless mystery.**

**I weep to think how innured we are to  
the pain, to the ultimate death, of our  
fellow humans, to the devastation  
heaped daily on our environment. Our  
society teaches us not to feel by allowing  
poverty, injustice and human greed to  
remain a fact of every day life.**

#### SILENT NO MORE

**How can we lie so still?  
While all around us  
Chaos shouts and tells us  
To beware**

**Why don't we rise as one  
To let our anger  
Pierce the air  
Force history to our will?**

**Who taught us not to speak?  
To tremble in our skin?  
To do as we are told?  
How can we lie so still?**

Duffie Bart

Carmel Valley, CA

A Journal Entry 2/22/98

*"There are no shortcuts in creation. Things happen by the planting and sowing of seeds, and do not appear all at once. We must have the humility of spirit to recognize how small, in a sense, is the success we can achieve in a single lifetime. We cannot do it all. But what we can do is set things in their right direction, and I think that is beginning to happen. As we do that, since life is universal and we do not control it, something far greater than ourselves begins to work."*

Laurens Van Der Post—*A Testament to Wilderness*

I have been impatient, wanting our culture to recast its images of women and men, equalize its inequities, gather all its children under one humanitarian wing. There have been times of futility when I believed change would never happen, and the chasm in our perceptions of each other would continue to widen. Even now the magnitude of gaps between male and female, wealth and poverty, ignorance and intellect, sets of spiritual beliefs, can be overwhelming unless we focus on the simplest of reforms that each of us can achieve in our lives.

There is no turning back once you have been shown the path. Each awareness takes me a step further along the upward spiraling journey, circling through the lessons as many times and in as many ways as I need to secure the seeds of evolution within myself. I am glad to be reminded of humility in the process, of the necessity for a practical overview.

What I am learning, and in turn what I am teaching others by my example is really all I can do. I am, in some small way, distilling thoughts that may not have occurred to someone else, or could not be expressed in comprehensible form. With my words and with the love I carry through in how I conduct my life, imperfect as it all may be, I am still pushing up the soil with the tendrils of growth, contributing my elements to the next generation, and eventually returning my human riches to the earth.

Beyond those acts of existence I will never know, yet without my presence everything else would unfold differently. Each of us is a unique direction and our purpose here is being revealed as we live in a world that is both frightfully difficult and extraordinarily beautiful. Our task is to increase our recognition of how we can contribute ourselves to transformation. The smallest acts of kindness and compassion alter everything slowly and inevitably.

I struggle to acquire a sensitivity and a reverence for every aspect of life as it occurs, every joy and every sorrow, and each choice that allows for greater tenderness towards the human family.

Laura Bayless



*Topanga, CA*

(Madeleine's good friend and neighbor Jean Schwartz was brutally murdered on September 24, 1997. This writing came out of the experience.)

**THE EDGE OF THE HURRICANE (FOR JEAN)**

**Seven months and seven days without a drop of rain,  
then the Heavens opened up to try to wash our tears away.**

**Seven months and seven days till Nora came into our lives,  
Just to Bless Jean on her journey on that horrible last ride.**

**When the heavens took to weeping, oh, how little did we know,  
they prepared to carry gently back our loved one, from below.**

**May Jean rest now in the heavens in that place she earned on Earth,  
amongst the purest of the special ones who'll know eternal peace.**

**And me?  
I sit a crying,  
crying ever for my friend  
and for this Evil that I now know  
that has torn my world apart.**

**For I must face the future now  
with knowledge of this force,  
that walks so free amongst us all,  
and, I must change my course.**

**For I vowed beside your deathbed, Jean  
I promise by this pen,  
that Topanga will avenge you,  
our fight will not just end!**

**We will know who you were to us.  
We will fight for what you lived for.  
We will know just why it happened.  
We will know just why you died.**

**Prepare to battle evil now.  
Prepare to take the sword.  
For Topanga stands for many things,  
and you, Jean, we ADORED.**

We, as humanoids, privileged with care taking some parts of this great planet, sometimes tend to forget that we are not "all powerful," not truly in control of life. We have a tendency to look only at the light, only at the pure "things" that happen to "others," not us. We do not want to see the dark—we surround our homes with night lights and security sensors, but we can still only see so far into the darkness. It is always there, containing its mysteries and fears.

If we are to become balanced humans, we must acknowledge darkness in our own human experience, and embrace it for its place in all our lives. What has been brought forward into this Canyon is the epitome of Evil—which called for the sacrifice of our purest and dearest.

Maybe we should all look at our own imbalance and denial of the Evil power. Death rarely makes sense to us, and for one so genuinely loved by so many it makes even less sense. Jean's death will be our gain if we can move tears to laughter, anger to joy, pain to compassion, hatred to love. If, from Topanga's pain, just one person can shift a thoughtless act into a helping hand, Jean's death will have as much meaning as her life.

*Madeleine McNeil*

*Portsmouth, NH*

**WALKING THROUGH DAD'S LANDSCAPES**

**Dad's aging children  
trudged along  
the frozen shore,  
his aging children  
bundled up against the cold,  
binoculars at the ready,  
monitoring the sea ducks.**

**Friday afternoon, they walked  
through Dad's water color,  
the one where the low winter sun  
dropped through slate skies,  
and set the marsh on fire,  
orange and gold.**

**Saturday, they moved  
into his pencil sketch  
of a gray day,  
muted, monochromatic,**

**a lone quahogger  
and moored boats  
reflected  
in the still waters  
of Ryders Cove.**

**Sunday, they took  
a last stroll  
through his dazzling seascape  
of Pleasant Bay.  
(Dad said  
the effect was achieved  
by rubbing a wax candle  
over the paper.)**

**They walked  
familiar paths,  
seeing his world again  
through his eyes.**

*Anne De Wees*



TDC, Tennessee Colony, TX

I was, at one time, years past, one of the MOST prolific Texas Jailhouse Lawyers in this prison system... I am a GAY political prisoner who has fought a LONG, difficult battle and my career in the use of the LAW began all because I was illegally convicted in my first trial that was REVERSED and remanded on direct appeal by the Court of Appeals at Dallas on May 23,1983.

I was reconvicted to a BOGUS LIFE term that I fought all the way to the US Supreme Court who refused to hear my valid (appeal) probably because by that time I had over 20 legal actions going in the State and Federal courts of Texas.

I am a practicing yogi into Hatha Yoga and now trying to learn and practice Zen Buddhism, but I am having a difficult time doing this here and now!

**DREAMS ARE WHAT...**

**Dreams are what...  
we have in everyday bits & pieces,  
plus, all your hopes, fears, &  
fantasies for a driving life force.**

**Dreams are what...  
we drift to when our anchorage in  
mundane reality grows less secure  
made unbearable by apprehension &  
expectation.**

**Dreams are what...  
we usually want—  
a big production with plenty of  
intensity... dirty, thrilling action.**

**Dreams are what...  
we escape to when we want  
to satisfy our seemingly  
insatiable appetites.**

**Dreams are what...  
we desire when the affair goes sour—  
exhausting, poisoned love...  
another passion play extravaganza spent  
at emotional expense.**

(Dreams Are What...) was prompted when I considered just what motivates a lot of humans when they, get horny and/or hot-blooded...

**MY HONEST MISTAKE**

**I found you  
after tedious  
and diligent s-e-a-r-c-h-i-n-g,  
years of dead ends—  
lost trails—  
wasted efforts—  
endless waiting—  
lonely nights—  
sleepless nights...  
only to end up  
poring hard-earned,  
good money down the drain,  
good money spent on that  
suspicious, initial excitement...  
now I'm here alone  
thinking about how we agreed it would be  
sorry, my honest mistake...  
no time for tears.**

(My Honest Mistake) should have been dedicated to my ex-lover. The poem is all about our living experience here in a Texas prison. "His help" is GOD, or the Supreme Being or the Higher Power that rules us...

*Chester "Hollywood" Hass III TDCJ#327322  
Coffield Unit M-414 cage  
Tennessee Colony, TX 75884*

**I found you  
and spent good litigations trying to  
keep them out of your pocket—  
my own work, writing, creativity and  
whole life put aside  
just to serve you—  
s-e-r-v-i-c-e you—  
yes, I thought it was my social duty,  
the legal work that is...  
at night when I lie my weary head down  
on the pillow...  
I whisper a prayer asking his help  
to mollify the heart sickness and  
to work miraculous wonders with what  
I have d-e-e-p inside...  
a whole lotta L-O-V-E...  
sorry, my mistake...  
like—love are not interchangeable...  
no time for tears.**

Thank you for your letters and offerings. Keep them coming. Look for emerging themes that resonate with your own intuitions and creative works. I also invite you to comment on how these sharings facilitate your own life journey. (I will add your address if you approve.)  
  
The Editor.



Address Correction Requested

**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.

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