



**NEWSLETTER #34
Spring 2001**

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Check out:

◇ **Jay O'Callahan—Coming May 11-13!**

◇ **New Dream Group—Coming Aug 18!**

◇ **Creative Arts Retreat—Coming Oct 13-14!**

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: 3/7/01

Board of Directors:

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

Patrons:

Don & Lou Mathews
Kyla McCollam
Ann McSwiggin
Sandra Peters



THE NEWS

Spring 2001

No. 34

Programs Scheduled: (See pages 4-6)

• Jay O'Callahan	Finding & Telling Stories	May 11-13, 7 p.m.
• Shanja Kirstann Donald Mathews	Harvesting Dreams Creative Arts Retreat Weekend	Oct 13-14, 9 a.m.
• Donald Mathews	New Dream Work Seminar Creative Arts Fellowship Creative Development & Dreams	Aug 18, 9 a.m. Monthly, 1st Sat-9 a.m. E-mail or as scheduled

The Creative Arts Retreat Weekends continue with an exciting program in October with Shanja Kirstann emphasizing creative work with dreams. Shanja brings a wealth of experience from her teaching in San Francisco Bay area universities and has established a private practice in the local area.

A'musings returns with more thoughts on creativity from your directors!

Of particular note is a new book: *The Cultural Creatives: How 50 Million People Are Changing the World*. This group has many of the same values and beliefs that have been expressed by the Creative Edge over the years.

The book brings hopeful clarity to the changing dynamics unfolding in our complex world. With this insight an individual can know they are not alone as they choose values and beliefs appropriate for them.

The policy has changed for address changes because of increased mailing costs (82¢ each return plus 34¢ to remail)! When a Newsletter is returned because the addressee has moved, that person is now dropped from the mailing list unless they are a current member.

The moral of this story is: If you want free Newsletters mailed to you, advise us when your address changes!

Free mailings to other countries have been discontinued since the Internet provides accesibility for almost everyone interested. We receive about 2600 visits each year to the home page from about 43 countries—over 13,000 since we started in 1996.

Send your work now for the next Newsletter, submissions are always desired!

DWM

New & renewed Members of the Creative Edge:

Patrons: Don & Lou Mathews, Kyla McCollam, Sandra Peters

Associate Members: Duffie Bart, Laura Bayless, Julie Houy, Louise Gray Tindell, Patty Waldin, CA; Patricia Ann Doneson, CO.

Friends: Ethel Costagliola, David Wayne Dunn, Sally Poilé, Bill Townsend, CA; Elizabeth Whitten, VA.

We invite newcomers to our free mailing list— membership with your fully tax deductible donation is totally voluntary.

Newsletter Distribution: 1379 — Current Membership: 4 Patrons, 7 Associates, 8 Friends.



Marlie Avant

I returned late last night from the "Land of Enchantment" in New Mexico where I continued my journey apprenticing with Elena Avila, a Curandera. There is still so much to process that I am not quite ready

to put to words the powerful experiences I have encountered.

We were in Georgia O'Keefe land, Ghost Ranch, with breathtaking earthy red and

orange vistas, stark and beckoning. The soul is very much at home there. The mind is allowed to rest.

I came back with a very keen sense

Donald Mathews

I am enthralled by a new book! Having first heard the authors speak on New Dimensions Radio, their ideas drew me to their writing as they bring an unusual clarity and understanding of today's changing dynamics.

Sociologist Paul Ray and psychologist Sherry Ruth Anderson spent thirteen years surveying values and lifestyles in research for: *The Cultural Creatives. How 50 Million People Are Changing the World.* Using values and beliefs, the authors identified three major subcultures in America: Traditionals,

Moderns and Cultural Creatives. These three categories that also hold true in Europe, do not come from normal demographics of age, race, sex, religion, income, education, conservative or liberal. Rather, each group contains persons from every persuasion but tending to particular lifestyles based on deeply based values and beliefs.

Only Traditions and Moderns are currently recognized in our society as influential groups with the common polarity we tend to see ourselves—being conservative or

liberal. Cultural Creatives cross this line. But, neither the society or Cultural Creatives themselves have recognized they are now a powerful new movement.

Moderns carry the main identity and thrust of mainstream society as half the population. They are who you read about or who follow the materialistic trends of the popular culture, particularly in large cities. They tend not to be altruistic, idealistic or self-actualizing. Rather they highly value success, especially financial, and are often cynical about politics.

Kyla McCollam

Wondering what aspect of creativity will unfold as my intention is set on this writing task, I floundered for days steeped in the possibility that I'll not be able to access my wellsprings. A few glimmers glint and a focus is found.

Rose pruning—a violent, courageous act—resembles losing a parent. The paring away takes some sharp cuts, a hardened attitude to the sacrifice, sometimes softened by the possibility that the cuttings will grow into

new plants. Seasoned gardeners know that pruning stimulates the plant toward a new and glorious renewal. After a dormant time, a vibrant flourish of growth ensues.

This last year, with the loss of my father, I felt a paring away—a part of me was lost with his passing. I struggled and choked as he had in the end. Languishing and limping in the following months allowed a dormant time. Circling through the stages of grief, I navigated the bricks in my walls,

finding myself crumbling, yet still connecting with new clarity through the ancient roots of dreams.

Early memories surfaced of my father wrenching me from my mother's arms and breasts—a weaning, a gleaning. That old wound now enlightens the final blow of his death.

I recall a more recent memory of my father, Ray, and I crying and clinging

Barbara Rose Shuler

"In the beginning was the word," says the Book of John. Another way of saying this might be: in the beginning was the vibratory frequency known, in human parlance, as sound. Recently, I have been reflecting on the creative power of sound, in particular the potential of human speech to change our experience within and without.

"Speech is the essence of humanity," it is said in the ancient and venerable Sanskrit

Vedas. According to the Vedas everything comes into being through speech, even the creation of the visible universe. We exist through the agency of the word, as John would put it, logos or sound. The Sanskrit language itself is thought to contain extraordinary creative sounds—known to those who study the science of mantra—that can dramatically affect our lives. In fact, many traditions consider mantra practice as essential for spiritual advancement and high attainment.

Among those who esteem mantra practice, are the Tibetan Buddhists whose language closely resembles Sanskrit. A year ago last August, I experienced first hand the potent impact of this kind of sound when I attended, at the recommendation of a friend, a two-week long Kalachakra ceremony guided by the Dalai Lama himself. Day after day during this special ritual, the spiritual and secular leader of Tibet, along with many Buddhist monks, chanted a

Patty Waldin

CREATIVITY:
"The Practical Side of Infinity"

Between the parenthesis of birth and death, I've chosen the spoken word and the paintbrush as my favored tools for carving the finite from Infinity. Immediately as I

typed this, personal demons of fear and doubt rose up accusing me of pomposity and inflated verbiage. And so it goes, this old familiar high-wire balancing act: suspended between the pylons of a trusting heart and a savvy social intellect, I waken to discover that I'm naked and leaping boldly

into formless space in front of "YOU," a sophisticated readership of more than 1400 creative Souls... Well, so be it.

Grounded, I cage my demons together with my ego, and begin to map my studio journey from outer to within...



Marlie Avant

that when the mind surrenders to the soul... there is a merging that ignites a divine spark... a creative spark that has it's own wisdom and that heals. I can not think of experiencing anything more creative.

Is that not what creation is all about?... surrender and merging, and with the grace of the divine... an emerging... re-newed.

On this creative edge, I am left in silence and awe... very humbled.

Donald Mathews

Traditionalists are harder to define although they often contain members of the religious right. Representing one quarter of the population, they value traditional patriarchal relationships with strong emphasis on conservative family and religious values. They often feel they must defend against the intrusive modern world.

Cultural Creatives strongly feel actions must be consistent with words and beliefs. This authenticity is built on preferences coming from direct personal experience and intellectual ways of knowing. They

like first hand personal exchanges and have a broad "big picture" view of life. They have a well developed social conscience and guarded optimism. They are not interested in "owning more stuff" and are critical of almost every large institution in modern society—corporate and governmental. Growing out of the sixties revolution influence with social and environmental action movements on one hand and personal consciousness raising efforts on the other, these people of all ages and backgrounds form the Cultural Creatives group.

I highly recommend reading this most intriguing work and about the people involved. You can check out their web site (www.culturalcreatives.org) and fill out a questionnaire to see if you too are a Cultural Creative.

Perhaps you feel as I do. There are subtle and not so subtle changes in the air as we start the new millennium. Many people feel as I do, it is possible to make the world a better place for all of us to live—a creative place to live in cooperative relationship!

Kyla McCollam

to each other at the airport, as we realized that this parting was taking us closer to an eminent separation. As I write this, tears come and emotions are fresh. The early childhood incident—the weaning and gleaning—has an understanding attached to it that offers peace from present grief. And that understanding spirals into further understandings.

My saps and spirits ebbed. Drawing on wisdom and wonder, hope and optimism,

I gained nourishment from the composting and rotting of the apathy, anger, and angst of dying.

Amidst the flickers of resurgence in my energy, I'm inspired by a conviction to be a good, wise, and creative person. New found peace and pleasure start to swell like new buds on bare stems. Focusing on the present and finding the flow through my work at school, homemaking, gardening, and fashioning jewelry invites again the

patient, persistent passion of my ancestors to find new life through these hands, this heart, and the "old ways."

Could it be that in that flow, we are channeling our ancestors? Or entering our dreams—images in poetry?

*Snake eyes flash fiery gold of cat's gaze.
Tamer's torture waits in wonder.
Waves are definitely my thunder—
I will do exactly as you!*

Barbara Rose Shuler

special cycle of mantras before a gathering of 5000 people in a large tent just outside of Bloomington, Indiana.

The sounds were strange, exotic, hypnotic and deep, and incredibly moving. As the days progressed, the chanting of the monks seemed to intensify. One morning, in particular, stands out in my memory.

During the Kalachakra event, the monks must consecrate the land where the ceremo-

ny is taking place. On the final morning of this consecration period, the chanting began as usual. Outside the blue skies began to cloud up a little, then darken. After a time, it began to sprinkle ever so slightly, the raindrops tickling the fabric of the great tent.

As the monks continued chanting, the rain became stronger. Then it began to pound until a monsoon-like downpour raged overhead. Suddenly, loud thunderclaps, accompanied by bright flashes of lightening,

swirled around the tent almost downing out the chanting, which progressed unabated and serene. In time, the rain-storm tapered off ending just as the chanting stopped. The 5000 attendees filed out of the tent onto grateful wet earth for a short break under clearing skies.

Indiana had been suffering a serious drought—no rain for many months. The consecration of the land was over. So was the drought.

Patty Waldin

First: the walking in circles, then fussing with the tools. Next the rearranging of irrelevant accessories: tea? coffee? water? Shoes on or off? And, if the launch still feels inhibited—candles? incense? wine? Meanwhile, the REAL test of commitment remains: phone = OFF

I remind me of Shadow, our beloved German Shepherd, as she circled herself round and round into just the right space before coming to rest, finally secure in her Grace.

What comes next I cannot map, for it's never the same. Knowingly or not, by my choices of what to simplify... what to emphasize... and by my ignorance of how I distort... I begin carving the finite from the Infinite.



“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 and collective 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.

Further, 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, mutual support and intimate sharing. Our shared stories, dreams and artistic expressions of all kinds then become a deep source of wisdom.

This free living room group is for those interested in sharing their creative work and process from a personal point of view. Facilitated by Donald Mathews, it is for all skill levels. Bring an image, poem, song, story, dance or other creative expression that intrigues you. Meetings: the first Saturday each month except July & August. 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.

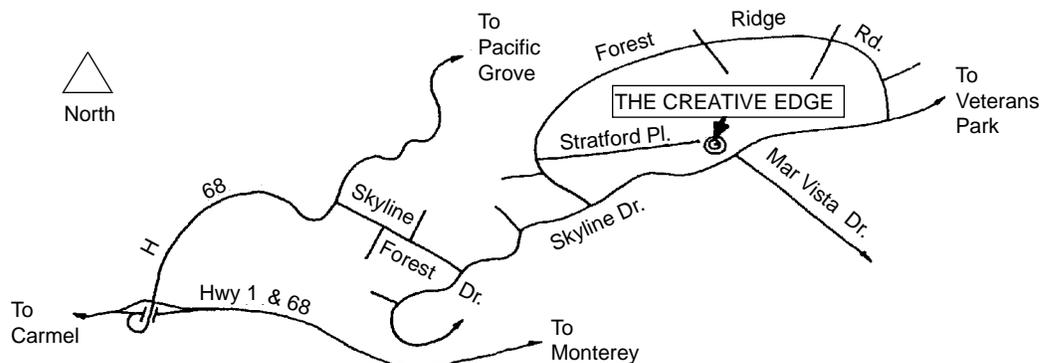
Forming a safe circle of support for dreams, sharing and contemplation, we use lots of free time to follow our personal muse with reading, writing and other creative work. Mask-making, paints and clay are available in the studio. Lunch is provided. Offered as scheduled, 9 a.m.—5 p.m.

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:

Send 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-five years to his musician wife Lou, they have 3 daughters and 7 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 about eight venturesome people seeking spiritual depth.

January—May & August—November:
9 a.m.- noon on the 3rd Saturday of each month,
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.



Shanja Kirstann, M.S.W., founder of The Open Way, brings over 25 years experience to her work in transpersonal counseling, lifecoaching, bodywork and teaching at San Francisco Bay area universities including SF Arts Institute, JFK, UCSF Med. School and presently at the University of Creation Spirituality with Matthew Fox.

“Let the beauty we love be what we do. There are hundreds of ways of kneeling and kissing the ground”

—Rumi

She is a gifted evocateur—assisting others with heart and humor in gentle, yet profound journeys of transformation and spiritual awakening. Her holistic approach is a unique synthesis of eastern and western spiritual practices, medicine wheel wisdom, depth psychology, dreamwork and the expressive arts.

Shanja currently has a private practice in Carmel in which she assists individuals through practical lifecoaching skills to honor their own soul callings and to bring forth their gifts into life.

Harvesting Dreams—A Creative Arts Retreat Weekend: October 13-14, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.

In this one or two day creative arts retreat, co-lead with Donald Mathews, we will explore bringing dreams to life. On Saturday morning, Shanja will orchestrate a contemplative space for deep listening and high play to evoke, bring alive and embody the deeper transformative energies of our dreams.

Forming a safe circle of support with the core fellowship of Creative Edge Artist-Directors for sharing and encouragement, creative meditations may include: silence and enquiry, authentic movement and voice expressions, spontaneous art and flow writing.

Lunch and simple art materials furnished.
Fee: \$95, Sat. only: \$50 (\$85/\$45 prior to 9/15.)

Computer Users:

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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8 Stratford Place
Monterey, CA
93940

or call:
Donald Mathews
(831) 373-7809

Registration Form:

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.



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

—Jay O'Callahan

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.

Finding & Telling Stories A Weekend Workshop May 11-13, 2001

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: \$240 (\$220 before April 1) Limit 12.

The Creative Edge: Letter Box

Colorado Springs, CO

For me, 2001 was the actual millennium... The year 2000 was the struggle of the computer world, or you might say, the struggle of the intellect. The year 2001, was a more personal initiation. I decided to enter this new millennium in the dream state. When I awoke the next morning I had the great desire to grab pad and pen. I share with you what came out of the year spent in silence.

Today—January 1, 2001—a New Year, a New Millennium. I shout into the ethers, "Would the real me please stand up." At least a hundred and fifty people of my interior community rise to their feet. No way! I can't possibly be all those people, and yet I am. I am every person I have ever met, I am every tree and every blade of grass, I am every puppy I have ever loved, and every movie I have ever watched.

From the first breath I took until the last breath I exhale I will be the sum total of all my experiences. I am the love I never found, I am the pain that I hide from, I am the hope that never fails, I am the dream that I search for, I am the voice that never speaks, and the ear that never listens. I am judge and jury, prosecutor and defender. I am the greatest friend I have ever known, and my most profound enemy.

I have molded this interior community. I have drawn toward me those that would offer me my greatest struggles, my greatest defeats. I have asked others to put me down so that I might experience the rise of my character. I have denied love, and been denied so that I might experience abandonment and the uselessness of such a journey. When others have not been brave enough to inflict the wounds, I have self inflicted the wound. Cast myself out of Eden, not for self punishment, but to learn what is valuable to the soul when the personality seeks such a path.

Upon my return to Eden I will bring the riches gained in having experienced my own struggle with good and evil. I will add my own story to the tree of life, along with so many others who have journeyed back home through the dark night of the soul. And my soul will be richer and stronger for having made the journey. Upon my return to Eden I will return to my self, all that I myself have denied me. I have learned that without darkness one cannot see the light, and the light would be void of purpose without the dark arena in which to shine forth.

I have learned, that for some strange reason, one never really appreciates what they have until they lose it. I have held death in my arms, I have tasted the bitter anguish of grief and loss, I have deceived and been deceived. I have learned that innocence is not valued, and ignorance too often wins. And with all of this proof contrary to my beliefs, I have learned about faith. When I have not seen it in myself, I have witnessed it in others. And their spirit renews my own.

I have learned that at the very darkest moment in your life a hand reaches out to hold yours. This hand you trust, this hand you recognize as fellow traveler, as friend. For none would willingly enter such darkness if they did not carry the light within.

It has been a rich and rewarding journey. I am no longer blinded by the light for I have found my own. I am no longer lost in the darkness, but strengthened by its presence. With all that I have learned, would I be tempted to bite into that apple again? Probably, for there is still so much to learn.

Patricia Ann Doneson



Monterey, CA

Your recent issue is, as usual, beautiful and true and stimulating... from cover to cover. I would like to say that I am in total agreement with Patricia Ann Doneson of Colorado Springs, Co. I too have a special relationship to the printed page, one that can never be replaced by the Internet... never, never, never. I do value the Internet but I do not wish to lose the intimacy (ever!) of the printed page; it is truly a lifeline for my mind and sanity, much as food is a lifeline for my body and physical health.

This Fall issue made me contemplate my own feelings about creativity and I realize that, for me, creativity has to do with the courage to feel, to acknowledge my feelings, and to express them, in whatever form I choose (i.e., talking, writing, dancing, singing). The very act of feeling my feelings, whether they are shared and expressed or not, feels creative to me.

I believe that, because I was unable to express my feelings as a child (my parents did not allow them) as well as a large portion of my adult time on this planet (by this time I could no longer access them), just being connected to them feels liberating and creative... and somehow a real privilege as well. My gratitude that they have gradually risen to the surface, that I have become a more feeling person, knows no bounds because, obviously, living my life able to express my feelings openly and honestly has enhanced my life immeasurably. I am still confused at times about what I feel but I suspect that can be said of many of us.

AM I WILLING?

Am I willing to feel my heart
The path of not knowing
Where breath gets short
And fear waits at the ready
To invade
Take captive all the peace
I've ever known
My world turned on its side?

Am I willing to live my days alive
With every sadness known to man
Refuse to court a numbness
Or choose to hide?
Oh yes, my choice is risk
And if I lose I've gained
A life where feelings
Slice my heart in two

With wounds more precious
Than contentment.

THE CREATIVE EDGE

Creativity is, I understand,
A wondrous wondrous thing
But is it bound to what we DO
To what we make and bring???

For me, it is much more than that
Much more than what we do
It deals with what we feel and think
Our acts of kindness too.

It deals, I feel, with honesty
The courage to stay true
To follow what is in my heart
And not what others do.

And that is how I see my pledge
To live on the Creative Edge.

Doree Bart

Salinas, CA

THE NOTE IN THE BOTTLE

Release waiting
In a bottle full of Merlot
Got it for a bargain.
The depression will be first class
The next day
Clouding my thinking
Magnifying the picture of one who could but won't
Since it is meant for everyone else but me.

Taking care of a family
Life is over at 25 because
Yesterday's bride now carries my child
Responsibilities, taking care of
A life that is just starting.
Health insurance, house insurance
Mortgage payments, malpractice insurance
Life insurance, don't forget life insurance—and
Death insurance.

Nobody told me how it would be

The dreams I had
Inspired by Walt Whitman
All gone, since this reality seems to dictate
A life that my father fled when
Divorcing my mother,
Divorcing the responsibility of dealing with
Children who come home with broken bones
Since someone tricked them
And they were dumb enough to follow
Going full force into the wall.

He was gone when I needed him to tell me
That walls are real and not
Just an illusion like I remembered it
From the other side.
This is a physical universe
With bones and flesh and walls and pain and
The reality of money
The biggest illusion of all.

Where is he now? That I am
About to become a father, ending
My life.

Sitting within a circle of redwood trees who
Lending me an eye,
Sway gently in the breeze
Things are so much smaller
When your eyes are as high up as theirs.

Trude Zmoelinig



Big Sur, CA

This poem came in response to a friend's question.

**WHERE DO YOU GET YOUR
INSPIRATION FOR YOUR POETRY?**

Your face mostly,
and quietness,
always quietness—
solitude in the morning
and white stones under
moonlight on dark hills.
Thoughtless animals.
The blood that moves them
and the blood that flows
through your hands.
My blood. My longing
for something eternal.
My dark and light being
alternating with the world
like a wave in the sea.
The sea.
The unknowable depths
of the spirit of the world,
and trees.

David Wayne Dunn
© 2000

Pacific Grove, CA

My coauthored mystery novel, *Beyond Bingo*, has now been published and is available in local bookstores. Here is another one of my poems.

WATCHING THE SKY

I look out before dawn
into the satin blackness
of a rarely clear sky
and see the upside down moon
the sliver left of it flanked
by a starry Venus, brighter
even than the pale moon.

In time a violent sunrise
burns over the horizon and
a feverish sun sets fire
to the mountains and the sea.
I rejoice in another day's birth
and the promise of comfort and warmth.
All I need for my daily rebirth.

Julie Houy

Marina, CA

**WHITE SYMPHONY
(Sobranes Point)**

Melted ice caps
rise and uneasily roll
over tectonic cracks.

Here elements blur,
pastel and explosive cobalt
rammed against stone
at the roiling edge
of a crumbling world.

Stubborn intentions collide,
roar watery oaths,
pitch ashore weathered granite,
disrupted ellipses of rubbery kelp.

Pale detonations
cough against pebbles and sand.

Furious glaciers from harsher centuries
blast solid shale into quivering portals,
punch crude blowholes
through front lines
of surrendering earth.

Jennifer Lagir

Salinas, CA

TARA SCREAMS!

A bitter mist glazes the
knife of death
placed in my
sad, pounded,
& bitter heart.
It's there always.
Will it never leave?

Tara O'Reilly

Petaluma, CA

You asked how the Creative Edge fits into our busy lives... It is Shabbat morning and after meditation I get back into bed and read Jewish spiritual writings. This morning, because I have my Creative Edge News, I am starting with it. Creative Edge is part of my sacred reading that I do when possible—woven into my schedule, usually in the morning.

Faye Zimmerman



Carmel Valley, CA

**PRESERVATION AT
SOBERANES CANYON**

Save me this day,
this green and restful place,
this narrow foliage-scented gulch,
bramble-crammed meadow,
tapered steep path.

Save me these delicate
pink verbena, graceful
sword ferns, dried fiddlenecks
writhing like colonies
of gray caterpillars.

Save me this cool solitary glen
beside this wandering creek
where a single yellow leaf
takes flight
from an infant maple,
joyrides a ripple downstream,

where white asterisks
peek from clover-leafed sorrel
and toppled redwoods
nourish a wild canyon garden.

Save me this merciful bliss,
this glimmer
of pagan paradise.

WHAT SURVIVES

At the verge of Highway One
prehistoric pelicans glide.
Mythic stone shapes
remain standing.
Colliding waves join forces,
boil over land's dark rocky
backbone.

Turbulences seem natural here,
a through-the-looking-glass reverse
of life's inner disorder.

Beneath winter's stunted foliage
a black ant scurries and gathers.
Ocean's muted explosions
parody the canons of war,
relentless
battle of land and breakers
on the front line,

I measure swords with the unknown,
mend torn wings
in the drifting mist,
question what survives
at the juncture of sea
and shore.

Laura Bayless

Carmel Valley, CA

These poems "arrived" after our recent retreat weekend. Invitation is dedicated to you yourself Donald as the Creative Edge, which keeps on being more keenly honed.

INVITATION

Come play. ally ally in free all,
no need to keep score, just need
to keep on, come into my sand pile
visit my toy box, toss ideas into the air
watch them land on notebooks
sprawl across lines that turn
into pages that turn into flying
paper airplanes never knowing
where they will land.

Splash paint on white canvas
paint white on white knowing
secrets by the prints you make
footprints, hand prints, heart prints
lip prints as tentative voice becomes
song, melody dances around wispy
veils, whistles rival railroad engines,
sighs echo butterfly wings, winds
tell milkweed to multiply, bluebirds
float memories on lost feathers,
walnuts become lunch boxes for
hungry crows.

Jump rope, eesey-eisey-over.
hot pepper under Texas sun
double-dutch before ice cream
red rover, red rover, let everyone
over. hop scotch across the lines
step on cracks touch the chalk
roll down green hills to gather
traces of travel and brush off
prickly grass, braid a rein out
of new mown hay, tie it onto
a Clydesdale, ride over fences
and under rivers, fly quietly
through startling thunder.
Come play. ally ally in free all.

**A GESTURE
AGAINST LOSS**

a simple nod will do
a silent inward Yes
that moves the head
forward and back
repeated gentle
rocking rhythm
familiar as the womb
and remembered
place of comfort
in mother's warmth
while rocking chair
caresses universal words
spoken in tongues
by people swaying
calls to daily prayer
voices in full song
steadfast drumming
movement itself
speaks clearly Yes
a gesture for life
an unremitting
indelible message
proclaimed out loud
seasoned by tears
a gesture against loss
a gesture admitting loss
a gesture freeing loss
to travel elsewhere.

Illia Thompson



Portsmouth, NH

I love getting each issue of The News as it arrives. So many good poems, thoughts, familiar names, workshops. I only wish I were closer so I could participate—Jay O’Callahan, Illia Thompson, all so tempting. As I reach 70, I feel transition, searching within more, letting go of a lot, very few mentors, it’s fascinating, and hearing your contributors as they search and observe is always important to me. Poetry still is at the top of my list for sheer pleasure, and birds, a close second, tied with grandchildren.

Anne De Wees

Carmel Valley, CA

Hi! I echo the sentiments of Ms. Doneson (pg. 8 in NL#33) that I hope you will continue to print and mail the newsletter in the future as in the past. I do enjoy the newsletter when it comes, and wish you continued and enlarged good fortune for this oh so worthwhile endeavor. I will save both the tribute to Dick Criley and Laura Bayless’ poems.

Ethel Costagliola

Monterey, CA

We seem to use the word love to represent very different states of being, very different ways of being in our relationships; friendships, family and marriage.

In conversation with some friends online it became clear that they were talking about something very different than I was when we used the word “love” and felt that we needed a new word to differentiate between types of “love.” I came up with CONA© representing the intense feelings of: Codependence, Obsession, Neediness and Addiction!

CONA

**CONA controls
LOVE allows**

**CONA needs the other to be
LOVE is a state of Being**

**CONA hurts
LOVE heals**

**CONA manipulates
LOVE nurtures**

**CONA clings
LOVE frees**

**CONA demands (often subtly)
LOVE appreciates**

**CONA takes
LOVE gives AND receives**

**CONA feels constricting
LOVE feels expansive**

**CONA retaliates
LOVE respects**

**CONA punishes
LOVE communicates**

**CONA needs you to be who the other says you should be
LOVE encourages you to be all of who you are.**

**CONA makes you responsible for their happiness
LOVE accepts responsibility for self’s internal state**

**CONA blames other
LOVE accepts other**

**CONA has an intense edge of excitement.
LOVE has deep comfort**

**CONA ends with broken hearts when the relationship changes
LOVE remains even when the relationship changes**

**CONA is conditional
LOVE is unconditional**



Monterey, CA

This is from a Creative Arts Fellowship meditation.

BRASS BOWL

Closing my eyes my thoughts I let quiet.
Myself I set drifting in a calm mist.
Then out of that fog a figure appeared
Holding before her a gleaming brass bowl.

0 shallow it was and covered with runes,
Filled to the surface with water so clear.
Yea it was for scrying, that I did know
The Future was resting in that brass bowl.

I leaned forward to look into the future,
But onto the surface then Time's Daughter blew
To ruffle the water with her breath of Life
Hiding whatever was in the brass bowl.

0 shallow it was and covered with runes,
Filled to the surface with water so clear.
Yea it was for scrying, that I did know
The Future was resting in that brass bowl.

Some of the water poured onto my head
Trapped in a torrent I found myself then
Surrounded by myriad others as well.
Flowing in a river from the brass bowl.

I'm carried along to a great dark sea,
Then swallowed up by some huge ocean beast
There's darkness, then light, then I'm floating above,
Looking down on the earth and the brass bowl.

0 shallow it was and covered with runes,
Filled to the surface with water so clear.
Yea it was for scrying, that I did know
The Future was resting in that brass bowl.

Drank I next from the bowl, a drink without taste.
Trying to swallow the future, I guess ...
Oblivion followed, for there was too much
Too much knowledge for me in that brass bowl.

0 shallow it was and covered with runes,
Filled to the surface with water so clear.
Yea it was for scrying, that I did know
The Future was resting in that brass bowl.

Again stood I before it, what to do now?
I reached out to touch it and was pulled in.
Floating I found me above countryside
Perfect and sterile—dead like the brass bowl.

0 shallow it was and covered with runes,
Filled to the surface with water so clear.
Yea it was for scrying, that I did know
The Future was resting in that brass bowl.

Again was the priestess, the Mistress of Time,
Off'ring the brass bowl for action of mine,
Here was the future all open before me ...
What? What would I now do with that brass bowl?

0 shallow it was and covered with runes,
Filled to the surface with water so clear.
Yea it was for scrying, that I did know
The Future was resting in that brass bowl.

I turned from such knowing; turned my back to it,
Walked into the mist and left it behind.
Swallowed I was by the richness of Life then ...
Enjoying my life without that brass bowl.

0 shallow it was and covered with runes,
Filled to the surface with water so clear.
Yea it was for scrying, that I did know
But I have no need of what's in that brass bowl.

Jeff Hudelson

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.