



The Village eView

On-Line News of the Goodenough Community System:

The American Association for the
Furtherance of Community
Convocation: A Church and Ministry
Mandala Resources, Inc.
Sahale Learning Center
The EcoVillage at Sahale

Silence

The absence of sounds; stillness

*Who then tells a finer tale than any of us?
Silence does.*

- Isak Dinesen

*Do not the most moving moments of our lives
find us all without words?*

- - Marcel Marceau

*What is always speaking silently is the body. –
Norman O. Brown*

Upcoming Events

Pathwork – Oct 18

Community Council – Oct 20

**Men's Cultural Weekend – Oct 23 to 25 –
cancelled & will be rescheduled**

Women's Culture Gathering – Oct 24

Community Development Weekend – Nov 6-8

Celebrating 80 Years with Jim Tocher – Nov 15

I'm an introvert who lives the sound of silence. That's why I remember December 1996 was the last time I heard it clearly. By the middle of January 1997, I noticed that whenever I listened for that revered sound, a whistling in my ears supplanted it. So I went to my doctor, who told me I Had tinnitus.

Tin*ni*tus - *a sound in one ear or both ears, such a buzzing, ringing, or whistling, occurring without an external stimulus and usually caused by a specific condition, such as an ear infection, the use of certain drugs, a blocked auditory tube or canal, or a head injury.*

"I've never had any of the things that cause this," I told the doctor. "What'll stop it?"
"Nothing. It's irreversible."

What was the silence that Helen Keller knew? Was it the silence we experience when the sound track suddenly cut off in a movie? Was it my kind of silence---one that has the gravelly sound of s-s-s-s-s-s going on an on? Or was it the silence of nothingness---nothing before, nothing after?

Later that year, a group of friends who differed over some issues arrived at our house for a reconciliatory meeting. We put a sign on the door asking them to center in silence. Not expecting this, some smiled and appeared relieved not to have to talk. Others looked uncomfortable---as if it were a legal gag order. Throughout the evening, we lifted the ban. For most, dining in silence meant discovering new ways of relating to each other and making their needs known, conversations that used expressions, eye exchanges, and makeshift sign language said something different from that earlier ones filled with angry words and stiff body language. By the time the group got up to leave,



they no longer looked ill at ease. Instinctively, as the men and women put on their coats, they began hugging each other goodbye---- warm, lasting hugs--- body to body and cheek to cheek instead of cursory clutches.

In whatever way our guests experienced silence that night, it created a space that helped to transform anger and deepen their relationships and responses to each other and themselves. That night, the sacred sound of silence helped to peacefully usher in a dawn. Silent night. Healing night. All is calm . . .

Affirmation: Silence whispers healing words
Silence I a healing of all ailments – Hebrew proverb
In silence God brings all to pass – Greek proverb.



Keeping Quiet by Pablo Neruda

Contributed by Joan Valles

Now we will count to twelve
and we will all keep still.

For once on the face of the earth,
let's not speak in any language;
let's stop for one second,
and not move our arms so much.

It would be an exotic moment
without rush, without engines;
we would all be together
in a sudden strangeness.

Fisherman in the cold sea
would not harm whales
and the man gathering salt
would look at his hurt hands.
Those who prepare green wars,
wars with gas, wars with fire,
victories with no survivors,
would put on clean clothes
and walk about with their brothers
in the shade, doing nothing.

What I want should not be confused
with total inactivity.
Life is what it is about;
I want no truck with death.

If we were not so single-minded
about keeping our lives moving,
and for once could do nothing,
perhaps a huge silence
might interrupt this sadness
of never understanding ourselves
and of threatening ourselves with
death.

Perhaps the earth can teach us
as when everything seems dead
and later proves to be alive.
Now I'll count up to twelve
and you keep quiet and I will go.

—from *Extravagaria* (translated by Alastair Reid, pp. 27-29, 1974)

Pathwork: Sunday, October 18

Come celebrate John L. Hoff!

John will be undergoing open heart surgery on Wednesday October 21, at Swedish Hospital! While we are optimistic his new valve will work well there is always risk. The Pathwork Circle agreed last Sunday evening to have a celebration for John and with him with an emphasis on how his Lifework has impacted our lives.

We will gather at 7:00 and with a celebratory atmosphere, share learnings and stories.

Pathwork meets at the **Community Center at 3610 SW Barton Street** in West Seattle.

We hope you will join; messages for John can be sent to hoff@goodenough.org.

A message will be sent when we know the surgery is successful. In the meantime, John will appreciate your thoughts and prayers.

Love Colette



On Silence

Norm Peck

Absolute silence is a very, very rare occurrence. I have really encountered it a few times in my life; even nature herself is seldom truly silent. A whisper of wind, the hoot of an owl or scream of a hawk, a coyote yipping or howling, a mouse foraging in the leaves all break the silence, even far from peopled places. Though there was once, out near the Quilomene gate, before they put up the wind generator towers...I woke unaccountably in a deep dark, got up



and went outside the tent, and encountered absolute quiet. No wind, no sound at all, dark enough to see my shadow by the stars. It was an utterly entrancing experience for several minutes...until a distant airliner high above appeared near the horizon to the east. Its sound became audible shortly thereafter, and the spell was broken.

For all its rarity in the natural world, never mind in any town or city, it is always more challenging to silence my own monkey-mind. Apparently it perceives silence as a vacuum, and responds with the abhorrence of same. Only with absolute concentration on allowing beginner's mind, quiet mind can I maintain it for even a few moments...and it helps to minimize outside sounds, especially those we humans make. The wind, waves, a rippling stream or a gentle rain seem to help sometimes to keep my mind quieted. So too does reading from the Tao Te Ching sometimes. Likewise, being guided by a skilled practitioner (Bill Scott

and John Hoff spring to mind) can help encourage greater quietness within, or, borrowed from them, the sustained ringing of a meditation bowl.

Why go there, seek silence? Because despite the mind's dislike for it, my Spirit longs for it, revels in it, occasionally gets a glimpse of some deeper truth or heretofore hidden meaning that has eluded conscious thought. Last year a mile or so from elk camp, at a spot walked quietly to before dawn in the moonlight, I sat on the moss beneath an old Ponderosa Pine. In that magic moment as the sun first crept above the horizon came that moment when all was utterly still. The slight breeze died, the night creatures and birds were disappearing, the daylight had not yet stirred those that seek the light and one of those rare moments of utter and complete silence brought a meditative state, unasked. In that moment I felt at one with the earth beneath me, the sky above shimmering from starlit dark to purple and crimson, the air around me so clear I could see far distant mountains and I felt to my core my connection with it all. For that moment. Then a breeze stirred. The sound of train wheels on a track then a whistle, fifteen miles away impinged on the silence and the spell was broken...almost. Yet now and then I close my eyes and return to that most recent moment of silent reverie and can almost feel the wide, deep silence of the void between the stars and the great immensity of the universe Creator has given us. And the humility right for so small a part of it.



Meditating on silence

Joan Valles



Because I am very deaf, I spend more of my life in silence than those who can hear. There's some benefit in being able to turn off hearing aids and shut out traffic noise and the bleating shrieks of canned divas at the supermarket. I've been known to turn off my hearing aids at mealtimes in Potlatch. Restaurant dining in the U.S. is a form of torture for the hearing impaired who strain to hear companions who keep talking as if you surely can hear them, while the surrounding volume increases with the alcohol. Modern hearing aids are a wonderful benefit, and I'm grateful to have

them. But they're limited in what they can do. They tend to amplify indiscriminately: I miss most of the humorous remarks in group meetings because of bursts of laughter. In fact, I often miss what is being said in groups just because people are across the room or cover their mouths or lower their voices for emphasis. Deafness is isolating.

Silence, the kind of silence we're talking about here, I think, is an inner silence—an inner silence that actually connects us with others—and that's harder to achieve. It's why I practice meditation and why I appreciate silent retreats that last long enough to settle in with minimal distractions--no electronic devices, no chatting, no reading.

I like what Thich Nhat Hanh has to say about silence in a brief piece I found online (from "Tricycle" magazine): "I have the impression that many of us are afraid of silence. We're always taking in something—text, music, radio, television, or thoughts—to occupy the space. If quiet and space are so important for our happiness, why don't we make more room for them in our lives? ... We can feel lonely even when we're surrounded by many people. We are lonely together. There is a vacuum inside us. We don't feel comfortable with that vacuum, so we try to fill it up or make it go away. Technology



Sometimes
silence
is a really
good answer.

supplies us with many devices that allow us to 'stay connected.' These days we are always 'connected,' but we tend to feel lonely. We check incoming email and social media sites multiple times a day. We email or post one message after another. We want to share; we want to receive. We busy ourselves all day long in an effort to connect. What are we so afraid of? We may feel desolate and unloved. We may feel that we lack something important. Some of these feelings are very old and have been with us always, underneath all our doing and our thinking. Having plenty of stimuli makes it

easy for us to distract ourselves from we're feeling. But when there is silence, all these things present themselves clearly."

Familiar? It is to me. Thich Nhat Hanh suggests the antidotes of conscious breathing, which can be done at any time (that I remember): "After a mindful breath or two, you may have less desire to fill yourself up or distract yourself." And sitting meditation when there is more time. Just the promise of a few moments of "real" silence motivates me to practice.



The deAnguera Blog: West Coast Communities Conference



Where was I last weekend? In California! I had gone with Bruce Perler to the West Coast Communities Conference at Groundswell Institute.

We left SeaTac airport at 10:15AM and arrived at Oakland International Airport at 12:20PM. My sleeping bag had come undone en-route. Bruce and I struggled to get it back together. We rode a special bus to the car rental place. It had been set aside by the Port of Oakland for car rental agencies

wanting to do business with airport customers.

Once we picked up the rental car (a Jeep Patriot) I navigated Bruce over to Berkeley with his cell phone to pick up Yako Serras. He had arrived the day before and spent the night in a hammock. All hotel rooms were full.

We drove out to Yorkville, about ten miles away from Groundswell. I noticed the chaparral hillsides covered with live oaks and mesquite as well as redwoods.

Groundswell had originally been a children's camp and was now a gay men's artistic collective. It has only been in existence for a year.

Groundswell has a herd of alpacas as well as chickens. One of the members let us touch alpaca wool during an auction in the right hand photo.

The general theme of the conference was the reweaving of community life which had disintegrated under the forces in our modern society. This disintegration was manifest in my social isolation. I discovered that trying to do things on my own was a monumental task.

In the upper left photo we spent time putting up Post-its on a New Paradigm triangle during a discussion facilitated by Cassandra Ferrera. The top of the triangle was labeled Create the New, the left corner was Hacking the Old, and the right corner was Change Consciousness. The Post-its were our ideas for helping create the New Paradigm.



Many communities from Windward, an anarchist collective to Arcosanti, the city designed by Paolo Soleri in Arizona were present. I certainly never thought I would ever meet anybody from Arcosanti and it was refreshing to hear their perspective.

Many items were for sale. I bought *Tent City Urbanism* by Andrew Heben. It explores the idea of villages of tiny houses for the homeless like Dignity Village in Portland, Oregon. I strongly identified with such villages because they represent the power of successful organization meeting people's needs. For many years I have felt large scale community organizing would start with tent cities.

Later Betsy Morris of Berkeley Co-housing gave a group of us her perspective on the tiny house movement. In California the minimum size of a dwelling is 300 sq. feet. Rent for the average apartment in the Bay area is around \$3000/month. It is going up all the time making affordable housing out of reach for an increasing number of people. This shows the power of

speculation affecting people in negative ways.

Yako and Bruce Perler lead some of us to explore the impact of generations on a community. We all agreed

A photographic first for me. A local doggie actually looking at me as I took his picture.



that a diversity of ages and perspectives is an essential element in a healthy community.

Community News

Elizabeth Jarrett-Jefferson

Birthdays and Anniversaries

- 🎂 Happy birthday, **Lili Hoff** – October 16
- 🎂 Happy birthday, **Jodine Hatfield** – October 19



Please join us!

Celebrating 80 Years with Jim Tocher

Sunday, November 15, 4 to 7pm

***Community Center – 3610 SW Barton,
Seattle***

Appetizers and Desserts

RSVP to Elizabeth -

elizabeth.ann.jarrett@gmail.com



CLAUDIA FITCH OPEN STUDIO

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 18, 2015

1-5 PM

BUILDING 30 WEST OPEN STUDIO

MAGNUSON PARK

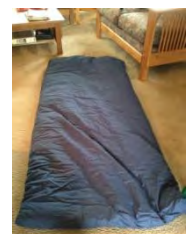
ROOM# 112

Yours for the Asking



Futon-like mat: ~68 in long, 32 in wide, and 1.5 in deep. I got it for Feldenkrais exercises but have found something better for that purpose. I'd like to give this mat away if anyone could use it. It could work on the floor for kids, or a fairly short person, to nap on. Anyone interested can reach me at

joanvalles70@yahoo.com or 206 819 1089.



My Mom died this Week.

Irene Perler

Editor's note: The Obituary on Becky Sampson will appear in next week's eView. - ejj

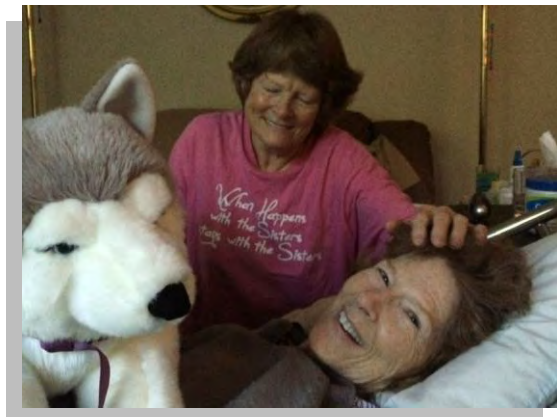
This week, my mother, Becky Samson, at the age of 73, passed away. I am grieving. I love my Mother and I know she loved me very much. We didn't always share our love openly with each other and I didn't always appreciate her the way I have grown to. I tended to dismiss my Mom when I was younger and didn't value her role as a mother. It was the 60's and 70's and I thought she should emancipate and go out and do "meaningful" things. I didn't understand how important her role was in my life and in our family's life. We all took her for granted and rarely said thank you. A few years ago, I started to really understand this unkindness and feel for the cost. I began to feel for this dismissive way of being and the subsequent closeness that I could have had if I hadn't shunned my mother. I had literally passed her by and all the love she offered didn't seem to matter to me. It is heartbreaking to admit this, but I have learned so much by giving myself permission to go back and love her and enjoy her and receive her love. I have been actively working to heal this over the last few years and I suspect I will continue to do this into the future. Two summers ago, I took a road trip with her, the only time in my life that I was really alone with her – just the two of us. It's so meaningful to me now that I took that week and half with her driving across the Arizona desert to see her father, Lemar Campbell, who lived in Durango, Colorado. We spent a few days in Sedona at the high altitude and enjoyed a memorable evening of giant margaritas, fresh guacamole and salsa in an outdoor Mexican cantina complete with local musicians playing in the red stone courtyard. We perused art galleries and looked at all the pretty things. We stopped several times to enjoy the changing scenery and even bent bra shopping at an outlet store. These are the things mothers and daughters enjoy doing together when no one is watching! We were truly having a high time together. We have both referred to that time and how meaningful it was.



Not long after that trip, Mom found out that the cancer was back. Five years ago she had some tumors, which they found and she had them robotically removed! Mom was such a courageous person who trusted the doctors and this unusual treatment method. They felt quite sure they had gotten everything and that she was free. One and a half years ago, during the time I was in Scotland, my mother was being diagnosed again with cancer. It turned out to be connected to the previous type--- endometrial. One treatment after another was tried: surgery, 3 separate series of chemotherapy and radiation. Nothing worked. Mom's

doctors finally said that the treatments weren't doing any good, and recommended stopping further treatments. That was 2 weeks ago. When Mom realized she wasn't going to get better, it seems she progressed very quickly. I really didn't know when I was visiting over the last month, that she would be gone that soon. I think we all thought it would take awhile...however long that is. It came as a shock to her and to all her loving family. It was only a month ago that she and I were in the garden trimming back the lavender in her garden and harvesting strawberries for dinner. She couldn't be outside much, but we did do a few things like this and she just started losing stamina and then she had a lot of pain. Then they started giving her pain medications, in ever increasing dosages. The pain would go away for short periods, but she would be asleep, only waking for short periods at a time, to eat a very little and take more medications. She had a hard time to speak out her thoughts and got very frustrated with trying to communicate. Sometimes she tried hard and other times, she just gave up trying.

Mom's whole family came and visited one way or another to enjoy being with her, none of us really knowing if it would be weeks or days or even hours. Her appetite decreased and other daily activities became difficult or impossible within a short time. We weren't really prepared for how fast things went. But you can't always be prepared. I am glad that I took a lot of time over these last several months to visit, to help out around the house, and eventually to really care and support her basic needs for the last few weeks. But mostly, I'm really glad for the advice from friends John and Colette to just make time to be with her as much as I wanted. Just being around her has been important. One of my favorite memories is feeding her vanilla ice cream, which helped the medicine go down. She smiled with glee and made yum, yum, lip smacking noises which pleased us both. In the end this was one of the very few



pleasures she had. In the last week, her sister, Cecily Abel came with her husband from Colorado and enjoyed some storytelling about funny things the two little girls did in their childhood in Jacksonville, Florida. Apparently, my aunt convinced my mom to flush her new "yucky brown" leather shoes down the toilet. They both got in trouble, but my aunt was the one who everyone knew had instigated it. Wesley visited before heading back to finish his last quarter at Central. Mom was very happy to hear that Wesley had been offered and accepted a job at a prestigious golf course in Medina as assistant pro. He will be pursuing his dream as an athlete to get pro certification. Sarah flew back on a red-eye from New Zealand to be with us all, taking a break from her new job working with the Ministry for the Environment and she had time with Mom before she passed. She sang to

her and held her hand so sweetly. My sister Challys and her sons came as well and we all held vigil and cared for Mom who had elected to be at home. We had a hospital bed set up in their TV room where we could all be close together. Hospice nurses came and went as needed to answer any questions, assess her progress and adjust her medications so she could be in as much comfort as possible. We played her music, talked to her, read her poetry, held her hand, wiped her brow, brushed her hair, slept nearby, ate our meals in her room and generally stayed close. She slept more and more and waked less and less and gradually she slipped away.

Grieving is hard work and I have mostly wanted to be quiet and feel and let go. This writing is helpful to me. I have had some very hard things to let go of. One of them is how helpless I've felt and how hard it is to accept what you cannot control. I have to accept my helplessness and stop struggling against how unfair life can be when suffering and pain are involved. Unfortunately, life and death include pain at times and no one can entirely escape this fact at all times. We all attempt to make our lives as comfortable as we can, but there are some things we simply must endure. I have been letting go of my anger that this is true and realize that my personal suffering is something only I can let go of. I have been reminded by my kind friends and family that the pain and anguish of loss will pass and that it is also a process and to be patient that it may take longer than I would like. It is also true that we all grieve differently and best not to compare, best to let my unique version do its thing. I can tell you that I've only felt this tired a couple other times in life, after birth and after divorce. I'm resting more and taking a lot of walks. I'm also enjoying focusing on some projects and reading some books. I also love to cook and this time of year is good for cooking with all the produce from the gardens and farm stores I've visited as I returned to Sahale from Sequim.

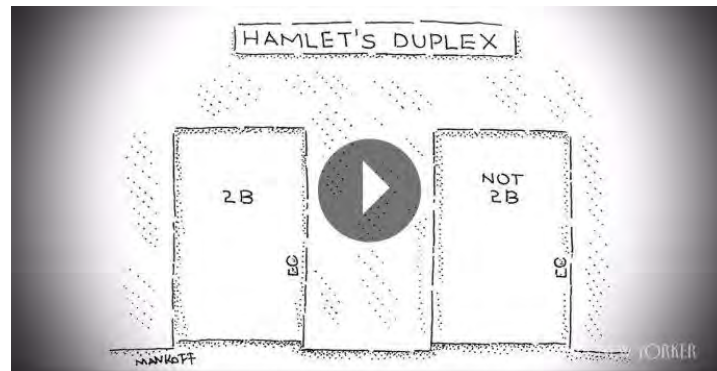


Some of you many wonder about how to be with me at this time especially when I come around at Sahale or at the Community center. If you see me at Sahale or in town, just say hi and let me know you care about me and are sorry for my loss. You can all know that I am talking with John and Colette and Kirsten and Bruce. They are keeping me steady as I go through this awkward but normal process. I like writing about how I'm feeling, but I don't seem to like to talk about it much just yet.

Sometimes I get angry and emotional when I try to talk about it and I'd rather not have that version of an experience casually. I am processing to be sure, and some of that is likely good to do with others. But for right now, I am in a very inward place and am finding comfort in recalling memories and stories in the silence. I also notice that I can still laugh and be joyful, but I am also quite moody and cry about all kinds of things. Beauty, especially in nature, makes me cry. I took a walk with Ned this morning and got to see a great horn owl in the woods near our yurt. It swooped through the trees and landed on a branch where it completely disappeared. I stood and watched for a few minutes trying to outline it where I thought it had

perched...it blended perfectly. Then, it flew off again and I saw it move through the trunks off towards the ravine. I've heard it calling for weeks and I've dreamt of seeing it. That dream came true, like a mirage and it took my breath away. I may be a bit like that owl...I may seek to disappear, yet be close by, and then I may come out and fly a bit in clear view.

The Bard's idea of a silent meditation



Holidays and Holydays *Save these Dates !*

John and Colette Hoff

In the 40 some years of this community's history we have talked a lot with each other about the meaning and celebration of the holiday season. We attempt to be more open about appreciating each other and we try to be practically helpful. We make sure that everyone who chooses can be a part of a "Family Christmas." We begin the season on Saturday, December 5, with the True Holidays event and this year we will be bringing *Peace with Love* into the Holidays. On Saturday, December 19, the solstice bus trip to Leavenworth is a magical day. The Community sponsors a Christmas day dinner, followed a week later by our New Year's eve experience at Sahale.

True Holidays - Saturday, December 5:

We invite you to The Goodenough Community's **True Holidays celebration** this year on **Saturday, December 5**, from 6 to 11 PM, at the Mercer Island Congregational Church. Please save the date – and watch the eView and your email for more information to come.

The True Holidays party is a fun and family-friendly community event that has become an annual tradition for many, including those beyond the Goodenough Community. I'd love to see you there this year.



During the evening, we will have the chance to reflect on the kind of holiday season we'd like to have as well as being able to spend time with friends, co-workers, and families (all in one place!) There are planned activities for children, plus food, libations, and a fun silent auction.

**This year again we are happy to be led in contra dancing
by Sherri Nevins and her musician friends!**

Winter Solstice Bus Trip - Saturday, December 19.

With your friends and family, enjoy this day-long journey that embraces the longest night of the year. We will board a chartered bus and travel over Snoqualmie and Blewett Passes to the beautiful Bavarian Christmas village of Leavenworth. Then we'll head to Eagle Creek Ranch, just outside of Leavenworth, where a horse-drawn sleigh ride awaits us, followed by a buffet dinner. [Please register with Elizabeth now](#) (last year we sold out). *Additional information soon.*

From grandchildren to grandparents, this day-long adventure has proven itself for over 20 years. There is, first of all, a cozy bus ride to Leavenworth and back. On the bus, there is time for eating, getting acquainted, and singing—it's the holiday season! In addition we usually stop for snow play in the mountains where the snow is deep. Our time in Leavenworth is long enough for some shopping and experiencing Christmas sights and sounds. We finally arrive at Eagle Creek Ranch where we board horse-drawn sleighs for a ride through the forest followed by a feast brought with us. Through the years, many people have said it is one of the most delightful of days.

This experience was created years ago by a group of adults who wanted to put all of the pleasures of the holiday season into one day. Come join us and you will find that many of us return year after year because we wouldn't want to miss it.

Our cost includes transportation, sleigh ride, and a hearty dinner:

\$90 – Adults (18 and older)

\$75 - Children (13 to 18)

\$55 - Children (3 to 12)

Children under 2 free

[Please register with Elizabeth now](#) (last year we sold out).



New Year's Eve Weekend at Sahale

New Year's Eve at Sahale!

Kirsten Rohde

This year New Year's Eve is on Thursday night. We plan to continue our tradition of good conversation, winter walks, hot tubbing, making meals together, and celebrating the change of year. Dinner will be served at 7:30 p.m. on New Year's Eve. Of course, we will have our 9th annual Train Dominoes Tournament. Time will also be given for some personal and shared reflection and for joyful celebration.

This year, there is the opportunity for relaxing at Sahale the weekend afterward. A chance for creative expression! Art, poetry, trying out a recipe, music, reading, conversation. Hot tubbing and enjoying Sahale of course. You are welcome to come for the weekend— please do let Kirsten Rohde know of your plans. Kirsten Rohde (krohde14@outlook.com)



Two offerings from Convocation: A Church and Ministry

A Relationship Group – *This series will be taking a break for John's surgery and will resume at a date TBA.*

By John L. Hoff

3610 SW Barton Street, Seattle (our community center)

I have been inwardly drawn to offer some leadership to a process in which individuals can examine the way they relate to others and make some improvements. We each offer the same relationship to most other people. Early in my life I lived very closely with Tlingit natives in the Yukon and was impacted by the relationship they offered me. Since then, I have studied relationships all the way through the doctorate level of academia. I want to share my knowledge for improved relationships with some people who would help me re-appraise what I know and consider with me how we apply this knowledge to life: friendship, families, and colleagues.

I am inviting you to an on-going group and a weekend in February. This group is intended for **anyone (being in a couple is not required)** seeking to improve relational abilities and deal with old attitudes about relating. There will be an intellectual exploration of the nature of relationship and the skills required including some reading. The interactions of the group are also a source of learning and improves skills. In addition, I will be giving assignments each week and you can expect to be challenged to examine your relationships past present and future. We will discuss all of these things at our first session.

Let me know (John Hoff hoff@goodenough.org) that you are interested in a relational / educational counseling approach to personal development. I also invite anyone to have a conversation with me about the group and your potential involvement. The cost for each evening will be \$30.00.

Pathwork: Sunday, October 18 – [See also earlier article in this eView where will Celebrate John.](#)

On Sunday October 18, at 7:00 p.m. we invite all interested to participate in a “**Pathwork Process**,” a process of sharing our own faith journeys and problems with development. The focus is on what is happening in our lives now and not on an earlier history. It is a process in which we **coach each other** and elicit insights from those who have done psychological and relational work with themselves. John and Colette Hoff have been asked to provide leadership and to resource us thematically. **John and Colette would each welcome meeting with anyone interested in attending.** Email hoff@goodenough.org to RSVP. Pathwork meets at the Community Center at 3610 SW Barton Street in Seattle. You are welcome even if you are just a little curious!

Community Development Weekend, November 6 to 8, *presented on behalf of the Goodenough Community Council*

We need a good talk about what we want from community and what each can offer to help. How should we shape the future of the community? Many of you consider yourselves friends of the community and do contribute in many ways. So much gets done through the volunteer efforts of many. Would you seriously consider coming to our community development weekend at Sahale? **We are looking for new Board and Council members as well as filling many other roles.** Everyone doing a small part will make the difference in the continuation of this work. If you love Lab, Sahale, any of our offerings, please bring your wisdom and join in the energy for the future of our community.

Themes for Upcoming eViews

We welcome your contributions to the next series of *eViews*! Send your contributions to the Editor of the Week !

- 🎃 October 21 – *Heart* – (Elizabeth, editor)
- 🎃 October 28 – *Now* – (Colette, editor, hoff@goodenough.org)
- 🎃 November 5 – *Whole* – (Colette, Editor)

More on Practical Spirituality - Our theme last week:
Quiet Retreat at Sahale

Kirsten Rohde

The night after our weekend retreat at Sahale, led by John and Colette Hoff, I was flying (I mean in an airplane that is) to the East Coast. I realized partway through the night that I was in a really good mood, taking things easily as they came along and generally feeling good about life and about others I encountered in my travels. Wow. I



seemed to be more thoughtful too, as in taking the time to stare out the window and just ponder.

So I am very grateful for this weekend, the teachings and the teachers. We had a nice



group of people with varied levels of experience with meditation. We were able to learn from each other's experiences. The combination of guidance in meditation and in living well from the Hoffs, ample time to meditate, music, and time to share with each other all made for a good weekend. I learned a lot and appreciated the reminder, inside and out, to slow down. I especially keep the feeling with me of a group joined together with a desire look at our lives from this meditative place and to practice what we are learning.

I recommend more retreats like this!

Cultural Programs & Events in 2015

For the Goodenough Community, cultural life is an arena for creative expression. All programs and events are open to the public. We welcome your interest and participation.

Over thousands of years human communities have organized not only their work life but also their relational and cultural life. The Goodenough Community organizes its cultural life around encouraging human development—through our programs for men, women, committed couples, families and around age groupings.

Cultural programs usually encourage maturity, responsibility, and the development of valued relationships. Some of our programs bring everyone together with a seasonal emphasis. Following, are program offerings for the next period on our calendar.

“Community is a word that captures the fullness and wholeness of humans together.”
■ Colette Hoff

Programs & Events:

Third Age Gatherings	Women’s Culture
The Conscious Couples Network	Human Relations laboratory
Family Enrichment Network	Sahale Summer Camp
The Men’s Culture	True Holidays Celebration

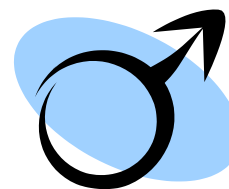
Men’s Program

Theme: Friendship among Men – Bruce Perler, focal

Men's Gathering Weekend at Sahale - Friday October 23 to 25 –

Note – this event has been cancelled and will be rescheduled **

The men of the Goodenough Community have for years had a program in which they can support and educate each other on ideals of men around the world. We deal with such questions as “are there characteristics of sound maleness that should be lifted up and taught to other generations of men?” The Goodenough



Community has always thought so and we have several programs a year where we lift up ideals and goals for our lives as men. Bruce Perler is currently the spokesperson for our men's group and here is an announcement from him about a planned weekend this fall. -JLH

Creativity Weekends

- ☐ October 9-11
- ☐ November 13-15

Please contact Kirsten Rohde for more information or to RSVP about any of these weekends.
krohde14@outlook.com / 206-719-5364

Women's Culture



Hollis Guill Ryan

In September we began a new year in the women's culture, a year of exploring our journeys as women on "The Path of Freedom." As is our custom when we gather as women, we will take time for inward reflection, we will share stories, we will give nurture and receive comfort. We will sing and stretch and share lunch. Our gatherings are informal and welcoming. Over the programmatic year, each gathering builds on the preceding ones yet each is discrete. We encourage you to attend as many as you can, but it is not necessary to attend them all. We invite all women who enjoy the company of women to join us as we learn, practice, and grow in our journey.

Fall dates include: Saturday, October 24; and November 21. Come join us!



Save the date

True Holidays Celebration

Saturday, December 5, 2015

This event has more than 25 years of history and is held early in the holiday season in order to deepen and enrich the winter holidays for people of all faith traditions. This interfaith celebration will again be at the **Mercer Island Congregational Church** and begins at **6:00pm**

Kirsten Rohde will be our host and guide.

Mark your calendars for Lab 2016!

The Human Relations Laboratory

August 7 to 13, 2016

Sahale Learning Center

On the Kitsap Peninsula near Belfair

www.goodenough.org (360) 275-3957



Quest: A Counseling and Healing Center

Our belief is that mental and emotional health is a prerequisite for spiritual well-being, collaboration, and the expression of compassion. Quest's counseling and education programs, open to all interested individuals, focus on empowering individuals, couples, and family groups to be happier and be more effective in relationships.

Call John (206 963-4738), Colette (206-755 8404) or Colette and John at Sahale – 360 275-3957.

Currently, John and Colette are now visiting with clients at the new community center, 3610 SW Barton Street, Seattle 98106 as well as Sahale.



Images of a recent family birthday party at Sahale!

Contributed by Silke Newell

