



Village eView July 22, 2020

Marjenta Gray, Editor

White Privilege

For These Times We are In

Reflecting on My White Privilege

Marjenta Gray

I didn't feel privileged when growing up, but looking at my life from the lens of Black Lives Matter, I see how I have, indeed, lived a life of white privilege. My ancestors sailed to what is now Massachusetts in the early 1600s on the Mayflower and other ships. They were some of the founders of Hartford, Connecticut, Northampton, Massachusetts, and Amherst College. That alone shows some privilege. Their Puritan fundamentalist religion didn't keep them from stealing land from the natives who were here before them, feeling it was their God-given right.

If I would have grown up on the east coast, I'm sure I would have felt this DAR (Daughters of the American Revolution) privilege much more. And yet, when I lived in New York as a young adult, I got a job as a graphic designer largely because I seemed familiar to the woman I interviewed with, who became my colleague. We have stayed in touch, and have since found out through genealogy that we are indeed distantly related. She was from the same privileged New England stock as me.

My family moved away from all the relatives to Bellevue when I was 5. Bellevue at that time was new and very white. I had the privilege of going to good schools. I also had the privilege of always having enough to eat, stable shelter, and parents who encouraged my siblings and me in school. We grew up learning good grammar, and to value reading, learning and music (white music; classical, folk, musicals, opera). We went hiking and camping on vacations in beautiful natural landscapes. We didn't have as much as many of my friends, but we were truly wealthy compared to many black families.



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

When I was 10, we moved to Louisiana where my Dad, a Boeing engineer had been transferred to work for NASA. The year was 1964 and the US was deep into a 'space race' with the Soviet Union to prove who could achieve firsts in spaceflight capability. We were liberal Yankees moving into the deep South, where every town and city had separate white and black sides of town. The races likely mixed only when the blacks had to work jobs to serve the whites, and white police would try to keep the blacks "in line." The education system was way below par, compared to the Bellevue school system. My 5th grade teacher talked to us about the fancy remodel of her house. My 6th grade teacher read the Bible to us in class.

"Our police force was not created to serve black Americans; it was created to police black Americans and serve white Americans."

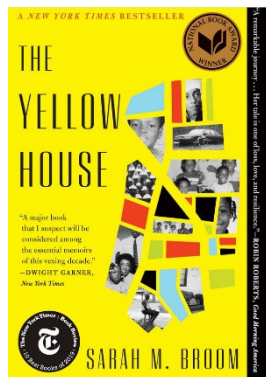
— Ijeoma Oluo, [So You Want to Talk About Race](#)

My family was theoretically non-racist or not "prejudiced," as we would say, but we also had virtually no contact with blacks. Integration in the schools started the year before we moved back to Washington. I remember a few black girls standing by themselves at our junior high. I felt sorry for them; they seemed so isolated. But there was a clear message from the white kids that if you socialized with the blacks, you would be ridiculed. I was too timid to go against the grain, and besides, what would I say?

Recently, I read *The Yellow House*, a National Book Award-winning memoir by Sarah M. Broom. She writes the story of her family, inhabiting the steadily deteriorating house her mother bought in New Orleans East in 1961. The area was predominantly black, and was close to the NASA Michoud plant where my father worked as an engineer and the author's father and brother worked as maintenance workers. Some of the timeline of her story overlapped when we lived in Slidell, in a new white development. Broom described Hurricane Betsy, in 1965, which completely flooded the yellow house. I remember Hurricane Betsy. I huddled in my bed as the taped windows rattled, the rain pummeled our house and the wind howled. Our sea-level street was flooded, as usual when it rained hard. But our house in our white neighborhood was not damaged. There was a rumor that the levees were intentionally dynamited to protect the wealthy French Quarter, flooding predominantly black neighborhoods like New Orleans East and the Ninth Ward.

These areas, including the yellow house, were demolished by Hurricane Katrina in 2005. As in our current pandemic, the black and the poor were the ones who suffered the most, and struggled hardest to recover.

When I went to art school in Brooklyn, Pratt Institute was in the relatively nice neighborhood of Clinton Hill, but bordered by Greenpoint and Bedford Stuyvesant, 2 rough areas with black housing projects. On separate occasions, I had my purse snatched off my shoulder, a pearl necklace ripped from my neck (on a Saturday afternoon as I walked with my boyfriend to do laundry), and change snatched before I could grab it when buying subway tickets. Peter was held up at gunpoint and his car stolen. In all cases, the thieves were black. I think I understood even then that they were doing what they needed to do to survive poverty and limited opportunities. I developed a fear of encountering black men on the street. After the car theft, we moved to Hoboken, which was mostly white and mafia-controlled; very safe unless you annoyed the mafia.



I was very privileged to even think I could go to art school, or experimental liberal arts college, which I did for a few years out of high school, in Bellingham, at Fairhaven College. I paid for art school myself with scholarships and loans. Many black people would not have the luxury of thinking they didn't need to support themselves. An aspect of white privilege I inherited from many generations of women who didn't work, was never fully comprehending that I needed to have a practical job to pay the bills. I still struggle with that today. As one of a privileged class, I was always able to find work that at least sustained me.



I participated in the Women's Movement of the 1970s, but see that the movement I was part of was almost entirely white. I think black women were dealing with race as their primary social issue and their priorities were different from those of white women. Again, my white privilege determined my ideals and what I protested.

Working at UW Medicine IT Services was the first time in my life I was regularly around people of color. There were few African Americans, but lots of Asians and brown people from all over. Lots of people, mostly guys, of Chinese, Vietnamese, Cambodian, Indian, and Nepalese descent. I probably originally felt most comfortable with other whites, but came to know many of the others, and learned to be more comfortable around people who were not like me. Some of them were so sweet and generous.

My top boss was half Filipino, and was more fun and a better leader than any of the all-white bosses I've had. She supported her team to take continuing education classes. I was privileged to attend a workshop on "Race, Bias, and Dissonance," taught by the dynamic diversity trainer and consultant, Greg Taylor. He was such a wealth of knowledge about the history of subjugation of blacks and native Americans in our country. Each student did a self-assessment of their bias, and there was engaging group discussion. Mr. Taylor pointed out that we all have biases and preferences, but that unconscious bias can be harmful.



This is only the surface of my peeling back the layers of my white privilege, and how it has impacted my life, values, and urgencies. I hope to learn more. In the meantime, no matter our differences, nobody deserves to be treated as black Americans have been, in the country their ancestors were violently forced to come to. We brought them here and are responsible for making reparations, and changes to the way they are treated – with policing and incarceration, education, job and financial opportunities, and basic respect as fellow humans. I completely support the protests, even though I worry about safety and contagion during the pandemic. If we want the people to stop protesting, we can listen to their reasonable demands and enact equitable change.

"Privilege is the right to remain silent when others can't."

— **Richie Norton**

Creative Exploration of Self: Connecting with Myself and Others in a Disconnected World

A Virtual Experience of Personal Development

August 5 - 9, 2020



Join the Goodenough Community for our summer personal development event, this year as a Zoom experience, to keep us all safe.

We humans are relational beings who thrive with interaction. In these days of enforced isolation, separation threatens to become the new normal. Re-connect and regenerate yourself with us!

Drawing on Pierro Ferruci's *The Power of Kindness* and other resources, you can expect to:

- Deepen your connection with your innermost self and with others.
- Reflect on what might be blocking you from being your best. Locate blocks in your body (yes, even on Zoom!), and practice tools to release them.
- Expand your insight into your inner double binds and how they function in you and beyond yourself.
- Learn how working with your own inner dividedness is a practical way to bring healing to our culture of racism, sexism, and other forms of divisiveness.



Colette Hoff, M.Ed., and a design team of experienced facilitators will lead you in large and small groups and in individual processes designed to cultivate warmth, intimacy, insight, and learning.

Cost & Registration

The suggested donation for this five-day experience is **\$300**.

Register on our website: [goodenough.org](https://www.goodenough.org).



For more information, email Elizabeth Jarrett at elizabeth.ann.jarrett@gmail.com.



"White people in this country will have quite enough to do in learning how to accept and love themselves and each other, and when they have achieved this – which will not be tomorrow and will not be today and may very well be never – the Negro problem will no longer exist, for it will no longer be needed,"

– James Baldwin, *The Fire Next Time*



My White Privilege

Hollis Guill Ryan

Over the years, my conscience has slowly awakened to the differences between being white and being Black. Still, I remained uneasy, even defensive, when a Black person would say to me, essentially, “You do not know, you do not understand, and until you choose to educate yourself about your own privilege and your culture’s in-built racism, you will never understand.” Not that I could dispute the truth of that statement, nor did I think I knew more than I was being given credit for. No, I just didn’t want to face the truth of “their” lives and “my” life.



Two years ago, my husband and I spent time in the South. Museums, plantations, and monuments we visited in North Carolina, Louisiana, and Alabama unblinkingly displayed racial history and current events that punched me in the gut. I could not hold myself apart from horrifying, heart-wrenching images and stories that must surely be commonplace to every Black American’s sense of self. As a white teenager during major civil rights events, I had had the privilege of ignoring the civil rights movement and other racial and political protests and choosing to be uninterested in what drove people to take to the streets. There in the South, the privilege of being from birth a member of our country’s dominant race stared me in the eye and would not back down. For days I felt depressed and weepy.

Gradually my depression lifted but the growing awareness that depressed me still weighs on my heart. Though the depression has faded, my embryonic awareness of the privilege I was born to continues to color my self-image.

The current Black Lives Matter movement and related protests awaken my memories of standing before horrific images and of being confronted by lives lived under the weight of overt and less obvious oppression. What impressed itself upon me was not just the many horrifying photographs of lynchings but the incontrovertible evidence of daily, grinding, inescapable, modern-day suppression imposed on Black people by people like me, suppression that I took for granted and did not examine. Consciousness of my own complicity in social racism began emerging.

I have begun re-reading DiAngelo’s *White Fragility*. From DiAngelo’s book I am absorbing an enlarged sense of what white privilege is, of how I have always benefitted from being white, of my inborn, unwitting racism, of my passive complicity in cultural racism.

Here are some key sentences from *White Fragility*, Chapter 4, “How Does Race Shape the Lives of White People?” The italics are my emphasis.

- **Quotation from Ijeoma Oluo.** “White People: I don’t want you to understand me better; I want you to understand yourselves. Your survival has never depended on your knowledge of white culture. *In fact, it’s required your ignorance.*”

- **Belonging.** I was born into a culture in which I belonged, racially. ... *In virtually every situation or context deemed normal, neutral or prestigious in society, I belong racially.* This belonging is a deep and ever-present feeling that has always been with me. Belonging has settled deep into my consciousness; it shapes my daily thoughts and concerns, what I reach for in life, and what I expect to find. The experience of belonging is so natural that I do not have to think about it. The rare moments in which I don't belong racially come as a surprise—a surprise that I can either enjoy for its novelty or easily avoid if I find it unsettling.
- **Freedom from the Burden of Race.** Because I haven't been socialized to see myself or to be seen by other whites in racial terms, I don't carry the psychic weight of race; I don't have to worry about how others feel about my race. Nor do I worry that my race will be held against me. ... As I consider career choices I will have countless role models across a vast array of fields. When I apply for a job, virtually anyone in a position to hire me will share my race. ... with race as a nonissue, I can focus on my work and productivity and be seen as a team player. ... As I move through my day, *racism just isn't my problem. While I am aware that race has been used unfairly against people of color, I haven't been taught to see this problem as any responsibility of mine; as long as I personally haven't done anything I am aware of, racism is a nonissue.* This freedom from responsibility gives me a level of racial relaxation and emotional and intellectual space that people of color are not afforded as they move through their day.
- **Just People.** Another way that my life has been shaped by being white is that my race is held up as the norm for humanity. Whites are “just people”—our race is rarely if ever named.
- **Segregation.** My psychosocial development was inculcated in a white supremacist culture in which I am in the superior group. Telling me to treat everyone the same is not enough to override this socialization; nor is it humanly possible. I was raised in a society that taught me that there was no loss in the absence of people of color—that their absence was a good and desirable thing to be sought and maintained—while simultaneously denying that fact. This attitude has shaped every aspect of my self-identity: my interests and investments, what I care about or don't care about ... what I can take for granted, where I can go, how others respond to me, and what I can ignore. ... while there is variation in how these messages are conveyed and how much we internalize them, nothing could have exempted us from these messages completely. Now it is our responsibility to grapple with how this socialization manifests itself in our daily lives and how it shapes our responses when it is challenged.

From Bill Scott:

Denial is the heartbeat of racism and "I'm not racist" is the sound of that heartbeat.

– Ibram X. Kendi

And indeed, I do think that America was born with a birth defect; it is slavery. – **Condoleezza Rice**

Heartfelt Words on White Privilege from Pam

Hello All,

Whenever white privilege comes up I go back to this website: <https://nationalseedproject.org/about-us/white-privilege>. The author, Peggy McIntosh, keeps it very personal in describing her experience of discovering her privilege. Click on the link to **White Privilege: Unpacking the Invisible Knapsack** and hold onto your hat! Her list of 26 experiences of her white privilege is illuminating and cringe-worthy. She's on a mission to teach teachers so they can teach children. Go SEED!

"We usually think of privilege as being a favored state, whether earned or conferred by birth or luck. Yet some of the conditions I have described here work systematically to overempower certain groups. Such privilege simply *confers dominance* because of one's race or sex." Peggy McIntosh



Given her model of personal discovery it seems to me that it would be possible to get real about white privilege or dominance by any name. Humans have trouble with the appropriate use of power. It gets our egos all aflutter when we get to move away from victim to dominance. We can't help but hierarchy. I get it from the media when persons of color say it is unfair. I don't understand how I participate in it. Reading her list gave me insight and challenges me to look for more. What I struggle with is having feeling

"Race doesn't really exist for you because it has never been a barrier. Black folks don't have that choice."

— Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie, [Americanah](#)

about it. But then, I'm afraid my feelings will overpower me and dominate my life! They're just feelings.

In her comments about male privilege she makes the point for all of us that being aware that others are disadvantage isn't enough when we don't really look at facing what we'd have to forego (being first) in a new social order. Imagine a world where we are the minority. Scary, but isn't that hint that I know at some level that I have it better than others because of my skin color? I'm trying to be a good person and now this? Does my fallibility never end? Disheartening.

Isn't our personal work at Lab to identify and hone down our rough edges and to help each other in the process? We've all had to learn to be in community. Just sayin' I could use your help, again.

Back to my white bubble...

Love, Pam



The Goodenough Community & Convocation

P.O. Box 312 Tahuya, WA 98588

www.goodenough.org

The Goodenough Community, like many other nonprofits, is evolving in its response to the drastic changes brought about by the Covid-19 pandemic. We are feeling the financial effects of having to cancel events this year. Our community has been able to access Covid-19 loans from the Federal Government, both for the Goodenough Community and for Convocation: A Church and Ministry.

We are especially thankful to those of you who have responded to recent fundraising efforts! Thank You! The future remains uncertain, however, and requires our continued and diligent attention to our community's sustainability. Those of you still considering, your donation will help us through the winter.

We know that the Goodenough Community, Sahale, and Convocation contributes to healing, awakening, joy and peace as we move through these times.

You can help with a donation of any amount.

Any amount, large or small, is valued greatly - here is a wish list that includes examples of how your contribution can help:

CONVOCATION: A Church and Ministry is responsible for the housing allowance to Colette Hoff, our Pastor, that enables her to pay the main Sahale mortgage.

Consider these possibilities:

One person contributing \$200,000

will purchase or pay off the main mortgage on Sahale!

OR...

Four people each contributing

\$50,000 will relieve us of the main

Sahale mortgage OR...

Twenty people each contributing
\$10,000

will pay the mortgage off in full.

These may seem like big numbers; however perhaps you know someone who might be interested in providing support.

A donation of \$2,200 covers one month of the housing allowance

You can join a group of people who are already making monthly donations to Convocation to support Sahale through funding the housing allowance. Choose a monthly amount that is right for you.

Donations to the Goodenough Community:

\$5000 will ensure that we can meet one month's minimum obligations
(utilities, food, supplies, upkeep, bookkeeping and accounting)

\$500 will cover the cost of repairing the road to the White Tent at Sahale.
For ten winters this road has washed out and we are
creating a more permanent rebuild.

\$300 will cover the cost for one month of meals for volunteers at
Sahale who contribute their expertise and work hours with carpentry, electrical, construction,
gardening, and more.

A donation to our scholarship fund supports attendance to our events when we can
resume our activities.

Your monthly gift to the Goodenough Community or Convocation: A Church and Ministry
will support the work of the community.

Remember, donations, large or small, will help us feel your support and your belief in the
value of the Goodenough Community and Convocation. Your generosity, joined with the
gifts of other, will help the community face the future with confidence. We know that many
are dealing with financial uncertainty in this moment. If you have the means to contribute,
we truly appreciate your help. *Thank you* to those special individuals who have already
donated.

Remember, donations are tax-deductible and in 2020 those who take a standard deduction will
be able to add up to \$300 "above the line" for contributions made to nonprofit charities.

In gratitude,

Members of the Community Economy Circle

Barbara Brucker

Tom George

Kirsten Rohde

Colette Hoff

Watchcare

Remembering Lillian McDermott

Joan Valles

My dear friend and former boss in the Physics Department at the University of Washington, Lillian C. McDermott, died on July 8 in her home in View Ridge from cancer. Her son and two daughters were with her. She meant a lot to me, and Marjenta asked me to say a little bit about her and her remarkable life.



I won't reveal her age, but she was older than I am. The reason I include her middle initial, "C," is she insisted on it: it stands for Christie, an Americanization of a Greek name. Her parents were immigrants, political exiles. Lillian grew up in Manhattan and went to Vassar on a music scholarship but changed her major to Physics. (She was an advocate of women's colleges and liberal arts education.) When her adviser asked her what she wanted to do with her life, she said, "I want to be a good person." Lillian entered graduate school in physics (nuclear physics) at Columbia University in 1952, a department with 10 Nobel Laureates, most of whom resented having a woman take a man's place. They pretty much ignored her. "How did you manage," I once asked her. "I have self-esteem," she replied. Columbia set the direction for the rest of her life. There she met, studied with, and married her husband Mark N. McDermott. She was devastated when he died of ALS in 2006 but she kept on working. Physics, the department, her family were her life.

Lillian was recognized with awards nationally and internationally for her work in the field of physics education research and its role in physics departments. The field rests on the foundation that Lillian helped build and prosyletize. Her pioneering research continues to be influential to this day. When I began in the department in 1985, the group had programs for minority students and for the preparation of K-12 teachers, and the inquiry-based curriculum begun for those groups developed into curriculum that has been used by colleges and universities in the U.S. and abroad.

Today as we are grappling with racism and white privilege, I want to remember this:

In 1983, Lillian received the Seattle Urban League Affirmative Action award for the program she established for minority students who aspired to careers in engineering and medicine but who didn't yet have the skills to master the entry level physics courses required for these majors. It was a two-year program. Space was set aside for these students where they could study and keep their books and papers. The first year, students learned the conceptual basics of introductory physics and got help with math. The second year they took the required entry level physics course. Tutoring and counseling was provided throughout. Unfortunately, the program was phased out by the '90s because the university didn't discouraged the resources in time and money (even though Lillian had found grant money) and the engineering department wouldn't support it. But every now and again, years later, Lillian would get a letter or call from one of those students telling her how much that program had done for them.



Mindful Mike's Blog: White Privilege

Mike deAnguera

Am I surrounded by white privilege? Yes. Most of the time I don't notice it. It is so easy to take for granted. I was reminded of my racist attitude only once in my life. It is one of the ways our society sorts people into a hierarchy. Sorting will be necessary as long as we have a hierarchy. We can be sorted by class, education. But skin color? Why not?

Caste has been the way of civilization since its beginning over 10,000 years ago. For most of that time slavery has existed. It was the backbone of the Roman Empire. Forms of caste exist in today's world from India to Japan. Oftentimes some despised ethnic group is consigned to the lowest rung and given the most awful jobs such as cleaning latrines.

It is hard to believe that before the Civil War you could buy people! Black people. In fact at the very beginning of our nation's history Black people could be imported from Africa. They were packed into the holds of ships in chains. Over half died on the way here.

When I get a traffic ticket, I don't have to worry about suffering the fate of George Floyd.

How does one eliminate racism? Community is the best remedy I know of. The Goodenough Community knows how to create and maintain community.

We really went deep with community creation when we took the responsibility of maintaining Sahale as a retreat center. Our chores actually bring us together in a way that's impossible elsewhere.

Those in power have so many ways to divide us by our fears. The biggest divisions are learned from my earliest years.

Did I ever think of associating with Black people when young? That's hard to do growing up in Carlton Park in Seattle's neighborhood of Magnolia. Seattle is a city divided very much by race, class, and income level. That means associating with people just like me. I still remember those Cape Cod homes with their professional lawns done by Japanese gardeners. Neighbors living next door hardly knew each other. Magnolia used to have covenants excluding Black people. Most couldn't afford to live here anyhow. It was my ideal to live in such a place.

Strange how we just all buy our way into living next door to each other. We have separate jobs and careers. No wonder it is so hard for us to create community. In our case it took strong leaders like John and Colette Hoff.

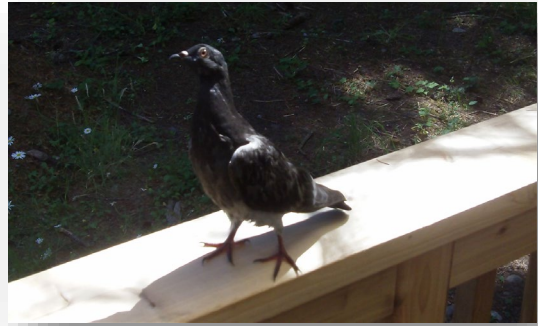
Today Black folks are popping up all over the place from Vashon Island to Tahuya. Maybe all we need to do is make ourselves known in town. Connecting with Black folks is the best way to deal with white privilege.



Think of all the great experiences we could share! What Vuc, Esther, and Yoela shared with us is precious. Everything from Shabbat to blue bellied lizards.

What could Black folks share? I am reminded of Sarungano, the music presented by Dyanne Harshman and her friends from Zimbabwe. Prior to Dyanne's going there I knew almost nothing about the country, let alone any African tribal arts. When Dyanne told us "Come to the well. It's where the water is." I really choked up. I so wanted to be by that well. It seemed the perfect place for families.

Okay who should I share these dreams with? Tuck? He turns up at my place a lot.



We will continue to speak out about the racial injustice in our country.

Now we (members and friends of the Goodenough Community) are taking a stand for love and equality over all the expressions of racism and injustice and inequality against Black people. We, as mostly white, will educate ourselves and learn to make a difference.

This eView is devoted to becoming more aware of, and educating ourselves about our white privilege.

Got privilege?

From Elizabeth Jarrett & Bill Kohlmeyer:

*When your mind begins to think, stop it,
catch it, put an end to it.*

*Many of you are still under the impression
that you come to hear lectures, talks.*

*Let me ask you, how many lectures,
how many talks have you been to all of your life?*

And what has it done for you?

It simply adds more confusion.

Always remember what you are trying to do.

You're not trying to add more knowledge to your ignorance.

*You're trying to empty yourself of all your knowledge,
all of your ignorance, everything that you have accumulated.*

You want to become empty.

*Yet most people seem to go to different teachers,
read many books, and they add on.*

They keep adding, adding, adding, adding, adding.

*Yet the day must come in your life,
when you stand naked before God, so-to-speak,
when you have no crutches to hold onto.*

*All the books are gone, there are no more teachers for you,
there's no one to ask for help,
there's no one to ask if you're on the right path.
It is then that your sadhana actually begins.
Ponder this very well.
Your sadhana, your spiritual practice does not begin
when you've gone to many teachers, and you've read many books.
It actually begins when you give up everything.
That's when real sadhana begins,
when you have surrendered everything,
when you've emptied yourself of all knowledge,
all desires for liberation.
When you have become an empty shell,
then your spiritual life begins.
Until that time you're only playing games with yourself.*

*~Robert Adams
(1928 to 1997, American Advaita teacher)*



Programs and Events of the Goodenough Community

While we are in an unknown time, these dates represent our intention.

What makes community meaningful and fun? The richness of life in community comes in many ways – getting together informally over a meal ... celebrating a significant birthday with long- time and newfound friends ... working together in a creative endeavor ... collaborating in a work party ... thinking deeply with others about what it means to be fully alive and connected with ourselves, each other, and Spirit ... and more.

In the Goodenough Community, we recognize such ways to connect as expressions of living life fully and in communities of all kinds. Throughout the year we offer programs that help you participate in your own development, learn about relating well with others, and discover your potential to have a good time in life and with others.

We welcome your interest and your participation, and hope that you will join us at any – or many! – of this year’s events. More information about programs and upcoming events can be found on our website: www.goodenough.org



The Goodenough Community’s governing body, the **General Circle**, meets Monday evening for light dinner & business at hand. In 2020, our meeting schedule will be TBA.

Human Relations Laboratory, August 2 to 8, 2020

This intense and joyous week-long event is a communal experience of personal growth and relational development within a rich culture with art, music dance, song, drama and more. This summer we will celebrate 50 years! Contact: Colette Hoff, hoff@goodenough.org

Cancelled but see information on page 4 for our virtual experience, August 5-9:

Creative Exploration of Self:

Connecting with Myself and Others in a Disconnected World

A Virtual Experience of Personal Development

The Women’s Program is a long-established and ever-growing way for women to enjoy each other’s company, learn about themselves as women, and even perhaps to experience the Divine Feminine. For more information, contact Elizabeth Jarrett-Jefferson.



True Holidays Celebration, Saturday, December 5, 2020

Be part of this fun-filled family-oriented evening and prepare yourself for the winter season (whatever faith tradition you follow) that fills your heart. Contact Elizabeth Jarrett-Jefferson for more information.



The Third Age - Those age 60 and older have been gathering every other month, Friday evenings in Seattle. Contact Kirsten Rohde for more information: krohde14@outlook.com

The Men's Program

Our **Men's Circle** is an expression of brotherhood and practice with wisdom, gathered from own lives, other men's work advocates and the founders of this circle. The semi-annual men's weekend will hopefully be in June. Stay tuned. For more information, contact:

bruce_perler@hotmail.com

Pathwork, a Program of Convocation: A Church and Ministry - Pathwork, a Program of Convocation: A Church and Ministry, offers you a spiritual home in which to rest and to share your heart and mind as you move through these confusing times.



We come together under the leadership of Pastor Colette Hoff and find support and encouragement as we clarify our personal goals and develop the practices we choose for a spirit filled life learning from the world's Wisdom Traditions. Currently Pathwork meets via Zoom every other Sunday from 7:00 to 9:30 PM. You are welcome to join. Contact Colette: hoff@goodenough.org to get access to the Zoom link. The next gathering is Sunday, August 22.

You are welcome to join on Sunday, August 22 at 7:00 p.m. Please email Colette at hoff@goodenough.org to get access information to the Zoom call.



Work and Play Parties throughout the Year. *Traditionally,* the Goodenough

Community sponsors work parties over Memorial Day weekend (May 22 to 25, 2020) as well as other times throughout express gratitude for the presence of our beloved retreat center, Sahale, and to experience the satisfaction of playing and working together. Please email hoff@goodenough.org with information about what may be coming up. It is a great time to bring friends to share Sahale!

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 more effective in relationships.

Call Colette (206-755 8404) if you find you need to talk out your feelings regarding the crisis.

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