



The Village View

June 15, 2022

Elizabeth Jarrett-Jefferson, Editor

Coming Up—

- Pathwork, June 19, 7pm
- Human Relations Lab, August 7-13

Humility & Service

Our articulate *Village View* editors last week, Marjenta Gray and Joan Valles, wrote beautifully of service and joy, and wove in Colette's life as illustrative of that. Their writing and Amie's poignant eulogy of her mother Colette are hard acts to follow for this editor.

I do, nonetheless, want to lift up those who helped organize and support the event tent set-up effort this weekend at Sahale. They are the unsung heroes of the Goodenough Community's network of finely-tuned service, the well-oiled machine of the inner machinations of the Community, those who are there to help, no matter what, come hell or a high Tahuya River. Tooting their own horn isn't part of who these Beloveds are, so the rest of us must do that for them.

The Men's Culture of the Goodenough Community has held this responsibility for years and years, bringing men together to build culture and community. You may have noticed that I am not part of our beloved men's culture, so I'm giving you my take on this time-honored culture whose foundation is service to self, others, and community. I am a humble servant wannabe.

With appreciation,
Elizabeth.

On-Line News of the Goodenough Community System www.goodenough.org

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

Tent UP 2022 - The Short Report

Norm Peck

The Big White Event Tent is basically up, though with some interior work is needed to complete before it's ready to use.

A crew of **Pam Jarrett-Jefferson, Jim Tocher, Michael DeAnguera, Phil Buchmeier, Niles Burton, Russ Pogemiller, Bruce Perler, Russ Puskarcik and Julie Wolfe** put in three hard days' work to get the dance floor placed and panel corners screwed down, the tent frame and "skin" on and floor access ramps in place.

Handrails for the ramps also need to be placed, as well as lighting and electrical supply cords placement. The "new" roof sections (now two plus year old) were repaired by the manufacturer to correct some incorrect initial assembly, so the roof is much more weather tight.

Thank you, Jim, for keeping those repairs on track. **Tod Randsell**, with some assistance from **Drai Schindler**, provided fine warm meals and luscious deserts to the assembled crew, with logistical and administrative support from **Elizabeth Jarrett-Jefferson** and **Barbara Brucker**.

Everyone worked very hard, and my hero is Pam for staying ahead of the curve and having everything in place for next steps throughout the process.

Several who had planned to attend and help were unable to due to work conflicts, job interviews and, in the case of Tom O'Connor and Andrew and Sam Hovenden and their families, positive Covid tests; please send good thoughts to them for a speedy recovery.



Mindful Mike's Blog: Tent "Revival"



Mike de Anguera

Last weekend we put up the big white event tent. Our "revival tent." I know great things can happen inside a big tent. There is something about the tent that evokes the image of a revival tent.

Years ago, a revival tent was erected in Roxhill Park in West Seattle. It must have been exciting.

For the Christian Church the tent revival has been a way to reach un-churched people, particularly those of the laboring class. Often thousands would be in attendance.

A major part of the work would be raising and lowering the tent for each meeting. I wondered who would do the work for a tent raising requires skill, strength, as well as leadership. Volunteers? Maybe if the organization is large enough.

We raised our Goodenough Community event tent over the course of a weekend. It was very hard work as most of us are in the older years.

First, we had to lay out the aluminum tent poles under the direction of Jim Tocher and Norm Peck. They were laid out on the grass in front of the dance floor so we could get an idea of where all the parts came together.



On the right you can see the roof structure framed up before the roof skins get put on.

How did we do it? One step at a time. I didn't think ahead to the next step. I just followed instructions. If I tried to imagine doing the whole thing through it would not have worked well for me. Chop wood. Carry water. Physically I am not a strong person as I have spent most of my life doing office work.

I know circus tents have a whole crew just to raise the tent. Often others pitched in even circus clowns and whip crackers. Frequently those involved often felt like a tribe each relying on the others as



their turn came. I can imagine the excitement building as the tent neared completion regardless of whether it was a revival or circus tent.

I have been helping raise the big white tent for over 14 years. It feels good being part of the Goodenough tribe. We are raising a tent to create space to do our work. Other communities use our tent as well.

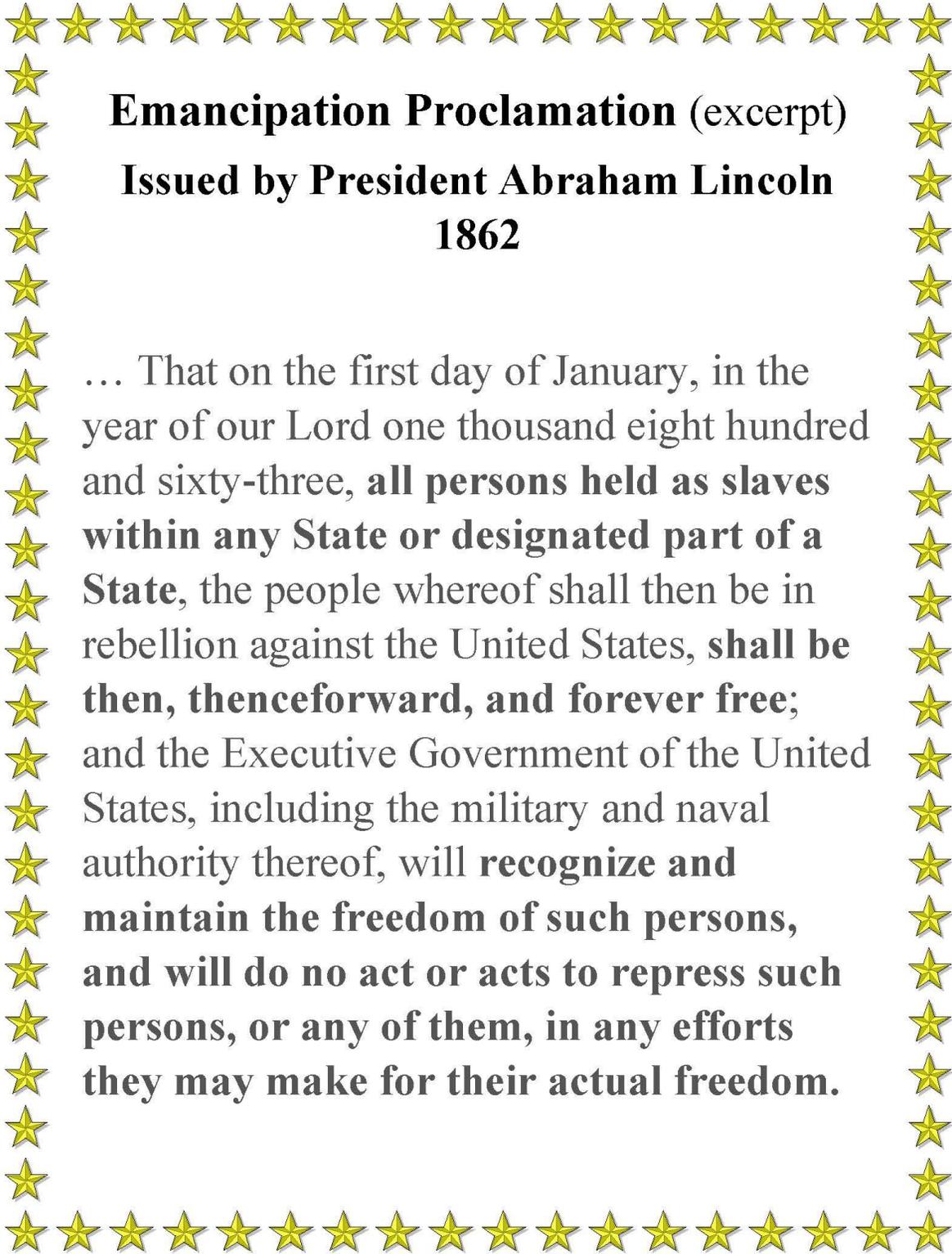
Tent revivals are usually about preaching a religion. Our tent is about setting the stage for each of to share our stories with each other.

Raising a tent can teach a lot about teamwork. It can also bring us closer together. Our relations go deeper. Everything must be done very carefully. It is amazing we are able to raise the tent every year. Before buying Sahale we had no experience with tents. We had to learn how to do it from those who sold us the tent.

Thank heavens for good leadership from both Jim and Norm. They could keep an eye on the whole process allowing us to concentrate on what needed to be done in the present moment.

Here are three hard working folks lacing up the sides of our tent: Russ Pogemiller, Julie Wolf, and Russ Puskarcik





Emancipation Proclamation (excerpt)
Issued by President Abraham Lincoln
1862

... That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, **all persons held as slaves within any State or designated part of a State**, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, **shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free;** and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will **recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom.**

Juneteenth (officially Juneteenth National Independence Day, and also known as, Jubilee Day, Emancipation Day, Freedom Day, and Black Independence Day) is a federal holiday in the United States commemorating emancipation of enslaved African Americans. It is also often observed for celebrating African-American culture. Originating in Galveston, Texas, it has been celebrated annually on June 19 in various parts of the United States since 1865. The day was recognized as a federal holiday on June 17, 2021, when President Joe Biden signed the Juneteenth National Independence Day Act into law. Juneteenth's commemoration is on the anniversary date of the June 19, 1865, announcement of General Order No. 3 by Union Army general Gordon Granger, proclaiming freedom for enslaved people in Texas, which was the last state of the Confederacy with institutional slavery.

President Abraham Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, issued on January 1, 1863, had freed the enslaved people in Texas and all the other Southern secessionist states of the Confederacy except for parts of states not in rebellion. Enforcement of the Proclamation generally relied upon the advance of Union troops. Texas, as the most remote state of the former Confederacy, had seen an expansion of slavery and had a low presence of Union troops as the American Civil War ended; thus, enforcement there had been slow and inconsistent prior to Granger's announcement. Although the Emancipation Proclamation declared an end to slavery in the Confederate States, it did not end slavery in states that remained in the Union. For a short while after the fall of the Confederacy, slavery remained legal in two of the Union border states – Delaware and Kentucky. Those enslaved people were freed with the ratification of the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution, which abolished chattel slavery nationwide on December 6, 1865. The last enslaved people present in the continental United States were freed when the enslaved people held by the Choctaw (in the Indian Territories), who had sided with the Confederacy, were released in 1866.

Celebrations date to 1866, at first involving church-centered community gatherings in Texas. They spread across the South and became more commercialized in the 1920s and 1930s, often centering on a food festival. Participants in the Great Migration out of the South carried their celebrations to other parts of the country. During the Civil Rights Movement of the 1960s, these celebrations were eclipsed by the nonviolent determination to achieve civil rights, but grew in popularity again in the 1970s with a focus on African American freedom and African-American arts. Beginning with Texas by proclamation in 1938, and by legislation in 1979, each U.S. state and the District of Columbia have formally recognized the holiday in some way. With its adoption in certain parts of Mexico, the holiday became an international holiday. Juneteenth is celebrated by the Mascogos, descendants of Black Seminoles who escaped from slavery in 1852 and settled in Coahuila, Mexico.

Celebratory traditions often include public readings of the Emancipation Proclamation, singing traditional songs such as "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" and "Lift Every Voice and Sing", and the reading of works by noted African-American writers, such as Ralph Ellison and Maya Angelou. Some Juneteenth celebrations also include rodeos, street fairs, cookouts, family reunions, park parties, historical reenactments, and Miss Juneteenth contests. When

Juneteenth became a federal holiday on June 17, 2021, it was the first new federal holiday since Martin Luther King Jr. Day was adopted in 1983. – From Wikipedia

From Last Week's Edition

Eulogy for My Mother

Amie (Hoff) Aylward

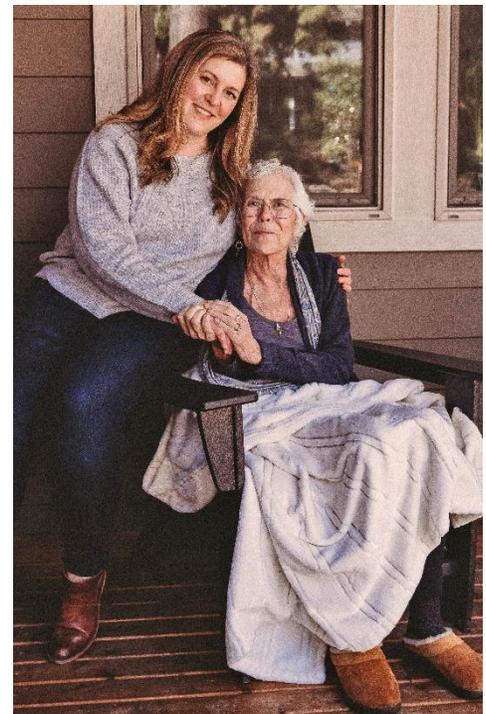
I *slept and dreamt that life was joy. I awoke and saw that life was service. I acted and behold, service was joy.* *Rabindranath Tagore*

We all dream of having a mother who is kind, loving, and genuine. Colette was exactly that type of mother. She was also the co-founder of the Goodenough Community, with my father John, and as such, she devoted her life to the service of others. Her life of service, I think, began before she was even born. She was the eldest of two children, born to Ray and Mary Werner in Westwood, NJ. Both of her parents served in the Navy during World War 2. That in and of itself is remarkable, but my grandparents continued to serve in their community in countless ways. But those stories are for another day.



"I slept and dreamt that life was joy. I awoke and saw that life was service. I acted and behold, service was joy." Rabindranath Tagore

What I love about that quote, and why I think it so perfectly encompasses my mother, is the last line, "I acted and behold, service was joy." I think most of us here would agree that my mother led a life of service, not out of some belief that she SHOULD; she hated that word, SHOULD! She led a life of service because it brought her joy, it brought her happiness and she truly loved to help those around her. I think that is partly why she rarely seemed tired or burnt out, whether she was planning a community event, leading a group at Lab, cooking a meal for a crowd, cleaning a toilet, weeding the terraces, or most importantly in my opinion, teaching her grandchildren how to bake cookies, knit a scarf or tie a knot, she approached all these tasks from a place of pure and genuine love. When I am feeling worn out from a day with my kids or a hard day at work, I will remember my mother's spirit of "service as joy."



*Amie and her mom,
several weeks before Colette's passing*

Some of my favorite childhood memories of my mother were on our many camping trips throughout the US and Canada. Those of you who know my mother, know that she loved to cook. In fact, just about everyone here has probably eaten something my mother cooked. She loved cooking, especially for large groups. But some of my favorite meals of hers were cooked over an open campfire in some remote spot by a river. In those moments, she wasn't a community leader, serving the masses, she was just my mom, cooking dinner for my dad and me. She had a cherished Dutch oven, worn black by the fire. She made all sort of things in it, from meat stews to fruit cobblers, but my favorite was her apple fritters!



Mother and daughter cooking, at Sahale

My mom taught me a lot about cooking. She taught me it's ok to make a mess, it doesn't have to be perfect and there is always room for one more. I have decided that the kitchen is one of the places I will keep her memory alive, sharing her recipes with my own children, and thinking of her fondly for years to come. I often fret and fuss over a meal, trying to make everything perfect or worrying that there won't be enough food when an extra guest arrives. I hope that as my mother's memory courses through me, I can take a deep breath and trust that it will all be "goodenough!"

My mother, Colette, was loved by so many. She always knew how to brighten someone's day and make them feel loved, accepted, and welcomed. She treated everyone with kindness and respect. She rarely got mad and when she did, you knew she had a darn good reason! She brought people together and created community wherever she went. Her outlook on life was inspiring. If you were lucky to spend more than five minutes in her presence, you were forever changed. My mother was a kind and patient teacher, to me, and to so many of you here. Those of us who were with her in her final days witnessed her teaching until the very end. My mother had been battling cancer for the past 15 months. And even though we knew her time with us was limited, I don't think any of us knew how fast she would go. She was up and about chatting with friends and family at Wiley, her grandson's 6th birthday party on a Saturday. A little over a week later, she was gone.



Colette, with grandchildren, Wiley & Juniper

But she truly gave us a gift to be able to witness her dying with such dignity and grace. She taught us not to fear death. And to find humor even in such a dark moment. On the one hand, she was reverent, often taking a deep breath and saying "wow, is this

really happening, is this what dying feels like?" And then, an hour later, after a deep sleep, she would open her eyes wide and shout into the room "FUCK!"

On one quiet night as I sat by her bed in silence, she opened her eyes, looked right at me, and said, "I forgot to research!" I said, "Oh, you forgot to research?" She said, "yeah, I didn't want to know what comes next, so I forgot to research." This led into a rather deep and esoteric conversation about life after death. It was remarkable how clear-headed she was, even as she was dying. And as the teacher that we know her to be, she gave us this profound glimpse into the dying process and the afterlife.

My mother's final days were spent in my home. It wasn't the plan, but it actually turned out to be the perfect place. I worried that too many visitors would wear her out, tire her, or take her too soon, but eventually, with the nudging of my husband, I opened the doors and took a cue from my mother, and announced "everyone is welcome here."

In those final days she had many visitors; family and friends she had known for more than 40 years, and some she met more recently. She was unapologetic in expressing her love for all of us. She kept telling me, "Amie, the nurse says I can tell you how much I love you as much as I want now!" And she did! And I wasn't the only one. It seemed with each friend that came into the room, she had one more nugget of truth, one more teaching, one more expression of gratitude, one more smile, one more "I love you." And it was as if all her roles in life were coming into expression, mother, grandmother, friend, teacher, counselor. She didn't seem rushed or afraid, she was happy to see so many loved ones, and took time with each, sometimes only having energy for a smile or a moment of heartfelt eye contact- she never shied away from deep eye contact, in life or in death! And others were lucky to have time with her when she rallied, seeming full of life and so far from dying.



Colette, Bruce T. and Amie, 4/18/22

The room was filled with tears, yes, but it was also filled with laughter, so much laughter. And gratitude, wow, wow, wow, the room was full to the brim with gratitude! My mother was full of gratitude for the deep and lasting friendships, those present in the room and those brought forth through the sharing of memories and stories of her life. A new person would come into the room, and she would remark, "Wow, where did you come from, I haven't seen you in ages, did you come all this way just to see me?" There was gratitude seeping out of everyone there, so many words of love and thanks for the impact my mother had on their lives. And me, I found myself full of gratitude, gratitude for the immense help I received from her friends to care for her in the most painful and difficult times. And I am still today, standing here, full of gratitude for a mother who showed me unconditional love, and who showed me by example that a life led with love is a good and worthy life. My mom was an incredible person. I feel very lucky to have been her daughter.

Thank all of you for coming to celebrate the life of this beautiful and incredible woman, my mother, Colette. Some of you only met her briefly, others have known her for decades. But

one thing I think we can all agree on is that my mother left an impression, on this world and on all of us.

I'd like to read this poem in my mom's honor.

Untitled

You can shed tears that she is gone
or you can smile because she has lived.
You can close your eyes and pray that she'll come back
or you can open your eyes and see all she's left.
Your heart can be empty because you can't see her
or you can be full of the love you shared.
You can turn your back on tomorrow and live yesterday
or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday.
You can remember her and only that she's gone
or you can cherish her memory and let it live on
You can cry and close your mind, be empty and turn your back
or you can do what she'd want: smile, open your eyes, love and go on.

Thank you!

Ashes Dedication

Pam Jefferson

Pam wrote these touching words to say while casting Colette's ashes. They mistakenly were left out of the memorial program, so we're including them here:

“Colette, we let go of this, what remains of your body in one of your, and our, sacred places.
You are free of this life and onto the next; and yet, you will live on in our hearts.

Colette, we are forever thankful for you in our lives.
You have blessed us all with your loving heart, generous spirit, and life of service.

You are greatly missed and you are dearly loved.”



Programs and Events of the Goodenough Community

Community is about adapting to change, and that has been the case with the pandemic as we have adapted many of our ways to connect, most of which are held on Zoom. This has enabled people from outside our area to participate in community events. Throughout the year we offer programs that help you participate in your own development, learn about relating well with others, and help you discover your potential for having a good time in life and with others. Information about programs and upcoming events can be found on our website: www.goodenough.org



Human Relations Laboratory, August 7 – 13, 2022

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. In 2022 we will celebrate 53 years! Contact: [Elizabeth Jarrett-Jefferson](#) or [Kirsten Rohde](#)



The Goodenough Community's governing body, the General Circle,

currently meets weekly on Monday evenings, 7 PM on Zoom. **Spring Dates:** Weekly in June. For additional information, contact [Elizabeth Jarrett- Jefferson](#)



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 [Hollis Ryan](#).



The Third Age - Those age 60 and older have been gathering monthly, Friday evenings, 7 PM by Zoom.

Contact [Kirsten Rohde](#) for more information.



The Men's Program - Our Men's Circle is an expression of brotherhood and practice, with wisdom gathered from our own lives, other men's work, advocates, and the founders of this circle. The Men's Culture of the Goodenough Community will be meeting and providing leadership for a Sahale Service Weekend on June 10, 11 & 12. Years of experience putting up and taking down the big White Tent annually, and caring for each other through the process, offer us the experience from which to lead in this weekend. We hope to expand the weekend to be more inclusive, while still offering

opportunities for us to gather as a Men's Circle to share our lives' news, work and experience of working together on the weekend. I hope to see you there! For more information, contact [Norm Peck](#)



Pathwork, A Program of Convocation: A Church and Ministry.

Pathwork offers a spiritual home in which to rest and to share your heart and mind as you move through these unpredictable times. Participants come together and find support and encouragement, gaining wisdom from the world's faith and wisdom traditions. All are welcome to join.

Meetings are held via Zoom on alternate Sundays: 7 to 9 PM

Contact [Brucker Brucker](#) for Zoom information.

Spring Dates:

- June 19



Work and Play Parties Throughout the Year. Traditionally, the Goodenough Community sponsors work parties over Memorial Day and Labor Day weekends as well as other times to express gratitude for the presence of our beloved retreat center, Sahale, and to experience the satisfaction of playing and working together.

