

Circle of Grandmothers

Volume 10

Number 3

September 2004

Bali: A Grandmother's Love Affair

by Bobbe Goodman, Tucson Arizons

In May of 2000 my husband and i visited Bali for the first time. We fell in love – in love with the gentle, open-hearted people, the physical beauty, the dharmic ways, and especially the spirituality which is ever and palpably present. The magic of Bali has really bewitched us as we happily anticipate returning for our eleventh visit in November!

Many have asked, why do i keep going there and what draws me back? Ahh, Bali – it's the place i really let go and let God (as the expression goes). All my western, linear programming of needing to feel "in control" or wanting to know "what is happening?" or what is going to happen melts away. I welcome life unfolding before me as i trust and feel the Presence of Divine Mother taking care of everything. There, in that vibrantly alive, warmly protected family of life, i finally let myself go and simply Be.

Maybe i should back up and explain that Bali is a beautiful, fertile island the size of Penn, whose three and a half million inhabitants hold a world view which includes the Unseen as well as the Seen. Their daily rituals include making offerings to the Unseen and knowing that they are in partnership with a greater world than our physical eye can behold. Raised in extended communities (which still exist in their intact, highly functioning village social systems), they don't have hardened individual boundaries. Therefore they are open and happy to invite others into their lives, and when they look at me, i know they see more than my physical self... They see and appreciate my Greater Self. It really is quite mind blowing to be loved and appreciated for no reason...just for Being.

Now i might get a "swelled head" by all this love and acceptance except that this is not a unique experience. My husband and i have taken over two dozen people on pilgrimages to Bali with us and each person comes home changed. A dear friend, who has not been to Bali, and who has seen many return from traveling with us to Bali, said that those returning seem

like "people in love...with their desperation gone." Yes, feeling exquisitely taken care of, safe in a country of gentle people, honored and invited to step into a world where the "paranormal" is normal – village healers, trance dancers, channelers, priests (women & men), artists, deep & wise Ones are available and happy to share their gifts with you – is very addicting!

I've had many experiences there: trance dancing in a mountain top temple with an extraordinary Holy women, channeling healing energy to villagers, seeing visions, receiving immediate answers to my prayers, moved to laugh and cry aloud in a crowded village temple, being Blessed by many. So why do i return to Bali? Because magic happens there and I happen there. There

i learn to wait and watch the unfolding of the Divine Play of which I am a part. Ahh, to Be.

Being does not exclude Doing, and so I am moved to bring what i learn back home to share with this Grandmothers' network and others, sharing that the spiritual and the physical really are not separate. We are greater than we think. There is joy in fully Being our individual, unique manifestations of the Divine. In Being we enrich the world we live in and touch others with the Love we become when we fully Be.

I have tons of stories and insights which I'd love to share...please ask! Our next pilgrimage to Bali will be Spring 2005 – are you called to come?

The Competition

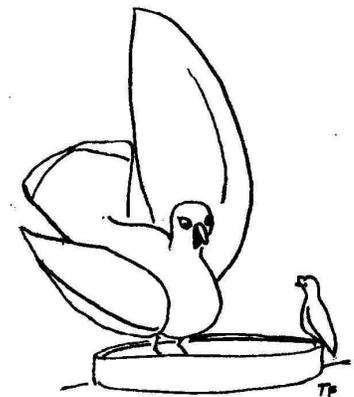
By Georgia Brauer

A rising sun floods my little garden with warmth and golden light.

White-winged doves gobble up most of the seed I'd put out the night before. Yet intrepid sparrows crowd between them, pecking industriously at what is left and taking quick sips from blue bowls of water until frightened away by the larger birds. House finches do their best to elbow gold ones aside as they cling to the thistle sock dangling from a cordia bush. That shrub is flowerless now, I believe because the buds have been snipped off as an aperitif.

I watch the elfin goldfinches as they shove each other off the heavily laden

sock; they seem to spend as much time and energy fighting each other as prying the tiny seeds from the mesh. Fierce little hummers, too, decline to share space on their feeder, though there are four openings to the sweet rewards.



I remark that if these charming creatures would cooperate and take turns, each would perhaps get plenty to eat, considering their generous hosts. "That's not their way," my companion responds. "Remember, survival of the fittest."

"Yes, of course," I agree. And think of war.



When the Grandmothers speak, the world will heal.

Shoes for Iraq: How I Spent Labor Day Weekend

From Judy O'Leary, Caldwell, Idaho

My employer, a mother of 4 children under 8, handed me all the shoes left over from the huge Yard Sale when she moved. I had mentioned, Marti Beddoe's project in honor of her mother June: to get shoes to the children in Iraq as they are walking barefoot in sewage. Marti's son Matthew who is serving in Iraq suggested this project from his heart.

The shoes had been sitting in my garage for weeks with promises to Marti that I would 'do them this week'. I kept avoiding the big bag, suspecting this was gonna be more than throwing them in a box, labeling, and shipping.

Finally, I opened the bag!

The avoided project began with the realization that they had to be cleaned, spruced up a bit. I sorted them into

lots and I threw all the ones that could be washed into the wash machine with Simple Green. But first, I had to spray the bottoms and scrub off most of the mud and dirt, and of course remove the shoe-strings to be soaked in soap and bleach.

Surveying the non-washables, it made sense to at least disinfect and spray them, scrub off the bottoms, and put them in the sun to dry.

Obviously kids wear shoes and they get scuffed and shoe strings break so off I go to get black and white polish and new shoes strings.

It became important (obsessive) that when Matthew opened that box those shoes would be the best! So I went at it.

Who would polish black shoes in a white sweatshirt? Now I have to soak the

shirt but do those shoes shine? Oh yeah! Meantime, out on the back patio, are pairs of sandals, and gym shoes, dress shoes and name brand shoes like DNKY and Hilfiger, and little dress-up hi heels and espadrilles, pink, purple, raspberry, navy, white, yellow, all lined up and drying.

Finally, the white will get polished, (maybe I should wear a black shirt), new laces in the gym shoes, buckle them up, twisty tie the pairs together, then I will put them in the box and am done.

Well, almost!

Am considering wrapping each pair in spiral design wrapping paper, a gift from a Grandmother. Unless you think I might be going too far! What do you think?

PS: This truly has been a labor of humor and love on this labor day weekend! 

Editors Corner

By Kit Wilson

With diversity the theme for our up-coming Arizona Gathering in October, I wake up today wondering about the "diversity of our diversity". In other words, how many ways are we different, those of us who feel we are a part of the rapidly expanding network of older women who call ourselves "the council of Grandmothers"?

For example, I'm a Virgo. For me one of the things about being a Virgo means is that every morning, between the fading of the last dream and actually opening my eyes, there is a LIST. It might be a "Buy List": "Buy toothpaste, Wild Oats for organic peaches, flowers, gift for Emiliano who is graduating from firefighting school" or, like today, it could be a "Do List": "Finish Newsletter, Send out emails for Breathwork, Make flyers, Exercise/Swim". And I wonder, Am I weird, or what?? How many Grandmothers wake up with a List? Before meditating or face washing or A moment of Gratitude?? Do any other Grandmothers do that? Do all Virgo Grandmothers do that. Or am I out there all alone?

All that aside, I'm excited about the chance to explore the questions that surface when I think about diversity. Then the next question that comes up for me is:

What are our commonalities? If we cherish difference and celebrate diversity, what draws us together year after year? Is it that? That the Grandmothers Circles are a place where it is really OK to be ourselves? Surely that's a part of it, but what else? Do we have values in common? Visions, like Mary Diamond? Beliefs? Think about it, those of you who read the Newsletter, come to the large Gatherings, belong to the small circles. We'll talk more about that later.

This issue surely underscores our growth. Look at us go! Pilgrimages from Devon, UK to Ireland, from Arizona to Bali. Sprouting up in clumps across the Heartland. Retreating into the swamps of Louisiana. Our Arizona Gathering overflowing before the end of July.

The energy is amazing, and when I remember that the expansion is truly organic, without the help of a huge web site or any other than sporadic local newspaper articles, it is truly miraculous.

And as we grow and spread some of us depart. In July Allegra Ahlquist wrote: "I got word today that June Sampson passed quietly on September 18. She had lost her sight and ability to move around and had not taken food or meds for the past three weeks. She was ready to go. She was the

friend from Boulder who came to a couple of the grandmother gatherings. So she can be added to the list of those we hold in the light. She was a great person, and her spirit will be missed by many." June was one of the 16 Grandmothers at the first Gathering at Cielo en Tierra. I remember her as having a wonderful sense of humor and a love for the poems and the poet, David Whyte.

Time to move on to the next thing on my List. In a month some of us will be able to hug in person. For the rest, I send love from John and me, Shadow and Keeper – John's cat, now blind, and in "hospice" in his room.



The **Circle of Grandmothers** Newsletter is a labor of love published four times per year. Subscriptions are \$15 for a January to December year (simplifies bookkeeping).

Editor: Kit Wilson

Layout & Design: John WhiteWolf

Submissions: Eleanor Gallagher

Spiral Logo Design: Virginia Hall

Contact information:

Kit Wilson

3907 E. Campbell

Phoenix, AZ 85018

Phone: (602) 955-6818

E-mail: kitw@cox.net

When the Grandmothers speak, the world will heal.

Poet's Corner

Grandmother's Moon

“Mooning” someone
exposing our back-side
our hidden parts
the “not to be seen”
 but so essential
 supports us in our rest
sustains us
 by squeezing out the nutrients,
 gently, persistently, hugging out what is of benefit
 and passing along, safely contained,
 the vehicle of delivery
the husk
the envelope of our sustenance
and now the moon
 filling to its fullness
 calling this circle of sisters
 from all directions of this turtle island
 calling us together
to press, and hug
from the envelope of our frames
the sweetness
 the attentiveness
 the shy smiles
 the raucous laughter
that nurtures and sustains
our awakening consciousness
the knowing
 and grokking
 of our goddess nature.
and so the moon inspires these words
as it has inspired this gathering,
this circle of birthing the vital, breathing feminine wisdom
the consciousness,
 the knowing
 of Mother Gaia, herself,
 she, herself,
our precious, turquoise and white planet
 a brilliant moon to other planets,
 glowing, sparkling, illuminating
 the limitless darkness of space.
how sweet to be here/now with the moon and the earth
 wedded as one, by my words, my images, my love, my breath stream, this pen, this paper.

Nana Gaia, Eugene, Oregon

The Grand Tour – August 2004 West-South-East-North

To Reservoir Dam, thirteen miles from ranch
Home for cows from high mountain branch;
Up nine thousand feet to see Allotments
Filled with Fescue grass, and miles of fence.

Old and lame horses put out to pasture
On these fertile fields, a part of nature;
Muledeer, elk graze with cattle peacefully,
Drink from Little Colorado naturally;
Hide in forty year growth – a sight,
Not forty per acre but 1200 – a blight!
As each tree drinks fifty gallons a day
Our water resource fast dwindles away;
Restricting the grass, which truly does save,
Against government, ranchers have to be brave.

A pastoral scene of fat calf and cow,
Chew cud, lie only in the now;
Wandering in draws, on streams and land;
To see them, a treat, such a mellow band.

Winter a chore, as some go the Farm
And some to the feedlot to keep warm.
The old shipping station stands near the road,
Chutes, scales, corrals hold a 200 head load.

For this grand tour, checking gauges and tanks,
To Cowgirl Wink, we give enormous thanks.

*Wilma Huggett and Nancy Masland
On vacation in Springerville, Arizona*

In the beginning there was thought
And her name was woman
She is the OLD woman who tends the fires of life.
She is the OLD woman spider who weaves us together.
She is the eldest God and the one who remembers and
RE-MEMBERS.

Anonymous, Submitted by Allegra Ahlquist

More Poet's Corner on Page 5

When the Grandmothers speak, the world will heal.

Pilgrimage

From Cara Keane, Devon, England

I have just returned from our ninth annual Pilgrimage starting out from the Southwest of England and with some of the same participants as our original Grandmother Pilgrimage from Landsend to Iona, which Mary Diamond organized in 1995! Last year we journeyed to Rennes which included visiting Carnac, The Forest of Brodilliac and Mont St Michelle. This year we went to Ireland near Dublin. We traveled by bus leaving Plymouth at 6.00 am and arriving at Holyhead on the coast of Wales where we took the Irish ferry to Dublin.

As we drove up from Devon, through the early morning countryside past Glastonbury, which was one of the venues for our first Pilgrimage, the sense of movement through space and time was palpable. The early morning mist drifted through the lower valleys forming hazy pools and the gently undulating mounds of Avalon rose to greet the morning sun. The women were settling into the hum of whispered conversation, drifting off to sleep and back into the magic of the moment again. I noticed our coach driver had many tattoos on his arm and only later did I find out that Lee's father was a Native American whilst his mother came from Plymouth and they were both resting in a grave in Plymouth. What a strange world we live in where the Pilgrim fathers set out from the Mayflower Steps in Plymouth and of all people to be carrying/driving this group of 26 women was a Breed Indian! After eight hours on the bus, we crossed to Ireland in three hours on the very art deco and beautifully equipped Irish Ferry. We stayed at Lucan just outside Dublin, which was a good choice for getting to New Grange on our first day.

The Visitor Centre at New Grange was beautifully designed so that we left our coach at the car park and, after a gentle walk downhill, entered into the first of the Celtic Circles of the centre, consisting of beautiful rounded boulders placed in a half circle with fountains and water trickles playing through the boulders. Another circle further and we were faced

with a semi circle of beautiful silk banners covering the spectrum of the rainbow colours leading us into the series of circular displays giving an excellent insight into the way of life of the ancient Celts and how they lived in that area. Downstairs at the centre a fine restaurant with silversmiths, woodturners and other crafts people creating their wares for sale. Out of the visitor centre we walked across a beautifully designed modern Bridge walking in a series of circles over the River, past cows peacefully grazing leaving the cycle rentals to walk to another circle, this time with buses loading the visitors for a short ride through the rural countryside to New Grange. One of our group had brought her drum and a group of women walked around the great circle of the tomb gently drumming and chanting. With a group we entered the tomb and could see through a light installation how it would be when the first rays of the winter solstice sun light up the centre of the tomb.

During our second day we went to County Kildare, where we traced the steps of St Bridget, saw her fire pit in the great church, the round tower and the Well. I and my friend went to the Japanese Gardens of life which were a joy. Why did I choose the way of Marriage, twice mistaking my way in the paths of Division, climbed the hill of Ambition, only to find my dear friend had taken the direct route to the place of Peace and Calm! The gardens are beautiful and we ate our sandwiches sitting quietly in the Zen Garden with the rivulets of sand holding us in their gentle undulating pattern.

The next day was our visit to Glendalough Monastery. Here we arrived late along lots of bumpy roads. It was hot and a steamy group of women unloaded from the bus. We had missed our guided tour and sat bleakly watching a video. One of the women was stung by a bee; another couple started to moan. When eventually the guided tour came into action I was losing interest in the many Celtic Crosses and Christian sculptures and it

began to rain.

I walked away to an old fortified Mound I had noticed on our way to the Monastery, with a ruin on top which was somehow twisted and broken and the very stones were stretched and contorted. Beneath the outside fortifications of the mound, I walked alongside the slow moving River looking over the Marshlands. A little group of red poppies drew me onwards and I lay down, away from the sound of humans, the river gently lapping at my feet, the marsh birds and sounds creating a music of their own. This was the place where the Vikings had landed and had attacked the inhabitants of the old Monastery. I walked around the outside mound of the fortification four times chanting, I placed my stone from the Viking settlement in Denmark I had visited a month earlier, and felt a peace and ease that this part of my journey was complete.

There remained our visit to Tara, the ancient Burial Mounds and the burial site of the Irish Kings. The two granite entrance stones one feminine and one masculine, with the offerings on the feminine of a beautiful spray of lilies. After the video in the little Church we were taken on a guided tour of Tara by a Monk. We followed our guide, a lilted Irishman with a voice that sang the words of ancient rituals, mounds, the gathering of O'Connell and the lament of the European funded motorway which would shortly change the lands. The star-studded nighttime, the quietness of Tara, the peace of Kings was threatened by the mark of tourism across the ancient isle.

We spent our last afternoon at Trinity College, Dublin. The great vaulted wooden library, the Book of Kells from Iona, placed there for posterity. Maybe it was for our benefit that this very day there be a fairytale wedding in the College Chapel, the bells rang loud and the book of Kells lies silent with the link of our first Grandmother Pilgrimage led, in Spirit, by Mary Diamond, always to be remembered.



When the Grandmothers speak, the world will heal.

Reports from the Heartland

The Michigan Chapter

From Betsey McIntyre, Rochester Hills, MI

The fledgling Heartland Council of Grandmothers is robust and magnificent. Ten midwesterners met July 17 and 18, mostly at Penny Baker's lakeside cottage near Paw Paw, Michigan. Jeannie Frattallone took half of us to her house when we split into two slumber parties.

Our circles began with integrity, grew in intimacy, and always left us hungry for more. On a warm, sunny morning Penny welcomed us to the incredible beauty of her huge meadow labyrinth. The Paw Paw women led us to a drumming in a nearby hogan. An art project remained uncompleted as we moaned our regret that we had so little time. Surrounding all this, we fed each other wonderful food that we had brought from home. This strong, funny, self-respecting group of women agreed to join regularly in the pursuit of growth and joy perhaps in every season, perhaps twice a year, but definitely July 15-17, 2005. 

First Meeting Of The Illinois Chapter Of Heartland Council

From Marti Beddoe, Naperville, Illinois

A brilliant blue Midwest sky and unseasonably mild summer temperatures heralded the fresh breeze that is the Illinois Chapter of the Heartland Council of Grandmothers (IL-HGMC). On August 26, 2004 Grandmothers Marti Beddoe, Lois Coldeway (who found us via Bobbie Goodman in Tucson!), Edna Groves, Gwen Hudetz, Ixchel, Irene Kustush and Gracie Rogers communed over a lunch feast and then in council for the official launch of the Illinois Chapter. Edna presented the gold covered sacred chocolate in a beautiful silver bowl. A grandmother custom in the making?

Fulfilling our intention of deepening our bonds with one other, we passed the talking piece, sharing what is currently most important in our lives and what calls us to the IL-HGMC. We enjoyed much laughter, wisdom and appreciation for each woman's unique and shared

journey. We committed to studying the PeerSpirit Circling booklets and set September 27 as our next time together. At that gathering, we hope to agree on our shared intention, a regular time to meet, a format, agreements and customs.

Some other dates to note: the Heartland Council of Grandmothers will gather together on January 8-9, 2005 in Chicago, Illinois and on July 16-17, 2005 in Paw Paw, Michigan. Also, Marti and Gracie are coordinating logistics for the PeerSpirit Circle Practicum to be held April 22-27 at the Cenacle in Warrenville, Illinois.

If you have a friend in the Chicago area that might want to join us for any of these times, please ask her to contact Marti Beddoe at 630/369-2802 or martibeddoe@msn.com.



Yea Connie, Keep Goin' Girl

Connie Spittler's story about "One Scarlet Penstemon" will appear in "Plains, Deserts, Canyons and Mountains, Women Write the Southwest," an anthology dedicated to nature writing published by University of Texas Press. Connie told the story for the first time around the campfire as part of the full moon ceremony at the October Grandmother's Gathering a couple of years ago. But that's not all. A poem she wrote for the same full moon ceremony called "Garden of Roses" has recently been selected for the women's anthology "Sisters of Mountain Flowers." Just reaffirms the belief that good grandmother stories have a life of their own. The garden grows. The penstemons bloom on. The spirit of the grandmothers and their connection to the earth continues to circle around the globe.



Poet's Corner, cont'd

Earth Woman

Mother Earth woman our eyes meet
I see the beauty Earth Woman
Reflected in your soul
Earth woman those hands of yours
Are friends to soil
Your heart is in rythm with the pulse of the Mother
Earth woman do you weave a dream?
Earth woman your feet dance in moon light circles
To the crones drum
Earth woman I hear your voice singing your morning songs
Those songs those Earth prayers
You ARE the rythm of the cycles
Spirit weaver you are the loam you plant those seeds in
You are the drum we dance to
Earth woman I know you
Earth woman our souls dance togethee

Judith Moore, Chimayo, New Mexico

When the Grandmothers speak, the world will heal.

Two Follow-Ups to the June 2004 Article about the Paper Cranes

A letter from Almira Sharp at the Friends Home in Newtown, Pennsylvania (Almira is a long time subscriber to the Circle of Grandmother's Newsletter):

Almira writes:

"I was all set to write and say that I no longer wanted to receive the Newsletter when the June 2004 issue arrived with the Story of the Paper Cranes.

My husband had told that story several years ago at a local peace rally. He died in 1997 of chronic lymphatic leukemia which his doctor believed originated from his flights in 1957 – 1960 into atomic clouds while he was stationed in Alaska as an Air Force meteorologist. When he was buried our granddaughter had hundreds of the paper cranes which the family sprinkled on top of his urn.

Although I may never be able to attend a gathering, I do feel deeply connected .

Love, peace and joy, Almira"

And, synchronistically, this letter arrived from Hagit Ra'anani one of the women who participated in the Iona Millionth Circle conference in 2002, a conference where Robbie Lapp and I joined Detta Lange and her English branch to represent Mary Diamond's vision of a Council of Grandmothers. For me, one of the highlights of this multinational gathering was the presence of Hagit, a deeply spiritual Israeli woman who has been actively working for peace in the troubled middle-east.

Hagit writes:

"So let me start with some updates about the educational program in Hebrew and Arab schools about "Living in Culture of Peace".

For the 4th year we activate this program in Hebrew and Arab schools in Israel. This year we developed it a little bit as we run same segment of the program in parallel with two schools along the year. In both schools we started with presenting the idea about the Peace that start in the Heart, the way we look at the things around us, individual com-

mitment to take constructive action towards manifesting peace and so on. Than, together with the kids, in this case Israelis' Hebrew and Arab children of 11-13 years old, we choose way of practicing the commitment for Peace. Both schools chose to join the 1000 paper cranes project to urge Sadako Sasaki, the Japanese girl who was dying from leukemia, resulted by the Atomic Bomb was thrown on Hiroshima, her town during the IIWW and who made her wish for the children of the world forever to stay out of any conflicts and wars. Almost every other week I went to visit those schools one in my hometown and the other near Nazareth, memorizing the message and completing the 1000 paper cranes folding job. Towards the end of the teaching year and after the mission in both schools was accomplished, we brought the kids to meet together and switch the 1000 cranes. The meeting took place in Dalyat El Carmel, Druze village on the Carmel Mountain. Almost 80 kids escorted by the schools' principals, teachers, staff and parents. Each school brought food to share. After the greetings the kids shared talents with us by performing, dancing, singing, reading and playing games. Than they changed the cranes, shared food and on top of it all, and for me this is the indication for the full success of the meeting – they changed emails and phone number. I already know for sure that some of them keep in touch with the new friends.

You may not be aware to the fact that even all those kids are Israeli citizens, they seldom meet if at all or even speak same language so for most of them that was first time to see the neighbors as equal, sharing same desire in the way that only children can communicate even in a lack of verbal language. What a sweet blessing it is, what great teachers they are!

We already assured for next year to have weekly meetings on regular basis with the kids in these two schools and to

meet several times along the year.

At the same time, I also cooperate with other schools in the Hebrew and Arab sectors in order to touch more hearts and meet the kids together as living bridges for the possible peace. This cooperation can be in the form of sporadic meetings or long terms program.

During the summer time I was invited to 4 different children summer camps to share Inner Peace Activities.

But the highlights of it all are the first steps only recently were taken in order to deepen cooperation with Palestinian's schools in the West Bank. More about it in next message.

Meanwhile I leave you in Oneness and infinite loving gratitude – Hagit"



Gulf Coast GMs cont. from page 7

had two broken vertebrae and was in serious pain. We quickly formed a healing circle sending her grandmother love, Grandmother healing.

Wednesday morning we were about circled out. After too much discussion, we finally wrapped it all up. We had our big picture. Details will follow.

Our retreat was all I hoped it would be and more. We worked, played, prayed as one. In fact, we liked it so much, our next gathering is a September weekend at Linda's Pensacola Beach vacation house. Hey, looks like I started a trend.

This process helped us think outside the box. Find new ideas, new concepts, new images. To throw out every idea silly and smart. To sift, stir, shake and swirl them round and around to finally find the answer. Out of the mix of creative play, thoughtful prayer, isolation, skinny-dipping, cooking, chatting, and eating, siesta-ing, circling, we found our gathering.

**Dancing Up the Moon
New Moon, New Beginnings**

Y'all come.



When the Grandmothers speak, the world will heal.

Gulf Coast Grandmothers Council Planning Retreat

"The Camp" somewhere in the Louisiana swamp

From Maya Levy, Hammond, Louisiana

As weaver, I invited our planning circle to retreat at my son's camp on North Pass, the waterway connecting Lakes Maurepas & Pontchartrain and accessible only by a 20 minute boat ride. Away from civilization, I hoped ideas would flow like the tide that ripples up & down the pass.

I discovered that, when I had said "camp" somehow everyone conjured up visions of a fishing camp. Despite that dismal image of cramped discomfort and fishing gear, they bravely came from Tennessee, Alabama, and Florida. Now that's dedication. I'm happy to say all were surprised and charmed to walk into a wonderfully huge room with bar, enormous fireplace, deer heads mounted above (Yes, this is hunt country and my vote doesn't count.) Large modern kitchen, 6 bedrooms on 2 floors, a bunk room, 3 bathrooms, long screened porch and new deck.

Robbie Shaffner, Robbie Lapp, Caro-

lyn Garbett, Janice Prince and I went down Sunday evening, outracing a rain-storm. Monday morning Judy McKee, Stevi Gaston, Mae Gabel, Linda Gaus and Annette Bono met me at the boat launch and off we went. We lunched, then got to work.

I led the group through some exercises designed to unite us in our daunting task. We formed a living, moving sculpture, discovered our great individual strength and together moved a gigantic "object" the length of the room. After some theatrical improves to prime our creativity we sat down in circle.

To find our theme, we focused on the new moon (We'll be gathering this year beneath April's new moon. Each woman wrote 3 ideas on 3 separate pieces of paper, then we all shared. After a lively discussion, our theme emerged, born from the group consciousness

Dancing Up the Moon
New Moon, New Beginnings

Stevi quickly drew the perfect sketch-women dancing on the round earth, calling to the moon, dancing up the new moon. We had our theme, our visual and colors...luminous and dark.

After lunch, we worked on developing our theme, again using our 3 and 3 ideas/papers. Ideas floated up like duckweed on water. So many ideas, so little time. We chose our favorites and working in small groups, began developing our concepts. All ideas were thoughtful, imaginative & exciting.

We worked, we played. We started our sessions with fun and funny theatrical improvs. This is a very talented group!!! We did art projects, played games and started the first chapter of the GCCG Naked Grandmothers Sun & Swim Club.

Monday night I learned that my daughter Bridgette's car had been hit by a woman running a red light. She

Gulf Coast GMs cont. on page 6

Registration Form

Gulf Coast Council Of Grandmothers Gathering, 2005

Dancing Up The Moon: *New Moon, New Beginnings*

April 9-12, 2005

Beckwith Retreat Center, Fairhope, Alabama

Name _____ Age _____ Phone _____ Email _____

Address _____ Private Room _____

Special Needs _____

Roommate Request _____ Arrival Date _____ Transportation Needs _____

Please send \$50 deposit with registration. Full payment before Jan. 15 is \$275.00; after Jan. 15 is \$300.00

Return to: Maya Levy, 1209 Western Ave. Hammond, LA, 70401 Phone 985 543-0648 E-mail: mayal@i-55.com

Newsletter Subscription

Name _____ E-mail _____

Address _____ Phone _____

City, ST Zip _____

Newsletter subscriptions run from January through December for ease of bookkeeping.

Please send this form with \$15 to

Circle of Grandmothers Newsletter
Kit Wilson
3907 E. Campbell Ave.
Phoenix, AZ 85018



Circle of Grandmothers Newsletter
Kit Wilson
3907 E. Campbell Ave.
Phoenix, AZ 85018