



**NEWSLETTER #27
Winter 1997-98**

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Check out:

◇A new Dream Group—Coming January 17!

◇John O'Donohue—Coming February 26!

◇Jay O'Callahan—Coming April 24-26!

◇Brugh Joy—Coming June 19-21!

The Creative Edge: The Way Of The Arts is a nonprofit public benefit corporation formed in January, 1989. It operates under IRS Code 501(c)(3) for the educational purpose of sponsoring programs that introduce and develop for individuals the inner creative process used by experienced artists of all fine arts disciplines. In particular, these programs have as a foundation the belief that expression consciously based on intuitive material from the psyche and expressed in one or more channels of artistic endeavor supports healthy development of both the individual and the society. Furthermore, the underlying creative principles are the basis for a healthy way of life.

Issued: 12/15/97

Board of Directors:

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



THE NEWS

Winter 1997-98

No. 27

Programs Scheduled: (See pages 2-4)

• John O'Donohue	An Evening Talk (Awaking the Soul to the Divine)	Feb 26, 7:30 p.m.
• Jay O'Callahan	Finding & Telling Stories	Apr 24-26, 7 p.m.
• Brugh Joy	Weekend Study Group (Divine Mystery Reflected in Dreams & Daily Life.)	Jun 19-21, 7 p.m.
• Donald Mathews	Creative Arts Fellowship Dream Work Seminars Creative Development & Dreams	Monthly, 1st Sat-9 a.m. Monthly, 3rd Sat-9 a.m. E-mail as scheduled

Seasons Greetings!

We are again fortunate to have John O'Donohue on the Monterey Peninsula for a Thursday evening talk. Come hear what is on his mind! (See page 4.)

Workshops with Jay O'Callahan and Brugh Joy are filling fast. Your check to Creative Edge dated before the early price deadline will lock in one of the limited places! (See page 4.)

A 36' diameter transportable Labyrinth is available to walk every fourth Sunday from 3-5 pm at

Community Church of the Monterey Peninsula on Carmel Valley Rd. (One mile east of Hwy One.) Creative Edge is supporting this community project to build a permanent Labyrinth on the grounds.

The three stages of a walk are called *shedding, illumination and union*. These parallel similar stages of *incubation, illumination and verification* in the creative process. At the very core of human experience, it is all spiritual work! Come give it a try!

The next Creative Arts Retreat Weekend will be held in fall of next year. Send in your request for a particular theme or special leadership.

DWM

New & renewed Members of the Creative Edge:

Patrons: Marlie Avant, Laura Carley, John Erbaugh, Kyla McCollam, CA.

Associate Members: Jennie Hatherley, New Zealand; Dianne Borowski, OH, Dorothy Inglis, NC, Clair Killian, OR, Shirley & Bob Price, TX, Duffie Bart, Laura Bayless, Janet Cooper, Stan Crump, Geraldine Hall, Julie Houy, Lynda Hughes, Bill Townsend, CA.

Friends: Joan Bockelmann, NJ, Anonymous, Laine Baldyga, Roxie Blanks, Carolyn Berry, Sherry Blair, Maureen & Paul Draper, Elizabeth Murray, Ruth Olson, CA.

We invite newcomers to our mailing list — support with your fully tax deductible donation is totally voluntary.
Newsletter Distribution: 1461 (39 E-mail only) — Current Membership: 6 Patrons, 30 Associates, 21 Friends.



“If you look for the truth outside yourself, it gets farther and farther away.”
—Tung-Shan

Background:

Our thoughts and imaginings are fed continuously by our emotionally guided six senses. Mystically, we receive dreams and intuitions to evoke our imagination. Therefore, along life’s way, we perceive and store a whole range of personal experiences and visions triggered by these processes.

Like creative artists of all kinds, we all have within our psyche this rich flowing wealth of personal and collective history and unexamined mysteries of creation. As a resource, it is a full treasure chest waiting to serve our glorious response to life. When we chose to manifest our unique expressions and bring them into the world in support of life, we fulfill our soul’s gift to community, Spirit or to Divine Creation.

Our urge to express from the heart through our natural ability to sing, dance, draw, tell stories, write poetry,

and make other highly creative expressions of all kinds from this personal wealth, provides a way to find, and meaningfully travel, the inner and outer roads of a rich life experience.

Instead of critical judgment, when we have appreciation and curiosity about our own and each other’s personal process, a door opens to imagination, inspiration and our soul’s deeper longing. An open supportive group with deep respect for each person’s journey gives sacred witness, provides safety and trust for intimate sharing.

It facilitates spiritual and mystical aspects of life where meaningful collective themes spontaneously emerge. Thus we gain strength to share the universal joy and pain of being human and courage to creatively participate in service to life.

Community Projects:

The Creative Edge supports various programs and collaborative efforts in the community where the creative process of individuals and groups is enhanced. Donald Mathews, the Executive Director, is available to advise or facilitate various interdisciplinary groups for special projects. He provides information, inspiration and emotional support from his wide variety of experiences.

Creative Arts Fellowship:

The monthly Creative Arts Fellowship is a public gathering seeking self awareness and presence through a practice of contemplation, creative sharing and mutual support. Our stories, dreams and artistic expressions of all kinds become a source of wisdom.

This free living room group for all skill levels is facilitated by Donald Mathews with those interested in sharing their creative work and process from a personal point of view. Bring an image, poem, song, story, dance or other creative expression that intrigues you. Meetings: the first Saturday each month, 9 a.m. till noon. No fee.

Creative Arts Retreat Weekends:

Explore with the core fellowship of Creative Edge Artist-Directors. Away from busy lives for either one or two days in a small intimate group, we leisurely seek the authenticity of our soul’s call.

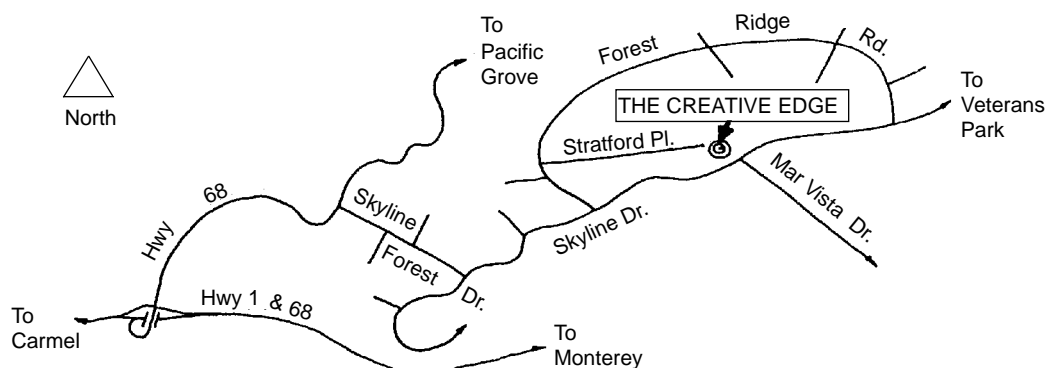
Although primarily a weekend of self discovery, we open to the power of collective energies and guest facilitators to bring and share their special talents with us.

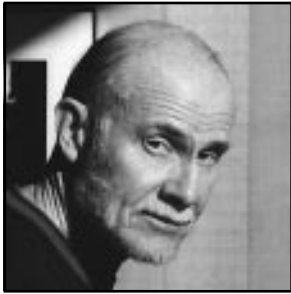
Forming a safe circle of support for dreams, sharing and contemplation, we will use lots of free time to follow our personal muse with reading, writing and other creative work. Mask-making, paints and clay are available in the studio. Lunch is provided. Offered fall, 1998, 9 a.m.—5 p.m.

Special Workshops & Seminars:

Special workshops and seminars are scheduled throughout the year with different facilitators. Call for information or addition to the mailing list.

Reservations are made by sending your check payable to The Creative Edge. There is a \$20 handling fee for refunds.





Donald William Mathews is an artist, educator and Founding Director of The Creative Edge where he teaches and edits the newsletter. He has diverse degrees and professional experience with teaching credentials in education, management, fine arts, engineering and mathematics. He has studied and gained wide experience in various psychologies and other disciplines searching for a deep understanding of the human experience, creativity and spirituality.

“Come with me into the great hall of my heart. I will light the candle of my thoughts and I invite you to light yours.”

—Donald Mathews

In particular, he has been involved over the years with the Association of Transpersonal Psychology and Process Oriented Psychology. He facilitates trust and intimacy in order to find wisdom from individuals and groups based on his continuing journey learning from life. Married over forty years to his musician wife Lou, they have three daughters and seven Grandchildren.

Monthly Dream Work Seminar:

By experiencing the vital images and wisdom of each other’s dreams shared as our own, we gain an in-depth understanding of our selves and our common human experience. Limited to eight venturesome people seeking spiritual depth. Meetings: the third Saturday each month, Jan—May, Aug—Nov, 9 a.m. until noon. Sliding scale fee: \$15 or \$12 each in a series.

Creative Development & Dreams:

Donald Mathews responds to personal questions involving development of one’s creative process through artistic expression and the use of dreams as an intuitive resource (E-Mail, Telephone or other exchanges). This usually involves an intimate exchange seeking hidden talents, thus activating the individual’s deeper resources. Sliding scale fee: \$25-35 each hour's work.



David La Chapelle is an artist, storyteller and writer who weaves his craft in Juneau, Alaska. He first began his storytelling career singing songs to the stones while living on a research station next to a glacier as a child.

Since then, David has been a ski instructor, healer, high school guidance counselor and has led wilderness Quests for the last sixteen years. He co-founded a holistic health clinic in Boulder Colorado. Having written five books and produced two environmental videos of Alaska, he continues to listen for stories of the earth.

“Sacred poetry emerges from the fire of the Bard’s contact with his people.”

—David La Chapelle

The Bard is a poet and seer. His work is to reach into the rich soil of his people and pluck up the rhizome of the soul; the common thread which links the mundane activities of our worlds to their spiritual roots. David La Chapelle brings the tradition of a Bard to our modern world.

**A Fall Weekend Workshop:
To Be Announced, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.**

David La Chapelle has an ability to find the tale which needs to be told into the light of day where he extemporaneously creates stories and poems which capture the essential truth of the moment. His sensitivity and poetic language emerges like a sacred spring, bathing the listener in images for their own spiritual inner work.

Spending time with David is an opportunity to bring the fire of our inner life into a crucible woven of music, metaphor, image and word. The small group will gather together with him for the weekend to explore and seek our own spiritual mysteries. Lunch is furnished.

Fee: \$125—\$100 prior to Sep 1

Computer Users:

If you haven't responded, please fill out and send to:

The Creative Edge
8 Stratford Place
Monterey, CA 93940

or
CEDonald@aol.com

Adobe Systems Inc. provides an ideal cross-computer program for distribution with their PDF file format. PDF files are read by Adobe’s free Acrobat Reader (AR) software available for download at <http://www.adobe.com>. (There are links to Adobe from the CE Web site.) This system works on all types of computers and gives an easily read presentation adjustable in

format with a menu click for different size screens. Buttons allow viewers to conveniently jump around to different pages. Images are in color! Desired hard copies may be printed on your own printer. PDF files with all past newsletters and other materials are already available at the CE Web site! Downloading is quick and easy because of compression technology.

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Computer: Y N A U **Type:** Mac PC Other **Word processor program type:** _____

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Circle or fill in blanks

Y=yes

N=no,

A-anticipate soon

U-unsuccessfully tried



There is a deep beauty hidden in the luminosity at the heart of soul... hidden behind the dull facade of our daily lives. Only in your solitude will you actually find it, find the neglected beauty of your life!"

John O'Donohue is a poet, priest, philosopher and scholar from Conamara, Ireland. Born and raised in County Clare, he was awarded a Ph.D. in Philosophical Theology from the German University of Tübingen in 1990. He has recently been delighting audiences at intimate seminars and major international conferences. He is a true storyteller, dynamic teacher and prolific writer.

"My wish is that you can rest, and let go of this massive need to find yourself...relax—your soul will find you."

—John O'Donohue

John O'Donohue speaks to the great and relevant themes of life with a fresh voice unencumbered with religious dogma! He is unafraid to intelligently challenge many prevailing assumptions, bringing them to earth with poetry, stories and other human experiences. With the ease and richness of a Celtic Bard, he spontaneously dialogs with the audience, bringing a warm intimacy to subjects of profound depth.

Awakening the Soul to the Divine: An Evening Talk

Thursday, February 26, 1998

Community Church of the Monterey Peninsula (Carmel Valley Rd.—1 mi. East Hwy 1)

Tickets:\$20—\$15 prior February 1.



Jay O'Callahan has been creating and performing stories now for over 20 years. Time magazine called him "a genius among storytellers...." "A virtuoso," echoed the Boston Globe.

Jay O'Callahan crafts the details of ordinary life into extraordinary stories containing deep spiritual wisdom. There are no gimmicks or clever tricks opting for the quick response so often found in today's entertainment. Rather, with artist's imagination and attention to authentic detail, he brings to life his personal perception of experience in telling the unfolding story. Then, combining his intimacy with the audience's deeper experience, participants discover their own stories.

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

—Jay O'Callahan

Finding & Telling Stories A Weekend Workshop April 24—26, 1998

In the warmth and trust of a special Monterey home, Jay will give a small supportive group the opportunity to experience this highly unique creative process. We will playfully examine rich stories hidden in our memories. "We are beings in a universe that is alive with creativity, with wonder." says Jay... Wanna dance?"

Fri.: 7—9 p.m., Sat.: 9 a.m.— 4 p.m. (with lunch), Sunday: 9 a.m. — noon.

Fee: \$230 (\$210 before March 1). Limit 12.



W. Brugh Joy, M.D. is an extraordinary guide! In the dream realm, he follows personal images and stories to their mythical roots like a fine artist follows the mysterious trail of the muse.

By exploring the divine images, characters, and stories of our dreams and building personal relationships with them, a new profound resource is born in us for both creative expression and life's continuing adventure. This study group is for exploring the mysteries reflected in dreams & daily life.

"Dreams are our greatest and truest teachers, as they reflect our basic aspects in constantly creative variations."

—Brugh Joy

His book *Avalanche: Heretical Reflections on the Dark and Light* tells of the dark and disowned portions of the human psyche.

Divine Mystery Reflected In Dreams & Daily Life: A Weekend Study Group June 19—21, 1998

Friday Evening: 7-10 P.M.
Saturday: 9 A.M. to 9 P.M.
Sunday: 9 A.M. to noon

Fee: \$380 (\$350 prior May 1). Limit 27.

Mail to:
The Creative Edge
8 Stratford Place
Monterey, CA
93940

or call:
Donald Mathews
(408) 373-7809

Registration Form: (Please complete computer survey on reverse side)

Name: _____ Telephone: () _____

Address: _____ City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Amount enclosed: \$ _____ E-mail: _____

Please register me for the _____ Seminar/program. Date(s): _____

Please send: Map Motel information Back copies of Thoughts on Creativity (\$5)

Information flyer for the _____ Seminar/program(s)

Please accept my donation. Friend (\$5 plus), Associate Member (\$25 plus) or Patron (\$100 plus)

Please change my mailing address. Please remove my name from your mailing list.



This poem found in the first section of Psalm 19, an ancient Hebrew song, declares the *awesome* natural wonder found in the innate silent gifts of sun and moon. For the psalmist, this natural phenomenon and its mystery is “telling the glory God.” God being the word we humans use for the ineffable, indescribable or unspeakable mysteries that touch all of our lives in many ways.

In our attempt to understand and live in relationship with the ineffable, we have exercised our deepest imagination coming up with many competing forms and images for God. However, in the process of religious comparison, we often lose contact with the awesome uplifting mystery of creation itself and fear the profound emotions associated with it!

Awe is an “emotion of mingled reverence, dread, and wonder inspired by something majestic or sublime.” It

is a mixture of fear, surprise and admiration. Awesomeness takes our breath away! With awesomeness we lose control—if only for a moment. No wonder we fear it. However, when the source is pleasing, as in nature’s wonders, it often arouses deep contemplation and unpredictable inspiration! The mysteries of creation and God have inspired creative people of all kinds throughout the ages. Their work is art because they have been dangerously touched by the emotions of awe! The wonder of nature or the poet’s words can lead us back to our emotions, to our heart where awesomeness can literally stop all human activity in order to recreate a space for creative inspiration’s seed.

In my last Thoughts on Creativity #26, I discussed the mystery of inspiration found in both religious and creative processes. I mentioned inspiration’s revelations often feel awesome and threatening to us because they lead into the fullness of our own life. In our culture, governed by the scientific method, the emotional dimension containing awe is too often neglected in favor of intellectual control. We often forget to let go of our task oriented focus, our busy values, our *doing*, and acknowledge the necessity of emotional food provided by our *being*. The mind with its focus has the great gift of concentration to the exclusion of all else, but it may also be a trap or prison unconsciously built, denying other gifts—awesome emotional gifts of the heart.

This is where spiritual life comes in to play. Spiritual life is primarily about *beingness*. It is to have innate value in our very

existence and is independent of our capacity for doing! Beingness and spirituality are found in healthy relationships, particularly relationships that include both the fullness of knowing and sharing our deepest nature. True relationship, like creativity, comes from quality in-depth expression and its acknowledgment. It is emotionally fluid with feelings of trust—the trust necessary for easy

openness and honesty. When true relationship occurs, it is awesome to experience! True relationship often first occurs when we are safely alone. It comes as we move into relationship with the many and often hidden parts of self. It comes when we begin to experience the many different aspects found in human nature. The psyche of each person contains a full cast of characters, some visible and known, others unexplored. Some have not consciously seen the light of day for years! Others are at war. Some are highly skilled, others are not at all productive. However, our dreams readily reveal our full cast of characters and

their dynamics. When we begin to appreciate all our dream characters and other creative images as potentially valuable parts of self, liked or disliked, we begin a true relationship with our divine creative being.

At a recent lecture on quality living & dying, the speaker mentioned pain and suffering as a source of our greatest fears—particularly in later life when our productive *doing* capacity wanes or is threatened. The speaker made a distinction between pain and suffering. Pain was described from a physical problem often easily controlled by the medical profession using modern drugs. Suffering was much less tangible—it was described as an emotional problem of the heart or spirit requiring a different kind of attention. It may come from the emotional shock of lost physical capacity or meaningful work—our capacity for doing. Unless we have the ability to find value in our *being*, ultimately we will suffer greatly as we lose physical or mental capacities necessary for doing.

I believe we must all address core issues about our existence and experience in it, particularly the issue of life’s meaning in the face of death. This is the spiritual work of later life, and it lays the foundation for the fullness of being when our capacity for doing is finished. As the poet said. The sun is at the heart of survival for all living organisms and its innate life giving rays reach out for all with out discrimination. We too have an innate heat in our being, it is our awesome capacity for loving relationship.

Psalm 19, verses 1-6

**The heavens are telling the glory of God;
and the firmament proclaims his handiwork.**

**Day to day pours forth speech,
and night to night declares knowledge.**

**There is no speech, nor are there words;
their voice is not heard;
yet their voice goes out through all the earth,
and their words to the end of the world.**

**In the heavens he has set a tent for the sun,
which comes out like a bridegroom from his wedding canopy,
and like a strong man runs its course with joy.**

**Its rising is from the end of the heavens,
and its circuit to the end of them;
and nothing is hid from its heat.**

(New Revised Standard Version)

*Monterey, CA*

I have recently been confronting racism, both through my own writing and in my relationships with others. I find that the slimy prevalence of racism often leaves me with feelings of betrayal and frustration. I wrote this poem when I realized that, in the midst of this struggle, there exists grace.

UNTITLED

I Told the sky Of my tired Of my tired	The sea Gave to me In its grace In its wisdom
I Told the sky Of my tired, tired eyes.	The sea in its wisdom Gave to me A frothing wave.
The sky Gave to me In its grace In its glory The sky In its glory Gave to me A billowed cloud.	I Told the bird Of my lonely Of my lonely I told the bird Of my lonely, lonely soul.
I Told the sea Of my sad Of my sad	The bird Gave to me In its grace In its laughter The bird In its laughter Gave to me A friendly song.
I Told the sea Of my sad, sad heart.	<i>Jeff Jacobson</i>

Monterey, CA

I am so impressed (and moved!) by this latest (Summer) issue of the Creative Edge Newsletter, I want to write and tell you so. Your article on creativity (i.e., David Whyte's poem) is inspiring and beautifully written. Creativity is such a fascinating, complex subject; I never tire of thinking about it, reading deep reflections about it. I love the poetry you chose to publish in this issue and feel honored to be among them. I had no idea the membership is so far and wide... and so wonderfully talented.

I have already renewed my membership but, it being my birthday tomorrow, I wish to celebrate by renewing it once more. What could feel better than to support creativity?!

*Duffie Bart**Carmel, CA*

This summer the Gentrain Society of Monterey Peninsula College offered a short course on "The Poetry of Aging," a subject much addressed by major poets. So much is very negative, I decided to put my own philosophy into words.

SO YOUNG

We stood upon that ancient bridge
And watched the moonbeams
Dancing on the rushing stream

We looked upon the smiling night
And felt the greening of the trees
The sweet smell of spring careening in the breeze

Oh night, mysterious loving night
Adrift with promise and delight

The war had ended and we were so young
What path sublime would we be dancing on?

We sat and dreamed and heaped omnipotence
Upon our expectations
Together we would forge and stoop and overcome
To stand triumphant by our purpose in the sun

How many Springs have gone and come?
Did we dance, did we sing
With the moonbeams on the rushing stream?

Our hair is getting thin

We have toiled, have stooped, have struggled
And have overcome
But would we wish to do it o'er again?

We learned to stick by what we value most
To live each day as if it were our first
And also our last

Dream of the love we had
And of the love we have
And watch the moonbeams dance
In our eyes and in our silvery hair

Johanna Shippen



Carmel Valley, CA

AFTER I'M GONE

For goodness sake
don't let anyone finish my
poems...

I left them that way on purpose,
unexplained metaphors
dropping like rain
into rivers, moving
the mind downstream.

Don't stand at my bedside
wondering if there might be
some unpublished gem
haunting the pages
of my journal, lying
crumpled in the waste basket,
buried beneath
a stack of old magazines.

They are not yours
to tie up in ribbons,
decorate in pasty white endings
and print in sentimental
splendor.

The harsh edges are there
for a reason, thoughts
uncompleted because
there was still so much living
to do before
I could say it my way.

Laura Bayless

Corralitos, CA

Thank you for publishing my
poem "Sky High" in the last
Newsletter. From time to time
I would like to continue to
share my thoughts with you.

UNTITLED

I feel the need to write,
Bring forth those muddled
Whirlpools of my mind,
Expose them to the light,
And let the thoughts
Embedded there
Emerge and show the joy
I often feel,
Too shy to share
With one I love,
Hold back the urge
To reach out and enfold
In close embrace
And whisper
Endearments of my love,
As we explore
The golden age
Of life together.

CRABFEST

I was a lonely crab
On the bottom of the sea,
Then I met this lady crab
Oh, what a doll was she.

I asked if she would join me
At a place I found,
We could have a bite to eat
And then just fool around.

We nibbled on this great dead fish
A true gourmet delight,
Fought off all the little crabs
Who would stay and eat all night.

Suddenly a net came up
And whooshed us to the top,
Picked up and measured cross our back
They tossed us in the pot.

I never knew I had a name
Till the whole world went ka-flooiie,
My obit on the menu read
I was, THE GREAT CRAB, Louie.

Stan Crump

Black Mountain, NC

I belong to a small poetry reading
group here and enjoy having C.E.
gems to contribute. And of course—all
of David Whyte's poems are gratefully
added to my collection and I enjoy
your commentary. I love North
Carolina, but would like to be able to
drop in on your special happenings in
Monterey.

Dorothy Inglis

Auckland, New Zealand

Thank you for your insight and warmth in those times when
I lose "The Plot" (I seem to go off the deep end).
This is one of my sketches.



Jennie Hatherley



Santa Fe, NM

IN BALLYVAUGHN TOGETHER!

**I am leaving my stones
on the wall above the sea—
each day it is softer
it is taller**

**One day
when it is tall enough
and it reaches the clouds
in the night
I will reach up
to take the stars in my hand.
I shall be pulled up,
and become the light
that shines
in all the nights of my life.**

**Then
and only then
I shall have removed each stone
in my wall
by the sea
to erupt
with the lark
to let the bees
sting the final poem
from my fingers.**

James McGrath

Carmel Valley, CA

For Pattie Walden. (While sharing a Creative Arts Retreat Weekend.)

HAD I NOT TURNED

**Had I not turned
to look at light,
that playful artist,
I would not have seen
nature's sculpted mountains
veiled in shades of grey and gold
against mists of yellowed reds
turned briefly orange-pink
and I would not have known
the healing touch of beauty
accenting an ordinary day.**

Illia Thompson

Mudzi, Zimbabwe, Africa

It's Saturday morning and I was just thinking back to all the Saturdays in the Creative Edge and Dream Group. I feel thankful the memories are clear. I was also thinking back to the "ritual" weekend. At the time I thought I was going to Nepal, and after the ritual I remember saying—"It felt like Africa." It's interesting how things work out...

UNTITLED

**The sun rises...
all by itself.
bright oranges peeking over
the mountain tops.**

It's quiet and still.

**My walls brighten and glow
with the freshness of a Saturday.**

**A cup of tea brewing
and the whole day to myself!
The light penetrates my body,
a peace and joy enters
each of my cells.**

**I'll start preparing for tomorrow,
a trip to Harare!**

**Connections made stronger.
bringing myself
and not a lot of baggage.**

**Enjoying this light and the
reflections it creates on my mind.**

Ideas in the pot, stewing.

**The aroma rises...
all by itself.**

Greta Hilde

North Olmsted, OH

Dedicated to the Monday Night Group.

UNTITLED

**I have no voice
I speak in solemn
Whispers, desperate sighs
I have been victimized.**

**My cry is unheard
Soundless screams
Inaudible moans, please
Please listen.**

**In the darkness
Deep within
A wounded place
Shrouded in secrecy**

**The words begin to
Form images
Flash vividly
Into consciousness**

**Pictures into words
Silence into sound
Splashes of color
As truth explodes
Into reality.**

**Still I have no voice
Alone I feel
Powerless, fragile,
Frightened, small
I have no voice at all.**

**But many voices
Can be heard
United voices
Loud and clear**

**Together we can
Demand that they listen
Together we can make
Them hear.**

Dianne Borowski



San Antonio, TX

CLAIM YOUR REWARD

**Today you are healthy, tomorrow not
Your life's like a novel without a plot.
You yearn to be normal—it's not to be
Til the dates with therapy set you free.
You might be troubled and sick at heart
The attitude of love and giving, you do impart
As you tell the world the pain is worthwhile
And you brighten others' lives with your sweet smile.
You give each of us the real reason for living
With your kindness, goodness, and love of giving.
You become a beacon, larger than any in life
Your love and charm enhance, removing strife.
A toss of your head now bare, a smile and a wave,
Your example shows us how in adversity to be brave.**

BAREFOOT FREE

**Let me once more lean against the gnarled old green tree,
Looking for treasures lost by the quiet sea.
Here, my thoughts can wander and my eyes slowly close
Lulled by peaceful content, while the wind gently blows.**

**Deep aches, distress and pains fall from my troubled breast
Leaving me exempt of cares with a newfound rest.
I have sought this wide world over, but have not chanced
Upon waters so emerald green, where whitecaps danced.**

**Again, I am a young girl racing barefoot free
Down a winding, crooked path to my beloved sea.
With the wind making streamers in my flowing hair
Bringing back memories none other can compare.**

**Lord, let me once more visit this long-treasured scene
To where the gnarled old, green tree toward the sea doth lean.
For there is no place on this old earth that's dearer
That is etched in my mem'ry to bring me nearer.**

Shirley Smalley Price

Pendleton, IN

Two years ago I was approximately 100 pounds heavier, and in a softball game I'd have needed a golf cart to make a home run. Now? I train at a seven minute mile, and my single best mile this year is just under 6 minutes. Not bad for an older guy.

I still find the time to play a little guitar and draw, but mostly I've become a sculptor; a sculptor of living

flesh—my own! My weight is approximately 160 lb, and while I don't yet look like Michelangelo's "David," my self-esteem is a lot higher since I undertook myself as a project. I suppose I will never be totally satisfied with where I am, but I can certainly be more content knowing I've earned the best body I can with the genetics I possess. That's a good feeling.

I've learned to meditate, I've taught myself some Yoga as well. With seven long years behind me I've come to know what's important, what's not, and how to cope with the trash that falls in between. I live each day to it's fullest and don't even think about tomorrow. The wave will keep coming as long as there is a shoreline.

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Pacific Grove, CA

Always happy to receive the Creative Edge News—always a rewarding experience. Enclosed are two short poems. Thank you for your continued inspiration.

UNTITLED

**peace serenity
tranquillity of time, place
untroubled heart**

A LOOK

**Eyes that look into mine
may see deeper than I desire.
Difficult to hide what lies within
if the look is perceptive and the
looker sincere. But why should I
conceal what I long to reveal.**

**If I gaze outward and see myself
reflected in the other's eye,
I will try to exchange glances
without fear. To perceive the real
within another may lead to
better understanding of myself.**

Julie Houy



Monterey, CA

UNEXPECTED GIFT

**Beneath this fragrant canopy,
cautious shadows filter sunlight
amongst nearby ferns and bracken**

Ebon hooves softly startle fallen leaves

**Tulip ears calm watchful eyes,
enraptured by the call of tumbling water.**

**—Had I not turned, I'd have never known
the doe lay down to rest
beyond the fountain
just... next... to... me...**

Patty Waldin

Daytona Beach, FL

I was recently contemplating my son's upcoming birthday and was confused as to how to release my pent-up emotions about that crux. I haven't heard from him in too many years. I send cards, etc. to a last known address but have never received a reply. It's tough but I keep on hoping, keep on praying. The feelings and loss I carry have been so heavy on my heart that I've never been able to talk, write or share them until recently. The pain... the grief is certainly heavy baggage indeed. I am finally coming around though. Shedding a few tears I managed to compose a poem.

Rusty was an extremely loyal dog we had. He was practically a legend in the quaint little town we lived. I never leashed him or locked him up. All the merchants and vendors in town knew him by name and knew his pleasant disposition. Tourists touring Old St. Augustine would cheerfully snap photos of him while he swam for goldfish in many of the local fountains. He occasionally disappeared for days on end. One day after quite a spell he returned with a beautiful white Spitz, joyfully gesticulating as if to say... "Look what I have now!" Well, she seemed to come from nowhere and no one claimed her. She had the fuzziest, cutest little pups ever under our front porch. The local walking mailman delivered a few in his pouch to welcome recipients eventually. It was a genuine love story as was mine. It is amazing how relieved and whole I felt after roughing the enclosed poem together. It was hard on my heart to write but my heart is grateful to my spirit for doing so.

CONTRITE INTROSPECTION

**Rusty went carousing again...
Why we'd fret of no return I'll never really know,
He echoes in my mind so firm and sets my heart aglow.**

**He loved you; Kate and Micah, without a single doubt,
Returning to that whistle... one needn't cause to shout.
The four of you amongst my heart shall never ever
leave,
Adopted Sophie either... to our home and hearts she'd
cleave.**

**From every fiber of my being,
With every breath I'll ever take,
Memories weld into my soul,
The loves I'll not forsake.**

**The bittersweet waft of Jasmine,
In poignant contrast to the sea,
Leaves a tear or two upon my cheek...
Midst dreams intent... faces that I seek.
O... my weary lonesome heart
Like flotsam from the sea,
Washed upon the shores of fate
That walks the plank—despite my plea.**

**For my child's sweet laughter,
For that woman's well meant touch,
I'd sacrifice my all to you...
My Lord... pray be my crutch.**

**I've wronged... I've sinned and now I toil,
I pray ye for forgiveness, while I till this rocky soil.**

**Let no man put asunder... What Thou decreed as
"one,"
And of faith, of hope and charity,
I see a precious wife... a needing son.**

**I call them thusly "Love,"
Yet sanctions deem you first,
You're the living water of my soul...
That knows my heartaches thirst.**

Bruce Jonas



Monterey, CA

I WANT TO TELL YOU, NIKI

**I want to tell you, Niki, how much we are alike—
How the apple does not fall far from the tree;
How genes, chromosomes and heredity influence the personality structure of a person
and
How much we are alike—**

**Although, we are two generations apart in time,
we really are connected as one—
From the first time I held you in my arms in the hospital,
I knew the psychic chemistry was there.**

**As I see you grow, I see the same personality patterns evolving in you
as are in your mother and me.**

**I want to tell you, Niki, how much we are alike;
Loving, Passionate, Compassionate, Verbal, Bright, Sensuous, Sensitive
yet:
Stubborn, Rebellious, Devious, Independent
and
Unable to take Constructive Criticism—**

**Oh, yes, my dear granddaughter;
For the apple does not fall far from the tree that you are connected to me.
For the sheer grace of God go I, so do you go...
and
We are one.**

**So, if you need me anytime to listen to whatever is on your mind,
I'm always there for you;
For as I listen to you, I can hear myself.
your experiences will be different, but the way you respond to them will be the same.**

**I will always be there for you—
Sometimes just to listen—
Sometimes to give you loving, honest, truthful responses—
At times, my responses will support you
and other times they may not be what you want to hear
but—
they'll always be given to you with unconditional Love
so you may grow enriched from your life experiences
Forever Loving You, Grammi**

Rowaine Kram

Thank you for your letters and offerings. Keep them coming. Look for emerging themes that resonate with your own intuitions and creative works. I also invite you to comment on how these sharings facilitate your own life journeys. (I will add your address if you approve.)

The Editor.