

Random Splashes On the Wye

Explorations of Human Spirit

**“Sit down before fact like a little
child, and be
prepared to give up every
preconceived notion.**

**Follow humbly wherever and to
whatever abyss
nature leads, or you shall learn
nothing,”**

- T.H. Huxley

**Dedicated to Gene
whose passion guided us
to this place.**

On a warm, cloud free, autumn weekend, 15 souls formed a caring community at a rustic lodge on Wye Island, Maryland. We began without knowledge of process or outcome but were grounded in trust. We merely lived together- cooking meals, taking in the natural beauty, sharing thoughts, exploring images, and recalling dreams we might have left behind.

“Random Splashes on the Wye” is a compilation of the personal writings, notes, and notions developed by this community in hope that they may leave a faint image of those magical hours for those who might choose to follow.....

WYE

The honking geese sound a lot like dogs
so let's dance naked in the moonlight.
But we're all too old, you say, and because we say it,
we make it so,
so let's, instead, sit by the fire in our sweats
and listen to the hissing pine logs
and the trembling murmur of our
embarrassed souls
(Bare-ass souls?)
Or better yet
we could risk the cold and pour ourselves naked
into the moonlight, drench
our silvery flesh in the ancient river of moonlight
bathe our breasts in the mother's milk of it...
Or perhaps we'd rather not.
Maybe we had better just imagine
the tingle of cold wet grass on bare feet
the image of light on long naked flanks
on swirling hair
on the madness of various patches of darkness and
light that appear on our bodies, male and female,
in the night.
Perhaps it is best that our children do this dance,
or is that worse?
What frightens us more? Our souls or theirs?

The moon, like a searchlight, pounds at our nakedness,
even here, in the room where we sit,
illusioned in privacy, shirts and slacks
of empty air; so shy, we are,
who wait and listen to honking geese.

PARTNERS

If it weren't for Jane, there'd be no Carl--
In my life, that is.
If I hadn't moved to DC, and gotten out of teaching
And into advertising
There'd be no Jane.
No Jane. No Carl. No connection.
But we did connect.

Carl. A man who listens and talks
In depth.
Not so much intellectually.
Not so much in theory.
But practically. In reality.
The here. The now. And the past.

A phone call. Today.
The sharing of the moon over the water.
Sharing the moon, miles apart.
His sharing memories with an old friend.
About people. Important people -- to him.
Throughout his life.

Carl. A people person.
Observant and loving.
Independent.
Attuned to the present.
Aware of the here and now.
Unlike me. Caught up in the future.
Carl. Solid. Realistic. Fun.

Carl brings frivolity to life.
Silly. Childlike.
The older brother to our
Only-child daughter.
Someone to play with. Be silly with.
Someone to enjoy life with.

Carl. Trouble with people who are
Too serious.
The Wye River Experience.
Too serious?
Too deep into the soul for him?
Soul-searching. Difficult for Carl.
Not for his brother, Rick.
But for Carl.

Yet, personality type is of interest.
Understanding himself.
The people around him.
To better understand
And communicate with others.
Useful information. Practical.
That's Carl.

Do I want him to be more like me?
More into the intellectual – the theory?
The spirit searching?
The future?
How can I share this experience with him?
A photograph – even with a panoramic lens –
The essence lost.

I will tell -- as much as I can.
I will share -- all that I can.

Carl. A gift to me.
Unconditional love.
Fun. Frivolity.
Silliness. Exuberance.
Living the present.

I honor who he is.
I want to embrace his gifts.
To open them.
To grow from them.
To grow younger from them.

To be a child.
To live the present.
To smell the roses.
To enjoy the moment.

IN GROUP

I find this place so seldom.

A place where time joins clouds.

A place where body sees life.

A place where soul returns to touch so softly.

My mind races,

But only to catch my heart.

For it has peacefully melded with those about me.

And settled in to renew and reacquaint.

Is it fear?

Fear of spilling this heart as if pieces of a puzzle on the

floor?

Fear of moving from my stage to your side?

Or only stopping to take the time to remember that you are

I?

IN MY DIGRESSIONS

Emotional Piece or Emotional Peace?

..."I just want to be,
but my analysis & wanting to understand all my icebergs keeps my mind
out of
that gap - that blissful gap of being; that blissful gas of love; of
courage; of faith; of trust; of gratitude; of listening to myself & the
universe I'm connected to; to just be in that gap of nothingness...

...I'm sitting on my porch & I'm very still; the hummingbirds are chattering
over who will drink the sweet nectar from my feeder; acorns drops with a
thunderous thud to the earth's floor where they will nurture the tree next
year; the trees in the distance sway & call to me to tell me their truths;
I'm walking through a clearing of trees that will be used by developers to
make money; the strewn branches are like a holocaust; senseless murder
&

destruction - the trees call me & I ask what do they tell - they tell me to
remember this site - don't let human kind kill itself by killing nature -
humans must be in the gap to know that all is interconnected & came from
one

& still is one - we must remember or else more trees will fall & that sweet
melody of the hummingbirds will no longer be heard; I won't be there either
- all is collapsing in on itself"...

..."my clogged ears talk to me - stop thinking so much; stop worrying so
much; stop analyzing it; stop looking for a solution...sit in the gap; sit
in the stillness; soak up the nothingness; be in the present...pedetone
takes me back to Seattle with Christine & the wonderful night of music,
singing & love & just being in the moment - no yesterdays & no tomorrows

-
just now & just is - in the gap - in myself in the universe"...

..."How I long to enjoy the flow of life; when did it become so distant; how did it become so choppy; how do I get back in the tunnel to ask to start over - clear my board of chalked lines that go in every direction & cause
me
to grip my pencil - choking it's flow - it's love - it's expression - it's nature - it's creativity - it's being"...

..."I lie in the gap of nothingness & want to stay - I don't want to go home & stare at the chalkboard anymore"...

..."I go home & begin to erase my chalk board - the line are still there, but they are vague & don't jump out at me - I can remember them, but they don't grip me...I don't scare myself anymore...I'm gentle with myself...I take the time to nurture what it is at that moment that needs my focus & caring - all myselfes understand that I remember them & that I love them
all

- we all lie in the gap of nothingness together & share our experience without pain or anger or remorse; it's all lovely - the highs & lows...the left & right...the man & women...the child & adult...the lover & the friend; I breath & ask my body to breath with me - it doesn't - it's tight too - I have to remember my body too - I have to nurture it as well - it is part of my mind & spirit"...

..."my ears need flushing, just as everyone of my bodies cells needs the white light to flush them with unconditional love...open myself"....

MY HAIKU

The willow tree dips
And drinks the river empty
It refills for me

The angel appeared
giving a benediction.
I feel joy and peace

I am free of time
traveling back to quiet,
Then a motor roars.

Music is a stream
it flows over, yet thru me,
Into the cosmos

Autumn leaves jump up
and hitch a ride down the stream
into adventure

REFLECTIONS ON THE WYE

Forgiveness is what is needed to melt my heart/head/ego. I carry such baggage, like a cloak that needs to be unloaded. I need to get a garbage bag and put the stuff at the curb.

Faith, I need to believe. To have faith in the Higher Power. That I am truly Divinely Guided and God is holding me in Her hand. I love me, I love me, love me. YOU ARE SO LUCKY!!!

Floating, floating, floating, waiting for the sun's warmth to melt this iceberg. It hits a rock and becomes dislodged. The magnificent 12 are here to help you melt some of your untruths. Melt, melt, melt, flow down the river... the water is getting warmer and icebergs are melting in the warm water. Go to West Virginia and go to the spa. Sit in the warm bath of mineral waters, bring your journal and explore your self. Take the time to play and have fun, eat good food and pamper yourself. You are on the right path and doing a good job. We are pleased with you. Remember to have faith – you found the honeysuckle this morning because you believed it. It was the last space possible but if you had given up and ran back to the original place, you would have wasted energy or spent more than you needed to.

You have a loving supportive community here that can heal you – let them. You can try new things with them. Open yourself to that possibility. Heed your own advice: One hand is for giving and one is for receiving, make the connection.

Stay in the light. You are creating a whole new world that is different than most people have come to know/expect. Honor the skeptic. It is from years and years of abuse that this takes place. They can't trust or they believe there is a hidden agenda. This is years and years of hurt.. you need to melt your icebergs and then help these people.

THE POWER OF TIME

At Notres-Dames
beneath the vaults
that echo with
the tourist babble
who do not seem
to understand
"Silence-Prayer"
in seven languages
I reflect
from the bottom of the well
on the countless hours spent
carving the statues that grace the facade.
An electric storm
of lost souls snap away
in utter disrespect
of God's light.
We are deep, deeply
underground, on a sub-
terranean floor
looking up at the un-
fathomable cavern ceiling,
lost inside a mind
where neurons flash like camera bulbs
while the faint light of the outside world
enters through red prismatic eyes.
The stones appear like
wrinkled brows or creases in
the cerebral cortex.
The double columns
through the sanctum
emerge from the floor
truncated
as if they were
the tips of ideas
buried beneath the stones.
Under the umbrella
of this grand cranium

I surrender all regrets.

I have not wasted even a moment, ever.

EXPLORATIONS

Explorations of friendship and love. Finding my comfort chord. The feelings, the smells, the companions to my soul. Afraid to hurt, wanting the nectar of life to be present. The music of friends, family and loves- to play to my heart. The sunshines of my life. The courses of the river of life. The quick trips to shore for basic needs, then back on the water.

The tree of friendship and love shading me and protecting me from harsh winds and cold rains. Dropping its leaves in winter, to provide a blanket for warmth and to show me the sun – my dearest friend.

The little birds that are the acquaintances of life, perching on the arms of my tree. singing their quick notes to encourage me on or getting my attention for some reason to point out sweet moments. All building to a crescendo of music louder, louder, and busier and busier.

The ancestors are the roots with their thin fibrous connections to me. Without them the tree won't grow correctly – the chords won't resonate together- the music of life won't come through in the right tone.

The beautiful circle of life has such depth, so much happy music, pensive music, that drags you to a special place or time, so many emotional and sad notes, that seem so at the moment, but taken separately they aren't sad at all. They may resonate sad in our mind, but in the heart they are beautiful, meaningful notes only; and can be combined later to provide beautiful chords. They repeat over and over again – each time bringing us different emotions and to different places in our hearts. And later in life, those same notes bring us back to sweeter times and places, to the people on the tree and eventually to the ancestors from whom we came.

It's fast and slow, it crescendos and it trails off. It's simple and very complex. It provides such emotion, such escape. It comforts when the tree of love is not there. Its sounds are heard in everything, nature, people, objects, silence, the skin, the organs, the flesh and fiber of life.

The quiet is deafening.

THE ALPHA MALE

I

What you allowed me to see,
What you wanted me to know,
What you forced me to touch.
What you entrusted me to protect.
What you encouraged me to explore.

II

My pain, my sexuality, my humor
My right to be and be loved.
All of this is mine to own.

How you smiled, laughed, thought, stroked,
defended, annoyed, invested, hugged,
growled, romped, rested, trusted , and watched.

You are me.
Sometimes to hate; more often to love.
When I step from the stage and stop acting, I become as you.

III

Sadness, melancholy, passion
Fiercely independent
Needing times of powerful solitude

I must go there.
I just have to go there.
When I'm by myself, I'm with you.

To touch, to feel
To stroke and caress
To come full circle and feel safe.

IV

Yes-now I can feel .
My body is electrified.
My emotions are brought in high relief.

With this some peace can return for now.
A quieting, a restfulness,
With inner critic silenced.

Quiet, softness, joy.
With pain no more.
I soar. I float.

V

So emerge from the trees.
Romp with those outside of your pack.
Stand tall but among the new.

Add to the what's and how's.
Share your pain. Share your sexuality.
Share your humor. Share your right to be.

You are one. I am one. We are one.
Come home with me. Rest with me.
And I with you- as me. One- now whole.

VI

When I leave, oh yes, I'll leave....
Will I be a myth?
Will I only leave the trappings of my mind?

Or in some way make your heart stronger?
Your soul a place for the next ones to find joy?
A place to touch and embrace their pain?

I know not. But I trust it to be so.....

POINTS OF VIEW...

John was the soul mate of my life. I miss John I learned about love from John before I was old enough to value and appreciate how unique this is in life... a gift. His death, my loss was profound.

It also set me firmly on a path of spirit. John always said his namesake was John the Baptist. He wasn't the light. He heralded the light. I began at age 21 to make conscious choices about life. To consider life seriously, deeply. Not to believe every superficial thing I encountered, to look for hidden rivers, meanings, alternative interpretations.

Gerry G is a reminder to me of my mother. If my mother were to share her inner journey, the digressions and distractions to be aware of and recount her struggles with limiting beliefs. I met Gerry early, she was an early patient in 80s while I still practiced from my home. My parents were in Europe, had moved to Vienna shortly before. This was way before the wall fell... I felt abandoned and bereft when they withdrew their energy back home to Europe... although I was very happy for them to finally return home.

In 1989... after visiting their new (old) home in Budapest, and the Rumanians overthrew the Ceauceauscaus, shooting them both... I cried for my mother... deeply.. for the first time.. as I had before for the losses of my father. I had come from post-communist Hungary, not the Hungary they had left. The loss of Hungary ... and its freedom.

The polarity of my life. Loss and Freedom. My parents and me. One never spoken of. The other always my highest value.

Gerry was the embodiment of articulated loss.

In the body, in the lungs, emphysema, asthma, bronchitis. She was constantly exploring loss. Her "digressions" were endless personalities, connections, stories, trying to figure it all out. (Note: my body is alive.. fright and sadness .. St/. skin alive / jaw tight.) It was a morass, endless.. not to be left alone.. not to be let go.. I felt sadness.. and much frustration.

My mother is unarticulated loss.

Stoic. Strong. Her body is large. Sturdy. Stout. Healthy. She keeps her own counsel. She is dignity incarnate. She doesn't recognize loss. It's "nonsense. I was young. It was my life. I didn't know differently. The bombs were falling around us, so we took our covered wagons, went west through Austria, and settled for a while on the banks of the Seine outside of Paris. Everyone was fleeing, like all refugees, living on rations, finding ways to survive. We were able to get out, to take a ship to Buenos Aires. It was our life."

Joan Baez. The beautiful acapella voice of loss. "And we carry you.. till independence day... ". Stories and songs of union struggles and mining towns closing. The generations pass.

George. A musician in Caracas from my high school days. A classical musician and orchestra conductor. I don't know what he was doing in Caracas that summer/ or year? I know he otherwise lived in Georgetown, D.C. where at 18 I was too frightened of something in him (honesty?) to visit him when I went to visit my sister.

My Father is a musician.

The violin is his instrument. The classical pieces he practiced daily. Massanet, Brahms, Mendelsson. Deep. Soulful. Profound. Painful. So evocative of another time, another place, another sensitivity. Of a world of grace and order, a world of beauty, a world of tradition, continuity, a respect for learning.

String instrument. So alone. A lone voice. A human voice. A lone human voice of consciousness and conscience. A cry to pay attention. But only music. No words. Holding the loss, expressing the world through strings.

My patients. Lots of lone voices. I can hear stories. Content... histories.. and herstories.. how generations of families interact, are supposed to, how and why they don't, the consequences of hidden interactions. And the small graces.... all that really matter. A listening ear. A permission to rage. A permission to grieve. A permission to let go and let lie. Someone is listening... you matter. Your life has meaning.

Guruji and Swamiji. Mukti. Freedom. Liberation. Another way. Cut all assumptions and conditioning that bind... they are only one point of view.

...

MY FLOW UNBLOCKED

Slowly the stream meanders on
savoring its time here
even as it moves to there.
can I move with the river,
hair streaming out behind,
or must I stay rooted here on the bank
not there, but nowhere?

The river runs to a bend.
The water flows on though I no longer see it.
How many things exist that I don't see?
When the music is over,
Do the notes seek out another ear,
Drawn like a magnet to steel?
Am I a ghost
that walks right through truth and love?
When I see one river
Am I actually looking at all the rivers I've ever known?
These are the things I can't answer yet
But maybe if I believe in the river
I will see it.

MY POETIC THOUGHTS

In the darkness of my first night
workshop lifting off from the water
I am almost trembling
My mind happy and excited
I am dancing, my thoughts singing
and coming in poetic images
pictures, concepts and many, many words
They spin, ignoring the fatigue
Transforming that fatigue into energy
a self perpetuating engine depriving me of sleep

On the dock, morning meditation
I let my eyes feast
and they spill over, recognizing this is home
my Soul
my Artist
weeping at being set free
weak from the long stillness
I am content to touch my eyes to the earth and sky

Gaeten arrives
my heart expands a little more
There is no end to expansion in small loving breaths
(we've always known that, haven't we?)
He tells of his and his niece's mutual love
She says "I love you more than you love me"
And hesitates, knowing that's not quite right
"I love you everywhere!"
My heart is spilling out of my eyes again
Thank you beautiful child
I look around
I am loving each of you everywhere
and everywhere I feel loved

I feel so close to falling to the floor sobbing
My creative self and I, glimpsing each other
after an adulthood with little more contact than
memory

We have loved and missed each other so desperately
Seeing you again, my Soul, is almost too much to
bear

I want to embrace you,
melt into you
You are my beloved
as separate from me as each person at this gathering
as connected as each person at this gathering
as connected as the music playing
as present as the trees
as purposeful as the geese above us
Let me fly in your V
and be lifted in the pull of your air
Spirit leading spirit in community

Jim reads the "masterpiece story"
Dick says "I finally have a name for what I'm doing
now
I'm giving up my paint by number life"
Kathy talks about the betrayal of "artistic training"
her repressed rage
and the stirrings
now
of the small voice of her inner artist
beginning to speak in whispers
Dee brings the Swan to us
Spirit in moonlight at midnight gliding
bringing a reminder of our beauty within
Swan
ancient spirit
first anglo-utterance

What is my personal myth?
The spiral begins and circles that myth
What are our group myths?
How can we sort out art
being all tangled up?

"I have no regrets."

You're thoughts are prayers
be careful what you're thinking
What would you do if you weren't afraid?
Do it!
Failure is a linear concept
Swan, float around a circular moon
Put all your decisions in the circle of your life.

THOUGHTS FROM THE WYE

I don't do this often -taking time...
I don't do this ever.
Touching in with myself. Touching nature. Touching others.
I don't do this often enough.

Here, on the Wye,
I Remember
The dream
I dreamed
Before I came.

Here, on the Wye,
WE remembered
The dreams
We dreamed
Before we came.

SHORT JOURNAL

The journey to the lodge—
an in-depth search for the site —
since I took no directions with me.
Like the journey I took this weekend --
into my soul —
seeking my inner spirit.
It took some time, but I found it!

Woods, water, ducks, geese, deer,
sunset, moonrise.
The sweet smell of the woods.
The scrumptious aroma from the grill.
The crackling of the fire.
The friendly voices and faces of soon-to-be comrades.
All greeted me as I began the search for my soul — my inner spirit.

Open space technology. It works!

What do I want to gain from this experience?
Self-knowledge. Direction professionally, ideally.
To listen. To talk.
To question. To share.
To teach. To learn.
To enjoy.
To make friends — contacts for the future.
Intelligent people with whom to converse, brainstorm, and just be with.

Linear vs. circular vs. spiral.
Circular/spiral: no judgment. "It takes us no place."
Circle of life = moment to moment.
Experience your experience.
Explore personal myth

RIPPLES ON THE RIVER

“Stay connected – but not tangled.”

“Opportunity dances with those who are already on the dance floor.”

“I love you everywhere.”

“When I’m in-sync, I know myself. It brings the mysteries home to me.”

“Everyone here has a right to be loved – and a right to be right.”

“YOU are so lucky! I am so lucky!”

“You’re a mentor, not a boss.”

“Synchronicity is a-causal.” “There are no accidents.”

“A Swan gliding gracefully in the Hunters Moon.. a reminder we are never alone. We have ancestors, loved ones who have made the transition and Spirit Guides that are here for us. Just be open to their gentle way of showing up!”

“Just turn down the volume.” (your traits that are “too loud”)

“Get moving. Find joy and new ideas in the accomplishments of others and use them to propel you into a new phase of creative spinning on your own web of delight.”

“Music is pure thought without the language.”

“Use synchronicity as an internal guidepost. Use it to help heal your own psyche.”

“Acorns are falling around me... another symbol for me of the great oak that is in the heart of this seed.

“Hold your pen delicately – like a bow. Don’t squeeze your thoughts out of existence.”

“If you show gratitude to synchronicity, you will encourage it to happen.”

“The best writing comes from the soul

“Worrying works - 95% of what you worry about doesn't happen”

“What would you do if you were not afraid”

“Still water gives you peace; disturbed water can't give you peace- you can't see deep within”

“Appreciative Inquiry- explore what you did right...”

“Don't believe in blame”

“Each new day is built on a new landscape”

FINAL REFLECTION ON THE WATER

In gathering together in a spirit of goodwill,
we honor the great mystery that brought us
together.

May we use the inspiration, courage, and wisdom
we receive from each other to help the universe
continue to unfold in peace, and truth, and beauty,
and love.