

NEWSLETTER '16/'17

CREATING CONNECTION

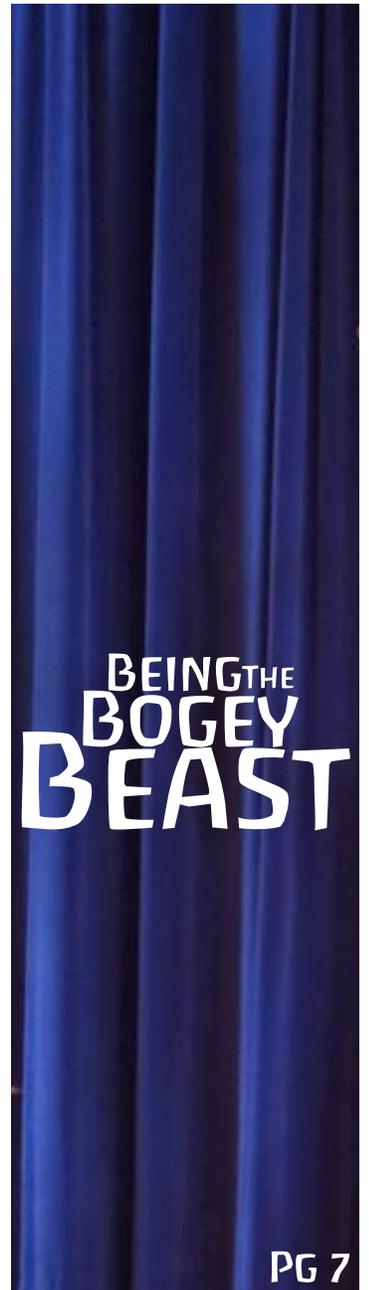
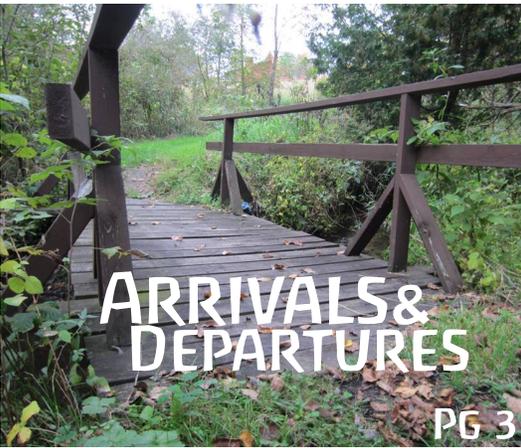
THE  
VILLAGE  
VELDT



CAMP HILL VILLAGE MINNESOTA



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# ARRIVALS & DEPARTURES

*We give so many thanks to our old friends that have moved out of our community in the past year. Their work and energy have left an indelible mark on all of our lives. Many of them continue to foster connection with CVM, and we wish them love and joy in all that they do into the future.*

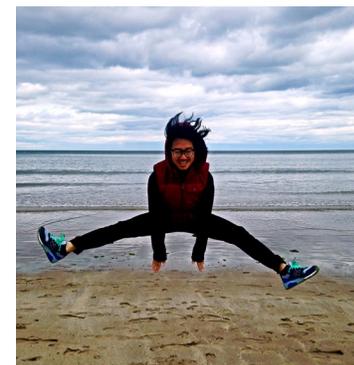
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*We are enthusiastic to welcome new members to the community. By connecting with one another we weave richness into the vibrant fabric of our lives. May we grow and change along side one another, extending our hearts in friendship and service. May we endeavor to learn together, honoring the ties that bind us.*



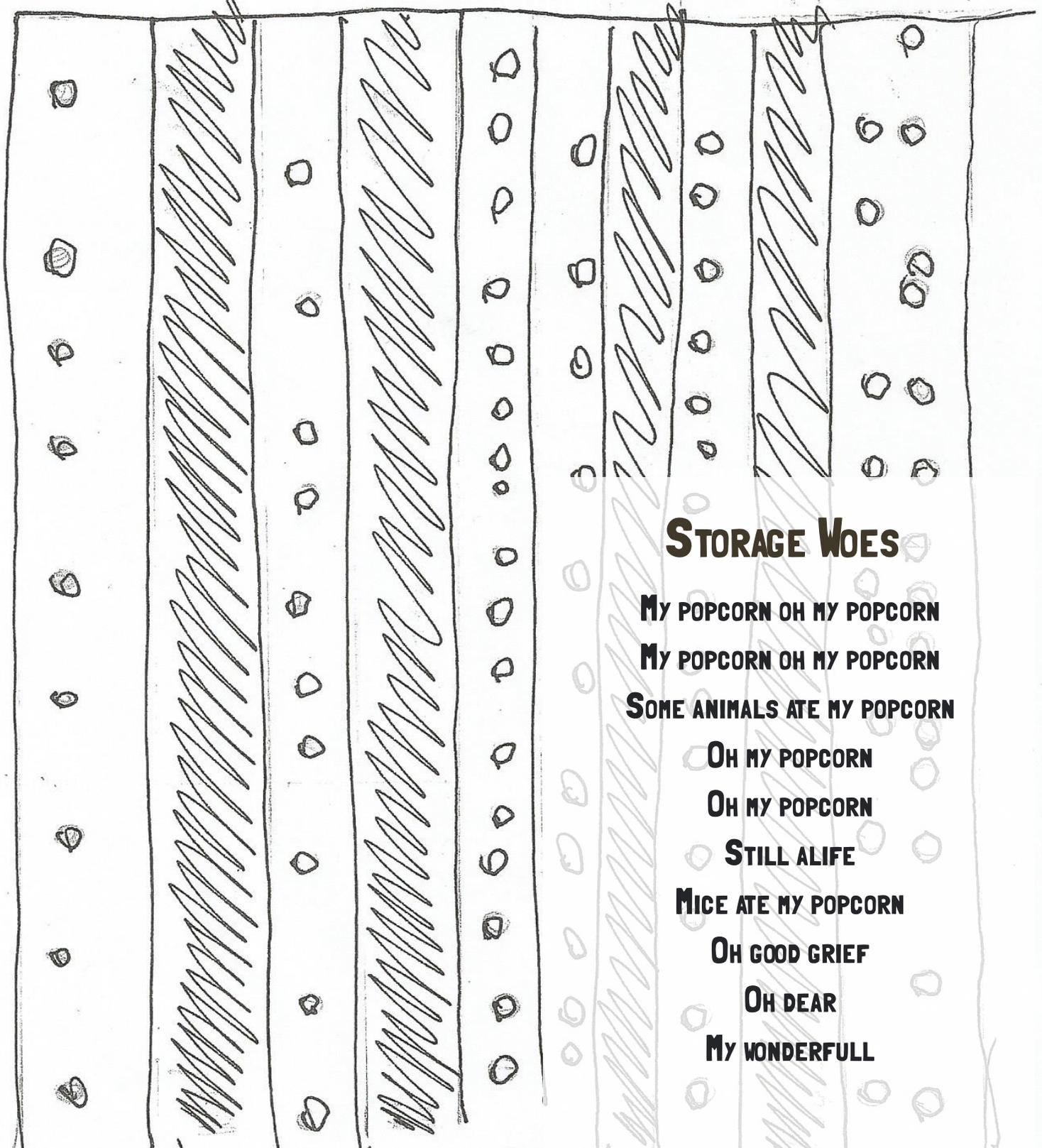
# POPCORN

# POETRY

A PLUCKY  
POEM

BY  
BENJAMIN  
COTTER

*This year Ben Cotter had the opportunity to grow his own plot of popcorn. And as any gardener knows, careful planning is necessary. We need to draw up a plot plan, sync our planting with the proper dates for germination and maturity, and water and watch attentively. And after all that one still can not prepare enough for rainy weather wash outs, and piglet pile-ups. But what Ben Cotter encountered was something of an entirely different manner. Something not one of us saw coming. This is his story.*



## STORAGE WOES

MY POPCORN OH MY POPCORN

MY POPCORN OH MY POPCORN

SOME ANIMALS ATE MY POPCORN

OH MY POPCORN

OH MY POPCORN

STILL ALIVE

MICE ATE MY POPCORN

OH GOOD GRIEF

OH DEAR

MY WONDERFULL



# CONFLICT IS MY FRIEND

BY JEFF GOEBEL

*For the past year, Jeff Goebel of The Consensus Institute has come here to help us learn new skills in Conflict Mediation, and Adaptive Learning within the framework of Holistic Management. Working closely with CVM, he has created a new way of connecting, one that reaches far beyond our immediate community. Here is his story.*

## IN PROCESS

I remember about 20 years ago, I was going through a really difficult time in life. Everyone was telling me how sorry they were for me, except for one person, my friend Bob Chadwick. He said this was good.

I was absolutely shocked! A few years later, another difficult time, and he told me that he appreciates conflict, the lessons that he learns and how it makes him grow. He told me that he asks to have conflict present in his life daily. Again, utter disgust on my side. And again, a few more years later, as I was gentling down with my understanding of the power of conflict in my life, he told me that conflict was his friend.

It has taken me a while to understand this perspective. Today, I feel that I am at a place where I can call conflict, my friend. I say it when I reflect about being "in process," which is another term that I learned from Bob where you are

undergoing change. Earlier in my life, I felt that there was the climb up the mountain, the "climb" that was represented by pain. I hungered for the days when I would be on the "plateau." I often liken the climb as the place in life about being the "student." The plateau is where one becomes the "teacher."

Now, I feel that each day brings old and new conflicts, mostly internal, since I realize that almost all conflict is within ourselves. We often project our inner conflict onto other individuals and groups, if we have external conflict. When I do conflict resolution work, I find that usually I am called to work on "others," in order to fix the problem, and through the course of the work experience, the individuals who called me are the ones who change. Of course, so do the "others."

In my current view of my life with conflict and being "in process," I realize that I have arrived at a place in life where I am simultaneously the student AND the teacher. Through my growth with conflict, I am finding that I don't take the conflict so personal or harmful to my soul, and rather, I find that I am more curious about what is going on within me and around me. I have learned to find peace, and live in peace most of my life now.

My friend, Bob, asked me, during a very difficult time of my life, four

questions, which have guided my learning and growing ever since he shared them with me twenty years ago. The first question is "How do I feel about this conflict?" He wasn't just asking me for a word that described an emotion, but to reach within my self and be conscious about where that feeling was manifesting itself in my body. This was a powerful step in my personal development, to gain the ability to have choice in each moment of my life. As Viktor Frankl said, "Everything can be taken from a man but one thing: the last of the human freedoms—to choose one's attitude in any given set of circumstances, to choose one's own way."

The next question is "What can I learn from this situation that will help me be successful?" There are nuggets in each moment of life. To be conscious of them adds power into your purposeful movement toward a desired future. The third question threw me at first. "What do I STILL need to learn that will help me be successful?" Isn't that odd, asking for what you don't know? Yet, each time I ask, an answer comes to me. And finally, he phrased the fourth question like this "If it's true that we create our own reality, what is the purpose of this reality that I created for myself?" Ouch! This question touches on my area of growth.

Since I have worked with many indigenous tribes, especially in North America, I have learned various

stories about the legend "Coyote." Coyote is known as the teacher, and coyote teaches through tricks (a second "ouch"). It is said that coyote will repeat the trick until you learn the lesson (third "ouch"). Earlier in my life, without being conscious, I would blindly go from issue to similar issue, and wonder what was happening. As I progressed in life, and years, I started seeing patterns in my life.

I also learned that we can change these patterns. At the core of these patterns were our beliefs, which affected our behaviors, which ultimately gave us the results in life, good or bad. I also learned about limiting beliefs, which prevented me from attaining desired outcomes. I learned that these limiting beliefs are deeply held and often only factual because we believe them. This resulted in manifesting what we didn't want, what we might be afraid to see happen, and it happened.

In my journey came a phrase which has helped me with addressing limiting beliefs. If we become conscious of our "self-talk," we can begin to "catch" ourselves telling us limiting beliefs that prevent us from attaining what we truly desire.

However, there are limiting beliefs that we don't consciously realize and direct us toward a destiny that is less than desirable and well below our potential. This quote has served me well in addressing my limiting beliefs: "One way to defeat limiting beliefs,

even ones you may not know that you have, is to simply dream of a life so grand that the limiting beliefs couldn't possibly make sense. And then start living that life today, however humbly at first."

Bob taught me a simple process for resolving any conflict that I have addressed over the past 25 years. This process has served me well with successfully resolving intra-personal conflict, which comprises about 85% of what I do, inter-personal conflict, and inter-group conflicts. The simple steps are to ask: 1) What is the present situation and how do you feel about it?; 2) What are the worst possible outcomes of confronting / not confronting the present situation?; 3) what are the best possible outcomes of confronting the present situation?; and finally, 4) what beliefs, behaviors, strategies and actions will foster the best possible outcomes.

What I learned from Bob is that "Worst Possible Outcomes are feared future outcomes, often based on past experience, with a presently experienced emotion and physical reaction. When people believe them, they affect their perceptions, beliefs, values and strategies. They tend to be self-fulfilling prophecies when strongly held." These words really fit every conflict situation that I have come across. I often will look at what a people's present situation is and what their worst possible outcomes are, and I usually find that there is not much difference. They are living their worst outcomes when in unresolved conflict!

Recently, I was in a meeting of my local soil and water conservation district. I was elected to the board about 18 months ago, shortly after I

bought my farm. I have wanted to be involved on the local level with the conservation movement since I was first employed with the Soil Conservation Service (now called the Natural Resource Conservation Service). One key individual on the board is a climate denier, and obviously, I have had conflict with his beliefs. Due to his position, he has been able to shut my ideas down, which include promoting holistic decision-making with our financial planning, our financial assistance program, and our land use plan. My consensus building work has been limited too.

At a recent meeting, I was really feeling shut down, and when I don't feel listened to with respect, my tendency is to bail. Since I have watched this pattern within me over the years, and know where in my past this tendency comes from, I have been able to make different choices. In the meeting, the urge was great to leave and not come back. However, that inner patience said to be still, realize that this work is important and significant to me, and that this time shall pass. I also reflected on the significant changes that were already happening because of my work in the past several months.

I was still, and came back to the next meeting. Thus, there has been significant advancement of the work, with grant funding coming, the work is expanding to the region, and life is going well even in just the past two months. The financial assistance program is using holistic testing toward a holistic goal to award recipients, the land use plan is establishing district policies based on the testing, we have hired a community gardener to begin raising food in our low/fixed income

communities, our regional irrigation water distribution organization is in dialogue about managing holistically, I am doing a xeriscape conference to address the reduction of water use in our river basin, a local pueblo is moving toward ranching holistically, and several other elements of my plan are being lined up for implementation. This has happened in a very relatively short period. And this has happened because I have learned how to make conflict my friend.

Bob also shared that "Best Possible Outcomes are hoped for future outcomes, sometimes not previously experienced, but intensely imagined, with a presently experienced emotion and physical response. When people believe them, they affect their perceptions, beliefs, values and strategies. They tend to be self-fulfilling prophecies when strongly held." Since I have been doing this work for over 25 years now, I have had the fortune to have had hundreds of successful outcomes when working with this process. I have a confidence that has come with using a process that allows me to create the condition where conflict is my friend. I also shared another important concept, which is the notion of "Possibility Thinking: An acknowledgment that both worst and best outcomes are present and inherent in each moment, up to, and often after the event. This balanced view allows the movement toward desired outcomes." For the mind to wrap itself around the balance of the lower brain functions (survival of self) and higher brain functions (good of the community), we need to learn to "let go" to allow movement toward our desired hopes.

My friend, Bob, shared three phrases that guide me each day and have allowed me to move to a place where conflict is my friend. 1) To "let go" of fear, or simply, to "acknowledge" our fears; 2) To seek richness (by looking for all that we are grateful in each moment); and 3) To trust the process or greater power. The first step is a daily practice as fear is part of our lower brain function with the purpose of protection from threats, real or imagined. The second step for me started as a mechanical process of asking myself what are five things that I was grateful for. In the beginning, that was difficult. Now, it's automatic and constant for me.

The final step has come with this practice, which speaks to the notion that our "job" is to create intention. The greater power's purpose is to figure out "how." I am constantly amazed with how things show up in my life now.

These are the steps that have guided my journey to the point in life to find conflict as my friend. Of course, tomorrow morning, I may wake up and realize that none of this is true, which is the notion of Possibility Thinking. That notion is what propels me forward with greater speed toward my desired outcomes in life. Finally, one last phrase that has been profound in my journey, "If you want to be happy, be!" Leo Tolstoy

Jeff Goebel



"IF YOU WANT TO BE HAPPY, BE!"  
-LEO TOLSTOY



*In July, after a month long workshop that was spearheaded and taught by Camphill Minnesota Alumna and Eurythmist Amanda Leonard, participants put on a performance of The Bogey Beast. The story was told through eurythmy accompanied by live narration. This is an interview with one of the actors.*

## Q&A

Q: "Can you tell me a little bit about the story of the Bogey Beast?"

A: "There was an old woman, that lived in a cottage... She found this big black pot on the side of the road... Then she found some Gold... She went on further and found silver. What happened to the silver and the gold, is that it disappeared, if I'm not mistaken. Then she found some pennie pieces. Then she went and picked up a rock and put it on her sled, and took it with her somewhere. And then she went further and found this Bogey Beast in the woods and wondering and walking around, and was surprised because she was wondering what it was and stuff. That's all I can remember. After the Bogey Beast had left she went back to her cottage."

Q: "What kind of Character is the Bogey Beast?"

A: "He's like funny and crazy and hyper all over the place."

Q: "How do you relate to the Bogey Beast?"

A: "I think that relating with the Bogey Beast was touching for me. It was a really great character. I feel behaviors like really happy, and energetic and stuff. Stuff like

that."

Q: "What was the biggest challenge of playing the part of the Bogey Beast?"

A: "I think the hardest part for me was doing the actions. Trying to keep up with everything."

Q: "How did you face that challenge?"

A: "How did I face it? Let's see. Just putting my mind to it. Just having the strength to do it without feeling, like, embarrassed or anything. I just went out there and put my mind to it and did it."

Q: "What was the biggest reward of playing the part for you?"

A: "The biggest reward? The biggest reward was just having my friends congratulate me and say I did a good job."

Q: "How was the process of rehearsal for you?"

A: "It was actually really good. [They were] Long practices, but it was really good. It took a while because everybody had to learn their gestures. My part was a little more difficult I think because I had to do a lot of jumping and stuff. We had to break up the practices, like sometimes it was the pot and the penny pieces and other times other people. But it was good. I enjoyed myself. Being in those costumes was really hot. I think that everybody enjoyed it, I know I did. I think some people were frustrated with it, but I enjoyed it."

Q: "How did it make you feel, the whole play?"

A: "It made me feel great and really happy. I felt like that I thought, well, maybe having

the spirit to be happy to just get out there and just do it for everybody. I really, really, enjoyed it."

Q: "What did you learn from this experience that will be helpful for you in the future?"

A: "Let's see here, I learned something I just gotta think. I learned, um, I know there's a couple things I learned, I just gotta think a minute. I learned about being patient, and waiting my turn to get out there. I learned about helping other people to get out there for their turn. [What] I learned [in] particular about myself is that I can do it. That I can have the faith, and spirit to just go and do it. I was nervous and I just had the spirit and I just went out and did it. I did it. That's what I learned."

Q: "How do you see this experience impacting others?"

A: "This is my suggestion from this play, [is] how a play can be really active and silly, just really touching. It's touching and funny... playing. I think that when they saw it they

had nice smiles on their faces. And after it was done I could tell that everybody was really touched by it. We sent our love out there and it was just a really nice play."

*The Bogey Beast is a Northern English folk tale, relaying the story of a very poor old woman and her adventures throughout a day. One day she comes across an abandoned pot full of gold. . Strangely, this pot of gold transforms into a lump of silver, but this is only the start of a very bizarre day for the old woman. The Bogey Beast teaches subtle yet profound lessons about gratitude, outlook, and happiness in relationship to personal perspective.*





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# HEART<sup>TO</sup> HEART

AN ESSAY BY  
MIKE JENNISON



*Many changes have been occurring at CVM. These changes have begun to work on each individual's relationship to connection within the context of community, both internally and more broadly. Mike Jennison chose to write about some of these experiences, from a personal stand point. This is his story.*

## AN ESSAY

Well, my change is I'm doing this "special waiver" thing, calling bingo at the retirement home in Sauk Centre. I call bingo there, and talk to the people. My social worker Kevin mentioned about it, and I talked to Karen, and me and her went and talked to the lady [in charge] and she said yeah we should come. And now I do it once a month. And Karen said if I like it I should keep on doing it. It's important to me because it's something new to do. My Mom and Dad asked me to do it and I thought well what the heck, why



not. I get to talk with a lot of people. The people there are pretty nice, they're kind. Last time I went they called the numbers off and I checked to see if people do it right. It's pretty neat. Kyle picks me up and drops me off, and it's nice of him to do it. I'm going this Thursday again. The nurses are so kind, they say "Oh, how are you?" and I say "Good," so that's nice. This is neat, and I like doing it. It makes me pretty happy. The first time that Karen mentioned it I got so excited. I saw Stephanie doing it [volunteering outside the community], and I thought oh I should do that to, and now Chris does it too. So, that's good.

It helps me not get so much worry, and relax, and keeps me calm when I do it. I'm not nervous or shaking about it. I like the guys and the ladies and everybody is friendly. They sit in the dining area and I call the numbers twice. The older people can't hear, so I have to call twice. I am grateful to do it. It's amazing, all my brothers know, I told them all and they say it's nice that I'm doing it. They're happy I'm doing it. The librarians ask how it's going for me to. It's almost like all of Sauk Centre knows about it. Every time I go somewhere they ask about it. That makes me feel pretty good. All of Camphill knows it too, geez.

I get to give more to Camphill. So we have more here. I feel warm about it, because, it's funny because my heart is joyful. I like to talk to people. I like to talk to old people. It warms me. I get so excited, it's only good! I'm happy about it. It gets me in a great mood, and it helps me feel grateful. The people that are playing like it when I do it. I'm kind to people. They are kind people. They know my name when I go in the doorway. The front lady, when I come in the door, she meets me. It's nice because she gave me a warm hug after. It warms in me, when she gives me a hug when I come right to the door. And she greets me when I

come in the door.

[Speaking of greetings] Holistic Management went pretty well actually. Jeff asked me (the guy at the meeting), asked me to do it [the greeting circle] and I said yes. It was me and Stephanie to gether and we were in a circle. She did a good job of explaining with words the point of it. The greeting circle helps you talk [about] how you are doing and people get hugs. If you don't want to get a hug you can get a handshake, but if you want a hug you get one and it warms you. I like what he's doing, I love it. It's neat. He's a nice guy, he's kind. Everybody sits in a circle, and then people stand up and go around and get a hug, and stop at your chair and then the other people go around and meet them again. Then you talk about it. I did. Farmhouse helped me write it down. I talked about [bringing it to] the Monday Morning meeting.

This year I learned a lot. I like to talk about things. I enjoyed the whole meeting. Sometimes, I don't get bored at all. I liked it. I like to see all the people there. I liked the food too. It's nice to have the whole group with villagers there. I am so happy that all the people went to that. It's nice if I... it's helping me to be in a good mood. It helps get my words out of my head and out, this meeting that Jeff does [In reference to the Adaptive Learning process]. I hope he comes again. It's something to do. I didn't expect to go, but I got asked. It's nice that we all got certificates. Christine got one, I got one, Lee got one. It's nice. I learned I need more hugs! I do.

Mike Jennison



*This summer, for four months, Emma Ryan took up the work of self-connection by hiking the Pacific Crest Trail. The PCT is a walking trail that travels the west coast for 2,650 miles from the Mexican border to Canada. This is her story.*

**"...WE ARE ALL OUT THERE FOR OUR OWN REASONS..."**

## THE TRAIL

I knew I needed a break from life, the normal routine that I had been engrossed in for over 6 years at Camphill. I knew I needed an adventure, something to shake up my perspective as I near the close of my 20s. And at some point a few years ago I knew that I would, eventually, hike the Pacific Crest Trail. What I didn't realize, was how much I didn't know.

I didn't know how heavy 7 litres of water feels on top of an already heavy load, or how it feels to have to ration this water over many miles and days of walking in the open desert. I didn't know how to identify a rattlesnake from any other snake, or the fear that I would feel the first time I heard the unmistakable rattle that quickly taught me this lesson. I didn't know what it feels like to sleep out under an open, expansive sky all alone for nights on end, or how easily you can decide to spend every waking moment with another human that you have only just met and have little in common with. I didn't know what it was like to get sick from being in such intense heat, or to experience being

extremely cold and wet and have the only option be to keep walking as fast as I could to keep my body temperature at a safe enough level. I didn't know what it was like to have to find a way to cross cold, rushing rivers with all your needs on your back, no one else around and no other way to go.

The Pacific Crest Trail traverses the West Coast's high mountain ranges, traveling for 2,650 miles from the Mexican border to the Canadian border. It begins with 700 miles of mountainous desert in Southern California, before entering the Sierra Nevada mountains and eventually wandering into the Cascade range, which it follows through Northern California, Oregon, and Washington. The vast differences of scenery and climate that this trail provides is astonishing and enticing. When one would ask me why I wanted to embark on such a journey, I couldn't help but think, why on earth would I not?

I have spent some time each summer of my teen and adult life in the Boundary Waters Canoe Area Wilderness, so was fairly confident in my

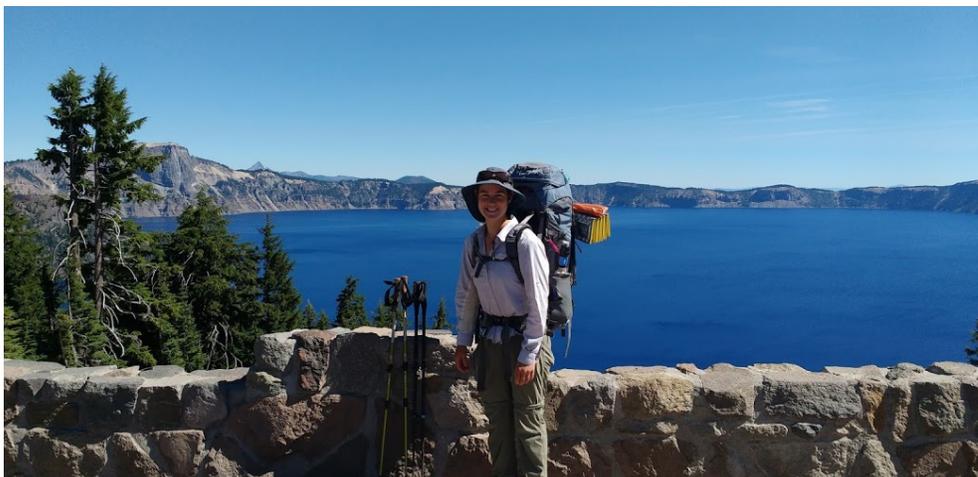
back-country skills. I spend much of my free time hiking, and I reasoned that more would surely be better. I couldn't think of something I would rather do all day long than hike through serene and awe-inspiring wilderness.

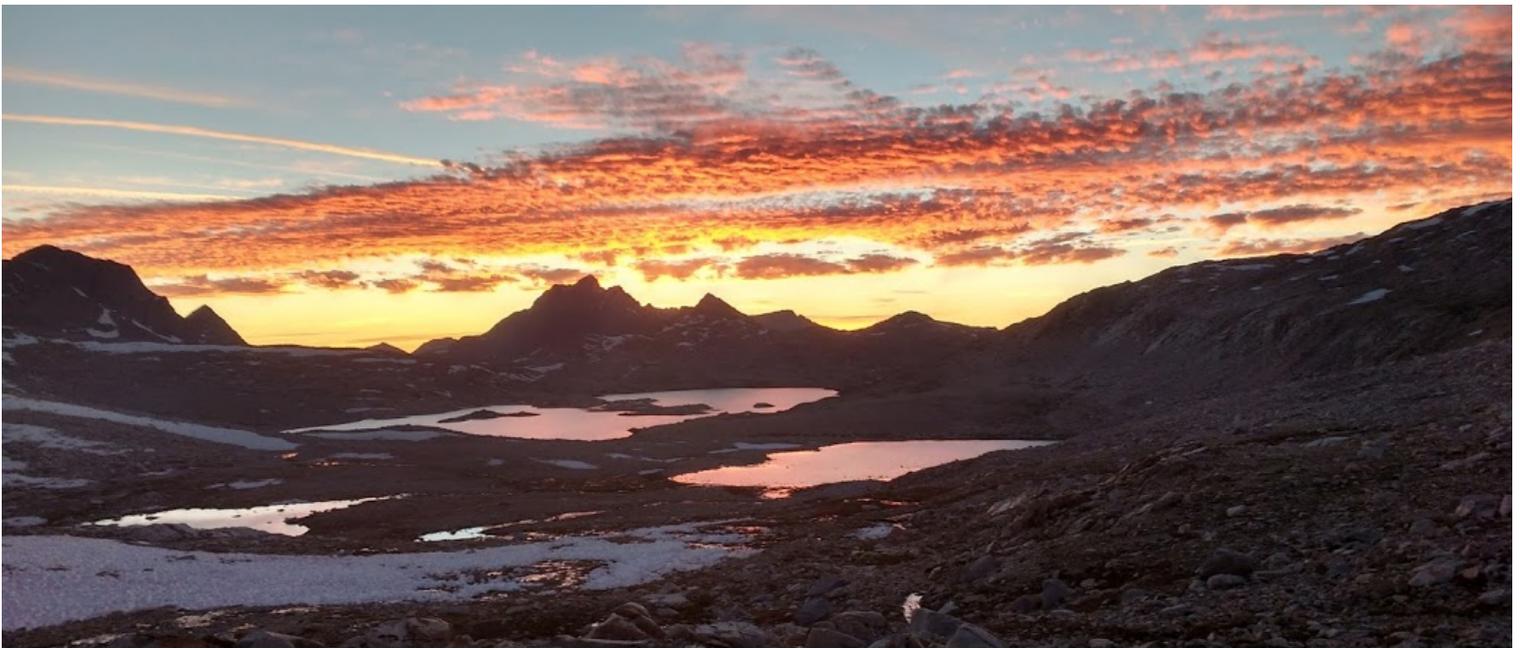
The combination of the freedom, the challenge, and the immersion in the natural world was instantly appealing as soon as I knew about the trail. The more time I spent hiking, which leaves one with ample time for day-dreaming, the more I wanted to go. The only problem was, such excessive dreaming and yearning left little room for reality.

My journey began with an immense amount of planning. I poured over guidebooks and websites about gear options, the calorie density per weight of common trail foods, resupply points along the route, and which maps were the best. I applied for the permit to cross into Canada via the Pacific Crest Trail and packed my passport in one of my last resupply packages. I looked at pictures of the many different ecosystems that the trail passes through, readied myself for all sorts of backcountry emergencies, and in general felt well-prepared for the trip of a lifetime. I only understood much later: the reality was, I had no idea what I was doing.

I made my arrangements as best I could with Camphill and existing commitments in my life; I knew I wanted to come back and that this community is my home, but I also knew that I needed to at least try to hike the PCT. For these reasons I ended up allowing about 4 months to hike this trail, which often takes people 5-6 months to complete. I made an ambitious but seemingly doable itinerary, with large-mile days and very few rest days. I thought that the burning desire I had to complete this goal was enough to keep me going against all the odds. I thought that when I began to get blisters, they would soon callous and my feet would only become stronger the further I walked.

I didn't anticipate my arches giving out and the





most intense foot pain I had ever felt, far from civilization and days of walking ahead of me before I could get respite. I didn't anticipate the entire ball of my feet turning into giant blisters, only to be replaced by massive heel blisters upon switching my footwear to a new, sturdy pair of boots. I didn't anticipate losing so many toenails, only to lose them again hundreds of miles later when they had freshly grown back, or that I would develop tendonitis in my right foot so painful that I would go to the emergency room because I thought a bone was broken (only to find out, months later, that a bone was broken in my left foot, but was such a minor pain compared to so many others that I only mentioned it to a doctor as an afterthought). I didn't expect to have painful infections in my big toes the entire time, nor did I expect to develop pain in my knee so severe that I was limping up and down mountains less than a week after starting the journey. I didn't expect the wildfires that raged so close to the trail that I had little choice but to skip that section. And, I didn't expect to have to discover that despite all the pain and misplaced planning, I would still hike on.

I didn't know what obstacles were in store for me and, similarly, I didn't have an understanding of the immense beauty and breathtaking vistas I would behold. My experience in mountains prior to this trip was very limited, and I continued to be awed again and again by each mountain pass and stunning view I came across. I could hike all day up a grueling ascent, plagued by sore feet, thin air, and loss of feeling in my shoulders from my heavy pack, only to emerge at the top with a smile on my face more authentic than any in my life so far. The trail quietly and steadfastly provides all that you need to wordlessly answer the

question each day, "why am I doing this?"

I learned so much about life on the trail, about myself as a person and about humanity in general. I walked away from my life in a community, needing a healthy dose of solitude, only to discover the amazing community that surrounds this epic trail. Trail "angels" abound, and there is always someone to be found when needed the most, ready to give a ride, provide food or shelter, or simply be there for a conversation and company. I learned how to effectively use kinesiology tape, lace locks, duct tape and anti-chafing balms to prevent blisters and manage pain. I learned that I do have limits despite hoping that my determination was enough; I learned simultaneously that I can always shatter those limits and adapt to whatever new situation I currently face. I learned what it was like to truly be hungry, when it was hard to think of much else besides the calories my body so desperately needed. I reflected on the fact that never in my life before had I actually felt true hunger. I experienced intensely real fear, peace and happiness of the deepest kind, and wondered at how fiercely alive I could feel when faced with situations that bring my acute mortality to the forefront.

There is a common saying among thru-hikers: "hike your own hike." This simply means, you must take on this trek in your own personal way, with the resources you have currently and the distinct challenges you will face. It is a statement of non-judgement about where another is in their individual journey. It is easy for hikers to get caught up in comparisons of miles walked, the gear used, or food choices. Much more experienced hikers struggle with looking down on those who are

learning by trial and error. This common phrase helps us each remember that we are all out there for our own reasons, with very different lessons to be learned and are each at a unique place in our journey, whether on the trail or off. It is a concept I carry with me beyond the trail and into daily life, and is a relevant reminder to each one of us as we struggle to walk through the greatest expedition of all.

I hiked for the entire 4 months I had arranged, but beyond that not much else went as planned. I skipped part of the desert, most of Northern California, and ran out of time 200 miles before I reached my destination in Canada. After all, I hiked about 1650 miles, with over 1000 of the Pacific Crest Trail left out of my grasp, for now. My hike truly became my own, with unique circumstances and stories behind each decision, each challenge, and each day.

It is appropriate that I am writing this today, after just graduating from my Physical Therapy program undertook to heal my feet. Remarkably, my body was able to fully recover (although I still have that pesky broken bone in my left foot), but it might take longer to perceive the lasting effects on my mind and my spirit. In the end, did I find what I was looking for? Did I even figure out how to answer the eternal question: why are you hiking? Perhaps I'll never know, or perhaps more will be revealed with time, but regardless I will never regret even one step of this journey.

*Emma Ryan*





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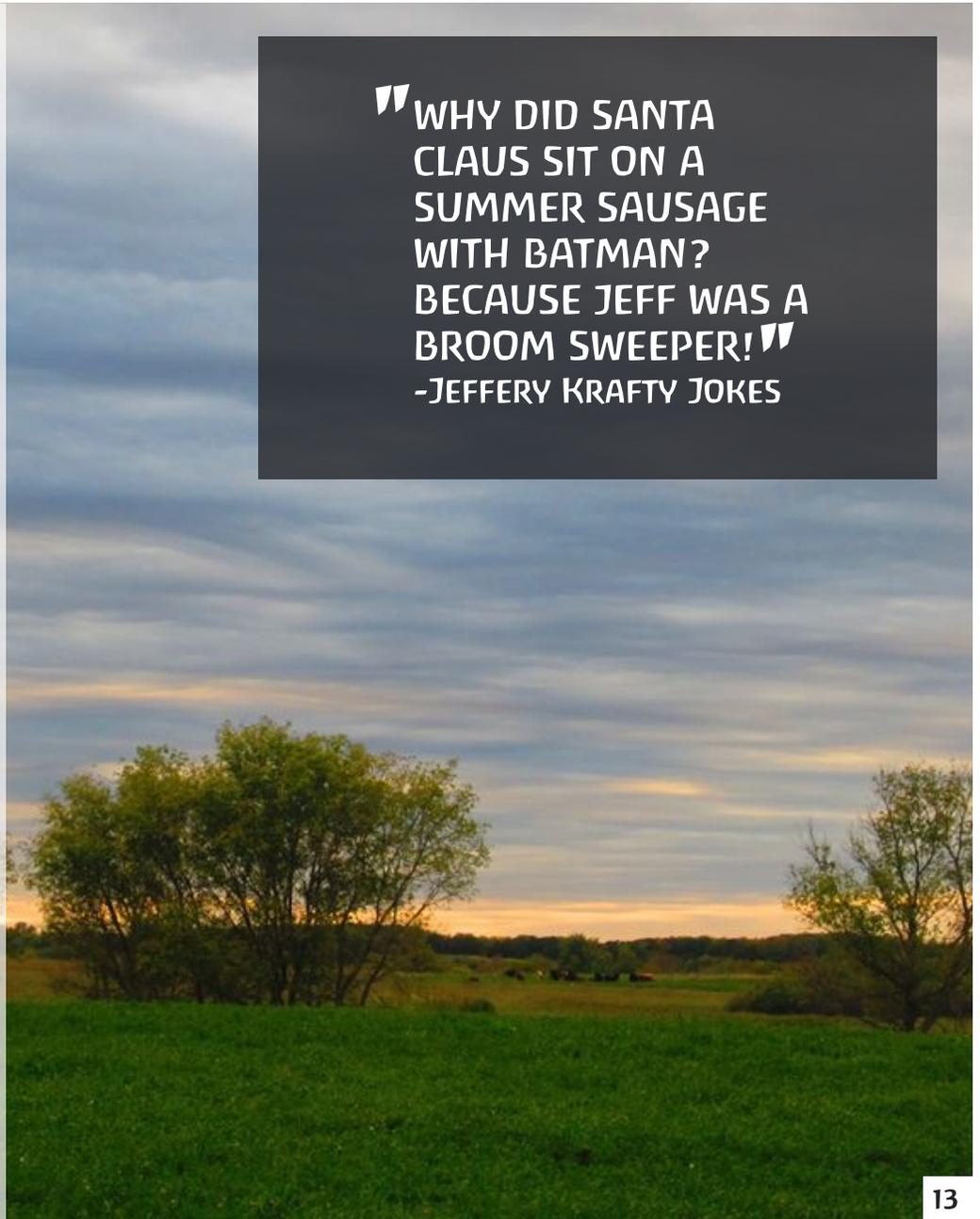
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“WHY DID SANTA  
CLAUS SIT ON A  
SUMMER SAUSAGE  
WITH BATMAN?  
BECAUSE JEFF WAS A  
BROOM SWEEPER!”  
-JEFFERY KRAFTY JOKES



# NEWSLETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Humanity has been on a grand expedition since the beginning of time. Earth hurls through the tremendous expanse we name space, spinning and spinning, while every minute, every fraction of a second, something new is born. The spaces between these births hold the silence. A photographic negative to the whirl of existence. The moment we, from the darkness of this silence, enter into the light of first breathe, there lives within each one of us a striving for connection.

This quest for connection, as again and again all things become separated, compels us further and onward, and is made manifest in countless ways. It lives in the child, engendered in the gesture of reaching upwards for fingers to hold in safety. It lives between two genuinely acquainted persons as they meet again, heart to heart in loving embrace. It lives when dear friends walk with one another, and by way of conversation, share their thoughts and reflections. It lives in the cattleman, or the dairy farmer, who diligently tends the fields, and milks the cow, then warmly shares the fruits of this dedication. It lives in the tender planting of a seedling into freshly turned soil, watering, weeding, watching, and waiting in anticipation of some ripe pome to gather from the effort. It lives when we, in prayerful thanksgiving sit down at the table to share in a meal with one another. We see it in the group of neighbors who bind together and over a laborious weekend, erect a tall and strong structure for a member's use. We see it in the enunciation of pride in a collective history, and in the intention of community. We see it in the building of businesses, the construction of democracies, and in the creation of cultures.

Reciprocity is our blood, it bares us into being, and we reveal it into possibility; life is created anew from it and of it. It is the force in every animate creature toward the preservation of its existence. And we have been trekking through the stars holding the lamp to its path for centuries. Let us continue our Spinozan Adventure joyfully into the new year! And may we, in what simple ways we can, continue to carry the lantern of light in answer to our Conatus Call, for centuries to come.

With warmth and light,

C.

**We create and sustain a community where people with and without disabilities live, work and care for each other to foster social, spiritual, cultural and agricultural renewal.**

Camphill Village Minnesota is a life-sharing, residential community of fifty people, including adults with disabilities. Our lives, work and celebrations are woven into the rhythms of nature found in the glacial hills, abundant waterways, and prairie grasslands of Central Minnesota. Our community is deeply rooted in the belief that every individual, regardless of limitations, is an independent, spiritual being. Each person is part of the fabric of Community experience and is worthy of recognition, respect and honor.



## **THE CAMPHILL RESIDENT'S TRUST**

*The Camphill Resident's Trust is a non-profit pooled trust providing sound investment management and thoughtful oversight to support and enrich the life of a loved one with special needs while protecting government benefits.*

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