CAPACITAR—Women Planting One Heart
An International Network of Empowerment and Solidarity

The Labyrinth Journey

We recently gathered on the lawn at Marionist Center in Cupertino to walk the labyrinth together. One by one we heard the call to enter the labyrinth, to walk our path with love and courage, open to the surprise, challenge and possibility at each moment. We met and passed each other along the way, smiling, dancing, crying, reverencing, supporting and encouraging each other to keep going. We journeyed within, touching and healing our heart center. And we journeyed without, connecting with the global struggle for healing and transformation. The hot summer sun beat down mercilessly on us, and we united in spirit with CAPACITAR sisters in Watsonville, CA who pick our strawberries in the heat of the day, and sisters in Guatemala and Chiapas who harvest our coffee and bananas while struggling for justice and peace. We were inspired and strengthened to stretch to our fullest selves, to be true to our path.

This Newsletter will share experiences of friends who daily walk the labyrinth with great courage and love. Latina women in the Mission District of San Francisco organize to heal domestic violence. St. Anthony Foundation provides a place of peace and healing in the Tenderloin of San Francisco. Mary Jo Brauner walked the labyrinth of cancer. Brenda Flynn survived ritual abuse. In Roads Center in St. Louis works with healing the inner child. Religious of Guatemala heal the memory of decades of war and violence. The inspiration of these friends encourages and empowers the journey of CAPACITAR.

-PAT CANE, EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

A Summer Labyrinth Ritual

When CAPACITAR’s Ritual Committee invited me to help plan a gathering around the labyrinth, it occurred to me that they had chosen intuitively to honor an ancient pattern that presents the dream of wholeness they themselves are dreaming. The pattern we used was a copy of the labyrinth laid in the stone floor of Chartres Cathedral in the 12th Century. It was made to model the living Cosmos: a unity continuously emerging from stunning diversity, from the galactic to the subatomic levels, a web woven of all beings and forces, a glorious and unfathomable life living itself throughout all its parts. In the labyrinth, earth and heaven, substance and spirit, past and future, body and soul, are lovers and creative partners. You and I and all others are equally treasured fellow-travellers.

The labyrinth has always been found to heal. At Chartres, it was particularly renowned as a healer of wounds and paralysis. The image clearly says that health lies in faithfully travelling all parts of ourselves, and in consciously entering the great cosmic round. Health reflects wholeness, at every level.

I see in the labyrinth a great Heart, the Heart that holds us all. Its mighty beating drives life-giving fluid completely throughout the cosmic body, to its very edges, and draws that fluid back to the central source for revitalization. For this Heart, cleansing and feeding every part, and keeping the edges of its life in contact with its deeper center, is a continuous and natural process. Those who take this Heart as a model for their lives must grow toward letting their own hearts be touched—and acting from their hearts—in every situation. The openness asked immediately suggests a radical vulnerability—a frightening thing. But it also promises radical healing, and reminds us that our real strength lies in recognizing and accepting our vulnerability before all else. I think of this openness as “blooming.” This summer, with the willing flowers as guides, may we too commit ourselves to blooming, to unfolding fully as the flower each one of us is, and to celebrating our lives as individual petals of the cosmic Rose.

-JOAN MCMILLAN
SINGER, COMPOSER
MAKER OF CEREMONIES
... For Walkers of the Labyrinth  

Hildegard of Bingen speaks to us:  
Oh my dears, my dears!  
You are so beautiful, so large—  
you speak with such large voices,  
you make such large, open gestures.  
I look at you and wonder anew at the gifts you women give  
when you open yourselves to your full size  
and offer that to our world—our needy, imprisoned world.  
You are as large with life as any woman born before,  
or yet to come,  
as large in giving birth—from womb, from heart, from mind;  
as large of skillful hands;  
as large in speaking truth, and singing all the needed songs;  
as large in walking on this blessed Earth, and dancing on it;  
as large in hope and humor, dreams and longing, love;  
as large in your capacity for being illumined and  
for illuminating others as any who has ever lived, or will live.

You inhabit space and time as solidly and irrevocably as they.  
You spin the future out of your own being as irrevocably as they.  
You, as they, desire both Earth and Heaven,  
and are made to be the fragile, precious place  
where these two meet.  
Come. Be stretched into your fullest selves.  
Know that you create the world anew—within, without—  
as you draw each breath.  
Know that, as you walk, a sacred path unrolls itself  
from the bottoms of your feet.  
Do not deny this, or evade it, but call each other to it  
and accompany one another as you can.  
Come. It is time for what you really are to bloom.  
It is time for what is really in your hearts to flower.  
It is time for you to lie open to the Sun.  
Come. This is your time.  
For ceremonies and cassette of Joan McMillan’s labyrinth music: 415-323-1679.

A Concert of Spirit  

Acclaimed local singer-songwriters, Mark Wallace and Michal Lauren, and friends will perform an outdoor benefit concert for CAPACITAR at 3:00 p.m. Sunday, September 29, 1996 at lovely Casa Paloma overlooking the foothills and ocean near Watsonville. Mark and Michal’s hauntingly beautiful melodies and harmonies pulse with light and life in the spirit of CAPACITAR. Accompanied by acoustic guitar, flute, and piano they weave an aural tapestry of joy, sorrow and hope; of earth nature and spirit nature—with love blessing every thread.

Bring a blanket, a picnic supper and beverages, if you wish, and join us for an afternoon of music that will beckon to your heart and soul. Coffee, tea and cold drinks, and a tempting array of gourmet desserts will be sold before the concert and at intermission. Casa Paloma is located at 203 Halton Lane off Green Valley and White Roads, about 8 minutes from Highway 1. Tickets are $15 and are available through CAPACITAR: 408-761-5893.
Transforming the Labyrinth of Violence
—DORIS MUÑIZ-COUTO
VILMA GONZALEZ-CASTRO
COMMUNITY OUTREACH AND ADVOCACY
FAMILY VIOLENCE PREVENTION FUND
SAN FRANCISCO, CA

Staff of CAPACITAR recently attended a conference on domestic violence in the Mission District of San Francisco coordinated by Latina women who are working to bring healing to their families and community. Earlier this year three women were murdered in cases of domestic violence. In August CAPACITAR will begin collaborating on a program of workshops for neighborhood women promotoras, as well as work with staff of the District Attorney’s Office involved in the Family Violence Prevention Project. Doris Muniz and Vilma Gonzales describe how the women are organizing to prevent violence.

On January 1995 the Family Violence Prevention Fund in collaboration with the San Francisco Police Department opened the Community Outreach and Advocacy Program at Mission Police Station. Our program provides information and referral, crisis intervention, counseling and a support group for victims of domestic violence. Being in the Mission District allows us to develop and test a community-based partnership model that builds collaboration between communities of color and the police on issues of violence. In more than 55% of the domestic incident reports that we review, the victims are Latino monolingual women. We provide services to an immigrant population that seldom gets adequate help considering the cultural and language barriers.

Ten monolingual women have been working with the COA Program as “Promotoras” or community educators. Most of these women are themselves survivors of domestic violence. To get their message across they are using a theater presentation of different vignettes of violence against women. The women also share information on violence prevention at different community events.

This past year we also joined efforts with different organizations of the Latino community to plan a conference entitled “Looking for Responses Against Domestic Violence in the Latino Community: A Dialogue.” The goal of this event was to make the issue of domestic violence more visible in the Latino community and bring together social service agencies and community organizations to network, raise consciousness on the issue and develop specific plans for preventing domestic violence.

On June 7, 1996 approximately 115 participants arrived to participate in the Dialogue. The day started with a panel representing different sectors of the community: media, religion, criminal justice, health, men’s program, women’s grassroots organizations and survivors of domestic violence. Members of the panel talked about what it means to work with immigrant communities and shared personal and professional experiences with domestic violence. Later participants worked in groups to develop action plans.

Now the challenge is to keep alive the spirit of solidarity and commitment shown by conference participants. Everyone agreed that family violence is a hidden problem in the Latino community.

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Care of the Soul along the Journey
—DANIEL O’CONNOR, ASSOCIATE CHAPLAIN
SAINT ANTHONY FOUNDATION, SAN FRANCISCO, CA

Last fall CAPACITAR facilitated a workshop for program directors and staff at Saint Anthony Foundation which serves the homeless, the addicted and marginalized of San Francisco. Chaplain Daniel O’Connor shares how the staff is working for themselves and transform the quality of their commitment to care-giving and service.

Quite often I hear care-givers and service-providers describe the ways in which their work depletes their energies. This seems true even when the work is well done and the service/care is effective and compassionate. Sometimes I hear them say, “I just have to get away. I am close to burn-out.” More rarely, I hear, “I just have to stop doing this.” When I hear these words, I recognize the signs of an exclusion—a failure of inclusion, which I see as a sign of neglect of the soul.

What does soul-less service/care look like? It looks like not taking the time to recognize and celebrate accomplishment. Soul-less service looks like not having anyone to listen to the stories of your struggles. Soul-less service looks like forgetting the spirit which breathes life into your work. Soul-less service isolates the care-giver, subtly excluding the care-giver from the community of those who need. It can create a kind of unspoken arrogance that if given voice might sound like: “I have, they do not.”

I came to work in the Chaplain’s office at Saint Anthony’s Foundation in the Tenderloin neighborhood of San Francisco with a desire to keep the value of inclusivity in the forefront of my work with staff and clients. Saint Anthony Foundation holds a series of Franciscan values which inspire its work. Soulful service here then requires the spirit of Francis to be conscious and alive in our work. Like all other agencies in the Tenderloin, Saint Anthony’s Foundation serves a community with great needs—the homeless, the daily line of the soup kitchen, the addicted, the abused. The temptation to exclude soul is ever present.

Shortly before I joined the staff, CAPACITAR presented a workshop introducing movement, massage, relaxation and reflection. The value of these was as clear as the needs of the staff. Since that workshop we have set aside a room for meditation. It is simply furnished with fresh paint, a new carpet and a recently installed zen-like sand garden designed to bring nature inside. The meditation room is open everyday. Environmental sounds play continuously through a small cassette. Individuals may use the room for a moment of breathing, silent celebration of a work well done, even to weep in times of sorrow. We celebrate feasts and holidays in brief rituals. We move through Tai Chi exercises during noon-hour lunch time once weekly.

The meditation room bears silent witness to the Spirit which calls us to care. It reminds us that we all need the attentive love of the Spirit—that our work becomes deadened without it. Members of the staff say that it does make a difference—and I imagine that the Spirit of Francis, a reflection of the Spirit of Jesus, hears our desire to accompany as we care, as we serve.
I think that now I can write of my latest journey. I knew the possibility was always there—almost inevitable given my family history of breast cancer. My mother was 28 when she discovered a lump in her breast, unheard of then in a woman so young. She was fortunate to have a doctor who took this seriously and treated her quickly and aggressively. Her sister was 33 when she found a lump. Her doctor did not take her seriously until it was too late. Alice died at 37 from metastatic breast cancer. Five years ago after four biopsies my sister Kathy had a prophylactic double mastectomy—a very aggressive method of prevention. As she told me recently, “My breasts had become my enemy and I wanted to do everything I could to take control.” Since I was 35 I had yearly mammograms, and I began to see a breast surgeon every six months when I was 40.

The Journey Began

On May 13, 1996, I was examined by Dr. Westfall before going down the hall for a mammogram. “Hmm. I don’t like the feel of this area,” she said. My life came to a crashing halt and the reality of breast cancer began. “Go get your mammogram and then come back. I want to do a needle biopsy of this area. I’m concerned.”

I cannot describe the chill that rushed through my body. She had discovered a lump—what now felt to me like a huge lump—but I had never felt it before. What had happened? Why hadn’t I discovered it with self-examination? Was I so confident that the mammogram or the breast surgeon would pick up anything abnormal that I had gotten careless? Or was I subconsciously too frightened of the real possibility of finding a lump that I did not do a careful self-exam? As I waited for my mammogram, I felt the area. Somehow deep inside, I knew the lump would not be benign and that life would not be normal again for a long time.

Two days later—good news. The biopsy report came back negative for cancer. But again Dr. Westfall expressed her concern. She indicated that she had reread the mammograms from last year and this year with the Chief of Radiology and they had detected no changes. But she recommended a surgical biopsy. “Lobular carcinoma is difficult to detect and I am concerned because I may have missed it with the needle aspiration.” Those words again! Even with a negative biopsy, there was no joy.

I had the surgical biopsy two weeks later. I spent the weekend between the surgery and the pathologist’s report with God. “Just let it be lobular carcinoma in situ. I will be happy with that. I will have the mastectomy as preventative and life will go on.” I couldn’t believe I was saying that.

I talked at length with my sister, several dear friends and of course, my husband, Jim. So many people were praying. So many were encouraging and supportive. Several had been there and knew what I was going through. But ultimately, I was alone and couldn’t get away from it. Nothing else seemed very important. We went to the Cardinals’ baseball game that Saturday night with friends, and I just prayed for it to end so I could go home to bed and sleep. Well-meaning people told me that everything would be fine, that the biopsy would come back and all would be normal again. I knew it wouldn’t.

The Biopsy Report

Jim and I went to Dr. Westfall’s office at 8:30 a.m. for the biopsy report. Dr. Westfall began with the diagnosis: “Not lobular carcinoma in situ but infiltrating lobular carcinoma.” Full-fledged cancer. My first question: “How did this happen, how did we miss it?” She responded, “I don’t know.” Recommended method of treatment—modified radical mastectomy. My trust level was not very high, but I accepted the recommendation. Surgery was scheduled for June 13 with another surgeon since Dr. Westfall was going to be on vacation.

Time ceased to have meaning, except to get through the day. I had to keep my thoughts under control so I could sleep at night, and face another day. I went through so many emotions—anger that this “thing” had invaded my body, anger that my body had let it happen, tremendous fear that I was going to die, that my kids would lose their mother, loss of hope for the future, fear that the cancer had spread.

The Time Between

Once the terror settled down, I decided to use the seven days before surgery to strengthen myself physically, emotionally and spiritually. God has always been the foundation of my life. I knew that I would need to encounter God in new ways during this time. At times in my life, I have struggled with healing prayer—what is prayer, why pray, is it real or is it just my desperate attempt to make things go my way? Does God hear our prayers? And what about having lots of people pray? I began to get some insights to these questions.

Two friends led me to encounter the Mother God and I knew immediately that it would be at Her Breast and that I would find my strength and healing. I also began to realize that while prayer does lift our hearts to God, it also channels God’s healing grace through the prayer—er, to the person receiving the healing—and this channeling of healing grace is not limited by space or time. With that awareness, I knew that I needed to surround myself with as many people and prayers as I could. So, I called, wrote e-mail and asked others to spread the word.

The wonderful women of my CAPACITAR delegation to the NGO Forum began to pray. The women’s groups that had invited me to share in CAPACITAR and the trip to China prayed with me. The women of the Maria Luisa Ortiz Cooperative in Nicaragua began to pray. The people in our small church surrounded me with soaking
prayer. My family prayed. I had the anointing of the sick with another community of friends. Everyday, cards and phone calls came.

I spent time each day doing Tai Chi—CAPACITAR-style with a cassette tape of Pat Cane guiding me through the movements. This was such a gift, giving me words and thoughts when I had none. Sister Sharon Schmitz RSM, who coordinates the CAPACITAR workshops here in St. Louis, invited me to Mercy Center for a Reiki session and two sessions of transformational breathing. The deep breathing brought lots of oxygen into my body to heal areas of stress while Sharon guided me in centering prayer. It was during those two sessions of deep relaxation, that I truly encountered God as never before. It was a very profound experience and one that cannot be described in words. I knew that Mother God walked with me through this experience and that Her healing grace was working in powerful ways within me. I felt the healing grace throughout my body, in particular in both breasts. I was deeply strengthened at Her Breast.

I did not lose my fear or my dread of what was coming. I was still scared. But I knew I was going into surgery surrounded by family, friends, a multitude of angels and filled with God’s healing grace.

Surgery and Recovery

The day finally arrived, chest X-Ray taken, IV inserted and the surgery lines marked on my breast. I continued to grieve for the coming loss of this part of me. I had thought often through these days and nights about what breast meant; and I cried tears of deep mourning. Memories of my “budding” womanhood, as I began to develop and wear a bra for the first time. The enjoyment of breasts in love-making. The wonderful, deeply enriching times of breast-feeding our babies. And the sweetness of holding them close to my breast, marveling in the miracle of life. How cruel it all is. Why does cancer happen? It was so hard to let go. The waiting seemed endless. Jim’s gentle presence was with me through it all.

I was finally taken to surgery and the next thing I remember was waking up in intense pain. No one had told me about that. I knew it would hurt, but not that much. I was kept on pain killers through the day and night. When I was able to take the medication orally the next morning, the nurses began preparation to send me home, 24 hours after surgery. I did prefer to be home.

The recovery time continued to be filled with visits from family and friends, cards, flowers, dinners and many prayers. The biggest boost to my morale was the pathologist’s report that the lymph nodes were negative for cancer. Several other reports indicated that the cancer had been contained. I still need to see an oncologist but I feel confident that only conservative follow-up will be needed.

It is now almost four weeks since surgery. I chose to have reconstruction at the time of surgery, so I am now having small “fill-ups” of saline to expand the temporary implant. In a couple of months, I will have a second surgery to have a permanent implant inserted—a new breast. The wound is healing, my arm is regaining almost full use, the numbness is slowly being replaced by feeling again, although some numbness may be permanent. I am feeling almost whole again and at times, I feel almost normal. There are times when I don’t even think of the cancer.

I caught myself describing this time as a month from hell. As I said it, I realized that this was not true. Yes, the horror of the diagnosis, the fear, the interminable wait for surgery and pathology results, and the intense pain would qualify this as a month from hell.

But when I think of how God revealed Herself to me, of the incredible outpouring of love and prayers from my family and dear friends, of the faithfulness and caring of so many, and of the healing energy of God channeled to me by so many—I know that this was an anointed time.

PLEASE DEAR MOTHER EARTH
HELP ME TO STAND BARE ON MY OWN TWO FEET
DRAWING ON THE SOLID EARTH BELOW ME
HELP ME TO KNOW THE CONSTANCY OF YOUR STRENGTH
THE POWER THAT IS YOU, OH DEAR MOTHER EARTH.
HELP ME TO WALK WITH THE BLOOD OF RIVERS IN MY VEINS
AND THE DARK CRumbling SOIl OF EARTH IN MY FLESH.
LET MY MUSCLES BE STRONG AS THE TREE TRUNKS
THAT RISE UP OUT OF YOUR BELLY TO DANCE IN THE SKY
AND SING PRAISES TO THE LIFE ALL AROUND.
BEATING, PULSING, RICH AND FULL WITH YOUR
SWEET SURE ENERGY.
OH DEAR MOTHER EARTH, LIVE IN THIS BODY TODAY.
SING LOUDLY IN EVERY BREATH I TAKE
STRETCH WILDLY AND FLOW FREELY
WITH ALL THE DIRECTIONS I MOVE
AND COME HOME WITH ME,
COME HOME TO MY BELLY, TO MY BREAST,
LIVE DEEP IN MY SOUL.
OH MOTHER EARTH SING!

—Stéphanie Kaza, Life Prayers
A Journey of Rebirth
—Rachel Colleen Brenda Flynn

For the last two years CAPACITAR has collaborated with Pat Wyman, Robyn Keough, Linda Smith and Genny Boehmer, the wonderful staff of InRoads Center in St. Louis, MO. Using an integrated approach to holistic healing, including inner child work, mantras, healing touch, Polarity, Tai Chi and other bodywork modalities, they help their clients re-parent and heal themselves from trauma. Rachel Flynn shares her story of rebirth from the horror of ritual abuse.

I am Rachel Colleen Brenda Flynn. I attended a 4-day Capacitar Workshop in May at Mercy Center, St. Louis. During the workshop I was finally able to use the power of my voice to say, "I am a Survivor of Ritual Abuse."

My experience of the weekend was most life giving. I was surrounded by loving, caring, compassionate women, and I experienced freedom and healing in the safety of the weekend. I broke the bondage of the shame-filled secret that I was a survivor of ritual abuse.

During the visualizations throughout the weekend, I experienced memories of the ritual abuse. These memories began to bring into focus a sharper clearer picture of the abuse. At that point in my healing process, I knew I had been ritually abused, but I was not able to accept that part of my life. My birth name was Brenda. In order to continue running from my secret, I had changed my name three years ago to Rachel Colleen. As the memories came to me a piece at a time, I could no longer ignore that lost little girl Brenda, who had been so hurt and wounded spiritually and physically through the rituals. It had taken me two years of inner healing work to finally find the power to say: I am!

What a sacred place to rebirth Brenda, to stand in the truth, to give her freedom supported by the loving acceptance of the women participating in the workshop. I had a great deal of help in this process of labor from the staff at InRoads Center who were co-hosting the workshop with the Sisters of Mercy. My therapist helped me process the memories, and her unconditional love and support bore much fruit — my rebirth. I also want to affirm the work of CAPACITAR in providing a safe loving environment for healing. To all women who have participated in CAPACITAR workshops: 'I honor the God in You. I honor the Mystery. We share in the Energy. Thanks be to God!'
A Labyrinth Meditation—

"To walk the labyrinth, is to discover our inner sacred space; that core of feeling that is waiting to have life breathed back into it... As we grow up, our spark of life continually shines forth. If we ignore this spark, we become thirsty and shriveled. And if we respond to the spark, we flower. Our task is to flower, to come into full blossom..."—Lauren Artress, Walking a Sacred Path, Rediscovering the Labyrinth as a Spiritual Tool

Sit or lie in a comfortable position with your eyes closed. Breathe slowly and deeply into your abdomen, into the center of your being. Move slowly with your breath, visualizing and relaxing each part of your body. Start with your feet and legs and move up to the crown of your head, breathing, stretching and tensing each part of your body and then letting go. Feel the warm energy of the Earth nourish and relax you completely.

Now imagine that you are able to follow a winding spiral a labyrinth down to the center of your heart. Imagine yourself as a wise young child, without fear, alive and open to the surprise and possibilities of the path. Follow your path and arrive at a sacred space deep within you. What is this sacred place like for you? Perhaps it is a garden with many colors, or a chapel, or a favorite place in nature. Or perhaps your sacred space is a vibrant darkness filled with a peaceful loving Presence. Take time here imaging your sacred space, filling and nourishing yourself with peace and healing. Feel the eternal presence of your sacred space, always there for you, a source of light and joy along your journey. Imagine a small spark in the center of your sacred space, and watch it grow into a loving light which surrounds you and fills you. Take a moment to let this light flow within you, to permeate you, to wash away any wounds or negativity, giving you a sense of power and energy for your journey. Feel deep peace and gratitude for your life. When you are ready slowly leave your sacred space knowing that you always carry it within you.

Breathe deeply, stretch and move your body. Feel completely present in your body, alive and peaceful in the moment, ready to continue walking your labyrinth of life.

1996 CAPACITAR Calendar—
Rituals, Benefits, Presentation and Workshops

- Bi-monthly workshop/meetings in Watsonville, Sr. Mary Ondreyca, 408-728-4063
- Bi-monthly workshop/meeting at San Andreas Labor Camp, Linda Smith, 408-761-5893
- July-24, Workshop for Salvation Army Homeless Shelter, Watsonville
- August 1, Association of Transpersonal Psychology Conference, Asilomar, Pacific Grove, Presentation Pat Cane, Mimi Latino, 4:30-6:00 p.m.
- August 10, Workshop for Promotoras in the Mission District Domestic Violence Prevention Fund, San Francisco, CA 10-5:00
- August 16, Workshop for Headstart Family Advocates, Headstart 9-12:00 Watsonville, CA
- August 22-28, Workshops in El Salvador
- August 30-Sept. 14 Workshops in Guatemala, 5-day retreat/workshop at Center for Spirituality of Central America, 5-day retreat/workshop with CONFREGUA for victims of violence, 2-day workshop for indigenous, workshop with union movement, FESTRAS and bank unions
- September 15-23 Workshops in Palenque, Chiapas and with Nonviolence Movement in Chiapas, Sr. Mary Litell, Pat Cane
- September 22 CAPACITAR Fall Ritual 1:400pm Marianist Center, Cupertino, CA. For information Call: 408-761-5893, Mimi Latino
- September 25-27 morning Tai Chi meditation for United Methodist Minister's Conference, Asilomar
- September 29—CAPACITAR Benefit—A Concert of Spirit with Mark Wallace and Michal Lauren, 3:00p.m. Casa Paloma, Watsonville, $15
- October Workshop for Staff of Family Violence Prevention Project District Attorney's Office, Mission District San Francisco
- October 6 Serum Center for Spiritual Enlightenment, Campbell, CA
- October 7 Workshop for Headstart Teaching Staff, Watsonville, CA
- October 11-13 Workshop for Latina Women in Laredo Texas in collaboration with the Sisters of Mercy
- October 19 CAPACITAR Dip-In Fondue Benefit Dinner, 7:00p.m. Carmel For information: 408-761-5893 Hosts Ann Flower, Vinz Koller
- November 2 CAPACITAR Level 1 Workshop 9-400—Pat Cane
- November 3 CAPACITAR Level 2 Workshop 9-400—Pat Cane Mt. Alverno Center, Redwood City, CA. To register: 415-369-0798
- November 23 Holiday Benefit 1:400 Lake Freedom—Gifts, music, holiday desserts and fun, Doris Devillers 408-763-1980
- December 5-15 CAPACITAR Journey to Nicaragua and Guatemala co-led by Joan Lehman and Doris Devillers. For an application call: 408-761-5893 or 510-530-8031.
- December 29 CAPACITAR New Year Ritual 1-400p.m. Lake Freedom, CA. For information call 408-761-5893.

CAPACITAR Volunteers needed:
As our office and work grow, we need additional volunteer help. Please call if you can help us out one or two hours a week in the office, or if you can help occasionally with mailings or projects.
Also needed:
- A graphics artist to work on the Newsletter and to develop flyers
- Volunteers to work on the computer data base mailing list
- Volunteers willing to help with fundraising events.
WE ARE ALL ON A JOURNEY TOGETHER... TO THE CENTER OF THE UNIVERSE...
LOOK DEEP INTO YOURSELF, INTO ANOTHER.
IT IS TO A CENTER WHICH IS EVERYWHERE THAT IS THE HOLY JOURNEY...
FIRST YOU NEED ONLY LOOK:
NOTICE AND HONOR THE RADIANCE OF EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU...
PLAY IN THIS UNIVERSE. TEND ALL THESE SHINING THINGS AROUND YOU:
THE SMALLEST PLANT, THE CREATURES AND OBJECTS IN YOUR CARE.
BE GENTLE AND NURTURE. LISTEN...
AS WE EXPERIENCE AND ACCEPT ALL THAT WE REALLY ARE...
WE GROW IN CARE.
WE BEGIN TO EMBRACE OTHERS AS OURSELVES, AND LEARN TO LIVE AS ONE AMONG MANY...

—Anne Hillman, The Dancing Animal Woman


We welcome you to become part of our CAPACITAR network.

Please return the form below to: CAPACITAR inc.
3015 Freedom Blvd. Lake Freedom
Tel/FAX 408-761-5893 Access Code 761
e-mail capacitar@igc.apc.org

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Address____________________________
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I would like to be part of the CAPACITAR network.

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Spanish_____ English______

Cost per manual: $12, plus $3 for postage and handling.

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