

NEW TERRITORIES



[1986]

EVERY DETAIL ON OAHU, this blissful island, keeps falling into place. My home is a tiny light-filled, open-windowed house bathed in warm sun tempered by soft blowing ocean breezes. Sitting half-way up Wilhelmina Rise, it towers above the Diamond Head Crater, an 18th century dormant volcano. My view is 180 degrees, spectacular, with differing



ANN'S HOME, HONOLULU, HAWAII—1987

shades of blue, light in the sky and deeper blue sparkling from the ocean.

I am in heaven.

After three intense World Festival years

I am relishing my time alone, walking the beaches, sunbathing and swimming every

afternoon around 4 p.m. In tandem with this bucolic life Linda, Nan, Cynthia, John and Luz, are welcoming me like a long-lost friend and willingly offering different ways for me to explore life.



CYNTHIA DEHAY, NAN HACKETT PENNER AND LUZ HAAK

Ann, take a look at this book, *The Course in Miracles*. The chapters are short, an exercise is offered with each and the information is channeled.

The book looks important with its navy-blue cover and gold lettering. Each morning I peruse the Table of Contents for a topic. Yesterday it was the ego, today it's forgiveness. That's up for me right now. I am having a hard time forgiving Robert. He isn't accepting our new reality of leading separate lives and will not sign the divorce papers. Not that my father didn't warn me! But still, it's very frustrating. *The Course in Miracles* suggests visualizing, taking time to be quiet within.

With eyes closed, I see Robert sitting on his drafting stool, focused on a drawing with the divorce papers to the side.

It's clear he's not looking at them.

Now the book suggests

Find a light in him.

He seems pretty dark to me. Oh no, look, there is a tiny light in his heart.
Now, expand that light.
I can do that! It's gold and is as large as his heart. That's amazing.
I hope he felt it.
Robert, I do forgive you.

This simple exercise took some heat off my frustration.



My work with Nancy and Aurora, is diverse. Today, in a class with ten others, the topic is grounding. I am a neophyte: To me grounding is taking a pestle and grinding brittle rosemary into fine herbs to accent my chicken. What does it have to do with humans?
Aurora, being channeled by Nancy, explained
Grounding is the experience of being very present in the moment. This tool connects you to the center of the earth. It's an important conscious act to take. When you are grounded, your ability to see, feel, hear, sense and be clear about that which is happening around you, to you and within you becomes enhanced.

This all sounds weird until Nancy offers an exercise using the Lone Ranger music, you know the one that sounds like horses running across a field: *dadalump, dadalump, dadalump, bump, bump...* It's hilarious, we are two-legged horses bending our knees up and down, up and down to the rhythm. My feet are firmly on the ground. The music makes me want to gallop across an open plain. It's fun, I could go on all day. I bet most people don't know that this popular theme comes from a classical composer, Rossini, and his *William Tell Overture*.
Nancy just asked
Whoa, bring your horse into the paddock and disembark.
I know I am grounded.

I just astounded my classmates when I said
I am often ungrounded.

You, that doesn't seem correct!

It's because I am good at hiding it. When I am uncomfortable in a situation, often I go up and out there beyond the top of my head, all the while pretending I am very much present. This behavior began when I was a youngster. You see, I naturally see the whole picture, spoken and unspoken, not just the verbal situation. Sometimes that unspoken information is uncomfortable. Going up and out there allows me to really check out the reality of what was going on.

You mean you are choosing to go out there?

Sometimes! More often now it's an instantaneous reaction.

Nancy suggested

You have a new challenge now.

Train yourself to ground rather than to avoid. Not to say it isn't useful to use "up and out there" mode. Rather make it a conscious choice to ground and/or go "up and out there."

Hmmmmm.



NANCY AND ERROL RUBIN



Nancy and I have begun private sessions. She is prodding.

Ann, we are looking for emotional reactions or behavior that might be a part of impacting why you have difficulty reading.

Well, refined sugar is one component.

True. The refined sugar was throwing the natural function of your physical energy into chaos. While an emotion may happen sometimes as a result of the sugar, sugar is not an emotion.

Are emotions a kind of energy?

Yes.

Hmmm.



My childhood friend Romilly, Sherry's younger sister, is living on Maui. I have joined her and her companion Roz, who have rented a house half-way up Mount Haleakala, a now quiet volcanic mountain on the island.

In the morning, the house is surrounded with swirling white fog blown about by a brisk and cold wind. When it lifts, we move into a peaceful view of the Maui coastline with houses that are just dots. The blue green ocean stretches out beyond them. These changing climates fascinate me and certainly don't fit my definition of Hawaii!

Rom and Roz are transformational seekers, been at it for years.

Now, they are helping me, suggesting

Read this book, *The Way of the Peaceful Warrior*. It's gentle, amusing and a powerful introduction to personal transformation.

What's it about? Remember, I am not much of a reader.

It's a story of a young athlete encountering a wise man, "Socrates," at a gas station. Together they are exploring a "course for life" so the young athlete can connect to his dreams and aspirations.

I can't put this book down. The athlete's journey seems to be mine. He is sensing something is missing in his life. I know I am missing something. I can't comprehend what I read and I don't know why. Socrates is clear: There is both light and dark to face in the exploration process.



Rom and Roz keep me on my toes, explaining lingo I don't understand. At this moment the word "processing" is stumping me. The two of them are chuckling at my personal transformation neophyte expense

Sorry. It's a relatively new term to describe a person's process of taking on an unresolved emotional issue and exploring it until it feels resolved.

What do you mean?

Processing is an unveiling of a situation. The deeper you go, the more you

feel. It may mean that you need to express your anger. Sometimes all it takes is identifying it and experiencing what anger feels like. You know, most of us grew up not expressing our anger. Some people are afraid of anger and bury it. What usually happens is it keeps returning. I certainly don't want to stay in that state. No, you won't, especially if you dig deeper into why you are angry. Often it comes from an unresolved childhood issue. Hmmm.



ROZ RITTER AND ROMILLY GRAUER

Well, I guess my discussion about anger was just a precursor. Today, Nancy asked Ann, do you think it's possible you have some unexpressed anger? On the contrary, Nancy, when I am angry, others know, perhaps too much. Well, I sense some anger is hidden away coming from years back. Are you willing to explore what that might be? Yes. What do you suggest? Use part of your afternoon swim for this exercise. Go underwater and yell as loud as you can. What? I don't want to make a scene for no reason. No one can hear you when you are underwater. Try it. If you do this exercise over a period of time it might give you a hook to your unexpressed anger. Hmmm. And when you are done, turn over on your back and float. Look up at the blue, blue sky and say I forgive myself, and I forgive anyone else involved, even though you don't know what the situation is.

It's the forgiveness part that got me to do the screaming this afternoon. I made sure I was far from others. I didn't want to be embarrassed. At first, I thought I would choke, opening my mouth underwater. Not at all! When I let my screams rip I guess the force of my scream frightened the water away. Annoyingly, screaming just gave me a rough throat but I loved the forgiveness part. Floating on the buoyant warm salt water, looking up at the blue never-ending sky, was so peaceful. I was left with a hopeful sensation.



My new friends helped me celebrate my 50th birthday. Linda hosted the party, suggesting Let's do a potluck. This is a new concept for me. I felt it more appropriate that I do the cooking; after all I have just moved here. We pored through a cookbook Mum had given me with recipes using alternative sources of sugar to create desserts. Linda joined me with cooking a turkey – turning it upside down!



LINDA VON GELDERN



ANN, 50TH BIRTHDAY PARTY

That was a new approach. My goodness, the meat was moist and tasty. She decorated her house with balloons, streamers and flowers, spectacular flowers: Birds of Paradise with their bright orange beak and green head plumage were displayed in a tall elegant vase. Her long porch overlooking a ravine of rangy tall coconut palm trees is surrounded by the many-leaved monstera plants and a display of ginger with its small yellow-green flowers. Just before the party she presented me with a *lei* of tiny white tuberoses and adorable pink roses interspersed – the perfect complement to my pink pantsuit. The party was heartwarming. The deserts with sugar alternatives were only 50-50.



Took a big step today, bought a computer. Haig has been pushing me – all through Expo. At that time it seemed too much to handle. Well, now I have the time but don't feel quite ready yet to tackle this challenge. I'd rather explore playing the piano. I want to see why, as a child, I couldn't learn to play music the way a composer intended. Nancy suggested Jan Hansen as my teacher. She isn't anything like past piano teachers. She's easy going and encouraging as she outlines what she wants from me. I have chosen Robert Schumann's *Kinderszenen* (Scenes from Childhood) for my first foray. Somehow the topic and the gentle music fit my current personal exploration.

A couple hours a day I sit before a rented but in-tune funky upright piano. My dexterity is not all that bad, but I continue to struggle to make beautiful sounds. Getting the rhythm is not natural to me. I keep hoping that the block that stops my brain and body from flowing will soon lift. It must tie to dyslexia. Jan suggested I join her and her husband at tap dancing classes. I thought, yes! That sounds like so much fun. So, I bought the shoes with the cleats on the toes and heels, pulled out leotards and a flowing skirt and headed to class. Well, when my body felt like cooperating it did and when it didn't – well! But I loved going. Our teacher was a former Broadway hooper and full of fun. He didn't care that my feet kept getting tangled up.



I asked Nan, my artist friend, can you help me out with a definition of the word, spiritual?

I am confused.

Nan has many unique talents, two of which are being very grounded and verbally very articulate

Ann, this controversial word has different meanings. For some people, spirituality relates to a religious belief like Catholicism. Our context is more broadly-focused. We are looking at the ultimate nature and purpose of our life on this planet. It implies a connection to a reality greater than oneself often referred to as the Divine.

Hmmm. I find it relieving not to be clouded with religious dogma.

It makes sense that I can communicate directly with the Divine.

That feels good.

Am I correct that Aurora's comments are coming from the spiritual realm?

Yes, her existence is as an energy in the spiritual realm. She is providing a context for our existence on this planet as physical beings.

Hmmm.

Many of the energies who come through a channel have previously lived on Planet Earth.



Romilly called from Maui.

I have been meaning to mention Alice Ann Parker to you. Give her a call. She is a painter, video artist and also channels. You might find it useful to work with another "Being."

I am realizing that expression, "Being" is a frequently-used description for those energies who come through a channel.

AA, as Alice Ann calls herself, lives in a beautiful home on the north end of Oahu. Billowing white diaphanous curtains float in and out all the windows from the gentle winds. It feels like magicland.

Menos, the "Being" she channels, and I are exploring what I think

are my dyslexic issues.

What can you tell me about the confusion I have when the dyslexic condition appears?

What are your symptoms?

Confusion, when information comes at me and I don't understand, I go into confusion trying to make sense of it all. It can cause physical pain that stretches across my eyes. I have a trick to avoid it, I go up and out of my body, above my head.

Ann, it might be that you are synesthetic.

What does that mean?

You may be experiencing one or more of your senses – see, hear, taste, touch or smell – at the same time. Intermingling of your senses can cause confusion if you are not aware of this talent.

How does that happen?

You hear something and simultaneously you taste it. It's the clashing that causes the confusion.

How can I explore to see if this is true?

Go to an art museum. Stand in front of a painting and watch what happens as you ask yourself: What am I hearing from the painting?

How does the painting taste? What is the feel of the painting?

What am I seeing in this painting? What is the touch sensation of the painting? See if you can do this exercise with ease.

I am a frequent visitor at the Academy of Art, an indoor/outdoor museum in downtown Honolulu. No longer do I observe a painting's structure or topic, etc. Now, I ask myself sense questions. My responses are fast

I see pain in this painting

I smell charred wood

I hear a hissing

I taste cotton batten

I touch humanity in pain

I am not at a loss for words here, once I separate out each sense.

When I look at the painting without this process, often there is sensory overload. The sensations come too fast. Everything becomes a mish-mash!

Wow. No wonder I get confused. My new technique, grounding, is helping settle the confusion battle going on inside.



My old world has just telephoned. It's Marian Lever from the San Francisco Opera announcing that Terry McEwen wants to speak to me. Terry was Mr. Adler's choice as his replacement as General Director.

Ann, would you be interested in becoming Administrative Director of the San Francisco Opera?

Can you believe? I had no second thoughts?

Thanks for the offer, but no. I am beginning my process of assessing my next professional steps. Working for an opera company, even though I love the San Francisco Opera, is not one of the options. You and I both know that the position is at least a sixty-hour-a-week-job in the off-season and more during the season. As much as I deeply love working in opera, this is not the moment. I need personal time now. I am exploring why I have dyslexia and what I can do about it. My next professional steps will need to leave me more space for personal exploration.

Thank heavens, Terry knows me well enough. He accepts no as a no.

It is a day later. The phone is ringing again.

Hello.

This is Tully Friedman, President of the Board of the San Francisco Opera. I am told that you are the only one who can handle Terry McEwen. I laughed and said

Thank you. Yes, I am good at working with challenging talents and personalities. And yes, Terry is one of them: brilliant and individualistic. Well, we need someone who will respect him and help him get the work done. We have just lost our Administrative Director and are looking for a replacement.

What is racing through my mind is how different the company must be now. Mr. Adler's domineering management style has been replaced by

Terry's *laissez faire* approach. He's fortunate to have the well-oiled Adler staff. But I am sure it's been difficult for all of them in this changed environment. Perhaps it's even rudderless.

Ann, can you explain why you won't consider the position?

Yes. I have a personal challenge, dyslexia, which I want to see if I can master. Working as manager of the San Francisco Opera would not give me the personal time I need.

Thank heavens, he seems satisfied with my response. Well, it's the truth. He continued, however. Can I ask a favor?

Certainly.

Would you get on a plane ASAP to San Francisco to help me think through how to solve this challenge?

Yes, on the condition you will not try to convince me to change my mind. That's a deal.

You know, I think he will keep his word. And there is a part of me that is happy to give back to Terry. He is the reason I connected with Mr. Adler. Terry introduced me to him during the Bolshoi engagement at Expo 67.

Yes, I am happy to do this. And this is my fee.

I am going to take my new laptop. Maybe I can find a technician in the Bay Area who will give me a basic lesson on how to get up and running.



Inn at the Opera, a recently renovated apartment building right across from the Opera House, is my base. I giggle as I enter. This Inn is a renovated apartment building where Riki Rodzinski picked up some of the most hideous sandwiches for lunch from the "corner store."

Tully picked me up in his snappy car and we are off for dinner and a chat. He explains

The jewel of the company continues to be the Fall Season. Terry has done away with Spring Opera, replacing it with an extension of the Main Season, a mini Festival, which occurs in June. He has placed Western Opera Theatre under an administrative umbrella: The Opera Center.

He has created another level of training, The Adler Fellows.

My goodness, there are a lot of changes.

What about the Merola Program?

It is operating as it has in the past.

The board is satisfied with the artistic choices Terry is making.

He does understand that the bottom line – income and expenses – must match, though the financial management leadership needs shoring up. I am handling this. What's important is we need to find someone who can administer the company.

I am curious, what is your business?

I am one of two managing general partners at Hellman & Friedman, a company establishing private equity partnerships.

Hmmm. Has a job description been developed for the manager position?

Not yet. However, we have invited Korn Ferry, an executive search firm, to assist us. We would like you to develop a draft of the job description.

Fine. Tully, Terry is lucky. The production staff is stellar. They know how to produce opera. I have worked with many of them including John Priest, Production Director, Pierre Cayard, Scenic Shop Head, and Jerry Sherk, Stage Manager. This team can almost operate independently as long as they have the artistic decisions early enough to make the necessary preparations.

That's true, but we are very concerned about keeping the production budget in control. It's a primary focus.

My three days have been filled with exploration. Chatting with the staff, I am learning more about the current situation. It seems there are two salient challenges when working with Terry. He operates on a different internal clock: arriving at the Opera between noon and 1 p.m., often working into the wee hours of the morning. This means there is little time during regular working hours when decisions can be made.

And Terry is new to the process of producing opera. His extraordinary skill at identifying talent and casting in the record industry did not provide him with the opportunity of learning the complicated procedures and intricacies of getting a show on the stage.

It's nice to see that Terry and Tully seem to have a relationship of mutual respect. They are both very smart, have great senses of humor and enjoy each other's company beyond the business of opera. When their conversation veers off to stocks and bonds, Terry seems comfortable in that arena.

My time in San Francisco is complete. The job description is done. I am honest with Tully. Korn Ferry will need to dig deep to find the right person. There are not many who will have tolerance for Terry's unusual style of management. The person you choose needs to be someone who can withstand the seeming chaos Terry creates by being different and marching to his own tune. You need someone who can get answers! Most important, it needs to be someone who is beyond the need of judging Terry. Do you have someone to suggest? I was taken aback with that question. Gosh, the only person who jumps to mind that I know who would not be judgmental is Anthony Turney. The downside is he doesn't have an opera management background. Tully then asked
Would you consult for two weeks a month until the ideal candidate is found?
Yes, as this isn't a permanent arrangement I would be glad to.

Just before leaving San Francisco, I found a techie. He installed First Choice on my Toshiba, a simple software and gave me some basics about starting the computer. Gosh, there's a lot to learn here.



Back in Honolulu I am grateful for those three days in San Francisco. It gave me a sense of what my next professional steps might be. I excel at organizing, taking a project and making it happen, getting people working together. My experience with the Taylor planning process in Colorado has convinced me that there are collaborative ways to work with boards, management and staff. I need to learn some new approaches. Central City taught me that a plan is only as good as its realization. I sense my own personal growth is as important at this point as new management techniques.



An entrepreneurial speech coach in Honolulu, Pam Chambers, is masterminding a monthly breakfast meeting, Winner's Circle, at The Honolulu Club. She programs speakers who are champions of "outside the box" points of view in the business, medical and spiritual worlds. Fifty or more business people gather monthly to network and listen.

This morning David Neenan is describing a workshop, *Business and You*, that he facilitates. A successful businessman in Colorado, he explains I train people to be more effective in the business environment by offering tools for the participants to understand themselves and how they work. The next class is in October. I have signed up. I will be finished in San Francisco by then.



More ideas are emerging for my next professional steps, generated as a result of my two weeks a month in San Francisco. Communication is a major issue. Currently in San Francisco, the Adler staff is in one camp. And as Terry is not focusing on administrative and production matters, Members of the Board, by default, have taken on active management roles. Some of these well-intentioned businessmen are ruthless in their communication styles. Not that ruthlessness is new at the Opera; Adler could assume that role very quickly on any given day.

The problem now is that these gentlemen know little about the opera business. Their lack of knowledge makes the staff uncomfortable. They sense these new ideas will not produce the desired product and a stand-off results. This is all fodder for my future focus.



The San Francisco Chronicle carried an article on an upcoming day-long Saturday seminar exploring new directions in management. Willis Harmon, a futurist with the Stanford Research Institute and co-founder of the Institute for Noetic Sciences, is a speaker. Years ago, I discovered he loves opera and invited him to participate on a panel at the Opera-Musical Theater Program at NEA. Time did not permit. But the little I know about this man confirms he thinks outside the box. I have signed up. Marilyn Ferguson, author of *The Aquarian Conspiracy*, will also be a speaker.

We are meeting in the cold, damp Palace of Fine Arts Theater which is only half full. Despite the chilly environment, my pen is running across my page. There are so many ideas about a new world, a changed world. Willis Harmon is predicting
There will be a shift not only in the scientific community but also in traditional world views.
He likens this period in history to the end of the Roman Empire, or the end of the Middle Ages, saying the transformation will be that great.
Then, he added a surprising footnote
Scientific inquiry will be matched with metaphysical inquiry.
Hmmm. My decision to live in Hawaii makes more and more sense to me.
Mr. Harmon continues
These changes will mean a more holistic approach, a shift from external authority to inner knowing.
How fascinating. My inner knowing is telling me to stop, take stock of me and then move forward. Now, Harmon is promoting this for business.
He completed his remarks with a theme that Aurora keeps saying
We humans create our own reality.
I don't get it. Why would I create dyslexia?



I read in the *Chronicle* newspaper that there's a new book out, *The E-Myth*, written by Michael Gerber about businesses that fail. He suggests this occurs because the founders/entrepreneurs are specialists in specific fields which inspire them to start a business, but they don't have the knowledge of how to successfully run a business.

That could be me. I have no experience of starting and running a for-profit venture. I will explore. Fortunately, the E-Myth offices are in the Bay Area.



I am keeping my tap dancing going in San Francisco. There's a studio on Market Street in an old warehouse, not far from the Opera House. Early in the evening, I join thirty or more talented tappers. In the back line of class I hoof about, deciding it's not worth worrying about the fact that my feet do what they want to do. I just have fun. Being amongst so many dancers is just a great lark. They are all preparing for shows or auditions. Nobody seemed to care that I am anything but proficient. And I ate up the music. Walking back to my apartment, I feel so full of the fun one has dancing. I must say, though, I am relieved that I was away from Honolulu when our tap class had its term show!

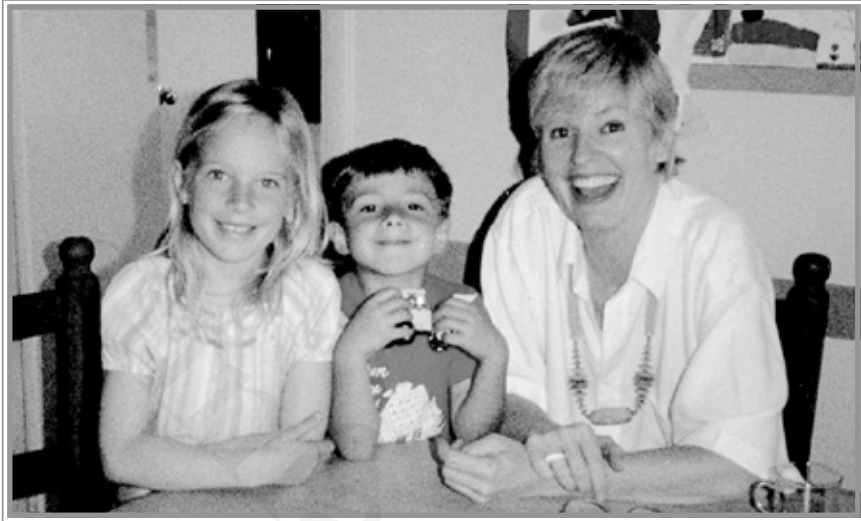


I have been visiting the Adlers in Marin, across the Golden Gate Bridge. Sabrina and Roman are growing so fast. They love swimming and so do I. Splashing in their pool is a great way for us to get to know one another.

I find it sad that Mr. Adler and Terry are not on speaking terms. Much to the credit of both, neither brings up each other in my presence.



My piano practicing continues, even when I am in San Francisco. My apartment is near the Opera. At night, after the artists and coaches are long gone, I use one of the tiny practice rooms back stage on



SABRINA AND ROMAN ADLER, ANN FARRIS

the 5th floor. Tonight, as I was leaving, I discovered John Pritchard, Music Director and Principal Conductor of the Opera Company, standing outside my practice room door. With a quizzical smile and in his very proper English accent he commented I wondered who was practicing. The two of us laughed heartily. I am sure he was glad that I wasn't one of the coach accompanists.

Tully asked me to attend a Board Executive Committee meeting. At one point, he became very angry at my point of view. In fact, he was downright rude. I was amazed. It was just a point of view. I don't think it merited that outburst. It made me angry. I just left a message for him at his office to call me. He did, very quickly. Tully, I am not comfortable with the way I was treated by you in the meeting this afternoon. Ann, you were wrong. Even if I was wrong, I didn't deserve to be yelled at.

To his credit he apologized.
I am forewarned now of another side of him.

Tully just reported. We have interviewed many candidates
and have chosen Anthony Turney.
I must say, I was surprised.

My time has been well-spent in San Francisco. My decision to say no
to Terry's invitation was correct. Exploring a new professional journey
in management approaches is on target. My personal transformation
work and life in Hawaii will give me the support I need to get my new
professional work up and running. Sorting out the inner me might be
as important as finding my professional path. I sense the channel
in Toronto, two years ago, gave me sage advice. Your dyslexia
is both physically and psychologically-based.

Now, I am off to New York for Janet Brenner and Richard Maltby's
marriage. Then, to Washington. It's a sad time. I am moving my
belongings out of our home on O Street. Some are being shipped to
Hawaii, furniture from my Farris grandparents' home is going to Toronto.
God bless Sue Harvey who is now working for the
Opera/Ballet House project in Toronto.
She has flown down and will drive with me in a rented van
to Katherine's who is storing these goodies.



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PROFESSIONAL RELOOK, PERSONAL GROWTH, SPIRITUAL DISCOVERIES



[1987]

MY PROFESSIONAL FOCUS is being given a swift forward kick by my participation in *Business and You*. There is one predominant theme: synergy – teamwork to reach the end result. Central City, of course, pops into mind. There, the Board had no interest in exploring how my relationship with them could be synergistic. I want to learn how to make that possible and am fascinated.

I am finding it helpful to hear how the workshop evolved.

David Neenan explains

It was the brain child of Marshall Thurber, who was championing two forward-thinking Americans: Buckminster Fuller and William Deming.

I know about Fuller: He designed the geodesic dome, the American Pavilion, at Expo 67 and Robert and I took a two-day workshop with Buckminster Fuller when we were living in Colorado. I am wondering how this relates to synergy. David offers an answer

Marshall incorporated Fuller's global principles of cooperation and abundance.

Deming is unknown to me. David explains He was an American working in Japan. He championed a collaborative rather than top-down leadership approach to the Japanese corporate sector. Marshall Thurber's contribution to this workshop emanates from the human potential movement.

There is so much new information to grasp, it's easy to become overwhelmed. Thank God, David has taught us a couple of simple tricks. Keep colored markers by your side to differentiate the topics and color code information. When you feel a particular concept is important draw the shape of a key in the margin.

I wish someone had given me these tools when I was in school. Words may not have been so difficult. I am also observing that my senses are running at high speed. When I take the time to check in with my senses, I ask myself: How do I see this information, what does it taste like, etc. Using this technique, I am discovering that I gain insight into what I am learning. However, there is one tool David offers that does not work: the theory that Mozart's music is good for the process of learning. Not for me. My attention goes to the music.

The workshop is not all lecture, thank heavens. Experiential opportunities abound. I had an eye-opening moment with an exercise testing my current management style. I fell into a hole, metaphorically, using my top-down leadership style.

Hmmm. It's going to take practice. The process of keeping the intent/integrity of the project/idea using a win/win approach is my desired goal.

There has been no rest for the weary during this three-day class. My business belief systems were challenged in all areas. I am on a new

management style learning curve. Fortunately, I am not alone and there are more opportunities to repeat the class as a volunteer. Several of us are glad to volunteer, with both the preplanning and staffing upcoming workshops. The opportunity to hear the information over and over again really helps.

The Business and You approach is providing me with many ideas for my consultancy business. Now I am translating them into a concrete plan for my burgeoning company. My weekly calls with Michael Gerber's staff help me gain perspective on my approach. It's a fascinating time.



On the odd occasion, my body, mind and spirit ache for a classical music evening. I tried to convince some friends to join me at a Honolulu Symphony concert. No luck. Turns out they were fortunate. By the end of the first half of the concert, I was going nuts. The conductor did not have control of the orchestra. I left, sad and annoyed.

In describing my disappointment to some friends today, my pent-up anger came pouring out as I shared
The conductor was impossible. He was waving his hands with no sense of intent. No wonder the musicians were lost. The musical result was disastrous. What a disgrace and...

My friends stopped my tirade asking
Are you aware of the amount of negative energy you are giving out about this man? It's very judgmental.

Yes, I know, he deserves it.

Well, it's fine to give feedback. But if it is harmful to another, leaving that individual no space to be as a person, let alone change, then you are harming both them and yourself.

Okay, explain more.

We are suggesting you look at this situation from a spiritual point of view. Your energy, your dark comments, your distaste of this man,

he energetically picks it up, even though he doesn't know you.

It's an innuendo or meanness or harsh criticism that harms another that we are talking about.

Okay, so how would I express what I need to share?

Your job is to find a way to share your experience without personal vengeance. Assessment is fine. Whether he will or not change is another matter, but if your energy is so critical, judgmental, then he has no space to change.

Hmmmm.

By the way, are you aware, that when you judge another it often means that this is a trait you have yourself? Maybe there is a lesson here for you.

Hmmmm. I have never focused on how I do it, I just do it. It seems to have stood me in good stead. I feel nervous at the thought of changing.

We aren't suggesting you change your talent of knowing. We are suggesting you change the way you share what you know.

Hmmm.

Okay, I am going to turn this into a project. I am going to make myself a questionnaire to use to assess a show or a symphony concert.

I want to learn how to express my point of view without judgment.

Occasionally, one or more of my friends are willing to come to the theatre with me. After a performance, we go for tea and share our responses to my questions. In our discussion, I am learning to be less confrontational. I can see this new behavior can transfer to my work.



My inner work with Nancy continues. Always there are new concepts to explore. Today it was connecting with my inner child. She explained that each of us has an inner child who has needs as well as information to share. Sometimes, as an adult, when I am not getting what I want, it could be because my inner child is subverting me. Perhaps he or she wants his or her point of view to be considered, not that it has to be accepted.

Okay, give me an example

It might be that you are working at the computer learning its intricacies and you have an internal push saying let's forget it and go swimming.

That's probably your inner child.

Oh, yes, I know that feeling.

Okay. You could make a deal with her. Something like, I need another half-hour and then we can go swimming. Is that okay?

Yes, if you keep to that agreement. I want to play more.

I am beginning to realize that play time has not always been on top of my agenda. My life in Hawaii is showing me balance is important.



Marshall Thurber was here this weekend with a new class,

The Future of Business.

The topic: What do we value?

He distributed an amazing list of values, some of which went to the top of my list: courage, compassion, fidelity, joy, win/win. However, I had to face that I also embody elements of aggressiveness, envy and scarcity.

It's experiences like this that are wonderful fodder for my consultancy program, which now consists of three components: a one-day Needs Assessment Workshop, offering an opportunity for many stakeholders in an organization to state their point of view. This day will be followed, in the near future, by a two-and-a-half-day Future Focus Workshop, the concept of which I learned from the Taylors in Boulder. We will bring together some of these players from the Needs Assessment, along with outsiders, to evolve a plan. It's here I will introduce the values concept. And finally a Management Resource Program, a week-long residency for six to nine months where I will work with members of the board, the artistic director, general manager and staff, to both evolve the plan and begin the process of integrating an organizational structure with job descriptions that realize the plan.



At the end of my session with Nancy yesterday, Aurora came in saying Ann, congratulations, you are awakening buried parts of your soul. Thank you. I don't know much about my soul.

Your soul comes with you each time you are born. It's an expression of the feminine, the Goddess within you. And it is your connection to the Divine.

Aurora, that word Divine makes me a bit anxious.

Why?

It feels so far beyond what I understand.

Perhaps this will help. From the Divine comes mankind.

The Divine is the controlling force in the Universe. Your soul is your link to this energy. Nothing occurs in the living of your life that is not intricately linked with your soul.

Are you saying that the buried parts of my soul need reawakening?

Yes. It wants to integrate as you grow. Part of that growth is identifying your dark emotions.

Hmmmm.



Just had a call from Alice Ann.

Come to a class on dreams. I am teaching skills that allow you to analyze them.

Great. I am having plenty of them these days.

Her process is simple: Record the dream, identify the main characters or key words, and link them. Then respond to some simple questions ending with: How does the dream seem relevant to my daily life?

I have evolved a technique to record my dream before it disappears into the ether. A clipboard with paper and pen placed under its metal hook are a permanent fixture by my bed. All I have to do is lean over, get it and write. No lights, no getting up to go to the bathroom first. The less I move, the more likely I will catch those fleeting details.

It's been helpful to discover that the many people in my dreams are most likely representing an aspect of me that wants attention.

Hmmmm.



Oh, sad, heartbreaking news. Riki Rodzinski called
Ann, Mr. Adler just died.

What?

He arrived home after giving a lecture in Berkeley. Walking into the house,
he collapsed and died.

Oh, Richard!

The two of us are silent, a silence that told us that each of us have tears
pouring out of our misted eyes. What could we say? Not much.

I caught my breath

Riki, I guess it's better it was sudden. I am so glad you are the messenger.

He went on to explain, there's more to this story

Earlier today Terry McEwen announced his retirement as General Director
from the San Francisco Opera.

What? In one day, two opera leaders departing!



I just came in from the beach, taking a swim for Mr. Adler. For seventeen
years he was a major presence in my life. We had our moments,
that's for sure. But we had mutual respect. I already miss him.

As to Terry, I am surprised. Yes, I knew he had health issues, but...

Just as I was going to finish that thought the phone rang

It's Terry

Ann, have you heard the news?

I have heard you are retiring and Mr. A died today.

Can you believe he had the last word? I announced my retirement
this morning, and he upstaged me by dying this afternoon.

Oh, my God, the hurt Terry felt from his estrangement with Mr. A
is so deep that even with death, this wound opens up.

Terry, I feel sad for you and sad about Mr. Adler's death. And I hope
you feel in your heart that you produced some excellent productions.
Your casting is your heritage.

The sun is now a deep orange, it's late afternoon and my phone is ringing again.

It's Tully Friedman.

Ann, have you heard the news?

I've heard that Terry has resigned, and Mr. Adler died.

Yes, that's true. Now I need to find the new General Director of the Opera and quickly. What should I do?

Put together a search committee, probably coming from the Board.

Take the time to assess what the Company needs. The staff, Board and its audiences deserve that effort.

Do you have names to suggest?

Gosh. Here are a few that pop in: David Gockley, Brian McMaster and talk with Sandor Gorlinsky, an artist's agent in London, for European suggestions. He's been around a long time, is very wise. Adler liked him.

Thanks.

Good luck, Tully.

What an intense day this has been. The end of two eras of opera in San Francisco! It was quite a ride.



Pam Chambers at Winner's Circle presented a talk this morning by Dr. Roberto Kaplan, a Doctor of Optometry. His theme: A physical eye defect might best be treated at the same time as inner personal imbalances.

Like others, he is suggesting a look at the whole person.

I feel certain that part of my dyslexia lies in my eyes. They can hurt, feeling like they are pulled from the center near my nose to the outside of my face. That's exhausting. The stretching stops me from seeing and I don't know why this happens.

I am signing up for his weekend workshop.

It was a complex time. Some answers, more questions. It seems my eyes and anger are tied together. If I only knew why I am angry, I feel sure much of the confusion would lift. Dr. Kaplan has left Hawaii, but his work has not. I have purchased his three-week course on cassette: *Beyond Twenty-Twenty Vision*.

Day one, today, was easy. A meditation and a physical exercise.
Day two, an exercise is added. I have hung a ball, tennis-ball-size from the ceiling. Swinging it, I lie on the floor and let my eyes follow.
Day three. An exercise is added. I am stretching my eyes along a rope and then bringing them back. They end up being crossed.
Day four. An exercise is added. In comes the emotional work.
What am I feeling as I do the exercises?
You know, it now takes me a half hour to do this program and I am only one week into it. This is a commitment.

Two and half weeks have flown by. I love listening to Roberto's voice. It's quiet and distinctive. He has an accent, emanating from his youth in South Africa. His tone of voice is very round.

My intense "eye" work seems to encourage many dreams at night. It's like my eyes are opening my imagination. Last night I awoke with what I thought was a dream. No, it wasn't. Oh, my God, no.
It was a re-awakening of a memory, a very disturbing memory.
I am a little girl walking a gang plank all dressed up in my navy blue reefer coat with little gold buttons, a white felt hat, white shoes and socks. It's very dark, cold and very scary. The ocean is banging, slap, slap, against the barnacled piles holding up the dock. The steamship is bouncing up and down. I am terrified. I can see the dark water through the slits on the gang plank. It feels mean. My father and I are taking the overnight boat to Victoria. He has law business there tomorrow morning.
This is my first trip away from home. I am three years old.
Ann, on the boat we stay in a stateroom.
Why does it have a big step to get in here?
Sometimes the waters can be rough, and this step stops anything from rolling out of the stateroom door.
Ohhhh, that sounds scary.
The seas are calm tonight, there is no worry.
Why is one bed on top of another?
They are called bunks. That way two people can sleep in this small space.

I want to sleep on the top.
Sure, I will lift you up there.
It's really dark. I just awoke. I am screaming. My father is doing something to me. It's not nice. It's in my private parts.

He stopped. I know my screaming stopped him.
I am really afraid and alone. What shall I do?

I didn't have to write down that dream. I remember it all now. I am soaking wet and very cold, even in Hawaii. All the details are coming pouring through. My eyes are very stretched and painful. I don't want to look at this.



Today I am with Nancy
I feel sore, sad and very scared.
Do you remember what happened next?
I remember waking up the next morning in terror
and with a terrible earache.
Daddy, I am sick. I have a terrible earache. The pain is so awful.
We got off the boat and walked to a large hotel, the Empress.
The doctor came and pronounced, after poking a silver cone-like thing
in my ear, which made me cry
She has a major ear infection. I would get her back to Vancouver
as soon as possible.

My father booked us on the afternoon boat.
I remember telling him
I don't want to go into one of those small rooms with bunks.
I will sit where I can see out.
Ann, you are such a good girl for not complaining.

Nancy asked
What did you tell your mother?
When my earache had gone, Mum asked

What happened on the boat?

I told her.

She had an awful scrunched look on her face. I remember now, so clearly, what she told me.

Ann, when things don't go the way you think they should, the best thing to do is to forget all about it.

My response was

I guess I could forget it if I had some ice cream.

And Nancy, can you believe? When I awoke two mornings ago after the night of the dream here in Honolulu, I had a terrible earache.

Talk about being re-enforced with past information.

Now we know why Nancy sensed anger. We have work to do.

Thank you, Roberto Kaplan. Your eye exercises and your instruction to link emotions to your exercises is transforming my life. Thank you, thank you.



I am swimming a lot these days, screaming under water. There is so much anger buried in there. And the dutiful student that I am, I lie on my back and forgive myself and my father.

I am surmising that my anger relates to my dyslexia. The anger makes me feel "blind." That stops me from having any interest in reading.

I can see life is about choices. I am glad I am choosing to release this anger. I feel sure it will make a difference in my life.



This morning at Winner's Circle, Jay Jackman, a psychiatrist in Honolulu, was sitting next to me. He's a very amusing man. He knows nothing of my recent discovery, so I was surprised when he made this suggestion Ann, I have just the class for you, an exercise program.

Jay, I do the Jane Fonda tape each morning. I am not sure I need it.

This class is different. It combines physical exercise with emotional releasing

and spiritual practices. We meet each morning, six days a week from 4 a.m. to 7 a.m.

What?

Yes, I am serious. It's run by Gabriel Butchart. She's a sports therapy physiotherapist. Several months ago, she was diagnosed with pancreatic cancer and given a few months to live. She didn't accept this piece of information and went searching for solutions. She discovered a healing center in California, the leadership of which approached the healing of illness from the physical, emotional and spiritual points of view. In six months, she went into remission, much to the amazement of her doctors in Honolulu. Part of her ongoing regime to hold her good health is a rigorous exercise program. Several of us have volunteered to participate. It has now become an exercise program for the hearty. You are one. Come join us.

I am rolling out of bed at 3:40 each morning, pulling on my exercise togs, driving my car down Wilhelmina Rise and into the park adjacent to the Diamond Head volcano remains. There sits an isolated Quonset hut, left over from World War II days. We are twenty brave souls. It may be dark outside, inside it's intense, with bright lights and invigorating music. Up and down and up and down we step on benches, with weights in our hands, arms up, arms down. The pace gets faster. I thought I was in good shape. Not so. Forty minutes later, benches are done, and we move on. Sometimes we run many miles down to the ocean as dawn is coming over horizon. It's so beautiful. I am developing a very toned body. Jay is correct. This is not your typical exercise program, we also meditate. And one day a month is anger day. Gabriel has the space filled with pillows. Our bench work gets us all steamed up, perfect state to release anger. Pillows are there to pound, to punch, to scream into. It's a noisy time. This morning our Quonset hut door burst open as we are at our height of noise. In came four firemen with hatchets, looking very fierce. Our noise stopped immediately. Gabriel went over to them and explained what was going on. It seems our rage was being heard at the firehouse, even though we were

in the middle of a large park. Gabriel assured them all was fine saying
In the future, I will let you know when anger day is approaching.

The last Saturday of each month of Gabriel's exercise class is devoted
to a special event.

A couple of months ago we climbed the back of a mountain in the dark,
reaching the pinnacle just as dawn arose. It was cold, scary but reaching
the top was spectacular. We were just silent.

Yesterday we met in a park in Honolulu for trust falls. It took trust,
believe me. Each one of us took a turn climbing ten feet up into a tree,
falling backwards into the linked arms of our colleagues.



I must say it has been hard getting used to that word, incest. It's mighty
difficult to say, let alone think about it. And in a way, it's hard to let go
the tension and anger I have around it. Part of me would just prefer
to avoid it. It's a paradox.

However, my spiritual work does help. Over the weekend,
Aurora and Nancy offered a class with a new tool: chakras.

Aurora explained

Humans have invisible energies, called chakras, housed in and outside
your body. The body has seven primary invisible energy centers.

Each one has a color.

We did a meditation to locate the inner centers. The first chakra was easy,
it's at the base of the spine. Mine seems quite healthy, I could see it: a rich
red color. However, when we moved to the second chakra, the emotional
chakra, the color was muddy, dirty, almost brown with a tinge of that awful,
gritty orange color. It is supposed to be bright orange. Well, it figures,
that's where my deep-seated anger hides. It's not just in my eyes.

I am training myself to explore my different chakras when an emotion
emerges. Where is that emotion sitting? And Nancy taught us a useful
way to move the dark energy out of the chakra. Once identified, I take
my hand metaphorically and pull out the dark emotion and drop it

into an imagined red fire. That gets rid of it! Then, there's a useful addition. I let the residue float up into blue light for cleansing and on to yellow light to transform. It's very satisfactory when this process is completed. I have *no* interest in holding onto anger or any dark emotion.



Nan, an accomplished artist, lives in Lanikai, not far from Linda, on the opposite side of the island from Honolulu. She and I have become good friends. Ann, I think you might enjoy painting. Come on, Nan. Not me. That's my sister Katherine's talent. I think it would be another way of releasing all that pent-up emotion. Here's a list of supplies. I expect you at 10 a.m. on Thursday.

Shopping for the supplies was fun. After my exercise class and a quick breakfast, I drove over the winding Pali Highway, through the early twisting fog to the other side of the island. Her studio has a breathtaking view of the light green/blue Pacific Ocean and Mokulus – tiny islands with no vegetation. A large drafting board is setup for me in one corner. Ann, take out your new brushes and paints and get yourself some water. Okay, I am ready. Now, what do I do? I don't know. Paint and see what happens. I looked at her incredulously. Come on! She was intractable. What could I do? I began mixing colors and dabbing them on paper. Dabbing isn't correct. I made large swaths of color all over it. It was amazing fun. Two hours flew by. Ann, let's put your work up on the wall. It's quite startling to see something from a distance after working on it so intimately. Wow! Good work; let's go for a swim.



NAN HACKETT PENNER

Now, I look forward to Thursday mornings, and especially today. I exclaimed breathlessly today as I walked in the studio Nan, it was anger day at Gabriel's class. I am really mad. Good, come outside with me. She grabbed a 3'x'8' canvas which she placed on the wide gentle sloped concrete walk just outside her studio. Handing me a hose, she said Use red, black, green, blue, yellow paints. Paint your anger in color. When you are done, hose off the canvas and start again. I don't know how many canvasses I did, I was working so feverishly. A couple of them seemed like works of art! But I followed instructions and hosed them away. Why hold on to anger?



Last Saturday was talent day at Gabriel's class. I was stuck with what to do. My piano playing is hardly ready for public consumption. Suddenly an idea emerged: My roommate Karima has an electronic piano.

Karima, may I use it?

Yes, and I will help you rehearse.

We had so much fun. I am dexterous enough to kind of play Schumann. However, it isn't musical. I knew I could hide this lack if I turned on the special features on this piano: drums, violins, and then symbols. Total destruction of Schumann, but both of us thought it hilariously funny. So did the class. They loved it. I was amazed at how hard I had to concentrate when being funny. I wanted to laugh at myself too.



Nancy, Robert has still not signed off on the divorce papers.

She had a surprising response.

Perhaps there is an energetic reason.

Perhaps you are a part of why he is holding off.

Gosh, I know he doesn't want the divorce.

No, I am talking spiritually. Perhaps there is something he is sensing that he doesn't understand that is coming from you which makes him think you aren't ready for this divorce.

I can't imagine what that could be.

The two of us went exploring and guess what Nancy intuited?

Ann, could it be you are holding onto your marriage to eliminate the potential of another intimate relationship from coming in?

How can I be doing that?

What if you start calling yourself Ann Farris instead of Ann Farris Darling?

Oh, Nancy, I know you are correct. Wow.

The divorce papers have arrived, signed by Robert.



David Neenan is back for another *Business and You* weekend with a new resource book, *The Strategy of a Dolphin*, written by Dudley Lynch

and a colleague Paul L. Kordis.

The concepts are intriguing. The authors are challenging their readers to adopt dolphin behavior, natural abilities to think constructively and creatively, to enable us to effectively cope and make choices in the rapidly changing times. It's amusing their fish symbology, which extends to sharks – the scary animals who are out to achieve a personal win at whatever the cost – and carps, who cower in flight or freeze behavior. It seems dolphins have no problem behaving as a shark or a carp when the situation calls for it.

We have a book group formed to discuss and better understand the ideas which are complementary to the *Business and You* concepts.



A brief visit to Vancouver for my goddaughter, Shona's, afternoon wedding brought a surprising piece of information from Mum. After dinner at home, Mum asked me to join her in the library. I have something I want to talk with you about. My heart went into my mouth. As a teenager, generally, when we were asked to meetings in the library, we had done something wrong.

Not tonight. Mum had surprising information

Ann, I have been thinking about your dyslexia. I know I have some information that is important to this research.

Goodness, what?

I caused your dyslexia.

I gulped

How can that be?

When you were in utero during the third trimester, I discovered your father was having affairs with other women. I was devastated and very upset, very angry. I am convinced my emotional upheaval caused your dyslexia.

I said nothing. She continued

It was a very difficult time for me. I kept asking myself, do I stay

in this marriage or not? My dilemma was I loved your father very deeply. How could I let that go? So, I decided I would stick by him no matter what. Well, you certainly did that. But I am hard-pressed to see how that could have caused my dyslexia.

I know it did. I just know it.

Mum continued

My choice to stay with your father put me into constant inner questioning. You and I both know he continued with liaisons. He didn't change. Sometimes I got very angry.

Mum, I know about your anger, I heard it in the middle of the night when he came in late. I must say I was terrified that the two of you would separate and I would be abandoned.

Well, I wondered so many times: Am I doing the right thing, staying with him? Each time my answer was yes, knowing full well your father would not get a hold of this behavior.

As she continued talking, I thought I might bring up my recent rediscovery of the incest. I decided, no. This was Mum's night.

Besides, Mum had more to say

There is another decision we made which I keep wondering about. In Grade One at Crofton House, Mrs. Scott, your first-year teacher, recommended that we hold you back a year. Your brain didn't seem to be able to compute the hieroglyphics that the alphabet offered when combined to create words. Mrs. Scott felt you were trying to compete with your cousin Wendy, who was reading very well. That's odd. I never felt I was in competition with Wendy.

Well, we decided not to accept Mrs. Scott's suggestion.

You were already seven and old to be in Grade One.

Many a time I wondered if we made the correct decision.

She continued

When you told us four years ago, when you were working for Expo 86 and living in Vancouver, about your discovery of your dyslexia, we also wondered if the shock of you being put into boarding school at Crofton

as you began Grade One could have been the cause.

Oh, I remember that experience. I was in total confusion. Overnight, you were gone. I was told my father was very ill in Ottawa and you were rushing on the train to be with him. As the weeks went by and you didn't return, I decided I was an orphan and had to look after myself. When you came to get me just before Christmas, I had given up all hope. You know that your father was on the brink of death in a reaction to the vaccines he was given before being sent overseas.

Yes, but that to me was not an excuse. Later, when you and Daddy took your trips East to Ottawa and New York, I was nervous. I was never sure you would return. That's why I made all those signs and posted them on the front porch for your return. I wanted to make sure you knew we needed you here!

They were amazing signs. What else do you remember?

I remember you helping me.

In what way?

You taught me how to sound out words.

That's correct. You had a favorite book about cats. I remember our first day as though it were yesterday. I asked you: What are the letters?

You responded correctly C, A, T. Then you got stumped. You couldn't make the sounds. We started with C: *kuh, kuh, kuh*. One time you said Mummy, you sound so silly.

We both had a giggle. A much-needed giggle, given the tension of the sharing this evening.

Our conversation turned to my marriage.

Ann, when you made the decision to leave Robert,

I was surprised you weren't being a dutiful wife.

Now, I see I was measuring you against me.

I stayed with your father, why weren't you staying with Robert?

Mum, I was not happy in my marriage, I had done the best I could to make it work and so had Robert. I needed space to discover myself and more about the dyslexia. It's like the dyslexia is a life's mission.

Mum had another surprise sitting in her chair in the library,
facing me in what was my father's chair.
I find myself yelling at your father's empty chair shouting
Why did you leave me so soon? That was not fair.
We sat quietly.
Do you think that is all right to do?
Mum, indeed I do. The one thing I have learned in Hawaii
is how to yell and get out anger. It is very healthy.
We rose, two hours must have passed, and gave each other a long hug.
Both of us were more at peace when we walked upstairs to our bedrooms.
In one night, Mum's brave sharing changed our relationship.



David Neenan's back again in Hawaii with more materials,
workbooks from Dudley Lynch. They are assessments which
enable us to learn how we think.
I am a right-brain thinker and my mode of behavior is
"I see, therefore, I adapt."
Well, not always. According to their analysis,
I have a lively interest in developing and promoting new ideas,
but only if they make sense in the context of my current values or beliefs.
True enough.

These materials are giving me many ideas for my consulting business.
If I can talk the managers into paying for these reasonably priced testing
instruments, all the participants in an organization will learn a great deal
about themselves and why they work together the way they do.
David Neenan had an insightful comment after we completed
one of these exercises
Ann, there is one thing about you. You take time to find your way,
but you do get there.



It's summer 1989. I have been here on Oahu for almost two and a half years. Gabriel's class is over, been over for several months. Shanta, who lives nearby, and I keep up some of the physical activity by tromping the Wilhelmina Rise hills in the dark, waiting for the deep red morning sun to creep into the horizon. Bench exercises complete this ritual.

This morning I shared with Shanta

It's time for me to make a living. My coffers are very low.

What are you going to do?

Move back to the Mainland. I don't know where to go: New York, Chicago, San Francisco or Los Angeles. How to choose?

Have you heard of Astrocartography?

No.

It's a form of astrology that identifies the placement of planets over Earth at the time of your birth. Each planet has individual characteristics and that energy is usually found in the cities affected.

Hmm, sounds fascinating. Let's order them.

Shanta, look! The Moon was directly over Oahu when I was born.

The characteristic I can expect to find in Oahu is emotional. That certainly has been my experience. Maybe this map can help me. Let's see what planet was over the cities I am considering when I was born.

Hey, Shanta, Pluto is over New York. It's the planet about change.

I choose New York. Revving up into a work mode after two and a half years of inner work and planning for my next professional steps will require an environment which continues to foster change. Professionally, I have a product I am excited to offer. My company has a name, Global Art and Business. Getting up and running is my next challenge.



My rented piano is returned. I have sold most of my belongings, including my car and my brass bed. Today I stopped by a bookstore and found several New Age magazines to peruse on the plane. I hope there will be advertisements for places in New York where I can continue my emotional and spiritual growth.

Many friends came to a potluck picnic by the ocean to say goodbye. As the sun was going down, Gabriel encouraged me Ann, stand in the center of this human circle of your friends. Take in their beautiful powerful energy – a memory to garner when moments get tough. This special feeling was as sweet as the perfume of the ginger flowers on the *lei* that hung around my neck. I have so much to be thankful for.

Do I know any more about dyslexia? Yes. I know that part of the confusion comes from synesthesia and a clashing of my senses. I also know that my experience of dyslexia is emotionally based and makes concentration more difficult. My reading comprehension is still problematic.

I do wonder if Mum is correct, that her raging anger at my father's disloyalty when she was in her third trimester with me could have caused my dyslexia. Who knows? There's more to learn in that area. My emotional work, I know, has only just begun. The variety of approaches I have learned have taught me how to read signs emanating from my body, mind and spirit. If I sense a block, I know there is something to learn and I know how to use my chakras for assistance.

I am leaving Hawaii relieved. Yes, I know there is more personal work to do. My challenge now is to balance professional and personal work.

NEW YORK IS ENERGIZING UNTIL...



[1989]

MOST WOULDN'T AGREE that returning to New York City in late August is perfect timing. Well, for me, it is. Transitioning from the tranquility and warmth of Hawaii to the New York energy is comfortable. The hot weather diffuses the differences. Another blessing is a lovely place to hang my hat. Cheechee McCormick is in Tuxedo for the summer and has loaned me her spacious apartment on Sutton Place South. After a few phone calls setting up appointments to former business colleagues, I am feeling the energy of being back in New York.

Tonight, I am on a jammed subway with its hustle and bustle on my way to the New York Open Center, a holistic meeting place on Spring Street in Soho. I found their advertisement in the stash of New Age magazines I read en route to New York. It has me intrigued.

A tiny bookstore window announces my arrival. Its unassuming door leads me into an old four-story narrow warehouse with tall brick lobby

walls, the lower part of which is covered by bulletin boards crammed with tons of announcements. Stacked in a wire frame at the end of the hall is an impressive catalogue, one hundred pages, announcing many types of classes: spiritual theory, yoga, eating holistically and on and on. Eschewing the old clunking freight elevator, I mount a very wide staircase with well-worn wooden steps to my introductory class on the second floor, front room. This space has elegant, tall windows with chairs set for fifty. I'll just sit here next to a friendly-looking gentleman.

Good evening, my name is Ann Farris.

Hi, my name is Alan Seale. What brings you here?

I have just returned from Hawaii and am checking out places in New York that have a spiritual focus.

Well, you have come to the right place. What do you do?

I work in opera and am about to start a consultancy business in planning and organizational development. And you?

I am an opera coach.

Well, if that isn't amazing. However, we don't talk opera.

Rather, Alan gives me a rundown on the Open Center.

It was founded by a lawyer, Walter Beebe, and a visionary, Ralph White.

They have an impressive Council of Advisers that includes Michael Murphy, the founder of Esalen, Dr. Fritjof Capra, the advanced-thinking physicist, and Dr. Jean Houston.

Oh, I took a class from her in Washington DC several years ago.

A very creative woman!

As the class finished Alan asked

Would you like to have breakfast?

I would love to.



Janet and Richard Maltby, with baby Jordan in tow, and I had lunch today. The three of them are just back from London. They seem so happy. Jordan is adorable, round-faced and smiling. Richard is very busy collaborating with the French creative team on *Miss Saigon*. I brought them up with my news including

I am looking for an apartment to sublet, do you have any ideas?

Richard was quick to respond

Stay with us.

Janet's eyes lit up.

Richard is returning to London. I don't like being alone with Jordan.

You and I have shared before; we know we get along. Come stay with us in the Village.



I am busy selling my planning and management system.

A former colleague living in Canada called

We are challenged with getting different arts groups talking with one another on a major project. Would you come and implement your Needs Assessment Workshop in a month's time?

Yes!

My first gig. I am excited.

Had lunch with another former colleague. He's Managing Director of a major dance institution in New York. I described my work.

He's intrigued and will talk with his Artistic Director, the founder.

Today, I took the subway uptown to the dance company.

The artistic director was polite and distant as I shared

The Future Focus workshop is a weekend retreat and offers an opportunity for you, your dancers, staff, choreographers, board members, designers, and others who are major players to collaborate, building the outline of a twenty-year future look for the company.

The Management Resource Program is an ongoing process.

I would come to your offices one week a month and collaborate with you and others to further define the plan and begin the implementation.

We will evaluate your management structure and see what changes might be made so your administrative staff functions more effectively.

We talked for almost an hour. When I left his office,

I wasn't convinced he was convinced.

Then, Providence happened! Before leaving, I went into their library to make notes. A few moments later, the Artistic Director appeared and sat next to me.

Tell me more about you. I know you have been working mostly in opera, but tell me more.

He seemed interested in my litany as I outlined my administrative and producing experience. When I shared my Central City Opera House Association experience and the rude awakening by the treatment of the Board, his ears perked up.

Tell me more.

They decided unilaterally to opt out of the long-range plan that had been built collaboratively. They sent a messenger who was on the Board but had never been involved with me to tell me I would no longer be a part of the realization of the long-range plan. I asked myself, why was the messenger not the Board President or Chairman? This behavior didn't work for me. I moved on and became Director of the Opera-Musical Theater Program at NEA. During which I learned I am dyslexic. Not long after, I was invited to produce the World Festival for the 1986 World Exposition. At the Festival's conclusion I turned my focus to learning more about my dyslexia. Hawaii became my base to begin this process.

Did you go on a spiritual journey?

You can imagine how surprised I was with that question.

Yes, I did. Didn't have any idea about spirituality when I arrived, but that was what happened.

My ramblings seemed to be the clue he needed to be comfortable with me. We chatted for another hour.

I just heard from my colleague at the dance company.

Ann, the Future Focus Workshop is on. Not only have we found the money to hire you, we have booked Arden House in New Jersey, now owned by Columbia University, for our Future Focus Workshop retreat.

And we want you to work with us a week a month, following the retreat, to lead us through the Management Resource Program.

That is wonderful news, thank you.



I am volunteering at New York Open Center. It has two advantages: meeting people on a spiritual path and offers tuition-free access to some of the workshops offered.

Yesterday, I mentioned to the volunteer coordinator, I have a Future Focus Workshop which I want to test with individuals. Feel free to put up a sign and see if there are takers. Thanks.

Four people are interested.

To accommodate schedules, I have divided the two-and-a-half-day workshop into five segments. The process is going well, so well, the Program Director of the Center made a surprise offer. Would you like to present this workshop as part of the regular programming at the Center? I have been given favorable feedback from the volunteers.

This is a nice surprise. Yes, thanks.

I have renamed my class the Next Step Workshop. It will be offered in the Spring Open Center Catalogue, four months away.



The Needs Assessment Workshop in Canada, involving forty movers and shakers in the arts world, was a good challenge. There were large egos in the room choosing to be antagonistically silent. The rest seemed glad to have a chance to lay out the complex issues. Nearing the end of the day when recommendations were being offered, the egos relented and entered the discussion.

I am pleased with my work.

However, I have a new personal challenge, my computer skills need to grow. I need more ease with the technology so I can synthesize the information faster.



I have my own digs now. My home is a sublet, a garret, much like the artist home/studio in the opera *La Bohème*. It's in the West Village, has a big skylight and a view overlooking a garden and a tree. Only one drawback! It's a five-story walk-up. Doesn't bother me, but my friends don't like dropping by. Too much effort!

An angel in the form of Paula Silver, now Greenberg, has appeared. Her marketing skills are currently focused on running a successful company primarily in the movie business. She generously asked one of her staff members to design a Global Art and Business brochure for me. It's very handsome and I am ever so grateful. Sadly, Los Angeles is calling her. She and her family are moving. I am sorry. I do so enjoy her company.



PAULA SILVER GREENBERG WITH JESSICA—1983



The Future Focus Workshop at Arden House went well. The first evening, the Artistic Director sat at the back of the room observing. As the participants headed to bed for the night, he surprised me Ann, I had no idea so many people care so much for the Company

and have so many ideas.

The next day he became an active participant and the remaining two days flew by. A sense of community began to emerge. Board members shared as we were all saying goodbye

Ann, you have opened our eyes. Thanks.

My Management Resource Program with the Dance Company is underway. The sessions with all the staff as a collective are using the Brain Technology tools, focusing their attention on themselves and how they work. I was surprised how much they love exploring their values and how they relate or not to the Company's values.

When the issue of changing old habits comes forth, some go with the flow and predictably others are holding on.

I spend at least two hours three times each month with the Artistic Director, turning the ideas into a plan. He's honest Ann, I am challenged by making administrative changes. I will try.



Networking is really important. I keep my ears open, listening for meetings involving a collection of arts managers. That's a prime place to introduce myself to new contacts. Yesterday, at a meeting assembled by a foundation, I ran into the man who briefly stole my heart nearly twenty years ago.

Remember him? Over the years we have run into each other.

He has always been friendly and polite. Yesterday he nearly took my breath away when he asked

I would like to know one thing. Were you in Hawaii on a spiritual journey?

Yes.

Twice in the last six months this question has been asked.

I was even more surprised by his comment

I thought so.

I knew this man was special. As we both hurried off to our respective meeting rooms, I wondered what he was meaning by spiritual journey.



There's one aspect of Hawaii that I really miss – being in the outdoors. I tried the Sierra Club walks, but they are too short. Now I have joined a hiking group which undertakes day-long adventures across the Hudson River to New Jersey or to remote areas just north of New York City. Sunday mornings I am at the Port Authority bus terminal finding the appropriate bus to New Jersey. It's winter now. That doesn't matter: In fact, the cold is invigorating as we tromp in the woods. Today's hike was amazing. At noon, we reached a "mountain" top and discovered a landing strip about the size of a football field. At least, we decided it had to be a landing field. It was tarmac, yes, hard, smooth, black tarmac. Here's the mystery. When we walked around the perimeter, we found neither a path nor road, other than the narrow hiking trail that landed us here. How was it made? What is its purpose? We hypothesized it's for extra-terrestrial landings!



My Next Step Workshop at the New York Open Center was well-received. Forty people signed up for the introductory evening and twelve attended the weekend workshop. The management is keeping this class in their schedule. I love the work, offering others an opportunity to view the future and discover the values they want to experience their life through.



The Maltbys are my base. We have a great time together. They seem totally cool with me arriving at any time of the day. Richard is busy with one Broadway or Off-Broadway show after another. Predictably, some go well, others not. He seems to thrive with chaos around him. The busier it is in the house, the better he likes it. He has a tiny office down the hall on the second floor, but more often he is sitting in the living room with his laptop as we are all chattering. I enjoy listening to his theatrical reports. They keep me connected with the production process. I like that.





THE MALTBYs [left to right]: JORDAN, JANET, CHARLOTTE, RICHARD, EMILY

As wonderfully well as my life seems to be going, I am frustrated. My emotions still need attention. I am surprised. I guess I somehow thought that after almost three years of inner work I would be complete with my past. Well, it is just not the case. Historical anger can still interrupt my day.

I was with a chiropractor today, a friend I met in Hawaii, who knows of my emotional challenges. He had good advice Ann, I have been told *The Courage to Heal* by Laura Davis is very helpful for people overcoming incest. Take a look at it. He is correct. One of the exercises recommends sharing with a good friend the fact that the incest happened. Hmm, I have been careful to keep this a guarded secret. Only some of my Hawaii friends know. But as I learned in Hawaii, if there's hesitancy it could mean that risking what seems fearful will help. I sense this disclosure is important. I am feeling a lot of fear about telling this truth. It grips my eyes and I can't see. What's worse,

I find myself stammering. Yes, this incident is still eating at me.
I just asked Janet
Would you come for tea? I have a very painful secret to share.
She's a good listener and doesn't make judgments.

God bless Janet. She's six months pregnant and still she is willing
to wobble up the five flights to my apartment.
This is very embarrassing but here's the story... I am so full of shame.
I keep asking myself, why would that be? It wasn't me
who perpetrated the act.
Janet's listening, and her compassion gave me space to cry, really cry.
I thought I would feel better after she left. No, my body, mind and spirit
are very heavy. My anger is forefront. Anger hurts, you know, in my arms,
in my eyes. I have been pounding my pillow all weekend to release it.
It's exhausting but seems to help. Walking uptown and back,
oblivious of the New York traffic with the pouring cold rain
tumbling down on my umbrella, helped.
I kept thanking Janet as I tromped. Her presence and willingness to listen
made this relief possible. Our friendship deepened that Friday afternoon.



I seldom go to the opera, for two reasons: I am pre-occupied with my work,
as well as being careful to mind my money. Yes, I have a steady stream
of clients, but marketing costs a lot.
So, it was fun when Anne Murphy called today, asking
What are you doing tonight?
Nothing particular, working on marketing. Why, what's up?
Want to go to the opening of the Metropolitan Opera? My date
just cancelled.
Wow, I would love to.
Do you have a dress to wear?
A beautiful one. My dark midnight blue sequin dress from Hong Kong,
the one I wore on opening night at Expo 86. If it was good enough
for Prince Charles and Princess Di, it should be okay for the Met.

Great!

Meet me at the Met, front steps at 5:30 p.m. We are invited for cocktails.

The end of September in New York is a gracious time. It's not too hot, the humidity has decreased, there's a feeling of happiness in the air. Well, I feel joyful. This is a special treat. I splurged and took a taxi from my downtown apartment to Lincoln Center.

Anne and I were just told

Madam, the cocktail party is on the upper two lobby floors.

There are many men in black tie and women outfitted in gorgeous dresses made of brocades and chiffons. I am having fun chatting with whomever I run into. A man just came up to me and said

You are the best dressed woman here tonight!

Somewhat taken aback, given the couturier wardrobes peopling this crowd, I murmured

Thank you so much.

Where did you buy your dress?

Hong Kong, several years ago.

And I explained the story and the reason. As I was talking,

I had a hit that he was involved with the fashion industry.

May I ask? Who are you?

I am President of one of the garment industry unions and on the Board of the Metropolitan Opera.

I gave him a brief mention of my work in opera. We must have talked for fifteen minutes. Then the bell rang, indicating the performance was about to begin.

Last night was a welcomed diversion. Great fun!



Riki Rodzinski was here from Fort Worth on Van Cliburn Foundation business. He gave me an introduction to a Lake Placid friend, Naj Wikoff, who oversees the cultural and community events at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Naj is just back from Moscow where the

Global Forum of Spiritual and Parliamentary Leaders had its second world summit at the invitation of Mikhail Gorbachev.

What's the Global Forum?

It was initiated in the 1980s by our Dean, the Very Reverend James Park Morton, along with Akio Matsumura, who was involved with the United Nations. The organization's goal is to increase the respect amongst the many different faiths. Two meetings have come and gone, one in Oxford and another in Moscow. This conclave included not only religious and political leaders, but also those from business, science, medical fields and the performing arts – primarily artists, all with a commitment to global peace. At the Moscow meeting, the artists felt their points of view were marginalized by the religious participants. They are resolved to have respect at the next meeting, in Japan. We don't yet know how we are going to accomplish this goal. Naj, perhaps I can help. What if I facilitate a Needs Assessment Workshop with some of the artists who are in New York to discover what steps need to be taken?

Murray Bruce, a filmmaker who was in Moscow at the Global Forum meeting, and his wife Gail, a gallery owner and artist agent, hosted the Needs Assessment Workshop. This group decided the next step is a three-day workshop bringing together artists living in different parts of the world working for global peace. I have volunteered to participate on the Steering Committee. My focus is identifying a facilitator. I need someone who has experience with a large gathering of a volatile crowd. I called David Neenan to see if he would. Ann, your offer is not for me. My experience with artists is they do not respect the collaborative process. I sense I would not be successful. Here are some names for you to approach. We have chosen one and are developing a process.

Well, David was a harbinger. We were successful in assembling an extraordinary collection of seventy accomplished artists from twenty or more different nations, all with a passion for global peace.

Robert Redford graciously hosted us at Sundance. However, on the first night the artists rebelled. They wouldn't buy into process, they didn't want any structure *at all*. We were marginalized and quickly.

That was a blow.

Reflecting on what happened, Naj wistfully commented
Seeds have been scattered to the wind. Let's hope they find fertile soil
and enough water and sun to flourish. The most significant outcome
was the many collaborations and friendships that evolved.

For us, the organizers, it was a learning experience.



I was at Carnegie Hall the other night sitting in the balcony listening to
Dennis Russell Davies conducting the American Composers Orchestra.

I find it fascinating to listen to new works. Some I enjoy, others not.

Last night I got a clear message using my synesthetic technique,
asking each of my senses the question

Eyes: How do you see this piece of music?

Like small broken pieces of lead that are falling, falling, falling.

Smell: How do you smell this piece of music?

Pungent and rotten.

Taste: How do you taste this piece of music?

It tastes like shit!

That was a shocking piece of clarity.

It's fun and illuminating to engage my senses to help me
clarify my thoughts.



[1991]

It's now two years since I have returned to New York. Something is not
working for me. It doesn't have to do with my work – I love what I do –
and mostly, so do my clients. But there is a dark, foreboding element in
my life. I can't get a handle on it. I am using Aurora and Nancy's chakra

clearing techniques regularly and sometimes that helps.

But there is more to uncover.

A recent Open Center class exploring more with my inner child opened a door into my discomfort. I had never considered that our inner child as well as our adult selves have male and female qualities. That little piece of information has been so helpful. In my daily meditation as I focus on an emotional issue, I ask whether it's the male aspect of my child's behavior (generally impatience) or the female aspect (wanting more love and consideration) that is upsetting my equilibrium. The answers are illuminating.

This focus has led me to discover that it's the male part of me who is taking responsibility to be sure I am safe. It's the female adult who is pursuing emotional and spiritual change. I sense the wounded female child and adult needs the most attention.



Nancy is no longer channeling Aurora. I miss our contact through the phone and access to universal wisdom. So, I was thrilled when a friend suggested Robert Shapiro Ann, he lives in Sedona and has just published a book, *The Explorer Race*, reporting information from Zoosh. We talk once a month.

Zoosh, this whole issue of confusion, going up and out there, still both haunts and fascinates me. Did I initiate it after the incest? Yes, it was a protective step.

But now, I have unraveled much of the confusion. At least I think I have, and still I am unable to comprehend with any agility what I read.

Zoosh tells me

The information you need will unfold.

You know, Aurora used to say that. Your unwillingness to give me the answer is quite annoying. I want to get on with my life and leave all this emotional stuff behind.

His reply grated on me

You have more to learn. That is why you are not yet ready to accept

more information. This much we will say. Your dyslexia is present in your life so you can learn and grow. Part of that growth is transforming the emotions involved. You need to keep exploring. I am musing on his comments. The confusion and the dyslexic state are synonymous. I am beginning to see that I probably create the confusion to avoid the pain of my emotions. That is certainly me creating my reality. It was a safety mechanism. As a youngster, the incest was not only upsetting, it was confusing. Why would my father who supposedly loved me, take advantage of me? And I guess my mother's mechanism of dealing with this kind of shock by burying the reality seemed confusing. I was too young to separate out this conflicting information, so I became confused. Now I am unraveling it. I wonder what I still need to learn? I would like to have decent skills to comprehend what I read. Zoosh's final comment in this recent reading was encouraging me to learn more skills at being at peace within myself. Eventually the information I need will unfold.



A year ago, Janet Maltby asked me to meet with Tony Stimac, the innovative leader of Musical Theater Works. Janet is on the Musical Theater Work's board and knows there are some administrative challenges and resulting decisions coming up. She asked if I would meet with Tony. Musical Theater Works location is downtown, across the street from the Public Theater. Its building is a sprawling six-floor square warehouse with many large rooms transformed into several "black boxes" for theatre presentations as well as rehearsal rooms and offices. This place bustles with business. I spent a day with Tony, helping him think through next steps. He was thrilled with the work and said
Any time you would like to use one of the studios, please feel free to ask.

I talked to him today
Can we barter? A studio for a Friday night, and all-day Saturday and Sunday for my Next Step Workshop. I will offer a free

two-and-a-half-day class to a person from your organization
It's a great idea. I will be the first to take your class.
They are giving me a top floor studio with large windows.
It's a great space. The class goes very well in this environment.



The man with whom I misstepped twenty or so years ago
had his secretary call and set an appointment with me.
Dressed in my yellow tailored wool coat that reaches to mid-calf
and gives me a jaunty professional look, I head uptown.
When I enter, he rises, giving me a hug and a quick peck on the cheek.
Then, our eyes connected. This man really looks at you, bores into you.
When his eyes take that pose, I know he wants to know,
whatever it is he wants to know.

He's driving the conversation. He does that. Perhaps it's because I drove
the conversation twenty years ago that got me into a mess with him?
Who knows? This time our meeting is intimate in a different way. I am
disappointed. He's not interested in my work. Rather, he's grilling me about
my life in Hawaii, my exploration of dyslexia, my spiritual journey. He's
listening with every ounce of him and just made a surprising comment
I wish I could take that kind of break myself.
For some bizarre reason, that statement gave me courage!
Courage to apologize
I am so sorry for my inappropriate comment to you in San Diego.
There is just silence. He isn't dismissing it. He's looking me straight
in the eye and watching, giving me time to experience what I just said.
And then, he comments
I accept your apology.
Those four words spoken with such care and softness are pouring over
me, dripping down me. Oh, I feel so much better.

We are now both more comfortable. He's talking about himself, his family
responsibilities, kids and his wife. Then he zeroed in on dyslexia.

I have a son with dyslexia. What have you found out?

Well, for me it is based in my emotions, as well as the physical.

How are you resolving it?

I have gone off refined sugar and the internal rushing in my body has slowed down. And I am unveiling my hidden emotions.

There are plenty of them and for good reason. You know, it's hard to face emotional facts sometimes.

Can I ask you a personal question?

Listen, after how I behaved with you all those years ago, you can ask any question.

Are you a victim of incest?

Oh my God, my heart has stopped. So many thoughts are tumbling through me. How could he possibly know? Of course he knows; he is so intuitive. No wonder I was so attracted to this man. Wow, I know I have to tell the truth. I know I am safe with him, I can be honest. Yes.

He looked at me with those penetrating eyes and in a very quiet voice said I thought so.

Now my body is numb. He gets me. I wonder why?

I want to cry but I won't.

Our time is up. I feel much relieved.



My work is taking me to Canada a fair amount these days. In Vancouver I have been hired on a year-long project to offer the Needs Assessment, Future Focus Workshop and the Management Resource System. It's very satisfying working with a pro-active manager who has no fear of dipping his toes into new approaches as he offers leadership and growth space to his staff. We are down to the nitty gritty of developing the plan and doing staff training. Dudley Lynch's booklets are invaluable here.

En route to Vancouver this month, I stopped in Ottawa for a national arts conference. There was much discussion about a cultural leader's project being sponsored by the University of Waterloo's Center for Cultural

Management. They are looking for participants in Vancouver, Halifax, Windsor and Edmonton. I am intrigued. I have just discovered that in two months' time the workshop is scheduled just before my week with my client in Vancouver. I have signed on.



PARTICIPANT AND ANN IN THE NEEDS ASSESSMENT PROCESS

This workshop is invigorating. It's based on an envisioning concept developed by Warren Zeigler. In a sense, the approach is similar to the Taylors' work. The difference is the process. Zeigler begins the three-day workshop by having us draw images of what form cultural leadership will take in twenty years.

For some, their images are words, but most are symbols or expressions in color. Now, thirty images are up on walls around the room.

Some are very dark and foreboding, others are fanciful.

Zeigler has given us the next step

Wander around the room to see what images seem to relate to what you are expressing in your image. If you feel a connection with another image, ask the creator questions about their artistic output. If there is synchronicity with the design and the ideas, join up with that individual.

I have bonded with four women who are also on the spiritual path. We are now translating our images into statements about arts leadership in 2013. And as I will be back in Vancouver a week a month for the next seven months for my work project, I will have an opportunity to continue collaborating with my team.



It's nine p.m. in New York. The telephone just rang. As soon as I heard his voice, I knew who it was. No, I didn't know his name, but he's been in some of the classes that I have been taking at the Open Center. He's one of those persons who talks to you and you don't want to reciprocate! His first words tonight were Ann, I have a message for you. Why on earth would I want to hear a message from him? He continued Will you receive this message? I didn't know what to say. It sounded downright weird. But then I became curious. Oh well, how can it hurt? Yes, I will. The message is: You are to write a book, it is to be your story, You are to write it now and it will be a bestseller. I laughed. I had to be honest You know that is amusing. I have been thinking about writing what I am learning. Good, will you start tomorrow? I don't know about that, but I will consider the idea. You must start tomorrow, you must. This guy sounds frantic. What's wrong with him? Well, I can't say I will but... You must. Why? Where did this message come from? From my meditation. For the last three-days your message is the only one I have been receiving. The message used your name.

I didn't know your name. Then it occurred me, she must be someone I met at the Open Center. I went to the registration desk and asked Do you know Ann Farris? Yes, she did and gave me your contact information. You see, this is a message you have to listen to. It has your name on it. Okay, I will do something tomorrow.

I sat down at my trusty Toshiba computer this morning and started. I am discovering that writing isn't easy. It doesn't feel comfortable. I can't do this. But I said I would try. Okay, I will get on my bed and draw with my magic markers something that is about the book. Maybe I will get a focus. You know, the funniest thing happened. I drew a stick picture of me facing a psychiatrist and made a caption Seek Help. Then, I had the inspiration to use my synesthetic technique, expressing through my senses my message. I draw and then ask my senses for a response to discover what I want to say. Just a few words and I have it! That's fun! Now I have the clue on how to create my book. The topic is what it feels like to be dyslexic.



I had a call today from Carl Shaver. He's a much respected consultant who has been introducing corporate management practices and fundraising techniques to arts organizations. He asked me to join him at lunch next week.

Meantime, I am off to Washington DC for discussions at the National Endowment for the Arts. They have a request out for proposals from management and planning consultants. I am interested in applying and need some details. Always better to go to the source, I find. Anne Murphy has invited me to stay. She just called asking How about I ask Robert for dinner? Would you like to see him? Yes, very much. It would be lovely if we could be friends.

There are just the three of us. It's a stilted evening, cordial and distant.

This morning, a cold winter morning, frost is on the windows.
Anne and I are just getting up and preparing a late breakfast.
She always has so much food in her house. It's jammed everywhere.
A guest would not starve for weeks.
The phone just rang. It's Robert asking
Would you like to go for a walk?
Today?
Yes.
That would be very nice.
I will pick you up at 1 p.m.

Anne, do you think Robert is deciding we can be friends?
Wouldn't that be nice?

It's a grey, cold winter afternoon. I am bundled up as we trundle through the park chatting. He wants to know more about my work and I am interested in his.

I felt relieved when we parted. It was a challenge to feel comfortable with him. I sense he felt that way about me. But hey, I am happy to make any effort to maintain a friendship. Robert is a nice man.

Robert called again this morning
Could we meet again?
Yes, sure. I have a meeting at the NEA at 11:30 a.m. How about 1 p.m.?
They have takeout restaurants in the basement of the Old Post Office Building. We could pick up something and sit at a table in the rotunda.
Then, I have a three o'clock meeting at the Canadian Embassy.

We met for lunch and ate at one of those tables, jammed in amongst many others, Robert suggested
When we are finished would it be okay if we go for a walk?
Sure.

It is cold out here and noisy with the traffic roaring by us.
Ann, let's sit here.
He points to a cold stone bench. Oh dear, I'll manage.
And then it began. Anger, rage, torment came pouring out!
I have never seen him so riled. His focus: my shortcomings in our marriage.
He was angry.
Thank heavens I have done as much inner work as I have. I know enough
not to interrupt but to let it flow out. And it did, like a rushing river.
As much as I knew about the importance of being a good listener,
it was very hard to hear it.
I certainly didn't have anything to say. We parted.



I had lunch today with Carl Shaver. I wasn't feeling great.
I am still moving through the pain of my experience with Robert.
I even considered calling up and asking to reschedule, but then decided no.
Carl took me to his club. I must say I like the man. He's a statesman type.
No wonder Boards of Directors feel comfortable with him.
He easily speaks their language. He had a question
Would you like to join my firm?
That was certainly furthest from my thought.
I couldn't imagine how that could work. What would happen
to Global Art and Business? Even though I don't like marketing,
how could I abandon it now?
We explored some, but I said no.
Not sure it was the best response, a dolphin solution for me,
but that's what I did.



Whenever I have a free few hours, I am working on my book.
I have amassed lots of magic marker colors and am drawing. I love it.
Using my senses to describe each incident is working.
I just called Richard, the man whose meditation gave him my message.

He's the only one that knows this book is being birthed.

Richard, I have completed a draft of my book. Would you be willing to read it and give me feedback? It wouldn't take you long, it's mostly drawings.

Ann, I am an office manager in a law firm. I know nothing about books.

Richard, you got me into this, the least you can do is read it.

Oh, all right.

Richard was very moved by my book. He gave me encouragement.

I asked another, a volunteer at the Open Center who's also a literary agent

Would you be willing to look at a draft of a book I just completed?

It's about my experience of being dyslexic.

Yes, drop it off at my office at Columbus Circle.

That was very nervous making. I kind of felt what Robert might have felt like when he had others see his designs on stage. Are they going to like it?

The agent was very encouraging and had suggestions, the most important being

Let it sit for a while. I think you have more to say.

I agree with her.



[1994]

I have been living in New York for five years now, have had forty different arts organizations as clients in both the US and Canada. Despite this fact, I am not yet at a point where I have financial stability. There are empty pockets days. God bless Haig and Katherine. They have helped me through some tough money moments. One thing I am proud of is a balanced lifestyle. I work hard and I make time for inner work. I am still bedeviled with anger. It lies under my skin. I use my chakra clearings to release it but then more comes. It's a paradox. I am enriched with my work and I am bedeviled with anger. It takes its toll. I sense it is time for a move to a warmer climate where I can be on the earth more often.

An Astrocartography map prepared for this period of time in my astrological chart suggests all roads point to northeast Texas.

I asked Zoosh for advice. He corroborated Northeast Texas.

Richard Maltby's assistant and I just poured through an atlas to discover that Dallas and Fort Worth are in northeast Texas. I thought to myself The Van Cliburn Foundation and my dear friend Richard Rodzinski and his family are in Fort Worth.

Riki, I am thinking of moving to Fort Worth.

What? You get on a plane, come down and check it out. You can stay with us.

Richard was certainly firm about that.

Okay.

And if you are going to do this, there is only one place for you to live, the Caravan of Dreams. I will tell you more when you arrive.

Richard didn't tell me that his wife, Beth, is pregnant. Poor dear, she is going through morning sickness. God bless her, she drove me all over Fort Worth, so I could get a feeling of the City.

You know I like what I see. I took a long walk on the Trinity River this morning. It winds through the City. And I stopped by to visit the Caravan of Dreams. Kathelin Gray, the woman who runs it, is in New York. How funny is that? But I was given a tour. It's beautiful. Built in the 1980s, it's a project that emanated from a group of people living in New Mexico. One of them, Ed Bass, hails from Fort Worth. This same group created the Biosphere in Arizona.

The Caravan has three components: a handsomely designed nightclub, a two-hundred-plus seated theatre and an artist's residence for about twelve. It also has a rooftop garden and a geodesic dome with hundreds of cacti and succulent plants. An amazing place! I do hope I can live here.

I just met Kathelin in New York at the café at the Russian Baths. She has invited me to reside at the Caravan.



This last week has been one of reflection.

Will this move be supportive to my continued exploration of my dual purpose: building my business and healing my dyslexia? I know my product is good. The feedback is excellent. I think I can run Global Art and Business from Texas. I am on the road half the year. Texas is in the middle of the country. It will be convenient.

Am I ready to let go my connection with The New York Open Center? It has been a mainstay for my continued spiritual exploration. Yes, I am ready. I feel satiated with workshops. Time for a breather, though I will miss my friends.

It means leaving behind the Maltbys. Our time together has been rich. Their children have offered me companionship and fun. I will miss them a lot. But I will be back. I am continuing to give my Next Step Workshop at Musical Theater Works. I can reconnect then.

One thing is fact: I haven't found the solution to my confusion/dyslexia. I still have barriers that hold me from comprehending what I read with ease. Maybe there are solutions to be found while living in another environment.

My decision is made. My life is about exploration.
I am moving to Fort Worth.



CARAVAN OF DREAMS, FORT WORTH, TX



8.com

FORT WORTH- CLOSING A BUSINESS



[1995]

I DON'T KNOW WHAT I EXPECTED from Fort Worth: probably two miracles. My company would take off and my deep desire to solve my dyslexia would be unveiled. Neither happened but...

Thank heavens, there is one facet of my personality that helps me: No matter how bad it all seems, I can find within a cheery demeanor, a supportive spirit, to present to the world. It gives me the drive and encouragement to keep exploring.

My personal living of life is in great shape. The Caravan of Dreams is the Cadillac version of a shared space – beautifully appointed large bed/sitting rooms with thick carpets, tall windows, bathrooms with marble counters. We have an expansive, well-equipped kitchen, a gracious dining room seating fifty when desired, and an eclectic bunch of a dozen or so residents, including an editor with the *Fort Worth Star Telegram*, a botanist, a high school student, a visual artist from Europe

and Van Cliburn Foundation staff members. Our complex is overseen by Kathelin Gray, a soft-spoken artist who has a magnetic charm. Visiting guests include the Van Cliburn young virtuosos who join us for periods of time. The grand piano in the music room sends beautiful sounds throughout the complex.



DINNER AT THE CARAVAN—*Left: BETH RODZINSKI, ALEXANDER RODZINSKI, Center: TWO UNKNOWN; Right: JULIANA RODZINSKI, ANN FARRIS, KATHELIN GRAY*

The botanist, Lindsay Woodruff, introduced me to a weekly event, Wednesday Night Dinner hosted by Paul and Susan Schmidt, professional gardeners who moved to Fort Worth ten years ago. Knowing no one, they invited those they met during the week to a potluck dinner. This eclectic group expanded. Now, ten years later some Wednesdays we number twenty, expanding to forty on occasion. We eat handsomely and meet wonderful people each with a unique story.

I am fulfilling contracts in both Canada and on the West Coast, returning to New York for the Next Step Workshop. My work palette moves along. To get a handle on Fort Worth, I joined the Chamber of Commerce. The interviewer turned out to be one of my previous clients, Diana Dugan



WEDNESDAY NIGHT DINNER, ANN FARRIS, PAUL SCHMIDT

from the Indianapolis Opera. A go-getter with red hair, she suggested Ann, try the weekly breakfast club, Network of Executive Women (NEW). They are an active group of professional women who support each other's businesses.

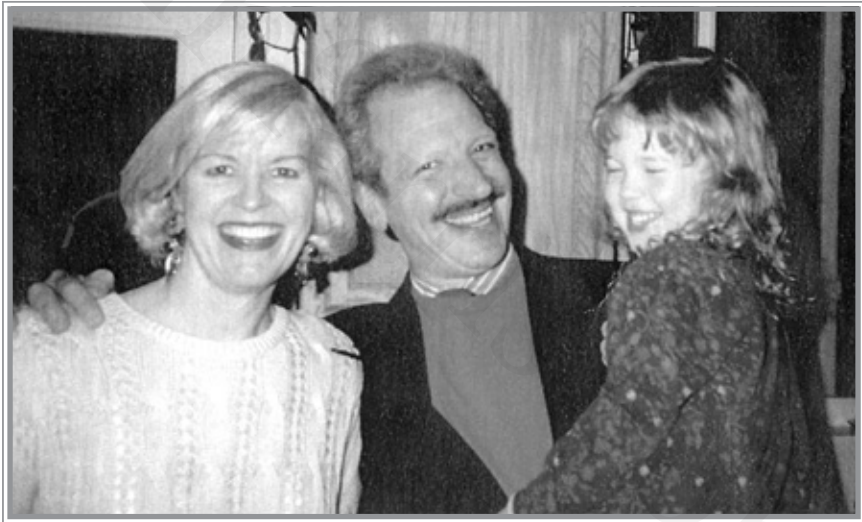
She's correct. These smart women, with the most beautiful lilting Texan speaking voices, are curious and entrepreneurial. Many of them are taking my Next Step Workshop and find it valuable. I am always surprised how much participants love the process of evaluating and redefining their values.



AN EVENING AT THE CARAVAN OF DREAMS:
 QUITA COYAAN, UNKNOWN, JEWEL BERGER, LINDSAY WOODRUFF—1995

The Rodzinskis are my base, embracing me into their life as Beth awaits the birth of her second child. Riki is Riki. Intense, funny, always coming

up with a new thought or idea and wonderful to be around when he's around. He is totally enraptured with his leadership role at Van Cliburn Foundation, overseeing the competitions, developing an educational program for schools along with a concert program of beautiful music throughout the year. He has evolved himself. I am impressed. Juliana, their adorable nearly four-year old daughter and I have become best friends. She loves to play, and I love playing with her. Mad keen for ballet, she invites me to her recitals in a large theatre where she's adorable in her pink tutu, being so serious.



ANN FARRIS, RICHARD RODZINSKI ON HIS 50TH BIRTHDAY, JULIANA RODZINSKI



With all of this, my life doesn't feel like it's going anywhere. It's a merry-go-round. I keep circling back to this deep unrest within me. Something is not right. It's emotional confusion. But why? I know so much about myself and yet there's no clarity or freedom. What I didn't know – or perhaps better stated, didn't remember – was a deal I struck with my father when I was an adolescent. That awareness comes later.





LUCILLE HELTON AND LARUE EPPLER

I just presented a truncated (one-day) version of my planning workshop to women who are high achievers in North Texas. These motivated individuals are fun to facilitate and loved the process. At lunch I sat next to Lucille Helton, one of the high achievers and a model of enthusiasm and energy. She shared

I am the principal of Hill School, a private school which focuses on children with learning challenges.

Lucille, I am dyslexic.

The lunch flew by.

I was audacious enough to say to her

I think we might do some interesting

work together. She looked at me quizzically, but time had run out.



An adventurous Summer Program planner at the University of Texas has engaged me to run two Next Step Workshops: one for adults and one for teenagers. I hadn't expected this latter invitation.

Sixteen energetic youths have signed up for the week-long program.

They love the process, dreaming about their future. They flow with ideas and their drawings are amazing. One of the students sees himself as a successful chef and brought a large chocolate cake with tons of colorful gooey icing for our party on the final day. He was so proud.

I love working with the kids.



Lucille invited me to tour her school. It's impressive, a cheery place to be, with lots of space. And the students seem happy in their environment, some sitting on the floor, some leaning against a wall doing their schoolwork. There is no feeling of franticness in this environment.

Lucille is an explorer. She and her husband took my Next Step Workshop and loved it.

Then I got a call

Ann, I would like you to offer this class to our Grade Eight students during their last term at the school. It will be excellent preparation for them as they take their next step, moving to a regular school.

Thank you. I am very pleased with this offer. I would love to do it.

Ann, I think it's best if we divide the students into two sections.

They will have more individual attention.

And she continued

I want this workshop to be in a different environment, a neutral space, away from the school campus. I want them in an environment that will enable a free flow of ideas about their future.

Wonderful. I am going to ask a colleague, LaRue Eppler, who has taken the class, to support the process. She has a son near the age of your students and will be able to feel an affinity with them.

Good. I will have two teachers there also.

This is exciting. Thanks.

Lucille found a parent whose business has several very large spaces.

Ideal for the class. We are all set.

It has been a fascinating experiment. The students loved the envisioning process, drawing a positive future for themselves. They grabbed onto the idea of evaluating and redefining their values – those they want to live by. I sensed they felt hopeful they might be able to take charge of themselves if they start living by what they value: fun, respect, responsibility, and more.

The segment of turning their drawings into a plan was more challenging, writing words is not their favorite thing. One of my handouts, dividing twenty years into chronological segments, helps. LaRue and I are standing by, giving a hand to those struggling. With a little individual support, they are evolving a path to reach their vision.

At lunch one of the students came up to me

Ann, I like it that you are dyslexic. You understand us. Do you think we can ever get over it?

Oh, I don't know. I can tell you I am on the path to see if I can find that solution. But I don't think you have to solve your dyslexia to have success in life. I have enjoyed my work and have been successful. The challenge is finding what you love to do.

I wanted to add, but didn't, at some point comprehending this challenge seems also to be about having the guts to face the dark side of yourself, to see how you subvert what you want. But this was not the moment.

LaRue and I did experience a jolt on the first day. We were saddened to see that more than one-third of these students are on drugs administered at the appropriate hour by one of the teachers supervising.

I couldn't help thinking that, if we accept what many of my spiritual teachers have proclaimed, that we create our own reality, and if we believe what Zoosh has to say, that dyslexics are operating from a different reality, a reality that others do not have access to, then I wonder, could it be that drugs are taking them away from their natural beingness? Could it be that their challenge is to learn, like I am, how to handle this different reality in a way that supports ourselves and others? Could it be that learning to express what isn't working is important? Could it be that our dyslexia is a teaching tool for our parents and others? I don't know, but I sense that drugs are not the answer in the long-term.



My phone sessions with Zoosh continue to be a great help. Zoosh, I want to understand why there are moments when I feel I am right and state it with real conviction, only to discover I am not. Ann, your behavior is typical of dyslexics. You see the situation from a different point of view, in a spatial context. This is one of the gifts of dyslexia. Remember your society is based on the premise of cause and effect, the foundation of scientific theories. You have a gift beyond cause and effect. And it can seem chaotic, like the chaos that occurs during creation. Remember, chaos is a precursor to creation.

Zoosh continued

A dyslexic's view of life can seem chaotic. This is the gift that is not understood. A dyslexic person sees not only that which other persons see, but also sees that "which is" – meaning negative space. When dyslexics express what they see in this negative space, the information is often negated since most other people do not have access to that information. Okay, I need a bit more information here.

Let me put it this way. Your totality goes beyond that which is at your physical boundaries. I am not talking about auric fields, the energy field that surrounds the physical body. I am talking about the entire space that you take up. A person who has dyslexia looks at another and will see what is around them, just as significantly as the person in physical matter. Remember, you have spatial reference.

You know, I feel very comfortable with what you suggest.

That's because a dyslexic has a natural skill: gift of spatial reference.

Remember, dyslexia is beneficial, not a disease interpreted as something that has to be handled.

Zoosh you make me laugh.

Why?

Your definition of disease is an opportunity to look at things from a different direction. Not many would agree with you.

Doctors are not trained to notice what is around their patient, in the foreground, in the background, in the present, immediate area. They don't notice that. If they did, they would have different approaches. Disease is

simply a message. Remember dyslexic people, as they are called, not only have brilliant minds, but also have the capacity to make motions that actually make a difference in cause and effect. Motions like motion or emotions. After we hung up the phone, I found myself wondering, do you suppose that releasing my anger changes more than just me?



Speaking of anger, in one of my readings with Zoosh, I asked about my anger. Is it buried anger that is still confounding me?

Yes, this lifetime you committed to clearing anger. You have done a great job of moving this current life's anger and rage off. It is the past lives that need clearing. Here's an approach that might seem dramatic but would set the pendulum in motion towards clearing it.

Go to the Goodwill, pick up some china, the delicate kind. Pick up a golf club or something similar. Then go into the woods, where you are far from anybody, layout several green garbage bags, lay the china on it, cover it with more garbage bags and pound the china.

Gosh, that seems a bit dramatic.

Yes, it is. But it can achieve much. You will get in touch with anger at a level that will enable you to release it. You don't have to know what it's about. Just pound!

As it happened, I am housesitting in Glen Rose, Texas, far south of Fort Worth. After a stop at the Goodwill, I have the goods required and will do this exercise there.

Today is the day. I feel very nervous, I can feel anger swelling, yes swirling up in me. It's more than anger, it's rage. I have done enough inner work not to be concerned about knowing the incident. It's the buried feelings I want to move out.

I don't know Glen Rose well. Yes, I have been before, I have a friend here. But I know it has vast areas of open space with clumps of forests about.

It's the latter I have chosen. My garbage bags are laid out, the china is hidden. At first, I am scared of causing a noise, not the act. Then, anger takes over and I start hammering. *Crunch, shatter!* That feels so good. The metal of the golf club gives a resounding sound, even though the garbage bags are protecting it. I continue, discovering the sound of shattering china is downright satisfying. Now, I am panting, sweat pouring off me. The garbage bags are beginning to rip. I stop. I know I am done. Plunking down I burst into sobs, wrenching sobs. Sobs of relief.

As I feel a quietness coming into my body, I lie down on the earth forgiving myself and all those involved and fall asleep.

When I awaken, I clean up the garbage bags and the crushed china, put it all into one garbage bag. I thank the forest for the protection, I apologize to any animals about for the disturbance and head off.

Fortunately, I am living a quiet life. The house I am looking after has a beautiful view, which offers me a perspective. I feel cleansed and so relieved.

It took a couple days of resting, but now I can feel the true value of that experience. I know what rage feels like now. I know that it is just one of the dark emotions to experience. I am not afraid of it anymore.



I have been hired to produce all three components of my management process with a large corporation in Fort Worth. It's a six-month contract. My employer is committed to organizational change. Between the two of us, and the willingness of the hundred or more individuals in the company, we are making important steps to assist this company in streamlining its daily efforts. It's a wonderful experience. However, the participant numbers are dwindling at my Next Step Workshop in New York. I am discontinuing these classes.



Several months ago, I met a man who serves on the Board of the Mid-Cities Chapter of the American Society for Training and Development. He's an old pro with much training experience with many large companies and seemed impressed with my work. He's on the phone Ann, I have nominated you for the annual Professional Excellence Award within the Mid-Cities Chapter area.

The ceremony took place in the Caravan Theater. Talk about serendipity. I have a tiny plaque. Silly, but that seems to give me hope.



It's time to take action. I need advice on how to leverage my company. I don't have enthusiasm for it any more. A colleague at NEW, my Wednesday morning network meeting, suggested Go to the Small Business Administration office at the Department of Commerce. In Fort Worth they have a program assisting small business owners with management issues. Perhaps they can help you gain insight into what is happening. The counselors are volunteers who have been successful in their business and are interested in helping others.

I am apprehensive. What kind of counselor will I be given? Well, my worries quickly vanished when I was introduced to a man whose very presence told me I had lucked out. He looked me straight in the eye and asked pertinent questions, making no comments. Then he simply requested Please complete this questionnaire. We will meet in two weeks when we will talk. I am relieved. He isn't one of those with instant solutions that don't seem to jibe with what I feel.

My responses are complete. And we are meeting this morning. Ann, you are very thorough in your responses. I am impressed that you understand yourself and your business so well. Here's what I think has happened. Your heart has gone out of your business.

I looked at him in amazement and had no trouble responding.

I know you are right. Hmmm. You are very perceptive. How could you know this?

For the last twenty years I worked for Bell Helicopter. My job was travelling around the world, working with helicopter firms that had management issues. I have seen many different situations.

This collective experience gave me the insight on whether to help someone revitalize his or her company and when it was best to recommend shutting down the endeavor. Do you have the guts to do the latter?

Well, I know you are correct. It's been seven years with Global Art and Business. Outside of the marketing aspect, it has been an amazing and rewarding experience. Yes, I can let it go.

What will you do?

I would enjoy returning into an arts leadership position.

Okay, target one and we will prepare you.

Despite the detailed preparation the two of us undertook, I was not chosen as the candidate for two positions in both Eastern Canada and Eastern US. I hate to admit this to myself, but I know the reason. There is a part of me, right now, that is giving off anger. I can't help it. I hate this feeling, but for some reason, I just can't move it off.

Yesterday I was sharing with another consultant that I am closing down Global Art and Business. He commented
Sometimes we create a business simply to learn what the business has to teach us. It's not a conscious act, but in the end, it does seem to be the fact.

Well, I have learned so much. On the positive side, I learned I can take an idea, create and make it happen. On the negative side, I can see that I subvert myself. I don't know why I can't stop it. I have six months with scattered commitments to fulfill with Global Art and Business.



Taking advantage of my free time during these six months, I have segments of time to do personal work. A friend, Janice Raoul, asked me this question

Have you worked with past lives to clear emotional issues? Remember, we are living many lives in this life simultaneously, our past, our present and our future.

I did some of that clearing in Hawaii. And I have had firsthand experience of how it works telling her the story of learning about my 18th century relationship with my old flame while I was working on the World Festival for Expo 86. With that information, we were able to transform our relationship. Thanks for the idea. I think you are onto something here. I do have one concern. How can I authenticate what comes up? What about a pendulum? Purchase a pendulum kit.

Isn't that how ancient wise men and women found water?

Yes. It's a way of intuitively knowing.

Well, my intuitive sense has been strong all my life. I can walk into a room and know who is thinking what and who to stay away from.

I can intuit what another will say. While this talent at times can bombard me, I feel fortunate to have it. You know what I call it?

No.

My knowingness. I think you are telling me I can hone this skill using a pendulum.

Yes, and it will lead you to another step, you just watch. I have a pendulum to recommend. It is assembled by the Sig Lonegren.

There are good instructions included.

Thanks.

I have a new regime. At night when I go to bed, I ask for a dream relating to a past life issue that needs to be cleared out. I make sure I have a clipboard and pencil right by my bed, so I get the details down on paper. You know, sometimes I hardly even open my eyes in the middle of the night; I just write. It's scribbly when I look at it in the morning, but the information is there.

After my daily Gabriel bench exercises and my breakfast, I sit down

at my desk to process my dream, to obtain its message. In New York, at the Open Center, I learned a more sophisticated process of analyzing dreams from Stanley Kripner. When I have unearthed that message, I have the focus for my past life work that particular day.

Using the pendulum, I start asking questions

What era was this?

How old was I?

Was I male or female?

Which inner personality of this person is being affected? Was it the male or female part of me who needed help or caused the situation?

Now, to the nitty gritty – to discover what might have been going on in this life.

Was I married? If yes, was I a responsible partner? If no, why not?

And on and on and on.

I authenticate with the pendulum.

And I write it all down as I go along.

It's here I am finding anger. And gulp, it is here I am experiencing excruciating physical pain that comes from guilt and horror at what I did at that time. There is a theme – sexual. Sometimes I was the victim and sometimes the perpetrator. I am not surprised with victim, but I am amazed to discover perpetrator. This has to be faced, named and removed.

When I sense – and the pendulum concurs – that I have the issue, I move on to determine what healing process is appropriate. Most often I am healing an emotion. I use Aurora's technique of working with my chakra(s), pulling out the emotion from the chakra, dropping it into a fire, watching it sizzle and fry. I imagine dropping the remains into blue light. They transform into a gold, healed light. Then, I am done.

Sometimes the healing tool is very different – like coloring or writing a story to gain insight.

Then I ask more questions to get more information until I know the issue of the day is handled.



LINDSEY WOODRUFF

I am diligent. I work from 9 a.m. to noon, take off an hour for lunch and continue through the afternoon. This is my work for the moment.

I feel changes happening in my body, but there's no completion. I have kept very detailed notes. I sense I am creating a process. It might be useful to others.

Late in the afternoon, Lindsey and I walk by the Trinity River. She shares the challenges of her day and I share what I have learned.

She is a wonderful friend.

I know most of the time she has no idea what I am talking about,

but she seems very happy to give me the space to share.

Two months have passed. Yes, I have been working presenting workshops, but most of my time has been on past lives. Today, I sensed I am done with this healing focus. The pendulum concurs.

I wonder if I can read more easily? I am going to take the pendulum and go to the Public Library – it's just across the street – and find a book to read.

This is fun, hilarious, actually.

I am wandering up and down

the aisle allowing my pendulum to swing answering my question

Is the book on this shelf?

No,

No,

No,

Yes.

I am in front of a shelf of Danielle Steel books. I have never read one. I like this title: *Wings*. The pendulum concurs.

I took the book home, sat down, read it in twenty-four hours and had a good time. This is progress! I have returned the book and again my pendulum has taken me to the Danielle Steel shelf. This time the pendulum and I have chosen *Accident*.

I am having a different experience reading this book. When something unpleasant is happening in the book, at least unpleasant to me, my interest in reading shuts down. Okay, now why? My body is filled with fear because characters in the book are behaving in a dysfunctional manner and my body can't tolerate the pain. Back to the processing drawing boards. I am focusing on where a similar situation is happening or did happen in my life and process it through. Then, I go for a walk. When I return my body, mind and spirit are ready to continue reading this book. Well, I know now, there is no question my emotions are playing a part in my not wanting to read. Isn't it wonderful I have created a way to help myself through this situation?



I am becoming irritated with the pendulum. It takes so much time. Yesterday as I was working with it, I found myself blurting out God, isn't there another way for me to authenticate what I am learning with the pendulum? Hmmm.

[TWO WEEKS LATER]

My feet are moving when I am using the pendulum. How odd! Guess what! There is a meaning. My feet are becoming my pendulum. When my feet sit on my heels, it's a yes, when they move to my toes, it's a no and when they don't move, it's not the right question.

How amazing! This new approach came in a week!
I lost my pendulum today. I searched everywhere for it. Someone
is playing a trick on me. I guess I am to use my feet from now on.



I just finished my last Global Art and Business contract in Toronto.
It went very well. Nice way to complete seven years of work.
To make ends meet, I am doing temp work as an office manager
in a doctor's office. In my free time, I am gathering together
all my notes from my inner process with past lives and
am creating a workbook to share with others. This is fun.
Soon, I will have to move out of the Caravan. It is being turned into
a bed and breakfast. I have no idea where to go or what to do. I sense
my next professional steps are not in Fort Worth. I have loved being here
but without a work focus, I don't see the advisability of remaining here.



Ann,
Beth Rodzinski is on the line.
Ann, you have to be out of the Caravan in two days.
Right.
Have you decided where you are going?
No.
We both had a good laugh. This behavior is very untypical of me.
I love Beth. She knows how to play her role.
In a very authoritative tone she asks
What are your options?
New York or San Francisco
Pick one.
San Francisco.
Pack your boxes, bring them over and store them.
Yes, ma'am.

*"Ms. Farris certainly knows how to present complex ideas."
—Ken Follett, author and president of the British Dyslexia Institute*

the
Other Side of
DYSLEXIA



Written and illustrated by
ANN FARRIS

BETWIXT
AND BETWEEN-
A BEAUTIFUL BUT
SAD FAREWELL



[1998]

ARRIVING IN SAN FRANCISCO, employment is my immediate challenge. As there's nothing in the opera world which suits my talents, I have signed up with two temporary employment agencies: Adecco and OfficeTeam, a division of Robert Half International. They are keeping me busy. And I am paying the rent.

Exploring arts management positions elsewhere, there are no takers. Some feel I am too progressive. Others claim I don't fit their needs. It's baffling.



Our family is being challenged these days. My dear sister Katherine just called. Shirley, her partner, who has been struggling with deep depression caused by a brain aberration, took her life today. Such a shock! Katherine's deep grief weighs heavily on me. There is nothing I can do for her except be long distant support. That's hard.



Despite all the sadness, I am relieved to be free of Global Art and Business. And I am glad San Francisco is my base. The dark blue Pacific Ocean, the morning fog, the sunshine that follows (usually), the stiff breezes, the clear air give me the feeling of being home.

Nothing can get stale in this air.

And old friends, two from my Yale Drama School days – Jane Kimbrough and Elisa Ronstadt Elliott are here – living busy lives in this beautiful city, as is Margaret Norton and others from my San Francisco Opera days. Kristina, whom I met in New York and is now living in Marin, is very generous and expanding my acquaintances with women exploring a spiritual path. I am grateful for all of these friendships. And I have a spacious place to live, an early 20th-century flat with elegant twelve-foot ceilings and many windows owned by Joan Arhelger, a lighting designer at the Opera. Mostly, I am resting. I am tired, even changed my morning exercise routine from Gabriel's bench work to yoga. The slower, meditative pace seems to suit my body.

My sixtieth birthday looms. It seems impossible that ten years have passed since I moved to Hawaii and my fiftieth birthday when life seemed so hopeful. What a paradox. While sixty seems old, I don't feel that way. I just feel trapped. I have no energy to give to a future, nor do I see it. A celebration seems useless.

Kristina moved me off this dime as we were riding the cable car up Nob Hill. Let's do a party! We'll ask each person to bring a flower that bespeaks you and celebrate.

The party was so much fun and very moving. Sixteen new and old friends, as well as former colleagues, generously moved me into this next decade of life.



I dug out John Priest, a former San Francisco Opera colleague. He's overseeing the renovation of the War Memorial Opera House dictated by the results of the 1989 Earthquake. The Opera offices are in temporary locations. John's buried by large books, detailed plans of each floor of the Opera House. The confusion on his desk is unlike him. Ann, I will be retiring when this renovation is completed.

Are you looking forward to it?

No.

You know, Margaret Norton feels she may retire in the next couple of years. How about I offer you both a one-day version of my Next Step Workshop?

Let me check with Mary.

She's his dynamic wife.

I'll see if I can find any other stragglers.

We have just completed the workshop. Joan joined us. She is moving on from the Opera and looking for her next steps. We spent the day at a large wooden table in the Priests' dining room, which looks out to greenery on three sides, providing an enriching environment. It was a good day. They all have a plan.

Margaret is energized and suggests

Let's keep this group going. How about dinner once a month to report on our progress?

The group nods in approval.

I agree, with one alteration.

I give up my role as facilitator. I have just as many challenges as the rest of you.



Our planning Saturday gave me the push to market my recently assembled book, *Empowering Self*, a workbook I evolved while undertaking my past life inner work in Fort Worth. It's a "how to" book offering a process on transforming a troubling issue into one of understanding, transformation and acceptance.

Within a few weeks I had a reply from a writer's agent, Chris Van Buren, at Waterhouse Publishing.

I am not interested in this book but want to see your next book when it is written.

I followed up

Mr. Van Buren may I ask what you meant by your comment?

I think you are onto something which you do not yet comprehend.

Once you have matured spiritually, I sense another book will come.

You know, he's right. I know very little about what I know.



Monday to Friday, I am working a temp job, secretary, filing clerk, receptionist – whatever. My job locations change almost daily. Strange, but I love it. I like to see how companies organize themselves. On the weekends, I hike. With Kristina, our guide, and two of her friends, Leslie and Mary, we traverse the beautiful Marin hills climbing high up and plunking ourselves down in a grassy spot to relax. Lunches out of our backpacks, we munch, while watching the swirling fog, or just bask in the hot sun listening to the rolling Pacific Ocean waves beat upon the shore below us. It's a perfect place to contemplate the nature of reality.



A nice offer came. Heather from OfficeTeam is on the line.

Ann, would you like to work as a temp on the Robert Half administrative team?

I don't think twice before responding

Sure, I'd love to.

This could be a good step. I sense the corporate world is my next employer.

Robert Half is a leader in the job placement industry, offering work opportunities in several fields: accounting, legal, technology.

It sounds interesting. This stability would be nice.

My boss is Wayne Beaubien, Manager of the San Francisco office. He's quiet, perceptive and good at handling the emotional dynamics and professional requirements of the fifty excitable recruiters. We have hit it off. Ann, this office is jumping with activity. The dotcom business is escalating and there are more jobs than people to fill them. You will oversee ten administrative assistants.

Our office space is jammed. We're told a new space is coming. Meantime, several of us are perched on stools using temporary boards installed against windows as desks. It's amusing watching the tops of heads and feet of the passersby ten stories below.



My dyslexic exploration continues with Zoosh through Robert Shapiro. Today I asked Zoosh, what is dyslexia all about? Dyslexia is a gift, not a disease. In part, it's a test that calls for finding the value in it, not the tests you pass in school. This non-specific gift is a sign that many miss. You may learn tools to make reading easier, but the experience will remain, not go away. Why has the percentage of individuals increased so much in the last fifty years? It becomes prevalent in areas where there is resistance to it. What you say may be true, but it's frustrating that I don't have the tools to make reading easier. I need these skills. Ann, remember: When dyslexia starts showing up, it means the culture is being challenged to find the good in it, rather than the difficulty. That goes for you as well. Well, the good, as far as I can see, is the spatial experiences I have – my ability to know so quickly what is going on or what is possible. The difficulty is the time it can take me sometimes to express what I see and know and the fact that I don't comprehend well what I read. Ann, you are clearly defining the duality. That is the first step to understanding dyslexia.



Cynthia, a friend from Hawaii, has moved here. She had an idea Why don't you explore Speaking Circles? This class has changed my way of expressing myself to others. The technique was evolved by Lee Glickstein, a former comedian. He went through a transition period in his life when his audience fell away. It took travelling on trains in Europe with a Eurail pass to finally get the reason – he wasn't listening to his audience. Lee's colleague, Doreen Hamilton, teaches the technique in San Francisco. Try it.

I am enjoying these classes learning how to express my emotional feelings and at the same feeling comfortable allowing others, unknown to me, to receive my information. This "controlled" environment, which respects privacy is teaching me how to allow an audience to feel safe in what I am saying. It's challenging but very relieving to feel more authentic with what I have to say about myself and my dyslexia.



My position at Robert Half has changed. I am a full-time employee, as office manager. The office has relocated to 50 California, smack in the center of the business sector. The space is huge, feels like it's a basketball court in size. And delightfully, it has floor-to-ceiling windows. My desk overlooks the San Francisco Bay, the Bay Bridge and Treasure Island. In the morning, the sun comes streaming in. During the foggy season I feel like I am floating in a puff of air as the fog swirls in, up, down and around. Our office has few walls, just open space. I love that. If I had roller skates, it would be a blast. The desks are in units, three or four desks joined at the hip and at the front. There are no barriers. We look right at one another. Everything everyone says is heard by those nearby. The old timers aren't too happy with this, though. Its downside is no space to store anything. The desks are narrow, room for a computer and little more. All our paper work goes on the floor, much to the dismay of the supervisors. The saving grace is the chairs. State of the art: They go up, they go down,

they tilt, they go to the side, the arms work on their own and so does the back. As office manager, I get to play with them a lot, helping people learn the best position so they avoid carpal tunnel.

Yesterday, the CEO, Max Messmer, a tall, handsome man, was in our San Francisco office and dropped by our pod to say hello. I had to comment Thanks for these chairs, they are divine.

He looked at me with a smile

I am so glad to hear it. When Keith (Waddell, Chief Financial Officer) brought the work order for one million dollars to me, he asked

Are you really going to sign this?

Yes, I am. And I am glad they make your life easier. I hope the same is true for all the recruiters in offices throughout the country.

Yes, it's fun working at RHI. It's upbeat. There are really bright people about, both as recruiters and the support staff. Management is always bringing new ideas and approaches to the process of staffing. You know, it's kind of like being back at Crofton House. Everything is very structured. If I had a wish, it would be that they give more attention to the support staff. These individuals labor hard and don't receive much compensation nor attention. I am taking this opportunity to introduce my enrichment tools that I taught to staffs at arts organizations. They seem to work just as well here.

Yes, I am over-qualified and underpaid, but I don't seem to have the interest or energy to do anything else. Does seem odd, but it is the truth!



My talks with Zoosh continue to fascinate and enrich me.

Zoosh, let's talk about the gifts of dyslexia. I know one is higher than average intelligence.

That is intended. What is unnoticed is a dyslexic's capacity of recognizing true communication. True communication means what is felt from the other person is just as important as what is said. If there is a contradiction between what is felt and what is said, it's most often because what is felt

is true, and what is said is either untrue, unconscious, or not in alignment with what is felt. Since dyslexic people feel this very profoundly, if the feelings of the speaker to the dyslexic person are out of balance with the words, a dyslexic will usually react to the feelings. And this misunderstanding has tended to create misdiagnosis.

Dyslexics hear feelings louder than words.

Oh, Zoosh, that is me. My downside is being reactive to the spoken comment when I know it isn't the truth. Sometimes, I want to just scream at another.

That is why it's important for you to understand your feelings.

Remember, however, part of you can take control of that yourself.

Yes, I know that.

But you will feel better when the gifts of dyslexia are what everyone focuses on.

Zoosh, I am curious. How far back in history does the appearance of dyslexia go?

Six thousand years ago. It shows up on the planet where there is resistance to it.

You mean, the population has lost touch with respect to the feelings of others?

Yes, as societies find special things for people to do with this gift, the condition happens less often in that society. Or sometimes a society, understanding its worth, begins to depend on that gift being around.

Then, it will show up with some regularity.

How can I not be fascinated with what he says!

Thanks, Zoosh. I will be back to you.



And so goes my life. I have two worlds. My spiritual/dyslexic exploration and my paid work. Our office is very busy. The late 1990s in San Francisco are bustling. The dotcoms are taking off. They need staff. The San Francisco office has become one of the most successful in the Robert Half

International Global system. I do laugh, though. The recruiters think they work long hours. They have no idea what long hours are.

I sometimes want to suggest: How about trying opera?

By the way, it's sad to say, not one person in this office has any interest in attending opera or classical music concerts. Sometimes I can talk one into going with me – but only if I tell them we can get standing room and pay \$10. They have the financial resources to pay for a ticket, but...



Leslie talked me into taking belly dancing. I wanted to try clowning, but she backed out, so it's belly dancing. Buying the outfits was fun. Doing the routines is difficult.

Zoosh, can you help me understand why I am having such a problem with belly dance? Sometime my body will flow and others not. It was the same with tap dancing and tennis – in fact, any form of movement that asks for precision. Does this relate to my dyslexia?

Yes. You have to remember that dyslexic people do not comfortably separate anything. They tend to experience everything in whole systems. This means that if you are dancing you have to have the feelings that go with dancing as well. You can't just discipline yourself and say: time to dance. You are going to want to dance when you want to dance. But if your body feelings don't want to dance, you are not going to be able to dance very well.

He then turned philosophical

That is why dyslexics have a bit of a challenge in your society.

You see the door frame louder than the door. That is because it is a whole system. You dyslexics can see the whole system, not just the parts. He is correct. This is how I see everything. And I love it.



The International Dyslexia Association met in San Francisco last weekend. It was a very discouraging event. None of their sessions addressed

my issue: reading comprehension. None gave credence to how feelings affect a dyslexic. None talked about the downside of refined sugar. None mentioned Brain Gym, which ten years ago helped me get focused and grounded and which I continue to use. Their only interest seems to be the brain and how it functions vis a vis dyslexia. That is only part of the equation. This huge mass of do-gooders live in tunnel vision.

One thing I did learn. If there isn't a study to prove an outcome, they will not listen.
Maybe this is something I could take on.

Zoosh responded to my idea
Ann, as you describe the intent of your study, it seems the focus is on proving, not on the issues. I want you to rethink your desire, this time with your heart. Remember, dyslexics who are trying to serve are heart people first. There is a reason dyslexic people are very smart. They don't have to go through all the mental challenges that other people do. Instead, they have physical challenges. Dyslexics learning has to do with the application of heart to their life and releasing of the mind. Remember, dyslexics know what is so and what isn't, on the basis of how they feel.

I think I will wait before taking on a study.



I have finally found an MD, Rosemary Rau Levine, whose practice expands beyond the traditional. She is also a psychiatrist and co-founded one of the first pharmacies using natural remedies. In addition, she integrates Rudolf Steiner's approach, anthroposophy, as she assesses each client. This makes me feel very comfortable because there is a focus on an individual from the physical, psychological and spiritual points of view. Of course, Rosemary uses muscle testing to confirm her diagnosis.
I know I am in good hands now.



Living on the West Coast makes it easy to visit Mum in Vancouver. Now in her late eighties and choosing to complete her life in our family home, she no longer has the physical energy to be the gracious hostess. Her lifestyle is quieter. Fortunately, she has loyal housekeepers. Her garden is her joy. In the summer, she spends many hours deadheading her beautiful flower beds, extending their life late into the fall. It's not that Mum is a stay-at-home. Not at all! She has a full social life with her pal, Tom Brown. He squires her off to dinner, the symphony and events at the University. It's a lovely friendship to observe.



Well, I had a shock: My belly dance teacher did not choose me to be a part of her upcoming show. I was really sad. Like a little kid I asked Why am I not included?

Because when I say go left you go right!

In a very angry tone, I replied

Well, I am dyslexic.

Her response

Well, that explains it.

Needless to say, I left that class and found another with Magna Baptiste who had won many belly dance awards in the world. I explained my situation and she responded

Everyone is welcome in the class.

I joined, she was correct and for several years I had wonderful fun wearing my belly dance skirt with jangles, maneuvering my scarf with lots more jangles.

Occasionally Magna would say

Ann, we are going the other direction!

And I would make the change.



I asked for a new challenge at RHI: to become a recruiter. It took some persuasion, but I have joined Office Team Perm, a new division at RHI.

My boss, a beautiful dynamo, is thirty years younger than me. The dotcom business is racing ahead, and the nascent organizations need administrative help. First step is learning the Robert Half recruiting system. RHI trains, my God, do they train. It is very intense and most of the time my body responds. It's when information needs to flow really quickly that my brain doesn't want to keep up.

I was complaining to Zoosh the other day
All my life I have had trouble remembering people's names.
Is this tied to the dyslexia?
In part, yes. Remember you are stressing your brain to a fast response. That is not natural for a dyslexic. You need to feel the answer. And sometimes, when you can't remember a person's name, it may be because you don't have a good feeling for that person. You remember a person by how you feel about them, not by their name.

Well, in this job I need instant recall.
I am not daunted. I have a system to remember the names of those I am helping find employment. Forget the computer, it's too slow. I am going the old-fashioned way, with a list that I keep in a loose-leaf binder. It's divided into categories: executive assistant, administrative assistant, receptionist and on and on. On one line is their salary range, on another, their talents. While it means extra hours to keep my system updated and organized, it works just fine. When my colleagues ask for potential candidates, I run down my list of names and my feet tell me: yes, no, yes, no. God bless my feet, they know how to respond within a second. I have not been shy since joining RHI about being dyslexic. Now, other dyslexic recruiters are curious and are coming to me, secretly
Ann, how do you handle the fast pace of retrieving information about your candidates?
Come, let's go into an interview room.
I share my magic list. No, not about my feet.
I don't think they have this kind of resource – yet.
When we part, they say to me

Please don't tell anyone I asked you.

No, I won't, don't worry.

Life is a roller coaster at RHI. Right now, it's going down! Yes, that's what it is. The dot com bust is crumbling around my ears. And 9/11, the horrific catastrophe in New York, is shattering everyone's lives. OfficeTeam Perm is no more. There are no jobs to fill. It's like overnight our bonanza has crashed to the ground. Brett Good, who took over from Wayne, is now our office manager. He's a doll. I have a place to be and it's not on the street. I am back on the admin side, doing work that is far from my strength, but I am glad to be employed.



Damn, dyslexia is really rearing its ugly head. My job is working with numbers on the computer. Argh! Numbers don't agree with me, in fact they really don't like me.

Come on guys, don't keep confusing my head. I have to do this.

We need to pay the rent.

I feel sorry for my workmates. I have to ask for help so often.

God bless Wendy. She has patience and I mean patience.

She sorts out my messes and doesn't complain.

To help myself, I have joined 24 Hour Fitness and go at lunch.

My head really needs to rest from this.



Isn't it surprising how when you are really busy you can add more!

Well, that's exactly what I have done. I have taken out my shelved book.

Remember the one I wrote in New York, six years ago?

Rosemary, my doctor encouraged me

Ann, you must finish this book. You know so much about dyslexia that the mainstream is not choosing to accept as possible. You are a credible woman, with a strong academic background and a successful career

in the theatre. Finish that book. Others need to know what it feels like to be dyslexic and they need different solutions to help themselves or others.

That was just the kick in “the you know what” that I needed. All free moments I am at the dining table at home drawing or on my computer writing. I love drawing what I feel. My Yale crony, Jane Kimbrough, is my first reader and editor. She knows what I have been experiencing. When my descriptions seemed oblique, she helps me find the words I need.

The funniest thing happened yesterday. I was drawing birds, bright red, vibrant green, deep blue. In this trio, my red bird came out dyslexic. Yes, that’s what it did! Its head is backwards. It’s so funny. I laughed, my sides split I laughed so hard. This bird will be the cover of my book. It says it all.

In Speaking Circle class tonight, I describe the experience of drawing my red bird. And yes, laughing so hard I could hardly tell my story.

It’s hard to give a seven-minute speech and be caught up with laughter.

And then, oh my goodness, out of my mouth came.

Dyslexia! God, it’s fun!

Doreen stopped me. She never does that.

Ann, that’s the title of your book.

I am quiet, quiet. Yes, yes, that’s a great idea. *Dyslexia. God, it’s fun.*

That title lasted only a few months. Agents and publishers told me the word God in a title is the death knell of a book.



The time has come to share with others what I know about dyslexia. I have developed a class for adult dyslexics and am offering it on five Thursday evenings. To unearth participants, I am giving introductory classes at Whole Foods, Elephant Pharmacy in Berkeley and Pharmaca in both San Francisco and Marin. Sharing the fact that I have discovered useful tools seems to intrigue dyslexics. I am pleased, for they are signing up. Training in the Speaking Circle method of connecting with

an audience has transformed my ability to interest others. These dyslexics treat this class as a serious exploration, loving it for different reasons. Top on the list is being with other dyslexics, sharing their stories, knowing what they have to say makes sense to us all. And they seem intrigued with my suggestions: eliminating refined sugar, Brain Gym exercises, learning more about their senses, coloring to move them away from confusion, the chakras, our mysterious energy centers. One thing we all have in common is confusion. It's confounding, you know. One or more of these tools seems to help them un-layer confusion. One of the participants in a class exclaimed
Ann, now I understand about sugar and the effects, I am in a quandary. I love to drink wine and that is sugar.

I told him

I had the same reaction when that idea was suggested to me. However, I will tell you that once I eliminated refined sugar, my body no longer could tolerate liquor. One large sip and I fall sound asleep. That's not much fun!

I leave the class feeling joyful. I am doing something valuable, even if my work at the computer at Robert Half isn't.



My book has a new title *Dyslexia, an Unfolding*. Enquiry letters have gone to agents and publishers. Several have requested the book. No bites yet. The Annual Newsletter from the Yale School of Drama has given me an idea. In the current issue Al Zukerman, who was a playwright in my time at Yale, describes how he transformed his career into a successful literary agent, founding his own agency, Writer's House, with a stable of writers including Ken Follett and Stephen Hawking.

Hmmmmmm.

I am going to write him to see if he would look at my book, even if he doesn't remember me.

I just got an e-mail from him.

No, I don't remember you, but yes, send the book.

I happened to be home today with a cold. Al called
Ann, your book is quite interesting. I have a suggestion.

Yes.

You need to add a chapter to draw all your ideas together.

I didn't think of that. Thanks.

He was amused

Ann, that's my job.

I just finished drawing and writing my concluding thoughts. It's taken several months to get it the way I want it. The revision has gone to Al.

Here's his response

I like what you have done. I am sending your book to a publisher who handles self-help books. And I have just discovered that one of my writers, Ken Follett, is President of the British Dyslexia Association.

I am sending your book to him.

This is progress, is it not?

Al just got back to me

The publisher has a suggestion. You need another chapter.

A "how to" chapter.

And Ken Follett responded

Ms. Farris certainly knows how to present complex ideas.

I like that feedback. Thanks.

My evenings and weekends are now devoted to developing the self-help chapter. You know, there is something special about undertaking this book. Each time I add something, I learn more about myself and my process. It's ever-evolving. I love that.

My book has gone back to Al.

He just called

Your self-help suggestions look good. I have one more publisher I know that might have an interest. The book has gone.

An e-mail just arrived from Al
Sorry, the publisher isn't interested, and I believe I have done all I can
for your book. My career is focused on literary publishing, not self-help.
I suggest you consider self-publishing. And here is a contact
in California who might help you.

I am beginning to think he is correct. I get nibbles from publishers
and then they go away.

I just explored the self-publishing process. It's expensive. But I am fed up
with rejection. Time for action! I will see if Wells Fargo, my bank, will
lend me the money.

Oh dear, there is a sea of bank officers, male, all dressed in their black
suits, white shirts and red ties. They will not care.

Hey, over in the corner, near the window, I spy a blonde, middle-aged
lady buried behind the black-clothed doomsayers. Her effervescence
shines. Her desk backs against a floor-to-ceiling window.

The sun is streaming in on her blonde hair, which is glistening.

I feel certain she is the angel I need.

I surprised myself. I sounded rather impudent as I burst out with

I want to publish my book and need a loan.

What is your book about?

Dyslexia.

I have written a book, too.

What is your book about?

Cats. Sit down and let's talk.

Yup, she's an angel. I have just submitted a loan request for \$20,000. Gosh,
that's a lot of money, but it's what I need. The bank officer, Judy Basolo,
just took out the paper, asked me the questions and zip zap the paperwork
is done in forty-five minutes. Thank heavens, she likes to laugh.

And you know, I think she cares about my book.

We'll see if the decision makers in their black suits agree.

The title on my book doesn't work. Perhaps Liz, my belly dance friend, might have an idea. She's read my book, is creative and thinks outside the box.

For an hour on the telephone, we threw around ideas, back and forth, forth and back. Then

Ann, what about *The Other Side of Dyslexia*?

Perfect!! Yes, my book looks at dyslexia in a very different way from those brain-focused specialists. In fact, this book is really about what it feels like to be dyslexic.

My loan is approved. I am on my way. I will have my book for the International Dyslexic Conference in Philadelphia in November.



This evening I called to chat with Mum. Katherine answered.

She and Kit Pearson, her lovely new partner, had just arrived to take Mum for dinner. However, Mum has a different idea, Katherine reports She has decided not to get up today. It seems she means it.

Kit and I are going to get dinner and bring it in. I'll call you later.

Strange, I know she was out for dinner on Monday evening with Tom. Last night Haig and Mary took her to the golf club for dinner. Haig reported it was a bucolic summer evening and Mum was in good form. However, on the way home a strange thing happened.

She asked Haig

Dear, are my affairs in order?

Yes, Mum, they are.

The phone just rang. It's Mum. Well, she may not be going out for dinner but she's intent on communicating

Ann, I want us all to sing: *Everything's up to Date in Kansas City*.

Katherine and Kit are on other phones.

What a hoot. Sure, Mum.

You know, this is still a favorite song of Mum's and mine.

We used to laugh so hard, when I was young,
and doing the dishes with her,
after we reached the high note.
Everything's up to date...
Thanks, dear.
The phone went dead.
HmMMMM.

Ann,
It's Katherine.
I don't know what's going on with Mum. She wouldn't touch the dinner
we brought in. Instead, she asked us to sing hymns with her. We did,
for an hour. I think I will stay in Vancouver an extra day.
This doesn't all add up.

It's a day later.
Ann, I think you better get up here. Mum is still in bed, hasn't eaten
for nearly two days. I called Dr. Greenwood. He said
Katherine, your mother may be deciding to go.
Wow. Okay, I'll come tomorrow.
This is so weird. Just a month ago I was in Vancouver for Mum's 92nd
birthday. Katherine and I had dinner with her and Tom at Ferguson Point
in Stanley Park. It was one of those nights with a beautiful, slow-setting
red sunset. Mum looked simply ravishing that night. Her skin seemed
translucent, so pure. She was in good form, adding *bon mots* as
we all chatted. She knows how to keep a conversation going.



These last six days have been a heartfelt time for all of us.
When I arrived, I learned Mum fainted when getting up for a visit
to the bathroom. She's hurt her back.
The family is all about. Even Lara has come from Vancouver Island.
Nora, our devoted housekeeper, stayed up with Mum all night last night.
Anna's here now, our weekend housekeeper. She's a practical nurse.

Nora and Anna want to stay up with Mum tonight. Katherine and I are going to sleep. We figure we better. We don't know what is up and probably will need our wits about us tomorrow morning.

Dr. Greenwood's here with all of us gathered around Mum's bed. Dorothy, I suggest we take you to the hospital to see what is wrong with your back.

No. I will stay here.

Well, I want you to know that at any moment you may change your mind. I won't.

Dr. Greenwood just looked at all of us: Haig, Katherine, Mary, Lara, Nora, Anna, and Zephyr, Katherine's poodle that Mum adores. Are you willing to take this on?

Yes, even Zephyr nodded.

I can't get hospice till Monday. That means you will be on your own for two days. Your mother's condition could change very quickly, and you may need to, in like manner.

There is one rule. There is no looking back during this process.

I interjected

How could there be?

Ann, I want to be sure you understand there will be moments when you need to act. Afterwards, there will be no regrets, no matter what!

I understand. Thank you.

And Dorothy, I am going to leave a prescription for some morphine.

If the pain in the back becomes too great, just ask for it.

Mary has just suggested

What if we start with Tylenol? We had the experience with my mother that morphine takes away the ability of the person to be present.

Dr. Greenwood agreed.

We are getting organized. Katherine has a hospital bed being delivered. I am picking up medical supplies. Mary has taken over providing good meals. Lara is staying close to Mum, as are Nora and Anna while we get organized. Haig and Jason are handling the logistics. Bob and Sarah

are minding the grandchildren. Kit is minding the dogs.

Katherine suggested

What if we get a temp nurse for overnight?

Great idea. Okay, I'll call.

Haig just asked

Mum, would you like me to play classical music?

Yes, dear. I would love that.

Mum's room is filled with Bruch's Violin Concerto with Joshua Bell – a favorite of Mum's. Now, Kathleen Battle is singing Mozart and Strauss arias.

Katherine, look. Mum is conducting.

Of course, Mum heard.

You are correct, I am. That conductor is taking the music at too fast a tempo.

Katherine and I just smile. That's so Mum.

Lara just had an idea

Ann, tonight I want to read Dorothy the 23rd Psalm.

When I had a sleepover with her as a little girl she always read me the 23rd Psalm before going to bed.

Lara's suggestion got us all thinking. What can we read or say to Mum?

We are so lucky. The weather is beautiful. Warm, not too warm and sunny, sunny. Mum's large bedroom is like a tree fort with perhaps too many occupants, but oozing love and concern for Mum as she makes her departure. The many trees that surround Mum's room allow a little of the glorious sun and blue sky to penetrate it.

Mum seems very content to be here.

I just opened the front door to welcome the temp nurse. What a shock.

There stood a young woman, maybe twenty, in a T-shirt that said

I am ready for a date tonight

And on her feet are Barbie Doll shoes, you know the ones with pink pom-poms.

Oh dear. I guess we won't sleep much tonight.

Even though it's the weekend, I had a call today from the production house where my book is in the final preparation stage. We need your revisions by Tuesday to meet our printing deadline. As the production house was already a month and a half behind the committed schedule, I know I need to get my revisions back to them. I want the book for the dyslexic conference in November. Thank heavens, I brought the galleys with me. Katherine, would you proof my book? Dear sweet sister that she is, she has agreed.

Owen, aged three and Jane, five – two of Mum's grandchildren – came this morning. They stood by her bed and held her hand and said Dorothy, I love you. Mum gave each a kiss saying the same to them I love you, too Tears are in all of our eyes. They have gone home with Sarah.

Friends, young and old, of Mum's are dropping by to say farewell to her including housekeepers, brave young women from the Philippines who came to Canada to support their families back home. They lived in the house with Mum for three or more years. She taught them English and showed them how to manage an English-style household. She even taught them how to cook chocolate chip cookies. But more importantly, she gave them care and love while they were so far from their loved ones in the Philippines. Today, they are silent and a wonderful presence in the room. Tom can't come to say goodbye. He no longer can manage stairs. Katherine and I call him to keep him abreast of what is happening. He's in as much shock as we are. Haig just had a great idea. Mum can say goodbye to Tom on Haig's cell. Thank goodness these new machines have been invented. Bill Graham just called from Ottawa, as did Sherry on Vancouver Island, to share a few last moments with Mum. Christopher came by to say farewell. Now, she is in a state of quiet. Gosh, it's now six days since she has eaten.

Hospice arrived this morning. A gently authoritative organizer walked into Mum's bedroom and said

Goodness, there is a cast of thousands here.

She was right. Mum has gathered thousands around her. They all love her.

We are relieved to have professional help we trust. Now we can just be with Mum, stroke her arm, share quietly with her, hold her hand.

One of the nurses had a lovely idea. Rather than these hospital gowns, doesn't your mother have her own nightgowns?

Indeed.

I can cut them up the back, and they will be easy to get on and soft to feel.

Two days have passed. Katherine and I have been sleeping on her bed, adjacent to the hospital bed. Lara has been sleeping in the bedroom across the hall from Mum's room.

The morning nurse has arrived and has just bathed Mum.

She has on one of her beautiful, embroidered nightgowns and looks so peaceful. The frantic activity is done. We are just quiet with her.

I think your mother is going to leave us soon.

Katherine, Lara, Nora and I are with her. She is breathing in shallow breaths. The trees are offering their gentle support, the morning sun is shining through. Mum just took her last breath. Her skin is glowing. I have never seen her look so beautiful.

It's strange at 1403. We are like zombies without jobs. And we have no more tears to shed. We are quiet. It's odd. What shall we do?

Each of us is wandering, not talking.

At lunch Haig suggested

Let's walk the neighborhood. Remember Mum lived eighty-five years within a ten-block radius.

We chorus yes.

Mary has produced another feast for dinner. Lara's two children and Bob have arrived from Vancouver Island. We number fourteen around the dining room table. The early evening sun is creeping under the opened outdoor awning, filling the dining room with a warmth that gives us all comfort. The large, brown mahogany table with candles burning is laden with a golden roast chicken, a green summer salad, steaming corn on the cob and fresh baguettes with seeds all over them. Mary scores again!

Where's Dorothy's chair?

It's Lauchlan speaking, three-year old Lauchlan who has just arrived. He loved Mum.

Katherine drew one up next to him.

I am out of my chair. I think we need some piece of clothing that says Mum and race upstairs. Her bedroom seems strangely empty, everything is now back in place now. There's her mink fur stole, a relic from the 1950s. I know it seems silly, it's a hot summer night. But it says Mum. I will put it on the back of "Mum's chair" next to Lauchlan. We are telling stories. Mum and Pie stories. We all have them.

The sun is disappearing now. We've finished our fresh, juicy blueberries with heavy cream and are becoming quiet.

Lauchlan just moved. He's climbing onto "Mum's chair." Haig is asking Lauchlan, what are you doing?

I am sitting on Dorothy's lap.

There's not a sound in this room. Once again, our eyes are filled to the brim with tears.

Jason just offered

I am going to start the obituary.

What a relief! Someone has taken action. I can function now.





MUM ON HER 90TH BIRTHDAY, LARA FARRIS McDONALD, KATHERINE FARRIS, BOB McDONALD

My book, *The Other Side of Dyslexia*, is out. So much has been going on I haven't seemed to want to put the energy into selling it. That felt odd, but that's what happened.



This last year has flown by. At first Haig, Katherine and I thought we would hold onto our family home for a year and then put it on the market. Then Haig realized, no, without Mum the house is no longer our home. Katherine and I concurred. We put it on the market.

We had one last Christmas around that wonderful big mahogany table. Eighteen of us jammed in. Haig sat in Daddy's chair, Diana – tall, elegant Diana, Mary's sister – sat in Mum's, serving the vegetables from the polished silver entrée dishes. As we took our seats, Haig gave a salute to our parents saying how much we missed them. Then, we did what Farris' love to do: eat Christmas dinner and tell stories.

On New Year's Eve I said goodbye to 1403. I wandered each room on all four floors, sat on a favorite chair or stool, said goodbye, and then smudged the room with sage, purifying it. When midnight came, I felt complete.

New Year's Day is a sunny, bright and very cold day, I am ready to let the house go.



My days at Robert Half are over. My parent's estate has made that possible, for which I am truly grateful. I also feel deep gratitude to Robert Half. I have been with them for eight years. The managers and staff have treated me with great respect, as well as providing an opportunity to use some of my talents. Of course, I am grateful also for the employment.