

East Bay Circle of Men

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At the Crossroads



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Crossroads

By Michael Burns, Santa Cruz Whacker

FUCK IT, I'll take the road less travelled, the way I've never been before: the way of initiation, the way of discovering deeper parts of myself. For that is the way of my purpose in life; to keep learning about me, hence learning about people, life and the world.

Or not. It's more convenient, comfortable, familiar to go the usual route. Won't learn anything new, but what the fuck? I know enough already. I can coast to the end; I have a track record of accomplishments. NOT!

SHOW UP. Be seen taking the path of initiation, be a role model to those who aren't sure of what to do at the crossroads.

Fortunately, most of the times I've chosen to take the unfamiliar way was because of my intuition and subconscious trust in myself, not from logically determining what would be best because of projecting the rational outcome of the decisions.

Decisions
By Davey Berger, Not On A Team

MATTHEW 5:37
YES or NO
Dithering is Evil

DECISIONS DECISIONS DECISIONS

Damned if you do
Damned if you don't

Horns of a dilemma
Six of one / half a dozen of another

A fork in the road
The road not taken

Freedom of choice
The bondage of choosing

A deal with the Devil
The lesser of two Evils

Worst of all possibility
The best of all Worlds

A leap of Faith
Roll of the dice
Twist of Fate
A shot in the Dark

Mann Tracht Un GOTT Lacht

The only Guarantee in life is Change.
By choosing you align with Time
and enter the Future with Intent

Existential Haiku
it is what it is
also in equal measure
it is what its not

Bushido Code required a Samurai to make a Decision in seven breaths

One Thing leads to Another

Over and Over
Over and Out

Crossroads

By Michael Grubb, Bushwacker

Gerald asked me to write an article for the newsletter. I was impressed that he called me. I think I've only been asked a few times to write an article for another team's newsletter. I've always liked being asked, who doesn't? It's nice to be wanted or invited.

I tried to wrap my head around the topic but it left me uninspired. I agreed to write something but said I doubt it would be on the topic. A few days later I realized I had a resentment toward some aspects of the East Bay Circle of Men. That resentment is a crossroads as it were.

To me a crossroads is a place where something changes and goes a different direction. I was going this way and decide to make a turn and do something different.

The direction I have been going was pressing anyone in ebcom when they fell short. Call them on stuff. If they are late to the Saturday meeting I tell them as an example. It doesn't matter who the person is. This works well with my team and many I know and care about.

Recently I have questioned how where and why I spend my time doing things. At times I feel like giving up on some of you. I don't like some of you. I don't have the time for some of you. I don't respect some of you. I don't care to spend my time pushing some of you.

There isn't all that much that is really important to me. I have plenty on friends. Money, fulfillment with work, I'm intellectually stimulated at work and I spend my day working with really smart people addressing life's best question (How to help others?). I'm spiritually in a great place which is pretty easy since, I won "Least Spiritual Man in Organization."

The two things I lack are health and time. I've written about health in the past so, look through your old newsletters, or ask McMahon if you threw 'em away and give a shit. Times harder to get. I'm more aware every day about how my time is evaporating. My oldest son just turned eight and my daughter is gonna be six this summer. I adore them and love to watch them bloom. This is without question the most important WORK in my life. They mean more to me then anything--as they should.

I grew up in a family that was very religious and as a kid Billy Graham was tits. I actually saw him speak once when I was young. I am not of that spiritual cloth nowadays, but I got respect for the man as he wasn't banging whores or squandering cash. He died a few months back and I heard an interview in which he said he wished he had spent more time with his kids. He regretted not being there for them and witnessing there childhood and growth. Paul Ryan recently said essentially the same thing. Truth is I'm there lots for my kids. I read at my boy's school I take him to tap dance I drive him to school and pick him up. I do the same for Anabella. I still wish I was there more. I want

that time, I want to see 'em, I want to lay on the floor with them, I want to play UNO. I want to ride bikes with them I want to scrub the stains out of the carpet they put there. They are perfect, they are a joy they are easy. So is my wife, maybe you've heard? Seriously, I get something from my family I don't get anywhere else.

I see the Bushwackers every week and they help me take off those sharp edges I have so they don't poke the family. I'm not the prick with them the way I am with you bastards.

I like being with you men but the thing is there aren't that many of you I actually like. I counted and I only got about a baker's dozen. Then I counted how many I would want to spend time with outside of the circle, or its context and the number was smaller. Some how everyone on the team made it. Part of it is I just don't want to be around people that much. I am a misanthrope at heart, and will always be, but I'm also becoming an old man, and its true what they say about old men in my case.

What that looks like is I'm not gonna push SOME of you anymore. I'm gonna leave it to someone else who you may hear better than I. New men, my team, people who I know well, and want to be supported will get it, but I'm not spending lots my time with others. I don't wanna connect, talk to, cajole, coax, hear out, support, yell at or whatever the fuck you wanna call it folks I deem lost causes. I may do so sometimes but I'm not gonna spend a lot of time on it after all I am who I am. This is going to be hard for me. It's not my nature. It's actually deferring my gifts in some ways. Time is the issue and I don't want it spent on the unreceptive. I'm hoping with the accountability thing some others will take up the torch.

Lots of judgments? Yes.



"WHEN I CAME TO THE CROSSROADS OF MY LIFE, I FOUND I WAS OUT OF GAS!"

Image Submitted by Jeff Randall

Only in California

By Robert Jones, Nuts

When I had gone and lived in Colorado for a year then came back and finished off my college degree in Eugene Oregon, it was time for living the rest of my life. Should I stay around the home fires, or venture forth again, possibly permanently?

Home is definitely where the heart is, and it was hard to consider leaving my home fires of Portland Oregon, with folks there and many friends.

But along the way I had vacationed in San Francisco and had been touched by an angel. She was walking down the street in the sunshine, the one layer of clothing she had on up above very thin and filmy, with no bra - or slip, or anything else - underneath. All natural. She was waling slightly downhill, and the ca-jong of her breasts as she walked past me was hypnotic to a young twenty-something with not an awful lot of experience yet as a man. I tried not to stare, but decided to just not let it show instead, and stared anyway, to my heart's content. She never noticed me at all, just kept on walking.

Another time I was in Dolores Park in the blazing sunshine and a beautiful woman who was on a blanket maybe 30' away decided to take her top off and just enjoy the sun, in front of God and everybody. At least that was my read on it. But nobody else in the park seemed to even notice.

These brief experiences along with getting naked with some people from Lifespring in their hot tub after a seminar - something I had never experienced before and couldn't wait to experience again - were very formative for me. They showed me that the way I had been raised was definitely not the only way to be raised and brought up. There was a whole world out there I had never experienced. It was fresh, life giving, life affirming and pure. It touched my heart. Back in Oregon I had had an experience or 2 like those, but in CA I saw that this was not the exception like it was in Oregon, it was the rule.

I went with the rule. I moved to CA and haven't looked back, except for visits to Oregon since then. I would not even think of living there again, the cultures being so different. It was definitely a crossroad for me.



Image submitted by
Jeff Randall

A Few of the Meaningful Crossroads I Have Come To By Will Scott, 10/90

July 1970 – I was discharged from the Army and had to make a decision about work. The company I was with when drafted was offering me over twice my former salary to come back into sales management with them and it was quite tempting.

Although I wasn't fully conscious of the depths of my suffering my experience in Vietnam in 1968-69 with the 9th Infantry division in the Mekong delta, much of it near the Cambodian border, had affected me on a very deep level. All I was aware of at the time was that I felt a deep need to do something more meaningful with my life. Perhaps to make amends or pay penance for that year in hell I don't really know.

So instead of jumping back into the big money race I applied to be a social worker for children in the state of Pennsylvania. This was years before one had to have a masters and a license to do the work. I scored high on the state test and had no trouble being hired by Eastern State Hospital for Emotionally Disturbed Children. Had a unit of pre-adolescent boys and one of adolescent boys. Loved working with the kids and helping to support their parents in understanding the issues and what they could do.

It served me well and I truly served them well. On the other hand I had a big dislike for all the bureaucratic nonsense and hoops we had to jump through in order to accomplish what was in the best interest of the children.

August 1972 – Since before I got out of the army I was a member of Vietnam Veterans Against the War. After moving back to eastern Pennsylvania I became a chief coordinator for Pennsylvania with responsibility for organizing marches, demonstrations and talks in schools, church groups, and any other group that would invite us. I was instrumental along with John Kerry and others in setting up the VVAW camp-in on the Washington Mall in front of the capitol building in 1971 and played a role in the takeover of the Statue of Liberty around Christmas 1971. My name and picture found it's way into the local Bucks County and Philadelphia papers fairly often as a result of speeches or demonstrations organized by myself and others. And all of that was winding down by August '72.

Also, by August of 1972 my battles with the state bureaucracy were beginning to wear on me and changes in rules were making it harder to serve my children better.

Around the same time my wife of 3 years was leaving me. In truth she was a saint for staying with me at all because my PTSD (which was undiagnosed at the time) left me truly unable to be the husband, lover, or partner she deserved.

So in August I took a month off work, put on my backpack and hitch hiked around the country. Went the southern route to LA to visit an old war buddy and then cam north. Was standing on an on ramp for I-80 outside Auburn watching the sun come over the mountain when a voice inside said, "This is home!"

That was the sign! After returning back east I began the process of quitting my job and closing out any other business I had. By the end of October I drove west with whatever I could fit in my car and my two cats to start a new life. The rest, as they say, is history.

Poems
By Robert Martin, Team 10/90

THIS FERTILE WORLD

Begonia blossoms,
butterflies at dusk,

eggs inside of Armadillos—
this is a fertile world

filled with premonitions
and civil wars.

Let's pit lovers against poachers
to try to keep it safe—

and then go on watching
the memories we haven't had yet

from underneath flimsy umbrellas
in a century of rain.

And the rooster...we mustn't forget
to set it free

before the gamblers come
to cart it off

to the cockfight.
All we need is

an ingot's worth
of imagination

and some parchment
to translate

nocturnal sweats
into couplets of grace

penned with the poison
from a scorpion's tail.

Time is nothing more than
learning to foxtrot in iron shoes.

CROSSROADS

He is waiting,
before or after the flood
—you decide—
at a crossroads,
just another
devil or bluesman,
for a ride, for someone
to deliver him from the Delta.
Who will stop for him?
Who will the driver be,
compassion or cruelty?
You decide.

The Hand On My Shoulder

By Jeff Randall, Nuts, Membership Chief

Things were going well, until they didn't. For years in college, I had been shoplifting. Steaks, albums, plants, books, even carpets. What I couldn't fit under my coat, I'd just staple a receipt to whatever stuff I was stealing, walk pass George, the security guard, who didn't seem to give a shit, and be on my way.

It's not like I needed to do it. I was an upper-middle class kid from Queens who wanted for nothing. But, I had a bad case of entitlement. And, I kept on pushing the edge, getting more and more brazen. One time with five LP's tucked under my arm, I stopped at the exit and, actually began a conversation with George. "What an idiot," I thought to myself. I bragged to my friends, as we got high, while listening to Surrealistic Pillow.

And then it happened. Ben and I bought a repair manual for VW's thinking there was good money doing basic tune-ups and oil changes. Problem was, besides knowing nothing about cars, we had no tools.

"No sweat, Ben. I'll take care of it." Off I went to Sears. It was a rainy night. Perfect. I put on my poncho, carried a bunch of tools under it and walked out. Easy. So easy, I decided to go back for more.

I'll never forget that sensation. The hand on my shoulder. I can feel it even now, 47 years later. I was brought into an office, the police came, and I left in handcuffs. Fingerprinted, photographed, placed in a cell. Luckily, it was a weekday. Ben came, paid my bail. I was out after five hours.

At court, I pled guilty and paid a fine the equivalent of the cost of the tools. I wanted to forget the whole thing. But, reality wouldn't let me. "Have you ever been arrested?" That question kept following me around. Job applications, rental forms. When I applied for my teacher's license, it was there. It was there when I applied for my Marriage, Family, Child Therapist license. I couldn't lie. That would be way worse than the crime itself. I got my licenses, but the guilt and shame were there.

I never shoplifted again. But, I kept playing the edge. For years, I'd take something small, and make believe I was going to steal it. Feel the rush. Then, right before walking out, put it back. As with many crossroad points the choice I made was met with a harsh slap in the face. I'm grateful it did.

AT THE CROSSROADS

By Bryan Weiss, B Team, Legacy Chief



Submitted by Bryan Weiss

Timely topic. Lots of discussion about this of late on the homefront and at team meetings. I am 57. At this moment in time, my work sucks, my health sucks, my spirit sucks, and that “fire in the belly” is dwindling. So is this the path I want to stay on? Just muddle through this shit, work until I’m 75 then go to a nursing home and wait to die? Or take some bold action and start living the life I want to live while I still have time? I am choosing the latter, but it will take time.

I am not in the financial position to just walk away from a very high-paying job and just go work at a record store and listen to the Dead all day. Dahlia and I are working on a 5-year vision plan to build wealth through investments and other means, giving us more financial freedom to get off the hamster wheel. It will take hard work, risk and some difficult decisions. I am hopeful it will come to fruition. It may not. But it is becoming increasingly obvious that doing nothing and hoping that one day my ship will arrive out of nowhere and rescue me is not an option.

Time to strap on the warrior gear and go for it.



Submitted by Bryan Weiss

Crossroads at Sea

By Kenn Wright, Nuts

Images submitted by Mark Dungey

There have been many, many crossroads for me over the years. Some easy, some difficult, some confusing; and some perplexing. Then it suddenly became very clear as to what has to be done and the decision was made.

The last version is a crossroads that I'm going to tell you about.

It occurred in the late 80s, just after I had gotten my Captains license and running my first yacht on my own. The boat was an 82-foot motor-sailer with a ketch rig. We spent winters in Florida, Bahamas, Caribbean and Mexico, and summers in New England. We had just sailed up from Florida and were temporarily based in Montauk, New York. The owner wanted to go to Rhode Island so we were headed across Long Island Sound—just three of us aboard, the owner, his wife and me. We were only about 7 or 8 miles away from Montauk when suddenly the RPMs on the starboard engine shot up to redline. The crossroad was looming. I shut the engines off and ran down to the engine room to see if I could tell what had happened. At first I could not see a problem and then I suddenly realized, with both engines not running, that I could hear water flowing rapidly into the vessel.

The crossroads suddenly looked much bigger! Do we call for help, abandon ship or...? I soon discovered the propeller shaft had pulled out of the coupler, on the back of the transmission, and was dangerously close to falling out of the stuffing box or in none nautical terms, the hole in the boat that the shaft goes through to get to the transmission from the propeller.

It was a 3-inch hole and a stream of water that size could overpower the bilge pumps in no time. Do I call the Coast Guard, do what I can, or run as fast as I can on one engine? There was no way to deal with it from the inside, so I grabbed my snorkel and fins, tied a line to my waist and over the side I went, With the owner standing by ...inside the engine room with a wrench to lock the shaft in place, as I pushed it back through, from under the boat.



The seas were running about 5 to 7 feet in height, so the stern of the boat was actually rising out of the water and then slapping back down into it. I had to put my hand on the bottom as it went up and then when I came down and hit the water, push off, grab the propeller, brace myself against the rudders and push for all I was worth. I

can only hold my breath for less than a minute, with all of the pushing, shoving, and twisting going on.

After about half an hour, I was about to give up. Exhausted, I decided one more try. As I dove under the boat and prepared to push the propeller and shaft again, I noticed colored ribbons of something floating in the water, all around me. At first I thought it was jellyfish but as I moved my hand to get a better grip on the prop, I realized they were coming from me. It was BLOOD! I had cut myself and was bleeding from several places.

a In that moment a vision flashed in my mind. It was of a sign on the road as you entered Montauk. Welcome to Montauk SHARK Fishing capital of the world! That sign flashed in my mind like a neon sign in Las Vegas. THAT is when I heard the music! Dunn dunn! Dunn dunn! Dunn dunn! I was at the crossroad! The decision was made! And with one mighty



shove, that shaft slammed back into its place and I went up that line like a cat with its tail on fire! As I pulled myself onto the deck, the owner came up and said to his wife, tell Kenn the shaft is in place. I said "I know." He was surprised to see me and asked how I got up there so fast. "I heard the music from jaws," I said not-so-calmly. We secured the shaft to the transmission and off we went to face the next crossroads to come.



AN ANXIOUS HEART AROUSED

By Robert Martin, Team 10/90



Image submitted by Robert Martin

What's up with the yellow butterflies?

It seemed like an innocent question at the time. Who knew I would become strung out and emotionally threadbare because of it. The owner of the butterflies is a student assistant where I work. She is a South American grad student studying Latin American Literature at SF State. The butterflies were her way of making her cubicle hers, while also paying homage to her favorite author, Gabriel Garcia Marquez, and his novel One Hundred Years of Solitude. The butterflies, in the novel you might say, represent unbridled passion. I should have seen them as a sign of foreshadowing, but I did not.

I fell for this girl. Hard! Mostly because she is young and gorgeous, wildly flirtatious and a hugger. She, some days, honest to god, so can't keep her hands off me. And because attention and affection, and touch in particular, are no light matter for me, I freely boarded the roller coaster I would ride for the next three months. During the ups and downs of that ride I got a lot of mixed messages and with it came a shit load of self-imposed drama. (Her invitations to go to Sonoma and Portland and to make home-cooked meals together certainly helped to bolster my fantasy that she wanted me.)

I am now, for the most part, on the other side of that drama, trying to make sense out of what happened and why I became so obsessed with this beauty, and in general, do when it comes to relationship and romance. Part of my detective work led me to a book about attachment theory, called Attached. It lays out three different and inherent orientations people have to relationship: avoidant, secure, and anxious. This book cut through decades of me living in oblivion. Here's what I learned about myself:

- 1) I am the anxious type, to a T - I am very sensitive to the smallest fluctuations in another's mood or actions, I magnify them; I am more interested in subtlety than being direct, which makes me a "game player;" if something goes wrong I blame myself
- 2) as an anxious type, to maintain my anxiety (my addiction to drama) I chase after avoidant types (I have done this for the last 10 years)
- 3) to get a different result all I have to do is make a different choice and choose a secure type, someone who is oriented to long-term committed relationships and who is not scared away by a partner who needs nurturing
- 4) I can stop beating myself up for being the way I am, and again, just focus on making the right relationship choice; I can also work on being more direct about what I want upfront, while also working on taking a more "secure" stance to relationship

The other piece that surfaced in the face of all my soul searching was this: My mother was and is a hugger. She is over-zealous with her affections. Suffocatingly so. I can remember a time when a friend's parents came to our house for a Christmas party. Despite never having met them before, my mother gushed all over these strangers, with hugs and kisses, and high-pitched "hellos" when she opened the front door. I had never seen two people more mortified in my life. They were in shock and I was completely embarrassed for them. My mother can't keep her hands and her feelings to herself. She has no self-control or facility for self-containment. This behavior had been a major issue for my ex-wife.

I think my mother is so free with her touch and affection because she married a man who does not do touch. My father is rigid and emotionally vacant. I almost have never seen them touch or be affectionate with one another in all my living years – and they have been married 65 years. That is a long time to go without touch (overt affection) from your primary partner. So it makes sense that my mother would seek affection anywhere and any way she could. I actually, for many years, was the main target of her affection. She gave it excessively and I took it unwittingly, until I couldn't any more. (I think it is safe to say I was raised by an anxious and avoidant.)

Making this connection about my mother had me realize something else. That part of my romance dilemma had to do with self-containment. When I am reeling with too many emotions and feelings it feels like I can't keep them all inside. I can't contain them. My body, my skin, feels like it is not an adequate container. When strong feelings come over me I feel as if I am about to combust. And so to create some release from the pressure cooker I have become, I make the choice, because of overwhelm, to let some of what I am feeling spill out onto others. Unlike my mother, I do not do this physically through touch and affection, but through words. It shows up as over sharing – I say too much too soon. Early infatuation, for me, mushrooms into a full-tilt, one-sided love affair. And with this approach, boundaries aren't respected, mine toward myself and those of others.

So very literally the **crossroad** for me is the body and all it can or cannot contain. The line between me and another person must be held and not blurred. That is what I am learning through all my soul searching. I think the challenge with this South American woman has been that she came into my physical space (my office), touched my body, repeatedly and sweetly. A line got crossed. And I let her cross it. Because of this I became anxious and aroused and filled up with too much feeling. I became a boiling pot of emotion.

I now see that all the turmoil could have easily been avoided had I had the courage and the insight early on to treat the hugs like butterflies. I could have asked her the same question I did about her cubicle decorations: what's up with all the hugs? That question could have nipped all the drama and turmoil I subjected myself to in the bud. That would have been me taking a more "secure" stance toward romance. But a part of me (the anxious part) didn't want to know the answer, though. Because it would mean I would have to give up the drama and turmoil and that I might also get rejected in process – find out that friendship was all she wanted. I might also embarrass myself by revealing that I had jumped to some wild conclusions (that she wanted me). This degree of directness might have also resulted in office gossip. How many ways can a person put themselves and their own self-interests and image before integrity and authenticity? Jeez!

Another man might not have thought twice about all the hugs. He in fact might have simply enjoyed them without assigning any particular meaning to them. Oh to be that man. I hope to be wearing his shoes one day.

Show up!
Speak the truth!
Have fun!

With the yellow butterflies as my guides, I now hold these three standards in a new way. As a part of my deeper dive into my intimacy issues, and as a part of my Retread Dragon Challenge, I will be doing the Landmark Forum in mid-June and the Human Awareness Institute in mid-July. More to follow.

Postscript: Had lunch with the South American beauty just prior to this printing, after writing the above. Finally asked her outright if she had any interest in dating. She informed me she had a boyfriend. She thought I knew. I didn't ask and she did tell. Shame on us. The dance between an anxious and an avoidant. I now have a new appreciation and "affection" for the term culture clash.

GPS Crossroads

By David Garrison, Outliers

(All Photos submitted by David Garrison)*

I had a good software management job. Secure, well paying, decent culture. Very little time for travel (e.g., never been to Europe) or extended personal pursuits. But what the hey; it's the world I'd lived in for the last 25-30 years with mostly gratitude and a feeling of competence and growing financial security (a big deal for me).

I had already taken a big step through my fear of losing the job by going to my boss and telling (not asking) him that I would need to take 2 1/2 months off from work to some personal travel. I thought there was a good chance that I'd be fired (I had never seen ANYONE try to do this before) but they worked with me to let me come back afterwards. BTW, the travel opportunity was to take my 1st trip overseas with Phillip, Roger, and Terry to New Zealand and Australia; we had an AMAZING time! [PICS](#)



The Crossroads Moment came for me when I was at the top of the Key Summit in southern New Zealand; one of the most beautiful places I've seen.

I had been having such a great time traveling that the desire to do a LOT more while I was still young / fit enough kept coming up. Being really conservative / fear-based around \$, my mind kept coming back to "do I have enough saved to make this work", if I have to will a guy 58 be able to find a decent job given all the age discrimination, it's plain crazy to think about walking away from work to travel, etc...?"

I got to talking with these 2 guys (25-28) from Germany who had both worked for 3-4 years out of college and then decided to quit their jobs and take 6-8 months to hike the NZ te araroa trail from the very north island tip to the south island tip. Not something adults in my world EVER considered doing!

I asked them weren't they worried about it setting back their career, how did they (and other Europeans) get the courage to do this kind of thing, etc.. and they were very frank and nonchalant about it: Travel and new experiences were WAY too IMPORTANT to allow work to get in the way! They were absolutely confident they could make it work and in fact that their experiences and personal growth would make them even more valuable in work settings. I had heard this kind of thing before but for some reason,

standing on the top of this majestic mountain after having so many amazing adventures with my friends in this beautiful, remote place I knew for once that it was **ABSOLUTELY TRUE**. Here's a pic of glaciers in the distance from Key Summit:



I experienced being at a **Cross Road**.

Do I play it safe and continue holding onto my job for dear life, or do I step through my fear and take some bold (calculated, of course, I'm not THAT crazy! :)) risks to see what's down this other path?

In that moment the answer seemed obvious.

As I walked down that mountain (with blisters that Phillip had to help me with since I'm usually marginally prepared (and he's ALWAYS got moleskin!!! Thank you, Phillip! :)) I was thinking ahead to some time in the near future when I would find a way to step away from work for a longer period of time (or maybe forever, who knows??) to do some serious solo or buddy traveling to some far-flung, foreign, 3rd world places... From there many dominoes started falling (OK, I pushed them over) until 9 months later I was with my loving partner Lynn (whose been to 65 countries so she's very supportive) jumped into Barton Springs for New Year's Day Polar Bear Swim and got on a plane to



Bangkok/Laos/Cambodia for a 2 month (first ever) solo trip, including meeting my dear friends Michael G and Bruce R in Chiang Mai to play with sweet (and almost deadly; that's another story...) elephants, dance in the street at the Sunday Night Market, and hike with other travelers to play in waterfalls. [Pics](#)

And that was just the start down my own personal road less traveled.

Here I am going solo in remote North Laos.



See you on the road...

*[“PICS”](#)” and [“Pics”](#)” are clickable links available in the online version of the newsletter.



Cross Roads

By Terry McMahon, Bushwackers

I've had many of these in my life, some more profound than others. The fact that I'm still alive, married, gainfully employed, have friends and good relations with my family and have not been kicked off the Bushwackers either speaks well to how I've navigated them or possibly how deceptive or clueless I've been.

One comes to mind that is team-related. Many years back there was a challenge that one team member was having regarding one of his family members. When he described the situation, I immediately went into ambulance chaser mode convinced that he should do all within his power to "rescue" his family member. Thanks goodness there were men on the team with more wisdom than I, who knew that "tough love" was the right call in this situation. It took me awhile to get how ignorant I was in this situation and to be willing to see where else this was showing up in my life. This gradually gave me the opportunity to look at how this was showing up in my other relationships.

Simply put, I would avoid doing the hard work of challenging people to be their best and instead try and rescue them. Henry called it the St. Terrence the Good syndrome. So the crossroad was me asking myself, "was I willing, through my actions and words, to be considered an asshole by supporting people to succeed on their commitments - to give them the opportunity to show up at their best?" I still struggle with this but more often than not, when I come to that cross road, I take the right path.



Submitted by Jeff Randall

Crossroads

By Michael Taylor, Not on a Team

And I was sitting at my computer watching Full Metal Jacket contemplating my own experience with the Vietnam War, a midshipman on full scholarship at UCLA in 1966. Thinking what might have been, seeing Will Scott in that scene from the movie where the two marines are bargaining for pussy when the camera was swiped and stolen.

But there I was at Coronado Amphibious Training Center in San Diego outside the barracks, sitting alone in the viewing stands smoking a joint, my mind hearing Good Day Sunshine by the Beatles. Damn it, I liked the discipline and camaraderie of those leathernecks! Being young, strong marching in close order drill, no images of barbarism, injustice yet, fully formed in my head.

And in the sweet Southern California light, Motown music everywhere and the dawning realization that I was living a lie. Death and destruction in my future. At that moment, at the crossroads of my life, watching screaming jets demonstrating close air support in a remote Camp Pendelton valley with the liquid flaming hell of napalm raining down, I knew that I could not follow that path.

By the summer of 1967 I was in Berkeley, crossroads reached, moving forward in a new direction, creating new awareness and possibilities in my life. I never looked back....



Image submitted by Mark Dungey

Many Crossroads ... A Trip down Memory Lane

By Peter Davis

Images submitted by Mark Dungey

I'll define this theme as decision-making and take the opportunity to peruse down memory lane to remember some of the more interesting decisions that I've made when at a "crossroad." Due to the nature of memory I will probably miss out on much of the anguish of decision-making or some of the inner "mental landscape of the time" but simply the external path chosen.

The earliest crossroads decision that comes to mind is when I was 15 years old in the 1960s. I was in High School on the south side of Chicago and was totally bored with it. I changed schools just to liven things up but that didn't help. I was a terrible student, never studied or did homework and was barely passing. I decided to run away from home. I wasn't mad at anyone, just bored. The decision I had was either to follow my father's interests by going down south to protest discrimination (my



father strongly believed in civil rights) or go to southern California, the land of beaches and pretty girls. The decision turned out to be pretty easy, I bought a Greyhound Bus ticket to L.A. I found the beaches but was a bit too shy

to make it with the pretty girls. After a few weeks I went back home to fail most of my classes.

The next crossroads decision that comes to mind was during those 'drug fueled' late 60s/early 70s. It was winter and I was living in a Southern Illinois (Carbondale) University town. I was pretty lost with no place to stay. I was crashing on people's couches, very confused and depressed. I didn't want to go back to my parents' house in Chicago, so I decided to sign myself into Anna State Hospital (a public mental institution). It wasn't a very nice place, pretty much like a public bathroom at a train station. Every night they gave us some sort of tranquilizers to make sure we could sleep though the eventual moaning that occurred in our dormitory every night. I lasted about a week or so and signed myself out (against advice from the doctor) and headed back to my parents' house. The short time in the institution turned out to pay big benefits for me in later years as it made me eligible for a rehabilitation program that sent me to computer school.

A year or two later I came into a few thousand dollars when my mother died and I decided to "see the world." I had been traveling for a few months and hooked up with Suzanne (met in a café in Mexico). After some U.S. travel we decide to go to Greece for the summer, on the way we had to make a few stops; First, Paris where

she had previously lived, and then Barcelona where I could easily get some interesting drugs legally at the pharmacy (in those days). The first day in Barcelona we were sitting in a café getting pretty wasted looking at a 1966 Yellow Land Rover with a for sale sign. As the afternoon progressed we started talking (dreaming) about going to Africa for adventure and fortune (something about the drugs, booze and extremely naïve youth). Crossroads....Didn't go to Greece! We bought the vehicle and spent the next 4 months on a crazy adventure (Africa, crossing the Sahara, etc.).



A year or so later, I was still traveling (without Suzanne) mostly in Europe and ended up broke in Stockholm. I was sleeping at a friend's (named Lars) apartment (we met in Athens and had traveled together). One morning I woke to a banging on the door, I looked around and Lars wasn't there. I opened the door and it was the police. Turns out, Lars was busted for selling hashish and I was arrested as a broke visitor staying in a drug dealers apartment. I was put in jail for a day or so when I was summoned by someone (details are a bit hazy) and was asked if I was against the American government (it was the days of draft dodgers asking for asylum protesting the war in Vietnam), I said I wasn't dodging the draft. They gave me a choice: 6 months in jail then I could be released in Sweden if I could find a job or a free plane ticket back to the U.S. Crossroads....easy choice, I arrived in New York the next day still totally broke.

Soon after those couple years of traveling I pretty much let go of the drugs and finally realized I needed to figure out a way to support myself. It was the mid 70's and there was a government program called Division of Vocational Rehabilitation. Due to my short stay in Anna St. hospital I was eligible for the program. My idea at the time was to become a truck driver until my song writing took off (I was obviously still quite a dreamer) but the director of the program encouraged me to take an aptitude test for computers. The results showed that this might be a better idea than truck driving. Crossroads....I agreed with the suggestion and was sent to a six month computer school (Control Data Institute) where they were grinding out computer programmers. This turned into a 42-year career. People used to ask me about my job and I often replied, "it's a decent way to spend the day and a great way to make money." It was easily a good choice to make.

Of course there have been many more crossroads that I could mention including the fairly recent decision to get married again (excellent decision) but I've run out of time to get this article in.

Sea's Grace

By Mike Fullmer, New Men's Team

I wrote the short story Sea Grace, when my oldest was finishing his senior year in high school, already having chosen a college on the East Coast, and I felt stuck in my life. I stood at the crossroads and in every direction there were barriers, no options felt right, nothing felt right. Up to this point I told my story, that I don't write, I am dyslexic and issues around spelling and grammar were my barriers to writing. I had not written other than technical documents, since high school. But, this story wanted to come out and since then I have found that writing has helped me at many points during this journey.

I have two boys; Matthew is now 23, living on the East Coast and Patrick 19, a freshman at Jose State University. The story is from about five years back and marks the beginning of my new life journey, I have always been on a journey, but its going in a whole new direction. I had felt that all of my life's dreams desires, to raise a family, have a good marriage, was coming to a close. I had gotten to a point in my life, where nothing felt good, ok getting high or drunk would feel good for a bit but not really. I started to develop medical issues that my doctor could not treat, such as psoriasis, that's when I started to look at other options, to look wider at personal emotional issues and out of this I started my personal therapy and a new life journey.

In therapy I started to look at how I had structured my life behind so many layers of mask and walls, that I no longer know what made me happy. I was at a point where everything was so tied in a knot that I was stuck, I started to let go of old ways and habits, bit by bit the knot became less tangled. I started to be more present and aware of this new journey, I started to habit ways, to step into the unknown, and feel good. This new journey has brought me to an amazing group of men in the circle of men, that I am so honored to be included in the circle of men, and to share a bit of myself from back in a time when life looked darker with no clear options.

Sea's Grace (written in 2013)

ACT I – The sun is rising over the sailing ship, the Sea's Grace, stuck in ice

The Sea's Grace lays still in the dark sea, surrounded by ice, laying slightly to the left, looking nothing but graceful. She is motionless and surrounded by silence, except for the occasional cracking of the ice caused by the sifting sea. The sky is a blanket of white, the snow falling steady down collecting on the ship and blocking out all visibility. Below deck the three sit around the dining table, breakfast hardly touched by the three.

"It's all been a waste, just a waste of time and effort, just a waste!" says the first mate, not to his captain or the Jackal but to the room in general.

"Can I push the button?" asks the Jackal.

Leaning forward out of the shadows the captain uttering "NO"; how did it all go so wrong so fast, just the night before all seemed right, everything running smooth and on

track with a strong breeze to see them on their way, this morning the ship lays still trapped in ice, slowly being buried in a blanket of snow. All sense of where they are is gone; any communication with the outside is lost. Leaning back he is lost in shadows.

“We shouldn’t have come, we should have stayed where we know to be safe, where we know what was expected of us, where we know our jobs, we should not have come on this journey,” sighs the first mate.

“Can I push the button?” sings the Jackal.

The first mate shakes his head no. Looking out the window the captain see’s the snow collecting on the rigging, the sails slack and motionless, and beyond the ship nothing but white, not a breath of air to see. Looking up at this first mate, “did you send the message”?

Long silence, “captain as I said before, and the time before, the message was sent but I can’t tell if it went through,” sighs the first mate. The Jackal leans back on his chair, balancing on the last two feet, singing his little song, the other two stare off.

“We don’t belong here, what right do we have to be here ... we should not have attempted this journey,” complains the first mate. Sitting back straight in his chair the Jackal, stares at the other two.

“I can press the button, reset us back to the beginning?” the Jackal asks, continuing to look at the captain and first mate.

If it was that easy, thinks the captain, there is no going back, there will be no rest until the end is reached, he is a man of perseverance, not use to giving up. But, what can he say the other two are just reflecting his own fears and concerns.

“We can NOT go back,” states the captain staring into the Jackal’s eyes.

Another long silence, the room slowly rocks as the ice shifts, Grace is lifeless in a sea of ice surrounded by heavy snow; “I have other buttons ... the doubt, fear, uncertainty ... it can all end.”

The room rocks again, the ship leans more left, the dishes sliding to the edge of the table, the snow falls, and the three sit motionless; “I guess not,” sighs the Jackal.

Pushed to the Crossroads

By J.T. ROCKS!

“More than at any other time in history, mankind faces a crossroads. One path leads to despair and utter hopelessness. The other, to total extinction. Let us pray we have the wisdom to choose correctly.”

—Woody Allen, *“Speech to the Graduates”*

By the time you read this, I will be into my 75th year on the planet. And I feel like I'm at a crossroads of sorts. I don't *want* to be at a crossroads. God knows I'd rather go on just like I've always done, doing what I feel like doing, more or less unconsciously, and not having to change. That worked for me for a long time.

But recently something happened that dropped me right down onto the crossroads.

A couple of weeks ago I got a notice from the property management company that my apartment would be inspected by “workmen or contractors.”

The problem was that for a long time I've been living in extreme disorder and uncleanliness. Not quite at the level of the “Hoarders” TV show, but close to.

Twelve years ago my wife Claire left and I've been living alone. The place has gradually gone downhill. How could this happen?

· A few months ago I got a diagnosis of Adult A.D.D. Moderate, not severe, I think. I'm still trying to come to terms with that. Apparently it is a condition I've lived with all my life without being aware of it. Now I'm looking back over my life and seeing some incidents where that was what was probably going on. I'm rewriting history. In the present, most days I have what I call an “A.D.D. Moment.” So, this shit is real.

· I am a clutterer and hoarder. It's a disease or condition. It is listed specifically in the DSM-5 as a *disorder*. It is in the broad realm of addictive behavior. And yes, there is a 12-step group. I go to the Tuesday a.m. meeting in Berkeley. Like most addictions, there is a lot of shame and secrecy around hoarding. And like other 12-step issues, many people view hoarding as a failure of character rather than a condition over which the sufferer is, as they say, “powerless.” (And with the A.D.D., I don't *notice* the stacks of boxes of paper.)

· That being said, in 12-step work there is an acknowledgment of *defects of character*, which play into your addiction and make your recovery more difficult. I have plenty of those. I won't list them all here because I don't want this article to go on for pages and pages, *ha-ha!* Let's just say that one of the big ones is *procrastination*. And in general, *not taking care of myself*, which is a whole other can of worms that needs to be opened...although, hmm, if the worms were in a can that you needed a can opener to open, wouldn't the worms be dead?...But I digress.

· I've known for a long time that I suffer from *dysthymia*, also listed in the DSM-5. It's a persistent mild depression. Not so mild sometimes. I call it "the walkin' pneumonia of depressive disorders." I've had this going on since I was 18, got the diagnosis about 20 years ago, and I'm managing it pretty well these days. But it was very much an issue for a few years there after the marriage broke up.

· For most of the past 12 years I've been living in poverty. The thing about poverty, it makes all the bad parts of your life worse. It amplifies the negative. No money to make things happen, no time because you're scrabbling for money, and your attention is taken up by worrying—or by distracting yourself. However, a few years ago I was fortunate enough to get into the notary public racket. In the last three years I've made enough money to get myself pretty solidly into the lower middle class.

So that's how I got here. When I got the notice from the property management company it was **Code Red**. My recent financial stability is based on my living in a rent-controlled apartment where I pay \$823 a month. If the inspectors saw my apartment as it was, the landlord might decide to evict me. So I had about a week to turn it into a normal-looking domicile.

This same thing had happened a couple of years ago. I got some support from the ROCKS, who came over and helped me get the place into shape before a site visit. But this time I decided to do it alone. Partly because I was ashamed to let the team see how much things had deteriorated since their last visit. And partly because I felt I wanted to experience the process alone, full-blast. I wanted to feel the feelings without anyone around softening them. Really facing this might help me unravel the mess in my mind a little. However much I could do, I'd experience the consequences.

So it was a hell of a week. I took the last four days off work: I didn't take any notary appointments. It was tough mentally, emotionally, and physically. I ended up staying up all night Sunday before the scheduled Monday morning visit. And let me tell ya, boys, pulling an all-nighter at my age isn't fun.

When the crew arrived I was still cleaning the bathroom. But the place looked good enough that I won't be tagged for health & safety code violations. As it turned out, my visitors were a broker, her agent, and their termite inspector. So my absentee landlord may be putting the building on the market. Interesting...I'm not out of the woods in any case.

When you're at a *crossroads* you have 3 choices (as opposed to a *fork*). Continuing straight ahead for me would mean going on as I have been, living in clutter and chaos, making modest efforts at recovery. Taking a left turn would mean abandoning all efforts to recover; hopelessness; isolation; and death. Taking a right turn would mean building on the cleanup that I have accomplished (though I never would have done it without the **Code Red** broker's visit.) It would mean kick-ass, pedal-to-the-metal on my cluttering recovery and my professional A.D.D. therapy. It would mean living my life with **discipline**. In other words, it would mean *a complete personality change on my part*. Which no doubt some of you would welcome. *Ha-ha!*

OTHER INTERESTING STUFF:

Evolution of the Circle

By Gerald Ray, Nuts

Men of the Circle, the circle of trust, accountability, commitment, ect. is evolving becoming one of like minds and connected hearts. I am continually challenged to go deeper into the uncomfortable and connect with men whom I didn't know. As the Circle evolves I'm wondering if we are getting in the way or moving with the flow.

As new men come into our Circle, many come with all sorts of different experiences, perspectives, and understandings. Many have different talents, goals, and reasoning to offer. The newcomer brings a breath of fresh air most of the time, new energy, yet are we accepting, cautious, or just flat out, "Hell Naw!?!"

I remember when Stu stepped up and took on the Coffee Wallah position. His approach was different to some but it was his. In a very natural way that position had evolved due to a new comer. When Mark stepped into the Newsletter Wallah position the energy he put into has evolved into a well-packaged system, (in my humble opinion), and some love it and some don't. When I stepped into the Site management for the Fall Event and Community Campout I came with a different perspective and approach and the position evolved. When Jeff stepped up as Membership Chief he brought with him some amazing energy, fresh ideas, and not to mention his willingness to go past what use to work and Jeff's work has evolved the position.

Many of us hold on to what works, but what works can evolve past our own insight and make room for the newcomer to help us evolve past what works. Trust the Men!



Illustration submitted by Mark Dungey

Dear Tali

By Jeff Randall, Nuts, Membership Chief

Images submitted by Jeff Randall

I'm sitting here not knowing where to begin. I guess, first, I can imagine how receiving this email may shock you, a bit. It's been about 14 years since we last saw each other and though I've attempted to communicate with you a few times through birthday cards, and Facebook posts I don't know if you ever saw them.

But, I'm writing you now, because my stepdaughter, Ruti, is getting married June 8th and I'll be in Israel from June 6-14.

More than anything in the world, I'd love for us to introduce ourselves to each other.

I have no idea how much you remember of the years we met at The Center For Adults and Children in Haifa. I have no idea what your mother told you about why we were meeting there. Whatever it was, it wasn't good. Your mother, and rest of the family (except for your Uncle Hertzl), thought the worst of me. That I was a danger to you.

But, truth be told, you only got to hear one side of the story. Only their version which was, believe me, a complete distortion.

You're 24 now, a young lady. And, you deserve to know the truth about why we met under such restricted circumstances. Your mother accused me of "sexually exploiting" you when you were a small baby. That never happened. I am not capable of such a horrible act.

The rabbinical court ordered I be psychologically tested. The psychologist, Dr. David Yagil, stated that though he couldn't say with certainty I didn't harm you, he did say it was highly unlikely.

Your mother was also tested. He found her to be highly distrustful of men and saw "shadows where there were not trees."

However, he ordered I see you under supervision, not because I was a danger, but because if I had normal visitation rights, your mother would be so anxious, he was concerned it would affect her ability to parent you properly.

I don't know if Dr. Yagil is still practicing, but I'm sure he'll remember the case if you want to speak to him directly.

I did everything I could to be whatever kind of father I could under such dysfunctional circumstances. We, actually, had some great times together. For a number of years, we had such fun playing together. You'd enter that room with a big smile on your face running to me with a big hug. That one hour a week was precious to me, though I often left with what I called "burning eyes." Eyes that wanted to cry, but wouldn't.

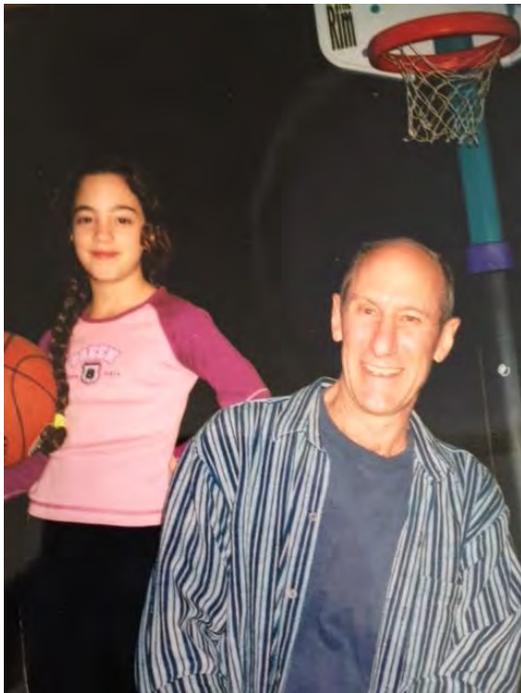
But, at around 10, you lost your innocence. You started resenting me, not wanting to come to the Center anymore. Who could blame you? I knew it was time. I had no choice, but to let go.

I fought the courts for years. Went all the way to The High Court in Jerusalem to get out of that damn Center. Almost made it a few times. But every time, something would happen and shoot down my hopes.

So, now, I'll be coming to Israel. If you don't want to see me, I understand. Not to worry, I won't press you on this, I won't pursue you. I'll respect your wishes. But, if, you want to know who your father really is, I'd be the happiest man alive.

If not, you could do me a big favor: if you don't want to see me, you'd be doing me a great service letting me know. Reading that would be a great sorrow, but, at least, would give me closure.

With heartfelt love
Abba



Accountability May Be Dead, or Some of You Men Have a Head Injury by Michael Grubb, Bushwacker

This JT style rant is an argument for the accountability statement brought up at the fire circle.

“It wont pass.”

“It’s gotta have some teeth.”

Then people bitch about consequences, or never do a consequence? Ask your self if you did a community service project this past year. Were you late? Did you pay your dues on time? Did you give your best with the newsletter the month it was your team’s responsibility? Did you ignore your significant other when they told you to pick up your dirty underwater and respond with an insincere “ok?” Did you call someone on something over the past month that you saw that wasn’t up to their standards? Did you go to the point of risking the relationship to express just how concerned you are with something someone else has done?

“Yeah we do that stuff.”

“We hold each other accountable.”

Sometimes we do.

In Motorcycle gangs there is a term called the “One Percenters.” What it mean is one percent of motorcycle gangs are this type of people. These are the outlaw motorcycle gangs. The Hells Angels are the most infamous of these, but there are others like The Pagans, The Mongols, and The Banditos, to name few. These are men’s groups after all, and have a lot of the same stuff we strive to bring into our culture and organization. Yeah there are some differences that I certainly want no part of, but there is some power there. It’s got value, if it was channeled better. “One Percenters” are motorcycle clubs that are hard to get into, and they are hard to measure up for. Most people don’t get a chance at joining. They won’t be asked. They are just not a candidate for that type of life.

I like the idea of being in the “One Percenters.” I’m not talking about being in an organization that cooks meth or enslaves people in the sex trade. I’m talking about being in the one percent of men in the world. The one percent who always give there best, are helpful, give back to the world, take care of their loved ones, and do amazing work for this world. Earth needs more men to take on a mindset of the one percent who are trying to be the best men they can be. Hell yes, we are and should be an exclusive organization. It’s not about how much cash you got, your status, or the power you wield. We’re not that kind of exclusive. It’s about giving away the gold you have or the cargo you got to give so you can make a difference for others. We are way more badass than the Hells Angels, or any other outlaw motorcycle clubs with what we can do, will do, and have. We do some SELFLESS, not selfish stuff that impacts many people’s lives for the better.

We are all trying to be more like Gandhi

I can honestly say everyone who's drawn to EBCOM is down with that as a life goal. You wouldn't have been invited, shown up or stuck around if you weren't. This organization is hard to get invited to. It's hard to show up at when you're invited. It's hard to come back to a second meeting. It's hard to get initiated into. Then it's hard to stay around in for more than 5 years. Gandhi was disciplined. He said and did difficult things. He was a force that railed against the dominant paradigm. A shit disturber.

Lots of folks don't measure up, lets be real. They are not interested in changing or improving their life, job, work, story, marriage, parenting style or whatever. They could if they stuck around and got involved or took suggestions. Not everyone wants that. Some just won't do the work. Of course all your shit ain't gonna automatically be all fixed because you do some stuff, but you could fix some if your willing. Some just want friendship. I guess that's fine but i could care less if those folks stick around. I want some one who will be with me when it gets tough.

Tell me what's up and let me know the places I fall short. I want it all. I want an amazing life. I've had a mountain of shit already, so I've already had the tough times I want the quality times, and I know those quality times take work that can be hard painful and be things I don't want to hear, do, or look at. I've got people who hold me accountable, but I see lots of folks sitting on the sidelines selling folks out and not saying when they see bullshit. Or they act all kinda bitchy and butt hurt when someone holds someone else accountable. Some folks try to rescue the person who is being asked to live up to a higher standard. Usually when they try to drive the rescue bus or ambulance to stop the uncomfortable feelings they act as if this is holding the person who is challenging the man who's fallen short. I got ideas about why this is but.... another time.

Our sister organization which is called "Momentum" they used to be the South Bay Nation of Men but they changed their name to what sounds like a euphemism for a laxative a few years back, and most likely taken a shit as an organization since, but that's my judgment. Anywho, on their talking stick it says, "RUTHLESS COMPASSION" on one side. It says some other stuff, but the compassion part always got me. It's kinda like tough love. I've seen 'em come and I've seen 'em go in this organization and the ones who stick around always get to the place where they can hear critical input from other men and usually give it as well. I'm just asking for more of that. Useful info. You're not going to get that support from very many places in the world.

At "da" fire circle jt said the accountability team was four bushwackers and J.T. I almost attached the original sign up list but I held off. It had four more men who said they would participate. I called them prior to our first meeting and tried to arrange for them to be there or respond to request for input. They didn't. This is a prime example of not being accountable. If you sign up for the accountability team and your not accountable then there is definitely something in the organization. Half the pompous assholes self appointed themselves onto the accountability team? Combined with the fact that these men wanted to be and chose to be on the accountability team. Terry actually

wasn't on the first sign up list but he joined during "Shock and Awe" in which there was a large piece about accountability.

At that fall event we agreed to be held accountable, you got to sign if you wanted to be or not. Only five people declared they did not want to be held accountable. If you were late you did a consequence. We had countdowns to the start of each processes, meal or activity. People got into it and began to improve their timelines. Yeah, some folks never did, but the lions share was down for accountability. I was impressed how many men were into saying something to someone else over many different things. I've heard the counter argument. "Your just talking about being on time that's not holding others accountable for meaningful things in their life. That's bullshit. I say fuck you. If you won't hold a man accountable for being on time good fucking luck telling him he's a douche to his wife and he needs to drink less.

Accountability has been up in the organization for many years. Harvey, Henry, Charles, Jeff Darck beat that drum righteously. Years back there was a motion to sign a pledge to be accountable. It was on the table to be voted on but it died due to lack of overwhelming support. These days we got a few loud folks who aren't afraid to call people out publicly: Weiss, Rudolph, Lewis, Boyd, Arnold, and, I like to think, me. There are defiantly others but those are the loudmouths. I also know a few men who have told me they are sick of calling folks out due to bitching, backlash, and complaints. I gotta say there ain't a lot of people calling people out when the circle starts when a guy shows up halfway through the circle why the fuck am I the only asshole who notices and says your late. We used to do that consistently. Now, no one cares.

I'm attracted to the men who are accountable in their lives. Success in work, relationships, finances, and outlook blah blah blah, they're happy and often winning in life. I also see men who aren't accountable, or struggle with it and I notice they don't have relationships, they are financially screwed, work or career is hard. It's not an absolute but I've noticed it for years.

Having this in the living Document will allow us as an organization to honestly validate saying hard things to each other. It's a declarative statement of where we want to go. It lets us know what we stand for. Points out when we fall short. Maybe EBCOM ain't ready?

From April:

Huge Rewards
By David Garrison, Outliers

Here are 3 BIG things where my efforts have been hugely rewarding.

1. **GOLD: Circle / Community Events** (So many rich memories from my connections with East Bay community. Missing you all very much as I write this... :)):
 - When I 1st won Chubby Bunny at Parker and felt like an 8 year old again :)
 - The death/grave/rebirth/forgiveness process on the Garrison lawn.
 - When Rob led me/Phillip in a really cathartic clearing.
 - Breaking Bad and Bjorn Boorg Costume Fun!
 - When the Circle leaders (callout to Bruce R) rescued me from a challenging Crucible experience.
 - When I got initiated on the hill at Mendecino (thank you Alan!).
 - Sharing fabulous Yosemite with Tom, Roger, and our dear friend Nick.
 - Sharing Fun & Games Vision (kudos, Terry!) at 2017 Summer Campout
2. **SILVER: Soft Skills Facilitation Leader**

This Feb, I Co-Facilitated a 2-day experiential workshop for 25 software professionals on Soft Skills, Emotional Intelligence, Leadership, & Teamwork We spent 4 months working to develop the curriculum and then a lot of effort just getting the opportunity to deliver it. It seems to have had a really positive impact for many participants. Probably the most challenging/fulfilling professional job I've taken on.
3. **BRONZE: Mankind Project Training Leader**

2 years ago I co-led a 3 day training for 20+ men who had recently been through their weekend and were ready to dive deeper. We did this in a shack in the middle of an oil field west of San Antonio. Extremely intense, immersive experience for most of the men and a big step up in my leadership range.

Thank You for the Ride

By Nick Epple via J.T.

(A page from the newsletter that magically slipped into my hands from I don't know where. This would have been about 2010. – J.T.)

I hate this time of the month (yea I'm on the rag) NEWSLETTER TIME!!! As you may have noticed I'm always ready to speak my mind or open the heart. But when it comes to telling you guys what you should do is a form of arrogance I wish I could get away with. My many years with the nation, I have developed a form of service. That is not Big Chief Leadership. I see it as being side by side and being blessed by those connections....I love it....As one of you takes on a *leader* SHIP role. I have noticed that a group comes around, to give supportive love, to learn about myself, to discover the wisdom of each other. Twenty years of so I have noticed much and remembered some.

I noticed that some love making sure every option is covered. Spreadsheets are made, lists are gone over and over, and passed around, and no holes allowed. I like being ready and open to see what comes through the holes. Then doing the next right thing>sometimes it works or--zobos! Great catastrophe!

I had a teacher once who pointed out that sports is a way that men make love. Every team or support action we have done is full of love or trying to get it.

The banishing of any man is great. It helps me hide me weakness and fear a little longer. At 65 my goal is not to be [a] burden—to take care of myself (make money every week to support my life) and have a great wake at the end paid for by me!!

I miss the men not in our circles because we say we are better than them, or because they might embarrass to the little woman (selling out for pussy, long ago was a red flag).

How many men have kids? Do you let the rest of us help you?

Or must you be the GOD

What if they hear a George Carlin bad 7777777

Or the little darlings that might give a smile and make a connection
with one of us, (Relationship??) With me or the other men

God NO. It must take some other VILLAGE in land far away.

I remember something about little children can lead us to God or heaven.

Well we can sweep that under the rug...

Have them go to the movies or have [a] play date—no bad words I – Wonder.

How do we help those who do big service?

Take a nurse to dinner or a movie. Help move the body???

BUSINESS ET AL.

IMPORTANT: WE'RE MOVING FROM YAHOO TO GOOGLE GROUPS!

Men,

We've had a major problem with Yahoo Groups. Since the beginning of the year, new members have not been receiving their invitation to join essentials and non-essentials. Despite the best efforts of JT and myself, no solution was found. Due to the fact that a lot of other folks on the web report similar and other issues, we've decided to move our message needs to Google Groups.

By now you should have received a message to your email inviting you to join Google Groups. The names of our groups are : ebcircleofmen_essentials and ebcircleofmen_non-essentials. You must accept this invitation to become a member. **If you have not received such a message, please let me know!**

The transition will happen over some time. After joining, I suggest you still post messages on Yahoo for a few weeks to give men time to switch over. At some point our Yahoo Groups will be closed. But, not to worry. This will be done only when we're all on board.

Jeff Randall, Membership chief

Looking for a Logo for our Circle, Take Two By Peter Gradjansky

But it's not "back to the drawing board."

This time, we are asking you please, instead, to back away from the drawing board, We've learned from our logo contest, that for all the creativity amongst us, we need a professional to turn our concepts and inspirations into an effective logo that we all will love- a logo that is powerful, that reads well in black and white as well as in color, and that also works at different scales and in various formats and media. That's what graphic designers know how to do.

But, a designer cannot design for us unless we can articulate what we want. Please consider the following questions, and answer them (as well as adding your other two cents) if you want to be part of the collective voice that will give our designer his assignment:

- What should our logo convey about the unique identity of our Circle? For instance, “community, intimacy, authenticity, spontaneity, spirit, integrity, etc. etc.”
- Are there specific images you think would convey that identity? (If you can find a photo or sketch of those concepts, perhaps from the internet, or if you can create it yourself- not as a logo, just as a concept sketch- send it along.)
- Is there a graphic “style” or quality that you think would best convey our identity? (Again, share any existing images you can find, possibly logos from other organizations that however unfitting to our Circle- embody a quality or power you would like our logo to have.)
- Did you have any strong feelings, positive or negative, about any of the previous logo contest entries? If positive, what were its strengths? What was lacking?

Send all your thoughts to me, at gradjansky@gmail.com, by May 23 (our next fire circle, about three weeks from now.) If you have a burn about the logo, let me know, and you can be part of the small committee that will then collect and tabulate all those words and images and get them out to all the men. At that point we will encourage responses and dialogue on [ebcom_essential](#), which may well contain or spark further contributions to our compendium of criteria and ideas.

Depending on the arc of the conversation, and on the space on the agenda, we will choose a fire circle- perhaps as early as June 28- at which we can have a live discussion. Based on all this, our small committee will distill the feedback from the men into a “package” of requirements and criteria, as well as possible images, concepts etc. from which a designer will be able to create something great. We will publish this package, and if we and/or the chiefs think it necessary- ask for overwhelming support of the men before we pass it on to the selected designer.

Package in hand, we will solicit proposal(s) from the designer(s) on our short list, make our own recommendation of a choice, and then ask the chiefs for approval before hiring. Finally we will work with the designer, giving feedback on his design-in-progress, and then present the result (or possibly two or three alternatives) to the men until we have clear (overwhelming?) support.



Image submitted by Mark Dungey

Team Visitation & Membership Information

By Jeff Randall, Membership Chief (researched by NUTS)

10/90

Meets Thursday (Team Captain- Robert Martin)

Visitors:

10/90 is not accepting visitors or new members.

B Team

Meets Wednesday (Team Captain- David Block)

Visitors:

Open to visitors.

Requirements:

1. Must attend 4 consecutive non-Fire Circle team meetings.
2. Visitor will be asked to host and lead his 4th and final meeting.
3. We meet 7-9pm (with optional potluck dinner from 6:15-7pm).

Membership:

Not open to new members.

Bushwackers

Meets Wednesday (Team Captain- Michael Grubb)

Visitors:

Open to visitors.

Requirements:

1. Must attend 4 teams meetings.
2. The visitor will be presented Team Standards and Team Rules which he must adhere to.
3. The visitor is put in on the Team Rotation and will prepare dinner for the team in his 3rd meeting.
4. Before the visitor actually goes to his first meeting he has to Identify his “red flags” and create a consequence that serves his life.
5. He must identify the areas of his life where he could use team support, but the most important thing is to have a conversation with each BUSHWACKER before the first team meeting.

Membership:

Accepting new members.

Journeyman

Meets Thursday (Team Captain- Garner McAleer)

Visitors:

Will soon be open to visitors periodically.

Membership:

Not open to new members.

NUTS

Meets Wednesday (Team Captain- Jeff Randall)

Visitors:

Open to visitors

Requirements:

To visit a man must have attended 3 New Man's Temporary Team meetings in a period of 3 months.

He may then be allowed to visit the team according to the following:

- 1) Commit to 4 meetings plus a Fire Circle.
- 2) Adhere to all rules, agreements, and standards of the team.
- 3) Participate in all team commitments.
- 4) Lead the team at his 4th meeting.
- 5) Identify areas in his life where he could use team support.
- 6) Create a personal consequence that serves his life.

Membership:

Accepting new members.

If the man is interested in joining, the team will deliberate and vote after the 4th meeting and inform the man of the decision. Vote must be unanimous to be accepted.

ROCKS

Meets Tuesday (Team Captain- Rafl Brinner)

Visitors:

Open to two visitations.

Requirements: Contact captain for specifics.

Membership:

Not accepting new members at this time.

Scallywags

Meets Thursdays (Team Captain- Roger Behnken)

Visitors:

Open to visitors.

Requirements:

1. Must have attended a number of NMTT meetings.
2. Must attend 3 consecutive meetings and be a full participant.
3. Not required to do phone checks.
4. Must not be late to any of the 3 meetings.

Membership:

Accepting new members. Vote on acceptance will be after three meetings

East Bay Circle of Men

Q1 (Jan-Mar) 2018 Financial Report

Submitted by David Block, B Team, Finance Chief

INCOME	
Member Dues	3,059.38
TOTAL INCOME	3,059.38
EXPENSES	
Community Services	
Christmas Caroling	168.25
TOTAL Community Services	168.25
Event Expenses	
Fall Event	
Site Rental	875.00
TOTAL Fall Event	875.00
Family Campout	
Site Rental	875.00
TOTAL Family Campout	875.00
TOTAL Event Expenses	1,750.00
Food & Dining	
Saturday Meeting Breakfast	250.00
TOTAL Food & Dining	250.00
Miscellaneous	
Newsletter	
Team Newsletters	150.33
TOTAL Newsletter	150.33
Purchases	
Chiefs Away Trips	
Fuel	
Propane	25.00
TOTAL Fuel	25.00
Site Gear	128.47
TOTAL Purchases	302.05
Thanksgiving	128.16
TOTAL EXPENSES	2,721.79
OVERALL TOTAL	337.59

Bank Balances as of 3/31/2018	\$ 9,426.05
--	--------------------

2018 Community Campout

Presented by the East Bay Circle of Men

When we were kids,
camping was an opportunity to step out of the routine and into nature. Once the road trip was behind us and the gear unpacked, my mom and dad and siblings transformed. Dad would sing, my siblings were up for anything from damming a stream to skipping stones, and mom's face relaxed into a portrait of contentment and calm.

That experience is still just a car-ride away. Community Campout 2018 brings together families, friends, and friends of friends to experience a time out of time, away in the woods, sharing a space of togetherness, discovery and fun.



**WHAT'S OLD
IS NEW!**



Make it a **RETRO** get-away!

ENJOY

**Boulder Creek
Scout Reservation**

» July 6 - 8 «

Records on the Hi-Fi

Archery

Swimming

Typewriters

Polaroid Cameras

Talent Show

Pajama Party

Singing 'round the Campfire

Delicious Retro Meals!

Register now... Questions: ebcom.events@gmail.com

Adults \$120 / Teens \$60 / Kids \$25 / Tots \$0
(includes all meals Friday dinner thru Sunday lunch)

Eventbrite registration @ <https://tinyurl.com/y827eowc>

ENROLL A YOUNG MAN AND/OR VOLUNTEER
ASSURED GOLD MEDAL CALIBER EVENT

Encourage our hope for the future, boys, to become initiated young men.
As initiated men, step up as a volunteer and share your legacy with these young men.

This year's event will take place from Friday, July 27 - Sunday, July 29 at The Cutter Boy Scout Camp, 2500 China Grade Road, Boulder Creek, CA. 95006.

For more info call (800) 719 - 9302, or email info@ymuw.org.*
[Click here](#) for flyer details.

Feel free to contact me with any questions, interests, or doubts:
mb0448@comcast.net
925 586 3724

*Links only available for online newsletter



It's time for your son to take the challenge!



FUN • TEAMWORK • LEADERSHIP

wilderness adventure camp

RITE OF PASSAGE

FRIDAY - SUNDAY

JULY 27-29

THE CUTTER BOY SCOUT CAMP
2500 CHINA GRADE ROAD
BOULDER CREEK, CA. 95006

\$265.00 2 weeks early registration

\$295.00 base price

YOUNG MEN AGES 13-20

Our mentors will help your son:

- ▶ discover his own values
- ▶ become more confident & responsible
- ▶ channel his energy constructively
- ▶ develop respectful relationships

Our graduates leave their Weekend more accountable for their lives and better prepared for the challenges of the adult world.



**YOUNG MEN'S
ULTIMATE WEEKEND™**

REGISTER online today at www.ymuw.org or call us at (800) 719-9302

The YMUW is as life changing for volunteers as for the young men. Contact us to learn how you can serve as a volunteer!

YMUW is a California 501(c)3 Not-for-profit Organization

The Volunteers of the YMUW are strong community minded men who will provide the information, example, support and trust needed for young men's successful passage into adulthood. This is a life changing experience for both volunteers and young men. To volunteer or serve in other ways, check our website.

"Volunteering for YMUW was a life changing experience for me"
-John Zeiter

"Serving at YMUW is an awesome and joyful journey that I recommend to every man" - Lion Goodman

"Watching the change in the young men as they develop their confidence and leadership is amazing" - Bernard Zylberburg

Come train with us to be a Volunteer !



Your tax-deductible donation goes towards:

YMUW scholarships

Community service projects

Technology support and development

Annual operating expenses

Securing weekend event locations



Donations can be made online at www.ymuw.org



**CHALLENGING
TEENAGE SONS.COM**
Motivating Your Son Into Adulthood

COMPANION WORKSHOP FOR PARENTS

Raising Your Son to Be Happy, Responsible, & Resilient - Without Nagging, Yelling, or Punishing

DATES: Friday, July 27 – Sunday, July 29 Santa Cruz, CA

WHERE: Hotel given at time of registration

COST: \$295; walk-in registrations welcome

CONTACT: Call: (415) 785-8818; Email: info@ChallengingTeenageSons.com



**YOUNG MEN'S
ULTIMATE WEEKEND™**

Legacy Discovery

Legacy Discovery is based on the collective “Wisdom of the Men,” including your personal experience. It is a Journey of Discovery, about being a man in relationship with other men and deepening your connection with the men in your life.

What is available to you at Legacy Discovery:

- You will experience a powerful way of being based on mature masculinity.
- You will have the opportunity to deepen your connection to and trust of other men.
- You will discover what you are “really” committed to.
- You will discover your purpose in life.
- You will begin to write a mission statement for your life.
- You will learn how to utilize an action plan for implementing that mission statement and achieving your goals.
- You will experience the value of using the “wisdom” of a “circle of men”.
- You will have the opportunity to embrace who and how you have been in the past and will see that no longer has to hold you back.
- You will learn how to communicate what you mean more clearly and take ownership of your opinions.
- You will become more aware of people and experience them more honestly.
- You will gain an understanding of who you are in the various relationships in your life.
- You will develop a stronger sense of the real relationship you have or had with your “father.”
- You will confront some of the habits that impede your ability to create the results you want in your life.
- You will gain a deeper awareness of the role sex & relationships play in your life.

Legacy Discovery is designed to put you in touch with what it is to be a man so that you can achieve your purpose in life and “become the man you have always wanted to be.”

The Purpose of Legacy Discovery:

To connect YOU to YOUR masculine identity through the wisdom of Men, and with that power put your Legacy into action.

Some details about the weekend:

- Legacy Discovery will begin on a Friday night at 6 PM April 13th, 2018 and end on Sunday, April 15th, 2018 at approximately 5 PM.
- Participants will sleep and eat in a camp-like setting (in cabins on bunks.)
- The event will be led by a team of men with similar experiences to yours. It will be short on lecture and prescriptive data or dogma and long on group experience, sharing what “works and what doesn’t” in being a man.
- The weekend includes games, working as teams and individuals, physical, intellectual and emotional exercises; each designed to bring you closer to who you are as a man and how you relate to the world.
- Legacy Discovery is based on the collective “wisdom of the Men,” including the participants.
- Legacy Discovery is about being a man in relationship with other men, “tapping into the wisdom” of the men, which has been discovered over centuries, and getting men and masculine energy back into your life.
- It is not a workshop or retreat, nor is it a grueling test of strength and endurance, but it will be a fun and challenging event for any man who is willing to confront what may be holding him back.
- Any man over 18 years old may participate, regardless of his physical condition.
- You must be sponsored into this event by a graduate of this or similar initiations. Ask the man who gave you this flyer what he received from his participation in this life changing event.
- **Tuition** includes 5 meals and accommodations for both Friday and Saturday nights. While not a “retreat”, men will have the opportunity to sleep, eat and have fun.
- **Early Registration tuition** is \$425 for non-MDI members and \$375 for MDI Members when paid in full by March 1st, 2018. After March 1st, tuition will be \$500 for non MDI Members and \$425 for MDI Men. \$100 is non-refundable yet may be transferred to another weekend or another man.

To Register please follow the following steps.

The goal for Paper Registration is to collect the critical info as far as meal preferences, marital status, the reason why men are coming, and sponsorship information. This completed form should be mailed as instructed on the registration form with any check payments.

The goal for Online Registration is to collect credit card payment and for us to collect real time registrations. Online registration should take between 5-10 minutes to complete. If men are already on the MDI website, it should take less time as some info pre-fills on the site.

I recommend that men (and their sponsors) start with the paper registration. Once that form is completed and men are COMMITTED to the event, go online to <https://goo.gl/xYbB3d> to complete the registration process.

When: April 13th, 14th, & 15th, 2018

Where:

Little Basin State Park
21700 Little Basin Road
Boulder Creek, CA 95006
(831) 338-3314

Contact for Registrations:

Lance Lewis: 510-847-3619
3308 El Camino Avenue
Suite 300-156
Sacramento, CA 95821
email: ldl7@pacbell.net



April 13, 14, & 15, 2018

THE PURPOSE OF LEGACY DISCOVERY

To connect YOU to YOUR masculine identity through the wisdom of Men, and with that power put your Legacy into action.

-- Complete ALL Items --

Last Name: _____ First Name: _____

Address: _____ City: _____

Province/State: _____ /Zip Code: _____ Home Phone: _____

Cell Phone: _____ Work Phone: _____

Email Address: _____

Age: _____ Occupation: _____ Number of Children: _____

Marital Status (Circle one): **Never Married** **Married** **Divorced** **Separated** **Widowed**

If married, how long? _____ Year(s) If not married, are you in a relationship? **YES** **NO**

Emergency Contact: _____ Phone #: _____

List any serious psychological or medical conditions or special needs we should know about: (dietary, Sabbath, etc.)

Medical: _____

Special Needs: _____

- Authorization of Payment and Commitment -

I understand that by signing this form I am authorizing payment for and making a commitment to attend and complete the Legacy Discovery Event, which begins on Friday, April 13, 2018

Signature: _____ Date: _____

-- Event and Payment Information --

Registration opens at 5:00pm on Friday April 13, 2018.

Participants should plan their schedule so they can complete registration and be ready to go at 7:00pm. The EVENT will complete by 6:00pm on Sunday, April 15, 2018.

The Legacy Discovery Site: **Little Basin State Park**
21700 Little Basin Road
Boulder Creek, CA 95006
(831) 338-3314

Tuition fee through March 1, 2018 for **Payment in Full** is \$425.00 (\$375.00 for MDI members). **Starting March 2, 2018 - Tuition will increase to \$500.00 (\$425 for MDI members)**

\$100 of this is a non-refundable registration fee. May be transferred to another man or event. Payments can be made by credit card (Online). Check or money order Mail with Registration Form.

Please make checks payable to "MDI."

Mail this registration form to:

Lance Lewis
3308 El Camino Avenue Suite 300-156
Sacramento, CA 95821
510-847-3619
ld17@pacbell.net

To Complete Registration:

Please visit the MDI Legacy Discovery site at <https://goo.gl/xYbB3d>

Paying by Check:

Check Amount \$: _____ Check # _____ Account Name: _____

- Purpose for Attending-

In the space below, describe what you want to achieve as a direct result of attending Legacy Discovery and how you expect this to affect your life.

-- Qualified Sponsor's Information Box --

As a Sponsor, I understand that by signing this form I am making a commitment to have this applicant attend and complete the Legacy Discovery Event on April 13, 2018.

Sponsor Name: _____ Division: _____

Location: _____ Primary Phone: _____

E-Mail: _____ Work or Cell: _____

Sponsor Signature: _____ Date: _____

THE PURPOSE OF LEGACY DISCOVERY

To connect YOU to YOUR masculine identity through the wisdom of Men, and with that power put your Legacy into action.

Legacy Discovery is based on the collective “Wisdom of the Men,” including your personal experience. It is a Journey of Discovery about being a Man.

It is about being a man in relationship with other men and deepening your connection with the men in your life.

-- THE FOUR CORNERSTONES --

In the Legacy Discovery, you can:

- 1. Discover how to embrace the wisdom of men**
- 2. Discover how to build your legacy with purpose**
- 3. Discover how to live as a mature man**
- 4. Discover how to build meaningful relationships**

This will be a challenging, intimate and revealing experience, one that you will not forget. It is designed to put you in touch with what it is to be a man so that you can achieve your purpose in life and “become the man you have always wanted to be.”

What is available for you as a man?

- Increasing your ability to connect with and trust other men.
- Revealing to yourself what you are “really” committed to.
- Discovering your purpose in life.
- Experiencing the value of using the “wisdom” of a “circle of men.”
- Leaving behind the part of your past that has held you back.
- Connecting with the source of your power.
- Learning how to communicate what you mean and take ownership of your opinions.
- Becoming more aware of people and experience them more honestly.
- Developing a stronger sense of the real relationship you have or had with your “father.”
- Confronting habits that impede you from creating the results you want in your life.
- Learning to accept yourself, including the darker or ‘shadow side’ of your character.
- Gaining a new and more effective awareness of the role women play in your life.

I understand that Legacy Discovery can be physically, emotionally, and mentally demanding, and some participants may engage in acts of physical violence. I have carefully assessed my own physical, emotional, mental strength, and endurance, and I have, after careful deliberation, concluded that I am able to and wish to participate in this course. I know and appreciate that there are psychological, emotional and even physical risks involved and I knowingly and voluntarily assume all of those risks.

I understand that I have the right to choose not to participate in any portion of Legacy Discovery and have the right to leave the Legacy Discovery at any time for any reason or no reason at all. I further understand that it is my responsibility to advise the Legacy Discovery staff of my decision to leave or opt out of a segment of Legacy Discovery.

I specifically and forever release and discharge MDI, Men's Division International, its officers, agents, employees and representatives from any and all actions, cause of action and all liabilities for ill effects or injuries that I may suffer, whether such injuries be physical, emotional or mental.

Should any claim or dispute arise in any manner whatsoever related to the enforcement or interpretation of this document or my registration or attendance at Legacy Discovery, I agree that my remedies are limited to bringing an action in small claims court or to submit any such claim or dispute for resolution by arbitration under Consumer Disputer protocol of the American Arbitration Association. Any award rendered in arbitration may be made a judgment by any court of competent jurisdiction.

I agree that once Legacy Discovery commences, I will under no circumstances be entitled to a refund or return of any portion of the fees paid or the expenses I have incurred in attending the course.

This document contains all of the agreements and any other parties herein have relied upon understandings between the parties and no representation other than those contained.

I hereby acknowledge and with my signature, indicate that I have carefully read and that I understand this agreement and that I do voluntarily sign this, agreeing in its entirety to all of the above terms and conditions, without changes of any kind, at the time I attend this event.

Print Name: _____

Signature: _____ **Date:** _____



*Until the next
Crossroads...*

help wanted-work wanted
requests for support-events
announcements-business cards

THE CIRCLE

UNCLASSIFIED

attaboys-blessings-quotes
for sale-giveaways-jokes
things wanted - info sought



Mark Dungey
Writer

**WRITING FROM A
DIFFERENT ANGLE**

content, copy, and editing
for a complete list of services visit
<http://www.mark-dungey-copy-and-content-creator.com>

mini-rants-reviews of books/movies/TV/art/performances/restaurants/gear/websites-
housing- AND anything else 3½" max wide! Email to JT or Mark Dungey
unclassified for next month

Upcoming Birthdays

Man	Birthday
Timothy, John	05/03/1944 (74)
Schimmel, Barry	05/12/1955 (63)
Rein, Steve	05/17/1947 (71)
Boyd, Aram	05/17/1958 (60)
Anderson, Kurt	05/31/1956 (62)
Duffy, Michael	06/13/1960 (58)
Wagner, Mark	06/25/1959 (59)
Bunker, Jay	07/08/1953 (65)
Wright, Kenn	07/11/1948 (70)
Buchanan, Timothy	07/14/1957 (61)
Randall, Jeffrey	07/23/1948 (70)
Moore, Aerin	07/24/1951 (67)
Peterson, Mark	07/27/1955 (63)

Team Rotation

May	
Newsletter	NUTs
Food	ROCKS
Sacred Circle	Scallywags
Fire Circle	Bushwackers
Fun & Childcare	JourneyMen
June	
Newsletter	Not on a Team
Food	NUTs
Sacred Circle	ROCKS
Fire Circle	Scallywags
Fun & Childcare	Bushwackers
July	
Newsletter	10/90
Food	Not on a Team
Sacred Circle	NUTs
Fire Circle	ROCKS
Fun & Childcare	Scallywags

East Bay Circle of Men: Calendar of Upcoming Events

Date	Event Name	Times	Contact Person
05/12/2018	General Monthly Meeting (Guests Welcome) Where: Lake Chabot Park <i>Food by NUTs. Fun & Childcare by Bushwackers. Sacred circle by ROCKS</i>	8:00 AM until 10:00 AM breakfast at 7:15	Block, David
05/23/2018	Fire Circle (Guests of Members Welcome) Where: Lake Chabot Park <i>Fire circle by Scallywags.</i>	7:00 PM until 9:00 PM	Block, David
06/09/2018	General Monthly Meeting (Guests Welcome) Where: Lake Chabot Park <i>Food by Not on a Team. Fun & Childcare by Scallywags. Sacred circle by NUTs</i>	8:00 AM until 10:00 AM breakfast at 7:15	Weiss, Bryan
06/27/2018	Fire Circle (Guests of Members Welcome) Where: Lake Chabot Park <i>Fire circle by ROCKS.</i>	7:00 PM until 9:00 PM	Weiss, Bryan
07/14/2018	General Monthly Meeting (Guests Welcome) Where: Lake Chabot Park <i>Food by 10/90. Fun & Childcare by ROCKS. Sacred circle by Not on a Team</i>	8:00 AM until 10:00 AM breakfast at 7:15	Randall, Jeffrey
07/25/2018	Fire Circle (Guests of Members Welcome) Where: Lake Chabot Park <i>Fire circle by NUTs.</i>	7:00 PM until 9:00 PM	Randall, Jeffrey

East Bay Circle of Men: Chief List

Chief	Month
Block, David (<i>Finance</i>)	May
Weiss, Bryan (<i>Legacy</i>)	Jun
Randall, Jeffrey (<i>Membership</i>)	Jul
Rudolph, Bruce (<i>Spirit</i>)	Aug
Gelbart, Michael (<i>Communication</i>)	Sep
Thiel, Clayton (<i>Community Service</i>)	Oct
Garrison, Phillip (<i>Events</i>)	Nov

East Bay Circle of Men: Wallah List

Wallah Job	Member Name
Fire Wallah	Taylor, Michael
Health Wallah	Peck, Donald
Kitchen Wallah	(<i>position Open</i>)
New Man Wrangler #2	(<i>position Open</i>)
New Man Wrangler #3	(<i>position Open</i>)
Newsletter Wallah	Dungey, Mark
Reach Out Point Man	Marchand, Roger
Team Health Wallah	Wick, Alan
Team Visit Wallah	Burleigh, Lewis
Web Developer	Ligda, Jay
Web Master	Wagner, Mark

**THE PURPOSE OF THE EAST BAY CIRCLE OF MEN IS
TO SUPPORT MEN, TEAMS, FAMILIES, AND COMMUNITY**

THE THREE AGREEMENTS

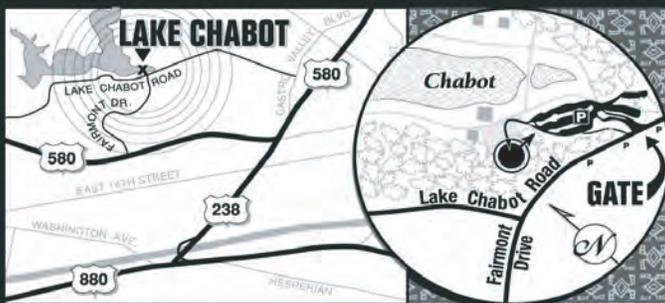
I WILL BE ON TIME TO CIRCLE OF MEN EVENTS.

I WILL PARTICIPATE IN AT LEAST ONE CIRCLE OF MEN COMMUNITY SERVICE EVENT PER YEAR.

NEWLY INITIATED MEMBERS WILL BE ON AN EAST BAY CIRCLE OF MEN TEAM FOR AT LEAST THREE MONTHS.

EAST BAY CIRCLE OF MEN NEWSLETTER POLICY:

- (1) The newsletter will be published no later than Thursday night, nine days prior to the Saturday General Meeting.
- (2) *Everything* published in the newsletter must include the legible signature of the EBNoM member whose contribution it is.
- (3) There are no restrictions as to content. Submissions will be edited only to protect confidentiality.



Map & newsletter masthead designed by Bob Hosch

The East Bay Circle of Men general monthly meeting takes place on the 2nd Saturday of every month *except September* at Lake Chabot Park. All men are welcome. Breakfast is served 7:15 - 7:50 a.m. The meeting begins promptly at 8:00 a.m. & ends at 10:00. Meetings are held rain or shine. Lakeside temps can be chilly; dress for it. A camp chair is useful.

From I-580 East: take the 150th/Fairmont exit, turn left @ 2nd stoplight.
From I-580 West: take the Fairmont exit, left at 1st light, right @ next light.

Go up Fairmont, over the hillcrest, past Lake Chabot Dr on your left.

- ▶ Park for free on the street, where you see other cars. Walk across the street and into the park. OR
- ▶ Drive in thru the gate, park in the lot, pay the \$5 & support the park.

Walk to the far end of the parking lot and into the park toward the lake. Look to your left. You will see us there.

**EAST BAY CIRCLE OF MEN
C/O MARK DUNGEY
240 ATHOL AVE #201
OAKLAND, CA 94606**

OUR STANDARDS

- SHOW UP.**
- KEEP CONFIDENTIALITY.**
- SPEAK THE TRUTH.**
- KEEP YOUR WORD.**
- REMEMBER FAMILY & FRIENDS.**
- HONOR MEN.**
- RESPECT WOMEN.**
- BE RESPONSIBLE FOR CHILDREN.**
- DON'T QUIT.**
- HAVE FUN!**

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