

EBCoM

Vol. 26 #8 The Newsletter of the East Bay Circle of Men Compiled by the NUTs

What will you leave behind?



NOTICE: The material herein is the responsibility of the individual contributors. It does not necessarily represent the views of the East Bay Circle of Men. If the frank discussion and graphic representation of men's issues, including humor, is offensive or upsetting to you, please do not read this newsletter. Thank You.

Happy September!

It's fall and, thanks to the timing of this newsletter, it's metaphor season! So....

The beginning of autumn is the time of harvest and, reaping the benefits of what we've planted and cultivated throughout the year, autumn reminds us to prepare for the year's end. The days get short, as does the time left to us.

Though it sounds dark and morbid, this month's newsletter, in the way our Vision Keeper, Robert Martin, did by way of his Advanced Directive workshop, reminds us that we are "only dancin' on this Earth for a short while."

This month's topic of legacy may inspire us to take stock and increase the value of our life's portfolio. The submissions you read within are the writings of those that practice such a life review (even if only for the purpose of submitting a piece) and perhaps inspire both writer and reader to look at what we've done—not for ourselves, but for others.

After all, in the words of Kalu Ndukwe Kalu, "The things you do for yourself are gone when you're gone, but the things you do for others remain as your legacy."

I've been thinking a lot about legacy lately. With the passing of my father (and final parent) my life isn't to make my parents proud or prove that I'm any good. It's now a question of legacy.

My continuation to channel my passion into this newsletter each rotation is a small part of that legacy. The irony doesn't escape me that my efforts fly in the face of the EBCoM newsletter tradition. After all, "tradition" is often used as a synonym for legacy. As mentioned the first time around, I vie to leave a situation better. And it's within "the leaving" that, as Prof. Kalu points out, remains as my legacy.

In Service of the Men,
Mark Dungey, NUTS, ROCKS visitor, Initiate

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Regarding My Legacy
By Alan Wick, 10/90

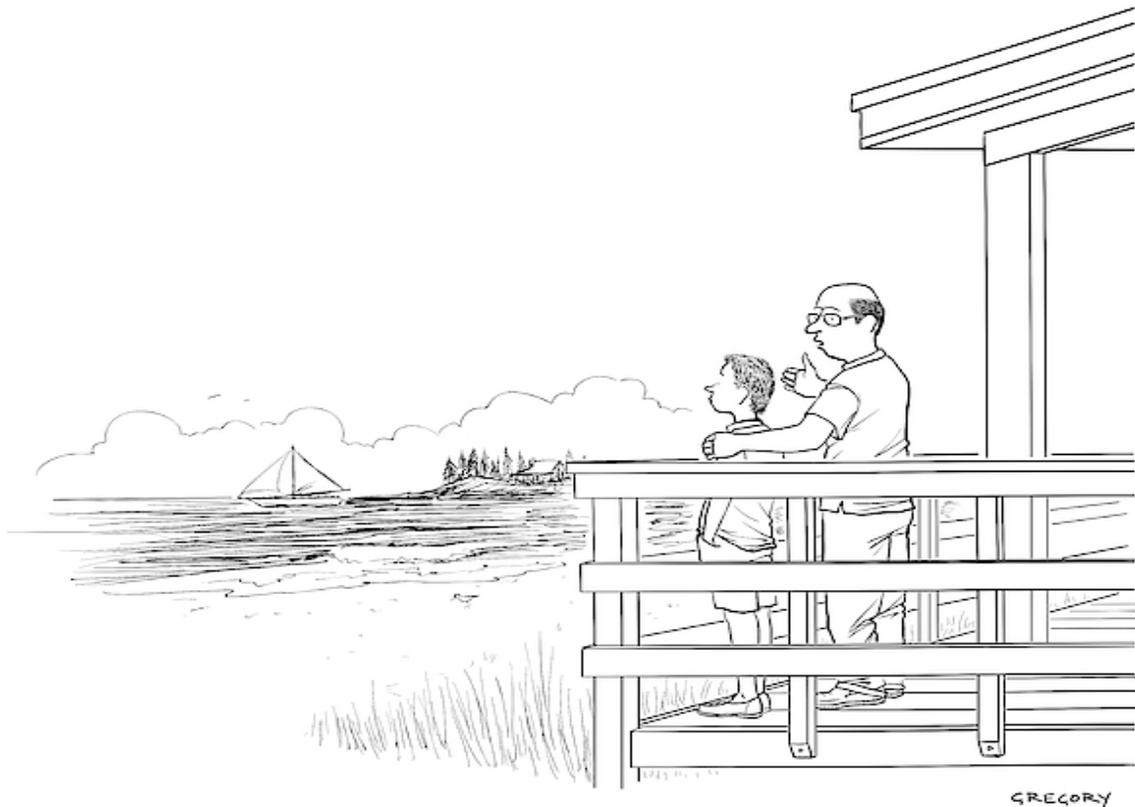
When my father died, my immediate reaction was joy ... it felt like the removal of a big burden. I was ashamed of my reaction and didn't share it with anyone for a long time. As a number of our men know, my negative relationship with my father has been a major underlying driver of my navigation through much of my life.

I've done a lot of inner work over the years, and then EBNOM came along and I learned about "Thank you, dad!" and much more. Then I had an "Aha!" liberating experience via my initiation process into the Tribe Of Men about 6 years ago. Now I am embracing some valuable legacy from my dad and carrying it forward into my own legacy.

What's my legacy? In a nutshell, I hope that I am remembered by all whose lives I've touched as a generous, conscientious, loving man of integrity, with a positive, joyful attitude and lots of humor.

Speaking of humor, maybe people will note at my upcoming memorial service (after I die, that is) that I was fond of what George Burns said when he turned 90, i.e., "Having sex at 90 is like shooting pool with a rope."

BTW, I'm only in my 70's.



"Someday, son, this will all be yours—and underwater."

My Legacy
By Jeff Randall, NUTs, Membership Chief

From Avigail, my eldest (step)daughter on my 68th birthday:

Dear Jeffrey (Dad),

As the years go by, I find myself loving you a bit more every year. You keep surprising me with your support and generosity and my heart couldn't have been fuller with love and admiration than it is now. I'm so grateful for all the time you spend loving me, and for the positive influence you have on everything I do.

I used to be preoccupied with making you proud, but I know now that you're simply proud for having me as a daughter. You accept me as I am and I no longer feel that my father has left me when I was young. I'm so lucky for the sweet moments and endless laughter around the house. Thank you for being the most amazing dad imaginable.

I love you so much.

Kisses,
Avigail

From Yoni, my youngest (step)son, on my 69th birthday:

Papa!

I wish for you many years of health and wealth. You would think that one who is approaching 70 would be slowing down but what I see is a man that is growing and taking on more and more meaning every day for yourself and for other people.

You are an inspiration to me. I feel and see you and I'm inspired by the life you have. Simple, full of people, and you've built for yourself a solid foundation in your life after years of hard work.

You always say that we kids are your legacy and I'm moved by that, so selfless, so generous. I'm here to show you that all your investment is so appreciated and is the fuel for the great things I plan.

Love you man!

Yoni

From Miriam, my wife and love of my life, on Father's Day:

Dear Sweetie,

Thanks for being such a thoughtful, authentic, and loving Dad. You have been, and continue to be, a great role model to follow and to love.

Our family was forever changed the day you came into our lives.

Love you now and always,

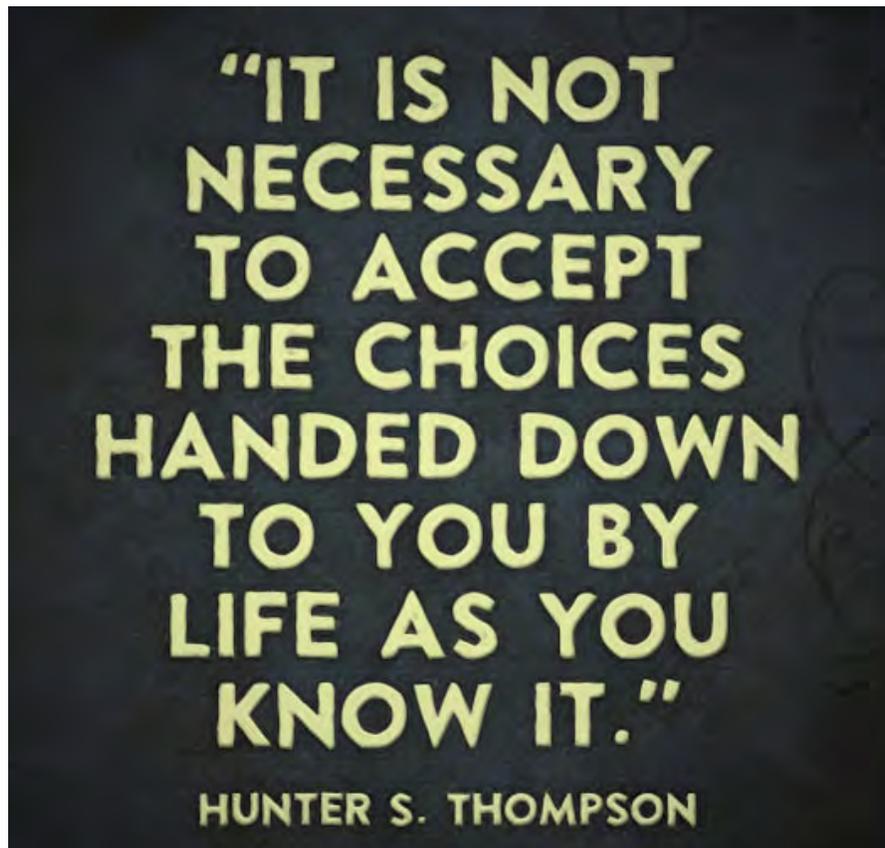
Your Sweetie

Family: I didn't think I'd have it. I got it. I'm one lucky guy.

Legacy in the Circle
By Roger Marchand, Not on a Team

Legacy: heritage, endowment, benefaction. in a galaxy far, far, away, I was struggling and stumbling through life, It was the late 70's, living in Marin, I was on my life long quest to know myself. I tried Acculizations, Est, Lifespring and heard of "Men Sex and Power" now known as "The Men's Weekend" by A Justin Sterling. I signed up (January 1983) and it was life changing for me! Getting a life long loving relationship with my older brother, saved my relationship with my late wife Michele, (being on men's teams most of the last 30 years). For example, I would bring my stuff to my team for support and counsel instead of hashing it out with my honey. Given my commute—first from Marin, then Sonoma, and now Clearlake (244 miles round trip) initially I just visited until 2001 then became an indicate. Legacy for me is the love, experience, wisdom and support living and expressed in each man holding sacred space in our Circles, as well as the tangible work in our community and setting a loving example. Showing up builds Legacy. Thank you my brothers for all of your love and support.

Live in joy, Laugh with abandon, Love with your whole heart.



A New Meaning
By Mark Dungey, NUTS, ROCKS visitor, Initiate

I've lived the majority of my life thinking about how my parents would view my accomplishments, experiences, and endeavors. "Wait 'til mom hears about this," or "I look forward to when dad visits next, so I can show him this," and the like.

Often sending pictures of a uniquely California sunset—the warm orange as seen from the Berkeley hills, or somewhere along the coast, to mom, or a picturesque



tall ship docked in Jack London Square to dad, my parents were, to varying degrees, my last connection to my birthplace and family. Now it seems there's no one left to share my childlike exuberance of discovery and experience.

Rather than focus on what I've lost—the feeling of a safety net, or the doubtless unconditional love from another human being—for my mental well being I found myself having to find a new meaning.

While I have a daughter, our relationship is strained. Not a day goes by without thinking of her, yet my newfound status as an only child orphan allows me to refocus on leaving a positive legacy—not only for her, but also for the world in general.

Mom pretty much coddled me. That was one aspect of her legacy to me. When I endured some personal pain and found it difficult to deal with it in a healthy manner, I realized that my upbringing had much to do with the way I deal with the world. Dad on the other hand attempted to walk the fine line between having a hands-off attitude and neglect—veering into neglect. This was his negative legacy.



However, the fact that they were polar opposites gave me the intuition to reconcile issues, be they personal or societal, that were presented in opposition. This too is their legacy.

They were also opposite in their financial dealings, however both left me, if I use appropriate measures of imagination and understanding, enough to plant seeds of trees bearing bigger fruit. It is my responsibility to do so, not only for my daughter, but also as a

responsible member of society.

The Circle has inspired me, despite my reluctance, to light the pilot light for my inner furnace of success—one that makes those that knew me proud to say so.

My Legacy By Brian Carter, Scallywags, Initiate

To me, the notion of legacy is an accomplishment that endures long after a person who has done something noteworthy has passed off the scene, and others now do or support that noteworthy thing in the same (or almost the same) way, following the example set by that originator. In general, everyone who does or supports such a noteworthy thing knows who started it and, to a greater or lesser extent, celebrates and remembers fondly the accomplishment of that now departed person.

An easy example of this is St. Jude's Children's Hospital in Nashville, Tennessee. There is little or no disagreement that this extraordinary institution is the *legacy* of Danny Thomas, a man more well known as a professional comedian and television actor of the 1950's. I say, "extraordinary" because, since its inception, no family whose child receives medical services or accommodations at St. Jude's is EVER asked to pay a penny for such life-saving services rendered, some of which children have been as young as seven days old.

So, now that the reader knows what *I* mean by the word "legacy," I'll discuss the legacies that I have left thus far, and my hope for more in the future.

First, my professional life. When I was a member of the California Association of Judgment Professionals ("CAJP") from 2003 to 2014, I drafted almost 4,000 emails explaining in great detail the various aspects of effective judgment enforcement, i.e. getting paid after the court has ruled in one's favor, so that a new judgment enforcer could learn how to do things the same way as I was doing then (successfully at the time). Certain techniques were developed by me over time and represent an approach to some difficult areas of the law that many judgment enforcers now follow. Although I left CAJP in 2014, those 4,000 emails are part of their permanent archives and form an almost complete picture of how to successfully enforce judgments.

More professional life (different profession): Going back to the 1990's, I was an Internationally Certified Massage Therapist (#132265), accredited by the *Associated Bodywork and Massage Professionals* (both individual practitioner, state-authorized instructor in massage therapy and continuing education provider for the California Board of Registered Nursing) who taught various forms of massage. I was also the first certified massage therapist to open a free-standing office (not connected with an orthopedic M.D. or chiropractor) in Pasadena California. In a related area, I also taught students a form of energy work from Japan called Usui Shiki Ryoko, sometimes called "*Reiki*." I was successful in this work and helped many people to overcome various physical ailments. To advance this work at the time, I wrote two 90-page student textbooks (for first- and second-degree Reiki practitioners) that formalized techniques and methods used by some Reiki practitioners even today to more effectively help their clients. I received many personally written "Thank you" letters for the work I did with my clients.

Now my personal life. I have three sons by two different marriages. At this moment, there is no communication with them, for which I take full responsibility. I'm

trying to change that now. I just recently located my two sons from my first marriage, and I am beginning to reach out to them. I haven't been able to do so before now, because inside, I was afraid that "the well was poisoned" by their mother's unrighteous slander, and they might reject me at this late date, and I wasn't prepared to "have that door close" without my having at least a chance of getting to know them as men, and at least to know about what's going on in their lives. Stay tuned.

My son Kyle, from my second marriage, also doesn't talk with me, because of my failure to appreciate what a great human being he has become. He doesn't return voicemail, so I text him whenever I can, to let him know that I'm interested in learning what's going on in his life and to ask if he wants to get together with to tell me how he's doing. I had such a great opportunity to love and cherish him (a second chance, actually, based on the young ages – 4 and 2-1/2 – at which time my first spouse ran off and hid the kids from my first marriage, 3,500 miles away). I blew it. And I've apologized to Kyle repeatedly, but I think that, in our last encounter in September 2015, I hurt him so badly emotionally that he may never let me near enough to ever be able to hurt him like that again. If true, what a horrible, negative legacy that would become).

I think of myself as a smart person (but not the smartest—*thanks, Tertés!*), yet, every challenge that I now face in this life, the key to my success has had nothing to do with my being intelligent or applying intelligence to solve such challenges. I have lived the biggest part of my life being unaware of the need for *emotional intelligence*, especially empathy, and, now that I'm starting to develop these traits, that conspicuous failure is now catching up with me.

In some small way, I feel like a woman who is strikingly beautiful and learns at a very early age that she can use her superficial, physical beauty to get many of the things that she wants in life. Ultimately, she misses out on what's truly important because, as she gets older, she doesn't develop her personality nor build enduring relationships with others. which can survive the eventual loss of the beauty she came to rely upon. Throughout her adulthood, her relationships are superficial and transactional rather than deep and enduring. She may, at times, have even compared herself to others and disparaged them for not being as attractive (despite attractiveness being beyond one's control). Then she reaches an age when her beauty fades and she realizes she's missed out on much along the way. She slowly realizes that she has little to look forward to because she's lost the only thing she relied upon. In failing to develop more enduring traits, she failed to develop important relationships.

Epilogue: When the topic was introduced, I thought about it a lot. It made me go back over my life and figure out what I've done---good and bad—to change this world. My conclusion: Some small changes, but not a lot. As my own "clock" runs down, I'm questioning whether the world is better now that I've lived in it. As for my three sons, definitely, I'm optimistic that the world will be a better place. Anything else? As the Japanese say, "We'll know in the fullness of time." If you got this far, thanks for reading!

Legacy
By Bob Jones, NUTS, Initiate

I thought of a legacy I set in motion during college tonight, it's perfect for our topic here.

Back in my college days there was a Stop sign at the end of a long curve in the road leading from the freeway up to where the road would enter the school at Lane Community College in Springfield OR, where I was attending electronics school. This was a sign I would have to obey each and every time I would come to that school for the duration. There was complete visibility in all directions for the entire stretch of the exit, which was quite long and took a while to get to the end of. There was no earthly need to stop, yet the powers that be, in their great glory and infinite wisdom - and obvious enjoyment of stomping on the convenience of others - had designated that intersection for stopping.

One day I got fed up with having to stop at that sign yet again, when there was plenty of visibility in all directions and plenty of room to move and never any need to stop, and committed to embarking out with my tools later, to nab a Yield sign somewhere.

Late that night in the wee hours, under cover of darkness in the middle of residential Springfield, I stealthily set out and found one that was not really doing anything important and would not make any difference, and with my ears piqued and spying carefully in all directions, took it down. I knew that it would be replaced and put back up by the city if they felt it was really important to do so.

I took it out to where the stop sign was and very carefully took that irritating, annoying Stop sign down. I tossed it in the bushes and installed the Yield sign instead, in its place. I did a very professional job - nobody would ever know the highway department had not done it. Nobody saw me and I would never get any credit or recognition for doing so. But the rest of that year I was blessed with not having to stop unnecessarily anymore, at that infuriating Stop sign.

I was happy to have created that much freedom for myself and others just for the time I would be at college at LCC that year, as I would be leaving to move to CA after that. I expected that what I had done might be discovered at any time, and I would live with possibly having to go back to stopping for the damn thing again, any day.

Imagine my pleasant surprise when the Yield sign continued to stay up, evidently respected and welcomed by all. Day after day, week after week, month after month it stayed up, I got to use it every school day. I was very gratified, and knew that other motorists would be in their hearts thanking the city for changing out that damnable Stop sign for a much more appropriate Yield sign, even though the city would never hear about it. In my heart I knew that the city never would change it out, it would be against whatever guidelines that had led to them putting it up in the first place. Finally I left to move to CA and that blessed Yield sign was still up.

I basically forgot about it after moving to CA.

5 years later I went back to visit friends in Eugene, and could not contain myself when the thought hit me that I should take a little side trip over to Springfield and see if the Yield sign was still up. It WAS! When I came around the bend and saw that, I almost dropped my load. I was giddy, my eyes were like saucers. I had a big shit-eating

grin on my face for the rest of the day. It was still there - nobody had ever complained, and it was continuing to serve the community at large with a convenience that thousands of drivers had since enjoyed, every day for the last 5 years since I had done the deed.

I slept very well that night. My civil disobedience had stood the test of time!

"The things you do
for yourself are
gone when you are
gone, but the
things you do for
others remain as
your legacy."

- Kalu Ndukwe Kalu

LEGACY

By Bryan Weiss, B Team, Legacy Chief

To me, “legacy” is who you are being today, what you are doing, that will leave your mark on the world when you die. I often think about what I would want people to say about me at my funeral (my first choice would be to hear “look, he’s moving!”) and what stories my family would share about me. When I play those moments in my mind, the results serve as the paving stones for the legacy I want to leave behind.

I would want my loved ones to say that I was a kind and caring man.

I would want my loved ones to say that I lived a life of integrity.

I would want my loved ones to say that I cared about my family above anything else.

I would want my loved ones to say that I put everything I had into everything I did.

I would want my loved ones to say that I always tried to do the right thing.

I would want my loved ones to say that I kept my word.

I would want my loved ones to say that I was funny.

I would want my loved ones to say that I was a Deadhead to my dying day. Please bury me in tie dye.



My Legacy
By Stuart MacNee, NUTS, Coffee Wallah

This is a depressing topic for me. Thinking about what legacy means, whether that is family or social impact or business impact or any other impact, I realized I have none. Well, aside from an astounding daughter. But even that is only partially my doing. I mean, her mother contributed at least half, and she spent more time living with her mother than me.

To date, I have essentially drifted thru life, washing up on shore of this job or that place with the tide only to drift out again when it recedes.

However, once introduced and accepted into the Circle, I am able to find what I lack to create an anchor so I can stay for a while, to leave an imprint. However, Now that I have found that, I am compelled to move on again. I am sad, of course, and happy. My mother is 90 and I have spoken to many people who did not take the opportunity to spend that last years with their parents and deeply regret it.

However, I also have some legacy in the Circle with Team NUTs. The New Unnamed Team. I will take some credit for getting it going. Although in truth, it was created at the Fall Event 2016 “Cooker.” I just merely picked up the baton. Now as the Team’s “Black Dot,” I have a chance to impress some “Team Culture” on it before I go. Some of these are:

1. We create a team for the Man that is coming. What the heck does that mean? It means that when a man comes to the team, he experiences a culture of men creating and living lives in a way that he admires and wants himself.
2. We are a team that lives in Integrity. We will help you define what it means to you to be a “Better Man” and then do whatever we can to help you achieve and live those lofty ideals.
3. In exchange, we demand the man arrive ready to change. We will call you out and shut you down. We won’t let you hide out or slack off.

In terms of great leaders and scientists, this is pretty small stuff. But Rome wasn’t built in a day and you have to start somewhere, right?

**WRITE YOUR
LEGACY**

Legacy
By J.T., ROCKS!

In Kim Stanley Robinson's world of *New York 2140*, most of the stuff we think of as our legacy (what we wrote, composed, said, built, designed, recorded...the art we made, the organizations or businesses we created...the things we discovered, the knowledge we passed on...the money we made, the beautiful objects we acquired...the stories about us, the memories of us in other peoples minds)...all that will be totally gone. And for those who have children, I'm sorry to say that there's a pretty good chance that your line will die out...that your DNA will not make it through the coming storm.

So what's left?

For me, well, I've got a book I'd like to write and a record album (sorry, a *CD*) that I'd like to put out, but so what? I'll be gone and those things will be gone in the blink of a geologic eye.

But there's another way of looking at legacy besides “What stuff of mine do I want to inflict on the people of the future?” or in other words, “What do I want to clutter up *their* lives with?”

The real question is, what do the people of the future need that I might be able to pass down to them?

And the answer to that is pretty simple. It's the same thing that was passed down to me. And to all of us.

A livable planet.

So that's what I'd like my legacy to be.

Of course I can't do that all by myself. I'm not *that* grandiose or *that* delusional.

But maybe I can pass down to the future a little piece of that.

Maybe I can do something that will save a few lives out of the billions who will die from the effects of climate change.

Maybe I can do something that will keep a few people from losing their homes out of the billions who will be turned into refugees by the effects of climate change.

Of course, whichever path you choose—Community Man or Dragon-Slayer—with climate change you're never going to see the results. It's too big and it's too gradual.

So you're never going to know.

You just have to do it.



Legacy
By Gerald W. Ray

Legacy is timeless,
constantly being created by our deeds leaving behind moments.
Moments loaded with memories that created vision, hope, and fear.

Legacy is what we leave behind,

A shadow of life,
That can give light
Or diminish light.

We control our legacy,
Moment by moment,

Deed by deed,
Word by word,
Constantly being created,
Legacy is timeless.

Legacy



A Bushwacker Legacy

By Rich Symmons, Scallywags, Communications Chief

One of the finest legacies that once defined our commitment to each other (I'd like to thank the Bushwackers!) was that each man on the team had to complete a midweek call to all other men on the team. If any two men failed to do this, the entire team took cold showers for a week. This team standard served the Bushwackers, I think for some if not most of the 13 and one half years I was on the team. It was a real strength. Even the NITS had the phone call as a standard for some extended period of time, though the team eventually agreed to abandon the standard.

In part the basis of the phone call standard, for me, stemmed from my close phone relationships I have maintained with my aunts and uncles. I called them regularly. Yesterday, I drove to Jackson alone to see my Aunt Sally celebrate the life of her recently deceased husband, Uncle Dean, who she kept alive on renal dialysis for about 7 or 8 years. She was remarkably dedicated to the man. It's a kind of courage I have seen in most of my relatives, and that included at one time 13 sets of aunts and uncles and 54 first cousins, most of whom lived in the Bay Area. Walnut Creek was the hub, in a house



on Main Street. My grandfather was THE blacksmith in town. Need a wheel made for your wagon? He was the man to see.

Anyway....at Uncle Dean's funeral, we concluded by all greeting and hugging Aunt Sally in a greeting line. When I hugged her, I said to her "I'll call you just like I always have." She

looked up to me and said "You have been so good at calling me. You're great at that." Made me smile, I must say. For me, calling was family standard. I don't ever recall getting a call from any of my aunts or uncles, other than for bad news. Somehow, I did not expect them to call, so if there was a call to be made, it was up to me. From time to time, I contact Barbara Block and Jennie McMahon. Our Bushwacker wives were social friends, and we all went out to dinner at least once each year. It's important for me to maintain the contacts. I like it.

So, to the point of my composing this essay.....I want to suggest that any team in our Circle might want to adopt a phone call standard for a month to see it doesn't enhance the intimacy on the team. In fact, I would like to be on a team, a phone team. Alan and I have begun, using the following premise: *What did you do today?* This comes from my close relationship to a then 65 year old man, Eddie, who built with some help from me, a 64-foot steel hulled boat named Geronimo. Ed was 1/8 native Indian, and a

relative of Geronimo. He would call me! And I of course would call him, usually monthly. But his first statement would be “What did you do today?”, which was his way of thinking that doing work is what it takes to put 6 years into a project in Half Moon Bay while he lived in Port Angeles in Washington. Drove home most weekends. He was one of the hardest working men I’ve ever known, and it was a privilege to be adopted by him as if I were his son. So the idea is to form a team based on a weekly phone call. Perhaps you might find a man in our Circle who would like to set that as a standard. As Communications Chief, I say reach out, man!

Please forgive the coherent rambling. I’m nearing the time when it’s time to be replaced as Communications Chief. Hopefully by the end of the year, which coincides with Rebecca’s retirement from Kaiser. This job of Chief requires a bit of homework, well maybe more than a bit. Lots of note taking and transcribing, and listening is a must, which is not my strong suit. Most of the time, my notes coincide with what really got said, but not always. To me, retirement means I don’t have any more homework to do. I’ve had homework continuously since I was 6, and it’s time to get out from under it. Leaving more time for me to phone a few more men to ask “What did you do today?”

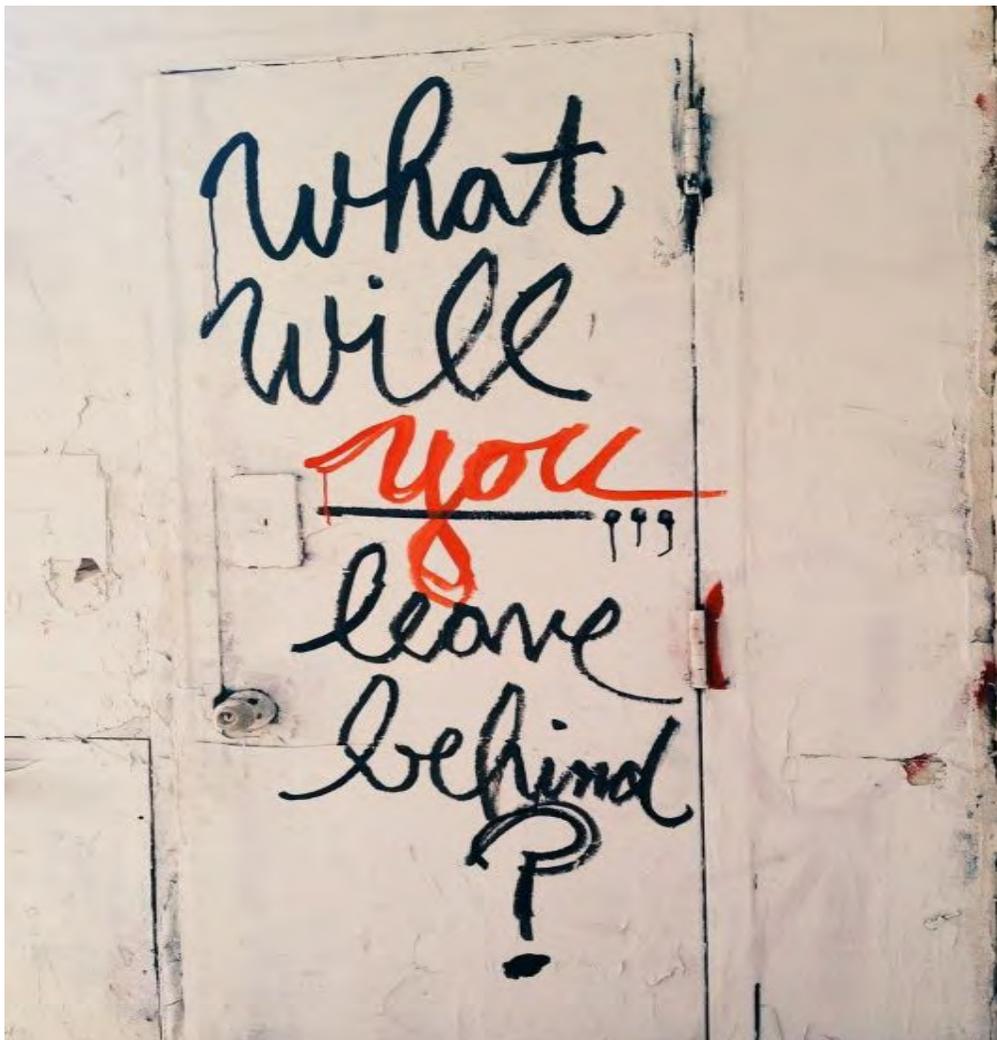


LEGACY DISCOVERY
By Michael Burns, Outliers

One of NOM's heroes/elders who is part of our LEGACY left us with the gem, "We are all Elders in training." This he said at age 90 before passing. Both he, Bob Grant, and our own Henry Block attended one of our men's weekends right before they passed. Our training doesn't end until the end.

TRUST THE MEN. Trust me. The Legacy Discovery Weekend is worth your time and money.

Register at: <http://www.mentordiscoverinspire.org> or,
Registration form on page 19.







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. (Initials): _____.

I specifically and forever release and discharge MDI, Mentor Discover Inspire, 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. (Initials): _____.

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. (Initials): _____.

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. (Initials): _____.

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. (Initials): _____.

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: _____

MDI

Mentor · Discover · Inspire
Western Region



Legacy Discovery

November 3, 4 and 5, 2017

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: _____ Postal/Zip Code: _____ Home Phone: _____

Work Phone: _____ Cell 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, November 3, 2017

Signature: _____ Date: _____

-- Event and Payment Information --

Registration opens at 5:00pm on Friday November 3, 2017 at Camp Norge, Alta, CA. 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, November 5, 2017.

The Legacy Discovery Site:

Camp Norge
250 Canyon Mine Rd.
Alta, CA 95701
(530)389-2508; campnorge@yahoo.com

Tuition fee through Sept. 15, 2017 for **Payment in Full** is \$425.00 (\$375.00 for MDI members). Starting Sept. 16, 2017 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
ldl7@pacbell.net

To Complete Registration:

Please visit the MDI Legacy Discovery site at

<https://mdi.member365.com/public/event/details/2aa3a54a5913c0f09ced12df3004202bacf50ac7/1>

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 November 3, 2017.

Sponsor Name: _____ Division: _____

Weekend & Location: _____ Home Phone: _____

E-Mail: _____ Work or Cell: _____

Sponsor Signature: _____ Date: _____

My MoFo Manifesto

A preamble to the Fall Event (reissued)

By Robert Martin, Team 10/90, Vision Keeper for Fall Event 2017

met·a·phor

noun

1. a figure of speech...applied to a thing ... that is representative or symbolic of something else, where one thing is defined in terms of another.

What was I *thinking* when I bellowed out my vision at the Fall Event last September: **Metaphor, this Motherfucker!** Nothing. The phrase *thought* me. It came thru me, shot right out of me. To this day I am still trying to make sense of what it means.

Here's what I have come up with:

- *The phrase demands our attention, it implores us to take metaphor seriously, to recognize that it is a force to be reckoned with*
- *It insist we delve into the meaning of metaphor and how it operates in our lives*
- *It invites action by turning metaphor, the noun, into a verb*
- *It invites us to turn the word this into a blank that we must fill in ourselves*
- *It challenges us to figure out who our "motherfucker" is, who we are speaking to*

On the average we utter six metaphors a minute. Every tenth or twenty-fifth word we speak or write is a metaphor. Plain and simple: we are metaphor-making machines.

The names of our teams are metaphors: *The Bushwackers*, *The Journeymen*, *Rocks*, etc. When we gather we *circle up*. *Circling up* is a metaphor. *The Crucible*, a key component to our initiation process, is a metaphor. Our *totem* is a metaphor – it's a living, symbolic reminder of our own legacy, the men and the events that have made us who and what we are.

Metaphors are magnificent and mystifying. They systematically disorganize the common sense of things – they jumble the abstract with the concrete, the physical with the psychological. They create uncommon combinations. They allow for unexpected similarities to occur.

They mix the foreign with the familiar, the marvelous with the mundane, that makes the world sting and tingle. Sting and tingle sounds a lot like *Shock and Awe*.

Metaphor wakes us up. If we are in a stupor it snaps us out of it. It jolts us from cliché into catharsis through free association.

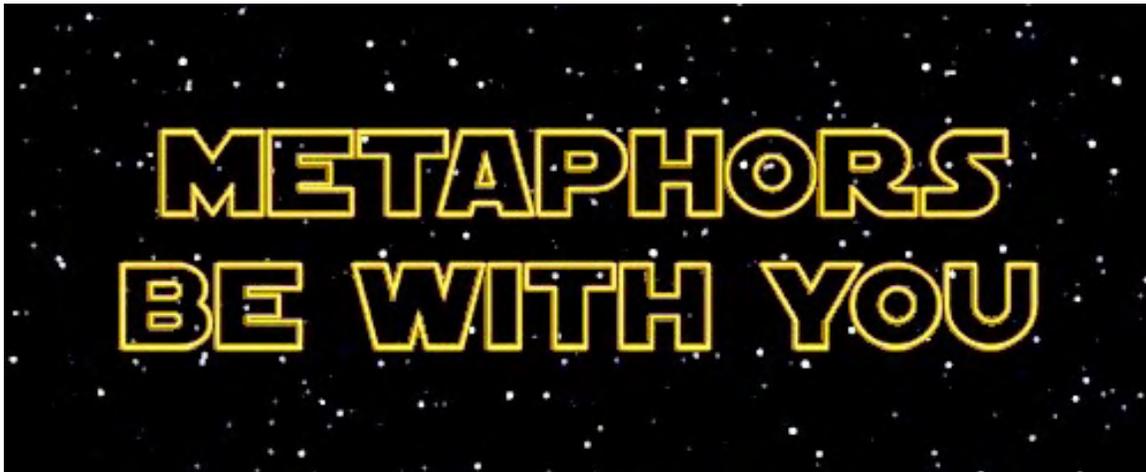
Whenever we solve problems, make discoveries, or devise innovations, metaphorical thinking is at play.

A metaphor is both detour and destination, a digression that gets to the point. It half discovers and half invents.

Metaphor helps us to make sense of an enigmatic world.

Put simply: metaphor translates *insight* into *action*.

Things are never just things themselves. Everything can be seen and should be seen, as something else: as an amalgam of associations, correspondences and semblances. Or in the words of the visionary French poet, Arthur Rimbaud: the purpose of metaphor is to turn the *I* into an *Other*.



Elk Talk & Beautiful Beast
An excerpt from *Big Magic* by Elizabeth Gilbert
By Robert Martin, 10/90, Vision Keeper Fall Event 2017, *Metaphor This, MoFo!*

The following pages are two short chapters from a non-fiction work about creative living, called *Big Magic*. The author is Elizabeth Gilbert (Eat, Prey, Love).

These pages are required reading for the Fall Event. The first chapter, *Elk Talk*, is about an experience Gilbert had with an elk in the woods. The second chapter, *The Beautiful Beast*, is about how Gilbert took her elk experience and turned it into a metaphor that gave her insight into her life as a committed artist, while also giving her a new perspective on how to see and react to challenging circumstances.

You will have an opportunity at the Fall Event to do what Gilbert has done in these pages: to take an experience and convert it into metaphor, so you can find the life lessons that will potentially propel you from *insight into action!* Enjoy!

Elk Talk

Let me tell you a story about persistence and patience.

Back in my early twenties, I wrote a short story called “Elk Talk.” The tale had grown out of an experience I’d had back when I was working as a cook on a ranch in Wyoming. One evening, I had stayed up late telling jokes and drinking beer with a few of the cowboys. These guys were all hunters, and we got to talking about elk calls – the various techniques for imitating a bull elk’s mating call in order to draw the animals near. One of the cowboys, Hank, admitted that he had recently purchased a tape recording of some elk calls made by the greatest master of elk-calling in elk-hunting history, a guy named (and I will never forget this) Larry D. Jones.

For some reason – it might have been the beer – I thought this was the funniest thing I’ve ever heard. I loved that there was somebody in the world named Larry D. Jones who made a living by recording himself imitating mating calls of elks, and I loved that people like my friend Hank bought these tapes in order to practice their own mating calls. I persuaded Hank to go find the Larry D. Jones instructional mating-call tape, and I made him play it for me again and again while I left myself dizzy. It wasn’t just the sound of the elk call that I found hilarious (it’s an eardrum-shredding Styrofoam-against-Styrofoam screech); I also loved the earnest twain of Larry D. Jones droning on and on about how to do it correctly. I found the whole thing to be comedy gold.

Then somehow (again, the beer may have played a role) I got this idea that Hank and I should go try it out – that we should stumble into the woods in the middle of the night with a boom box and the Larry D. Jones tape, just to see what would happen. So we did. We were drunk and giddy and loud as we thrashed through the Wyoming mountains. Hank carried the boom box on his shoulder and turned up the volume as high as he could, well I kept falling over laughing at the loud, artificial sound of a bull elk in rut – interspersed with Larry D. Jones’s droning voice – blasting through our surroundings.

We could not have been less in tune with nature at that moment, but nature found us anyway. All at once there was a thunder of hooves (I’d never heard an actual thunder of hooves before; it’s terrifying) and then a crashing of branches, and then the biggest elk you ever saw exploded into our clearing and stood there in the moonlight, just a few short

yards from us, snorting and pointing at the ground and tossing his antlered head in fury: *what rival male has dared to bugle a meeting call on my turf?*

Suddenly, Larry D. Jones didn't seem so funny anymore.

Never have two people sobered up as fast as Hank and I sobered up right then. We'd been kidding, but this seven-hundred-pound beast was decidedly not kidding. He was ready for war. It was as if we'd been conducting a harmless little séance, but we'd inadvertently summoned forth an actual dangerous spirit. We'd been messing around with forces that should not be messed with, and we were not worthy.

My impulse was to bow down before the elk, trembling, and to beg for mercy. Hank's impulse was smarter — to throw the boom box as far away from us as he could, as if it were about to detonate (anything to distance ourselves from the bogus voice that we had dragged into this all-too-real forest). We cowered behind a boulder. We gawped at the elk in wonder while it blew clouds of frosty breath, furiously looking for its rival, tearing up the earth beneath its hooves. When you see the face of God, it is meant to frighten you, and this magnificent creature had frightened us in exactly that matter.

When the elk finally departed, we inched our way back to the ranch, feeling humbled and shaken and very mortal. It was *awesome*— in the classical definition of the word.

So I wrote about it. I didn't tell this exact story, but I wanted to catch hold of that sensation ("callow humans humbled by divine natural visitation") and use it as the basis for writing something serious and intense about man in nature. I wanted to take that electrifying personal experience and work it into a piece of short fiction using imagined characters. It took me many months to get that story right – or at least to get it as close to right as I possibly could, for my age and abilities. When I finished writing the story, I called it "Elk Talk." Then I started sending it out to magazines, hoping somebody would publish it.

One of the publications that I sent "Elk Talk" to was the late, great fiction journal *Story*. Many of my literary heroes – Cheever, Caldwell, Salinger, Heller — had been published there over the decades, and I wanted to be in those pages, too. A few weeks later, my inevitable rejection letter arrived in the post. But this was a really special rejection letter.

You have to understand that rejection letters come in varying degrees, ranging across the full spectrum of the word *no*. There is not only the boilerplate form of rejection letter; there is also the boilerplate rejection letter with a tiny personal note scrawled on the bottom, in an actual human's handwriting, which might say something like, *Interesting but not for us!* It can be exhilarating to receive even such a sparse crumb of recognition, and many times in my youth I've been known to run around crowing to my friends, "I just got the most *amazing* rejection note!"

But this particular rejection letter was from *Story's* well-respected editor in chief, Lois Rosenthal herself. Her response was thoughtful and encouraging. Ms. Rosenthal liked the story, she wrote. She tended to like stories about animals better than stories about people. Ultimately, however, she felt that the ending fell short. Therefore, she would not be publishing it. But she wished me good luck.

To an unpublished writer, getting rejected as nicely as that—from the editor in chief herself!—is almost like winning the Pulitzer. I was elated. It was by far the most fantastic rejection I'd ever received. And then I did what I used to do all the time back

then: I took that rejected short story out of its self-addressed stamped envelope and sent it off to another magazine to collect yet another rejection letter—maybe an even better one. Because that is how you play the game. Onward ever, backward never.

A few years passed. I kept working at my day jobs and writing on the side. I finally did get published—with a different short story, in a different magazine. Because of that lucky break, I was now able to get a professional literary agent. Now it was my agent, Sarah, who sent my work out to publishers on my behalf. (No more photocopying for me; my agent had her own photocopier!) A few months into our relationship, Sarah called me with lovely news: My old short story “Elk Talk” was going to be published.

“Wonderful,” I said. “Who bought it?”

“*Story* magazine,” she reported. “Lois Rosenthal loved it.”

Huh.

Interesting.

A few days later, I had a phone conversation with Lois herself, who could not have been kinder. She told me that she thought “Elk Talk” was perfect, and that she couldn’t wait to publish it.

“You even liked the ending?” I asked.

“Of course,” she said. “I adore the ending.”

As we spoke, I was holding in my hands the very rejection letter she had written me just a few years earlier about this same story. Clearly, she had no recollection of ever having read “Elk Talk” before. I didn’t bring it up. I was delighted that she was embracing my work, and I didn’t want to seem disrespectful, snarky, or ungrateful. But I certainly was curious, so I asked, “What is it that you like about my story, if you don’t mind telling me?”

She said, “It’s so evocative. It feels mythical. It reminds me of something, but I can’t quite put my finger on what...”

I knew better than to say, “It reminds you of *itself*.”

The Beautiful Beast

So how do we interpret this tale?

The cynical interpretation would be “This is unequivocal evidence that the world is a place of deep unfairness.”

Because look at the facts: Lois Rosenthal didn’t want “Elk Talk” when it was submitted to her by an unknown author, but she did want it when it was submitted to her by a famous literary agent. Therefore: It’s not what you know, it’s who you know. Talent means nothing, and connections mean everything, and the world of creativity—like the greater world itself—is a mean and unfair place.

If you want to see it that way, go right ahead.

But I didn’t see it that way. On the contrary, I saw it as another example of Big Magic—and, again, a witty one. I saw it as proof that you must never surrender, that no doesn’t always mean *no*, and that miraculous turns of fate can happen to those who persist in showing up.

Also, just try to imagine how many short stories a day Lois Rosenthal was reading back in the early 1990’s. (I’ve seen slush piles at magazines: picture a tower of manila envelopes stacked up to the sky.) We all like to think that our work is original and

unforgettable, but surely it must all run together after a certain point—even the animal-themed stories. Moreover, I don't know what kind of mood Lois was in when she read "Elk Talk" the first time. She might have read it at the end of a long day, or after an argument with a colleague, or just before she had to drive to the airport to pick up a relative she wasn't looking forward to seeing. I don't know what sort of mood she was in when she read it for the second time, either. Maybe she'd just come back from a restorative vacation. Maybe she'd just received elating news. A loved one didn't have cancer, after all! Who knows? All I do know is that, when Lois Rosenthal read my short story for the second time, it echoed in her consciousness and sang out to her. But that echo was only in her mind because *I had planted it there*, several years earlier, by sending her my story in the first place. And also because I had stayed in the game, even after the initial rejection.

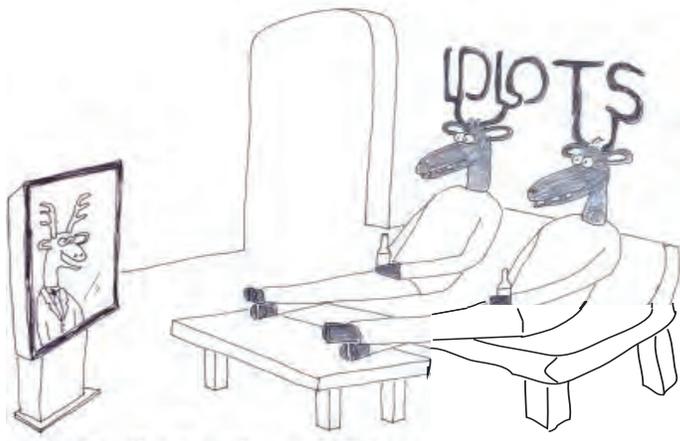
This event also taught me that these people—the ones who stand at the gates of our dreams—are not automatons. They are just *people*. They are just like us. They are whimsical and quirky. They're a little different every day, just as you and I are a little different every day. There is not neat template that can ever predict what will capture any one person's imagination, or when; you just have to reach them at the right moment. But since the right moment is unknowable, you must maximize your chances. Play the odds. Put yourself forward in stubborn good cheer, and then do it again and again and again...

The effort is worth it, because when at last you do connect, it is an otherworldly delight of the highest order. Because this is how it feels to lead the faithful creative life: You try and try and try, and nothing works. But you keep trying, and you keep seeking, and then sometimes, in the least expected place and time, it finally happens. You make the connection. Out of nowhere, it all comes together. Making art does sometimes feel like you're holding a séance, or like you're calling out in the night for a wild animal on the prowl. What you're doing seems impossible and even silly, but then you hear the thunder of hooves, and some beautiful beast comes rushing into the glade, searching for you just as urgently as you have been searching for it.

So you must keep trying. You must keep calling out in those dark woods for your own Big Magic. You must search tirelessly and faithfully, hoping against hope to someday experience that divine collision of creative communion—either for the first time, or one more time.

Because when it all comes together, it's amazing. When it all comes together, the only thing you can do is bow down in gratitude, as if you have been granted an audience with the divine.

Because you have.



"After the break, we talk to a top psychologist about how to interpret your antlers and how their shape can be a window to the soul."

General Saturday Morning Meeting Notes
August 12, 2017
By Rich Symmons, Communications Chief



47 men and 3 dogs joined together, receiving the blessing from our Spirit Chief, Bruce Rudolph after a good breakfast provided by the Scallywags.

6 new men were introduced: William Mouldrom, Charles Lewis, David Windsor, Michael Fulmer & Pierre Telle. (excuse if misspelled).

A rep from MDI talked about the **Legacy Discovery weekend**

- Provides tools for looking at your past, your present, and finding direction to leaving a legacy.
- Next session: Nov 1 near Auburn CA (near Sacto).
- Didn't get the contact person's name, so if you know him, let me know.

East Bay Boxing Assoc'n has become our primary Community Service project. Solomon invited us to come work with him, and apologized for the confusion at the last work effort. Future workdays are being set up, so keep an ear out. Mark Wagner is a key contact for this stuff.

Reminder: Crucibles for Tom Dolan and Yoni are on Aug 23rd @ our Fire Circle.

The Chief's Away is after the meeting today, so you'll hear more later about the outcome.

The 26th Annual Community Campout was a major success, including archery for the first time, and 20 men made the event happen. Major attaboys were awarded!

Fall Event is on Sept 8-10 in Boulder Creek. Only ~20 men have registered and paid, so get on it, guys! Robert asks that you reg no later than Aug 18th. Also, he needs emergency contact information and your shirt size.

JT reminds us that Hero nominations are due, so if you know of a man that has met the high bar, please let him know..

Next newsletter: NUTS. Topic: LEGACY

Next breakfast: well....it's at Boulder Creek, dude! So the Oct breakfast will be by the NUTS.

Stewart needs a coffee Co-Walla to stand in for him when he cannot make it. Please consider helping him out.

Wick talked about the New Men's Team, held at the Garrison this next Monday, meeting every other week. David Block is coordinating the effort, along with some other "seniors," so feel free to contribute by attending.

Raphael stepped up to be VK for our next Community Campout. He acknowledged all the support he has already been given. Eight men stepped into the Circle and a pic was taken to nail down part of his production team.

Michael Taylor has taken on the Fire Walla duties from Joe Carlig, a most important function that serves the Fire Circle. What's a Fire Circle without a FIRE? Thank you, Michael!

Terry McMahon asked that all receipts for the Campout get submitted ASAP so that he can wrap up the accounting. Call Stewart McNee if you have questions.

Rich Symmons announced a fishing trip out of Half Moon Bay on a party boat. Call him if interested in being on board. Dates and costs to follow.

If there are any errors in these notes, please let me know and I'll correct them. Thanks!

Chief's Corner
By Jeff Randall, NUTs, Membership Chief

Last month I replaced Ryan Stoney as Membership Chief. Pretty cool. When I came home and told Miriam I was now, officially, a Chief. She said, “Wow, a real Chief. Cowabonga!” That, kinda put me in my place real fast.

But, seriously, it's a trip that I'm sitting at the table with the Big Boys. I have lots of passion and juice for the position, and I don't take lightly the responsibility.

Hats off to Ryan for doing a great job the last three years. In the meetings I attended as an apprentice, I sat with admiration noting the respect Ryan received from the other Chiefs. Of course, it came in the form of busting balls, but that's just the way the Chiefs roll.

So, my vision: First, comes the subject of diversity. That's been a big one and it's been one for years. I know this from the conversations I've had with men who have been around awhile. I, also, met with the two men of color in our Circle: Charles Mance and Gerald Ray. Both had very different hits on why there aren't more. But, what I've come to realize from these various talks is, “We are whom we are.” That is, an organization of older white males.

I intend on reaching out, and will encourage other men to do the same, to Black, Asian, and Latino men's organizations.

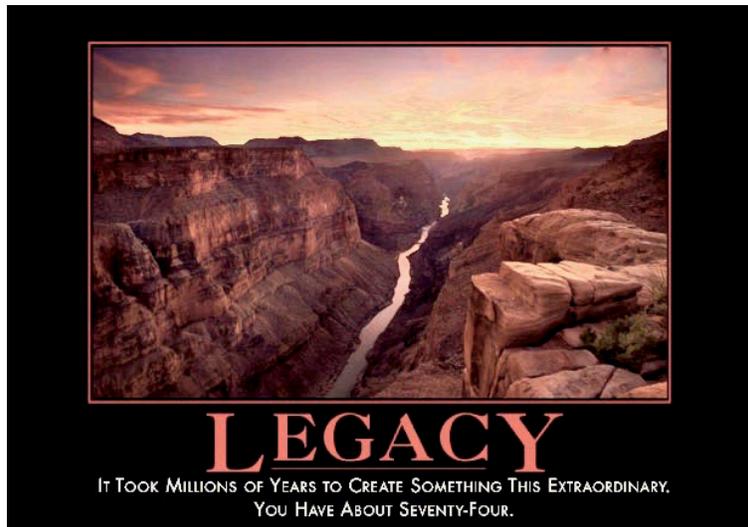
Through exposure, building bridges, and planting seeds, a natural process, I hope, will unfold, in which men from other races and cultures will be drawn to what we offer. A great example is the community service project with the East Oakland Boxing Association

led by Mark Wagner with the full support of our Community Service Chief, Clayton Thiel. It also shows up in our on-going commitment to Thunder Road.

What's most important and doable, is getting some younger members. Right now, we're not in such bad shape. In spite of an average age of something like 55, there are men in their late 30's and 40's who show up big time and will provide leadership into the future, as all of us old farts pass into whatever is next.

But, for the future health of the Circle, we do need fresh, younger blood. I have some developing thoughts how to go about this, first of which, is to gather the ideas from all of you through ebnom-essential. This will start in earnest after the Fall Event. I also plan on asking a few men who have a burn to reach out to younger men, to meet and strategize a cohesive plan to make it happen.

I thank all of you for entrusting me with this responsibility. I won't let you down.



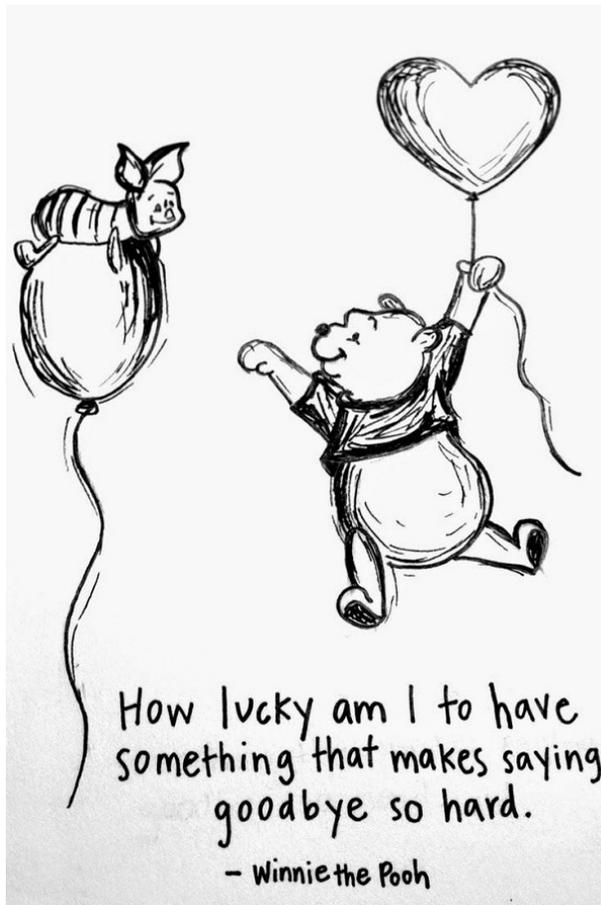
Health Wallah Corner

Life is Precious

By Don Peck, Health Wallah

My father is 92 and my mother turns 89 in September. They have been married just about 69 years. They still hold hands and adore each other. Recently my mom has started to have some serious health challenges and my three older brothers and I have been doing 24/7 care with them. We each take 7-8 days a month. It has been an intensely rewarding and challenging time. In September I begin full time care of my beloved parents.

Ours has not always been an easy relationship. For many years we were estranged. I blamed them for my problems.



In 1989 while living and working in Berlin Germany they came to visit me. As mentioned, I had much “unfinished business” with them. I wrote them a 28-page letter called, “The Looney Bin-My Lost Years”. I got all my “venom” out. I told them all the things that had been eating at me. It was hard for a while. I give my parents great credit as my “Truth Telling” became an opportunity for each of us to grow.

In many ways, besides being my parents, they are my dearest friends. I truly enjoy spending time with them. They are both curious, intelligent and a pleasure to be with. All their kids and grandkids really appreciate what extraordinary people they are.

I don’t know how much longer my parents have. How long does any of us have? There are seasons to life and my parents are in their wintertime. If we’re lucky we get to live to a ripe old age like my parents. At this stage for my parents it is all about quality of life.

I find that being a Care Giver comes very natural to me and I take great pleasure in it. In many ways it’s clear to me this blessed time now with my mom and dad can be traced back to that letter I wrote back in 1989.

My point in sharing this right before the Fall Event is to encourage any of you to clear up any “Unfinished Business” you might have with your parents, family or other loved ones. No telling when it will be too late.

Other Topics

Risk & Reward

By Jeff Randall, NUTs, Membership Chief

The biggest risk I ever took was marrying my second wife, Becky. It turned out to be the worst decision I ever made, and the best. I married out of confusion and desperation. Terrified of being alone, at the lowest point of my life, I chose to marry a



woman who I not only didn't love, but who was violent. On many occasions, both private and in public, she attacked me. Filled with guilt and shame, I allowed it to continue for three years.

I had actually broken up with her a number of times. The last time, lying in bed, I told her that this time it was really over. "You can't break up with." "Why not?" "Because I'm pregnant." I didn't believe her. Another manipulation. But, sure enough, the pregnancy test was positive. An abortion was not a choice for her. She was 36 and desperate to have a baby. I decided, like in the movies, to "Do The Right Thing." But, can you believe it, a month later she miscarries. That's when my moment of truth arrived. On the one hand, I was being given a way out. On the other, I had already committed to marrying her.

I went nuts for a few days trying to figure out what to do. This is how fucked up I was: I was a seasoned Marriage, Family Therapist at the time (yeh, I know. I told you I was fucked up). So, in a session with Ted, a 32 year-old, single guy, with serious women issues, I ask him for advice. I'm not kidding.

In the middle of our session: "Hey, Ted, can I ask you something?"

"Sure, shoot." I tell him the whole story.

Ted tells me I've got to marry her. "What kind of asshole backs out after making that kind of commitment? "It would be totally fucked up."

He's right. I think. So, we get married. The abuse and misery goes on for another year and a half. It finally ends, with her kicking me out. But, like I said, at the end, it was the best decision I've ever made. Out of that pit of shame and darkness, I rose, like a fucking phoenix out of the ashes. Miriam, my third and final wife, and I have been together for 19 years. I never would have been ready for her had not been for that horror show.

An Editorial: Unconditional Love in the
D.S.A. and
the Struggle of Not Giving Energy to Hate
While Hate Persists
By Mark Dungey, NUTs, ROCKS visitor, Initiate

I was introduced to the Southern Poverty Law Center at my commencement in 2009. Morris Dees, SPLC cofounder, spoke at the commencement and had important words for those in attendance.

Since then, I've periodically checked on America's "Hate Status." My girlfriend and I support and donate to the SPLC cause.

After president Obama was elected, it was reported that hate group attendance grew in response. Watching the campaigns of 2016 and listening to the rhetoric (there were shouts for his assassination as early as 2004 during McCain/Palin rallies).

As a political history hobbyist and a quiet advocate for social justice, I couldn't help notice the similarities of 2016 Trump campaign rhetoric and organization, along with his family history of KKK involvement, to the balloon growth of the National Socialist German Worker's Party of the 1930's.

Yet, it was scoffed at when those of us called him the next Hitler. Hitler has become such a caricature of himself, it's lost all sense of terror when one points out similarities--such judgement is construed more radical than the radical totalitarianism of hatred and bigotry he espoused.

Yet when groups take up a mantle of intolerance and hate, and then are described as "fine people," it shows his KKK upbringing has not made him the "least racist person you've ever met."

It's frightening, but after superimposing SPLC's hate group map with the counties during the 2016 election that selected Trump, there's no correlation. Does this mean that there's no correlation between Trump and hate? Hardly. Far more people are Trump supporters.

Meaning, perhaps without realizing it, they too, support hate. The real trouble here is that there are far many more bigoted and hateful people than hate groups. Trump is simply hate's leader. One can't be the leader of one of the most diverse populations while simultaneously being the leader of hate, bigotry, and a believer in the ideology of racism.

Recently there was a post on EBNoM Essentials (yes it's still EBNoM on Yahoo) citing the far larger number of love groups than hate groups. I don't like to be a critic—there's so much mental noise involved, nor do I like the jaded and cynical pessimism that walks in stride with criticism.

Regardless, when I heard the number of love groups dwarfs those of hate groups, I was at once hopeful, yet felt that there must be a catch. I did some cursory research to see if the statistics and ratio of love groups and hate groups was accurate. Curiously I couldn't find any definitive answer.

Interestingly, hate seems to get all the press, which, following the law of attraction, proves why hate is perpetuated. As I learned in my craft of creative writing classes "only trouble is interesting." In their endless pursuit of ratings, news sources promote "interest" so we have depressing, trouble-filled news.

Whether in the media, when one writes about it, or just speaks about it, hate is given more energy. Mother Theresa said, "I'll never attend an anti-war rally. But if you have a peace rally, I'll be there." She knew very well the importance of not giving energy to what's unwanted (Hence my reluctance to speak out).

Perhaps the "love groups" are very specific to the love shared. There are probably as many people "loving" as there are Yahoo groups. Meaning they're specialized and "conditional." Unconditional love is the rarest of all. It's what the world needs. I can't help but think of Burt Bacharach right now.

How can I trade depression for happiness? I'm not sure. One thing's certain, I gotta stop reading the news and practice more unconditional love.



Is it Time to Circle the Wagons?
Part 19
The Short Answer is: "Yes!"
By J.T., ROCKS!

*This is the end, beautiful friend
This is the end, my only friend, the end*

— *Jim Morrison*

Well it would have been cool if I had another *two* articles in this series, then I could have had an even 20. But to quote another famous poet:

"Begin at the beginning," the King said, very gravely, "and go on till you come to the end: then stop."

— *Lewis Carroll*

When I started this inquiry or meditation or whatever it is years ago, it seemed like climate change was going to cause catastrophic events sometime in the future, and maybe we should think about what to do about that now to prevent that from happening.

As I'm writing this, Hurricane/Tropical Storm Harvey is dropping more rain onto Texas and Louisiana in one day than we get all year in California. Warmer oceans Æ stronger winds Æ more water in the atmosphere. There ya go!

So one thing I've learned is, climate change isn't something that's *going* to happen. It *is* happening. And it has been happening for quite a while. And it has been happening all over the world.

Climate change causes or significantly contributes to many of the major challenges (or, as I like to say, *problems*) facing the world today: refugees, terrorism, starvation, homelessness, epidemics....just off the top of my head. Case in point: Syria. The Civil War there started in 2011, but...

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Climate scientists have argued that global warming very likely exacerbated the historic drought, thanks to potentially permanent changes to wind and rainfall patterns. Thus, even if negotiators do reach a resolution, the underlying strains in the region may be here to stay. In fact, almost half of the countries most at risk of water shortages in the coming decades are in the Middle East or North Africa.

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So it's happening and it cannot be stopped and the only question (well, actually, *half* of the question) is, "How bad is it going to get and how fast is it going to happen?"

OK—two questions. And nobody knows the answer to that.

But here's one vision:

I heard an interview last week on *On the Media* (one of those great NPR shows) with science fiction writer Kim Stanley Robinson, whose new novel is *New York 2140*. By that date, as Robinson proposes, sea level has risen by 50 feet all over the world.

Uptown New York City is a string of 300-story super-skyscrapers with veggie gardens and photovoltaic cells. That's where the rich & upper-middle-class people live and work. Each high-rise tries to be self-sustaining and autonomous, like an Italian city-state. Residents can walk to other high-rises on "skybridges" or travel across the water in *vaporettos*.

Downtown is where the poor, the working class, and the artists live, scratching out an existence in abandoned collapsing buildings. Just like uptown, the first three floors are underwater. People get around with whatever watercraft they can put together.

This picture of the future seems about right to me. Human beings are resilient, so they haven't gone completely extinct (though no doubt many other species have). But between 2017 and 2140 global warming has caused the death of many billions of people, and those deaths have not been pleasant. Many more billions have been permanently displaced.

Something like that is going to happen and it's going to happen sooner than we think. It may not look exactly like that, but it's going to be that big and that bad. And it's not preventable.

So, the other half of the question I've been asking myself in these pages is: What is to be done about this? What's the proper response? What's the right action?

Of course, one response would be to ignore the whole thing and go on with my life as though this train was not coming down the tracks. Or it's too big a problem to do anything about—it's hopeless. Or it's not really going to happen where *I* live in *my* lifetime, so *not my problem*. (All these were attitudes commonly held by many people in Great Britain during the 1930's about Nazi Germany. By the way.)

But that's not my style, Jack.

In general, I think there are only two things to do—two directions to go in. They're not mutually exclusive, but I think you've got to choose one as your primary mission. You will make that choice based on your circumstances, your personality, your strengths, your skills, and what you enjoy doing.

(1) CIRCLE THE WAGONS. The metaphor here is drawing the wagon train into a circle to provide the most cover under an attack.

This is the path of building and nurturing and protecting a small, local, and largely self-sufficient community—maybe 100-200 adults and their families. This structure of social organization worked very well for tens of thousands of years. Choosing this path acknowledges that there is no cavalry coming to the rescue. All those big outside institutions are not going to be there to help you. The strength of your relationships and your proficiency in the practical skills you all share with one another will be the key to your survival.

The image associated with this path is the warrior standing on the periphery of the village, facing outward, alert to any threat, ready to protect the community. The man who chooses this path may be very social, likely has strong family and community ties, and probably values highly service to the people he cares about.

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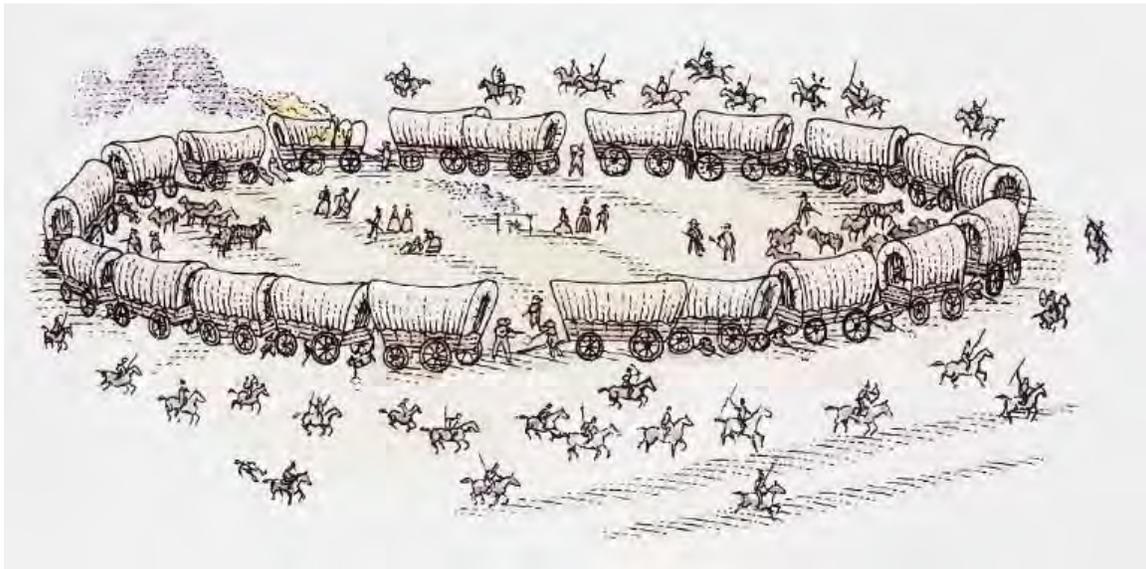
This is the path of taking action in the larger world beyond the local community. This can take many forms, but at its heart it is combative—it is an offensive strategy as contrasted with the defensive strategy of community-building. Both have as their purpose the survival and well-being of the village. The dragon-slayer identifies the threat, locates it, plans his campaign of attack and carries it out. If he's successful, many villages may benefit.

In a world where the threat is climate change, there are many, many dragons and many different battles to be fought. As they say in the Young Men's Ultimate Weekend, *choose your battles wisely*.

The image associated with this path is the warrior walking through the forest, weapon at the ready, alert to any sign of the dangerous being, prepared to engage. The man who chooses this path may be comfortable with solitude, likely has a strong sense of right and wrong, and probably highly values the successful completion of a task.

And you *can* go hunting with a few other guys. You don't *have* to be a loner.

That's it. That's all I've got on this subject, folks.



PETRI DISH THIS, MOFO!

Robert Martin, Team 10/90, FE 2017 Vision Keeper

The Gauntlet was a tour de force on the part of the initiation team. Truly though, as I understand it, much of it was the brainchild of Rob Lewis. He had been sitting on that “puppy” – wow, where’d that metaphor come from (what would the animal-rights activist say about that) – for sometime. His notion of introducing new men to “knothole” technology AND marrying this to an initiation process was something I can remember Rob talking about back in 2011 when he was the Fall Event Vision Keeper and I was on the production team.

Given the success of **The Gauntlet** and how it powerfully propelled the initiates into their Dragon Head Challenges, I feel it is safe to say that **The Gauntlet** will become an integral part of how we welcome new men into our Circle for years to come – and it will be a legacy piece that Rob passionately brought to us.



This is the beauty of who we are: we can do this shit. We can roll out new ideas, test-run half-baked passions, give them training wheels, petri dish them, baby! Yes we can! And we do.

My wish for Rob, though, is that he take what he got from **The Gauntlet** – and the impact it had on the men – and finds a way to bring it, in the form of workshops, or otherwise, to the world at large, and fucking get paid for it!

For me the Fall Event is my chance to let my “puppy” up. It is my time to stop sittin’ on him. It’s time to let him run free. Shit, he may tear the sofa to pieces or even piss in my slippers. We will just have to wait and see.

No seriously: I am doing like Rob did with **The Gauntlet**, I am bringing to the FE and the men the best of what I got. It is stuff that I have been thinking about

and sitting on for a while. Much of the content is me trying to flex my coaching muscle.

My grand hope is that I will take what I get from leading the FE and use it to propel me into doing what I really want to do: help people *translate their insights into bold action*, through coaching; help them find their creative voices. This is the legacy I want to leave behind.

My want for Rob is really my want for me. Praise be the mirror of the men! Metaphor that, MoFos!

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

<p>NEW MEN TEMP TEAM Any experienced EBCOM man interested in serving our organization for a period of time on this team, please contact Alan 510-919-0740</p>
<p>MASSAGE EXCHANGE Call Alan 510-919-0740</p>
<p>Yes, there will be a HALLOWEEN PARTY at the Garrison Saturday October 28 music, dancing, booze, decorations, crazy sexy funny costumes Adult men & women. Details T.B.A.</p>

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>

PENCIL YOUR CALENDAR! NOV. 3-5 LEGACY DISCOVERY WEEKEND!
 Get clear on your purpose that will determine your legacy. Site near Sacramento. For testimonials call Michael Burns and/or Robert Martin.

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

Upcoming Birthdays:

Man	Birthdate	Age
Ligda, Jay	08/04/1966	(51)
Hosch, Bob	08/05/1957	(60)
Hernandez, Lorenzo	08/10/1972	(45)
Davis, Peter	08/15/1948	(69)
Wick, Alan	08/29/1939	(78)
Weiss, Bryan	08/29/1960	(57)
Taylor, Michael	09/04/1946	(71)
Dungey, Mark	09/09/1969	(47)
Block, David	09/12/1966	(51)
Garrison, Phillip	10/07/1957	(60)
Schick, Ben	10/08/1961	(56)
McMahon, Patrick	10/18/1947	(70)
Burleigh, Lewis	10/22/1964	(53)
Scott, Will	10/30/1942	(75)

Team Rotations:

September	
Newsletter	NUTs
Food	ROCKS
Sacred Circle	Scallywags
Fire Circle	Bushwackers
Fun & Childcare	JourneyMen
October	
Newsletter	Not on a Team
Food	NUTs
Sacred Circle	ROCKS
Fire Circle	Scallywags
Fun & Childcare	Bushwackers
November	
Newsletter	10/90
Food	Not on a Team
Sacred Circle	NUTs
Fire Circle	ROCKS
Fun & Childcare	Scallywags

About the cover: The photo on this month's newsletter was unabashedly ripped from a church that offered a class entitled, yes, "Legacy Builder's Class." I suspect their photo was just something stock, so it's not likely they'd be too upset. Even if they'd paid for it. After all, giving is a very Christian trait no?

East Bay Circle of Men: Calendar of Upcoming Events

Date	Event Name	Times	Contact Person
09/08/2017	Fall Event Where: Boulder Creek Scout Camp, Boulder Creek, CA 95006	All Weekend	Martin, Robert
09/27/2017	Fire Circle (No Guests) Where: Lake Chabot Park Fire circle by Bushwackers.	7:00 PM – 9:00 PM	Weiss, Bryan
10/14/2017	General Monthly Meeting (Guests Welcome) Where: Lake Chabot Park Food: NUTs. Fun & Childcare: Bushwackers. Sacred circle: ROCKS	8:00 AM until 10:00 AM breakfast at 7:15 AM	Rudolph, Bruce
10/25/2017	Fire Circle (No Guests) Where: Lake Chabot Park Fire circle by Scallywags.	7:00 PM until 9:00 PM	Rudolph, Bruce
11/11/2017	General Monthly Meeting (Guests Welcome) Where: Lake Chabot Park Food: Not on a Team. Fun & Childcare: Scallywags. Sacred circle: NUTs	8:00 AM until 10:00 AM breakfast at 7:15 AM	Randall, Jeffrey
11/22/2017	Fire Circle (No Guests) Where: Lake Chabot Park Fire circle by ROCKS.	7:00 PM until 9:00 PM	Randall, Jeffrey

East Bay Circle of Men: Wallah List

Wallah Job	Member Name
Fire Wallah	Fishface, Joe
Health Wallah	Peck, Donald
Kitchen Wallah	(position Open)
New Man Wrangler #1	(position Open)
New Man Wrangler #2	(position Open)
New Man Wrangler #3	(position Open)
Newsletter Wallah	Dungey, Mark
Reach Out Point Man	Marchand, Roger
Team Health Wallah	(position Open)
Team Visit Wallah	Burleigh, Lewis
Web Chimp	(position Open)
Web Human	Ligda, Jay
Web Orangutan	(position Open)

East Bay Circle of Men: Chief List

Chief	Month
Weiss, Bryan (Legacy)	Sep
Rudolph, Bruce (Spirit)	Oct
Thiel, Clayton (Community Service)	Dec
Block, David (Finance)	Jan
Garrison, Phillip (Events)	Feb
Symmons, Rich (Communication)	Mar
Randall, Jeff (Membership)	Apr

**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.

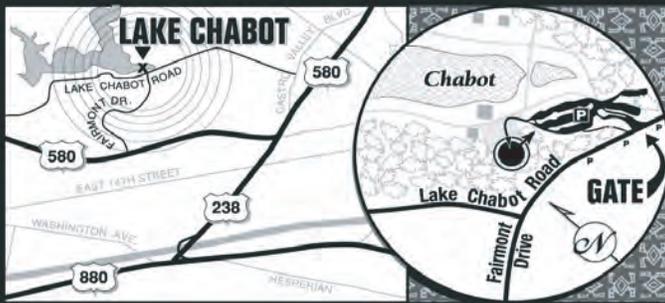
NEWLY INITIATED MEMBERS WILL BE ON AN EAST BAY CIRCLE OF MEN TEAM FOR AT LEAST THREE MONTHS.

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!**

NOTICE: THE MATERIAL HEREIN IS THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE INDIVIDUAL CONTRIBUTORS; IT DOES NOT NECESSARILY REPRESENT THE VIEWS OF THE EAST BAY CIRCLE OF MEN. IF THE FRANK DISCUSSION AND GRAPHIC REPRESENTATION OF MEN'S ISSUES, INCLUDING MEN'S HUMOR, IS OFFENSIVE OR UPSETTING TO YOU, PLEASE DO NOT READ THIS NEWSLETTER. THANK YOU.

Note: Our new Newsletter Wallah decided to reformat this & split it up for publication. No worries—everything's there. But I wanted to include this version in my usual format, since this is the last in the series...just for consistency. —JT

IS IT TIME TO CIRCLE THE WAGONS?

PART 19

THE SHORT ANSWER IS: "YES!"

By JT ROCKS!

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Of course, one response would be to ignore the whole thing and go on with my life as though this train was not coming down the tracks. Or it's too big a problem to do anything about—it's hopeless. Or it's not really going to happen where *I* live in *my* lifetime, so *not my problem*. (All these were attitudes commonly held by many people in Great Britain during the 1930's about Nazi Germany. By the way.)

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And you *can* go hunting with a few other guys. You don't *have* to be a loner.

That's it. That's all I've got on this subject, folks.

Except...one more thing. On topic:

LEGACY

In Kim Stanley Robinson's world of *New York 2140*, most of the stuff we think of as our legacy (what we wrote, composed, said, built, designed, recorded...the art we made, the organizations or businesses we created...the things we discovered, the knowledge we passed on...the money we made, the beautiful objects we acquired...the stories about us, the memories of us in other peoples minds)...all that will be totally gone. And for those who have children, I'm sorry to say that there's a pretty good chance that your line will die out...that your DNA will not make it through the coming storm.

So what's left?

For me, well, I've got a book I'd like to write and a record album (sorry, a **CD**) that I'd like to put out, but so what? I'll be gone and those things will be gone in the blink of a geologic eye.

But there's another way of looking at legacy besides "What stuff of mine do I want to inflict on the people of the future?" or in other words, "What do I want to clutter up *their* lives with?"

The real question is, what do the people of the future need that I might be able to pass down to them?

And the answer to that is pretty simple. It's the same thing that was passed down to me. And to all of us.

A livable planet.

So that's what I'd like my legacy to be.

Of course I can't do that all by myself. I'm not *that* grandiose or *that* delusional.

But maybe I can pass down to the future a little piece of that.

Maybe I can do something that will save a few lives out of the billions who will die from the effects of climate change.

Maybe I can do something that will keep a few people from losing their homes out of the billions who will be turned into refugees by the effects of climate change.

Of course, whichever path you choose—Community Man or Dragon-Slayer—with climate change you're never going to see the results. It's too big and it's too gradual.

So you're never going to know.

You just have to do it.

--JT