



*The Mankind Project
Presents*



HEART STORM

The MKP Pulse of New Mexico

Volume 7, Issue 1

www.mkpnm.org

January 2003

NEWS FROM THE DIRECTOR

The year in review

2002 was a banner year for MKP-NM in my view. Starting off with Bill Conway's play "The Men's Room", not only a delightful evening of dinner with brothers and partners, a very fun opening night performance of a wonderful play, but also the gift to MKP-NM from Bill of the opening night proceeds was the largest single financial donation we received. Thank you Bill.

May saw us grow our community by initiating 23 new men, over 10 of which are participating in I-groups within our community. July Drew Semel and Jeff Hood orchestrated a great community day at the College of Santa Fe Ropes course, with a dozen participants. In August Kirby helped to coordinate our first ever elder retreat in Jemez Springs. The following week George Daranyi came and put on a one day Guts training that was well received. September grew our community again by initiating 29 new men.

Community

I hear lots of discussion around community. I hear some men comment on how limited they feel our MKP community seems to them. I have

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Check In

Greetings New Warrior Brothers!

This issue focuses on the aspect of the King and of the Elder. Included are some articles from brothers from this community and from the community in Arizona. I have been checking out some newsletters from other parts of the country, and they impress me. I seek to improve our New Mexico newsletter by drawing from other communities. If you have read things in other newsletters that you feel should be included here, please drop me a line. I look forward to another exciting year with MKP and pulling together the material you have to share with the rest of the community.

Thank you to all who have contributed your hearts, minds, and souls for others in New Mexico to read. Please keep sending your works of writing or artwork to:

food4thoth@yahoo.com or
Victor Gibbs (*Phoenix Rising*)
1435 Rayos de Luna
Las Cruces, NM 88007

always felt that we have a wonderful, vibrant community here in New Mexico. I have felt that since my initiation in 1995. Part of the reason I feel that way is because I have participated in this community since then. I have been involved either staffing, always taking on challenging tasks that stretch me and have brought me lessons and pride, participating in the council directing MKP-NM and this year stepping up to the role of Director.

Community is something that for me to feel part of requires my participation. Whether it be our MKP-NM community, the MKP international community, community radio, supporting our local CSA (community supported agriculture) or getting involved by volunteering my time with a local coalition here in Taos promoting peace through action, I find the more I give to my community the more I receive. I invite each of you to ask yourself what kind of community do you crave for? Then I ask you what are you willing to give to your community?

Mission

I talk of mission often. For me it is the foundation of my being. What am I here for? Why am I alive? What is my vision? What are my soul's deepest desires? It is the way my spirit radiates into the world. It is vast, bold, daring. Are my actions congruent with my vision? Am I manifesting it daily? Is it utilizing my special talents or skills? Do I share my gold with the world? Does my mission get me out of bed in the morning? Do I allow my sacred king to flow through me and bless the world? Do I see regular progress pursuing my mission? Does it stretch me?

My mission is to Be the Change I want to see in the world, by listening deeply and speaking my truth. How am I doing with it? In the past year I stepped into a role I had avoided for years as Center Director, participated in the first meeting of the Mankind Project Earth Stewards, rode the train when I could, now drive a vehicle getting 48 miles per gallon, am working to bring peace to our world and have helped my marriage grow and develop. Thanks to MKP my mission

serves me famously and allows me to serve my community. I invite you to do the same.

Carl Rosenberg (*Forest Man*)

UPCOMING EVENTS

January 25th

MKP-NM Annual Community Meeting at Synergia Ranch, Santa Fe

- 10 am – 1 pm** Concurrent workshops
 Co-ed workshops
 Non-violent communication with Jack Lehman
 Shamanic Journey Work with Jim Lengrich
 “We Group” (couples group) with Stephen and Margie Hughes
 Men’s workshops:
 Advanced I group skills with Ken Reid and Chet Wright
- 1 pm – 2 pm** Lunch
- 2 pm – 5 pm** Annual community meeting for New Warrior brothers
 Women Within Open House for women
- 5 pm – 6:30 pm** Community Ceremony for men and women
- 7:00 pm** Dinner out (tba)

Weekend of March 8th

Possible Mid Winter New Warrior Training

If you are interested in staffing or have a man to sign up, call Burke Denman (505) 662-1150 or Carl Rosenberg.

Jeff Hood invites New Warriors and friends on an 8-Day White Water Raft Trip!

Where: Green River, Utah

When: July 17 - 24, 2003

Cost: \$1550.00

Contact: (505) 983-8420

Website:

www.adventuresinspirit.com

WHAT IS AN ELDER?

Within the Mankind Project community questions that are commonly asked are, "What is an Elder, how old is an Elder, and what does an Elder do"?

At the MKP summer conference in Indianapolis in 1999 the Elder Counsel met continually for two days and these questions as well as others were addressed. What was determined at those meetings, building upon what had proceeded this conference, is that there are basically three classifications of Elders within the MKP. Since that meeting this information has circulated on the NW Elder newsgroup via the Internet and there have been numerous comments and discussions revolving around these definitions. Some men feel it is not a good idea to become too rigid in our interpretation of the role of Elder within the MKP because we may risk establishing a hierarchy. Others believe it is necessary to have some guidelines and clarity as to the function of an Elder, especially at NWTW weekends, just as there are for other New Warrior roles.

In general it was agreed that the word "elder" would refer to a man who is in that phase of his life. It is seen as equivalent to "teen", "child", "young adult", etc. In the culture at large people are usually referred to as "the elderly." The Elder Counsel chooses to refer to them as "elders." Overall, it is seen as the time in one's life when a man begins to give priority to helping others grow over growing himself (although that aspect of personal development certainly does not stop).

Flowing from this general concept are the three classifications as decided upon by the MKP Elder Counsel:

Classification one is anyone approaching or over fifty years of age who would like to explore membership in the NW Elder community to determine if he is indeed ready to define himself in that phase of his life.

Classification two comes about if that man decides he is ready to enter the MKP Elder

circle. He then announces that and becomes a "Declared Elder." There will now be an "Elder Inquiry Ritual" that he will be invited to go through to assist him in this decision in all Centers. For all men however, the choice is still solely his. In some cases, especially in regard to Centers that do not have an active Elder board, this Inquiry Ritual can occur at the national level.

Classification three is known as "Ritual Elder." This is a man who has been trained to fill a particular role, mainly as the Senior Elder at NWTW weekends, and has a good grasp of the various protocols and processes involved in NW. He has the challenging task of being present for the Leaders, the staff, and for the initiates. He needs to create and maintain a spiritual and safe container around the work being done, but Eldership is not the Priesthood and "being present" is often not conducting ceremony. The Elder Council warrants that these men have learned, and are continuing to learn the Elder Energy of our work.

In this sense, "Ritual Elder" is a man who has been trained to fill a particular role, mainly as the Senior Elder at NWTW weekends. It is not a status in a class system. The Elder Council at Indianapolis was very clear about this. They stood firm on the ground that a man should only be respected for who he is. It was determined the Council did not want to establish "classes" in the Elder Community. They were also clear that we are all, elders and non-elders: elders-in-training. They also agreed that no elder should use the fact that he is a member of an Elder Community in The Mankind Project as a license to expect or demand privileges within or outside the community.

These classifications and ideas will be worked upon, modified and examined continually by the Elder Council.

Kirby Benson *White Trout*

**BALANCE SHEET MKP NEW MEXICO
as of December 31, 2002**

ASSETS	
Current Assets	
Checking Savings	
First National	4,329.50
Total Checking/Savings	4,329.50
Accounts Receivable	
May NWTa	1,100.00
Sept NWTa	2,065.00
Total Current Assets	7,494.50
TOTAL ASSETS	\$7,494.50
LIABILITIES & EQUITY	
Liabilities	
Current Liabilities	
Allowances for doubtful accts	1,500.00
Total Other Current Liabilities	1,500.00
Total Current Liabilities	1,500.00
Total Liabilities	\$1,500.00
Capital	
Retained Earnings	5,697.49
Net Income	297.01
Total Capital	5,994.50
TOTAL LIABILITIES AND EQUITY	\$7,494.50

RESOLUTION BAY

I speak to you in curdled milk.
 You answer in veiled honey.
 I speak to you kneeling with sponge
 In hand to clean the mess from the deck.
 You stand back, hands on hips,
 Tight mouthed, watching.

Lizard screams out, red eyed
 You flip the bird and walk.

Again.

You look at me with a question
 From behind your armor.
 My knife is suddenly heavy and dull
 In my hand.
 Heavy and dull.

You offer a grape from your bag.
 I wonder what wine could come from this?
 Then look at my knife.

Again.

I speak to you of the breeze
 Coming in on the tide
 And my small son's limp.

You answer in fish
 And come back with a crutch.

Jeff Hood

VISITING WIZARDS NEEDED

In the past year I have visited a number of I groups who are seriously feeling a lack of members with solid processing skills. Nationally we are finding the best success for I groups come when each and every I group has at least two men with good experience in processing men's issues and work.

I have felt a lack in myself of good skills for closing a process. I am looking for those men who feel comfortable leading to step forward and volunteer to be on call for I groups to invite a Visiting Wizard for a night. I am also looking for men not as skilled to step forward and be available to assist those with less skill. As we each learn, there is a call to teach those a step behind.

If you are willing to share your gifts to those who crave them, please call Chet Wright or myself.

Carl Rosenberg (*Forest Man*)
 (505) 776-2911

**REGIONAL I-GROUP
COORDINATORS**

Todd Coberly, Las Cruces Gideon@zianet.com
 Norm Segel, Albuquerque norms@swcr.org
 Kenneth Reid, Santa Fe kennethreid@spinn.net
 Rob Hawley, Taos rob@taosherb.com
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A WORLD OF DEAD SYMBOLS

[Excerpts submitted by Art Panaro with permission from: *Quest for the Grail*, by Richard Rohr (The Crossroad Publishing Co., NY, 1994)].

The problem is, we are a people with no symbolic universe.

The hero always exists within a mythic universe in which his heroism is defined and summoned forth. What has happened in recent times is that the “cosmic egg” is broken. The cosmic egg was a fancy phrase for a coherent world in which things fit and make sense. In the coherent world there was a creation story, and everyone had a path; even if it was sometimes wrong, there was a path down which we all struggled.

We no longer have the luxury of such a mythic world. We occasionally get excited about an individual or an event, a president or a war. We are desperately hankering for what Rollo May calls “a mythic universe” within which to stand and make our lives heroic and crown them with relevance. (P. 20)

When you don’t mythologize, you pathologize. All you have left is to write your own little story. When it goes awry, you get therapy and recover. But, after overcoming sickness, drinking, or whatever, what then? Recovery alone is not the point: We don’t have a mythology for a bigger, better world to “recover” to. (P.23)

Western [European] people today are lost in their insignificance. Thus, to take a ridiculous but also a typical example, people dye their hair purple, trying to be “someone.” They’re looking for an identity. They have to be outrageous and rebel in order to make a mark. The burden is upon each little ego, each little psyche, to create significance. And when we fail to do that, there is shame or lack of self-esteem. We cannot, apart from the wider universe, make ourselves significant. Modern secular people are necessarily burdened with low self-esteem. (P. 24)

The Greeks Had A Word For It

The effort to make ourselves significant is what Greek tragedy calls “hubris,” a brand of pride. Every hero in every Greek tragedy finally falls because he does not recognize the pride. “Arrogance” might be a better word. That tragic flaw still can destroy us.... (P. 24)

There is a deep level at which it is okay to be “me” and it goes beyond the cheap cliché. It is equally okay to be “us” as a community. As things stand, we don’t have much of an “us,” so we devise artificial ways, such as making wars that give us that sense of “us” against some “them.” Men’s gatherings are trying to remedy that loss of our sense of us. Gender images are the most profound polarities of the soul. These are the final taboos and the first fascinations. No other images match the power of maleness and femaleness – and that is the power of the movements afoot today. We will give up other choices and values when those images are at stake. And because those paradigms are in major transition right now – major transition – we men are running scared. It is as if men are now asked to find meaning in an instant. (P. 26)

Man Behind The Eight Ball

Although the sacred journey is a communal quest, it must nevertheless start for me with my little life. I have to be preoccupied with my health, with my importance, with making a living. I also must decide who is good and who is bad, and what is good and bad. Every myth starts that way, with the personal details. (P. 27-28)

Then the little man, laboring to write his private story, sees defeat entering his life. There always has to be the sacred wound. It may be a disease, a failure, a disaster, loss of a loved one. It is often described in the stories as a broken heart. The world does not make sense anymore. There is, as it were, a film over the world, throwing it out of focus. Life is not hopeful, does not have any juice in it.

Living With The Wound

The journey was expressed in abbreviated form in the initiation rite for young men. The rite evolved so that the young man could later recall the wound and make allowances for it. This phenomenon, the ritual humiliation of the young male, is found in every culture, whether it is Native American, Greek, Chinese, African.

Such a ritual, when the would-be hero was called upon to endure pain, usually happened at the age of twelve or thirteen. The Judaic tradition, in which this moment was symbolized by circumcision, is typical. It is amazing that such a strange gesture would emerge in so many diverse cultures.

Some day, when we encounter setback or defeat, if we can recall this wounding and integrate it, the memory may move us from pathology into mythology. Such integration would enable us to see the self as part of a bigger picture.

But if – and that is what often occurs today – the wound does not lead to the bigger story and only to enduring and grieving, then it becomes an embittering scar that sends us back into the private self to curse our bad luck. To illustrate the value of proper perspective, here are two accounts of the *same* young life; one is merely factual, one is mythic and sacred:

I was born into an average family. My mother was a schoolteacher and my father was a conductor on a railroad. As the youngest child, no one paid much attention to me. My mom was away working all day, and my dad on the train would be gone for days at a time. One day, I ran away into the woods and stayed there for three days. I enjoyed being with the squirrels and rabbits. But when I got back, my father beat me with a strap until the blood came. My brothers and sisters would not talk to me, and my mother did not seem to care. At that point I began to fail in school, and the teachers told me I was stupid.

Once upon a time, there was a very special child, born with a promise and a bright light within. His mother, who knew the ways things worked, was often away helping the poor, and his Dad traveled on caravans to distant realms. So the boy would go to the forest, where he was

recognized by the animals and birds. Once he stayed there for several days, experiencing the joy of being accepted in the forest. When he returned home, he was tortured until he forgot his true identity. For years he wandered, lost in mists, bumping into giants until, crushed and broken, one day could see (and so on).

In the first account, the boy is wounded and embittered; in the second, the same wounding has become ennobling and even sacred. (P. 29)

The myth is the public domain and the dream is the private myth. If your private myth, your dream, happens to coincide with that of the society, you are in good accord with your group. If it isn't, you've got a long adventure in the dark forest ahead of you.

–Joseph Campbell, Author (1904-1987)

Most myths include belief either in a benevolent universe, a hostile universe, or one that is indifferent... We cannot stay in the indifferent universe for long. It will soon deteriorate into the hostile universe. Instead if we are lucky, we will finally meet what we call grace, the notion that someone is for me more than I am for myself. That is the first Grail being unveiled. I feel an aura of synchronicity and providence; things seem to work. It is radically okay. (P. 30)

We should carry the wound like a badge, for years if necessary, even when it does not make sense, and we don't even make sense to ourselves. That's how we move gracefully into the sacred story" [of our lives]. (P. 30)

WINDOWS

framed windows,
 coal dusted adits,
 orifices,
 porous skin,
 visionary wormholes,
 the cervix,
 this moment,
 and the surface of water,
 are each in and of themselves thresholds.

all are veils between the known and the unknown, between birth and life, between life and death, arrival and departure, closing and opening.

furthermore, each threshold is, in essence, a moment of vulnerability, some astounding us by the radical extremity of their transformative natures, while others may be spoken of as an emergence into the within. many thresholds are so pedestrian as to dissipate unrealized unless an effort on our part hallows them.

regardless, to be held, in our vulnerability, by the very substance of the threshold, to be enwrapped by its voice, surrounded by the unknown, is to then be transfigured by the scent of the breath, the feel of it on one's flesh never to be forgotten.

- Zsolt

OF FRAGRANCE AND FAUNA

A single crimson rosebud from Sam's yard lay limp against the side of the glass, its unfolding arrested. Its essence now carried only through a faint scent- a fragrance, when detected, more redolent than the sweetest rosewater. Perhaps its always there, the nectar in dying.

Like today's dead skunk, the first I've seen all summer it lay crumpled, along side the old highway. A discarded Raggedy Ann with still bright white hair, its heart stopping brilliance reflecting the early morning sun.

Or the large kestrel, on my fencepost so close- mousing or maybe feting on this morning's not quite warm grasshoppers. Startled, it flushed to an adjoining rooftop with two powerful wing beats, its long, falcon flight feathers illuminated, revealing warm earth tones and a beauty belying its lethal purpose.

This ritual drama of life and death possesses my fear, my emptiness. When I dream it into consciousness, it is a terror that allows me to flourish.

Norm Segel

There are chapters in a man's heart that are seldom read, and certainly not aloud. -Unknown

A STORY THAT COULD BE TRUE

If you were exchanged in the cradle and
 your real mother died
 without ever telling the story
 then no one knows your name,
 and somewhere in the world
 your father is lost and needs you but you are
 far away.
 He can never find
 how true you are, how ready.
 When the great wind comes
 and the robberies of the rain
 you stand on the corner shivering.
 The people who go by--
 you wonder at their calm.
 They miss the whisper that runs
 any day in your mind,
 "Who are you really, wanderer"--
 and the answer you have to give
 no matter how dark and cold
 the world around you is:
 "Maybe I'm a king."

William Stafford

**Ours is a world of nuclear giants
 and ethical infants. If we continue
 to develop our technology without
 wisdom or prudence, our servant
 may prove to be our executioner.
 --General Omar Bradley**

INDIA FANTASY

Warrens of winding streets, scents of
 incense
 choked by fumes of cooking oil, exhaust
 and sewer.

Drums and chants echo from sacred spaces
 as blaring TVs beat accompaniment
 to staccato conversation and
 sweat born from thick heat.

Gods and Goddesses, Brahmins and
 Buddhas
 embraced by a cacophony of color,

banners, silks and saris.
 Hibiscus blossoms decorate taxis
 while marigolds float on tongues.

IF

If you can keep your head when all about you
 are losing theirs and blaming it on you
 If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
 but make allowance for their doubting too
 If you can wait and not be tired by waiting
 Or being lied about not deal in lies
 Or being hated not give way to hating
 And yet not look too good or talk too proud

If you can dream and not let dreams be your
 master
 If you can think and not let thoughts be your aim
 If you can meet with triumph and disaster
 And treat these two imposters just the same
 If you can bear to hear the truth you've told
 twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools
 Or see the things you've given your life to
 broken
 And stoop and build them up again with worn
 out tools

If you can make one heap or all your winnings
 And risk it all in a single turn of pitch and toss
 And loose and start again at your beginnings
 And never breathe a word about your loss
 If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
 To give your turn long after they are gone
 And so hold on when there is nothing left within
 you
 Except the will which says "Hold on"

If you can speak with crowds and keep your
 virtue
 Or walk with kings nor lose the common touch
 If neither loving friend nor foe can hurt you
 And if all men count with you but none too much
 If you can fill the unforgiving minute with sixty
 seconds worth of distance run
 Then yours is the world and everything in it
 And what is more, you'll be a man my son

Ruyard Kipling (with thanks to Paul Fogarty for
 speaking these words when they were most
 appropriate).

Some Thoughts on Defining the Elder

[This article originally appeared in an Elder-themed Arizona Newsletter *Dancing Drums* August 2001.]

The elder, unlike the elderly, knows he owes advocacy to young people. The elderly complain about aging while the elder continues to deepen his experience of living until he dies. The elderly remain angry about experiences that hurt them throughout their life. They have not yet forgiven. The elderly don't celebrate long life in the way the elder does. The person expressing eldership begins each day with a sacred intention to show thanks for each new day and seeks to affirm life in others even in small ways.

Because of this devotion to the celebration of life, elders elicit extraordinary deference from their community.

The archetypal elder has been the same force in most cultures over most all of time. An archetype is a model for a role that has survived time. Within each person is an energy and a spirit that once accessed allows a person to express eldership in the way elders have from the beginning. Just as the instincts seem to account for recurrent behavior patterns in man, so the archetypes seem to account for recurrent psychic patterns. Psychic patterns are expressions of one's psyche: all of an individual, which is not physical. When we seek to nourish the soul through an expression of elder energy an elder role emerges.

Elder's roles include:

Celebrant:

They celebrate life by maintaining a sense of humor, taking care of themselves and taking pride in their good health.

They harvest what they have sown over a long lifetime.

They are a source of blessing.

They initiate others and affirm them through unconditional positive regard

My fiftieth year had come and gone,
I sat a solitary man,
In a crowded London shop,
An open book and empty cup
On the marble table top.

While on the shop and street I gazed
My body of a sudden blazed;
And twenty minutes more or less
It seemed, so great my happiness
That I was blessed and could bless.

— William Butler Yeats

Wisdom Keeper:

They are still learning, still growing.

They have come to terms with their mortality.

They share their long life experience by being accessible to the young.

Conservationist:

They are stewards, caretakers of both man and the Earth.

They view all life as interconnected, as one.

Mentor:

Their work is to synthesize wisdom from long life experience and formulate this into a legacy for future generations

They believe the role of older people is to facilitate creativity in the young and make a decisive turn toward generative adulthood.

They believe that the patterns of the past don't need to prevail and so they listen to youth.