



THE MARK

May 2008
Volume 20
Number 5

A Publication of The Church of Conscious Harmony ♦ A Contemplative Christian Community



The Church of Conscious Harmony
A Contemplative Christian Community

7406 Newhall Lane Austin, Texas 78746

Non Profit
Organization
U.S. Postage
PAID
Austin TX
Permit # 3386

Home of Our Own

by Tim Cook

It was just about this time of year, 20 years ago, that Barbara and I decided to follow the inspiration and guidance that was leading us back to Austin to found The Church of Conscious Harmony. We had put out an offer to our friends to join together in a five year experiment in Christian community. The experiment was intended to discover whether or not Christian lay people, householders, could work together to create what we conceived of as a monastery without walls. We wondered if we could support each other in learning and participating in the sort of transformative inner practices, sacred teachings and attitudes that have been handed down through the centuries in Christian monasteries. Those who were interested were asked to commit to a self-disciplined lifestyle with a rule for daily living that included rising each day at 5 AM, daily study including Scripture, *The Psychological Commentaries On The Teaching of Gurdjieff And Ouspensky*, and a variety of community readings about the spiritual journey — as well as daily yoga practice, two 30-minute periods of silent prayer, tithing, attendance at two meetings per week, and service to the community.

It was a big demand to make on the lives of busy people, but 24 of them agreed to give it a try. We all knew that if we actually wished to

“be transformed by the renewing of our minds,” that it would take a super-effort by each of us. Every one of those who responded carried a deep wish for more than a vocabulary change or an exotic sounding new name. We all wanted to feel different inside and to meet God and the world in an entirely new way. We also knew that none of us could do it alone. We needed one another’s encouragement and support.

OK, so we’re going to have a church. Where? We knew with absolute certainty that if we were truly being inspired by God then it was going to be His church and that He would find the right and perfect location and the means to pay for it.

Equipped with a wish, prayer and faith we flew in from Kansas City for a week of looking. We opened the *Austin American-Statesman* classifieds and immediately noticed an ad that was enclosed by a bold border, surrounded by stars. It read, “For lease. Free form adobe house, 4000 sq. ft., solar heat, guest house, 2 bed, 2 bath, wood burning stove.” Wow, are you kidding? How perfect! But our first reaction was that something like that would, of course, be priced way out of our range. Spirit moved us to call anyway, just in case. Barb called the number while I stood by. As the

agent described the property to her, I heard Barb saying, “sounds like our house ... sounds like our house ...sounds like our house...sounds like our house.” I could hardly wait to hear the description. “Let’s go,” she said. “I think we’ve found the perfect house.”

It was, indeed, our new house and more. It was our new church home. With its 350 windows it was filled with light. The enormous living room, with its soaring two story ceiling, spiral staircase and large balcony became our first church hall. The large kitchen was to be both dining hall and office. It was a work of art. And we could afford it because it was in pretty bad repair. The agent promised, though, that all would be fixed up by the time we planned to move in, two months later, in late June. She was true to her word. Our first services were held there the first week of July.

Gradually, the members began to bring friends and soon our gatherings filled the rooms with anywhere from 50 to 100 people each week. At first the crowding was exciting as we grew together in our experiment in Christian community. Holy Communion, shared from tiny cups in a tray, drew us closer and closer to each other in the body of Christ. Our silent practices, Work teaching, and disciplined life-style filled us with the spirit of shared adventure. But soon, within the year, we felt the

pinch of not enough room and it was time to find larger quarters.

One day Bob Rader, now our emeritus member of the Board of Trustees, came in and announced, "I've found our new church." He took us to a long-abandoned bank building, set toward the back of 24 acres on Loop 360, across from the Tres Amigos restaurant. Perfect! With Bob, a full time dentist, as our construction supervisor, we set to work transforming it into our next church home. A semicircular stage grew out of the wall right in front of the former drive-in teller window. That window, sliding money drawers still intact, was soon covered over by a beautiful curved back wall with built-in speakers from my stereo for our sound system. Someone donated a piano. Someone else donated stackable chairs. Another donated carpeting. Another loaned us art for our walls. Yet another loaned us beautiful leaded glass panels to hang in the former bank's front windows, creating a welcoming entrance for those who would come. There were a couple of small offices, a small bookstore, a room large enough to begin a Sunday School program and even a tiny kitchenette.

Our new, more spacious church home held us securely, as we grew ever-deeper in Christ's love and more unified in intimacy with each other. Here we continued our studies with Bernadette Roberts and it was also

here that we first met our beloved Abba, Fr. Thomas Keating. Soon, though, we felt the pinch again, with sometimes as many as 75 kids of all age groups crammed into that one room with 5 or 6 dedicated and courageous teachers. It was again time to find a new home.

Bill Browder called: "Can you get the Board of Trustees together and meet me up near Steck and Mesa? I think I've found our new church." We walked into a dark feeling one story office building filled with tiny cubicles that had served the previous tenant, a tax collection agency. Through God's grace and the inspired generosity of our friends, we quickly raised a lot of money and, guided by prayer and faith, we entered the uncharted lands of major remodeling.

Once again, Bob Rader took the supervisor's role as we plunged into construction mode. Dozens and dozens of people showed up day after day and tore out wall after wall of the old offices. Then we put up the new walls that shaped the space into a church designed by Bill Browder. We jackhammered the new plumbing into the old concrete floor and created men and women's bathrooms, a real step up from our former single unit situation. We installed wiring, ceilings, a sanctuary with a semicircular stage and curved back wall that shut out the street and its noise, 3 offices, 4 Sunday School rooms, a bookstore, a kitchen, a

meeting room, a large fellowship area and even a meditation room. It took a couple of months for the construction to be completed and it was hard work. We loved every minute of it. It shaped us into a family.

Here we went on with our ever-deepening worship, prayer, Work study, silence, studies and contemplative education all centered around, fed and held together by the deep mystery of Holy Communion. And here we received teaching, guidance and inspiration from a host of spiritual teachers, a swami, a sanyasi, several monks, a rabbi, a priest and several geshe and rinpoche. We were following our intention, as stated in our bylaws, to seek insight and inspiration from all the great traditions to help us illumine and understand our ever-deepening Christian community journey. It was here that we first experienced that now familiar, palpable, community spiritual presence. It was the product of working hard together, in service to a shared vision and the excitement and anticipation that grew out of the very real and literal experience that God was clearly at work in our lives and in our church.

One day our treasurer, Patsy Wade, an astute business woman and dedicated spiritual journeyer,

continued on page 4

Home of Our Own continued from page 3


presented me with a shocking idea. She pointed out that we were not being good stewards of our generous community's tithes. She noted that we were spending \$8500 each month for rent. She said that much money would more wisely be invested by building our own church. I was stunned by the whole concept. How could we, with just a few hundred members and attendees, build a church? But the Board agreed with her logic, feeling also that the idea was so outrageous that it must have been inspired by God. So we prayed for guidance and began exploratory planning meetings.

Shortly after that small beginning, Patsy died and to our absolute surprise we learned that she had left us a very considerable bequest of \$350,000. Our building program was clearly underway. In an amazingly short time we found this land, we raised money, found our architect, secured an enormous \$2.5 million loan, and hired just the right builder for such a complex and unusual project. We also moved from our office park home to the magical church and grounds at the Sri Atmananda campus in the Hyde Park area, which would nurture us for the next 18 months while we built our new home.

The contractor we chose was happy to let us work right alongside the professional crews. So once again, Bob Rader led and supervised our community volunteers who contributed countless hours and gallons of

perspiration to what he referred to as "sweat equity." I put a hold on my counseling appointments, put on my tool belt and work boots, and went to work fulltime as a construction worker. Just as we had in each of our earlier build-outs, we prayed and worked and prayed and worked. And as we did, we were steadily formed even more deeply into a community of friends of common spirit who share in the blessings of a common dedication to a life of spiritual practice.

Our five year experiment in Christian community has become a blessed and beautiful fact. Manifesting it has taken us on an amazing journey of faith that no human being could have possibly planned. God has clearly and unerringly been leading us to home after home. We've grown from our first church in a house with 24 friends to the hundreds of us who share this quietly beautiful campus with its serene Texas vernacular architecture. Along the way we've experienced countless blessings and gone through hard times together as we shared in the continual, gradual, grace-filled discovery of the meaning of Christian community.

But our true and real home is more than the buildings that shelter us. It is God's transforming love and it has been with us all the way. You can see it in our faces and feel it as you enter these sacred grounds. Our home is now and always has been in the heart of God, and His home is in ours. 

May Calendar

Visit consciousharmony.org
for a complete listing of events

Special Events

Adult Baptism Class
Saturdays 11:30am-1pm
4 week class continues through May 17

Adult Baptism
Sunday May 18 1:30pm

Lessons in Truth
Wednesdays 7:30pm
12 week class continues

Monthly

Tuesday Enrichment 7:30-8:30 pm
Sacred Chanting May 6
Gurdjieff Music May 20

Community Workday
Saturday May 10

Weekly

Prayer Circle
Wednesdays 9:15 am

Contemplative Knitting Circle
Wednesdays 10:30 am-12 noon

Contemplative Lunch
Wednesdays 12 noon

Mid-Week Communion Service
Wednesdays 6-7 pm

Introduction to the Work Class
Thursdays 7:30pm

Daily

Weekday Centering Prayer Service
M-F 7-7:35 am in Theosis Chapel

Springtime to Ripe Fruit

by Barbara Cook

I am thrilled to my core many times each day as I look out my dining room window at a very large clay pot filled to overflowing with red, pink, purple, orange, yellow, fuchsia and white blossoms. They seem to be shouting out their joy because they received just enough warm wet weather and sun during the greening of spring. As I look now I can also see a time in the not so distant future when all of them will be burnt to a crisp in the blazing Texas summer sun, no matter how much hosing I do to keep them going. But that look to the future never keeps me from the spring planting and the couple of months of sheer enjoyment, of ecstatic communing we and the flowers share in the spring. All of nature is singing with new life; the peach blossoms that line 1st Street in Austin and the redbuds outside my windows all proclaiming spring. They give us their all each year, even knowing that they just have a season.

All of this spring beauty reminds me of the springtime of our Spiritual Journey. Each time one of my friends meets God or begins their Centering Prayer practice I am reminded of my own falling in love with God. That is the springtime of our journey and it's just like falling

in love with another person — everything is blossoms and joy. There is a breathiness and a feeling of fullness and wanting of more. It is love and we think it will always be that way. But as it must, summer comes; blossoms drop to the ground, bright green turns darker, dust blows in, everything is dryer and a bit harder.

Fr. Thomas tells us that it is also like that on our spiritual journey. God has moved down to the next level and is waiting for us to join deeper in a deeper place. But now it feels kind of like a Texas summer: DRY and HOT. The Christian contemplative tradition calls it a desert time. Now no matter how much we add the “water” of prayer, it seems like we're barely hanging in there. But by persisting and continuing to give ourselves water we will one day find a cool breeze or a brisk morning and we'll know that autumn has arrived. And we do find that God is still here and we also find that our love is now deeper and more mature. We have gone through something difficult together and even though it may have seemed to our senses that God was gone, he was always here. We now begin to realize that He is absolutely one with us and we can never be separate from Him. We

bear the ripe fruit of faith. Then when our winters come we know with certitude that even though life is quiet and cool above ground, our unseen roots are preparing for the expansive spring that is soon to follow.

Our journey has seasons and each of them is necessary for our growth. The entire cycle, with all its phases, brings us to a deep and mature love of God that blooms forever and blesses the world with its fragrance. ☉

Save the Date

TWENTY YEARS OF GRACE

Come and celebrate our growth
together as a community in Christ.

Prayer and Devotion on Saturday.

Sunday after the service

we will have activities for the children,
food, music and time for reminiscing.

July 5-6, 2008



2008: A Year Acceptable to the Lord by Kate Hopkins

*It is I, I the Lord; There is no Savior but Me.
It is I who foretold, I who saved;
I have made this known to you. You are witnesses.*

~Isaiah 43:10-12

I am the youngest of three children born into a family that was comfortable with religion. We blessed food, attended church and my siblings and I were often reminded that we should be grateful. Our family was mostly Methodists with some Presbyterian cousins. My family let me know in thousands of ways that I was loved. I have friends who say they were afraid of God as a child and were frightened of being a “sinner.” I was fortunate to have dodged that particular “am I sinning now?” bullet. The consequences of my bad behavior were more concrete and immediate. “Go to your room” and “no dessert for you” were effective in our house, accompanied by a steely *look* from my mother.

“It is I, I the Lord; There is no Savior but me”. This is from Isaiah in the Old Testament, so the “Savior” is God, not Christ. Isaiah is already talking about God saving us before the arrival of Jesus Christ. Methodists aren’t keen on saving,

but it was very important to do good things. Learning the teachings of Christ appeared to be the primary goal, and the doing of good deeds demonstrated the measure of my Christianity regardless of my relationship with God. Something was definitely missing.

So the God I grew up with, although forgiving and the creator of beautifully symmetrical tiny petals and all things, had conditions and hoops to jump through before entering the Kingdom of Heaven. And so it also seemed with my family and any relationship.

Being saved implies that, if I am actually saved from something serious, such as drowning or bankruptcy, then that bad thing didn’t happen. Who wouldn’t want to be saved? There were plenty of saviors available...family, friends, money, and success were a few things that seemed capable of “saving” me.

I grew up in Houston and attended St. Paul’s Methodist

Church. St. Paul’s is a grand cathedral with stained glass windows, a long red carpeted aisle, and red velvet cushions on wooden pews. I have a strong memory of sitting in a row about half-way back and experiencing a deep knowing that God loved ME. It was more than a thought; it was a physical experience. That event stayed dormant until, not coincidentally, I began to have an increased curiosity about God and longed for a deeper understanding.

My father and I had a special bond. I was born not much more than nine months after his return from WWII and he said that I was proof that he was still alive. I was “loved-on” by my family, held, and played with by my sister who now had a live doll. And then one night, when I was in high school, my father came into my room to tell me that he had a drinking problem. He was sorry and was working on it. “I just need more will power,” he said. I saw the deep sadness in his face; we

hugged each other and cried. I wanted to help him, and I took sides with the more vulnerable, passive-aggressive parent. Our relationship became even more co-dependent as he fell further and further into his addiction. It is obvious to me now that my addictions, dependency and debt, were fed by the family dynamics of those years.

“It is I, I the Lord; There is no Savior but me.” We needed a savior. Dad was going through the motions of giving up drinking. He went to AA for awhile, at my request. I was reaching out to God then and asking for help. What was happening? My family was at fault. Maybe his job was too stressful. Maybe his father had been too strict with him. And my mother: she was incredibly controlling and emotionally unavailable. Our relationship was very intense.

When I was a junior at the University of Texas, I became severely depressed, dropped out, and moved back to Houston to live with my parents. I was literally non-verbal and my parents took me to a psychiatrist who referred me to a hospital for several weeks, probably to get me away from my mother. Therapy introduced me to the idea that I truly did have the freedom to choose what I wanted to do. This was my life and it belonged to no one else, not even to my mother. When he convinced me that this could be true, my heart felt like it was going to expand out of my body.

My passion had always been music, and I decided to pursue

singing as a career. This was not supported by my family, but I auditioned as the lead soprano in the Crystal Palace at Astroworld and got my first job singing. I also spent five years on the road with a band, performing at the end of our run at the Flamingo Hotel in Las Vegas on the same bill with Della Reese. I later moved to California, living in both San Francisco and Los Angeles, and was still dependent on my family for money. I would work receptionist/clerical jobs, and sing when I could. Even though I did studio singing, commercials, and back-up on albums, I seemed to sabotage myself at every juncture, especially when there was a possibility of increasing my income. My family was financially comfortable and I began to know the tone of my voice necessary to receive a check in the mail. It shamed me to keep asking, and yet there was also pride about having that control over money (and my family). My addiction to dependency used the unspoken words “You owe me.”

During my California years, when I was 36 years old, I became pregnant for the first time. I was ecstatic, but the father was not. I literally died while giving birth to Preston Nicholas Hopkins. My vital signs stopped, code blue, and I was revived. There was a mysterious flow to this event and I somehow knew that God was there and that we were taken care of. Soon, however, the man in my life was gone, and he has had no contact with Preston throughout his 24 years. I was a single mom, and even more dependent on my family for money. They offered to subsidize me if I went

back to college to finish getting my degree in anything I wanted...except music.

This was a period of hungry searching for a spiritual home, and I tried many paths. I became a Unitarian and became socially and politically active, but could not find God in any of that. This was also a time of searching for reasons behind my behavior. I began attending Adult Children of Alcoholics meetings, and then Debtor’s Anonymous. I never seemed to have enough money and so when I heard the term “compulsive under-earner,” that hit home. Also “compulsive procrastinator” and “compulsive debtor” put language on my resistance to paying bills on time.

I moved back to Texas in 1994, and when I first came to the new church on Newhall Lane I was stunned. The room was God-filled. I heard Tim say that Christ was the intersection of the vertical and the horizontal of the cross, and that with this Christ I was without sin. I couldn’t stop crying. God had tried to make Himself known to me all those years, and sometimes I caught a glimpse. But I needed the path of esoteric Christianity to really begin to see. I also began to see that Divine Forgiveness doesn’t relinquish the necessity of supporting myself. On the contrary, it is as if a force is pulling me toward a desire for stewardship of the gifts I’ve received.

There was incredible grace around my Mother’s last year, and

2008... continued from page 7

I experienced much love and healing during her illness. When she died in 1999 I inherited more than a half million dollars. Some of it is still in a trust fund that is locked up so tight that no tone in my voice seems to convince the trustees to release those funds. I had already bought my very first house with a gift that my father left me when he died in 1988. I didn't even know that the money existed, but when I told my mother that I wanted to buy a house she told me about money that my Dad had left for a down payment.


So I had my own house, which was amazing to me. And I had money that was available to me without manipulating anybody. I would just call the broker and ask for the amount I wanted, and there it would be. It took six years to go through it. It almost felt like I couldn't get rid of it fast enough. Having my own money made me anxious.

When it was gone, my home was almost foreclosed on. My sister and brother helped a little, and then I sold my house. It was one of the hardest things I've ever done, letting go of this home, with its landscaping and deck and pond that I added on. And now I live in a funky/charming old rental house, working at a job as a special education teacher's assistant that pays my bills and has good benefits. I did get a BA and have worked with young children for 18 years. I get to sing at my church where the beauty of silence within the music is teaching me new depths of

communion with God.

Last June I fell off of my back steps onto the concrete, bruised my ribs and hit my head. Over Thanksgiving I fell and broke my knee cap and chipped off part of my front tooth tripping over a speed bump in a parking lot. I fell again Christmas Eve and had a deep cut in the other leg. I still had a brace on the broken knee. Early this year my car was rear-ended while waiting at a yield sign. The impact was very hard and it was totaled.

The sound of the crashes and the feelings in my body are mysterious in that I'm not sure what the message is. Perhaps it is...stuff happens. Maybe there is not supposed to be a message. Maybe the gift is that I have the freedom to interpret all of this and the choice to let either grace or fear take over. I blessed the car and the young man who was driving. This was a young man not paying attention. There was a connection with him as I remembered the many mistakes I've made while driving. People do get crashed into just sitting still. People trip and fall every day all over the world. The interpretations are up to me. Centering Prayer offers me a chance to let fear fall away. It offers me the opportunity to let old fears surface and it brings illumination into the shadows.

Here then is my invitation to have a more personal relationship with God, a relationship I have always yearned for: *"There is no Savior but Me. It is I who foretold, I who saved; I have made this known to you..."* 

Browse the Bookstore

Open Monday-Friday

8:30 am - 3:30 pm

Sunday 9:00 - 10:00 am

11:30 am - 12:30 pm

Now Available

Parabola Anthology Series
The Inner Journey-
Collections and Teachings
on the transformative dimensions of
the great Traditions



The Christian Tradition



The Gurdjieff Work



The Hindu Tradition



The Islamic Tradition



The Jewish Tradition



The Second Line of Work

All esoteric teaching regards Man as between two levels, sometimes called “Earth and Heaven”. All esoteric teaching also says that if Man on earth is cut off from all influences coming from a higher level, mankind will perish. Just as physical nature, as we behold it in the external visible world, depends for its life on the influence of the sun, so Man, in his inner world, depends on influences from a higher level. If these influences are received by no one on earth, Man is cut off and perishes. One of the problems, therefore, of esotericism is how to keep alive this contact or connection. At different times in history different ways have been tried, but all with the same end in view. For example, different kinds of schools or “churches” have existed, which for a time have maintained this connection. But sooner or later any particular school or “church” or focus created for the reception and transmission of these higher influences, has died. But a new focus always appears. The death of a “church”, if we use this term, is sometimes called a flood in the language of the parables. The new church is the ark that survives it and contains representations of all forms of knowledge and good necessary for a new beginning.

(Volume 1, *Psychological Commentaries on the Teaching of Gurdjieff and Ouspensky*, by Maurice Nicoll)

Seeing Without Seeing

from Thomas Merton *New Seeds of Contemplation*

Contemplation is the highest expression of man’s intellectual and spiritual life. It is that life itself, fully awake, fully active, fully aware that it is alive. It is spiritual wonder. It is spontaneous awe at the sacredness of life, of being. It is gratitude for life, for awareness and for being. It is a vivid realization of the fact that life and being in us proceed from an invisible, transcendent and infinitely abundant Source. Contemplation is, above all, awareness of the reality of that Source. It *knows* the Source, obscurely, inexplicably, but with a certitude that goes both beyond reason and beyond simple faith. For contemplation is a kind of spiritual

vision to which both reason and faith aspire, by their very nature, because without it they must always remain incomplete. Yet contemplation is not vision because it sees “without seeing” and knows “without knowing.” It is a more profound depth of faith, a knowledge too deep to be grasped in images, in words or even in clear concepts. It can be suggested by words, by symbols, but in the very moment of trying to indicate what it knows the contemplative mind takes back what it has said, and denies what it has affirmed. For in contemplation we know by “unknowing.” Or, better, we know *beyond* all knowing or “unknowing.”

Guidelines for Christian Life, Growth and Transformation

Fr. Thomas Keating, in his seminal work *Open Mind, Open Heart*, lists 42 principles underlying the Christian spiritual journey. Fr. Keating asks that these principles be read according to the method of *lectio divina*. One principle will appear in these pages each month.

5th Guideline:



Original sin is not the result of personal wrongdoing on our part. Still, it causes a pervasive feeling of alienation from God, from other people and from the true Self. The cultural consequences of these alienations are instilled in us from earliest childhood and passed on from one generation to the next. The urgent need to escape from the profound insecurity of this situation gives rise, when unchecked, to insatiable desires for pleasure, possession, and power. On the social level, it gives rise to violence, war, and institutional injustice.



The Grace of the Ascension

When they had gathered together they asked Him, 'Lord, are You at this time going to restore the kingdom to Israel?' He answered them, 'It is not for you to know the times or seasons that the Father has established by His own authority. But you will receive power when the Holy Spirit comes upon you, and you will be my witnesses to the ends of the earth.'

When He had said this, as they were looking up, He was lifted up, and a cloud took Him from their sight.

The Acts of the Apostles 1: 6-9



Christ disappears not into some geographical location, but into the heart of all creation. In particular, Christ penetrates the very depths of our being, our separate-self sense melts into His Divine Person, and we are empowered to act under the direct influence of His Spirit. Thus, even if we drink a cup of soup or walk down the street, it is Christ living in us, transforming us and the world from within. This transformation appears in the guise of ordinary things and of our seemingly insignificant daily routines. The grace of the Ascension is the uninhibited faith that believes that God's will is being done no matter what happens.

Thomas Keating, *Manifesting God*



The Church of Conscious Harmony
A Contemplative Christian Community

7406 Newhall Lane
Austin, Texas 78746
512.347.9673
512.347.9675 fax
info@consciousharmony.org
www.consciousharmony.org

MINISTERS

Tim and Barbara Cook

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Michael Begeman
Pamela Begeman
Mary Anne Best
Eric DeJernett
Donald Genung
Edward Pierce
Mary Theriot
Bob Rader, Emeritus

MUSIC

Susan Boulden, Director
musicdir@consciousharmony.org
Sue Young

YOUTH EDUCATION SERVICES

Deborah Hale, Children's Director
childmin@consciousharmony.org
Jacque Botto, Assistant to the Children's Director
Don Hale, Youth Director
youthdir@consciousharmony.org

OFFICE

Mon-Fri 8:30am-4:30pm
Donald Genung, Business Mgr
bizmgr@consciousharmony.org
Lisa Genung, Office Mgr
officemgr@consciousharmony.org
David Pickett, Facility Mgr
facilitymgr@consciousharmony.org

BOOKSTORE

Sun 9-10:00am & 11:30am-12:30pm
Mon-Fri 8:30am-3:30pm
Mimi Conroy, Manager
bookmgr@consciousharmony.org

NEWSLETTER

Joyce Jane Weedman, Editor
jweedman@naiaustin.com
Carol Hagar, Design
lifeisart@austin.rr.com