Thinking the Unthinkable
by Harry Henderson

That morning when the Twin Towers fell. Waves of refugees, drowned or struggling ashore. Brexit. Now Trump. “Unthinkable.” It wasn't supposed to be this way. As the century turned, a prominent pundit had declared that “the end of history” had been brought about by the productivity of new technology, free trade, and the empowered individual. Democracy was spreading around the world. At home, “the long arc of history bends toward justice,” as a painful racial legacy was gradually being overcome.

But now here we are: shocked, dismayed, confused. How does one think about the unthinkable? There are two ways something might be unthinkable: we could be unwilling to think about it, or we could be unable to do so. Both courage and the ability to cultivate a new mode of thought are required.

Consider how C.G. Jung faced an earlier breakdown: the end of the 19th century’s long era of relative peace, prosperity, and progress. An unprecedented war was on the horizon. Jung was willing to take the psychological plunge from the ego and its sense of control into what he called the unconscious. Through techniques such as “active imagination,” he offered a way to listen to “the psyche speaking about itself.” He developed a perspective where the ego was no longer the center of consciousness, but had its roots in archetypal forces and millennia of history. In the analysis and Guild work many of us have experienced, we learned to dialog with the Shadow, that Other, acknowledging that “this thing of darkness is mine own.”

Jung focused mainly on the inner world of the individual, but at times he pointed beyond it. He wrote, “the greater part of the Soul is outside the body.” The work of Wolfgang Giegerich has been controversial—partly because its style seems so different from Jung’s, and because of its conceptual difficulty. But, like Jung, Giegerich took the plunge—this time, distinguishing the realm of individual human concern from that of “big history,” if you will. He saw that the new arena in which psyche or soul was enacting itself was the atomic age, technology, media, and economics. Thus, there is a way to see Giegerich as being the intellectual heir of Jung, pushing the latter’s insights to their logical conclusion—that the soul speaks about itself, that it is constantly thinking itself into new forms, and that it expresses itself in history and culture.

There is no doubt much of Shadow in the virulence that has surfaced in our country and world. But it would be a mistake to think, as some Jungians seem to do, that “individual work” is an adequate response to an historical shift. Similarly, political action to preserve the social safety net or civil rights, while very necessary, is not enough. We must seek to understand how technological, economic, and social forces are changing what it means to be a worker, a consumer, a citizen. How the meaning of gender, privacy, and autonomy are changing. How even what it means to be an individual, or a human being, is historically constructed and always being rethought.

Just as Jung said that the dream has all it needs for its interpretation if we allow it to speak of itself, Giegerich says that the same is true of each phenomenon that expresses the movement of soul. Each phenomenon has a “self quality,” an internal logic, an interiority. But to allow this to articulate itself, the ego must realize that it is, itself, a moment in soul’s development, a locus of its self-reflection. It is not identical to consciousness itself. Its history—and ours—are part of a larger process.
"Nourishing the Soul"
by Nils Peterson

This year's "Nourishing the Soul" will talk again about story, the ones we're told and the ones we tell. It will be wide-ranging, from myth to Shakespeare, from Homer to Updike, from fairy tales to urban legend, and maybe most important, our own. We think storytelling is the most human of activities. It helps make us who we are, tells us where we are, and gives us some sense of where we want to be. Each night, the dreamer visits us with his wild tales. All our earthly stories are, in a way, a way of catching up with him/her.

Frank O'Connor takes a sentence from Gogol's "The Overcoat" to give an alternate description of the short story: "...and from that day forth, everything was as it were changed and appeared in a different light to him." All of us have had many such moments where there is a turning, a pushing in a new direction. The seminar will give us a chance to explore our own “turning moments” as well as those of others, real and fictional, in the context of story.

We have planned, also, some wonderful art and music projects.

This year’s seminar will be held from April 3 to April 6 at Bishop’s Ranch in Healdsburg. The gathering will begin with greeting and wine at 5 and end after lunch on Thursday. The seminar hours will be Monday night after dinner; from 7:30 AM till noon, 2:00 PM till 5:00, and 7:00 to 9:00 on Tuesday and Wednesday; and 7:30 to noon on Thursday. We have raised the fee for the seminar this year to $700 because the amount we are being charged by Bishop’s Ranch has increased significantly from last year. (There is also a $50 nonrefundable registration fee.) There is some scholarship money available.

Date: Monday, April 3, 5:00 PM to Thursday, April 6, after lunch.
Place: Bishop’s Ranch in Healdsburg.
Leaders: Maureen Draper, Nils Peterson, and Sue Renfrew.
Fees: $750, which includes $50.00 registration fee.
Register: Online at http://guildsf.org/online-seminar-registration/ or through the Guild office at office@guildsf.org.

"Anxiety and Joy"
by Manuel Costa

"Anxiety and Joy": a seminar to be held at The Angela Center. Santa Rosa, CA, from June 27 to July 2, 2017, led by Manuel Costa, Jennifer Larson, and Patricia Calcagno Stenger. Anxiety is helpful when it pushes us to prepare better, work more effectively, or do what needs to be done. But anxiety can, at times, make us lose needed sleep, worry futilely, and throw us into a state of psychic paralysis. In this seminar, we will explore ways of staying secure and grounded by managing our anxiety creatively.

Fee: $1,100 + $50 registration, if application is received before February 27, 2017, and $1,200 + $50 registration, if application is received after February 27, 2017.

Dakota Sioux’s Relation to the Earth, and National Banks
By Maureen Hartmann
(from story by Jessica Ravitz, CNN)

Faith Spotted Eagle--grandmother (elder), in her late sixties, to the Dakota Sioux Tribe--had come to welcome a baby girl named “Water of Life”--Mni Wiconi--for which a special tent was erected. Spotted Eagle tells the people who have come to the site that they are not protestors, but water-protectors. Water, for her, is “the first medicine,” for its life-supporting properties.

Water, says Spotted Eagle, has past remembrances. Water remembers the prayers spoken from the center of human personality. . .The women water-protectors raise tobacco sacrifices. Spotted Eagle says that, one hundred years from the present, people will remember the lyrics sung to her at the Dakota Sioux Camp.

According to a Dakota Sioux prophecy, a black snake will come to destroy the Earth. Some of the Native Americans at the camp equate this snake with the Dakota Access pipeline that is running through their water resource and their sacred burial grounds.

Spotted Eagle offers a counter proposal: What if the Dakota Sioux decided to build through Arlington Cemetery? The Dakota Sioux are accustomed to praying for the rest and peace of their relatives, as they transition to the spirit-world, so that they will not have to wander restlessly through the Earth. Faith Spotted Eagle says that a treaty signed at Fort Laramie in Wyoming in 1851 gave territory to Native Americans, and 38 miles of the Dakota Access Pipeline runs through the land.

In the camp there is a sign, “Muslims standing with Standing Rock Sioux.” Certainly this is relevant to a divided nation in 2017. It seems a shame that some of the investors and lenders of money from major national banks who finance the Dakota Access pipeline could be missing out on our rich Native American heritage.
Remembering Shirley Fritchoff  
By Elizabeth Bremer

A couple of years ago Shirley mused that she was possibly the oldest living Guild member. I don’t know when she first attended a seminar, but she showed me photos that I think were from the 1950s, and explained that she attended Sequoia Seminars before migrating to the Guild. For many years she was part of a Guild-affiliated group that formed in Boise, Idaho. Over the years she encouraged many people to attend seminars. Soon after I met her nearly 40 years ago I attended a Records seminar.

When astronaut John Glenn was eulogized recently, I thought of Shirley, whose life was similarly rich with energy and variety. She worked internationally following WWII, later held a federal job until retiring, then started two non-profits and followed her passion to completing her MA and becoming an art therapist. Along the way she raised her daughter as a single mom.

Looking for a warm and economical place to live in semi-retirement, Shirley discovered a pristine stretch of beach at the edge of a nature preserve in San Carlos, Sonora, Mexico, and stayed for 20 years. There she explored her creative process, guided by the gifts of the sea and sand. She led groups and worked with individuals using creative methods for self-discovery, especially sand tray. She worked with traditional sand tray, but also experimented and was most enamored with what the materials of nature could bring, especially stones. She contributed a short essay on this work to a volume titled Sacred Stones, by Maril Crabtree.

Shirley seemed to land in roles of leadership, bringing people together for exploration and reflection, encouraging one another to find their authenticity and live it.

I met Shirley as a volunteer with VISTA, working for her in Boise at the inception of one of the non-profits. I helped Shirley remodel three little houses she had just bought and she provided me with a basement apartment in her home. We quickly made a deep connection, energizing each other from our different perspectives on life’s spectrum, encouraging one another to inhabit our own skin. With several long gaps over the years, the connection remained and would come to life instantly whenever we wrote or spoke or visited.

Shirley strove to be a conscious navigator of her life’s ups, downs, twists and turns, becoming ever more honest with herself. She spiced her environment and her relationships with humor, taking delight in mischief. Small Mexican papier-maché clowns sprinkled her home and she gave them as gifts.

When I spoke with her on her birthday last November, she was in the hospital after a fall and complications. She acknowledged she might be facing her end of life, but in typical fashion, she exclaimed, “This is an exciting time and I have so much to do!”

An image she loved was the lighthouse. She would say it’s our responsibility to fuel our light and let it shine into life. It was no surprise that she came to her end with fuel to spare in her psyche. Physically, pneumonia weakened her. When her heart stopped, her daughter was holding her hand.

Mentor, ‘adulthood-mother’, friend… to me and many others, always in our hearts.

Here’s a photo of Shirley in Tucson in 2012, working with sand tray.

February Birthdays

Robert Gibbons  
Hal Milton  
Rita McGowan  
Carl Sutter  
John Roedel  
Susan Hice  
Nancy Anderson  
Linda Davidge  
Joanna Bramble  
David Dugan  
Ann Elsbach  
Bob Barram  
Joanie Misrack

Feb 2  
Feb 2  
Feb 9  
Feb 9  
Feb 11  
Feb 12  
Feb 14  
Feb 15  
Feb 21  
Feb 22  
Feb 22  
Feb 27  
Feb 28
After 96 years with all of us, Barbara Lyon passed away unexpectedly on Jan. 12, 2017, near her home in Fremont, CA. Barbara was born in Chicago, raised by her older sisters in New York City. In 1942, she met and married the love of her life, Boyd Vincent (aka B.B.) Lyon; postwar, they moved west to San Francisco, where they raised five children. In the city, she danced, made music, and painted. At 50, she returned to college and earned her BA from SF State, followed quickly by an MA from the SF Theological Seminary. After Barbara's husband was ordained an Episcopal priest, they made the move to Fremont, where she continued to grow, diving into yoga, which she practiced and taught to Fremont senior citizens to the end of her days. She also discovered poetry; at the time of her death, she was compiling a third volume for publication. [Ed. Note: See her "Prayer from St. Teresa," herein.] Barbara leaned into life. She was forever pushing on possibilities, curious, searching out new adventures, new connections, new art. She backpacked in the Sierras, rafted rivers, lived abroad, always singing, always writing, always creating: sculpture, portraits, landscape watercolors, collages, many of which found their way to local exhibitions. She was a part of so many communities and so many lives; indeed, her talents were unleashed and her spirit fulfilled through these relationships. Barbara and Boyd were married for 63 years; he died in 2005.

She is survived by five children, an impressive group of grandchildren and great grandkids, a trio of nieces, a great niece, and cousins.

Plans are being made for a memorial in Fremont, in mid-February. Please contact the family for additional details. In lieu of flowers, tread gently on the planet and bring kindness into your community. [From the East Bay Times, Jan. 22, 2017]

Prayer from St. Teresa
by Barbara Lyon
(submitted the day before she died)

May I
In my uncertainty
Release into an attitude of peace
Trust I am exactly where I am meant to be
Be content with myself just the way I am
Let this knowledge settle into my bones
Use the gifts I have received and pass them on
To myself and others

After the Election
by Nancy Anderson

You who are alien
You who are different
Come.
Stand near so that I can hear your pain, your anger.
So that I can begin to know of your deep desires.
Tell me of your anguish
I’ll tell you of mine
Somehow we may hear each other, come together in a tentative dance of recognition.
We will begin to honor the soul that shines in each of us
Know that, at the heart of things
We are ONE.

March Birthdays
Sylvia Light Mar 3
Tricia Schexnaydre Mar 3
Charles Pfeifer Mar 4
Rosalie Lambrose Mar 7
Matthew Black Mar 8
Andrea English Mar 11
Laurie Mathers Mar 15
John Gallagher Mar 18
Beth Harrison Mar 18
Sally Pugsley Mar 18
Carol Gaab Mar 21
Gail Priestley Mar 25
Mary Louise Metz Mar 26
Teresa Sylvester Mar 27
Susanna Singer Mar 29
Anxiety and Joy June 27 – July 2, 2017

Anxiety is no stranger to many of us. It can steal the breath. It can disorient in the middle of the night or overwhelm in the midst of normal daily activities. We may feel powerless in its presence or embarrassed that it compels us toward unwanted behaviors. What is anxiety and what does it tell us about itself? What is required of us to face it and its multiple manifestations?

Jakob Boehme says, “The Holy Spirit leads us by anxiety to a new birth.” What might this mean? Perhaps anxiety itself is the push of something new that wants to come into being. What orientation of heart and mind might be needed to explore the creativity that is hidden within anxiety? How might the disturbing symptoms we experience lead to greater freedom and joy?

In this seminar, we will use discussion, art, play dialogues, movement, music, silence and above all our own experience and self-reflection to explore what Soul/Life/Self has to teach us about the many sides of anxiety.

Leaders:
Manuel Costa, MA MFT
Jennifer Larson MA
Patricia Calcagno Stenger, MA MFT

Location:
The Angela Center, Santa Rosa CA

Fee:
$1,100 + $50.00 registration if application is received before February 27, 2017
$1,200 + $50.00 registration if application is received after February 26, 2017

For more information about the seminar please contact
Patricia Stenger at pstenger@comcast.net or 707-537-1511
For information about scholarships, please contact
Manuel Costa at mjmmc46987@aol.com or 408-266-2084
Register at http://guildsf.org/online-seminar-registration/
Stay Connected

Bob Ridder, Administrative Coordinator, is available for all inquiries by phone at (415) 561-2385, or by email at office@guildsf.org.

Send your email address to office@guildsf.org so that we can keep you connected and up-to-date on Guild events. Also be sure that we have your current mailing address so that we are able to send you this yearly edition of the newsletter. Please keep us updated with your address changes.

Mailing Address

Guild for Psychological Studies
P.O. Box 29385
San Francisco, CA 94129-0385

Guild Website

Visit www.guildsf.org for information about seminars and events, and to register for seminars. The website also has general information about the Guild, past issues of the Threshing Floor, relevant news, and links to resources. If you would like to post information of interest to the Guild community, please email harryhenderson51@gmail.com, our web administrator.

Guild Facebook Page

https://www.facebook.com/guildsf, launched in January! If you haven’t yet, please “friend” and “like” us!

Newsletter

To receive 12 issues of The Threshing Floor a year, please contact the Guild office. There is no charge for an e-mail subscription. For a print subscription, please send a check for $25 to the Guild office.

Items for inclusion in the Threshing Floor should be mailed to the Guild Office, Attn. Threshing Floor Editor, or emailed to office@guildsf.org. The deadline for each issue is the 20th of the month. Items received after that date will be published the following month.

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Volunteers

There are several people who fill necessary volunteer roles in the Guild. If you would like to be a Guild volunteer, please contact the Guild office at office@guildsf.org and let us know particular volunteer roles that appeal to you. Currently volunteers are members of the editorial staff for the Threshing Floor; members of the Board of Directors; serve as continuing education coordinator; train to serve as seminar coordinator, committee person or cook; provide transportation to/from seminars for attendees; help to catalog or research Guild archive materials; write reviews for Guild books and other publications; etc.

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