The Living Thread a continuation of LILIPOH She Spirit in Effe



THEMES OF GRIEF, GROWTH & COMING OF AGE

STORIES THAT NOURISH THE SOUL, AWAKEN THE HEART, AND TEND TO THE INVISIBLE THREADS THAT CONNECT US

in this journal



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The Living Thread Begins

Welcome to the first issue of THE LIVING THREAD—a new chapter for our community rooted in the spirit and heart of LILIPOH. Here, you'll find fresh perspectives, concise wisdom, practical inspiration, and creative expressions all woven together in service to well-being, happiness, and soulful living.

The articles and excerpts featured in this issue are from the two most recent issues of Lilipoh, edited by Karen Davis-Brown.

May each thread carry connection, healing, and joy into your life.

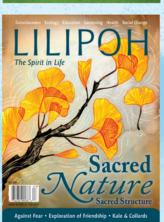
With gratitude, Team <u>Li</u>lipoh

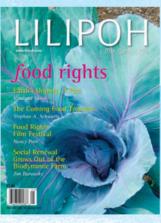
LIPOH



the Spirit in Life

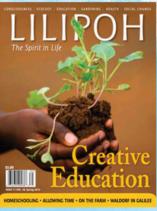




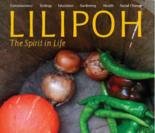












Articles, art, poetry, reviews of books, and news make LILIPOH Magazine a well-rounded, solution-oriented publication for creative, green-minded individuals who have an interest in spiritual inquiry and a desire to make a difference in the world.

Curbing Climate Change Through Biodynamic Agriculture

By Elizabeth Candelario

As the certifying agency for Biodynamic farms across the USA. Demeter's vision is to heal the planet through agriculture. That's a bold statement, because the very act of farming worldwide is responsible for at least 15% of global greenhouse gas emissions, the leading cause of climate change.

"There is this beautiful symbiosis going on beneath our feet, where the liquid carbon transforms into a solid, and is taken up by the microbiota (bacteria and fungi) that make up healthy soil."

Helping Money Heal; The Vidar Foundation in Canada

By Trevor Janz, MD

"...we are responsible for where our money is, and what effect it is having on all the lives it touches."

The Vidar Foundation is a registered Canadian charity that connects individuals wishing to use their money in positive ways, with borrowers needing money to grow socially responsible enterprises in sustainable agriculture, education, health, cooperatives, and other areas.

(Excerpts from LILIPOH Issue #86, Winter 2017)

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Featured Articles

WHAT BLOOMS AFTER THE RAIN JENNIFER DAVIS-BACHMAN

No one deserves to lose an unborn child, yet it happens more often than many expect. It is also a topic that does not get discussed publicly. It comes with shame, embarrassment, suspicion, heartache, surprise, shock, disappointment; it can be scary and depressing. Miscarriage is a situation that can happen to a woman and couples more than once. Miscarriage is a life changing event. Let me share my story with you on how grief came to visit and how I worked through it....

CLICK HERE TO READ MORE





FOR THE FUTURE DR. ARTIKA TYNER

Planting People Growing Justice Leadership Institute (PPGJLI), a community literacy nonprofit based in St. Paul, Minnesota, is successfully building leaders for the future by creatively engaging youth in personal ways with reading and writing. Their unique approach focuses on sharing books that celebrate many cultures, promoting storytelling & cultural preservation, and building intergenerational reading circles. The impact on young people is inspiring and shows what is possible when a community concerned about racial justice and equity comes together to support and empower future leaders through literacy and the arts.

CLICK HERE TO READ MORE

SWIMMING LESSONS CIARA O'HARA

Splash! My body hit the cold pool water and relaxed momentarily on the hot summer day. "Ciara, Ciara" my little sister's voice called. "Josephine, put your life vest back on, please. That is dangerous," I said as she took her pink life vest off near the pool's edge. "But I don't need it, I can swim like you." I thought quickly about how to respond, admiring her bravery and determination while also wanting her to understand reality. I decided I just needed to be honest. "You can't yet, Josephine. Put it back on, please."

"But I can, I really can, I'll show you."

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HEALING THE GRIEF OF DISCONNECTION

CHRYSTAL A. ODIN

We breathe in air, cry water and salt, our bones are healed up from the stones of the earth, and our power is born of fire-heat and blood. As humans, our relationship with land goes beyond utility and taps into a deeper, almost unconscious exchange that sustains life.

In this article we'll share insights into thoughts, hopes, dreams, and fears of disconnection, and the resulting need for reconnection to land, from some of the resident members of Philadelphia Community Farm (PCF). PCF is a rural-based intentional community farm in Osceola Wisconsin working towards liberation. We are a volunteerrun, intergenerational, Multi-Abled, Black, Brown, & Indigenous and LGBTQ led nonprofit 501(c)(3), committed to creating access for historically oppressed people to connect to their history through land, food systems and cultural practices.

CLICK HERE TO READ MORE



Featured Author

Threads

FEATURED IN OUR SUMMER 2025 ISSUE: GRIEF



"IF I COULD EXPRESS MY FEAR, I TOLD MYSELF, I COULD HANDLE IT."

It's a familiar story: I met someone who became my friend. And though this someone was a man, we were never more than a friendship. From his first dance class in my studio, there was some-thing between us that might have made people think we were more, but it was never like that. I remember the first time we talked, really talked. We leaned against the barre with our arms folded, our thoughts freed, and from then on, our conversations ranged from crucial issues(personal history, politics, choices we made that were good, but just as often bad) to the everyday (films, books, the absurdities of small town life). "That woman," I said to him once, upset about a comment made by the graphic designer working on the cover for my newest book, "had the nerve to say that I dressed too stylishly for a small town. What kind of an artist would say that?" There was a long pause. "Someone ought to tell that woman not to walk around in yoga pants. Her backside looks like a mattress folded in half," he said, and I loved him for saying the words, for being a man who could deliver a line like that without apology. He always knew how to make me laugh. And because he wasn't a man for groupthink correctness, I found it freeing to laugh with someone whose sense of humor seemed to mirror my own. It grounded me. We laughed about so many things. And when he got cancer, once or twice we even tried to laugh about that. But it fell flat. I kept working on a piece of choreography at a frantic pace, as if I could beat what was coming, which right there is the worst of self-deception. If I could express my fear, I told myself, I could handle it.

READ MORE HERE...

Different Time, Same Story

FEATURED IN OUR SPRING 2025 ISSUE: COMING OF AGE

"THAT NIGHT, I HEARD MY FATHER CRY. I HAD NEVER IMAGINED IT POSSIBLE FOR HIM TO CRY. IF HE NEEDED TO CRY, NOTHING FELT SAFE. I BURIED MY HEAD IN THE PILLOW."

It is hard to explain to people today, when it seems like everyone wants to visit Italy, that our neighbors once targeted my family because we are Italian. We had only lived in rural Connecticut a few weeks. Once my father saved enough money to leave our city apartment behind, off we moved to the cul-de-sac where people had larger houses but, I soon came to realize, smaller tolerance for people unlike themselves. Just weeks after we had moved in, someone painted "WOPS GO HOME!" on the side of my father's station wagon. I think the way in which I perceived myself changed the moment I saw those words. My mother said it had to be one of the neighbor kids. I remember her saying something like, "Kids do terrible things." But I did not believe it was a kid, not on your life. I was only five, but I'd already begun to notice grownup things, like a certain man in the neighborhood who shook his head whenever our family drove by. I could detect his contempt for all of the European struggles he never had to face and for all the Europeans he suddenly had to. Without his consent. My father has said that imagining the "American dream" was the only thing that got him through the Second World War. Except he did not carry the streets-paved-in-gold illusion. He defined the "dream" as living in a peaceful country. I'll never forget the look that came over him when he saw the slur splattered on his car, as if part of his dream had been snuffed out like one of his cigars, as if he'd finally witnessed something he'd been afraid of all along.

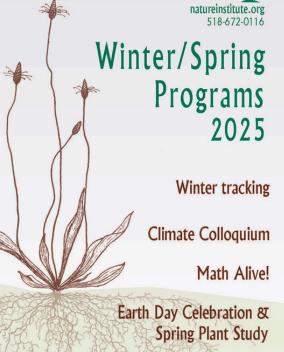
It was a different time, of course, when lots of us still believed that police always did the right thing, and so my father might have pretended to agree with my mother's plea to call them, but he never did. He just got out the hose and a scrub brush. And now I wonder: do we all see what we want to see, or can handle seeing, and sweep the rest under, scrub it away, so we can tell ourselves everything is fine, because "fine" is what we so desperately want? That night, I heard my father cry. I had never imagined it possible for him to cry. If he needed to cry, nothing felt safe. I buried my head in the pillow.

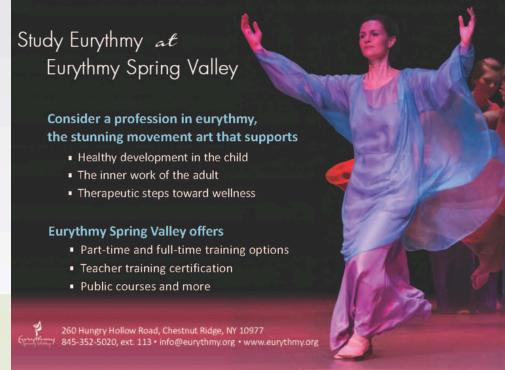


Mary Lou Sanelli

A professional speaker and master dance teacher, she lives with her husband on Bainbridge Island, Washington. Her work has been featured in both our Summer & Spring issues.

Read more about Mary Lou Sanelli here





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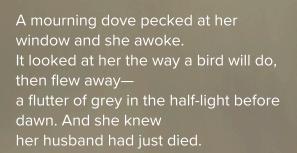


Threads of Thoughts

POETRY & REFLECTION FROM OUR MOST RECENT ISSUES

Omen

(A true story from the United States Civil War)



Quietly, she cried, not wanting the house to wake not wanting to share her grief: All there was left to replace her love.

She rose and went downstairs to sit beside the hearth and watch the flames do what she could not:
Wail and rage and tear and tear away from everything.

Her pain was so immense, she feared it. War had torn a jagged wound across the land. Its wake of hurt and hate was worse.
It could destroy her, even now.

Her children found her, staring at the flames. She pulled them close but could not stop their tears.

They did not ask.
they knew enough to know
that answers grew, taking their time.
When they were ripe and heavy they
would fall—final and forever.

When the letter came, after much delay, it was an empty shroud for one long dead.
The meaning of the message - its soul— had fled:
A flash of wings seen in the half-light grey, just before dawn.

— PETER BRUCKNER

From the collection Down the Road

Peter Bruckner is internationally active as a Waldorf teacher, lecturer on anthroposophical themes, poet, painter, writer, jeweler, puppeteer, song writer, stained glass artist and craftsman, among other things. pbwindrose@aol.com



A Refugee Grows Old

for my mother

She is surprised by the pink cyclamen in the pot, examines the foreign

petals, upswept as if reaching toward another place. Her own journey seems muted now,

details as far away as her childhood in Palestine. Where in one scenario she would have lived

in the same place until great grandchildren played around the lemon tree that defined

her family's house in scent and space. Where in the real scenario

she fled for her life with a husband and baby, in her pocket a key that rusted over the years.

Her memories are like henna on a hand, splendid arabesques fading each day

until gone. She has covered so many miles by boat, plane, car, on foot, measured

by oceans and clouds, gas fumes, tattered flags left behind, driver's licenses,

rental agreements, goodbyes to friends and family, a lifetime unanchored, cleaved.

She continues to worry that someone is plotting to take away her home

while slowly hunching over, a downswept bent flower, weighed down by hallucinations.

She knows some things never leave you so you have to leave them yourself, takes

small steps away looking for some peace.

— ZEINA AZZAM



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Zeina Azzam, a Palestinian American poet, writer, editor, and community activist, is currently the Poet Laureate of the City of Alexandria, Virginia. This poem is from her full-length poetry collection, Some Things Never Leave You. www.tigerbarkpress.com/catalog/p/some-things-never-leave-you-zeina-azzam

We Are Earth

SOLA HIGH SCHOOL, 2018

UNDER THE MENTORSHIP OF ELIZABETH PORRITT-CARRINGTON

It is snowing here in the mountains of Southern Appalachia
Winter still, though spring is close at hand
We can smell it in the earth and on the air.
Tiny white star flakes are covering the first purple violets
The flurries will blanket the red clay roads, soon.
This last breathe of winter has come to land.

Our School is a village of round houses, warm nests of our learning Settled in along the shoulders of Mount Pisgah, we are high in the ridges blue.

We come here by all our paths, a spectrum arriving like rainbows each day, each season, each year that passes.

The trees greeted us first along our way
They are tall, grey-brown-umber in this light
White Oak, Maple, Poplar, Birch, Cedar, Hickory,
rooting, branching out like neurons or bronchi.

The dogwoods will show blooms in the lower canopy.

Spring's early risers, will be dreaming white butterflies on the breeze.

Cardinals red, flaunt their feathers before spring comes again

Piliated woodpeckers make hollow taps,

sounding out the quiet woods like drums

The air is pure and clean.

Deep green pines sway in harmony, resin perfume raises up to the sky.

And all along the edges of crystal streams symphonic waterfalls play different keys, Splunking here and bubbling there, then softly flowing over smoothed out granite or quartz that looks like small glaciers. Mica sparkles like fish scales in the sun by silver stripes, minnows, raveling together, around the pools like friends at recess.

Herons visit here, coming through in wide heavy wingbeats Long beak poised, they stand like statues at the water's edge Fishers of the tributaries, of all these capillaries, of life.

Mossy stones are small world rainforests.

Ferns, lacy and smooth, uncoil their spines from spirals and roll out their leaves for Spring.

And spiders weave webs catching dewy drops of morning.

Others between the rocks, running hither and thither.

Salamanders mottled red and brown.

Worms, working their way down, in the underworld to the burrows and dens to receive the mycelium messages.

The fruit trees bloom...and a new snow falls

Pink petals and the palest creams of peach, cherry and apple blossoms Their sweet fruit will fall

generously, lovingly to us.

The garden grows again, vegetables are like easter eggs to be sought out.

They taste sweeter when grown by you.

We work with the gardens while the bees hum,

And the birds sing,

And children's voices raise up like hands to say

"we are not alone, we are here echoing with the birdsong!"

Children, playing up trees in colored raincoats, sliding down muddy hills in the rain, fledglings trying out their wings, inhabit this place, being a part of everything.

Come, climb up with us, off the trails to caves and enter into the dark!

We encourage one another to be who we are.

Some say "no, it is wild out there, in the woods, stick to the trail, it's straight, a right track, and never look back."

But up there on the bald, the giant cows roam, long horned,
white and sandal brown
Gentle beasts, their eyes tell you that.
Their great mass tells another story, older than the mountain.
Their breath is heavy and deep, as if out of the very soil of Earth.

And there are galaxies of flowers that bloom on those slopes, some seen and unseen, galleries of color, spreading wide their hues, glowing out messages of beginning and ending and beginning again making seed pods that rattle in Autumn's winds.

(continued on next page)

Autumn, when young Girls are knighted,
blessed for integrity and chivalry and care for their world
Whilst snakes slither through, sunning themselves on rocks or hanging from trees like ropes, you
won't see them till you do.

Virago and Lyra, Great Pyrenees friends protect the rabbits and the sheep and Loki the pony.

They look too huggable to be fierce but bark enough as you pass, to spread their warning word, till they circle their napping spot, again resting with one eye open.

Our teachers, our guides, walk alongside us.

They show us how to make our own books.

One, a gentle giant who smiles upon us,
being sure all our interests are close at heart.

And another, a gate keeper and mystery weaver seeing through
and over us and all we do
and ensuring that none are turned away
from this School of Living Arts.

An ancient new school, an old wisdom,
A bright vision of how it could be,
like the small mossy stone in the stream or an island in the sea.
A haven, in the storm of undoing and unease.

For it's not news that people forgot the way.

That belonging to the Earth was lost in the plundering,
in the taking and the tearing.

Humans in their problem solving, were problem-creating
and became afraid of the unknown

We forgot to be the colored galaxies of flowers seen and unseen
willing to open and grow old.

As Autumn becomes winter it is traditional here, to walk a spiral of candlelight and fir.

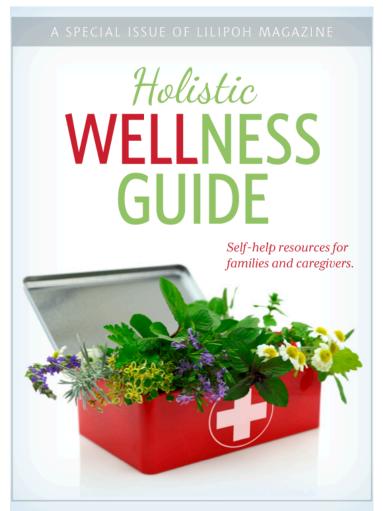
Slowly the woods become a glowing constellation of light, And we each take turns to walk the night sky.

Silently or in whispers and then sometimes in songs we carry the year into another year through Re-membering Earth as we grow and learn our part in the system that serves all life.

The gifts in our own hands can bring light, more light, and more life We open our books and write, each of our days and our nights

We are Earth. We are Earth.

Threads of Wellness



Stay Well This Season with Lilipoh's Holistic Wellness Guide

As the weather shifts and cold and flu season germs start making the rounds, now is the perfect time to have trusted home-care support at your fingertips.

Lilipoh's Holistic Wellness Guide is a 104page resource packed with practical, natural approaches to help you and your family navigate seasonal bugs and everyday ailments.

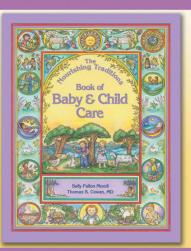
Inside you'll find:

- Hundreds of remedies and recommendations for common conditions from coughs, colds, and digestive upsets to skin issues and minor injuries.
- An A–Z directory of holistic approaches to dozens of everyday health concerns.
- Step-by-step instructions for compresses, poultices, baths, wraps, inhalations, and more.
- Contributions from experts in anthroposophic, naturopathic, and integrative medicine.

Whether you're a caregiver, holistic practitioner, or simply looking for reliable, natural ways to support your health, this guide is a must-have for your home library. (Educational purposes only — not intended to diagnose or prescribe.)

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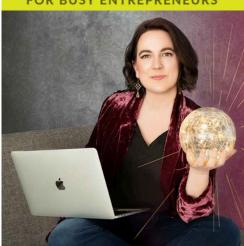
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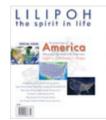




HERITAGE MONTH

National Native American Heritage Month is celebrated annually in November to honor the rich cultures, histories, and significant contributions of Indigenous peoples to the United States. The month provides a platform to educate the public about tribal communities, raise awareness about historical and contemporary challenges, and celebrate the resilience, traditions, and ingenuity of Native Americans and Alaska Natives.

CHECK OUT THESE LILIPOH ISSUES THAT FEATURE ARTICLES REGARDING NATIVE AMERICAN HERITAGE:



Special Issue: America

Special Issue: America A diversity of articles, biographies and vingettes that reflect the...

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LILIPOH Issue #120 - Coming of Age

FROM THE EDITOR Coming of Age Karen Davis-Brown, Managing Editor SPECIAL...

illipoh.com



LILIPOH Issue #113-Fall 2023

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December is recognized globally as Universal Human Rights Month, an observance that commemorates the adoption of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights (UDHR) by the United Nations General Assembly on December 10, 1948. It is a time to reflect on fundamental human rights, promote them, and raise awareness about the ongoing work needed to ensure everyone can live with dignity, freedom, and justice.

CHECK OUT THESE LILIPOH ISSUES THAT FEATURE ARTICLES REGARDING HUMAN RIGHTS:



LILIPOH Issue #117 - Fall 2024

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lilipoh.com



LILIPOH Issue #109-Fall 2022

Education and Childhood: Educator Self-Care in These Extraordinary Times, Lynn St.

lilipoh.com



LILIPOH Issue #105- Fall 2021

Education and...

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January is

Poverty in America Awareness Month

Poverty in America Month is a time to raise awareness about the millions of individuals and families struggling to make ends meet despite living in one of the wealthiest nations in the world. It highlights the need for stronger community support, equitable access to resources, and lasting solutions that address the root causes of poverty.

Together, we can advocate for change and work toward economic justice for all.

CHECK OUT THESE LILIPOH ISSUES THAT FEATURE ARTICLES REGARDING POVERTY:



LILIPOH Issue #99 - Spring 2020

REDUCING STRESS RESPONSES Working Through the Flu and Flu-like Symptoms: Helpful information we should all be sharing with each other, Adam...

Iilipoh.com



LILIPOH Issue #96 - Summer 2019

CURRENT ISSUES Waldorf Emergency and Trauma Pedagogy: Trauma-informed for children living in poverty, Ida Oberman...

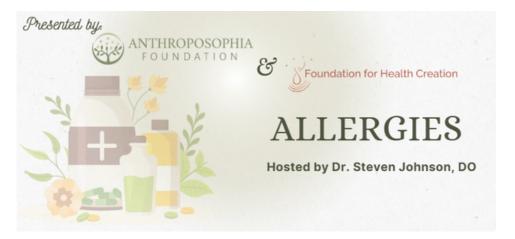
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LILIPOH Issue #117 - Fall 2024

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A recording of an online webinar presented by Anthroposophia Foundation & Foundation for Health Creation



Check out this informational webinar, hosted by Dr. Steven Johnson, DO, for an insightful exploration of anthroposophic approaches to managing seasonal allergies. With a focus on supporting the body's natural rhythms and strengthening the immune system, Dr. Johnson will share practical remedies and lifestyle strategies that inform his integrative approach to allergy care. Whether you're a healthcare professional, a parent, or someone who suffers from seasonal allergies, this webinar is open to all and designed to offer tools for long-term resilience.

Click Here to Watch

Investment Opportunity: Altair Ecovillage in Kimberton, PA



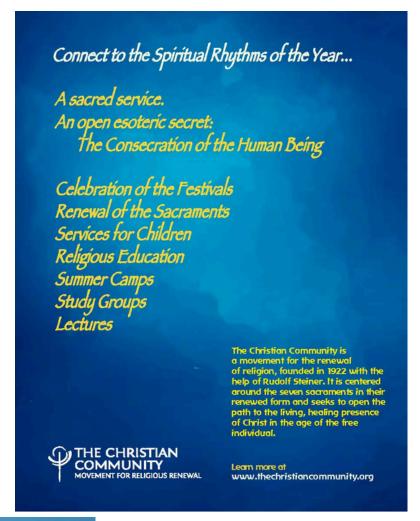
www.altairecovillage.org

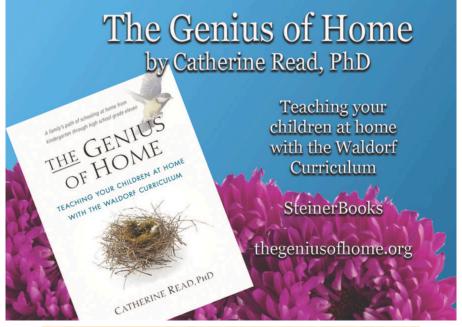
Altair Ecovillage is planned as a 30-unit 55+ environmentally-low-impact townhouse community. Incorporating the cohousing model of social support will give Altair a very special appeal.

We are looking for members and investors who will provide \$50,000 (or more) and are offering either a 5% guaranteed ROI or a discount on the purchase of a home (rentals and shared homes allowed). There are currently nine investors engaged and eight homes already reserved.

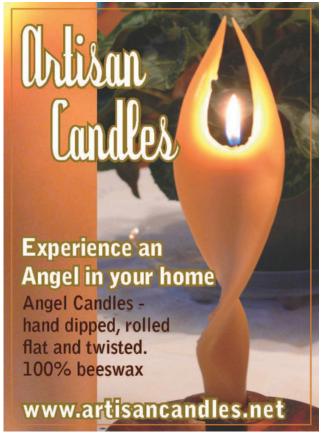
Our beautiful 8-acre parcel of land is in the historic rural center of Kimberton PA, adjacent to the bustling town of Phoenixville and 33 miles from Philadelphia. We will be applying for our Subdivision and Land Development (SALDO) approval in the near future, with construction slated to begin in late 2025.

Interested? Contact Joel Bartlett, Project Manager: AltairEcovillage@gmail.com / 610-220-6172





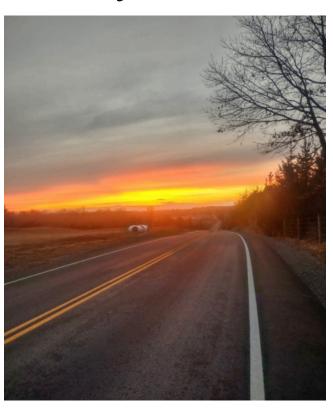




Threads of Community

Hope in Community

The Youth Section of the international Anthroposophical Society has gone through many changes over its one hundred years of development, both locally and globally. Yet some things always stay the same. It is an autonomously run, mostly decentralized network of young individuals organizing gatherings for other young people. From Argentina to Oceania and so many places in between, Youth Section groups have formed. Additionally, there are annual opportunities to meet each other at global gatherings organized by the Goetheanum, the headquarters of the Youth Section. Attending these events and seeing the universal spiritual striving of young people all over the world from their own cultural standpoints, and hearing the stories of past generations' similar struggles and aspirations, compels the heart to action. Most of all, working with a local community who co-entangles in questions and organizing on an ongoing basis creates a container for the learning experiences necessary to engage in life and community and to take initiative to see it through. I would like to paint a picture of some of what has come about in the last two years in relation to the North American Youth Section[2] from my perspective, where I live in the Hudson River Valley of upstate New York.



Meditation As My Soul Guide

Two years ago, I drove from Minnesota to New York with all my belongings. I crossed the Hudson River on a trestle bridge. A freight train whirred below, miniscule in the shadow of the Catskill Mountains. I was a lone traveler; I had left everything behind with meditation as my soul guide now. As I entered this valley, I thought it was only for a time, a respite on familiar ground. A fertile soil indeed I knew it to be, but little did I know that it was there that much more would grow. The familiar can often be met with a tinge of complacency, but not this time. As I returned to this place with fresh eyes, I saw the work of many years and the hope of many hearts. With that in mind, when I was told about the annual Youth Section gathering, 'Hands In,' I was grateful to join. Heavily centered in experience, we made yarn and collaborative artistic sculptures representing our conversations. We volunteered at the Rudolf Steiner Library and brought the world issues weighing on our hearts to light. By the time the culminating festival came around, all hands were in, and we offered art, presentations, and conversation to a larger audience. We were left with the question, what is the longing of young people?

The rhythms that thread the annual conferences together opened before me—the study, the organizing, the logistics, and the mutual support. Biweekly meetings engaged my initiative and gave me the opportunity to see others doing the same. Here are a couple of examples of our initiatives.

"I was a lone traveler; I had left everything behind with meditation as my soul guide now. As I entered this valley, I thought it was only for a time, a respite on familiar ground. A fertile soil indeed I knew it to be, but little did I know that it was there that much more would grow."

Youth Section Initiatives

The Environmental Consciousness Action (ECA) group was formed in 2024. It was a challenge to know, examine, and pragmatically engage in relation with the earth. A month-long online forum took place where we were asked questions about our relationships to the local environment, our knowledge of our global supply chain impacts, and challenged to think of creative ways to act on these issues. ECA has gone on to collaborate with educational programs and continues to develop more consciousness-raising challenges, one of which is upcoming in September of 2025.[3]

Another initiative, True Search,[4] began by asking questions about the role of technology in humanity's future. To challenge the monopoly of big techs' for profit hold on knowledge and the development of artificial intelligence, an open-source, charitable-giving search engine was prototyped.

I was encouraged to follow my musical aspirations, and approached Free Columbia, an arts and education initiative based in anthroposophy, about using studio space to develop my song writing. This turned into a weekly potluck and a community-supported creative sharing time. My Youth Section compatriots started supporting these evenings every week with a selfless dedication to community building that we have all found to be fulfilling. The exposure of my artistry and the community interest in my work encouraged my growth. Little did I know this seed would blossom into the Free Columbia Residency Program, an opportunity for artists to come live for up to six months and engage in a self-directed project within the context of community.



READ MORE HERE...

Creative Works from the Youth Section

Selections from the Winter/Spring 2025 edition of the North American Youth Section Publication, *Futuring Now*

The Courtyard of the Soul

There are different kinds of fear. There is oursurvival instinct that keeps us safe and warns usof harm. That is good, but it is not what I am talkingabout here. I am speaking here about the kindof fear that holds us back from a full experienceof life in all its beauty. Fear of judgement, fear offailure, fear of stepping into destiny. Fear of theresponsibility of our own freedom, of our ownempowerment, the kind of fear that is learnedfrom past pain, the fear that does not serve. I amspeaking here about the landscape within thehuman heart. The fear that is confronted in per-sonal or spiritual development—a fear of growthor a fear of change—the fear that only exists inan illusory reflection of the inner state. An experi-ence that may be transformed when we go in andthrough that fear to learn what it is teaching usand to open to guidance and nourishment fromour inherent worth. To call upon the good withinto see the beauty that exists without. -SOREN DIETZEL



To learn more about the Youth Section of North America, click here.

Subscribe to Futuring Now!

The second issue of Futuring Now, a new publication involved with the North American Youth Section, is currently available. It features various creative works from young adults across the United States, centered on the theme of "the light between," which is also the title of an August conference we are preparing in Upstate New York: nayouthsection.org/about-the-conference. Although this publication aims to be solely print and arrive on people's doorsteps, it needs subscribers todo so!If you are interested in becoming a subscriber, which means receiving your own print copy, please email Adeline Lyons atadalineroselyons@gmail.com. Payment is based on a sliding scale of \$5 - \$15 per print copy, and it is a triannual publication. This means the cheapest annual subscription is \$15, while the most expensive is \$45.

Special Feature COMING OF AGE WITH ANIMALS

BY DR. JUDY JASEK, DVM

"ANIMALS ENRICH OUR LIVES IN SO MANY WAYS. ALTHOUGH THIS ARTICLE IS CENTERED ON THE EARLIER YEARS, THERE IS NOT A TIME IN LIFE WHEN AN ANIMAL COMPANION WILL NOT BRING JOY AND UNCONDITIONAL LOVE."

I have been a practicing veterinarian for nearly forty years, and those years have provided a bounty of rich experiences. While most of us choose a career in veterinary medicine because we want to work with animals, it is actually very much a people profession. We quickly learn the importance of proper communication and relating to our clients. When our clients are a family with members of a variety of ages, the considerations become much more intricate. Young children will view a family animal differently than an adult, and understanding the decisions that must sometimes be made regarding the health of a pet can be impactful at many levels.

This article will describe my observations over decades of interacting with families and their animals. It is not within my expertise to present any of these as therapeutic, yet I hope they provide insight into the dynamics of the bond between human and animal family members.

These dynamics do vary with age, so I have divided this presentation into three age groups: one to ten years old; ten to twenty years old; and twenty to thirty years of age.

ONE TO TEN YEARS

Baby animals and baby humans, does it get any cuter than that? Just check out the multitude of social media videos on the topic; the choices are endless and the content is irresistible. Sometimes naughty as they are cute, the roly-poly antics of these youngsters can entertain for hours. Even more enchanting are the interactions between baby animals and baby humans. Human babies are often enchanted by their furry counterparts, and learn through the tactile lessons of touching fur or the poke or lick from a cold nose or rough tongue... Read More Here





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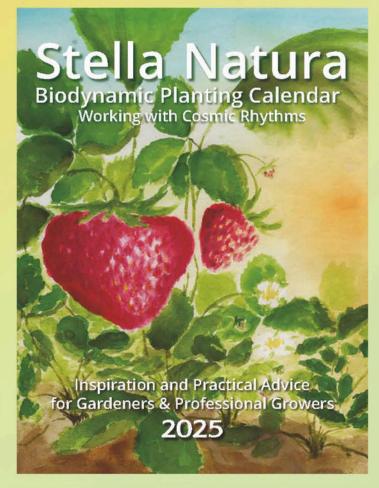
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This year's edition includes a free recorded webinar! Register for "Introduction to the Stella Natura Biodynamic Planting Calendar" at www.spikenardfarm.org (under Education > Class Recordings).



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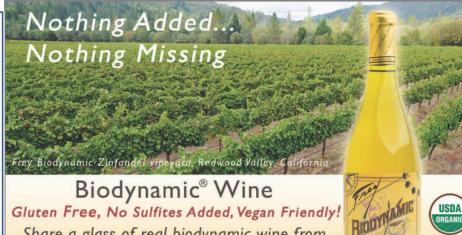
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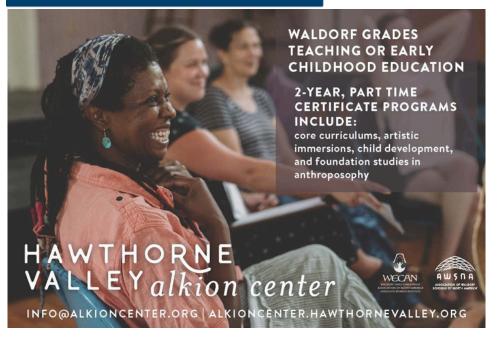
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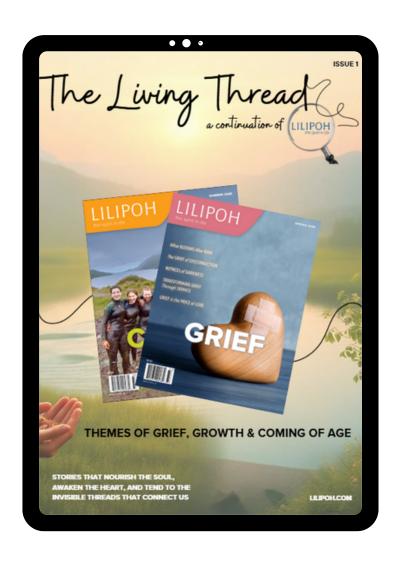
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The Anthroposophical Society is to be an association of people whose will it is to nurture the life of the soul, both in the individual and in human society, on the basis of a true knowledge of the spiritual world. Rudolf Steiner

the First Statute of the General Anthroposophical Society given at The Christmas Foundation Meeting 1923/1924

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- Jennifer Davis-Bachman "What Blooms After the Rain"
- Dr. Artika Tyner "Successfully Building Leaders for the Future"
- Chrystal A. Odin "Healing the Grief of Disconnection"
- Mary Lou Sanelli <u>"Threads"</u> & "<u>Different Time, Same Story"</u>
- Ciara O'Hara <u>"Swimming Lessons"</u>

Poetry & Reflection

- "Omen" by Peter Bruckner from Down the Road
- "A Refugee Grows Old" by Zeina Azzam, from Some Things Never Leave You (<u>Tiger Bark Press</u>)
- "We Are Earth" SOLA High School under mentorship of Elizabeth Porritt-Carrington
- "The Courtyard of the Soul" Soren Dietzel, from Futuring Now (Youth Section of North America)

Community & Learning

- Free Columbia Residency Program
- Youth Section of North America
- Anthroposophy.org
- The Camphill School
- The Nature Institute
- Sophia's Hearth
- Steiner Health

Wellness & Renewal

- <u>Lilipoh Holistic Wellness Guide (Purchase Here)</u>
- <u>Webinar: Anthroposophic Approaches to Managing Seasonal Allergies with Dr. Steven Johnson (Watch Here)</u>
- Foundation for Health Creation

Partner Resources:

- Altair Ecovillage
- Phoenix Community Initiative
- <u>Spikenard Farm Honeybee Sanctuary</u>

Every thread begins somewhere - a spark of connection, a moment of courage, a whisper of hope. In this first issue, we've explored stories from our most recent issues, stories of grief and renewal, of young voices shaping a just future, of hands tending the land and hearts finding their way home. Each voice reminds us that healing is never solitary, and growth is a shared act - the invisible threads of love, loss, memory, and purpose binding us together in the fabric of life.

As we draw this first thread to a close, thank you for joining us on the beginning of this journey. The Living Thread was created to bring stories together, ideas, and connections that matter - and this is only the start of our weaving.

May these threads continue to inspire you to seek wholeness, act with compassion, and notice the quiet ways we are all connected. May you carry forward one strand that speaks to you. Nurture it. Let it guide you toward more listening, more compassion, more light. Stay tuned for our next issue, with new stories, new seasons, and new ways of weaving wholeness together.

Thank you for being part of this beginning.