

HOW IS IT THAT WE HAVE NEVER HAD MORE MEDICAL EVIDENCE AND KNOWLEDGE AT HAND TO IMPROVE CARE AND WE HAVE NEVER HAD MORE DIFFICULTY IN PUTTING WHAT WE KNOW AND ARE LEARNING INTO EVERYDAY PRACTICE? Plexus Institute December 2003

Plexus Institute is a community of diverse people – scientists, business executives, nurses, artists, educators, journalists, researchers, physicians, university students, and community leaders. We are people who, by learning from each other, are making progress on significant problems in society and in our social organizations. Our mission is to foster the health of individuals, families, communities, organizations and our natural environment by helping people use concepts emerging from the new science of complexity.

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The Master said, Give me several more years; with fifty to study, I too might come to be without major faults. Confucius LY& (7:16) 2,400 BC

*For Lucy: Life is the place of tending to be, 'tendere esse'*

Dear Andrew and Marysa and Kasia

It has been such fun to meet – I know that is the wrong word but nothing else comes to mind at the moment! I don't believe this has happened by chance – I prefer to think of God incidents or appointments J

The news about Lucy is not good. She is at times slipping in and out of consciousness and apparently hallucinating other times. I plan to see her early afternoon tomorrow (visiting time starts at 14:00) and all the things you sent will be with me! Yes, I do pray that while I'm with her it will be a lucid time.

I have known Lucy for about 10 months. When I was first told about her they (the people caring for her) said she was nearly 100. As we got to know her it became clear that she was younger than that. We estimate that she is about 89/90.

Physically Lucy is short, beautiful thick, short clean white hair, framing a round face with apple red cheeks. She looks like a typical child's drawing of a friendly grandmother, complete with curved back and walking stick. She is witty, loves to provoke laughter or indeed any reaction, if things seems to get too quiet.

She was a skilful dress maker – usually making her own evening dresses, 'best frocks' and even coats. Lucy also knitted, though with age and lack of dexterity some of her items became very simple. I believe she tried to improve herself to please her husband, so around the house there are books from courses on 'deportment' and 'the art of making conversation'. She never had children – which is obviously still a great pain to her and certainly something in which she feels she failed her husband. Ironically he died this time last year. None of her surviving family make any contact with her – one is too old and in a nursing home in York, the other is still to hurt by past events.

Lucy, enjoyed trips to our home - from which she can see the river. She also loved going on a particular drive regularly, so that she could appreciate the changes in that weather and seasons brought to the scenery. Trips to large gardens centres with pet areas, fish tanks displays of water features and the all important coffee shop were greatly looked forward to. It made her day to see or learn something new. She (and her husband) enjoyed giving dogs from rescue centres a chance of 'family life'.

Freemasonry caused her husband to prevent Lucy going to church or having any Spiritual experience. Lucy's parents were Catholic and Catholics speak out forcefully against freemasonry. This angered Lucy's husband (since he joined while in the army) and feeling she should obey him, possibly also to keep the peace, she stopped doing anything spiritual. Certainly reading the Bible to her (Mark – to remind her of the sequence of New Testament events, much of Matthew and John and also various Psalms) provoked some interesting reactions. Usually she felt that somehow she had missed out on a whole dimension of life, this could make her at times sad, cross or want to learn as much as possible as fast as possible. Sometimes she fell asleep while I was reading!

Andrew, I'm really looking forward to trying some of your poems on her. Lucy certainly enjoyed being read to (holding a book was too much for her). She loved poems – though some that she liked are too sentimental for me. When I meet Lucy, she may not have a long attention span so I will pray for wisdom as to what to share with her. Your question about sight.. well I just don't know what she will see when I meet her. I'll tell you tomorrow.

Marysa, Lucy is always curious loving to understand and appreciate what the people around her were willing to share. Perhaps because I spoke about that side of her character you got the impression she is younger.

I will be going to bed soon – tomorrow will be a long day. Hopefully this has filled some gaps in the picture of Lucy.

Love & blessings

Till soon

Wiebeke (5<sup>th</sup> December 2003)

Dear Ones

I saw Lucy this evening. Part of her was awake - she had just been moved from another ward and was very disorientated. She didn't recognise me for a while, but she was asking for me to come and take her home. (This is probably because of all the carers she has ours is the only car she can get into.)

Lucy was also asking for a drink - it had been left out of her reach. She drank over 500ml (more than a pint) in one go. Sometimes I get very upset with the lack of care in hospital.

After a while she realised who I was and spoke again about escaping with me. I did try to share some of your things with her - but currently she is not able to concentrate. Praying with her was nice, after a few moments she was aware of what was happening and just wanted me to keep on and on...

I'm looking forward to seeing Marysa in tomorrow.

Love and blessings  
Wiebeke (10<sup>th</sup> December 2003)

Replying to LO27459 --

Dear Psychology Majoring diana brown,

You write,

*>I have been searching far and wide for the perfect journal article on the  
>learning organization, but I am having difficulty.*

May I say....just drop that word 'perfect' and all difficulties may cease.

Here are some imperfect words to ease the pain of loss for you this morning...then I have to go and take Bucket to the fields to see what the worms have turned up...BTW...do they teach you about worms in Psychology Majoring? Never mind that for now, let's come above ground to the light.

...And then the Babe:

A tiny perfect sea shell on the shore  
By the waves gently laid (the awful waves)  
By trembling hands received -- a folded message --  
A babe yet slumbering, with a ripple on its face  
Remindful of the ocean.

And two twined forms that overbend it, smiling,  
And wonder to what land love must have journeyed,  
Who brought this back -- this word of sweetest meaning:  
Two lives made one, and visible as one.

And herein all Creation.

...and diana brown, a prayer on monday morning...

O gracious One, in thy vast eternal sunlight  
Heal us, thy foolish children,  
Who heed thee not, but careless of thy Presence  
Turn our bent backs on thee, and scratch and scramble  
In ash heaps for salvation.

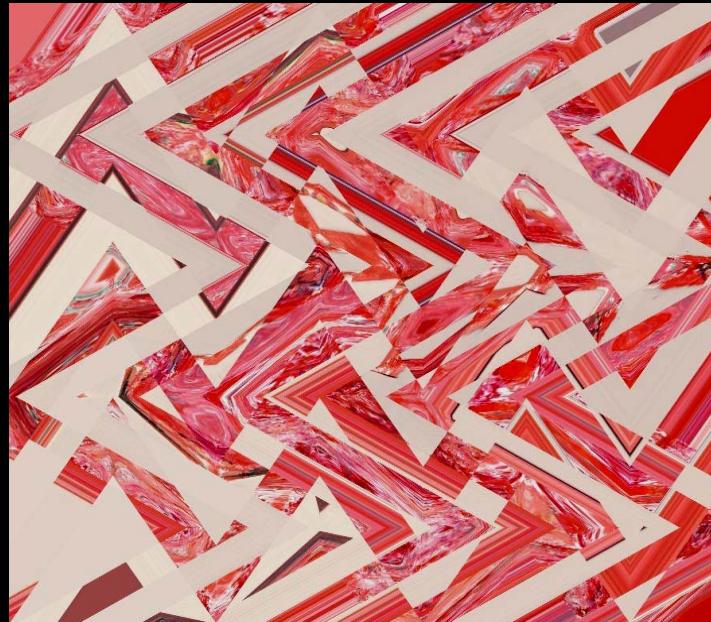
sincerely,

Andrew Campbell  
Oxford

(Image right: Andrew Campbell)

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[ACampona@aol.com](mailto:ACampona@aol.com)



Somewhen

my eyes turn

to tears

Somewhen

I beat the burning bush

into submission

Somewhen

I hold your hand

half pardoned

half burned

Somewhen

my eyes turn

to ash

Somewhen

I kiss wounds and

beg forgiveness

Somewhen

my fingers falter

at your gown

Somewhen

you are no longer

a ghost

Somewhen

We love so hard

and turn to diamond

Larry Jaffe

Poet Los Angeles (City of the Angels)  
(For Lucy)

hey andrew.. that is very very neat... i love the story of it..  
ml,  
larry



Don't Make Waves October 2003 (From the original "Faroes Storm" Acrylic on paper-)  
copyright the artist 2003

“Fluidity and discontinuity are central to the reality in which we live. Women have always lived discontinuous and contingent lives, but men today are newly vulnerable, which turns women's traditional adaptations into a resource. Historically, even women who devoted themselves to homemaking and childcare have had to put together a mosaic of activities and resolve conflicting demands on their time and attention. The physical rhythms of reproduction and maturation create sharper discontinuities in women's lives than in men's, the shifts of puberty and menopause, of pregnancy, birth, and lactation, the mirroring adaptations to the unfolding lives of children, their departures and returns, the ebb and flow of dependency, the birth of grandchildren, the probability of widowhood. As a result, the ability to shift from one preoccupation to another, to divide one's attention, to improvise in new circumstances, has always been important to women.” [Mary Catherine Bateson, *Composing a Life*]

# EagleEyes EAGLEEYES PROJECT

EagleEyes is a technology developed at Boston College that allows a person to control the computer just by moving the eyes. The technology has found its major application in helping people with severe physical disabilities, people who cannot speak and who can reliably move only their eyes. The people we work with may have severe cerebral palsy or been born with a congenital brain disorder or suffered traumatic brain injury, for example from automobile or drowning accidents.



We have had some successes helping people who have no other way to communicate with the world. The people we work with are remarkable human beings. They often have the double whammy of a severe physical disability and of being treated by other people as if they have no intelligence, of not being fully human, because they are “locked in” and have had no way to communicate. They have much to teach the rest of us about the sources of courage and happiness, of what it means to be human.

\*For understanding the importance of ‘angels’ see Rupert Sheldrake’s work regarding Einstein and Aquinas in relation to photons.

October 2003

Andrew, He is fine now, but for a while we thought we would lose him. The medical details would fill a book...as a matter of fact, the haematologist and cardiac surgeon will present Dan's case as a presentation at a paediatric convention of some note, next week. I would guess that our dear buddy is not finished teaching us yet...

Right now he is at school. He is still my hero, as he has never flinched when faced with this...except once. It was the second day of his ordeal when tears welled in his eyes when I asked him if I could go get something to eat for lunch. He didn't want me to leave...so I stayed with him for four straight days and nights. Each morning and evening I play "Dr. Dad" and give him his shots of Lovonox (blood thinner), and he smiles...and watches me. Much braver than I am at the administration end of the hypodermic needle.

I guess the best way to describe this is to say I am still in awe of the boy, -that we have the fortune to raise...or...whom I have to fortune to be mentored...hmmmm.

More meetings and catching up here at work...as I missed most of two weeks while he was in the hospital...and once again, do you realize what you sent me? Pictures of angels!!! Love from us...cs

The possibility (to freely choose God) did not exist before the historic sojourn and grace of Christ Jesus upon earth. Though freedom of choice recalls the individual from the world and severs his essential ties social ties with humankind, the equality of all people, once posited, cannot be cancelled out. In this process, equality receives a new meaning – love of neighbour. Yet the new meaning denotes a change in the coexistence of people in their community, from being inevitable and matter of course to being freely chosen and replete with obligations.

Arendt in interpretation of Augustine



“What do you do all day?”

“I look at Him, He looks at me.”

“Tendere esse”

The indivisible is not to be put in compartments. Every fact is a logarithm; one added term ramifies it until it is thoroughly transformed. In the general aspect of things, the great lines of creation take shape and arrange themselves into groups; beneath lies the unfathomable. Which of our methods of measuring could we apply to this eddying mass that is the universe? In the presence of the profundities our sole ability is to dream. Our conception, quickly winded, cannot follow creation, that vast breath.

Victor Hugo, the Toilers of the Sea