

AUTUMN 2025

# SICA Canada NEWSLETTER



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[sica-canada.org](http://sica-canada.org)

## WHAT DOES SICA STAND FOR?

### SUBUD INTERNATIONAL CULTURAL ASSOCIATION

**SUBUD:** is a spiritual organization to which most of the members of SICA belong. If one would like to inquire about Subud, there are multiple articles online and one can visit its website at [www.subud.org](http://www.subud.org). Within the organization of Subud there are many “Wings”, such as the enterprise wing, youth groups, charitable projects like Susila Dharma, and many others including SICA, the Cultural Wing.

**INTERNATIONAL:** refers to the fact that Subud is present in many countries throughout the world and within many of those countries a Subud cultural association similar to Canada’s has been formed. For more information visit [www.subud-sica.org](http://www.subud-sica.org).

**CULTURAL:** refers to the many artistic creations that various artisans produce. In SICA Canada, those Subud artisans are willing to share, not only among themselves but with others around the world.

**ASSOCIATION:** Across Canada there are many talented artisans who have formed this association within Subud called SICA Canada. By browsing [www.sica-canada.org](http://www.sica-canada.org) one can visit SICA’s website in which many of Subud Canada’s artists have been featured along with newsletters like this one featuring many others.



## NOTICE OF SICA CANADA ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

**TUESDAY, OCTOBER 28, 2025**

**TIME:** 4:30pm Pacific | 7:30pm Eastern

**WHO:** All members of Subud Canada are invited

**HOW:** Zoom (Please contact Ramon at [almadore@yahoo.com](mailto:almadore@yahoo.com) for the link)

**AGENDA:** Election of directors, Current projects, Future plans.

*If you have any ideas or suggestion, or if you would like to consider joining the board of directors, please contact Ramon before the meeting.*

**HOPE TO SEE YOU THERE!**

—*From the current Board:*

Ramon Kubicek (SICA Canada Chair)

Evan Brett, Latifah Brett, Andrew Hall, Adelia MacWilliam

Julia Kristjanson (Subud Canada Chair)

FRONT COVER IMAGE: DETAIL OF “POPPIES IN THE KITCHEN” BY ROHANA LAING

NEWSLETTER DESIGN: ARIFIN GRAHAM, [alarisdesign.com](http://alarisdesign.com) | [arifin@alarisdesign.com](mailto:arifin@alarisdesign.com)

## EDITOR'S **NOTE**

*During our September, 2025 online meeting of the members of SICA Canada it was decided once again that a SICA Newsletter should be published.*

### **VOLUNTEER**

During our September, 2025 online meeting of the members of SICA Canada it was decided once again that a SICA Newsletter should be published. We have so many artisans in Subud Canada that should have their work acknowledged. And what better way than to send examples of such work out to the the members of Subud Canada other than by way of a newsletter. The last such newsletter was published over two years ago.

As no one leaped at the opportunity to edit a new one, I looked around at all these accomplished artists and decided that in my retired years this is something I could do. So I volunteered. But I would need technical assistance. Arifin Graham has the experience necessary in that field, so we worked on this together.

### **THIS NEWSLETTER**

The plan is to feature two or three Subud artisans with each issue. And such issues we propose to distribute quarterly. In this issue, from Coast to Coast (Island to Island) we illustrate the vast artistic connection we have across our country. On Vancouver Island, Rohana Laing is creating and selling her colourful paintings depicting life in both Mexico and BC.

And on Prince Edward Island, Latif Crowder is doing the same with his amazing stylistic woodwork creations. In between, we have the thoughtful contribution of our retiring Chairman, Roman Kubicek. We have as well a Save-the-Planet piece from Miriam Ponette, as well as a geographically-inspired poem from our past chair, Adelia MacWilliam. And as Istafia De Souza passed away during the period of putting together of this newsletter, it brought to mind one of her intriguing paintings of which Rohanna Goodwin Smith is now the proud owner.

### **FUTURE NEWSLETTERS**

Future newsletters will feature other Subud Canada artisans who contribute to the art world like: painters, musicians, poets, story tellers, stage set designers, dancers, writers, potters, philosophers, etc. We encourage you to contact the editor by phone or email if you would like to be a featured artisan or even if you have something of note you would like to contribute in writing or via photos or videos.

### **FINANCES**

And last but not least like everybody else these days, we too need funds in order to continue. To that end, because of the bank's limitation, we have not been able to insert a Donation Link in this newsletter – one that would allow you to e-transfer a donation to SICA Canada directly from your bank account or credit card to SICA's bank account at the TD. So, a bank-to-email transfer is the alternative. If one contributes a donation directly to [evanbrett4@gmail.com](mailto:evanbrett4@gmail.com), such funds will be deposited manually directly to our SICA account. Otherwise, if you're not up to speed on such technology, a cheque made out to **SICA Canada** and forwarded to:

#6-21164 88th Ave.  
Langley, BC, V1M 2E9

This will be very happily received – once the postal strike is over.  
*Thank you.* Tax receipts are issued at year-end.

**EVAN BRETT**  
[evanbrett4@gmail.com](mailto:evanbrett4@gmail.com)  
604-513-1811



[sica-canada.org](http://sica-canada.org)



# LATIF'S STORY |

by Latif Crowder RUSTICO, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

In contemplating the writing of a bio, I realized I needed to start at the beginning of this journey, in so far as it concerns my work. This journey will lead me from building houses with our dear brother Medwin Lehman to winning an award for the best display in a cabinet show in Ottawa.

In 1973 my family and I were living in Ottawa when Medwin came to town. He had the idea to start a building enterprise. At this time I was working for the government but really felt that wasn't the right place for me. So with the blessing of my wife Rachael I handed in my notice and took up the hammer. My time with Medwin really taught me how to work and work hard. These lessons would prove valuable in the future.

After working with Medwin, the next notable work experience was with my brother, Evan Gamblin, running Dutch Canadian Spinning Wheel Co. and with CGS Woodwrights. This gave me my first practical woodworking experience.

The next big milestone happened at the world congress in England in 1983. There I had the opportunity to test with two of then current international helpers. The testing showed that my true work and my true talent were in designing and building beautiful furniture. The brother, I think from Australia, added, "for wealthy people". I never quite got the wealthy people until years later.

So arriving home from England I began to fashion a career in woodworking. It didn't take long to realize that for now creating this beautiful furniture would have to take a back seat as I needed to find a way to earn a living. Also there was a great deal for me to learn.

The things that started to happen to me were quite a surprise. First I volunteered to do carpentry work for the local canoe club. One afternoon I found myself in an area where the two architects responsible for the job were having a site meeting when one of them turned to me and asked if I knew anyone who could build a

*In 1983 . . . the testing showed that my true work and my true talent were in designing and building beautiful furniture.*







kitchen for the club. Well you guessed it , I said yes I could. They gave me the job that day and the next day I found myself inside the local Lee Valley store buying a book on how to build a European style kitchen. You have to realize I had no idea how to build one.

So that was the beginning of my kitchen business. It took me a bit by surprise because I thought I was going to-become a top-notch designer/ maker in furniture, not kitchens.

In my search to fulfill my original receiving, I kept pushing what a kitchen could look like.

This effort led my business to winning first place in the 1993 Ottawa kitchen, bath and window show.

I was told by a few people that they had never seen the like of what we had created.

So I thought that maybe this is how it would be, building beautiful kitchens for wealthy people.

This recognition led me to undertake expanding the business, {a fatal mistake}, by building a large shop, 10 thousand sq. ft in the end, hiring people - at one time about eight in number, and to working on bigger projects.

Well along comes the recession of 1995 with all the problems that brings a growing enterprise, which spelled the end of my great business plans.

I had what I feel was a nervous breakdown, every time I tried to work I would feel sick. So long story short, I lost everything and ended up going bankrupt. A very bitter pill to swallow after all the hard work I put in.

Well now we come to the World Congress in Spokane. And here, yep you guessed it, I did testing on my future and received that I should not give up but recommit myself to beginning over. So upon arriving home I started the journey anew, and again some wonderful things were about to happen.

My wife Rachael belonged to a fly fishing club and they were about to have their Christmas dinner and she persuaded me to come along. At the table we were sitting at I found myself across from one of my old clients. She was interested in the fact that I was starting over and offered her best wishes. The next morning I received

a phone call from the designer who I once worked with and who had designed her kitchen. It turned out that her husband was doing some work in my old client's house, so the owner told him about me and in turn he told his wife, the designer. She offered to sell and design for me again. We had always worked well together, so I said yes.

Then an ex-employee wanted to be involved in the installation and doing prep work. So all of a sudden I had someone who wanted to sell for me and someone who would do the field work. All I needed was the means to do it. Well a few days later, I received a frantic call from the cabinet maker



*The only thing that never seemed to work out was finding those rich people.*



who had bought all my industrial woodworking equipment when I went bankrupt. It seemed he was in the process of going bankrupt himself and the equipment he had bought from me he didn't own. His father-in-law did. The trustee gave him permission to remove that machinery if he did it before the following Monday. That call took place late Friday. He wanted to bring all this equipment to my shop so he wouldn't lose it. Well of course I agreed as long as I could use it while it was there. So it seems I was back in

business. This continued until 2010.

I was still looking for a way to do the work I had received I should be doing back in 1983 and this realization would take the effort of Rachael. While all my ups and downs were going on Rachael was working her way through University and by this time she had received her Masters in Social Work and was well on her way to her PhD. It then came the time to put this education to work. The University of Calgary offered her a job in their satellite campus in Lethbridge. So off

we went. Thankfully the university offered to pay the moving expenses. A good thing, as wood working equipment weighs a lot.

So now I was finally able to do the kind of work I had so long wanted to do. This story continues as with each new piece I build I feel I am getting closer to what I received all those years before.

I may never achieve this but I know I'll get close and that may be enough.

The only thing that never seemed to work out was finding those rich people.

*Latif can be reached at  
latifcrowder@gmail.com*





# MY ART |

by Rohana Laing VANCOUVER ISLAND, BC

**M**y favourite subject as a child was art, but I will begin at the age when I finished art school in 1964. With help from my caring parents, I received a good art education from what is now the Emily Carr University in Vancouver, but graduates then didn't get much direction about earning a living as an artist. My intention was to study further at UBC for a teaching degree but instead I taught night school and children's art classes, got married and soon was mother of three sons.

I also got opened in Subud in 1969. Looking back on those early years I can see unexpected help launching me into more serious art making. The Vancouver Subud group was having a

fund raiser of some kind and I started painting on cloth small wall hangings for children's rooms. Next I was introduced to the art of batik by Subud members returning from Indonesia. I realized that my training in print-making prepared me to understand that art form, and I started making batiks on my own

when my sons were napping or in the evenings. I also made silkscreen prints in my basement studio when we lived near the Vancouver Subud Hall.

With the help and encouragement of Imbert Orchard I applied for and received a Canada Council grant which further launched my art career. I started exhibiting in Vancouver Art Galleries and was noticed by Kwantlen College in Surrey when they needed a textile design instructor.



That led to my being invited to also teach drawing and design. I remember telling Kris when he was about 5 years old that I had to stop at my office at the college (now Kwantlen University). He responded quite surprised that I had an office! "Moms don't have offices!" he replied. (We moms have come a long way).

*Looking back on those early years I can see unexpected help launching me into more serious art making.*

In 1980 we got the not-so-bright idea to sell our townhouse in Surrey and buy land on Salt Spring Island which we loved. The Graham family had a small Subud group and a cabin for latihan on their property. With help from family and friends we built an art studio and intended to build a house. But it was hard with three young sons and my having to commute once a week to Surrey to keep teaching for income. Marcus was then working full time producing and distributing prints of my batik paintings across Canada and the US (partly by mail) as well as trying to build. I now see that it put too much stress on us combined with an economic downturn in 1981.

Everything was about to change. I unexpectedly received that I should be a Christian minister! Maybe I will know someday where that loud inner voice telling me I was supposed to be Christian minister came from!



*Poppies in the Kitchen*



*Self-portrait at 6, painted about age 12*

I ignored it for a year but it kept coming to me. Finally I explored what it would take and learned that it was possible. Marcus understandably wasn't enthusiastic, but I won't go into that challenging chapter in our lives at this time since I am focusing on my development as an artist. What it was like to serve 5 congregations in BC as a United Church minister and



*Marina with Sailboat, Genoa Bay, BC*

how it affected myself, others and my family is another story.

I didn't do much art again until after I retired from ministry and four years of travel as a Subud international helper. I went back to being an artist and developed a home and studio on Gabriola island with the help of my now adult sons Lucian and Kris.

While I was traveling as an international helper I discovered a love for Mexico and in 2010 I started renting out my art studio on Gabriola Island and spending the winters in San Miguel de Allende in Mexico. While there I was invited to exhibit my acrylic paintings in two galleries



*At work at the easel in Mexico*

which I continued to do each winter until Covid changed our lives.

In 2017 I sold my home and studio on Gabriola and downsized to the apartment where I now live in Chemainus BC. I continue to paint part-time and exhibit regularly in nearby art galleries in mid Vancouver island. The rest of my family all live now on Vancouver Island.

I have developed a personal style that is somewhere between realism and abstraction. My paintings are known for their strong colours and love of pattern and texture, bold shapes and design elements. One comment I get from many people is that they feel happy when they look at my paintings. Perhaps that's what it's all about. Certainly people need all the help they can get in this challenging world to feel happy!

Many of my paintings were done of actual places, and my apartment now has wall-to-wall reminders of places I visited internationally and locally here on Vancouver Island as well as a series of more abstract paintings inspired by local plants and flowers. That could help me to keep feeling happy into my old age, living in this quiet small town painting flowers.

I had thought of making bold and wise statements about the state of the world but maybe that's for another lifetime.

*Rohana can be reached at  
rohana@shaw.ca*



*Woman Selling Gladiolas, Cuetz Cuatanlan, Mexico*



# CUR, PATIOR, **DOMINE?** |

by Ramon Kubicek SUNSHINE COAST, BC

*I was glad to embrace wild flower scents and bird songs as part of my celebration of spirituality.*

A while ago, in Spain's Alicante province, I decided to walk up Montgo, a 750 meter mountain that had been the site of pilgrimage for many years. A warm Easter Sunday, with the sun shining on wild, blood-red poppies and white blossomed almond trees. I was not a church devotee, but I was glad to embrace wild flower scents and bird songs as part of my celebration of spirituality. Near the top of the mountain the road and fields seemed covered in snow. Looking around in

confusion, I bent down and touched the fluffy whiteness. Not snow, not frost, but feathers that had somehow fallen from the clear skies.

Where the road curved at the top was a private sporting club with a restaurant and bar. I looked around and learned that not far from the restaurant patio was a blind where hunters had set themselves up. Beside the blind was a crate of empty liquor bottles. Every couple of minutes they released the pigeons and a barrage of gunfire followed. A light breeze carried new fluffy feathers to settle around me. I couldn't see the hunters

but I heard them speaking, their tones casual, as they celebrated the resurrection of Christ by shooting pigeons. They must have had several dozen in cages ready to be shot out of the sky.

At that moment I felt the truth of the matter that humans love killing. But even as I thought this ugly idea, I knew that the idea was too simple. Perhaps the love of killing was a proposition that needed to be considered and argued.

Best not to study history if we wish to be idealistic. We find catalogue after catalogue of slaughters, and



*The Council of All Beings Gathers to Contemplate the Why of Humans*

rationales why such killings were considered necessary. Clearly, what I had witnessed was not hunting for food, nor was it target shooting. Just shooting living creatures for pleasure. I knew that lots of people enjoyed hunting, but killing scores of pigeons as a form of marksmanship was in another category.

When I was a seven year old boy living in Montreal, there was undeveloped land overgrown with bushes and a creek that fed a pond at the end of our street. Some older boys had sharpened two-meter sticks into spears and hunted frogs. One boy proudly held up his spear with an impaled frog high above his head. I could not bear the thought that they would kill the frogs for their pleasure. So as soon as possible I caught a couple of the frogs in the pond and brought them to my back yard, where I had dug a big ditch and I filled it with water.

I released the frogs into their new home. And checked every day on their condition, even feeding them flies. Of course I was too young to have considered what taking them away from their original pond might have done to them.

Then November came, and I wondered how my frogs would survive the coming frost and the heavy snows. The original pond had soft muddy banks, and I read somewhere that frogs burrowed into the mud to survive winters.

So with a heavy heart, I took my frogs back to their original pond and let them go with a wish for their survival. Fortunately, I was too young to think through what the reality of their situation was.

This experience did not stop me from catching butterflies, dragonflies, and grasshoppers. I found oversized jars and created terrariums and studied these insects as if they might reveal secrets.

As a child I was not completely consumed by revolting sentimentality. I played sports like football, ice hockey, and baseball and showed the necessary toughness, skill, and bravado. But one afternoon I dropped a ball that should have been an easy pop out in right field. I was undone by a butterfly with gorgeous purple and gold coloration, and at the critical moment I stared at the fluttering butterfly and dropped the ball. My teammates and coach stared at me in outrage and disbelief.

I could hardly blame the butterfly, however.

Contact sports like football and hockey were good ways of channeling aggression and competitiveness. They were also good for developing cooperation and teamwork. Children's games often featured sticks as stand-in guns, but I did not grow up believing we were born killers, though keen survivalists might argue otherwise.

Children teach us if we are open to it. My elder daughter once pointed out a mote of dust in our vestibule when she was five or so. Or I had thought it was a mote of dust. I bent down and focused my eyes and saw that she had spotted a tiny jewel-like insect, and

## *The struggle between beauty and utility remains with us throughout our lives, even if we choose not to acknowledge it.*

she pointed to it with wonder. It was too small for me to know anything more than its enchanted quality. I was also amazed that Roanda had seen it. Were my eyes weak? Not by conventional standards, but in some respects, I could not see. I had to ask myself how much was I missing in everyday life.

Many years later, I took my second daughter to the beach where we lived on the Sunshine Coast. At the shoreline were a number of stranded starfish. I told Daphne a bit about them, and her three-year old mind quickly formed the idea of "saving the starfish". She ran up to each, picked it up fearlessly and threw it into the water with great delight. She was determined to save every starfish on the long beach. I did little except witness her work and utter encouragements.

The struggle between beauty and utility remains with us throughout our lives, even if we choose not to acknowledge it. We look for ways to live peaceably with Nature, even as we cut down forests and turn grasslands into monoculture farms. We engage in a game of "this, but not that. I will do this, allow this, but I will draw the line at that." One problem about trying to have a cultural conversation about any of these things is that we do not share the same ideas about value. So some of us revere whales, but there are countries that still engage in whaling. I have heard people speak of octopi with a feeling close to awe, but octopus is still a favorite item on many menus.



About twenty years ago there was a big oil spill on the far side of Vancouver Island and the beaches were covered in oil. Newspapers and media were consumed for a while with how much money had been lost in fishing revenue and tourism. I thought, yes, these activities support communities and feed us. I also thought, in my contrary way, that the shell fish, oysters, and other fish had a right to life independent of their usefulness to us as economic product. We destroy their habitat and then moan about how hard it will be to order oysters at our favorite seafood restaurant.

Normally, we deal with contradictions by simply falling back on the position that humans are at the top of the evolutionary scale and so we get to decide what survives in the garden, in the forest, in the lakes, and so forth.

I am not so sure about that convenient hierarchy. If we are going to use a hierarchy, rather than just an acknowledgement that we share this planet with a host of other creatures and life forms, how about we select a larger, almost open-ended hierarchy, whose apex resides in the Divine, far beyond our understanding. And then just “below” the celestial exist angelic and other equivalent beings, all of which serve a purpose, cosmic and otherwise. Serving a purpose might in some contexts mean consuming and being consumed. Almost too large an idea to contemplate, but on our ordinary human level, it might mean that we honour all life and treat all beings with respect. Gratitude in this sense is a very specific idea—that for instance this fish, this mammal,



*Ramon's Workshop: "Now I just have to find room to paint!"*

this bird gave its life so that we can be nourished and prosper. But neither should we be sentimental and think that animals choose to offer themselves up for consumption. The truth is more complex and involves the idea that all beings are part of an interconnected network or system guided by an Intelligence much greater than the human.

Understanding how we feed and are fed is a process that can take our entire lives and needs generosity, humility, and a wish to know.

*Ramon can be reached at*  
**almadore@yahoo.com**

*You can see more of his work at*  
**www.ramonkubicekart.com**

# DO WHAT YOU CAN

## - BUT DO SOMETHING!

by Miriam Ponette MONTRÉAL, QC

**T**his drawing (next page) attempts to make visible the burden that ordinary consumption in the Global North puts on the rest of the biosphere and on citizens of the Global South. I focused on mundane and ubiquitous purchases and built infrastructure, which in turn relies on polluting and destructive industries that are mostly out of sight and in someone else's backyard. Some of these goods and infrastructure we consider basic needs such as food, clothing and shelter. That said, the excessive and inequitable global supply chains we've set up to produce them are neither essential, sustainable nor ethical. To live sustainably and ethically on a finite planet, we must first come to terms with the fact that we must consume far, far less. In order to avoid consuming 4-5 planets worth of materials each year, Jennie Moore prescribed the following lifestyles as compatible with 'one-planet living':

"...a predominantly vegetarian diet of 2424 calories per capita per day, large households (e.g., five people on average) sharing a relatively small dwelling space (8 m<sup>2</sup>/ca), in which most appliance and consumable items, such as radios, telephones, televisions and computers are shared. On average, the dimensions of transformation needed commensurate with ecological carrying capacity include: a 73% reduction in household energy use, a 96% reduction in motor vehicle ownership, a 78% reduction in per capita vehicle kilometres travelled, and a 79% reduction in air kilometres travelled" (Moore, 2015, p 4758-59).

At the bottom of the drawing is the rest of all life on earth: the biomes, plant and animal species as well as human communities in the Global South, who are being burdened by our way of life. These human and other-than-human relatives are shown as being physically compacted and compressed by the weight of Global North consumption.

We know that this over-consumption is deeply entwined with climate change, biodiversity loss and inequity, and we know that we need to address these intersecting crises. That said, doing so is also enormously complex and faces many monumental challenges such as: social and political resistance, overcoming the status quo, rigid funding and institutional frameworks, and being sabotaged by those who benefit from the current systems. The necessary changes require cross-sectoral and multi-stakeholder collaboration, requiring shifts at both large-scale institutional levels as well as deeply personal ones (Fedele et al., 2019).

### SO, THEN, WHAT DO WE DO?

All of this can be so daunting and overwhelming, it can be tempting to stick our heads in the sand, tell ourselves that progress is being made, and/or assume someone else is taking care of it. But there is too much to do and not enough time: we need everyone's contribution if we are going to succeed, save billions of lives and leave a habitable planet for future generations. As a privileged citizen of the Global North, you have enormous leverage and there is so much you can do. My advice is:

*Do what you can –  
but do something!*

*The necessary changes require cross-sectoral and multi-stakeholder collaboration, requiring shifts at both large-scale institutional levels as well as deeply personal ones.*

#### **Your contributions can be in terms of:**

**ACTIVISM:** join mailing lists for organizations like Lead Now, the David Suzuki Foundation and other advocacy groups (click here for more suggestions). They will invite you to sign petitions, join in phone calling sessions to politicians, or writing letters. These efforts take only a bit of time and have a huge impact!

**INITIATIVES:** Support or start initiatives focused on local sharing (ex. tool lending or toy libraries), repairing (ex. repair cafés, mending lessons), reusing (ex. ReStore) and resiliency (ex. community gardens, reducing food waste cooking lessons, emergency preparedness networks).

**PERSONAL HABITS:** Do what you can to improve your own habits. Focus on reducing your consumption: of air travel, car travel (opt for public or active transit when you can!) meat and dairy, disposables, non-essentials... Reduce consumption wherever possible, then if you do need to buy something make it second-hand, and/or support local, circular economies. (And advocate for the right to repair! We should be able to buy products that can be fixed.)



**CAREER CHOICES:** If you can, devote your 9-5 to this work!

**ONE LAST VERY IMPORTANT THING:**

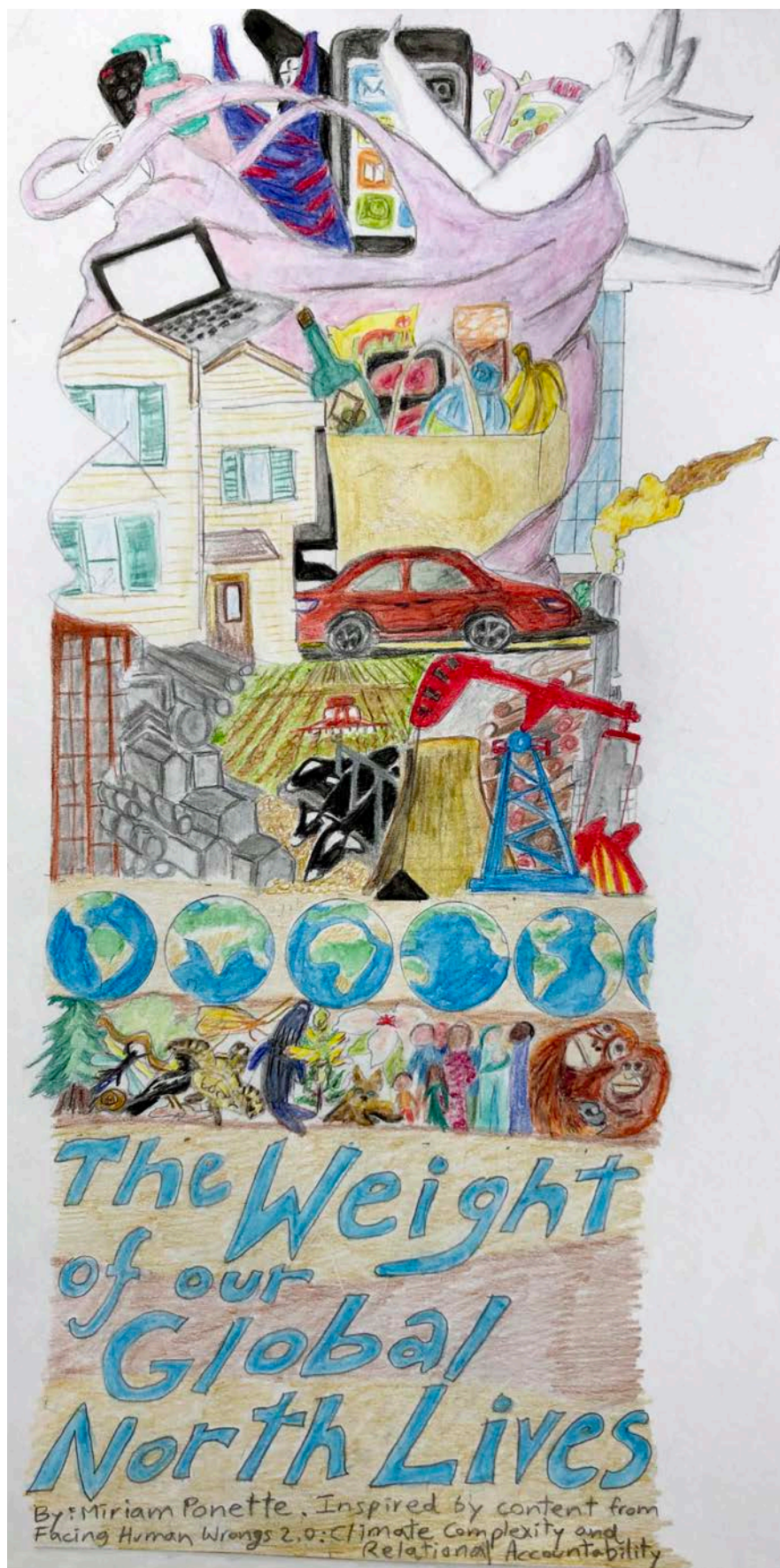
Talk about it! Be sure to share how you feel and the steps you're taking with those around you. Climate Scientist Katharine Hayhoe insists that one of the most powerful things we can do is talk about our concerns and our efforts, because it encourages others to know that a movement is building and to follow in our steps (source).

Grappling with these realities is scary and exhausting, and we need to also be kind to ourselves and tend to our mental health. But you have benefited from a safe and healthy world, and the actions you take (or don't) will determine what is left for our children, grandchildren and generations to come. As Barack Obama famously said: "We are the first generation to feel the impact of climate change, and the last generation that can do something about it."

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# A POEM |

by Adelia MacWilliam VANCOUVER ISLAND, BC

## And the Plane Banked Right Over Wilson's Bowl

I don't travel light –  
Osip Mandelstam's *Dark Earth*  
slides on my lap as we bank, with its  
apple scent and apple crunch of Moscow snow  
beneath sleigh runners,  
next to a guide to  
a stone whisperer's garden in Seattle,  
where Sequoias weep, and  
sentient piebald koi  
float just below the surface  
in a series of ponds fed  
by a single stream.

While tucked beneath  
the airplane seat, in a Thomas Wood print –  
*Flight of the Warriors of Western Ideology* –  
tiny warriors with spears mounted on flying fish  
descend from boiling clouds,  
into the San Juan/Gulf Islands archipelago,  
volcanic islands in the Salish Sea,  
as a volcano in the north erupts.

And below us now, Wilson's Bowl on Salt Spring Island –  
sky's mirror at high tide, soul's emptiness  
at low, witness  
to at least one  
apocalyptic full moon swim.

For grinding grain,  
they say, but "they"  
don't really know. Its unseeing eye,  
the size of a dinner plate,  
scooped out of Long Harbour's granite shore,  
stares up at the luminous banks  
of the wandering star river, and will  
continue to stare, silt filled  
as the oceans rise.

Frog,  
after you fled from the light that Raven brought  
and were turned into stone,  
was Wilson's Bowl of your eyes?



Where is the other one?

Frog,  
    lord of ambiguity,  
“neither and both at the same time,”  
    the story goes that you can journey  
        across the membrane between human and spirit  
    without a passport or a  
        death certificate.

There's a war on  
between the ancestors.  
    Could you, neither and both  
        at the same time,  
    stone bowl eyes  
        embedded in the earth, watching,  
        be a third side to this war?

    Southern Vancouver Island,  
Genoa Bay and Cowichan Bay below us now:  
    farms, hedge rows and fences,  
zig zag of highway, three freighters  
    anchored at angles in Satellite Channel,  
        as the plane turns again  
        toward Saanich Peninsula.

Then, buffeted by wind,  
    it floats onto the runway, and  
    skids to a halt with a roar of brakes  
as roads, fence lines and hedges  
    streak to intersect  
    *in time's exhausted cranium.*

Why do we act as though we hate this place?

When **Adelia MacWilliam** was doing her graduate work at the University of Victoria, she discovered that if you cast the mythic imagination across land that you love, everything will out. She recently completed a manuscript filled with what emerged, *Films the Dead Are Showing*, and is working on a second manuscript, *Stilt Jill*, a collection of 38 un-ghazals.

Adelia is a co-editor of *Cascadian Zen*, Volumes One and Two, a collection of poetry, essays and artwork from the bioregion of Cascadia (Watershed Press, 2023 and 2024). She is managing editor of Watershed Press, and has poetry published in various anthologies, including *Drift, Poems and Poets from the Comox Valley*, (Poetry Factory, 2020), *Sweet Water: Poems for the Watersheds* (Caitlin Press, 2020) and *Cascadian Zen* (Watershed Press, 2023).

*Adelia can be reached at*  
adelia.macwilliam@gmail.com

*Watershed Press*  
watershedpress.org

# REMEMBERING *Istafia*

by *Rohanna Goodwin Smith* SUNSHINE COAST, BC

Our dear sister, Istafia De Souza, passed away peacefully on September 30, 2025, in the hospice facility at Toronto's Grace Hospital. Her health had declined rapidly following a fall a few weeks earlier. She was 86 years old and had been predeceased by her loving husband, John White. Istafia had served as a local helper in Subud Toronto for many years and as a National Helper from 2010–2014. She had a talent for painting which she pursued in her later years. Her beautiful work has been featured in a calendar of Subud Canada artists as well as in an art show at Subud Toronto.

Earlier this year, Istafia had gifted me the playful little painting included here. It had hung in her living room for many years and I had always loved it. For me, the painting exemplifies Istafia breaking free of this earthly domain, her soul soaring higher and higher.

[rohannagoodwinsmith@gmail.com](mailto:rohannagoodwinsmith@gmail.com)

