



## blooming news spring equinox 2022

It's been my good fortune to work in a variety of medical settings and therefore to be able to take part in a several educational opportunities as part of my work. These opportunities were often in the form of preventive approaches to various physical and mental health concerns: anxiety, depression, cardiac and pulmonary health, stress, dementia, etc., etc. It turned out that the same preventive approaches were integral to virtually every health concern. The approaches without fail included socially engagement, laughter, and time in nature, in addition to stress reduction, exercise, and eating well.

Here in Pacific Gardens, and in co-housing in general, so many of these preventive approaches are so available. We work and play together; we share meals and engage in spontaneous cohousing interruptus (spell check not withstanding :-); there are our beautiful vegetable and flower gardens and union hall, our woods and the river; we enjoy music and dance and art, group camping and hiking; there is our reconciliation team, our t'ai chi and meditation, games and puzzles – the list goes on and on. And perhaps most importantly of all, the laughter and squeals and chatter of our children. Ahhh, the children. What gifts of well-being we all give each other, in countless ways big and small, directly or indirectly, in ways personally and communally meaningful, and at the same time often just because it's good plain fun.

Many thanks to our  
contributors, Frances, Julia,  
Jim, K.J., Marianne, Mia.



Big, BIG thanks to  
Anne and all of you  
other folks for getting  
this done and for  
Bandeira Parker for  
helping with the  
funding - \$550 bucks  
or thereabouts.  
Amazing work by all  
of you. Thanks a lot



We each have different stories around PG - like the birth of our pond and its subsequent growth, the patch of violets or the river landing. Perhaps the garden patch visitor or the moonlight smoke with the chorusing frogs...I would be delighted to see some of these stories shared in our newsletter....I will endeavour to produce one myself this time.



Last Spring, when I was clearing some space to build a boat on, I met a local First Nation woman. She comes each year to harvest these tiny violets that grow near the Chase river. She walked the Chase river for an hour to collect enough without over harvesting. I only saw a few plants on Ian's property.

Our property has a large patch of these growing in the grotto between the paddle powered boats and the trampoline. She requested access and gathered some there. Our patch is by far the largest and most healthy in the area.

All violets are edible. They are often used to brighten a salad, or are sugared for cake decorations. They are prized for their beauty and have no medicinal purposes or noticable flavour. The ones growing here are sought out as they are a local species. I think this is the northern most edge of their range too. <https://www.pnwflowers.com/flower/viola-howellii> Do go look and see if I remembered the species correctly. ;-)

thank you, Julia

## PGCC Valentines

From Mia: What would you Whisper in the ears of Pacific Gardens if this cohousing would be your lover. Tell, share, those sweet nothings with your neighbour, or share a fun answer to this email about this great ♥ love of yours.

Dan: You have the sexiest atrium I've ever seen, baby.

Kari: Dearest PG, this relationship sure has had its ups and downs and through all of it I have learned to let go, to embrace the new and to love a little deeper. You are the best! And I'm in this for the long haul! Love you, Kari. 🌿♀️♥️🌿🌷🌻🌺♥️♥️

K.J.: Baby, I knew when we first met that we were in it for the longhaul, and despite all the arguments over money and interior design, we're still together. A miracle!

Anne: Honey, I know we don't agree on everything, and I love that we can talk about it. You have become such a part of my life I can't imagine life without you.

Yuki: Dear PG. The last love of my life. You sure have been a bumpy ride of love in the short 3.5 years already. But here I am and here I will be. 💕😵💫💕🤯💕🤔💕💕

Craig: Sweetness, it seems that everywhere I look I see some aspect of your magnificent and well architected form. So often, when with you I hear laughter and music, which is pretty darn cool. The keypad to your inner world works exceedingly well. The doors to your heart are always open except for during fire drills. And you're really good at keeping the rain out. Be my Valentine????!!

Mary: I love you through all the ups and downs and ups again!

During these last weeks I was having some intense feelings about the war in Ukraine. It was causing me to experience inertia in my everyday activities and commitments. And, on occasion, a sense of overwhelm. On International Women's Day on March 8th, I joined the circle that celebrated the occasion here on the patio in the evening. There I felt solace as others also expressed their concerns and feelings. When I sense I am a part of a bigger whole and am not alone in my feelings, I always feel a renewal of commitment to wellbeing.

I then explored the possible strategies I could employ to direct my renewed energies to finding peace in my heart and for others. Unsurprisingly the call to the outside world and the gardens was uppermost.

And in my twice weekly meditations I was reminded that resistance creates suffering. I did not have to resist these feelings. I had to honour them and bring compassion to myself and thereby to the rest of the world.

As an immigrant to Canada, perhaps my interconnectedness is stronger with the birthplace of my ancestors, than with those who have lived in North America for many generations. Maybe my awareness and sensitivity to suffering in the world has been heightened by some of my own experiences and those of my

parents. It doesn't matter the cause, what matters is the course.

For me poetry often can beautifully articulate what needs to be understood.

“The Peace of Wild Things

When despair for the world grows in me  
and I wake in the night at the least sound  
in fear of what my life and my children's lives may be,  
I go and lie down where the wood drake  
rests in his beauty on the water, and the great heron feeds.  
I come into the peace of wild things  
who do not tax their lives with forethought  
of grief. I come into the presence of still water.  
And I feel above me the day-blind stars  
waiting with their light. For a time  
I rest in the grace of the world, and am free.”

— Wendell Berry, *The Selected Poems of Wendell Berry*

Thank you, Marianne

In light of the recently repaired clothes washing machine, it seems well past due to thank BAM for all the work they offer keeping these hallowed halls in good shape.

They ply their time and skills in so many ways, inside and out, all of which contributes to our security, peace of mind, and quality of life.

Thanks a lot, Bill, Kari, Yonas, Tim, Richard, and Sinjin and all who contribute to BAM.

And thanks a lot to all the committees and members and the work you do.



How to meet the grey turn of the forecast, the stutter of any new uncertainty. How to tell aloud the thing that broke inside. How to name pain, describe its bones, its cries in the dark. How to bear the way we bear the hurt. How to stop sitting so still in the bearing. How to admit how hard it is. How to carry the grudges, the wounds, the mistakes, the failed efforts, the sour betrayals, the holes we poked in our own eyes. How to stop telling the same old story. How to clear the unclearable decks. How to forgive. How to ask for forgiveness. How to open our mouths for the sake of the wildflowers that live there. How to love through fear and how to create through fear and how to fear through fear. How to say “hello” and mean it. How to say “How are you?” and mean it. How to say “No really, how are you?” and mean it.

thank you, Frances





## Tribute to Lee

The PGCC Tai Chi women want to give a huge thankyou to Lee Heppner for the allday retreat we had on Wednesday, Mar. 16th.

With her usual calm, grace, and patience, Lee guided us through the 108 steps of Tai Chi as demonstrated by her and Master Moy. The weather cooperated beautifully, so we were able to do them outside.

Nine of us aspiring Tai Chi masters attended, with Lee leading the way. We enjoyed a delicious lunch, with keto quiche, a salad, cheese scones, chicken patties, and a coconut curry soup.

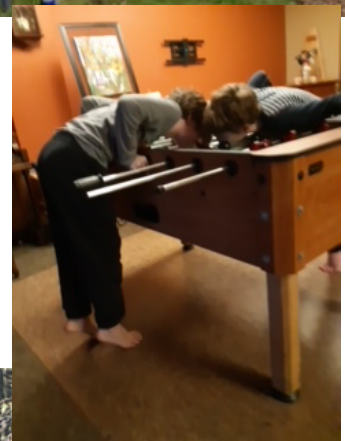
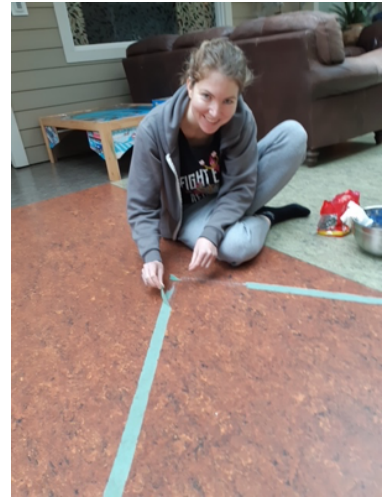
After several sets, we had to have tea – Earl Grey, to be precise – with Eric's famous chocolate chip cookies and Louise's equally famed energy date balls, plus oranges.

We amazed ourselves with our ability to remember all - well, almost all – the Tai Chi moves throughout the day under Lee's gentle tutelage.

It was so much fun we've decided we're going to make it a biannual event. See you in September.

Thanks, K.J. AND LEE!









When I say I know you, I mean I knew you yesterday. I do not know you actually, now. All I know is my image of you. That image is put together by what you have said in praise of me or to insult me, what you have done to me – it is put together by all the memories I have of you – and your image of me is put together in the same way. And it is those images which have relationship and which prevent us from really communing with each other.

Jiddu Krishanmurti