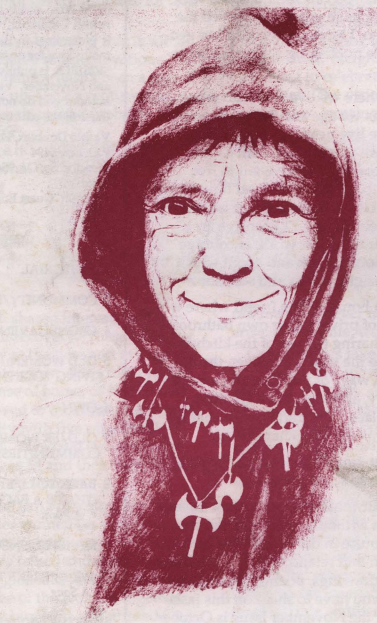


HQ 75.55  
W42

# V I S I B L E

We are

Ageful • Women's Letters • Art • Poetry • Ideas • Announcements • Visions • Reports



Vashte Doublex, Editor, Box 1494, Mendocino, California 95460

**VISIBLE**—Combining Our Own, A Web of Crones

## EDITORIAL

I was delighted to accept an offer from Sunlight to be guest editor for this issue. As you can see, her skills with computer desktop publishing have greatly improved the appearance of *VISIBLE*. Also, I have appreciated her generous sharing of considerable publishing skills to enlarge my own.

Community/Family—where we live and with whom—is a concern for many of us as we age and the years go by. If we have family, should we live nearby? Is a circle of friends a first priority? Do we want to live with a lover, friend, or with a group of people? Do we want to live alone with any or all of the above nearby? And how do we do it? The pros and cons of city and country? A warm or cool climate? A comparatively cheap or expensive area? Where is the best place to continue our work, encourage our feeling at home? Questions we ask and about which perhaps we can share our insights, ideas and solutions.

I am currently sharing a house with a friend where we each have a certain amount of privacy (our own bathrooms and living/sleeping area), sharing the use of the kitchen and dining room. We divide the studio and even the flower garden, as we have our own ways of planting and arranging. It works fairly smoothly, although there are times when I long for my "own" place. The trade-off for that is being able to live in a lovely place with shared rent.

This issue presents other women's views and experiences which may inspire you to share yours.

Our relationship with our mother is a source of unending feeling and debate, often without the completion we long to have. Our mothers pulse in our veins. The next issue of *VISIBLE* will focus on that relationship—our failures and successes. Please send drawings, poems, photos, articles, extracts and whatever you have to share on this fascinating subject. Date due for the November issue is October 1st.

Enjoy the summer, write for *VISIBLE*, and tell your friends. ♥

Vashte Doublex

*VISIBLE* is for ageful women in and beyond their second Saturn return (55 years and more and more) and includes news and views, opinions and visions of what it is like to grow old. This magazine grew out of the Older Women's Network (OWN), begun in Oregon, U.S. in the 70's, and *Web of Crones*, begun in British Columbia, Canada, in the 80's. It is feminist in its orientation and promotes love for ourselves and the earth.

*VISIBLE* is published in March, July, and November. Views expressed are the authors' and do not necessarily reflect those of the editor.

Vashte Doublex, Editor  
P.O. Box 1494  
Mendocino, CA 95460

Sunlight, Guest Editor this issue

Issue 4

July 1990

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## COMMUNITY/FAMILY

The last issue of *VISIBLE* suggested "creating community/family" as a focus for this one. I have enjoyed editing it—and this topic so dear to my heart. Thanks to you, Vashte, for the opportunity, and to all of the contributors for sharing your thoughts and your work.

Community, family—certainly that is something I long for and have sought in various forms. The nuclear family hasn't been a part of my life since I grew up—half a century ago. And I think that ever since (and probably before) I've searched for something to replace it.

No, not to replace what that was for me, but fulfill my dream of what family *could* be—warm with love, equality, nurturing, sharing. Sisterhood.

I found circles of friends, groups with shared interests and purposes, fellowships in recovery. These filled my need for community at the time and offered me love and directions to grow. But I lived alone and wanted that sense of home, of family with other women. I moved to the country and lived in a small community with five other lesbians for a year and a half. We loved and respected each other—but I was 56 and they were 28, a generation, a Saturn cycle apart.

I began to go to the San Francisco Bay Area to meet with other older women (as we called ourselves at the time) interested in creating a community together. We talked and dreamed and discussed and struggled and finally dispersed as that group. But three of the women, together with two others, did buy land and formed Lavender Hill—a community of older women. With

another crone of the original group and two young women, we started Heraseed, a sister community in neighboring northern California hills. Both of these communities went through many changes, and we women went through many more. Eventually they disbanded.

The vision still lives somewhere in my heart—though it changes as I change. It's looser now, not a purpose in itself as it once was for me. A place to live among loving sisters in gentleness and freedom. Neighbors, maybe—not too close. Gathering to celebrate, to share, to be there for each other. The vision no longer comes from the fear I had of growing old alone. I *am* growing

old, and the older I get, the less I feel alone because the more I have mySelf. And the more I have mySelf, the less I fear. I don't want to project ill health or some future disaster or need for care. If the *caring* is there, I believe that we

can meet whatever needs may arise *as* they arise; meanwhile, we live in the present.

Communities take many forms, and the knowledge that we are not alone is itself a source of strength. As women, we are a community of spirit, and as we identify more with spirit, we will feel the power of this connection. There are women who love me, care about me, support me in my work and the life I live—women I love and support. We don't live together, but we are family in the deepest sense of the word. And all of us here in this moment are a community of old women becoming visible as we affirm ourselves and each other and the beauty and wisdom of age. Our connection can take place as we read and write for *VISIBLE*, reaching one another through these pages. ♥

Sunlight

*Communities take many forms, and the knowledge that we are not alone is itself a source of strength. Women, we are a community of spirit . . .*





CO as an <sup>side</sup> / FAMILY

CRONEHAVEN: on a Gulf Island of British Columbia

Not happening  
to place  
any more!

her; L., 44, is a weaver, gardener, political  
vist (as we all are in our different ways). Al.,  
28, is an engineer, potter, farmer. A., my lover  
who joined us a year ago, is carpenter, gardener,  
tree planter of 34 years who caretakes the land  
with me when not away working.

Because of who I was, a lesbian feminist who  
desired in her aging process to live with or about  
women of different ages, and having an antipa-  
thy to isolated independence and patriarchal in-  
stitutionalized care, I started searching for such  
community after visiting women's lands in 1977.

The physical environment of five acres com-  
prises one large three bedroom house, a pottery  
studio, a studio under construction to provide  
more personal space when we all live together, a  
large garden and at least one acre of forest.

As a woman of low income and very little  
capital, I tried to find a place where the means fit  
the situation and travelled to the U.S., England  
and Denmark in my search, hoping to find a  
group or collective that was open in all meanings  
of the word. For ten years I looked. During this  
time, I discovered much about myself, about  
community and communal living. Many of us  
share the dream of a land group where women,  
particularly lesbian women, can be together to  
pursue our creative lives, nurture the land, and  
be supportive of each other emotionally, physi-  
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way to go and must be prepared for the effort  
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We are in the early days of our community  
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shut up in some old age home with women or  
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create stimulating situations where women can  
go on learning, changing and growing in safe  
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that time, living as full a life as we are able. ➤



## COMMUNITY/FAMILY

### CRONEHAVEN: A Community on a Gulf Island of British Columbia

Because of who I was, a lesbian feminist who desired in her aging process to live with or about women of different ages, and having an antipathy to isolated independence and patriarchal institutionalized care, I started searching for such community after visiting women's lands in 1977.

As a woman of low income and very little capital, I tried to find a place where the means fit the situation and travelled to the U.S., England and Denmark in my search, hoping to find a group or collective that was open in all meanings of the word. For ten years I looked. During this time, I discovered much about myself, about community and communal living. Many of us share the dream of a land group where women, particularly lesbian women, can be together to pursue our creative lives, nurture the land, and be supportive of each other emotionally, physically and spiritually. I found we have a long way to go and must be prepared for the effort this entails if we are to try and create such community. I had let go of my dream two years ago—as my travels and experiences had led me to discover that our struggles with internalized patriarchal values, our cultural/ethnic backgrounds, our attitudes to money, class, possessions and particularly to "private ownership" of property as opposed to "open land" presented stumbling blocks that for me seemed to be insurmountable. However, though not actively searching in the physical sense, I had been endeavouring to interest women in the concept of older women's community, through a newsletter, *A Web of Crones*, which I published for four years. Through this and other articles, I came to meet two women from the Eastern Province of Canada. We shared dreams and visions, decided to buy land, and once again I find myself in process.

We are five women. Myself 62 years (I write, network, study, caretake the land and live here on a permanent basis). S., 54, is a midwife/

teacher; L., 44, is a weaver, gardener, political activist (as we all are in our different ways). Al., 28, is an engineer, potter, farmer. A., my lover who joined us a year ago, is carpenter, gardener, tree planter of 34 years who caretakes the land with me when not away working.

The physical environment of five acres comprises one large three bedroom house, a pottery studio, a studio under construction to provide more personal space when we all live together, a large garden and at least one acre of forest.

We are in the early days of our community and still struggle with old issues regarding male visitors, whether we want to be open to all comers or just those we know. None of us is interested in having young children here on a permanent basis. We do not want to appear elitist or inhospitable, but we have our own growing together and separately to do before we can be committed to outside, interested women. The diversity of our lives, presently and prior to living together, as well as our relationships with lovers and friends who may be visiting for short or long periods, and what this entails, all has to be considered. One needs a lot of compassion and patience to be part of any new group attempting something different. For me it is important to establish boundaries, to communicate our feelings to one another in as positive and supportive a way as possible, and be aware constantly that we are all coming from different places and differing experiences.

It is hoped for the future (and this will evolve as it will), that we will create a space for women to come and share their experiences and creativity that is part of our lives at whatever age. My personal desire is to continue being the person I am, going through constant change, and not shut up in some old age home with women or people with whom I have no common ground to share. This is only possible, I feel, if we can create stimulating situations where women can go on learning, changing and growing in safe places, enjoying each other, preparing ourselves for Death (the word everyone avoids) and, until that time, living as full a life as we are able. ➤

Finally, there has to be some commitment of purpose when creating community. Clarity of how much time, money and energy women are prepared to put into such a venture is important, as is openness to discussion of new situations that arise, thereby ensuring and acknowledging our emerging selves as women creating a new type of community. ♥

Emma Joy Crone



## OLD WOMEN: LIVING TOGETHER

There are several ways for old women to live together to provide them with company, a sharing of expenses, and a support system. I have tried community, that is living on land with a group of women, and presently I'm in a house-sharing situation with four women whose ages range from late 30's to late 60's. I like the diversity of age and the fact that two of the women are grandmothers so we have the experience of sharing the events which very young children are faced with at this time. Some women might hate both aspects of this kind of living situation.

There are possibilities for country living as well as city enclaves of varying types: shared housing, duplexes or quadraplexes, apartment buildings, even a block in a neighborhood. No matter which way you are contemplating, there is work to be done. I personally do not think this type of living should be done without knowing each other well, doing some basic ground work on wants, desires, expectations, and some on-going work on class, race, ethnic and sexual differences. You are asking for trouble if you don't iron out some things before you come together as community. No matter how independent the living spaces are, if you are making an intentional community, there is a need for some hard dialogue.

It is important that there be a commitment to use a mediator for tackling difficult situations.

It is suggested that this might begin *before* you run into irreparable problems.

You may have known each other for a long time, but did you know that she rises every morning at 6 A.M. to chant for an hour? Will the place you are living in allow for that without the chanting disturbing everyone's sleep?

Money is a big one. What bills will be shared? Are you buying or renting? Is physical work (doing the garden, bringing in the wood) equivalent to a cash payment? Do you pay your bills within the first 10 days of the month, or does your income dribble in over the month? How will this affect the others in the group and your payment of joint bills?

There are many, many positive reasons for women to live together, but you need ground rules, some understanding of the ways in which you differ and how each one feels about that, and patience to iron out the kinks, ride through someone's illness, or just adjust to some of the details of joint-living. Obviously there is less bumping into each other in a building with six apartments than in a house with five bedrooms! Trial weekends in close quarters might be a good idea—maybe you really will hate the way she is in the kitchen.

My partner of five years says I bring an aura of chaos to cleaning the kitchen and end up with water all over the floor or clorox on my clothes! She just leaves the space so she doesn't have to be a witness to my chaotic kitchen energy. (And some times off stage she screams!) ♥

Kate Rosenblatt

## OLDER WOMEN'S NETWORK

### A Herstory

OWN started in 1975. It was a fertile time for publications there at 3502 Coyote Creek Road, Wolf Creek, Oregon. Within one year, three came into being: *WomanSpirit*, a spirituality magazine, begun by Jean and Ruth Mountain-grove; *R.F.D.*, a gay men's literary magazine, begun by Carl Wittman and Allan Troxler; and *Our OWN*, a quarterly newsletter of the Older Women's Network, begun by Elizabeth Freeman and Elana (now Elaine Mikels).

The Older Women's Network came into being as the result of the isolation Elana and I felt in that community which was comprised mostly of younger women. We needed our peers. We put announcements in several women's newspapers that circulated on the west coast asking older women interested in exploring the idea of a community to write us. Before long we were deluged with letters.

That was a particularly fertile period for women who were coming to a maturity that enabled them to liberate themselves from children, marriages and (in some cases) from long held jobs. There seemed to be a burst of creative energy that expressed itself in travel, education and writing.

Womanshare, a group of women reaching out to women through workshops, located in Gray's Creek, Oregon, agreed to hold a conference on older women with our help. It was exciting. Many of the women who came there that weekend are still friends and active in many fields. Margaret Budicki, the oldest woman there, died last year. I am happy I was able to publish her poetry, titled *Splinters*. I wish I had a list of the persons who attended.

We then planned a conference on Kittu Rid-

dle's Land, Nourishing Space, outside of Tucson, Arizona. New Women arrived along with old friends. It is here that we decided to produce a newsletter and named it *Our OWN*.

When Elana and I got back to Oregon we put together the first issue, a simple one page letter. McVey wrote an article about the Arizona meeting and contributed some drawings. From that simple beginning, the newsletter grew and came out quarterly. The focus of the organization and the publication was the establishment of a community of older women in the country. Subsequent workshops met around this issue and others. There was a flood of mail which included letters, poetry and articles on various other topics.

As we got more experienced, *Our OWN* improved and our mailing list grew. At one point a book of poetry, *Blackberry Harvest: Poems, Songs and Art of Older Women*, written by OWN correspondents was produced. The title came from Bonnie Davidson's epigram: "Like blackberries, older women bear fruit in the fall, have thorns, and grow everywhere."

As conceived by Elana and me, OWN was for all women. Although we represented that group of women who were on their way to being old, we included younger women because they were supportive and interested in working on their own ageism. Although we were both lesbians, we sought to reach all older women. We always made it clear, too, that we wanted to reach women who saw themselves as feminists.

In 1981, six years from the first issue, Elana and I moved east to North Carolina. We sought to pass along the publication of *Our OWN* to others. Eve Ellison and other women picked up the reins for several issues. After this it languished until Vashte Doublex began publication.

Anyone interested in looking up the complete collection of back issues can contact the Lesbian Archives located in California. ♥

Elizabeth Freeman

*"Like blackberries, older women bear fruit in the fall, have thorns, and grow everywhere."*



## OLDER WOMEN'S COMMUNITIES

### A Sampler

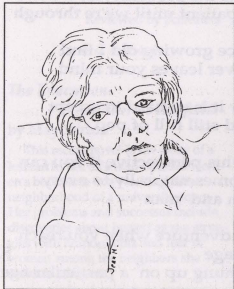
#### CRONES' NEST

"We at the Pagoda, along with other interested womyn, have been working on a concept for expanding our community to include a nearby space especially designed to meet the needs of older womyn. We call these efforts the Crones' Nest Project, which we see as part of an intergenerational community that provides choice between isolated independence and institutionalized care . . .

"Our current efforts are focused on creating a mailing list of interested people; raising our consciousness about the needs, wants and abilities of older womyn;..."

Ed. Note: I was unable to update information on this project in time for this issue of *VISIBLE*. For more information about this project, send a SASE to:

Crones' Nest  
2854 Coastal Highway  
St. Augustine, FL 32084



#### SPINSTERHAVEN

"The mission of Spinstervhaven is to create and maintain nurturing community homes for aging women and women with disabilities, and to promote the physical, cultural, and spiritual well-being of women. Spinstervhaven is based on these beliefs:

That every woman has worth and value, and deserves to be treated respectfully and with dignity.

That the foundation of Spinstervhaven is mutual support and sisterly compassion.

That women have a right to a community free from sexism, racism, and homophobia.

That women, regardless of their abilities or income, deserve a community with an environment and services which maximize their independence and safety.

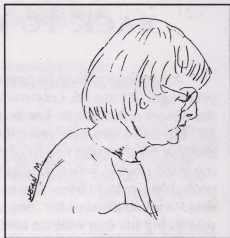
That Spinstervhaven is responsible for prohibiting physical, verbal, or emotional violence on its premises.

That all people on this earth have a responsibility for protecting the natural environment; and that Spinstervhaven will manage its property accordingly.

That, within the beliefs expressed above, diversity of race, religion, and culture enriches us all; and that Spinstervhaven actively promotes such diversity in its members, officers, residents, and employees.

We plan to have a 100-acre or so place in Northwest Arkansas within half an hour from Fayetteville and an urban facility in Little Rock."

For more information, send a SASE to Spinstervhaven, Inc.  
P.O. Box 718  
Fayetteville, AR 72701



#### SUSAN B. ANTHONY MEMORIAL UNREST HOME

"We are a community of two women, ages 48 through 65, living on a 152 acre tree farm in beautiful, Appalachian Ohio. . .

"Our strong interest in feminist and progressive politics and our active work for peace and justice doesn't leave us time for pen pals but we do respond to letters from women seeking community. . .

"We would like other women to join us, come for a camping visit, talk with us about ideas for living in community. . . Please write us for further information and an opportunity to visit:"

S.B.A.M.U.H.  
13423 Howard Road  
Millfield, OH 45761



Here are some other women's communities which, however, so far as I know, don't specifically reach out to old women. (You may want to ask—that could be consciousness-raising for them.) O.W.L. Farm, P.O. Box 133, Days Creek, OR 97429; WOMLAND, P.O. Box 55, Troy, ME 04987; DOE Farm, Rt. 2, Box 42, Norwalk, WI; ARF, c/o New Mexico Women's Land Trust, Rt. 4, Box 58-L, Santa Fe, NM 87501 (ARF needs donations immediately to secure the land.) Send SASE with inquiries.

## BACK TO LIFE

An amazing thing happened to me four years ago. At age 56, I contracted lung cancer, did surgery, radiation. Looked like we got it all. But one and a half years later there was a shadow on the most recent of many X-rays, and my good doctor, when pressured, told me I had probably a year to live. The amazing thing is that I walked around for four months thinking I was living my last year on earth. How can I describe the horror and rage and grief with which I reacted to this news.

The experience was mind and life altering because somehow I believe I healed the lesion (whether it was cancer or, as the physician later said in his changed diagnosis "inflammation around radiation scar tissue") with fasting, wheat grass juice, enemas; then visualizing and affirmations. I believe I had fed a new cancer into being with my despair and powerlessness and healed it with commitment to a very difficult regimen of low sugar, low fat diet and self-empowering thoughts of my own improvising. I continue to monitor my thoughts rigorously and refuse to build upon fear. My message to any who face a similar situation would be to take charge of your illness, be a partner with your physician, and act upon whatever healing regimen makes sense to you.

*I now live with love for myself.  
Life is too short  
for self-defeating thoughts.*

I now live with love for myself. Life is too short for self-defeating thoughts. I find the courage now to be more honest with others. I live much more in the present moment—spending precious disability income on having bright, comfortable caftans of my own design, spending on spring bulbs—what if it's my last spring and I missed planting bulbs—and a little doggy for company.

These revelations have been stunning to me—and it took a death sentence to discover and act upon them. Through these revelations I have discovered who I am, and guess what! I like me.

I invite anyone who faces a health crisis to call me at (707) 964-2172. ♥

Jan Trueheart

### THAT'S A FACT

You sit so quietly in your chair  
And try to pretend that you aren't  
there

It just won't work this time my friend  
I'll make sure you're visible to the end

Let's examine the problem just we two  
Try to be patient until we're through

You can't face growing old I find  
It never ever leaves your mind

Tell me why it is so hard to accept  
I'm 67 and still full of pep

See it from this perspective if you can  
Old age comes naturally to every  
woman and man

Make it an adventure when you reach  
that stage  
Don't get hung up on a particular age

Smile, keep your sense of humor intact  
You'll enjoy being older and that's a  
fact

Vera Krasner-Krug

## REVIEWS

*Whisper,*  
*the Waves, the Wind:*  
*Celebrating Older Women*

154 women aged 60-99 ritualize their ages and each other as they meet, all dressed in white, wend their way to a beach, and discuss the pains and pleasures of aging. This 28 minute film celebrates the qualities of older women and affirms the diversity of their ideas, their capacity to work together for a common purpose, and their desires, concerns, and energy. Of different ages, attitudes, and situations, they have in common the grace of age. As one exclaims, "I'm just the way I always was—only more so!" You've never seen a beauty pageant like this one.

Produced by Suzanne Lacy &  
Kathleen Laughlin, 1988  
Terra Nova Films  
9848 South Winchester Avenue  
Chicago, IL 60643  
312-881-8491

Reviewed by jceleste(s)

◆◆◆◆◆

*The Education*  
*of Harriet Hatfield*  
by May Sarton

This recent novel is the story of a lesbian in her 60's who opens a women's bookstore in a working class neighborhood of a university town. Her problems and successes include discoveries about herself as she struggles with homophobia and fear of women among the neighbors she seeks to befriend.

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Is there a book or film you liked that concerns old women? Are there news items or thoughts you want to share? Send reviews, news, articles to *VISIBLE* and receive a free copy.

*Panhandling Papers*  
by Kady

A collection of letters, articles and autobiographical chapters reprinted from numerous publications — mostly women's. This is a fascinating miscellany, representing more than a decade of political consciousness and nonviolent action for peace, for women, and for the earth. It is creative and ingenious, angry and loving, pessimistic and hopeful. And the author's positive identification as an old woman is welcome, as well as her honoring of her foremothers:

Kady daughter of Ann  
daughter of Kate  
daughter of Anna  
daughter of Anna

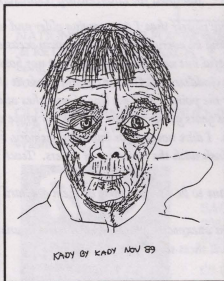
(The cover of this issue of *VISIBL E* is the drawing of Kady by Paula Gottlieb, borrowed from the cover of *Panhandling Papers*..)

\$8.50 at bookstores; \$10 postpaid from the publisher:

Kay VanDeurs  
P.O. Box 623  
Northampton, MA 01060

Reviewed by Sunlight

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## &amp;NEWS

Association for  
Women in Psychology

In response to a letter from Vashte Doublex to the Association for Women In Psychology, Sue Morrow, AWP 1990 Conference Co-Coordinator, writes: "We do feel that more attention needs to be given to aging and agism." She adds her hope that next year's conference will provide a stronger representation of those topics. The 1990 Conference does feature one presentation on aging, "Passion and the Aging Process," as well as mid-life focused presentations.

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Old Women's Affinity Group

is being formed by women 55 and over to participate in Redwood Summer, a series of actions planned for northern California to protect the old growth forests and to advocate more ecological tree-harvesting practices.

Affinity groups will include people who choose to participate in actions as well as those who want to be supportive in other ways. All must be committed to nonviolence and will receive nonviolent training. For more information, write to, call Mary Lou Haddit, 2040 Lawndale Road, Kenwood, CA 95452, 707-823-7349.

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*'Cautious, careful people always casting about to preserve their reputations or social standards never can bring about reform..'*

*Those who are really in earnest are willing to be anything or nothing in the world's estimation and publically and privately, in season and out, avow their sympathies with despised ideas and their advocates and bear the consequences.'*

Susan B. Anthony  
1873



## WE ARE LIKE TREES

Flowing  
Am Dm Am

1. WE ARE LIKE TREES BLOWN BY THE WINDS OF TIME. YOU SAY WE'RE  
OLD WE SAY WE'RE IN OUR PRIME: WE'VE LIVED THROUGH STORMS,  
WE'VE LIVED THROUGH WINTER'S  
COLD, TEMPERED BY FIRE OUR BE-ING WILL UN - FOLD.

2. WE ARE THE STRONG,  
HONED BY THE TIMES WE'VE KNOWN.  
WE ARE THE FREE,  
TEMPERED IN NERVE AND BONE;  
WE'VE CARED FOR CHILDREN,  
WE'VE NURSED OUR MOTHERS, TOO.  
WE'VE SPENT OUR TEARS,  
LAUGHTER IS NOW OUR DUE.

4. YOU'LL BE LIKE TREES  
BLOWN BY THE WINDS OF TIME,  
THEY'LL SAY YOU'RE OLD,  
YOU'LL SAY YOU'RE IN YOUR PRIME.  
YOU'LL LIVE THROUGH STORMS,  
YOU'LL LIVE THROUGH WINTER'S COLD,  
TEMPERED BY FIRE  
YOUR BEING WILL UNFOLD.

3. REPEAT FIRST VERSE

words and music  
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17th Century Nun's Prayer  
(adapted for 20th century feminists)

*'Goddess, Thou knowest better than I know myself that I am growing older and will someday be old. Keep me from the fatal habit of thinking I must say something on every subject and on every occasion. Release me from craving to straighten out everybody's affairs. Make me thoughtful but not moody, helpful but not bossy. With my vast store of wisdom, it seems a pity not to use it all, but Thou knowest Goddess that I want a few friends at the end. Keep my mind free from the recital of endless details, give me wings to get to the point. Seal my lips of my aches and pains, they are increasing, and love of rehearsing them is becoming sweeter as the years go by. I dare not ask for grace enough to enjoy the tales of others pains, but help me to endure them with patience. I dare not ask for improved memory, but for a growing humility and a lessening cocksureness when my memory seems to clash with the memories of others. Teach me the glorious lesson that I may be mistaken.*

*Keep me reasonably sweet; I do not want to be a Saint, some of them are hard to live with. But a sour old person is one of the crowning works of the devil.*

*Give me the ability to see good things in unexpected places, and talents in unexpected people.*

*And give me, O Goddess, the grace to tell them so.*

Blessed Be.

## NETWORKING

### OLD LESBIAN ORGANIZING COMMITTEE

The O.L.O.C. was organized in 1989 at the Second West Coast Conference and Celebration by and for Old Lesbians. An informal caucus of 61 of those present, formed a committee to initiate an ongoing, politically active organization for lesbians over 60. The group meets quarterly to develop a network and to continue working to eradicate ageism in our lesbian and feminist communities and society at large. O.L.O.C. is also working to make old lesbians a powerful force at the National Lesbian Conference in Atlanta in 1991.

If you would like to receive the newsletter and announcement of forthcoming meetings, write to: O.L.O.C., P.O. Box 14816, Chicago, IL 60614. Please enclose a contribution to cover the cost.

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c/o Jane Porcino  
CED, Behavioral Sciences,  
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