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Speaking with the Stars

A project coordinated by the Central Region of the Anthroposophical Society in America



**Announcing the next Regional Conference Call
Tuesday August 26, 2014: 7:15 – 8:30 pm Central
(8:15 – 9:30 pm Eastern)**

**This will be a “GO TO MEETING” CALL:
Dial +1 (805) 309-0014 Access Code: 290-223-149**

Theme: *Cosmic Cycles Earthly Rhythms*

a conference call hosted by the Central Regional Council with Mary Stewart Adams

Poems and Photos from the June 2014 Retreat at the Headlands International Dark Sky Park

As we came together in Michigan to envision this work we will undergo throughout the region, poems, stories and vignettes were offered as an inspired response to the invitation to *Speak with the Stars*.

Please accept these offerings and photos to welcome you ever more to find a way to engage or deepen your engagement with this project and/or how you might build your relationship with the stars above.



Poem by David Howerton, St. Louis, MO

They poised ready ears as if to nurse.
On loving word and cosmic verse.
From the flowing bosom of the universe.

Speaking With the Stars

May 29, 2014, by Joseph Dhara, Viroqua, WI

We come together as

Star-beings

Dust, and spirit, and light.

Feeling our connections, we breathe together

Inward breath, we meet

Outward breath, we share,

Sensing the Presence among us, we think together,

We walk together, we sing together, we envision –

Star thoughts, planets in our hearts, meteors in our finger tips and feet.

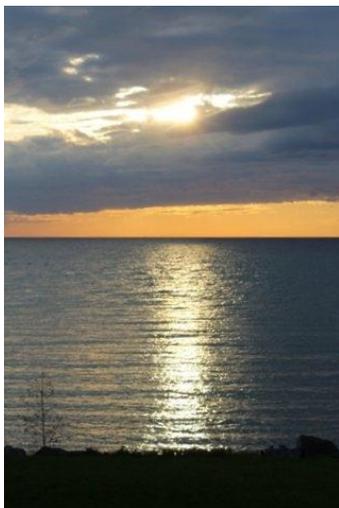
We share this path together

Hearts, souls, spirits, angels, stars, and planets –

United with our common cause –

Ready to do the work required.

All of our being present in this Light.



Dawn Coe



The Song of the Stars

~ An Algonquin song;
offered by Marianne Fieber, Viroqua, WI

We are the stars which sing,
We sing with our light.
We are the birds of fire
We fly across the heaven,
Our light is a star.

My Life with the Stars

Margaret Runyon, New Orleans, LA



I remember gazing down
Upon the tiny head
That I was to inhabit now
...and not without some dread!

Once inside, I looked back up
To galaxies above
From within this finite state,
With longing and with love.

Appropriated two years hence,
Gold stars were what I got
Whene'er the "Tinkle Tinkle"
Went in the proper pot.

I gaped in awe when first I saw
A moonlit midnight scene.
I'd no idea a fairy land
Lay just beyond my screen*!

"Constellations" were cartoons
Projected on the ceiling
Of the planetarium near my grade school,
Evoking little feeling.

But when our parents woke us up
To come outside the tent
And look at the Montana sky –
Now *that's* what "starry" meant!



Marianne Else
~ Eurythmist

Becky
Dawn &
Laura

Telescopes, horoscopes –
None was too compelling,
Star Wars was of mild interest,
But destiny was gelling...

Rudolf Steiner intervened.
He showed my star to me,
My angel and my colleagues, too –
Profound responsibility!

Katrina hurled abstraction out
And blew the levees down.
Starry Truth blazed clear and bright,
Nor could reflection drown.

Still, powerful illusion reigns
"Stars" dazzle from our screens*.
What one was Logos is reduced
To "logo" in extreme.

Our work within the Heartland
Has helped to point the way.
And now I must speak to the stars –
Whatever shall I say??



Cheryl & Mary



Margaret & Marianne

Contemplations in the Spring Garden

By Marianne Dietzel, Roselle, MN

There it is – my garden,
Claiming its place amidst the cacophony of dawn,
Basking in the rapturous light of dusk;
My garden is there, anchoring me in my space on earth.

Every spring I watch to see,
Each in their own time,
My offspring emerge,
In sprawling patches, in clumps or mounds.
I delight in their freshness and vigor,
Recalling past joys or disappointments,
Ever hoping for their perfect unfolding.



Marianne & Dennis Dietzel



Mary Louise
Hershberger

I do my part with care and tending,
But this year I am more attentive.
I want to set firmer boundaries,
Curtail the over-eager spreaders,
Eliminate the barren non-performers
And find anew the now overgrown edges.

I fill the empty spaces
With the tender seedlings
I've nurtured from infancy,
Launching them on their own when full of potential.
The colors of their blooms-to-be

Dance in my imagination
In graceful succession,
In balance and harmony.

With my aggressive efforts this year
I find something unexpected
Hidden amidst the intruding grass -
lily bulbs, long forgotten,
Trying to grow, but in vain.
I free them from their entangled surroundings,
Creating space for them to thrive once more,
As I imagined, long before.

There it is – my garden
Like life, or like lifetimes.
It holds possibilities for growth and fulfillment
When met with discipline and order,
But also for long buried intentions
To arise again for refinement and redemption.





Dietzels

I have nurtured a marriage, children, friendships and dreams.
I have had to let go of many of the same.
My losses make room for new tasks and new dreams,
Filling my life with work and challenge,
But above all with joy unbounding,
Leaving me to wonder in awe and anticipation,
What more might my star be asking of me?

May 2014



Meal Time



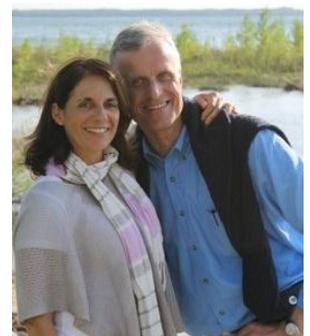
Dawn & Mary



By the Bay



Mary & Marian



Laura & Christian



Marianne & David

Becky & Carolyn



Stars of Wonder
By Camille Vettrano

There was once a man who'd loved the stars all his life long. As a boy, he had passed many an evening reading the night sky. But once he became a man, it was the early morning sun—the greatest star of all—who would find him sitting quietly in meditation. He would let his spirit ascend high up into the heavens and, there, listening with the ear of his soul, he



would lose himself in the celestial realm. In just this way did he come to learn the language of the cosmos, for every star—and each planet—had its own voice which it freely gave in unending celestial consort—known to us now as "the music of the spheres."

As seasons passed and cycles turned 'round the years, the stargazer began to perceive how everything that was, is, and ever shall be—the Whole of Creation—was sung into being by the stars. From the sands of time to the seeds of human consciousness, from the sound of a dewdrop to the scent of a full-moon night—the origins of all things were revealed to him. But the most wondrous thing of all was discovering his very own star.

He knew it at once by its timbre and tone which, enfolding him in light and warmth, made him feel as if he'd come home. It was while resting in the arms of his star—his own cosmic blossom—that he learned that the stars twinkled, more than anything, for the love of humankind and that every soul who ever drew breath upon the earth had, somewhere in the heavens, his or her own star.



Those still living who remember the words of the star traveler say that, on the eve of one's birthday, one's star shines especially bright to guide one and see one through another year. So, keep your gaze heavenward; but you must watch with your ears and listen with



your eyes for the star that sings only for you. For, although it sang you into being long ago, its timing follows your very footsteps, its melody mirroring every choice you make, every path you tread.

One day, when your work here is finished, your star will guide you home.

[Originally written March 31, 2001; Rewritten November, 2012]
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The Group

Our Cooks!



Hazel and Joseph



Marianne Else, Eurythmist