## FROM ME TO WE (and us?)

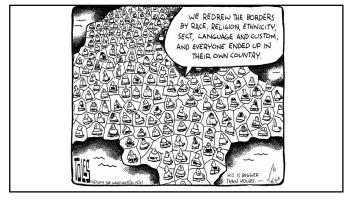
On authenticity, honesty, collaboration, and community

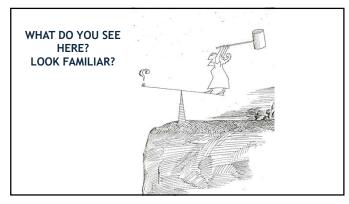
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## YOU AREN'T LISTENING TO ME!!! THE LIMITS OF VOLUME YOU AREN'T LISTENING TO ME!!!



DEFLECT AND
BLAME ?!

## EVER WORK FOR ANYONE?

"We live in an era defined and overwhelmed by grievance — by too many Americans' obsession with how they' ve been wronged and their insistence on wallowing in Ire."

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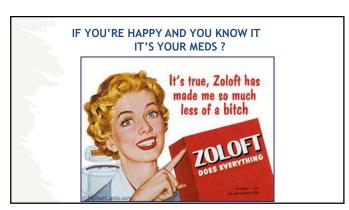
"While grievance blows our concerns out of proportion, humility puts them in perspective. While grievance reduces the people with whom we disagree to caricature, humility acknowledges that they're every bit as complex as we are."

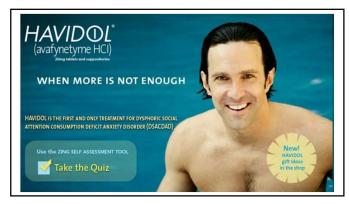


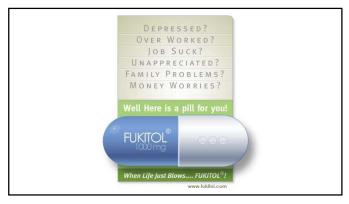


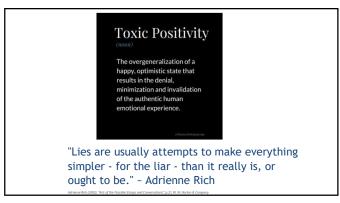


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"An honorable human relationship is a process, delicate, violent
often terrifying to both persons involved, a process of refining the
truths they can tell each other."

...it is important to do this because it breaks down human self-delusion and isolation. It is important to do this because in so doing we do justice to our own complexity. It is important to do this because we can count on so few people to go that hard way with us.

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~ Adrienne Rich

Adrienne Rich (2002). "Arts of the Possible: Essays and Conversations", p. 21, W. W. Norton & Compar

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## GETTING FROM ME TO WE NOURISHING AN AUTHENTIC 'US'

"Truthfulness, honor, is not something which springs ablaze for itself; it has to be created between people"

I also have faith that you are telling me things it is important I should know; that you do not conceal facts from me in an effort to spare me, or yourself, pain. Or, at the very least, that you will say, "There are things I am not telling you."

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The Story of the Crack	ked	Po
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An elderly Chinese woman had two large pots , each hung on the ends of a pole , which she carried across her neck. One of the pots had a crack in it while the other pot was perfect and always delivered a full portion of water , at the end of the long walk from the stream to the house , the cracked pot arrived only half full.

For a full two years this went on daily , with the woman bringing home only one and a half pots of water. Of course , the perfect pot was proud of its accomplishments. But the poor cracked pot was ashamed of its own imperfection , and miserable that it could only do half of what it had been made to do.

After 2 years of what it perceived to be bitter failure, it spoke to the woman one day by the stream. "I am ashamed of myself, because this crack in my side causes water to leak out all the way back to your house."

The old woman smiled , "Did you notice that there are flowers on your side of the path , but not on the other pot's side?" "That's because I have always known about your flaw , so I planted flower seeds on your side of the path , and every day while we walk back , you water them. For two years I have been able to pick these beautiful flowers to decorate the table. Without you being just the way you are , there would not be this beauty to grace the house."

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...it is far better to light the candle than to curse the darkness.

