

goodness.

A JOURNAL



FALL 2025



Cover Image / Kenn Stilger • Inside Image / Tim Gilman

—



◀ Sam L. Street

*“Oh let our joy be unconfined,
Let us sing with freedom unrestrained.*

*Let’s take this feeling that we’re feeling now,
outside these walls and let it rain!”*



*Chuck Girard
1943-2025*



*This is the shorthand character for “goodness”.
Designed in 1888 by John Robert Gregg.*



Tim Gilman

Welcome to the Fall 2025 Issue of *goodness*.

In 1976, upon my discovery of the premiere issue of *Oregon Rainbow* magazine I was “thunderstruck”. The rich and vibrant colors . . . purples & blues, red, orange, yellows & green . . . all framing lush landscapes. Thoughtful poetry, black & white images, creative clean design.

I couldn’t put it down . . . I was over the moon . . . This was my bedrock . . . This was my creative stream . . . I dove in!

That moment clarified something within me, setting the course of a journey I have followed as a lifelong visual communicator . . . photography and all its expressions had claimed me. The camera in my hands, the darkroom’s quiet magic, the search for a visual voice and the potential of the printed page.

This current issue showcases a wide spectrum of creative expression: *photography, woodcuts, watercolor illustrations, stories, and more*. Each piece is offered in the spirit of beauty, meaning, and the simple discipline of paying attention to the *good* threaded through our days.

As you explore these pages you are invited to experience the work of others while, at the same time, imagining your contribution to future issues as together we celebrate and showcase the *good* of humanity that we so very often miss.

With gratitude,

Tim Gilman
co-founder / creative director





Diane Rosinus

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poet / painter



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poet / songwriter



John Marino
outdoor photographer



Pam Mark Hall
songwriter / artist



Kreg Yingst
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Nancy Good
visual storyteller



Sam Lee Street
street photographer



Christy Berghoef
writer / photographer



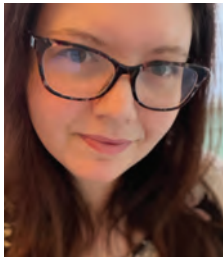
Kevin Haddock
poet / writer



Amy Pearson
poet



William "Bill" Papas
illustrator / cartoonist



Diana Rosinus
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Christine Gilman
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Tim Gilman
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Tim Buckley
writer / poet



Picture Yourself in the Count

Christine Gilman



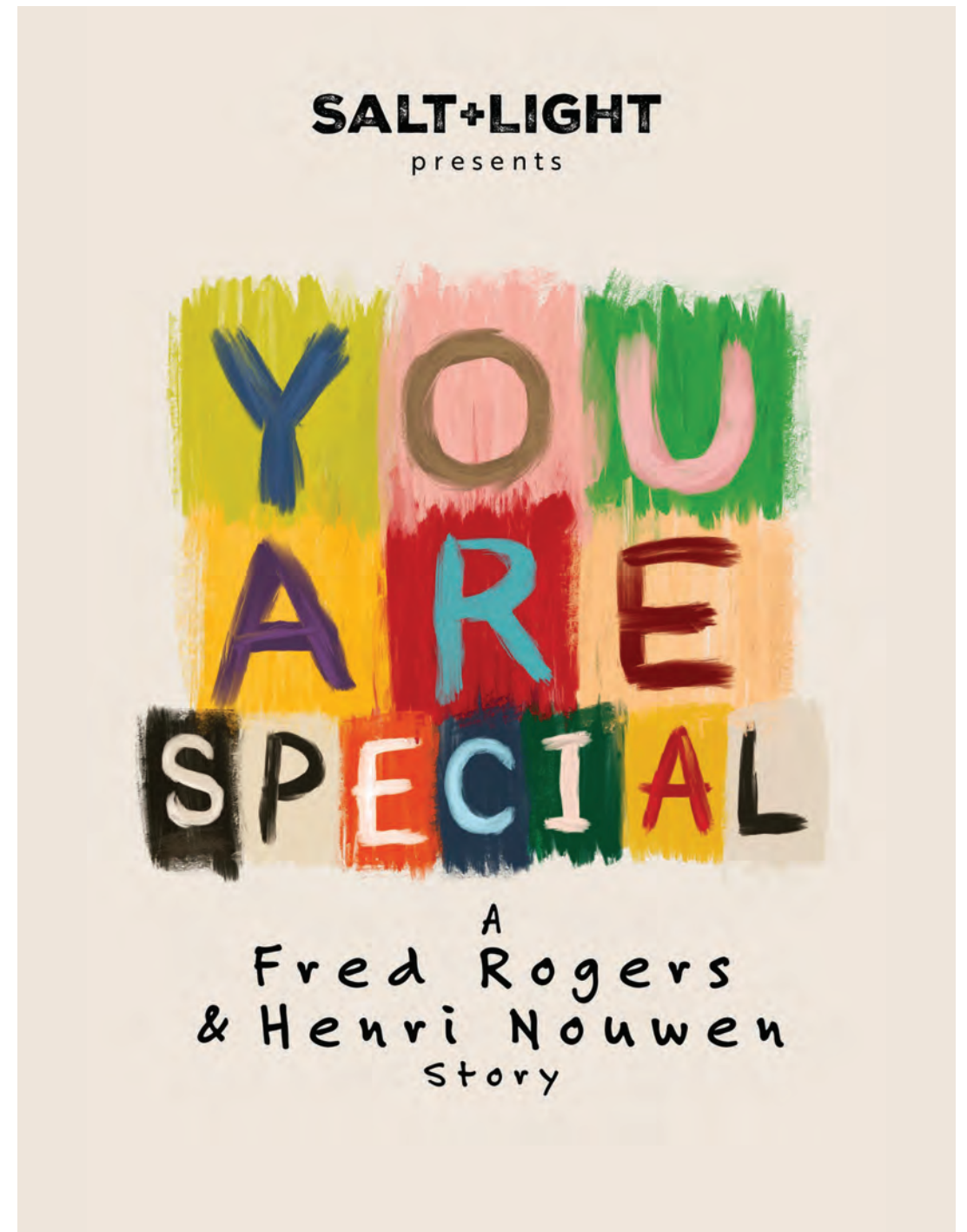
William "Bill" Papas

goodness.

g.



Sam Lee Street





Fred Rogers

As a graduate of Pittsburgh Theological Seminary and an ordained Presbyterian minister, Mr. Rogers was part of the theological milieu of Pittsburgh I grew up in. My father was President of an Anglican seminary, and at one local gathering he and my mother, who had prematurely white hair, were with Mr. Rogers, who smiled when he met her and said “Your hair is just lovely.”

I don’t know how self conscious she was about her hair, but she did tell that story for years. He had a knack to make people feel good about themselves. To feel accepted. To feel loved.

My favorite episode of *The Neighborhood*, and one that I have shown in many settings, is when Mr. Rogers and Jeff Erlanger shared a memorable and heartfelt moment in 1981 that has resonated with audiences for decades.

Jeff Erlanger was a young boy from Madison, Wisconsin, who became quadriplegic after surgery to remove a spinal tumor when he was just seven months old. At age 10, he appeared on the show to demonstrate his electric wheelchair and discuss his experiences living with a disability. Their conversation was unscripted and authentic, touching on topics like medical challenges and feelings of sadness. The segment concluded with the two singing “It’s You I Like,” creating one of the most cherished moments in the show’s history.

Jeff Erlanger & Mister Rogers

Fred Rogers later described this visit as his most treasured moment on the show, highlighting the genuine connection and mutual respect between them. Their bond continued beyond the episode; in 1999, Jeff surprised Fred by introducing him at his Television Hall of Fame induction, prompting an emotional reunion.

Although he didn’t use spiritual language on his show, Mr. Rogers understood that he was speaking one of the deepest of theological truths when he said: “You are special. There is no one like you. You are loved.” This is why he went into television as his ministry.

In fact, he called the space between the viewer and the TV screen “holy ground.” It was his pulpit.

When Mr. Rogers, on his show on PBS, said “You are special” he was shedding light. When he spoke before the Senate committee and explained why public broadcasting was a national treasure, he was being salt.

One of the books I read early in my career on Capitol Hill on servant leadership was Henri Nouwen’s *The Wounded Healer*. In which he wrote “The beginning and the end of all Christian leadership is to give your life for others.”



Henri Nouwen

Henri Nouwen was a Dutch Catholic priest, theologian, and spiritual writer known for his deeply personal and accessible reflections on Christian spirituality, compassion, and the human condition. Born in 1932, he taught at prestigious institutions like Yale and Harvard before leaving academia to live and work with people with intellectual disabilities at the L’Arche Daybreak community in Canada. Nouwen’s writings, such as *The Return of the Prodigal Son*, combine psychological insight with profound spiritual depth. His writing is very devotional, and intimate. As an Evangelical, I resonated with his focus on Jesus, and as an Anglican, I resonated with his commitment to community, prayers and disciplines of the Christian life.

While working in the US Senate leadership as Staff Director of the Senate Republican Conference, I had the privilege of inviting guests to the exclusive Senate Members’ Dining room in the Capitol. In 2001 a few of us in the Senate, including my boss Senator Rick Santorum, started meeting with leaders in the media to talk about the impact that their content was having on children. In 2002 we had lunch with Mr. Rogers to talk about his work. I recall describing to him the (original) Clapham Group’s “reformation of manners” effort to “make goodness fashionable” as a way to frame our efforts related to media, and he liked that. We were all soul mates.

During one of the pauses in our lunch, when

Sen. Santorum stepped out for a vote, I recall asking Mr. Rogers what he was reading or had read that was spiritually consequential to him. He asked me to answer first (I was reading Bonhoeffer’s *Cost of Discipleship*) and then he shared his: *In The Name of Jesus*, by his friend Henri Nouwen. Then he told me its story.

While at L’Arche Daybreak, Henri received an invitation to come to Washington, DC to speak to Christian leaders in need of emotional and spiritual wholeness about “servant leadership.” At this point Henri wasn’t traveling as much, but was encouraged by the community to go and in the spirit of Jesus’ sending of the twelve, take one of the residents with him. He couldn’t go alone to talk about them, they discerned, but needed one of them to go with him.

Henri Nouwen at L’Arche Daybreak Community

Bill volunteered. Together they traveled to Washington for the speech. Although in reality they flew, in our comic we imagine a road trip during which they stop in Pittsburgh to visit Mr. Rogers. This is a “What If” story, as Marvel comics called it.

A few days before the lunch with Mr. Rogers, my wife, Leanne, and I had attended a play at the Kennedy Center called *Stones in His Pocket*, alluding to the stones that weighed down the dashed hopes of an Irish character as he waded into a local lake to his death. Typical light, Irish humor. At

some point during the lunch I mentioned the play, the despair of this Irish character, and the eventual disappointment that we all experience when we pin our value, dreams and hopes on temporal things.

After hearing about the play and sharing with me about In the Name of Jesus, Mr. Rogers reached into his pocket and pulled out a small, worn cross.

It was taped together and dirty from years of being held. He told me he carried it wherever he went. It was made by the residents of L'Arche Daybreak Community from the wood fragments remaining from the coffin they built for Henri. Mr. Rogers carried it everywhere he went to remind himself that everyone— and I mean EVERYONE— he saw and encountered was made in God's image.

When Henri Nouwen lectured at Yale and Harvard, and when he spoke to national leaders, he was shedding light. When he ministered to men and women without the capacity to read the books he had written, he was being salt.

Henri Nouwen
with L'Arche Daybreak Founding Member

I've thought about this often. What we "carry" in our pocket will color our view of and guide our path in life. To be salt and light, we need to carry the cross of Jesus in

our pocket. Everyday. Everywhere. To affirm the innate value of everyone, no matter who they are.

When Mr. Rogers, on his show on PBS, said "You are special" he was shedding light. When he spoke before the Senate committee and explained why public broadcasting was a national treasure, he was being salt.

When Henri Nouwen lectured at Yale and Harvard, and when he spoke to national leaders, he was shedding light. When he ministered to men and women without the capacity to read the books he had written, he was being salt.

The question we need to ask ourselves regularly, is *what* is our pocket today?



Henri Nouwen & Fred Rogers

Salt + Light Stories

Mark Rogers & Wade McComas

Be Right Where You Are

Pam Mark Hall

Be Right Where You Are
Wherever your feet go
Be Right Where You Are
That ground has been hallowed

Be present with love
Be present with joy
Be present with peace

Make it so

Yesterday's gone
Tomorrow's not come

Be Right Where You Are
Don't leave the day fallow
Be present with patience
Be present with kindness
Be present with goodness

Make it so

The grass is greener where you water it
Sky is bluer when you're viewing it
Air is sweeter if you're breathin' deep

Be Right Where You Are

Icons of Peace

One Thousand Paper Cranes



Andre Trocmé



Martin Luther King Jr.



Sumaya Farat-Naser

At the center of Hiroshima, Japan, lies Peace Memorial Park, a sprawling plot of land that contains the skeletal remains of Genbaku Dome, the building closest to the epicenter of the atomic bomb blast that survived. There's the Peace Museum, dedicated to educating people about this atrocity, along with memorials, and monuments. Atop one tall monument, there's a statue of a young girl, her arms raised heavenward. Behind her head is the wire outline of a giant paper crane. The sculpture depicts Sadako Sasaki and is dedicated to all the children who died as a result of the blast. My recent series of icons is inspired by Sadako's story . . .

On August 6th, 1945, the U.S. atomic bomb, "Little Boy," detonated over Hiroshima, instantly killing an estimated 80,000 people while injuring another 70,000. Over 90 percent of the doctors and nurses died that day, leaving the injured to fend for themselves, many with broken bones and burns over their entire bodies. Miraculously, two-year-old Sadako Sasaki lived through hell and survived, at least for a brief time.

After Hiroshima started putting itself back together again, the young girl experienced a somewhat normal childhood. She ran track at her school until being diagnosed with leukemia, a side effect of the bomb's radiation. While in the hospital, she learned of a Japanese legend: a crane is said to live for a thousand years, and if one folds a paper crane for each year of its life, their wish will come true.

Sadako began folding origami cranes with all the scraps of paper she could find. Inside each piece of paper she wrote her wish: make me well. Sadako reached her goal of folding 1000 paper cranes, in fact, 1300, but sadly succumbed to her sickness, dying at the tender age of twelve. She was buried with the origami cranes she had made.

One Thousand Paper Cranes

Icons of Peace

Woodcuts by Kreg Yingst



Sadako Sasaki

Icons of Peace

One Thousand Paper Cranes



Abraham Joshua Herschel



Black Elk



Maximilian Kolbe

I began creating icon-style portraits as a New Year's resolution at the beginning of 2013. Creating them was a means of confronting the darkness around us—more specifically, as a direct response to the Sandy Hook school shooting. Through my art, I wanted to bring light and healing: Something tangible that could be seen and held. Prayers that the viewer could speak. Images to contemplate that might offer a sense of peace and solace.

My daily devotional routine was to find a prayer—one per week—and then meditate on it, draw it, carve it, print it, and paint it. Each block print featured the saint or mystic who had spoken the prayer. By the end of the year, I had completed fifty-two prints.

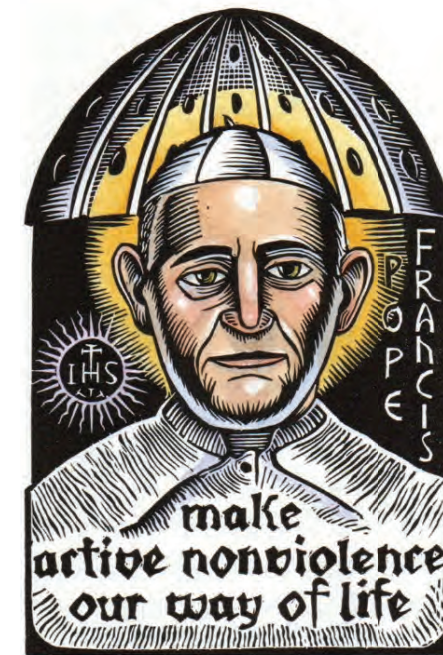
In the ensuing years, I'd occasionally do one, but my work on these portraits was sporadic at best. Then in 2020, the pandemic struck, and many of us encountered solitude in a new way. Then George Floyd was murdered by police, and the country and the world faced a renewed reckoning with the persistence of injustice and racism. In despair and dogged by a sense of hopelessness, I decided to again focus on this spiritual discipline. I needed models of faithful Christian witness in times of suffering and fear. This time I searched for the wisdom of self-imposed hermits and leaders from marginalized communities.

In more recent years, we've witnessed the horrors of war in Ukraine, Sudan, and Palestine, to name a few. During this time, I've sought out and depicted the great peace-makers who have traversed this terrain, many individuals dedicated to nonviolence through the teachings of Jesus—his beatitudes and Sermon on the Mount. Through the printmaking process, their words and images have been transferred to paper, and once sent out, carry prayers of peace "all over the world." It is with hope that our collective spirits, rooted in the kingdom of heaven, will shine in the darkness, extinguishing the evil. These prints, icons of peace, have become my paper cranes.



"Kindness is firm and persevering intention to always will the good of others, even the unfriendly."

Pope Francis



Jorge Mario Bergoglio
1936-2025





John Marino

promote broken hearts

by Amy Pearson

*i was sixteen
the first time
i laid eyes on
a homeless man,
(late by most
folks' standards)*

*i was sixteen
on a choir tour
across urban Oregon
from rural Montana
singing at churches,
shelters & some jails*

*when the men shuffled in
i saw my dad
in every man—
the tattered clothes,
the dirty hands*

*i saw my dad,
i urged him home;
the tears just came*

*i was sixteen
on a bus
hiding my head
under a blanket
after the show
because
the tears just came
(& wouldn't stop)*

(what would they think?)

*i wish that now
a homeless man
brought me to tears*

*i wish i saw my dad
in every man
i wish the world*

*would do so much more
to promote our broken hearts*

*“I want to experience the sacred wonders of nature
for myself and not just read about what others are experiencing.”*

*—
John Marino*

JOHN MARINO

photographer / naturalist

Long before the tongues of men spoke of the beauty and artistic wonder of their Creator, the mountains were there, declaring the creative genius and infinite beauty of their Designer. Decades have passed since my first visit to these esoteric sanctuaries and I still find myself held hostage to the sermons delivered by these gifted orators. When they get behind their pulpits one will be hard pressed to find anyone dozing off in their pews.

JOHN MARINO

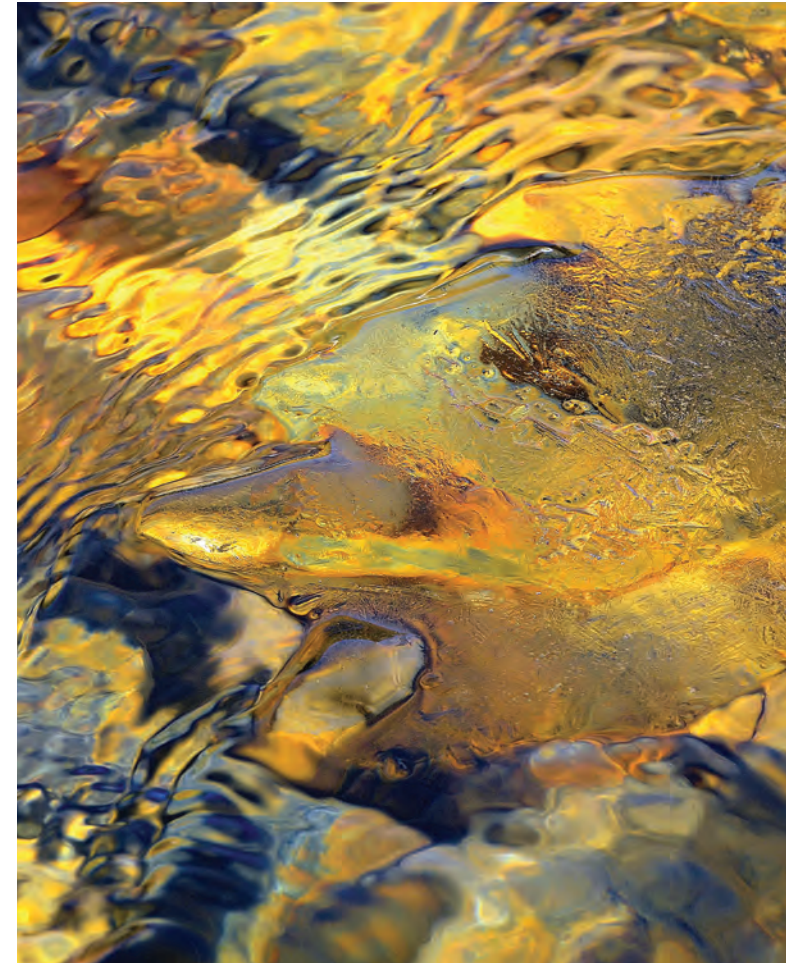




JOHN MARINO



JOHN MARINO





*"IF
IT WASN'T
FOR THE
LIGHTHOUSE
TELL ME
WHERE WOULD
THIS SHIP
BE?"*



Your Existence Is Beautiful

Kevin Hadduck

Upon turning 94, my mother told me that she does not feel old, until she tries to get up from her chair. She feels briefly old then, while rocking back and forth to build momentum. I love her quick mind, her sense of humor, her firm convictions, her sea-deep compassion. With her thin white hair done up in a perm, she barely tops 57 inches now, but she rises in my imagination as a woman of great stature.

I recall her nearly blind grandfather at 98. I stood next to him, as he sat in his wheelchair. Given my height at 12 years old, I know that I must have been looking down toward him; yet I cannot correct the image in my memory. I looked up at him, in awe, as he spoke my name, remembered much about me, and took my hand in his.

The handshake dates back 25 centuries or more, a gesture of peace, indicating that neither man carried a weapon: "My hand to you, sir. I do not intend to kill you at the moment." What troubled circumstances made that gesture necessary? Fortunately, we attend our typical meet-and-greets without fear, but we still offer the hand as a sign of amicable civility and sincerity.

I prefer another gesture, borrowed from another culture, and also with an ancient history. Apparently the namaste means nothing more nowadays than a handshake for some, a simple, polite gesture of recognition. The hands pressed palm to palm in front of the chest, the slight bow, have a lovely ancient meaning, nonetheless. *"I bow to the divine in you."*

You are young? Then be beautiful, as you are; be strong, as you are; be young, as you are. You are old? Then be beautiful, as you are; be strong, as you are; be young at heart, as you are.

Your existence is beautiful.



Christine Gilman



THE CALL

“Good Day, Honored Friends and Relatives!

We come to your shores in humility and peace!

My name is _____ and I am from the *(name of Tribal Nation)*

And I am from the _____ family. We paddle on *(name of canoe)*

We are tired, hungry and we wish to come on your shores!

May we come ashore?”

As the canoe is coming toward the shore, it is customary for the receiving Tribe to sing songs until the visiting Tribe’s canoe reaches the shore. Once they reach the shore, the visiting Tribe begins to speak.

THE RESPONSE

“Good Day, Friends and Relatives!

We greet you with open arms and a good heart!

Welcome to the land of the *(new-S’Klallam-eye—yemm)*,
the S’Klallam People .

Welcome to the *(Steh-tee-thlemm)* the Jamestown S’Klallam .

My name is _____ and I am from Jamestown S’Klallam Tribe.

I am from the _____ Family.”

Thank you for coming here in a good way.

We know you are tired, hungry and thirsty.

We have a meal, water and camping area prepared for you.

Come share a meal together, as well as songs and stories.

(Un-ah chee-tawn). Come ashore! Come ashore!

Receiving Tribe It is also spoken in the native language and then translated to English.



THE LANDING

a journey of generosity

10 RULES OF THE CANOE

1. Every stroke we take is one less we have to make.
2. There is to be no abuse of self or others.
3. Be flexible.
4. The gift of each enriches all.
5. We all pull and support each other.
6. A hungry person has no clarity.
7. Experiences are not enhanced by criticism.
8. The journey is what we enjoy.
9. A good teacher allows the student to learn.
10. When given a choice at all, be a worker bee—make honey!

(Developed as part of a presentation by the Quileute People of the Northwest Experiential Education Conference in 1980)



THE LANDING

Welcoming the Canoes Ashore onto Jamestown S'Klallam Tribal Land
at the Canoe Journey 2025

by Christine Gilman



"After decades of having to stifle our beliefs and ways of life, the Canoe Journey became an annual celebration of what did NOT need to be hidden anymore: culture, ceremony, religious practices, foods, travel, language, clothing and more,

For Jamestown pullers, the Canoe Journeys offer a depth of healing and connection with the land and tribal relatives that cannot be met with American culture or Western medicine.

Our people have reported a sense of peace on the water, like being near a loving relative. There's a sense of unity and strength in pulling at the same pace and singing songs. Pulling depends on others and they depend on you."

Loni Grinnell-Greniger,
Jamestown Tribe Vice Chair & Culture Director

THE LANDING

It was my privilege to be present at the Canoe Journey 2025 for the Welcome Ashore to Jamestown S'Klallam Tribal Land.

The arriving Tribe begins with the words of Protocol.

"Protocol" means the ceremonial steps to seek permission to come onto another Tribal Nation's land as they are coming to be guests in peace. The receiving Tribe then grants permission for the visiting Tribe to come ashore and take part in the meal, rest, and other ceremonial activities.

The experience of witnessing—being 'received'—echoed the richness and power of identity to young and old alike and pride in the 'calling back' of their culture.

The annual Canoe Journey is an intergenerational event for citizens, descendants and friends with more than 100 canoes representing as many as 90 US Tribes and Canadian First Nations participating. A reminder of when it was illegal to travel on these water highways . . ."

"The canoe provided us connection to our families near and far and was a significant tool in helping us gather food from the ocean". - Loni Grinnell-Greniger

Each canoe represents a family or community beginning in their home territory, traveling as far as they can each day, camping along the way. Each family asking permission to come ashore along the Journey until ending at the final host Tribe's beach. When the canoes arrive at their destination the singing, dancing and storytelling begin.



THE LANDING

PROTOCOL

“Tribal Protocol begins starting with the Tribe which came from the farthest point. Each Tribe performs traditional songs and dances and thanks the host tribe with gifts and stories. This lasts for several days until each family is represented.”

This was holy ground.

The Protocol Circles were moving reminders of the sacredness of connection, the beauty of ceremony, and the importance of honoring our ancestors through the songs, dances, drumming and blessing each other.

“S’Klallam is a Salish term for “The Strong People.” Nestled on the rugged Olympic Peninsula. Our history shows we have always been self-reliant and determined to forge our own path. In 1874 the Tribal Leader pulled resources and purchased land to ensure their survival.”

“Today the Jamestown S’Klallam Tribe oversees a number of Enterprises and partnerships amongst them are the NW Native Expressions Art Gallery, The Jamestown S’Klallam Libray and Cultural Center, The Justice Center, The Health Clinic. Additionally the Dungeness River Nature Center and Dungeness Rivver Management Team and many others.

The strength of this community, Jamestown S’klallam Tribe, lies in its dedication to health and respect for all.

Thank you for welcoming me. I am humbled by your generosity of spirit and gifts. I will carry the remembrance of you in my heart.

“Thank you in a good way.” háʔneŋ cn. (Klallam Language)



Special Thanks to: Loni Grinnell-Greniger & Mike Dashiell, Jamestown S’Klallan Tribe

THE LANDING



Photos by / Elke Wiersema, Mike Dashiell, Rick Fletcher & Christine Gilman • Excerpts from Tribal Communications / Mike Dashiell



Diana Rosinus

graphic designer / poet / painter / printmaker

Diane is fascinated with the organic forms repeated throughout nature as well as the parallels between the natural world and human experiential landscapes. And she loves print.

Depicting flowers in bloom makes her feel connected to the spaciousness in her soul that blooms with inspiration. Depicting a sturdy Douglas Fir makes her feel rooted and quietly strong. The entire process—from sketching to carving to inking to printing each color—is meditative and sweet.

It gives her the deepest joy of all to share these works that come from her own happy place with the rest of the world and to see the happiness they bring to others.

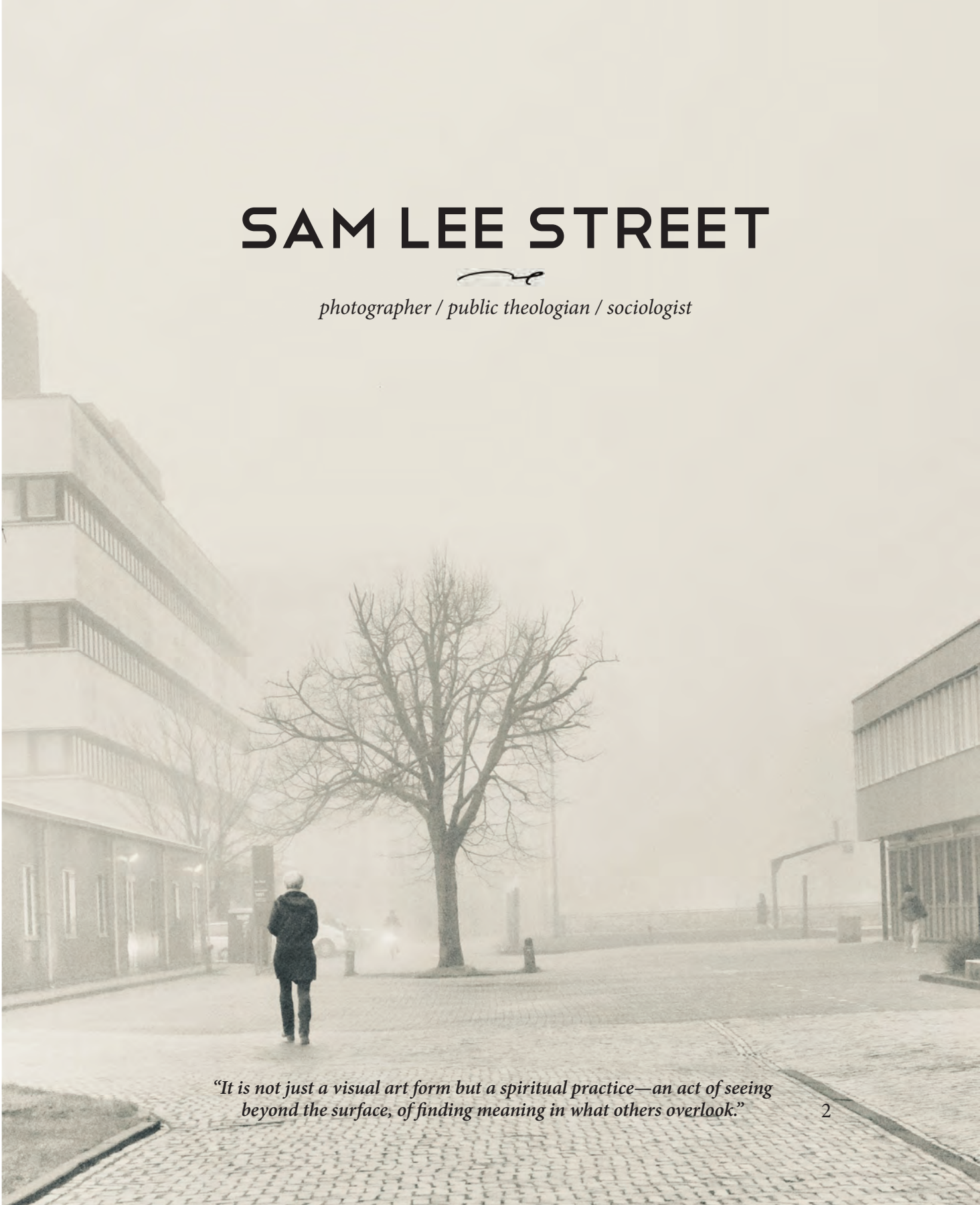


SAM LEE STREET



SAM LEE STREET

photographer / public theologian / sociologist



“It is not just a visual art form but a spiritual practice—an act of seeing beyond the surface, of finding meaning in what others overlook.”





Finding Solace Through the Lens:

My Journey of Street Photography and Reflection

Sam Lee Street

I walk closely with marginalized people—migrants, refugees, undocumented immigrants, and domestic workers. Their stories are not just ones I have listened to; I have witnessed them, and at times, even felt as though I lived them myself. Many have suffered unspeakable hardships—genocide, harassment, racism, and exclusion. Walking alongside them has been both an honor and a deeply humbling experience. Yet, carrying these stories, absorbing their weight, can become overwhelming, leading to what I call *compassion fatigue*—the deep exhaustion that comes from feeling powerless in the face of so much suffering.

In such moments, I knew I needed peace, a way to find rest for my mind and spirit. Prayer and meditation were, of course, invaluable. However, years ago, a dear friend asked me a question that changed my perspective: “Samuel, do you have a hobby?” I realized, at that moment, that I did not. That realization led me to **photography, particularly street photography.**

SAM LEE STREET



At first, it was simple. I would take my phone on walks, capturing small details—leaves, flowers, discarded objects. I began to see the world differently. A fallen leaf, a wilted flower, even an abandoned bottle seemed to hold emotions, telling silent stories. These moments of observation became meditative, a quiet conversation between me and the world around me.

Street photography, for me, is not just about taking pictures; it is about being present—**being in the now and capturing the now**—a form of visual eternity. Holding the camera allows me to frame the world in a new way, to find meaning in ordinary moments. One evening, I was photographing a pile of trash when I noticed a small, colorful bag lying amidst the refuse. Printed on it were the words: “**I will always be with you.**” As I took the photo, a woman passing by questioned why I was capturing garbage. Without thinking, I responded, “*Even in the trash, you can find beauty.*” She paused, then nodded. “*You’re right.*”

Another time, I came across an abandoned bottle with the word “**Papa**” written on it. It stood alone, empty, in the corner of a street—almost as if it were telling the story of a father who had poured everything out and had been left with nothing. As I photographed it, a French woman approached me and asked what I was doing. When I explained, she began to share her painful experiences with her own father. That simple image, that quiet moment, opened a conversation about love, loss, and healing.

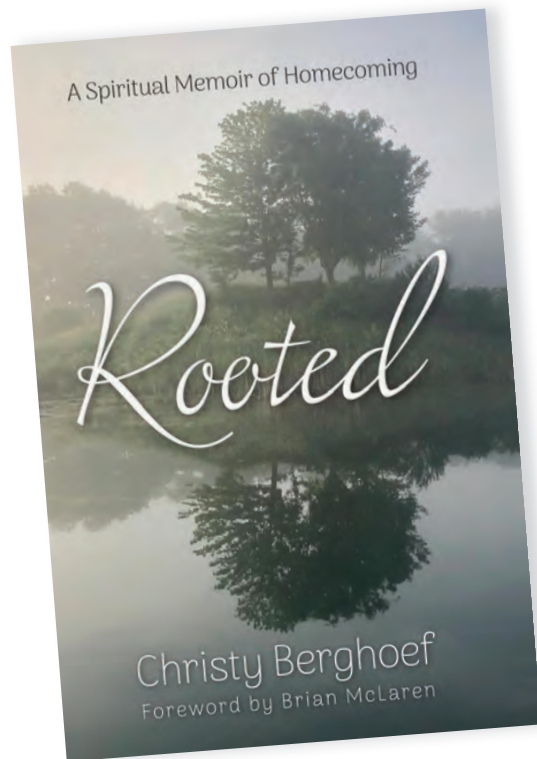
Some people assume that street photography is my escape from the painful stories I encounter daily. In truth, it is a different way of engaging with them. Photography has made me a **tourist in my own city**, discovering hidden beauty without needing to travel far.

And in those moments, with a camera in hand and a heart open to the world, I find peace, restoration, and a renewed sense of purpose. And let’s not forget—**hours of walking in search of that perfect frame is not just a source of inspiration, but also a healthy habit, a simple yet effective way to care for both body and soul.**

SAM LEE STREET







An Excerpt from

Rooted:

A Spiritual Memoir of Homecoming

by Christy Berghoef

When the things of this world feel sad and weighty and the skin of the earth is stretched thin and bustles with more destructive activity than it was ever designed to carry, I wander out back where green things grow. When the wisdom of the world is foolishness, the earth centers me on what is good and right and holy and wise. When life’s cruelties and disappointments exhaust me, I get inside some patch of earthy aliveness, and that earthy aliveness gets inside me.

I become, in every sense, rooted.

I lie in the field, and the grass lifts its long slender arms above me, catching its sleeves on the dim current of breeze. Bending and swishing. Choreographed sashaying. The curves of my body fuse and smolder into the soft curves of the earth. A familiar lover. Cumulus clouds move overhead heaped like cauliflower on a clear glass platter down a long dinner table. It’s a slow familiar procession across cerulean skies. Mourning doves rhythmically lift lilting coos from their throats. Lullabies. Sweet songs from the earth. Balm for my wounds and a reminder to keep singing despite everything.

I swallow the air and let all the weather, all the seasons, all the sorrow, all the joy, all of nature’s fantasia and fury beat fully upon my wide-open face. I embrace it. All of it. And it embraces me back.

Morning is my favorite time to wander, to wonder. The earth seems freshest in the early hours when the breath of night still lingers in the air and the sky is a romantic smudge of caramel and peonies. At times I’m certain it’s just me and the earth in these very early hours when all things seem possible.

In spring, I walk through fields letting the warm thick rain lick, roll, and slide down my cheeks. My bare feet squish through spongy fields with nut grass and mud sieving through my toes. Life is breaking through the hard crust of winter. Daffodils, crocus, tulips, forsythia. The orchards match the morning sky as I move down rows of apple, peach, pear, crabapple, cherry, and plum. Dogwood blooms delicate as china ripple in the breeze while heaps of lilacs make me dizzy with their scent. The earth is refreshed. All things are new. What seemed dead begins to pulse with life, rising from the ground. Everything is awakening. And I with it.

Summer burns away the heavy rains. I’m bent over the blossoms of summer. The dirt is warm under my feet. The ground pulses through my body. My back aches, legs ache, sweat runs freely, leaving streaks down my sunburned cheeks. I feel wholly unworthy of such noble and difficult work as this. Bent over, I tremble in the presence of all this majesty and miracle. At the end of the hot days my exhausted body cools off, slipping headlong through the cool satin sheets of the pond. Here, I am revived as the residue of the day washes off. And the unpleasant residue of my life seems to get washed away too.

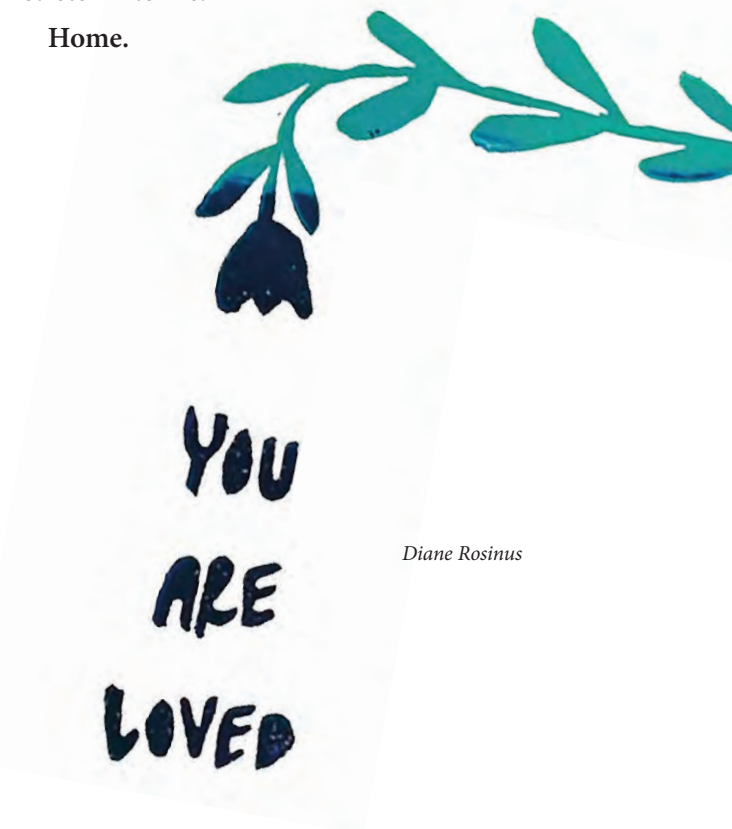
As the oak and the sugar maples slowly fade from emerald to crimson and their leaves float downward, caught in the swell and song of autumn breezes, they eventually make a mosaic on the ground. I lie on that holy ground as it spins through space, watching the winnowing trees shed their garments around me. Light filters through colors like stained glass. My back arcs to meet the tumble of leaves and I inhale the scent of earthy

decay. Inhale. Exhale. The forest sheds what is old here. And so do I.

Winter comes. Snowflakes float and tumble, intricate works of art crocheted for only a brief moment, a blessed gift for whoever happens to be paying attention. The brown edges of autumn are buried in these tiny masterpieces. The snowy field becomes an oddly warm bed to lie in as the white sky floats down around me and over me nibbling at my cheeks with a flirtatious tenderness. The earth is soft and quieted. And I, with it.

May I learn to embody for the world all that the earth has embodied for me. Here I am rooted. Here, where my roots stretch into the earth. Here, where the earth’s roots stretch into me.

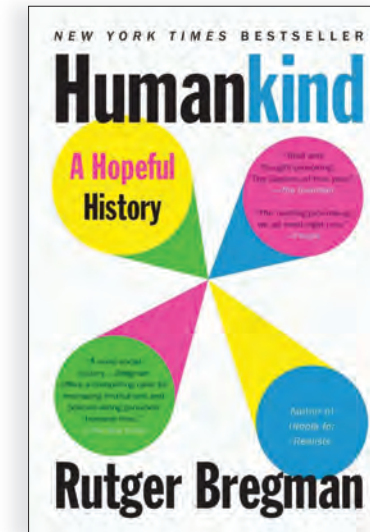
Home.



Diane Rosinus



Diana Rosinus



Revolutions are made of: *powerful books
about goodness . . .*

This September, we're reading "*Humankind: A Hopeful History*" by Rutger Bregman in a free, global book salon called Hopeforge.

For those of us who are outraged or discouraged, this book is water for the thirsty. It is a forceful challenge to the assumption that humans are inherently selfish, brutal, or doomed, with revolutionary implications for psychology, religion, politics, and—importantly—our sanity.

It dares to make a case for faith in us all—a force far more potent (and underestimated) than nihilism that, at the moment, rules the day.



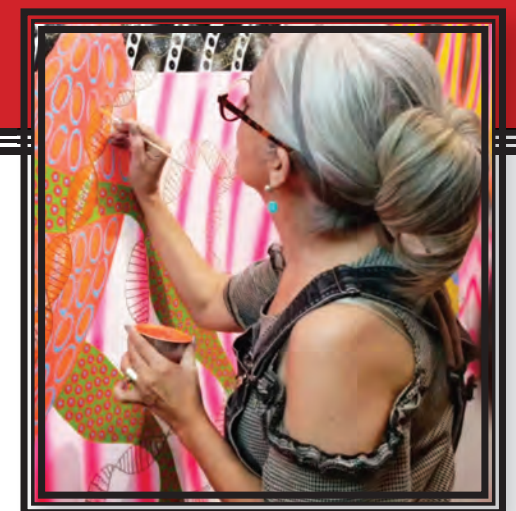
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"I've lost count of the deeply honest and authentic conversations I've had with viewers of my work. No matter one's walk of life, race, ethnicity, gender, identity, education, socio-economic status, age (or any possible label), people "get it." We all need the same things, even when our individual wants may be different.

We need love. We need to matter."

Nancy Good

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GOOD



NANCY
visual storyteller
GOOD





The Sentinels

by Tim Buckley

*You've seen them, most likely out on a point,
embracing coastal bedrock, often alone.*

*Craggy spruce or pine, etched black against jade,
branches yielding but their trunks defiant.*

*Cast against a slate gray sky, these gnarled sentinels
draw nourishment from fog dew and offer
some shelter, but never a guarantee.*

◀ Tim Gilman

FAMILIAR THOUGH STILL BECOMING . . .



Kevin Hadduck

On NPR a few mornings ago, a psychologist cited a body of research indicating that we do change somewhat as we age, and yet we tend to resist change. Ironically, we believe that at any given point in our lives we have finally come to our true identity and that we will not change much in the future. Yes, all of that sounds mostly true of us, being such dunderheads.

In graduate school, a professor told a group of us dunderheads that by the age of 30, he had fundamentally established his identity and had never, in 35 years since, seen reason to change his mind about much of anything. We should do the same, he said, by age 30. Even now, that admonition strikes me as a stupidity that only arrogance can produce.

We should not, of course, willy nilly allow ourselves to be “tossed this way and that by every wind of doctrine,” but I reserve it as the right of Jesus alone to say, “It is finished,” at the age of 33 or thereabouts.

Do I fear change? Sure, like anyone. I fear something else far more: not changing, not being better tomorrow than I am today. Well, all right, give me a little more time than that, please. I am a slow learner. Nonetheless, I fear not becoming and, thus, dying *before* I die.

I hope that I am and will always be becoming. I have so much still to learn. I fancy the idea of dying in the middle of something . . . halfway up a mountain, halfway done with a wood project, halfway done writing a book, and still madly in love with all those I love now. I want my friends to see me at once as the familiar Kevin, yet also as the half stranger who has changed because he is still becoming. After all, I am only 67.



WILLIAM "BILL" PAPAS

ILLUSTRATOR / CARTOONIST
1927-2000

Bill Papas stands out as a remarkable figure who bridged journalism, illustration, and fine art with a clarity and humanity that transcended cultural and geographical boundaries. His work remains a powerful visual chronicle of mid-20th-century political life, places, and people—sketched with precision, empathy, and an unmistakable personal touch.

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WILLIAM "BILL" PAPAS



WILLIAM "BILL" PAPAS



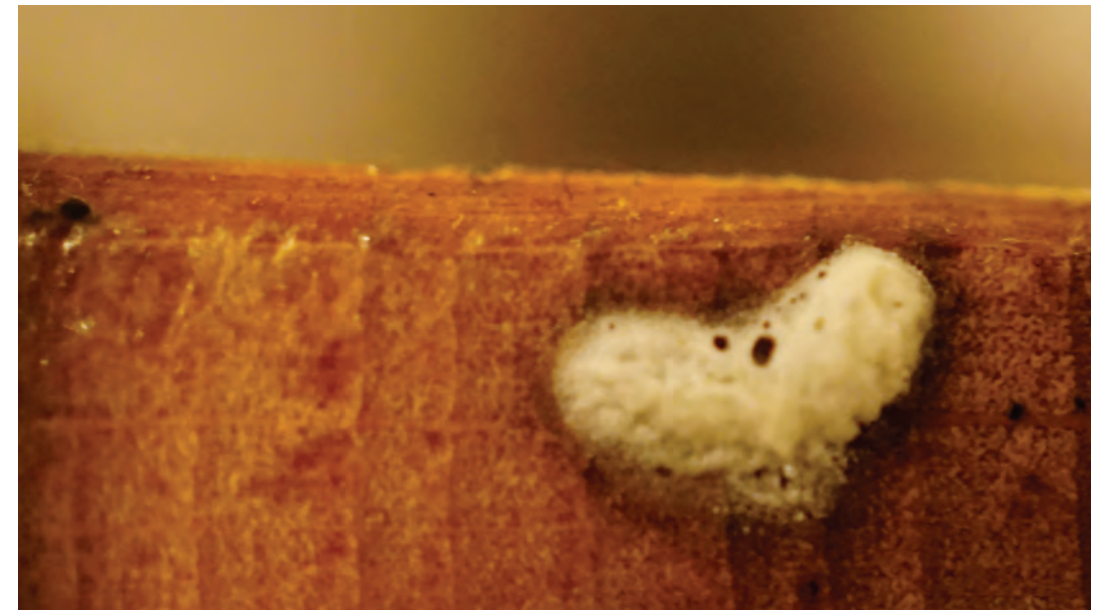
ON NOT FALLING IN LOVE



*Firstly, look nothing squarely in the eye
and I mean nothing—not a person,
not even a storm
this would be your first misstep
consequences (likely) disastrous
have you any idea how the pesky heart
is disposed to swell
liable to catch at the snag where
unguarded glance becomes gaze—
if you look long enough
you find something to love,
consider yourself fairly warned
if you must look at all, side-eye, then,
and briefly
do as needs must, and be on your way
this leads right into the:
second, keep your mind busy
your own accomplishments
front and center
and if you haven't accomplished much,
don't worry—just think of all you could!
dream only of what benefits yourself
and you'll be safe
don't listen to stories
look away, quick!,
if perchance you are abreast
as a dreamer begins
to speak her dream*

*the bright eyes, the vocal timbre,
the tone
be forewarned, and remember the risk
of feeling anything at all
when you drink wine, drink alone
never around a table, never with good food
or worse, good friends
don't laugh often, don't play
look away, always, from the poor,
pass right by them,
don't contemplate the fact they could be you
or you them
really, do not wonder about anything at all
thirdly, stay far from Nature
she will break you right open
avoid open skies, budding spring,
the scattered pattern of light through trees,
it is too winsome, too bewitching
even after all you've seen
she is her own femme fatale
she may just bring you down,
(those impregnable walls, and built so well!)
make you feel the most unsettling things
and then, all could be lost
you may find yourself believing that
(underneath the wreckage)—
life is truly just as beautiful
as it is wild*

Liana Stone



Sam Lee Street

goodness.

*“We must remember that man is not our enemy.
The real enemy is our wrong perceptions, bias and
dehumanization of others.*

*There is no way to peace, peace is the way
and it begins with each one of us.”*

Satya Chandragiri

Featured Artist



Salt + Light Stories
saltandlightcomics.substack.com

Kreg Yingst
kregyingst.com

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candicecameronfineart.com

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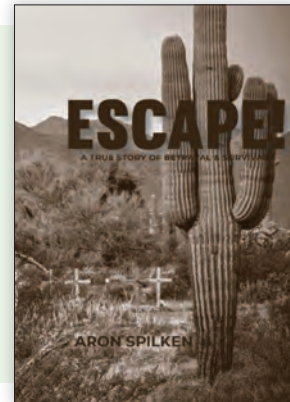
Nancy Good
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ESCAPE!

A true story of betrayal & survival

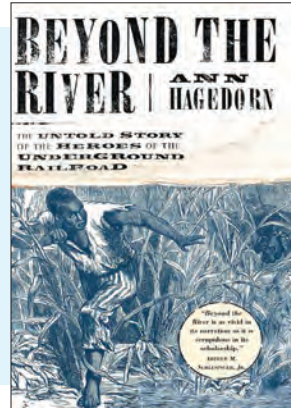
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The untold story of the heroes of the Underground Railroad

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Imago Dei

The Museum of Humanity

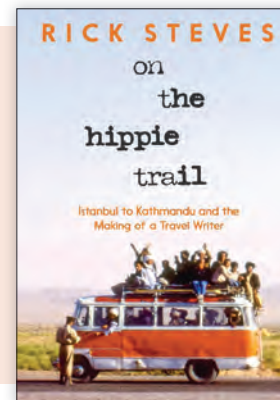
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On the Hippie Trail

Istanbul to Kathmandu and the Making of a Travel Writer

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Forms of Silence

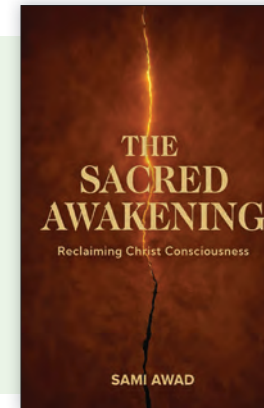
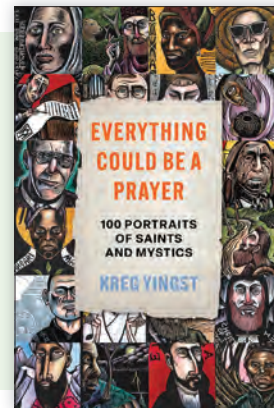
Street Photography

by Sam Lee Street



Everything Could be a Prayer
100 Portraits of Saints & Mystics

by Kreg Yingst



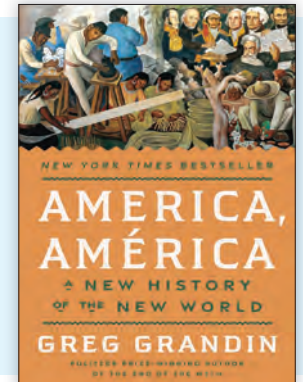
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Reclaiming Christ Consciousness
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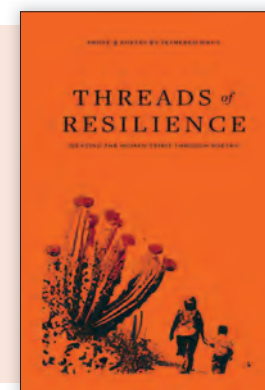
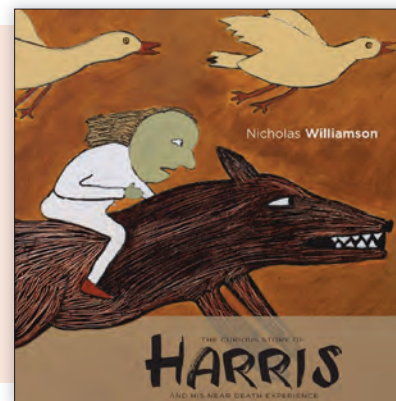
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Unity in the midst of diversity.



William "Bill" Papas

goodness.



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2

*The
Creator's Existence
is the source of all
goodness!*



DO GOOD

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