


# goodness.

A JOURNAL

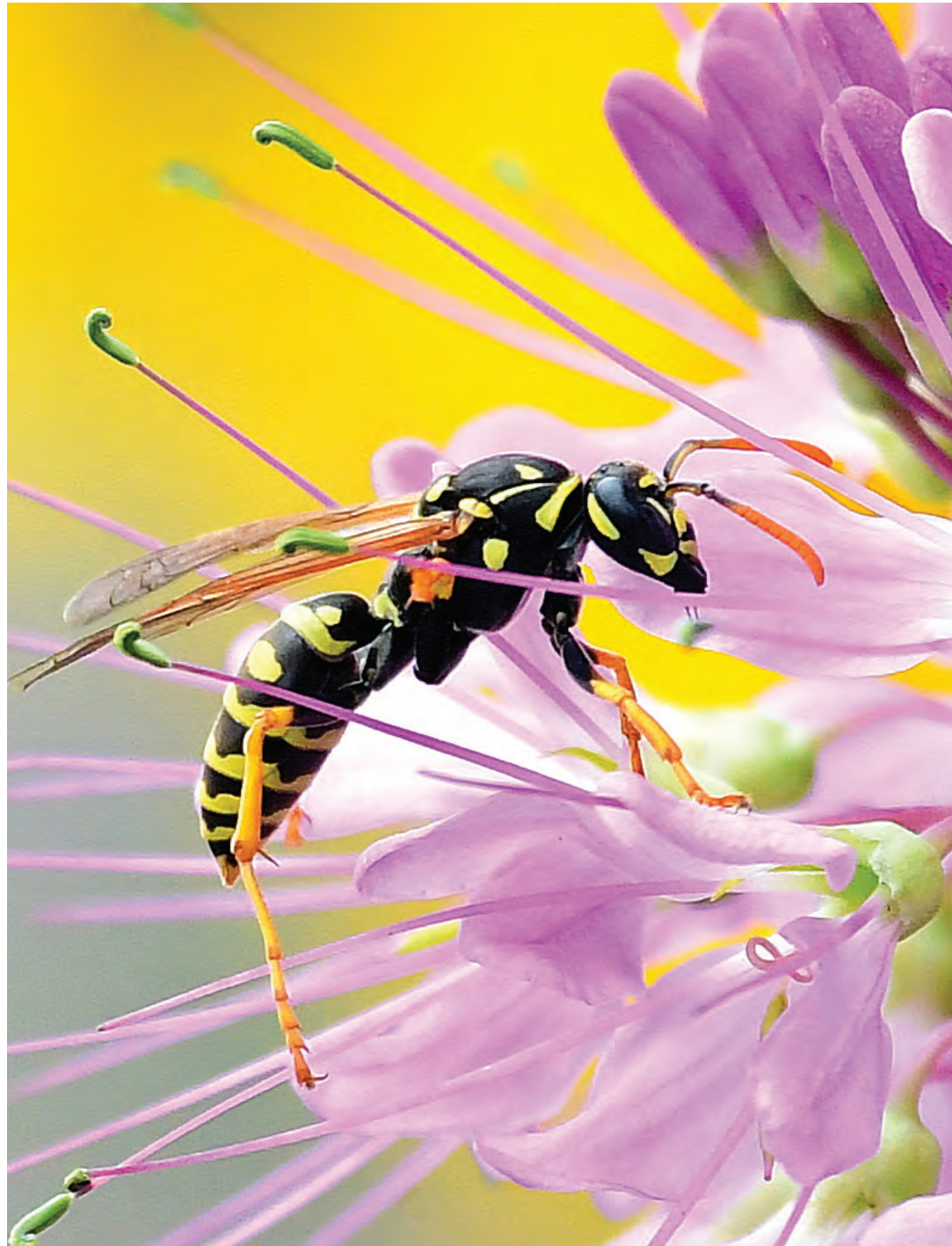


SPRING 2026




*Cover Image* / John Simpkins • *Inside Image* / Tim Gilman

—



*John Marino*

*We live out our call most fully when we are a community of faith  
with arms wrapped about a community of pain.*

  
*John M. Perkins*  
1930 - 2026



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



Tim Gilman



Welcome to the Spring 2026 Issue of *goodness*.

There are moments in a life that open quietly, almost without announcement. For me, one of those moments arrived in the late 1950s, when a full set of *Encyclopedia Britannica* landed on our doorstep—twenty volumes, two yearbooks, a wooden bookcase, and a slim book for children titled *We Learn About Other Children*.

I remember the wonder in those pages, the sense that the world had suddenly grown wider. Curiosity found its way in and never left.

This issue is shaped by that same ever widening awareness of the *good*.

Within these pages, you'll meet faces from around the world, step briefly into my travels in China, and even wander across the bold, unpredictable carpets of Hampton Inns scattered across the country.

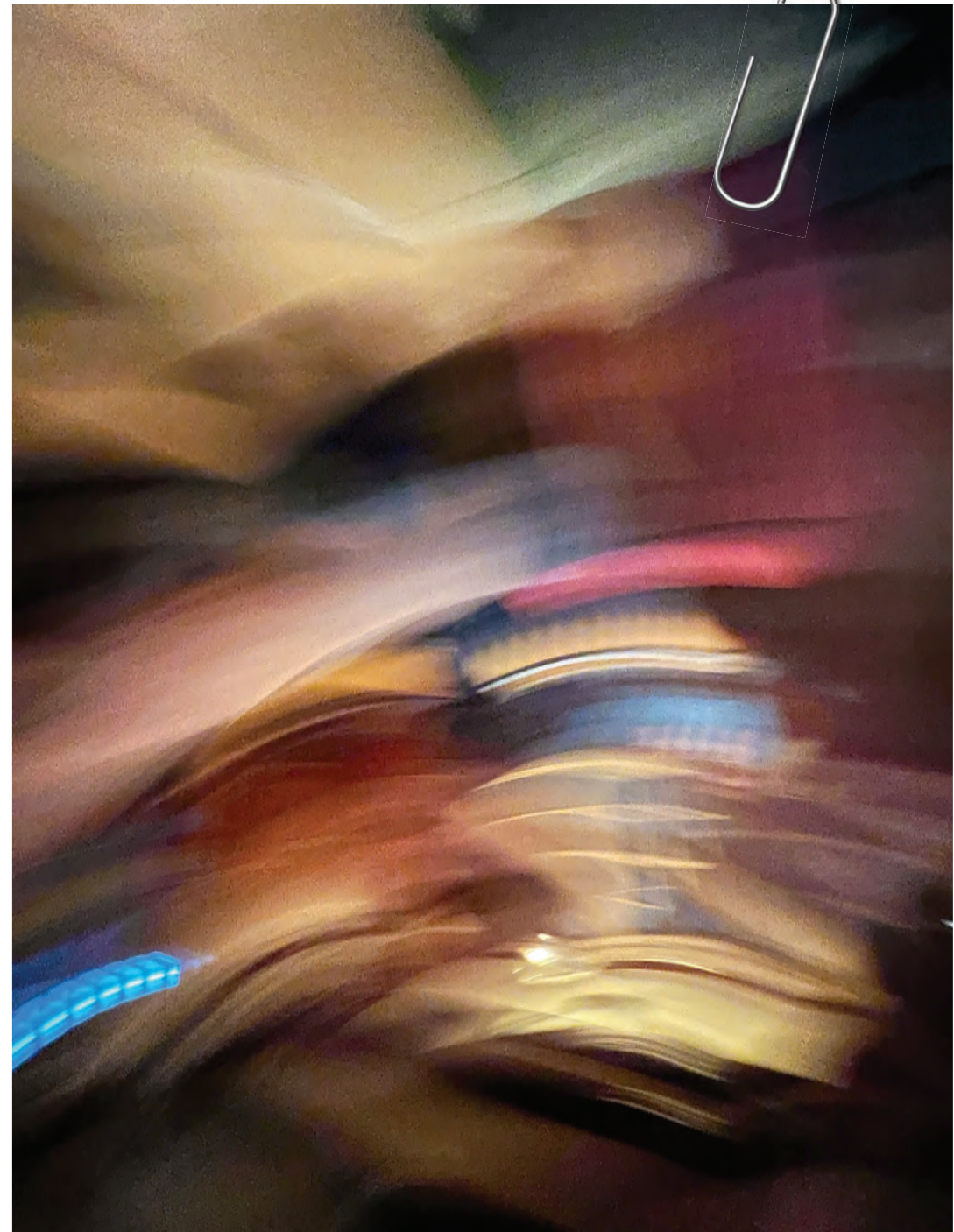
We are honored to share the visionary work of *John Simpkins*, the clear and generous voice of *Kim Stafford*, the rebirth of *The Paperclip Resistance Project* through *Ollie & Janice Pederson*, and contributions from many others whose creativity invites us to see more deeply.

As you move through this issue, I hope you'll allow yourself a moment of pause—a breath, a widening, a softening. Let the work of these artists and storytellers open a small space within you. And perhaps, in that space, you'll sense the beginnings of your own offering to future issues.

Together, we continue the quiet, essential work of noticing the goodness that so often goes unseen.

With gratitude,

Tim Gilman  
co-founder, creative director



Tim Gilman

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*Simon Clive Hughes*

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Tim Gilman  
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Scott Doggett  
*writer*



John Marino  
*outdoor photographer*



*Influencers of goodness*  
*Jenny & Alta*

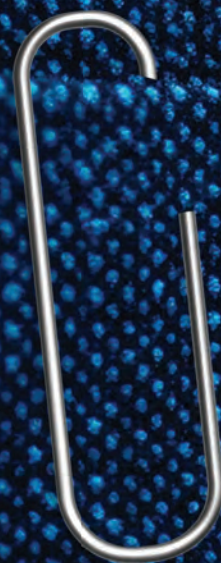


goodness.

gg.

*a Grace Point*

# THE PAPERCLIP RESISTANCE PROJECT



Ollie & Janice Pederson  
& Christine Gilman

*What could Paper Clips and the Norwegian Flag have in common with sowing Goodness I wondered?*

*Turns out . . . Quite a bit!*

We followed our new friends Janice and Ollie up the trail to a rally. People were curious about the 6ft. metal Paperclip Ollie carries. On one side of their accompanying sign it says, 'Wear a Paperclip.' The backside reads 'Norwegian Resistance.'

*Hear in their words . . .*

It's been such a beautiful way to connect with people today says Janice. There is often tears upon hearing the story and receiving a paperclip—feeling they can be part of a movement which voices their values. People around the world connect and thank us for reviving this symbol, many of Norwegian ancestry.

“With both Norwegian and Jewish roots” says Ollie it resonated with us to launch the revival of the Norwegian Paperclip Resistance Movement. During WWII, Norwegian teachers started wearing paperclips on their lapels as a symbol of resistance and unity against the German occupation of their country. This humble “paperclip symbol” inspired a cultural movement and created a bond between the Norwegian people, one that awakened and gave birth at the deepest levels of one’s heart and mind, an unassailable courage to resist tyranny and bind together.”

*From Janice . . .*

My calling as a Montessori Teacher of 40 years awakened in me another calling the day after the 2024 elections. I felt a need to participate in a collective healing process for our nation. Division, exclusion and hatred were all too present for me to ignore. I wanted to embrace an idea that would symbolize a sense of unity and solidarity for our shared humanitarian values. I had an overwhelming desire to pick up the mantle and use my small voice in hopes of giving inspiration to others. Initially, I was determined, and felt courageous, until fear overcame me and I withdrew.

Upon my withdrawal, the voice inside grew louder, forcing me to shed my fears. I felt an inner light beginning to dim, and understood it would die out if I didn't answer the summons of my higher angels.

My entire life was spent providing the groundwork for children to flourish and explore the world around them, free of bias, hatred and prejudice. And felt my purpose was to act as a guide, encouraging their joy of discovery.

Respect being on of the four tenants of the Montessori Method is championed as a shared value.

Having the privilege of growing up on a ranch in Montana, my dream was to build a school to replicate those experiences for children living in an urban setting. Exploring the natural world instills wonder and shapes a child's perception.

When we purchased our 10-acre farm to build the school, we started by acknowledging that we are on traditional lands of the Indigenous people and will continue to respect their heritage. On this sacred land, we have created a prepared environment that integrates the Montessori classrooms with outdoor spaces where children thrive and evolve into remarkable human beings.

*From Ollie . . .*

My wife's dream of building such a school became a reality in 1989 on the same island that my grandparents homesteaded in 1900. Being a first generation American Norwegian, I went to work designing and constructing a Norwegian 1-room schoolhouse, using the trees on the property for the lumber that was needed. Upon completion of the schoolhouse in 1990, the students started arriving and the dream was set in motion. As I tended the property I also tended to the hearts of every child, blessed by their love and admiration. I soon came to be known as Uncle Ollie, then later, Papa Ollie, to now thousands of children who have attended Hazel Creek Montessori.

sori. Hazel was the name of Janice's Norwegian grandmother, who taught in one room schoolhouses in Montana.

*The teachers' resistance shows what can happen when average people disobey rather than violate their consciences.*

My father was born near Bergen, Norway in 1896. He immigrated with his family to Bainbridge Island, Washington, in 1907. He fought in WWI, WWII, and the Korean War, and died from war related wounds when I was just four years of age.

My mother's family immigrated from Poland in the 1860's. They were Jewish, and I was raised consequently in a Judeo-Christian environment. She demonstrated tolerance of all religions and philosophies. Her gentle kindness has wielded a subtle but powerful lifelong overarching influence in my life.

On March 30, 1942, 227 Japanese Americans from Bainbridge Island, Washington, became the first in the U.S. to be forcibly removed from their homes and taken to concentration camps. They were labeled 'enemy aliens' despite being citizens. They left their homes, farms, and businesses under armed guard. Many returned to Bainbridge Island after the end of WWII.



*Ollie & Janice Pederson*

I was born in 1949 on our family homestead and was lovingly introduced to many of these wonderful Japanese families at an early age. Their families, and stories have had an enormous impact on my life. Even at an early age, I was able to assimilate and understand (to the best of my abilities) the emotional trauma and feelings of betrayal that these families endured.

The beauty of their traditions, their art, and their gardens, inspired me to study their garden design and philosophy.

I eventually created a business designing and installing many Japanese gardens in the Pacific Northwest.

The school we built together has been the home to children and families of almost every conceivable origin. They have all flourished, as have my wife and I, in an environment created by the deep waters of inspiration so lovingly shared with us by our own parents.

These highly complex and inspired emotions, developed and cared for over many years of community involvement and support are what has given rise to the deep passions Janice and I feel about our country, its immigrants, and the rule of law that has safe-guarded our democracy to this point in time.

It is our hope and our prayer that our citizens will rise together again in unison to 'create a more perfect union,' one that will create the necessary guardrails to sustain itself for many generations to come.

Paperclips are gaining attention!! They are messages of hope, connection, solidarity and peace spreading through social media, podcasts, rallies and Interfaith groups around the country. This movement is based on relationships, one link at a time,

THE  
PAPERCLIP  
RESISTANCE  
PROJECT

## HAZEL CREEK MONTESSORI

Hazel Creek Montessori is centrally located on beautiful Bainbridge Island, Washington. The park-like setting is situated on 10 acres, which provides a physically beautiful environment and abundant spaces for the students to play and explore.

*hazelcreekmontessori.com*

**Today in Oslo, Norway at the Nobel Peace Center there stands a paperclip monument installation 7 meters tall, honoring one of the most successful campaigns of non-violent defiance waged in 1942 by the Norwegian teachers.**

**Wearing a paperclip transcends words. This single act binds us together for our shared values and the common good.**

Ollie & Janice Pederson  
*thepaperclipresistance.com*

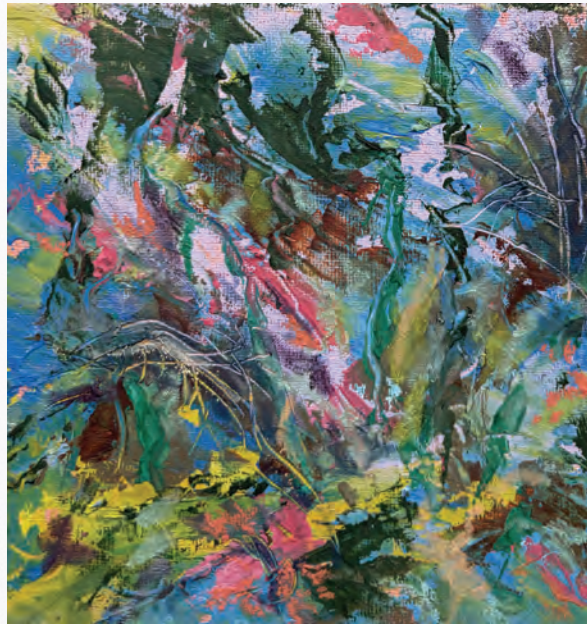
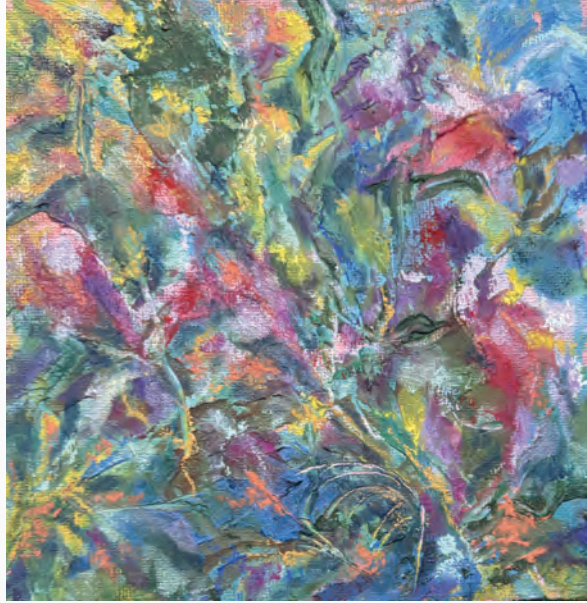


The 1942 Norsk (Norwegian) teachers' resistance is one of the most successful campaigns of nonviolent defiance waged against the Nazis during World War II. About 12,000 to 14,000 strong, the teachers acted with unusual cohesion and courage.

The teachers' resistance is incredible because the resisters were average people who did not aspire to heroism. These ordinary people were simply unwilling to comply with unjust laws, especially when the laws damaged children. Without violence or expressions of hatred, a large and influential segment of society said "no" to cooperating with evil.

Wendy McElroy  
Future of Freedom Foundation  
fff.org

# Wendy Hitchcock



## A Proclamation for Peace

Kim Stafford



Whereas the world is a house on fire;  
Whereas the nations are filled with shouting;  
Whereas hope seems small, sometimes  
a single bird on a wire  
left by migration behind.

Whereas kindness is seldom in the news  
and peace and abstraction  
while war is real;

Whereas words are all I have;  
Whereas my life is short;  
Whereas I am afraid;  
Whereas I am free—despite all  
fire and anger and fear:

Be it therefore resolved a song  
shall be my calling—a song  
not yet made shall be vocation  
and peaceful words the work  
of my remaining days.





# ANTHEM

FOR A GLACIER

BY AMY RAE PEARSON  
words & photography

It was the final day of our four-day trek in Chilean Patagonia's Torres del Paine National Park. To put it simply, we were tired. We had traveled approximately 4,000 miles via plane, Uber, taxi and bus over the holiday season, and hiked approximately forty miles to get to Paine Grande Ranger Station where we would catch a catamaran to a bus later in the day that would take us back to Puerto Natales.

We had seen the great towers at Las Torres Base Viewpoint, hiked for days along cobalt blue Nordenskjold Lake, grasped for footing amidst wind gusts and a multitude of rainbows, sighted a wolf across the Frances River, viewed a menagerie of ice-clad glaciers, and engaged in conversations with other tourists from around the world.

It had been the trip of a lifetime, and there was one more formal viewpoint on our schedule: the question was whether we should make this final eight-mile roundtrip trek to see the Grey Glacier.

We were sitting at the Ranger Station eating lunch when some other tourists we'd seen before showed up. They did not stop at the station but continued up the trail. Immediately, I was getting my pack ready and trying to convince my husband Jesse that he should come along.



**W**hen you get to the top of a small pass hiking north from Paine Grande towards the glacier, everything changes.

Suddenly you can see Grey Lake to the west, and what had looked and felt like a desert landscape of rocks and browns now looks and feels like water of various forms. For the next few miles, you trek up and down tiny hills with a view overlooking the lake. One of the benefits of not understanding my destination was that I was not in a hurry. I found a quiet meadow at the bottom of one of the hills and lingered. It was uniquely warm in the sun, and I let my thoughts disappear. More people started showing up the closer I got to the glacier. I was climbing down into a ravine when a noise startled me from behind. When I stepped aside, a European woman probably in her mid-50s went flying past; some people knew where they were going.

Grey Glacier is seventeen miles long, four miles wide, and one hundred feet high. Apparently, the glacier can easily be seen from space due to its dazzling color.

In advance of the glacier, you walk into a small canyon where it is quiet and contained. There are scattered trees and a pool of water. You continue hiking and the winds start picking up as you gain in elevation. The landscape is becoming more barren with rocks and cliffs that turn into peaks with snow. It takes all of your energy to stay upright in the wind, and then you see what looks to be an electric blue ocean wave frozen in time.

It is unbelievable. It is unfathomable. It is right in front of your eyes.

The European woman and her comrades are standing on a massive rock outcropping overlooking the glacier. I inch my way up to them, and they ask about a picture. As I raise the camera, they lift their arms to the sky and their voices join in a hearty, indistinguishable anthem, which I completely understand.





THE MAGNIFICENCE *of* BEING SMALL



SIMON CLIVE HUGHES  
& TAYLOR PRESCOTT



The most beautiful, yet misunderstood condition of our existence is the knowledge that we are small. In truth, the majesty of being alive is found not in our independence, but the interwoven imperfections of our collective smallness into something grand and cohesive.

We sit much like fractured glass meticulously placed in windows, only fully realized in the wonder of sunlight. How we choose to see ourselves and others, of course, is a matter of perspective. Do we buck against our place in the expansive image, seeing ourselves as a larger presence to take center stage? Or do we embrace our part in the whole only to be understood in the context in the world around us?

*“Dear humanity, I think I see you reflecting myself and my smallness. I pray that one day we see that we are all one; all a holy collection together existing in a single moment.”*

It is a choice to step back from ourselves and just watch the world move along as though we exist solely as phantoms. And the best way to do this is to plant our feet somewhere other than home. To travel is to experience divine smallness: To know that we are great in our diminutiveness. It seems like a contradiction of terms, but it is a guaranteed truth. To know our place as passing glances and shadows in the periphery of each other's day-to-day means we free ourselves to become that united image in a collage of shared experience.

If we're lucky, someone else comes along to snap a moment that would otherwise be lost to time. Those brief glimpses into our solo realities are what allow strangers to weave tales together without a single word between them. The images of wonder, joy, loss, laughter, despair, hope and everything in between are what highlight the happenstance of a crossed path otherwise unnoticed. To travel is to discover the act of a silent prayer, eternally on the move.

It isn't a prayer to one deity, creed, or outwardly professed faith. It is something deeper in the soul, that only moves with each uncharted step. It is the type of prayer that's only clear upon reflection.

When we acknowledge such prayer, we are as righteous, and divinely inspired as one on their knees in front of the stained glass of a renowned cathedral.

Travel exposes our vulnerabilities and allows the world to cradle us in its unexpected familiarity. We aren't lost at the edge of the water, because there is a shore across the horizon that will catch our echo when someone else's shout meets our own, mid-flight across the sea. We aren't trembling at the foot of the mountains, alone, because our footprints aren't the only ones to grace

the land that's new to us. We are small, which means we pass through shared space without hinderance.

Stolen kisses remind us that love is to be open. Hands outstretched remind us that there will be open hands to eventually meet ours. A child's smile reminds us that our age is not what made us forget the wonder of youth.

Travel brings it all to the front of our mind as new, because we are forced to pay attention. We take home for granted and so frequently miss the goodness outside our front door. Taking ourselves outside of the well-known is what resets that which we fail to recognize as exquisite.

The world is a greater church than anything humanity could deliberately build. The temples of old, the wonders of the world, pale in comparison to the world itself. The world we've built isn't about the concrete and thatches. It's the blending of humanity. Our creations are testaments to how we see our place amongst each other. Our creations unite us in more goodness and divinity even if we don't understand it.

It starts by taking a few extra steps from home than usual: Taking a risk, and telling ourselves that new isn't frightening. That our smallness is our strength. And that those eyes that catch stolen moments are truly gifts, because they make this world small, too.

We can acknowledge our place in unity, and that is true goodness.

Taylor Prescott - writer, adventurer, & mother  
ScaryMommy, Go World Travel / substack.com

Simon Clive Hughes - always had a camera with him.  
Instagram: @simonclivehughes





# Transformation

through TRAVEL

by Leslie Struxness



Our world, with all its beauty  
and wonder, is ever changing.

Wherever I travel,  
my camera goes with me.

Through my lens, I document  
moments—a specific time  
and place—people, places,  
culture, and diversity.

Each moment is a part of an  
important story politely asking  
to be told.

Photographs connect people  
with moments in time and place,  
to provoke an emotion, to prompt  
people to ask questions and to  
want to know more.

Travel, for me,  
has been transformational.

My worldview is wider . . .  
experiencing home with new eyes.





# Transformation through TRAVEL



Leslie Struxness  
worldwideimagesbyleslie.com



*John Simpkins*  
from ANDREWS to SOUTH AMANA



John Simpkins

John Simpkins



John Simpkins 2012

*John Simpkins*



Today I am sitting under hand-hewn oak beams in a 150 year old brick granary in Iowa, sipping an espresso and reflecting on the unlikely path that led me here. A journey that is woven with many remarkable threads of kindness, goodness and the generosity of many friends.

After 10 extraordinary years living and painting in the ghost town of Andrews in Eastern Oregon, friends, Brian & Corrine, loaded up all of my packed boxes and belongings and drove us to Baker City, to the Churchill School that they now owned. They created a special space for me in which to live and paint and I stayed there for 2 years.

Yet I dreamed of more space . . . a fenced garden to tend . . . that's when the old granary became available in South Amana, Iowa.

The Amana Colonies (7 separate villages) were originated by a group of immigrant German Inspirationists in the mid-1850's. It is both historic and beautiful. Another extraordinary act of generosity by a friend enabled the acquisition of the granary and to set up an irrevocable trust so that I could remain there for the balance of my life.

The Granary has blossomed into a personal sanctuary. Its once-bare walls are hung with paintings and photographs; furniture from my friend and mentor, Earl Thollander, fills the space with memorable reference and comfort. I planted shrubs and tended the once-neglected gardens. Cardinals and rabbits, Jays and doves, opossums and foxes, raccoons and part-time cows often visit. My neighbors are warm and friendly . . . It is a good place to live and paint peacefully.

In these unpredictable times, as our nation faces on-going turbulence, goodness, kindness and steadfast support of friends is invaluable.

Despite occasional waves of uncertainty, my ethic is steadfast and simple: be kind and do no harm; The adventure continues! Onward! Gently!

*John Simpkins*



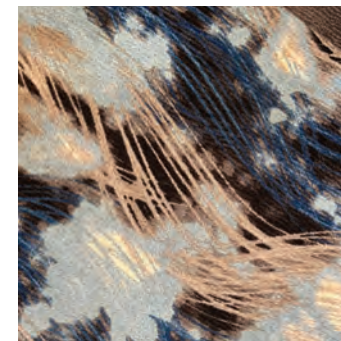
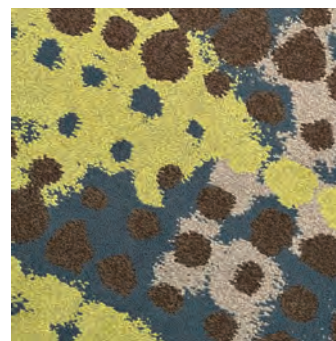
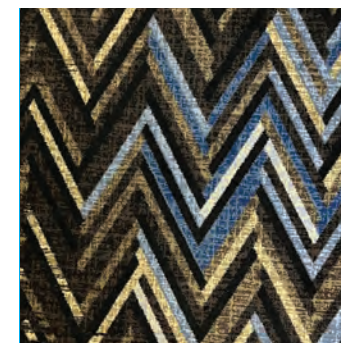
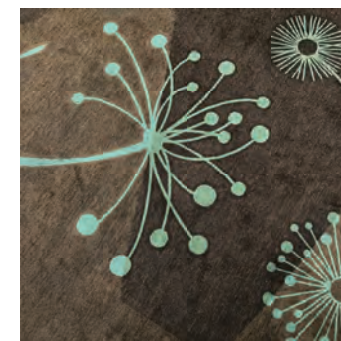
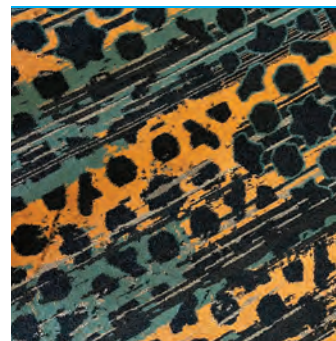
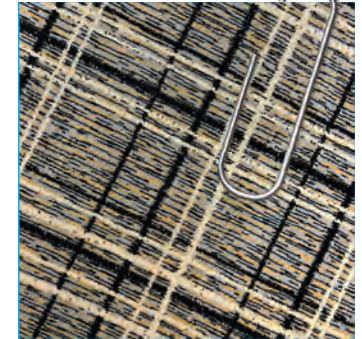
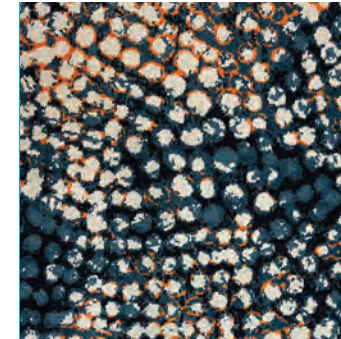


CAPTIVATING CARPET DESIGN

# Watch your Step

Tim Gilman

## The *Hampton Inn* Carpet Collection



*The Path of Suffering  
Jerusalem*



**Fields of Peace**  
*fieldsofpeace.org*

## A Promise to Our Children

*I will not be a part of the killing of any child  
no matter how lofty the reason.*

*Not my neighbor's child. Not my child.*

*Not the enemy's child.*

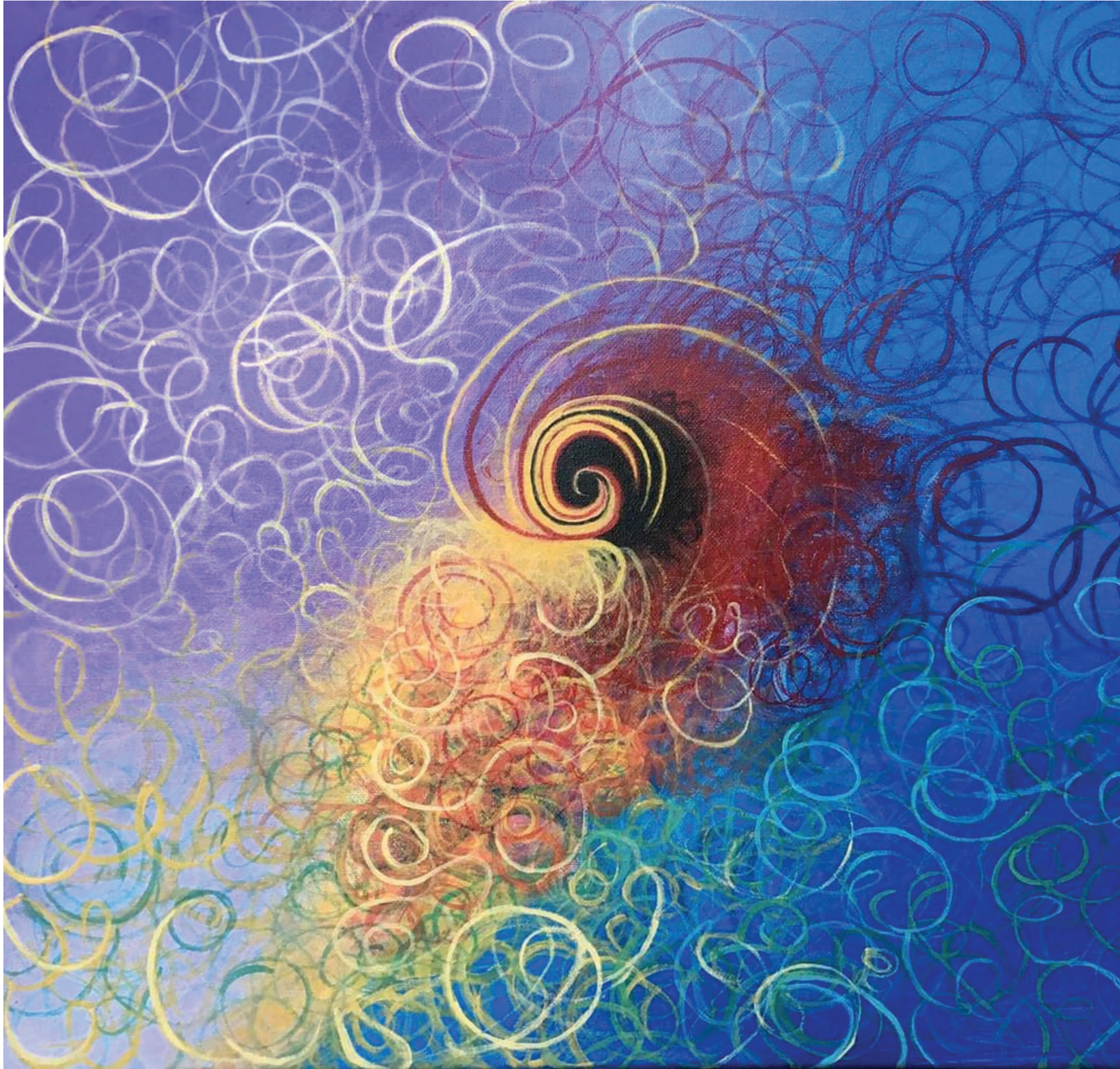
*Not by bomb.*

*Not by bullet.*

*Not by looking the other way.*

*I will be the power that is peace.*

**Joseph M. Parish**  
*classic artist / oils & more*



*Joseph M. Parish*

*Joseph M. Parish*



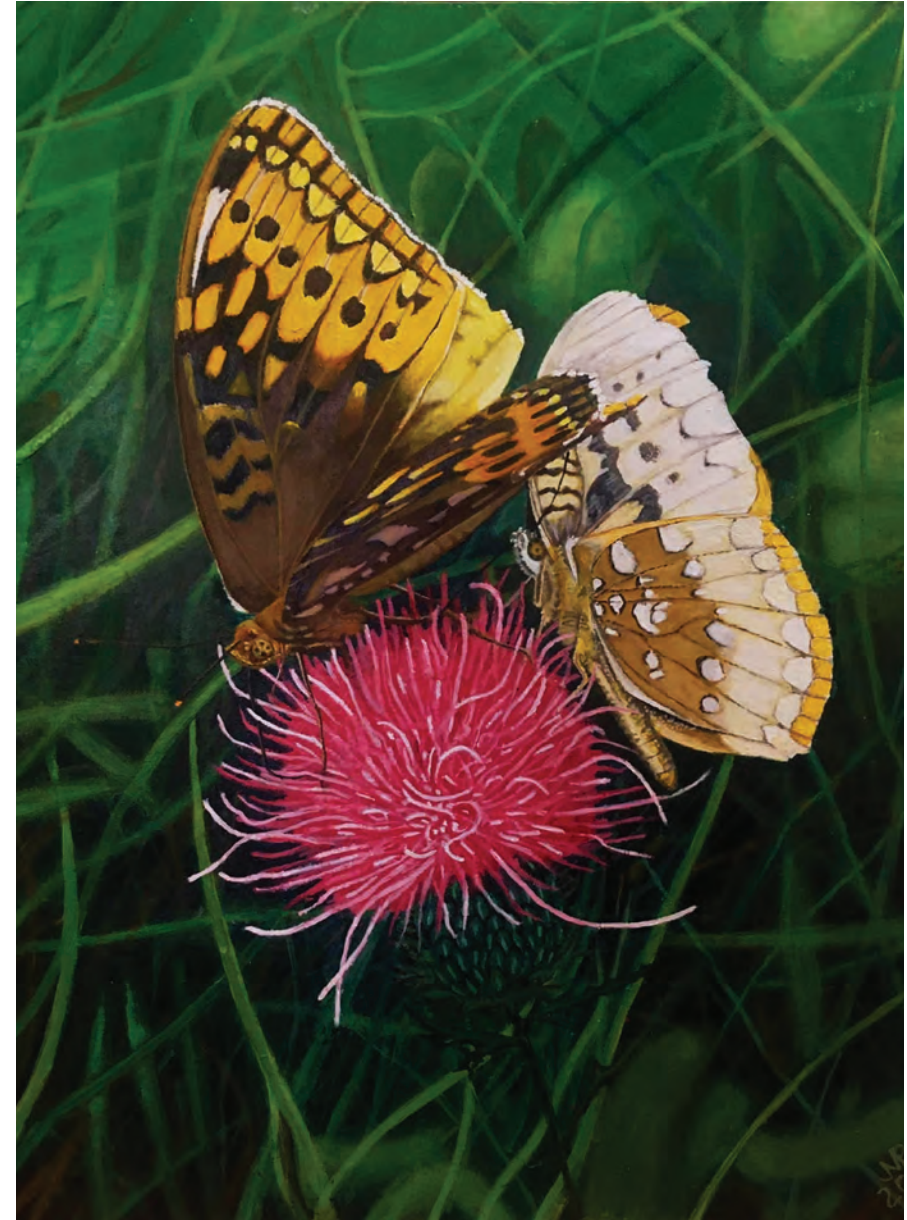
# Joseph M. Parish



Joseph Parish

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# Joseph M. Parish





JAYSON MGQIBELO

# SHIELD+STAFF

*The Story of Uncovering the Origins of a Family Name*

I was born in the summer of 1987 in Cape Town, South Africa. Born in February, when the sun in the southern hemisphere is most generous. The name I was given at birth was Jason Williams. It was a name I liked, growing up in post-apartheid South Africa with my humble household of five – two hardworking parents, my two younger brothers and me.

For years, I lived with a governmental oddity: two birth certificates with a small difference. The first, older and fading, spelled my first name as Jason. The other, newer, declared it Jayson with a “y”. When my elementary school pressed my family to choose, my parents allowed me to pick the spelling of my first name. I chose the less common version: Jayson. That tiny act of agency, of claiming a “y” (and you might be asking “why”) felt like my first act of authorship over my own story. Looking back, I see it as being a whisper of sovereignty in a world where sovereignty is rare – especially for someone born during apartheid South Africa.

**SHIELD+STAFF**

“Coloured.” That is the racial classification I grew up with in South Africa, a term for mixed heritage people that is still used today. That term always sat uneasily with me – like an ill-fitted suit – as I saw myself as African more than “coloured”. I saw my racial classification as a box that was imposed by others, this label felt confining and did not fit who I was. Being labeled “coloured” felt especially infuriating when I would be called racial slurs at school because my skin tone was noticeably darker than my classmates.

Navigating identity after apartheid wasn’t easy. My parents were figuring out how to make sense of the “new” South Africa and our spiritual future too. Since my parents never knew their ethnic heritage, our identity was faith based and focused on biblical morals rather than ancestral ones or African folklore. The stories of the soil we lived on, the deeper roots, were not part of my earlier life. Perhaps, in the relentless pursuit of a better life after apartheid’s official end – as an economic apartheid persisted in the shadows – there was no real time for them to look back.

**BESIDES THE GHOST OF A GRANDFATHER  
I NEVER KNEW, I HAVE NO TANGIBLE  
CONNECTION TO THE CULTURE MY  
GRANDFATHER’S NAME HOLDS.**

The itch to know my family’s origins (my origin) persisted. Exactly two decades ago, right after graduating from high school, I turned to the closest elder of our line at the time, my paternal grandmother Rebecca. I asked for her story. She told me about how she was a stylish young woman of 21 who married a dapper man named Zama Mgqibelo, a Xhosa man eleven years her senior. My grandmother was classified as “Coloured”, and my grandfather, Zama, classified as “African”. Although it was technically legal for the two of them to get married, their union carried a lot of stigma – a consequence of apartheid.

In 1972 my grandfather was tragically murdered on the way home from work. The devastation shattered my family. In the aftershock, my grandmother made a painful, pragmatic decision. She changed her name and her children’s names from Mgqibelo back to her maiden name of Williams. A European-sounding name, she explained, meant better job prospects, a chance at a life less hard – a practice that others were following as well. In essence, it was an act of survival, a shield forged from trauma, grief and oppression.

That conversation became like a seed in my soul. The name Mgqibelo stayed with me. It laid dormant until years later, when I came to what we know today as “Canada” and began learning about Indigenous ways of knowing and being here on Turtle Island. In their stories

**SHIELD+STAFF**

of displacement, cultural erasure, and resilient reclamation, I saw a haunting familiar pattern. Up to that point I did not even consider myself indigenous to Africa. The dots connected. I felt an urgent pull to dive deeper into my own obscured heritage and reached out to the senior members of my family to talk about it.

I began to search for the deeper meaning of the name my grandmother felt forced to shed – Mgqibelo. At that time, I knew it was the isiXhosa word for Saturday. However, its roots go deeper, drawn from –gqiba, meaning “to finish” and referencing “the one who finishes”. Mgqibelo: the day of completion, the day of rest.

I had chills run all over me as it resonated with my being. Besides the ghost of a grandfather I never knew, I have no tangible connection to the culture my grandfather’s name holds. The link was severed. Regardless, I choose to reclaim from afar from my new home on Turtle Island – from African Indigenous thought leaders, while also untangling my mother’s Malawian roots. It is a patchwork reclamation project.

And so, I have made a choice about my name, a choice that honors the complexity of my life’s journey. The name Jayson Williams is the map of where I have been. It holds the love of my parents and the survival strategy of my grandmother. It remains my “legal” name, a signifier of one truth.

However, I am also reclaiming my grandfather’s name in spaces where I create, where I tell stories, where I strive to learn more. Digitally and creatively, I am stepping into Jayson Mgqibelo.

This is a way of reclaiming a piece of my story lost to colonial rule, an act of agency similarly to when I was a boy choosing the spelling of my first name. Mgqibelo, “the one who completes”, reminds me to step fully into the energy of finishing strong. It is the name that represents me as a storyteller, my pen name – a decolonized vision of self.

I realize I am, and will always be, both. I have always carried a shield (Williams), and I am now learning to carry a staff (Mgqibelo) as well. It gives me balance. In truth, I am a living act of repair. The story of my name is the story of learning that names are not just labels that we are given, but meanings we choose to carry, and sometimes, quietly, bravely, reclaim.

**Jayson Mgqibelo**

*Decoding culture, geopolitics & spirituality through story.  
Reclaiming narratives, imagining futures.*

Facebook: /jayson.williams.7543



# ON THE GROUND IN CHINA

*a portfolio of images*

Tim Gilman



# ON THE GROUND IN CHINA

*a portfolio of images*



ON THE GROUND IN CHINA  
*a portfolio of images*



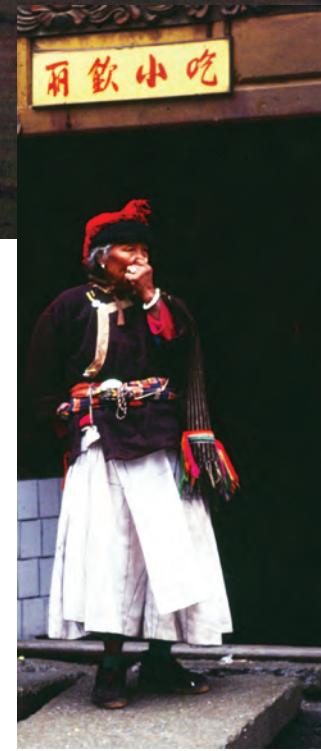
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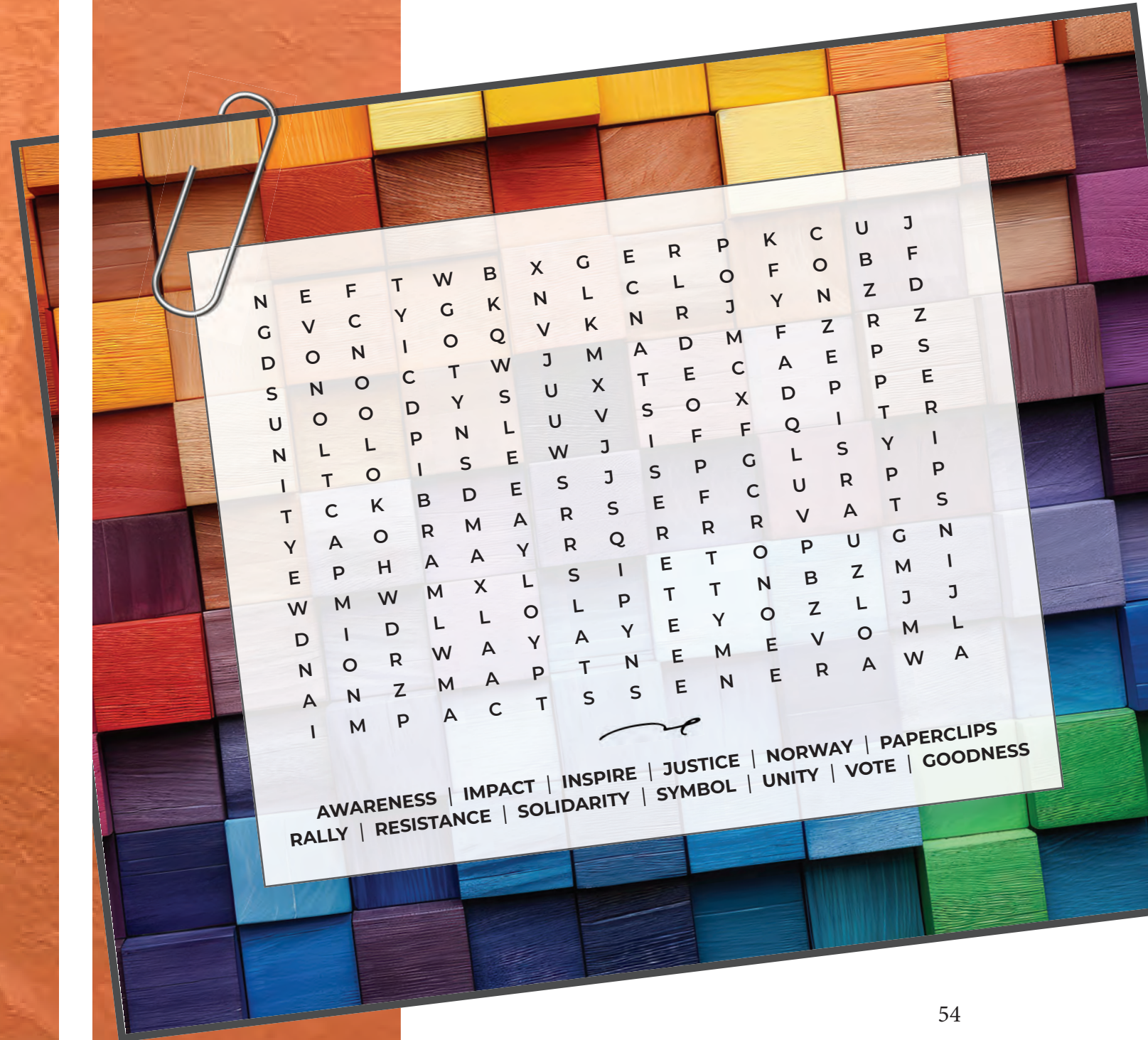


ON THE GROUND IN CHINA  
*a portfolio of images*





good *wordpuzzle.*





Vancouver, British Columbia / 1975

## *The Great American Novel*

*I was born and raised an orphan in a land that once was free  
In a land that poured its love out on the moon;  
And I grew up in the shadows of your silos filled with grain,  
But you never helped to fill my empty spoon.*

*And when I was ten you murdered law with courtroom politics,  
And you learned to make a lie sound just like truth;  
But I know you better now and I don't fall for all your tricks,  
And you've lost the one advantage of my youth.*

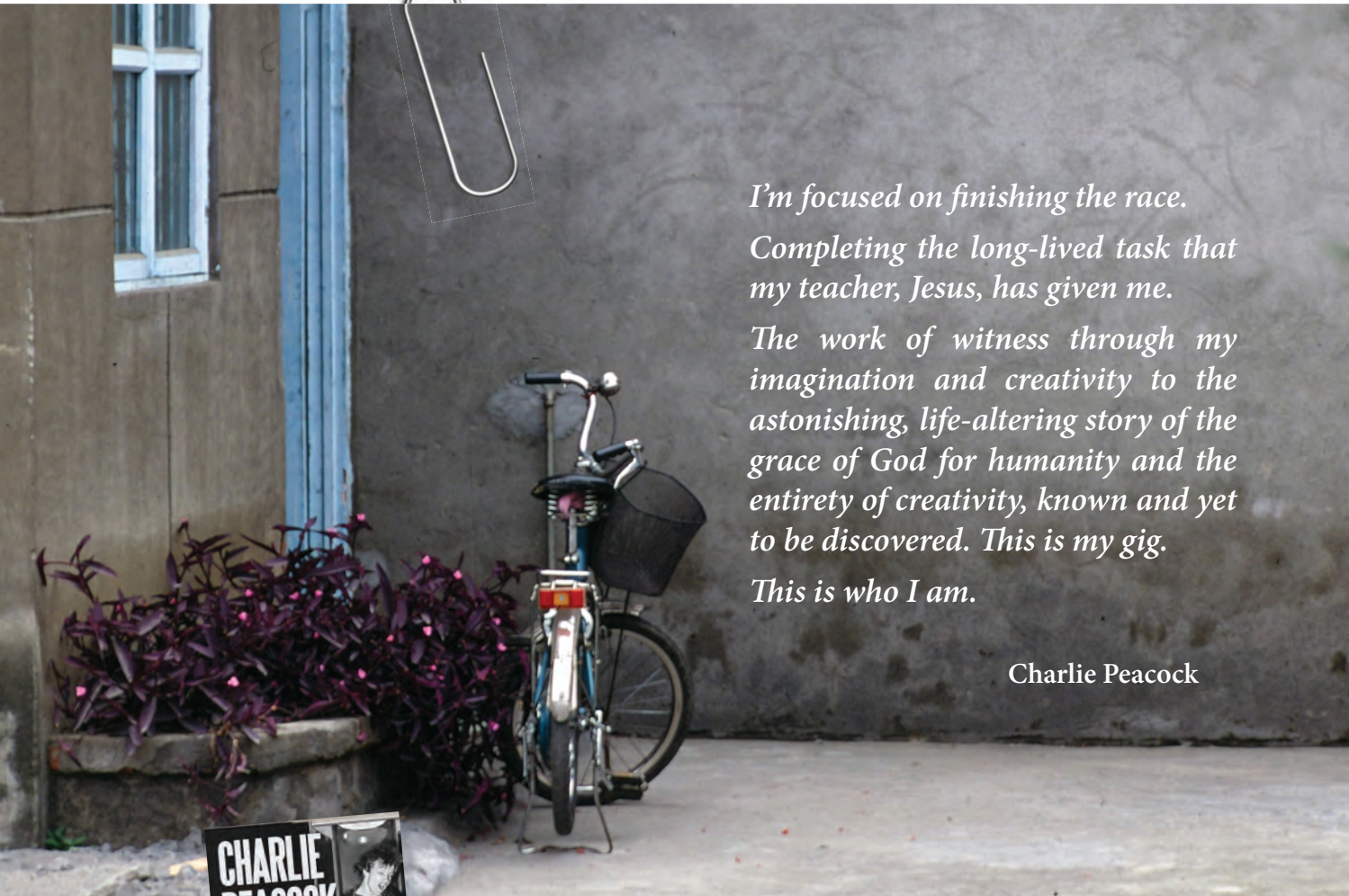
*You kill a black man at midnight just for talking to your daughter,  
Then you make his wife your mistress and you leave her without water;  
And the sheet you wear upon your face is the sheet your children sleep on,  
At every meal you say a prayer; you don't believe but still you keep on.*

*And your money says in God we trust,  
But it's against the law to pray in school;  
You say we beat the Russians to the moon,  
And I say you starved your children to do it.*

*You are far across the ocean but the war is not your own,  
And while you're winning theirs, you're gonna lose the one at home;  
Do you really think the only way to bring about the peace  
Is to sacrifice your children and kill all your enemies?*

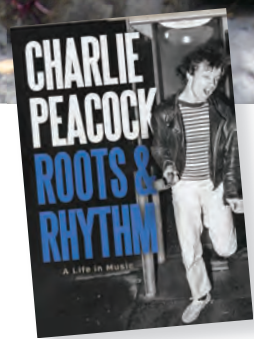
*The politicians all make speeches while the news men all take note,  
And they exaggerate the issues as they shove them down our throats;  
Is it really up to them whether this country sinks or floats?  
Well I wonder who would lead us if none of us would vote.  
Well my phone is tapped and my lips are chapped from whispering through the fence,  
You know every move I make, or is that just coincidence?  
Well you try to make my way of life a little less like jail,  
If I promise to make tapes and slides and send them through the mail.*

*And your money says in God we trust,  
But it's against the law to pray in school;  
You say we beat the Russians to the moon,  
And I say you starved your children to do it.  
You say all men are equal, all men are brothers,  
Then why are the rich more equal than others?  
Don't ask me for the answer, I've only got one:  
That a man leaves his darkness when he follows the Son.*



*I'm focused on finishing the race.  
 Completing the long-lived task that  
 my teacher, Jesus, has given me.  
 The work of witness through my  
 imagination and creativity to the  
 astonishing, life-altering story of the  
 grace of God for humanity and the  
 entirety of creativity, known and yet  
 to be discovered. This is my gig.  
 This is who I am.*

Charlie Peacock



## Roots & Rhythm

*A Life in Music*

*by Charlie Peacock*



*by Scott Doggett*

## THE END OF ICE IN THE OLYMPIC MOUNTAINS



*A hiker skirts the Blue Glacier  
 2017 - Lee Rentz*

**T**he glaciers of the Olympic Mountains predate the forests that surround them and the rivers as we know them. They formed before today's valleys took shape and before modern drainage patterns were established. Ice shaped the bedrock that governs where cold water now flows.

Most of the glaciers still clinging to Mount Olympus and nearby peaks formed thousands of years ago. Their most recent advance occurred during the Little Ice Age, a cooler period that began about 700 years ago and peaked in the 17th and 18th centuries. Glaciers in the Olympics reached their most recent maximum size around 1890.

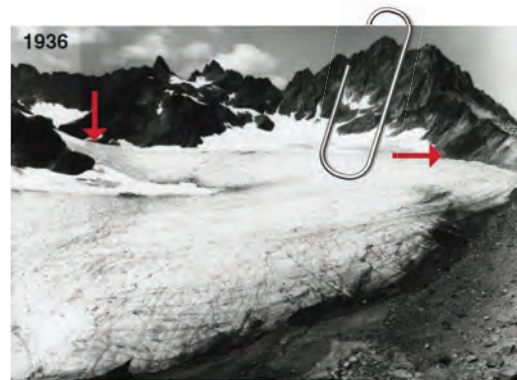
They have endured volcanic winters, centuries of storms, and prolonged swings in the Pacific climate. What they face now is different. In just over a century, the Olympic Peninsula has lost more than half its glacial area, according to a paper in the April 2022 issue of *The Journal of Geophysical Research*.

“Those glaciers are very sensitive to the warmth of the Pacific Ocean, and climate warming is causing them to shrink rapidly,” Andrew G. Fountain, the paper’s lead author, told me in February. “They will probably be gone by 2070, and with them the beneficial effects of late-summer meltwater runoff will disappear, increasing the frequen-

## THE END OF ICE IN THE OLYMPIC MOUNTAINS

cy of droughts in local river systems. The cold-adapted stream organisms will vanish.” Around 1900, scientists counted 255 glaciers flowing from the Mount Olympic massif. Today, about three dozen are gone, Fountain said. A recently retired National Park Service employee with nearly four decades at Olympic National Park told me the actual number that have “blinked out” is closer to 100. Either way, most of what remains is fragile—thin, stagnant ice that no longer flows so much as it slumps in place.

Measured in human terms, the loss of all the glaciers from the Olympic Mountains over the next 44 years — by 2070 — is stunningly rapid. In geologic terms, it is nearly instantaneous.



*Anderson Glacier in Olympic National Park.  
Asahel Curtis / 1936 - Byron Adams / 2015*

“Glaciers have been present for tens of thousands of years,” Fountain said. “To have them disappear in little more than a century is like a meteor impact to the dinosaurs.”

Field surveys, aerial photography, satellite imagery, and repeat measurements tell the same story. Olympic glaciers are thinning by feet, not inches. Some have lost more than half their volume since the mid-20th century. Once-thick tongues of ice have retreated into disconnected patches. The deep crevices are gone.

Janis Burger, who served as an Olympic National Park ranger and naturalist for 38 years, recalls the disappearance of Andersen Glacier.

“In 1982, my first summer at Olympic, I climbed Mount Andersen, using a rope, ice ax, and crampons to cross Andersen Glacier,” she told me in February. “That glacier is gone now.”

Andersen Glacier took 20,000 to 30,000 years to form. It melted within a human lifetime.

Glaciologists do not argue about the direction of change. They dispute only the exact year in which the last viable ice disappears.

At current warming rates, most projections place the functional end of Olympic glaciers between the 2040s and 2070s. The smallest and lowest will vanish first. The highest, most shaded remnants will linger longer. None is expected to persist into the next century or to return.

The 2040-2070 projection may be optimistic. A study published in *Geophysical Research Letters* in June 2025 found that glaciers in Western Canada, the United States, and Swit-

## THE END OF ICE IN THE OLYMPIC MOUNTAINS

zerland experienced rapid, unprecedented melting between 2021 and 2024, losing 12% to 13% of their total volume. This melt rate is twice that recorded between 2010 and 2020, driven by low winter snowfall, high temperatures, and surface darkening of snow and ice.

“My hunch is that there will be little ice left by 2060,” Brian Menounos, corresponding author of the study, told me in February. “The future for ice in the Olympics is bleak.”



*Blue Glacier in Olympic National Park.  
1899 & 2008*

Even under the most optimistic climate scenarios considered plausible, scientists don’t expect glaciers to return to the Olympic Mountains before the next ice age. An analysis published in the February 2025 issue of *Science* suggests that, absent extraordinary disruption, the next ice age is unlikely to begin for about 10,000 years. Ten thousand years is not a pause. It is a farewell.

That matters because these glaciers are not scenic leftovers. They are integral to the landscape. For centuries, they have served as high-elevation reservoirs, storing winter snow as ice and releasing it slowly during the driest season. Long after the seasonal snowpack has melted from ridges and meadows, glacial meltwater continues to feed rivers, stabilizing flows and cooling channels when rainfall is scarce and temperatures are highest.

That late-summer contribution is small in percentage terms but large in consequence. Hydrologists have shown that even modest glacial input can lower peak summer water temperatures, maintain river flow during the driest weeks, and reduce the severity of downstream drought. Lose the ice, and rivers change character. Peak flows arrive earlier. Summer lows drop further. Water warms.

On the Olympic Peninsula, those changes are already underway.

The west-side rivers—the Hoh, Queets, Quinault, and Elwha—still look powerful in August. They still carry snowmelt from the high country. But stream gauges show a subtle change: rivers are running lower in summer, and bursts of cold water are arriving earlier and fading sooner. The buffer is thinning, just like the ice.

On the peninsula’s north and east sides, where rain shadows already limit summer moisture, the effect is even more pronounced. Smaller tributaries that once flowed year-round now dry up or fragment into isolated pools by late summer. Springs weaken. Gravel bars bake.

Water temperature follows. A rise of just a few degrees can reduce dissolved oxygen,

## THE END OF ICE IN THE OLYMPIC MOUNTAINS

accelerate metabolism, alter insect emergence, and stress organisms adapted to cold, steady flows.

Forests feel it too. Despite its reputation for wet weather, the peninsula experiences prolonged dry spells in summer. Weeks can pass without significant rain. Forests rely on stored moisture—snowpack, groundwater, shaded soils, and steady streamflow—to bridge the gap.

As glaciers and snow disappear, soils dry earlier. Trees endure longer periods of water stress. Growth slows, and mortality rises, especially in younger stands and on sun-exposed slopes. The pattern is uneven yet cumulative.

Old-growth forests resist drought better than second-growth stands. North-facing slopes fare better than south-facing ones. Valleys with intact floodplains hold moisture longer. But none are immune.

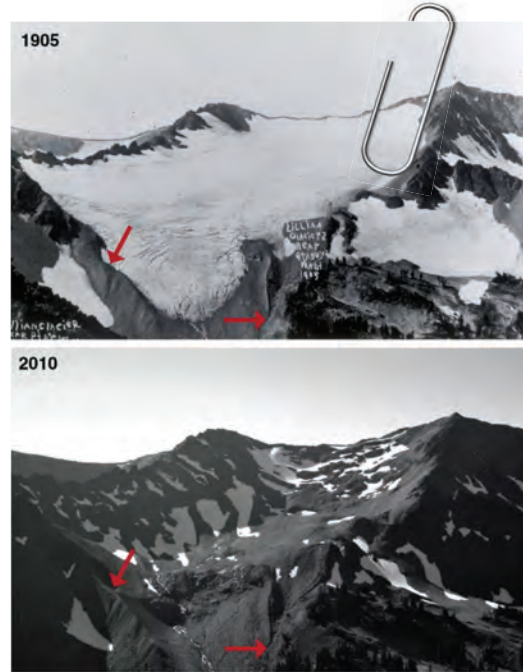
In June 2021, an unprecedented Pacific Northwest heat dome pushed temperatures to 120 degrees in Washington. The shock scorched portions of old-growth forests on the Olympic Peninsula, in some cases killing trees that had been growing since the time of Christ.

Along with the heat came something seldom associated with the peninsula: fire.

“People often assume parts of the peninsula are not at risk of wildfire,” Todd Rankin, fire management officer for Olympic Interagency Fire Management, reminded us in a July 2021 statement, “but even the rainforest areas like the Quinault and Hoh river valleys and beaches along the coast are susceptible.”

“Fire, once an infrequent visitor to the Olympic interior, is becoming a structural force,” Rankin said. “Summers are longer. Fuels cure faster. Lightning storms arrive earlier. Areas that once stayed damp enough to stall flames no longer do.”

Even when flames never reach an area, the heat from nearby fires can kill trees, opening the forest and allowing more sunlight to warm streams and soil. Water warms. Storms carry more sediment into channels, reshaping them. Recovery takes longer.



*Lillian Glacier in Olympic National Park.  
1905 & 2010*

All of this begins in the same place: the loss of ice at the top of the watershed.

There is a temptation to treat glaciers as symbols rather than systems. As white scars on dark rock. As shorthand for climate change.

## THE END OF ICE IN THE OLYMPIC MOUNTAINS

But on the Olympic Peninsula, glaciers are more practical than poetic. They are infrastructure.

When they vanish, nothing takes their place. Snowpack melts too early. Groundwater responds slowly and unevenly. No reservoir can replicate the timing or temperature of glacial meltwater.

The loss of meltwater is permanent on any timescale that matters to people, forests, or rivers. Even if global temperatures stabilized tomorrow, the Olympic glaciers would not recover. Ice takes centuries to regain thickness and millennia to return once it is gone. According to the best available science, the next opportunity for reversal lies roughly 10,000 years away.

For now, meltwater still runs. Rivers still flow. Forests still stand. But the margin is gone.

What once felt like an immutable backdrop is becoming the opening chapter of a longer unraveling, written in disappearing ice high above the valleys.



*I won't harm you with words  
from my mouth.*

*I love you.  
I need you to survive.*

Hezekiah Walker



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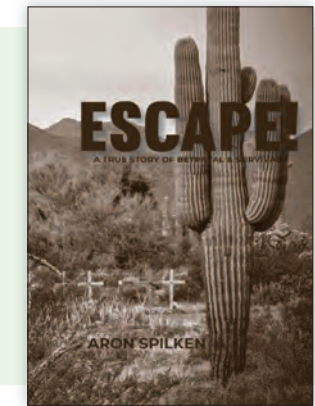


**DORA:**  
*A daughter of unforgiving terrain*

by Dora Rodriguez & Abbey Carpenter



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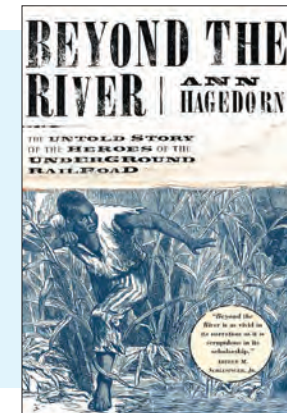
**ESCAPE!**  
*A true story of betrayal & survival*

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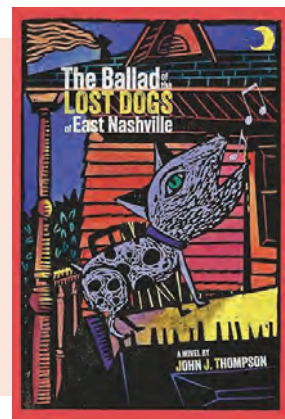
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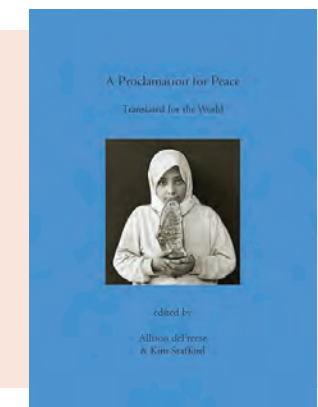
**The Ballad of the  
Lost Dogs of East Nashville**

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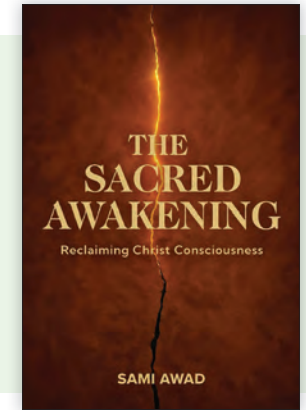


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## The Sacred Awakening

Reclaiming Christ Consciousness

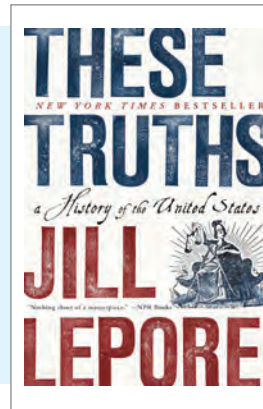
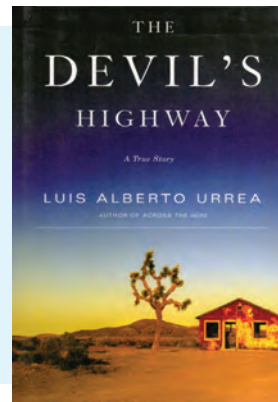
by Sami B. Awad



## The Devil's Highway

A True Story

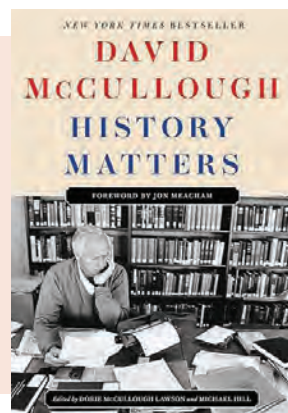
by Luis Alberto Urrea



## These Truths

a History of the United States

by Jill Lepore



## History Matters

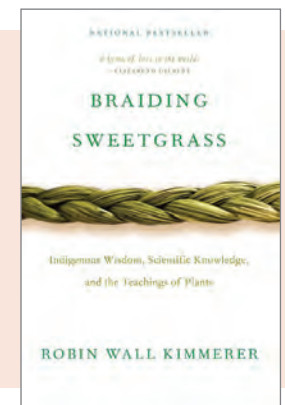
by David McCullough

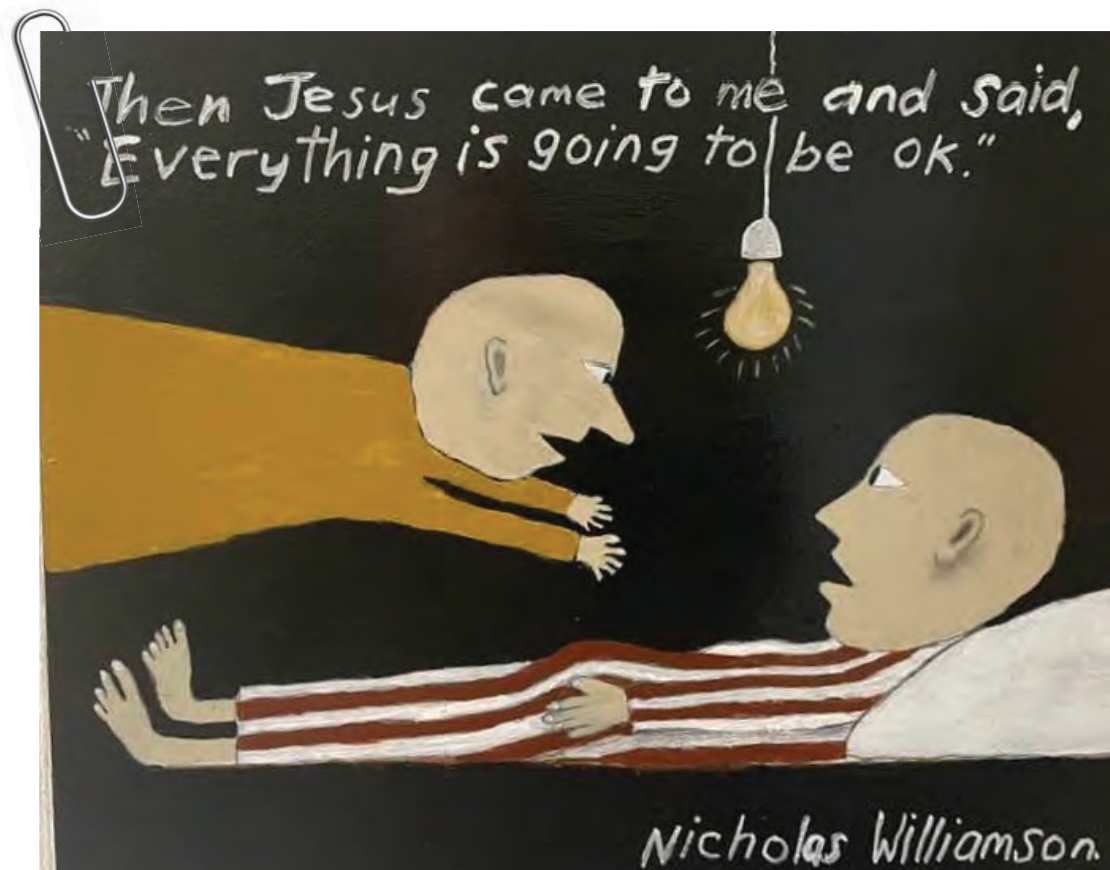


## Braided Sweetgrass

Indigenous Wisdom, Scientific Knowledge  
and the Teaching of Plants

by Robin Wall Kimmerer





# goodness.

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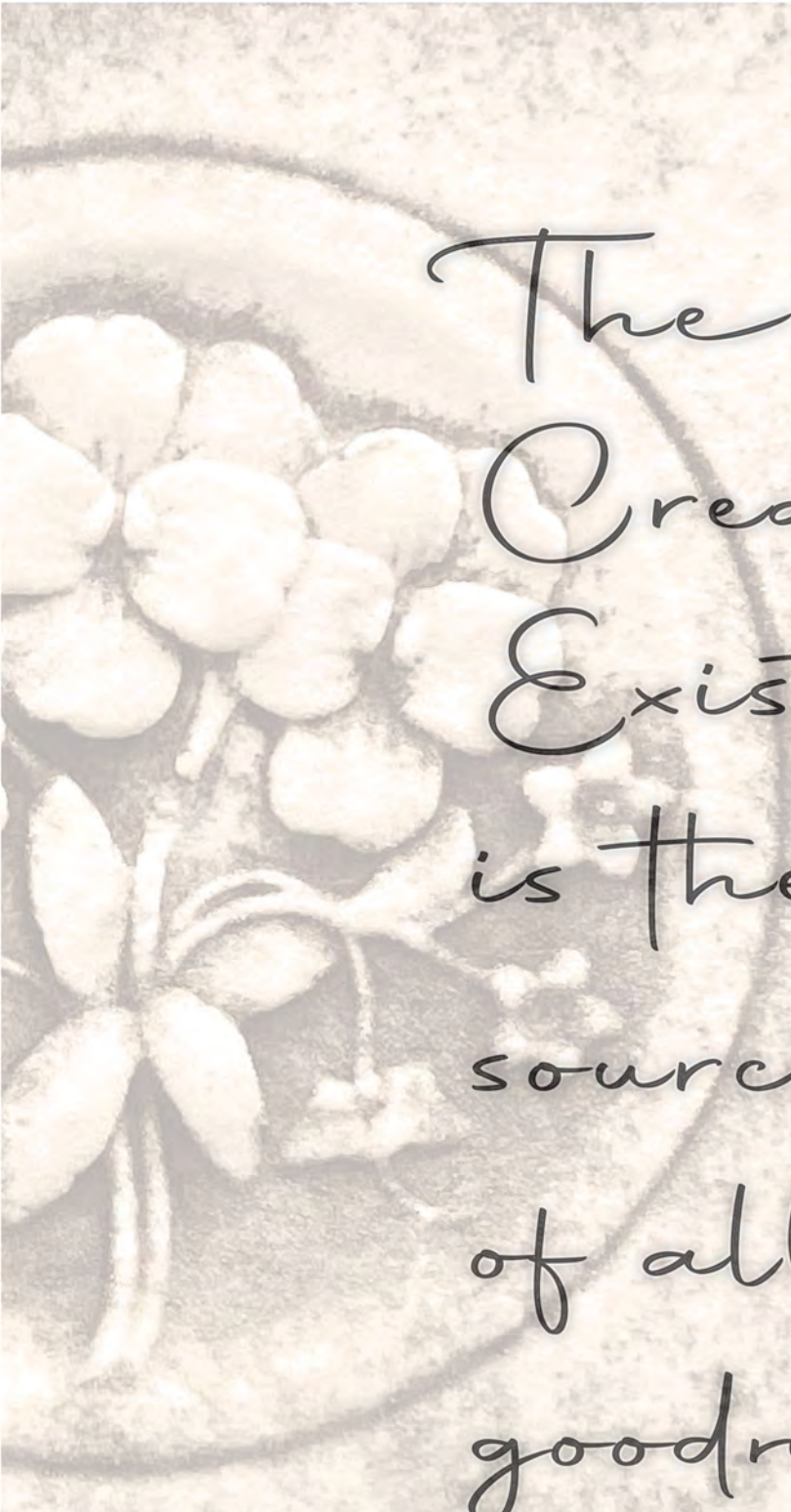
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Tim B. Gilman

*Design & Production*  
timmyroland.com

2



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

*see good. be good.*

*Man gave names to all the animals  
In the beginning, long time ago.*

—  
Bob Dylan



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