

Deep Democracy in the Australian Context

- A Personal Journey with Ancestry.

A Creative Project accompanied by a Contextual Essay –
in partial fulfilment of the Diploma of Process Oriented
Psychology

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I'd like to acknowledge my dreaming path which I have followed as it has led me through this journey of discoveries, painful challenges, delights and insights.

I'd like to acknowledge my Ancestors and in particular those transported as convicts from Britain to Australia in the late 18th century. Thank you for your endurance and survival skills, your legacy and for becoming more known to me as people, as my Ancestors.

I'd like to acknowledge this land and the history and the First Peoples, the Aboriginal Australians past and present. Thank you for your endurance and survival skills, for your stories, teachings and gifts.

This creative project is dedicated with great respect to this land, Australia, and the people, past present and future.

It is my hope that through the telling of my personal stories and discoveries over the past 7 years, others too may be interested in knowing more about who they are and who we are together.

May we deeply know the truth about our histories and find ways to come together within ourselves as individuals and together in relationship and community.



"Deep Democracy is our sense that the world is here to help us to become our entire selves, and that we are here to help the world become whole."

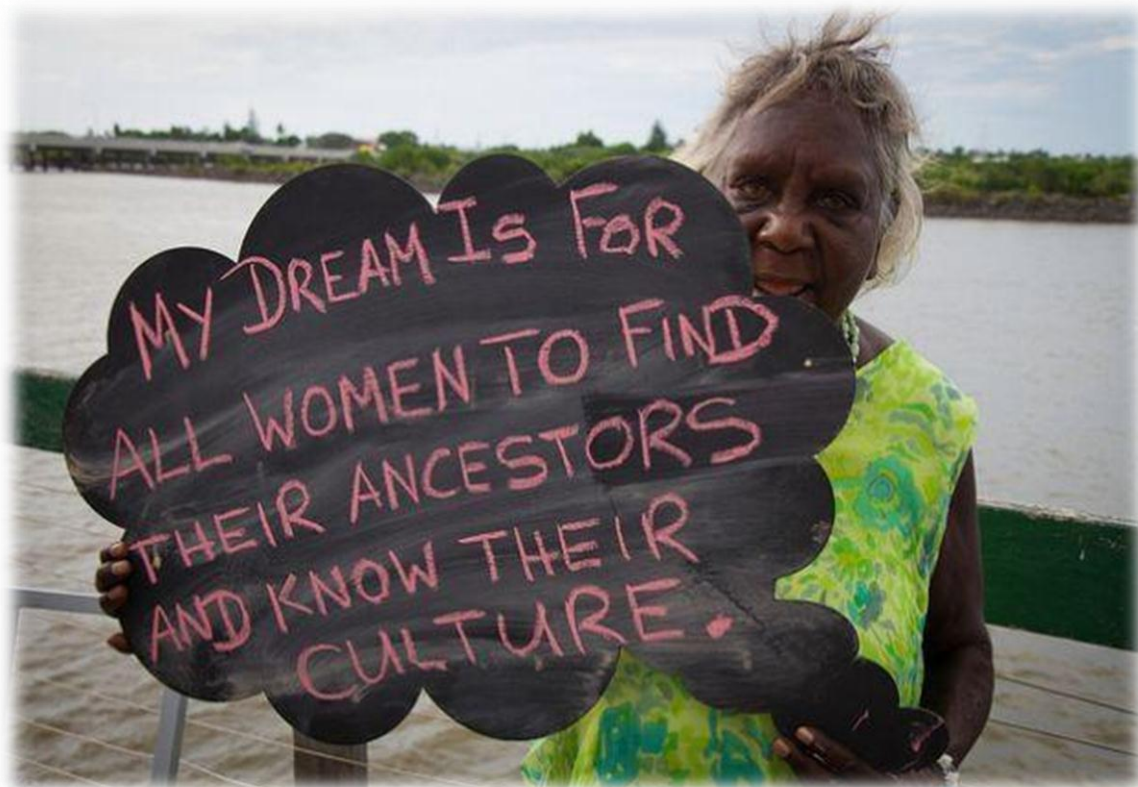
Arnold Mindell

This image is of *Margaret Oenpelli* from the Barunga Community via Katherine.

This photo was shared with me on Facebook by a friend who knew about my Creative Project and recent personal journey of discovery and learning about my Ancestry. It came to me as I was in the final stages of editing and completing the writing stage of my project in August 2012.

It is one of many photographs in an exhibition entitled the DreamBox Exhibition (June 2011-June 2012) created by ABC Open (an initiative of the ABC, Australian Broadcasting Corporation, which invites people in regional communities to produce and publish photos, stories, videos, and sound).

For the exhibition, a series of DreamBox photo booths were set up all over the country inviting Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander people to share their dreams and aspirations. People were asked to write their dream on a chalkboard and pose for one photograph.



When I first saw this image/message in August 2012, I found it supportive and timely! I undertook a journey to seek permission to use the image. Nine months later in May 2013, I succeeded in gaining personal permission of Margaret herself via communication with her Granddaughter Mel on Facebook. Thanks so much to you Margaret for this permission and

Mel for your communication, ongoing contact and encouragement! I also received the publishing rights from the Australian Broadcasting Corporation Library Sales.

My appreciation also to Elizabeth from the ABC!

Gaining appropriate permission to use this image feels like this stage is now 'complete' and frees me to have the Project published. Simultaneously, the next chapter is unfolding and may involve travelling to meet Margaret in the near future. I see her Dream in myself and feel the strong call and response. I look forward to continuing to explore personally and together with others, about the value of knowing about our Ancestry and culture.

Image retrieved from http://open.abc.net.au/projects/dreambox-41gz2pv/contributions/margaret-88ou9tv/in/places/katherine+nt#create_comment.

CONTEXTUAL ESSAY



Topic and Focus

'if you got story, heart...
Then speak yourself, stand for it!

Bill Neidjie

This project is a sharing of my personal journey of discovery and learning over the past seven years in regards to many broad, complex, fascinating and connected themes. These include:

COLONISATION *DEEP DEMOCRACY* *ANCESTORS*
RANK AND POWER *AUSTRALIAN CONTEXT*
INTERCONNECTEDNESS *LAND* *GRIEF*
INDIGENOUS AND NON-INDIGENOUS RELATIONSHIPS
PERSONAL STORIES *DISPOSSESSION* *DREAMING*
BEING PERSONAL IN PUBLIC *LOSS* *BELONGING*
CONNECTION TO LAND *SHAME AND GUILT* *HEALING*
ONE-SIDEDNESS *FEELING STUCK* *BECOMING MORE WHOLE*

The Process Work* (*see Appendix A: Glossary of Terms) concept of Deep Democracy* has been the thread, the tool, and the metaskill* of this project. It has facilitated my ability to explore, encounter, and grow in understanding of these complex, rich and enticing, yet often difficult, challenging and painful themes.

Deep democracy is the elder's multidimensional metaskill (feeling attitude) towards life, which recognizes the basically equal importance of: consensus reality* issues and concerns (facts, issues, problems, people), dreamland figures* (roles, ghosts) and the essence (common ground) that connects everyone (Mindell, 2012).

I feel that the topics and themes that I explore within this project chose me. I did not consciously in the beginning, plan or set out to research and explore these themes. The exploration and discoveries came through being interested in and following my body experiences and synchronicities over the past seven years. This is my 'path of heart'. Following it has been challenging at times, particularly challenging to my primary process*, my old identity. At the same time I feel very well, excited, and curious. 'The path of heart makes you feel happy and strong about your life because it follows your dreams, your dreamingbody*, your mythical task' (Mindell, 1993, p. 143).

The catalyst for this journey and project occurred when I unexpectedly found the gravesite of Elizabeth Jenkins, my direct matriarchal ancestor, on the site of the Australian Worldwork* Seminar in 2006 at Collaroy, a suburb in the Northern Beaches area of Sydney.

Until the discovery of Elizabeth's gravesite in 2006, I had known just a few small details about my ancestral history. The name Elizabeth Jenkins was not familiar to me until this time in 2006. In my childhood, my Grandmother had told me she believed our family had some history in the Northern Beaches area, some 'land that had been given to the Church'. Just prior to the 2006 Worldwork seminar, I wondered about the connection between this vague fragment of family history and the fact that the site of this seminar was on land now owned by the Salvation Army, an internationally well-known Christian based charitable organisation.

I stood at the gravesite that first day, not yet knowing this was my direct ancestor, but having a strong bodily feeling of wondering and 'knowing'. It was soon confirmed to me by my great Aunt, that yes, Elizabeth Jenkins was my ancestor, and yes the Collaroy land was once owned by my family.

I discovered that Elizabeth Jenkins was the second generation of eight generations of Australian born women from whom I am descended. My matriarchal lineage (see Appendix B) in Australia began with Mary Boucher's (her grandmother) arrival as a convict transported from Britain in 1795.

Finding the gravesite and now knowing Elizabeth Jenkins name, I found myself wanting to learn more. I came to realise I am a seventh generation Anglo Australian woman, and began to discover where this new awareness would lead me.

Over the coming years, piece by piece, I gathered more details and information about these Ancestors. Mary Boucher who came out to Australia as a convict in 1796 on board the convict transport carrier '*Indispensible*'. Her husband to be, Thomas Saunders arrived in 1791 on the convict ship the '*Matilda*', part of the Third Fleet. Their first-born daughter Elizabeth Saunders was born in the Hawkesbury River area, NSW, Australia in 1797. Elizabeth went on to marry James Jenkins (my grandfather 7 generations back) who came out to Australia as a convict in 1802 on board the convict transport carrier the '*Coromandel*'.

Thomas was amongst one of the first 22 settlers to be 'granted land' on the Hawkesbury River in NSW. Together with Mary, he opened one of the earliest bakeries in an old suburb of Sydney called The Rocks. James Jenkins ended up being an influential landowner, building the main road between North Harbour and Collaroy. What happened after his death and the bequeathing of the land to a charitable organisation called the 'Salvation Army' in Collaroy is explored in my story.

Elizabeth Jenkins died on 26 June (my birthday) in 1900. She was James' eldest daughter, and she cut her living relatives (including her sister, my grandmother 6 generations back) out of the family 'inheritance' shortly before her death. The land where the family home was located is now the site of the Salvation Army Collaroy Centre and was the location of the 2006 Process Work Worldwork Seminar.

The synchronicity of this discovery at my first Worldwork conference was a powerful experience that was compounded by further powerful experiences and synchronicities throughout that week in 2006. I was overwhelmed by strong feelings that I could not at first even recognise as unconscious shame and guilt related to being 'white' and a descendant of the early colonists. Exploring and journeying with the concepts of shame and guilt has been a core aspect of my learning over the years since 2006. Throughout the project I share aspects of this learning and also share why it has been so helpful and important for me personally to have had these reactions, which I now see as opportunities for healing and deepening my awareness of my life journey.

The first group process* at that WorldWork seminar focussed on Indigenous pain and suffering due to colonisation and the violence, racism and displacement that followed. The last group process that week focussed on Ancestors and our connection to our Ancestors. We explored what it might mean to live with more awareness of the ancestors who have gone before us. I strongly resonated with these topics!

During this big week in 2006, I decided to start documenting some of my thoughts and reactions relating to these experiences and feelings. I wrote poetry and recorded my night time dreams. I embarked upon a journey of discovery which is continuing to this day. This Project is an account of that learning. I am sure I will come back to the Project over the coming years and expand and develop the stories and ideas. Awareness moves, grows, lives and breathes. I believe that sometimes there are times in our lives to tell our personal stories of learning, because they are not just personal but also belong to and are relevant to a place, time and the community.

I hope that my investigation and personal sharing about these themes from my own perspective will provoke new ideas and dialogue. I am particularly hoping that looking at relationships between diverse cultural groups within the Australian context may support looking more deeply into who we are and where we come from and in turn deepen our relationship with ourselves, each another and the land.

Story telling should be a healthy part of childhood learning....gaining an awareness of the stories of life experiences that make them who they are is a most important part of healing for people, for everybody needs to know who they are at deep structural levels of their being (Atkinson, 2002, p.245).

Deep Democracy is a central concept and focus within my journey and Project. One of the many gifts which Process Work teaches me is that I am supported to hold a stance of curiosity when confronted by even the deepest of disturbances, even when I'm feeling really bad, or at my most scared, fearful, or depressed...I'm grateful that a part of me can still remember to be interested and curious in these painful reactions. Going into them more deeply and moving through them, often holds keys to connecting with even more of my wholeness than ever before. It's not about finding a solution, it's about awareness. This is my personal understanding of the heart of Deep Democracy.

Going beyond simply being open to the opinions and views of other people, Deep Democracy invites us to be open to all parts of ourselves, our experiences and environment. It is a freeing experience for me to know that (sometimes) all possibilities are welcome within me. Attachment to any one state, viewpoint or position invites the opposite polarity to arise in the field*. Thoughts, feelings, dreams, body symptoms, synchronicities, sudden ideas or flirts, as well as various experiences of altered states are welcome and bring more information.

Deep Democracy is the central concept I have explored, learnt more about, and practiced as a way to go beyond one-sidedness. It offers a way to honour all. Recognising the differences, the diversity and honouring that paradoxically facilitates discovering how we are connected, how we are entangled, how we are 'One'. How, through our bodies, we connect with the land and each other. How in one moment we can be one way and in the next moment we can be the opposite (the 'other' is us too!). How our grief unites us. How our yearning for connection and independence connects us.

I have found an appreciation of all sides through words *and* through poetry, music, dance, performance, images, sound, mime, dreams, and relationship. All of which can communicate our shared experiences and stories. To me, Deep Democracy means knowing and following all the diversity of ways to communicate and share. Creativity can cut across differences in style and ways of knowing and listening.

Deep Democracy has provided me with a philosophical stance and framework for approaching difficult issues which involve polarities. For example, throughout this journey I have found myself 'stuck' in roles such as: right/wrong, victim/perpetrator, good/bad. Movement, fluidity* and resolution can be difficult when we find ourselves 'stuck' on one side only. At these stuck times, remembering Deep Democracy is helpful for me.

Deep Democracy is a matter of inner and group development, compassion and awareness. While worldwork is a set of tools which must be continuously updated as we better understand our planet, Deep Democracy is a timeless feeling. It is found in all perennial spiritual traditions, especially in the martial arts, Taoism, and Zen Buddhism. It is our sense of responsibility to follow the flow of nature, respect fate, energy, Tao or Ki, and of our role in co-creating history. Deep Democracy is our sense that the world is here for us to become our entire selves... Deep Democracy is based upon those perennial philosophies that include global, egalitarian approaches to personal problems. It is any form of bodywork that encourages us to understand our own feelings and movements as global timespirits asking for resolution. And it is that type of dreamwork which realises that images do not belong to us personally. Deep Democracy is found in relationship work when we consider not only what we are saying but also what our bodies are doing (Mindell, 1992).

Purpose

‘ the blood of our ancestors incessantly moves in us and combines with our own to form the unique, unrepeatable being that we are at every turning in our life’.

Rainer Maria Rilke

This Project is required as part of completion of my studies for the Diploma of Process Oriented Psychology. As a framework and method, Process Oriented Psychology, or Process Work, has led me, accompanied me, and supported me in this journey and will continue to guide and inform my future growth and exploration of these themes. Embedded within this Project are the Process Work concepts that underpin my understanding and growing awareness around these personal and collective themes. I explore and explain these concepts as I recount my journey.

In the beginning, after finding Elizabeth’s gravesite at World Work, I knew I had started a journey which I would write about. I didn’t know then where it was going or where it would take me. In fact, it wasn’t until several years later that I realised this learning journey was deepening my connection to myself, my ancestry and the land. I also realised that Deep Democracy as a *practice and way of being* was the most helpful guide on the journey. As one of my teachers Emetchi (2008), said ‘I’m excited to understand Deep Democracy as a verb. It’s a verb, it’s a doing. It’s a very pretty theory, but it’s dead unless we live it’.

I aim to show how through connecting to my Ancestors and Ancestral stories, my connection to myself, to this land Australia and our history has deepened. This Project seeks to elucidate how a sense of connectedness to our Ancestors can be a healing experience on a personal, collective and environmental level. It aims to show how Deep Democracy can help us work through painful wounds associated with shame and guilt. It offers a hopefulness that comes from a connection with our own dreaming* process, whatever that may be. In my case it is a daunting task that leads me to finding my purpose in the world. An outcome emerging from responding to this task is that I am more able to process many varied and challenging experiences as a result of this deepened sense of connectivity.

I have been able to face what I considered to be my shameful past to find that it is actually my personal medicine. I have found that being personal in a public way as I recount my

journey is essential for my healing. I hope that the Project may offer additional understanding and interest in relating about our painful history: history that is still being played out now. In the words of Tim Winton a well-known Australian writer: "The past is in us, and not behind us. Things are never over" (2004, p53). This project is a way for me to explore and address an historical disconnection in this area so as to find connection, move beyond impasse and pain and unfold potential healing in the context of Australian today.

The reasons for doing my project on this topic are clearly personal, but also go beyond the personal. Since childhood and to this day, I feel strongly drawn to the theme of Ancestors. This focus is illuminated by my 2006 experience at Collaroy. Amidst hundreds of people at that seminar, I couldn't help but think that my growing personal awareness, individuation, dreaming, personal healing and learning must in some way be relevant for the world. I will discuss the concept of Life Myth* and explore how the story told here and the themes explored within this project directly relate to an unfolding exploration of my own Life Myth. I hope to encourage and inspire us all to connect with these mythical aspects of ourselves and to explore their meaning, creativity and potential for unity in the world.

I look forward to sharing this journey and all the information I have uncovered along the way with my family members present and those coming in the future. My exploration and discoveries have fuelled my desire to honour and remember both my living family members and all the Ancestors. This is my story and it is also their story coming through me. The time is right for this story to be told and it is with great respect and gratitude that I find myself in this role.

I have outlined that this project was inspired by personal reasons, course requirements and socio-political reasons. I also believe it is preparing me for my future life work and focus. This may include writing a book, participating in awareness raising activities via performances/talks/collaborative projects, and facilitating group work and community engagement.

The Creative Project

The Project is offered in two main sections. Part One, *The Timeline of Awareness*, outlines my journey over time in regard to the themes explored in the project. Part Two presents the *Significant Reflections and Themes* that emerge in the journey from my 'Innerwork', dreams and discussions with others. Deep Democracy honours information and teachings that come from all sources and levels e.g. books, research, people's stories, dreams, feelings and our bodies.

Throughout the journey I have struggled with how to present this information, this story. I want to convey the 'feeling' tone and emotionality of my journey. Many of the discoveries I made came to me through being interested and curious about synchronicities, night time dreams, and through deep proprioceptive and embodied experiences. I aim to convey a sense of how powerful this has been through text, particularly by including direct excerpts taken from my journal and dream journal. I also include metacomments about these experiences and the process of discovering and writing.

One of the first 'Process Work' books I read was written by Arny Mindell in 1990 entitled: '*Working on yourself Alone*'. I particularly enjoyed and have been inspired by Mindell's choice and style of writing. He himself prepares his reader by stating in the Preface:

After much indecision, I have left the work largely in its original form, namely as a process-oriented meditation, so that it clearly communicates the most important ideas. Leaving it in the form of a meditation has the advantage of appealing to the reader interested in experiencing the work at the same time as reading it.

It's important to me to communicate my feelings and experiences surrounding the topic, themes and questions. How can I present these deep experiences and feelings on paper, in black and white? Is it possible for me to do this through using words and a linear communication style? I want both the feelings and the facts to come together.

The process of writing about the project has itself been deeply Democratic. I have struggled with how to express what at times feel like two opposing forces. Spirit and Matter. Logic and Intuition. This part and that part. Polarities. Are they? This dance presents one of my main

dilemmas. Is it also one of my tasks? It's like bringing two worlds together. I have sometimes struggled alone and sometimes with support.

With help from others, I began to realise that I am facing an age-old philosophical dilemma. The Mind – Body Cartesian split. The concept of dualism is an ancient one which has been explored by many people including philosopher Descartes. His questions and proposals regarding mind-body dualism and mental and physical properties still complicate discussions today. Epistemology is a branch of philosophy that studies the nature, scope and limitation of knowledge. I'm trying to create a metaphor that stands for this deep wisdom, this innate knowing, this great ocean of knowing, and yet I struggle with how to best bring it across in a digestible way.

The story I tell is personal. It holds the moments and feeling and experiences I had at different times. That is the bias in my enquiry. I'm operating from a position of trying to do this and bring connection. I want to bring something across from the 'deep ocean of knowing'*, from what is deep inside. Trying will never work though! Wayne Armytage my friend and mentor helped me when he reminded me to let the feeling come, then find words that come out of the feeling.

Through the journey I explore logical, matter of fact aspects of Consensus Reality (CR)*. I also explore deep body states based in proprioceptive feeling and body or spirit knowing. Other states explored include dream like states that are not very connected to the CR body. But it is through the body we can access these states of 'undivided wholeness' (see also Bohm, 1996). Process Mind* (Mindell, 2010) or sentient* experience is the world of unity that unfolds itself into parts. Following the split both ways is part of human nature. Following the split one way leads us to discover we are all 'One'. Following it the other way, we discover our unique individuality and diversity. Holding both is Deep Democracy. If we knew I was you and you were me, would we hurt each other? The missing link is what I might call Love and this is found at the core of Deep democracy and sentient experience.

I wrote this next diary entry piece after a time of being confused about how to bring my worlds of experience together in a way that accurately conveys what I am feeling.

6.12.11

Deep democracy is deep because it is an infinitesimal space in which to free fall, a place and space where all things are possible and all sides exist. There is no right or wrong, there is only deep space and the only thing to follow is your feeling/knowing/listening body sensing self.

There is so far to fall.

You keep going because you are following the falling. Your body takes you there.

I'm vicious and hurt people. I don't want to identify like that. I know it's true though. I have shame and pain and want to die because I cause pain and suffering. This is me. I can't stay here though. It's not all of who I am. The critics can't hold me here for long because the falling continues. The identity is shattered again and the falling continues. There is no cage here, no fixed point. There is no holding only falling.

There is a dying, another one and another. No more fixed 'me'. It can all exist. I'm also loving aren't I? Aren't I good? Aren't I ok? I can't be held here in any one way. Things keep moving and shifting. Who am I anymore? I don't recognise myself anymore. I am all these things. How can this be? How can I live being all of these things...keep falling keep falling and you'll know and feel when to move again and be still and be one thing and then move and be more.

You want the world to change you have high dreams and high hopes and then you make mistakes and are naïve and hurt people because the dream is not always real. There has been terrible pain and suffering and you can't only hold the high dream. You can't stay in the low dream though either. Keep falling though them both and into another world where actually it is all there at the same time and know what it's like to be with them there at the same time. They are the one thing looked at through different eyes.

Your body will split apart shatter and be reformed

Your head will explode rip you apart and then slide back into a new you, bigger and more spacious and more capable of holding the worlds and the 'truths'.

Your heart will crack open and you can and will die and still be here.

It's ok.

Who am I these days?

Where have I gone?

Who was even there before?

Where was I all this time and who did I think I was?

The worlds are colliding and collapsing and all possibilities are here at once, the levels are one and none are recognisable in the way you ever think.

No edges anymore to bump against. No solid container to collide into and feel a sharp pang of pain. Ouch that's not me! Ouch that's not me! Ouch that's not me...no, these aren't there because it is ALL YOU....it is all you it is all you it is all you*

It is all you and what are you going to do with that?

CONTEXT

My Project fits within the field of Process Work Final Projects. Final Projects often convey how Process Work concepts have been applied to personal issues. To my knowledge the themes I explore within my Project are unique and add to the body of Process Work knowledge. My personal story is set within a broader Australian context. Themes that emerge in the exploration include: shame and guilt in relation to the white colonisation of Aboriginal Australia; shame and guilt relating to having a convict heritage; the dynamics of shame and guilt; how this plays out for me personally in the disconnection from my Ancestors. This includes an alienation from the land in which I was born, a deep sense of the First Australians who have been here for so long and a compensatory one-sidedness against white people. I

have felt shame about my white ancestors, my white self and there are multiple personal and cultural edges* that both constellate and reinforce this shame.

As the author of this Project I am also the main subject. The place of personal information is central and forms the basis of the Project content. I am interested in personal growth and building communication pathways and relationships. These interests are reflected in my choice of project topic and how I go about exploring it. This is a good thing but within this exploration my biases, expectations, and assumptions co-exist with my search for truth.

Value-free research is not possible and does not occur. Research may be most perniciously biased by the attitudes of the researcher when these attitudes are hidden from the reader or even from the researchers own perception. Value-free research is not possible, but value-explicit research is more honest research in which scientists express and clarify their own value system (Atkinson, 2002, p. 5).

Presenting an autobiographical story involves getting deeper than the surface of biography. It concerns the story of inner struggles, motivations, values, and convictions. Autobiographical storytelling is beneficial for both presenters and audiences. Delivering stories that get at the subjective truth of role models is educational and therapeutic for presenters and audiences. It facilitates valuable insights, techniques, and skills. It encourages a close study of character from historical and cultural contexts. It involves research from first-hand sources (Diane Howard, [2008](#)).

Despite my biases this is clearly what I seek to achieve.

Where does this story fit in the scheme of the world's development? The intellectual, personal, cultural, and social context of this work is one of learning from a history so painful that one would naturally want to hide from it, deny it, cover it up, lie about it and even rewrite it. That's one view of how we white folk have managed here for many generations. This project explores a new way that is being further developed as I write. This work is part of this change in direction. Young people I talk to tell me about what they are learning at school about the Stolen Generation* and other historical facts that are still hidden in some parts of Australian society. What a change and what a relief that many young people are learning about what happened in our colonial past. Many current Australian history books,

Australian films, groups and individuals similarly seek to tell these truths and raise awareness.

Simultaneously, racism and colonisation continue in daily life. Racism is reflected in many mainstream attitudes, Government policies and decisions, the Australian Constitution and media reporting. At the time of completing this project Aboriginal Elders and community groups, religious and reconciliation groups, Churches, and their supporters are appealing for change to all people in Australia. Consultations have taken place and feedback has been gathered and prepared in the form of reports, letters, and articles. One such report is the *Listening but not Hearing* – a response to the NTER Stronger Futures Consultations June to August 2011. Here is an excerpt:

The Government's current policies have failed and they will continue to fail for so long as it continues to determine policies without the direct involvement of Aboriginal people in the decision making process. As so many have pointed out, until Aboriginal people in the Northern Territory are allowed to gain ownership over their future, Government will fail to improve their overall circumstances and they will remain second class citizens of this country (Nicholson and the Jumbunna Indigenous House of Learning, 2012).

Audience

The project is intended for the Process Work community, particularly members of the ANZPOP Faculty and Student community. I hope that members of the International Process Work Community will read the project and be interested in the Australian context and my personal explorations. Family members will be especially interested in the biographical and genealogical aspects of the project.

I am hoping that people unfamiliar with Process Work concepts may find new and creative ways of exploring and working on the challenging themes that I explore within the project. I hope the project provides new insights and tools to move forward with such crucial and compelling yet challenging themes. The Glossary of Terms is included with this audience group in mind.

I think that as a partially historical project, some local historians (Hawkesbury, Sydney and the Northern Beaches, NSW) may have an interest in the topic. I hope to offer a fresh approach to biographical writing regarding ancestral lineage. In this way, this project is a Worldwork project. The current history housed in the local historical sites, including the Salvation Army Collaroy site, appears to stop short of a more democratic coverage of what happened and how it is still happening today.

I hope that readers interested in moving beyond shame and guilt are inspired to work on their stories and develop some personal empowerment in relation to these powerful themes in a way that can contribute to social justice.

I hope to offer the broader Australian community tools for creating dialogue based on the principles of Deep Democracy with the aim to explore and understand topics such as:

- the shame and guilt of white Australia
- our history of colonisation and the colonial atrocities against Aboriginal Australia and how that continues to play out now
- belonging
- displacement and dispossession

I hope that my work can contribute to connecting people from a diverse range of backgrounds. I hope to contribute to their sense of connectivity to themselves, one another, their communities and our environments.

Finally, I hope that people concerned with issues relating to refugees and asylum seekers may find elements of this Project useful and thought provoking. I would like to take some space here to outline why I hold this hope. It is an important issue which deserves deeper exploration and discussion. I regret that I am not able to focus on it directly. There is a lot to say on this extensive and important topic. However I can only open the dialogue here in a brief note.

In Australia, we have serious problems associated with the way refugees are received and treated. Tascon (2004) states:

Onshore refugees, or boat people as they have come to be widely known, arriving in Australia receive some of the most punitive and inhumane treatment of any developed nation.

I believe that our current crises in relation to the treatment of refugees and asylum seekers cannot be resolved without 'white' Australians exploring and knowing more about our identity as 'colonisers' of Indigenous Australians thereby transforming our relationship with history since 1788.

It is in this arena that our history and geographical position collide. Part of the complexity is due to history we have not yet reconciled as a society. For example: how to be 'white' in what could be seen as a geographically located Asian area and the subsequent fear of an 'Asian invasion'. Some of these fears arose from the bombing of Darwin and Northern Australia in World War 2. Generally speaking we are still struggling as a country with questions relating to identity and 'our place' in the world.

Currently there is widespread concern and debate around the issue of 'border security'. I am in turn confronted, baffled and upset to hear what could be interpreted as racist and 'entitled' attitudes, comments, even bumper stickers directed at refugees, migrants or asylum seekers such as: '*if you don't like it leave*' or '*go back to where you belong*'. The attitude of the 'white' coloniser and 'owner' is alive and powerful.

Tascon (2004) supports this idea and also makes the following link:

It is indeed almost uncanny, if it were not also following a kind of perverse logic, that there is a parallel between the treatment of Aboriginal peoples historically and presently, and that of onshore refugees: both groups have been exiled, one internal and one external to their place of origin; both have been non-citizens at some point; both have been subject to laws that mandatorily detain them; and both have been subjected to racialised treatment....both have collided most forcefully with colonial power relationships that were established over 200 years ago in Australia.

Perhaps it is not only racism and xenophobia which underpin some of the resistance regarding receiving refugees and asylum seekers. It could also be a sense of protection of the unique and privileged lifestyle, relatively peaceful atmosphere, democratic government, beautiful environment, and access to services. Regardless of motivation or cause, these human issues regarding boundaries, belonging and place are prevalent, global and perennial. There is a lot to be grateful for and embrace. It requires further investigation and exploration.

Research Questions

Three principle questions explored in the work are:

1. How can Worldwork, specifically the concept of Deep Democracy be utilised where there has been a history of colonisation, displacement, disconnection, dispossession, pain, suffering, guilt and shame?
2. How can Deep Democracy be utilised to develop a deeper sense of connection to my ancestry, myself, this land and other people?
3. What is the value of personal stories in relation to the initial two questions?

These questions are the focus of my journey and engender many more questions and ideas. Potentially, the reader may ask themselves the same questions as they read the project itself. It is my growing experience that the gift of Deep Democracy as a concept and practice is an answer and medicine. I hope to demonstrate Deep Democracy as a method and an approach to living that incorporates all possibilities, experiences and 'sides'. It helps me when there seems to be nothing else to hold me.

Approach

As mentioned previously, I did not intentionally set out to research the themes that I explore in the project. My approach and method has been to follow, rather than lead the content and explorations. Once I encountered these themes through my experiences and synchronicities through being physically and emotionally affected, I then began to research the literature as well as the experiences of others and myself.

An excerpt from my diary where I am wrestling with how to convey my ‘approach’:

My approach involves agonising, working on myself, writing, agonising more and waiting until the next step presents itself. Researching, more working on myself through inner work, more waiting, dreaming, consultancy with other travellers and Process Mind* exercises predominate. I devote entire weekends to immerse myself in the land and the feelings that overwhelm me. I am learning so much, especially that I have so much more to learn! I am so appreciative that my dreaming path leads me to Process Work and to the discovery of my Ancestors at Collaroy and the subsequent learning and challenges this brings. I am deeply grateful to this dreaming that is calling me to my relationship with myself and to my relationship with this country. It is enticing and encouraging me to dive more deeply into an experience of being held and connected to all. There is no other way that is satisfying for me.*

Having said this, I did plan to utilise certain frameworks, models and processes throughout the research process. These are outlined below.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL STORYTELLING

Autobiographical storytelling allows me to creatively and uniquely combine elements of project ‘types’ that appeal to me. The final product is a combination of the following project types outlined by Spark-Jones (2005); creative arts project, a social action project, documentation and presentation, biography and oral history (pp. 7-9).

Through this approach, I tell the story of how much learning came about for me. I share memoirs in the form of written reflections, inner work notes, dream journal and personal journal entries. I discuss some of the emerging themes and discoveries I made along the way. I am aware that some of the content and learning I share here are familiar to many people. Some people will have more awareness than I. Some will have ‘better’ or ‘worse’ stories. My critic is forever on the job! The project is my story.

In October 2011, I was filmed as I spoke in public about this journey at the ANZPOP* Intensive in Melbourne. I was also able to ask the group for their feedback to hearing the story. This informed some of my reflections in regard to the research questions. It was a significant experience along the journey in itself, as it marked the ‘birthing’ of the story in public. Until this time I had some strong fears about speaking so personally in public about issues that affect many of us in various ways.

As Mark W Travis (2012) writes:

Autobiographical storytelling is more than telling your stories; it is taking the audience on a journey. This is a journey designed and controlled by the storyteller. And performing the solo show is perhaps any actor’s greatest challenge. Not only do you tell the story but also you create a unique and powerful relationship with the audience or reader. You embody all the characters, you present yourself at a variety of ages and you narrate the story from various different points of view. Ultimately, and most importantly, you get to take the audience or reader on a very personal journey and allow them to share with you your life experiences in a profound and meaningful manner. For the performing artist this is the purest form of self-expression.

DEEP DEMOCRACY

The anecdotal evidence about the impact of Deep Democracy as a model, operating in the Process Work community for the past 25 plus years, suggests that this type of work offers unique opportunities to explore and encounter diversity. The model addresses the multitudinous types of diversity whether this is in the form of people, ideas, or opinions and experiences. It promotes a new way to learn and to connect and understand each other.

The concept of Deep Democracy was known to me prior to embarking on this journey and Project. Along the journey I was learning and exploring how Deep Democracy in particular

might work for me when finding myself up against these particular obstacles, difficulties, edges and stuckness. I found it worked very well!

It is not easy wrestling with the themes of colonisation, shame and guilt, displacement and dispossession of indigenous culture and people, rank and power and altered and extreme states*. These themes have histories that involve violence and trauma and in the background roles such as victims and perpetrators. It is easy to get stuck in one of these roles, or want to avoid them altogether. Practical tools based on the principle of Deep Democracy are essential. Learning about various roles present, knowing them as ourselves is a good first step. Then we can relate together and develop these roles, grow them, so they too don't remain 'stuck' roles. We can 'switch roles' to find out more about them and aspects of ourselves. Deep democracy helps me remember "we are both (sides) and we are also the flow between them" (Szymkiewicz, 2008).

WORLDWORK

Deep Democracy is a Worldwork concept.

Worldwork is a term that is used to describe both a six-day experiential seminar event and a group work method:

'Worldwork is the broad term for community-making and conflict-resolving approaches to small and large groups (up to about one thousand people) based on deep democracy' (Mindell, 2002, p24).

The world channel* is understood in Process Work to be one of the ways in which information is perceived and conveyed. The nature of the catalyst (finding the gravesite at WorldWork) was a strong synchronicity in the world channel, followed by strong reactions within myself which I wanted to know more about. I feel it is part of my dreaming to bring what at first seemed like very personal experiences into the world channel by way of sharing this project. In this way the Creative Project can be seen as a Worldwork Project.

QUALITATIVE PROCESS

This project is built on by the collection of qualitative data from me and the people involved in my interviews, lineage and journey. As part of the research process, I utilise multiple methods for gathering the required qualitative data. These include Innerwork, utilising Deep Democracy and semi-structured interviews. National and international literature from

journals, on-line papers, books, legislative documents, including the policy directions of State and Federal government departments and web-based resources are utilised. Some of the reflective discussions between members of the International Process Work Community and me are also included. These participatory methods were chosen because I am interested in gathering qualitative information.

I also include some relevant excerpts from my diary entries and journals of night time dreams throughout these years. This helps convey my learning path facilitated through the method of Deep Democracy. My investigation into this method and developing understanding of the key themes and my relationship to them are explored.

My path of discovery has included an adventure to special geographical places such as the Hawkesbury, The Rocks, Manly, and again to Collaroy for further research. I revisit these landslots, these special places and historical societies that house photographs and strange stories about my Ancestors and their relationship to that land.

My research was conducted using semi-structured interviews with my non-indigenous family members and my indigenous mentor Wayne Armytage. All of the 10 family participants interviewed are connected to the lineage of Elizabeth Jenkins whose gravesite I discovered when I attended my first WorldWork seminar on the grounds of the Collaroy Centre on the Northern Beaches of Sydney in 2006.

Six of these family members are women and four are men. Five of the ten family members I interviewed in my Innerwork and therapy sessions, as they have been deceased for over a century. The model of Deep Democracy and belief in the validity and experiences of realities other than Consensus Reality supported this process. This method is recommended by Arny Mindell and Amy Mindell (2012);

We knew about roles and ghost roles, but had not yet sufficiently practiced. About 1700 people died in connection with Hurricane Katrina in 2005 in New Orleans. That is about one half the number of US soldiers alone who have died in the Iraq conflicts. Those 1700 people are literally, a huge and painful “ghost role”.

Until now, we considered firstly the issues of everyday people in all conflicts and always thought about those who died. But for the first time, we actually focused on an imaginary experience or projection onto someone who died.

The effect was monumental. Specific deep and publicly unrecognized dimensions of feelings arose. This made us certain about the need to focus not only on the issues of the living, but upon those who have died. Remember: Listen to the living and listen (or imagine listening) to the dead.

There is much to explore in regards to this type of work. For example: Family Constellations is an experiential individual or groupwork method developed by German psychotherapist Bert Hellinger, and the work of Anne Ancelin Schützenberger who in 1998 wrote the book ‘The Ancestor Syndrome: Transgenerational Psychotherapy and the Hidden Links in the Family Tree’.

The Innerwork, conversations and interviews are based on curiosities and questions that I hold which can be categorised as follows:

- Story Telling Questions: I wanted people to tell me about their individual experiences of connectedness to Ancestors and land. I also wanted to hear about people’s thoughts and experiences in relation to Colonisation and the Australian context.
- Evaluative Questions: I wanted to gather people’s evaluations of what they liked about what I was doing and what may have been of concern to them.
- Speculative Questions: I began by asking the participant to speculate about what happened historically and how it may be relevant or related to today.

Interviews were designed to ensure the participant felt comfortable and at ease in discussing their individual family history and this enabled me to gather valuable, comprehensive data. Interviews were recorded through note taking, filming and voice recording. Information elicited from these interviews has been integrated into my story in accord with the Autobiographical Storytelling approach.

Autoethnology is an increasingly popular form of qualitative research. It is described as a form of writing that "makes the researcher's own experience a topic of investigation in its own right" (Ellis and Bochner, 2000 p. 733). Autoethnology is "an autobiographical genre of writing that displays multiple layers of consciousness, connecting the personal to the cultural" (p. 739). Throughout my project I, like other autoethnographers ask the reader to “feel the truth of (these) stories and to become coparticipants, engaging the storyline morally, emotionally, aesthetically, and intellectually" (p. 745). Ellis (2011) states “autoethnology as a method is both process and product”, this is my sense of this journey and project.

Quality and Validity of the Project

This project utilises various methods to ensure the validity, integrity and reliability of the information I heard and collected.

All written data has been kept in its original form. Records of Innerwork and interview records are held by myself in a locked filing cabinet. These data management and recording processes enhance the dependability of the data and enable others to review them as necessary.

Steps were taken to minimise potential quality risks and ensure that the research was conducted ethically. I explained to participants the nature, purpose and aims for the project. Each participant was treated with respect and dignity and every effort was made to ensure the participants understood all of the information about the project. I discussed the information to ensure the participants understood and agreed with the process.

The participants were informed that identifying data would be confidential, but some of their anonymous stories and opinions would be documented in a report. I was aware of the importance of maintaining confidentiality and privacy.

I endeavoured to ensure that the participants felt comfortable during the interviews. They were also informed that they had the right to stop the interview at any time and that at any time they could instruct me not to use their material. This ensured that participants felt empowered in relating their individual personal story.

Due to the autobiographical nature of the project, ethical considerations were not extensive because I'm mainly using myself and my creativity. However, there are ethical issues that emerge from a white person investigating themes such as racism, power, colonisation and appropriation. I am aware that what may be appropriate on a Dreaming (DR) level of reality*, may not be appropriate on a Consensus Reality (CR) level of reality. A powerful part of me, quite a critical part took over at this point. I realise that at times I am informed by one part of my identity that tells me I am offensive to people in CR. Then I realised that sometimes I drop my passion and shrink off never to be spoken of again...Suddenly I realised my experiences were real! That was me too! That second part was me too! And I can hold that as equally valid and know that both are me and that I can't kill it off. We had to learn to get along, both that critical CR character and that free curious spirit character.

As long as there is a sense that one person or level* is more important than another, deep democracy is not at hand...The attitude of deep democracy embraces our being both guilty of something, and at another level, innocent -- at the same time.

Understanding the simultaneous and paradoxical nature of all levels is what distinguishes deep democracy from ordinary democracy, everyday politics, mainstream psychology and some religious viewpoints that feel one reality may be more important than another. We don't mean to hurt anyone's feelings but want to stand for the idea that, spirituality and mundane events, individual and collective processes are --from the viewpoint of the totality of a process -- all equally important. That is why we suggest that: deep democracy is an elder's multi-levelled awareness process (Mindell and Mindell, 2012).

This message is particularly helpful to me on my journey of working on issues surrounding being a member of a colonising society. Deep Democracy, is the principle and method that I engaged and relied upon to navigate my way through this terrain. In Deep Democracy it is not just all sides and opinions that are valid and worthy of consideration, it is the various levels of reality that also require our awareness, respect and love. Deep Democracy can be seen as a way of life and worldview.

Insensitive and unethical research is characterised by the belief that the researcher can and will (as a result of the research) know more than the researched about their own experiences of their own lives. Yet it is not possible for an observer to fully know the experience of another. More particularly, a researcher can never fully know what oppression is more than the person who endures the oppression. As Schweitzer argues: 'the individual's experiential world is private and experience by him or her alone. It is not observable and cannot be quantified and observed by another in the same way as a chemical reaction might, for instance, be observed' (Atkinson, 2002, p. 14).

Deep Democracy is a means of conducting a sensitive and ethical research exploration. I utilise it more and more as I journey with the material.

Limitations of the Project

It is important to acknowledge that there are several limitations associated with this small, qualitative project. One is that the majority of participants in the project are related. This means that there was a reasonably high level of connection with the topic areas.

From this perspective the project could be considered narrow, and subjective. This is true. I did not attempt to investigate experiences in general, but focused purely on my own experiences and the utilisation of Process Work methods and concepts such as the Deep Democracy model. In some ways, the project may be conceptualised as a type of a memoir. Author and Literary Agent Barbara Doyen (2009), makes the following comparison between memoirs, autobiographies and biographies:

A memoir is a special kind of autobiography, usually involving a public portion of the author's life as it relates to a person, historic event, or thing. The text is about the personal knowledge and/or experiences of the author.

In contrast, an autobiography covers the author's entire life to the present, and is expected to include details about his or her public and private life. A biography is someone's life story written by another person.

The project canvassed only my own perspectives and those of the connections I already have. I did not seek to interview people outside these networks to corroborate data.

Ben Yagoda's (2009) book "*Memoir: A History*" reveals many criticisms and discussions about the limitations of autobiographically based writings. Some terms used are self-absorbed, unreliable, narcissistic, self-serving. Ben Mendelsohn (2010) in his review of Yagoda's book offers this view:

...yet sometimes memoir may be the only way to cover a subject effectively. Fifteen years ago, I found myself unable to complete a study of contemporary gay culture that I'd contracted to write. The book was meant be a more or less straightforward examination of the way in which the books, movies, and art that gay people were producing, and the way they partied, shopped, travelled, and dined, reflected gay identity. But the deeper I got into the subject, the harder I found it to isolate just what "gay identity" might be—not least because I and most of the other gay men I knew seemed to be torn between

the ostensibly straight identities and values they'd been brought up with (domesticity, stability, commitment, mortgages) and the "queer" habits and behaviors made possible in enclaves that were exclusively gay. Because I didn't want to suggest that I somehow stood outside those tensions and instabilities, I felt I had to write, in some part, about myself.

Similarly, I sought to explore the themes surrounding colonisation utilising myself as data, facilitated by the method of Deep Democracy.

Contribution to New Learning

I aim to contribute new learning to Process Oriented Psychology, commonly called ‘Process Work’ (PW) by:

- Applying PW methods in a new context – an Anglo-Australian woman exploring and personally documenting her journey of discovery and learning in regard to the complex issue of colonisation.
- Applying and exploring an existing aspect of PW theory, Deep Democracy.
- There are many illustrations of PW tools, methods and concepts in practice throughout the project, including illustrations of Innerwork practices through the presentation of excerpts and Process Mind practices
- The documentation of the practice of PW methods can be utilised as a teaching tool in many varied contexts.
- Popularising PW by introducing it to new audiences who may not have been previously exposed to PW theory. For example: those interested in exploring the experience and concepts of shame and guilt, or, those interested in the theme of Ancestors or Genealogy.
- Extending the reach of PW. I have included a Glossary of terms.

There have already been some factual, historical publications and articles written on my white family history. *Beyond the Seas* written by Val Rees (1996) is an account of Thomas Saunders and Mary Boucher’s life since their arrival in Australia. *The Jenkins Road* written by D. K. Muir (1992) explores the life of James Jenkins who married Thomas and Mary’s eldest child, Elizabeth Saunders. James Jenkins is my great-great-great-great Grandfather. He is perhaps most well-known because he built the first road between his farm at Collaroy and North Harbour at Manly. He was also a successful stonemason and ship builder in the Colony in the early 1800’s.

There have been well known Australian writers who have focussed on the themes of family history and convict ancestry. Contemporary novelists and writers exploring these themes include: Richard Flanagan, Andrew McGahan, Alex Miller, Alexis Wright, Kate Grenville, Inga Clendinnen, Tim Winton and Kim Scott.

Conclusion of Contextual Essay

Increasingly, the project feels like it is unfolding as a story which wants to tell itself, to unravel and be birthed into the world. I hope to impact the experience of the reader journeying with me, through the story, experience and learning as it occurs. Through each 'story' and my work with the method of Deep Democracy I review and connect the experience to my relationship to myself and all the parts of the story.

Following my 2006 discovery, I continue researching my matriarchal line since their arrival in Australia in 1795. This line extends through eight generations of women. Throughout this journey of discovery, information is revealed to me piece by piece, in a scattered manner, over time. I continue to document the experience and information obtained to date. In Appendix B I include a framed story which integrates the key pieces of this information.

At the time of my 2006 discovery I was overwhelmed to find my first 'piece' of Ancestral history when I stumbled upon Elizabeth Jenkins's grave clearly marked on the Collaroy site. Many of my blood Ancestors are also buried there. It has been a painful and humbling experience. Initially my experience is one of guilt and shame embedded in the likelihood of this land being part of the colonisation of the country by white settlers. My experience has been transformed however through the process of appreciating all sides of this history. These include the experience of indigenous and non-indigenous people and their relationship with each other. I now appreciate my Ancestor's story as one that offers profound hope.

At times I have felt pulled to produce a more 'academic', linear or more structured Project. At other times I felt tempted to produce creative snapshots of experiences. I want to make the story easy to read and understand. I also wanted to convey the manner in which I was experiencing the learning and the journey. Hence the final product combines styles. I easily identify with the words of Arny Mindell, (1990) when I also say:

I would like to apologise for any difficulties arising from the mixture of linear and meditative writing styles and I invite the reader to join me in adventure which I could not undertake in any other way.

I am deeply dreaming and longing to further research and write on many of the themes encapsulated here. These themes stretch beyond the scope of this creative project. I can

foresee myself taking it further in the coming years. I can see relationships developing and travels occurring. These travels will likely take me further back than the generations who arrived and were born in Australia. Travels to the United Kingdom and to the land spots where my Ancestry hailed from are likely. I look forward to connecting with my Ancestors prior to the identity of 'Australian', or 'coloniser', or 'convict'. Dispossession is also part of my ancestral story.

In the short term, I have plans to travel with my family further into and around Australia. I am excited to travel with an awareness of history and the themes explored here. I look forward to sharing and travelling with this awareness, a respect and sensitivity to the issues with my daughters while they are still very young. I can see and feel a deepening of my love and my relationship with this sacred, beautiful and ancient country and I want to impart this to them.

Since beginning the exploration into my Ancestors and their stories, my awareness about 'who I am' is also deepening. How I am connected to this land feels clearer. My responsibility and desire to personally honour and acknowledge the history of this country, the land, the people and all our Ancestors is also clearer.

I honour and acknowledge the traditional custodians and First Peoples of this land. I deeply acknowledge and grieve about the enormity of violence, trauma, pain and suffering that has occurred since colonisation.

I honour and acknowledge others who have been part of this, including my own Ancestors.

I sit here with a heart full of feeling and respect.

THE CREATIVE PROJECT



I

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I

Timeline of Awareness

Pre 2006

‘THE PRE-DISCOVERY YEARS’

Childhood stories, some Australian and family History

I was born in 1975 in Sydney, NSW Australia and spent the majority of my childhood years growing up in Gunnedah, a small country town in North Western NSW. My family is middle-class of Anglo-Celtic origins and most of the adults are/were secondary or primary school teachers (mother, father, step father, grandfather, aunt, two uncles). Holidays and Christmases were often spent with Grandparents in Sydney.

One of the most memorable rumours that I recall as a child came from my maternal grandparents. It was that we ‘could all have been rich’ as we had ‘once owned land on the Northern beaches, until a long lost relative gave it to the church’...In my memory this gossip would pop up on Christmas Day when we were all hot and wanting to swim but were living nowhere near the beach. I developed a fantasy in my head that we could all be together to celebrate Christmas at this magical, rich land on the beach. Green rolling hills and nice big tables with table cloths overlooking the beach. In my mind, as soon as the food was served, I would grab a chicken leg and race to the beach for the whole day. Living ‘near the beach’ became a source of yearning and tinged with a sense of loss and resentment to the mysterious family member who had ‘given it all away’. Throughout this recent journey I have developed further associations with the concept of land ownership/custodianship and dispossession.

It did not occur to me as a child or young person to ask any further questions about this mysterious land. Its whereabouts was unknown. So too was how and when it had come and gone from our ‘possession’. Why was it given to the Church? It just seemed like a rather melancholy fact. This piece of gossip was the main mysterious thread of information or knowledge I held about my ancestry or family history. Family history or connection to family members more than one or two generations back simply did not feature in my family culture. Due to this lack of exposure and information, my curiosity and natural inclination lay dormant for many years to come.

I did not grow up with a sense of being connected to any particular land spot or the land itself. I have always loved being outside and being in nature. I had my special places I would go to depending on my mood and needs to receive healing and solace. But it has not been until recent years that I have begun to deepen my conscious understanding and experience more of a powerful interconnection and relatedness with nature.

As a child growing up in country NSW in the 1980's, I received what is now referred to as the 'white blindfold' version of Australian history. We celebrated Australia Day and the arrival of the First Fleet. We weren't taught at home or school about the history of colonisation that included anything 'real' about Aboriginal people, culture, or history. We were given 'Dreamtime' stories to read, which I found magical and wonderful, yet there was no further connections made or further support for me to make links between these stories and Aboriginal culture or beliefs.

It was not until I attended University that Aboriginal history from an Aboriginal perspective became clearer to me. However, at that time I did not have the internal or external support, connections or role models to know how to be or deal with the new information, gaps in knowledge and questions that emerged and the feelings and that I was experiencing. I considered myself a sympathetic supporter of Aboriginal issues and yet looking back I see my lack of consciousness and awareness. This grieves me now as I realise the losses, the pain, and the impact on our society of generations of Australians who like me were growing up in ignorance, without a connection to multiple experiences of history from a diversity of viewpoints on so many levels.

2006-2007
'THE DISCOVERY YEARS'

Finding my Ancestors gravesite at Worldwork, Collaroy Sydney and exploring what this knowledge meant to me as an Anglo-Australian woman.

In April 2006, Process Work brought me a step closer to myself. Worldwork* 2006 was held at Collaroy in Sydney. This was my first Worldwork. I was 30 years of age. On the morning of the first day, I met my friend Jeff Power, who introduced me to Process Work in 2003. He tells me there is a gravesite just behind the main hall...I love gravesites generally...but this morning I was also feeling a bit nervous and apprehensive. I was thinking about the old family rumours 'the land we used to own on the Northern beaches, then it was given to the Church'. We were staying on a Salvation Army Church site. Before arriving at Collaroy that year for my first Worldwork Seminar I recall daring to wonder if this could this be a "weird coincidence"? Has Process Work and Worldwork led me to the land of my family's ancestors? Did my own flesh and blood once walk on this exact land? Could Collaroy, this well-known Sydney suburb be the magical beach land of my childhood Christmas day fantasy?

Whilst this sounded good it seemed 'far-fetched' and I was not identified with feeling intrigued or curious, just nervous...the thought felt too big for me. Strong forces were at play. I felt too old and too young at the same time. It seemed incredulous to me to be having big personal, family related discoveries and synchronicities relating to Worldwork and Process Work. Also, if this idea were credible how embarrassing to potentially discover something so personal amidst such a large group of people. I now ask how come I didn't know enough about my family history to be aware of this beforehand? I had a sense of the past from the family rumours. But like so many of my generation of Anglo Australians, I didn't know a lot about my family's past. Our parents and grandparents on the whole weren't into looking at family history. Is it the shame of being from convict blood that keeps us quiet? The shame of being sent from the 'homeland' as a criminal and having no say in that? From my more educated perspective the shame about being white and part of the colonising side? What was underneath the 'we just didn't talk about it' - didn't have much to say about where we came from or our ancestors. One frequent response is that this was characteristic of the culture of the generation...but still I ask 'why?' and feel a sense of loss. There were so many secret stories in these generations,

including our family, relating to family skeletons buried in the shame of religious issues such as Protestants marrying Catholics and being excommunicated from the family...

Anyway, back to the story....I went to see the gravesite which was just behind the main hall where the large group were meeting for the Worldwork Seminar. It is a gravesite - a memorial site within an enclosed fence and gate surrounded by a hedge. The area is about ten feet square filled with white and grey pebbles with a headstone at the end. See below for a photo and the next page for my reproduction of the inscription on the headstone.



In Loving Memory Of
ELIZABETH JENKINS
 PROMOTED TO GLORY
 26 JUNE, 1900 AGED 83 YEARS
 THE GENEROSITY OF ELIZABETH JENKINS MADE THIS CENTRE POSSIBLE
 AND HAS IMPACTED COUNTLESS LIVES OVER MANY LONG YEARS
'Suffer the children to come unto me'.
 THIS FAMILY GRAVE IS ALSO SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

<p>PHILLIP JENKINS passed away 14th December 1851 aged 23 years</p> <p>MRS (JAMES) ANN JENKINS passed away 30th July 1852 aged 30 years</p> <p>WILLIAM JENKINS passed away 20th January 1853 aged 31 years</p> <p>JAMES JENKINS passed away 1st Nov 1853 aged 33 years</p>	<p>MARY MARTHA JENKINS passed away 30th September 1890 aged 64 years</p> <p>JOHN JENKINS passed away 13th October 1910 aged 73 years</p> <p>PHILLIP JENKINS passed away 25th January 1931 aged 75 years</p> <p>ELIZABETH MACDONALD JENKINS passed away 28th May 1971 aged 82 years</p>
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Standing on the stones, facing this memorial headstone, surrounded by the hedged fence that day was an experience I will never forget. Somehow, I knew in my body without yet having 'proof' that these people remembered here were actually my blood ancestors. It was a kind of waking up. Despite feeling overwhelmed, I simultaneously felt like I wanted to know 'who I was' for the first time in my life. Were these people my 'flesh and blood'? I felt lightheaded, yet very present and strong. I felt like time had stood still and the place had succeeded in calling me there.

That day I called my grandmother Molly who still lives in Sydney, to ask if the name Elizabeth Jenkins was familiar to her. It wasn't, but she rang her elder brother Harry who was 91 and living in Brisbane (he passed away recently in 2011 aged 97 years). His wife had done some family history research years before said that yes Elizabeth Jenkins was an ancestor and yes she had given a lot of land in Collaroy to the Church of the Salvation Army. She also sent me a handwritten page of information she had which I would receive a week or so later.

This was my first piece of ‘evidence’ of my family lineage. It was to be my only piece of paper for a long time. As it turns out, I would not be ready for many years to look more deeply into my own lineage. I now know much more and have countless pages of research and stories (see Appendix B for some examples). This first piece of paper obtained in 2006 is a prized possession and remains glued onto page April 29 of my 2006 diary next to the page of the photo of the headstone.

For me, those days in April 2006 at Collaroy were full of deep and powerful experiences. Confronted with the fact that I now knew where I had come from, well, as far as eight generations back. This is as far as any Anglo Australian can go back give or take three years and the arrival of the First Fleet in 1788. The impact of the discovery was striking and dramatic and put me into a sort of shock. Part of that shock was that the experience of that week in 2006 was one of deep seated unconscious guilt and shame about what it was to me to identify as white. Now, on reflection, I see that this strong reaction was in part due to the context of discovering my ancestral history at a Worldwork seminar, partly the reaction belongs to a role in the field which is often vacated, and partly it is because of a personal historical pattern or myth, and bias towards shame and guilt.

I was in and out of an altered state* the entire time. Not being overly familiar with working with myself while in these states at that time, I struggled to be present with myself. Now I see this as a deep invitation to access a dreaming* experience. I also understand this experience as initiatory and integral to future experiences that would follow.

The main questions that began to run through my mind those first few days, weeks, months, were: ‘how the hell did they (we) get the land on the first place’? How was it hers to ‘give’ so generously? What happened here on this exact piece of land? Were my own flesh and blood ancestors responsible for bloodshed or violence towards the First Australians? – Most likely. I was desperate to know and not know. It was too late now however and other daemons starting raising their heads too. Why should it make such a huge difference now? I’d known that atrocities happened in our history. Why be so impacted now ‘just because’ it might have been your own bloodline? Shame and guilt were at the helm of this internal discourse and operating in a way that I couldn’t see the next wave. I was at sea not knowing when the next wave would come and from which direction or angle it would arise.

Luckily for me, part of the package of attending Worldwork is that you get a two 30 minute individual sessions with a Process Worker. My therapist was Jane Martin who years later

became my project supervisor. Jane modelled a reaction that I was not in touch with at that time. She modelled amazement and wonder and curiosity. I recall being surprised and a bit jealous of her seemingly agony-free reaction. I was feeling so much pressure and pain and suffering. She helped me verbalise that what I was feeling was shame, guilt and shock. I had so many unanswered questions, which I didn't yet know how to articulate. She suggested I talk with Wayne Armytage, an indigenous man and important and respected elder in our Process Work Community in Australia.

It took me a few days to approach Wayne. When I did, he asked to come with me to see the gravesite. What happened next will remain a central moment in my life. Wayne read everyone's name on the gravestone and began to weep. He acknowledged that there had been several deaths within a few years and that those who died within a few years of each other were very young. He said that there must have been a lot of pain here. At that time I was stunned by Wayne's compassion and feeling. He actually felt for people that may have been directly responsible for taking the land and dispossessing his ancestors. How could he see their humanity? How could he not be filled with anger and hatred toward them, toward me? I said something of that nature to him and he replied: "no one takes the land, no one owns the land, the land owns us, the land owns you". The gifts Wayne gave me that day continue to reveal themselves to me still and I am so grateful to him for his deep eldership*, love and compassion. To me, Wayne's reaction that day is the model of Deep Democracy embodied.

For myself, I was unable to move in a feeling way at that time into compassion or even curiosity. I was filled in turn with shame, anger, hatred and disbelief. I could no longer rest unconsciously, pretending to ignore what I knew deep down. From the back of my mind the painful, horrific, shameful and violent history of white invasion of Australia came to the fore.

As I mentioned earlier, my early formal education had been vague and inadequate in regards to a complete version of Australian history. Suddenly I could not be ignorant any longer. The year was 2006. I was a 30-year old Bachelor of Social Work Graduate for goodness sake! I had been out of the school system and in the 'real' world long enough to know the truth about our history. As Sarah Maddison (2011) writes: 'it is virtually impossible for any Australian today to claim that they do not know of our contested history and the questions it raises in the present' (p. 102).

Among others, W.E.H. Stanner (2010), in his *1968 Boyer lectures: After the Dreaming*, explored the 'great Australian silence' and 'the cult of forgetfulness practised on a national

scale' which is evident in the books written about Australian history up until that time. Gradually more educators, historians, writers, elders, activists, artists, film makers, and many others have managed to raise the mainstream awareness of Indigenous perspectives and fuller versions of our history. However, as Maddison (2011) writes:

...but just having knowledge of past events is not enough. If non-Indigenous people want to understand the experiences of Indigenous people today we need to understand the ways in which trauma from past policies and historical acts continues to affect them (p. 64).

The first group process at Worldwork 2006 focussed on the pain and suffering that indigenous people experience as a result of colonisation and dispossession from their land. I was struck in a new more personal way on hearing the personal stories of pain, dislocation, racism and violence towards indigenous people. I hated that this had happened. I could almost not bear to hear it, but I wanted to hear. I wanted to hear the truth. I wanted to somehow try to make amends for 'what we had done'. I was suffering through hearing of the suffering. I experienced a bit more insight into the motivation behind 'the great Australian silence' and the 'cult of forgetfulness' from a white person's point of view. It is confronting, confusing and uncomfortable. My own 'internal' silence was beginning to stir.

The last group process at that Worldwork was about ancestors. At the end of that process, Army in the role of the Ancestor asked the group what the Ancestors are saying right now? I was sitting there, internally keeling over with the awareness that my Ancestors were buried right outside the door and I'd only just discovered it a few days before.

Here is an excerpt from my diary immediately after this last group process. I made my way back to my room in a slightly altered state and began writing:

"Standing in the role of the ancestor...I would have said: 'I want to stand here, visible to you – a visual reminder of the presence and existence and role of the ANCESTOR. I am curious to see how the visible presence of the ANCESTOR will affect you, your feelings and behaviours.'

I would have said: 'Personally, I have had the opportunity to begin to develop this understanding this week. There is a visible representation of my ancestor's right outside this door. Each day I see it and it comes as a little shock and I am just only really beginning to feel the lesson from this.

One thing I already notice is a transformation in the way that I walk.

When I see the gravesite and feel that my ancestors are buried there and on this site – I walk with more awareness- I feel the earth under my feet – the green becomes brighter, and the sounds of nature clearer and crisper.

I feel the sacredness of the earth

I feel more vulnerable in myself this way. I feel more transparent in relationship. At this stage it is difficult to hold, but I believe it. I can hold onto the Big gift of learning I have been offered here this week. I will take this awareness into my very core, my very being and it will transform how I AM on this planet, within myself and my relationships.

I'm not sure why or how this happens but I feel the change in my body.

I see the grave and somehow I am reminded of my connection to the earth and the spirit world at the same time. I feel connection – not the usual separation experiences.

I feel 'together' in my body – connected to something/s bigger than me. This MUST transform how I am in relationship.

I dream into how this could be for us when we are involved in war I would imagine it would help us to see and feel the bigger picture. Help us feel less different/other and unlike the 'enemy'.

We will all be together as spirits. We will all form the spirit world together

My Ancestors are here. This means when I act, they see. This means I walk and act with the knowing that those who have enabled my existence see what I do – this means that I act and honour them more. Act with awareness and honour of the ancestors. It opens the place in you that is eternal that is spirit. It is your direct lineage – it is your direct connection with the Earth also.

If I hold the hand of the ancestor, I also hold the hand of the SPIRIT, of the EARTH, of GOD and the Eternal Spirit.

How can I remember my Ancestors?

A visual reminder?

How would it change the way I am in relationships?

More detachment, more love, more trust and faith in the eternal nature that Life doesn't end when I die, that humans aren't all there is that the Earth and Spirit are calling us to be in relationship with them

Less petty hurting of ourselves and others

More awe and reverence for the time when you are a living human being and also less importance and crucial-ness of the fact! – less panic and fear that we must annihilate the 'other' for we are all really the same

I feel a bit embarrassed that I could not share the learning with the group

I am just a beginner

I hope to learn and feel more with the ancestors and offer this learning and awareness in my PW thesis

ARNY is my teacher on the Earth about this too. He talks about being shamans in group process.

I have an invitation from the ANCESTORS and PROCESS WORK to 'come home' – to be connected to Nature, and Ancestors and Earth and to follow myself

TO WALK WITH THE AWARENESS OF OUR ANCESTORS EXISTENCE – Big U*, connection, awe, reverence, gratitude, honour, respect for those follow also.

I am a mother, I will be an Ancestor – I am already an Ancestor if I get in touch with the experience of that

WW

2006

Nicole

(I keep going....)

I am just a human waking up to this

I would like to imagine I will continue to wake up

To talk to birds more

To talk to the sunrise more

To thank the Earth

They speak to us through the water

The movement of the waves

The glint of the sun on the clouds

In our dreams

Through the ruffle of the trees

In the wind

Reminding us they are there

And we are they too

Let it into the bones of your body

Then let it move you

This came out when I was free writing in my diary at Worldwork in 2006, trying to capture my learning's from the amazing state I was in...I still remember feeling like the land was writing through me...it felt like an awakening. Something like that had never happened in that way before.

Believing the land could communicate with me just wasn't how I was raised. Unlike many traditional indigenous cultures this was not part of my regular approach to life. While not new to many people, particularly within indigenous traditions and culture, this was new to me. It powerfully affected me. I had not heard anything like this before and yet it was happening to me and these words were coming out of my pen. The experience set me on a journey of discovery and almost obsession with wanting to know more about what happened to me, more about indigenous teaching and culture, more about connectedness to nature.

On writing about my feelings and experiences of connectedness to Nature and Ancestors I often get stuck, for months, even years at a time. I could not bring myself to write about that for fear of looking stupid, corny, ignorant, naïve. While I don't relate as much to this severe and long term paralysis now, I still can recall the impact of those internal critics and edges*. I still get stuck from time to time. For the purpose of explaining a little about what it was like for me a few years ago, here is an excerpt from some notes taken in 2007:

"Just had another nasty vehement critic attack/onslaught (e.g. "who the hell are you to talk about that experience as if you'd discovered any of those ideas at all?", "so now you find out your ancestors have probably been perpetrators and you get all high and mighty about being connected to nature, that's downright stupid, patronising and racist", "this is going to insult everyone who reads it in one way or another", "shut the hell up, stop being so self-indulgent and go back to your day job you white ignoramus!") "who the hell wants to listen to another white whinger going on about THEMSELVES!" "so bloody indulgent, writing about yourself and putting your poems in as if people actually care about your little private epiphanies"..etc. etc...– Had to lay down for a bit...I decided that having awareness of the fact that for many people this is their Way and has been for a long time throughout the ages and this is the important thing right now...I also had to remind myself, this is MY story, it may not be ground-breaking news for anyone else in the world, but nevertheless it's a personal account of my path so far...these words by Marianne Williamson (1996, p.190-191) help me here:

"Our deepest fear is not that we are inadequate.

Our deepest fear is that we are powerful beyond measure.

It is our light, not our darkness that most frightens us.

We ask ourselves, Who am I to be brilliant, gorgeous, talented, fabulous?

Actually, who are you not to be?

You are a child of God.

*Your playing small does not serve the world.
There is nothing enlightened about shrinking so that other people won't feel
insecure around you.
We are all meant to shine, as children do.
We were born to make manifest the glory of God that is within us.
It's not just in some of us; it's in everyone.
And as we let our own light shine, we unconsciously give other people permission
to do the same. As we are liberated from our own fear, our presence automatically
liberates others."*

This speech has always helped me. Not just for the words but the tone and the spirit which it conveys. To me it is about being true to ourselves, being our deepest selves in the world and knowing that doing that is a big and beautiful thing to do. This is Deep Democracy. Doing it with a spirit of love toward yourself and others, even if you make mistakes, it will be OK. It reminds me that we are all in that same boat together in this respect and can support each other in this way. When we think we are different and separate from each other, fear can and does creep in.

I also feel that this speech and sentiment is like a balm for lurking shame and guilt. I will discuss Shame and Guilt further in a later chapter of this project. Deep Democracy seemed to help and support me to hold a loving and accepting attitude towards myself and remember I am never just one thing, one part, or one role. This knowing and remembering helps move from 'stuckness'.

2007-2009

‘MORE DISCOVERY AND “STUCK” YEARS’

Exploring ‘Ancestors’ and Australian Aboriginal Culture and History

After Worldwork in 2006 at Collaroy, I was increasingly drawn to reading and learning about indigenous history, wisdom, stories and sitting in front of indigenous art for long periods of time. I was drawn to the word Ancestor and began researching the various ways different cultures connect with their Ancestors. When I was pregnant with my second daughter Chloe in 2007, I attended a 4-week series of workshops for a small group of pregnant women called *The Art of Mindful Birthing*. During one of these sessions, we were led in a movement meditation/ritual called *Harvesting the Gifts of the Ancestors* developed by Deep ecologist Joanna Macy. This was a powerful healing experience on an energetic level. I became more personally aware of a need to feel more connected to my Ancestors and to know more about them.

I also started collecting quotes about Ancestors for example:

The blood of our ancestors incessantly move in us and combines with our own to form the unique, unrepeatable being that we are at every turning in our life (Rilke, 1993).

Every man is a quotation from all his ancestors (Emerson)

”Dreamtime law” is assured by the constancy of ritual and ceremonial life in which they enter into ecstatic or trance states, contacting and listening to the voices of the Ancestors echoing from the great Dreamtime (Lambert, 1993, p. 7)

Over the next few years, I was drawn to learning about Ancestors being part of the land and landscape in the Aboriginal tradition. I became obsessed with connecting to the land and being a part of the land...the Process Work concepts of Earth Based Psychology* and Process Mind* was soon to be ‘invented’ by Arny.

The practice of Process Mind continues to be especially helpful for me. I am continuously moved and grateful for this practice, which I consider to be an opportunity to practice and embody Deep Democracy. Every possibility exists in nature. All energies are represented. And so when we practice Process Mind, we get the opportunity to practice embodying all our

infinite potentialities. None are left out in Nature because they are too scary, deadly, nice, shy, boring, large, small, smelly etc. there is a place for everything here.

During these years, I was so excited and thought all this learning was really great and powerful and so wonderful! I kept learning and researching about Ancestors, and how various cultures across time and space relate to them and through this relationship connect to nature. I spent time practicing accessing my Process Mind and then writing about my experience.

Significant learning opportunities continued to arise which taught me more. The nature of this awareness timeline is that it changes, grows, and develops over time. No doubt I will have the opportunity to review, edit, amend this Project in the coming months and years ahead! Here is an excerpt from some notes taken in 2009:

My next deep and public learning experience about the wisdom that can come through the land came at Byron Bay at the ANZPOP Intensive in 2008 in the final group process. I felt a deep body experience of grief, love and learning. The Group Process was all about respect for the land and Indigenous teachings. I felt a coming home to the part of me that yearns for connection to spirit via the land and the body. There was a knowing feeling in my body – sitting, listening feeling, waiting, feeling into it, then acting. This quality of being, again, was not taught or modelled to me by my own culture or family or education. I began to appreciate more that living in this country, being part of this land, listening to indigenous people share their culture, and following my dreaming* was enabling me to begin to Feel and learn in this way.

As a group we were advised by Wayne Armytage to read *A Story about Feeling* by Aboriginal Elder Bill Neidjie (1989). This book is a jewel, a gift, a teaching that enters your eyes, mind and body...it truly teaches with feeling and I could physically and emotionally FEEL the wisdom entering me as I read it...A significant excerpt:

Don't go round and put your head down.

*Listen carefully, careful and this spirit e come in your feeling
and you will feel it...anyone that. I feel it.. my body same as you.*

I telling you this because the land for us never change round.

Places for us, earth for us, star, moon, tree, animal,

no-matter what sort of animal, bird or snake...

all that animal same like us. Our friend that

*if you got story, heart...
then speak yourself, stand for it!*

Neidjie's words inspire me at a core level. This helps me connect with my family and nature and encourages me out of the realm of duality to write, speak, learn and be.

Back to Ancestors - Land and Spirit. Our Ancestors bodies are buried in the land, becoming one with the Earth. Their Spirits are all around us, in Nature, also becoming one with the Land. This is also sentience - a unitive level of awareness - it is deeply democratic - there is no 'other' - no separation...we are interconnected with everything and everything is sacred. These are words that describe an experience I am becoming more familiar with over time. At Collaroy in 2006, after realising my ancestors had lived at that land spot, I did experience a new sense of peacefulness and deepening of being. I seemed to slow down when walking, look more deeply into the colours of nature and felt more sensitive generally in my body in relationship to the land. I express this in my diary entry on page 43.

Again, one of the messages I received from Worldwork in 2006 was about Eldership: "An Elder has love for herself and community and birds and animals - Land and Spirit". This is a core belief in indigenous wisdom, "The Earth is our Mother. That makes you and me - us - brother and sister. Walk with me, talk with me, listen and learn with me" (Randall and Hogan, 2008).

I learnt more about this by reading, observation and from my night-time dreams. Miriam Rose Ungunmerr-Bauman, an Aboriginal woman from Daly River talks on Youtube (2010) about the quality of dadirri,

It is our most unique gift. It is perhaps the greatest gift we can give to our fellow Australians. In our language this quality is called dadirri. It is inner, deep listening and quiet, still awareness. Dadirri recognises the deep spring that is inside us. We call on it and it calls to us. This is the gift that Australia is thirsting for. It is something like what you call "contemplation" (Ungunmerr-Bauman, 2010).

It was this experience I directly FELT on those days in Collaroy and again in Byron, and it was a sacred feeling. I felt and still feel very blessed to have experienced that in my body...it changes

you from that point on, you can't go back really. I still forget but it becomes more and more familiar as a way of Being.

My birthday dream* in 2009 taught me more about the way we can learn through our bodies, through our feeling...this is a way of seeing without eyes, at least not just with our eyes:

I am at an indigenous ceremonial site. Dusk into night-time.

Location is near Yamba? - a small beach town between two bigger beach towns. The site is near the beach, surrounded by trees and scrub (like ti trees). There is a ceremonial stage (low wooden with a basic sheltered roof) and a large outdoor rectangular area facing the stage for the crowd - this is sandy and people sit on the sand. Kids are running in circles around the entire venue. Rosie, my daughter, is with them and other 4 year olds - I was trying to get them to watch and be respectful but I couldn't get them to sit down...I kind of gave up and no one else was seeming to bother, but I was still worried about it.

We are there for a performance - aboriginal boys (12 -15 kids to adolescents) - they are on stage getting ready for their performance. The crowd is waiting and chatting.

On stage at the back, facing out to the crowd (i.e. behind the performers), is two lines on "mid-elders", important people within the aboriginal community and some welcome, accepted white people who are a part of that group too.

We are all waiting for the arrival of the three female elders of the area.

I am being chaperoned and trained by the mid-elders and am welcome to sit with them and be a part of that group even though I am new to their group. I am very 'white' ("green"), excited, happy and nervous to be there. I am wanting to be respectful and watch what happens and learn.

As soon as the three elders arrive (chaperoned and protected by their two silent but powerful lore men), the dance immediately starts, the crowd sit and listen, the kids stop running and sit and watch too.

They enter at the back of the stage, see me, smile slightly their welcome to me - acknowledging they know I am there and that it is OK.

The dance it is clear, is about sorry and the stolen generation. It was very moving and I was crying. The dance was powerful and the main young man had a power and magic in his eyes and movement and gestures. He was teaching and communicating by his eyes and movements and feeling. He looked me straight in the eye and I gasped and felt the power of the learning come into my body. The elders knew I had 'got it'.

As soon as the dance was over, the intense power and magic feeling left the scene and the kids got up and started running around again.

NEXT SCENE:

This was the next day - same group of people (some from the crowd and some from the group on the stage), same place except we were all on the stage in a circle this time and it was daylight.

A meeting is called by the three elders of the area (women). The people who 'knew' about correct respect and customs already had special eye masks on (handmade out of cardboard).

There was scissors and cardboard lying around for people to make their own. I didn't know how to do it properly, but a lady (my helper from the previous night) knew I had a good heart and good intention and tried to help me make the mask before the elders arrived.

The elders arrived (with the lore men who were like their bodyguards) and my mask wasn't quite ready but they knew I was trying hard to get it on and were kind to me - letting me be a little bit slower in getting it on - giving me 'le-way'. They could "see" me and knew I was 'good' and right for me to be there.

When the mask was one you could really 'see' and you really got 'seen'. This meant that you could communicate through feelings and body feeling together. You could deeply know what was going on at the meeting and be connected to it all.

To this day re-reading this dream gives me access to a particular broad and spacious proprioceptive (body feeling) state of awareness and connectivity with myself, my body and environment.

... Let's continue the time-line of my path to the writing of this project and exploration of concepts of Ancestors/Eldership/Connection/Process Mind....In November 2008, Julie Diamond a Process Oriented teacher from Portland, Oregon, led a course entitled '*The Unfinished Work of Ancestors*' in Auckland, New Zealand. The word "Ancestors" was in the title - I had to go! I had no passport, was still breastfeeding my youngest daughter who had just turned one year old. These things did not stop me!

The flyer for this workshop said the 'course would encompass Family Therapy, Relationship work, and the Force of History; "The past is not dead. It is not even past". We explored how the force of history and ancestral dreams live on in our relationship and family dynamics, and how our personal; relationships are vessels for collective change. Specifically we looked at how

the habits of history live on in our relationships, and how to understand and transform the unfulfilled dreams and longings of ancestors.

For me personally, this was a time where I dug deeper into what the word Ancestor was DOING to me. It was a word, or term, that was behaving like a living thing – getting into my bones and body and making me FEEL things. I was being taught by this word. Taught about the importance of connecting with the deepest part of who we are – across time and space, going back into the past and forward into the future. The word Ancestor for me was further becoming unavoidably linked to the Land too. I frequently began to visualise people being burnt after death, or decaying into the land, and merging with the Earth. These were calming rather than disturbing reveries. From looking back at my childhood books of Dreamtime stories I understood in a new way how in Indigenous culture, the Ancestors are Dreamtime spirits living among us, as animals, landforms and weather systems.

Being in New Zealand-Aotearoa was wonderful too. I felt well and healthy there. I felt supported by my night-time dreams, dreaming, family and Ancestors to be there and the lineage and visibility of indigenous presence was palpable. I wondered whether this feeling of well-being was supported in part by the historical fact that in 1840 a Treaty was made with the Maori inhabitants. Today, Australia is still the only Commonwealth country colonised without a treaty with the Indigenous inhabitants.

After the trip I had a dream about house hunting in New Zealand and finding a house which on the outside looked normal enough, but behind the scenes, out the back, was a training clinic for Maori shamans. If we agreed to buy the house we were agreeing to become the custodians and protectors of the training school, the ‘normal’ front so the deeper healing work can be done out the back! The dream helped me think about the different levels of our identities – the front of house mask, and our deeper, more intuitive, healing, ‘indigenous’ ways. Deep democracy helps to remind me that all levels of our realities and identities are valuable and important.

Here are some notes I wrote after spending that time in New Zealand:

Across time and age and cultures, we see images and hear stories of people at one with Nature...I believe in my blood and bones that this is our birth right, this is a calling to step into our power, our Eldership and our relationship with nature. Developing the skills of an elder is crucial – fluidity*, detachment, to hold events that are happening and have access to our deepest selves, deep democracy, following

Nature, dead while alive, great elders can hold the tension within themselves, see the other and keep compassion (Jung, Dalai lama, Mandela, Arny, Elders)

While writing I try to practice waiting and being with the theme and ideas, waiting until I feel the energy move through me to act...from time to time this was challenging and I found myself 'trying' hard to write and come up with ideas. It's a hard way to go about things common in my day to day life although that is changing more and more.

Wayne helped me understand that it is not possible to truly own land or take the land away...we all belong to the land. In 'Tales of the Ancestral Powers', this is clearly explained: 'relatedness of people to land forms and regions through a metaphysical or spiritual ancestry replaces the Western concept of ownership' (p24). I have a responsibility to my blood Ancestors whose origins are Anglo-Celtic. These Ancestors were/are also deeply connected to Nature. I was reading an article entitled 'Ancient Land – Current Connections', by Graham Ellis-Smith (2003), whose ancestry is Euro-Celtic. He writes of his Ancestors:

'They saw intelligence in all things; plants, animals, rocks and water etc. Deeply ceremonial, they celebrated their connection with song and dance, stories and rituals many times in the yearly cycles. Their shrines are in Nature; rock pools, tree groves and waterfalls. Their clans had distinct rights and connection to specific areas of land and their plant and animal totems guided them in living out their connection. Magic is a part of everyday existence and their 'little people'; the carriers of magic and sacred law were and are well known to them.'

Many spiritual and mystical traditions are deeply rooted in the land and Nature. From his own experience with Australian Aboriginal people, Cherokee Native American people; Shona in Zimbabwe; and Lua, Kikuyu, Masai and Meru in Kenya, Ellis-Smith found that 'many traditions believe in the land as a living, intelligent being enhanced and enlivened by ceremony and ritual'.

Since I have begun to research and explore the theme of Ancestors, I am increasingly realising the similarities and connections ancient traditions of many cultures. I do not know enough about this topic to expand much further here, however I am deeply interested in the cross cultural link that is: connectedness with Ancestors = connectedness with Nature. Ceremony and ritual was and is a core aspect of honouring Ancestors and Nature (often one and the same). I have a knowing somewhere deep within me of this as a truth. Connecting with this now as I write, I am in touch with a body experience I will describe: *'it is a feeling of being connected with all of who I am across time, which is everyone, and across my environment, which is everything'*.

This experience is useful as it can provide a sense of detachment and space from my everyday way of being which can feel a little/a lot less spacious! In Process Work, we might call this state of awareness 'Process Mind'*. It is an experience of 'non-locality'*, explained by Mindell (2010); 'Processmind is both inside of you and, at the same time apparently connected to everything you notice' (p. 4). It is also a metaskill*, which I can use to help me with the everyday challenges or 'stuckness' my little U* encounters.

Essentially for several years, post Worldwork 2006, I devoted myself to opening up to the shameful truth about what had happened and continues to happen in regard to the Australian Aboriginal people. I was touched by the gifts and learning I was receiving from Aboriginal spirituality and the concept of connecting with Ancestors.

I thought I had completed the first draft of my final project!

I thought that I was done!

I had opened up to 'other' ways, wisdoms and perspectives! Surely I was transformed by delving into the painful truth of Australian history, immersing myself in learning about indigenous cultures, finding out about the value of connecting to Ancestors and Nature. Surely this was Deep Democracy in action!

2010-2011

‘CONFRONTED BY MY OWN ONE-SIDEDNESS YEARS’

Waking up to the excommunication of my whiteness and

Ancestral history

In early 2010, I booked a session with Jane Martin, who had been a key person in the early part of this ‘story’ since Worldwork at Collaroy in 2006. She had always shown interest and curiosity in my journey and encouraged me to write about it.

Towards the end of the session, after I had explained and outlined my project structure and ideas, she said something like: “it’s great Nicole, you have done a lot of work, it’s all good....but can I say something that might be a little confronting?” I curiously agreed. She said “well, it’s all great...but...it’s a little one-sided”... ..that moment that felt similar to realising that my Ancestors were buried on the Collaroy site. I had a bodily reaction to this simple statement. I think I gasped involuntarily and held my breath. I couldn’t believe what I had heard. I couldn’t believe I couldn’t believe it. I couldn’t believe I had been so blind, so one-sided...that’s so true!...where was my curiosity, compassion, interest, love for my own Ancestors? For Elizabeth Jenkins, for ‘white’ people, for convicts? i.e. for myself, for all parts of myself? I was again sent into a spin. Time stood still and I realised in that moment my journey was far from over.

I thought I knew about the concept of Deep Democracy. I had been learning about this concept for several years. I had witnessed Deep Democracy in action, modelled in the facilitation skills of my teachers. I thought I was a deeply democratic type of person! I had no choice this time but to go beyond the shame and guilt that had initially struck me. I was learning in a deeply powerful and experiential sense the lived meaning of Deep Democracy. I had to stay in it, not just feel it, acknowledge it and react by disowning my own history, lineage and culture. I realised that in some ways I had continued to act as ‘coloniser’, by rejecting my own history and taking on the ideas of a culture that was not inherently ‘mine’. I had to feel it and go beyond it. Recently, when I spoke in public about my journey, I said that I now refer to these next years as the “Suffering and Reunion through Deep Democracy years” (see the next chapter).

Yes, it was true. Without being conscious of it, I had been immersing myself into indigenous wisdom and culture and denying and disconnecting myself from the ancestral line from which I

had come. As Jane Martin once said to me “you’ve ex-communicated your whiteness”. On the journey of accepting all the pain of the atrocities that had occurred and embrace all the wisdom and learning from indigenous culture, I was also denying who I am. Internal shame and guilt about being white and descended from the early colonisers immobilised me and led me to be one-sided. It was also leading me to unconsciously appropriate concepts such as connectedness to ancestors or land, without yet exploring those themes personally. I had been writing away on my final project for several years before being challenged by my project supervisor on my one-sidedness. I again began a process of waking up.

Luckily for me I still had Process Work theory to guide me through this dilemma. Yes, I had learnt the concept of Deep Democracy, and now I had the opportunity to practice in a deeper way. Shame and guilt had teamed up and the result was that I had virtually no compassion or interest in the ‘other’ side – which happened to be my own blood ancestors. While the learning and awakening to Indigenous culture and history are essential and very healing, it was not enough and will never be enough for true healing, wholeness and reconciliation. As an Anglo Australian I need to acknowledge and own my personal connection to the ancestors from whom I am descended. Otherwise I continue to appropriate and project in unhelpful and disrespectful ways.

If I want our community to change, to become more accepting of diversity and connect more with one another in a respectful and deep way, I have to start with myself. Change needs to happen on the outside, yes, and as a starting point, and as a way to develop as a facilitator I need to practice Deep Democracy for myself and within myself, and the various parts of myself. I was listening recently to an audio download of Arny Mindell at a World Work Conference in London in 2008, he asked “what kind of world do you want to live in? The answer can also appear indirectly in how you relate to yourself. You need to model the world you want by the way you work on yourself, it can’t only happen outside. We need it outside but it can’t happen without you changing too.”

After some time of being confronted by, struggling with and working through this new realisation, I began to feel very excited and happy. I was now so curious now as to who I am and where had I come from. Who were my people and what were their stories? Shame resurfaced about being stuck for so long and so one-sided. I also had some shame about my blindness and unconsciousness. But not for long. I realised how truly useless it is to be stuck in that state for too long for the very reasons I was making protestations about (i.e. connectedness

to each other, ourselves, land etc.). By now I knew the nature of the house of many mirrors of shame and guilt. I have had more practice in free-ing myself from those rooms, leading to a greater sense of fluidity* .

I embarked upon a fascinating and healing journey of reconnecting with my own ancestors. Shar Edmunds, one of my teachers, told me something she had once been told: “once you look into your own personal ancestry as a white Australian you’ll start to walk the land differently”, she was quoting my mentor, Wayne Armytage’s’ mother. Thanks for allowing me to reproduce the quote here Wayne. Through the internet and various synchronicities* I have a wealth of information about my convict ancestors and the ability to do further research prior to the 8 generations I can trace to my matriarchal line in Australia. I have included some of this information in Appendix B .

I am curious about the white convict, the settler, the British judicial system. I feel compassion for their trials and tribulations, their situation and suffering. I am proud of my Ancestors' survival and abilities. It is a journey of acknowledging the damage and suffering caused by colonisation, loosening my entrenched ideas of perpetrator cultures as only ‘bad’. Not worth exploring, let alone loving. Things are not as clear cut as I imagined. Where they perpetrators? Victims? Both? And where is the line? Judging across time and culture without looking into my own behaviours and experiences is not necessarily too helpful.

Acknowledging my Ancestors, appreciating and having compassion for them and their stories has helped me move beyond the shame and guilt that once separated me from myself and my past. Life was difficult in 18th century Britain. The crimes two of my ancestors were accused of included stealing a pig and stealing three sheep. I presume they were desperate and hungry. For these crimes they were sentenced to transportation to a far away, unknown and foreign land. They not only survived the four years as prisoners on hulks moored in British harbours, but also the long voyage to Australia. No way to return to their homeland or families or friends, they then were faced with a new life. Knowing and understanding more about my own ancestral experiences, I can acknowledge more than ever, in a deep way and without abandoning myself, the injustice, racism, atrocities and colonisation that happened and continue to happen in our country.

At the same time I began to realise that one-sidedness has been a significant theme for me in other areas too. There are many areas in my personal and professional life where I unconsciously side with the ‘victim’, against the oppressor. This is not a bad starting point in

and of itself. But for me I am now becoming more aware of the unconscious tendency to support the victim state in myself and others. I have had a tendency to want that side to be felt and heard and to ignore the 'other' side or stand against it completely. How freeing and energising for me to develop more awareness and fluidity around this tendency. It is a natural tendency when you are hurt to feel less powerful than the 'other'. In this way we are unconscious of our rank in the moment and insensitive to the potential low rank in the 'other'. The answer is not to choose, OR, abandon one or the other. The answer for me has been to develop the fluidity to move between both, noticing slight signals that indicate the two are less polarised than once thought or imagined.

2006-2012

‘THE SUFFERING, REUNION AND HEALING THROUGH DEEP DEMOCRACY YEARS’

Exploring my Ancestral history, stories and wholeness

As I was saying, I joined the growing masses of people becoming more interested in ‘Hobbyist Genealogy’ - the study of families and tracing your lineage and history. The internet has certainly enabled many more people to begin to research their ancestry. I started where all this began, with Elizabeth Jenkins Jnr (1816-1900). It was her gravesite I had first discovered at Worldwork in 2006 at Collaroy. (In Appendix B I have created a table/chart depicting my maternal blood lineage and some companion notes regarding family history. It may help the reader to keep track of these people, their names and relationships). I soon find that she was the first born child of Elizabeth Jenkins Senior (whose birth name was Saunders) and James Jenkins who arrived on the ‘*Coromandel*’ in 1802. It is Elizabeth Jr’s sister Ann Jenkins (1831-1896) who is my great great great grandmother.

I discovered that Elizabeth Jnr never married or had any children. In one article it says that “she was regarded as extremely eccentric and described as, 'somewhat short and stubby, fresh complexioned, with reddish hair, blue eyes and no particular love of children'. She was proud of her ownership of the Jenkins property, to which she was much attached and unwilling to sell, although good offers were said to have been made” (Aslett, 2008). She is a character that has fascinated me since that first day when I discovered her gravesite. I am still exploring her story and asking questions such as: What was it like to be born in the colony in those days? What was she like as a girl? What were her relationships like with the indigenous people? What a time to be a single woman and a land owner in Australia! What would that have been like for her growing up and living to an old age? Most of her siblings had died in their 30’s. What were her relationships like with her family members? How and why did she get involved with the Salvation Army, a Christian Church organisation that housed the homeless among other things? I do not yet know the answers, maybe I will never really know.

Synchronicities compelled and lured me. The fact that she died on the 26th June, my birthdate, meant that I felt in some ways she had called me to her gravesite and to this unfolding journey of discovery and Worldwork. I wonder and ask her often, why this story needs to come out?

I have yet to make the time to research her sister Ann's life or story in great detail. Genealogy is a time and energy consuming hobby, one which I plan to continue past the time that this Project will be submitted. Ann is my grandmother six generations back. Ann moved to Ipswich in Queensland late in the 1860 with her husband William Hendren, an Irishman from County Armagh who emigrated to Australia with his brother David in 1850 (see Appendix B).

It was relatively easy to find information on James Jenkins, their father. He was a successful stonemason, shipbuilder and businessman in the colony in the early 1800's. He is perhaps most well-known as he built the first road between his farm at Collaroy and North Harbour at Manly. There is a research paper written about him called '*The Jenkins Road*' by D. K. Muir (1992). Here is a short excerpt from an article by the Manly Historical Research Society:

James Jenkins and his brother William were sentenced to death at the Wiltshire Assizes on 11 March 1797, for stealing some sheep. This sentence was later commuted to transportation for seven years, and they eventually arrived in Sydney on the *Coromandel* in June 1802.

Before 1821 James employed himself building houses and ships, and cutting cedar in the Illawarra district. He was an experienced stone mason. He married Elizabeth Saunders on 12 December 1815. Their children were Elizabeth (b1816), Mary (b1818), William (b1819 or 20), James (b1822), Martha (b1826), Philip (b1829), Ann (b1831) and John (b1835).

Through a sequence of bequests and purchases, Jenkins amassed 1540 acres around Narrabeen, while his daughter Elizabeth owned a further 200 acres. He developed farms at Mount Ramsay and Long Reef and had land at North Harbour. On 19 April 1826 he purchased for £25 Thomas Steele's land grant of 100 acres north and south of Manly Creek, which was on the track to North Harbour. This land provided an ideal stopping place between his farms. According to a Memorial written by his widow in 1835, he "proceeded to improve the said land, by clearing and fencing, cultivating and building thereon; he erected a stone dwelling house, thirty feet in length and seventeen feet in breadth, containing five apartments; and moreover, he constructed, with some convict help, a link of road extending from Long Reach [Long Reef] to North Harbour, and including not less than thirteen bridges, which also were erected at his own expense; and these improvements cost him at least three hundred

pounds Sterling.” Thereafter, the road between North Harbour and Jenkins’ farms was known as Jenkins’ Road.

James Jenkins died in The Rocks on 27 January 1835 aged 61, leaving his estate to his widow Elizabeth and their eight children. Mrs. Elizabeth Jenkins later purchased land measuring 33 perches next to the family home in Kent Street, The Rocks, the total price being £346 10s, “with the remission of £217 10s sterling authorized for her in compensation for the loss sustained by her late husband James Jenkins, in being deprived of certain land purchased by him at Manly Cove.” On the death of their daughter Miss Elizabeth Jenkins, the Salvation Army was a significant beneficiary.

Please see Appendix D #1 and #2 for a copy of original 1831 map of Jenkins Road, and a copy of 2011 map of current Sydney Buses bus route following Pittwater Road, and Condamine St.

Thus was ‘The Jenkins Road’ born in 1826, the first road from Collaroy to Balgowlah for the purpose of shipping farm produce direct to Sydney instead of using the circuitous 70 mile overland route via Parramatta, and even today largely forms the basis of Condamine Street, Pittwater and Old Pittwater Roads. (Muir, 1992, p.8.)

I began to wonder about his wife Elizabeth Saunders who was 18 years of age when she married in 1815 (he was 40 years of age). Was she also a convict? What had been her crime? I soon discovered that no, she was not a convict, she had been born in the colony in 1797, less than ten years after the First Fleet arrived in 1788. She was therefore classified BC (Born in the Colony) which was a rare thing for a white person to be of marrying age in 1815 and classified BC. Now I became really intrigued!

I must have two Ancestors who had arrived even earlier than James Jenkins in 1802. I again started digging for information. I discovered that Elizabeth’s parents’ names were Thomas Saunders and Mary Boucher. Thomas had arrived on the Third Fleet on board the *Matilda* in 1791. He was transported from England for stealing a pig. Mary arrived on board the *Indispensible* in 1796, she had also been charged with stealing, but I did not initially know what she had stolen.

I could not find much information about Thomas or Mary initially and I was very keen to know more about them. I eventually contacted Geoff Aslett, who has created a wonderful website full of information about Thomas and Mary’s descendants (www.asletts.com). It was

then I learnt that Thomas was amongst one of the first 22 convicts to be freed and to be granted land on the Hawkesbury in 1794. I read Kate Grenville's (2005) *The Secret River* and was shaken by the tales of violence in the early days of white settlement on the Hawkesbury. I did some of my own research and discovered that there was a declared 'open state of war between the years 1795 and 1805' (Delivered by the Mayor of Hawkesbury City Cr Rex Stubbs in the Mayor's Speech at the unveiling of the Yarramundi Memorial in Macquarie Park on 27 March 1999.)

The reality of this now personal family history was very confronting and again shame and guilt followed by painful realisations emerged. Now I was armed with a new interest in all sides. I began asking how Thomas had and Mary survived those years? So many children born in those early days, what would that have been like? What were their personal relationships with the Indigenous people really like? What were their thoughts and feelings?

I found encouragement and solidarity from the experience of Grenville. She also wrote a book called *Searching for the Secret River*, which was written about her process of discovery and path to writing her bestselling novel *The Secret River*. In *Searching for the Secret River*, she writes:

'I realised that my comfortable ignorance was about to be undone...the trouble with knowing was that it wouldn't end there. What did you do with what you knew? You couldn't even go back to not knowing...when you were a white Australian, investigating your own history could lead you into some murky territory. No wonder my hand was turning more and more slowly (on the creaking handle of the microfilm reader)' (Grenville, 2006).

Geoff Aslett was also able to tell me that there had been a book written about Thomas and Mary called 'Beyond the Seas'. He related that the author, Val Rees may still have some copies and gave me her phone number. Part of me was excited to hear this news and desperate to know more. Part of me was also nervous ...all this knowledge and information coming all at once, when for so long I had no idea. It was big. Coincidentally and synchronistically both Geoff Aslett and Val Rees live in two different suburbs of Brisbane both within 30 minutes of where I currently live! I contacted Val, who was very helpful and friendly and invited me to come around for morning tea to have a chat about the family and purchase a copy of the book. Again my dreaming path was supporting and encouraging me to go further. It almost seemed

like the information had just been waiting for me to turn my head slightly in the right direction and there it was before me, available and revealed!

I had a wonderful meeting with Val, Geoff and Geoff's wife Jane. They have all done a lot of research and I am very grateful for their time and generosity in sharing it with me. I now had a copy of the book 'Beyond the Seas' about my original convict ancestors and I began to explore and unravel their stories piece by piece.

During this time I also researched a range of historical books to gain insight into what the conditions would have been like at the time for my British ancestors. I explored and learnt about Britain in the 1700's, crime and punishment of the time, including the fact that prisons in the US colony were full, so thus came the idea of a penal colony to be established on the other side of the world was born. I learnt about the petty crimes and the extreme sentences handed out. I discovered that my ancestors and many of the convicts had spent at least four years on 'hulks', large convict ships prior to the journey to Australia. I learnt more about the harsh conditions on board the ships and imagined the luck, courage and strength that one had to develop to survive.

I found books and images which gave various accounts of life in the early colony. I visited key places, local museums and libraries in my search for greater understanding and knowledge. Important, detailed and fascinating accounts of the arrival of the First Fleet in 1788 and first four years of the colony were written by Watkin Tench. I wonder how Tench, a marine officer with the First Fleet, would feel about his *Narrative of the Expedition to Botany Bay* and *Complete Account of the Settlement at Port Jackson* now being easily available as e-books and freely downloaded from sites such as the University of Adelaide's www.ebooks@adelaide.edu.au.

Another line of questioning was to find out more about the Collaroy site and the connection with the Salvation Army. The Salvation Army was formed in 1878 in England and 'operates as both a church and a network of social services, stemming from its worship of God and its Christian values. There are currently 1,650,000 Salvationists (members) in over 188 countries' (www.salvationarmy.org.au.) In Australia, the Salvation Army commenced work in 1880 in South Australia. They moved to NSW in 1882 and by 1885 Elizabeth Jenkins Jnr was 'an ardent follower and member...and had already given the Army free of charge her father's 30 acre grant on the southern shore of Narrabeen Lakes'. This was to be the first of several land and money donations and dealings with the Salvation Army (Muir, 1992). The research paper

The Jenkins Road provided to me by the Manly Council Library has a wealth of information and material which shed light on the Jenkins family and their relationship with the Northern Beaches of NSW and the Salvation Army.

From reading both *The Jenkins Road* and *Beyond the Seas*, I had detailed information regarding the actual land spots and addresses where my ancestors lived (see Appendix B for some of this information). I had hand drawn maps and precise gravesite locations. My plan in early 2011 was to complete the writing of my project by December. Toward the middle of the year I had a strong urge to go to these places for a 'project tour'. So, that is exactly what I did in early October 2011.

PROJECT TOUR

My partner Andrew and I drove to the Hawkesbury region and on to Windsor, Wisemans Ferry, Cattai National Park, Pitt Town, Parramatta, Rookwood cemetery (which is so big it's called Rookwood Necropolis!), Balmain, Collaroy and the Northern beaches down to Manly, North Harbour Reserve and The Spit area, The Rocks and Sydney city. We stayed in a combination of motels, camping sites, a conference centre, and a Youth Hostel. We visited the birth places and resting places, houses, land spots and local areas of my first Australian Ancestors. See Appendix D #3 for a map of this trip.

I'm still catching up with what happened on this trip. I'm so glad to have physically gone to the locations and stood there and walked on the ground there with a special and conscious awareness of my Ancestors having lived and walked there. This was a new experience for me. I had not done this before and it was important to do it with this awareness. I had been to many of those places before. In fact I am very familiar with many of those areas from spending some of my childhood and then University years there. At those times I did not know that my direct blood ancestors had lived there, built the road there, ploughed the land, were born, gave birth and died there. This does something to me. I don't know clearly enough what that is yet. Possibly there is not a logical or rational explanation. Possibly this trip was in the realms of the needs of the body and the Earth, as they have both been central in the development, unfolding, learning and experiencing of this story so far...not a rational consensus reality* experience. It's another story of how my dreaming path has led me to uncover knowledge about my Ancestors and the emergent themes that I will discuss.

I wanted to see the Hawkesbury as Kate Grenville had done when she had embarked upon her research of Solomon Wiseman, her great great grandfather and ferryman (Wisemans Ferry). She spoke about a desire to go to the places ‘finding the past in the present of the landscape’ (Grenville, 2006). I wanted to be at the 30 acre farm at Pitt Town Bottoms (previously known as Mulgrave Place) that Thomas had been granted in 1794. I have learnt that the actual facts of the story are a little more complicated than simply ‘being granted the land’. In fact they had requested these grants themselves and prior to the grants officially being made: ‘James Ruse and his companions were building huts, breaking the ground for planting ‘with much spirit, forming to themselves very sanguine hopes of success’ (Karskens, 2009, p. 118).

Karskens (2009) continues,

The settlers called the area Green Hills...today the area is called Pitt Town Bottoms, and it is the only place in Australia where you can still see the early colonial farming landscape that evolved from those first farms, though the main crop is turf for suburban gardens (p. 119).

This was the exact piece of land that Thomas and Mary had farmed and possibly where Mary had given birth to many of their children. Karskens (2009) writes about this river front land, ‘Whatever they planted grew ‘in the greatest luxuriance...One man planted and harvested a crop of potatoes in only three months’ (p. 120). Thomas held onto that land for 48 years, until 1842, when he sold it to John Tebbutt who was his son in law (interesting trivia: their son John Tebbutt Jnr became a world famous astronomer and appeared on the first issue of \$100 Australian bank notes). Thomas and Mary did not always live on this riverfront land, in fact they may have only lived there for up to ten years as records from 1804 show that they were living in The Rocks. Here they had a bakery business and ‘one wonders whether Mary’s experience as a cook (‘a banquet chef’ as she insisted she was, not a mere ‘cook’!) was utilised in this venture’, (Rees, 1996, p18). From 1820 onwards, any records found relating to the Saunders family ‘refer to them being of Prospect’ where farming seemed to be their chosen occupation.

I wanted to see that particular farm at Pitt Town Bottoms and get a sense of the place and space. I also wanted to go there and try to get a sense of what it would have been like before my ancestor’s activity on the land. I had dual motivations. At times it felt confusing and contradictory...being excited and interested to see the farm Thomas and Mary had lived on, and, being distressed and grieving about the knowledge that they were the first to clear and

decimate that particular patch of river flat. This soil was rich and crops grew well. As Grenville (2006) learnt from Auntie Edna Watson an elder of the Darug people,

The local indigenous people dug up the edible yam daisies that grew there and ate the roots, but would replant one of the fingers so there'd be a crop again the following year...they were a staple of the Darug diet...the newcomer (settlers) dug them up as weeds and planted corn and wheat. When the Darug people came back, expecting to harvest their yam daisies, and found them replaced by other crops, they harvested them instead'. Grenville goes on to comment that 'the story of the yam daisies made sense of the conflict all over the country. It was the story of settlement in miniature. One event came after another, no one understood what the other side was thinking, and at the end there was bad trouble (pp. 131-132).

A central question began to repeat itself again and again. How to be with both sides from now on? How to be interested, curious, compassionate, open to the stories and lives of my own blood line, and how to hold awareness, respect and the other myriad of difficult feelings that come with knowing that prior to their arriving on that spot, the land had not been touched by a white person. That land had been inhabited, protected and managed for tens of thousands of years by the original custodians. They knew that land inside and out. This was not 'vacant land' to be 'granted' or 'taken' or 'claimed'. The notion of ownership of land is one of the many differences between cultures. The British government in the late 1700's were influenced by the explorers Cook and Dampier who had earlier visited the country. These explorers had Eurocentric and English views. The Australian Aboriginals were described as 'non farming therefore as not owning the land and no treaty was offered...as (for example) was offered to the Maori people in Aotearoa-New Zealand in 1840' (Broome, 2010, p. 18). The fact was that the early white people did not 'see' the truth about the level of occupation and the relationship with the land that existed for the First People of that land.

There was something powerful for me about being on the land spots themselves. We went to the Pitt Town Bottoms farm several times over the course of a few days. It was as if I couldn't take it all in the first time. By the last time, I was more comfortable and walking barefoot along the old part of the road. I imagined myself being back in time, wondering if they were enjoying the days as much as I was at that time, or was it all hard work and slog? We found an old fence post and I imagined it to be the original timber fence paling that perhaps Thomas himself had

built. I collected a few things from out of the dirt, digging as if I were an archaeologist digging for treasure. I found an old rusty nail. I'm wondering how old it is. I found a broken bottle that seemed old and a broken piece of pottery that I knew was probably from the 1970's but took it anyway. What was I trying to do by scrounging around for broken bits of old stuff? Was I trying to connect to the place by taking bits with me? Was I trying to connect with my ancestors by fantasising I had stumbled across heirlooms that were always intended for me? I was on a treasure hunt!

The relationship between the people and the land and each other was starting to become more visible and important to me. Since the trip, I feel like the relationship between myself and the land is becoming a more central relationship. As I walk in my backyard with my daughters, we talk about what it's like to live here, about how different areas feel, and about the people who have lived here before we have. Knowing about where I come from, has been something I've always yearned for, but never knew, never was told about. I look forward to the opportunity to follow my ancestors back further than these eight generations in Australia. To follow my lineage back to the land we lived on prior to transportation to Australia.... Belonging.... Place.... These are deep and complex themes for many of us, for many varied and different reasons. Within these themes for me are: grief, hope, questions and gratitude.

I went to St Johns Cemetery in Parramatta, the oldest known cemetery in Australia, where Thomas and Mary are buried. This cemetery is in the heart of the city of Parramatta. We parked in the giant Westfield complex across the road. We stepped out of 2011 consumer-driven multileveled car park land and toward an old red brick wall which had been built in the early 1800's. Once through the iron gate we found ourselves in a large green space and the grass was very long. There were no neat rows as in contemporary cemeteries. The headstones were of all shapes and sizes of stone, some erect, some leaning, some fallen completely, some legible while others were completely bare due to wear. The atmosphere was quiet and timeless. I could not find their gravesites but it was a special place to go and it felt right to be there. My interest in early Australian colonial history was well and truly ignited.

On the last day before we headed into Collaroy for the next phase of the trip, we went again to Pitt Town Bottoms and the Saunders farm. About 100m up the road, we went over a little bridge called Friendship Bridge. There was what looked like a memorial plaque and sign. We stopped the car and got out. The sign and plaque which was unveiled in 2001, said:

This plaque was erected on this site to commemorate the historic first meeting in friendship between Governor Arthur Phillip, his party and the Aboriginal Darug people, Gombeeree and his son Yarramundi and their clan near this creek at that time known as Bardo Narrang (Little Water) on the 14th April 1791'. This plaque was unveiled in 2001.

The sign said:

It was on the 14th of April 1791, between the mouth of this creek and South Creek upstream that two Aboriginal men, Gombeeree and Yellomundee *, together with Yellomundee's son Deeimba, took the initiative to share the campfire of Governor Phillip and his party. The European explorers were attempting to ascertain that the Nepean and Hawkesbury Rivers were on, assisted by Colbee and Boladerree, two Aborigines from the Sydney area. Captain Tench recorded "Our friends breakfasted with us...Bade us adieu in an unabated friendship and good humour....we shook them by the hand which they returned lustily." *now known as Yarramundi

Reading this had an impact on me. I wondered more about the nature of the first meetings between the white people and Aboriginal people. I stood and wondered what had it been like here on this landspot over time? I noticed myself wanting to believe it had been friendly. I acknowledge the part of me that would find it 'easier'. I acknowledge this as a combination of: a yearning for more respect, friendship and connection now, and as a respite from shame and guilt. I also hold true acknowledgment of the friendly interactions that have occurred over the times. I also know the part in me who doesn't want or need things to be 'easy', but wants to know the truth, even if it's not 'easy'. I acknowledge that there have been many, many interactions since the earliest times to the current times that have been anything but friendly. They have been violent in the extreme.

There are various accounts of these 'first meetings', from historical documents recorded by the early settlers, to accounts told verbally in story through communities and families. Contemporary literature also explores these themes and issues, as Stella Clarke, book critic with *The Australian*, acknowledges: "The reel of that collision between colonisation and indigenous life loops through recent historical fiction" (Scott, 2010). Kim Scott's (2010) novel *That Deadman Dance* won the 2011 Miles Franklin award for literature. The novel is 'told through the eyes of black and white, young and old, this is a story about a fledgling Western

Australian community in the early 1800's known as the 'friendly frontier'...poetic, warm-hearted and bold, it is a story which shows that first contact did not have to lead to war'.

The next stop was a visit to the Rookwood Necropolis, which is one of the largest cemeteries in the world and covers a space of nearly 300ha of Crown Land. It was developed in the 1860's as the main burial ground for the colony after the first two became full. I went there to find the gravesite of Elizabeth Saunders (Jenkins/Burnicle), the first born child of Thomas and Mary. First born on Australian soil and 6 generations before me. From reading *The Jenkins Road*, I learnt that she is said to be buried in the Church of England Old Section D Row 10 Plot 518. I say said to be buried because I had done some preparation that had suggested that her headstone had fallen over, which was the case. Despite Andrew and my efforts, this was a stone not to be turned on that day. Being at her gravesite was like stepping back in time. There had been a lot of rain in the weeks prior to our trip and being Springtime the grass and wild flowers were very lush. It was a warm day and that old part of the cemetery seemed abandoned and neglected and very beautiful to me. Why was Elizabeth buried out here all by herself? Here is a picture of me on that day at her gravesite, and some words from D. K. Muir (1992):



She is buried alone in the Old Anglican Section at Rookwood but the plot is neglected and the stone has fallen. This is inevitable of course, after 118 years, but it seems a sad memorial to an Australian born in the ninth year of the Colony and who can truly be described as one of Australia's founders (p. 11).

I had the piece of crockery with me from the Pitt Town Bottoms farm, it was a broken piece of something with a flower on it. It felt right to leave it there - a piece of brown/orangey crockery, a weather proof flower plucked that morning from the place of her birth 214 years ago now lies at the foot of her grave, placed there by her great, great, great, great granddaughter.



From there we drove directly to the house in Balmain where Elizabeth had lived her last 20-30 years of life. She had remarried. William Burnicle her second husband sadly died after only three years of marriage. Elizabeth was still young and had by now experienced many losses of family members, including two husbands. The house is still there, I could not believe it. So too is the house across the street that they owned. This was being renovated so we had the chance to peak through the gate. Through the original sandstone archway is a now multimillion dollar view of the Harbour Bridge. Luckily and curiously, I followed my nose a little further and

found my way down a narrow lane way to some steps which led to the harbour's edge. We sat and ate some warm dip and stale biscuits while imagining the same vista without the Bridge, modern boats and buildings.

I got to peek into a window of what it must be like for people who have had a long term connection with a place which is now 'not theirs'. I had only just stumbled on this information, and awareness, let alone the place, which is why I describe it as a 'peek'. When you visit it you know you somehow belong, but no one else knows that about you. In my case I don't feel justified to have a connection to that land spot. Am I allowed to feel anything about it at all? It's difficult to verbalise, but it feels important to at least try to relate something of what is going on in these mixed up, murky, new reactions and feelings. It made me start to think in a new way about the themes of displacement, belonging and sense of place. Instead of a theoretical understanding and a void of personal awareness, I now have questions and curiosity about how my various ancestors may have been affected by these concepts and how I continue to be affected today.

I dropped my sunnies into the harbour when leaning over to see the water below. I didn't mind much, I was too caught up in the moment to care. In one day, I had visited the place of Elizabeth Jenkins Snr (nee Saunders) birth, the place of her death, and lastly her final resting place. I had only vaguely planned this spontaneous itinerary not knowing how significant those three visits would be. I was very moved by and connected to Elizabeth that day. I also wondered if 214 years after I die, my great great great great granddaughter will take the time to visit my special places? What will those special places be like in another 200 years if we keep going with the rate of 'development' that we have now?

That night we stayed at Collaroy, back in the Conference Centre where it had all began in April 2006. We stayed two nights. My first step after arriving and dropping our bags was to again visit the gravesite of Elizabeth Jenkins Jnr (Elizabeth Saunders and James Jenkins first born daughter). So much had happened in the five and a half years since first discovering it. I felt more able to connect with her this time. She and I had been on a journey for the past 5 and a half years. This was like coming back to the place where we had first met. I was happy and grateful to have had the opportunity to make the trip again prior to completing my final project.

We walked around the property and around Long Reef. Different strong emotions emerged on this walk. Happiness and overwhelm. The little U* part had started to kick in again. After some time, I was also aware of a feeling of grief and a bit of what I called 'feeling depressed'. I initially

connected this to feeling that I did not belong here anymore. This was known as Salvation Army land now, and no one even knew that I had connection to the place. In fact when I had asked about it back in 2006 the staff had said that it was not possible as all living relative had died. This of course is not so, but nevertheless I was struggling with feeling insignificant. I was also in touch with a feeling which was like an entitlement and almost an anger. "Hey this was my family land and why don't you even recognise that or notice that?". As I talked about this out loud, I heard what I was saying and it began to dawn on me that perhaps I was experiencing a tinge of what it may be like for the traditional custodians of this land...A weird kind of displacement was coming over me, a mixture of sadness, displacement, grief, anger, resentment, entitlement and definitely confusion as to what all these feelings were about. What to do with them, how to be with myself, the place and the current inhabitants.

Even as I write this now I am wondering about that reaction. I know that it comes partly from a paradigm where land is owned and land ownership is valued. It is part of our mainstream western culture - to own a home and plot of land, the more land, especially beach front land, the more status. This is a very different attitude toward connection with the land and environment than we have had in the past or than what exists in different cultures.

Land ownership is a central motivation and concept within colonisation.

British colonisation policies and subsequent land laws were framed in the belief that the colony was being acquired by occupation (or settlement) of a terra nullius (land without owners). The colonisers acknowledged the presence of Indigenous people but justified their land acquisition policies by saying the Aborigines were too primitive to be actual owners and sovereigns and that they had no readily identifiable hierarchy or political order which the British Government could recognise or negotiate with. (Council for Aboriginal Reconciliation, ND)

Ownership of land is a culturally specific concept and is explored by Grenville (2005). Her character Thornhill is depicted as having a deep yearning for owning the land. Understandably, the Europeans who had been dispossessed from their own land and country and sent to Australia were keen to establish themselves. Through their cultural lens the land looked like it belonged to no one. Thornbill's thoughts are shared:

There were no signs that the blacks felt the place belonged to them. They had no fences that said this is mine. No home that said, this is our home. There were no fields or flocks that said, we have put the labour of our hands into this place (Grenville, 2005, p. 34).

Colonial displacement, for example, entails not only individual acts of expulsion, but also sustained and continuing acts of forgetting (Grenville, 2005, p. 58).

In the centre of the clearing he dragged his heel across the dirt four times, line to line. The straight lines and the square they made were like nothing else and changed everything. Now there was a place where a man had laid his mark over the face of the earth. It was astonishing how little it took to own a piece of land (Grenville, 2005, p133-4).

Simultaneously it could not be denied that there was clear evidence of inhabitancy and a cultural system existing. In contrast to their own practices, aboriginal people left no similar/understandable mark of ownership – which may have led to people believing they had no sense of ‘ownership’ and hence justification for the taking of the land.

‘Ownership’ of land, connectedness to land, a sense of belonging...these are complex and important themes to be raised and discussed and shared within our contemporary Australian society. Most Australians are affected in one way or another, regardless of how long they have lived here. A friend recently shared her own personal experiences of being born in a rural area, into a farming family and community, where a large proportion of farmers commit suicide from the extreme (and often silently held) pressures, confusion, shame, and responsibility related to ‘white ownership of land’. She reminded me of the role of these individual farmers and the agricultural industry which wrestles with creating a sustainable resource for the future and our growing population. The concept of Deep Democracy can support us as a community of diverse backgrounds, viewpoints and experiences to share, connect and relate around these deeply personal, yet universally encountered issues. There is much to say and much to hear.

The highly significant issues of land rights, native title, and sovereignty require and generate much thought, discussion and debate which is beyond the scope of this project. This year, 2012, marks the twenty year anniversary of the landmark Mabo decision made by the

Australian High Court. For at least ten years prior to this legislation, Eddie Koiki Mabo and a group of Murray Islanders challenged almost two centuries of legal doctrine and the concept of 'terra nullius', when they asked the courts to recognise them as the rightful owners of their land in the Torres Strait. Five months after Mabo's death in 1992, the High Court found the group did have native title and that it was a right that extended to all Indigenous Australians. In 1993 the Native Title Act was passed through Parliament which legislatively validated the High Court Mabo decision.

Diversity of opinion reigns. While many Australians celebrate and acknowledge the importance of these decisions; others feel challenged and intimidated by them; some don't think about it at all; others say more needs to be done to improve the system and pathways of recognition of native title; and still others reject the need to be validated by the legal system instead claiming sovereign autonomy. Frank Brennan an Australian Jesuit priest and human rights lawyer identifies as a 'non-indigenous advocate for indigenous rights' and in his 2005 Oxford Amnesty lecture claims:

Indigenous people with land rights and a modicum of self-determination are individuals and societies with an enhanced choice about how to participate in the life of the nation state and of the global economy while being guaranteed the place and opportunity to maintain their cultural and religious identity with some protection from State interference and from involuntary assimilation into the predominant post-colonial society.

* * * * *

Back to the road trip.....We drove along Pittwater and Old Pittwater Roads and Condamine Street which are now the main roads in this area. This route was once known as 'The Jenkins Road', as it was built and funded by James Jenkins, my ancestor for the purpose of transporting his farm produce from his Northern beaches farmland to The Rocks to be sold. We went to North Harbour Reserve and found the site of James's land that he had built a half-way house on to store his produce. Here, right near this land site where we saw a memorial plaque erected in 1996, which read:

The first contact in Port Jackson between members of the First Fleet and the local Aboriginal people occurred at North Harbour on 21 January 1788. Captain Arthur Phillip and his party were inspecting the harbour in three open boats when twenty Aboriginal men waded out to the

boats. The ‘manly behaviour’ of these men impressed Phillip and is the origin of the name ‘Manly’.

We walked on to Manly and swam and visited a museum. We walked to North Head and looked out over the old Quarantine station to the entrance to Sydney Harbour one of the most magnificent vistas in Sydney.

We stayed in the YHA at The Rocks, which is part of The Big Dig. This amazing development is a modern hostel and also a living archaeological site of great historical significance. The Sydney Harbour YHA sits “above the remnants of houses, pubs and laneways dating back to the earliest days of the Australian colony” (The Big Dig Archaeology Education Centre, n.d.). This was an incredible experience made even more significant due to the fact that I was most likely standing very near, if not on land and streets and houses which were once frequented and inhabited by Mary and Thomas, and the next generation including Elizabeth, her husband James Jenkins and his brother William and their friends and families. The venue opened in 2009 and has recently won a prize for Cultural Heritage Conservation from UNESCO.

I stepped back in time as I walked the streets where Mary had run her bakery, Thomas had owned land, James and William Jenkins had built their ships and William had owned a pub. I found Jenkins Place and Gas lane, which is in the area near Kent St where Elizabeth and James lived and raised their children until James had died in 1835. Elizabeth lived on here in their family home for a five more years raising their eight children on her own. She then sold it to the Australian Gas Light Company. The plaque on the building says:

AUSTRALIAN GAS LIGHT COMPANY

The Australian Gas Light Company built its first works on this site.
Sydney’s streets were first lit by gas supplied from these works on 24
May 1841.

In order to try and get a further sense of the history of the area, I booked for us to go on a ghost tour of The Rocks one night; a talk at the Rocks Discovery Museum by historian Elizabeth Roberts which explored what convicts were rationed, what they ate, and where it came from; I went to the Hyde Park Barracks on George Street which was built in 1819 to house, clothe and feed convict men and boys. It has been used for multiple purposes since and is now a museum about its many occupants.

When the week was over, we walked to Wynyard station and got on a train. My mother and daughters met us at the station and drove us to visit my grandmother Molly. I told her some of the story of our trip and she is looking forward to hearing more once the project is complete. Again my family seemed very supportive and interested and yet at the same time I can't help but feel they (and I!) are curious as to why on earth I would want to put so much time and effort and energy into this project. It seems as though the dreaming has led me to step into the role.

THE SECOND WORLDWORK SEMINAR

During this time of exploring my family history, several experiences fed into my learning and development around the associated themes. We need to rewind the clock a little to April 2011 when I attended my second Worldwork in Denver, Colorado. Part of me was a little paranoid about what was around the corner for me this time? Attending this second Worldwork could mean another life changing event to integrate for the next 6 years? I had enough happening already!

I went with the awareness and my need to learn more about myself and Worldwork. I went with my themes in mind and with the goal of staying mindful and aware of learning and understanding more about these themes. I again came to that powerful question of what to do with shame and guilt. Is it to simply be with the discomfort, not to try to do anything with it? Some notes I took during the theory sessions that week, follow "A one world elder can remind people to bring in something of what they feel and value...something in you is on this side and on that side...its ok if you forget, remember it...the world needs you...in a problem might be new wind".

I was lucky enough this time to have another wonderful therapist as my assigned Worldwork mentor, Marianne Verny. She worked with me on the themes of perpetrator guilt, and, in a very powerful session, helped me unfold some of the key dream figures and roles I had been working with: Elizabeth Jenkins, the Collaroy land spot, the Indigenous people, the Salvation Army and the colonisers. I felt very connected to all these roles or spirits, it didn't matter that they were Earth spots, organisations, or people no longer living. Process Work helps us understand the value and importance of paying close attention to all levels of reality. We can use our awareness to feel and 'dream' into various roles. Often called 'second attention' this type of awareness allows us to 'drop your normal self and sense the dreamingbody*' (Mindell, 1993, p. xii).

In one session with Marianne, I had placed each of the roles in a particular spot in the space. I moved from role to role and followed my subtle body experiences. I spoke or moved or somehow expressed each role. When I stood in the role of Elizabeth Jenkins, I was overwhelmed with strong emotion and felt immediately pulled to the ground - with my hands on the ground, I heard myself ('Elizabeth') saying "thank you thank you for coming to me, for finding me, for telling this story...all I wanted was to love that land and protect it". I felt her passion and gained insight into her story. I felt supported and inspired to continue the journey of writing and learning.

I had another major experience during my time in Denver at Worldwork. The experience is central to my current learning path, and encompasses themes of shame and guilt, rank and power, and altered and extreme states. I came to see them as potential pathways to healing and connection of the splitting that happens when shame and guilt operate. I will talk further about this later in the project.

After we returned from Worldwork in Denver, I continued to learn via deep altered state experiences, one of which I will share now. I recommenced my immersion in my research and study of the early days of colonisation and settlement in NSW. Part of this had been through books I'd purchased and borrowed from the library, online reading and DVD's of documentaries. One of the DVD's I had borrowed from the library was the six part series *The Colony*, which is described as being:

A study in living history, *The Colony* is the first experiential history program to be made about Australia and aims to explode myths and illuminate the historical truth of life in Australia's early colonial days.

Rigorously researched and developed over three years, *THE COLONY* will ensure the historical accuracy of the period 1795 to 1815 in which, over four months, modern day families and individuals will experience the period of early European settlement with its laborious and hierarchical toughness and incredible challenges.

The participants in the series will mirror in miniature the social structure of the first European settlements - the British free colonists, the Irish political refugees, the children of existing settlers, Aboriginal clans and the members of the military aristocracy.

In order to re-create dialect and social authenticity the producers are looking for one Irish and one British family, one Australian family, indigenous Australians, plus individuals willing to live the life of convicts. This diverse group of people will travel back to the early nineteenth century and live in early settlement conditions in this landmark series, which goes to air on SBS Television Australia Day, 26th January, 2005 (Hilton, Szapiro and Balingary, 2005).

Watching the series over a few nights really affected me. I had not heard about this series before finding it on CD at the library. It was not until I started watching it that I realised that the actual location was on the Hawkesbury River, the place I have become so familiar with since my project tour and after learning that Thomas Saunders was amongst the first 22 white free settlers to be granted 30 acres of land on the Hawkesbury. I had also made the shocking discovery that this area had been the scene of a lot of bloodshed and violence between the white and indigenous people...I had read that the area was 'known to be declared as being in an open state of war during the late 1700's'. Grenville (2005) graphically and powerfully explores the atrocities and violence which occurred on the Hawkesbury at that time .

One Sunday night in July 2011, I was watching the second last episode and was becoming increasingly emotional seeing the 'colonists' cutting down large trees. There was one scene where they showed a large gum tree falling slowly and powerfully to the ground. I felt the impact of the fall in my body. I also had a bodily realisation of the absolute devastation to the land when all this clearing was going on. It was said that it was expected that "a convict was expected clear an acre of land per week". I felt pain and grief for the land and the trees which were falling at a rapid rate for the purpose of acquiring timber for building and cleared land for planting. I was also affected by the behaviour of these modern day people (filmed in 2005). At the time I projected that they were happily cutting down these giants for their makeshift cabins which they would live in for the three month period of the film shoot.

What would it have been like for the custodians of this land to see, hear and feel the landscape they had for so long protected in its natural state being cleared? The lack of awareness and consciousness (my perception at the time) was so painful.

I watched on.....An Aboriginal man had set up camp under a rock shelter, near a waterfall, but had fallen ill the next day. He needed the help of his wife to come across to the other side of

the river. As soon as he left that land spot and was over the other side, he felt well in his body again. He concluded that he must have disturbed the spot and spirits who watch over the spot. This may have been a sacred place for women to birth, not meant for men. I was moved by the capacity of the man to be so affected by the land and the spirits. I was impressed by the woman who knew to help him back across to be well. I was impressed by his understanding of what had happened and his resolution to stay 'this side of the river' from now on. I was grateful to the land and spirits who spoke and communicated clearly to the body via symptoms and protected him. I must have been so 'impressed' by all this that I unconsciously 'crossed the river' of the dreaming of time and space... quite suddenly and matter-of-factly aches and pains began to spring up in my joints and back and I soon was in a great deal of pain.

For the next two days I experienced great physical pain and felt myself going in and out of ordinary and altered states of being. My sister recounted to me that in the fever that lasted two days, I was saying to her "just let me think I'm in the 1700's in the early colony days, I'm under animal skins to keep me warm but I've got something like a plague". I was fortunate enough to have a phone session with my therapist on the Tuesday morning who helped remind me of Deep Democracy and to both value the learning of the altered state and body symptoms - and also not suffer needlessly or to the point of being of no use to myself, the people around me, Andrew and my daughters, and the requirements of my world as a mother, partner and therapist.

There is a part of me that at times believes that "through feeling and suffering we heal". There is a part of me that was operating in those two days which said "not enough pain or suffering has been felt for what happened to the land, to the indigenous population, to the convicts and early settlers. Their pain has not been felt or acknowledged enough and is trapped...it needs to be felt to be released. This history is in your blood and you must not shy away from the painful truth". This ghost role has a particular way of viewing trauma and tragedy. It also places a great deal of the burden of history of one persons' human body! It has a similar flavour to my old friends - Shame and Guilt.

Through this experience and others, I am developing new ways of thinking about healing. Some of these new ways include deep acknowledgment, deep listening, and deep feeling of the pain and suffering and wrongs incurred, whilst incorporating altered or extreme states in this healing. Community support and the blessings of joy in the love of Nature are important medicines that we hold inside of us.

One of the most wonderful practical and heartfull teachings I have ever had, came from my friend and mentor Wayne Armytage. At the time I was struggling with very strong emotions which would in turn immobilise or consume me. He said to me one day:

It's good to feel the feelings, hold them just out there (holding his hand about an arm's length away from his heart) and feel them just enough to feel them and let your eyes water a bit...but not enough to be overtaken or immobilised by them (bringing his hand closer to his heart and body) - because that can be unhelpful and too much and then we aren't of any use (personal communication, March 20, 2011).

He also added 'but if we don't feel them at all and they are too far away, then we forget, and that is just as if we are asleep'. Thank you Wayne for this teaching and giving me permission to write about it and share it here with others.

When there has been some 'crime' committed, or wrong done, we can feel it in our hearts but not know how to be with it in the world, with ourselves. I experience this. Shame can come, you are wrong, bad, terrible look what you have done and the effect can be like a kind of freezing, not knowing what to do next, what to do now? One thing that can come next though is a kind of forgetfulness, or numbing out because we aren't sure what else to do with it. This can happen on individual scales and of course on the scale of a nation and across time and history. I proposed to myself a new way to be with ourselves when we acknowledge that wrong has been done, and injustice has occurred. Be with it, acknowledge what has occurred, love myself through the shame feelings, learn and listen to what has occurred and move forward in a whole way, in a less split off way...bring it all forward together. Learn and ask why this has occurred, perhaps this has occurred because there was originally a splitting off of parts in the first place. How can staying stuck in the splitting help? It can't, it can only band aid, but true awareness and learning and integration takes the deep love that Deep Democracy brings. It is my lived experience that moving through the splitting fully can bring unity again.

I will conclude this chapter with a quote from Arny Mindell (1992) in *Leader as Martial Artist*,

...deep democracy, that special feeling of belief in the inherent importance of all parts of ourselves and all viewpoints in the world around us...it is a timeless feeling...it is our sense that the world is here to help us become our entire selves, and that we are here to help the world become whole (p. 5).

2012

‘CURRENT THOUGHTS and REFLECTIONS’

I am aware that while this is a personal story about me, my discoveries, learning, thoughts and ideas, I also am a role in the field*. We are at a particular stage in our history and development as a country and community that the role of the white Australian waking up around a lot of thing is becoming more and more mainstream. It has only been in the last few decades that people are even starting to show an interest in their convict ancestry, not something to be hidden and shunned or ashamed about it is now seen as a badge of honour for many Australians, and the earlier you go back, the better!

The next step logically and naturally for me seems that this ‘slow’ awakening to our own histories will have a domino effect on other issues which for some of us have been lying dormant e.g. the question of colonisation and impact on Aboriginal culture etc. Some people have been here for a long time frustrated that the rest of us haven’t caught up yes, some may never feel the need or calling to come here. It’s a diversity issue and it’s the Spirit of the times. This section of the timeline outlines my current thoughts on current issues being raised in areas such as: indigenous/non-indigenous relationships in Australia; literature and film; popularity and interest in family history; Nature/the environment.

RELATIONSHIPS BETWEEN INDIGENOUS AND NON-INDIGENOUS PEOPLE IN AUSTRALIA

Various social and political events over the years indicate that mainstream awareness is growing regarding the impacts of colonisation on the First People of Australia. One of the most significant and instances in the last few years include when the then Labour Prime Minister Kevin Rudd made an apology to the people of the Stolen Generation* and their families. This occurred on 13th February 2008 and the form of the speech is reproduced in Appendix C.

Despite these passionate and moving words, we are yet as a society to enact these words in practice through our Government policies and laws. Compensation is also an issue. Due to these fact, many people understandably are upset, angered and have no trust in these words, which are empty without being followed through with action. Noel Pearson (2011), lawyer and activist simply states ‘Blackfellas will get the words; the white fellas will keep the money’ (p. 386).

In 2011, a National conversation was launched called You Me Unity (You Me Unity, 2012). The opening statement on the website says “It starts with a conversation, a conversation with all Australians, a new conversation starts now”. A panel had been appointed by the Government with the purpose of making recommendations and “updating our constitution to recognise our first peoples and culture for the benefit of all Australians”. The Australian constitution has not been changed since 1901 and still contains laws that are discriminatory on the basis of race. Many suggestions and recommendations have been put forward in regard to what changes should be made which will recognise and give respect to the reality of Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander people as the original inhabitants and custodians of the land.

On 19 January 2012, the panel delivered its report *Recognising Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander peoples in the Constitution* to the Prime Minister. A constitutional referendum may follow. This is the only way the constitution can be changed. Some suggest this referendum may take place in 2013.

In an article from The Australian on October 3, 2011, the St Vincent de Paul’s national council said “it is a perversity of history that the Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islanders are required to appeal to the rest of Australia to amend a document that etched their exclusion into the bones of our nation-state”.

There are many interviews and submissions to read, watch and be educated about this process on this particular website, but one that I’ll draw attention to is by Patrick Dodson, a You Me Unity panel member and Aboriginal leader, when he adds that making these changes will ensure that the “Apology isn’t an empty symbol”. He also comments that “Australia is a complicated modern democracy”, and the fact that the Constitution (the most important legal document in Australia) still has not been amended “Australia has been very slow, we are held to ridicule by many other nations, and this would help us in a number of ways including our international reputation” (Dodson, 2011).

INTEREST IN GENEALOGY

There seems certainly a Time Spirit* across the western cultures recently to have the opportunities and technology to enable us to research our family history and Ancestors more easily than in the past. Ancestry.com.au among other websites soon became my friend (warning! This can be addictive!). It has interested me also that many TV shows have appeared recently which explore ancestry and reconnecting with family and place, for example: *Who do*

you think you are? which airs on SBS in Australia is in its fourth series. The show is based on the BBC series of the same name. These shows have taken off in many other countries, for example Canada, Ireland, USA, South Africa, Israel, Norway and Russia. I believe the success of these shows and internet sites is due to the fact that as humans we have a deep need and urge to belong and connect, and more than ever we are being called and supported to do so. The next step may be to develop even more consciousness around this and ask ourselves why are we so moved to watch these shows and research our own families? What might this mean for our society if we dig a little deeper into the motivations and impacts of this interest? How might it influence our relationships with one another and with our environment, Nature and the Earth?

NATURE/ENVIRONMENT

In my own mind and fantasies I wonder what it would be like to feel more connected to one another and to nature. To see that what we do to the planet is what we do to ourselves. To see that we are a part of nature too. Process Mind* practices remind me that we have within us the diversity that is present within Nature, and when we connect with that deepest part of ourselves, we also connect with Nature. A night time dream I had in November 2011 supports this belief, here is an excerpt from my dream journal:

I was on a property that backed onto farmland, I heard a noise that sounded like the deer walking noise I heard in real life last week.

I went down the back and looked through the fence to the farmland and right in front of me were three deer – one was old and huge and had massive antlers that were connected to his neck and back, like gnarled tree roots connecting to rock...the second one was the same young male who was here last week...the third one was a female – its mother or girlfriend. They had been grazing.

I was scared, worried they might charge me or I might scare them off, but they were just standing very still and looking straight at me, not moving.

I backed away slowly and they didn't move at all just watched me.

At that moment, Arny started talking to me through the computer, in real life, not in the dream...the computer suddenly turned itself on and opened the You Tube web page I had been watching before falling asleep...he said something like "yes that's your identity that's your identity now and I'm the sort of person who's identity can change" ...then the computer turned itself off.

Next Dream later that night: the two best authors in the world – one indigenous and one non-indigenous, were born as a consequence of the pen being invented...this time Arny told me that in the dream...he said "they are here because of the pen".

From this statement I realised that people come into being at particular points in time as a result of inventions, their skills can be put to best use at that particular point in history.

When I worked more on this dream I felt connected to an ancient wisdom and also to Nature. I felt supported to believe in Deep Democracy as a way of living – that feeling stuck in any one role, identity or even reality was normal, but not necessarily the only way to live. I also felt supported to write about my experiences – it felt quite ‘matter of fact’ – I’m here, this is happening, write about it.

Are more people paying attention to Nature and the Environment? When did we ‘stop’? Did we? Who did? I don’t have the time or space to go further into this HUGE theme here and now. However I want to ask these questions and draw attention to the fact that large scale discussions/debate/concern/focus on issues relating to Nature and the Environment. Natural disasters, global warming, carbon tax, mining, oil and gas, coal seam gas, sustainability, solar energy, Green energy, Nature based wisdom.

II

Significant Reflections & Themes

I have encountered and explored many rich themes throughout this journey. Here I will explore three of the most significant and then share my ideas on how they connect. These themes deserve more time and space as they are deep and rich topics relevant to us all. For the purpose of this project I will share briefly some of my thoughts here, knowing further exploration and perhaps writing will follow.

SHAME, GUILT - Red Herrings on the way to GRIEF?

Shame and guilt are core themes within these stories and within my life myth*. My understanding and experience of shame and guilt has developed and changed over time and will no doubt continue to do so. For a long time, my experience was that shame and guilt immobilised me. This kept me separate, not only from other parts of myself, but from others around me. Shame, guilt and collective guilt in relation to perpetrations of abuse such as genocide and colonisation, are themes that have been explored across the globe. There is much to be learned from research and from the way that other countries such as Germany and South Africa have approached recognition, reconciliation and reparation within their culture.

Brene Brown studies human connection and our ability to empathise, belong and love. You can listen to her on TED on YouTube (Brown, 2011). She says that shame and guilt disconnects us and that we all experience this at some time in our lives. Brown says that in order for connection to happen we have to allow ourselves to be really seen in our 'excruciating vulnerability'. In her research she discovers that a sense of worthiness supports us to have a sense of love and belonging. Fundamental to this is also a sense of courage, compassion (to self and others), connection and seeing vulnerability as essential. I believe that this is one of our deepest and most central edges* as human beings living in a predominantly separatist paradigm. To believe we are worthy of connection takes courage. The Latin root of courage, 'cour', is heart. It's Ok to be imperfect, and as we find in the words of Leonard Cohen (1992): "there is a crack in everything, that is how the light gets in".

Brown (2011) adds that for connection to happen you have to be authentic and who you really are. Can we risk that? What would it mean to risk that? To be vulnerable? To express our fears? To acknowledge we feel unworthy and unlovable? Brown goes on to say that we numb vulnerability. We live in a vulnerable world and substitute blame for courage as a way to discharge pain and discomfort.

Encountering shame and guilt is central to my Life Myth*. I discuss this in the next section.

LIFE MYTH

I have lived closely and intimately with shame and guilt on a daily basis. The concept of Life Myth was originally used by Carl Jung to ‘describe a patterning for life-long personal development’ (Diamond and Spark Jones, p. 148). Jung believed that our early childhood dreams reveal our ‘life myths’, i.e. the basic qualities or patterns as well as fundamental meanings. He further stated that we cannot become whole without understanding and integrating our childhood dreams. Arny Mindell (1982) developed the concept further when he discovered that the major patterns from our earliest childhood dreams and memories also appear in our chronic body symptoms and illnesses. This to me is one of the most exciting and fascinating areas of Process Work and being a human! Major patterns in our lives can seem disturbing at times, and something to avoid. Actually they are ‘lifelong challenges connected to mythical and spiritual aspects of a person’s life’ (Camastral, 1995, p. 51). Silvia Camastral goes on to say ‘as life goes on, their energy is reflected in our dreams, relationship conflicts, body symptoms, movement processes and struggles that we have with the world.’

My intimate (and mythical) relationship with shame came from my experiences of a long term chronic body symptom. My body leaked urine for as long as I could remember up until I was 15 years of age. I had managed to hide this symptom for most of my childhood. At the age of 15, I was also experiencing painful menstruation. This symptom I could not so easily hide. It led to my GP recommending I have some medical tests. I had an ultrasound that revealed no problems relating to the painful menstruation. What was revealed was that I had been born with duplex kidneys - extra kidneys and tubes that bypassed the bladder. Several months later I had an operation which corrected this issue.

Hiding and managing myself in every public situation became second nature. A couple of experiences only served to reinforce the importance of hiding it/managing it even more vigilantly and creatively. One of the impacts of this body symptom was that as a child I constantly assumed I was innately bad, wrong, dysfunctional, and not like everyone else. The hiding meant I was isolated in my experiences and beliefs. I was chronically ashamed of my body, and paranoid that the damp-spots or the smell would expose the truth about how damaged and wrong I was. Everyone else seemed to be able to ‘control’ themselves, only babies or naughty kids wet themselves.

This internalised sense of shame and related guilt experiences (from lying, hiding, avoiding etc.), affected me in a variety of ways. For example, it disconnected me from others and trained me to hide who I really am and what was happening for me. Symbolically it created a holding versus flow polarity. Specifically in relationship to holding onto what is inside me versus a letting go of what is inside me. I know both well, though one has had a tendency to be more familiar than the other ☺

Like many of us, I continue to learn about my own worth, goodness and beauty. I continue to learn about receiving love from my internal world and external world. I continue to learn to trust what is within me and bring it forth into the world. This is particularly true since encountering Process Work and throughout the journey of this project.

The theme of connection and disconnection is also mythical for me. This was the polarity evident in my recurring childhood dream: I was standing on a circular road of some kind, like a wheel or a race-track. There were people and creatures of all sizes, kinds, types. We were initially moving slowly at first and then it got quicker and quicker until we were going so fast we were touching and connected to the person/creature in front and behind us...it whirled faster and faster until it was one big connected circle of movement. It was a **BIG**, numinous and to me as a child, a terrifyingly scary dream. Each time I awoke from this dream, I was vomiting in my bed. As I work on this dream, I realise that the vomiting was in response to being on the edge of my known reality. It was, and still often is scary to me to feel that actually I was not an individual on my own, but I am actually a part of everyone and everything around me.

Reading from *Nyuntu Ninti*, I am reminded that culture plays a major role in a belief system and paradigm of separatism versus connectedness:

Growing up with the oldies - our parents, grandparents - they always said we are connected to everything. Being alive connects you to every other living thing that's around you. You're never lost and you're never, ever alone - you're one with everything else that there is. The purpose of life is to be part of all that there is. My people have always been part of the earth. Every single inch of this land and its waterways is sacred land.....Living in the bush we are communicating with everything - the wind, the trees, the flowers, the grass. Every action is an action of beauty. We are aware of everything that is around us. It's that connection to the land that makes you feel so good (Randall and Hogan, 2008).

My earliest childhood memory reflects another aspect of this life myth evident during the experience of writing this final project. One day when I was in Kindergarten, aged 4.5 years of age, I was playing with plasticine, when Jesus' face (who I knew as a loving God who created us all and the universe) appeared in the plasticine. I had just learned about miracles and thought one had happened. So without looking away from Jesus face, I put up my hand to get my teacher to come and see this miracle that was occurring. She came over and I manage to whisper in awe what was happening. She dismissed my news with a wave of her hand and asked us all to pack up as it was time for lunch. Recalling this memory still now upsets me and reconnects me with the sense of confusion, deflation, and invisibility that her response left me with. It reminds me why Marianne Williamsons words (1996, p.191) are so significant to me -

We are all meant to shine, as children do.

We were born to make manifest the glory of God that is within us.

It's not just in some of us; it's in everyone.

And as we let our own light shine, we unconsciously give other people permission to do the same. As we are liberated from our own fear, our presence automatically liberates others."

It reminds me that it is OK, more than Ok actually, to be who you truly are, to be your full self and bring it into the world. That in fact this is a high dream* I have for us all and our world. For me in the moment, 'letting my own light shine' is in letting the writing and birthing into the world of this personal story. It is part of my mythical path to share experiences which invite me to connect with a deep proprioceptive sense of unity and connectivity, light and freedom, with an expansive sense of Love. I also find myself at times separate, isolated, fearful, untrusting, ambivalent and hidden. These dynamics show through the mythical dance which is my life.

It does not escape me that this project, a requirement of the final stages of my Diploma of Process Oriented Psychology explores these mythical themes in a very personal way and sharing them publically. My therapist and teacher Susan Hatch lovingly reminds me from time to time, "we are always researching ourselves, we are always researching our life myths." She said this to support me as at the time I was once again questioning the validity or usefulness of telling such a personal story. It keeps getting more and more personal! I protest to myself as I'm writing. Where is the evidence of all the theories, the quotes, the research that I've been

compiling and collating over the years? I recall my project supervisor, Jane Martin asking out aloud “who knows, this project might be less academic than you thought”....

I've wondered why I feel so compelled to share so personally about Life Myth. Diamond and Spark-Jones (2004, p. 149) remind me that ‘life myth is a useful concept...it not only locates personal history in the context of a broader archetypal drama, but also adds a spiritual dimension to the self-exploration by addressing questions such as: Why am I here? What am I meant to learn or do? What is my purpose in life?’ These questions are tied in intricately with the process of writing, completing and sharing this Project. Engaging with this work, these themes and exposing myself is a central aspect to my Life Myth.

ALTERED AND EXTREME STATES, AND THEIR HEALING POTENTIAL

There are several motivations for me wanting to include this section here. The main motivation comes from my own experiences along the journey whereby I have experienced altered states* as invitations to think, feel and develop in new ways. Deep democracy has supported me to value and learn from the various states of consciousness I experience.

I have also seen that ‘altered and extreme states’ as a theme is like a thread that runs throughout the research I have undertaken in the writing of this project over the past few years. Looking into Australian colonial history we can see that alcohol was easily accessed and that rum was used as the main form of currency. Even today the Australian culture is one associated with having a few drinks with mates, a beer after work and binge drinking is one of our biggest social problems. When I began to research the Salvation Army, I discovered that the use of alcohol is prohibited and alcoholism was one of the first areas the Salvationists tried to warn against and prevent. I frequently hear about alcohol and substance use in indigenous communities and the theories that suggest that this is a dreaming attempt to reconnect with spirit.

There is much written about the value and importance of altered and extreme states in the area of shamanism, spiritual experience and indigenous cultures. Altered and extreme states may be entered into consciously to seek valuable wisdom needed by the community, for healing purposes and to deal with experiences of trauma, loss and grief. In my exploration of Australian Indigenous cultures and ways of living, I read that:

“Dreamtime Law” is assured by the constancy of ritual and ceremonial life in which they enter into ecstatic and trance states, contacting and listening to the voices of the Ancestors echoing from the great Dreamtime, and again ‘the expansive, empathetic perception of reality held by the Aborigines and other indigenous cultures appears as the most potent source to which we must now look for both humanity and earth’s survival’ (Lambert, 1993).

One of the biggest learnings I took from Worldwork in Denver was a beginning of a personal understanding and experience as to how altered states* may be trying to heal off the split off

parts of ourselves. I am wondering and thinking about the splitting or disconnect that occurs within us when we experience shame and guilt as well as grief or trauma. Are altered and extreme states attempts to connect, to heal and integrate wholeness? These thoughts and wonderings grow within me as my experiences and night time dreams help me understand and want to learn more. There is a lot to say and I will only be visiting these themes briefly here.

Process Oriented Psychology has a lot to offer in this area. We have theories that suggest that extreme states are valuable and look for a person to occupy them. In our model the goal is to integrate the state and support the environment to do the same. We believe that extreme states are political and are full of unloved creativity. We acknowledge that they can be disturbing to some and to parts of us who have a preference of certain styles. We have ways of working with ourselves and others in these states of consciousness. Some examples are: Amy Mindell's (1988, 1989) 'City Shadows' and 'Coma: Key to Awakening', Amy Mindell (1999) 'Coma: A Healing Journey' (1999), and Joe Goodbread (2009) 'Living on the Edge'.

Here is an account of an extreme altered state experience I had at Worldwork in Denver in April 2011. This is a direct copy of my reflections written down the week after the experience. I have removed identifiable information as best I can:

I'm not sure exactly what was going on for me in the beginning of the Group Process on the issue (involving intense conflict). I do know I was feeling really affected by the process and especially by a particular participant (PERSON 1) who seemed to have little feedback loop or awareness at that time. To me at the time, PERSON 1 had a weird way of talking about emotional things with any emotional affect, and this irritated me.

I was really agitated and irritated and could see myself jumping up and shouting SHUT UP to that person...I wondered if I was dreamt up and why. I was feeling pretty strongly altered. A man next to me had already jumped up to attack what that person was saying and how they were saying it. His wife and friend pulled him back saying "you are being dreamt up you are being dreamt up". There was a strong atmosphere in the room. A lot of feelings and a lot of disconnect from feelings. I remember a facilitator with a lot of emotions saying "It's against our very soul to shut down the way we do".

I decided to move as moving usually helps me if I am in a strong state and not sure about it. I moved across the other side of the room directly opposite to where I was sitting before. I decided for some reason to put on the cape that had been used in the introduction of the day – it was a big poncho going over the whole body and had snakes/daisies/skeletons/lightning bolts/other nature representations on it – it was called 'Madam Mind' and she was said to 'love diversity'. I could only just see out of the head hole, so my vision of the group scene was affected and altered.

I thought putting on the diversity cape might help me calm down and appreciate all sides. In reflection I think this altered me further...I was less agitated but I was less aware and more dreamy.

I felt the group hotting up and another facilitator was going into the middle because PERSON 1 was escalating. I took the cape off and felt energetically dragged into the scene. As PERSON 1 started violently screaming, I did too. I felt overcome by the scream. It moved out of me. I couldn't say I wasn't aware of what was happening but I wasn't really in control either. I do feel like I gave permission of an energetic kind somehow to be pulled in to it. The scream was intense and held a lot of power and emotion and was so loud it hurt my throat.

MAN 1 was suddenly there and MAN 2 who was in front of and a bit lower as he was seated looked around with an angry look on his face and covered his ears. I felt ashamed and shut down. I said I was sorry. MAN 1 said "it's probably better and quicker if you let the identified facilitator do it". I stopped of course but I felt even more extremely altered and had a sense of "I've just screamed my heart out in public and oh shit I've just been shut down by MAN 1 and MAN 2, I'm probably not going to cope with that".

I leant down and patted MAN 2 and said again that I was sorry for hurting his ears, he again just held his hands over his ears, shook his head and looked like he was in pain and angry about it. I immediately felt knocked out and had to sit down/fall down. I was hidden from view as I had been standing on some stairs at the middle back of the room and there was a little wall there. I slunk down and went down down down far away. I felt like I was falling quickly away and also into little pieces, like a meteor exploding and floating off into the universe.

It was all I could do to maintain some sliver of awareness that I had a metacommunicator*. I knew I had been cast into this state by my central life edge and trauma/abuse history being triggered...of being deeply and somewhat primally exposed in public in not a very pretty or acceptable way. I even hurt someone. I had to be shut down by two men. I was hysterical in public. This carried shame for me as it has for other women across time. I was now shut down. I was deeply internal. I was aware I was on the edge of losing myself completely and going into an extreme state. I was aware I was in a most extreme altered state.

I had no ability to move my body. I was crying and had no ability to control my breathing. I could not lift my head from off my knees. I could not open my eyes. I was shattered and splintered. I tried to regain some control by trying to feel my feet in my shoes and on the ground and the wall on my side which I was leaning on. I tried to tell myself I was Ok that this would be Ok and of course this happened because of my personal history. I felt I had no body though for a while.

I could tell the group process was finishing and I tried to look up. I could hear what was being said and I heard a facilitator say something about extreme states and that they have been marginalised etc. This helped me somehow.

I was crying and waiting for someone to come and find me in this hidden spot, to notice me maybe. Someone came and patted me, maybe a few people did. Someone

asked me if I needed help and I made a noise and they thought I meant I needed to be alone. I think it probably just looked like I was crying, not that I was very stuck.

Then someone came and sat with me on the step. I could feel their energy and it felt like they were going to stay. This helped me relax and not feel alone. I eventually leant over a bit and they touched me. I lifted a finger and they touched it. I was aware I was doing something like coma communication and it was so interesting and wonderful to experience the power of it from the 'other side' and know how good it is and that it works!!

Then I kind of grunted out that I felt very far away. She said "you feel very far away..." I said 'yes and I want to come back'...she said 'yes and you want to come back'. She said that "well one way of coming back might be to try and open your eyes" and with relief I said to myself "Oh yes! The visual channel*!"...and slowly tried opening my eyes. It felt very weird, like there was more light but less clarity. I felt the world had changed while I'd been gone. I felt energetically very spacey and altered. I could see that THE HELPFUL WOMAN was a woman I had not met before. I could see the irony and synchronicity in that it was this particular woman, and that it was our first meeting. My association with her prior to this experience was as the author of very helpful, revolutionary words regarding self-love and self-hate which I had read several years ago.

I then progressively began a process of coming back...consciously re-entering my senses and ability to move my body. The HELPFUL WOMAN only stayed just long enough to see I had mostly returned. In hindsight I appreciate this so much as it felt very empowering. At the time I thought she was going too quickly and I still needed help to stand etc...the extent of our conversation as I recall it was her saying 'it was a powerful process', me saying 'yes it was but also my history got triggered and I went into a shame state'. She acknowledged the complexity of pain of shame and then asked if I had someone with me, I could see my friend had gone and got my partner who was standing nearby waiting, so I told the woman and she said I was in good hands and left.

Then over the next few hours I slowly – got up, moved to a chair, sat a while to keep returning to my body, got out of the building and walked away from there slowly down to the creek with my partner. I was crying and it felt like grieving. I was having all these realisations about my personal history but it felt like I had been awakened and healed somehow. I kept saying "I feel energetically discombobulated and put back together in a new way"...it felt like I had been shattered into pieces and came back in a different way...like before this shattering I was split into parts, very separate and distinct parts of myself – victim/shamer/etc., like compartments. The shattering/discombobulating had shattered the compartments, shattered the energetic separation I was used to but never knew it.

I felt healed on an energetic level.

I went back to the apartment and toyed with the idea of not coming back in the afternoon session. But I couldn't relate to the backlash I felt I should have been experiencing. It was there on a cognitive and habitual level but not an emotional or energetic level. I couldn't believe it. That sort of thing happening would surely

knock me out for days?? I thought my usual powerful learning style was by experiencing backlash after having had an outburst of some kind....what was different now?

So I went back in in the afternoon and watched myself and felt myself and I was OK. I was a little vulnerable, but also very present and OK with that. That night we had the dinner at the Thai restaurant and I told a few people about it and it felt good to talk it through.

The next day I spoke briefly with THE HELPFUL WOMAN and thanked her and introduced myself properly. She was very gracious and simple and non-judgemental which reinforced my new sense of energetic ok'ness with it all...she said something like 'well you'll return the favour one day" and I thought wow she knows those states and she thinks they are ok, she also sees the whole of me not just one part. What a great learning for me on so many levels.

I also decided to talk with MAN 1 about what happened and the short version of that interaction is that he said he has no interest in shutting down altered and extreme states in the appropriate setting. He acted with me because he felt that the group could have gone against me and said he related to me in that moment as a 'participant facilitator'. I learnt a lot from this exchange.

I couldn't bring myself to know how to relate with MAN 2. This might be something I may or may not need or want to do in the future in person but I do need to explore it in therapy. I observed myself to feel Ok around him over the next few days, so think it would be good to work on it as inner work initially. (I have since worked with this 'role' as an inner part of me who is against my own 'hysteria', my own pain, strong feelings and 'extreme' nature.)

I had the opportunity on a next day to support another participant in a similar way that THE HELPFUL WOMAN had supported me. I could tell this person was not just crying that they needed some energetic anchoring to come back to themselves and also felt as soon as that was done I could go and leave them related the story and emotional side of it all to their friends. There was a sense of coming full circle as on the last day this person thanked me and I pretty much verbatim could say and mean what THE HELPFUL WOMAN had said to me!

The day after this big experience I was moved to raise the topic of "the potential healing power of altered and extreme states – the healing of the separation that comes from experiences of trauma, grief, shame". It is my sense that that state was a direct attempt to heal the original splitting off that had occurred in my life over time. I wonder where we will go with the understanding of this issue and experience.

Since I have come back to Australia I have been sitting a lot with this experience. I have a lot to learn and get out of it. I'm only just beginning to get it and in another way, I am energetically there somehow. I can feel the difference. I just can't quite believe it or know how to be differently sometimes. I need and want to catch up with the understanding side of it. I know it will take time and is already happening.

I think I could say that I have lived my whole life with a deep sense of Shame of being inherently wrong. Even when I started to become aware of this I have had a tendency to operate from that place unconsciously. This is my central edge. I am becoming more aware of how this experience has shaped my relationships, defences, behaviours, actions, beliefs about myself. I feel this journey has been going on for a long time and know now of course I will live with aspects and flavours of this throughout my life. The more I look the more I find. The more complex it is.

I also know and have known deep down I have always had a sense of being loved and being OK. It's just that I thought I'd have to be dead or enlightened to live in a daily way like that!

I am interested in the dynamics of shame. I am exploring and wrestling with this in everything I'm doing it feels. I am undoing some of the old ways of thinking that stem from chronic conscious and unconscious shame. I am realigning and practising being from different sets of core values about myself and life and people. This is a tricky time actually. It's really hard at the moment. But I can also see some light ahead and here and there.

I'm not sure how to find the balance between not getting stuck in the victim state and immobilised and righteous about my pain etc...and acknowledging the impact that my chronic sense of shame has had on my life and how I act etc...and grieving for that.

Now, nearly 18 months after this transformative experience, I continue to be grateful and continue to reflect. I realise even more how many of the experiences I share within this Project are connected. They continue to teach me about Deep democracy and lead me further to a place of self-acceptance and self-love. Exploring my personal history and ancestral history leads me into the lesser known places of myself. Becoming more familiar with these places helps me feel more whole and at home in various situations, states of consciousness, relationship challenges and in the world. I will conclude this section with the following quote:

Italo Calvino once said: 'It is not the voice that commands the story: it is the ear.' I love this quote as it does not make clear whose ear he is referring to, the speaker or the listener. The truth is that the magic works both ways. Voicing these stories allows speakers to sometimes hear themselves for the first time. That can be a great awakening and if you are lucky enough to witness it happening it is a gift to both listener and speaker alike. The mere fact that these stories are told and witnessed restores the strength that many of us were denied in trying to find our voice. And the shaping and crafting of those moments allows us to pass on something of what it is to be human. Perhaps, in the end, to be a person is to not only have a story to tell but also to have the voice to speak it with (Ashley Ramsden, 2012).

TYING THESE THEMES TOGETHER

Shame and Guilt and Grief...Life Myth...Altered and Extreme States and Healing Potential

In linking this altered state experience (as described in the last section) to my exploration of this project topic, I began to realise more fully that shame and guilt can lead to an experience disconnect from one another, ourselves, the land and our history. Worldwork seminars and Worldwork theory and concepts such as Deep Democracy can provide tools and a paradigm to work with these complex and painful realities of our histories and current times.

Some of my thoughts are about the altered and extreme states in the background within our culture. I am aware that there is a huge level of conscious and unconscious pain and sorrow regarding the impact colonisation has had on the indigenous communities in Australia. This includes intergenerational trauma, grief and loss through violence and dispossession from land and country. Other people may be getting in touch with the pain/shame of being convicts or criminals, displaced and sent from the 'homeland' to an unfamiliar and far away country on the other side of the world.

One day late in 2011 I picked up Kim Scott's (2010) novel, *That Deadman Dance*. I read the back cover 'Bobby Wabalging...Deadman Dance...eyes of black and white early 1800's. It's a story for our times'. This sounds right up my alley. Then I looked in the front, read the praise and read Thomas Kennelly who wrote 'many Australians will love to get a sense of the experience of intrusion not from a descendants of intruders but from a child of the true possessors'...and the feelings came into me...I tried to capture and label the cocktail of feelings - feeling, grief, shame, still blending in there at the label 'intruder'...why can't I accept this as a historical fact without spinning into shame and guilt??, I notice how easy and familiar it is for me to go there, to that realm of polarities, where when bad things have happened means you must be bad. From this place I have no energy or ability to act in a generative sense. The book *Beyond White Guilt* is a good resource for exploring the potential uses of guilt in this context, for example on page 165, Maddison (2011) writes: "It is time for us to recognise this guilt we feel is in fact an urge to make things right, to create a just relationship, to decolonise ourselves".

There are other feelings there too - loss, relief, joy, respect, pain, hope, touched, gratitude for being born in this country and at such a time.

I feel that underneath the cocktail of emotion and reaction is something deeper again and perhaps unitive. I have been thinking about this a lot. If I have to start by putting a label on it, I would say that Grief is an emotion which I believe may hold deep, unifying potential. It holds all things and comes and goes in wave like patterns. It is not static and it is not one thing.

Can our grief unite us?

Grieving together for what we all have lost does not mean that there have been no hopeful, success or joyful stories either. There have always been wonderful stories of survival, resilience and friendship on all sides. I am not just talking about the grief for the tragedies that have happened to the First People of Australia and the land since colonisation. I am referring to the deeper grief of separation from one another and the land. We are united in that too.

I had a night time dream in August 2011 which has led me into and supported me in this line of thought and ideas. The dream went like this (excerpt from diary):

I was at Worldwork and Emetchi was facilitating a group process on racism. There was a group of African American men standing facing a group of white American men talking/shouting openly about their experiences of racism. The atmosphere was hot and getting hotter. A group of African men walked into the room in full warrior garb. They were very powerful and the African American men started to talk/shout/wail about their experiences of racism from this group also. The energy and atmosphere was electric with feeling. During this time I was sitting on the floor in the middle of them all furiously and wildly drawing large powerful red and orange flames on large pieces of paper with bold rich oil pastels.

I did not notice that another group process had started, it was facilitated by Max and was on 'complicated grief'. I kept on drawing the flames but by now the energy was less frantic and felt like it had dropped a level. I had a black scarf with sparkly bits tied around my neck and I was holding a lot of feeling there while I channelled it into the drawing. I stayed this way while others were talking. At the end Max came up to me and asked 'why didn't you talk? Why didn't you say anything, you know a lot about complicated grief'. And I stood up and held my hand to my scarf and with my eyes said "I am feeling it all here and holding it all here. I am feeling and holding the connection between racism and complicated grief". With his eyes he told me he understood and that it was good what I had done in support of the group process.

This was a significant dream for me and I feel is trying to teach me something key to what I am working on. As I awoke from the dream and as I worked on this dream later, I came to the conclusion (for the moment) that the experience of Shame and Guilt may be red herrings. Could it be that Shame and Guilt operate to keep us stuck and disconnected on the way to something deeper and more connected?

Maybe if we can take even a further step beyond shame and guilt to the grief, and then again go beyond the complicated grief, by going deeply into the feeling there and express them and be with them through art, movement, dance, performance, group work, maybe then healing and connectivity can and will occur.

In my experience the pain becomes 'deeper' and is somehow more earthy down there ...it is grief...grief for our separation from land, country, ourselves, dislocation, dispossession, rank and power, criminals, blame and shame. It may also be an invitation to come back into the earth, where we are held and connected. It is my belief that many of us are grieving and yearning for a sense of connectivity with our deeper selves, one another and the Earth. Each time in my life that I have followed the pain or these feelings further through using movement or art, I have arrived, through the intensity, at a new place which I can only explain as feeling 'held'. Frequently this has come through ending up face first crying into the ground, then breathing in the earth and feeling completely surrendered, yet securely held by the ground.

I listened to an interview held with Kate Grenville on BBC World Book Club. Among other things she was discussing various takes on the meaning of the ending of her story. The final pages has Thornhill, the main character is looking into the distance possibly for some aboriginal people who may have survived the massacre which happens earlier in the novel...there is the

...fundamental feeling - that he had gained the world and lost his soul, he had won, yet in some profound way he had lost but was not quite aware what that sense of loss was...hoping his acts had not been terminal - that there had been another chance.

Grenville comments that in Australia today we have everything we could possibly want in a material way yet there is emptiness and sadness. Grenville refers to this as

...an unacknowledged mourning within the white Australian psyche...we haven't bought it to the surface yet...not a name for it...all of us looking into the bush,

we have a longing still...conscious we are on the edge of a continent we don't understand, we barely own...yet it is our own...', she says we 'must find a way to do that better and of the course the way to do that is through the indigenous people. (BBC World Service, 2009)

More recent dreams I have had have involved me taking wild and wonderful tours with actors and actresses who I associate serious and sombre roles with (e.g. Ralph Fiennes the guy from The English patient). In this dream Ralph Fiennes was quirky, kooky, Willy Wonka (played by Gene Wilder in the original version of Charlie and the Chocolate Factory) tours style. He was riding a bicycle which could fly in the air and he took me through his fantasy land where the waterfalls were chocolate and the trees were lollipops etc. This dream has helped me so much. It has made more conscious of my edge to being light and fun with this topic area.

I have a belief system that due to the hugeness and seriousness and gravity of this topic and these themes, an extremely serious and sombre-ness is required to discuss this topic. This is definitely true on one level and also for me personally, for the sake of sustainability for myself and my body, on this particular path, I have also discovered a need for another way. These dream figures help me with that. They say strong, serious and big things in a matter of fact tone. They also bring in fun and light and joy and playfulness and a sense of a huge and soft ground to land on or fall on, rather than a hard arid bone breaking landing of pain, fatigue and death. I recall various Process Work teachers modelling this sense of childlike playfulness and lightness. I recall instances of witnessing the healing and transformation playfulness as a metaskill can bring to heavy, difficult situations. Amy Mindell (1995) states: 'the child frees us to go deeper into experiences that seem unchangeable', it helps us to 'be free to experiment with life' and new experiences.

The Metaskills* which I believe to be central for me in sharing these still-forming ideas are:

- **Process Mind** - going deeply into the earth to achieve a sense of connectivity and coming back with a state change/ wisdom to keep me going
- a seemingly more **detached, lighter and playful approach**, yes underneath is a matter of factness which is less personal therefore less likely to get caught up in the polarities of emotions or dreamland level of you should/can/can't/shouldn't/never etc.
- **love** of myself and this country and land
- **warrior like discipline to follow my dreaming and believe in it**

I'm not sure where this will lead me in the future but it is continuing as we speak. As soon as I finish a section of writing I realise there is more, there is more. More ideas, more questions, more thoughts, more experiences more dreams, more movies to watch, more walks and tours to take, more people to speak to, more books and articles to read. It is an infinite world of possibilities and development and awareness an insight.

I am ready for the next phase of my life to roll in....I know the themes will linger in various new and old ways and forms....family, ancestors, land, connectivity, Australian context, grief, rank and power, healing, motherhood, women, shame and guilt, dispossession, and relationships between indigenous and non-indigenous Australians.

III

Final Words

I need to conclude this project. It's a hard thing to do. I feel I could go on and on and off on so many various tangents, themes and pathways. I am aware the journey and the learning is ongoing. Following and listening with this learning is now a more natural way for me to live. There are many discussions which can and have been opened up within these pages. There will be as many opinions and reactions and questions from the reading audience as there are internally within me.

At this time it feels appropriate to revisit my three main research questions and highlight some of the key answers I have explored throughout the Project.

1. How can Worldwork, specifically the concept of Deep Democracy be utilised where there has been a history of disconnection, colonisation, displacement, pain, suffering, guilt and shame?
2. How can Deep Democracy be utilised to develop a deeper sense of connection to my ancestry, myself, this land and other people?
3. What is the value of personal stories in relation to the initial two questions?

In response to the questions and reflecting on my journey, I personally place a very high value on the ability to be open to all sides, to know who we are and where we come from and to look at history in an honest and direct way. The subsequent strengthening of support over time that Deep Democracy facilitates is also clear to me. Deep Democracy provides us with choice and flexibility, and the options to explore and 'dive in' to territory that may sometimes seem daunting, impossible or too painful.

The deepening sense of living Deeply Democratically has improved my quality of life, sense of belonging and connectivity to myself, my family, this land and all people. I fell 'kinder', or more open toward myself and others. Deep Democracy both recognises the difficulties and the importance of support, friends and safe and open community sharing of stories and

experiences. I am still left with more questions than answers. This is a good thing. Questions enable curiosity and can initiate dialogue and enquiry.

Atkinson points out:

The findings suggest that while trauma has shaped the lives of many people in Australian society, especially aboriginal peoples, healing is possible. Healing can be described as a journey of self-discovery as people engage together in educating themselves about themselves. The findings suggest that if Australia society were to engage in a process of healing, of educating the self about the Self, reconciliation at the very core of what “reconciliation” means would occur (2002, p. 260).

I'm so grateful for the gift of this journey and grateful to my dreaming path bringing me to Process Work which brought me to Collaroy which brought me to my Ancestors and then the whole journey of coming home to myself - of bringing me home - to the land, to myself, to my history, my Ancestors, to the dialogues that have now begun within me and between us together.

I am grateful to be caught in the current wave of remembering the truth about our history and dialogue in this country regarding a growing awareness of the need for recognition and respect for the First Australians, the traditional custodians of this country.

It is my hope that we will as a country listen to the invitation, requests and knowledge from Aboriginal Elders and communities to listen, to remember, to wait and walk together. For example, here is an excerpt from a statement made by a group of Elders in February 2011 in relation to the current Government policies in place in the Northern Territory:

We are the people of the land. The land is our mother. For more than 40,000 years we have been caring for this land. We are its natural farmers.

Now after so many years of dispossession, we find once again we are being thrust toward a new dispossession; Our pain and our fear are real. Our people are again being shamed...

...so extreme have been the actions against our people that we must appeal to all people of Australia to walk with us in true equality. Speak out and help put an

end to the nightmare that Northern Territory Aboriginal people are experiencing on a daily basis (Concerned Australians, 2011, p. 49).

It is my hope more people will seek to find out who they are, where they come from, and in turn reconnect with the land and one another. Atkinson again shares her opinion:

For healing to be allowed to happen within Aboriginal Australian societies, Aboriginal peoples must restructure their own dialogues – must begin to talk amongst themselves about the acts of violence and the experiences of trauma, and hence undertake the hard work to change, to name with courage and hope, the possibility of healing.

Similarly, non-Aboriginal people must begin to consider, to own their own pathologies and take the courage to talk together about who they are and what their contribution to the well-being or otherwise of the Indigenous peoples of this country has been over history and her-story.

Finally a collective dialogue must occur between us, from informed and courageous decision to share pain and work for healing’ (2002, pp. 259-60).

There are painful facts in our history of Colonisation and settlement. There have been and still are unjust, discriminative and violent acts as well as destructive Governmental policies that carry a lot of pain.

I wish to acknowledge this fact.

I am sorry for this pain and deeply grieve and feel around this.

As a white woman I feel it has been my responsibility to look closely into my own Ancestry and history. Then I can relate this learning to current situations, and relationships. I believe that denial, while serving a purpose for a time, is not a sustainable approach if we are seeking healing, wholeness or connection on individual, relational or communal levels. The stagnation of shame and guilt of being white and descended from the perpetrators of colonial violence/white invaders is not a state that allows for healing or moving forward with awareness or respect. The white blindfold must be removed.

As I connect more with the story of my Ancestors, I feel an opening around their suffering, their humanity and their journey. I am interested in their story too. This interest had led me to

be more interested in myself and my story. I am interested in acknowledging all and our interconnectedness and in particular being on this land in way that honours and listens. In my experience, the gift of knowing more about who I am in terms of where I come from and gaining an awareness of my ancestry has led me to a greater, deeper acceptance of myself and my place and sense of belonging in the world. If I turn away from these connections, these truths, and the people in my ancestral histories, I turn away from myself, my potential whole self.

I continue to wake up and learn more about all the themes explored here and how they relate to my own personal story as well as to the Australian context and community in which I live. Shame, trauma and disconnection have the potential to move and transform. Healing, belonging and connection can occur.

I continue to experience my own blindspots and unconsciousness. I continue to become aware of projections and how I relate to rank and privilege. Process work concepts and tools have offered me a great deal in my journey of exploration and discovery and I have no doubt this will continue to unfold and develop further in personal and more public ways.

To simply sum up what this Project is really all about I will borrow a favourite quote from Arny Mindell:

The most fundamental forum is your own heart. Both as a facilitator and as a human being, you must learn to hear yourself there (Mindell, 1995).

This journey and the sharing of it teaches me this skill.

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D. Maps

#1. A copy of original 1831 map of Jenkins Road, (Muir, 1992) p.133

#2. A copy of 2011 map of current Sydney Buses bus route following Pittwater Road, and Condamine St. p.134

#3. A copy of my October 2011 'project tour': My partner Andrew and I drove to the Hawkesbury region and on to Windsor, Wisemans Ferry, Cattai National Park, Pitt Town, Parramatta, Rookwood cemetery (which is so big it's called Rookwood Necropolis!), Balmain, Collaroy and the Northern beaches down to Manly, North Harbour Reserve and The Spit area, The Rocks and Sydney city. We stayed in a combination of motels, camping sites, a conference centre, and a Youth Hostel. We visited the birth places and resting places, houses, land spots and local areas of my first Australian Ancestors. p.135

GLOSSARY OF TERMS

Altered State

Process Work differentiates between *Altered* and *Extreme* states. These descriptions of mind states are nonpathological. *Altered* implies that your mind state differs from your ordinary state of mind. It ranges on a continuum from slight tiredness or fogginess through to dreamlike states up to delusional and hallucinatory states. If the person's ability to relate the particular altered states to his or her ordinary state of mind is impeded and the person is overwhelmed by the state, then Process Work calls them *Extreme States*. These states can be induced by mind-altering drugs, aging, fever, and other illnesses, as well as psychiatric conditions (Morin and Reiss, 2010, p. 221).

ANZPOP

The Australia and New Zealand Training Faculty for Process Oriented Psychology.

Big U

Together with all the parallel worlds, the dreamer and dreamed, the observer and observed add up to the total you...the *Big U* has all your parts in it as well...it is the core of who you are (Mindell, 2007, p.43). See also *Little U*.

Birthday Dream

Birthday dream is the idea that on the night of your birthday, your dream may hold the key pattern/myth to your year ahead. This is my own understanding from various personal communications. See also *Life Myth* concept.

Channels

Channels are modes, or pathways through which we send, receive and experience information

Visual: Information we receive in pictures, colours, things we see either internally or externally.

Auditory: Information we receive in sounds, things we hear.

Proprioceptive: Information we receive with our bodies: feelings and sensations like: temperature, pressure, touch, etc.

Movement: Information we perceive as movement, for example, the way we walk, fluttering in the stomach, etc.

Relationship: Information we receive through or in contact with other people.

World: Information we receive by being in the world, for example, social issues, money, work, etc. The world channel is a composite channel as it may include relationship.

(ANZPOP Subject and Assessment Guide, September 2011).

Consensus Reality (CR)

The experience of everyday reality that most people more or less agree upon. For example, the time. It is what is considered by the majority to be true within a specific culture or group (ANZPOP Subject and Assessment Guide, September 2011).

‘deep ocean of knowing’ – many thanks to one of my teachers Claus Bargmann for sharing this term with me and giving permission to use it in my project.

Deep Democracy - definitions throughout the Essay and Project, plus two more here

- A. *Deep Democracy* or the elder's multileveled awareness is typified by a special feeling; accepting the simultaneous importance of all voices and roles, and the three levels of experience. Everyday reality and its problems are as important as those problems and figures reflected in dreamland, and are also as important as any potential oneness or spiritual experience at the essence level of reality where rank no longer exists (Mindell and Mindell, 2012a).

- B. A respect and love of nature in the deepest sense. It acknowledges the importance of representing the disavowed parts in order to make the situation whole. We support the parts of ourselves and groups that we know well, but may marginalize parts that we mistrust or are fearful about. *Deep Democracy* is an attitude of openness to parts or voices that are both central and marginal. For example, the parts that we do not know so well and may disavow, stigmatise or reject. The attitude of *Deep Democracy* awareness can be applied to group work, one's own inner experience, relationship conflicts etc. In contrast to the political concept of democracy, which embraces the notion of majority rule, *Deep Democracy* considers the importance of both marginal and majority voices as central to wholeness (ANZPOP Subject and Assessment Guide, September 2011).

Dreamingbody

A name for unusual experiences and altered states of consciousness that try to reach your everyday awareness through signals such as body symptoms and movement impulses, dreams, and messages from the environment (Mindell, 1993, p. 4).

Earth Based Psychology – Path awareness from the teachings of Don Juan, Richard Feynman, and Lao Tse

This is the title of a book by Arny Mindell (2007), and a *Process Work* approach based on ancient wisdoms and physics. *Path awareness* is defined as the ability to sense where to turn at any given moment.

Edge

A communication block that occurs when an individual or a group, represses something that is trying to emerge. This typically occurs at the boundary between our primary (known

identity) and secondary processes (lesser known identity) (ANZPOP Subject and Assessment Guide, September 2011).

Eldership

Eldership is a concept drawn from Indigenous community life. Not related solely to age, it refers to the ability to communicate across complex hierarchies, to span and positively influence a range of levels. *Eldership* is empowering of all organisational voices and parts. It is characterized by its good-hearted leadership that remains centred in the heat of conflict. *Eldership* can make allies out of competitors. It connects us to the bigger picture or vision whilst appreciating the diversity and detail. It may include shamanic abilities such as shape-shifting and the utilisation of one's own experiences and life-myth and their relationship to the world at large for the benefit of all (ANZPOP Subject and Assessment Guide, September 2011).

Dreaming Level of Reality

In dreams and “dreamland”, you move in and out of being yourself as well as other people. In dreamland, roles are non-local (i.e. spread out everywhere in the universe at any given moment). Therefore in dreamland, rank no longer has absolute significance. Rather, fixed CR rank and power become exchangeable, entirely relative and momentary, almost insignificant.

With awareness, we notice how what seems like real people and facts in everyday reality, are actually spirits of the times, roles and dream like figures. By playing these roles and switching roles, the background to everyday reality can become clear (Mindell and Mindell, 2012a).

Extreme State

Mindell coined the term *Extreme State* to reflect his observation that the values and norms of a given culture determine whether a state of mind is normal or abnormal. He saw extreme states such as schizophrenia, catatonia, and depression – in a value-neutral way, as alternative states of experience rather than as fixed pathological conditions (Diamond and Spark-Jones, 2004, p. 9). See also *Altered State*.

Field

The atmosphere or climate of any community; including its physical, environmental and emotional surroundings. (Mindell, 1995, p.42)

Fluidity

Refers to the therapists feeling ability to move, adapt and flow with the unique curves and windings of any given process... fluid therapist is spontaneous (Amy Mindell, 1995, p. 152).

Group Process

Process Oriented group work method and structure for processing a variety of issues relevant to the group and to the world. This is my own understanding from various personal communications and experiences.

(Process Oriented) Innerwork

Process Oriented Innerwork focuses on following the flow of one's own experiences by noticing the most obvious body movements and signals, as well as subtler dreamlike experiences, and the most subtle, almost ineffable feelings and tendencies occurring within and around us (Mindell and Mindell, 2012b).

Levels

Process work understands we experience reality on three different levels: *Consensus Reality (CR)*, *Dream level/dreamland*, *Sentience/Essence*.

Life Myth

Jung originally coined the term life myth to describe a patterning for life-long personal development. He found that childhood dreams which often stayed in a person's memory into adulthood, revealed an archetypal or mythic pattern for a person's 'life... Mindell extended Jung's work on life myth and childhood dreams by proposing that patterning for a person's life can also be seen in recurrent and long-term experiences such as chronic symptoms, illness, addictions and relationship patterns (Diamond and Spark Jones, 2004, p. 148).

Little U

The everyday reality, how we identify (primary process), the dream ego (Mindell, 2007, p.44). See also *Big U*.

Metaskill

Deep spiritual attitudes and beliefs that manifest in therapy and everyday life... feeling attitudes (Amy Mindell, 1995, p. 15).

Meta-communicator

The part of us that can talk about what we are experiencing (ANZPOP Subject and Assessment Guide, September 2011).

Non-Locality

An *Essence Level* experience – the deepest level, appears in psychology as presence, the power or feeling that is projected onto or found in earth-based totem field experiences. This is Jung's unconscious, and the alchemist's Unus Mundus. The power of this presence appears again in the quantum waves of physics, in mystical God experiences, and in the "coming together" that sometimes occurs in community life (Mindell, 2010, p. 246).

Process Work (Process Oriented Psychology, POP, PW)

Process Work is an evolving modality, a “path made by walking”. Its development is best understood as Arnold Mindell’s lifelong quest to piece together the mysteries of human consciousness, physics and psychology. Starting out as an attempt to incorporate physical experiences and body symptoms into Jungian psychology’s primarily dream-based method, Process Work has grown in unforeseen directions. It has become an awareness modality with applications in areas such as organisational and community development, diversity and leadership training, spiritual practice, individual psychotherapy, relationship counselling and group work (Diamond and Spark-Jones, 2004, p. 1).

Processmind

- A theory; an organising principle in psychology and physics
- A field concept and experience of being moved by a specific altered state of consciousness
- A practice; a meditation and mediation procedure
- The deepest self; a somatic experience of wellness and least action
- A non-dualistic quality that describes a particular quantum-like, human awareness system
- A life or near-death experience that includes all of the foregoing (Mindell, 2010, p. 7).

Sentient Reality/Sentient Essence

A term used to signify the essential quality of something: an experience or thing, before it became manifest in the realm of polarities. *Sentience* is a state of undifferentiated consciousness and Process Work describes it as the realm of experience that is beyond polarity and cannot be clearly defined. It expresses an experience of ‘oneness’ that includes essences or essential qualities (quoted in part from Claus Bargmann, personal communication, and in part from Max Schupbach, ANZPOP Subject and Assessment Guide, September 2011).

Stolen Generation

The forced removal of Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander children from their families was official government policy from 1909 to 1969. However the practice took place both before and after this period. Governments, churches and welfare bodies all took part.

Children were taken from Aboriginal parents so they could be brought up ‘white’ and taught to reject their Aboriginality. Children were placed with institutions and from the 1950s began also being placed with white families. Aboriginal children were expected to become labourers or servants, so in general the education they were provided was very poor.

Aboriginal girls in particular were sent to homes established by the Board to be trained in domestic service. (<http://reconciliation.org.au/nsw/education-kit/stolen-generations/>).

Timespirit

The roles that we play in a group field...non-static, temporary and transitory...you actually experience the emotions of that spirit...*Timespirits* are differentiated parts of the overall global field; they are roles found throughout the world: communists and capitalists, workers

and managers, poor countries and rich countries, heroes and villains and so on (Mindell, 2002, p. 25).

Worldwork (WW)

Worldwork was developed by [Arnold Mindell](#), founder of *Process Oriented Psychology* or *Process Work* and colleagues. *Worldwork* is both an experiential training seminar that takes place usually every 2 years and is also a small and large group Process Work method/philosophy as explained below.

- A. ***Worldwork* is an experiential training seminar in conflict work and community building.** The seminar provides a unique opportunity for people from all over the world to come together in a powerful forum for focusing on and working with social, environmental, and political issues using group process skills. Between two and three hundred people from over thirty countries participate in these 6 day gatherings. The large staff team facilitates a diversity of learning experiences that include large group focus and interaction, small group meetings, one-to-one sessions and networking groups.

- B. ***Worldwork* is a small and large group *Process Work* method that uses *Deep Democracy* to address the issues of groups and organizations of all kinds.** In order to resolve reality problems and enrich community experience, *Worldwork* methods focus on finding and employing the power of an organization's or city's dreamlike background (e.g. projections, gossip, roles, and creative fantasy). *Worldwork* facilitators listen to the land, do *Innerwork*, practice outer communication skills involving role consciousness, signal and rank awareness to enrich organizational life. *Worldwork* has been successfully applied to the analysis of, and work with multicultural and multileveled groups, Aboriginal communities, universities, small and large international organizations, city hot spots, in corporations and world conflict zones (Mindell and Mindell, 2012c).

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Nicole's Matriarchal Line Since Arrival in Australia

Mothers and Daughters (surnames at birth)	Husbands and Fathers of these women
<p>Mary Boucher (married 1796) c. 1764, Britain, d.1852, Prospect, NSW. (88 years)</p> <p>- convict from Britain who arrived on the <i>Indispensible</i> in 1795.</p>	<p>Thomas Saunders c.1765 Britain, d.1846, Parramatta, NSW. (81 years)</p> <p>- convict from Britain who arrived on the <i>Matilda</i> in 1791, Third Fleet.</p>
<p>Elizabeth Saunders (m.1815) b. 1797, Parramatta NSW, d. 1874, Balmain NSW. (77 years)</p>	<p>James Jenkins c.1774, Britain, d. 1835 The Rocks, Sydney NSW. (61 years)</p> <p>- convict from Britain who arrived on the <i>Coromandel</i> in 1802.</p>
<p>Ann(ie) Jenkins (m.1854) b. 1831, Sydney NSW. d. 1896, Brisbane QLD. (65 years) (Elizabeth Jenkins' sister)</p>	<p>William Hendren b. 1832, Armagh Ireland, d. 1903 Liverpool NSW. (71 years)</p>
<p>Anna Hendren (m.1883) b. 1863, Ipswich QLD. d. 1915 (52 years)</p>	<p>Michael John Gill b. 1852, Ipswich, d 1909 Mungalalla. (57 years)</p>
<p>Evelyn Annie Gill (m.1913) b. 1892, QLD. d. 1976 (84 years).</p>	<p>Henry Joseph Byrnes b. 1888, QLD. d. 1954, Brisbane (66 years)</p>
<p>Molly Byrnes (m. 1947) b.1924, Mitchell QLD - currently living in Sydney, NSW.</p>	<p>Bruce Kinnaird b. 1912, VIC. d. 1997. Sydney NSW, (85 years)</p>
<p>Maree Kinnaird (m. 1974) b. 1953, Sydney NSW - currently living on the Central Coast of NSW.</p>	<p>Clifford Smith b.1951, Sydney NSW, d.1993, Central Coast NSW. (42 years)</p>
<p>Nicole Kinnaird (nee Smith, also prev. Walsh) (defacto.2004) b. 1975, Sydney NSW - currently living in Brisbane (me!)</p>	<p>Andrew Lindsay b.1968, Brisbane QLD - currently living in Brisbane.</p>
<p>Rosie Kinnaird b. 2005, Brisbane QLD -currently living in Brisbane, and, Chloe Kinnaird b. 2007, Brisbane QLD - currently living in Brisbane</p>	

**I present here some key pieces of family history in a linear timeline,
information that came to me in the following order:**

Pre 2006 Worldwork:

- In my childhood, my Grandmother had told me she believed our family had some history in the Northern Beaches area, some 'land that had been given to the Church'. Just prior to the 2006 Worldwork seminar, I wondered about the connection between this vague fragment of family history and the fact that the site of this seminar was on land now owned by the Salvation Army....was this the 'Church' referred to by my Grandmother?
- I did not know the names of any of my ancestors past my great grandparents. I did not know details about my ancestral history, including arrival in Australia.

During Worldwork, April 2006:

- I saw a gravesite at the Collaroy Worldwork site and wondered if there could possibly be some family connection. The gravesite was a memorial to Elizabeth Jenkins and several of her family members. I was unfamiliar with the name at this time.
- I contacted my grandmother who did not know the name Elizabeth Jenkins. She then contacted her sister in law who confirmed that yes this was our ancestor.
- My great Aunt sent me a piece of paper with hand written notes showing that this Elizabeth Jenkins was the granddaughter of convict Mary Boucher who had arrived in Australia in 1795. I then saw that I am 7th generation in a line of Australian born women. See Table on p. 120.

Post Worldwork 2006:

In the days, weeks, months and years following Worldwork I discovered more detailed information through the following sources:

- looking online at www.ancestry.com was my starting point. Through researching the work already done by other family historians I began to piece together the family tree.

I soon found Geoff Asletts website. Geoff had done a lot of research into this line and most of my family tree knowledge has come from him.

- Geoff alerted me to Val Rees who wrote '*Beyond the Seas*', a book about the lives of Thomas and Mary Boucher. It is in this book that I learnt a lot about Thomas and Mary – their crimes and their life in Australia, including the land they owned, where and when they acquired and sold it, the names and birthdates of their children.
- Geoff also alerted me to the book by D.K Muir '*The Jenkins Road*' which outlines some of the details of James Jenkins life and the family connection with the Northern Beaches area of Sydney.
- In 2010, I met personally with Geoff and Val. This meeting was very valuable and we discussed the generations which have followed Thomas and Mary. I was inspired by Val to make a trip to the places where my ancestors had lived when they first arrived in Australia. For example: Pitt Town Bottoms, the farm Thomas lived on since 1794; The Rocks area of Sydney where Thomas and Mary had owned a bakery in the early 1800's, and where James Jenkins and his brother owned a pub and subsequently James and Elizabeth Jenkins had lived and raised their young children; the waterfront house in Balmain where Elizabeth Jenkins Snr lived out the last 30 years of her life; Collaroy and the Northern beaches area of Sydney where James Jenkins and his family would live, farm and build the main road, then called Jenkins Road and now still the main thoroughfare through the area (see modern day bus map in Appendix 3)
- Undertaking this research trip to Sydney and the surrounds in October 2011, gave me a new sense of connectedness to place and the history of place. I visited historical societies, museums, bookstores, information centres, libraries, historical sites and landspots.
- Reading and researching history books, and Australian fiction and non-fiction has helped me build a wider awareness of the context and conditions in which my Australian ancestors have lived.
- Talking with family members has given me more anecdotal snapshots of family history.

The key pieces of family history information I obtained followed this order:

- Elizabeth Jenkins Jnr. died aged 83 years on 26 June (my birthday) in 1900. She was James Jenkins' eldest daughter, and she cut her living relatives (including her sister Ann, my grandmother 6 generations back) out of the family 'inheritance' shortly before her death. The land where the family home was located is now the site of the Salvation Army Collaroy Centre and was the location of the 2006 Process Work Worldwork Seminar.
- She had never married and had no children of her own.
- Elizabeth Jenkins Jnr. was born in 1817, she was the eldest child of Elizabeth Jenkins Snr. (nee Saunders) who was born in the Colony in 1797, and James Jenkins, a convict who arrived on the '*Coromandel*' in 1802.
- My earliest Ancestors to live on Australian land were Thomas Saunders c. 1765 - 1846 and Mary Boucher c. 1764 - 1852. Their eldest child was Elizabeth (Saunders) Jenkins Snr.
- Thomas and Mary were convicts. He arrived on the Third Fleet transport, "*Matilda*", in August 1791. His wife to be, Mary Boucher arrived in the Colony of New South Wales on the convict transport, "*Indispensible*" in April 1796.

1. **Thomas1 Saunders** was born Abt. 1765, and died 03 Sep 1846 in Parramatta, N.S.W. He married Mary Boucher 19 Dec 1796 in St. Johns, Parramatta, N.S.W. She was born Abt. 1764, and died 09 Aug 1852 in Parramatta, N.S.W.

Thomas Saunders, aged 22, described as a labourer of Walthamstow was charged with stealing a sow pig, valued at 40 shillings, the property of George Mitchell. The theft occurred at Essex on 27th July 1786. He stood trial at the Essex Lent Assizes at Chelmsford on 12th March 1787 and was sentenced to seven years transportation. Serving the first years of his sentence on the prison hulk "*Lion*" in Portsmouth Harbour, he was eventually transported on the convict transport "*Matilda*", a ship of 480 tons, Captain Matthew Weatherhead, which departed Portsmouth on 27th March 1791 and arrived Port Jackson on 1st August the same year.

In 1794, his sentence completed and now a free man, Thomas Saunders was granted 30 acres on the south bank of the Hawkesbury River near Pitt Town, New South Wales, where he established a small farm. Two years later Thomas Saunders of Hawkesbury and Mary Boucher of Parramatta were married at St John's Church, Parramatta, by Rev. Samuel Marsden. Thomas was a marksman while Mary signed her name with a flourish, indicating that she had some education.

While Thomas and Mary experienced all the ups and downs of farming in the early days of the colony, they generally prospered and eventually extended their interests to include several other properties as well as a bakery at the Rocks, Sydney.

In the 1805 Muster, Thomas Saunders was recorded as a settler on 30 acres at the Hawkesbury. He had 23 acres planted with wheat, 3 acres maize, 2 acres barley, 1/4 acre peas and beans, 1 acre orchard and gardens and 3/4 acre of pastures. He owned one boar pig and one sow pig and 40 bushels of wheat were on hand. He, his wife and four children were 'off stores', and he employed three free men and two ticket of leave convicts.

Mary Boucher or Bouchier, a banquet cook, was tried at the Old Bailey on 19th February 1794. She was charged with stealing some silver spoons and other items from an employer, Mrs. Peter Boileau. Mary pleaded not guilty and claimed that the items had been given to her in a bundle of clothing to mind for another servant, Ann Goostry. Mary's story was not believed and she was sentenced to death and sent to Newgate Prison. Five months later Mary was offered clemency provided she was prepared to accept transportation to New South Wales for the rest of her life. Mary accepted and was transported as one of 133 female convicts on the "*Indispensible*", a ship of 351 tons, under Captain Wilkinson, which arrived at Port Jackson on 30th April 1796, after a voyage of about six months.

Children of Thomas Saunders and Mary Boucher are:

2. i. **Elizabeth Saunders**, b. 22 Oct 1797, Parramatta, New South Wales.; d. 02 Oct 1874, Nicholson St. Balmain Sydney.

3. ii. Thomas Saunders , b. 03 Sep 1799, Sydney; d. 04 Jan 1860, Windsor, New South Wales..

4. iii. Virginia Saunders , b. 04 Jun 1802, Sydney; d. 09 Oct 1865, New South Wales..

iv. Sarah Saunders , b. 09 May 1804.

v. William Saunders , b. 25 Nov 1806, Sydney; d. 05 Sep 1820, Prospect, New South Wales..

5. vi. Mary Saunders , b. 25 Dec 1808, Prospect, Sydney; d. 01 Aug 1886, Cobargo, N.S.W..

vii. Maria Saunders , b. 12 Feb 1812, Prospect, Sydney; d. 11 Mar 1812.

Generation No. 2

2. **Elizabeth² Saunders** (Thomas¹) was born 22 Oct 1797 in Parramatta, New South Wales., and died 02 Oct 1874 in Nicholson St. Balmain Sydney. She married (1) **James Jenkins** 12 Dec 1815 in St. Phillips Church, Sydney., son of John Jenkins. He was born Abt. 1774 in England, and died 27 Jan 1835 in Sydney. She married (2) William Burnicle 25 Apr 1843 in Sydney. He was born Abt. 1794, and died 12 Feb 1846 in Sydney..

James Jenkins was about 23 when he and his brother William were convicted of stealing four ewe sheep, value ten pounds, and three wether sheep, value nine pounds, the property of Edward Smith, at Parish of Cricklade in northern Wiltshire. They appeared at the Wiltshire Assizes, Salisbury, on 11th March 1797. The original death sentences were commuted to transportation to the Colony of New South Wales for seven years. The brothers spent over four years of their seven year sentences imprisoned on the Hulk "*Fortunee*", anchored in Langston Harbour near Portsmouth, before embarking on the convict transport,

"*Coromandel*", bound for New South Wales. The "*Coromandel*" sailed from Portsmouth on 12th February 1802 and arrived at Port Jackson four months later, on 13th June.

On board the "*Coromandel*", commanded by Captain Sterling, were 138 male convicts as well as several passengers comprising at least three families, including the ship's surgeon, Dr. Charles Throsby and his wife.

On completion of their sentences the Jenkins brothers soon entered into the commercial life of Sydney, as farmers, boat builders and property developers. James Jenkins described himself as a stonemason, probably a trade he learnt while working on construction sites around Portsmouth during his years on the "*Fortune*".

Unfortunately the brother's commercial partnership was cut short when William Jenkins was shot and killed when he went to the aid of the keeper of the Parramatta Toll Gate who was being attacked by armed robbers, on 28th May 1814. William's widow, formerly Sarah Chivers, was pregnant with their third child at the time of his death. James continued to support his late brother's family until Sarah's remarriage in 1821, and by then, he had married Elizabeth Saunders, eldest child of Thomas and Mary.

At the time of his death James Jenkins had extensive property interests in and around Sydney, including 1310 acres in the Dee Why - Collaroy - Long Reef area of Sydney's northern beaches.

Thanks to John MacRitchie, Local Studies Librarian at Manly Library for providing this short profile of James Jenkins from *Manly Warringah and Pittwater 1788-1850*, by George and Shelagh Champion which is available in the Manly Library Local Studies collection.

JENKINS, James (c1774-1835)

James Jenkins and his brother William were sentenced to death at the Wiltshire Assizes on 11 March 1797, for stealing some sheep. This sentence was later commuted to transportation for seven years, and they eventually arrived in Sydney on the *Coromandel* in June 1802.

Before 1821 James employed himself building houses and ships, and cutting cedar in the Illawarra district. He was an experienced stone mason. He married Elizabeth Saunders on 12 December 1815. Their children were Elizabeth (b1816), Mary (b1818), William (b1819 or 20), James (b1822), Martha (b1826), Philip (b1829), Ann (b1831) and John (b1835).

Through a sequence of bequests and purchases, Jenkins amassed 1540 acres around Narrabeen, while his daughter Elizabeth owned a further 200 acres. He developed farms at Mount Ramsay and Long Reef and had land at North Harbour. On 19 April 1826 he purchased for £25 Thomas Steele's land grant of 100 acres north and south of Manly Creek, which was on the track to North Harbour. This land provided an ideal stopping place between his farms. According to a Memorial written by his widow in 1835, he "proceeded to improve the said land, by clearing and fencing, cultivating and building thereon; he erected a stone dwelling house, thirty feet in length and seventeen feet in breadth, containing five apartments; and moreover, he constructed, with some convict help, a link of road extending from Long Reach [Long Reef] to North Harbour, and including not less than thirteen bridges, which also were erected at his own expense; and these improvements cost him at least three hundred pounds Sterling." Thereafter, the road between North Harbour and Jenkins' farms was known as Jenkins' Road.

James Jenkins had also petitioned Governor Darling on 19 March 1827 for a landing place at North Harbour, before it had been decided to site the township of North Harbour there. Allotment 29 was promised to Jenkins on 27 December 1827, and the land having been duly measured for him, he wrote to the Acting Surveyor General, on 6 March 1828 for permission to build. He said, "I have engaged two Stone Masons for the purpose of immediately erecting a dwelling before the days get short." Possession of this land was authorized on 13 September 1831.

James Jenkins died on 27 January 1835 aged 61, leaving his estate to his widow Elizabeth and their eight children. Mrs Elizabeth Jenkins later purchased land measuring 33 perches next to the family home in Kent Street, the total price being £346 10s, "with the remission of £217 10s sterling authorized for her in compensation for the loss sustained by her late husband James Jenkins, in being deprived of certain land purchased by him at Manly Cove." On the death of their daughter Miss Elizabeth Jenkins, the Salvation Army was a significant beneficiary.

D K Muir, *The Jenkins Road* (1992) is recommended.

Children of Elizabeth Saunders and James Jenkins are:

i. Elizabeth Jenkins , b. 29 Sep 1816, Sydney; d. 26 Jun 1900, Sydney.

Elizabeth Jenkins, the eldest of James and Elizabeth's children, remained single and resided at the old Jenkins property at Dee Why- Collaroy until her death on 26th June 1900. By this time the Jenkins 'old place' was described as 'beautifully situated' but 'house ricketty and tumble down' with 'no stock and no sign of life'. Miss Jenkins, herself, was regarded as extremely eccentric and described as, 'somewhat short and stubby, fresh complexioned, with reddish hair, blue eyes and no particular love of children'. She was proud of her ownership of the Jenkins property, to which she was much attached and unwilling to sell, although good offers were said to have been made.

Although she had made a Will in 1875 in favour of her family connections, she later changed this in 1894 when she became an ardent admirer of the Salvation Army, constantly in the company of their officers and members who visited and prayed with her. She made gifts of money and land to them and changed her will naming two gentlemen from Melbourne Thomas Bates Coombs and John Hendy as her executors and leaving all real and personal property to Thomas B. Coombs as principal officer commanding the Salvation Army to be used for spreading the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Family members contested the will and the Judge refused probate. An appeal by Hendy to the Full Court in May 1901 resulted in probate being granted to him.

6. ii. Mary Jenkins , b. 10 Aug 1818, Sydney; d. 18 Dec 1852, Sydney.

iii. William Jenkins , b. 21 Jul 1820; d. 01 Nov 1857; m. Elizabeth Irnin .

7. iv. James Jenkins , b. 27 Sep 1822, Sydney; d. 31 Oct 1855.

v. Martha Jenkins , b. 10 Jun 1826, Sydney; d. 28 Sep 1890.

vi. Philip Jenkins , b. 08 Mar 1829, Sydney; d. 14 Dec 1851.

8. vii. **Ann Jenkins** , b. 23 Sep 1831, Sydney; d. 23 Feb 1896, Brisbane.

viii. John Henry Jenkins , b. 30 Jun 1835, Sydney; d. 13 Oct 1910.

Elizabeth Senior herself remarried on the 25th April 1843, at the family church of St Philips. Her husband was a widower, William Burnicle, whose first wife, also Elizabeth, had died two years earlier. His profession on the marriage certificate is given as Shipwright, and with James' long association with the boatbuilding industry it is possible that they had known each other some time.

This second marriage lasted less than three years with William dying on the 12th February 1846, and was buried with his first wife in the Presbyterian section of Devonshire Street by Elizabeth's son-in-law, the Rev Fullerton, the first of many such somber family duties.

Indeed, the death of her second husband was the beginning of a sad era in the Jenkins chronology. In 1851 the third son, Phillip, died at Long Reef age only 21; then Ann, wife of James junior died at Mount Ramsey, i.e. Collaroy, in 1852 after only ten years' marriage. The same year daughter Mary, Mrs Fullerton, died in Sydney, whilst the following year in 1853 the eldest son, William, died at Long Reef age 33.

All these burials were conducted by the Rev Fullerton and from their location show that most, if not all, of the children were living on the Collaroy and Dee Why properties in the 1850s. There is a railed enclosure at the Collaroy Salvation Army Home with a plaque commemorating the deceased members of the Jenkins family but whether all are buried at that precise spot is not clear.

After these successive five tragedies there was one brief respite when the youngest daughter, Ann, married a William Hendren at the Scots Church, Sydney in 1854, officiated by the Rev Fullerton. But after five years and the birth of three grandchildren the married couple moved to Ipswich, Queensland, where he became a Stock and Station Agent and also State Member of Parliament, yet another addition to the family's standing in the community.

One more sad loss was to occur next year with the death, age 33, of the second son, James junior, at Collaroy in 1855, three years after the death of his wife Ann, and only two years after his second marriage to an Eliza Noble. And once again the burial at Collaroy was conducted by the Rev Fullerton.

Thus in the space of nine years Elizabeth lost a second husband, four children and one daughter-in-law and, perhaps understandably, there are few personal records after this sad period. We only know that she did not marry again and eventually moved to the old Burnicle home at Balmain where she died 'of natural decay' on the 2nd October 1874, age 77. The address on the Death Certificate is given as Nicholson Street but this was before the land was subdivided and the house is now known as 7 Gallimore Avenue.

She is buried alone in the Old Anglican Section at Rookwood but the plot is neglected and the stone has fallen. This is inevitable of course, after 118 years, but it seems a sad memorial to an Australian born in the ninth year of the Colony and who can truly be described as one of Australia's founders.

(D.K Muir, 1994)

Ann Jenkins (1831-1896), married William Hendren in 1854.

Ann3 Jenkins (Elizabeth2 Saunders, Thomas1) was born 23 Sep 1831 in Sydney, and died 23 Feb 1896 in Brisbane. She married William Hendren 17 Jan 1854 in Scots Presbyterian Church, Sydney, N.S.W.. He was born 1832 in Armagh, Ireland., and died 03 Jan 1903. Son of a Presbyterian Reverend, William and his brother David emigrated to Australia in 1852.

Children of Ann Jenkins and William Hendren are:

- ix. William Fullerton Hendren , b. 02 Nov 1854, Ipswich, Qld.; d. 23 Aug 1892, Dunwich, Qld.; m. Eliza Foran , 1874, Clermont, Qld.; b. 1856, Middlesex..
- ii. Samuel James Hendren , b. 24 Jul 1856, Ipswich, Qld.; d. 24 Oct 1921, Peachester, Qld.; m. Sarah Jane Butcher , 17 Apr 1882, Maryborough, Qld.; b. Mar 1863, Maryborough, Qld.
- iii. John Hamilton Moore Hendren , b. 15 Jun 1858, Ipswich, Qld.; d. 06 Jan 1896, Narrabri, N.S.W.; m. Christina McCallum Smeaton, 10 Nov 1883, Maitland, N.S.W.; b. 23 Jul 1858, Perthshire, Scotland.; d. 25 Jan 1943, New South Wales..
- iv. Mary Jenkins Hendren , b. 13 Nov 1860, Ipswich, Qld.; d. 28 Nov 1931, Stanthorpe, Qld.; m. Jones Anthony Bourke , 27 Sep 1882, Sandgate, Qld.; b. 16 Nov 1844, Killala, Co. Mayo, Ireland.; d. 19 Mar 1921, Burpengary, Qld..

v. **Anna Elizabeth Hendren** , b. 18 Feb 1863, Ipswich, Qld.; d. 21 Jan 1915; m. **Michael John Gill** , 1883.

vi. Edith Martha Hendren , b. 21 Sep 1865, Ipswich, Qld.; d. 22 May 1942, Nambour, Qld.;
m. John Samuel Best , 1888; b. 25 Jun 1863, Sandgate, Qld.; d. 30 Jan 1947, Nambour, Qld

vii. George Septimus Hendren , b. 05 Jul 1867, Ipswich, Qld.; d. 14 Jan 1948, Brisbane; m.
Emily Annie Roberts , 1894, Sandgate, Qld.; b. 25 Jan 1871, London.; d. 09 Aug 1955, Bris.

viii. Annie Jenkins Hendren , b. 14 Aug 1869, Ipswich, Qld.; d. 1940; m. Robert West
Kingsford , 1891, Sandgate, Qld.; b. Abt. 1854, Canterbury, Kent.; d. 24 Sep 1896.

ix. Archibald David Hendren , b. 07 Jul 1872, Ipswich, Qld.; d. 1941; m. Susan Ann Jackson ,
1901; b. 21 Oct 1880; d. 1953.

Anna Hendren and Michael John Gill are the parents of **Evelyn Annie Gill**, my great grandmother, known to me by name only as Grandma Byrnes. She is the mother of my grandmother Molly with whom I am very close. Molly lives in Sydney and we have regular contact. My mother is one of three sisters all living in the Sydney area.

Nicole Kinnaird, August 2012.

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Prime Minister Kevin Rudd, MP - Apology to Australia's Indigenous peoples

Wednesday 13 April 2008

Apology Transcript

Today we honour the Indigenous peoples of this land, the oldest continuing cultures in human history.

We reflect on their past mistreatment.

We reflect in particular on the mistreatment of those who were Stolen Generations – this blemished chapter in our national history.

The time has now come for the nation to turn a new page, a new page in Australia's history by righting the wrongs of the past and so moving forward with confidence to the future.

We apologise for the laws and policies of successive Parliaments and governments that have inflicted profound grief, suffering and loss on these our fellow Australians.

We apologise especially for the removal of Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander children from their families, their communities and their country.

For the pain, suffering and hurt of these Stolen Generations, their descendants and for their families left behind, we say sorry.

To the mothers and the fathers, the brothers and the sisters, for the breaking up of families and communities, we say sorry.

And for the indignity and degradation thus inflicted on a proud people and a proud culture, we say sorry.

We the Parliament of Australia respectfully request that this apology be received in the spirit in which it is offered as part of the healing of the nation.

For the future we take heart; resolving that this new page in the history of our great continent can now be written.

We today take this first step by acknowledging the past and laying claim to a future that embraces all Australians.

A future where this Parliament resolves that the injustices of the past must never, never happen again.

A future where we harness the determination of all Australians, Indigenous and non-Indigenous, to close the gap that lies between us in life expectancy, educational achievement and economic opportunity.

A future where we embrace the possibility of new solutions to enduring problems where old approaches have failed.

A future based on mutual respect, mutual resolve and mutual responsibility.

A future where all Australians, whatever their origins, are truly equal partners, with equal opportunities and with an equal stake in shaping the next chapter in the history of this great country, Australia.





PRENOIX O. # 3

Wisemans Ferry

