



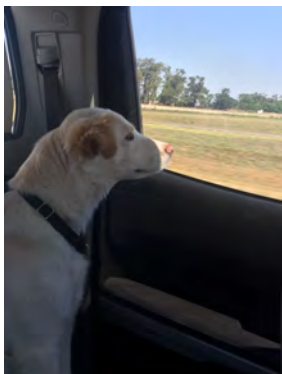
NEWSLETTER

Waiting Out the Pandemic

Once again, I pray that each of you is healthy, and the same for your loved ones. Our patience is being tested, and likewise our endurance. Claire and I are working from home, going for walks around the neighborhood, and occasionally going for drives just to change the scenery before our eyes.



The big excitement since the May Newsletter: we drove the Airstream across the country to Boone, North Carolina, scooped up our son, Raphael, and brought him back to spend some time with us here in New Mexico. Scenes from the road:



Ivory watching scenery...



Raphael working on the road...

Bristlecone Community News

News, updates, and creativity from your Bristlecone brothers

Callen Harty

I was invited to be part of a strategic planning committee for the Dane County (Wisconsin) Rape Crisis Center, starting in mid-June.

My poem, "I know", was accepted for publication in the 2020 Dragonfly Arts Magazine, scheduled for release in June. It is an annual publication of writing and artwork sponsored by Hope Works, a Maryland sexual assault and domestic violence center. I'll also be participating with other contributors in a Zoom poetry reading event in late June.



I know

I know what happened to you
even though you cannot say it,
because I hear it in the words you do not
say,
and I see it in your eyes,
in the way your body hides its secrets.
I see me in your eyes
and the way your body hides its secrets.
And I know.
I know the truth that your eyes
want to hide from the world.
And I want you to know
that the man who touched you,
who hurt you, abused you,
doesn't want you to know
that it was not your fault.
It was not your fault.
It is his burden, not yours.
But he wants you to believe
that no one will believe
you
if you say a word.
I believe you, even in your silence.
He wants you to believe that it was you
who invited his hands, his mouth, his . . .
other parts of his body
to join with yours.
Know that it was not you.
It was not your invitation.
It was not your fault.
It was not what you wanted.

He wants you to believe that because your body
reacted naturally
that you shared equally in the act.
Know that it was your body reacting naturally—
not your heart, your mind, your soul.
Not you.
I know.
I know it was not something you wanted.
You know it was not something you wanted.
Believe yourself.
I know also that you feel shame,
that you are afraid to speak,
that you are afraid,
and I understand the fear.
But know that I have heard you speak
despite your silence—because of your silence—
and I will hold it all with you.
When you are ready
I will be ready with you.
I will hold it all with you in brotherhood,
and when that time comes
his lies, your fear, the shame, guilt, horror,
all of it,
will start to slip through your fingers
and you will be able to touch
the truth that is now hidden behind your eyes.
Know that I will be there with you,
that I will hold it with you,
and that it will be the beginning of healing.
Your eyes will open, tears will fall,
and you will know then with certainty
it was not what you wanted.

Bristlecone Community News

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Dave Hinchliffe



The Wind and the Tree and Me . . . I can be neither the wind nor the Oak. I can never be a tree for I cannot stand in one place for an entire life; this seems to work for the tree but clearly not for me. For such physical intransigence would prevent me from utilizing one of my primary childhood body strategies—i.e. ,to move, to run, , to expend energy, to dissipate what had built up in my body—you know, from the suffering. And, an outer covering of thick, protective bark would never do. For, as a child human, too many situations present of near infinite variety which make a singular, static defense entirely unworkable. No, I could not be a tree, though the notion of being rooted has much appeal for me, especially as I never knew, have never known my own biological/genetic roots, and the foster home was cruel and damaging to me.

Don't get me wrong, I love the Oak and even admire it for its steadfast presence, for its magnificence, for its perseverance. I feel in my bones that it stands for something, a thing important, a thing beyond regular time. I may even be a bit jealous of it—that it seems so sure of itself, with its aura of seeming certainty about who and what it is, for its grandness.

But it is just not like me, so I can't be it. My inner self is too variable to be such a concrete object—even one of changeable wood construction. In my variability—physical, emotional, psychical—I am more like the wind. I seem at rare times like an effortless energy, but at other times like an energized, stormy wind, which in its all-encompassment can destroy things, but simultaneously can bring about ventilation and renewal.

But the wind has no feelings, and I must be all about feelings—my climbing-the-mountain triumphs, verbalized with a da-du-da! exclamation, my down-in-the-valley lostness, with its heaviness, and my desperate search for my own value. And the wind has no imagination, and I could not get by—really feel alive, that is-- without my inner land of rainbows and fairy tales and Kermit Frogs that present as so filled with promise. So I cannot be the wind, though I love the wind, especially when I feel a comfy, pull-the-covers-to-my-chin safeness in my bedroom, listening to its ferocious roar above me. And I see the need for it, as well as for the mighty Oak.

But, my destiny concerns 'human me'—one who keeps growing and enduring—through the many changes and challenges. I work at creating meaning for my experiences, my life. Face it, I am far too complex to be either the wind or the tree, though I share elements of both. One question remains and seems almost unanswerable—that is, how much can one endure? This could be answered with a specific number, like one endures for eighty or ninety years. But this answer is insufficient for it seems too heavily reliant upon data to describe what is immeasurable—how humans live and adapt to adversity and grow increasingly complex. No statistic can represent that.

I suppose the answer must be something like this: I can endure much more than either I might think myself capable of, or might want to. This sounds like something applicable to the Oak. How does that leave the wind? Maybe, by how much can one —either positively or negatively—influence others, like a wind making its mark upon a local scene? It seems to me that this is an incalculable aspect of living in social circumstances, as we humans do. So, we ask the questions—which presumably trees and winds cannot do—and we search for meaning in attempts to feel less lost. Thus, we come back to our own place on this Earth—to discover what our lives, our existence means for us. We are not like the other organisms of our natural world—we make meaning; otherwise, we merely and confusedly exist, and that is not nearly enough.

PS If I were to be a tree I would not be an Oak. Rather, I'd be a Bristlecone Pine, with a cone capable of lying dormant for centuries (how's that for endurance?) and then springing to life, like us survivors. Check me out, if you care to, on the web at 1in6.org/get-information/bristlecone/. **PPS** I'd only be the wind if I could be called Mariah: *Away at here/They got a name/for rain & wind & fire/The rain is Tess, the fire's Joe & they call the wind Mariah . . .*

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Frank Westcott



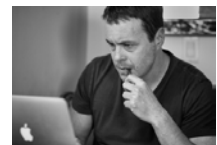
My blurb for today's: "" ☀️ ☆□□□□ 'HEAVEN GET READY' ~
A song I wrote in April 2013 on the steps of the Country Music Hall of Fame in Nashville, Tennessee a few days after George Jones passed away. I was thinking of him & how heaven better get ready... 'cause he had a voice they've never heard before. I hope you like it. I did the video bit to go with the song, last night. Have a wonderful 'singing' kind of day !!! XX LOVE, FRANK!

https://www.facebook.com/frank.westcott.9/videos/vb.1454244708/10220534924830487/?type=2&video_source=user_video_tab

<https://www.facebook.com/frank.westcott.9/videos/10220494019087869/>

Joe Capozzi

The documentary I produced, A Peloton of One, recently won the Audience Award at the Greenwich International Film Festival. We look forward to announcing more screening events soon. www.apelotonofonefilm.com



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Ken Clearwater

Equine Therapy for male survivors in New Zealand.

https://m.facebook.com/story.php?story_fbid=3316595645051790&id=100001041602611&sfnsn=mo&d=n&vh=i



Jones, Lee

My coping therapy is adventure riding on my triumph Tiger. Last year I did the BAJA for my 50th. I make movies of my trips.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=q_yndf_YJpU

Lee
Sergeant Lee Jones
Saskatoon Police Service



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Manassah Bradley



Hello Bristlecone Brothers,
My name is Manassah Bradley and the founder of the Power of 21; a Massachusetts 501(c) 3 organized to create awareness about the sexual abuse of boys, create community for survivors, like ourselves and raise money for organizations like 1in6.org that provide services to us.

I have a 5-year plan that begins with selling Dopp Kits (aka shaving kits) through the Power of 21 with the profits going to the Bristlecone Project and 1in6.org

There will be three kits available:

1. \$5, basic kit, with no products, that will include information to create awareness and start conversations. (**Empowered** Kit)
2. \$50, a step up from the basic kits, more features and will include grooming product samples and information to create awareness and start conversations. (**Power** of Connection Kit)
3. \$500, the luxury kit, complete with high end grooming products and information to create awareness and start conversations. (**Power** of Ally's Kit)

I am in the process of rounding out my Board of Advisors, (currently looking for a Lawyer) and looking for help, from you, to make the Power of 21 a powerful force for change. I have already created a comprehensive marketing campaign, meeting with potential funders... but there is a lot of work to be done.

- Researching products for the kits
- Manufacturers for the kits
- Creating communication inserts to be included in the kits
- Updating the website
-
- Providing emotional support and keeping me accountable.

If you are interested in helping out, your time and energy will be greatly appreciated.

I can be reached at 508-414-3402 or manassah@powerof21.org

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Michael Broussard

From "Ask A Sex Abuse Survivor":
We are planning to do an online edition of our event, Survivor Stories...and you can be part of it! We're looking for survivors who want to tell a story that is between 5 and 10 minutes long. It could be a personal account, poetry, or any other way you wish to present part of your survivor story. If you are interested, please reply with:



1. Your name, the way it should appear in the event listing (e.g., I would list myself as "Michael Broussard, survivor speaker, author, and playwright").
2. Your location in the world (so we can coordinate time zones).

The internet provides us with a whole new way of reaching each other and supporting each other. We can't wait to hear the stories you will tell.

Any questions, email me at askasurvivor@gmail.com.

Thank you!
Michael

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Michael J. Kullik

Just Imagine

Imagine a world where children
are free to be who they are.

There is no room for harm or danger,
and they feel safe and secure.

Imagine your life as it is now.

You are an adult and you can stay safe.

There is no room for more pain and hurt.

You need to be safe and secure.

Reach out and touch a life to make it better.

This is part of my hope for a better world.

Together we can make a difference for those

Who are still hurting and being hurt.

Imagine a boy or a girl today being hurt in ways
that you were.

Open your arms to all those that are hurting.

There is no time like the present
to make a difference in someone's life.

Just imagine a world with only love with no
hate.

Where people greet each other with kindness,
and help each other out without a question.

A world full of peace and harmony

Imagine something better than where you are.

I place to feel safe and secure, so you can
be free to find your true self, and share
your new freedom with others who feel as you
do.

Just Imagine,
and see where it takes you.



Written by Michael J. Kullik (C) 2002 CHA
Publishing

Bristlecone Community News

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Michael Skinner

Hello Bristlecone Brothers,



I wrote this article in response to a blog post I had read at the ACE's Connection website in how someone's ACE Score [adverse childhood experiences] was used against them in an effort to get medical treatment.

<https://www.acesconnection.com/blog/the-implicit-bias-of-mental-illness-and-mentally-ill-a-lexicon-of-hurt>

MICHAEL'S ADDITIONAL MESSAGE:

Some questions and thoughts pertaining to a memoir I am in the midst of finishing.

I'm wondering if any one knows of a decent literary agent who might have an interest in my book. Or, if you have self-published your own book, who did you use to print your creation and how was your experience with them, good, bad or indifferent?

Please know, I made a living as a touring musician many years ago and understand what that entails to be out there. AC/DC's song, "It's a Long Way to the Top [If You Want to Rock & Roll]", sums up that experience pretty succinctly.

I have long wanted to travel the country and share from the book, play some music and have a conversation....I have a pretty good platform and lots of contacts throughout the country. My dreams and my goals are to start locally, expand regionally, then nationally. I will pursue any and all venues, large or small that will have me. I've taken retirement and have nothing tying me down. Part of my ideas with this, is to connect with fellow Bristlecone brothers in these travels....perhaps a few of us sharing. At the very least, getting to meet you would be great.

Thank you & take care, Michael Skinner

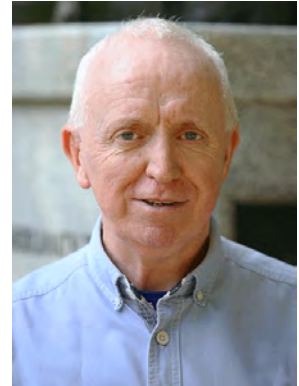
603-625-2136 mikeskinner@comcast.net
My website - <http://www.mskinnermusic.com/>

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Patrick Sanford

Bristlecone volunteer Patrick Sanford (London, England) premiered his one-man film, “Groomed” in May, to very impressive reviews from the Guardian and the Financial Times.



You can view the film via this website:

<https://www.sohotheatreondemand.com/show/Groomed>