



Greetings everyone ...

I'm delighted to share my first potlatch with you

Potlatch is a gift-giving feast practiced by Indigenous peoples of the Pacific Northwest Coast. These celebrations focused on the reaffirmation of family, clan, and the human connection with the supernatural world. In addition to giving away riches, potlatches involved feasting, music, dancing, singing, storytelling, speeches, and often joking and games.

While potlatches were illegal for many years, they remained an integral part of the Indigenous culture. I am borrowing the term and using it as a metaphor for the act of giving away stuff ... for some riches or wealth.

In my case, it won't be wealth in the sense of money or assets, but rather the gathered gifts of a life I never expected to live. Until my middle years, I never expected creativity to be part of my life ... it was something given only to "them," the god-like creatures who were born with talent. Therefore, it has been an ongoing surprise and delight to find myself writing poetry, making art, seeing beauty in ordinary things. I now know that creativity is a part of being human and one of the great tragedies of life is that so few people have the time and resources to discover their own creative gifts.

It took two great losses to give me the time to discover the direction of my creative life. The death of my husband ended one phase of my life and the financial devastation of 2008 ended the career that I thought would last forever. Out of those ashes, though, came pieces of me that I never knew existed and reminded me that, "This, too, shall pass."

Fifty-seven months ago, I began celebrating the I7th of each month as my Death Day (since I do not know the exact date of my death, I've chosen the day of my birth) by writing a love letter to my life. This month, I decided to add a ritual of letting go ... of potlatch ... to the monthly celebration.



Since you are my extended tribe and I cannot invite you to a gathering of feasting and celebration, I am going to use our electronic circle to share with you some of the artifacts of my creative life. These are yours to use as you wish and to share with whomever you wish.

# Potlatch #1 - Found Words

Before digital art entered my world, I did collage and spent untold hours ripping magazines apart for the images and words I

found there. I was especially enchanted by the tiny messages-in-a-bottle words I found floating primarily on an ocean of advertising. At some point I created a booklet of found words that I wanted to pass along to people for use in their own collages or journals. However, the year was 2003 and technology did not offer a cost-effective way to share the color images. Idea shelved.

This week I unpacked a box that had survived several major downsizings and discovered a treasure trove of magazine images as well as the originals of that shelved project from 2003.

Since we now have access to magic in the form of a universal file protocol ... pdf ... this slightly updated found words booklet is attached for your use. Again, feel free to pass it along.

Two ideas for how to use it ... and if you think of others, please let me know: jwycoff@gratitudemojo.com.

- I. Use the words as thought prompts for your journal.
- 2. Print the pages and use as graphics in your journal or collages.

Thank you for being a part of my world and accepting this small gift. I believe that giving away what one has been given is a way of expressing joy. So, by being a part of this celebration of my life, you are adding to my joy.

joyce

Joyce Wycoff newsletter: <u>GratitudeMojo.substack.com</u>

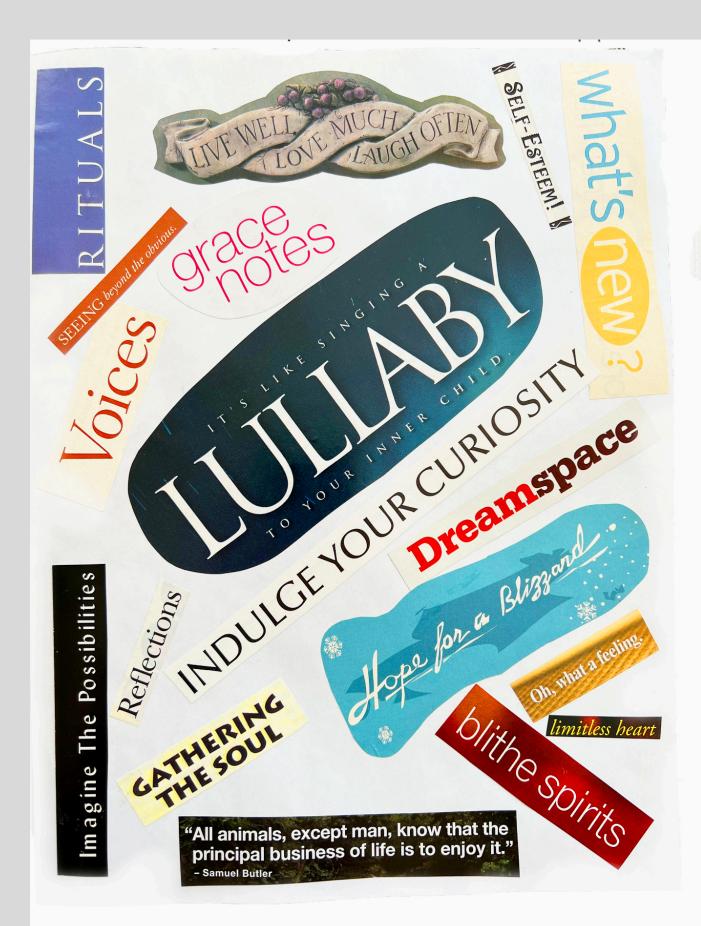


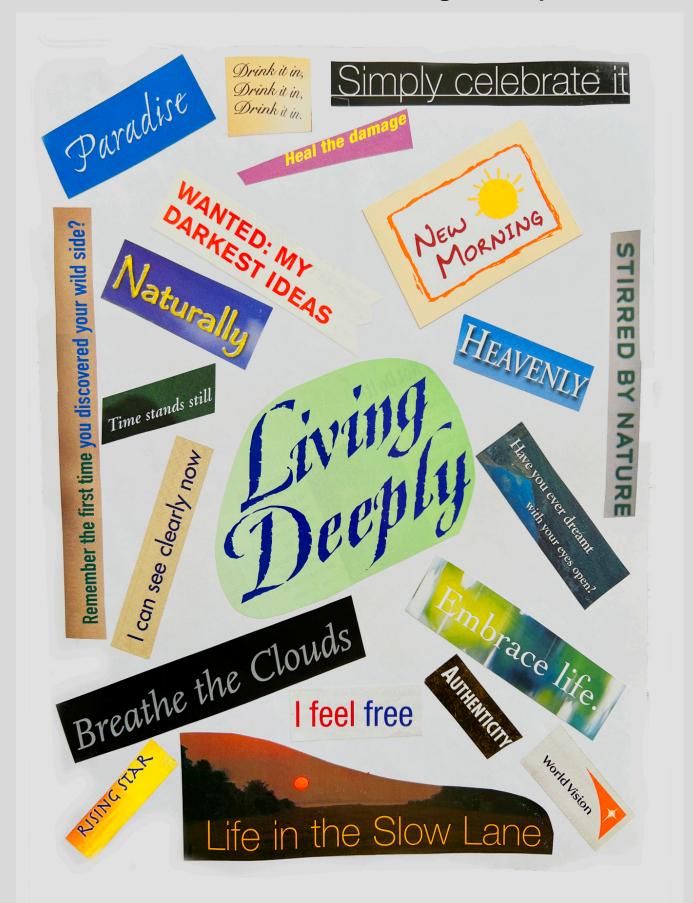








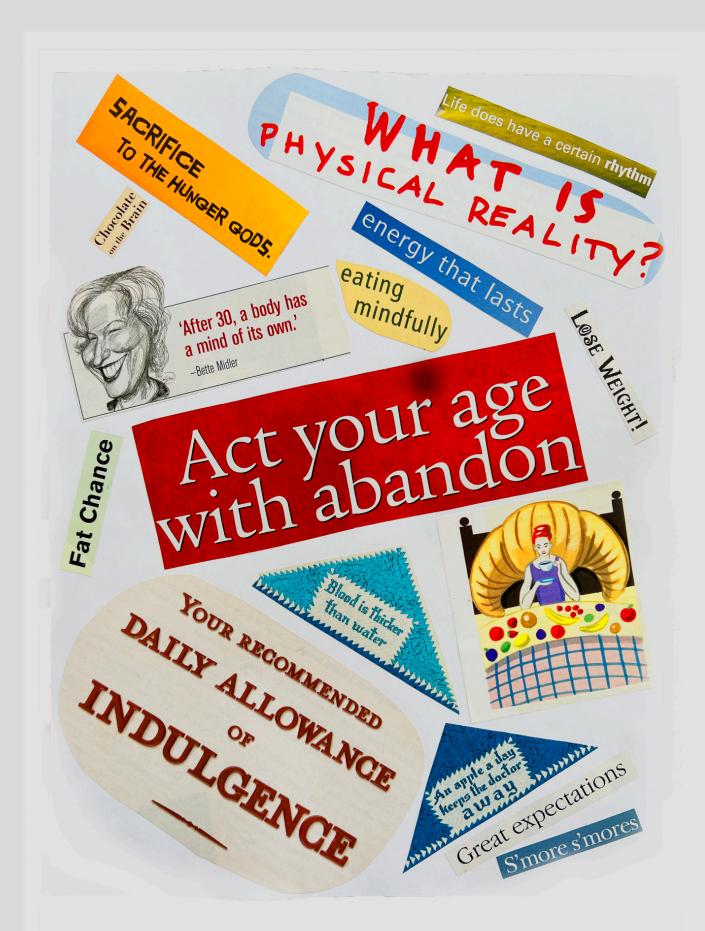


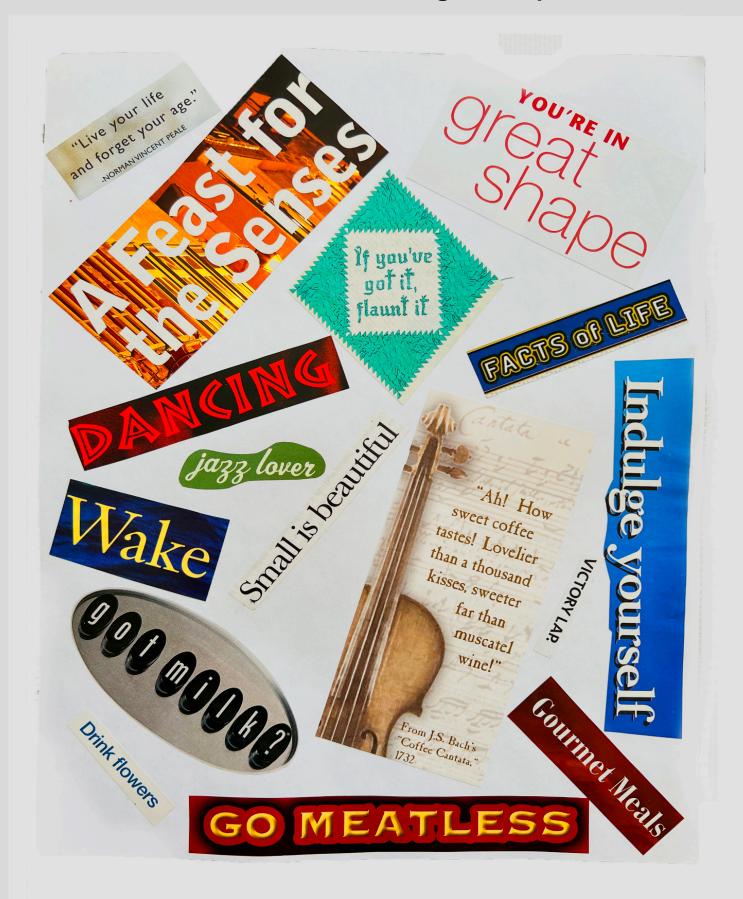








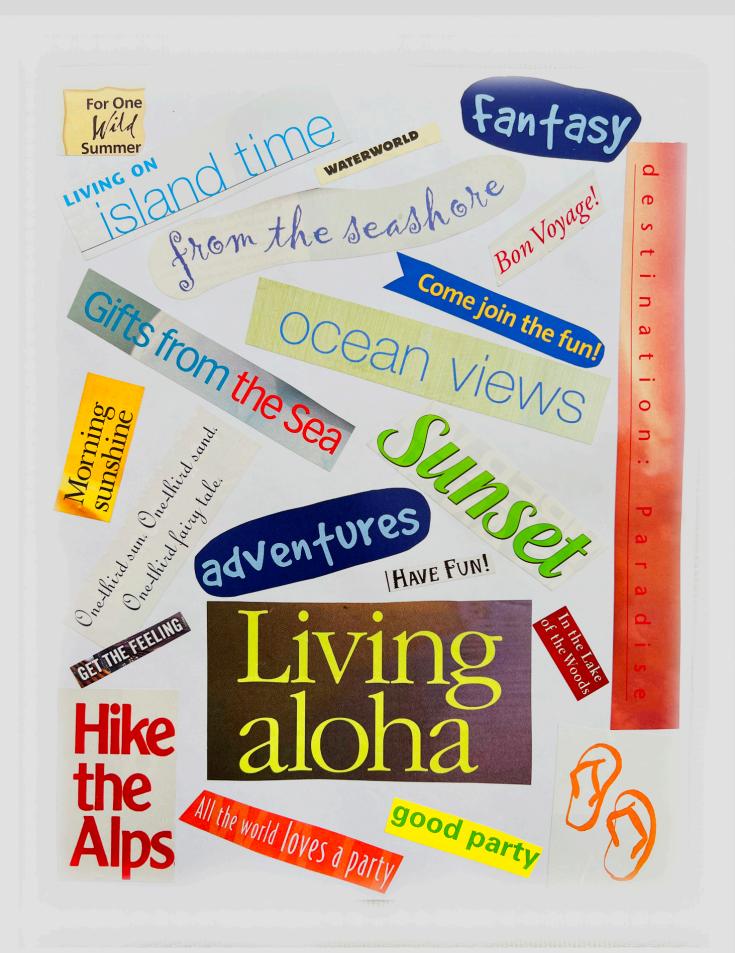






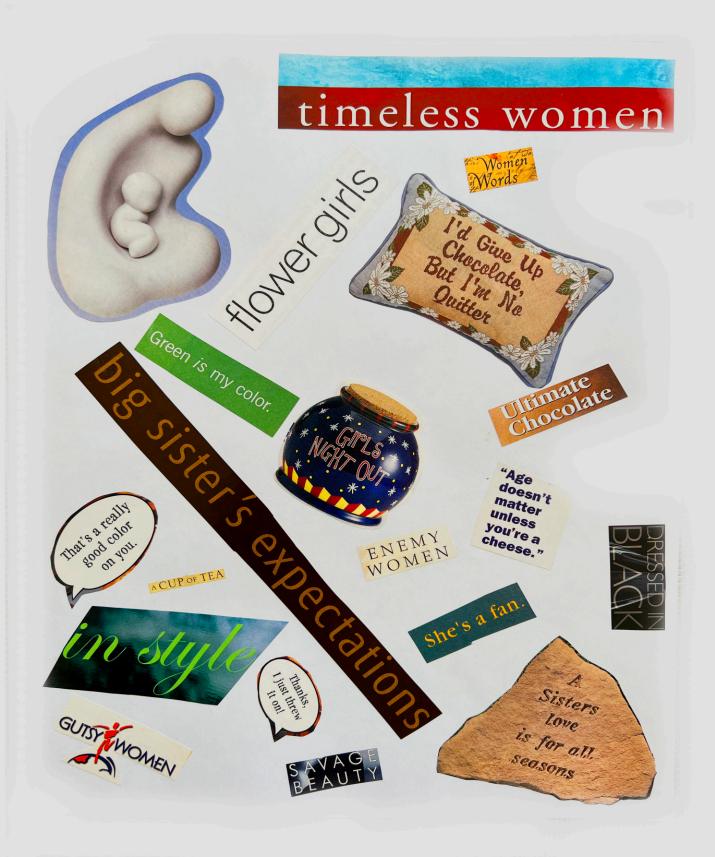


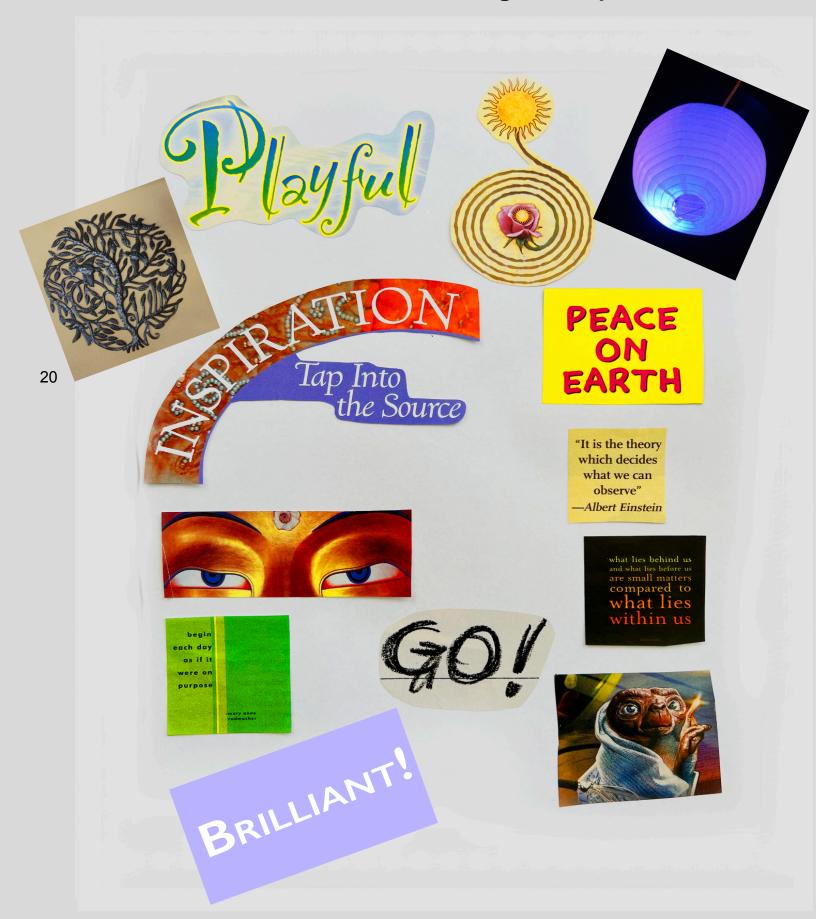








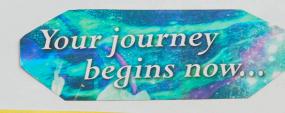




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Now, your personal journey begins







Nhere the path may lead Go instead on path where there is no path where there is no path and leave a trail



WHERE THE WILD THINGS ARE

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