

Linda's Notes

GFWC of Tennessee

1/31/2017

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State Updates

This issue of Linda's notes will be abbreviated since TF News will be coming out later this month. Lots of activities are happening including all the reporting and getting ready for the Spring Convention. We have clubs planting the butterfly gardens and getting ready for our next big project – the library quilt square! Stay tuned!!!!

~ Linda ~



The Collect

“AND MEET EACH
OTHER FACE TO FACE”

Such a simple phrase but incredibly powerful, especially in today's world. When I read this I have a lot of soul searching to do. I find it difficult to meet others face to face – to me it means looking someone in the eye and having an open and honest conversation – even if you disagree. I'm sure I'm not the only

“mature” woman who has had a lifetime of difficulty doing this. It starts in grade school – asking your best friend to ask the best friend of the boy you like to ask him if he likes you.



Dates to remember:

Spring Convention:
April 21-23, 2017
Holiday Inn,
Murfreesboro, TN

GFWC Convention
June 24-26, 2017
Palm Springs, CA

Fall Conference
October 20-21, 2017
Nashville Area

By choosing to be
our most authentic
& loving self, we
leave a trail of
magic everywhere
we go.

✦ Emmanuel



Is it fear of rejection that causes us to go to such lengths just to find out if someone likes us? Compound that with a father who felt, as head of the family, we should all be of the same opinion as he.



In the environment of being a preteen in the 60s and a teen in the 70s, I was seeing women on TV starting to voice their own opinions, however, I found I was punished if I spoke out.

Now fast forward to when we were weighing school options for our children, we were lucky enough to put them in a K-12 public school that was based on a Socratic method of teaching. Once a week the children were to have read a book, a poem or study a piece of art. They had questions they had to consider and come up with opinions and be

able to back them up with facts. They couldn't simply say they liked a picture because it was pretty. They were taught that their opinions were valued as long as they were well thought out and they could back them up. They also were taught to respect others' opinions and encouraged to question one another. It was called seminar-ing – what incredible skills! They were taught to meet each other face to face and have civil discourse and to even disagree with each other but still be able to work and live and thrive together. And they were taught it was okay to re-examine their own opinions and change them if they were convinced otherwise.



Oh, how I wished that that idea had been popular in my childhood. It would not have taken me so many

years to stop resenting my father for not considering and valuing my views. It would have taught me the confidence to form my own and sometimes different opinions. It would have taught me the art of discussing openly different ideas. And it would have made it so much easier for me to not avoid conflict, because that is often what happens when we do come face to face with each other. Conflict makes me want to run for the hills! And it is because I did not learn that disagreeing isn't a bad thing, it is only the way we approach it and deal with it that can make it unpleasant.

So we come to today's world and that thing called Facebook. I love Facebook for keeping up with friends and family, for celebrations, for prayer requests, for announcements. But it has become a place where people express opinions and others feel it is their right to argue, badger, and outright insult each other.



Because we are not face to face in person, it is easier to hide behind our posts. It is assuming you are right and everyone who disagrees with you doesn't deserve your respect.

There is another part of meeting each other face to face, and that is sometimes even more uncomfortable -- coming face to face with someone who is not like me. This means getting out of your comfort zone. I am as guilty as the next person when it comes to avoiding these situations. But sometimes it can be a beautiful experience. When my son was an exchange college student in Japan, my husband and I flew there to visit and see the culture he had fallen in love with. While he was in class one morning, I realized I had a UT infection. My

husband and I decided to go to the local pharmacy and see if I might see something that I might recognize that would help. I encountered a druggist who knew I was a foreigner and brought me the cutest little diagram that was titled in English "Show Me Where It Hurts."

Unfortunately, UTI was not on the diagram. After several attempts, the druggist and I drew pictures and played charades until we found the right word in his Japanese-English dictionary! He walked right to the shelf and found what I needed, then proceeded to open it, get me a glass of water, and write down how many pills to take at what times.



If I had been reluctant to step out of my comfort zone and meet a different culture face to face, I would have stayed in my room

and suffered – in fact, I probably never would have flown to Japan to begin with.

So as I continue on my path (I have finally realized there is no end to the path of learning and growing) I will work hard on meeting people face to face.



I will look deeply at my opinions and see if I can back them up with facts. And I will continue to try to learn the art of discussing my thoughts, asking others in a respectful way about their thoughts, and then re-examine my thoughts to see if I might want to change them. I will continue to step out of my comfort zone to find more beautiful experiences with others who are not like me. How about you?

Next month: Without self-pity and without judgement.

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Linda Hershey
GFWC of Tennessee
lindahersheygfwc@gmail.com