Introductions:
- Name, role, and do you more at home doing or being?

Touchstones:
- Reminder of our norms

Today’s Theme:
- Current condition of your work world; soul and role
- Poetry as the truth told at a slant, storytelling of one’s selfhood
- “Now I Become Myself”; How do you decide when it is time to act and when it is time to be still and present with the experience?

Reflective Dialogue:
- What word image or phrase captured your attention around the theme of soul and role in your work world?
- Journal prompts that grabbed the attention of your heart?
- Other noticings

General offerings for the group:

Closing:
- What would you like to carry from this gathering back to your work world at DU?

*Soul and Role Touchstones

- Bring 100% of self
- There is always invitation, always opportunity; never invasion
- No fixing, no saving, and no advising
- Openness to learning from others
- Speak for yourself; tell your story
- Listen to the silence
- Confidentiality
"Now I Become Myself"

Now I become myself. It's taken
Time, many years and places;
I have been dissolved and shaken,
Worn other people's faces,
Run madly, as if Time were there,
Terribly old, crying a warning,
"Hurry, you will be dead before--"
(What? Before you reach the morning?
Or the end of the poem is clear?
Or love safe in the walled city?)
Now to stand still, to be here,
Feel my own weight and density!
The black shadow on the paper
Is my hand; the shadow of a word
As thought shapes the shaper
Falls heavy on the page, is heard.
All fuses now, falls into place
From wish to action, word to silence,
My work, my love, my time, my face
Gathered into one intense
Gesture of growing like a plant.
As slowly as the ripening fruit
Fertile, detached, and always spent,
Falls but does not exhaust the root,
So all the poem is, can give,
Grows in me to become the song,
Made so and rooted by love.
Now there is time and Time is young.
O, in this single hour I live
All of myself and do not move.
I, the pursued, who madly ran,
Stand still, stand still, and stop the sun!

      May Sarton
The Paradox of being and doing:
“Now I Become Myself”

- Is your process of becoming more and more like yourself a process of being or doing? Does looking back over the winter quarter shed any light on this question for you?

- What personal/professional gifts of winter grow in you like a “ripening fruit?” Who will harvest -gain from- that gift? Your students? Your colleagues? Yourself?

- Is time an ally or a roadblock to you becoming yourself?

- What does it take for you to just be, to “stand still and stop the sun”? 