

Sunflower Seeds



Wichita on the River at Night

Zoom meetings on Saturdays at 4:00 PM

**June 2022, Volume – 50, Issue # 6
Kansas Sunflower Mensa Newsletter**

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For questions concerning Seeds contact the Acting Editor through the American Mensa website or through the Facebook page. Contact other officers through the American Mensa website.

Chapter's Official Web Sites

<http://www.kansassunflower.us.mensa.org>

www.facebook.com/groups/773587949355460SunflowerSeeds

Submissions Guidelines

The Sunflower Seeds is published monthly. Submission deadline is the first of the month. Members in good standing may submit articles, puzzles, photography, etc. to the editor for publication. To submit an article for the newsletter send it to grandledge@hotmail.com

Articles should be submitted as a WORD document or Mac Pages document. The font should be Times New Roman 12 pt.

Why You Should Write For Seeds

This is your newsletter. You are talented and can make it better. More participation strengthens the group. People have told the editor that they like the Seeds. If you feel that way it is time to write.

The Pig-Out Column

Pig-outs are an excellent time to invite friends.



Recommendations from the Head Pig, Mike Dickson:

Check with Mike (316-871-3379) if you have suggestions or questions concerning the Pig-Outs.

July 2, 2022, 12:45 pm

Vora Restaurant European, 3252 E Douglas Ave, Wichita, KS 67214 (316) 977-9277

August 6, 2021, 12:45pm

George's French Bistro. 4618 E. Central, Wichita. 316-831-1325

September 3, 2021, 12:45pm

Bella Luna Café, 2132 N. Rock Rd., Wichita 316-634-0008

Meeting Schedule

1st Saturday, July 2, 2022, 12:45 pm

Vora Restaurant European, 3252 E Douglas Ave, Wichita, KS 67214 (316) 977-9277

2nd Saturday, July 9, 2022, 2:00 pm - Program Meeting

Fairmont Coffee Company, 3815 E 17th St N, Wichita, KS
Doug Goodin, professor at KSU, will speak on Logical Fallacies and Magical Thinking. Dr. Goodin's core areas of geographic research are in physical geography and geospatial analysis and application.



3rd Saturday, July 16, 2022, 11:00 am

Mid-America All-Indian Museum, 50 N Seneca | Wichita, KS 67203, (316) 350-3340

We will tour museums as we have done in the past on third Saturdays.

There is no consciousness from email feedback. The group was small at Panera on the third Saturday of June. This was the decision of the group at Panera. Please contact Bill Barnett with comments. We may go to lunch after touring the museum.

4th Saturday, July 23, 2022, 7:00 pm

Barnes and Noble Bookstore Cafe, 1920 N Rock Road, Wichita, KS

5th Saturday, July 30, 2022, 12:45 pm

The Muse, 1400 Museum Blvd, Wichita, KS 67203 (316) 268-4973

Zoom Meetings Saturdays at 4:00 PM

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/72081034487?pwd=aWdKUStzbEVhNktjRzF0VEYxQTISQT09>

Igor Ponomaryov is the Zoom coordinator. Contact him or the editor for Zoom information.

LocSec Corner

Bill Barnett

The group is looking for an editor. I enjoy it, but I am wearing too many hats. Contact me if you are interested. The group has one proctor and is looking for another. It would be better to have three. Contact me or Dan Gollub if you are interested.

Send your pictures to the editor along with their stories and they will be published here. You are talented and can be a writer for Seeds. Send your articles, letters, comments, and pictures for Seeds.

Heartland Mensa Region Seven

Beth Anne Demeter

As RVC, I interact with local leadership from throughout the Region regularly – holding monthly calls, fielding random questions, proactively reaching out if problems arise or reports aren't sent in, etc. There are two common threads coming up from time to time: events and volunteerism.

This month's column is about EVENTS!!! And this summer, you have absolutely no excuse not to find something to do and meet Mensans! Yes, a lot of us are introverted, but you joined this organization to interact with those like you, right? Well, here we go!

One of the first and most amazing events happening this summer is the Annual Gathering. About a billion Mensans from all over the world (well, more like 1,500 and mostly from the US), will gather in Sparks, NV (just outside Reno), for our summer event. And if you're introverted or extroverted, this event is for you! The event planners do a wonderful job planning things all over the spectrum from speakers to puzzles and food to tours. This event allows you to meet with new Mensas or take a break from people in the puzzle room if you need. The Mister Mensa pageant is not to be missed, along with the keynote speaker, dinner and meet-ups! For one, Region 7 will be having its Meet & Greet on Friday, July 8th at 4:30-5:45pm. Mark your calendars!

Otherwise, mark your calendars for Regional Gatherings! These are smaller versions of Mensa's Annual Gathering and are held locally. Denver will have its Twin Owls Regional Gathering September 22nd-25th and Mid America Mensa is planning it's Cabin Fever Regional Gathering for February 2023.

And should neither of those be your cup of tea, plan something of your own! Mensa strongly encourages personal involvement and planning so, if you have something you like to do, plan an event, invite others and publicize it! Personally, I've planned board gaming events, cocktail lectures, speakers and more, and lots of fun people generally show up. Of course, I'm always available (as is leadership from your local group) if you have questions or need help starting an event. Reach out!

Alan Watts Part II of III

The Book: On the Taboo Against Knowing Who You Are

Summary and Comments by Gracie Ulrich

In Part I of this brief series, we discussed the problem of failure to flow, and being as one with all that is, being fully present. Watts says that the root of the problem in our Western civilization is that no matter what people try to do, they feel cut off, alone, and rejected in a world which does not feel like “home”.

So, one might ask, how did we manage to get into this mess to begin with? The ancient Vedic response is that God or the Cosmos or the Universal All-That-Is exploded into a burst of creativity (part of an ageless and eternal cycle), and separated into uncountable little bits of God-Self in order to experience God’s Self. This is certainly in agreement with Jewish Kabbalistic and mystical tradition, which essentially states that everything is a part of God attempting to reunite all the bits of God with Godself (see *The Book of Legends* from the Talmud and Midrash and/or the *Book of Concealed Mystery*, or any good book on Jewish mysticism).

Watts explains that to explain oneself, one must describe oneself *in relationship to* something else. There is no reality without context. There is nothing that can be said about anything if there is nothing with which to contrast it. To even discuss our bodies (which are “ours” and not actually ourselves, as “our” bodies are perceived as extraneous to one’s essential essence), we must include our whole entire bodies, bounded by a boundary of skin.

The skin is used as the edge of our actual persons. However, we exist within a natural environment, without which we could not exist in this body. That includes a certain amount of gravity, air at a certain density and temperature, adequate nutrition that is compatible with our biological “self”, on a planet warmed by a star at a certain distance and intensity, within a system of stars that maintains this sun and planetary configuration in a way that nurtures all these other variables, and so forth. All of these other elements are just as important as our body itself, for there is no body without all the other trappings of matter. Everything occurs within a context that supports it. Therefore, to describe myself, “I must also describe my surroundings, which is a clumsy way getting around to the realization that you are the entire universe. However we do not normally feel that way because we have constructed in thought an abstract idea of our self.”

Watts continues to explain that we cannot get rid of our hallucination of self by arguing it away, as in that case you are trying to use ego to dismember ego. That simply ends in a vicious cycle. Watts suggested that instead, we could see ourselves as the ultimate in verbalized adjectives, adverbs and nouns. For instance, instead of saying, “It is raining,” (What *it?*), we could say “I rain.” In other words, we can see ourselves as the cause of All-That-Is instead of merely a random effect. Even more than that, rather than being the cause, much more that we could see ourselves as the identity of everything everywhere, all events, all past, present, and future. We don’t “merely” *cause* it, we *are* (each) “it”. “I rain.” This is a classical Vedantic concept of “Self” and is nothing new.

“Underneath the superficial self, which pays attention to this and that, there is another self more really us than I. And the more you become aware of the unknown self -- if you become aware of it -- the more you realize that it is inseparably connected with everything else that is. You are a function of this total galaxy, bounded by the Milky Way, and this galaxy is a function of all other galaxies. You are that vast thing that you see far, far off with great telescopes. You look and look, and one day you are going to wake up and say, "Why, that's me!" And in knowing that, you know that you never die. You are the eternal thing that comes and goes, that appears -- now as John Jones, now as Mary Smith, now as Betty Brown -- and so it goes, forever and ever and ever.”

To return to the issue mentioned earlier of being and describing only within a context, Watts makes it clear that he includes the cyclical nature of the Cosmos within that context. This is his answer to the primordial human fear of death, which is synonymous with ceasing-to-be. Since ceasing-to-be is antithetical to a sense of self, it is beyond what can be conceived by most people, and even those who assert that there is nothing beyond this life betray by their language (e.g., “*It is raining*”) that there is some imponderable reality beyond themselves.

In addition to seeing an individual organism within a context (which implies the entire universe), the universe cannot exist without all its “parts”. Therefore, the universe also implies the organism. This leads to the necessity for balance as an essential concept. There can be no light without darkness, no good without evil, and no evil without good. Watts’ bias is that “good” slightly edges out “bad”, else total and eternal destruction would be the end result, and that demonstrably is not so. If it were so, then this context could not exist, the universe would not exist, and we would not exist, because everything is cyclical.

References:

Watts, Alan. *The book: On the taboo against knowing who you are*. Vintage Books, New York, 1972 (first pub. 1966).

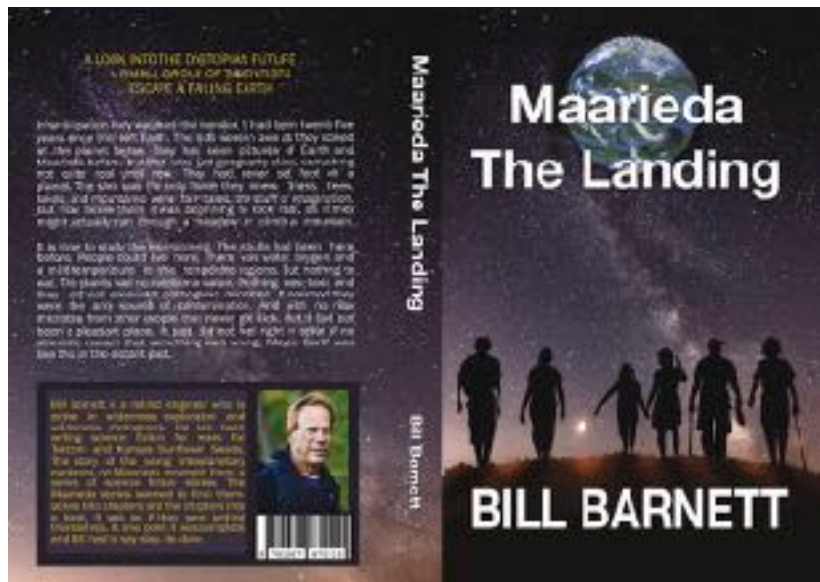
The Book of legends (Sefer Ha-Aggadah): Legends from the Talmud and Midrash. Ed. Hayim Nahman Bialik & Yehoshua Hana Ravnitzky. Trans. By William G. Graude. Schocken Books, New York, 1992.

The book of concealed mystery (from the Zohar: The Book of Splendor). Continuum Publishing House, London, 2000. (First pub. 1926 in this edition.)

Maarieda The Book

Bill Barnett

The short stories about Maarieda that were printed here are finished. The book is published. Copies are being printed. See Bill if you are interested in a copy.



Wisdom From Mike

“He can compress the most words into the smallest idea of any man I know.” *Abraham Lincoln*

A driver was found guilty in traffic court. When the judge asked her occupation, she said she was a school teacher. The judge rose from the bench and said, “Ma’am, I’ve waited years for a school teacher to appear before this court. Please sit down at that table and write, ‘I will not run a red light 500 times.’”

“Standing up to a tyrant has always been illegal and dangerous. There is no guarantee but one - to not live like a slave, nor die like one.” *Eric Schaub*

“A fool cannot be protected from his folly. If you attempt to do so, you will not only arouse his animosity but also you will be attempting to deprive him of whatever benefit he is capable of deriving from experience. Never attempt to teach a pig to sing; it wastes your time and annoys the pig.” *Robert A. Heinlein*

“I have never killed a man but I have read many obituaries with great pleasure.” *Clarence Darrow*

Recipes Submitted by Members

Send your favorite recipe to the editor, or a new one you want to try. Let's see who has the most interesting recipe. Is there something such as a Mensa recipe? If you know one let's share it with the group, if you dare to.

Cast Iron Steak Stew

- 2 steaks with fat 10 ounce each
- 2 medium onions
- 2 red bell peppers
- 2 poblano peppers
- 4 medium tomatoes
- 1 zucchini squash
- 1 yellow crooked neck squash
- 1 small bunch cilantro
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 4 ounces water
- 1 cast iron skillet
- 1 pair insulated gloves



Take everything into the woods. Build a fire with wood. Warm the cast iron skillet on the fire. Cut the steak into bite size pieces and simmer in the skillet to extract the fat and slightly brown the steak. Remove the steak. Cut the vegetables into bite size pieces and simmer in the fat in the cast iron frying pan until soft. Add a little water as needed to keep the veggies from getting too dry or burning. Add the meat and continue cooking until everything is warm.

Enjoy eating by the fire.

Backpacking Chicken Noodle Soup

1 pouch chicken breast, 7 ounces
4 ounces egg noodles
1/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon Italian seasoning
1/4 teaspoon crushed chili pepper
1 ounce olive oil
16 ounces water
zip loc bags
Nalgene bottle, 16 ounce (size optional)

This is a tasty, simple, light weight, inexpensive hot meal that can be transported in a backpack anywhere.

Put the water in a backpacking stove pot. Add ingredients. Vary the seasoning to taste. Bring the water to a boil. When the water is boiling turn off the stove, cover the pot, and let stand for 10 minutes. Enjoy eating on the trail or anywhere. This costs 1/2 or less of the special freeze dried backpacking meals and is 1 1/2 times the weight, which is still very light weight.

The Nalgene bottle is the only reliable way to keep the olive oil from leaking.

For a variation replace the noodles with instant rice.

Try it at home.

Campout Kebabs

- 1 red bell pepper
- 1 poblano pepper
- 1 large onion
- 2 large tomatoes
- 1 pound chicken breast
- salt
- green willow branches

Cut the veggies into 2" squares. Cut the chicken into 1" cubes. Take a 30" long 1/2" diameter willow branch and remove the bark. Make a point on one end. Put the veggies and chicken on the stick alternating ingredients.

Take 2 forked willow branches 30" long 1" diameter and leave bark on the branch. The bark will prevent the branch from burning up quickly. Drive the forked sticks into the ground 24" apart. Build a small fire between the forked sticks being sure to keep the fire off the forked sticks. Put the kebab on the forked sticks over the fire and rotate occasionally until everything is cooked well done. Serves 2.

Magical Thinking

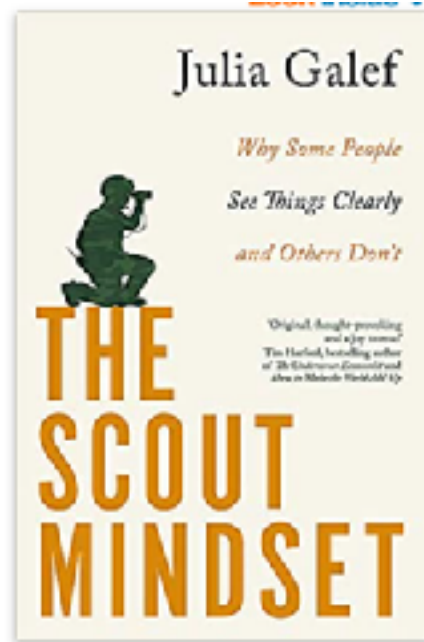
For the speaker topic in July.

<https://www.wsj.com/articles/the-scout-mindset-review-how-to-update-beliefs-11618355307>

‘The Scout Mindset’ Review: How to ‘Update’ Beliefs
- WSJ

News Corp is a global, diversified media and information services company focused on creating and distributing authoritative and engaging content and other products and services.

www.wsj.com



<https://www.logicallyfallacious.com/logicalfallacies/Magical-Thinking>

Program Speakers

This is your group. You are talented and can make it better. Its time for you to speak to the group. Contact Bill Barnett with your topic.

Send the editor your photos for the next issue.

You are talented. Send a photo and a story.

Cherrie

Oscar was waking up in his forest tent. It had been a long hike to get to ‘Enchanted Meadow,’ but it was well worth it. The map described ancient enchanted trees and the trees were even more majestic than he imagined. He had arrived after dark, exhausted, and fell asleep as soon as the tent was set up. The ancient oaks surrounding the meadow were magnificent. It was the beginning of bluelight and the forest was just beginning to light up. He grabbed his camera to begin the photo study of the trees and meadow. Bluelight would provide a well lit night image. Night in the forest was something Oliver loved and he made it his niche in the Art Print world. The colors were different and that made his photography unique. As he watched the trees around him he realized how enormous they were. The map said they were big, but they were colossal. Soon the sun set and the forest was dark except for thousands of fireflies. It wasn’t morning, it was night.



“Wow! I must have slept all day,” he whispered to himself. “This place is amazing. No wonder the map called it Enchanted Forest.” He had found the map in an estate sale and bought it for 50¢. It seemed like a steal, being such a beautiful old map for such a price. He collected old

books and old maps and this one was the oldest and most beautiful of them all. The lady at the sale seemed indifferent when he asked her about the map.

There were people in the forest just out of sight. Oscar followed the meadow to a small stream he heard gurgling nearby. There was a redheaded girl sitting on a log, reading a book, and dangling her feet in the water. "You're here for the vision quest," she said. "I'm Cherrie, your guide."

"Vision quest?" Oscar stuttered. "What vision quest? I'm here to take pictures of the forest."

She looked at his words with disapproval, grabbed his hand, and said, "Come with me." They went back toward the meadow that was now full of small people like her. Everyone almost seemed to float across the ground. The two of them stopped at the edge of the meadow and he looked at her. Her large emerald green eyes revealed she was much older and wiser than her youthful appearance. She was clothed with freckles and was watching the meadow. In the middle of the meadow were large translucent red and blue crystals glowing with light as if they were the bonfire for a ceremony. The little people began to circle the crystals and sing. Almost out of sight a forest creature began to play pan pipes. In a corner of the meadow was an ancient fairy man with a drum. The drum looked like the Sami drum he brought back from Sweden. The ancient fairy man was beating the same rhythm as the Sami people in Sweden.

Oscar pinched himself to see if he was dreaming. It hurt. He was awake. "Where are we?" he asked in amazement.

"Come with me," she said and pulled him into the ring of fairies circling the crystal bonfire. They danced for what seemed like hours until he was exhausted. Then she said, "Come sit and listen," and pulled him away. They sat on a hollow log. A large frog was also sitting on the log and a rabbit came out of the log to join the conversation. For a time they all sat there silent.

Oscar looked at himself and he was a small fairy too. He had been transformed. "What's happening?" he demanded.

"You're here to learn," the frog said.

"Learn what?" Oscar asked, amazed that the frog spoke. "A talking frog? Are you going to teach me photography?"

"Silly boy," the rabbit said. "You'll see."

"My camera's gone!" Oscar gasped.

"It's fine," Cherrie said. "It isn't lost."

"Talking animals?" Oscar asked. "What the ..."

“Of course,” Cherrie interrupted. “They always talk, if you listen.”

Oscar looked in Cherrie’s eyes and saw wisdom beyond what he imagined. “The map, it brought me here. How?”

“It was sent to you,” the frog said. “We always send it to the next candidate. You’re the chosen one.”

“Someone has to protect the forest,” the rabbit said. “My babies must have a place to live. They can’t destroy the forest. You must stop them!” she insisted.

“What? Stop them? Who? How can I do that?” asked an incredulous Oscar wondering why he was talking to animals. “I just wanted some photos.”

“Ha!” laughed the rabbit. “You don’t know what you want.”

There was a period of silence that seemed eternal to Oscar. Then the frog began to explain the life of the forest. The conversation wasn’t just about the trees or animals, the forest itself was alive. The rabbit continued explaining how important their home was. Her maternal instinct dwelt on how the forest nurtured life. Cherrie explained what the animals were talking about when Oscar seemed confused. Oscar mostly listened and asked a few questions. The four of them talked for hours until Oscar was tired of talking. Then they all sat silent for what seemed like another eternity.

“Follow me!” Cherrie ordered. They all four traveled into the next meadow. It was even more magical. The trees were young and glowed with pink and orange light. The flowers that filled the meadow glowed with the light of the trees. The four of them stopped in the center of the meadow in an orange glow. Oscar and Cherrie sat on the ground in the middle of the orange glow. The rabbit and frog left, but Cherrie stayed with him.

Oscar felt empowered by the orange glowing light. Cherrie just sat beside him and held his hand. They were quiet and listened to the forest. It had its own night music as all forests do, but this forest had a life of its own and was filled with enchanting music. Oscar began to feel at one with the forest.

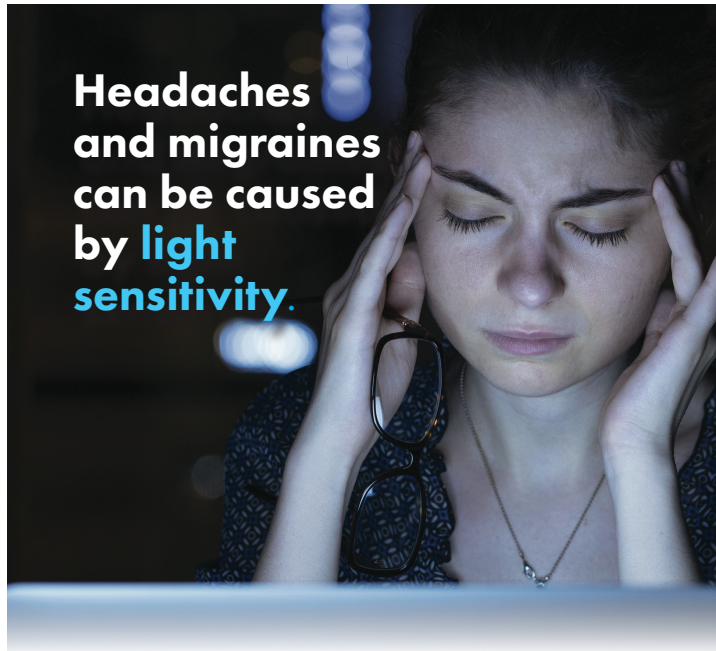
Suddenly the birds were singing their morning song and Oscar woke up. He was in his tent and looking at his watch. He had slept 10 hours, and it was well past bluelight, and past golden light. It was too late for early morning photos. After eating breakfast he packed his kit and started down the trail. The forest was beautiful. “I can get the pictures tonight,” he said to himself wondering about the night before and the vision he had. *It couldn’t be real*, he thought, but it seemed more real than any dream he ever had. It was fixed in his mind. “How can I photograph something like that?” he wondered out loud.

Oscar started down the trail. The trees were majestic and the forest was open between them. The forest canopy made the forest floor dark and there was only fallen leaves there. The path wandered through hills and meadows. Oscar crossed three streams, one of which he had to wade chest deep. *It certainly looks enchanted here*, Oscar thought. *But there's no magic. It's just beautiful. I'll come back for the best shots after camp is set up.* It seemed like the forest would go on forever, there were no roads crossing the path, just an endless sea of trees.

After an hour of hiking he saw someone walking on a side trail. They were just over a rise and he could barely see them. The person was walking toward his trail. In time they got closer and he could see that it was a tall redhead girl wearing a forest green outfit walking on an intersecting trail. The trails came together and they met at the trail crossing and stopped and looked into each other's eyes. Their eyes were on the same level. She was as tall as he was and had large emerald green eyes. It was Cherrie.

Cathryn Hay

Cathryn Hay is a member and gave a talk at a program meeting. Just thought this might be helpful to some members.



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Cathryn A. Hay, Ph.D.
Clinic Director

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