



JOHN DUNNIGAN

Sailing to Haystack. Usually about six hours uphill by car. One trip with Alphonse took twelve but seemed like three.

About twenty years ago, I made the trip by boat. It took almost a week downwind. Mostly no wind. And not all graceful coming about. Approaching Haystack by water. Beautiful but not much room for mistakes. Coming in to the cove at high tide you'd better leave that rock to starboard.

Any way you get there, it takes a little work to get to the place where mistakes are a different part of the process. Where the freedom to make them changes everything.

Opportunities for creativity, learning and growth are enhanced where the pressures leveraging against experimentation are reduced. Where the community leaves them behind for a week or two. Puts them in their place. Like the granite, spruce and cedar, a human support system goes up. Haystack does that really well.

It's just the right size island. There you are with your very unique part of your life. When I leave, this is what I try to pack up, to load on board, to bring with me out there.