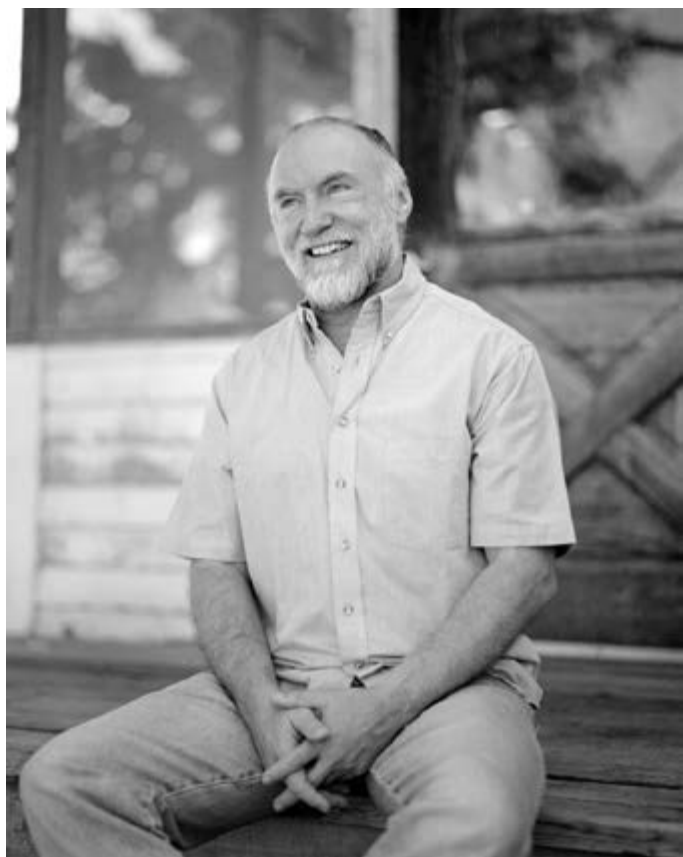


Remembering Laird, Part Two

By Chris Roth, Lois Arkin, Becky Gooding Laskody, Mac Thomson, Joel Bartlett, Leslie O'Neil, Marty Maskall, Deborah Altus, Tim Miller, Brent Levin, Diana Leafe Christian, Ann Shrader, Marty Klaif, Carol Swann, Yana Ludwig, Penny Sirota, Harvey Baker, Jo Sandhill, Cynthia Tina, Daniel Greenberg, Kim Kanney



Our Spring 2025 issue, COMMUNITIES #206, featured Part One of these remembrances: “Honoring Laird Schaub, 1949-2024” (p. 8, gen-us.net/laird), by Harvey Baker, Neil Planchon, and others, and the editor’s own “Remembering Laird” (pp. 9-11, gen-us.net/laird-one).

Here (also posted online at gen-us.net/laird-two), we gather further memories of Laird, whose death on December 17, 2024 followed a lifetime of service to the communities movement that included: cofounder (in 1974) and member for 39 years of Sandhill Farm (Rutledge, Missouri); delegate for 21 years to the Federation of Egalitarian Communities (1980-2001); co-resuscitator of the FIC (now called the Foundation for Intentional Community) in 1987 and its main administrator until 2015; reviver of COMMUNITIES, to which he contributed more than 130 articles, and its publisher from 1993-2015; prolific blogger (at communityandconsensus.blogspot.com); mediator, speaker,

teacher, trainer, and consultant on group process, consensus, facilitation, conflict, and numerous other aspects of community living and cooperative work; and survivor for eight-plus years after a multiple myeloma diagnosis, during which he continued this work nearly unabated while also sharing, via his blog and a CaringBridge site, his journey with the disease.

The crowdfunded Community, Consensus, and Facilitation Book Project, started with Laird’s encouragement in his final year, is gathering his writings into a series of books and welcomes donations toward that effort; you can find out more and contribute at gen-us.net/ccf or gofund.me/6e57fd23.

Assembling these remembrances has been deeply gratifying, and another reminder to me that together, we can be smarter and more perceptive—more nuanced and multidimensional in how we see and talk about the world (or any part of it, including a person)—than any of us can as a single individual. It took the contributions of everyone whose words follow to create the picture that emerges; no one person could have done it. Our personal experiences of Laird were tempered by who we each are, what brought us together with him and his work, his own circumstances at the time, and more, and yet each of these recollections unmistakably reflects the unique person we all knew—and may know even better now through one another’s stories.

The synergy that led to what you are about to read is one of the aspects of group process, and of circles of equals, that I appreciate most, and that delighted Laird as well. In community, I’ve found again and again that group-level issues that would be daunting for any one person to grapple with on their own, let alone confidently make decisions about, bring out a collective wisdom when everyone offers their piece of the truth, however fragmentary it may be. Laird dedicated his life to helping people find this kind of collective wisdom together, and the world is a better place for it.

My wish is that Laird’s example continues to inspire us to appreciate our own and one another’s multifaceted selves—and the rich potentials within our communities unleashed when we overcome the various internal obstacles to cooperative thriving that he was so skilled at identifying and helping groups and individuals learn how transcend and remove. As his daughter, Jo, notes, in fitting resonance with this issue’s theme, Laird “broke a lot of spells. Or maybe more accurately, he cracked a lot of spells and offered people his hand to step through the crack, each time widening it and weakening the spell.”

—Chris Roth

I feel great sadness at Laird's passing. He was among the giants in the US intentional communities movement over the last 50 years. And he facilitated a Los Angeles Eco-Village retreat during one of our most troubling times as a community, some 20 or so years ago.

He also was a lender for Los Angeles Eco-Village at a crucial time in our history when he helped enable our all-cash purchase of our first multi-family building of 40 units in 1996. He reduced the verbose six-page loan agreement I had written at that time to a half page. We've been using that one ever since, having now borrowed over \$2 million with it.

Laird's contributions to COMMUNITIES were as insightful as they were prolific. He was also a strong believer in and practitioner of addressing community conflict as a basis for creative change.

—Lois Arkin

I think I first met Laird in 2006 at the fifth National Cohousing Conference, held at University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, where he was selling books. His curiosity, experience, and joviality were magnetic. In 2009, my community, Arcadia Cohousing in Carrboro, North Carolina, hosted one of Laird's Integrative Facilitation Trainings for a weekend and that got me hooked on improving my facilitation skills to better serve my beloved community. Laird became a friend, mentor, game partner, and I his sous-chef in the kitchen.

Many in our community appreciated his insight into community dynamics, and over the next 13 years, Laird revisited Arcadia five or six times, with a class or as a consultant, or for a gathering of the Fellowship for Intentional Community (FIC) Board.

I joined his IFT program first as an auditor, then as a full-time student for two two-year training rounds and then again for another weekend training here and there.

Laird would end our two-year sessions by writing a limerick for each of us; and some years we did for him. Here's one he wrote for me:

Our Becky is a beacon of light
With community issues in sight.
With a hunger for process
That's never in recess
She pierces the Arcadian night.

I remain immensely appreciative of the wisdom Laird shared freely, and continue to hold him as my model for vibes-watching and fearless investigating of community members who keep holding personal preferences above community needs.

—Becky Gooding Laskody

Our community of communities has lost a great teacher. Laird taught me more about navigating the turbulent waters of community dynamics than anyone else.

Thank you Laird for your generosity and wisdom.

—Mac Thomson

Laird was one of our mentors. He led a three-day workshop with Altair EcoVillage folks, teaching us consensus and getting us closer together so we listened to one another more effectively. His facilitation style and various mantras formed a basis for our process. Later, he focused on the economic aspect of cohousing and opened our eyes to a broader picture of our purpose and our potential influence in the larger community. I personally could always call him if there was something I thought he could help with.

—Joel Bartlett

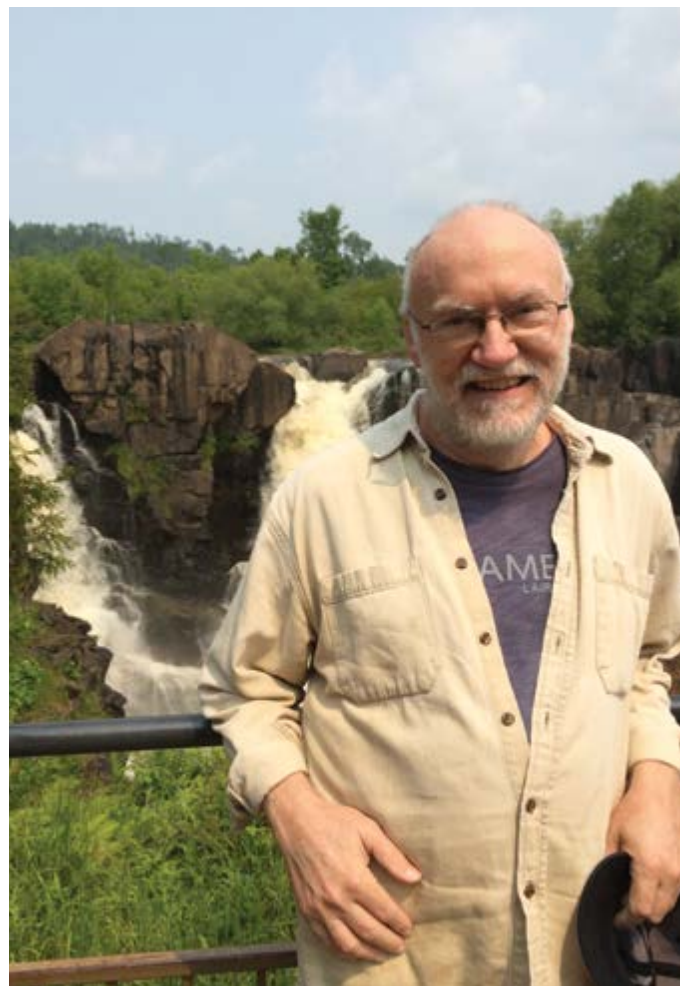
B rings tears to my eyes... Such a giving, committed person! Several of us took Laird's two-year Facilitation training class with other cohousing community residents at cohousing sites around Colorado and New Mexico in 2004-6.

We learned a lot!!! Especially how to savor the joy, spontaneity, talents, differences, willingness and love of our neighbours as well as how to handle diverse opinions, conflict, difficult people, and not to take things personally.

What a journey it has been for all of us!

Let all us CasaVerdians keep the joy in the journey continuing!

—Leslie O'Neil



Photos courtesy of Susan Anderson, Jo Sandhill, and other family and friends of Laird



I was blessed to be able to attend Laird Schaub's eight-weekend Facilitation Course between April 2011 and June 2013 in Northern California.

The eight weekends were: 1. Working Content, 2. Formats, 3. Conflict, 4. Consensus, 5. Power Dynamics/Leadership, 6. Challenging Personalities, 7. Delegation, and 8. Organizational Structure Recommendations.

Laird was a patient and caring teacher. He dedicated his life to making communities function more smoothly.

For one of the weekends, he flew to Sacramento. I met his plane, and we drove to Monan's Rill together.

I followed Laird's nine-year cancer journey with trepidation, and I was very sad when he had to leave us.

I feel privileged to have had him as my teacher and my friend.

I hope someone will turn his teachings into a book. I will certainly buy it.

—Marty Maskall

Among other things, Laird's work was of great help to researchers of intentional communities. He was always willing to answer questions and provide resources and referrals. He spoke at many events, including Communal Studies Association (CSA) and International Communal Studies Association (ICSA) conferences, and was among the recipients of

CSA's Distinguished Service Award in 1997 (given to FIC) and 2011 (given to COMMUNITIES magazine).

I also recall how helpful Laird was in my work with him on FIC's Editorial Review Board and the Kozeny Award Committee. I first met Laird in the 1980s at a consensus workshop he was giving at East Wind Community. In our committee work together, he was the consummate professional—hard working, competent, reliable, and productive. I feel deeply grateful to have had the opportunity to work with him.

—Deborah Altus

Laird provided essential help to me by recommending contacts for the 60s Communes Project, culminating in the book, *The 60s Communes: Hippies and Beyond* (1999), based on more than 500 interviews, many of which involved those contacts. Laird had an amazing ability to connect with people—communitarians, academic scholars, public officials, people seeking community, and more. Everything he did embodied his total life commitment to human community. What a communal powerhouse!

—Tim Miller

Laird was a very important mentor in my life and in my desire to be of service to the world and collaborative culture. He modeled living by one's values even when those were inconvenient or uncomfortable. And he did so joyfully, making traveling long distances by train or sleeping on a couch or small space part of the adventure of living a full life dedicated to his values. He laughed and smiled freely quoting "Rather than curse the darkness, I strive to light a candle." Laird worked to teach others to light their candles as well.

—Brent Levin

Laird was a giant in our movement—which got re-started in organized form when he helped revive the FIC in the 1980s. Just imagine if he hadn't and if he hadn't existed. I doubt if many of us would be doing what we're doing today without Laird's getting the ball rolling back then, and all he and FIC have done since.

I first met Laird at the Celebration of Community the FIC held in 1993. He was my first mentor in the communities movement and helped me so much when I became new editor of COMMUNITIES. More recently, in the spring of 2024, I took his online conflict class for FIC and it was really good; he was in top form.

What a mountain—a mountain range!—of good work Laird has contributed to the world.

—Diana Leafé Christian

Laird and I met playing coed volleyball my freshman year in college and went on from there...whitewater canoeing on the Coppermine River in the Northwest Territories ending up inside the Arctic Circle, cofounding Sandhill Farm, and coparenting a son, Ceilee, to name just a few of our adventures.

Laird was energetic, innovative, smart, fun, enduring, and so much more. He will be missed by so many.

—Ann Shrader

I do not, as a rule, celebrate birthdays, but for each of my past three decade birthdays I have done something “special.” This last time I thought it would be interesting to invite significant people from various stages of my life with whom I had close relationships to gather together for a couple of days. Laird was one of those people, as for most of the previous 25 years we had been colleagues in the leadership group of the FIC, and our relationship persisted following his formal separation from the organization, focused on mutual interest in group process, consensus, the San Francisco Giants, etc.

Laird accepted the invitation immediately. It was clear his motivation was centered not on vocational or avocational commonality, but on the most important, and holistic, aspect of meaningful relationship—friendship.

Late last year after Laird stopped receiving any treatment, I reached out to ask of the possibility of a short visit. It turned out that he had stopped receiving visitors other than local folks and relatives. However, he and Susan (who I met at my birthday gathering) invited me to stay with them for a couple of nights. Amid the conversations centered on current events, media, group process, and reminiscences, I became aware that I, coincidentally, was present for his last birthday.

Those were the last two times I saw Laird and I now reflect on and appreciate that element so critical to quality of life—friendship.

—Marty Klaif

Laird was all of the things that most people have written and spoken so eloquently to. As one of Laird’s shorter-term intimate partners on his life journey, I want to add that not only was his passion for life on full throttle but he somehow managed to be able to stay connected to so many meaningful relationships all at once. This could be a struggle at times in our relationship, as time was so precious (and I lived in Berkeley, California, and he was living at Sandhill Farm) and yet, the many parts of him lived in so many of his different kinds of friendships. At conferences he would stay up late at night playing bridge, cards, or totally enjoy guzzling down the beer while engaged in uproarious dialogues! Of course we all know, as he choo-chooed across country on the endless train trips to facilitate at various communities and attend meetings, he was always stopping off at friends’ homes to stay connected and keep the conversations moving.

I was with Laird at the beginning of what would be one of his greatest callings, to train facilitators in consensus and conflict. I was in the first official training with the first curriculum. It was very exciting to me as I had grown up in a political community that used consensus as its decision-making model. (My parents’ lifelong commitment to social justice through nonviolence had led to founding the New England Committee for Non-violent Action, CNVA, in 1960 on a 50-acre farm in rural Connecticut.) As an adult, I myself was now engaged in process and conflict facilitation.





Working together was both exciting and exasperating as some of you may know, because as egalitarian as Laird was, he had a very competitive side! And he was fast cognitively and super articulate. The feminist in me was at times super frustrated and at the same time, super appreciative of his confidence (as he especially loved facilitating conflict and was comfortable with it). Witnessing the many years that he developed this training, I was also impressed that he was always open to feedback and learning. I noticed in the later years he became more and more conscious of needing to recognize his lesser-examined white male privilege not only from a sexist perspective (which he had been challenged to do early on) but also as a white man in the context of racism and how racism is a pervasive issue in alternative communities (as it is in widespread culture). He also wrote about this on his blog and in *COMMUNITIES*.

In the last eight years of our friendship, we were in less and less contact (given he was struggling with illness and he came less and less to the Bay Area) but he was always available to be reached for conversations, brainstorming on facilitation, and interested in my own experiences with my work. I am eternally grateful for our brief two-year relationship, the lasting friendship that blossomed from it, and all that he brought to so many of us, and left with us in his teaching and writing on so many essential issues in com-

munities and group dynamics. I will never forget how he wrote all that he did with two fingers on the computer!

—Carol Swann

First, I need to tell you that Laird hated these things. He often complained that when someone dies, everyone rallies around a fairly one-dimensional version of who someone was, and he thought that was disingenuous, because everyone is more than that. Laird was a lot of things to me in the three decades we knew each other—friend, lover, husband, mentor, teacher, colleague—and all of those relationships were complicated.

Through it all, his absolute commitment to never bullshitting was a theme. The good side of this was that when Laird complimented you, celebrated you, said he loved you, you were 100 percent sure that he meant it. The hard side was that he had incredibly high standards, and the accolades were few and far between. Students and colleagues needed to get “good” and justify their choices, and exactly when you crossed the line into compliment-worthy was very much based on Laird’s concepts of what “good” meant, which were often subjective and flawed. In that, he was no different than most of us; he was just a lot more honest about it. Laird pushed many people to be better (including me), and you can read the many testimonies to how the world is better for it, and how his legacy genuinely runs deep. He also pushed a lot of people out of his life, his community, and movement work with an often harsh expression of exacting standards.

It also led to deep-felt loneliness at various points in his life. I knew Laird as well as anyone, and was one of the few who got to witness the private pain of a man who was a giant in the communities world, and had a big public persona. The same things that drew people to Laird often made it hard to get really close: that honesty that could burn, the intensity, the brilliance and clarity that could be turned on you too. As I am going through my own mourning process, I’m also remembering those private moments when he felt his separation from people, when coming on strong didn’t leave a lot of space for people to see him at his more vulnerable and fragile, and how much he cherished the relationships that let him be a whole person. Laird had a love-hate relationship with the pedestal he often found himself on, and for a little over a decade, I was right next to him. I learned a lot from him about how power complicates relationships. For me, that’s one of the most lasting legacies of our time together.

—Yana Ludwig

Laird was a wonderful, maddening, surprising combination of paradoxes in one human being. We first met 20 years ago when he came to my community to help us through a particular rough patch. He was the quietest house guest we ever had—barely dirtied a towel or made a peep. All he really needed was one strong cup of coffee in the morning and a good beer

near the end of the weekend. For someone who championed cooperative life, he loved a good competitive game and could get kinda snarky if anyone was dragging down the tempo of the game! He was a huge commanding presence in the front of a circle, and quite shy and humble as a friend. He really didn't like being the focus of attention.

Nothing got past his sharp observation of the complex interactions at play in a group. He was fearless in the face of conflict and knew you cannot shy away from the hard thing that needs to be said. Time after time, he showed me that the group heals only after things get out in the open. Then things could shift. Sometimes that means things fall apart. He made me more courageous too.

He was no saint. He regularly pissed people off with his big commanding presence that tended to light up perceptions of patriarchy or sound too much like mansplaining. He made blunders. He got frustrated and impatient. But he was also willing to listen to the feedback and work with it. He got softer and wiser as he aged.

He was smart and articulate. After 15 years of working alongside him, I could never hold a candle to his quick insight into a complex situation—or master his three-color pen system of taking detailed notes. (Blue for themes, Red for energy, and Black for ?) He had energy and endurance. Even while multiple myeloma raged through his bone marrow, he could stay focused and sharp for eight hours of Zoom meetings and be ready for more.

He was thinking deeply about collective life right up till the very end. He was creating a complex metaphor about our collective lives being like a house where each room holds a different type of capacity, or intelligence. One room would be our rational selves, getting stuff done and being efficient. Another room, our emotional selves, full of depth and vitality. Another room, our sexuality. But the room that he was most intrigued with, at the very end of his life, was the one that holds our intuition.

He talked about an experience of working with a group in a remote area of Alaska for 10 days. They were dealing with years of harm, and it wasn't at all clear if they could continue. Laird would go to bed each night without a clue about how to proceed. Somehow, in the night, his intuitive capacity integrated the experiences from the day before. He would wake up with a clear sense of what the group needed next.

Laird was refining his craft right up till his very last breath. He was clear-eyed about his approaching death—but still he wanted to work out this house metaphor. "I wish I had more time to fill out the rooms with stories," he said.

Now it's up to us to continue the work of learning how to live together. He left lots of notes and stories and clues to help us find our way. "I'd rather be a light rather than rail against the dark," he quoted near the end of his days. And he was.

Thanks to you, Laird, we have more light in dark corners of our houses, and more rooms to explore.

—Penny Sirota

I first met Laird at the revitalized FIC's second board meeting, held at East Wind in the Fall of 1987. As FIC secretary, he had a prominent role in the meeting. We both attended the Spring 1988 board meeting at Green Pastures in New Hampshire. When it came time for the election of new board members, Caroline Estes of Alpha Farm recommended that the FIC include more women on its board for better balance. A board member from a patriarchal community replied that we should just take the best people for the limited number of positions. I had been nominated for the board, and in support of Caroline, I withdrew my nomination in support of hers. At that point, Laird withdrew his name from board nomination in support of mine, saying that as secretary, he would be at the meetings anyway. Caroline and I were both added to the board, and we three worked in the FIC as friends and collaborators for many years.

Laird and I took two trips to the West Coast together in my old station wagon. I picked him up at Sandhill, along with boxes and boxes of *Communities Directories* and *COMMUNITIES* magazines heading to the West Coast. The first time we drove all night from Sandhill to Betty Didcott's house in northern Idaho, staying awake through the night by listening to Harry Potter on cassette tape. The second time we "took it easy," stopping for five hours of sleep in a motel. On the long drives, Laird had the advantage of enjoying strong coffee!

Laird and I attended countless FIC meetings and communities conferences. Lots of agenda prep, meeting facilitation, "Later Committee" clean-up of the leftover details from the plenary. Lots of schlepping boxes of books for the Community Bookshelf table at events, giving out FIC information, running fundraising auctions (Laird was my best, most energetic ring man ever!). At an auction at Earthaven, he held up a donated pink cocktail dress. Someone said, "Put it on!" He replied, "For \$50 I'll wear it the rest of the evening!" The money appeared in seconds, and Laird wore the dress, which fit him perfectly.

Although he was a very public figure at conferences and meetings, he also did a lot in the background to keep the FIC running smoothly. He was aware of the distortions in relationships that fame and power can create, and tried to limit any "cult of personality" arising around him. His energy and passion for life and community will be greatly missed.

—Harvey Baker





My father was a lot of things to a lot of people. Writing this has been hard because how do you encapsulate such a large life into small words? The theme of this edition is “Breaking the Spell” and while I know this section of remembrance is not held to that theme, I found it fitting. Laird’s life was wholeheartedly and unapologetically dedicated to the betterment of humanity, as he saw it. He broke a lot of spells. Or maybe more accurately, he cracked a lot of spells and offered people his hand to step through the crack, each time widening it and weakening the spell.

Laird grew up in middle-class Chicago suburbia, got good grades, was athletic, had friends, and went to a good school for college where he graduated with a degree in mathematics which he used to get a job working for the US government in Washington, DC. Everything was according to the expectations of society. Then, the seeds of dissent that were planted in college and grew during the late ’60s bloomed and he quit his job after

two years, bought land in rural Missouri with three friends, and never worked another “regular” job again.

Ever since Sandhill Farm was founded in ’74 it has slowly changed things around it. It is now part of a three-community cluster in Northeast Missouri and every one of the 4,676 residents of Scotland County is at least aware of the influence of intentional communities, despite being in an unlikely place for planting new seeds of cultural revolution.

My brother was born in 1980 to Laird and Ann at Sandhill and Laird chose to give him the surname of Sandhill instead of Schaub. This was likely one of the most profound acts of cultural rebellion, in his father’s eyes. He had a long and contentious relationship with him which was one of the more profound ways Laird personally paid the price for his spell breaking. He doubled down on this when I was born and named in the same way.

I have always loved my family name as I feel that it affords me the rare privilege of having an actual personal connection to it. I have climbed the sand hills I’m named after. They were left there after the glaciers ground down the Northern part of the mid-continent and deposited sand where it is not otherwise found, 2.5 million years ago. The earth in Northern Missouri is mostly red clay and the sand helped create a much better mix for growth, so a town was founded on that location as the Midwest was settled. Then the railroads came and the town moved and combined with another small town to be on the tracks. That left behind a ghost town, which Laird and the other founders of Sandhill Farm bought and named the community after. The sand I’m named after has created growth for centuries, and since ’74 in more ways than one.

I remember my father tossing bales of hay onto the wagon as we collected winter feed for the cows, I remember him leading meetings, trying to find a good marker for the flip charts to take notes, I remember him cooking huge feasts with veggies from our amazing gardens, I remember him waking up early to start a fire and tending it all day so we could have a sweat lodge that night to celebrate Beltane, I remember him canning endless tomatoes, I remember him running a booth to sell our farm products at a fair in historical clothes, I remember him auctioning off a dress and when it didn’t sell, he auctioned off him putting it on, then he bought the dress and auctioned off putting it on again, at his 400-person four-day-long wedding, I remember him working late into the sweaty summer nights in a run-down trailer with no plumbing or air conditioning that was the FIC headquarters for many years so he could spend the daylight hours farming, I remember him in a myriad of ways and I’ll spend the rest of my life remembering and realizing new ways he took action towards the better version of humanity he believed in. He helped lots of little cracks in people’s assumptions about themselves and other people grow bigger and let in a new light. He wanted nothing more than cooperation in fellow humans. He led by example, embracing his own flaws and showing that an imperfect person could still make a difference, and break some spells.

—Jo Sandhill

I met Laird when I was 19, at one of my first intentional community gatherings—a meeting of community networks at Whole Village in Ontario, Canada. I was there with the youth group, NextGEN North America. Laird took the time to sit with our group of youngsters, weaving bits of wisdom into our conversation. One piece of advice stuck with me:

“Find out what gets you fired up, what makes you want to jump out of bed in the morning. For me, that’s the intentional communities movement. If that’s true for you too, you’ll never run out of work or opportunities to make a difference for the rest of your life.”

So far, his words have proven true. I’m deeply grateful for Laird and all the leaders who have sparked a flame in younger generations, ensuring the movement he so passionately championed continues to thrive.

—Cynthia Tina

Over the years, many of us received “Laird Finder” emails where he outlined his packed travel itinerary and days he was “on the choo choo.” Now, looking back, I feel Laird *was* the choo choo. He was the little engine that could. He just kept chugging along, through rain and fog, always staying on track and steadily determined to bring more “intentional community” into the world.

I remember, in 2016, asking Laird’s advice on a new venture I was working on to develop Custom Academic Programs in Ecovillages (a.k.a. “CAPE Consulting”). He went above and beyond and responded with 28 detailed points for me to consider. Who does that???

Also, around that time, many of us were meeting frequently to figure out how to develop more collaborative relationships amongst various networks (i.e., GENNA, GEN-US, GEN Canada, and the FIC). There were some strong personalities in the room and I was always impressed by how Laird stuck with the process, even when it felt hopeless.

I know some of Laird’s hopeful tenacity rubbed off on me as I’m sure it has on hundreds, perhaps thousands of others. In this and many other ways, he continues to play a pivotal role in humanity’s Great Turning towards a more cooperative and regenerative future. Thank you Laird!

—Daniel Greenberg

It’s a strange sensation to know you have unintentionally walked a life path one person had a heavy hand in preparing. This kind of path-walking didn’t come about through a familial tie or even a spoken agreement. It just happened. I have been on the staff of FIC for over a decade and now function as the Executive Director. Laird hired me in 2014 to ship books from a trailer at Sandhill Farm.

Five years later I became a member of Sandhill Farm. I would not be exaggerating to say my home there and my work with FIC have been significant parts of my life and they wouldn’t

have existed without Laird.

As a result, I have often felt his presence: in the soil, in the story beads we hold at FIC, in our infrastructure (both physical and organizational), and sometimes in the tidying of messes left behind. That happens too. I have the fortunate vantage point to witness the long, robust thread that weaves through so many hearts he has touched.

The last time I spoke to Laird in person was at the Cohousing Conference 2022 in Madison, Wisconsin. We were sure to sit down together, just the two of us, and speak about both FIC and Sandhill Farm. It felt like a silent handshake—an unspoken request from him that I assure him his hard work is still handled with care. I did assure him.

I’m not sure if the FIC or Sandhill Farm of today is what Laird had in mind—for better or for worse—but I can say with certainty that we are doing our best to continue to serve the movement, heal our planet, gather our humanity, and respond to the world we live in. *That* I am sure he would be proud of.

—Kim Kanney

Contributors’ affiliations include: Chris Roth, lostvalley.org; Lois Arkin, laecovillage.org; Becky Gooding Laskody, arcadiacohousing.com; Mac Thomson, heartwoodcohousing.com; Joel Bartlett, altairecovillage.org; Leslie O’Neil, casaverde.us; Marty Maskall, fairoaksecohousing.org; Deborah Altus, communalstudies.org; Tim Miller, communalstudies.org; Brent Levin, brentlevin@gmail.com; Diana Leafé Christian, schoolofintegratedliving.org; Ann Shrader, southernexposure.com/ann-shrader; Marty Klaif, ic.org/directory/shannon-farm-community; Carol Swann, carolswann.net; Yana Ludwig, yanaludwig.net; Penny Sirota, pennysirota56@gmail.com; Harvey Baker, ic.org/directory/dunmire-hollow-community; Jo Sandhill, gen-us.net/ccf; Cynthia Tina, cynthiatina.com; Daniel Greenberg, ic.org; Kim Kanney, ic.org. All remembrances from our Spring and Summer 2025 issues are posted here: gen-us.net/laird, gen-us.net/laird-one, and gen-us.net/laird-two.

