



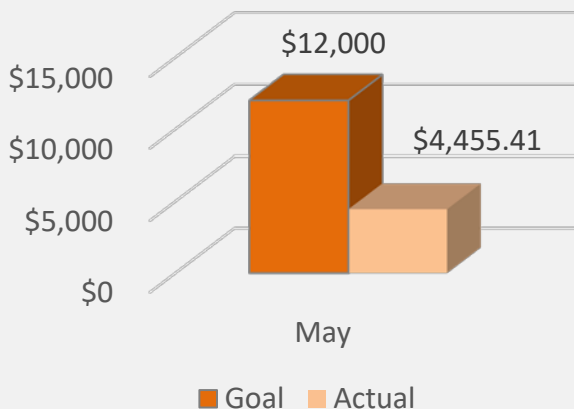
# Lace on Race Newsletter

July 2021

*Our North Star*

**TO LESSEN AND MITIGATE THE HARM  
ENDURED BY BLACK AND BROWN PEOPLE  
PERPETUATED BY WHITE PEOPLE  
AND WHITE SUPREMACY**

## JULY UPDATE



PayPal: [paypal.me/LaceonRace](https://paypal.me/LaceonRace)

## COMMUNITY & NEW MEMBER WELCOME

Check it out!  
[Community Guidelines](#)

Register and join us at  
[Lace on Race Café](#)

We are mist;  
together  
we form  
drops  
that nourish.

 *Lace on Race*

# LACE ON RACE FEATURED POSTS

## HESED REMINDER – REQUIRED COMMITMENT TO ENGAGE

**WE ARE NEW PEOPLE DOING NEW THINGS IN NEW WAYS! YOU ARE LOVINGLY BEING CALLED IN – NEW NORMS APPLY. ENGAGE IN LACE ON RACE CAFÉ, CROSS-POST, RESPOND TO AT LEAST 2 COMMUNITY MEMBERS & SHARE TO YOUR NETWORKS.**

[Discourse, Civility, Contempt and Critical Race Theory](#)

Early July Ask: [Part I](#) and [Part II](#)

Video: Lace on Ethical Consumerism and Boycotts: [Part I](#) and [Part II](#)

[Video: We Can't Go Back](#)

[Pivot to Race: Ambition Penalty](#)

## KEY POSTS TO VISIT & REVISIT

STARTER POSTS
<u><a href="#">Guideline Videos</a></u>
<u><a href="#">Community Onboarding</a></u>
<u><a href="#">Relational Ethics</a></u>
<u><a href="#">Obstacles to Growth &amp; Community</a></u>
<u><a href="#">Encouragement, Exhortation &amp; the Can't</a></u>
<u><a href="#">React, Emojis &amp; Engagement</a></u>
<u><a href="#">White Woman &amp; Oppression</a></u>
<u><a href="#">Critical Discussion Posts</a></u>
<u><a href="#">Hope &amp; Vision</a></u>

# CHEF ' S TABLE & SUSTAINERS CIRCLE

## Chef's Table:

*Chef's Table at the Lace on Race Café is a forum for walkers who are ready to work deeper, harder and faster in service to our North Star. Walkers invited to this table will have demonstrated relentless reliability; resilience through lumpy crossings; dedicated financial engagement (of any capacity); and high levels of community participation. [Chef's Table Self-Evaluation Form](#)*

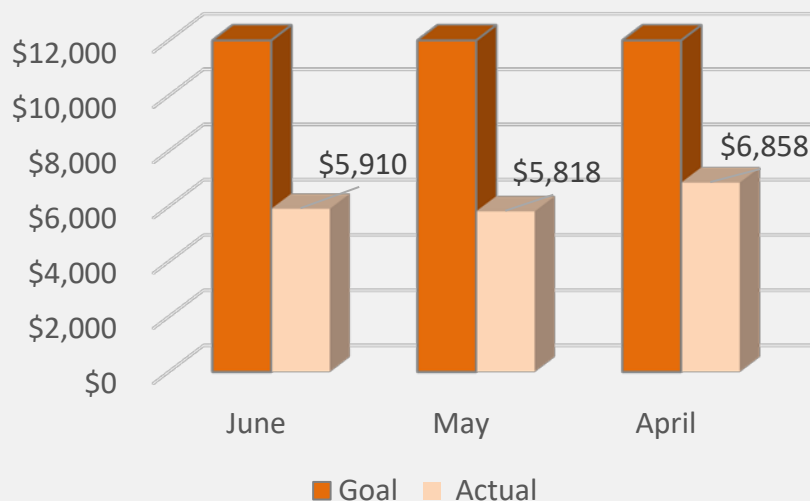
## Sustainers Circle:

*A sustainer is someone who has consistently been in the Lace on Race community for six months or more and is committed to financially sustaining this space and reliably engaging in the community. [Sustainer Application](#)*

## Sustainer-in-Training:

*If you have not yet met Sustainer criteria due to the six-month active community member requirement and are still interested in becoming a Sustainer, please fill out our [Sustainer-in-Training Form](#).*

## PREVIOUS FINANCIAL ENGAGEMENT



***To community walkers who have and continue to financially engage, we give thanks. It's your generosity that allows Lace on Race to act in concert with our ethos.***

# LACE ON RACE MENTAL & EMOTIONAL HEALTH FUND

*This fund will allow Black and Brown women to find time for themselves in authentic, healing self-care. To be able to stop, reflect, to rest. To be able to grieve, to mourn, to commiserate. To experience playfulness and joy, while cherishing one another and themselves.*

*Monthly engagement goal is to disburse up to \$1,000 from this fund.*

To Apply  
To Contribute

# LOR MERCH



Menu Order Form

## FEATURED COMMUNITY PARTNERS



Take What You Need  
Headquartered in San Diego, CA

*A no questions asked program that provides food to those in need.*

**Engagement: \$1,000**

House of Tulip  
Headquartered in New Orleans, LA



*We're building an inheritance for trans and gender nonconforming community in Louisiana. This multi-family property will be a pilot, permanent housing campus, and it will house up to 10 TGNC people at a time.*

**Engagement: \$1,000**

Dear Community,

The other night, I was awakened by what turned out to be gentle drips.

Something was happening, something unusual, in my little corner of Southern California.

It was raining. Well, not \*raining\* raining per se, more of a drizzle; a soft summer drizzle that felt like a mist as I stood there on the porch and watched and listened. It was still warm; I didn't need a sweater or a robe as I made my way with bare feet down the steps and stood on the walkway and let the mist envelop me

It's different at night here at Casa Tikka. Usually you hear crickets, and dogs (though less of that now. Tikka Rose used to lead the choir, and the whole little gully sang along), and birds. It was quiet that night though. All I heard was the gentle sound as the mist and drizzle accumulating and forming into droplets, which then dropped onto the flower beds and the concrete and the porch steps.

It was beautiful. So peaceful. I stood there long enough to get not so much soaked as damp; feeling the warm gentle mist, marveling at something I hadn't experienced in years, if ever; certainly not here at Casa Tikka. Eventually the rain stopped, replaced by a gentle wind that rustled my nightdress, and the dampness made for a cooling on my face and arms. Eventually I went inside, loath to change into another nightgown or even towel off. The rain had felt like renewal; a reminder to me to never forget the essentials of life.

Inside, I did begin to feel a bit chilly, so I put the kettle on while I changed. My hair (or what's left of it), usually hidden under a wig, looked like it had been sprinkled with so many diamonds. I turned my head this way and that in the bathroom mirror and smiled at my crown. Settled back in, with a cup of something warm, I reflected on my life and the life of our beloved community.

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Rain and warmth and air. Essential elements for life. Needed for our shared scrappy little orange trees, as we go deep, and plant roots, so new green leaves can grow up and out and then, and then, grow out.





So it is for us. Refreshing water can sometimes be hard to come by; some of us have been parched. Life can indeed do that.

We are mist; together we form drops that nourish.

And warmth--that sweet spot between a soulless cold that stunts nascent shoots, and scorching heat that withers new growth. We need warmth, too. We do.

And air--freedom to breathe with capacity, volition, and agency, and to allow others the space to breathe too. To make up our own minds; come to our own conclusions. Air fragrancd by Hessed.

Our individual walks are all somewhat different, as we walk with shared purpose and conviction toward North Star. Some of us walk briskly, taking in huge breaths and breathing out with gusto; some of us walk at a more deliberate pace, grateful for those just ahead of us clearing a path. Others walk with canes and walkers and roll in chairs--afflictions both literal and metaphorical.

No one gets left behind.

All of us with tool belts swinging on our hips, with new ways of being and seeing and doing; each of us with two water bottles that, miracle of miracles, never seem to run dry. One for us; the other for The Other; new walkers on the path, whose tool belts are less full. All given with warmth; not distant aloofness, nor with grandiose glad-handing; but rather with calloused hands and shining eyes. The ground gives under our feet; slightly damp but holding each of us up.

People want to find kindred; a place where they belong. And they are scared to death to find kindred compatriots. Wanting and fearing knowing and being known. Afraid to stumble, so they never take up the path at all.

Walking in semi-dark is a risk. Holding the warm hand of another is too. Accepting a sip from unknown water bottles--particularly in these days and current realities--can be a risky choice indeed.

But for those of us who take the small but real risk of vulnerability, trust, and resilience here in the orchard of Lace on Race, the rewards are many.

Refreshing rain; enveloping warmth; respite in breeze.

We find all of this in the Hessed Hearts of those who walk alongside. In stillness and shared purpose.

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Eventually, sounds came back to the shallow gully where Casa Tikka makes its homestead. First crickets; then one dog, then others, then finally roosters and songbirds as the sun came up.

There is always Life, always Growth. It always returns; washed and renewed in nature's mikvah, where each drop of dew heralds a new day; a new beginning. The smell after a rain, even a small summer rain, is so fragranced--and I do believe that I smelled the faintest hint of orange.

So it is with us.

The kettle is always full. Watch the sun rise with me.

With Love, Your Lace



Lace Watkins, Founder & Executive Director



[Check Me Out!](#)