

Dance Together: The Electric Slide

by Justine Chambers

*Contribution for Rituals for belonging (2023, ONCD iteration)
with Myung-Sun Kim*

(1 of 4)

This playlist begins with [Tailfeather](#), a project I made with my grandmother in 2018. *Tailfeather* focused on Black vernacular dance, self-determination and somatic echoes through time. In this project my grandmother created the playlist, which you can find [here](#). I have worked with *Rock Steady* by Aretha Franklin—found on the original Tailfeather playlist—over the last several years, specifically when working on line dancing. *Rock Steady* has a bpm of 105. This particular pace is spacious. It offers room for variation and play within the structure of the line dance. There is room to riff, vamp, and work the break. There is room for you. Each of these songs on the playlist for the Electric Slide is 105 bpm. They are pleasure songs. Songs that make me move before I have registered that I am moving.

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PLAYLIST (Suggested beats per minute: 105)

Rock Steady - Aretha Franklin

Yeah - Usher

Shining Star - Earth, Wind and Fire

Sexy MF - Prince

Wishing Well - Terence Trent D'Arby | Sananda Francesco Maitreya

Mustang Sally - Buddy Guy

King Kunta - Kendrick Lamar

Nasty - Janet Jackson

Bitch Better Have My Money - Rihanna

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Gather 2 - 2000 people and spread out an arms-length distance from each other.

1. Beginning with your right foot, take three steps to the right (R, L, R) then touch your left foot beside the right.

Counts 1-4

2. Repeat to the left.

Counts 5-8

3. Beginning with your right foot, take three steps backward (R, L, R) then touch your left foot beside the right.

Counts 8-12

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4. Step forward on your left foot and touch the right ball of your foot in line with your left heel.

Counts 13-14

5. Step backward on your right foot and touch the left ball of your foot in line with your right toe.

Counts 15-16

6. Step on your left foot, and scuff the ball of your right foot (in a loose kicking action) against the floor as you make a one quarter turn toward the left.

Counts 17-18

Repeat until you are done.

SOFTENING WITH FIRE

by Sameer Farooq

*Contribution for Rituals for belonging (2023, ONCD iteration)
with Myung-Sun Kim*

(1 of 2)

Fire is integral to cooking. When you build a fire, it usually starts at a low temperature that is very tender and fragile, then builds through various levels, eventually becoming something very hot and wild. Once you take the time to build a fire, the heat lingers for quite some time. In this way, what is produced far exceeds the size of the original group who built it. For example, when two people work together to build a coal fire inside a clay oven, it can create enough energy to produce bread for an entire neighbourhood.

Fire also has specific languages: it burns, chars, warms, and melts. As I'm sure you have noticed, standing around a fire softens you toward those who stand around it with you. This visualization honours the ultimate fire, the sun: its ability to energize us when we are depleted and soften us when our boundaries become too rigid.

I was taught this visualization by my dear teacher Deganit Nuur.

SOFTENING WITH FIRE

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1. Imagine a golden sun hovering 2-3 feet above your head.
2. See this sun as a huge magnet, calling golden light back into its vessel.
3. Allow time for this sun to be filled up. Visualize golden light pouring into the sun, gradually filling it up to higher and higher levels.
4. Allow the gold light to gather, collect, and completely fill up the sun, which continues to hover above your head.
5. When the golden sun is full, poke a hole in the bottom and let all the golden light pour into your body. Visualize it filling you up from the tip of your toes to the top of your head.
6. Take a moment to breathe in these new sensations and feel the energetic shift in your body.

Break, measure, fold, rest

by Erika DeFreitas

*Contribution for Rituals for belonging (2023, ONCD iteration)
with Myung-Sun Kim*

(1 of 2)

Break

Stand before the sun.

Deeply breathe in the sun through your nose.

With kindness, sigh out the clouds through your mouth.

A grace.

Measure

Make contact with the earth.

Face the sun as it rises, allowing your body and spirit to absorb all that the sun has to offer.

Think only of the sun as it moves through you.

Stay with that feeling you might get in your chest or in your gut.

Receive this feeling with an honesty that honours yourself in this moment.

This will nourish and replenish.

Break, measure, fold, rest

by Erika DeFreitas

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Fold I

Trace the sun with your fingertip once.

Trace the sun with your fingertip twice.

Trace the sun with your fingertip a third time.

Commit this to memory.

Fold II

On a day when the sun is veiled, point to the sky with your fingertip and retrace the sun as you remember it.

I will do the same.

Rest

When feeling empty, meet the sun as you would a friend.

Stay with the sun until you can see your reflection.

May you then feel full.

Rituals for Nourishment

by Jill Thorp-Shepherd

*Contribution for Rituals for belonging (2023, ONCD iteration)
with Myung-Sun Kim*

(1 of 6)

Sharing food is a way for me to communicate love and connection. I inherited this way of caring from my Ukrainian-Canadian grandmother. She nourished and sustained me through a difficult childhood. Her food soothed me, brought me joy, and made me feel loved. Her busy kitchen was a refuge of warm safety and sweet community.

Any visit to my grandparents' small red-brick farmhouse in the suburbs started with a fleshy hug *hello* and an immediate, *have you eaten?* Of course the answer was always *no*. I made sure to arrive hungry. If I was there in the morning to work on the family farm (as I did every summer until I left for university), she would fill a large blue and white Delftware-like platter with homemade donuts, dusted in granulated sugar, so that my teeth had to pass through a crunchy sweet grit before reaching the warm, delicate, and pillowy dough.

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Or, I would have my pick of two or three seasonal pies, using bounty picked from the garden before I arrived. Strawberry rhubarb, raspberry, blueberry, Concord grape, and apple were frequent favourites. They filled the kitchen with the heady aroma of warm fruit, browned buttery pie crust, and slightly acrid burnt sugar that bubbled out and pooled in a caramelised mess around each pie plate in the oven.

Even now, these smells have a calming effect on anxieties and engage my body's response to a deep emotional connection, spreading loose warmth throughout my muscles and nerves.

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Unfortunately, through a combination of epigenetics and lived experience, I also inherited an emotional preset for negativity, a predilection for numbing, and a hunger to forget. So, at times, I also use food to avoid difficult feelings, leading to weight gain and the creation of an actual physical buffer of protection and flesh between the world and me.

I am (re)learning how to hold these seemingly opposing relationships to food with open curiosity and forgiveness, so that I can continue to sustain and nourish others. It's an imperfect work in progress.

I would like to share a few rituals and meditations I use to nurture and soothe myself along this journey, which help me to maintain the energetic and emotional bandwidth required to prepare food and share it with others. This list is arranged in no specific order. Choose what works best for you. I hope you find this helpful.

Rituals for Nourishment

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Consider that the craving for food might also be a deep-seated human need for nourishment and connection. Tell someone that you love and appreciate them. Caress your forearms.

Maybe step outside. Take a few deep breaths and feel where the breeze touches your skin.

If you can, go for a walk. Observe how nature is always changing and everything is constantly in flux. Perhaps you might celebrate that you have no control over any aspect of your life.

*When you begin your day, simply feel your feet on the earth and reflect on how we're all connected to and in relation to all other humans and non-humans.
We are all entangled.*

Rituals for Nourishment

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If you're able, give thanks for the community that nourishes and sustains you. At some point, try including people you find difficult and challenging in this gratitude practice. Send them mercy and joy. Sometimes, it's good to challenge yourself like this and to feel uncomfortable or unprepared.

Allow that we're all trying to do the best we can.

Be aware that when you're in this state your ego may attempt to protect itself from discomfort by hijacking your thoughts with an endless looping rumination, making you feel like you can change the past or control future outcomes. Don't be fooled. This is impossible. Return to the present. Quickly look around, pick out three colours in your surroundings, and name them. This will land you firmly back in the present.

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If you feel anxious or angry, try to notice how it feels in your body. For me, it manifests as a tightness in my chest, a gripping in my throat, and a churning in my guts. Acknowledging this and feeling it helps me realize that I have been triggered into a dysregulated state and I need to breathe and wait for my nervous system to regulate again before I act or make a decision.

Take a break.

Rub your chest with your hand in a slow circular motion and thank your past self for protecting you all these years and allowing you to be right here, right now. Move in a way that feels joyful and fills you with possibility.

Try to be kind and do no harm.

THE BELLIES WE SHARED, THE FAMILIES WE BECAME

by Jody Chan

*Contribution for Rituals for belonging (2023, ONCD iteration)
with Myung-Sun Kim*

(1 of 3)

you'll need:

- a sharing dish
- lactaid
- something delicious
- curiosity, and a willingness to play

well-known fact: there's a serious overlap in the venn diagram between being queer and having tummy issues. I'm no exception. for years, even after finding out about lactaid, I paired milk, butter, cheese (because one must have cheese) with pain. there was something about choosing the consequences, unnecessary as they were, that I craved. pause here for a moment. if it's accessible to you, place a hand on your belly. what does your belly know about indigestion? what is the pain you claim?

THE BELLIES WE SHARED, THE FAMILIES WE BECAME

by Jody Chan

*Contribution for Rituals for belonging (2023, ONCD iteration)
with Myung-Sun Kim*

(2 of 3)

in July 2020, I moved into a house with three of my queer chosen family, each with some variation of a dairy sensitivity. we discussed the usual roommate business: deep fridge cleaning, dog duty, hair in the drain. we started out as a family in name, held by politics, humour, late-night walks across the city. the family we became was built on conversations about how we could collectively survive a pandemic, how we could create safety and joy and ease for each other.

tethered in place, we made so many rituals of our lives. when our first pandemic birthday came, we hosted a virtual dance party from our living room. when yet another shooting took place, we sailed paper boats down the river. when one of us had trouble eating, we agreed to cook together as much as possible. once a week, ideally, and on special occasions. pause again. notice the temperature, texture, sensations of your belly. if it could speak to you in words right now, what would it say?

THE BELLIES WE SHARED, THE FAMILIES WE BECAME

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over time (because one must have pizza and chocolate cake), we began to start most meals with a shared course of lactaid: four pills, served up on a plate. an act of care I could take in because we all needed it. sometimes it's that simple. I can still hear my roommate, shaking the plastic bottle. who will you love, as the world is ending? hold them close, give them a call, knock on their door, bring them a plate of the last meal you made. ask them: what is something you both need? how can you support each other in receiving it? set a rhythm to check in. a world is always ending (you're going to need each other). something delicious is always on its way.

Score for Serving Eggs

by Simone Schmidt

*Contribution for Rituals for belonging (2023, ONCD iteration)
with Myung-Sun Kim*

(1 of 5)

This ritual works with 1 to 12 people in the room.

Requirements

- Stove top
- Running water
- One pot that can fit up to 12 eggs
- One medium bowl
- One dozen eggs
- Timer

Optional

- Music
- Music player

Score for Serving Eggs

by Simone Schmidt

*Contribution for Rituals for belonging (2023, ONCD iteration)
with Myung-Sun Kim*

(2 of 5)

Raise your voice so that every one can hear you and ask “Who wants an egg?”

If you're the only one in the room, just talk to yourself.

For everyone who wants an egg, take an egg out of a carton.

For everyone who says they don't want an egg, take an egg out of the carton.

Feel the fragility of every egg as you place it in the pot.

The total number of eggs should equal how many people are in the room.

Fill the pot with water till they are all submerged.

Now put that pot of water to boil on a burner.

Stand or sit in front of the burner so that you are facing the pot. Remain aware of the pot but look straight in front of you. No need to watch the pot.

Look as far as you can to the right for one minute (count to sixty).

Look as far as you can to the left for one minute (count to sixty).

The water may be boiling now. This all depends on how many people there are in the room. If it's not yet boiling, just repeat this thing with your eyes, keeping an awareness of how long it takes for the water to boil.

Score for Serving Eggs

by Simone Schmidt

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Now that the water is boiling, set a timer for 8 minutes.

Manage the heat of the burner so that it doesn't overflow.

Think of someone who is missing from the room.

What wordless music reminds you of them, that you have a recording of?

Put that music on.

Take out a spice. It could be any spice – your favorite spice, that little bag of spice in the cupboard you don't totally know about.

Put a tablespoon of the spice in a small dish and then mix in a tablespoon of salt.

Put that dish on a central serving table.

Put out an empty bowl next to it.

When eight boiling minutes have passed and your timer rings, remove the pot from the stove top.

Pour the hot water out in the appropriate place (the sink) and run the eggs under cool water till they stop scalding you to the touch.

Score for Serving Eggs

by Simone Schmidt

*Contribution for Rituals for belonging (2023, ONCD iteration)
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Thank the water.

Now bring the pot full of eggs around to everyone who asked for an egg.

If one person is kind of far away you can throw the egg at them.

Prepare them by saying “Catch!” and they’ll catch your drift and then the egg that you throw at them. Read the room: maybe people aren’t up for catching the eggs. Important part is just get everyone their egg.

Now take your own egg in your dominant hand and feel the integrity of its shape. After so much heat, hasn’t it changed?

When you’re called, smash it against your forehead just lightly to crack the shell and peel the egg.

Put the shell in the empty bowl.

If there are others in the room, probably someone is laughing, and if so you can say “Try it, it works.” Give permission to break the egg on your forehead.

Score for Serving Eggs

by Simone Schmidt

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Now take a pinch of whatever spice you chose and just put it on your peeled egg. Take a bite.

Maybe you've surprised yourself with this new spice-on-the-egg combination. Ask yourself if you ruined the egg. Have you? If you have, marvel at the consequence of a new pairing. If you haven't, do the same.

There might be leftover eggs in the pot from the extra eggs you boiled. Ask, "Does anyone want an egg?"

If no one wants the eggs, put them in the fridge or your pocket. Probably in four or five hours you could eat it. Maybe even tomorrow is the time. At the moment when you eat the leftover eggs, marvel at the consequence of another person's unwanting.

Snack Witch Rituals

by Joni Cheung (Snack Witch)

*Contribution for Rituals for belonging (2023, ONCD iteration)
with Myung-Sun Kim*

(1 of 6)

爺爺 and 嫲嫲's meet-cute was in a grocery store he was working at. Apparently, he was stocking shelves when he caught her eye.

I guess you could say I come from a tasty lineage: a long line of snack sorcerer(esse)s and miracles.

I recently flew back to Hong Kong for a family emergency. It had been 5 years since I had seen my 嫲嫲 in person.

On the day of the next full moon 🌕, with or without your ritual object, go to your snack lair. This could be your refrigerator or pantry. Open it.

Look inside. What snacks do you see?

whisper their names into the vessel.

Snack Witch Rituals

by Joni Cheung (Snack Witch)

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This time, while staying with 麻麻, I noticed the little mountains of munchies scattered around the apartment: living room table; living room cabinets; dining table; countertop, where mail, keys, and other miscellaneous things pile up; the kitchen drawers and cabinets, of course; and both refrigerators, plus their freezers, stuffed to the brim with leftovers and ingredients prepped from before (some are probably *years* old...).

These spaces exist within their own geological time scales: phenomena packaged—

miniature spheres of flavours,

memories,

scents,

textures,

tastes

—stockpiled for when

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you need it,

a

“real emergencies”,

“just in case”s.

Why did you buy them? Who or what do they remind you of?

tell the vessel.

Snack Witch Rituals

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When I moved to Montréal in 2019 to pursue my graduate studies, I quickly realized the East Asian snack game here was VERY WEAK. During my first winter break back in Vancouver, I filled half of my checked baggage with snacks or ingredients that I couldn't find here or that were ridiculously expensive to purchase (thinking about my favourite Spam brand specifically).

Close the door. Put your vessel down. Go do something else: put the laundry in, go for a walk, work on a thing you've been procrastinating...

Come back to your refrigerator or pantry. Open it.

What snacks don't you see? Why aren't they there? Who or what do they make you miss?

let the vessel know.

Close the door. When you see the moon tonight, hold your vessel and make a wish before you go to bed. Place your vessel under your pillow.

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During COVID, when quarantine and curfews were in full effect, my mom started sending me care packages bursting with snacks so that I would feel less alone.

promise yourself to buy the snacks you wish you had before the next full moon. if the person it reminds you of is around, reconnect with them and share your treat. if the person you wish you could eat it with is not nearby or has moved to another plane, find a different way of connecting ✨❤

I've grown attached to
certain nibbles because
they remind me of
and make me
feel closer to
those I love.

Snack Witch Rituals

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back

to

them

when

i

am

lost.

lead

me

Soul Nourishment

by Lillian Allen

*Contribution for Rituals for belonging (2023, ONCD iteration)
with Myung-Sun Kim*

(1 of 5)

In my young days growing up in Spanish Town, Jamaica, I lived close to the houses of six other families of aunts, uncles, and cousins. In the summertime, a set of cousins would come in from the big city to spend a few weeks with us. The cousins slept at my grandmother's compound next door to us and woke for breakfast there. For the rest of the time, the cousins were free floating. Me and my cousin Elsa bonded because she was the adventurous one, and was all too willing to follow me in adventures to abandoned areas, under barbed wire fences, riverbanks, and short cuts through private yards that got the attention of barking dogs.

Soul Nourishment

by Lillian Allen

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(2 of 5)

Dinnertime was another adventure. I had grown to know the approximate dinnertime of each of the houses within our vicinity. So each day, Elsa and I would set off to coincide a visit with dinner at two or three of the relatives' houses. Sometimes we were a bit early, sometimes we came around in the middle of others eating, but everyone was always joyous to see us and extra thankful that I brought Elsa. Needless to say, we were joyous too, and chowed down on the deliciousness of food, family, and acceptance, one by one moving on to the next delicious, delectable dinner and family. There was a sweetness to it.

Soul Nourishment

by Lillian Allen

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Rub the palm of your hands together, counting to ten. Three times. Slowly at first, then speeding up for the other two times. Clasp and squeeze your palms together after each rubbing of palms.

Think of something sweet that you loved to eat as a child growing up. Think about what you loved about it and the feelings you have now, looking back. It could be a fruit, a mango; or something made like Gizzada, Drops, Greata Cake, Snow Cone, cakes, special sweets, sweet potato pudding, bread pudding, cornmeal pudding, ice cream. Stay with the feelings and let the memories flow. Turn to someone and say, "I'm having a memory, I want to share with you," and share the sweetness of that memory.

Soul Nourishment

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Carrying it forward

At the December holiday time, everyone in my circle here in Toronto expects and awaits their portions of Jamaica Black/Rum cake. A sister-in-law, Aunti-Claudette, showers her love into making the most delicious version. It is that feeling of sweetness, the fulfilment of the promise of belonging, to be fed, to be nourished and to return the favour; a feeling of being caring and being cared for unconditionally and unceremoniously. The joyous transference of nourishment and sharing is a symbol of deep and enduring love and regard. Today there is a group of friends and chosen family that could show up any moment “uninvited” at each other’s doors or backyards with their hungry belly or just to bring some nourishment of food one has prepared or just discovered or rediscovered.

Soul Nourishment

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(5 of 5)

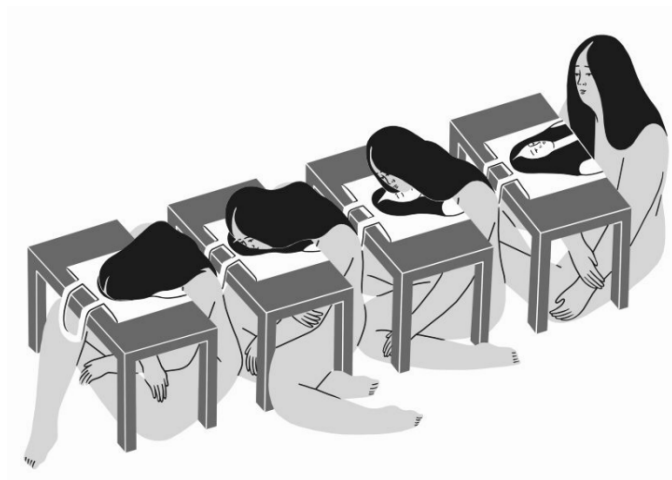
Sharing is such a beautiful thing about being human.

Decide on a random date among five or six friends and invite each to prepare something that brought them sweetness in childhood;

each person should bring with them a specific story to share about what it felt like and what it meant to them to have received this gift of sweetness in childhood.

If this is nourishing, then consider meeting up once every month or once every few months or once a year to share some sweetness with each other.

Tangerine
by Ness Lee



Contribution for Rituals for belonging (2023, ONCD iteration)
with Myung-Sun Kim
(1 of 9)

a tangerine
a napkin
a writing utensil

being here together, with feeling
choose a single tangerine
hold it close, a felt sense

choose a napkin, unfold, lay flat

how do you express your love and care
as a language of the space between us

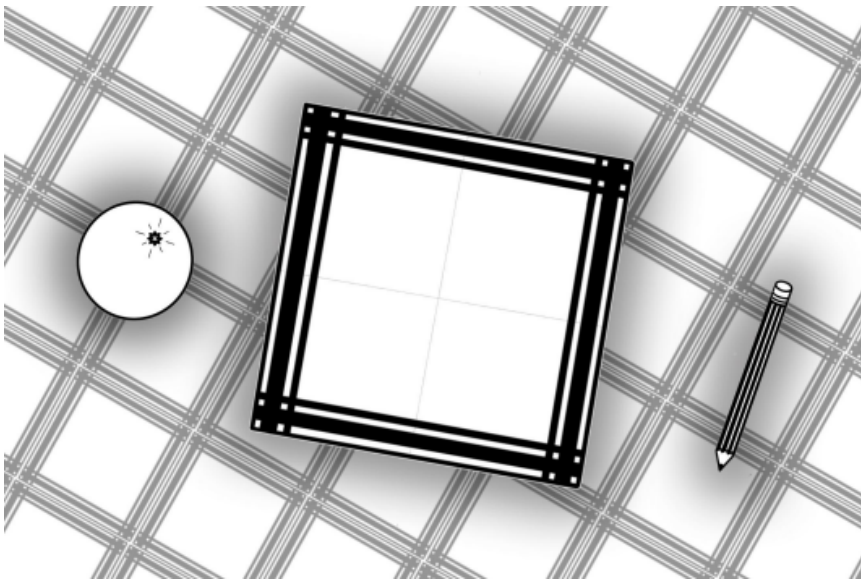
write your feeling on the napkin
place the tangerine on the center

wrap it in folds, carry your meaning
a holding of each other

Tangerine
by Ness Lee



Contribution for Rituals for belonging (2023, ONCD iteration)
with Myung-Sun Kim
(2 of 9)



a tangerine, a napkin, a writing utensil

Tangerine
by Ness Lee

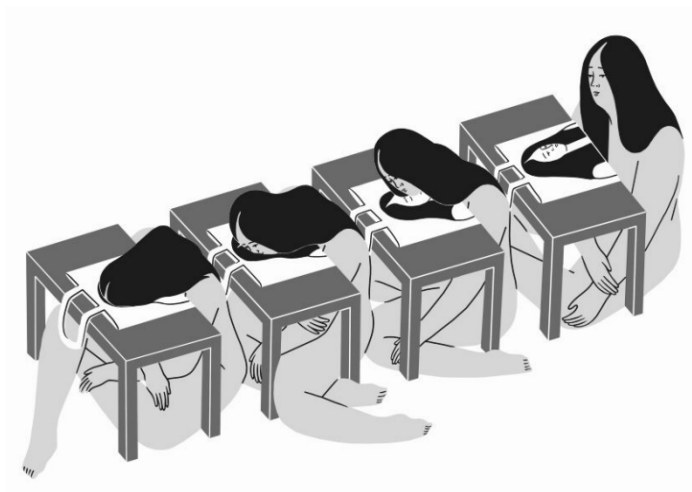


Contribution for Rituals for belonging (2023, ONCD iteration)
with Myung-Sun Kim
(3 of 9)



being here together, with feeling

Tangerine
by Ness Lee

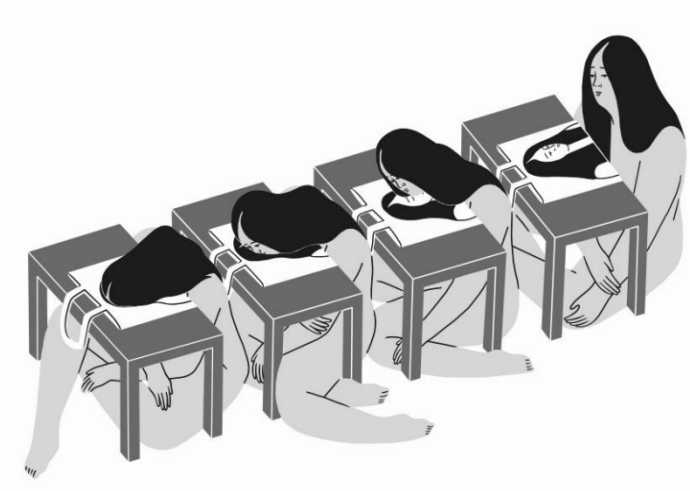


Contribution for Rituals for belonging (2023, ONCD iteration)
with Myung-Sun Kim
(4 of 9)



choose a single tangerine

Tangerine
by Ness Lee



Contribution for Rituals for belonging (2023, ONCD iteration)
with Myung-Sun Kim
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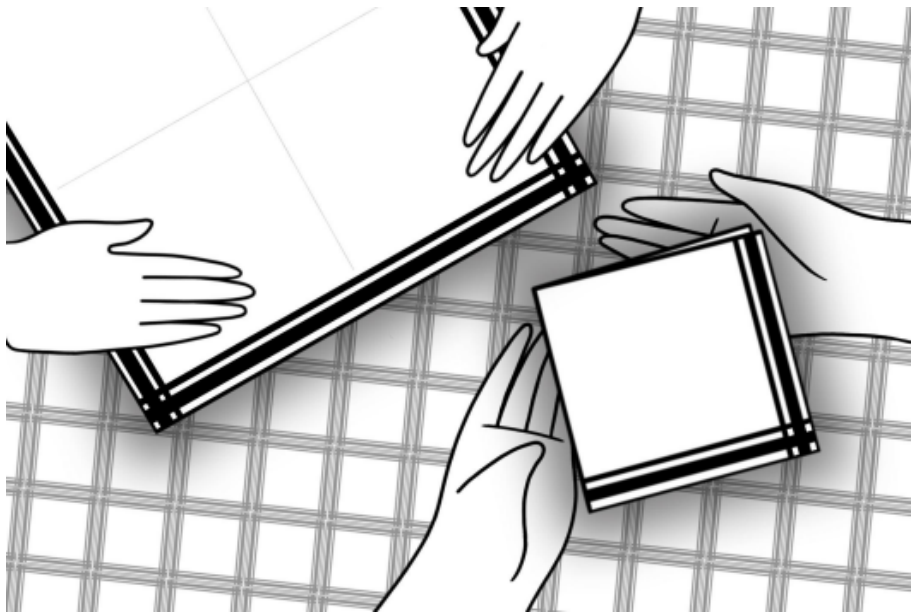


hold it close, a felt sense

Tangerine
by Ness Lee



Contribution for Rituals for belonging (2023, ONCD iteration)
with Myung-Sun Kim
(6 of 9)



choose a napkin, unfold, lay flat

Tangerine
by Ness Lee



Contribution for Rituals for belonging (2023, ONCD iteration)
with Myung-Sun Kim
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how do you express your love and care
as a language of the space between us

Tangerine
by Ness Lee



Contribution for Rituals for belonging (2023, ONCD iteration)
with Myung-Sun Kim
(8 of 9)



write your feeling on the napkin
place the tangerine on the center

Tangerine
by Ness Lee



Contribution for Rituals for belonging (2023, ONCD iteration)
with Myung-Sun Kim
(9 of 9)



wrap it in folds, carry your meaning
a holding of each other