

THE ROSE IN THE WORLD

Inviting wisdom into our lives and sacred spaces



Issue 32
All Soul's ~ Samhain
Fall 2020



What is *The Rose in the World*?

The Rose in the World is an independent publication with the mission to help link together groups and individuals engaged in integrating dreamwork and other authentic aspects of the inner journey into everyday spiritual life.

The Rose publishes articles submitted by journeyers from all locales. It is a forum for telling personal stories, for sharing dreams, for setting forth insights from the inner journey, for sharing relevant books and films, for looking at the deeper meaning in religious texts from all cultures, for poetry and short reflections, for photography and artwork, and for exchanging information about how Natural Spirituality programs are conducted in different places.

The symbolism inherent in the image of the rose is deep and layered. From the multi-tiered petals of the flower itself to the multifaceted beauty of a stained glass rose window to the compass rose which points the direction to lost travelers, the rose is a powerful image of the divine. Marion Woodman reminds us that the rose is to the Western mythological tradition what the lotus is to the Eastern tradition. She said “the rose in Christianity is like the lotus in India. The lotus comes up out of the roots, out of the water and opens the top of the water to consciousness. The rose has that symbol in Christianity. And as we’re working with our own souls, we open our rose petal by petal....And gradually the whole flower becomes a totality,” this is the soul bud maturing into the full blown rose (2004 *Women & Power Conference*).

The sound of a seemingly silent bud unfolding is the voice of Wisdom which the divine offers to us all.

Join us as we listen.



THE ROSE'S DREAM FOR THE WORLD

It seems fitting that *The Rose in the World* should begin with a dream. A dream for *The Rose in the World* and a dream for the world. In each issue this section includes a dream submitted by a reader and published anonymously, (if that is the contributor's preference). This dream serves as the guiding path of Wisdom for the issue. If this is *your* dream what does it mean to *you*? How does this dream and the subsequent articles, art, poetry and prose fit into *your* waking life? What is Wisdom offering each of us through this narrative and these images? The dream published below offers itself to you, please hold it lightly as you read. To submit your own dream for the next issue please visit www.roseintheworld.org/join-the-rose.

html and scroll to the bottom of the page OR mail your dream, with no return address, to

The Rose in the World at 235 W. Rutherford St. Athens, GA 30605.

IN MY DREAM...

Last night I dreamed about a wedding. The details are very sketchy—a party near Alps Road, some gifts, lots of people. What I remember most is that there is a mountain creek that shimmers in the bluish bright light, surrounded by jagged rocks. Some kids brave the rugged and chilly setting to sit on a rock and dangle their bare feet in the water. “Come on,” I say to my elementary-age son, getting him to follow me upstream a bit. We pull off our shoes and jump into the water. The two of us sink down quietly into a deep swimming hole. I don’t know if we are breathing underwater or holding our breath, but it is effortless and we don’t have to worry about surfacing. We drift to the bottom and look around, taking it all in. The water is perfectly clear and we can see through it as if it is air. It is just the right temperature too, the sensation of it is mostly thickness and weight. Golden or apricot-like light is falling through, making this underwater space look as though it is lit by candles even though it is daylight. I realize that what I thought was a narrow stream above is actually concealing a large, rounded, smooth-sided chamber with channels leading in and out. Above us we can see the splashing soles of the children’s feet as they play.

Our cover art is a painting titled *Hawk Mandala* by **Denise Waldrep**, see her bio on page 28 below

TABLE OF CONTENTS

COLUMNS

- 2 THE ROSE'S DREAM FOR THE WORLD
5 GREETINGS FROM YOUR EDITOR

FEATURED ARTICLES

- 7 GROUNDING YOURSELF ON MOTHER EARTH Patty de Llosa
11 UNDERSTANDING OUR SLEEPING SELVES Jean Correll
20 THE HIDDEN PURPOSE IN THE WOUND Hilary Buckwalter Kesti
24 SIX SHAMAN QUESTIONS Robert Pullen
29 WHEN BOBCAT APPEARED Lisa Rigge

POETRY, PROSE, AND PRAYER

- 6 LIGHTNING BUGS Anne Currey Bucey
9 LOVE'S GARDEN Mary Ann Goodwin
10 FIG PRESERVES Nancy Compton Williams
12 THE WELL Barbara Frohmader
13 A NEW TAKE ON A WELL KNOWN STORY Barbara Frohmader
15 MESSAGE IN THE BOTTLE Denise McDorman
16 TIME Heidi Simmonds
17 HANNAH Thelma Wall
21 A SOFT PLACE TO LAND Becky Hambrick
22 BLUES BLESSING Karen Luke Jackson
23 LIGHT, DARK AND SHADOW Erwin L. Rimban
28 MUDDY TRINITY Denise Waldrep
24 A PRAYER FOR ENCOURAGEMENT TO DREAM Annette Thies

PHOTOGRAPHY

- 8 SUMMER, BAY OF FUNDY David Lindsay
16 TREESCAPE Rosemary Royston
22 LAKE ERIE BEACH John Spiesman
25 THE RAVEN'S DOOR Sarah D. Norton
36 CAPE SPLIT, BAY OF FUNDY David Lindsay
30 DREAMING OF BOBCAT Lisa Rigge
34 LIGHT BREAKS THROUGH John Spiesman

ARTWORK

- 1 HAWK MANDALA Denise Waldrep
9 ARTICHOKE Roberta Charbonneau
12 UNTITLED MANDALA Rachelle Oppenhuizen
13 THE GOLDEN ONES Adele Williams
15 MESSAGE IN THE BOTTLE Denise McDorman
17 HANNAH Thelma Wall
21 HOLDING MY BREATH Roberta Charbonneau
27 ROOTS Marsha Carnahan

THE ROSE IN THE WORLD

Inviting Wisdom into our lives and sacred spaces

All-Soul's Day~Samhain Fall 2020, Issue 32

Editor-in-Chief

Sarah Dungan Norton

The Rose would not be here without the editors that gave us roots. The late **Wanda Krewer** was our **founder in 2002, and editor of issue #1**. *The Rose* continued to grow in the Natural Spirituality community thanks to **Joyce Rockwood Hudson** who was **editor of *The Rose* issues #2-15** and was **contributing editor for issues #16-23**. **Peggy Thrasher Law** served as **associate editor for issues #14 and 15** and then nurtured *The Rose* as **editor-in-chief for issues #16-23**. The legacy of *The Rose* continues to flourish. May it bloom for many years to come.

Assisting Proofreader for this Issue:

Lane Norton and Jim Norton

Graphic Design

Sarah Dungan Norton

Become a sustaining donor:

The Rose in the World, as of 2020, is all digital. In our ever changing world we need your support now more than ever. We now offer recurring donations so that you can become a sustaining donor for the Rose! Please visit www.roseintheworld.org to donate today or for more information. Once there, you can select the amount you would like to donate annually. Just set it up once, and each year, on that date an automatic donation will be made to help keep the Rose blooming in this new digital world.

Donate to *The Rose*

Now that we have a digital format, we can offer *The Rose* to anyone who wants one, however, this mission can only continue thanks to our readers' generous donations. All contributions to this mission, large and small, are needed and appreciated. There is a link on the website to make a one-time donation of any amount or, if you'd rather, checks can be accepted through:

The Rose in the World

235 W. Rutherford Street
Athens, GA 30605

Please share the word!

Please follow us on Facebook [@roseintheworld](https://www.facebook.com/roseintheworld) and Instagram [@theroseintheworld](https://www.instagram.com/theroseintheworld) and share with others!

Archived Issues of *The Rose*

Please feel free to visit our website to view and print back issues of *The Rose* #1-24

www.roseintheworld.org
theroseintheworld@gmail.com

Submissions Policy

Articles should be no more than 4,000 words, but can be as small as you like, should be submitted as a final draft and as word doc. Artwork and photographs should be submitted as a JPEG or TIFF file and as high quality as possible. *The Rose* in this digital form is in color but when printed, submission may be converted. Digital submissions are preferred. Material should be appropriate to the mission of *The Rose*. All submissions should be sent to:

editor.theroseintheworld@gmail.com

© Copyright

To publish anything appearing in this issue, you must obtain permission from the author or artist by writing to *The Rose in the World*. Reasonable copying of material for educational purposes is permitted.

Natural Spirituality Programs

ALABAMA

Auburn, Auburn Unitarian-Universalist
Dothan, Episcopal Church of the Nativity
Montgomery, St. John's Episcopal Church
Troy, St. Mark's Episcopal Church

ALASKA

Anchorage, St. Mary's Episcopal Church

ARIZONA

Tucson, Grace-St. Paul's Episcopal Church

ARKANSAS

Conway, First United Methodist Church
Conway, St. Peter's Episcopal Church
Conway, contact melinda_adams_teai@yahoo.com
Eureka Springs, St. James' Episcopal Church
Fayetteville, St. Martin's Univ. Ctr. (Episcopal)
Fayetteville, St. Paul's Episcopal Church
Fort Smith, St. John's Episcopal Church
Harrison, St. John's Episcopal Church
Hot Springs Village, Holy Trinity Episcopal Church
Jonesboro, St. Mark's Episcopal Church
Little Rock, Christ Church (Episcopal)
Little Rock, Coffeehouse Grp. (nondenom.) [ph. 501-758-3823]
Little Rock, Pulaski Hgts. United Methodist Church
Little Rock, St. James' United Methodist Church
Little Rock, St. Margaret's Episcopal Church
Little Rock, St. Michael's Episcopal Church
Little Rock, Trinity Episcopal Cathedral
Russellville, All Saints' Episcopal Church

CONNECTICUT

Darien, St. Luke's Episcopal Church

FLORIDA

Apalachicola, Trinity Episcopal Church
Gainesville, contact bluefired@gmail.com
New Smyrna, St. Peter the Fisherman Episcopal
Pensacola, Cokesbury Methodist Church
Pensacola, Water's Edge Group
*St. Augustine, contact Isobel McGrath, LMHC, CAP at 904-436-5576
or at www.isobelmagrath.com
Tallahassee, Faith Presbyterian Church

GEORGIA

Albany, Epis. Church of St. John and St. Mark
Athens, Emmanuel Episcopal Church
Athens, St. Gregory the Great Episcopal Church,
Atlanta, All Saints' Episcopal Church
Atlanta, The Cathedral of St. Philip (Episcopal)
Atlanta, St. Luke's Episcopal Church
Atlanta, First Presbyterian Church
Atlanta, Amerson House Spirituality Center
Calhoun, St. Timothy's Episcopal Church
Dahlonega, St. Elizabeth's Episcopal Church
Dunwoody, St. Patrick's Episcopal Church
Milledgeville, St. Stephen's Episcopal Church
Morrow, St. Augustine's Episcopal Church
Rome, St. Peter's Episcopal Church
Sandy Springs, Ignatius House Jesuit Retreat Ctr
Tifton, St. Anne's Episcopal Church

IDAHO

Idaho Falls, St. Luke's Episcopal Church

ILLINOIS

River Forest, Grace Episcopal Church
Chicago, St. Michael in Old Town

INDIANA

*Hammond Dream Group
^ [new ph. 219-743-3514], bethanyrh@sbcglobal.net

KENTUCKY

Frankfort Dream Group (interfaith) [ph. 502-227-2297]
Frankfort Christ Church Cathedral (Episcopal), Lexington

LOUISIANA

Northminster Church, Monroe
St. Michael's Episcopal Church, Mandeville
St. Matthew's Episcopal Church, Bogalusa

MARYLAND

First Unitarian Church, Baltimore
St. Paul's United Methodist Church, Kensington

MICHIGAN

The Retreat, rachelier.o@gmail.com, Grand Haven

Grace Episcopal Church, Traverse City

MINNESOTA

St. Nicholas Episcopal Church, Richfield

MISSISSIPPI

St. Andrew's Episcopal Cathedral, Jackson
St. James' Episcopal Church, Jackson

MISSOURI

St. Cronan Catholic Church, St. Louis

NEBRASKA

Countryside Community Church (U.C.C.), Omaha

NEW YORK

St. Bartholomew's Church, New York City
^contact stbarts.org [ph. 212-378-0222]

NORTH CAROLINA

St. Luke's Episcopal Church, Boone
Unitarian Universalist of Transylvania Co., Brevard
Davidson United Methodist Church, Davidson

First Baptist Church, Elkin

First United Methodist Church, Elkin

St. James' Episcopal Church, Hendersonville
First Congregational Church, Hendersonville

All Saints' Episcopal Church, Southern Shores
St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Wilkesboro

OHIO

Holy Trinity Episcopal, Oxford

First Unitarian Universalist Church, Youngstown

OREGON

Congregational United Church of Christ, Medford

SOUTH CAROLINA

Liberty Hill Presbyterian, Camden
St. Martins in the Field, Columbia
Trinity Episcopal Cathedral, Columbia

St. James' Episcopal Church, Greenville

Lutheran Church By The Lake(LCBTL), McCormick

TENNESSEE

Church of the Ascension (Epis.), Knoxville
Church of the Good Shepherd (Epis.), Lookout Mtn

Idlewild Presbyterian Church, Memphis

St. John's Episcopal Church, Memphis

St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Murfreesboro

Second Presbyterian Church, Nashville

St. Mary's, contact mcarnahan5@gmail.com, Franklin*

TEXAS

St. Marks United Methodist Church, Houston
^meets 3rd Wed. 10a-12p, velmarice@gmail.com
Bay Harbour United Methodist Church, League City
^ [ph. 832-385-4726], Connie Bovier cjbovier@earthlink.net

Nondenom. [ph. 210-348-6226], San Antonio

Christ Episcopal Church, Tyler

VIRGINIA

Calvary Episcopal Church, Front Royal

WEST VIRGINIA

Unity of Kanawha, Charleston

FRANCE

American Cathedral (Epis.), Paris

NEWLY ADDED/UPDATED DREAM GROUP

Greetings from Your Editor

Dear Readers,

I am so happy to present to you the first all-digital, full color issue of *The Rose in the World!* The path to this issue was a long and winding one. It was very important to me to keep *The Rose* going in 2020, especially since we were on hiatus in 2019 (for me to complete my PhD) and given all that this year has thrown our way. I hope it can offer all our readers a way to stay connected to not only *The Rose* in this difficult time, but that it can connect each of us to the wisdom within, through these beautiful words and images.

As I was looking back through the submissions on file, a few themes came into focus. The first was water, the second trees, and the third the grounding of body and earth. It strikes me, that all these things have a lot to offer each of us in this time of chaos, transition, and discontent.

The water is a consistent thread, from the deep river bed in “*The Rose’s Dream for the World*” on page 2, which starts our issue, to the many references to the ocean waves, wells, and to the water mixed with soil to create the mud in “Muddy Trinity” (p. 28). This water makes even the hard earth and stone malleable if given enough time. Water always finds a way through. It flows and bends in the tightest corners and the smallest cracks. The salty ocean brine gifts us echoes of the tears we feel for all we have lost and all that is yet to come. This deep grief is important in times of change, for without letting go, there is no way to move forward. The sea knows this better than anyone. Every day it washes in and out, the beaches forever changed for it having been there. Let this water be our guide in the challenging months ahead. Let it teach us how to adapt and let go of what no longer serves.

Trees are our second guidepost. Trees sparkling with the beautiful stars of lightning bugs (p. 6) and deeply rooted in the earth. The trees in this issue are the cosmic tree, reaching all

the way from the depths of the under-world up to the heavens. The roots are both literal, in Marsha Carnahan’s painting on page 27 and figurative, as seen in Robert Pullen’s essay on his Mvskoke heritage (p. 24). These trees keep us rooted, grounded in the soil and soul of the earth, our third theme.



(This picture was taken out my back window last year. The beautiful sunset, bare trees, and pond beyond are a constant reminder of my rootedness in this earth; the cyclical nature of life which forces us to let go in order to come to life again; to acknowledge the depths of existence; and the balance of stillness and flow needed to cope with our ever changing society and world).

This grounding, in body and earth is the topic of our first essay by Patty de Llosa, “Grounding Yourself on Mother Earth” (p.7) and offers us a way to be rooted somatically even as the world rushes around us. Many other beautiful poems and articles offer the same. There are mindful moments: from gardening, to dreaming, to moments in nature and with animals (like Bobcat, p. 29), even finding meaning in the somatic wound of scoliosis in Hilary Kesti’s article (p. 18). All of these bring

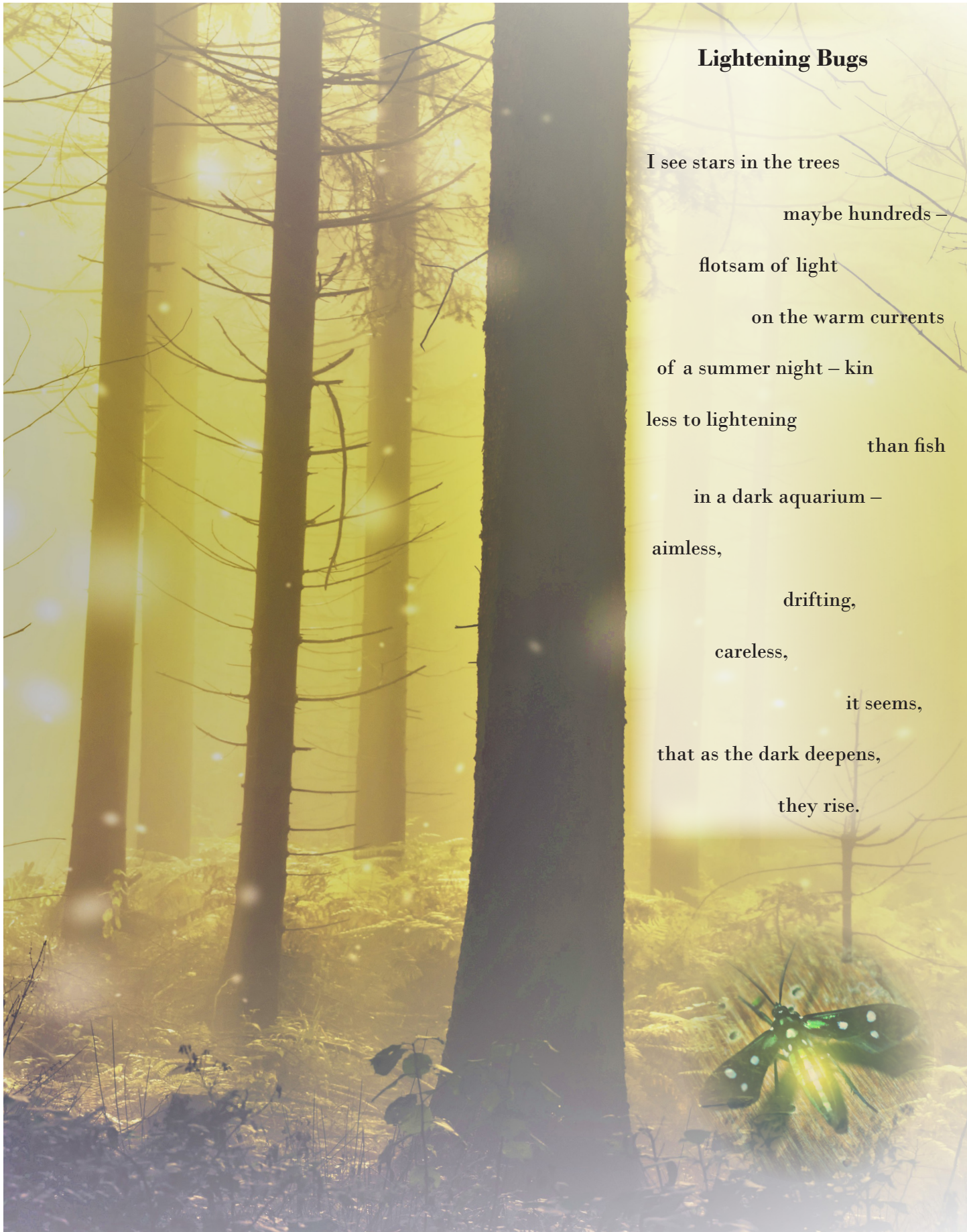
us from the swirling chaos of the everyday, into the deep, grounding of wisdom of the unconscious and the necessary connection to our own bodies and earth.

These connections matter, pun intended. They matter because we too are made of this earthly material. We are the tree, deeply rooted and blown by the breeze of our culture and societal discord. We matter in the way we treat our bodies and what we choose to do to protect the bodies of others from a deadly virus or from racially motivated policies of violence. To be a person deeply rooted in the wisdom of the unconscious or the morality of a faith, is to extend those roots and our protective, healing branches to all our fellow beings. We do this today by wearing a mask to keep others safe, by practicing our civic duty of voting, and by speaking out whenever we see injustice in any form.

We are in a time of deep change. Change is difficult and frightening. The waves of these changes feel, at times, as though they will carry us out to sea or bash us against the rocky cliffs. Either way, we do not return from times like these unchanged. In these times, it is good to know that we are not alone. That, just like the trees, our roots are a world-wide web of connection. Not one of us, is so removed from others that we are ever truly alone, even though there are days it feels like it. Each of us is grounded by these roots and anchored by them. As the sea swells around us, we know that there is a calm beneath the surface. As in the dream (p.2), if we sink deeply enough into that beautiful, golden water, we find the wisdom waiting to bring us peace.

This sinking is, of course, only figurative but immensely powerful, as all archetypal imagery is. We dive deep into the waters of the unconscious in our dreams, moments of synchronicity, or mindful pauses in our daily life. Here we can find peace, connection, and, dare I say, hope for the future.

~Sarah D. Norton, PhD



Lightening Bugs

I see stars in the trees
maybe hundreds –
flotsam of light
on the warm currents
of a summer night – kin
less to lightening than fish
in a dark aquarium –
aimless,
drifting,
careless,
it seems,
that as the dark deepens,
they rise.

Lightening Bugs by **Anne Currey Bucey** Atlanta, GA is a writer and spiritual companion to people in hospice care. She lives full time in Atlanta, Georgia and part time near Fontana Lake in Western North Carolina.

Grounding Yourself on Mother Earth

An Excerpt from “Step 3” of *Awakening Body Consciousness: Seven Steps to Integrating Body, Mind, and Heart*

by Patty de Llosa

Accessing the Healing Power of Earth

“To touch the earth is to move into harmony with nature.”
~Oglala Sioux

Shamans, Native Americans, and wisdom teachers all over the world see the earth as a giant, conscious, living being. They say pollution sickens her in the same way cancer spreads slowly through a human body.

Debilitated though she may be, our Mother Earth still retains tremendous power to heal. When we physically ground ourselves on her surface we are gifted with her vital energies.

The science behind it is simple: The water in your body acts as an electrical conduit to earth’s negative ionic charge so you feel better when any part of you touches it. Charged particles that come originally from the sun reach the Earth in lightning, electrifying its entire surface. And while lightning may not be flashing across the sky right where you are, it’s always flaring somewhere, creating a continually flowing current from the ionosphere to the earth.

James Oschman explains that “From the top of your head to the earth’s surface, there is a potential you don’t feel, because it doesn’t cause any particular current to flow, even though it can be a couple of hundred volts. And depending on the changes in weather, that potential can go up from a hundred to 10,000 volts per meter.”

As your bare feet make direct contact with the earth’s energy field, your body becomes equalized to its energy level or potential. That will gradually synchronize your internal biological clocks, hormonal cycles, and physiological rhythms.

For more on Oschman’s investigations, turn to his groundbreaking books, *Energy Medicine: The Scientific Basis*, and *Energy Medicine in Therapeutics and Human Performance*. He and others at the forefront of research into alternative healing solutions invite us to enter into a deeper dialogue with mind and body and take more responsibility for our own mental and physical health. You can also look into continuing research at the Earthing Institute to stay up to date on how access to earth’s energy can keep you healthy and vigorous. (pg. 37*)

Receiving Earth’s Gift

“Earth’s crammed with heaven . . . But only he who sees takes off his shoes.”
~Elizabeth Barrett Browning

The simplest way to practice earthing is to take off your shoes and walk on the grass. Another ideal location is the beach. But if you want earth’s precious electrons to gift you with good health, avoid asphalt and wood, as well as typical insulators like plastic or rubber.

“Earthing is the easiest and most profound lifestyle change anyone can make,” says Oschman. “The moment your foot touches the earth, or you connect to the earth through a grounding wire, your physiology changes. An immediate normalization begins, and an anti-inflammatory switch is turned on.”

City dwellers like me must seek out parks for barefoot walking. And we can buy earthing sheets to ground ourselves indoors for a really good night’s sleep. The brick wall in my study—part of the original foundation of the building I live in—goes straight down into the earth. So I sometimes rest my hands or forehead against it to absorb negative electrons when achy joints make themselves known. Concrete is also a good conductor as long as it hasn’t been sealed (painted concrete doesn’t allow electrons to pass through).

As for those who seek the luxury of a penthouse, Oschman suggests they think twice: the higher you are above the earth the weaker the power of grounding. He predicts that those who live nearer the top of a high-rise will have more health issues than the people who live on the first floor.

Personally I have found hands-on cooking a rewarding experience—cutting, peeling and slicing with my own hands, rather than using machinery to do it. Touching raw food contacts earth energy, just like digging, planting and caring for flowers in my small window boxes. It also offers one more reason to cook for oneself and leave those processed foods behind.

Another source of nature’s bounty comes from contact with animals. When in a state of stress, I cuddle my cat in my arms. Tension, anxiety and indigestion gradually quiet down as the rest- and-digest part of my nervous system takes over and deep breathing begins. So if you have a cat, dog, or horse, hug it often.

Finally, it will come as no surprise that earthing helps us feel better emotionally. Dr. Chevalier's recent study on earthing's effect on mood improvement (Ammons Scientific Psychological Reports- April 2015) concludes that "grounding may be a simple way to improve mood states and help mitigate common detrimental effects of negative moods on health and psychological state—such as anxiety, stress, and depression."

Take a few minutes to meditate on the intimate connection between your own nature and Mother Nature. Here's how John Muir calls up that intimacy of Being: "The sun shines not on us but in us. The rivers flow not past, but through us. Thrilling, tingling, vibrating every fiber and cell of the substance of our bodies, making them glide and sing. The trees wave and the flowers bloom in our bodies as well as our souls, and every bird song, wind song, and tremendous storm song of the rocks in the heart of the mountains is our song, our very own, and sings our love."

Settle down into yourself for a few minutes until any automatic nervous activity quiets down. Then imagine that you are an ocean. As a large body of water you contain many things, both small and large. Some of them are organic—life forms of different kinds.

Many are beautiful and/or friendly, but some are too dark, ominous or big for anyone to feel comfortable near them. There are valuable objects floating around within you, made with thought and care. But also a lot of flotsam and jetsam—like the islands of plastic garbage that now inhabit the world's oceans.



Photograph *Summer, Bay of Fundy* by **David Lindsay** Athens, GA After retiring from the University of Georgia Faculty, Dave Lindsay took up photography - nature, abstracts, scenic, closeup, black-and-white. Everything to follow his muse. He works in Georgia, the Smokey Mountains, Maine, and Canada.

All of this moves within you—call it your inner life. But you are the ocean itself, so you don't need to do anything about it. You just allow everything a place in you, even though you may sometimes wonder where it came from and what use it serves.

As the winds and the seasons move above and around you, some- times forming towering waves, other times scarcely wrinkling your smooth surface, you remain wholly receptive.

Sink your imagination deep into this image as you experience the waves at the top and the tides that pull secretly below. Begin to acknowledge that there is a stability in you that contains all things. Follow your breath as it comes and goes in rhythm with the waves. When you are ready to finish, ask yourself, "Who is at the center of this teeming life?" (p. 42-44*)

*page # in de Llosa's new book *Awakening Body Consciousness* (2020)

Patty de Llosa New York, NY author of *The Practice of Presence*, *Taming Your Inner Tyrant*, and *Finding Time for Your Self*, as well as co-editor of *Walking the Tightrope: The Jung-Nietzsche Seminars as Taught by Marion Woodman*. The excerpt here is from her next book, *Awakening Body Consciousness: Seven Steps to Integrating Body, Heart and mind* (2020) which can be found for purchase online across many platforms or at the Rose bookstore here: www.bookshop.org/shop/TheRose. A contributing editor of Parabola Magazine, Patty is also a life coach, and teaches Tai Chi, Qigong, and the Alexander Technique. You can read her blogs at: findingtimeforyourself.com

Love's Garden

"...Whether the goodness or cruelty in us is revealed depends on what seeds we cultivate..."

-Thich Nhat Hahn

Each soul arrives with
an ample supply of love seeds
securely packaged within,
often neglected, misplaced, misused.

The seeds grow best, yield most
where timid gardeners fear to go.

Love seeds of careless gardeners
are forgotten, stifled, unable to develop.
Self-deceiving gardeners fail to recognize
the needs of those they call un-deserving.

Self-centered gardeners seldom
squander seeds on the needy.

True gardeners master the art of sowing,
stick around for seeds to take root,
encourage growth by removing
weeds, which stunt maturation.
Once fully grown the love plants
produce an abundant harvest
of medicinal light, available
to all who welcome it.

As long as souls sow,
as long as love flourishes,
light abounds, obliterating
disfiguring darkness.



Love's Garden by **Mary Ann Goodwin** La Marque, TX spends much of her time writing poetry and fiction as well as participating in and facilitating spiritual direction and dream work. She spent 45 of her pre-retirement years helping develop and maintain parts of the massive trajectory software required by the Johnson Space Center. Her poetry book *Aliens and Strangers* and children's story *Migi on the Mountain* are available for purchase online.

Drawing *Artichoke* by **Roberta Charbonneau** Adairsville, GA Originally from western Nebraska, Roberta has lived in Northwest Georgia since 1999. As a recent retiree, she is devoting time to the Natural Spirituality Regional Gathering planning team, her church, and artwork.

Fig Preserves

for Mary Holt Compton

1910 ~ 1993

Your poems fill
the Mason jars
along my shelf,
sweetened fruit
of your loving me.
You knew the recipe
by heart, preserving
the infant, child,
and woman I would become,
warming and stirring
the harvest from your tree.



Fig Preserves by **Nancy Compton Williams** Huntsville, AL has had 70 of her poems published in national journals as well as in three books. A retired English teacher, she writes from home, a poem each week.



Understanding Our Sleeping Selves

by

Jean Correll

Every night we enter our dream world.
It pulls us in as we pull up the covers.

Dreams are a puzzle, but the pieces are
all present. We sleep: we dream. Each
night the great cinematic
show projects in our minds to an audience of one.
We telegraph messages from the dreaming self to the
waking self. Each of us is actor, director, producer,
and screenwriter. These dreams may have more
than one meaning, but the symbols are ones that
are particularly identifiable to the individual self.

Our dreams are our mentors. They
exist to make us healthier, more productive,
more in touch with our unconscious needs.

When we dream, we create images that mirror our
emotions and life situations on levels both fanciful and
practical. We can learn from examining our dreams.
Otherwise our dreams recede, only to rise up in a new and
more urgent form. Sometimes we create the same dream
night after night, as if there is an alarm going off in our
heads to call us to account for our unexamined concerns.

Or we may end up creating variation again and
again, delving into new metaphors, new dream
language, and new comparisons until inevitably we
come face to face with solutions to our inner turmoil.
Like waves on a beach, dreams ebb and flow only to
come another night as a cascading form or crescendo.

Our dreams are created out of our individual needs,
joys, fears, confusions, torments, and emotions-- with
symbols and meanings just for us, in alignment with our
needs. Dreams talk to us and if we listen-- if we listen,
we can change our understanding of ourselves and our
connection to others. More importantly, our dreams
organize the day's events, our recurring concerns and
problems, and mix them together in a new formula that
allows us to stand outside and see them through the
eyes of an advisor and mentor. Dreams present aspects
of our dreaming selves. Just as the dreams disassemble
the pieces; reassembling them, integrating them,
is the task of the waking self. Or the waking dream.

All aspects of our lives are filtered through our
dreams which are our own private Rorschach test

through which we construct meaning. Dreams take
us on journeys that are indrawing from our own
internal wisdom system. Our dreams challenge us,
give us permission and attempt to recreate our lives.

Dreams are poetry, symbol, representation. Dreams
are maps through our psyche. If we follow where they
lead, we may unearth some buried treasure along the
way. Remembering dreams, thinking about what they
mean, can lead to cognitive, socio-emotional, and
health benefits. Our dreams shape our lessons from life.

In the case of Freud's or Jung's interpretation of a
subject's dreams, I have often been curious as to what the
dreamers made of the particular interpretation. I always
want to ask more questions of the dreamer to come
to an interpretation that resonates with the dreamer.

Consider the differences between two different
subjects having the same dream, often with different
results. Two people may dream of a thief robbing
them of a wallet, but for one it may herald a sense of
real peril of a different kind during waking hours, to
another it may involve a loss of identity or an attach-
ment to possessions. It is never the "same old" despite
the similarities. Our dreams are far too personal and
intricate to be reduced to a formulaic interpretation.

In my own dreaming, I considered the
formation of symbols and metaphor, as
well as the appearance of archetypal images.

An accurate reading of a dream is not one you
have to be persuaded to: it just feels correct. As you
become more expert at the process of remembering,
recording and interpreting your dreams, you may even
form new brain paths that make these processes easier
to do. Remembering your dreams is brain-training.

Edgar Cayce said that we can all become proficient
at dream recollection and interpretation. We don't need a
dream guru if we learn how to listen to our own dreams.

In coming years I believe that incorporat-
ing dream study will become an integral part of
our mental and spiritual development to be taught
alongside mindfulness, contemplation, and other
practices for accessing the unused energies and
abilities we possess and to aid us in our spiritual quest.

Dreams attempt to answer the most cogent
questions that we have during our waking hours.

Jean Correll Kensington, MD is the author of
the *Dream Whisperer* series. Her latest book *Dream
Whisperer III: COVID DREAMS* was recently released.
The above article is an excerpt from her [first Volume](#).
Jean has been a dream practitioner for many years. She is an
educator, writer and counselor. She presently belongs to a
dream group at her church. She has kept dream journals since
she was a teenager. Her exploration of dreams has been a lifetime
focus. Jean can be reached at dreamwhisperer4@gmail.com.

The Well

Pied piper
Who leads us with your melody
And your tears

To the edge of our own well
Where we plunge

We might drown in the salt of our own tears
Or we may learn to breathe underwater
And watch the creatures swim above us

The light penetrates the water
And slowly coaxes us once again
To the surface.



The Well (a poem inspired by David Whyte) by **Barbara Frohmader** Athens, GA attended her first Haden Dream Conference in 2017 and participated at Camp Mikell with the Emmanuel church group in 2018. Before moving to Athens, she spent a decade in Asheville as a painter (BarbaraFrohmaderArt.com). Barbara raised her family in Augusta where she spent 35 years and worked as a school teacher in the public schools (Episcopal Day School and Aquinas High School) and as Director of Volunteer Services at St. Joseph Hospital. Barbara was born and educated in Mexico (Mexico D.F.) A lifelong Episcopalian, Barbara has been a participant and mentor of EFM, director of Christian Education, Parish life and Fellowship, Lay Reader, Lay Eucharistic Minister, Vestry member and Junior and Senior warden.

Untitled Mandala by **Rachelle Oppenhuizen** Holland, MI as a Spiritual Director, Rachelle celebrates the way that creative expression supports the health and development of all people, even those who don't necessarily consider themselves to be "artists." In the past decade, Rachelle's creative practice has integrated a growing appreciation for the healing properties of natural environments especially in combination with opportunities for creative expression. She can be reached at: racheller.o@gmail.com

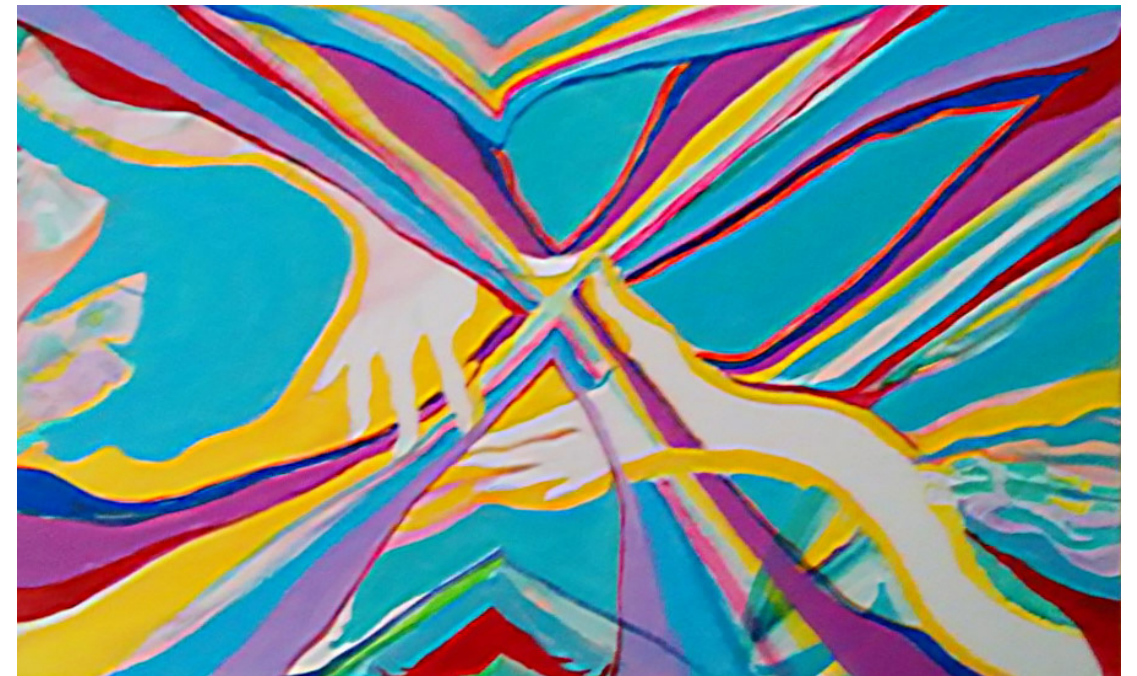
A New Take on a Well Known Story

by Barbara Frohmader

Once upon a time in paradise the children were playing by a stream. They noticed a beautiful pink curly plant that was at the edge of the patches of dirt...they wondered what it was and went over to look more closely. It was beautiful shades of fuchsia and then grew more transparent in places....they looked at each other and then at their own hands to see if there were any shades of that in their skin...they moved back towards the edge and saw minnows sparkling in the sun...they moved behind them, then holding hands; feeling the cool water on their feet and the sand below...

They kept on walking down the shallow stream, wind on their faces, a gentle wind, sun shining in a blue sky. They continued to hold hands, secure, happy, knowing they were loved by the sun, the sky, the wind....by the sand which supported them and was between their toes...they knew they loved each other as well. The pink plants at the edge held the banks while the water and fish could flow by.

All was well, would be well, forever.



A New Take on a Well Known Story by **Barbara Frohmader** Athens, GA see her bio on page (p. 12)

Painting *The Golden Ones* by **Adele Williams**, Dardanelle, AR, MSE Adult Education, is a Psychic Medium and Medical Intuitive whose calling is to raise vibration rates and release fears concerning the spirit world. She is an artist, author, educator, healer, past life regressionist, musician, and jewelry designer who has appeared on Canadian and U.S. radio programs. Adele's books include *Psychic Sunrise*, an autobiography describing her life with heightened spiritual gifts, and *My Miracle*, documenting a personal healing. Contact her on [Facebook](https://www.facebook.com/adelewilliams129) or at www.adelewilliams.129 to view her "Out of this World" paintings and jewelry or email her at cosmoshealing@yahoo.com.

The same Rose you love, but in a new
all-digital, technicolor world!

“ Every time *The Rose* arrived it was like
receiving a bouquet of sacred flowers.
Beautiful Blooms filled with wisdom from
the unconscious.” ~Chelsea Wakefield, PhD

“*THE ROSE*, has been an essential resource, and voice
for the development of a psycho/spiritual world view
and integration of Jungian theory and Christianity.” ~J.
Pittman McGehee, D.D.

“*The Rose In The World* pulls together the two worlds of
Jungian thought and deep Spirituality, which is so needed
in our world today. And it pulls the Jungian/Spiritual world
together with people who write articles from their heart and
from their deep experience. Reading *The Rose In The World*
is like going on retreat, being refreshed and deepened as a
person. So, let us all be helpful in seeing that
The Rose does get out into The World.”
~Bob Haden, Founder of The Haden Institute ”



The Rose is funded fully by the donations of our wonderful
readers. Now that we have moved to a digital format *The
Rose* can once again move freely through the world like
grace, like a gift. Because *The Rose* is free, it is easy to pass
along to friends and colleagues.

If you are a current donor, thank you so much! We
appreciate it more than we can say. You will receive the
link to the new issue as soon as it is posted. If you have not
donated to *The Rose* we hope you will consider making a
donation to keep the Rose blooming.

Finally, what we need more than anything is to spread the
word of *The Rose in the World*. If you have a dream group,
a congregation, a natural spirituality group, a social media
presence, a website, or an email list please share our website
and the new issue with them! When you share it please
encourage them to sign up for our mailing list and/or to
make a donation. You can also follow and share on Facebook
[@roseintheworld](https://www.facebook.com/roseintheworld), Instagram [@theroseintheworld](https://www.instagram.com/theroseintheworld).

Thank you so much. **You are *The Rose*.**

THE ROSE IN THE WORLD

needs your submissions!

THE ROSE cannot continue
without the creative, beautiful,
wise submissions from readers
like you.

YOU ARE THE ROSE!



Please submit your original work:
photographs, essays, artwork, pieces
of fiction, poetry, prose, inspired
academic writing, or any other creation
you believe fits our “Rosey” mission to
spread Wisdom to our readers lives and
sacred spaces. No matter your religious
or spiritual background, your personal
experience of the numinous can touch
the lives of others in any form.

Our next issue #33 will be the second,
and last, issue of 2020. It will be
published online in early December.
When submitting your work, please
keep in mind the time of year and
current events. What have the pandemic,
elections, climate crisis, protests, events
centered on racial justice, and others
meant to you. How have they effected
your dreams and spiritual practices?
Submissions do not have to conform to
these topics but if these strike a chord in
you, please let them inspire you.

SUBMISSION DEADLINE: NOV. 20, 2020

For more information on what kinds of
submissions we accept and for our full
submission guidelines. please visit:
roseintheworld.org/submissions.html

Please send your submissions today to:
editor.theroseintheworld@gmail.com
Thank you! We can't wait to see your
creative contributions!

Message In The Bottle

Message in the bottle floating on the unconscious, getting ready to break the surface of waking illumination

Floating and rising gently on the waves skimming the surface

Message in the bottle, will it surface and see the light of consciousness?

Floating serenely poised on the rocking waves going in and out

Floating light and dark, floating consciousness and unconsciousness web and flow in tandem

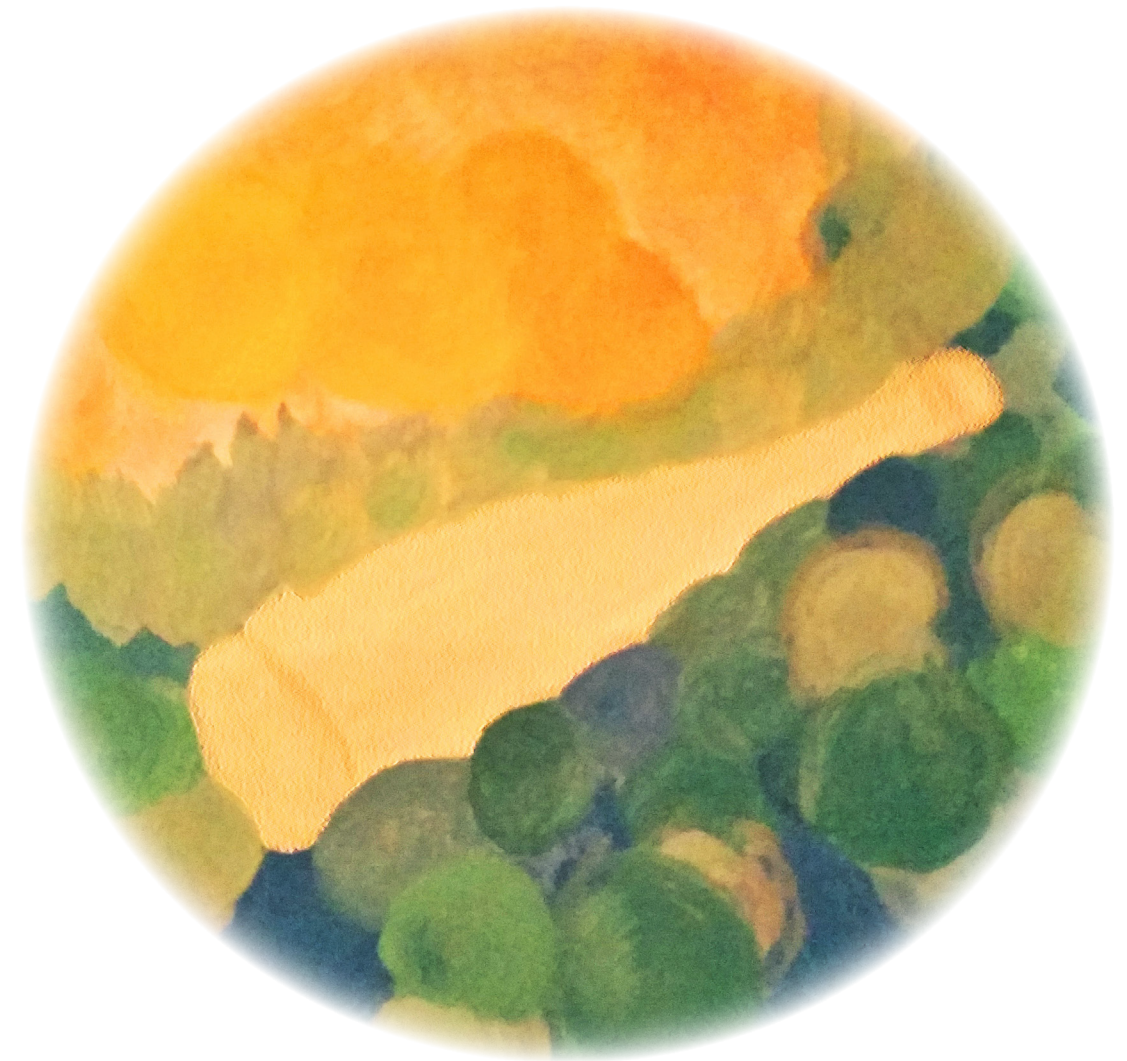
Message in the bottle maybe our paths will cross again.

Maybe, maybe, maybe...

Will they cross again???

Floating rising on the crest of the waves, message in the bottle

Floating, maybe, floating....



Message in the Bottle poem and painting by **Denise McDorman** (1962-2020)

In Memorium: this beautiful poem and painting were submitted by Denise a year before her sudden passing. Sadly she did not live to see it printed here but those of you who were touched by her in life or by her words and image here can donate to a beautiful scholarship fund in her name at www.prayersoup.org (scroll to the bottom of the page for specifics).

Denise was a graduate of the Haden Institutes' Spiritual Direction and a wonderful yoga teacher. Many of us knew her from dream conferences and offerings where she started the day off for us with her soothing presence and gentle instruction. This scholarship reflects “Denise’s love of dance and of all the arts, and the integral part they played in her life-long spiritual journey.” She will be missed by many. May her memory be a blessing to those whose lives she touched.

TIME

WHEN DEATH COMES TOO SOON—
HEARTS ARE WRACKED WITH EXQUISITE
PAIN. TIME IS HEALING BALM.



TIME by **Heidi Simmonds** Athens, GA is a retired English teacher now looking for image and metaphor in dreams. A graduate of the Haden Institute Dream Leader Training Program, she facilitates two weekly dream groups in Athens, GA. This haiku was a submission from the Natural Spirituality Regional Gathering's "Poetry on the Rocks."

Photograph *Treescape* by **Rosemary Royston** Blairsville, GA author of *Splitting the Soil* (Finishing Line Press, 2014), resides in northeast Georgia, with her family. Her poetry has been published in journals such as *Split Rock Review*, *Southern Poetry Review*, *Appalachian Heritage*, *KUDZU*, *Town Creek Review*, and **82 Review*. She's an Assistant Professor of English at Young Harris College.

Hannah

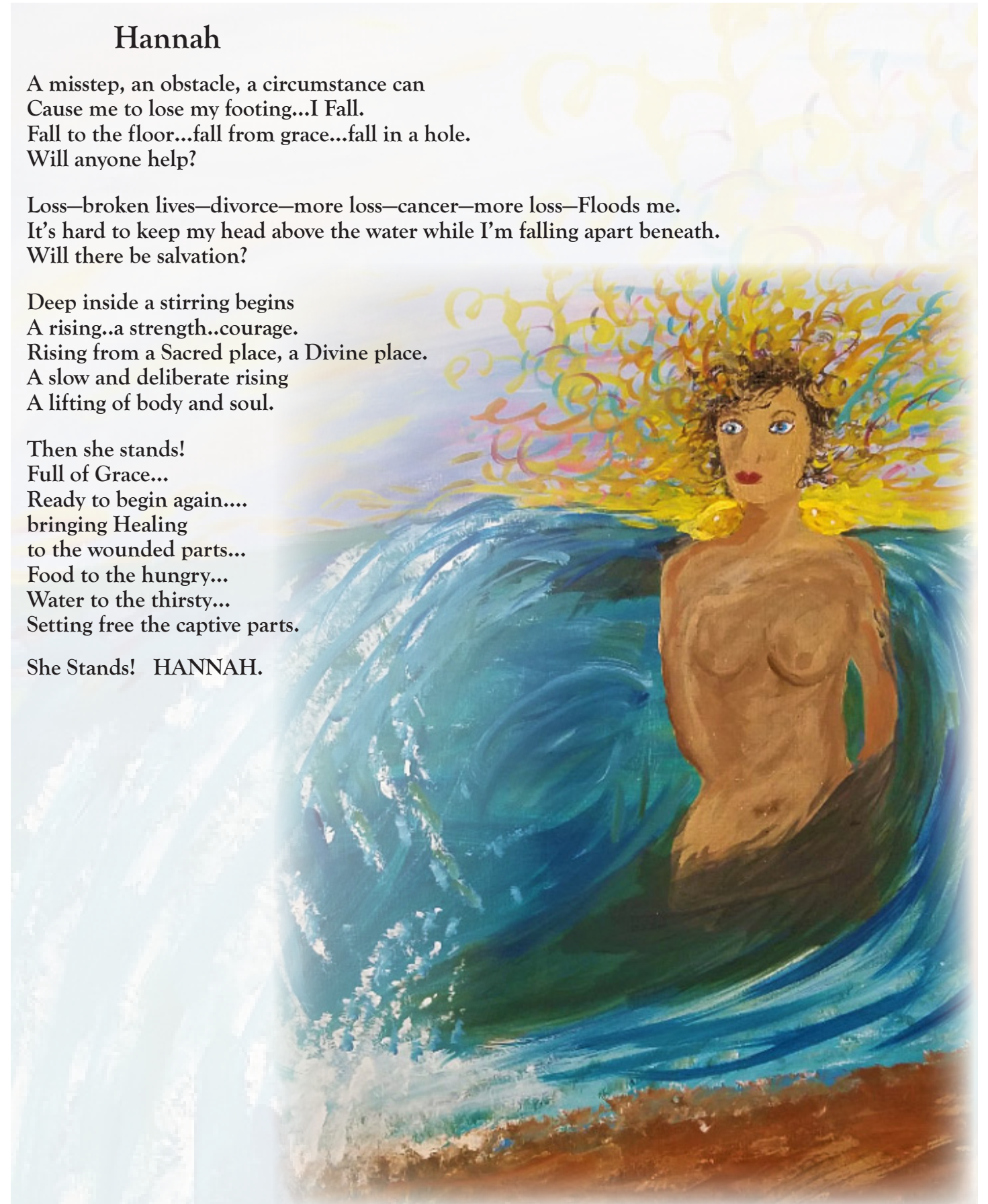
A misstep, an obstacle, a circumstance can
Cause me to lose my footing...I Fall.
Fall to the floor...fall from grace...fall in a hole.
Will anyone help?

Loss—broken lives—divorce—more loss—cancer—more loss—Floods me.
It's hard to keep my head above the water while I'm falling apart beneath.
Will there be salvation?

Deep inside a stirring begins
A rising...a strength..courage.
Rising from a Sacred place, a Divine place.
A slow and deliberate rising
A lifting of body and soul.

Then she stands!
Full of Grace...
Ready to begin again....
bringing Healing
to the wounded parts...
Food to the hungry...
Water to the thirsty...
Setting free the captive parts.

She Stands! HANNAH.



Hannah poem and painting by **Thelma Wall** Elkin, NC is the grandmother of Mia, a 20 year old junior at NC State. After a dream about Hannah, she wanted to honor her dream, and strong women everywhere, by putting Hannah into a painting and introducing Mia to this side of herself. She is a hairdresser by trade and proudly hung this in her shop to honor all women who come through her doors. Thelma graduated from the Haden Institute's Dream leadership training 2006. She has a dream group at First Baptist Church in Elkin.



The Hidden Purpose in the Wound: Living into the Metaphor of Scoliosis

by
Hilary Buckwalter Kesti

One of my professors at Pacifica Graduate Institute, Glen Slater, once said, “There is a fork in the road when it comes to suffering, either you suffer into awareness or constrict into feelings of inadequacy and stuckness...” As a young woman, I experienced a trauma when I unwittingly hurt my back. The ramifications and suffering that followed lasted for decades. From a depth psychological perspective our afflictions and suffering are potential opportunities to encounter soul, to delve into the purpose of soul making. What is not admitted into conscious awareness, or that which we fear, repress, hold down, or otherwise don’t know about ourselves, can sometimes manifest as a physical problem or mental illness that arise symptomatically in an effort to get our attention. In other words, what we resist can make us sick, or show up as symptoms.

Depth psychologically, to be in relationship with these afflictions be it a disease, mental illness, or physical disability, can expand our suffering into a larger story, in which there are hidden jewels and gifts buried in the darkness. In retrospect, through this lens, hurting my back was a call from within. An opportunity for me to listen to my soul speaking.

When I was fifteen years old, I threw my back out doing karate kicks around my backyard. I had checked out a book on karate from our library; martial arts classes being in short supply in the banal midwestern town where I grew up. My parents begrudgingly took me to a chiropractor who examined and x-rayed my back, only to discover that not only did I accidentally pull open my sacroiliac joint which was causing the pain, but I also had a relatively severe case of idiopathic scoliosis, or a curvature of the spine with no known cause. The chiropractor suggested we go to a children’s hospital in a larger city, where they could deal with the scope of my disorder in a more skillful way.

The word scoliosis comes from the ancient Greek word skoliosis, which literally means “a bend.” In the 1990’s the typical medical perspective on scoliosis went one of two ways. If the curvature was bad enough, surgery was required which consisted of putting two

steel rods into the patients back on either side of the spine, to keep the curvature from getting worse. This modality significantly reduced mobility in the patient and was quite painful. Option number two, depending again on the degree of curvature and age of the patient, was to design a back brace that would be worn by the patient, most often 23 hours a day. The brace was intended to keep the curvature from getting worse as the patient continued to grow.

In my case, my spine was shaped like an “S,” with a cervical curve, a thoracic curve, and a very deep lumbar curve. Dr. Denis informed me that my lumbar curve was just 2 degrees shy of surgery. I think it is also worth mentioning here since I am a budding depth psychologist, that my curvatures are all one-sided, or pulled to one side. “One-sidedness” is a big term in my field of study. It refers to how we can psychologically move too far in one direction. For example, believing we are all good, or all bad; two ends of a spectrum or pairs of opposites. Being one-sided means that we are stuck in a mode of being that negates or represses the multiplicity of human experience, because in fact, we are ALL both good AND bad. So, depth psychologically, for me, it is interesting to imagine into that image of a lopsided back as a manifestation of a lopsided psyche! The Doctors solution: brace it until I stopped growing.

As an already shy and introverted teenager with braces on her teeth, the idea of a cumbersome and ugly back brace was the worst news anyone could have possibly given me. At a time when fitting in was paramount, I was going to stick out like a sore crooked thumb. Dr. Denis informed me that I would probably wear the brace for up to 2 years and that I would need to wear it 23 hours a day (one hour out for showering). I was devastated. The hospital staff suggested to my parents that they make me an appointment with a counselor so that I could talk about any difficulties I might be having with this news. My parents declined, not hip on “head shrinkers,” nor understanding my internal devastation.

I was alone to deal with the multitude of difficult feelings and intense suffering. At night, I cried into my

pillow so that no one could hear me. What followed that initial appointment were a series of trips to that metropolitan city where I underwent x-rays, body casts, and what seemed like torture in the form of brace fittings, as technicians encased my body in steel, plastic, and foam. The brace went from just under my chin, all the way down past my hips. Two steel rods ran down the back, connecting the neck piece to the hip piece. One steel rod ran down the front, connecting in the same way. There was a belt to pull my waist in tight, and a plastic shoulder piece that I slid my arm into and then hooked on the back bar. The shoulder piece held my unwilling left shoulder down, forcing my lopsidedness into false alignment.

The brace was supposed to fit under my clothes, but the neck piece stuck out awkwardly, and the steel bars made humps under my shirt, like a teenage Quasimodo. The plastic hip pieces came down too far, so when I sat in a chair, I was catapulted forward at an awkward angle, spine erect, sitting in a position that no one would ever sit in naturally. The pain and suffering seemed endless. I could have died from shame. I was firmly lodged in the physical suffering from an ego standpoint and I became fixated on my diagnosis.

Hence, by naming my malady scoliosis and declaring that the brace was the only savior, I became limited by a story that was small, unimaginative, and not malleable enough to contain more than one possibility. I believed what the Doctors told me, that the scoliosis would never get better, that I would have arthritis in my back by the time I was 28, and that if the brace didn’t work, I would need surgery.

In the face of that stark prognosis, I dissociated. For years, I left the ground of my physical body, and moved into the upper realms of intelligence and reason. I kicked myself out of my body and cut myself off at the roots. Depth psychology, however, tells us there might be something more to the story, a different way to contain suffering, illness, and disease. In fact, it implores us to ponder the hidden purpose in the wound.

My dissociated state was stuckness writ large; my soul was speaking to me through my spine and I could not hear it. At 15 years old, I didn’t have a container or the language within which to understand such a thing, and hence, there was no opening to soul, no curiosity about a larger soulful story, at least not then.

Psychologist James Hillman called this type of difficulty, “...separation...a sense of being stuck in

one’s problem” (*Re-Visioning Psychology*, 1975, p. 31) This separation or dissociation is the opposite of “seeing through” or opening to soul and metaphor. Seeing through requires mettle, grit, fortitude, and resilience. At 15, that was lost on me. Now at forty-one, there is a chance to inquire into what happened, what I felt, and what I can do now to invite more mystery into my story of living with scoliosis.

Rather than rushing into action, or trying to fix it, living into the metaphor of suffering is about being with the stuckness, the difficulty, the curvature—rather than aligning oneself solely with the diagnosis or the symptoms. And while I have successfully reduced the curvatures of my spine through yoga and other healing modalities (take that Dr. Denis!), there are still lingering scars and a larger story that remains—one that is soulful, archetypal, and so much larger than the merely physical story I was stuck in.

The animating theme of scoliosis is that it is an abnormality. The image of the curved spine sets one apart from the crowd through a physical difference. Scoliosis can alienate and arouse suspicion. A crooked person can also arouse feeling of fear of contagion. One does not want to contract what the person with the handicap has. There is a vulnerability here, as the crooked one is cast outside the group. Archetypally this feels related to the Outcast.

The Outcast is the scapegoat, the proverbial sacrifice. By expunging the Outcast from the group or larger society, the dominant paradigm is able to remain in play. If the Outcast is exiled at the edge, everyone can point their finger outward, rather than having to look within.

In my case, the images of the curved spine and the cold plastic brace stand out, but so do images of standing alone. Image is psyche. Which is fascinating to imagine into, as I have found myself in a position of having to stand in my truth, often alone, many times since. To say that being exiled at the edge has been a constant reoccurring theme in my life would be an understatement. There is an Outcast quality to these experiences. They have made me stronger and given me the fortitude to stand alone when it matters, even when my voice shakes.

Looking at the archetype of the Outcast with a sense of mystery, I can now ask from the soul’s perspective, what made my suffering necessary? In retrospect I can see how I saw my life through my deformity and acted

accordingly. Presently it feels spacious to lean into it instead, looking at my spine from the standpoint of soul. There is freedom here.

Through suffering I have met new parts of myself. It's almost as if scoliosis was a training ground, a Heroine's journey into the underworld to gather the materials that I would eventually require. In these underworld journeys, in our suffering, this is where we dissolve, and meet the multiplicity of ourselves. Hillman called this necessary disintegration in the underworld, "falling apart." This is where soul rejoins symptom for me, in the dissolution, the loss, in falling apart to a larger story; making room for what serves soul. This descent into our own darkness and suffering is a necessary component of soul. Thus, my experience of scoliosis has helped me imagine into a larger way of leaning into suffering. What an invaluable gift!

Living into my experience with scoliosis through soul and metaphor has led to more insight and depth. There is within this personal drama a sense of myth enactment that reaches forward all the way to my present experience. I remain curious about the deeper story and the animating themes of one-sided curvatures and scapegoats. There is no arrival fantasy, no endpoint, no certificate that says I have completed the requirements. In place of those earthly ideals, there remains an openness and a new way of holding the imaginal in my life.

Seeing through the symptoms and diagnosis into metaphor has brought me into a larger story about who I am and how I carry myself in this world. This is what Professor Glen Slater calls, "a necessary mess." I am becoming a weary veteran of



sitting with what is transpiring, rather than running, or looking to the light, or trying to rationalize my way out of the discomfort. I find solace in the idea that we must let go of what no longer serves to make room for what is to come.

I feel gratitude for this soul journey, for this opportunity to deepen my practice, to gain consciousness, to remember that I am involved in a divine play that is bigger than being human. And I am grateful for Depth Psychology, and the wisdom it holds, the way it contains my small human experiences in a rich and meaningful way, allowing me to look at my suffering in all of its different facets, and to hold it accordingly.

"Why do we focus so intensely on our problems? What draws us to them? Why are they so attractive? They have the magnet power of love: somehow, we desire our problems; we are in love with them as much as we want to get rid of them... problems sustain us—maybe that is why they don't go away. What would a life be without them? Completely tranquilized and loveless... there is a secret love hiding in each problem."

-James Hillman

(cited in *Inter Views* (1983), p. 180-181)

Hilary Buckwalter Kesti, MA, Duluth, MN is a Folk Soul Medicine Guide and a Holistic Trauma Informed Coach. She offers sacred counsel, as well as workshops and retreats in ancestral healing, embodied movement, initiatory experiences, Dreamwork, and more. Hilary is currently a PhD candidate at Pacifica Graduate Institute in California in the MA/PhD program for Jungian and Archetypal Psychology researching the somatic unconscious. Hilary is passionate about reclaiming the connections between body-mind-spirit-psyche-soul-earth. She lives with her family and a menagerie of animals on an urban farmlette, and is presently preparing to launch a new endeavor called, *Indwelling*.

A Soft Place to Land

Dedicated to the gentle souls of my spiritual direction training group at The Haden Institute



A distress call goes out,
a feather bed of a friend answers.
And, suddenly, the view from above
takes on a softer, rosier glow
less splatter-your-brains-on-the-concrete hard.

A world tossed in the air,
footings loosened, bowlines slipped
free falling, adrift, unmoored.
Fill in the synonym.

A voice down the line says "hello"
and for every action (true to form, Sir Newton)
a reaction — a smile.
A breath, held for years,
is released.

Head tilts to one side,
as if suddenly,
some slack on the string running the length of the body.
Jaws unclench, fingers flex, rest and settle.
Stillness.

It isn't so much solved or resolved.
It will be here tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow
(still signifying nothing, Mr. Shakespeare).
And there's the rub —
a life upended and fallout to deal with,
yet a phone call answered and a hand extended,
a feather bed of a friend and a soft place to land.

A Soft Place to Land by **Becky Hambrick** Cary, NC is a graduate of the Haden Institute of Spiritual Direction and a SoulCollage® facilitator. She is an Enneagram Approach certified practitioner. Becky has a spiritual direction practice in Cary, North Carolina where she lives with her family, including a Golden Retriever/Corgi mix named Winston. In her private practice, Becky offers individual and group spiritual direction, Enneagram coaching, dream groups, and SoulCollage® workshops/retreats. Becky can be reached at BeckyHambricksd@gmail.com. Her website, www.sacredspaceforyou.com, will launch any day now!

Drawing *Holding My Breath* by **Roberta Charbonneau** Adairsville, GA (see her bio on page 9)

A Blues Blessing

You offer your hand;
I extend mine
before my mind questions
if I remember how to dance.

My body follows your lead,
spins away, returns
like a wave rising and falling
to sea, movement and music
resurrecting some animal grace
long buried in me.

The notes end
and you walk away.
I continue to sway,
loosening the grave clothes
that once bound my heart.



A Blues Blessing by **Karen Luke Jackson** *Flat Rock, NC* Karen's contemplative practices provide a latticework for her writing. Her poems have appeared in numerous journals, including *Ruminate*, *The Friends Journal*, *Presence: An International Journal of Spiritual Directors*, and *Christian Feminism Today*. An educator and facilitator with the Center for Courage & Renewal founded by Parker J. Palmer, Karen recently downsized to a cottage on a goat pasture in Western North Carolina. There she writes and companions people on their spiritual journeys. *GRIT* (Finishing Line Press, 2020), a debut chapbook, chronicles her sister's struggles and life as a clown. For more information, visit www.karenlukejackson.com

Photograph *Lake Eerie Beach* by **John Spiesman**, see his bio on page 34.

LIGHT, DARK AND SHADOW

Glaring balefully from the deep recesses
Of a cave, whispering ancient secrets
Born out of Time's desperate need for Union
A small voice needing to be heard
Wanting to be heard, alas
But thwarted by chains of the unsullied
Forgotten echoes of forgotten epochs.

In a corner, lies a painter, old and weary
Drunken stupor stealing all his nights and days
The passion of the Art bared to a minimum
By Fate, and the throes of hard labor
Without recompense, the song of Victory far
From his grasp, but so near, when
Viewed from another plane of sight.

A fireplace is all that keeps him company
Mortal dreams are held at bay
By the promise of Joy, born on the tide
Of Fidelity whose hand is slow to reach
The cobbles of this humble dwelling
For gold, and song are to be found wanting
Here in the House of Three Sorrows.

The chime of distant songs
In the background may sing perchance
Is this a dream, or a hint
Of darker things to come?
Memories of death rise to the foreground
And the Knowing Mind is ablaze with sadness, and ruin,
And mortal thoughts aplenty.

"Rest, old man, says the Wind,
Your days are numbered, such is the fate
Of mortals who are slaves of Erring Time"
But the painter merely nods his head
As in acquiescence,
Does he dare caress Hope now,
Or wait upon the End of the Age?

"End your dreams old man,"
Howls the Storm as it rages through the night
A foreshadow of death upon the world
And who may heed the warning
Of the drought wrought by Erring Time?
When all of Life is asleep
Poisoned by the Wells of Ignorance.

Storm's rage blows the holy book around
Whose pages now scatter around this house
Of three sorrows, its pages
Silently cursing to be read when
All that it says is unholy
A deception bestowed upon those who think
Knowledge leads to light.

The old painter sighs,
Remembering journeys of long time ago
When knowledge was its own reward
And he travelled from sea to sea
Seeking Wisdom from the mouths
Of seers, alas, they too
Have been deceived by cruel fate.

Now all that is left in his quest
Are the voices of the dead
Scurrying about in this dwelling
The House of the Three Sorrows
And the shadows merely laugh
At the painter's stubborn tendency
To nurse Hope, embers of a dying age.

Suddenly, the painter draws strength
From the shadows and retires to his room
Where he meditates upon the silence
Amidst the receding howls of the ebbing storm
Even Night has its limits
And Dawn may come with surprise,
Who knows?

The quiescence stretches
For an infinity, a child of eternity
Struggling to contain the eternal promise of Ecstasy
Born of a single dream
In an ancient time, when Love reigned
And Nonlinear Time was ascendant
In the realms of men.

At dawn, his dog barks
Summoning a visitor
Or did the visitor
Summon itself?
The painter bestirs himself from the repose of night
Expectant thoughts drumming through
His mortal consciousness.

Opening the door to find a small silhouette
A survivor of the apocalypse on his gate
He beckons the shape nearer
And finds a face not unlike his own
Looking back at him with hopeful eyes
Was this the dream?
And is this real?

Distant singing fills the horizon
The rays of Hope have now returned
And the painter brings his visitor
Into his dwelling, an ancient promise fulfilled
And the smile, deep in his heart,
For the dwelling has become
The House of the Twin Chalices!

Light, Dark and Shadow by **Erwin L. Rimban** *Cagayan, Phillipines* Author, Educator, Editor, Essayist, Poet, and Philosopher Erwin L. Rimban has been many things (even a Pastor/Sensei) and explored many manifold dimensions, but mostly he navigates through realms peppered by mystical philosophy and the esoteric arts of wisdom. A versatile writer, he has published poetry, academic writings, spiritual texts, philosophical treatises, research studies and books. He can be reached at his email: mentorpath@gmail.com



Six Shaman Questions for Soul Health

by
Robert Pullen



In the second half of my life I was delighted to learn that I had a genetic connection with the Muskogee/Creek people. Mvskoke (Muhs-GO-gee)* people in north Florida, Alabama and Oklahoma helped me reconnect with my Native American heritage which had slumbered for decades. In an earlier article for *The Rose* (Issue 29), I described how dreams helped me keep that connection and negotiate the process of affirming this part of my identity. I have talked with many people who feel a connection to Native American culture and spirituality. I am blessed to have found people who took me in and taught me Mvskoke ways. The Mvskoke way is not for everyone but there is always a path for those who seek deeper spiritual connections.

A few years after I found my place with Mvskoke people, I began a sixteen-year program of training as a Mvskoke shaman. This was not an entirely new path for me since I had been a Baptist Pastor for 20 years - the rural southern equivalent of a Native American shaman. My Mvskoke training in language, culture, religion, plant medicine, cosmology, philosophy and many other areas gave me a new map for being in the world. This has been an incredibly rich experience that has changed my understanding of medicine, health, wholeness and what it means to be human.

Indigenous people who are imbedded in their culture live in a world that is very different from typical Western culture; a world that we can never completely share. But we can make a genuine effort to catch a glimpse of that other way of being. Think of medicine. In the West, medicine means drugs, doctors, hospitals, surgery and a great battle against disease and death. Only recently has western medicine made a place for an emphasis upon health. The Mvskoke way is very different.

Medicine

Mvskoke ancestors discovered ways to preserve health by keeping things balanced. Preserving soul health depends upon keeping a good connection to other beings and receiving energy from them. If the flow gets disrupted, then extra doses of connection can put things back on track.

The Mvskoke understanding of medicine is very different from the western, pharmaceutical view that emphasizes fighting disease. Mvskoke medicine is anything that supports wholeness, health and happiness. Even when Mvskoke people use plant-based medicines their power is connective, not chemical. Medicine doesn't fight illness. It restores health by restoring disrupted connections between us, others and the natural world.

Mvskoke people do not limit their understanding of medicine to specially prepared plant medicines. We receive medicine when we are together as a community sharing food, story, song, dance, prayer and ceremonial medicine. We get medicine from silence, darkness, stillness and other forms of centering. We get medicine from grounding in the elements of water, earth, wind and fire. When our souls are not doing well it is time to attend to such symptoms as tiredness, dullness, depression, confusion and to ask ourselves where we have lost connection with the things that make us strong. These medicines focus on soul health but with the understanding that all aspects of the person benefit when the soul is healthy.

I learned the following questions from a Mvskoke elder during my training. They are used to diagnose the nature of disconnections that are hindering health and wholeness. They suggest the kind of connective medicine that one needs to keep the soul healthy.

1. How long has it been since you sang or danced with others?
2. How long has it been since you told or heard a story in a group?
3. How long has it been since you shared food or a dream in a group?
4. How long has it been since you had a physical encounter with water, earth, wind or fire?
5. How long has it been since you lingered in stillness, darkness, silence or attentiveness?
6. How long has it been since you spent quality time with a plant or a non-human animal?

A healthy soul is a happy soul. When we are deeply connected internally and externally, life energy flows and fills us with all the good things that make us whole. This is how we are made to be. When we are not happy, whole and healthy, there arises in us a longing for healing. These questions can point us to the natural medicines that nourish and restore our souls.

Soul Health

The Mvskoke soul has two parts: Breath Soul and Body Soul. The Breath Soul lives in the upper part of the body and is attuned to upper world principles of order and energy. The Body Soul lives in the guts, especially the liver, and is attuned to other world principles of chaos and matter. A healthy soul requires balance within each part of soul and between the two aspects of the soul. The soul wants to be connected to all its relatives: people,

animals, plants, trees, rocks, water, earth, wind, fire... all of creation. When it feels the flow of energy from all its relatives it is whole, healthy, happy.

Just as you will have your own symptoms that alert you to soul problems, you will know how to find the medicine that you need to restore your soul. The questions will alert you to soul deficits and then you can find the medicine that you need. The questions can be reduced to two general ideas: we need community and we need grounding.



Community

The soul gives us our unique identity, but because it is made of Creator's breath, it also makes us part of everything that ever has been or ever will be. Our individual pattern is drawn from the great universal pattern and expresses one specific part of that large pattern. When we see this universal connection, our identity shifts from "I" to "we", and we have begun to be fully human. We are social animals and our society extends to all things. The soul is how we encounter the other beings who make up the great We. The Mvskoke

view of beings includes people, animals, plants, rocks, elements, ethereal beings...

The questions ask us to think about meaningful connections with a community. Much of our togetherness is being alone in a crowd and gives no benefit to the soul. Impersonal, goal oriented, mindless activity can be soul poison. Meaningful connections arise when we stop to hear a story, to sing or dance together, to eat and drink together or to share a dream. Some people find communal medicine in a dream group, friendship group, church group, social group or family. Perhaps some can even find soul food in a digital community, but I am not sure that digital food sticks with the soul. Some people need more social connection than others, but everyone needs a community of some type.

Grounding

We cannot be grounded if we do not pay attention to our connections. Mvskoke mindfulness is an attitude of noticing what is happening around us and within us. The buzzing confusion of modern life overwhelms our capacity to notice. We become numb and disconnected. That is why darkness, silence and stillness are such important medicines. Our lives are polluted by light, noise and busyness. We see, hear and do so much that there is little time to be. It takes patience and practice to break our addiction to stimulus and activity. If you want to see how hard this is, put aside your cell phone for a day. Sit still for twenty minutes. Find a completely dark or quiet place and be there for ten minutes. These are skills that we have lost in modern life. Practicing attentiveness is a preparation for forming better connections.

Attention to breath during meditation is a good place to begin. Counting breaths is a good start. Then map your body by drawing breath into different parts of your body. Practice drawing awareness into your body and then breathing it out to fill the room. Draw your breath and your awareness back into your body and then out to fill the building. Then the region, then the earth, then the solar system, then the galaxy, then the universe. Learn to focus your awareness to attend the object or situation at hand. This prepares us to connect with our other relations who want to share wholeness with us.

We experience grounding when we have meaningful connection on a regular basis with the elemental beings that are the foundation of the Mvskoke world: water, earth, wind and fire. The elements are alive and offer to have relationship with us. Because we are made of water, earth, wind and fire we have a deep desire for intimate relationship with each. The Mvskoke way helps us stay in relationship with our elemental kin.

The Mvskoke language makes a distinction between water in general and living water which flows in nature. Living water is the best medicine and is preferred for making healing and ceremonial medicines. But all water

shares a common elemental essence and is, of course, essential for life and for happiness/wholeness.

There is much more to our relationship with water than drinking, washing, cooking, etc. Perhaps most important of all is the appreciation of water in its natural habitat. We can travel to the beach to see the ocean, hear the surf and smell the breath of salt water. We can walk beside a creek or river to watch the water move and to see what plants and animals are living there. We can wade into a mountain stream to feel the cool water running over our hot, tired feet. We can stand in the rain and feel it washing away our worries. We can open our mouth in a snowstorm and taste the cold freshness of the upper atmosphere. There are many ways to get water medicine.

Earth invites us to walk upon its body, dig into its soul, take treasures from its depths. It gives us food and refreshes us with its breath. It becomes part of our body and in its grand geological manifestations it lays down a template for our mental and cultural life. Earth is the substance of which we are made, it is our mother and it is our home.

It is a good practice to take off your shoes and walk on the bare earth. Squishing mud through your toes is a mega dose of earthiness. We can take off our gloves and dig in the garden to plant seed, pull weeds, harvest potatoes. We can take clay from the earth and make something with our hands that can be fired and used to hold water, food or something beautiful. Research shows that digging in the dirt produces a rapid elevation of mood, strengthening of immune system and mental functioning boost. The absence of dirt in children's lives causes them to have weak immune systems and makes them susceptible to allergies. We need a relationship with earth.

We have not managed to completely sever our relationship with wind. Our breath is an ongoing connection with wind. One of the favored Mvskoke words for Creator is Hesaketvmese (hih-SA-gihd-uh-MIH-see) which means Breath Giver. The wind is Creator's living breath that moves through the world. Our own breath takes part in the breath of the living wind. Our breath comes from Creator at birth and is constantly renewed by Creator's living breath. At death, our last breath returns to Creator. Awareness of breath is a foundational practice in many forms of meditation. It requires no special clothing, mat, equipment or ceremony. You can simply breathe health into your soul.

When the wind touches our face, we are reminded of this constant communion with Creator and all of creation. We share the breath of trees and can hear them sigh when the wind moves through them. Rocks breathe out their sharp mineral breath when struck by the sun and rain. A swamp exhales the sweet smell of rot. A warm horsey breath reminds us how much we can love an animal. Wind in all its forms is medicine to our souls.

We can open a window and let some wind medicine into our house.

Humans have used fire for as long as we have been human. The earliest evidence for continued use of fire is from a hearth in a cave in Israel dated to about 420,000 years ago. There is strong evidence that modern Homo sapiens learned to make fire by at least 40,000 years ago. We have been sitting around fires for a long time. Mvskoke people have concepts for several types of fire: ceremonial, cooking, working, lighting, warming and wildfire. This suggests how important their relationship with fire is. Sitting with a fire is a delightful grounding experience.

We have a deep need for connection with our no-legged, two-legged, four-legged and winged relatives. Our green relatives call to us, give us breath, feed us and make medicines for us. Time in the woods with plants and trees is powerfully restorative. Many studies have document health benefits from spending even a short time in a forest.

When your soul is out of sorts ask yourself, do I need some fire today? Am I short of wind? Should I renew my connection with earth? Should I get wet? Is a tree calling me? Do I need some quality time with the lawn? Just as your stomach will tell you what to eat, your soul will tell you what it needs to be grounded.

Summary

A happy soul is an anchor for wholeness. Check out the health of your soul by using the shaman's questions to identify areas of disconnection where improvements are possible. Keep your soul connected to the sources of life that are at the heart of the questions. If you feel diminished perhaps the medicine that you need can be found in good company where you share food, story, song, prayer, water, earth, wind and fire. Spend time in silence, darkness and stillness. Notice your dreams, or even better, find a group of fellow dreamers who will help you build a strong relationship with your dreams. In these ways you can claim your heritage as a social being who lives in vital connection with other humans and all your other relatives.

*Note on use of ethnic terminology. I use the traditional Mvskoke alphabetical spelling of the name of the Muskogee/Creek Nation that is accepted by Mvskoke people. I use the term "Native American" in the text to describe the indigenous people of North America.

Robert Pullen Troy, AL is retired from a career that included being a Southern Baptist Preacher, Professor of Sociology, Academic Dean and Counselor in private practice. He now plays full time and devotes himself to learning and teaching about the Mvskoke Way.

Photograph *The Raven's Door* by Sarah D. Norton (taken in Reykjavik, Iceland)



Painting *Roots* by **Marsha Charnahan, LMT** Chapel Hill, TN At Dream Tree Awakening, Marsha, a licensed massage therapist, brings together personalized elements of spiritual direction, dream work, and creative healing energy. Her compassionate approach is one that meets clients where they are physically and emotionally. Marsha has been described by those who love her as gifted in her intuitive method. It is wise, transformative, professional, and effective. For more information visit www.dreamtreeawakening.com or email her at mcarnahan5@gmail.com.

Muddy Trinity

Muddy, muddy trinity,
wash over me.
Ashes to ashes,
Dust to dust,
water for grace,
cover my face.

Muddy, muddy trinity,
Come to bury
this old sanctuary.
Take down the walls,
the old floor is gone.
Water for grace,
clean this place.

Muddy, muddy trinity,
makes my bones weary.
Can't take it all in,
this world seems so thin.
Dust covered soul,
ashes grown cold,
I'm laid to waste,
ready for grace.



Muddy Trinity by **Denise Waldrep** *Greenwood, SC* is an artist (her beautiful painting *Hawk Mandala* is this issue's cover art), writer and educator who enjoys following dreams. A graduate of UGA, she has worked as a scientific illustrator, teacher and fine artist. You can see a sampling of her artwork at www.denisewaldrep.com. She also illustrated the children's book *Batrocks and Greenie*, based on a true story of a young boy struggling with the monsters in his nightmares.

Photograph *Cape Split, Bay of Fundy* by **David Lindsay**, see his bio on page 8.

When Bobcat Appeared by Lisa Rigge

Several years ago, a bobcat visited me in a dream. It was a very unusual sighting because I didn't see the bobcat right away. I was looking into a river of trees, staring into its depths as I couldn't make out what was there. Over the course of a few moments, a bobcat morphed into view. It was still mostly hidden by the trees, but undoubtedly it was a bobcat.

As I work a lot with photography and collage, I knew I'd want to incorporate a bobcat into my work. When such a strong symbol arises in a dream, I want to work with it. I want to touch it. I want to look at it in its setting. I may have no idea what the symbolic meaning of it is (yes, I do look up the meanings of my dream symbols), but sometimes working directly with the image resonates far more than trying to first do an intellectual analysis of it.

So I created an image in Photoshop using one of my hand tinted images of a forest which I hand colored, and montaged a few photographs of bobcats in the image which I downloaded from the internet (this is called "appropriation art" when you incorporate someone else's image in your own artwork, and it's a very controversial topic). The artwork was accepted into a local juried show, and it sold to someone on the other side of the country. As I didn't want to reproduce that piece of work (the bobcats in it weren't my original work and it had made me uneasy using them although I did camouflage them), I set out to figure out how I could incorporate my own bobcat image into a painting or a photograph.

The problem was, I didn't know how to draw. So, I took a drawing class and learned how to make a squared template to lay over a picture. Then, you look just inside the 2 inch squares and draw that part of the image in that one square onto your paper. I found I could easily do this and drew a few bobcats that way, but something was missing. Copying someone else's drawing or photograph also felt like I was cheating, as much as I felt I cheated using someone else's image in the piece that sold. I was stuck.

Thus, the bobcat and any further artwork using it went back into my unconscious for a couple of years. (Similar to Jeremy Taylor's "not yet speech ripe" except I called it "not yet art-ripe"). Like many artists in a dry spell, the collective soup of the unconscious can simmer many ideas and feelings for a long time until they are ready to boil over into consciousness. Which is what happened to me with the bobcat image.

A few months ago, a black cat quickly appeared and disappeared in my dream, and right in its place a bobcat emerged. There was no other action in the dream other than the bobcat that came into being. I don't recall if it looked at me, but the image disappeared rather quickly. This time, I would learn more about bobcats and animal totems to see what the bobcat had to offer.

There's a saying I hear a lot in dream groups: "Animals represent instincts". In many instances, the focus will be on the animal's instincts, whatever that truly means. But animals are more than instincts. Ask anyone who owns and communicates with a dog. So, I went to another exercise in dream work, associations. Associations are another way of getting in touch with your personal feelings or thoughts about a particular image. Associating to a bobcat was too easy for me - I don't have any associations to bobcats. I've only seen them in pictures or on tv, and I know very little about the animal. But I did have one association, that bob & cat seemed to integrate male and female energy. Bob, being a man's name (and my deceased brother's name) represented the masculine, and cat representing the feminine. But, that still wasn't enough information to open up the image for me.

The next thing I did was to talk to my Spiritual Director about this image. I am fortunate that she has a lot of experience working with dreams, which was one of the major reasons I chose her for my Spiritual Director. This is where the image started to open up for me. She immediately saw the connection between the bobcat and myself. She pointed out that the bobcat observes while it is hidden, making it very hard for other people and animals to see it, yet they are acutely aware of those around them. I, too, tend to observe others and the world around me, and many times remain hidden to others, especially when it comes to my talents. I can also keep myself hidden from others by not talking much about myself. I'll do the listening. I'll ask people about themselves. But my good friends know to draw me out of hiding into a safe place to bare my soul.

I also had the opportunity to take a workshop with Meredith Sabini on a workshop titled "A New Perspective on Animals in Dreams." She imposed upon us to look up the behavior of the animal. How does it raise its young? What is the environment in which it lives? What are its behaviors? How is my behavior like or unlike that particular animal? Animals were here on earth prior to humans, and we descended from animals, so it's not stretch for me that we inherited our emotional DNA from animals. Of course, we inherited their behaviors as well. Meredith also recommended the book *Animal Wise* by Virginia Morrell, which will change the way you think about animals if you think they have no soul.

I also have a wonderful book titled *Animal Speak* by Ted Andrews. What struck me most about his description of the bobcat is that it is a solitary animal. He suggests one may want or need to discern between being alone and being lonely. Well, that was a very old lesson I learned several decades ago, so I easily understood what he meant. The reason his writing struck me so deeply is that it is so true - I am a solitary animal, finding myself

often shunning groups because of my discomfort with the group's dogma. I have never felt at the center of any group. I am always on the outer edge, watching. Watching both the group and the not- group. Andrews also recommends not only studying the animal totem or appearance in your life, but also what the animal hunts and eats. Bobcats eat protein, so is it any wonder I once had a dream with two words "Eat Protein"!

And finally, this week as I write these words, an actual bobcat appeared in my life. My husband and I were taking a hike in our local hills in Livermore, CA. We were halfway through this hike when I spotted some movement in the grasses below us. At first, I thought it was a coyote as there are many coyotes here. But immediately my husband said, "No, it's a bobcat!" And, yes, there she was, slowly threading her path through the tall grasses leaving a faint trail behind her. As I looked at her through the binoculars, she stopped and turned her head around and looked directly at me. We stared at each other for several moments. Then, she nonchalantly turned and continued to slowly thread her way up to the rocky ridge under the oaks where she probably had a litter of cubs. She will raise her cubs alone; the male bobcat doesn't stick around for that chore. Much, to my chagrin and aha, my father was pretty much absent in my life as well.

I understand more about this appearance of bobcat in my dreams. She was weaving her path, slowly and methodically, up a slope, much as I am typing out these words into a finished piece of writing. I meander through the tall grasses of words, selecting the easiest and most simple way to construct sentences that will leave a trail in one's mind to follow about the meaning of this animal in a dream. Bobcat knew her destination, but she had to go through a large, open field in full view of any and all animals which could injure her. Her experience is similar to the artist who puts her work in front of the public, or a dreamer who shares a dream in a dream group: she becomes vulnerable as her inner self is exposed to a larger audience. Finally, there are those times that a dream image will indeed manifest in reality, bringing your dream symbol to fruition and purpose.

Article and photo montage *Dreaming of Bobcat* by **Lisa Rigge Pleasanton, CA** Lisa received a Dream Leader Certificate from the Haden Institute in 2010 and training in Spiritual Direction at the Mercy Center the same year. She's facilitated dream groups since 2005, both projective dream groups and dream collage groups. She loves working with groups and with individuals to explore the many layers of meaning each dream has. Her email address is: lbrigs202@gmail.com.



Usually this event takes place in the beautiful north Georgia mountains. There, we spend an enlightening and enlivening weekend with Natural Spirituality veterans and inquirers alike. This year, due to COVID-19, we have opted to move the gathering online. We are excited to offer a line-up very similar to what you would expect if we were in community at Camp Mikell in front of the roaring fire and the crisp cool winter air. This year, you will be able to enjoy all of our offerings from the safety of your own home. We will offer lectures, workshops, small-group dreamwork, discussions of Natural Spirituality issues, introductory sessions for inquirers, advanced sessions for old-timers, meditative movement and contemplative prayer opportunities, worship, and time for relaxation and fellowship.

OUR SPEAKERS THIS YEAR ARE:

Dr. Catherine Meeks, is the retired Clara Carter Acree Distinguished Professor of Socio-Cultural Studies at Wesleyan College and the Director of the Absalom Jones Center for Racial Healing. She has long been a strong advocate for social justice, community, and well-ness. She is the author of several books, including *Living Into God's Dream* and *Standing on Their Shoulders: A Celebration of the Wisdom of African-American Women* (bio from her book *Passionate for Justice: Ida B. Wells as Prophet for our Time*)

Robert Pullen *Building Beloved Community through Story*

David Palmer *Yearning for Beloved Community (An Audio-visual presentation)*

As in all other years we will have the wonderful all volunteer band "The Unconscious," contemplative prayer, small dream groups, a great bookstore, and even a Saturday night movie!

Follow us on Facebook [@NSRGathering](https://www.facebook.com/NSRGathering), **Instagram** [@NSRG_2021](https://www.instagram.com/NSRG_2021), and please take a moment to check our brand new website!

www.NSRGathering.org

While you are there, sign up for our mailing list for updates!

Registration will be open through the week of the gathering, the link to register will be emailed out to past attendees and those on our mailing list as soon as it posts, so make sure you visit the website and sign up! Then, the link will remain open through the gathering. Check the website often for updates.

If you have any questions or concerns, please email us at:

nsrgwebsite@mail.com

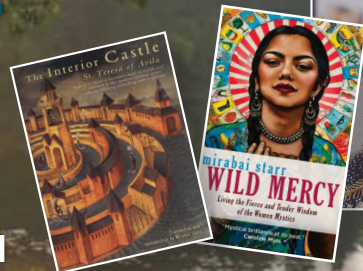
"She: The Divine Feminine Rising"

Headlining 2021 is Best Selling Author,

Mirabai Starr

SUMMER
DREAM & SPIRITUALITY
CONFERENCE

May 30-June 4, 2021



THE CONFERENCE WILL BE ON-LINE AND IN-PERSON AT KANUGA (IF POSSIBLE)

Sophia, Mother Earth, Mary the Mother of God, Quan Yin, The Great Mother - these and many more are names for the Divine Feminine. The need for healing, compassion, connection, unity, balance, and empathy is bringing many of us to seek solace and wisdom from the Feminine Divine. Mirabai Starr will share her own story and stories from other women mystics to give us access to this eternal and treasured source of knowledge and comfort.

Mirabai is an award-winning author of creative non-fiction and contemporary translations of sacred literature. She teaches and speaks internationally on contemplative practice and inter-spiritual dialog. Her latest book is *WILD MERCY: Living the Fierce & Tender Wisdom of the Women Mystics*.

We look forward to exploring all of these topics with Mirabai Starr and all the Presenters at our 2021 Dream & Spirituality Conference. And we invite you to come experience this magic yourself in 2021!

OTHER 2021 PRESENTERS INCLUDE:

Catherine Meeks
Kathleen Wiley
Pittman McGehee
Bruce Barnes
And many more...



Yes we call it a Conference. Yes we have speakers and workshops and all the proper "Conference" things.

But we also engage with the unconscious, make meaning of our dreams, become more fully who we are created to be, and embody the inner work of integration.

This means that for 5 days we gather and do holy, sacred, difficult, inspiring, soul elevating, beautiful work together.

And we take home beautiful things - memories, connections (yes! even on-line), journals, collages, poetry, and life changing insights.

FOUR WORKSHOP SESSIONS

With over twenty workshop topics to choose from.

DREAM GROUPS

Staff led dream groups each day.

YOGA, MEDITATION & MUSIC

Daily. Musicians Fran McKendree & River Geurguerian

CREATIVE SPACE

Curated by Sheila Petrucci with supplies like paint, clay, fiber, collage images and other media, along with chocolate, candles, twinkle lights & lots of inspiration.



THE
HADEN
INSTITUTE

To register and for info: www.HadenInstitute.com

Two Year Certification Courses



THE
HADEN
INSTITUTE

SIX 4-DAY INTENSIVES • LECTURES • SMALL GROUP EXPERIENTIAL LEARNING

The Haden Institute is a haven for seekers. We teach Spiritual Direction and Dream Work, and we offer our participants a place and space for developing a robust relationship with their unconscious. Lectures, small group work, creative embodiment practices all lead to accessing the rich wisdom within each individual. Currently our intensives are held online. We look forward to gathering in person again at Kanuga when it is safe, and we will continue to offer our courses online.

Sharing the stories our nightly dreams tell is an age-old practice for increasing self-awareness and discerning meaning and purpose in life. Dream work is a valuable tool for spiritual directors, therapists, clergy, and individuals who wish to enhance their practice and deepen their work with others through creative embodiment, integration of dream messages and tenets of Jungian psychology.

Our Dream Work Training Course teaches how working with dreams opens a communication channel between the conscious and unconscious worlds, allowing us to translate the metaphor and symbol of dream language into a language that is helpful for problem solving in our waking life.

DREAM WORK TRAINING

INTENSIVE SCHEDULE

Dec 03-07, 2020	Dec 02-06, 2021
Feb 11-15, 2021 (Entry Date)	Feb 10-14, 2022 (Entry Date)
Aug 19-23, 2021 (Entry Date)	Aug 18-22, 2022 (Entry Date)

The Spiritual Direction Training Course integrates spirituality and Jungian teachings. Psycho-spiritual education in the Jungian, mystical, and Christian traditions is the program foundation. Participants develop knowledge and understanding of the art and practice of spiritual direction in contemporary spiritual life by learning mystical, creative embodiment and contemplative practices of Christianity and other ancient religious and spiritual traditions. Tools for self-discovery and transformation such as Myers-Briggs Type Indicator, the Enneagram, and dream work are introduced to deepen the experience of spiritual companionship.

SPIRITUAL DIRECTION TRAINING

INTENSIVE SCHEDULE

Jan 14-18, 2021	Jan 13-17, 2022
Mar 18-22, 2021 (Entry Date)	Mar 24-28, 2022 (Entry Date)
Sept 9-14, 2021 (Entry Date)	Sept 15-19, 2022 (Entry Date)

To register and for info: www.HadenInstitute.com



HOLY DREAMGIVER,
MY DREAMS ARE FLEETING AND EPHEMERAL--
MOST NEVER REACH THE LIGHT OF DAY
YET IF I'M WILLING TO CAPTURE AN IMAGE, RECALL A FEELING, SOMETHING OF
THE DREAM STORY, GRACIOUSLY YOU WILL BEGIN TO REVEAL INSIGHTS INTO
THE DREAM.
YOU HAVE MY ATTENTION NOW.
REACHING FOR MY JOURNAL, WRITING, THOSE MYSTERIES START TO FALL AWAY,
AS I NOTE YOUR WISE SUGGESTIONS FOR MY LIFE.
ENCOURAGE ME, I PRAY, TO WATCH READILY FOR DREAMS AND SEEK THE WIS-
DOM IN THEM, THAT I MAY PERCEIVE YOUR GUIDANCE AND, IN SO DOING,
KNOW THE JOY OF HONORING A DREAM AND GIVING HONOR TO YOU.
AMEN



A PRAYER FOR ENCOURAGEMENT TO DREAM By Annette Thies New York, NY is passionate about dreamwork and dreamplay. A spiritual director who founded and leads St. Bart's church dream group, she was trained in dreamwork leadership by Dr. Montague Ullman. She teaches dream workshops, enjoys encouraging new dreamers and began dream journaling in 1984. For more information, please visit her website www.dreamministry.us

Photograph *Light Breaks Through* by **John Spiesman**, Thompson, OH is a Spiritual Companion and Dream worker in the Jungian Christian Mystical Tradition from Northeast Ohio. He is interested in nature photography, capturing all aspects of creation and symbols in creation throughout the seasons. John enjoys honoring dream images through photography and may be contacted through his website: www.drjohnspiesman.com.