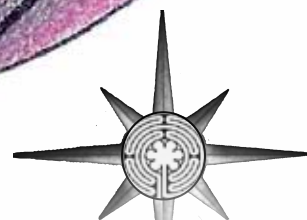
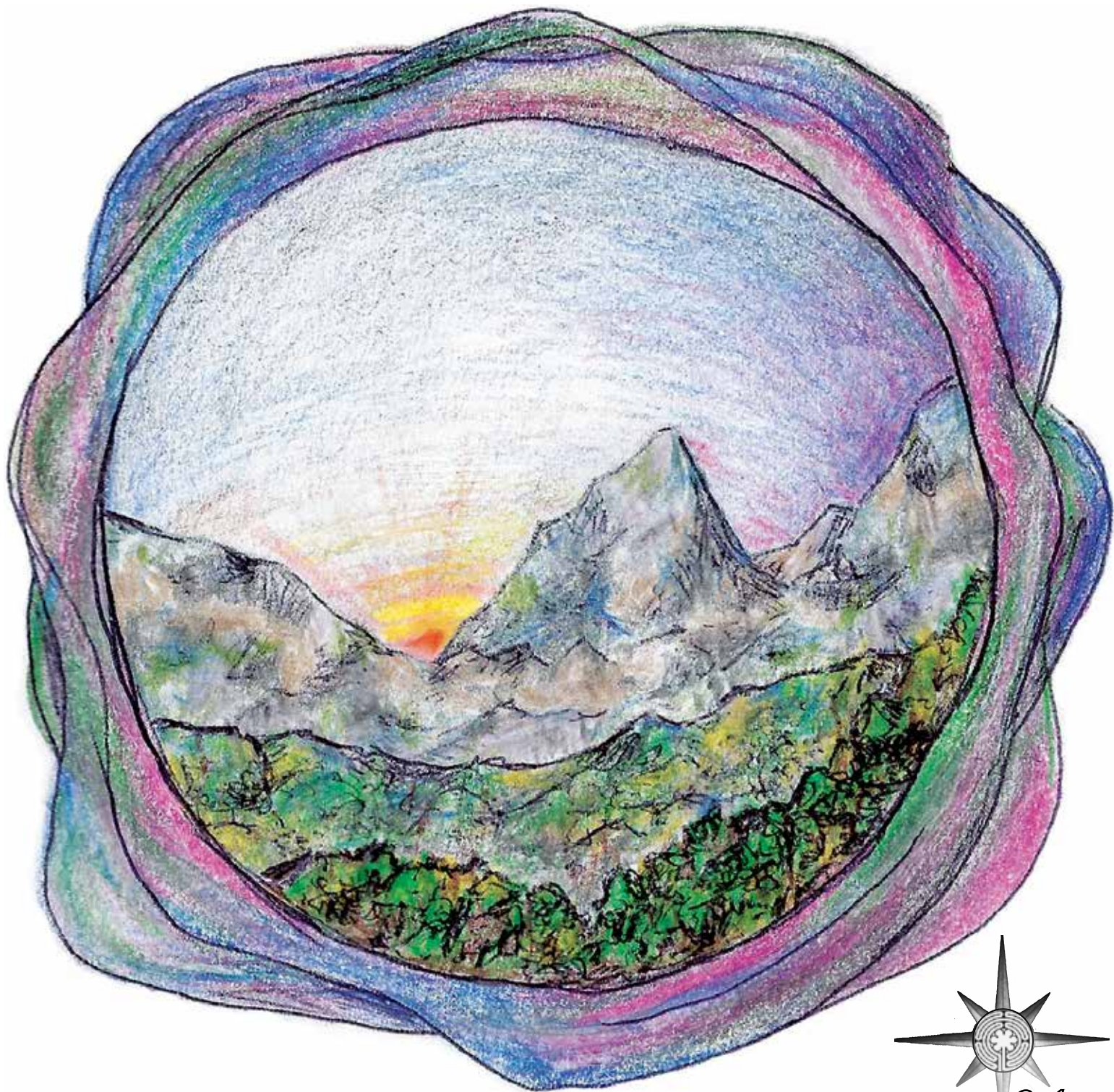


THE ROSE

IN THE WORLD

Inviting Wisdom into our lives and sacred spaces



Issue 34
Earth Day 2021

Prayer Springtime of the Heart

Giver of Dreams,
Renewer of Life,
Lover of Souls,

Sometimes my dreams console me, others shock and distress me.
Yet I know they beckon me to change and find a better way.
They ask for patience and a desire to understand the emotions and images displayed.
As I begin this struggle to refresh and renew, it both thrills and scares me.
Give me your hand, take away my fears, help me escape dead ends.
Then, lead me on fresh paths to a springtime of the heart, a heart seeking your promise:
"See, I am making all things new."

Amen



Prayer by **Annette Thies** New York, NY Annette is passionate about dreamwork and dreamplay. A spiritual director, founder and leader of St. Bart's church dream group; trained in Experiential 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

Note: The closing quotation in the prayer is from the last book of the Christian scriptures *The Revelation to John* Ch 21, v 5 NRSV

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...

I am standing at the water's edge of the ocean accompanied by two other women who are unknown to me. One of the women, dressed in a flowing long gown and cape, has a large round white bowl in her hands. As she walks into the water, she overturns the bowl and out of it fall several black eggs which morph into baby turtles. The ocean is crashing wildly at her feet and tosses the turtles about dangerously. I know they will die here and I become very upset. I shout, "Why did you release them here? They should have been released in calmer waters! Perhaps in a lake, not here in the churning, chaotic ocean." Then out of the bowl falls another creature. It is a small white polar bear and it lands face down in the surf. It is dead. I am overcome with the grief and begin crying, "This is the slaughtering of the innocent!" over and over again.

I wake up with wet tears on my face.

✪ Our cover art is a drawing titled *Mountain* by **Roberta Charbonneau** Adairsville, GA ✪
Roberta is originally from western Nebraska, she 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 her artwork. Roberta is a frequent and much loved contributor to *The Rose*, you will find more of her work in many previous issues as well as on pages 32, 33, and 36 below.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

COLUMNS

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

FEATURED ARTICLES

- 10 EARTH MOTHER IS FEELING ILL TODAY Susanna Calvert
14 ARCTIC IMAGININGS Sarah D. Norton
21 IN THE FOREST OF DREAMING Cynthia Bauman
30 MOLECAT'S REVELATION Constance Bovier
37 A DREAMWORK COMMUNITY ADDRESSES RACE Darby Christopher
40 WALKING THE LABYRINTH Sheree Sloop

POETRY, PROSE, AND PRAYER

- 2 SPRINGTIME OF THE HEART Annette Thies
6 A VINE RISES Kelly Largent
7 WELCOME HOME Jeanne Gehret
8 WHEN SPRING AND SUNLIGHT AT LAST Jamie Rasche
9 MORNING DEVOTION Jeanne Gehret
12 THE JADE PLANT S. Hazen Guthrie
13 THE DARKNESS WE CARRY KB Ballentine
19 BECOMING Linda Goller
20 COMMUNION IN THE DARK Dorothy Baird
22 KINSHIP Rosemary McMahan
27 DANDELION DREAMS Beth Campbell Jensen
28 I BEFRIENDED A RAT Margaret Bishop
33 FOR ALL WE HAVE LOST Emily Wilmer
34 JEWEL Sara Baker
35 COLORS OF DAYLIGHT Rose Nielsen
36 MY WHITENESS Alice Smith
35 FRAGMENTS OF GOD Geoff Love
42 SUN POEM Rosemary McMahan

PHOTOGRAPHY

- 8 MORNING RAYS Lisa Rigge
12 RAINDROP ON LEAF John Spiesman
20 ATTRACTION Rosemary Royston
22 KENNEY RIDGE David Lindsay
34 HOPE John Spiesman

ARTWORK

- 1 MOUNTAIN Roberta Charbonneau (see her bio on pg. 2)
5 HEALING OUR PLANET Basye Holland-Shuey
6 SOUL CONNECTION Adele Williams
7 QUARANTINE 2245 Kenzie Raulin
9 PERSPECTIVE Kenzie Raulin
11 WEEDING THE GARDEN Mary How
13 NEW DAWN Lisa Rigge
19 PERSEPHONE RETURNS, DEMETER DANCES Denise Waldrep
32 DREAMING AND HERMAN Roberta Charbonneau
35 CREATION Nancy Carter
36 THREE SINGERS Roberta Charbonneau
38 LIGHT AND LIFE/HOPE Marsha Carnahan

THE ROSE IN THE WORLD

Inviting Wisdom into our lives and sacred spaces

Earth Day, Spring 2021, Issue 34

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 Proofreaders for this Issue:

Lane Norton and Jim Norton

Graphic Design

Sarah Dungan Norton

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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

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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, and should be submitted as a final draft and as a 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

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Natural Spirituality Groups

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 bluefiresd@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 <https://mindful-options.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, rachel.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
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 cbovier@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

ONLINE

Contact [Dianne Rhodes](mailto:DianneRhodes) (703)593-1034

Monthly Zoom meeting on the 4th Friday, 12-2p ET^

Listed here for networking purposes are the natural spirituality programs (dream groups based in churches or communities of faith), that are known to us. Each group is unique and organized in its own way. Groups that would like to be added to the list (or if you are on this list and would like to update your information or remove it) are invited to contact *The Rose in the World* at theroseintheworld@gmail.com. If there is no group in your area, please consider starting one.

Background image of Grace Cathedral by Sarah D. Norton

*NEWLY ADDED/
UPDATED DREAM
GROUP*

Greetings from Your Editor

Dear Readers,

This will be a much shorter greeting than usual. This is because, in a very unusual move for this issue I have been persuaded to include a piece of my own. I was honored to give a talk at the Natural Spirituality Gathering in February of 2020 on my dissertation material. It was a magical day and during my talk, which you will see centered on the image of ice, it began to snow! Synchronicity of the highest order! It was truly a numinous experience. After that, I had a number of people reach out, hoping that that talk would be included in *The Rose*. So, given my passion for the environment, this issue seemed fitting for its inclusion.

Along with my essay, we have a beautiful collection of art, essays, poetry, prose, prayer, and more. Each one speaks to a different aspect of our current environmental crisis. This

ranges from the strain of our current pandemic, to the appreciation of nature wherever you are able to find it, even if that is in a houseplant or your own backyard.

Myriad animals came to grace us with their presence in this issue as well: turtle, rat, lion, cow, and others. Each animal, from a dream encounter or in waking life, has their own piece of wisdom for this important and difficult time.

We have articles on how to cultivate an understanding of the grief we may be feeling in the face of the looming future, meditative exercises to offer moments of solace in the chaos, beautiful words and works of hope to move us forward.

Finally, we have a collection of poetry and a beautiful essay about race. For anyone who may wonder why race is in an issue about climate, these topics are intimately connected

on so many levels. I believe that many of the writings here serve to illustrate that.

In our current society, the issues such as climate change and equity inevitable fall short for Black, Indigenous, and persons of color in general (BIPOC). By bringing these topics into conversation, I believe we are helping to open up conversations that need to be had in the dream and Jungian communities.

So, let this issue be a statement not only of the usual creativity and beauty of the Wisdom of the unconscious, but a conscious effort to give space and voice to those who are marginalized in our communities. *The Rose* is a place for all voices who wish to move the conversation and climate towards a goal of equity, inclusion, justice, and love. We thank you, as always, our readers for taking this journey with us.

~Sarah D. Norton



*Open arms offering...
Peace...
Healing our Planet*

Journal Drawing by
Basye Holland-Shuey
Huntsville, AL

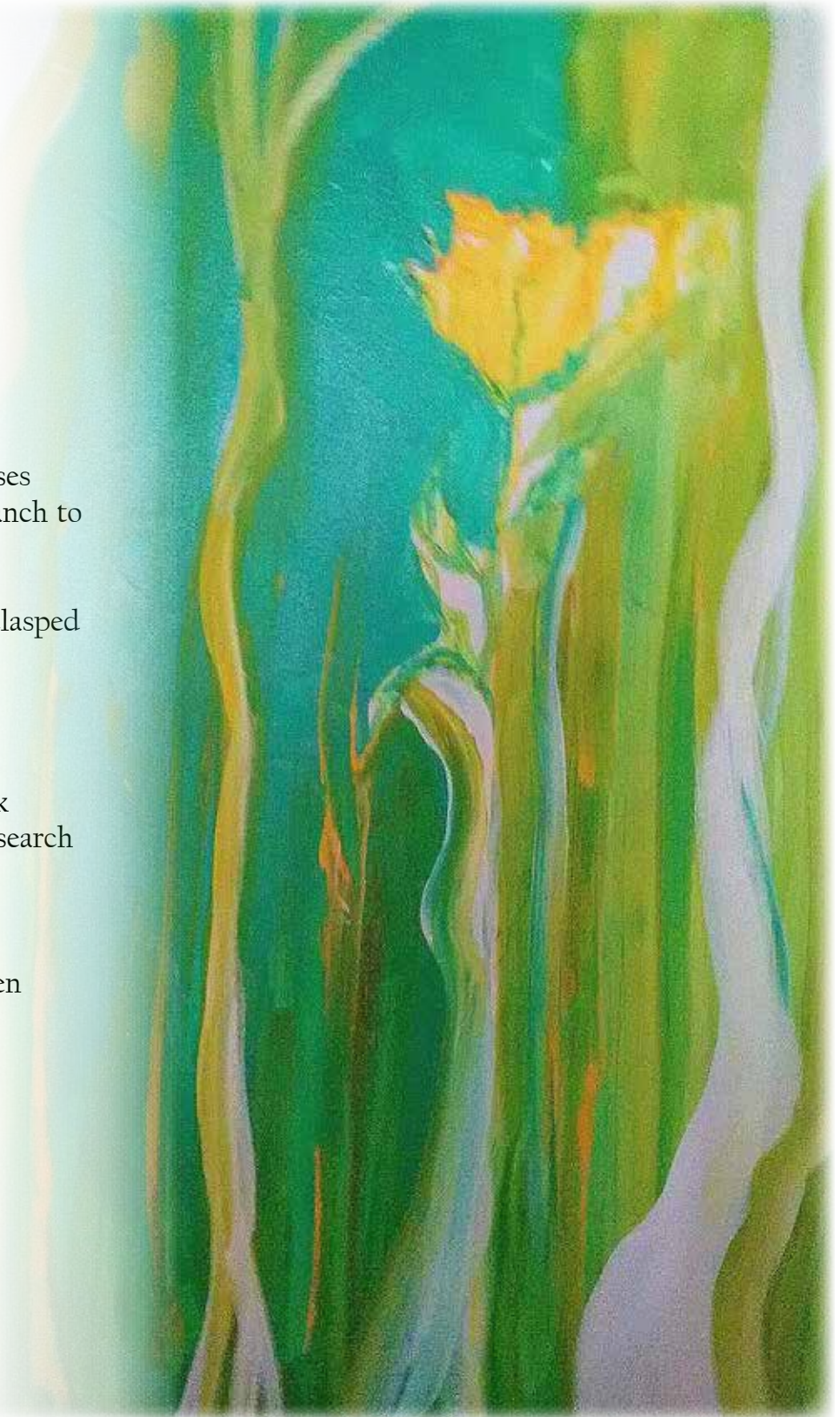
Basye is a fly-fisherwoman, Spiritual Director, Dream Group Co-Leader, artist, and explorer. She is also a semi-retired ordained Episcopal minister, educator, group presenter, and interfaith dialogue leader. She has taught Religious Studies at Belmont University, as a contract manager, as faculty with the Department of Community Medicine, as an English language trainer in Europe, and as a coordinator for the Teacher in Space Program with UAH and the Space & Rocket Center.

A Vine Rises

Outside my window, a vine rises
takes the air with no beam or branch to
grip
stands impossibly up
its leaves unfurled and twines unclasped
like open hands, expecting

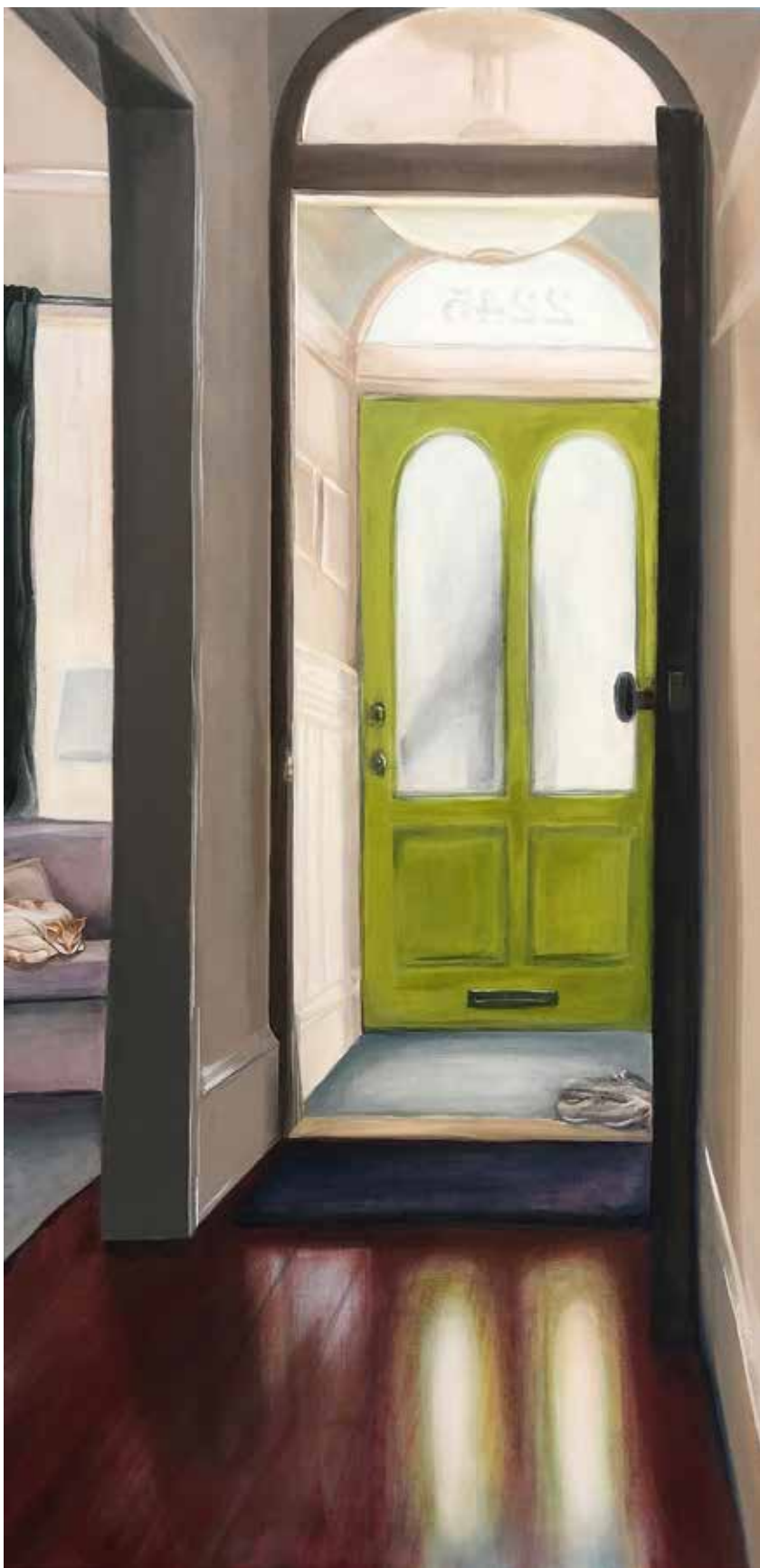
How does it stand?
by thirst, I think
filled with deep drawn drink
intemperate roots splayed out in search
of unseen wells beneath

I look with shining eyes
at this lone lithe climb of green
an outstretched arm
on tiptoed feet
waiting to be lifted



A Vine Rises by **Kelly Largent** Westfield, IN Kelly and her husband recently moved from North Carolina to Indiana. She is a graduate of the Haden Institute Spiritual Direction Training program, retired physician, writer and grandmother. She is currently devoting time to dreamwork, writing, and playing with her grandchildren.

Painting Soul Connection 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 [@adelewilliams.129](#) to view her "Out of this World" paintings and jewelry or email cosmoshealing@yahoo.com



Welcome Home

Leaving fresh air for perhaps the last
time
I gaze at the benches in the portico
Seats that sit no one because everyone here
lies.

Some lie in their beds pretending they will, again,
rise.
Others lie that treatment does, in fact,
help.

Perhaps my visitor will sit rather than lie.
Perhaps in this room
she will bring the breath of spring to my winter lungs
as if we had all the time in the world
as if the number of my days did not matter.

Welcome Home by **Jeanne Gehret** Rochester, NY holds a M.A. in Pastoral Theology from St. Bernard's Seminary and is currently enrolled in the Spiritual Direction program at the Haden Institute. In 2013, she sang her mother to her final sleep.

Painting Quarantine 2245 by **Kenzie Raulin** Kensington, MD has been facilitating a weekly dream group since 2011 at St. Paul's UMC in Kensington. The group continues today sharing dreams and their contemplative journeys. She is a certified facilitator with the Shalem Institute for Spiritual Formation. A graphic designer and artist working in acrylics and natural materials, the sacredness of the natural world is the guiding force behind her work. For more about Kenzie, visit krdesign.net

When Spring

When sunlight snickers
through the young green leaves
and flirts with chittering birds;
When chill-kill honeyed warmth
butters the land like balm;
When tendrils of desire awaken fire
long forgotten,
and wonder quietly explodes;
Then dreams walk unafraid
And you hold my hand.



Sunlight at Last

Sunlight dripping through the rainclouds,
sparkling gently on my soul.
Glad sprites skipping gaily,
Sprinkling hope, love, and touch long denied.
Rejoice!
But reverently remember the anguish,
loss and spirit storm.
I will live again,
Oh, but not the same.

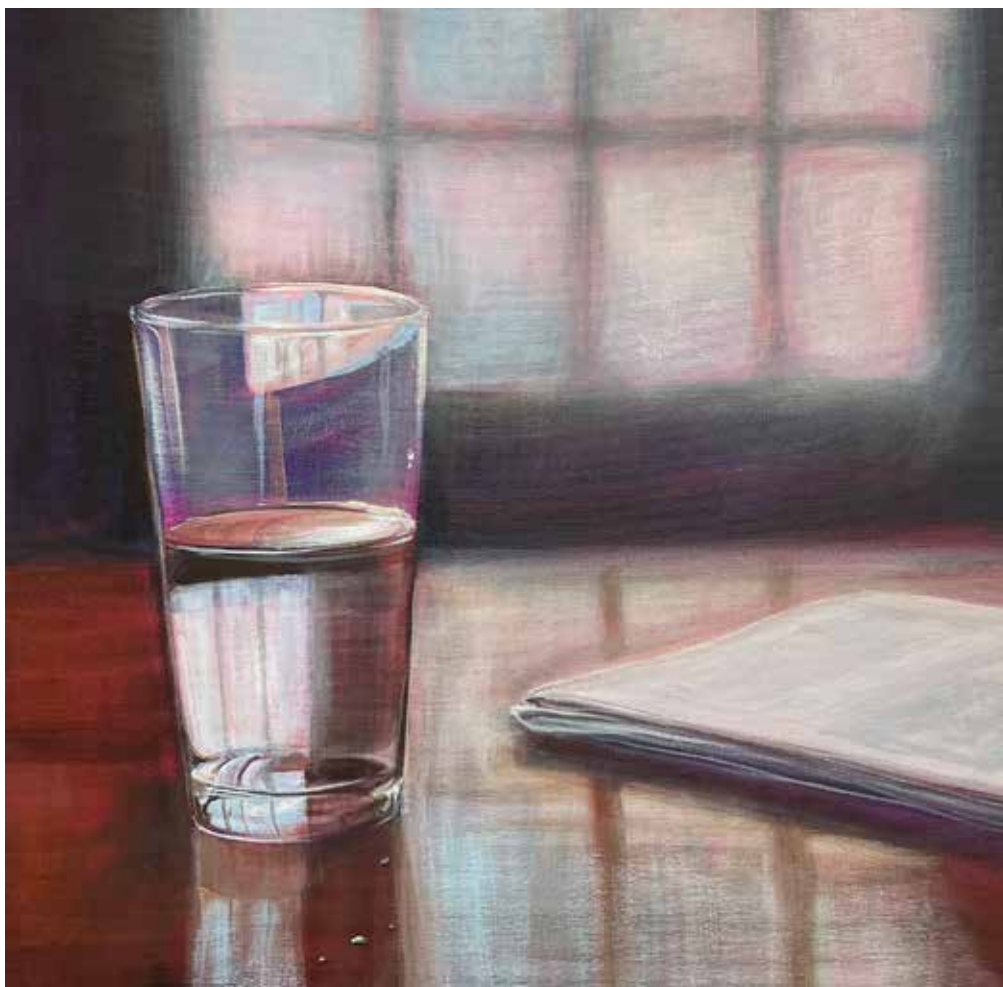
When Spring and **Sunlight at Last** by **Anne (Jamie) Rasche** McDonough, CA Jamie is a retired physician and counselor. A dreamer, teacher, and reacher, she has found that dreams and synchronicity bring epiphany. Transformed, she is a rainbow-breathing dragon in ecstatic flight. She is thankful for her wonderful husband and daughter. What will the journey bring next?

Photograph *Morning Rays* **Lisa Rigge** Pleasanton, CA has been involved in the arts for several decades. She's an avid photographer, collage artist, and dream worker. She received her Dream Leader Certificate from the Haden Institute in 2010, and currently facilitates three dream groups in CA. She loves to hike and travel and keeps journals of all her travels.

Morning Devotion

My fragile human frame cannot contain
your light, Great One.
Seeking more, I follow you
to the city of your longing, to meet
the glad and luminous,
the downhearted and dingy,
the great whole souls and the gaping hole hearts.

All, all is you.
You fill me in a way that surpasses loving.



Joined with the joyous,
I live to run and skip and sing and yip
to swirl and whirl and twirl
to give, to pour,
to fill the concrete chasms that yearn for you.
My laughter reflects your rays
into sunblocked streets
here, and there, and there,
a pure stream of love
unpossessing, undemanding,
seeking only to fill and warm and heal,
bathing every creature
in liquid light.

Morning Devotion by **Jeanne Gehret** (see her bio on pg. 7)

Painting *Perspective* by **Kenzie Raulin** (see her bio on pg. 7)



Earth Mother is Feeling Ill Today

by Susanna Calvert

I sit on my screened-in porch in the company of the trees and birds, especially enjoying the sound and sight of a female cardinal in the tree. I savor the contrast of her orange and browns, and marvel in her subtle beauty. She visits often and this time, chirps to me softly.

As I watch, a strong and familiar feeling comes over me. This time, a feeling of unease and sadness.

I feel more deeply into it. Earth Mother, sharing her grief and physical discomfort.

As I write this, I can barely recognize my current self. My spiritual journey has been so deep and wide, I'm in territory that I can barely comprehend. But that's kind of the point, isn't it?

I spent virtually my entire adult life in academia, first as a student, then as a professor of a laboratory bench science in a large state university. I prided myself on my objectivity and even my atheism, and believed strongly that everything could eventually be known and proven, with the right detection mechanism. I did not give a thought to God or Spirit; they just didn't exist.

When I met my late husband Christopher in 2010, he told me that spirituality just means accepting that there are things we may never understand. Ah, that means I'm spiritual, I thought. But that was the end of it until 2018, when we learned of Chris' metastatic cancer upon the heels of my beloved sister Sabina passing from cancer.

I knew reality, as I knew it had come to an end, and that my life would forever be changed. I also knew that my only path through this was through Spirit and post-traumatic growth.

I was an old friend to post-traumatic growth, the idea that one can flourish in response to tragedy. I felt I blossomed after my divorce, when I freed myself of the self- and familial-limiting beliefs and constraints of my domestic situation. I'd been there and done that, and I knew I could do it again.

But Spirit was only something I heard discussed around the dinner table, not something I had participated in. But shortly after the time Christopher passed away 7 months later, I had received and accepted my mission from Spirit and agreed to quit my 26-year career in higher education to start a nonprofit dedicated to helping us all learn to care for ourselves, each other, and Earth.

Earth can heal herself, but she wants humanity, her

children, to help her heal. She wants you to tell the world.

I was never one to gather mushrooms in the woods or go backpacking into the wild. I was raised in the suburbs, and I'm a bit prissy when it comes to getting sweaty, dirty, or cold. But this invitation to care for Earth in this way made perfect sense because Earth is the one that held me through Chris' convalescence, death, and the grief period. My screened-in porch (in Athens, GA at the time) was the forest, the creek, the sky, the stars, the insects, and the woodland creatures that served as my sanctuary. Earth is the one that mediated my introduction to Spirit, though I didn't realize it at the time.

Earth Mother came to me in those early days and explained to me that she will decide whether to heal, based on whether humanity will take responsibility for our actions and care for her as we once had.

Two years later, the message has progressed. Earth Mother will heal herself; she has made the decision. Furthermore, she is evolving to become the brightest star in the galaxy. She's a leader among planets, and revered for her beauty and brilliance.

Humanity has an opportunity to evolve to the next level with her. She wants all her children with her for she wants to leave no one behind.

But it is our choice. Though we are influenced by Spirit in innumerable and in often unconscious ways, we still have free will. It is our choice, individually and collectively, to decide whether to participate.

I settle deeper into my reclining chair on my porch and feel into her sadness and discomfort. I am present with her feelings and resist the impulse to talk it out with her. That's a human way to process, and I've made my living off talking, then inquiring and supporting what emerges. Earth just wants me to be present with her and witness her feelings.

I feel the urge to do some energy work.

The second time I received energy work was during Chris' illness in early 2018. I was told then that an ancestor, who said I could call her grandmother, was a medicine woman, and she would teach me her craft.

But she's in the spirit realm right? How will she teach me?

Meditate, Susanna.

I have been learning Grandmother's medicine, especially in recent days, with the main subject of my healing efforts being Earth Mother. From the healers I spoke with, energy work benefits everyone and everything, including Earth. But (in my limited perspective) usually healing is focused on a person, or maybe a part of nature. Rarely, if ever, do I hear of healers focusing on healing Earth, Gaia, as a whole.

She has her own consciousness, and her needs as a holistic evolving organism differ from what a person, tree, or forest might need. Just as modern medicine's main shortcoming is a reductionist approach to healing, I believe a 100,000 foot view of Earth can also benefit our ability to find solutions for all parts of Earth, including ourselves. I don't mean as an either/or approach. I mean as a both/and strategy.

I ground myself, protect the space, and ask for help from the Archangels, the reiki guides, the ancestors, and the elementals. I let Spirit guide the session... it's a 100% intuitive process that's co-created with Spirit.

I feel Earth Mother relax and lighten. She gives me a big smile and there's a sense of buoyancy that was previously absent.

I ask her if she wants me to do anything else and she says no.

I know our economy and jobs are important, and people are suffering everywhere right now, physically, financially, emotionally, socially, relationally, and psychologically. And I also know that if Earth is unwell, so are we. Once Earth is once again thriving, this will give humanity and all species and elementals the best chance to thrive too. Therefore, Earth is at the apex of my attention and service. I'll meditate with her all day if she needs me to.

It is for her, because she deserves it. She provides for all of us, and for past and future generations (I hope), and it is her turn. She should be our highest priority. It's for our own benefit, but more importantly, it's because it's what we're born to do. It's our responsibility. We've lived in harmony and care for Earth throughout the history of humanity... until recently. We've, in essence, forgotten

what it means to be human.

And yet she still provides for us because her love for us is unconditional.

I can't hold this space and energy by myself. Nor should I. This is the responsibility of the collective, and I'm asking all healers to join us at the Foundation for Family and Community Healing to commit to a regular practice of Earth care and healing.

We healers can't do it by ourselves either. Eventually, the collective must learn that Earth care should be our first priority, or we may lose all of our Earthly privilege. Not out of punishment, but out of necessity. And because it's the right thing.

How will we convince the collective? What is it that we'd ask them to do?

I don't know yet. Spirit will guide us. It will happen, and we will evolve with Earth and stand proudly with her in her triumph. We will all enjoy the fruits of her and our collective labor as we birth the new Earth and new humanity.

Susanna Wu-Pong Calvert, MAPP, PhD *Richmond, VA* is the Founder and Convener, Mission, and Vision for the Foundation for Family and Community Healing www.familyandcommunityhealing.org. After a career in higher education as a faculty member, administrator, and coach/facilitator for personal and organizational growth and transformation, Susanna started FFCH, whose mission is to help all create healthy and rewarding relationships with ourselves, each other, Earth, and the loving force that connects us all through online education for the masses.

She is a certified Growth Edge (adult development) evaluator and coach, a devoted mother and grandmother, and proud daughter of Earth. You can contact her at Susanna@familyandcommunityhealing.org

Mandala Weeding the Garden by **Mary How**

Columbia, SC developed her Create MORE Signature Program of online courses and transformation

coaching to help people decrease their emotional suffering. Mary is an artist, art therapist and coach with 20+ years of experience helping people cope. Find out more about her program and inspirational products at www.maryhow.com



The Jade Plant

The grower said,
“What’s the matter?”
The customer said,
“I have this Jade plant.
I’ve had it for years.
It’s so big, so beautiful,
And now, for no reason,
The branches are falling,
The trunk is rotting.
I’ve not changed the care.
Save it? Can you save it?”

The grower knew
The strength of life
Runs a cycle, flourishing
When intellect tends energy.
A glorious unfolding, tiny
Bud, thickening trunk,
Glossy leaves – a ladder of lattice rungs,
Built unnoticed in time’s frame.

The jade’s time had turned,
Height’s path now pointing earth.
The customer was told this, and,
“Small fallen clusters,
Awaiting our hands of God,
Can be picked up, bruised,
And given to new soil.”

The grower watched,
As grief barred the hope and
Instilled the reminder of her
Limited remainder –
She would never see the new grow
To cathedral height.

The customer left to complain –
Grief’s next stage.
The grower sighed
Her CO2 into the spiritual agreement
Receiving the whole earth’s
Invisible life-giving science,
Thinking,
“Who are we to doubt the Jade’s matter?”
Because without us, it is going on.



The Jade Plant by **S. Hazen Guthrie** *Owens Cross Roads, AL* is the author and lead artist of Shakespeare in the Classroom and lectures nationwide for the NEA and The Poetry Foundation: POETRY OUT LOUD. Guthrie is a member of Alabama’s Coweeta Poets and the Sundial Writers, and can be heard on WLRH North Alabama’s NPR station.

Photograph *Raindrop on Leaf* 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

The Darkness We Carry

Rain lashes the windows –
lightning silent and bright in the midnight hours.
Each flash highlights fog whisking the drenched yard,
and gusts shudder the house. The shush of rain
keeps me shifting from window to window
as it drizzles then pours, fresh buds knuckling
under the weight of water. Pansies' purple shadows
against copper leaves, bruises
against the snow, now bow in the squall –
promise of dawn's rescue too far away.
This, at least, I can see.
Unlike a handshake or a hug shedding germs
like a malicious godmother dusting rooms
with seeds that choke us into wheezing sleep.
Tomorrow it will be so easy to scorn
this blustery night once mauve rinses the early sky
and finches fill the air in a gleeful key.
To forget the grief that opened our eyes,
that nailed the reminder in our hearts
that *now* is all that is.



The Darkness We Carry by **KB Ballentine** *Signal Mountain, TN* KB's sixth collection, *The Light Tears Loose*, appeared last summer with Blue Light Press. Published in *Crab Orchard Review* and *Haight-Ashbury Literary Journal*, among others. Her work also appears in anthologies including *In Plein Air* (2017) and *Carrying the Branch: Poets in Search of Peace* (2017). Learn more at www.kbballentine.com

Artwork *New Dawn* by **Lisa Rigge** see her bio on page 8

Arctic Imaginings: Melting the Ice Within

by

Sarah D. Norton

"Not for a moment dare we succumb to the illusion that an archetype can be finally explained and disposed of. Even the best attempts at explanation are only more or less successful translations into another metaphorical language...The most we can do is dream the myth onwards and give it a modern dress."

(Jung, 1959/1969, *Collected Works (CW)* Vol. 9i, ¶ 271)

This explanation is one of many that analytical psychologist Carl Gustav Jung used to define archetypes throughout his writing. From a Jungian perspective, archetypes are universal patterns which can be recognized in image form in nature, myth, dreams, and many other mediums. Jung wrote that archetypes are "like riverbeds which dry up when the water deserts them, but which it can find again at any time" (*Wotan*, 1964/1970, *CW*10, p.183). Given this definition, we understand that archetypes are largely unknown to us. We can meet and recognize the archetype in its symbolic form as an image just as we can recognize a dry riverbed, but this archetypal energy flows constantly. It travels through the river mouths of cultural boundaries, over the many rocks and logs of ages of human evolution, and yet the water of the images and the associations one swims in will inevitably lead back to this energy source, lapping endlessly against the walls of the riverbed.

In my field of depth psychology, also called the psychology of the unconscious, and particularly in the area of archetypal psychology, there is an understanding that all aspects of psyche are enlivened and connected to a source of this archetypal energy. Recognizing this energy is a psychological move termed "seeing through" by James Hillman, the father of archetypal psychology, in his *Re-Visioning Psychology* (1975, pp. 115-166). To "see through" is to view psychologically, with soul in mind. Through the lens of archetypal psychology, soul is always present and we live in a world ensouled, in soul, a world of soul, a world with soul. In Hillman's work we see a trend back to polytheism and an animistic sensibility from the Latin *anima* meaning "soul, life." By using this psychological sensibility, using this soul view to encounter the earth, one can connect more deeply to the world herself and all her elements.

In my experience of the archetypal, the image of ice is the one that carved out the deepest riverbed in my psyche. It called to me at a time when I needed it the most, and perhaps at a time when it needs us the most. The ice has been telling us for decades that the world is warming. Scientists have report after report that show that our climate at this point will never be the same.

That information has come largely from ice cores which contain the history of the planet's atmosphere. The ice has been speaking, but only a few have been able to hear its cries. Others may have heard the call for decades, and still others may not believe the science or want to acknowledge the fearful future ahead. It is a frightening reality to face. Wherever you are in this process is where you need to be. It is a journey. A journey towards compassion and healing for ourselves and for the earth.

The sciences show us that ice, something we often dismiss or consider inanimate, has a life-cycle of its own, though this cycle may be much longer than we can imagine, it does at some point experience a birth, it can give birth through the calving of icebergs, and it eventually experiences a death; it lives in the world. In time-lapse video you can even see ice move through the world, appear to breathe, and understand how it reacts to the changing environment around it. I have come to know that the ice is alive and I hope that through the following you will see that for yourself. If we can see the ice as alive then perhaps we can see through to the living earth herself. If we begin to take this into account then how we treat the world in which we live may change, our work on her surface may need revisiting, and the way we advocate for her well-being may need to shift.

A number of years ago, at the beginning of my dissertation process. I had the opportunity to be a part of a scholarly, interdisciplinary program in Iceland. While there, I took a week on either side of the academic structure to travel through their amazing country. One of the most memorable experiences I had was a glacier hike on one of the outlets of the Soleheim glacier in southern Iceland.

This was the grand adventure right in the middle of our three-day bus tour. We pulled up to a newly laid gravel parking lot off of a dirt road. We got out and began heading towards the ridge in the distance. We had been gifted only a foggy glimpse of the vast glacier from the road quite a ways out. From that distance the glacier looked like a small patch of white, barely distinguishable from the distant, misty air.

As we breached the ridge, we saw it laid out before us with a vast lake underneath. Where we stood was where the sides of the glacier used to flow.

As we walked forward, we passed markers stating where the glacier had been from year to year, it was shrinking noticeably. As I glanced ahead, I wondered, how long until where we are hiking today will be washed into the melt below? The closer we got, the more the true face of this giant body of ice came into focus.

What I had imagined to be pristine and white was a variety of colors. In many places it looked almost zebra striped, black lines cutting through the white ice. But the closer you got the more iridescent it became. There were shades of blue, aqua, grey and even some red. What was once mostly white was now pockmarked and riddled with sun catching color.

As we continued our hike higher and higher, our crampons tightly attached to our boots, helmets strapped on, and ice pick in one hand always on the ready, just in case. I couldn't help but feel the paradox of this place. The ice that seemed so solid under my feet was already gone. In just a few year's time, all that would be left of this summit would be a yellow marker on the side of a vast valley. It was hard to take in, to enjoy the beauty of this place but grieve its inevitable loss at the same time.

When we finally reached a ridge just shy of the top our guide gathered us to him. He knelt and began to take a small core sample from the glacier. This ice is so old that even going down a few feet into the surface can give us a record of the atmosphere from the present back a few thousand years! He drilled down and as the core rose up from beneath, we each took a piece.

I was one of the last to receive my cold wafer and, as I grasped it in my fingers, our guide, as an example to us, placed his piece in his mouth. Kneeling in front of him, with my ragtag group of world-weary tourists, I did the same. The taste was as crisp and cold as one would expect, the freshest water from a millennia ago wet my palate. As the wafer grew thin on my tongue, my eyes began to well with tears. I can hardly explain it. "My speech is imperfect. Not because I want to shine with words, but out of the impossibility of finding those words, I speak in images. With nothing else can I express the words from the depths" (Jung, 2009, *The Red Book: Liber Novus, Readers Edition (TRBR)*, p. 123).

In that moment, I could feel the ice melting all over

the world. It was trickling down my throat, a reflection of the trickling moulins below. It grew warmer as it reached the area of my chest, my heart was pounding, I could feel the depths of time and the earth becoming a part of my body. It was a communion of the earth, body and blood as one, in the melting ice. This became a moment of reverie and quiet in the midst of chaos for me. I often meditated on this moment as I was doing my PhD work. It was a numinous, holy moment of communion with the earth, which demanded an icy environment of stillness and slowness, which required vast expanses of space on which to reflect and witness.

These are all things that the constant clatter and striving of the modern world find difficult. Sadly, this is precisely what we need in order to begin to heal, to live into the feelings that such a crisis requires. Here, I want to bring us to one of Carl Jung's first dreams, which moved him to begin his process with *The Red Book: Liber Novus*.

In my homeland I found that in the middle of summer a terrible cold had fallen from space, which had turned every living thing into ice. There stood a leaf-bearing but fruitless tree, whose leaves had turned into sweet grapes full of healing juice through the working of the frost. I picked some grapes and gave them to a great waiting throng.

(TRBR 2009, p. 126)

Here, we see an example of the healing power of the ice. Most of us know that ice is a great pain reliever and helps reduce swelling in the case of bodily injury. But here, in Jung's dream, the ice, through its fermenting touch of frost, creates medicine to heal the psyche as well as the body. Frost makes a cure. The ice gives us the healing potion or position.

Frost and ice, which can be so destructive, can also provide medicine. In Jung's dream, the leaves are transformed into grapes through the touch of frost and



imbued with healing qualities. Further on in *The Red Book*, Jung remarks: "If you accept death, it is altogether like...a frosty night in a vineyard full of sweet grapes... Death ripens. One needs death to be able to harvest the fruit. Without death, life would be meaningless" (Jung, *TRBR*, p. 143).

From grapes come wine, in the religious mass or communion, the wine is the blood. This blood is the sacrifice. This blood is also the blood of the ice that I tasted, the sacrament I participated in on the glacier hike. It is the healing blood of the ice body, reborn as healing balm and rebirth, uniting the material and the ephemeral. Reminding us that we are all connected and that we need communion, community with others to begin to tackle the crisis in our world today.

In her book on ambiguous loss, *Loss, Trauma, and Resilience*, therapist Pauline Boss (2006) directs that this is one of the main components needed to live with the grief of this type of loss. Ambiguous loss she states, is "an unclear loss that defies closure" (p. xvii). This means that an individual was either lost in body, but is still present psychologically, as in cases of the missing (due to war, mass casualty events, kidnapping, etc.).

Or, in the reverse, the body of the individual remains, but much of what individual once was has been lost (as in the case of comas, strokes, Alzheimer's, addiction, etc.). Either way there is a deep tension that must be held. In our changing world, there are many parts of the planet feeling concrete forms of loss due to environmental upheaval. However, many, especially those in positions of power and privilege, have not had that concrete moment. The environmental crisis is still an abstract concept, we may hear stories on the news or notice changes in weather patterns, but the change is not so great as to threaten our whole way of life, yet. We see this loss from afar, it is an existential or completely unconscious threat. The loss is ambiguous, we are ambiguous.

Boss tells us that "the capacity to find meaning in ambiguity requires a systemic both/and approach" (2006, p. 97). At each stage we hit our heads against the paradox of grief and hope. This pull between two opposing forces in Jungian terminology "is called the 'tension of opposites,' wherein something from each pole of the psyche is constellated at one time, creating new ground" (Estes, *Women Who Run with the Wolves*, 1997, p. 460). This paradoxical, polarizing state eventually has to give. In the tension between the two, a *transcendent third* emerges. This is not one or the other; it is both/and. This is a hard thing to imagine or to live into, but it is a necessary compromise in the process of coming to terms with ambiguous loss. The not knowing, the waiting, can paralyze like the ice. Yet, "being able to bend and adapt to situations of ambiguity rather than struggle endlessly for answers can minimize the harmful, immobilizing effects" (Boss,

2006, p. 145).

For me, the environmental crisis became uniquely personal a few years ago when my mother fell into a coma. She is doing very well now, but at the time it was a terrible time of ambiguous loss. I was not familiar with this terminology at the time but as days turned into weeks of waiting, I had to learn to live in the not knowing. I had to let go of the possibilities and the past and just be in the moment. Day after day, the glacier in my heart and mind ground me down more day after day, like a mill, refining me, leaving only the white powder of glacial flour in its wake. The more I sit with Ice in this paradoxical waiting, the waiting I learned while at my mother's bedside, the more I see our world suffering from the same ambiguous loss. The key is to keep on living, to find a community, to find a purpose, to find healing, even in the deepest wounding.

At about the half-way point of my dissertation process, I experienced a series of strange events where glass jars exploded for no reason in my hands. As I sat healing from the third set of cuts, I wondered why? What was I missing? Had I been so in my head about everything that was going on—death, grief, writing—that I was neglecting my body? And why hands? Suddenly, the Handless Maiden, a miller's daughter, appeared. As I thought about it more and more, this tale seemed very fitting for our world today. The story goes, that there was a miller who made a deal with the devil. In exchange for riches, he would give him whatever stood behind his mill. Thinking the bargain was for the old apple tree, the miller returns home, and realizes his daughter had been behind the mill sweeping when the bargain was struck. After 3 years the devil returns to claim his bride. The first day he comes, the miller's daughter bathes herself and dresses in a beautiful, clean white gown. She is too pure and good, so the devil cannot take her. So, the devil forbids her from cleaning herself until he comes again, which the family enforces. The second time, she is filthy, but she is crying, so her face and hands are washed clean from her tears. This time, the devil requests of the father that he chop off her hands so she can not cry into them and make them clean. The father complies. The third time, the devil comes again, the miller's daughter is still filthy, but, as before, the stumps of her arms are washed clean from her tears. So, the devil cannot have her.

After this, she leaves home and wanders for a time, relying on the kindness of strangers and nature. She comes to a big orchard near a castle. Each night, with the help of a white spirit or angel, she is able to eat from the trees, just enough to live. Eventually the king notices the fruit missing and lies in wait with his gardener and a magician to see who or what is doing this. Of course, they discover the miller's daughter and the angel. The magician approaches and asks if she is alive or a ghost? She

replies, “I was once of the world, and yet I am not of this world” (Estes, 1997, p. 424), both/and. The king takes pity on her and grows to love her. He has a beautiful pair of silver hands crafted for her. They marry and have a child. Through a series of deceptions by the devil, the now princess, is thrown out of the castle while the king is off fighting in a war. With her baby strapped upon her chest, she heads back into the forest of the world. After some time, she is led to a small, magical dwelling. One day, she is near a river and the baby falls in. She cries out for help, but no one comes, eventually she plunges her silver hands in. When she pulls them out, with baby in tow, she finds that they are once again flesh and blood. Eventually the king searches her out after his own period of wandering they are a family again, and she is now a Queen.

This is a crude and quick version of a greatly nuanced tale, but I hope you will begin to see through it with a symbolic eye, as a tale of the ice, our world, and ambiguous loss. The miller’s daughter in her white dress is in the innocent white of the just fallen snow, this is when we can ignore the evils of the world, dismiss the crisis we face. Next, the shadows begin to creep in, the devil approaches. There is symbolic death and loss in the loss of the hands. Not only does she lose her hands, but there is the threat that all of her will be lost to the darkness, taken by the devil. Here, she is in a moment of ambiguous loss from a bargain badly struck, she does not know if her life will continue forward but even if it does, she is forever changed. In our world today this is the capitalistic bargain, which has landed us in the climate crisis, but also the one that has privileged the masculine, empirical, colonial ways. In this bargain, the imaginal, feminine embodied matter of the world and the self is sacrificed for the currencies of our time, instant gratification and monetary compensation.

No matter what is lost, just like the Miller’s daughter, daughter of the glacier, we must continue forward in our new form. The slow creeping of the glacial mill teaches us this quality.

Once we slow down and give the grieving process the time and weight it needs, can we begin to imagine the world anew. Only by relying on the power of our emotions, our tears, can we be saved from inevitable darkness. All the stones and obstacles on our path are ground down into a bright white glacial flour. From this we create ourselves and our world anew. The imaginal can be made material, the soft, almost liquid flour, given form in the newly baked bread of the body. This is the second half of our eucharist, giving form to the formless, giving voice to the voiceless.

After being ground down, the miller’s daughter remakes herself anew with hands of living flesh once she trusts in her own strength to save her future, in the form of her child. This is such a beautiful metaphor for what is needed in our current climate crisis. Will we too be reborn as a society through the love of the next generation and the potential of an earth renewed? Will we find in us the courage to plunge our imperfect selves into the depths to redeem our future? Instead of placing all of

our hope onto our world’s youth and projecting these hopes and dreams out onto figures like climate activist Greta Thunberg, can we find this urge to change and heal within ourselves? By reclaiming this youthful spirit from the depths of psyche and seizing the qualities that Greta expresses for ourselves, can we begin to do the hard work with her?

Can we humble ourselves enough to feel this crisis the way she does? To rage and cry as one who knows no other future than one threatened by this environmental emergency? By pulling this youthful energy out of the water, the miller’s daughter lives into her nurturing mother aspect. She becomes an archetype of birth and renewal, of nurturer and protector.

Renewal comes from the waters. This water is the tears which the world must shed as one, united in grief, honoring a shared loss. This flowing water of emotions can set us free to discover who we really are and how we can move forward in these uncertain times. These waters must begin to flow in us in the hope that they cease to flow in excess from the arctic ice. Once again, this image of the ice reminds us what we have forgotten to claim within ourselves. We must claim the fear and sadness that we confront in our ever-growing climate emergency.

For quite a few years now, the Inuit Shaman and teacher, Angaangag Angakkorsuaq has been spreading what he terms “Ice Wisdom.” He travels all over the world as an emissary from his native Greenland. He tells of the melting of the big ice and the tales of his people which has prophesied its passing. He says that “only by melting



the ice in the heart of man, will man have the chance to change and use his knowledge wisely.” In 2010, he led a ceremony with representatives from indigenous tribes all around the globe. In this ceremony, they lit a sacred fire on the big ice of Greenland’s ice cap. This ceremony was meant to mark the passage into a new era, one that was foretold long ago. One that says the big ice will melt, the landscape of the earth will change, even the seasons will be lost, many will die, but Greenland will become a rose garden. This is a frightful prospect, but there is hope. There is a rebirth, a blooming rose beyond the loss, once that can only be issued in by a gathering of many.

As more and more people become aware of our changing climate and its effects, the more the hope and worry clash. This loss has spurred countless protests recently. Protest is good, for “protest is, after all, action, and this is better than remaining immobilized in despair” (Boss, 2006, p. 174). This protest is the power to speak our truth. This is the power to give voice to the other. Our world today is constantly divided. The climate issue is only one of the issues that we cannot seem to find consensus on. However, to otherize will not solve our problems. We must learn to come together. Like the dream in *The Red Book* and the process of ambiguous loss, healing comes from the creation of ritual and community, the creation of a communion of humanity and the earth. A sacrament of melting ice and tears as wine and grinding grief as bread. If we can be open with one another as to how we feel, we open our communities up to empathy, to compassion, to love, the only language that is truly universal. This idea is perfectly reflected in the final image from *The Red Book*, page 169. Is one of community united. The ice crystal shines forth in a rainbow of color, melting the ice in the hearts of man.

As we melt the ice in our hearts, we can envision a new hope for the world. One that leaves the way that we have always known behind but still honors the ancestors that led the way. On this new path we have to die to ourselves and to the ways that no longer serve. This death is the necessary way and leads to the rebirth of a new era. As we begin to acknowledge the death of the world as we

know it, we may no longer see the melting ice, the rising seas, and think there is nothing we can do. No matter what happens now, the earth will not be the same, and we cannot be the same.

So, where do we go from here? As I have been conversing with Ice in my dreams and fairy tales, I have come to the conclusion that Ice is speaking to us now because it brings us what we may not want to hear, but need to understand. Ice is speaking, and those who open their eyes to see and ears to hear will find it has a lot to say about this changing world.

It is a constant reminder of the necessary paradox of living. This glacial path reminds me daily that to become one with this changing world each of us must walk the two-fold path, for “the way does not lead between both, but embraces both” (Jung & Shamdasani, 2009, p. 314). We must learn to live in the paradox and create a community within the not knowing.

Instead of dividing ourselves from the earth, we need to know that we too are of the earth. The earth is not without soul any more than we are. We are not either/or, we are both/and. As we walk our polar path back out into the world, we may hear the crackling ice beneath our feet, the chaos of our changing planet crying out. But we know that this path can lead us deep into the depths of our self and the planet, a place where the darkness is a guiding light to the archetypal depths, forever leading us through the chaos back to the anima mundi, the world soul, to which we all belong. From this place we take the holy wafer on our tongue, we sip the healing fruit of the ice, and we are refreshed to start the journey anew.

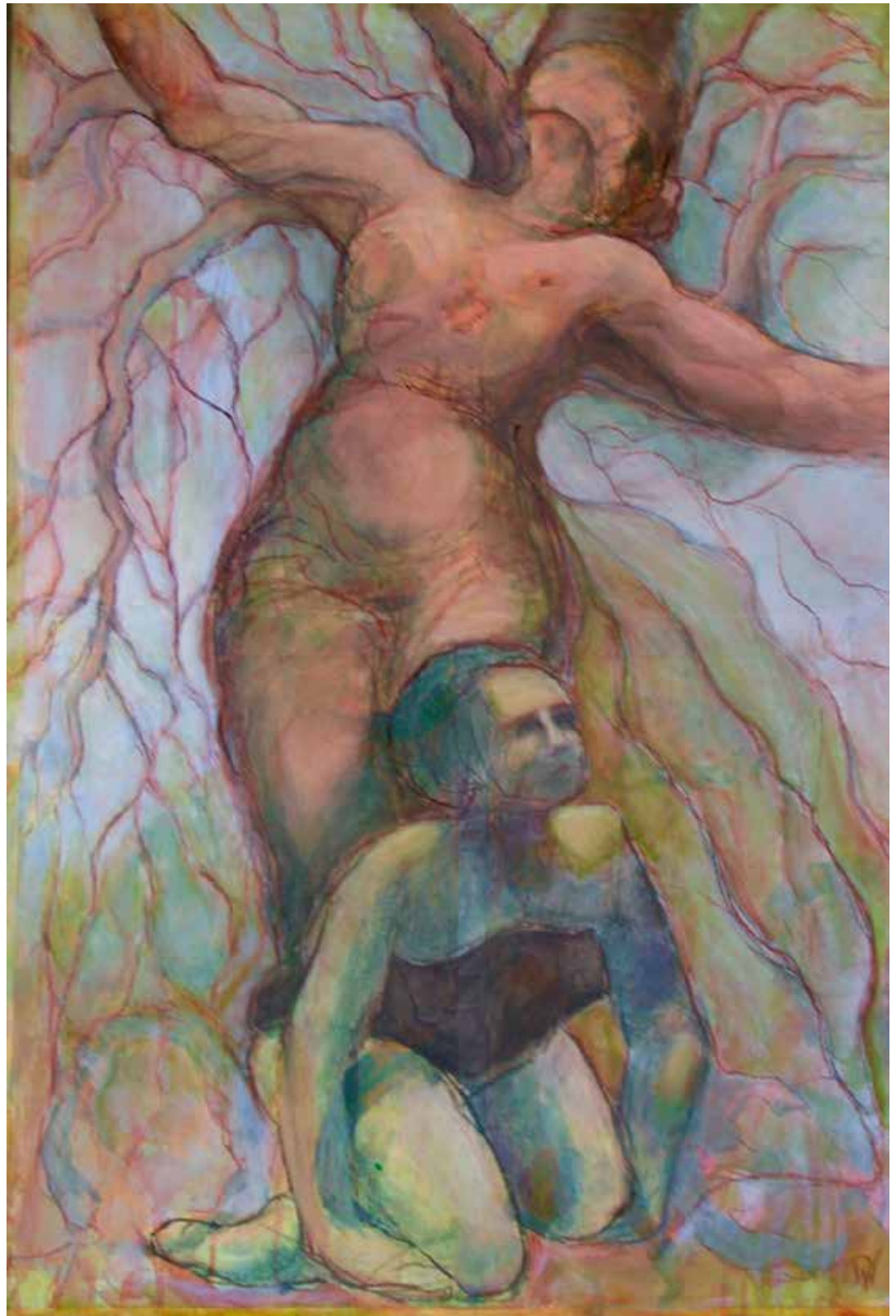
Article and photographs by **Sarah D. Norton, PhD**
Spotsylvania, VA Sarah is an independent scholar who earned her MA and PhD in Depth Psychology with an emphasis in Jungian and archetypal psychology at Pacifica Graduate Institute. She completed her dissertation *Arctic Imaginings: Chasing Ice through Jung's Liber Novus into the 21st Century* last year, just as Covid was taking hold in the US, defending on Earth Day 2020. With a passion for intersectional environmentalism, she writes about climate and current events from a depth perspective. Sarah is also the editor of *The Rose in the World*. To contact her or learn more, please visit: <http://sdnortonphd.net>



becoming

i know your rhythms now
half a lifetime's journey
has brought me here
home to dark sloping fields
enkindled by morning light

our cycles are one
rooted in fertile roundness
nurtured by summer storms
turned towards the light
we ripen
and ripen
till our husk is shed



becoming by **Linda Goller** *Clemson, SC* Partially retired from health care, Linda welcomes the healing wisdom of the natural world. She completed the Haden Institute Spiritual Direction Program in January 2021. Through “anam cara” training, she gained a deeper appreciation for ways in which the physical landscape is a source of embodied wisdom for the inner journey. A native mid-westerner and lover of the American west, she enjoys hiking, gardening/pulling weeds, writing, baking with sourdough, and connecting with fellow Haden seekers.

Painting *Persephone Returns, Demeter Dances* **Denise Waldrep** *Greenwood, SC* is an artist, 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 illustrated the children's book “[Batrocks and Greenie](#),” based on a true story of a young boy struggling with the monsters in his nightmares.

Communion in the Dark

The woodland trail
behind my house
pulls me outside.
Wearying monotony,
solitary life
suffocates me.

Nothing here is closed-up,
shut down, isolated:
squirrels sprint through trees
in games of tag,
deer's hoof cracks
a brittle stick,
sparrow scolds the crow
too near her nest,
woodpecker hammers out
a burrow near the lowest limb
of the tallest tree
atop the sun-soaked canopy.

Intent on what's above,
I miss what's at my feet,
stagger over ropes
of exposed roots,
each as thick as my wrist,
bulging beneath leafy mulch,
unruly warp and weft of forest floor.

I cannot see the work of roots:
they anchor one another,
sense a neighbor's need,
share their abundance,
bind together in dark oneness.



Communion in the Dark by **Dorothy Baird** Chapel Hill, NC Dorothy's work appears in her chapbook *Indelible Ripples* (Aldrich Press, 2017) and in journals and anthologies such as *Kakalak*, *Iodine*, *The Rose in the World*, *Hermit Feathers Review*, *Copperfield Review*, and *New Verse News*. She taught in the English Department of Western Connecticut University and was Managing Editor for *Heat Treating* (Hitchcock Press).

Photograph Attraction 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.

In the Forest of Dreaming

by

Cynthia Bauman

After completing coursework for a master's degree in depth psychology, I embarked on a two-year study of beekeeping as a catalyst for building resilience in the self as my thesis. Four years later, the work continued to alternately languish and percolate as life intervened.

In January 2020 my committee chair announced she was retiring in the spring, so the pressure to complete the work intensified. I subsequently developed a debilitating case of writer's block (and perfected the art of distraction!). There was just too much material.



Feeling overwhelmed, I was unable to sort through the forest of material to distill four years of research into a single paper. I was unable to “see the trees for the forest.” Then a dream emerged that sparked insight into how to break through my overwhelm and fear: I am standing in a vast green forest. I look up and see a woman sitting in a tree holding out a single green leaf. The woman offers the leaf to a gray squirrel, but the squirrel scampers off. The woman waits, leaf extended. Twice this happens. Then a small owl approaches and slowly extends its wing to accept the leaf from the woman.

This simple exchange between Woman and Owl deeply moved me with its beauty and significance. Although I wept in sorrow for past transgressions against the forest (and all of creation), I also wept with relief for the potentiality offered within the dream.

This dream showed me a way to sort through the vast reams of research paper (leaves) and choose just one theme (leaf) on which to focus. The dream modeled how I needed to remain patient, trusting my innate wisdom. From that posture, I felt grounded and aligned to accept the gift being offered to me by the Divine Feminine. From that dream, a single theme emerged, and I successfully brought the work to completion.

As the novel coronavirus pandemic raged/rages, I developed a daily practice of balancing the intense editing process with rejuvenating expansive hikes along our deeply verdant Pacific Northwest forest trails. The

forest holds a tremendous “greening power” for me, what the 12th century mystic Hildegard of Bingen described as *viriditas*, that “creative force inherent in all life which calls us forth to be fruitful vibrant co-creators with the Divine.” She believed this greening “moistens and cracks open the most hardened of hearts, calling forth compassion.” (Szymko, J., 2019, *Viriditas*. Retrieved from <https://www.joanszymko.com/works/ind/viriditas>)

I hold a deep and abiding gratitude for the forest which remains constant and true to its nature amidst this current global disruption. I lean into the restorative and sustaining practice of walking the forest floor with my inner companion—Hope—what Emily Dickinson describes as “the thing with feathers that perches in the soul, and sings the tune without the words, and never stops at all.” (*The Collected Poems of Emily Dickinson*, 2003, p. 22)



Article and photos by **Cynthia Bauman** Bellingham, WA Cynthia moved from the mountains of Northern California to Bellingham in 2018 with her extremely patient and supportive husband of 32 years who is thrilled she finally completed her master's degree in depth psychology. She is certified through the Marin Institute for Projective Dream Work, studying and practicing with Jeremy Taylor for several years. Her passion is exploring individual and group dreams as Dancing Bee Dreamwork: Just as the bee dance communicates how and where to find essential nourishment, dreamwork informs and inspires waking life towards health and wholeness.



Kinship

Let me leave this world
for just a moment
to enter the steady hickory
that rises in my woods,
a portal between
the earth where it is rooted
and the heavens it reaches towards,
to be a breathing part of it, feet
grounded with invisible roots
that command stability
sunk deep into soil that nurtures.

Let me feel my body secured
by rings after rings of life
within the solid roughened trunk
where I can listen the deep listening
of the forested heart that abides
no lies, no falsehood, and accepts
the deep-rooted yearnings of the years
with quiet compassion. Let me be held
there, fashioned into myself
by slow-coursing sap and old tree marrow.

Let me in that moment extend my arms
into the branches sweeping
up to sky or hold them
still as stone, offering respite
to each idea or memory
that alights in guise
of cardinal, nuthatch, golden finch.
Or let me fling them wide swaying
under the gaze of God
the giver of holy surprise
for those who will receive.

Let my words burst like leaves
in the summer-- lush green--
or turn tawny as they drift
to dampness in autumn
becoming the black soil
of winter before unfolding
like a rosebud in spring.

Yes, let me enter the steadfast hickory
with all its sacred mystery
its vow to be present
and be enveloped by the wind
of Ancient Wisdom
blowing new.



Kinship by **Rosemary McMahan** Huntsville, AL is a poet and an ordained Presbyterian minister who lives with her husband and cats. She is semi-retired and is happy to return to an original love, poetry. She has been published in *Rose in the World* and other journals and is simply happy to share her words.

Photograph Kenney Ridge by **David Lindsay** Athens, GA After retiring from the University of Georgia Faculty, Dave 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.

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your work, please keep in mind the time
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What have these last few years been like
for you? Have current events given you
pause, shown up in your dreams, or been
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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.

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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.

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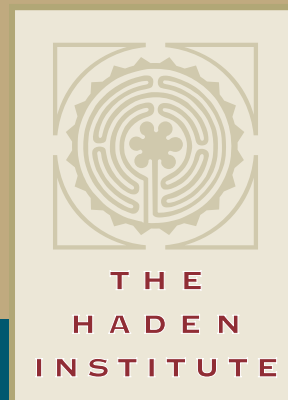
Staff led dream groups each day.

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Natural Spirituality Regional Gathering

February 4-6, 2022

The Sacred Ground of Dreams: Growing Beloved Community

If you were one of the almost 120 participants who were able to join us this past February, you will know that, though different, Zoom created a surprisingly warm and welcoming container. 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. Again this coming year, due to COVID-19, we have opted to keep 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. For one more year, you will be able to enjoy all of our offerings from the safety of your own home. The theme is an extension of the 2021 gathering theme. The idea of beloved community in the context of dreams and spirituality is robust and dynamic enough to energize our planning committee for a second year. We are working every hard to line up a great group of speakers and workshop leaders, as well as our wonderful dream group leaders. As in the past we will offer lectures, workshops, small-group dreamwork, discussions of Natural Spirituality issues, introductory sessions for inquirers, advanced sessions for old-timers, our Sunday sacred gathering, and time for relaxation and fellowship.

Follow us on Facebook [@NSRGathering](#), Instagram [@NSRGathering](#)

Visit our website www.NSRGathering.org and sign up for our mailing list for updates!
Registration will be open through the week of the gathering, the link to register will go live in the fall so make sure you visit the website and sign up! Check the website often for updates.

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coming changes
in the collective unconsciousness."

Carl Jung

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Dandelion Dreams

Ann Norwood's Prayer

*With a lighted candle, gazing at the world,
arms raised in praise and prayer:
I am a co-creator with the Divine.
I am unique.
I am forgiven, loved and accepted.*

Little dandelion flower, your name means
tooth of the lion. Who would have ever
guessed?

You a lion? King of the jungle? You never
heard them say you are only an insignificant
weed.

Prolific little golden globe with royal purple
stem and emerald-eyed leaf,
Fumbling fingers pull at you sending sprays
of dreams flying upon children's wishes.

Did you know, Ann, that there would be so
many children? When you blew life into us
one by one?

Ann, Mother of Mary's namesake, how many
children have you born? You who had none
of your own?

You armed us with silk feather parachutes,
and with a puff of breath emptied yourself
completely.

And in your transformation set forth your
embryos pirouetting in spherical rebirth.

Ann, lover of light, you watch and wait by
night and by day and paint numinous dreams,
Shaping us, your multitudes of diamond
florets, ubiquitous innocence
littering the world.

Your laugh, your smile, your soft sweet
embrace, transformation with feather
brushes.

We are your nesting dolls of love and courage
gazing at the world with soft eyes.

You listen and coo: "Rest here, little one. You
are loved. Eat of my strong roots.
You are forgiven.

And you, too, will become the seed head
loosening attachments like
salt spray into the sea."



Poem and drawing by **Beth Campbell Jensen** New Smyrna Beach, FL Beth writes poetry, draws and paints, and studies Spiritual Direction. She is a retired teacher and lives with her husband and cat. Beth also enjoys spending time with her two daughters and their families, lap swimming, boating, bicycling, and walking. She is especially thankful for her inspiring and supportive friends. Ann Norwood was her spiritual director and this work is dedicated to her. Ann was a great lover of everything mystic and spiritual, including *The Rose*.

I Befriended a Rat

His name is Reggie
and he wasn't always
my friend, though I do
think he's always been
a rat (at least in this incarnation).

He used to scare me
and keep me awake at night.
Now I invite him in to play and
he makes me laugh.

He came to me
in a dream. He wasn't
my friend then.
He looks different
now.

When I first met him,
he was two and I was terrified
of the plump brown brothers.

Thirty-six claws clicking
across a field stone landing
at the foot of a worn mossy
grey stone staircase.

An idyllic dreamscape:
underground spring
trickling through ancient stone,
sunlight dappled green leaves
framing one edge,
a gently sloping grassy hill
the other.

My husband and daughter
were down there
and they weren't afraid,
but I couldn't
go down, because of
the rats.

Persistent buggers
these brother rats
wouldn't leave me alone.
And now, two years after
I befriended Reggie,
I'm coming to recognize
this gnawing in its many
manifestations, a migraine
being one.

The noise in my head
often leads to wonder,
is this something that
wants in, or something that
wants out? Am I a prison
or a sanctuary?

But I digress,
this is a poem about a rat
not a rat-a-tat.
And though not my 1st encounter
with clawed creatures in the night,
this time they wouldn't give up,
the two of them rummaging
through piles of garbage in my attic,
teeth a'gnawin and nails a-rat-a-tat tattin
all night long!

RizATriptan is my exterminator.
I couldn't afford the overtime



with these two.
So, what's a poor suffering
gal to do? Who
could I call on now?

When things get difficult
I turn to Google – after or before
I pray. Rats with thick naked tails
fill my screen, skin damp and cold,
stomach lurching, I stare fear in the face.
Ooooooh, now what?

A few months before the rats came,
a Lion was stalking me.
I wasn't afraid of him,
though. Well... maybe
just a little, but nothing like this!

Eventually I decided to draw him,
even though I wasn't an artist
when I started, when I was done I knew
I was. I am! Soon, so did everybody else –
a few had known long ago.

With white paper on my easel
and charcoal in my paw
1st I blacken the background.
As tentative erasing reveals
the shape of his face,
I notice that I'm holding
my breath and in a cold sweaty
feel like I might puke state.

I step back, look away,
take some deep breaths,
and pray, "Please God, I think you
have something to do with all of this.
I know you were here when
the Lion was drawn. What about
the rats?"

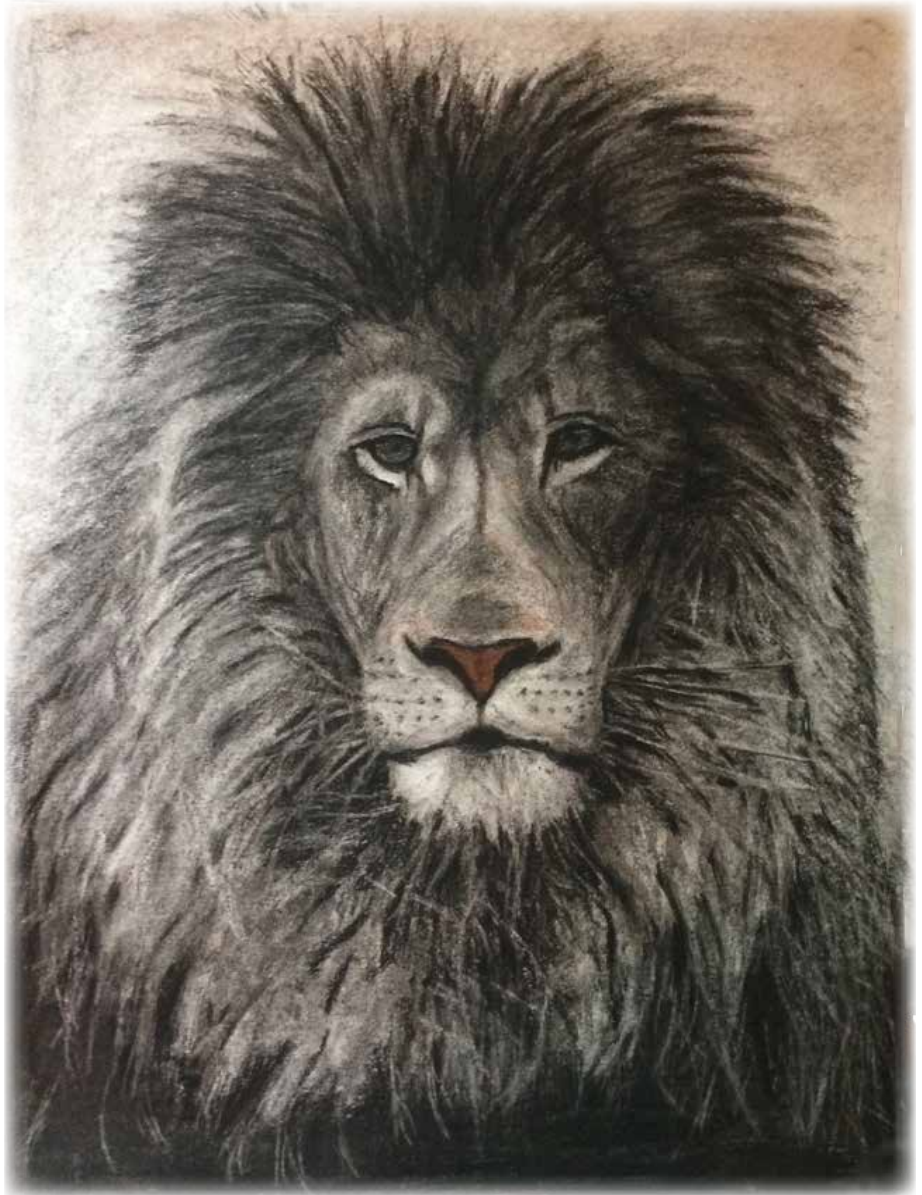
I step up to the plate, again,
remembering to breathe.
As eyes, nose, and fur-licked ears
emerge from the darkness, I find mySelf
gazing through two black roundish holes,
deep into his imagined soul.

I've never drawn in color
before. Only charcoal. Only ashes.
Pink beckons to me from inside
an unopened tin of twelve
multi-colored conté crayons.

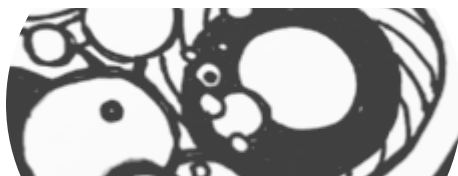
I love the way the light peeks
through his perky pinkish ears.
I want to touch his soft pink nose. Who knew
that making whiskers could be
so much fun! I dreaded the tail,
until I found conté pink.

His name, Reginald, appears
in a dream. I don't know anyone
with that name. Google says,
it means King. He's too young
and way too cute. A prince maybe.
I'll call him Reggie, until he grows up.

And that's the end of my tail,
fur now.



Drawings and poem by Margaret Bishop Burnsville, NC retired 10 years ago from a 30 year critical care nursing career in Daytona Beach, FL. She spent years dog paddling on the surface of Jungian dreamwork before making the deep dive 4 years ago. She is a recent Haden Institute Spiritual Direction graduate, a blossoming artist, a budding poet and spiritual companion, and an avid tennis player.



MoleCat's Revelation

(An excerpt from *Dream Animal Wisdom*)

by
Constance Bovier



This is the story of MoleCat, an appalling creature who burst from my unconscious in a shocking nightmare in 2006. I'd gone to bed blithely anticipating a peaceful night. I was, after all, in the serene setting of a prayer retreat. Instead, I received a series of nightmares that included a collapsing ceiling in my house, the threat of a serial rapist, the inability to find my car, my fruitless struggle to report the missing car problem, and finally, escaping the danger of a fire that started in a general store.

It was not my best night in the dream world!

Out of that chaos emerged MoleCat in a formidable dream that inscribed every detail into my memory and trailed its haunting effects through subsequent years. I attended to this Big Dream the best I could at the time, filling the margins of my journal pages with diligent processing notes. While I uncovered many useful insights, the nature and purpose of the composite creature central to my dream continued to elude me for a long time.

Here is the dream:

MoleCat and the Puppy

I am in a tight outdoor street setting, a winding, cramped medieval-like street where some men are restraining a large beast, MoleCat, that is clearly out for blood. The creature is solid and stocky, with short, stiff brown hair and a red pointy muzzle and feet. It is focused on the building across the narrow street where a happy, innocent, floppy-eared brown puppy is looking out the window, eagerly observing the scene, oblivious to the danger. It's clear to me that the men are baiting MoleCat and intend to let the puppy out and watch this creature kill it for sport. I'm horrified and I know that I can't stop it.

I retreat into the building to my left where I find myself in a small bedroom with a TV. I'm nearing panic as I try to turn on the TV to drown out what I know will be awful noises. But there are far too many buttons on the TV and I can't find the power switch. When I finally get the TV on, I can hear an animal crying outside.

I was appalled. Even now, I pause for a moment after reading this dream. Yet the Dream Maker knew I was ready at that specific point in my life for the upswell of dark material that poured into consciousness.

The compressed setting of this dream with its narrow, winding medieval street, told me I was dealing with some old material. When my fearful ego drove me to seek refuge in a building bordering the street, I entered the small, rented room where my first husband had lived during his final years when his life had become constricted by the grip of alcoholism. Yet my sadness at that realization was subsumed by anguish over the situation outside.

My desperation to get the TV going reminded me of the childish behavior of plugging my ears and singing la-la-la to cover up something I didn't want to hear – for

an adult, a cowardly escape from a situation too frightening to handle. I also recognized that the unknown men restraining MoleCat embodied my controlling nature at its worst.

The hog-size MoleCat, with its stiff brown hair, pointy snout, small red eyes and powerful killing instinct, expressed an array of animal traits that I've always found alarming and repulsive. Together the men and the grotesque MoleCat represented parts of me that are typically poised to overpower and vanquish joy – here, showcased in the puppy eagerly bouncing against the glass barrier, longing to burst outside for some fun.

I've long acknowledged my under-developed sense of play. Typically, my moments of joy are neatly contained, described rather than expressed, so I won't embarrass myself by appearing out of control. In this dream, the jubilant puppy exuded the unapologetic goofiness that makes dogs so funny and lovable – behavior I would never deliberately allow in myself. (No wonder I'm a cat person; while a cat may make a demented dash throughout the house, she'll rarely admit that it was she who'd just played the fool for all to see.)

For years, I believed this dream showed me the darkest aspect of my shadow, my hidden killer instinct turned against bright shadow, my unabashedly joyful self. Meanwhile, I gleaned practical wisdom from the dream by acknowledging that my avoidance of the street scene reflected my predisposition to withdraw from life's difficulties. Applying this lesson in my waking life, I began to grapple intentionally with personal challenges and family responsibilities in a more mature, pro-active way.

Yet despite my processing, my life applications, and an occasional re-reading during the intervening years, this dream never yielded an answer to the central question: Who and what is MoleCat? The question became impossible to sidestep any longer as I planned to include my composite creature in my book *Dream Animal Wisdom*. Clearly, MoleCat and I had unfinished business.

This perplexing dream rushed to the forefront one morning at the neighborhood park as I finished tending the resident community cats and set off on my fitness walk. I don't recall any conscious preparation. It was simply time to begin learning the truth about my strange hybrid animal with the dreadful appearance and incomprehensible name.

So I re-entered my dream as I walked:

Active Imagination #1

I am walking along the narrow, twisting little street and I approach the scene where I see a lone man and MoleCat. This time I refuse to be intimidated by my powerful animus. Instead, I confront MoleCat itself as it strains toward the puppy behind the window. I begin speaking gently, much as I'd just done with the feral cats at their feeding station. "It's

alright,” I tell MoleCat. “You don’t need to do this. You don’t need to kill anything. It’s okay. You’ll be okay.”

As I continue soothing the fierce creature, MoleCat begins shrinking in size, then deflates, until it is small enough that the man who’d been restraining it with a chain, picks it up like a sheet of paper, folds it, puts it in his pocket, and then he too disappears.

Alone now, I turn and raise the window to free the little brown puppy. It leaps out and into my arms, exuberantly squirming, yipping, and slobbering me with kisses. I notice that the street is no longer as narrow as it had been. And the puppy is no longer small. As I place the growing dog on the ground to my right, we begin walking away on an ever-broadening street. With every step the dog grows larger until I can place my hand easily on his head as we walk onward together.

My nightmare had unquestionably deserved a new ending and this one released many feelings. As I wrote down my newly imagined conclusion, it triggered memories of the grief work I’d done following the memorial service for my first husband after his passing. In revisiting this dream scene and the narrow little street, it felt right and appropriate to walk past his former little rented room. Those were not my walls to live within. And I was no longer the young woman whose efforts at control made no difference in my husband’s personal struggle with alcoholism. It was time to walk away from that part of my past.

I also saw from this active imagination that I had courage enough to confront whatever lies within. Like a child turning her nightmare beast into a teddy bear, I was able to speak to MoleCat, a subterranean part of myself, now out in the open. Confronted, it responded by shrinking, deflating, and becoming “a paper tiger,” no threat at all to a healthy psyche.

In facing the exuberant puppy (a long-neglected part of myself) as it leaped against the window, I took a new step toward adventure. Overwhelmed at first by the happy-dog energy, I was willing and open to possibilities. As I strode forth into the future, the jubilant puppy became a more mature companion, right at my side, moving forward with me.

Initially, after this experience, I felt celebratory about what had happened – until I noticed an unsettled feeling about the way the scene had played out. Specifically, I was uneasy with how MoleCat had shrunk, deflated, and flattened to the point that the male handler was able to pick up the creature, fold it up like a piece of paper, pocket it, and disappear. It felt too facile, too convenient, like the contrived deus ex machina, god from the machine, that swooped in to solve the conflict in ancient Greek dramas.

Finally, I grasped that I felt great compassion toward MoleCat and whatever the creature represented. I simply couldn’t bear it being disposed of in such an offhand way. Besides that, without the chance for dialog, I still didn’t know who or what MoleCat was and what it had come to show me in the first place.

By now, it was clear that I’d encountered archetypal energy, that MoleCat was something far deeper and greater than a simple (albeit hybrid) living creature. As I considered another time of active imagination, I felt anxious. But I couldn’t allow this intense, straining energy to simply dwindle and end up in someone’s pocket. I also realized that my resistance to the first new ending was at least partly due to its leaving my dominant masculine energy in charge. It was he, after all, who had tucked MoleCat away and departed. And that certainly didn’t feel right.

So I ventured into my dream again:

Active Imagination #2

I am back in the street and I see the man in charge who now stands with his hands on his hips grinning at me.

“I want to see MoleCat again,” I say.

“You sure?” he asks, still grinning.

“Yes. I want to see it again.”

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out the paper. “Better get ready!”

He flings the paper out onto the ground between us and it erupts into the MoleCat creature, bigger than before, now about the size of a bear. It rushes up to me and roars in my face, its pointy red muzzle opening to reveal sharp teeth and a rush of fetid breath.

I quake with fear and I want to scream and run. But I stand my ground. I remind myself that this is my own imaginary material and I refuse to be bullied by any of the characters!

I ask MoleCat, “Can we talk? Please talk to me. What can we do to learn about each other?”

MoleCat chokes on a growl and looks at me, puzzled. It sits back on its haunches and stares at me. “You think that hiding accomplishes anything?”

“Well, I’m afraid of you and what you can do.”

“It’s you who let me get this big,” MoleCat says, “by staying all neat and together on the outside to impress everybody. I eat and grow on stuffed emotions, you know. I love resentments, disappointments, all the stuff you don’t know what to do with in your waking life.”

MoleCat glares at me then gets up, turns his back and goes to stand beside the man who is still grinning at me. A leash dangles from the man’s hand, unused.

Well, that felt awful, especially what MoleCat said. It seemed true all right, but still unfinished and unsatisfying. The masculine energy in this encounter is strong as ever and, what’s more, he’s now smug and sarcastic. By now, I understand that MoleCat is a deep energy that I absolutely must integrate if I am to consider myself healed. Something in me knows that MoleCat must be released, reclaimed, and redeemed by the feminine.

Holding this awareness, on another day, I revisited the dream once again:

Active Imagination #3

I walk along the street toward MoleCat and the man restraining it. The puppy remains safely

behind the window of the building on my right. As I approach them, MoleCat stops straining at its leash and sits on its haunches. The man and I look at one another.

"I'll take it from here," I tell him.

Surprisingly, he doesn't resist but offers me the leash.

"I don't need that."

"Okay. Have it your way." He removes the leash from MoleCat and, carrying it with him, disappears.

MoleCat looks at me. After a moment, he stands up, seems to rock a bit on its feet, bracing for what? An attack?

"I'm back," I say. "I'm tired of being fearful and avoiding tough things. I believe you are everything that I've pushed down, rather than facing up to what is."

No answer.

I just can't stop at this unfinished point. "What can we do about this?"

MoleCat sits again and looks downward.

I approach slowly and stand beside him. I place my arm across his back. I'm surprised that what looked like stiff, wiry hair is actually soft. MoleCat turns his head and looks up at me with a small noise. We stand there for a long moment, then something amazing begins to happen. MoleCat transforms into two distinct creatures, both much smaller in size than the huge composite creature. A small brown mole turns away and scurries off to burrow back underground where it belongs.

The other creature, a large golden cat, remains with me. She rumbles a greeting deep in her chest. She blinks her great golden eyes at me and sits, waiting.

I look at the building where the puppy has been sitting quietly inside the window, watching what's been taking place. I open the door and the puppy comes out. He and the cat gaze at each other.

"Come on then," I say. "Both of you."

They fall into step with me and we turn to walk away down the avenue that has straightened and broadened from the narrow medieval street. I'm aware of the sinuous grace of the cat at my left and I hear the soft panting of the dog that has grown up at my right side.

I feel protected, energized and emboldened as I emerge from the tight restrictions and constraints of apprehensive living. No longer are any vital aspects of myself left buried away or deformed and unfulfilled.

The three, no, the four of us are all finally free.

I wept. After years of holding this Big Dream, I'd finally met the energies that had been compressed by my psyche into a ravening beast. I now understood that the archetypal Cat, the Great Feminine, had been cast into the subterranean darkness of my psyche in mole-like fashion due to my inability to comprehend her true nature. Stuffed and repressed throughout my adult life, this deep energy burrowed up and out like a mutated

beast with barely restrained fury, ready for blood, ready to vanquish any joyful energy that had been allowed to live in the light. MoleCat had paid the price, embodying all the powerful energy my ego had kept out of sight, literally buried underground.

I believe my experience confirms what Robert Johnson meant in *Inner Work* by writing: "Since the creatures who arise in our Active Imagination are often, for all practical purposes, personifications of the impersonal forces of nature, it is we who must bring the ethical, humane, and practical elements into Active Imagination" (p. 189, 1986). Once confronted and disarmed with compassion, MoleCat transformed into the powerful golden Cat, releasing the poor burrowing mole from its conscripted service to a murderous part of my shadow to return freely to the part of the earth where it belonged.

Following my active imagination work, I turned to a SoulCollage® card I'd made some months earlier. There, beside an arched threshold to the future, stands a gleaming Golden Cat as sentry. Today this Golden Cat helps me appreciate how my dozens of domestic cats – dreamed and real, feral and tame – have been advising and tending me over all the intervening years. And I remain grateful to the little mole for the service it performed until I was finally able to welcome and integrate this archetypal reality. Now that I have met my Golden Cat and loyal new canine companion, I can leave behind the restrictions of the past and venture confidently forward into an expanded and expansive realm within.



Constance Bovier Houston, TX This article is adapted from a chapter in Connie's newly published *Dream Animal Wisdom*. A long-time dreamworker and author of three inspirational books – *More God*, *From the Crucible*, and *Restoring Hope* – Connie is a spiritual director, retreat leader, dream consultant, and dream group leader. Certified by Jeremy Taylor's Marin Institute for Projective Dreamwork, she offers Sacred Landscape of Dreams retreats and follows a variety of practices for spiritual growth. She shares life with her family, housecats, and two colonies of community cats whom she tends as part of her commitment to God's creation. You can contact Connie at cjbovier@icloud.com.

Drawing *Dreaming* by **Roberta Charbonneau** see her bio on p. 2

For All We Have Lost

Cattle pull grass from red clay fields like teeth pluck corn off cobs.
A trinity of calves nestle into each other; mothers huddle nearby.
Up the hill nursing cows shift into place, slap of calf lips on teat.
One pasture over fragrance of fresh cut hay blends with cattle musk.

In the night of the first day when calves are taken to slaughter or auction
I wake to the mothers keening in the dark like women who wail
for their lost or stolen children. In my dreams their lamentations
fuse with mine.



For All We Have Lost by **Emily Wilmer** St. Joseph, MN is a spiritual director, retreat leader, liturgist, and writer of poems. Her poems have appeared in *Sufi Journal*, Thomas Merton *Poetry of the Sacred* finalist, NC Poetry Society Poetry of Courage award winner (2nd), *KAKALAK*, *Leaping Clear*, various other journals. Emily has twice received a Pushcart Prize Nomination, Best in Poetry Category (*Flying South*), 2020. Her chapbook, *Shaft of Light*, was published in June, 2020

Drawing *Herman* by **Roberta Charbonneau**, see her bio on pg. 2

Jewel



Digging in my marsh garden
a shovel full of sand and earth
brings up what seems at first
a small intaglio brooch,
its Greek keys so fine
I imagine it at some Victorian
woman's throat.

Grasping it, I bring it close
and see instead it is a tiny turtle,
motionless in my palm. Slowly,
it stretches out its head and feet,
pushing off my hand to get its
bearings.

Have I never seen a turtle before?
Why does this one entrance me so?
As if he has been waiting for me,
burrowed snugly in the dirt
while in our human world chaos
swirls--plague, vitriol, violence.
We don't know our place in the order
of things; we've lost the rhythm.

I place him gently back on the loosened
soil, watch as he begins to dig.
Something in me loosens as well,
some breath I didn't know I was holding
escapes. A great egret calls harshly
as it skims the sea grass, another one answers.

Jewel by **Sara Baker** Athens, GA Sara Baker has attended dream groups at Emmanuel Episcopal Church for over twenty-five years and is profoundly grateful to have been in one of Joyce Hudson's first seminars. She is a teacher who works with writing as a healing modality, and a writer. She blogs about writing and healing at *Word Medicine*, <https://saratbaker.wordpress.com/>. Now an empty nester, she enjoys gardening, singing, and studying French. Her book of poems, "*Brancusi's Egg*," is available from Finishing Line Press, and her novel, *The Timekeeper's Son*, is available from all bookstores and Amazon. Keep up with her at <http://saratbaker.com/>.

John Spiesman Thompson, OH see his bio on pg. 12

Colors of Daylight

She rests her head on the belly
of Night, soft and shadowed. Together,
they await the arrival of another
the color of daylight. He enters,
flanks the night; she makes room
for them both. Only in the comfort of slumber

can they be together: she and shadow and daylight,
braided, entwined, merged. She dreams,
but she awakens.



Colors of Daylight **Rose Nielsen** Nelson, British Columbia is a songwriter, poet, and fiction writer. She has published work online and in print journals: *CV2*, *RiverLit*, *As It Ought to Be*, *NonBinary Review*, *3Elements*, *DoveTales/Writing for Peace*, and forthcoming in *Proem Journal*, and in an anthology of Mississippi River poetry, *Down to the Dark River*. She is a physiotherapist, musician, and college instructor, has a master's in creative writing, and has recorded two albums of her original music. Rose is presently enrolled in The Haden Institute's Dream Work program and is working on a collection of dream poems.

Painting *Creation* by **Nancy Carter** Athens, GA Nancy is an artist and educator. She has been led by dreams since she discovered dream-work through a Centerpoint group and Journey into Wholeness in the 70's and 80's.



My Whiteness

My whiteness
feels like a weighty cloak
heavy laden with privilege
and cross-stitched with unawareness.
I was swaddled in my whiteness
the moment I was born,
but oftentimes it felt
like I was wearing nothing
skinny dipping through life
oblivious to the blessings of birth.

I've been wrapped in security
and cradled in a culture
woven with threads
of blatant bigotry
and subtle oppression.
I can never remove my whiteness,
but the time has come
to completely refashion
the fabric of my inner world
and the pattern of our outer world.

My Whiteness by **Alice Smith** Chattanooga, TN lives in with her husband Alfred and their dog Leroy. Together they have four children and four grandchildren. Alice has done dream work for many years, is an incurable introvert and the author of five collections of poetry including *That Little Girl*.

Drawing Three Singers by **Roberta Charbonneau**, see her bio on pg. 2



A Dream Work Community Addresses Race

by

Darby Christopher



Many white people are reeling with an incontrovertible truth that is only just now coming into view for many of us: Black people in our society are treated as second class citizens to harmful effect. While African-Americans have tried for so long to tell us about their experience, it has—up until now—largely fallen on blind eyes and deaf ears. It seems that, finally, more white people are ready to confront the horror before us: scenes of gratuitous police brutality captured “in-the-act” on phone video cameras, documentaries like *13th* (DuVernay, 2016, available on Netflix) that reveal racially-linked mass incarceration, research that uncovers ways in which people of color are treated differently by our schools, courts, and medical system, and a political climate that has emboldened white supremacists.

When our attention at this year’s Natural Spirituality Regional Gathering turned to “Big Questions” during an after-hours discussion, it is not surprising that the question of race-relations dominated the discussion. One of the participants, Ginna McFarling, started us out by asking what must be the question of the moment for those of us engaged in dream work: How do we sensitively address skin color when it shows up in our dreams?

For example, if a Black person is in a white person’s dream, can that white person view this appearance in terms of “shadow” material, as many of us have been taught to do? And what about the twin scenario of a white person showing up in a Black person’s dream? What might white skin color symbolize in this instance? Is it fair or appropriate to view skin color symbolically at all? And finally, what can a dream and inner work community do to contribute to the change that is so desperately needed right now?

It turns out, a lot.

To begin with, there is a connection between inner work and outer action. Catherine Meeks, the keynote speaker at the conference, beautifully drew the lines between an ability to welcome all parts of ourselves and an ability to fully welcome the “other” in our midst. Dr. Meeks emphasized the requirement of inner work as a foundation for effective outer-world action. This comes as welcome validation for our work!

James Baldwin, in the documentary *I Am Not Your Negro* (Peck, 2018, available on Netflix), also deftly makes a connection between racism and the white person’s fragmented and painful inner world. He refers to an “emotional poverty so bottomless” that it results in a vast chasm between the white person’s inner and outer life; he further asserts that, “If Americans were not so terrified of their private selves, they would never have become so dependent on what they call ‘the Negro problem.’” Baldwin supports the contention that white people can effectively work for social justice by working on themselves. As white people do the necessary inner work to heal their own trauma — to heal their own sense of unworthiness — social justice will follow.

But there is more. We are in a unique position to do some deep work in the area of race, which might serve to reach down into the depths and rearrange some of what needs rearranging. We do this by using our skills of “leaning

into” and relaxing (as much as we can) around the edges of unconsciousness, of unfamiliarity. We trust what we don’t yet fully know about race and how we have personally been infected by racism. We are willing to be uncomfortable.

We also work to bring consciousness where we can. The work of consciousness is largely the work of language. How do we use language to create worlds, build containers, heal what is broken? We have the power of language at our disposal.

If we look carefully, we might see that we have been “care-less” with our language in the dream world. We have done so from an unconscious position: we have not been able to care because we did not realize we were doing harm. We were literally without care, without knowledge. But those days are now over. As we wake up to the ways our language can cause harm, we cannot permit ourselves to be careless anymore.

What does this mean, exactly? There are two primary concerns that will be discussed briefly here. One, we must address the question raised at the beginning of this article: Can skin color be viewed symbolically when it shows up in dreams? If so, how? And two, can we use the word “dark” when discussing shadow material—when practically speaking “dark skin” and what we deem “negative” easily get conflated (even when taking into consideration that the shadow also holds what we deem positive)? Like an elected official who thinks he can oversee his own election with fairness, when it comes to overseeing and managing our own meanings, we probably aren’t as good as we think.

Yet, all of this is so complicated. Can we not say “dark” thoughts anymore? What about equating the unconscious with the dark? Our associations with dark and light are as old as time! And what about if I, as a white person, have a dream that is meaningful because I have felt cut-off from the earth — from my own soul — and then, this amazing Black woman comes along in a dream and gives me back to myself. Can white people associate her with what is more real or more soulful as we are so often apt to do?

How about a dream where a Black man breaks into my house? Shall I see him as my shadow wanting attention? Can we not do that anymore—or worse—shall we do it on the inside, but resolve not to talk about it? Or what about a Black woman dealing with her own internal and external oppressors, who—not surprisingly—take a symbolic form of a white-skinned person in her dream? Could white skin represent hypocrisy for her? Since when do we censor what we can talk about in dream groups?!

I was wrestling with all of this in the “Big Questions” discussion group, when I felt like I had an epiphany: due to our history, white people have lost the right to view black skin symbolically, and as such, we must take this practice completely off the table. I said it out loud. Then, another participant, Sheri Kling, spoke up and gave voice to the harm that could be caused in censoring ourselves, in proclaiming certain territory off limits, in exiling our own process. Ah yes, I thought, she is right. What to do then?

I sat for some time, confounded, when suddenly a third way dropped in. What if we were to do the hard

and uncomfortable work of not denying our process or keeping it hidden, and instead, openly own the difficulty of race and symbolic meaning when race shows up in our dreams? In this case, everything would be left “on the table,” including acknowledging our associations and experiences as well as our own internalized racism — our failure to see people as completely whole, whose inner lives and experience are as complex as our own. I must be hitting on something here because the prospect raises some anxiety, along with hope and anticipation.

From this standpoint, we can agree to do the difficult work of owning the harm done by our language and inevitable racism, the harm done by our inability to see that the other may not fit into a symbolic box. In such a context, skin color showing up in our dreams would become a portal to the exact work that needs to be done right now. Indeed, from this angle, what we have lost is the right to continue to use language in an unconscious way.

Sheri Kling, offered some useful guidelines for ways we might aide this process by clarifying what we mean when we use certain words: Working harder to be explicit about how people function as symbols in dreams, differentiating the shadow not as representing the dark per se, but rather what is in the dark, and clearly defining the shadow as all that I deem “not me” are all ways to respect the power of our language. With these guidelines in mind, a person who shows up in a dream with skin color other than mine emphasizes the degree of otherness — and need for integration — of the qualities presented. Individual dream groups could continue to work out together what needs further clarifying to ensure that all members feel welcome and safe.

Each dream group and each dreamer’s task from here is to wrestle with what we perceive skin color to be symbolizing at times and to courageously confront our stereotypes when necessary. Having people of multiple races in a group will ensure our work is as multi-layered as it needs to be as we confront our inner and outer lives in our dreams and as we engage both our own per-

sonal work and our work in the collective to heal racism. Such work is crucial as we acknowledge that racial healing is connected to environmental, political, physical, emotional, and psychological wellbeing for all of us.

Another question then comes into view: Are we brave enough to take on this work when we are afraid of hurting another person or of being hurt ourselves. When I gave voice to this fear with a Black friend of mine, she reminded me that I won’t be bringing up something that she doesn’t live with every day. Yes, indeed. Like bringing up any kind of loss, this work is not only welcome but also life giving—a relief. A refusal to acknowledge and address the problem is what hurts the most.

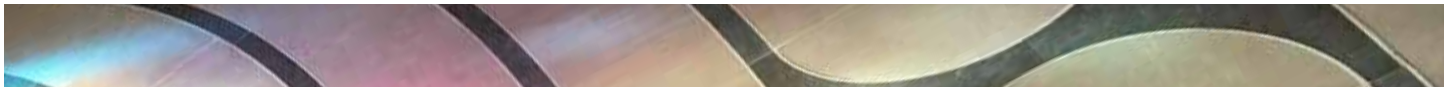
The Natural Spirituality Regional Gathering is left with one final task: bringing together people of mixed races to engage in dream work. Now that many of us have acclimated to online platforms like Zoom, such an online gathering may serve as a placeholder for one day coming together in-person. Those of us involved in this work know of its power to heal and overcome divisions. We look forward to seeing where the journey takes us.

If you would like to be involved in a mixed-race dream group, please contact the NSRG at nsrgwebsite@mail.com or Darby Christopher at doriskara@comcast.net

Darby Christopher is an interfaith minister, dream worker, activist, and spiritual companion. She is the author of *From Anxiety to Connection: A Path to Authentic Relating*, which contains a chapter on the power of group dream work. For more information visit www.revdarbychristopher.com

Painting Light and Life/Hope by **Marsha Carnahan** 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.

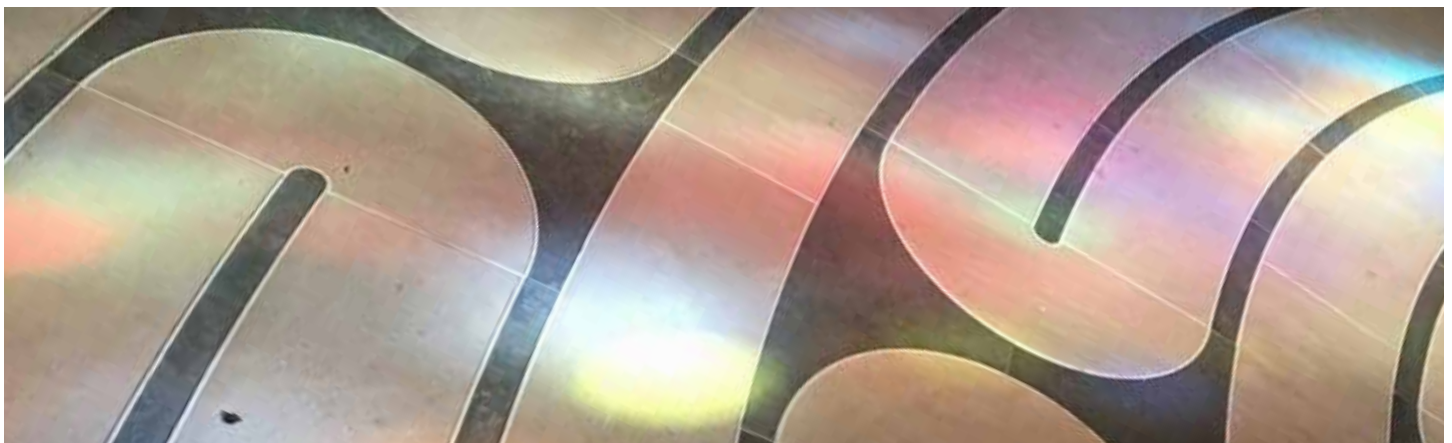




FRAGMENTS OF GOD

Fragments of God

Precious souls born upon shining sands to green hills and milk rivers in golden kingdoms
Stolen, shackled, shipped from stone citadels standing callous on the Atlantic shore
Centuries of lives, languid and unlivable, scattered histories sewn with skeins of scant hope
Lamentations echo in humid nights of indigo
Dawn shows suffering, as certain as hearts singing, eyes skyward as ravens cry hope in flight
Heat crushes the weak, sullen and suffering, reaping and working
Such writhing, wailing, fleeing on shaking legs as fear grips the godless
Fragments of a promised dawn, remaking broken moments into song, and voices singing
Such singing!
Misled by fragile and failing freedom, talk, words, and passion
Precious souls cramped and caged even as hopes strain forward
Fragments of hymns, holy and everlasting
Fragments failed by a vicious world
Failed by divine commandment
Failed by justice
Rising, confident, capable, above derision
With collective will, rising!
Lyrical and masterful music, precious creole souls, sacred Gullah shouts, ancient songs of triumph
A chorus of a people as a sea of candlelight
Its mists carry the horizon's light spilling into streams and onto worn and weary paths
A promised dawn and an eternal ember
Illuminating Fragments of God



Fragments of God by **Geoff Love** Brevard, NC Geoff is an artist, animator, and educator. He taught at The Light Factory, Queens University, Central Piedmont Community College, and UNC-Charlotte. Geoff sees creativity as the prime embodiment of our spiritual selves and he strives to honor and kindle creativity in everyday experiences. He holds degrees from Davidson College and the North Carolina State College of Design. Geoff has studied art, archeology, and animation in Cyprus, the Czech Republic, Cambridge University, France, and Jerusalem among other locales. He lives in the mountains of North Carolina with his wife Lisa and his son Aden. (His mother, Pam Love, a Spiritual Director, was kind enough to submit this piece)

Photograph *Sunlight through Stained Glass at Grace Cathedral* by **Sarah D. Norton**

Walking the Labyrinth: A Practice for Earth Day

by
Sheree Sloop

Every year on April 22, Earth Day marks the anniversary of the birth of the modern environmental movement in 1970. Senator Gaylord Nelson was a junior senator from Wisconsin at that time. He had long been concerned about the deteriorating environment in the United States and is credited with founding this movement. Earth Day is now celebrated worldwide by millions of people committed to healing and preserving our precious planet earth for present and future generations.

Earth Day invites reflection, intention and action not unlike a focused walk on the labyrinth. One of the positive effects of the worldwide Pandemic of 2020 is that it gave birth to a finger labyrinth walk which virtually, through the power of technology and Zoom, enabled a community of walkers to gather weekly from all over the world. (<https://www.veriditas.org/>)

Oftentimes, we cannot fully see the destination in our ecological, social and spiritual paths. Despite the obscurity of the destination, it is important to take steps toward a healthier future.

What steps can we take individually and what steps might we take collectively on our labyrinth walks to honor and support Earth Day?

Here are a few suggestions and questions to consider during your reflection...

🌍 Determine your individual impact on the environment by calculating your carbon footprint and ways to lighten your carbon load. (www.earthday.org)

🌍 Consider how the presence of labyrinths in our natural world contributes to healing and sustaining our communities and our earth.

🌍 How does our experience of walking, creating, and caring for labyrinths in the natural world contribute to a “carbon-less” footprint for the benefit of earth and its inhabitants?

🌍 Consider planning or planting your own outdoor labyrinth that you have been dreaming about!

- 🌍 Celebrate the beauty of creation.
- 🌍 Write your gratitude and appreciation for the earth within the path of the labyrinth.
- 🌍 Grieve for the damage we are causing to creation and our neighbors.
- 🌍 Reflect on our responsibility to our children and future generations.
- 🌍 Resolve to bring hope and faith into action.

Find a quiet place and connect with the Earth as you prepare for your finger labyrinth walk. The open-source eleven circuit Chartres labyrinth has been included on page 41 if you would like to print and use that, or if you have one of your own, please feel free to use whatever calls to you.

You may choose to be outside. You might want to remove your shoes and feel the solid ground or cool grass underneath your feet. If you are seated, notice if you are leaning to one side more than the other side. Find balance. Now, take a few deep breaths. Deeply inhale peace and as you exhale, let go of mind clutter and things you may be holding on to that serve no good purpose. Gather your labyrinth and pens or pencils or crayons in front of you. Place your hands over the center and closing your eyes, imagine in your mind’s eye a labyrinth you have seen before. Feel the peace the labyrinth has to offer. In this noisy world of ours, know that the labyrinth is a place of solace and quiet. It’s a place where we might hear the voice of the Divine if only we listen. With your finger or writing implements, “walk” the labyrinth at a slow pace. I invite you to use your non-dominate hand. Using your non-dominate hand will automatically help you to slow down. Observe what happens!

As you “walk” your labyrinth, you might want to light a candle within your space. You might also want to listen to some meditative or soothing music. Set a timer and allow 10 minutes for your finger walk.



Now, simply relax and enjoy your journey.
I wish you peace.



After your walk, we offer you the last poem of the issue as a moment of further meditation and calm before you return to the ebb and flow of daily life.

Sheree Sloop *Wilkesboro, NC* is a Certified Labyrinth Facilitator trained through Veriditas, Spiritual Seeker, mixed media artist, and avid quilter. Currently, Sheree co-hosts a weekly [Virtual Labyrinth Walk in Zoom on Tuesday evening](#). Sheree lives with her husband Dick Sloop and their two cats, Windsor and Zazu.

Photograph *Bronze Labyrinth* taken by **Jim Norton**, *Athens, GA*

Sun Poem



Shouldn't there be a ritual for the rising of the sun
each day
with candles lit and dancing,
hands upheld in welcome,
songs lifted in praise?
Watch how the sky prepares itself
swathed in azure and violet
how the trees await, limbs lifted
naked and unashamed.
The hilltop holds itself steady
as the first sliver of light appears
behind it and fog like the veils of a dancer
cloaks the water's face
in preparation for welcome.
Shouldn't there be a ritual for the rising of the sun
each day as it crests the horizon
in full glory, round and fat and fiery
billions of years of hot white light
a miracle
that blazes into our eyes
so that we turn away, as if it were
the face of God?
Now it ignites the fog
shimmering in pink, turns the dew
to flickering light, droplets of water
on trees into iridescent strings
of pearls, calls forth
the redbirds in
scarlet robes to sing
aubades.
Shouldn't there be a ritual, each day,
for the rising of the sun, for the promise
of new beginnings, for the grace granted
for another chance? Shouldn't we bow
before it, weep in humble gratitude
tremble at the power that grants
us faithful constancy, for the fact
that what could burn us instead
blesses?