

The Rose

inviting Wisdom into our lives & churches

Emmanuel Church ■ Athens, Georgia

Winter-Spring 2002 ■ Issue 1

Breaking Branches & Widening Doorways

In March of 1994, I began to follow my dreams. This new twist in my journey began with a neat bit of synchronicity. Susan Sims-Smith's daughter Rose and my son Ted, fourth graders, were on a creative problem-solving team that I coached during the 1993-94 school year. After the mid-March regional competition in Clarksville, Arkansas, Susan rode back to Little Rock with me, while her husband drove our kids. During that ninety-minute drive I learned that Susan, then a practicing social worker, was using Jungian dream interpretation with her clients. That evening I dreamed:

I'm at a golf course. I see that a large dog has bitten a tree branch in two. I go inside to report the damage. There are more people inside than I expected. I am reluctant to report the damage in front

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A Word From Emmanuel

To: All the Saints who venture into their lives with courage and faith
From: Peter Courtney, rector

Welcome to the inaugural issue of *The Rose*. This publication has emerged from the ongoing ministry of our natural spirituality program here at Emmanuel, Athens. It has been the leaven in the lump of unconsciousness which so pervades our culture and our little church. The road to individuation is perilous from both within and without, and the stories and articles herein are intended as food for the journey. We are glad to be part of this extension of the Good News. Enjoy.

Emmanuel Church
498 Prince Avenue
Athens, GA 30601

Submission Deadlines: articles & announcements



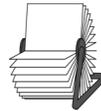
Look for the second issue of *The Rose* in mid-June. We need your article! Submit articles immediately and up to April 30. The preferred form for material is digital and can be sent by email (wandaalice@hotmail.com) or snail-mail (**The Rose, 498 Prince Avenue, Athens, GA 30601**). Non-digital material will be accepted by an earlier deadline of April 15.

Your upcoming natural-spirituality or Jungian-based program announcements—gatherings, speakers, conferences, workshops, retreats, etc.—will be printed free of charge in *The Rose* (room permitting). Announcements may be sent immediately and up to May 31.

With all materials include: home and work telephone numbers, snail-mail address, fax number (if you have one), and email address (if materials are not sent via the internet).

Comments, suggestions, and “letters to the editor” are welcome and can be sent to the addresses above.

Mailing List: To Add or Delete Names



If you are reading a friend’s copy of *The Rose* and want to be added to our mailing list **OR** if you have friends who would be interested in receiving *The Rose*, contact us by email: (wandaalice@hotmail.com) or by snail-mail (**The Rose, 498 Prince Avenue, Athens, GA 30601**). As the supply lasts, we will be happy to mail copies of the first issue to interested parties—let us know. We need your help in building the clergy list: please give us names and addresses of clergy and seminary faculty who would be interested in receiving *The Rose*!

We created this mailing list by word of mouth; through the JRH Publications book sales list; and by requesting names and addresses from natural spirituality groups. If we have put your name on our list and you do not want to receive *The Rose*, please contact us by means mentioned above.

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We are aware that there are other publications called *The Rose*. There is, for instance, a botanical quarterly by that name published in the United Kingdom as well as a Lutheran-based periodical from Minnesota called *The Rose: an evangelical magazine for Lutheran awakening*. Our publication is distributed free of charge as part of the natural spirituality ministry at Emmanuel Episcopal Church; it is ecumenical in nature. Our full title is *The Rose: inviting Wisdom into our lives & churches*. We anticipate that the differences in the content and subtitles of these publications will be sufficient to prevent confusion.



Editor’s Note Concerning Word Forms:

In this newsletter, you will find spelling and capitalization variations. For example, in **THE BACK PAGE** there is an unusual form of spelling for certain words: I am using “journeygroup” instead of “journey group,” “dreamgroup” instead of “dream group,” and so on. Putting these words together seems right to me, and you will encounter this spelling in my own writing. In other articles, however, we have kept the spelling consistent with the author’s choice. These word forms are evolving and are not settled yet. In the same vein, there is throughout these articles an inconsistent use of capitalization when the words make reference to God or something God-related. We have, for the most part, kept these forms as the authors have given them to us.



There is no template for what we are doing in natural spirituality—knowing this helps me to feel that God is with us. There is no template for this type of publication either—it is truly something new coming into being. We are making a new way and offering to churches not just a new “program,” but a ministry that shapes the individual’s way of being and the Church’s. So as we discern each new step in our natural spirituality programs and in our newsletter, we are trying to “be opened” to the Spirit to find the path that works.

This year we will publish two issues of *The Rose*. Look for the second one around mid-June. If we reduce production time, we may produce additional issues per year. *We invite any and all to submit articles, movie analyses, book reviews, and apt sermons; reports on retreats and conferences; reports on your study groups and journeygroups; and anything else you want to share with us. We are especially looking forward to receiving the names of your favorite (Jungian) books to help us launch the Favorite Books Column (details on back cover).* What we are all doing is new—no template. By sharing ideas in general, as well as reporting to each other what is working (and what is not) in our journeygroups, we connect, support, and encourage each other in our spiritual endeavors.

We wholeheartedly thank the five people who made the inaugural issue of *The Rose* possible. This issue comes to you by way of their donations totaling \$950, which is just shy of the cost of printing 1,000 copies. All labor (save printing) has been volunteer labor—a work of love. I am not used to being out front; I prefer to work behind the scenes. *The Rose* has many behind-the-scenes workers! Producing this issue would not have been possible without the unfailing support of **Charlie Hudson**, who allowed me to invade his home for months, and often stay over in the guest room, while I worked on the production of this newsletter on Joyce’s computer in her home office. **Joyce Hudson** has been by my side the entire way—tirelessly offering suggestions; editing and proofing copy; doing research; helping with short- and long-range planning; and taking care of me. Without her constant care and attention, which included preparing lovely meals, this issue would not be in your hands. I know Joyce wants to be only a mid-wife for *The Rose*, but I am grateful that her mid-wifery to date has been so thorough. Most important, Joyce shared with me a great delight as we watched these pages come into being right before our very eyes!

In addition to the wonderful people who contributed articles and poems, many more not-so-visible people helped make this publication possible. We offer them our sincere thanks. We appreciate the support of **Peter Courtney**, our rector. **Agnes Parker** edited three separate rounds of copy; I appreciate her cheerful willingness and her keen attention to detail—as well as the excellent corrections and improvements she offered us. **Sara Baker**, in addition to editing, spent two afternoons with me to help me over my own rough spots in THE BACK PAGE. Early on, **Adrienne Lynch** agreed to provide for us—from time to time—original illustrations; she drew the powerful sea turtle for “Sacred Waiting” and made a tracing of an architectural drawing of the Strasbourg Cathedral rose window that serves as our masthead. Though she has no free time at all, she also assisted in editing. **Ellen Garner** read copy for suggestions and improvements. **Darcy Chicotel** provided technical assistance with illustrations. Invaluable to the whole process are the two “cold reader,” end-of-production proof-readers: **America Abbott** and **Janet Robertson**. We had to call on them with very short notice. We are grateful for their time, willingness, and attention to detail. And last, but very far from least, I want to thank our parish administrator, **Melissa Fulcher**, for not (yet) throwing any of us out of her office. She had no idea (and neither did I) last June, when I went in to talk with Peter Courtney about the details of this project, how much we would need her help. Fitting our needs into her already full work schedule, Melissa has greatly helped us by developing our mailing list; we appreciate her assistance! She has been a bright spot in this process.

I am grateful to God for letting me witness the emergence of natural spirituality. I’m thankful that He continues to speak to me in the joy I feel as I hear that others are finding worthwhile tools for a more satisfying personal communication with Him. Turning our lives over to God, I see, is thrilling—thrilling to experience, thrilling to watch.

The Rose “staff” believes that the natural spirituality ministry—God’s work—should be given freely, without “charge” to the individual. The cost of this publication is not included in any budget. Therefore, monetary gifts of support for *The Rose* will be greatly appreciated and extremely critical to its continued existence. If you or your journeygroup would like to contribute to this endeavor, you can do so by making out a check or money order payable to **The Rose at Emmanuel Church** and mailing it to: **The Rose, 498 Prince Avenue, Athens, GA 30601**. We will be heartened to know that you find value in this work!—Wanda Krewer



of a crowd, as it may seem that I am complaining about someone else's conduct.

I've been working on how to deal with that broken branch ever since. It's been nothing short of a miraculous run. But I am getting ahead of myself. In early May (1994, still), I attended a half-day dream workshop led by Susan. Shortly thereafter I bought John Sanford's *Dreams: God's Forgotten Language*. On May 31, I consulted Susan professionally about this dream:

I'm playing golf with a professional and another man. The tee box, oddly, is in a room with a door. The pro tees up a ball and hits a beautiful shot through the door opening. I can't imagine how I will be able to make a full swing at the ball. I begin to struggle to widen the doorway.

With Susan's help, I set out a plan to work on widening that doorway. I recall her saying that she felt this dream portended some exciting major changes in my life. I've

had no fewer than twenty additional golf-imagery dreams. Greens fall apart. Elegant ladies in flowing gowns grant me permission to play

the course. Sometimes all the carts have been rented out to others. Interpreting these dreams has been crucial to life changes I have made. But again I am ahead of myself.

On June 1 (still 1994), I left the Sanford book on my desk at work. A co-worker saw it, asked about my interest in dreams, told me that he and some others had just formed a dream group, and asked me to join. I attended the group's second meeting on June 3, which began with a discussion of whom to retain as a professional to ensure that we were employing the right methods. The facilitator asked, "Does anyone know anything about Susan Sims-Smith?"



Don't Hide Your Dreams

Chorus: "Don't hide your dreams in the sunshine.
Take them with you out to greet the dawn.
Don't lose your vision in the misty morning clouds.
Let your dreams guide you all day long.
Let your dreams guide you all day long."

Thunderclouds were rolling through the sky inside my soul;
I struggled to retain a youthful glow—my spirit was feeling low.
The rules of the game were changing—I was leading with my head.
An angel in a flowing gown appeared, gave me a kiss, and she said,...

Chorus

I was lost somewhere on campus—wandering up a mountainside;
There were mansions and cathedrals across a pond, and I could not hide.
She said, "Open the attic door; use that golden key.
Smile into the mirror now, and set your shadow free...."

Chorus

On highways of unconsciousness, I see a lot of friends
In Technicolor movies in my mind, that have no end.
They magnify the mysteries and help me with the clues,
Throwing random sunbeams out on squeaky skies of blue.

Chorus

She said, "Dreams will always give you back more than they take:
Direction you might want to follow up on, when you're awake.
You cannot change tomorrow anymore than you can yesterday.
Today is all you've got, and you can't get it back when it gets away...."

"Don't hide your dreams in the sunshine.
Take them with you out to greet the dawn.
Don't lose your vision in the misty morning clouds.
Let your dreams guide you all day long.
Let your dreams guide you –
Be led by what's inside you –
Let your dreams guide you through the foggy light at dawn;
Then at midnight when you're gone, they can show you right from wrong.
Let your dreams guide you all day long.
Let your dreams guide you all life long."

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Susan became our pro and showed us how to stretch our doorways. I continued to coach creative problem-solving (for seven years, two with Susan as a co-coach—and our kids were winners!). I published a book, entered politics, and was elected to a judgeship in 1996. The broken branch is now a gavel, and the wider door leads to the courtroom. Following her own dreams, in 1997



Susan went off to seminary in Texas. In the fall of 2000, back in Little Rock as a priest, Susan formed a dream group and, through a neat bit of synchronicity, I was invited into it.

In December, 2000, reflecting on images from the dreams of people in our group, I felt a song developing within. The tune and the lyrics were erupting in my spirit. Over a period of about five days, in several bursts of one to two hours at a time, I was able to get the song out and down onto paper. Entitled “Don’t Hide Your Dreams,” it has become something of a theme song in our group. The primary defect of the song at this point is that there are no golf images in it. But I like to think of it as a work in progress. As we continue to follow our dreams, more will be revealed. And perhaps more verses will someday be written to “Don’t Hide Your Dreams.”

Got a verse you want to include? Send it to me at: v@vfleming.com

Little Rock, AR *Judge Vic Fleming*

A typical sunrise finds Vic Fleming recording his dreams as he gazes at the southern horizon from the patio of his Little Rock home. “It’s like dream work, the dawn,” he says. “Night yields slowly to day. A mountain of dark takes form on the right. The scarlet orange of dawn cascades in from the left, taking over. Unknowingness becomes enlightenment—for those who pay attention. For the others, it’s just another day.”

Later, Vic will don a black robe and preside over court cases. In his fifty-first winter, Vic is leading a natural spirituality journey group that arose from a book study he and Susan, his wife of 28 years, led last autumn at Second Presbyterian. This endeavor is part of God’s ongoing call, he believes: a call that has included many years in a ministry of humor, men’s spirituality, and dream work. A call that has led him to take up the guitar, coach youth in problem-solving, and present alcohol-awareness programs nationwide. A call aimed at saving some lives and enhancing the quality of others.

He’s currently writing a book on alcohol awareness, but he took time out to share a story with The Rose.

Editor’s Note: Vic has been named **Outstanding District Judge of the Year** twice by his county bar association and is the recipient of the **2001 Courage to Live Award** given by the National Judicial College and the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration.

I CHING: 21. Shih Ho/Biting Through



above LI THE CLINGING, FIRE

below CHÊN THE AROUSING, THUNDER

This hexagram represents an open mouth with an obstruction (in the fourth place) between the teeth. As a result the lips cannot meet. To bring them together one must bite energetically through the obstacle. Since the hexagram is made up of the trigrams for thunder and for lightning, it indicates how obstacles are forcibly removed in nature. Energetic biting through overcomes the obstacle that prevents joining of the lips; the storm with its thunder and lightning overcomes the disturbing tension in nature. Recourse to law and penalties overcomes the disturbances of harmonious social life caused by criminals and slanderers. The theme of this hexagram is criminal lawsuit, in contradistinction to that of Sung, CONFLICT (6), which refers to civil suits.

THE JUDGMENT

BITING THROUGH has success.

It is favorable to let justice be administered.

When an obstacle to union arises, energetic biting through brings success. This is true in all situations. Whenever unity cannot be established, the obstruction is due to a talebearer and traitor who is interfering and blocking the way. To prevent permanent injury, vigorous measures must be taken at once. Deliberate obstruction of this sort does not vanish of its own accord. Judgment and punishment are required to deter or obviate it.

However, it is important to proceed in the right way. The hexagram combines Li, clarity, and Chên, excitement. Li is yielding, Chên is hard. Unqualified hardness and excitement would be too violent in meting out punishment; unqualified clarity and gentleness would be too weak. The two together create the just measure. It is of moment that the man who makes the decisions (represented by the fifth line) is gentle by nature, while he commands respect by his conduct in his position.

THE IMAGE

Thunder and lightning:

The image of BITING THROUGH.

Thus the kings of former times made firm the laws

Through clearly defined penalties.

Penalties are the individual applications of the law. The laws specify the penalties. Clarity prevails when mild and severe penalties are clearly differentiated, according to the nature of the crimes. This is symbolized by the clarity of lightning. The law is strengthened by a just application of penalties. This is symbolized by the terror of thunder. This clarity and severity have the effect of instilling respect; it is not that the penalties are ends in themselves. The obstructions in the social life of man increase when there is lack of clarity in the penal codes and slackness in executing them. The only way to strengthen the law is to make penalties certain and swift.

I Ching or Book of Changes, trans. Wilhelm/Baynes, 3rd ed. (Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press, 1967), pp. 86-87.

Editor’s Note: This *I Ching* reading corresponds to the dog “biting through” the branch in Vic Fleming’s dream. Until recently, when we faxed him a copy, Vic was unaware of this reading. It deals extensively with law.

Lilacs in September

An earlier version of this article was published in the Summer, 2001, Jung Society of Atlanta Newsletter.

Just outside my front door stands a little lilac bush. Small and spindly, it is a pale imitation of the lush green hedge that grew beside my childhood home in Wisconsin. The recent drought has been hard on my lilac: although I watered it faithfully last summer, a big branch dried up and broke off, leaving the plant about half its original size. It survived, but this spring its leaves and blossoms were few and far between. It will probably never regain its former shape, and it will certainly never bloom with the fragrant lavender profusion of its northern relatives. Georgia summers are too hot, and Georgia red clay too hard, to suit its midwestern constitution.

Nevertheless I cherish my little lilac and admire the tenacity with which it clings to life. And each September it does something unexpected which never fails to amaze and delight me: when the temperature finally drops and the cool rain starts to fall, tiny blossoms pop out at the end of a few scrawny branches. The first time this happened, I could not believe my eyes. Lilacs in September—unheard of! I had never seen this in Wisconsin, and I could not make botanical sense of it. Surely the lilac “knew” that it was time to shed its leaves and hunker down for the winter, but instead it decided to bloom again. If it could talk, I imagine it would say something like: “It feels so good to be cool and wet again that I can’t help sprouting a few more blossoms, just to celebrate!”

Jungians are inclined (one might even say doomed!) to find meaning in mundane events, including the unlikely flowering of lilacs in September. As I grow older, my inclination to envision the hardy lilac as a symbol of long-lived spunk and resilience becomes almost irresistible. Like ladies of a certain age, my lilac has weathered hot summers and cold winters, rain and drought, disease and loss. Its September blossoms invite me to re-imagine the autumn of life: can it, too, be seen as a season of lilacs?

In his essay “The Stages of Life” (*The Portable Jung*, ed. Joseph Campbell), Jung examines the profound changes that occur in midlife, beginning at about age thirty-five. He writes that in the first half of life we are preoccupied with finding our proper vocation, creating a family, and establishing ourselves in the outer world. Having accomplished this, we turn our attention in the second half of life to the development of our inner self, our relationship to

the unconscious, and our spirituality. From his memoirs, we know that Jung himself endured a profound mid-life transition between the ages of thirty-eight and forty-three. Following his break with Freud, he experienced what he called his “confrontation with the unconscious,” during which he encountered and meticulously recorded his own archetypal fantasies and dreams. He regarded these years as the most important of his life and felt that they contained “the *prima materia* for a lifetime’s work” (*Memories, Dreams, Reflections*, p. 225).

I think that we reach another turning point at about age fifty-five, as we enter the “third half of life.” To my knowledge, Jung did not write about this stage; however, he most certainly lived it. At age sixty-nine he suffered a serious heart attack and had what we would call today a “near-death experience,” including ecstatic visions of the *conjunctio*. Following this highly numinous experience, Jung slowly recovered and gradually embraced life again, a changed man. In his final years he revised much of his earlier writing, studied alchemy, wrote, painted, sat by the lake, carved in stone, and dictated his memoirs. Without the fruits of this season, his life’s work would have been incomplete. In the autumn of his life, Jung’s lilac bloomed again.

I am coming to see the third stage of life as a distinct season, fraught with its own perils and blessed with its own joys. It is often heralded by the painful experience of physical limitation, as we become aware that our bodies are changing, our energy level is not what it used to be, and our remaining time on earth is limited. Sometimes, like Jung, we suffer a life-threatening illness that haunts us with intimations of our own mortality. Our life’s work seems to be over, our children are grown, and we realize that there are things we will never do, places we will never visit, dreams we will never fulfill. Our inner horizons are contracting rather than expanding, and we wonder, “What now? What value can I find in the September of my life?”

We live in a culture that views the limits of age and the inevitability of death as problems to be fixed, obstacles to be avoided at all costs. Age is regarded as something shameful to deny and hide, rather than an accomplishment to be proud of. This one-sided view robs us of the fruits of age, which are not allowed to ripen naturally, according to their season. Among these fruits are the ability to tolerate ambiguity, the patience to reflect before acting, and the sense of humor to laugh at our own pretensions. Our horizons may narrow with age, but if we are fortunate, our depth perception becomes more acute. We develop the capacity to define our core values, to name our

ultimate concerns. Our senses become finely tuned to the exquisite beauty of the small: a rose unfolding, a dolphin jumping, the delighted laughter of a child. We want to give back something of our experience to those who will outlive us, and we also know that we have much to learn from them. Like Jung, we can now make time to sit by the lake and reflect on the patterns of our lives. We may also discover within ourselves the energy to venture into new creative endeavors, to undertake new projects, to enter new relationships. Paradoxically, our awareness of limitation seems to be the key which opens the door to these new possibilities. To our great surprise we feel life energy flowing through us, even as our branches shed their leaves and prepare for winter. We find that we are not barren, but can still put forth small fragrant purple blossoms.

Our sense of being part of a larger whole, of being linked to something greater than ourselves (the Self, God, the Higher Power, or whatever we choose to call it) also sharpens as we grow older. Sometimes we can feel God's hands around us, holding and shaping us even as they break us down. As I was writing this article, my good friend and colleague, Jutta von Buchholtz, sent me the last verse of a poem entitled "Shadows," by D.H. Lawrence. It distills in a few phrases the essence of lilacs in September, and so (with thanks to her and to him) I will end with it:

"And if, in the changing phases of man's life
I fall in sickness and in misery
my wrists seem broken and my heart seems dead
and strength is gone, and my life
is only the leavings of a life:

and still, among it all, snatches of lovely oblivion,
and snatches of renewal
odd, wintry flowers upon the withered stem, yet
new, strange flowers
such as my life has not brought forth before, new
blossoms of me—

then I must know that still
I am in the hands [of] the unknown God,
he is breaking me down to his new oblivion
to send me forth on a new morning, a new man."

Decatur, GA *Susan Olson*

Susan Olson is a Jungian analyst currently in private practice in Atlanta, Georgia. After receiving her M.S.W. from the University of Georgia, she did her Jungian training in Zurich, where she graduated in 1992. She lectures, teaches, and leads workshops in Atlanta and elsewhere in the country and has been a seminar facilitator for several Journey into Wholeness (JIW) workshops.

Sacred Waiting

Having newly moved to Florida, I was excited to go on a "turtle walk" to observe nesting sea turtles. These great creatures, some weighing up to 500 pounds, have been nesting on earth's shores for over 200 million years. Only female turtles ever leave the ocean, and they do so only to nest. It is a very labor-intensive process for them, not only to breathe on land, but to crawl ashore, dig a nest, lay their eggs, hide their nest, and return to the ocean.

After a late night slide presentation, our state park guide led us to a turtle that had come onto the beach.



The guide used a special red-light flashlight. Turtles can be easily startled and confused by bright lights, in which case they will return to the ocean without nesting. Only after the turtle starts to lay her eggs is it safe to observe her.

The synchronicity of the evening's events slowly floated to my awareness: a full moon lighting the beach, a rhythmic ocean lapping the shore, a courageous sea turtle patiently laying her eggs. As I waited for the ancient ritual to unfold, I felt as if I were in a painting, hanging timelessly. I looked into that gentle turtle's eyes with a sense of reverence. I understood in my heart that I was being embraced by the Feminine.

Vero Beach, FL *Angela Kulynych*

Having grown up in the fertile farmland of Pennsylvania, with fuzzy cows, climbing maples, and endless fields of clover, Angela survived her first few weeks in Florida (via a year stop-over in Athens, Georgia) by writing hate poetry. The bitter salt breezes and vacant sand mounds seemed to have nothing to offer. Several months later, she is awakening to the many treasures Vero Beach, The Treasure Coast, has to offer (including a very warm winter). Scott, her husband, disguised as a human resources manager for a government communications company—but at heart an environmentalist—has enjoyed the flora and fauna right from the start.

After devoting over ten years of her early adulthood to her love of all things concerning public health, culminating in her own consulting practice, the other parts of Angela not so politely asked for attention. Joyce Hudson and the Emmanuel natural spirituality journey group were there to point her in the right direction. Angela is currently studying opera, writing, and spirituality. She is happy to report that she has sewn her first curtain and drafted her first play.

Reflections on the Sacred Feminine

As a Jungian-oriented psychotherapist, I have been personally and professionally guided by my nighttime dreams for many years. They are the portal to my center, my core, my essence. After twenty-five years of practicing as a clinician in Little Rock, Arkansas, the dream process showed me that I was being called into the priesthood.

Two years of beckoning from the Sacred Feminine through dreams, a year with a discernment committee, and time in seminary have led me to my present work as an Episcopal priest. My ministry involves helping men and women have a more personal relationship with the Divine. Dreams and meditation are pathways to the Divine. My assignment is to join with others who are working to make dreams and meditation accessible to people who are drawn to the inner journey. The Sacred Feminine beckoned me toward ordination. I listened and followed.

What is the Sacred Feminine and how do we get a beginning sense of Her presence? The Divine Feminine is a mystery too vast to be defined by human words, cute acronyms, or a short journal article. She is an aspect of God that exists both outside our everyday reality in the spiritual dimension and in our everyday reality itself. In our everyday life, the Sacred Feminine is found in our own bodies and in the natural world around us. She seeks to reveal Herself to men and women of all ages through intuition, dreams, meditation, relationships, nature, the body, and countless other avenues for connection.

The Sacred Feminine comes to us through intuition. Intuition is our way of gaining insight from a receptive mode. When we are quiet, intuition may come to us in a still, small voice, in a knowing in our bodies, or in the insight that comes from a synchronistic event. Dreams also come to us through this receptive mode. In our dream life, we receive “movies” designed to awaken us, guide us, teach us. To collect the wisdom from intuition, we need to allow the mind and body to shift into this

receptive gear—this quiet gear. Unless we take time for reflection, for dream work, and for paying attention to the subtle language of the body, the Feminine—who is so eager to feed us—is left without a way to serve us from Her banquet.

The Feminine often becomes conscious as the body becomes conscious. Listening to the body—allowing the body to roll, move, play, cry, laugh, touch—is an important avenue by which consciousness can emerge. The Sacred Feminine lives in the cells of the body and is awakened when we pay attention. In the East this body consciousness is known as Kundalini energy, an energy that arises at the base of the spine and opens a channel up the spine through the top of the head. This channel of energy exists both in our physical bodies and in our spiritual—or light—bodies which surround us. As this channel of energy opens (sometimes spontaneously, sometimes through a centering practice like meditation or yoga), the body’s consciousness is heightened. This heightened consciousness in the body may lead to an awareness of the chakras—the seven energy centers in the body. These energy centers are warehouses for the diverse energies that make us fully human and fully spiritual. The chakra energies include our connection to the earth, our sexuality, our instincts, our compassion, our creative self-expression, our intuition, and our connection to spirit. As the body becomes more conscious, the Sacred Feminine comes more fully into our awareness.

With intuition as Her modality and the body as Her vehicle, the Sacred Feminine seeks to plant the bulb of our true self in the soil of our deepest being. This separates us from a blind identification with the culture and from all our preconceived ideas of who we thought we were and who we thought we were becoming. Planted in the soil of the Sacred Feminine, our lives are lived from the inside out. Our choices come from what Jung called the deep inner feeling function. Our values,



our bodies, our dreams all emerge from our core, and decisions about daily life reflect this inner grounding.

The Feminine is like a moist, clay-colored tunnel leading us into the earth, rather than like a tall, mirrored-glass skyscraper. It emanates from the lower abdomen in the body instead of from the head or the intellect. It is connected and relational, not detached. It is process-oriented rather than product-oriented; it tolerates the paradox of opposites; and it moves to the slow rhythm of nature—not to the frenetic pace of modern life.

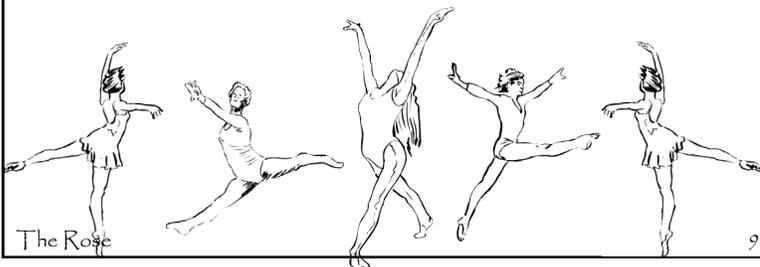
Learning more about the mystery of the Sacred Feminine means that we approach our dreams, our bodies, and our quiet time with a growing reverence and curiosity, giving them the respect they deserve. As we are transformed by these processes, we are surrounded by Christ's presence. It is His guidance that leads us toward this mystery. Without our even asking, His illuminated Cross accompanies us on our journey toward the Sacred Feminine.

Little Rock, AR Susan Sims-Smith

Susan Sims-Smith, psychotherapist and priest, brings many interests, experiences, and talents to her calling. Besides her regular clergy responsibilities, she heads the Office of Teaching and Evangelism which operates out of the Diocese of Arkansas and Trinity Cathedral in Little Rock. She travels widely in Arkansas and beyond, spreading the good news of how to have a close personal relationship with God.

In seeking and being led by God, Susan's path to her present-day life included many experiences: twenty-five years a psychotherapist, she developed a Jungian-based practice; she changed denominations; she practiced meditation; she delved into The Course in Miracles; and for eight years she worked directly with Jungian analyst and author Marion Woodman. Her dreams guided her to the Episcopal Church and into the priesthood. God wanted her to serve in a very specific capacity—helping others find a personal relationship with Him by acquiring the practical spiritual tools that she continues to use to support her ever-deepening relationship with the divine. In her present vocation she teaches people to pray, to meditate, and to work with their nighttime dreams—all ways of listening to the movement of the Holy Spirit in their daily lives. She understands her work to be part of the movement of the Holy Spirit to restore the ancient Wisdom tradition in Christianity to the modern-day church.

Editor's Note: Susan is currently working on a book that tells the story of her own inner journey; it promises to be a valuable addition to our literature. She will be a regular contributor to *The Rose*.



Synchronicity

Synchronicity.

Life goes better with it
Than without.

'Tis good to recognize His Spirit
And be guided by it;
Not to flout
With human doubt
The call of soul to mind,
But shed our care for reptile power
And turn instead to find
A celebration full joy
To know His living, loving AWEfulness
Which makes the dead stones shout.

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Atlanta, GA

FROM: *On the Way to the Water Well*



And some of the Pharisees in the multitude said to him, "Teacher, rebuke your disciples." He answered, "I tell you, if these were silent, the very stones would cry out."

Luke 19: 39-40

In outer life Elizabeth Allan is a retired school teacher who writes poetry, goes on archeological digs, looks after grandchildren, reads, and has a very active role as vice-president of Atlanta's non-profit art education organization called The Work of Our Hands, which is headed by her husband, Frank Allan, a retired bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Atlanta. Elizabeth's inner life has grown from these activities. As a teacher she often got to know high schoolers (mainly girls) who liked to talk about their dreams. She encouraged them to start writing these dreams down, and, to set a good example, she began recording her own. For a time she dutifully wrote her dreams down without trying to understand them, but eventual participation in a natural spirituality seminar and journey group led her to pay more attention to these dreams and to see some intriguing continuity over the years. About the same time she engaged with natural spirituality, she resumed writing poetry—something she had not done for almost 40 years!!! The journey inward is now expressing itself in her outer world through her poetry.

Consciousness, Subjectivity & the Creation of the World

Late in 1925, while on the Athi Plains of Kenya, Jung experienced a revelation:

There the cosmic meaning of consciousness became overwhelmingly clear to me. . . . Now I knew what it was, and knew even more: that man is indispensable for the completion of creation; that in fact, he himself is the second creator of the world, who alone has given the world its objective existence — without which, unheard, unseen, silently eating, giving birth, dying, heads nodding through hundreds of millions of years, it would have gone on in the profoundest night of non-being down to its unknown end. Human consciousness created objective existence and meaning, and man found his indispensable place in the great process of being.

(Memories, Dreams, Reflections, pp. 255-56.)

Until very recently, I could not follow Jung into this insight. Indeed, something in me rebelled and insisted on reading this passage in such a way that it became less than meaningless. I could only turn away, shaking my head at its folly.

I had assigned all meaningful creation to the agency of God (with artists and prophets as tools of God).

I had allowed man the more or less unique attribute of self-awareness: which is to say, awareness of perception; and awareness of emotional/instinctive responses to perception; and awareness of the possibility of reflection upon perception and response; and at the highest level, awareness of the subjective nature of all of these processes (Kant). Reading Jung, I found these ideas upheld.

But then came this outrageous statement—as though nothing existed until human consciousness

arose, as though God had not finished the job.

In retrospect, the fact that I should have had such a reaction merely confirms the inadequacy of my model of reality. (All that is not understood is subject to blind worship or to blind attack.) Since many people can go no further with Jung than I was then able to go, it seems worthwhile to consider my previous worldview. It may then become easier to understand the role of consciousness in the grand scheme of things.

Jung lost me because my model of reality was a chain that began with the fundamentally unknowable object and ended with my reflections upon my

experiences of that object. So what if I experienced beauty or felt awe? The object certainly existed with-

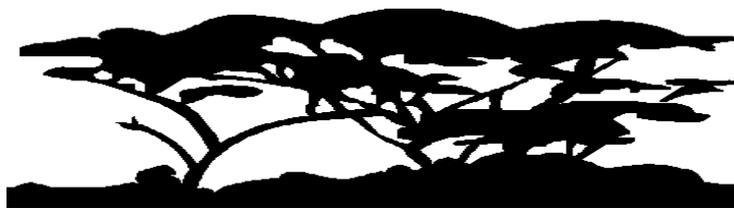
out me. I might try to share my experience, but such experience merely became another fundamentally unknowable object, as far as anyone else might be concerned.

The flaw in this model was the assumption that consciousness, as I experienced it, was not linked to anything outside of me. The error was to forget how completely—and at every “system level”—I am a part bound up in the whole. From the atoms borrowed by my body, to the energy diverted into my life process, to the social network that supports me, to the realm of ideas from which my thoughts arise, and on out to the frontiers of the not yet known, I am a part bound up in the whole.

If I am conscious, then the Universe possesses the attribute of consciousness purely by virtue of my little spark of con-

sciousness. If there were no human consciousness, then, as far as we can know, there might be no consciousness of the existence of anything.

Human consciousness may yet be very little consciousness, but it is capable of growing. And it is creative. If an unknowable object, existing on its own, happens to be self-aware, it still cannot know anything about itself and its possibilities



except through its own reflecting awareness and the reflecting awareness of other persons. But even more important than that, one's purely subjective experience is A NEW THING. It had no existence whatsoever before consciousness created it. We can say, "So what?" only if we cling to an inadequate model of reality. But when we realize our total connectedness, we cannot

escape the conclusion that *new consciousness adds to and begins to shape the whole.*

Perhaps it is difficult to follow Jung because it is difficult to face the implications of having a consciousness that matters to

the Universe, or to Creation, or to God. It is comforting to think that no one has to know what goes on inside one's mind, but Jung is in fact asserting that within the grand scheme, nothing is secret and nothing fails to contribute, for good or ill, to the whole.

Lexington, GA Frank Farrar

Frank Farrar is a 49-year-old handyman living with his beloved wife Jane in the tiny, rural Georgia town of Lexington. He and Jane live in a 200-year-old house they are slowly restoring (visually) while modernizing (functionally). This project is taking forever because they are, collectively, an avid gardener (Jane, mostly) mated with an obsessive landscaper (Frank, mostly). Much attention goes to the environment and the ecology surrounding and including this extended home.

Eight years ago, Frank was invited by Wanda Krewer to participate in Joyce Hudson's fourth Natural Spirituality seminar. He has attended around 300 journey group sessions since then and has taught three introductory seminars. For the past year, he has been one of the four-member leadership committee for the natural spirituality program at Emmanuel Church in Athens.

Frank has recently made his peace with Jung (being a more simple-minded Christian than Jung was). After years of intense, adversarial study, Frank has declared a truce and turned his attention to more present individuals. Frank is currently devoting his spare time to writing a book on Christian spiritual health and the Ten Commandments. (This book was not his idea: God drafted him—or so he says.)

Searching for Relics

To find one dear finger;
Move dreadful chunks
Of concrete, steel, and sooted glass;
Dig with tears to cool the fire
And lift that treasure.
Touch it to my cheek as
You did that morn,
Before out the door to nevermore.

It's folly, they say, to hope to know
Whose broken watch, whose melted ring,
Whose drop of blood beside that finger...
I know my heart would know; but,
For scientific verity I ask
Our son, who bears your genes—
A swab of tissue from
His toddler cheek
He'll bravely give.
And years from now, proud heirs
Will tell of how he proved his father.
And, also, tales of widows,
I, and others,
Who kept and slept with urns of precious memories.
Where I would keep you, I cannot say.
But, oh, to feel your finger touch my cheek tonight.

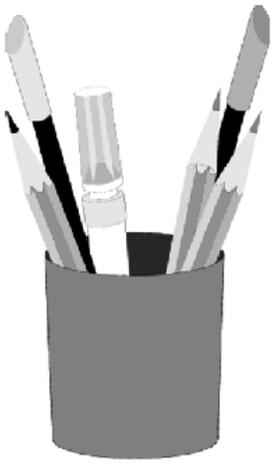
Elizabeth Allan

September, 2001



Drawing from Dreams

Over twenty years ago I participated in a Centerpoint Group which introduced Carl Jung's concepts and in many ways changed my life. I began recording



my dreams, although for many years I did not know how to work with them. But I kept coming back to these images, and as I gradually found dream groups I could join, I learned how to unlock some of their meaning. I found the Journey into Wholeness Conferences, which introduced me to the work of Robert Johnson, John Sanford, Jean Bolen, and Marion Woodman, and to the images of Meinrad

Craighead, an artist who uses the strong symbolism of dreams in her paintings. It soon became clear to me that through dreams we are being spoken to by a spiritual source that is both universal and deeply personal.

As a visual artist and teacher, I was struck by the fact that dream groups seem to attract many artists—not only visual artists, but also dancers and musicians and writers—and that many of these are women. I also became interested in the history of women artists and began to study and teach that history. Clearly something, which I identified as “the feminine,” had been largely devalued and ignored by the cultures of the West. I became fascinated by the challenge to identify the characteristics of the feminine. These seemed to be qualities that both men and women could possess but that, in the West, are perhaps more common in women than in men. They would include such things as *intuitive knowing* (in addition to rational knowing), *cooperation* (in addition to competition), *valuing diversity* (in addition to hierarchical ranking), *synthesis* (in addition to analysis), and *wholeness*, or Holy-ness, as all-inclusive rather than a separation of what is considered “good” from what is labeled “evil,” especially as related to matter and spirit, to name a few. Each of these is a whole subject in itself, and there are more. One source I've recently found describes the fundamental quality of the femi-

nine as “*all-accommodating spaciousness*” (Miriam and Jose Auguelles, *The Feminine*).

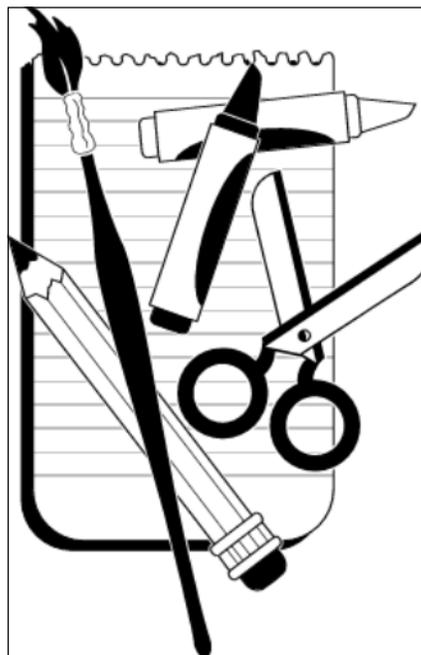
I am convinced that through our dreams, synchronicities, and the events of everyday life (especially those that have rocked our world recently), something new of enormous significance is trying to be born into human consciousness. I could not say what that new understanding is, but I believe that it is directly linked to the need to recognize and value what has previously been degraded, and that our very existence may depend upon whether or not that recognition is achieved. Certainly our preservation of “this fragile earth, our island home,” as our Episcopal Prayer Book so beautifully puts it, depends upon it. I believe, therefore, that what dreams bring to us is of crucial importance. Understanding dreams is not everyone's path, but for those of us who are drawn to them, there is a great deal to be learned.

The usual method of working with dreams is to write them in a dream journal for later consideration and analysis. I believe that there are many languages in addition to the written and verbal languages, including the language of drawn and painted images, sculpted forms, music, and dance. I have a quote from Jung taped to the wall over my computer that reads, “The transformation takes place only in the presence of images.” I'm not sure of the source,

or even if the quote is accurate. But for me, it is true. I have found that drawn, painted, and sculpted images are a good way for some people to access the truth of dreams.

I often use my own dream images in my art, but I also work with groups to help them use art materials to explore dreams. We set up tables with various materials—drawing materials at one; paints at another; modeling clay at a third; and paste, scissors, and magazines for collage at another. Participants bring a dream—either remembered or written—and after a brief period for centering

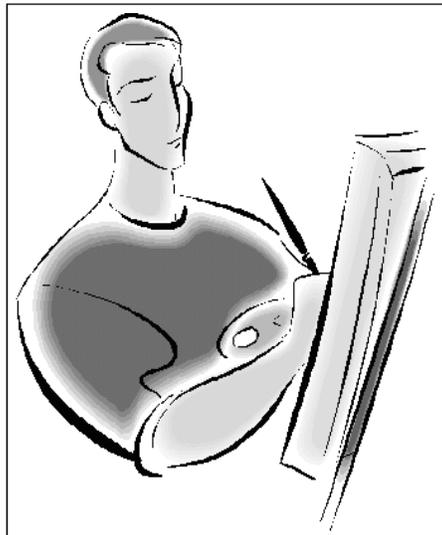
(which might include prayer, meditation, or music), the participants find the materials that seem right for the dream. They work on the image for thirty to forty minutes—whatever is



comfortable. This work is best done without conversation, keeping the concentration on the dream material, but music can be played while the group is working. Then, those who wish to do so regroup to discuss their experience. I find this time of sharing to be very rich—both in the dream material that is revealed and in seeing the ways in which the dreamers have worked with the material.

I'd like to share some of the results in a very general way. I have found that often an element of the dream, when drawn or painted, takes on more or less importance than the dreamer had originally attributed to it. A tree, house, or figure may seem to need to be larger or smaller, suggesting something about its relative significance. One dreamer drew a wall that became bigger and bigger. She had not realized that the wall—and what it symbolized—was so large. Sometimes an element appears in the drawing that the dreamer was unaware had been a part of the dream. I remember that once a dreamer drew a tree, and upon drawing it, he realized that the tree had a hole high up in it that he had not recalled from the dream. The hole turned out to be an important element, linking the tree to a particular childhood experience. Another dreamer chose to sculpt a dream that involved three family members. As she created the group, the spatial relationship suggested some new insights about the relationships of the individuals. One dreamer sculpted an animal that had appeared in her dream. As she worked, tears flowed profusely. She did not need to discuss the experience, but it had clearly been powerful. Touching the animal in a loving way as she developed and smoothed the form had released deep feelings. Another dream involved a journey, and the dreamer chose to draw a map of the course of the journey. When she was able to look at the map, she began to understand more about the meaning and the course it depicted.

I sometimes draw dreams that I do not understand and find that their images communicate *with others* at a non-verbal level. We may never discuss what the meaning is, but it clearly exists and communicates itself in its own way.



I should add that one of the drawbacks to this method of dreamwork is the hesitancy and inadequacy most adults feel about using art materials. It takes a lot of encouragement to urge some of us past the feeling of inadequacy in using the visual language—past those feelings that “it should be pretty,” or “I’m not good at this.” It helps to remind dreamers how many years they have spent learning to use the written language with ease and facility. Since most of us have hardly spent any time learning to use the visual language, it is only natural for us to feel awkward, and somewhat intimidated, when beginning to use art materials. A little courage and suspension of the self-critical voice helps enormously!

I would be very interested in communicating with others who are interested in using art in interpreting dreams or who have experiences in this area that they would be willing to share:

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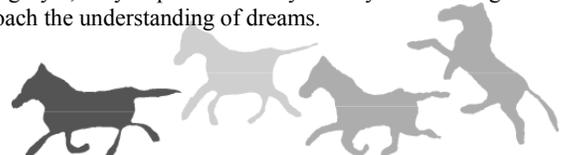
nsbcarter@aol.com

Athens, GA Nancy Carter

Nancy Carter, artist and educator, first began to record her dreams in 1978. That fall she re-entered the art world, having abandoned it years before to raise her three children (born in four years!). Participating in conferences and—at one point, four simultaneously—dream groups, which worked with dreams in slightly different but always meaningful ways, she began to work with her own dreams and those of others. Her conviction that dreams convey deep meaning, amazingly tailored to the psyche of the dreamer, has resulted in what seems like an insatiable thirst for more of this fascinating world of dreams. She has been creating a series of dream images for some time and finds that, in recent years, her art work draws more and more from the dream world. The language of artists (visual images, music, movement, and drama), she believes, provides meaningful exploration into one’s dreams, in addition to, and often in place of, writing about them.

Besides her passion for her children—who are all involved in the visual arts and music, but remain skeptical about her obsession with dreams—she has a passion for nature and ecology. A resident of Athens, Georgia, Nancy is building a solar cabin in the nearby mountains of North Carolina, a project which progresses at a snail’s pace, but which, with luck, she may live to see completed.

Editor’s Note: A while back Nancy started a dreamgroup at St. Gregory’s; they explore a variety of ways—including art—to approach the understanding of dreams.



Sacred Walking

It was in 1997 that my spiritual director recommended a little book by Dr. Lauren Artress called *Walking a Sacred Path: Rediscovering the Labyrinth as a Spiritual Tool*. She also shared with me the story of her recent pilgrimage to Chartres Cathedral in France with a group of clergywomen. In the stone floor of this thirteenth-century cathedral is an eleven-circuit labyrinth, which she and her group walked. I listened intently with a deep yearning in my heart to know more and to experience the labyrinth myself. Upon leaving this session with her, I went directly to the bookstore, purchased Lauren Artress's book, and devoured it that very night. The next morning I knew that it would not be long before I found my way to a labyrinth.

I was living at the time in Pensacola, Florida. I soon learned that an Episcopal church in Mobile, Alabama—just an hour away—had an outdoor labyrinth like the one in Chartres Cathedral. So I made the necessary phone call to set up a time to go there and walk the labyrinth. The evening before my journey—my pilgrimage—I was reading in Lauren's book about the symbol of the rose. It was in the twelfth century that Mary, the Mother of Jesus, began to be referred to as the "Rose of Sharon." The rose is symbolic of both human and divine love—that is, of passionate love, but also of love beyond passion. The single rose became a symbol of the simple acceptance of God's love for the world. In the mystical tradition the rose is a symbol for the Holy Spirit, and today it is universally regarded as the symbol of enlightenment.

On my journey over to Mobile, I held in my hand a rosary that a friend had given me, and I prayed a prayer that had bubbled up within me months earlier:

Amma/Abba God, teach me to know you as only you are. Ever Birthing, Creating, Transforming One, teach me to know and love myself as you know and love me and as you created me to be and are ever calling, wooing, speaking, and dancing me forth to be. Amma/Abba God, teach me to know and love others as you know and love them and to discern and encourage their spirits. Come Holy Spirit, I need you. Come sweet

Spirit, I pray, come in your wisdom, your strength, your gentleness, come in your own special way as I walk the labyrinth this day.

That was my prayer, and this was my affirmation:

Rejoice Minta, Mother/Father God loves you deeply. She is in you. He has Blessed you among all people, and blessed is the fruit of your HEART, Jesus Christ, who speaks, "I AM the Resurrection and the Life; the Good Shepherd; the Light of the World; the Bread of Life; the Door—the entrance and the exit—the Way; the Truth and the Life; and the True Vine." Holy Spirit, Gift of God, pray for this your daughter; pray for us your children, now and in the hour of our death, and NOW and in the hour of our BIRTH, the birthing of the "I AM of Christ" anew within us.

I prayed this prayer and this affirmation all the way to Mobile.

As I drove toward the church, I stopped and purchased, to carry with me while I walked the labyrinth, a single rose—the symbol of Mary who said, "YES!" to God. When I arrived at this beautiful garden of prayer, love, enlightenment, and of Mary, I walked to the entrance, removed my shoes (for I had a real sense that I was on holy ground), and with my rosary in one hand and my rose cradled in the other, I stepped onto that unicursal path and began to walk. My walking was slow and pensive, with my eyes mostly on the path. Very soon, I realized that the path led me right next to the center of the labyrinth—and then away from the center, time and again. And the thought came to me, "How like the beating of a heart this is." There was the intensity of being near the center, then the ebb of intensity as I moved away. How

like my deepening experience of the Sacred Feminine; there is intensity, and then it lessens for a while, but it always grows strong again. I can't fight it; I just seek to "let it be"—"Let it be done unto me according to Your Will."

I continued my walk, feeling that rhythm of a "heartbeat"—close and away, close and away, close to and away from the center—and, before I knew it, I was at the entrance of the center. I paused and



stepped in and turned around to face the entrance of the labyrinth. What I experienced then throughout my whole being—body, mind, soul, and spirit—was the sense of being in the center of a tremendous HEART. Experiencing this pulsing rhythmically, I felt I was in the center of the Universe, yet connected to all things. I sensed I was in the center of God's Heart. I seemed to fill the Heart (if you can fill that Heart), and I felt safe, secure, protected, and very much at home. I felt intensely synchronized with the pulsing of the Heart and exceedingly alive and filled with intense energy all the way to my DNA!

The walk out from the center seemed to go too quickly. I kept wanting it not to end. I would raise my gaze to look ahead down the path, hoping I was not close to the entrance. I paused momentarily and thought, "I'll turn around and walk it again without finishing it, starting over from the place of the entrance." But I knew in my deepest heart that I must finish the labyrinth, that I must not hold on to the experience in the center, but seek to be "present" as best I could to that one-foot-in-front-of-the-other journey. And so, at the end, I stepped on the entrance path and walked out. I sense that I have been given a gift in this experience and feel compelled to share, encourage, make available this "path" for others.

Today I wear a rose ring on my right hand as a symbol of my deepening relationship with Mary, as a symbol of a simple acceptance of God's love, and as a reminder of my first walk into that Heart of

Mobile, AL *Minta McDavid*

Minta McDavid is a registered nurse with experience in school nursing, home health, and hospice care, and with an ever-deepening interest in holistic, complementary healthcare. She feels called and led to deeper exploration of energy work such as healing touch and chakra work, and to dreamwork—

seeking to integrate that work with spiritual direction specifically for those within the Body of Christ.

Her husband Neil is a United Methodist minister. They have two wonderful grown children and two magnificent grandsons.

Minta's passion is living and experiencing to the fullest her journey toward and into wholeness; learning from Wisdom Herself new and creative ways to be more fully human and fully alive, to live well, love well, and die well; and to encourage others, and contain others, as they make their own journeys toward and into wholeness, into Shalom.



A View of Natural Spirituality

by Frank Farrar

For young adults, as they enter into their life in the world, and for middle-aged men and women who have experienced the challenges and rewards of raising a family, pursuing a career, or giving voice to their creativity, the question of what will replace the familiar cannot be evaded forever. What am I supposed to do now? The question becomes more and more urgent as time passes and the old ways no longer satisfy, or sustain, or allow for growth. This is obviously the case for young adults, who are in most cases well supported by our culture's expectation that they should undertake several of a number of worthy tasks. Those of us who have completed our first adult tasks and are near the midpoint of our lives may not feel so well guided. There are many possible choices. And there may be many burdens that seem to keep us from the more complete life we imagine or feel we are missing.

We cannot help feeling that the road we have known must go further than we can see. And so we look for a guide outside of ourselves. But in truth, God speaks to each of us in the events of life that are personally, individually meaningful. And He speaks to each of us through our dreams. This is the core belief of the natural spirituality program here at Emmanuel and in similar programs in a growing number of churches across the country. This encounter with God through dreams and synchronicity is understood to take place most effectively within the tradition and structure of the Christian church. It is not new. And it is not "New Age" in any pejorative sense. What can be said is that the activity of God in the life of the individual is being rediscovered and shared by individuals as it is experienced. It is shared in community. To this end, a journey group has been meeting at Emmanuel once a week for nearly ten years. More than 180 individuals have had an opportunity to participate in this group over the years.

In order to join the journey group, the attendance of a seminar based on the book, *Natural Spirituality: Recovering the Wisdom Tradition in Christianity* by Joyce Hudson, is required. All seminar graduates are welcome to join the dream group, either right away or later, no matter how much time passes after completing the seminar.

This seminar offers participants the opportunity to learn a common language and to be introduced to the process by which events and dreams may be understood to speak to us. This common ground was explored and described by Carl Jung. While it is acknowledged that Jung presents a number of problems to Christians, both as individuals and as members of the Church, he nonetheless was exploring a part of Creation that is common to every person, whether we realize it or not. One need not be a Jungian to participate in this seminar, and one need not be a Christian. However, the seminar does advance Jungian insights within a framework of Christian understanding.

Editor's Note: The above was first printed as an announcement for the 2001 fall natural spirituality seminar in Emmanuel Church's newsletter, *The Tower*.

Natural Spirituality Overview 2002

Ten years ago a small group of laypeople began a program for dreamwork as a regular parish offering at Emmanuel Episcopal Church in Athens, Georgia. I was the leader of this group by virtue of the fact that I had just lived through seven years of intense inner work and had something to say about it in terms of its deepening effect on my Christian life. For me, inner work had consisted primarily of dreamwork and attention to synchronicity, which I managed to accomplish without an analyst, guided only by the writings of Carl Jung and my own intuition. Such a self-guided journey would have been perilous had it not been held in safety by the strong container of traditional Christianity. In my case, keeping this strong container in place included: attending church services once or twice a week; taking EFM (Education for Ministry: the University of the South's four-year, theology-by-extension program for laypeople); and four years of service in my parish's Stephen Ministry Program (pastoral care by laypeople), serving for three of those years as a Stephen Ministry Leader. While engaged in this intense public participation in regular church activity, I was undergoing an even more intense private spiritual experience as I observed my dreams and the synchronistic experiences in my life and drew from them the meaning and guidance that I needed to navigate, and be transformed by, some very difficult personal crises.

Having come to the end of the first seven years of my inner journey, I was ready to share what I had learned in my private spiritual life with those with whom I was living my public spiritual life. So in the fall of 1991, over the course of twelve weeks, I taught an eighteen-hour class about what I had learned on my journey so far. The content of the class fell into two primary parts: 1) principles of Jungian psychology as tools for taking a deeper Christian journey, and 2) an overview of the structure and interplay of masculine and feminine archetypal energies as they arise in the consciousness of anyone who uses Jungian tools to guide an inner journey.

This development took on a life of its own, and before we knew it, the class had turned into an ongoing program. From the beginning, the other participants who were drawn along with me into this deeper level of Christianity became co-leaders in the development of the permanent program that we gradually established. Besides the introductory

class offered once or twice a year, we established a permanent weekly dream group—for which the class was a prerequisite—and we assembled a library of Jungian literature for continuing education.

We named our program "Natural Spirituality" to emphasize the teachings of the Holy Spirit that come to us through the natural processes of life. In biblical tradition, natural spirituality is called Wisdom. Christ, born of the heavenly Father and an earthly mother, was recognized as a manifestation of Wisdom. In the picture of incarnation given to us in the parentage of Jesus, we can see that God is made manifest on earth when we join together the spirit of heaven with the natural processes of earthly life. The eternal Christ is neither all heavenly spirit nor all earthly nature, but a third reality that combines the two into something new. St. Paul understood from the very beginning that through the eternal Christ, the spirit of God is present in the natural world. "*The Spirit reaches the depths of everything,*" said Paul (1 Cor 2:10). Christ "*fills the whole creation*" (Eph 1:23).

In 1998 I published a book, *Natural Spirituality*, which contains the content of our program's introductory class. It also includes a description of our program as a possible model for others. Now other churches could start inner work programs of their own, structuring their introductory classes as study groups centered on the book. With this, the natural spirituality paradigm began to spread. As of today more than thirty programs are underway in other churches, and new ones continue to arise. While natural spirituality activity has so far been predominantly in Episcopal churches, other denominations are establishing programs as well. Most programs so far are in the South, though the American Cathedral (*Episcopal*) in Paris, France, which began a natural spirituality study group this past fall, is a notable exception.

The strongest geographical concentration so far is in the Diocese of Arkansas, where the Rev. Susan Sims-Smith works through the diocesan Office of Teaching and Evangelism specifically for the purpose of supporting parish programs of spiritual inner work, with an emphasis on prayer, meditation, and dreamwork. Susan was already embarking on her mission when *Natural Spirituality* was published, and through wonderful synchronicity this tool fell into her hands with perfect timing. Thanks to her energetic work, every Episcopal church in the city of Little Rock now has a natural spirituality program, as do an ever-growing number of parishes in the greater diocese. The enthusiasm in Arkansas has jumped denominational boundaries, with natural

spirituality study groups now underway in Little Rock's Second Presbyterian Church and First United Methodist Church.

Recognizing the general hunger in our time for a sound container for inner work, the Diocese of Arkansas regards its support of natural spirituality as a work of evangelism. Many unchurched people come back to church, or into it for the first time, when programs for authentic inner work are added to the mix. Arkansas's successful experience with the establishment of natural spirituality programs shows the importance of active institutional support for this important introduction of spiritual inner work into the established life of the Church.

Danielsville, GA *Joyce Rockwood Hudson*

Joyce Hudson once dreamed: "There are two kinds of heaven—man's heaven and God's heaven. Man's heaven is too heavy. That is why monks build their monasteries in the countryside." Joyce has lived all her adult years in the countryside, as cloistered as the demands of life have allowed her to be.

She is one of the last women on earth to have never been employed outside the home, feeling blessed to be supported by her husband Charlie, an anthropology professor, now retired. (It is not lost on her that in high school Charlie was known as "Monk.") Relieved of the burden of producing income, she has been free to write books (seven), explore the depths of her soul, and, since 1991, to help others explore the depths of theirs.

Now in her mid-fifties, Joyce is heeding a call from within to withdraw from her active public service of the past decade to a more private life. She is not sure what God has in mind with this, but she is grateful for the unexpected permission to explore more deeply the mystery and blessing of stillness and solitude.



Natural Spirituality Programs

Listed here for purposes of networking are the natural spirituality programs (dream groups based in churches) that we know about at this time. This list includes programs that are just beginning the study group phase as well as those with established dream groups. The groups are not stamped from the same mold—each is organized in its own way. Groups that are not on the list are invited to let *The Rose* know of their existence.

ARKANSAS

Trinity Cathedral (*Episcopal*), Little Rock
 Christ Church (*Episcopal*), Little Rock
 St. Margaret's Episcopal Church, Little Rock
 Second Presbyterian Church, Little Rock
 First United Methodist Church, Little Rock
 St. Mark's Episcopal Church, Little Rock
 St. Michael's Episcopal Church, Little Rock
 St. John's Episcopal Church, Harrison
 St. Peter's Episcopal Church, Conway
 St. Frances' Episcopal Church, Heber Springs
 All Saints Episcopal Church, Russellville
 St. Martin's University Center (*Episcopal*), Fayetteville
 St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Fayetteville
 St. James' Episcopal Church, Eureka Springs
 St. John's Episcopal Church, Fort Smith
 St. Mark's Episcopal Church, Jonesboro
 Trinity Episcopal Church, Van Buren

GEORGIA

Emmanuel Episcopal Church, Athens, 2 groups
 St. Gregory the Great Episcopal Church, Athens
 St. Augustine of Canterbury Episcopal Church, Morrow
 St. Timothy's Episcopal Church, Calhoun
 Episcopal Church of St. John and St. Mark, Albany
 Cathedral of St. Philip (*Episcopal*), Atlanta (*presently inactive*)

FLORIDA

St. Simon's on the Sound Episcopal Church, Ft. Walton Beach
 Cokesbury Methodist Church, Pensacola

ALABAMA

Episcopal Church of the Nativity, Dothan

KENTUCKY

Christ Church Cathedral (*Episcopal*), Lexington

MICHIGAN

Grace Episcopal Church, Traverse City

TENNESSEE

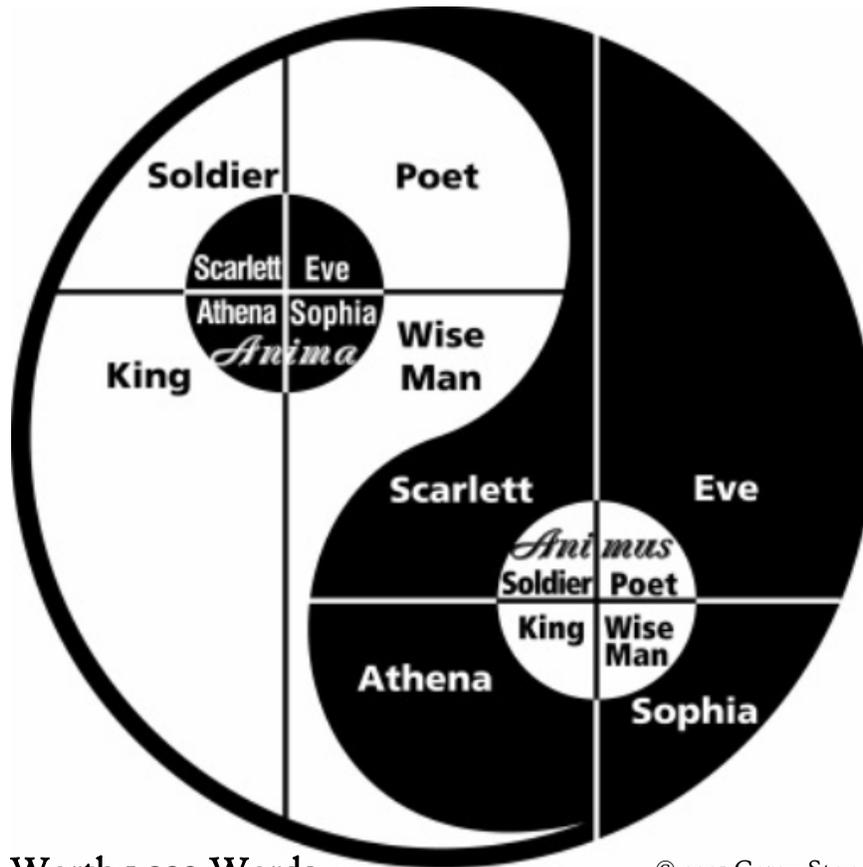
Otey Episcopal Church, Sewanee

TEXAS

St. Philip's Episcopal Church, Palestine

FRANCE

American Cathedral of the Holy Trinity (*Episcopal*), Paris



A Picture Worth 1,000 Words

© 2001 Carey Stone

No sooner did our study of Joyce Hudson's natural spirituality book begin than our group started to struggle with the language. For some of our group members, Jung's concepts were unfamiliar. For others there was a difficulty with what, at first glance, appeared sexist. "Do I not get a King?" "Do I not have a Poet within me, too?!" "Why is masculine energy strong, and feminine energy weak?" Their consternation got me to thinking about ways to communicate these truths in a clearer and more direct manner.

One night while meditating, an image came into my mind. It was the ancient yin-yang symbol. The yin-yang represents the perfect balance between masculine and feminine: a union of opposites. All of a sudden I could see Joyce's quaternities superimposed onto the yin-yang! Now in one diagram I could share with my group how they could have it all. No quaternity was off limits—masculine or feminine. The small opposite color within each side of the yin-yang worked perfectly to represent how every male has feminine energy (the anima), while every female has masculine energy (the animus) residing within them. I, as a male, have access to Sophia and Eve, while a woman has full access to King and Soldier energies.

This diagram brought a helpful clarity to some of my initially bewildered group members. I hope it can be a useful tool to other natural spirituality groups by providing a visual and conceptual framework for wholeness.

Jonesboro, AR Carey Stone

There are three passions in Carey Stone's life—psychology, spirituality/faith, and music. Most of his waking hours (and sleeping hours—dreams) are spent focusing on these passions. By day he is a licensed professional counselor practicing as a psychotherapist in a psychiatric hospital. While counseling for the past 10 years, he learned of Jungian concepts through a psychiatrist colleague practicing as a Jungian analyst.

Carey's work with Jung is in keeping with his second passion—spirituality and faith. Active in church ministry as a layman for several years now, he has worked with natural spirituality, taught a church-school series on Spirituality & Movies, and served on the search committee looking for a parish priest. His church involvement embraces the third passion—music: he sings in St. Mark's Choir. Singing since 15, his musical endeavors include an undergraduate music degree and traveling to seven European countries as well as to Harvard and the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City; he currently sings with the Memphis Symphony Chorus.

Integrating these three passions is Carey's lifework. His addiction to books and CDs complicates matters: he fears he may need to get a bigger house to accommodate them! At present, he is in the discernment process to determine if he has a more formal vocation within the Episcopal Church. Especially interested in parish ministry, spiritual direction, and retreat ministry, Carey asks for prayers as he continues to seek God's will.

Editor's Note: Carey Stone is a natural spirituality group leader at St. Mark's Episcopal Church in Jonesboro, Arkansas.

Build a Temenos

The inner journey toward self-awareness and growth, which Carl Jung called “individuation,” is difficult. It is the search for balance and wholeness in one’s life. Some individuals may perceive an inner void or loss of meaning in their lives (often during their middle years) that propels them forward to embark on an inner journey. If one is willing to commit to a process that will bring to consciousness hidden aspects of one’s inner being, this sense of the loss of meaning can initiate a search for one’s “self.” The process of discovering one’s “self” is a lifelong journey, full of many obstacles. In being open to one’s interior spiritual journey, an individual’s consciousness (ego) meets and interacts with the unconscious. Communication between the two can be established through the medium of the dream. Dreams can bring forgotten personal data or archetypal material from the collective unconscious into awareness in symbolic form that can be—with some effort—recognized and assimilated by the individual. The process is both challenging and richly rewarding, leading toward conscious integration and wholeness. In some instances, the individual may feel overwhelmed by the power of the unconscious. Dreams may evoke fear or even terror. The question then arises: How can one be protected on the journey from potentially negative forces unleashed by the interaction of the unconscious with consciousness?

There is a human spiritual instinct for “squaring off”—by constructing from human culture—a sacred place within which one can stand in safety to face the power of the divine. Jung used the Greek word “temenos” to refer to this archetypal, well-ordered space of healthy consciousness where a person can meet the unconscious without being overwhelmed by it (Joyce Hudson, *Natural Spirituality*, p. 72). St. Augustine of Canterbury Episcopal Church in Morrow, Georgia, has an active natural spirituality program that recently formed a dream group, called the Dream Team. A series of dreams by one of its members brought the idea of temenos to the Dream Team’s attention and scrutiny.

Prior to joining the program, one team member had had several frightening dreams of being caught in severe storms, or “black-cloud tornadoes,” whenever a crisis event occurred to one of her family members. The dream tornadoes, produced by the unconscious, were an inner reflection of outer events. What terrified her was the symbolic dream material from the unconscious trying to communicate with her and offer guidance. After

joining the program, she had a dream in which she saw herself and her family members in a structure—a kind of basement—from which they watched through a window as a tornado approached and passed over them. During this dream she experienced serenity and calmness—a great contrast to the turmoil of her previous dreams. This individual had unconsciously built a temenos—a place of safety—in which she could observe the outside storm while insulating herself from feelings of fear or terror. The natural spirituality framework itself allowed her to build her own temenos by helping her tie outer events to inner elements—to meaning. In her case, nothing more was needed, just a basic understanding of the inner journey. The Dream Team was impressed by this development and began to think about the fundamental need of constructing a sacred place of safety—a temenos.

It soon became clear to the group that external events are not the only triggers that produce anxiety during the journey. Sometimes too much inner life is the problem. One may experience fear and anguish when faced with the power of one’s own inner development. Another group member had been struggling with the individuation process for several years before coming into the program. She acknowledged feelings of panic at times due to the intensity of inner conflict brought on by interaction with the unconscious. The collective unconscious can be seductive, like a great banquet that can make us sick if we overeat. Sometimes the unconscious can threaten to overwhelm the individual with too much inner material and must be put in its proper perspective. A balance must be maintained between inner and outer life. In order to build herself a temenos, this lady needed to strengthen her outer life. The goal for her was to limit the frequency or intensity of the inner encounters—that is, to “eat sparingly”—and to emphasize outer-life routines and tasks. Her introduction to the solid framework of Jungian-based natural spirituality helped her to understand and redirect the process.

Seeing that for some people additional resources clearly needed to be developed to negotiate the inner path safely, the Dream Team began to explore methods of modulating their encounters with the unconscious. They came up with the following guidelines for safeguarding persons who

choose to answer the call of individuation and embark on the rewarding path of the inner journey. Any or all of these elements could be used to build a temenos:



☯ Pray

Group

Our meetings start with a prayer in which we invoke God's wisdom and protection for all members. We recall Christ's words, "Wheresoever any two people gather in my name, there I am."

Individual

We encourage every member of the group to ask for God's guidance in the search for self-knowledge. If dreams become too intense or frequent, ask for a "break." Wide openness to dream dialogue can be modulated by partially "closing the door." Ask God to give only those encounters that you can personally handle.

*For he shall give his
angels charge over
you,*

*to keep you in all
your ways.*

*They shall bear you
in their hands,*

*lest you dash
your foot against
a stone.*

Psalm 91: 11-12

☯ Read

We encourage journeyers to read as much as possible, especially Jung's works or those of other Jungian writers. Additional texts about the inner journey, dreams, and masculine/feminine issues can be very helpful. (Be aware, however, that too much reading can itself sometimes be a problem when outer life needs more attention.)

☯ Meditate

Many people have or can develop techniques that will relax them and encourage receptivity and a positive mental attitude. These may include yoga, physical relaxation exercises, biofeedback techniques, or music. Clearing one's mind of distractions or tensions is an important prelude to positive experiences of self-awareness.

☯ Maintain a Routine

When too much inner life is the problem, focus attention on daily tasks such as *washing dishes, paying bills, etc.* Stay with the small and the real, to counterbalance the vision of great potential being offered by the unconscious.

☯ Build a Temenos Image Within

We also encourage individuals to consciously remember the idea of temenos and to construct for themselves a protective mental environment as they embark on the dream journey. One might, for instance, imagine a sacred place—a "safe house," or structure—where one can meet the unconscious without fear. One could picture being in the temenos. Sometimes imagining the presence of loved ones or other supportive people in the temenos can provide additional comfort and encouragement.



☯ Create a Resource List

Develop a list of people the individual group members can contact when feeling overwhelmed. Encourage group members to tailor their own list by adding special contacts. It is advisable that the group leader arrange with an appropriate mental-health professional, preferably Jungian trained, to be a backup resource if need be. For our group, resources include the following:

- ☐ Dream group leader
- ☐ Parish Priest
- ☐ Family member(s)
- ☐ Mental health professional (*Jungian analyst*)

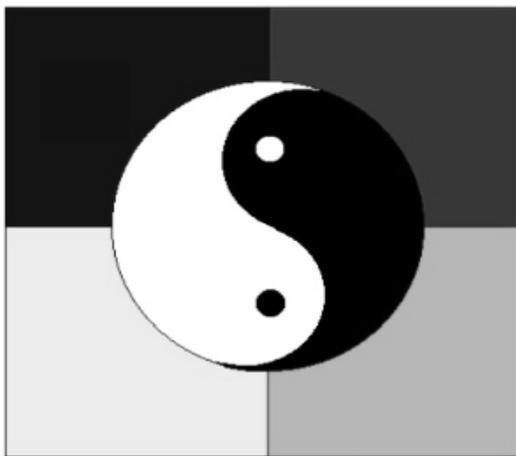
St. Augustine's Dream Team developed the guidelines above through intentional discussions of the subject over a period of time. We encourage every dream group to think about the needs of its members and make recommendations or guidelines accordingly to assure a safe and productive journey. We invite anyone who is interested to send ideas or suggestions to:

Jamie Rasche
The Natural Spirituality Program
St. Augustine of Canterbury Episcopal Church
P.O. Box 169
Morrow, GA 30260

McDonough, GA *Jamie Rasche*



St Augustine's



DREAM TEAM

Jamie Rasche, a 54-year-old pediatrician, reflects upon the many blessings of her life as she canters through a sunlit meadow upon her favorite gelding. First among her blessings are her best friend and husband of 30 years, Richard Rasche, their teenage daughter Erin, and their McDonough, Georgia, home; the family also includes a cat, dog, and two horses. Permeating all her blessings is her spiritual journey, which began five years ago when she saw an upside down rainbow on the day of her father's funeral and has included encounters with other rainbows, hamsters, falling trees, and assorted synchronicities. Jamie's introduction to Carl Jung and dream work came two years ago when Father Barry Griffin lent her a copy of Joyce Hudson's Natural Spirituality book. The result has been the launching of St. Augustine's own natural spirituality program and dream group along with a deep commitment to assist other folks during their individuation process. Jamie knows that her journey has just begun, but she senses very clearly its promise of much work, many rewards, and ultimately, a new vocation.

Methods & Devices

by Joyce Rockwood Hudson

Spirituality has a dark side—a shadow. One persistent aspect of spirituality's shadow is inflation. Spirit means “breath.” It can enliven us, lift us, *inspire* us. But it can also puff us up. When we find something that is so true and right for us that we can feel the very presence of God in it, one of its effects can be to make us feel bigger than we really are. It is only natural to feel that if we have found God in this something, then others will too, and so we must tell them, teach them, and show them the way.

There is some truth in this impulse, but there is also a great danger of inflation, a danger that is at bottom a power problem. We forget that, “Thine is the power.” It is God who shows others the way, not we. And we forget that God's ways are myriad. Who knows what another person needs? I don't. You don't. Only God does, and He will arrange it in His own way and in His own time.

Knowing about the danger of inflation in the shadow side of spirituality does not make us immune to it, but it does help us extricate ourselves from it when we find that it has overtaken us. One of the many times God has given me help with this problem was on the night after I finished writing my natural spirituality book. On this night of August 1, 1997, I had a dream that came as pure meaning, with no images. It said: “*You have this material to offer to others about connecting to God through inner work, but it is up to God to provide the methods and devices for each person.*” And then it added: “*You offer it, and people can take it or not—it is up to them.*”

This was a great relief. I had known that writing the book was a job that I was supposed to do. Back in 1991, when I first taught a class on Jung and Christianity at my church, I dreamed, again in words, that I must write up this material in a book, “*for those who can't be there.*” Now I had completed that job, and it only seemed logical that there would be more required from me, that the paradigm for inner work that we had pioneered in our congregation would need to be transferred to others through some sort of elaborate mechanism that I could not imagine but felt I would have to discover. This was an unconscious inflation, and God let me know about it right away. He told me in no uncertain terms that the next stage was not up to me.

I was glad for this news, and yet I also knew that I would have a hard time living it in faith. Could I keep myself from unconsciously puffing up again with an overweening sense of responsibility? Could I keep still and trust God to do the work? I wrote the words of the dream on an index card and propped it up on my desk, where it stayed for more than three years while

Natural Spirituality was published and went out into the world. I knew that what the dream said about individual persons was also true of individual groups. And so, as I have made myself available to people starting new programs, offering them encouragement and advice, when they seek it, I have always tried to keep in mind that it is up to each group to find the “methods and devices” that the Holy Spirit is providing for each individual situation. I have also tried to remember that I cannot foresee whether or not an inner work program will take root in any particular church in which it is offered. Again and again I remind myself that this is God's work to oversee, not mine.

This guiding principle is not for me alone. Participants in local groups must learn it, too, through whatever means God uses to teach them. As tools for inner work are offered in study groups and dream groups, everyone must try to remember that whether or not inner work is taken up by any particular person is between that person and God. And when inner work *is* taken up, it is God who will provide the “methods and devices” for each individuation journey. After all, individuation means that *there is no other life like this one*. No prior template. No set pattern to follow.

The “methods and devices” that God provides are part and parcel of an individual's life. Things happen in one's life, sometimes quickly, sometimes gradually, and responses are made that further one's journey. For some on the journey, dreamwork is a central factor from the beginning, but for others dreamwork remains secondary until more outer life has been lived. In more than one case I have seen an entire seven-year stage of the journey go by before productive, daily dreamwork became central, though this did not mean that progress toward wholeness was not being made in the meantime. The calendar, the schedule, the transforming events are hidden inside each person, where they are held in the hands of God. Fellow travelers on the journey cannot touch them or know them. They can only trust that they are there, doing their work as the months and years unfold.

I think we will see that this same thing is true of churches. Some will be able to establish ongoing dream groups as soon as they are introduced to the natural spirituality paradigm. Others will require some preparatory time, and for several years their progress will not be as visible as in those places where a strong dream group is up and going.

There is so much of the Way that cannot be known until it shows itself. But this much I do know from the outset: if a person desires and asks for inner transformation, it will come. And if there are people in a church who want a permanent program for inner work, one will take root there and become solid and lasting. In each case it is God Himself who responds to heartfelt desires and petitions and provides the methods and devices for their fulfillment.



“Be Opened!”

Sometimes things get clogged up. It's simply a fact of life. Sinks get clogged up. So do arteries and ketchup bottles, just to name a few. Passageways are designed to flow freely. When they don't flow freely there is a problem. In the narrow corridors of my overcrowded junior high school we had what we called “hall jams.”

When too many people filled the halls, no one could move. I sometimes think about that when I'm sitting in traffic on Highway 54.

Gridlock is a mess. Blockage is annoying. Some of us are reminded of that fact every spring when our allergies kick in and our sinuses are blocked. Sinus headaches develop, and we seek relief. Blockage demands relief.

In today's Gospel, some people brought to Jesus a man who needed relief. He was deaf and he had a speech impediment. In response, Jesus did several things, some of them curious. He took the man to a private place away from the crowd. He then put his fingers in the man's ears. He spat and touched the man's tongue. Jesus then looked up to heaven. He sighed and said to the man, “*Ephphatha*.” *Ephphatha* is a term that comes from the Aramaic language spoken by Jesus. It means, “Be opened.”

Mark reads, “Immediately his ears were opened, his tongue was released, and he spoke plainly.”

The others were astounded. “He has done everything well,” they said. “He even makes the deaf to hear and the mute to speak.”

Today's healing miracle brings to mind another

healing miracle in Mark's gospel. Last June we heard the story of The Raising of Jairus' Daughter. Jairus was a leader of the synagogue. His twelve-year-old daughter died, and Jesus raised her from the dead. There are several similarities in today's healing miracle and the account of Jairus' daughter. One similarity in particular fascinates me: the healing command.

In both accounts the healing command is delivered in Jesus' native language: Aramaic. In today's Gospel, Jesus says to the deaf man with a speech impediment, “*Ephphatha*,” which means “Be opened.”

When healing Jairus' daughter Jesus says, “*Talitha cum*,” which translates, “Little girl, I say to you, arise.”

I wonder: Why does the author give us these healing commands in Jesus' native tongue? What's the point?

Who knows? I don't, but one thing is for sure: these Aramaic phrases get our attention. Ask anyone who has to read them aloud publicly. We notice. We prepare. We practice.

Maybe *that's* the point. Maybe the writer seeks to draw our attention to the healing command itself: in this case, “*Ephphatha*,” → “Be opened.”

“Be opened.” **Not** “Be healed.” **Not** “Hear and speak,” **but** “Be opened.”

Something was clogged up in this man. There was something which needed release. “Be opened” is a lot more specific than “Be healed.” “Be opened” is more mysterious than “Hear and speak.”

The healing command “Be opened” invites each of us to ask, “*What is clogged up in my life? What needs release? Where is the gridlock? Where am I stuck? Is there relief?*”

This morning's Gospel indicates that there is relief for blocked ears and release for captive tongues, but there's more. Jesus also warms cold hearts and restores withered hands. Jesus renews faded hopes.

Jesus still heals, but do we seek healing? Do we wish to “Be opened?” Are we willing? Do we dare trust?



Christ Church Booklist

Having been exposed to natural spirituality through our church's book study group, I have begun to catch sight of titles that seem to fit the overall pattern of natural spirituality. In that spirit, I am offering The Rose readers a list of books that I've noticed recently in publishers' catalogs.

Martha Browning

Manager, Christ Church Bookshop
Little Rock, AR



Healing brings freedom, and in a strange way, freedom can be a very frightening thing. When the floodgates open, when the waters begin to flow, what happens next? We cannot be certain, and in that sense we lose control. Who knows? We might be swept away in the current. . .

“Be opened,” Jesus said, and I hear his healing command in a very broad sense:

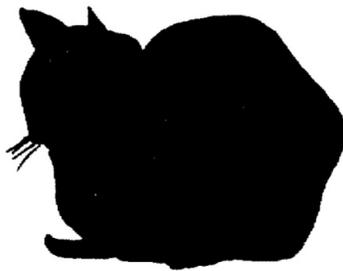
Be open. Be open to truth, even though the truth will set you free. Be open to love, even though love will most certainly break your heart. Be open to the Spirit of God, even though the Spirit will change you forever. Be open to life itself, with all its possibilities and its pain, knowing that real authentic living requires significant risk.

“Ephphatha.” → “Be opened.” It’s a healing command. May we be open to God’s healing grace. May grace flow freely through our bodies, our spirits, our lives. May this faith community be a channel of God’s grace for all who come our way. **Amen.**

Atlanta, GA Barry Griffin

Barry Griffin is accustomed to writing sermons, not biographical sketches. Over the years the people of Saint Augustine's Episcopal Church in Morrow, Georgia, have developed a high level of tolerance both for his sermons and his various quirks. He is truly grateful for their patience and love. He likes being a parish priest.

If you want to know the real lowdown on Barry, ask Scootch. Scootch is his cat and faithful companion of twelve years. Last year, Barry and Scootch bought a condo in midtown Atlanta. They enjoy relaxing on their tiny, third-floor balcony, sipping coffee, and watching the city unfold.



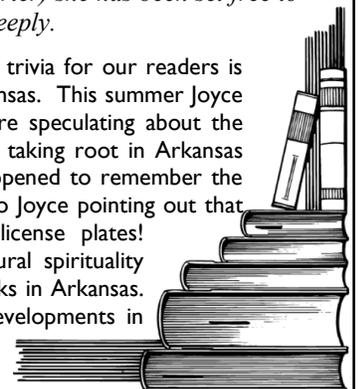
In a former life Barry taught choral music to middle school kids. This is when Barry came to believe in original sin. Even so, he sometimes misses his former students and the resounding echo of, "Hey, Mister Griffo!" floating down the hall.



- ★ *Nudged by the Spirit*—Charlotte Fardelmann
- ★ *The Star in My Heart: Experiencing Sophia, Inner Wisdom*—Joyce Rupp
- ★ *Prayer to Sophia*—Joyce Rupp
- ★ *The Call to the Soul*—Marjory Zort Bankson
- ★ *Silence*—Barbara E. Taylor
- ★ *Dreamwork*—Maggie Peters
- ★ *Four Witnesses: The Rebel, the Rabbi, the Chronicler and the Mystic*—Robin Griffith-Jones
- ★ *A Woman of Wisdom*—Caroline Joy Adams
- ★ *Dream Theaters of the Soul*—Jean Benedict Raffia
- ★ *Understand Your Dreams*—Alice Anne Parker

Martha Browning is a technical writer for an engineering firm for eight hours of her daily life, a volunteer manager of an Episcopal bookstore for the next stretch of the day. Being Junior Warden of her parish fills in part-time hours, and her dog Jasmine wishes she could find another few hours for her because even more time is taken up with loving on Martha's newest godson and other special people in her life, doing the routine items required in keeping a home, and other little things that crop up in busy lives. Martha is an avid book person—actually it is an addiction. One that requires a constant moving of furniture in her home as she frequently acquires another bookcase. Martha indicates that she has run into a “dry dream spell” this fall, but she feels confident that God is granting her some extra time to revisit and spend time with some pretty big and pretty deep dreams recalled during the late spring and summer. As the Pillsbury doughboy told Martha in a dream, “Don’t fret about that anymore—just let it be.” What comfort this message is when she realizes it came from within, and (as a worrier) she has been set free to explore God’s grace ever more deeply.

Editor's Note: An interesting bit of trivia for our readers is the nickname for the state of Arkansas. This summer Joyce Hudson and Martha Browning were speculating about the phenomenon of natural spirituality taking root in Arkansas with such vigor. Later Martha happened to remember the state's nickname and sent a note to Joyce pointing out that “The Natural State” is on their license plates! Amazon.com still lists Joyce's natural spirituality book as one of the top-selling books in Arkansas. We are all tuned in to further developments in this state!



A Dream

I liked the design of the crucifix. The cross was mahogany. The body of Jesus was hatched out of some even more exotic wood. The hatch marks formed the features of his face. It was lean, gaunt, triumphant all at once. Then I saw the archer. He was poised for action taking aim at Jesus on the cross. The arrow flew. It pierced Jesus' left breast right at the heart. Jesus' features did not change. A voice came from I knew not where: "It's all right you killed my son. What are you going to do?"

I felt overcome with shame because I had watched and done nothing. The maelstrom of feeling almost made me miss what I was supposed to see. The archer's eyes were closed. The archer was blind.

I had this dream two weeks ago. I rarely remember dreams. For years I didn't remember any. What few I remembered were all the same: *Always I am on the road, going somewhere. And always there are obstacles—some large, some small, some dramatic, some insidious. Always I wake up out of breath, frustrated. No wonder I don't sleep; it is too much trouble! I have all the frustration I need while awake during the day!*

The dream people tell us that we are all the people in our dream. So I am the blind archer; I am the mute witness; and I am Jesus. I am blind, dumb, dead. Murderer, conspirator, and victim.

And the Prophet Isaiah speaks to me:

Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf unstopped (Isa 35:5).

And the Psalmist sings:

Who executes justice for the oppressed; who gives food to the hungry? The LORD sets the prisoners free; the LORD opens the eyes of the blind. The LORD lifts up those who are bowed down; the LORD loves the righteous. The LORD watches over the strangers; he upholds the orphan and the widow, but the way of the wicked he brings to ruin (Ps 146: 7-9).

And Jesus too . . .

Go and tell John what you hear and see: the blind receive their sight, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, and the poor have good news brought to them. And blessed is anyone who takes no offense at me (Matt 11:46).



It is not as if I had not seen this Jesus before. The crucifix vision is based on a cross I designed for the cathedral in Honolulu. The blind archer is clearly who I am. I who have stumbled through life shooting I knew not where. The witness is the one who watches and waits inside me, waiting to be asked: "What are you going to do?"

And I am glad for God's voice that says: "You have killed my son. It's all right. What are you going to do?"

What to do? Bury him knowing that God has said it is all right? Bury him knowing God will raise us both up? Get back on the road. Accept God's forgiveness and make my life the one God wants it to be. Or as John the Baptist puts it, deeds worthy of repentance.

So I am called by my Lord to resist truckling to consumer religion. I am called by my God to make Jesus' death worth something in me more than chasing those who run away. I am asked by God to get up and go back on the road no matter how frustrating and insane it may become, lest I fall back into blind archery and become once more an unwitting conspirator to the death of the life of the world.

What is God asking you to do? Where are you blind? Where are you mute? Where are you victim? What is God's voice saying to you?

Athens, GA Peter Courtney

My father taught me how to answer the question: "What do we call you?" His answer was: "Your royal highness!"

When we ask someone to tell us who they are, we run the risk that they really will tell us. Truth be told, we don't always really want to know. So who is Father Peter Courtney? He is full of himself. After all, who else would he be full of? Someone else?

It didn't come easy. A fairly smart, shy, skinny youngster, he spent his childhood in right field. That is where they send the kids who can't run, catch, hit, or throw. The only hits he ever got in a real baseball game were off a fellow who went on to play in the major leagues! The rest of his life has been about parlaying liabilities into assets!

In college he majored in French and Budweiser. French because he liked his first-year teacher and beer because it balm'd the hurts from having the wrong gifts at the wrong time. His spiritual autobiography always begins: "For the first 15 years of ordained ministry I didn't do any permanent harm." Since then he has taken up a new life of sobriety and the spiritual quest for authenticity and integration.

His consort is Deborah T. Perry, who helps dull the sharpest edges, aided by Rachel of High Ridge, a year-old Weimaraner who is 65 pounds of muscle and heart.

Father Peter believes that health is contagious and that the only difference between a rut and a grave . . . is length. So he trudges the road of happy destiny in faith that the God who created him will show him the way.

Going Through the Gate

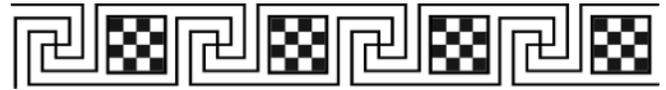
Punctuation and use of italics are slightly different from the original.

On November 3, 1969, I was on a bus [from the Lutheran School of Theology at Chicago] to Bloomfield Hills [Michigan] with Roger Baumeister from Evanston, also on his way to the conference [on communication at the Institute for Advanced Pastoral Studies]. After exchanging a few words with him, I returned to my book. Only much later did I understand that choosing to read a book rather than converse with a colleague was a symptom of my captivity in the mental-egoic stage. The significance of the title of the book also escaped me: *The Depths of the Soul* by Ignace Lepp, which introduced me to Carl G. Jung. From the wavy underlinings I can still tell what was attracting my attention. Lepp was telling me that

Freud was not content to study the external manifestations of the psyche....What counted particularly, if not solely, for him was the depth life of the soul....Paradoxical as it might seem, the authentic continuators of Freud's work are the disciples who disagreed with him....The Swiss doctor Carl Jung is a much different case. With a boldness that is both characteristic and praiseworthy, he advanced psychological investigation to unexpected depths (p. 24).

I knew something about Freud, but next to nothing about Jung. What mattered, however, was not what I had read, for I lacked something that books, including the Bible, could not supply. With my mental ego in charge and directing the way, I had been on a rather fruitless outward journey for decades. On my inward journey, however, I had not yet reached the goal, the Gate to the Beyond Within, but it was just around the next turn in the road.

I arrived at the Bloomfield Hills conference full of hope. The leader was Reuel Howe, whose book *The Miracle of Dialogue* I had read with great profit. I was certain my problem was communication and was confident that it would be solved. The conference program featured small groups. When the leader of my group of five men and two women opened the first session with a request for agenda



ideas, I was the first to speak. Describing my problem as one of communication, I suggested that we work on the language, that is, the ideas and concepts we use in our various denominations to communicate the gospel. Two of the men in the group, both pastors, bluntly and totally rejected my suggestion; later I learned that they were familiar with T-groups. Taken by surprise, and not knowing what else to do, I began to defend my suggestion, pointing out that it was not very different from those being offered by other members of the group. As the conflict intensified, I began to feel that I,

not my idea, was being attacked. Feeling misunderstood, I was ready to "pick up my marbles" and leave the conference when I remembered telling my students that "maturity means being vulnerable." At the critical moment, when I felt defeated, isolated, and rejected, one of the

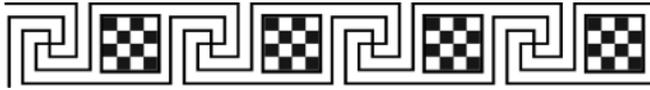
women in the group, Sister Joan, a Roman Catholic nun, spoke up: "Walter is being more real than any of the rest of us. He is sharing himself." That was all she said and all I needed to hear.

Once again I was totally unprepared for what happened within me. My whole being, including my body, responded to Sister Joan. I literally sprang a leak inside; tears began to flow down my cheeks. I was speechless, but my heart rang with the words of Jesus,

If a man is thirsty, let him come to me and drink. Whoever believes in me, as the Scripture has said, streams of living water will flow from within him (John 7:37f.).

When I read the verses that followed, I knew that I had received the Holy Spirit. A new center within me had been born; my Self had come to life; Christ had been formed in me. What I had been looking for since early 1967, I had found in the opening minutes of the first session of our small group at a conference on communication. I had been confident that the conference would help me find a solution to my problem of communicating the gospel, but I had no idea how it would happen because I was unaware of the nature of my problem. As we were leaving the room after the group session, I





caught up with Sister Joan, put my arm gingerly around her shoulders, and thanked her for what she had done. I sensed that she was taken aback by what had happened and embarrassed by my show of affection. Years later, after reading an early draft of this chapter, Sister Joan wrote to me, *“I don't remember the quote that you attribute to me, but I do recall responding to a comment from you during the discussion on language...It seems true that we don't always realize that what we say has great significance to others. The Spirit is at work among us.”*

When I awoke the next morning, my pillow was wet; I had been crying in my sleep. I got out of bed, said my prayers, and picked up my Bible to read a chapter from both testaments. The Old Testament bookmark was at Psalm 69. *“Save me, O God!”* I read, *“My eyes grow dim with waiting for my God.”* At verse six I was no longer reading but praying, *“Let not those who hope in thee be put to shame through me, O Lord God of hosts; let not those who seek thee be brought to dishonor through me, O God of Israel.”* I felt deep within me that that is exactly what had happened: I had failed as a messenger of good news! When I came to verse thirteen, the leak inside me became a river. Tears filled my eyes, making it difficult to read: *“But as for me, my prayer is to thee, O Lord. At an acceptable time, O God, in the abundance of thy steadfast love answer me.”* It had happened!

God's time for me had come, the acceptable time. When I later checked the Greek version of the Old Testament, I discovered that the word for “acceptable time” was *kairos*, meaning “God's time.” God's Gate had been opened for me in God's way on God's schedule. The thought came to me accompanied by a powerful feeling: “God is in charge of my life!” I struggled to read the rest of the psalm; I prayed it with a heart filled with a new kind of joy.

I turned to the New Testament bookmark and read about Jesus and the Samaritan woman at Jacob's well near Sychar. Jesus started the dialogue by doing the unexpected in asking the woman for a drink of water. No mention is made of his receiving the water, but in the course of the conversation his hunger was satisfied, as he pointed out to his disciples when they returned from the city with



some sandwiches. A woman had said a few words about me, and I had sprung a leak inside. She had served me in my thirst for God and hunger for friends, both being the gift of the Spirit. The New Testament reading confirmed the Old Testament message. Later that day I told my group that I now knew how a woman would feel having given birth after a fifty-two year pregnancy. When I asked Reuel Howe, “Which is the greater miracle, changing water into wine or a professor into a person?” he answered without hesitation, “The latter, for the professor offers more resistance.”

During the final group session, I saw the humor of what God had done. All my life I had felt that there were two groups of people who needed what I had to give, but from whom I could receive little or nothing: Roman Catholics and women. God in His wisdom had used a *Catholic nun* to answer my unconscious prayers of over two years. I recalled and shared with the group that when Edna and I were married I had, ostensibly for financial reasons, dismissed the idea of a double-ring ceremony. Now the real reason surfaced: I could not receive a ring from Edna because she was a woman! The leader asked me if I knew what I needed to do. I told him I did.

On the Sunday after the conference, God had scheduled for me to preach at Bethlehem Lutheran Church in DeKalb, Illinois, where Edna and I had been married. Friday evening we went to a Sears jewelry department and picked out a ring. In my sermon on Sunday I shared my experience at the conference and stated that in a few moments Edna and I would complete the wedding ceremony. I suggested that couples in the congregation join us in renewing in their hearts their marriage vows. After the sermon we went to the altar, repeated the vows, and Edna placed the ring on my finger. At the door after the service one of the women asked me, “May I kiss the groom?”

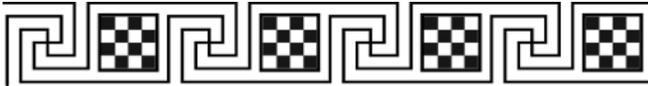
In my mind I have often gone back to Bloomfield Hills and asked, “What really happened in that small group? How could a few words from Sister Joan produce such dramatic and permanent results?” Such a sacred instant in an ordinary setting!



In the light of what had happened, the people in the circle on the floor that afternoon were precisely the people I needed, especially Sister Joan! Now I knew why God had used the Conference on Evangelism to get me to postpone my attendance at the Conference on Communication from September to November: Sister Joan would be at the November conference! I needed an introverted sensing woman to hear what I was not saying so that I could respond to her out of the depths of my soul with my inferior feeling function. By arousing my anima she had enabled me to accept my shadow and to connect with my Self. God had used Sister Joan to help me through the Gate into the Beyond Within.

Tucson, AZ Walter J. Kukkonen

This excerpt is taken from: *The Gate to the Beyond Within: Reflections on the Experience of Christ in the Light of Jungian Psychology*, Walter J. Kukkonen (Tucson, Ariz.: Polaris Press, 2001), pp. 22-25.



In her first letter to him as an 18-year old student at Concordia Theological Seminary in Springfield, Illinois, Walter Kukkonen's mother suggested that he come home. "What are you going to say when you get into the pulpit?" Walter replied tersely, "If God lets me get that far, He'll give me something to say!" Walter's mother lived to hear her son give his first short sermon, and his father lived to see him not only receive his doctorate in theology but be called to teach at Suomi Theological Seminary in Hancock, Michigan.

Walter's favorite Bible story was that of Joseph revealing himself to his brothers in Egypt—noting that God had sent him there ahead of his family and relatives to save them from starvation. Alongside the pulpit and the lectern, he has used the typewriter and computer to share his prophetic insights and ideas about the work of God in real life. Since the publication this past summer (with some editorial assistance by Joyce Hudson) of *The Gate to the Beyond Within*, Walter—at age 84—is wrestling on the Internet with problems of his Lutheran church, including the newly introduced historic episcopacy, supporting his colleagues by directing their attention from megachurches to the "two or three gathered in Christ's name," who know His presence and power in their life and ministry. Walter lives in Tucson, Arizona, with his wife of sixty years. They have three children and seven grandchildren, all in the Midwest.

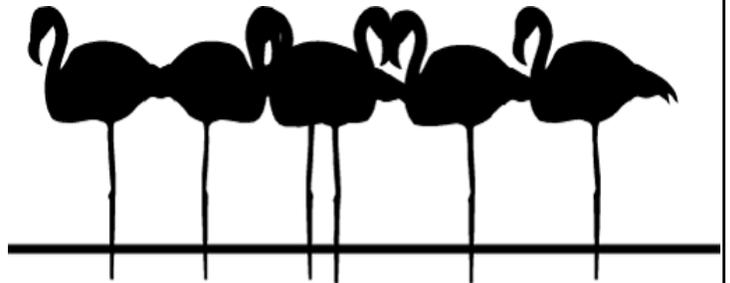
Editor's Note: Walter is emeritus professor of the Lutheran School of Theology at Chicago.

And Feel This

Insight is bestowed upon one
not seized.
Truths are farthest from an
ego-driven man.
Thoughts known of wisdom are felt
like vibrations.
Discord is often the product of
denying the simple rhythm of the soul.
All that you could know or hope to know
is being whispered in your ear
as chirps or chimes or
tingling blades of grass.
Know what is yours. . .
and feel this.

Suzanne Reamy

Richmond, VA
September 19, 1993



When asked to reflect on my journey, an idea took hold and drew my attention like a black spot on a white rug. The human consciousness will only change when absolutely necessary, when there seems no other course for its survival. I had heard this revelation in my mid-twenties, not long after I had joined a Jungian dream group in 1992. Dreamwork over the following ten years has accompanied me from the swirling deep sea waters of bar life to designing nursery window treatments and enacting Bible stories for four year olds in an Episcopal Godly Play class. Most days I am stubbornly clinging to my old consciousness, but every now and again, even I can see that the landscape has improved. By illustration, in those first years I had a dream of my paternal grandmother telling me I needed goodness in my life and later in the dream was pulled onto a fire engine by a group of young male firefighters. I sense a somewhat sardonic grin on God's face knowing I now own a house in the historic Fan District of Richmond, Virginia, across from a fire station, just as my grandmother did when she was alive.

Suzanne Reamy is an In-Home Design Consultant for Calico Corners and on a good day is a writer.



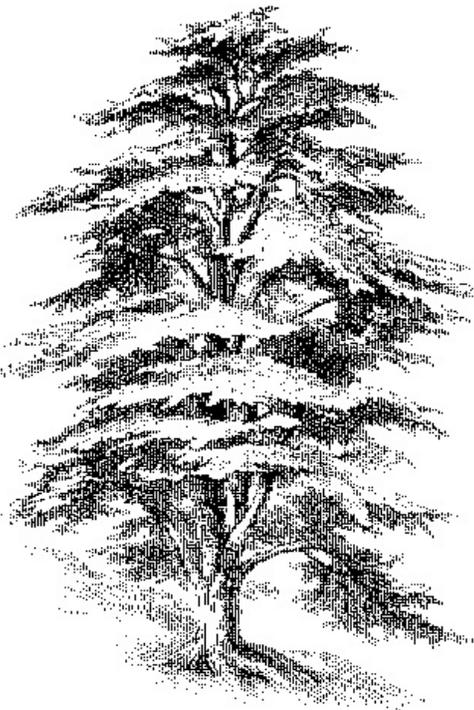
Choices

In this world of many choices,
I say to you there are only few.
A few choices that recur over time
with different faces on them.

We choose between what is inherently ours
and what is not—
we choose between collective fantasies
shared by many generations
and that path,
that person,
that way—
that resonates on the very chord of our being.

This is the song of life:
A few choices,
Many masks,
And one chord to hit.

Suzanne Reamy
Richmond, VA
Good Friday, 1997



Several authors writing for this inaugural issue of *The Rose* have published other works. The following list will help you locate these works!

Elizabeth Allan

▣ *On the Way to the Water Well;*
poems by Jo Holland Alexander
and Elizabeth Ansley Allan
404-874-3611
eallan@mindspring.com

Walter Kukkonen

▣ *The Gate to the Beyond Within:*
Reflections on the Experience of
Christ in the Light of Jungian
Psychology
Polaris Press: 520-887-7637
kukkskornr@aol.com

Joyce Rockwood Hudson

▣ *Natural Spirituality: Recovering*
the Wisdom Tradition in
Christianity
JRH Publications: 706-789-3400
jrhpub@mindspring.com

▣ *Apalachee*
▣ *Looking for DeSoto: A Search*
through the South for the
Spaniard's Trail
University of Georgia Press:
1-800-266-5842
books@ugapress.uga.edu

Editor's Note: Joyce Hudson won the 2001 Georgia Author of the Year Award for her novel *Apalachee*.

been steadier, surer, or more content and at peace. God's hands on my life have never been more unequivocal.

This newsletter is to be a forum for personal storytelling; for the telling of dreams; for the sharing of ideas; for the sharing of books, conferences, and retreats; and for exchanging information about how natural spirituality programs are conducted. The naming of *The Rose* has its own story that also needs to be told:

On Mother's Day last year immediately after church, Joyce walked into my house to share with me that she thought we might call the newsletter *The Rose*. I was caught up in her energy and in the spirit of the moment. But when she left I began to ponder how I could present a newsletter called "*The Rose*" when the images of the rose seemed to be sweet and—as I thought then—not especially appropriate to the journey.

Trying to be satisfied with the name, I began to recall that earlier that week I had shared with her that I was being flooded by memories of Mother and Mother's Day. I had been especially keen on sharing with her the memory of going to my grandmother's house early on Mother's Day mornings to cut a rose to wear to church. My childhood church—a small, unair-conditioned, wooden floor Baptist church—was always filled on Mother's Day and everyone in church that day had on a rose. I don't recall an honoring time any greater than that time of honoring the mothers in our church on this day. I've come to understand that by naming our newsletter "*The Rose*," we are honoring the spiritual mother energy that is revealed to us through dreams, synchronicities, intuition, and daily living.

As I look back on last spring, I am still moved by the graceful way God prepared me to celebrate and embrace the name that Joyce offered. The synchronicity God offered causes me now to both chuckle and shudder. How the pieces of my coming to accept the name fit together underscores for me—as though God has spoken directly to me—how fitting the time is to begin this newsletter.

In my personal difficulty with accepting the name, God was shining a light on the name itself. That afternoon I decided to look in *Man and His Symbols* to see what Jung and his cohorts might give to me. Turning to the index, I saw under the heading of "rose," the entry "rose window." That was it! The rose window is a conveyer of stories. God was not only giving me a name but a motif. The rose window came into being in medieval times when living was steeped in the divine feminine energy. The rose window image aptly captures that seeking of the sacred feminine that natural spirituality is. At this point, God had my full attention. Several weeks prior to this Sunday, I had been studying, reading, and reflecting upon a coffee-table text of the history of Gothic architecture and art. The churches of the late thirteenth and early fourteenth century are architectural wombs with rose window mandalas. After reading the entry "rose window," I immediately recalled that on our way home from a Jungian conference with Presbyterian clergy the previous fall, I glimpsed two rose

windows in a church we were passing and asked Joyce to turn around so that I could look at them again. What caught my eye was the shape of these windows. The shape was exactly the same one that I had drawn during a guided meditation at *Journey Into Wholeness* not two weeks earlier. When I drew that rose window, I did not know why. I didn't know either why I wanted Joyce to let me have a better look at the windows shaped exactly like my drawing. One reason I know now is that God was planting a seed back then for my future acceptance of the newsletter's name.

Historically these beautiful windows were theologically significant in the illiterate fourteenth century because the window's intricate patterns provided the pictorial telling of biblical stories. That century's turbulence mirrors our own age. These complex, color-bearing windows (color also signifies natural spirituality) connected the people of those times with God's stories and teachings. A symbol of wholeness and balance, the window's intricacies allow each segment to tell its own story while all the segments congregate together to make a whole. As a motif for the natural spirituality newsletter, then, the rose window corresponds to the individual journey in that each person's journey is comprised of its various parts which work together to make a whole, while each separate journey works together to comprise our journey as a people.

The rose as a separate symbol has its own relationship to natural spirituality. In his essay, "Individual Dream Symbolism in Relation to Alchemy" (reprinted in *Dreams*, Bollingen Series 20), Jung shares with his readers ways in which we have come to regard the rose. One illustration depicts the seven-petalled rose of alchemy which corresponds to the seven stages of transformation (fig. 29). He includes a fifteenth century *Paradiso* illustration showing Dante being led before God in a heavenly rose (fig. 83). My favorite of these natural spirituality-related images is the rose as womb. The journeygroup has often seemed a place of "midwifing" the "self" to me, and I am not at all surprised that God led me to a name that symbolizes the womb of Mary that held Christ. When the journeygroup is at its best, it, too, holds Christ.

Athens, GA Wanda Krewer



Wanda Krewer is a weary warrior! Happy to be working as a counselor with young people in a small, rural high school, she feels especially blessed that she has found her way to Madison County High School where she enjoys the people she works with and sees many teenagers with an endless variety of concerns! She is never bored at work!

*She fantasizes frequently of a future time when her kitchen is painted and stove connected! This house organizing is taking far too long for her liking! Besides sprucing up the house, counseling high schoolers, and producing a newsletter, her other large on-going project is revamping the local natural spirituality program's library. She has enjoyed typing pockets and cards and creating a data base for these books. Her real joy is spending a weekend alone reading *The New Yorker*, soaking in a tub, listening to the soundtrack of *Gladiator*, and getting a good night's sleep. She is looking forward to soon having time to enjoy more of all of these pleasures!*

The Name of the Rose

Parts of this story appeared in a July announcement for *The Rose*.



Almost nine years ago I attended Joyce Hudson's fourth natural spirituality seminar. After a brief interlude, I started attending the journeygroup, listening to the telling of dreams and sharing my own. From the very beginning, I experienced natural spirituality as something powerful and satisfying. The instruction in the twelve-week seminar overshadowed the four years of graduate school work in counseling I'd just completed. As I sat in the those first journeygroup sessions, I often had no way of speaking or sharing what I was experiencing inside, and yet each night the issues that were brought to light through the dreams told by others were the same issues burdening my own heart. I was moved by the love that I experienced in a group so diverse—old and young, rich and poor, highly educated, not-yet educated, conservative, liberal, “puers” and structure people were all with us. God was instructing me through their dreams and mine, and most of the time I did not even need to speak. The reverence I experienced each night that I attended was overwhelming. God was truly present. Not accustomed to crying, night after night I would tear up as a result of being witness to meaning so profound and unique. The dreams were important; the words the others shared were important. Everything was important. This process held a power and reverence unlike anything I had ever experienced.

Over the years, I've been witness to Joyce's development and to the development of our natural spirituality program. I've watched individuals grow and change and be given unique ministries. I've watched the wider program take hold in churches in other places. During all of these developments, I've shared with Joyce—and with the others in Athens—the wonder of it all. And during this unfolding, I've often felt like Mary who “pondered all these things in her heart.”

Last year about this time yet another series of powerful personal and deeply synchronistic events took place that held onto me tightly and over time changed my life for the better. A high point during my life then was the excitement I felt by being close to all of the facets emerging out of the natural spirituality ministry—first the seminar, the journeygroup and dreamwork; then Joyce's writing of her book, the book taking hold, other dreamgroups forming; and then Joyce visiting groups, talking to leaders of these groups by email or phone, her working with individuals' dreams in places far from Athens, and visiting them to offer support and guidance. She made new friends. We made new friends. Shouldn't everyone connected with natu-

ral spirituality have the opportunity to share in these developing friendships? Shouldn't we all have the opportunity to share our experiences, learn of others' progress and the methods and devices that they employ in their groups? Shouldn't we all connect in some way that would support and guide the greater program that God has called into being?

So, last winter I mentioned to Joyce that I thought it was time to start a newsletter. She met me with great enthusiasm and support, which has only grown and deepened over time. Having started the first natural spirituality program, the folks in Athens naturally feel a certain ownership of the greater movement. We celebrate each time we hear of another study group forming or a journeygroup springing into being. We feel entitled to continue to learn the good news that others are trying what we have valued so dearly and that in so doing they too are experiencing a deepening of their own spiritual Christian development.

I've been especially mindful that this movement is a direct ministry—nurturing and sustaining the individual's Christian growth and personal relationship with God. I hear joy in the voices of strangers talking about their new journeygroup program or about the progress made in their established program. The enthusiasm that I've heard time and time again over the years is indicative of how we long for what God is calling us to—we hunger for an ancient wisdom tradition to help us understand our modern lives.

This hunger and this call, apparent in many places, are especially strong in Arkansas. God seems to have his hand on the people of Arkansas. The prime leader in the Arkansas movement has been Susan Sims-Smith, a priest at Trinity Cathedral in Little Rock who also heads the diocesan Office of Teaching and Evangelism. She has spent many years directed by her own unique spiritual hunger, directed by listening to her dreams and listening to her intuitive self as well as directed by listening to the dreams of others. God has now called her to help churches in her area and elsewhere find a way back to the divine feminine. Through her calling and her work, she is leading the way for us all.

I see this natural spirituality ministry to be part of a never-ending pattern of God calling us to live closer to Him, to be nurtured, healed, and guided by His great love and wisdom. This never-ending call continues to be revealed in our daily living. My own life itself bears witness to the unfolding of this spirituality ministry. The fruits of my personal journey are aliveness, being more present in the moment, and being more focused and sure of my life path. How I experience my life today is a direct result of my involvement in Emmanuel's natural spirituality program. I have never

(continued on page 30)

Natural Spirituality Regional Gathering: North Georgia and beyond

St. Augustine of Canterbury Episcopal Church in Morrow, Georgia, invites members of church dream groups in north Georgia and beyond to an all-day conference on Saturday, February 16, 2002. Natural spirituality journeyers who are not presently affiliated with a dream group are also invited to attend.

This conference will allow people engaged with natural spirituality to meet each other, network, and exchange ideas about natural spirituality matters. Included in the day's events will be a dreamwork practicum, and a presentation by Joyce Rockwood Hudson (author of *Natural Spirituality*) of some new ideas on the relationship between C.G. Jung's four functions and the masculine and feminine quaternities.

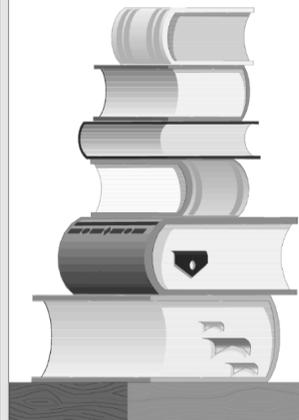
The conference will begin with registration from 9:30-10:00 a.m. and will end at 4:30 p.m.. The \$10 registration fee includes lunch. To obtain a registration form, contact St. Augustine of Canterbury Episcopal Church at 770-961-9353 or staugustinecant@earthlink.net. Morrow is fifteen miles south of Atlanta on I-75.



A Call for Favorite Books!

We want to start a **Favorite Books Column** (mostly Jungian-related) and invite you to send us names of your favorite books (only one or up to five) with a brief explanation as to why they are your favorites. We'll include your favorite books, your explanations as to why they appeal to you, and your name and city/state of residence (unless you ask to remain anonymous).

We look forward to hearing from you and expect that this column will help others find their way to the best of the books that are out there. It will provide us with a practical way to get to know a little more about each other.



The Rose

Emmanuel Church
498 Prince Avenue
Athens, GA 30601

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