

The Rose

inviting Wisdom into our lives & churches

Emmanuel Church ■ Athens, Georgia

Summer-Fall 2006 ■ Issue 10

Riding with the Wind

Last year during Lent, I gave up caffeine and took up bicycling as a spiritual discipline. A few days after making this commitment, I had a chance to practice the bicycling part with a friend. It was my first opportunity to test my endurance level with another rider. We met at the college where I am a chaplain and set out for the hills and winding curves of nearby Country Club Road.

My friend's bike is a racing ten-speed equipped with "skinny" tires. Since my bike is an on-road/off-road model, I was frequently left behind as we took to the hills. I quickly realized that the lesser road-resistance of the skinny tires allowed my companion to "ride with the wind." I had to peddle harder and faster to keep up.

Before long, my upper thighs began to burn. I stopped momentarily for a break and made an excuse to my friend. I said that it had been at least a month since I last rode my bike. But that was
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A Word from Emmanuel

THE GREAT THEOLOGIAN AND MYSTIC Meister Eckhart once said about God: “If you are so good to those who seek you, what must you be to those who find you”?

I believe that is an intentional question and a deliberate path that we are all invited to walk on.

If we are serious about growing in the spiritual life, there is really only one thing that is necessary: to continue to seek and, yes, even to find. With each “seeking” we discover something new. We find a part of ourselves that we never knew existed.

Our spiritual growth is never something usual. We must train to become who God intends us to be. We are invited to step out and risk going deeper within to find our spiritual core. As we do that, the challenges and the promises become more and more clear.

I am delighted to be at Emmanuel Episcopal Church, and more delighted to know that we are blessed with individuals who empower all of us to a deeper knowledge of God’s presence in our lives through dream work and Natural Spirituality programs.

May each day of our journey bring us one step closer to living in the kingdom.

In His peace,

The Rev. Robert Salamone, Rector

Emmanuel Episcopal Church, Athens, GA

“The rose is to the Western mythological tradition what the lotus is to the Eastern tradition. Dante’s great epic is about the multifoliate rose unfolding—the soul bud maturing into the full blown rose.” —*Marion Woodman, letter to a young friend*

What is *THE ROSE*?

THE ROSE IS PUBLISHED twice a year by the Natural Spirituality Group at Emmanuel Episcopal Church in Athens, Georgia. It is offered free of charge to help link together groups and individuals engaged in integrating dreamwork and other authentic aspects of the inner journey into regular Christian life.

THE ROSE publishes articles submitted by journeyers from all locales. It is a forum for telling personal stories; for sharing dreams; for setting forth insights from the inner journey; for sharing relevant books; for analyzing movies; for looking at the deeper meaning of Scripture; for poetry and short reflections; for the publication of apt sermons; for exchanging information about how natural spirituality pro-

grams are conducted in different places; for announcing upcoming conferences; and for reports on the same after they have taken place.



Submissions Policy

Articles range from 100 to 2000 words. Digital submission is preferred, though non-digital, hard copy is acceptable. Material should be appropriate to the mission of *THE ROSE*. Send submissions to:

rosewisdom@mindspring.com

or to: **The Rose at Emmanuel Church,**
498 Prince Avenue, Athens, GA 30601

The deadline for the next issue is September 30, 2006. This includes articles announcing conferences that will take place February to August 2007. Bare bones announcements (date and contact information) will be accepted through November 15.

A Note from the Editor...

ONE OF THE ARTICLES in this issue is entitled "Where To Look for God." As we go to press, it occurs to me that all the other articles are also about that, as is, I would wager, every article ever published in THE ROSE. Everyone writing for this publication, and everyone reading it, is especially interested in not only the question but also the experience of where to look for God.

Isn't it odd, then, that THE ROSE is an unusual publication in today's Christian community? It would seem that ROSE writers and readers are finding God in places that are not the norm. And yet, they are often reordering their entire lives around the fact that God is so surprisingly available in these venues.

For example, the articles in this issue tell of finding God in the language, as well as the experience, of serious illness; in the tumultuous melee of life; in carefully observed synchronistic events; in archetypal energies that seek recognition and dialogue within us; in dreams; in probing the layered meanings of ancient, enduring myths; in writing poetry from dreams; and in continual rededication to inner work.

All the articles in the second half of this issue revolve around the myth of the Fisher King and the Holy Grail. Most of us know intuitively, without being able to explain it clearly, that the almost thousand-year-old search for the Holy Grail has a lot to do with the search we are engaged in here.

Joyce Rockwood Hudson



Money Business

THE ROSE YOU ARE HOLDING IN YOUR HANDS comes to you free of charge. If you have friends who would enjoy THE ROSE, we will gladly add them to our mailing list, which now numbers almost 2,400. (Our total circulation, as of this issue, is 3,500.) It is our firm desire that THE ROSE move freely through the world in this way, like grace. How can we afford this? The money for THE ROSE—all of it—comes from our readers as voluntary gifts sent to us issue by issue. **If THE ROSE is of value to you, we can use your support.**

To put a firm floor under this process, some of our readers have joined together to meet any shortfall that might arise as each issue heads into production. These valiant souls are our Hundred-Plus Monkeys. *As of this issue, our troop numbers 104, up from 101 at the time of ROSE 9.* Each Monkey pledges to contribute as much as \$100 per year, though the actual amount requested of them so far has been less. The usual assessment has been about \$25 per issue, totaling around \$50 per year.

This Monkey business works quite well. Please note, however, that **we depend on continuing support from readers who are not Monkeys** in order to keep the financial burden from falling too heavily on the Monkeys. The mechanics of the process are simple: **Donors who are not Monkeys should please send in their contributions for the next issue (ROSE 11) right away** (see p. 2). The fund that results from these donations will determine how much will be asked of the Monkeys, who will receive their next letter of request in November.

We always need more Monkeys to help us finance our constantly growing mailing list, which increases by about 300 names each year. **If you would like to join our troop, we need you.** Please fill out the form on page 31 and send it in. It's fun to be a Monkey!

Many thanks to everyone who contributed time and money to ROSE 10. As you read these pages, keep in mind that you personally had a hand in bringing them into the world.

The Hundredth Monkey A Mostly True Story

IN THE 1950s, scientists began provisioning monkeys on a Japanese island with sweet potatoes, which they dumped out for them on the beach. The monkeys ate the sandy potatoes just as they found them until one day a young monkey came up with an innovation: she took her sweet potato to some water and washed it. Some of the others saw her doing this and picked up the practice, too.

Over the next few years, more and more monkeys began washing their sweet potatoes, until finally a critical mass was reached and a paradigm shift took place. Now monkeys everywhere were washing their potatoes. The tipping point in this development is symbolized by the 100th Monkey. Up through the first 99 monkeys, the popular story goes, washing sweet potatoes was a relatively isolated activity. With the 100th Monkey the critical mass was reached that set off the paradigm shift for the entire culture.

(For more: www.context.org/ICLIB/IC09/Myers)

Riding with the Wind

(continued from page 1)

not really it. The truth was that I had never before ridden for a very great distance—not more than ten miles round trip.

We agreed to turn around and go to a less hilly area where I could ride more comfortably. This meant climbing the steep hill that we had easily coasted down just moments before. At first I thought about getting off the bike and pushing it up the hill, but I peddled on, pushing hard. I began to think about my bout with kidney disease and the many disappointments I had faced during the past year. All this while I was struggling up the hill, talking to myself in the back of my mind like the Little Engine That Could: “You can do it, Q! Keep on pushing . . . just a little more, just a little more.” And I noted that in only a few days it would be exactly one year since the surgery I underwent to prepare my body for home dialysis.

Removed a bit now from my rhythmic pedaling and loud panting, I began to think about how I had been on a journey of body and soul that had altered my way of being and relating to the world. Through several dark nights of emotional and physical turmoil, I had come to appreciate those who suffer. In living through my ordeals, my own sense of self had been threatened and in some way stripped away.

Before I could finish this thought, I looked up and realized that I had climbed the steepest part of the hill. My friend turned back and said, “You can ease up a little, the worst part is over.” I was amazed. I had persevered in climbing the steepest hill I had ever encountered on my bike.

When we finished riding for the day, we had covered eleven and a half miles in an hour and forty-five minutes. That was the furthest I had ever ridden without stopping to rest. The burning in my thighs had gone away, and, surprisingly, my legs did not even feel tired. In a strange way, I had come to feel that I was at one with my bicycle, that without it I was not a complete person.

AS I RODE BACK to my office at the college, I began to reflect on the connections between my riding experience and illness in general. My thoughts went to what health itself means. The word comes from the Old Saxon word *hal*, from the same root that gives us “hale” and “whole.” So health seems to be related to wholeness.

Wholeness implies something organic—that is, many separate parts working together in a unified way. Our bodies are good examples of organic wholeness. When our kidneys, heart, lungs, liver, pancreas, nervous system, and all our other parts are functioning together, it makes a wonderful unity. In contrast, if one part of our body suffers, then the whole body suffers. If something is wrong with our kidneys, we feel ill all over, not just in our kidneys. Without healthy, functioning kidneys, the entire body will deteriorate and eventually die, unless the mechanical intervention of dialysis is applied.

The same is true for our souls, which are every bit as varied and complex as our bodies. If a portion of our true nature is denied, we suffer throughout. We cannot afford to exclude anything that belongs to us. Such an understanding is not found in our popular culture, but the truth of it is expressed by Jesus in such parables as this one: “Suppose a man has a hundred sheep and one of them strays; will he not leave the ninety-nine on the hillside and go in search of the stray? I tell you solemnly, if he finds it, it gives him more joy than do the ninety-nine that did not stray at all” (Matt. 18:12-13). Without the full one hundred sheep, wholeness, symbolized by the number one hundred, is missing. The ninety-nine are not complete without the missing one.

So what was it about my bike that was making me feel whole and complete? As soon as I asked the question, I knew the answer. Had I not gone out on my bike that day, I would have still been “in my head” trying to get a rational grip on how unfair it was to be a home dialysis patient at the relatively young age of thirty-five. Before getting on my bicycle, I was all tangled up in the disappointment of having three successive donors fall through at the last minute. I felt extremely sad and hopeless. I was losing my perspective on life and was starting to feel like giving up. In short, I was insisting that life line up with my ideal of

life—instead of simply letting go and living it.

Riding my bicycle helped me get into my body again. As the wind brushed against my face, I began to wonder if my kidney disease had come as an avenue to lead me out of my head and into my body and soul. I had thought about this before, but I had never allowed myself to complete the thought process. It was as if I were afraid of what would come after the thought. I was afraid of being in my heart and of feeling the pain of my body and soul. Perhaps I was afraid to admit that I was “damaged goods.” Or maybe I was afraid to admit that I was a needy person. But the illusion of self-sufficiency had been fading fast, and now I was finally being forced to deal with my neglected body and soul. This pathology, these sick kidneys, were taking away my health with one hand, but they were handing me an even greater health with the other.

The word pathology comes from the Greek word *pathos*, meaning suffering. Homeopathic medicine believes that a disease is best cured by taking on minute doses of substances that produce the symptoms of that disease. In other words, a minute experience of suffering cures a greater suffering. To me that seems comparable to a depth psychological approach in which the *pathos*—the suffering—holds the key to the cure. The spirit that presents the illness cures it by offering the suffering itself as the cure.

I know that sounds strange to those who view suffering as an evil that must be cured, not as a cure itself—and after my own struggle with kidney disease, I can be sympathetic with this outlook. But at the same time, it was the symptoms of my disease that brought me this new understanding about pathology and put me at greater ease with life than I was before.

It seems to me that in many cases of physical illness, the distressing symptoms are caused, at a certain level of reality, by the soul being forced into the body. If we could learn to listen to our bodies when they are suffering and realize that they are giving us information that we need to know, we might be better equipped to deal with our illnesses. But such lessons do not easily penetrate. For months I silently complained about having to do dialysis for ten hours every night. It took a very long time for it to occur to me that perhaps my body was trying to tell me something.

Until then, I was not open to hearing my suffering as anything except bad news.

What I began to understand in the wake of that bicycle trip is that my physical illness has been a symbolic manifestation of the greatest obstacle to my wholeness as a human being. It was as if something within me were forcing my attention inward to a problem of development that badly needed my attention. Although I cannot be sure of it, my intuitive reading is that the failure of my kidneys to filter fluid was an indication that I was emotionally stopped up. I had come to be so far out of balance that drastic measures were necessary to restore me to my true self. Put another way, I needed to learn to integrate my *head, heart, and hands* together with the Holy, and it took this extreme outer situation to wake me up and to help me get there.

PERHAPS IT WAS ONLY AFTER I had learned this vital lesson that I was ready to receive a physical healing to mirror the healing that could now take place in my soul. Nine months after that bicycle ride I received a kidney transplant. That was six months ago and I am doing great! Physically I'm healthy, and I feel renewed spiritually and emotionally.

I am still bicycling. For me it is a form of exercise that has “soul.” Bicycling is rhythmic and tends to awaken the child within me as it puts me in contact with my natural surroundings. On a bike I am very aware of the motion of air, which, symbolically speaking, is the heavenly spirit of head, intellect, and ideals. At the same time, I experience a sense of communion with the rooted and growing world around me, which symbolizes the earthly spirit of body, soul, intuition, and physical reality. When I am on my bicycle, I taste what it is to live soulfully—to ride with the wind and still keep my balance with the earth.

LaGrange, GA *The Rev. Quincy Brown*

When Quincy looks at his life, he sees a suspension bridge with two great towers—Christian spirituality and Jungian psychology—supporting the traffic that flows in two directions. He believes in the importance of listening for God's call in our lives. He sees himself as an artist-storyteller who uses his imagination to weave stories to assist people in connecting their life stories to God's story.

Where To Look for God

"In the center foreground stood a narrow arch, maybe twenty feet tall, black wrought iron, ornamented with raised vines and leaves, cast long ago in a single piece from a stream of molten metal. At the apex of the arch was a metal casting of a life-sized, detailed, human brain."

I HAD A DREAM a while back. It was early in my exposure to dream work and to the idea that God speaks to us in our dreams. I would not be prepared to assent to that idea for a few more years, nor was I ready to return to membership in a church. What I was open to was the possibility that through dream work I might learn something about myself that could turn my life around. I was at a low point. It would take a lot of recovery to even begin to realize how low I had slipped. For me, it had not been a dramatic fall but something worse—an insidious, slow slide into the mud of a Godless materialism.

Having been church-ed as a youth, and conservatively at that, I had a pretty clear idea of what people were talking about when they spoke of God. This was not something that had ever been terribly moving to me, and at the time of this dream it would be most accurate to say that I did not believe in such a Being. If I believed in anything, it was the humanistic ideals of peace, love, and understanding, which I supposed could be achieved through honesty, fairness, tolerance, modest living within the means of the environment, and better education. Given this history and this attitude, it was no wonder that a dream about God should seize my attention.

This dream took the form of a landscape—a nighttime landscape illuminated by a full moon. The moon was behind me and I never saw her, but I know she was there because there were no other sources of light by which I might see. Before me, all the way to a low horizon, were the ruins of an abandoned city. Think of the great bombed-out cities of World War II Europe. The works of man. No longer a place of shelter or of life or of light.

In the center foreground stood a narrow arch, maybe twenty feet tall, black wrought iron, ornamented with raised vines and leaves, cast long ago in a single piece from a stream of molten metal. At the apex of the arch was a metal casting of a life-sized, detailed, human brain.

I was given to understand that to go through the arch and beyond is to go toward God. The farther one goes, the closer one is to God and the more space He fills. But there

is a little bit of God even within the passage through the arch. One does not have to go far to experience God, and yet one might go very far into the vastness of the night sky that presided over this landscape and still barely begin to experience God.

Then I was given to understand that the arch does not only open out into God. From my side of the arch it was possible to go in the other direction, toward a vastness within, and there also to find more of God than I had ever heard of. There was a faint ribbon of God passing through the arch, connecting the God out there with the God inside. If I wanted more of God, I could turn around and look within.

Then my vantage point changed, and I was given an image of how the God that filled the outside sky also filled the sky inside of me, and I could see how these skies were connected and made continuous by the wholeness of God above and beyond the arch.

This dream told me that it is not wrong to imagine God in Heaven, or in Nature outside of one's self, or even beyond Nature. I was being told that I had not exhausted all the places in which God might be found. He is literally everywhere, and if there is an error on anyone's part, it is to suppose that God is to be found only in the place where one happens to find Him first.

At this point in my life I had not been able to find God outside of myself, and I had supposed that everything inside of myself belonged to me. It had seemed, therefore, that there was no place left for God. But this dream suggested otherwise.

Of course, I was not ready to accept this information right away. I first had to accept the fact that most of what happens inside my mind does not belong to me to begin with. The truth is that we are as small a part of the world inside our minds as we are of the world around us. I am still bargaining with that unwelcome truth, even though I understand that to yield to it would mean a certain kind of peace and self-forgiveness.

Lexington, GA **FRANK FARRAR**

How ironic is this? Years later, Frank finds himself once again exploring the realm of Godless materialism. Only this time he is able to see the material world (life) as a much richer place. And God (in the sense of a Being containing both matter and anything Frank might experience as a mortal being) no longer seems to be a person in the way Frank is a person, which is to say, limited, reactive, and feeling disconnected from all there is—even though Frank imagines he knows better than to feel disconnected in that way.



Frank participates in the Natural Spirituality program at Emmanuel Episcopal Church in Athens, Georgia.

Midrash מדרש

"The land is mine, for you are strangers and sojourners with me." Lev. 25:23

SEEKING RELIEF from the noonday sun the shepherd left his flock to graze and went to sit in the shade of a leafy sycamore, where a merchant, a man of his acquaintance, was already seated, his donkey at his side. The merchant drank from his water bag. As he lowered it, he said in greeting, "God grant you health."

"God grant you health and riches," the shepherd replied, adding a second blessing in the manner of the time. He withdrew from his sash the cloth holding his noonday meal—lentil patties, olives, and cheese—unwrapped it, and held it open to the merchant.

"Will my lord share my meal with me?" he asked.

"I would, but I have already eaten and must be on my way," the man said, rising, returning his waterskin to a side pocket on the donkey's saddle. "May your kindness earn you a place in the world to come," he added.

"I have no need of the world to come, my lord," said the shepherd.

"You blaspheme, my young friend," said the merchant, startled.

"But I have heaven here on earth, my lord, where God's blessings and miracles surround me."

The bleat of a sheep caused the shepherd to glance at his charges. Satisfied, he returned his attention to the merchant. "See, my lord," he continued, "I eat goat's cheese, food for which I did not labor, olives from trees I did not plant, lentils from a giving earth."

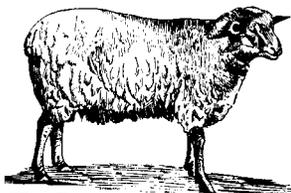
The other looked on in silence.

"I walk with God daily, sojourn with him on his land," the shepherd added.

The merchant adjusted the load on the donkey's back and turned to the shepherd. "Yes, I also sojourn with him on his land," he said, and with a slim branch he struck the donkey's back lightly. "God be with you, my young friend," he said, departing.

"God is, my lord, God is," the shepherd said.

New York, NY *Miriam Chaikin*



The Rose

Midrash is a Hebrew word that means "search and explain." When information is missing in a Bible story, the Bible itself is searched for possible explanations.

Amber

Why is the sky blue?
Why is the sky black?
Why can't I see the air?

Why do I believe a world made of starstuff,
A world seen only by reflected light,
And that light a contradiction?

How far up are the heavens?
How far down are the depths?
Where does the past go?
When does the future arrive?

Why do I believe in things not measured,
A world defined by myths of theory,
And those contradictions?

Buddha, Yashua, Zarathustra,
Confucius, the Enlightened One on the street,
Mohammed, Abraham, Moses,
Leary, Lennon, Mother Divine . . .

Why believe in one source of enlightenment,
Syntaxes conflicted,
Each capturing truth and missing truth,
The Totally Other defiled
By puny, contrary words?

Sand Spring, OK *Peg Gotthold*

A Presbyterian Elder who has completed Spiritual Director Training at the Haden Institute, Peg lives on "God's Acre" overlooking lake, hills, and forest in Oklahoma's Green County near Tulsa. Having traveled many paths, she walks today along one not heavily traveled—accompanying professionals who have wandered from the well-worn path, helping them see the myriad epiphanies in the underbrush.

miriam chaikin is a former editor of children's books and the author of some 30 books for young readers—novels, nonfiction, and retellings of bible stories. she has also published a book of haiku-type poems for children and one of poetry for adults. she spends time each winter in jerusalem and lives in new york city.



Some of Miriam's children's books are: *Angels Sweep the Desert Floor: Bible Legends about Moses in the Wilderness*; *Angel Secrets: Stories Based on Jewish Legend*; *Clouds of Glory: Legends and Stories about Bible Times*; and *Don't Step on the Sky: A Handful of Haiku*.

Corpus Christi

"A holy procession for whom?"

A FEW YEARS AGO, I was in the Corpus Christi procession in Rome. Pope John Paul II led the crowds through the streets. It was a great pageant and drama for everyone. As I walked along, however, I was disturbed by the pushing, the shouting and crying, the unexpected ambulance sirens, the awkwardly placed security barricades, and all the other small and large things that seemed "unholy" and yet were mixed into this holy procession. But there was no escaping them, and after a while I thought: *A holy procession for whom? What, after all, is this procession all about?*

I am continually amazed at how much our ancestors in the faith can still teach us. The early Christian witnesses share with us and proclaim to us a powerful message about our own personhood and life in this too-large world of ours.

One of their perennial teachings is about the human person as *homo viator*, the "person on the way."

It seems that it is very easy for us to want God to stay in the supernatural, in a cloud of mystery somewhere beyond us. There is an enduring temptation for us to try to keep God as a distant "Home," away from our relevant lives of decisions, troubles, sufferings, and joys. The real awakening tension, which shocks us at every step, is that God is walking with us. God has become one of us, and not as an escort or cold guide. God has not come merely to be with us, but to become one of us. He is walking, suffering, loving, working, embracing, and encouraging us in our poor, earthly life. He encounters us and speaks to us through the unfolding natural realities around us, if we are open enough and willing enough to listen to and embrace these revelations of God.

The pushy person, the crying baby, the ambulance siren, the security barricade are all means for God to speak to us in material parables. They are there, with

their sparks of divinity that give them meaning and purpose, to tell us something about ourselves, about the world created in love, and about the Creator who is Love.

The graces of worldly experience which challenge and console us are the ones which compel us to see God through them. As we are drawn to seek an interpretation of these material parables—these common sacraments of life—we are able to apply their meaning to the procession of life, to our experience of being "on the way."

And so to return to my questions on that day of holy procession: *A procession for whom? What is this procession all about?* Principally, I now understand, it is about looking for God, about being "on the way" towards him, and about walking with him in our midst. It is a proces-

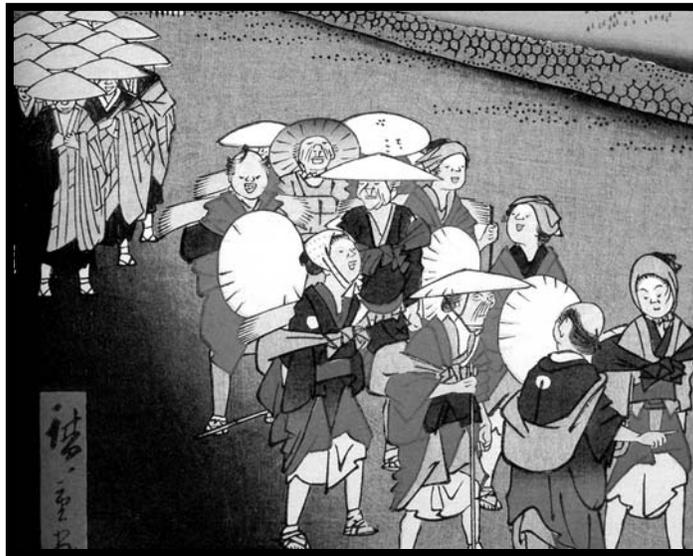
sion of others, other human persons who are also "on the way"—with their noise, fears, troubles, joys, gifts, stories, and the whole array of their own personhoods. They too are seeking to be in communion with God, with others, and with the world. It is a procession of creation with its own roars and groans, its own story and message. It is the Corpus Christi procession, the Body of Christ procession, the God Incarnate procession.

On that June night I came to understand that all the "unholy" disturbances were not a distraction to the procession: they *were* the procession. They were, and are, a part of, and an interpretation of, "the Way." The great flux of life is the context within which the procession of humanity looks for and finds itself with others, with the wide world of creation, and with God.

Homo viator.

Rome, Italy *Jeff Kirby*

Jeff Kirby is a seminarian of the Catholic Church studying in Rome. He comes from South Carolina and has a great love for Charleston and the Lowcountry—for its food, natural beauty, and peace. Jeff is a continuous student of philosophy, Southern literature, and theology. He is a celibate for the sake of the Kingdom. His spirituality is deeply eucharistic. His life struggle and joy is to see God in, with, and through all things, and all things in, with, and through God.



Synchronicity in Dahlonega

An Email from along the Journey

TODAY I WENT UP into the mountains, to the little tourist town of Dahlonega, with Alan and a dude named Donny. All of us are high school teachers. We visited shops and galleries all day long, ate a hearty lunch, and talked a lot about the future of education in regard to what education is supposed to be—imagine that.

Toward the end of the conversation, Alan and Donny wanted to climb a flight of stairs to buy some gelatos in a shop above. It was cold. I made a comment about the Nordic race and its affinity for cold weather. I didn't go. I chose instead a shop along the sidewalk, one full of totems and emblems of African and Native American spirituality. Standing at the counter in that shop was one of the most beautiful girls I have ever seen in my entire life. Long curly red hair, large expressive hazel eyes, creamy (not pale) white skin, and a silver nose ring.

Alan and Donny joined me after a while—the gelato machine was broken. Alan and I were being all but worshipful of a barrel of carved African walking sticks when the red-haired girl walked by us and left the shop. I told Alan that he had missed seeing an absolute marvel of a girl. He jokingly asked why I hadn't said anything to her. I told him I had a feeling I would see her again.

We knocked around in that store for a while—couldn't quite decide whether we wanted to buy anything—but when we finally exited, this very girl was walking out of a neighboring shop. Indeed, she and I all but ran into one another. I stopped her and told her that she was one of the most gorgeous human beings I had ever seen in my entire life.

She was smitten.

I didn't ask for her name; I didn't ask for her number; I simply told her what I thought and thanked her for the privilege of telling her, since, of course, I didn't expect to see her ever again. She was so smitten that she actually walked a few yards with me and asked me whether or not I lived in Dahlonega.

"No," I said.

She said, "Well, if you did, I was going to say that you would see me again. I'd be around."

Alan was stunned. "Damn, man, you could have gotten her number or anything."

"Maybe," I said, "but I'd have to see her once more, by accident, before I was sure that I should bother to do that."

We walked around town a bit longer, going in and out of shops. We were about to leave when I saw her turn and enter a shop down the street. Was that my sign?

I all but trotted down the street to enter the shop after her. Once inside, however, things didn't feel right. She was minding her own business, shopping and enjoying herself. She saw me, our eyes met, then she looked away. I did the same, and after a moment I left the shop.

Alan was puzzled. Why had I decided not to continue the pursuit of this woman? He suddenly became very interested in my experience of synchronicity.

I tried to explain to him that synchronicity is, in a sense, one's dialogue with one's self, but that it does not work unless one first presumes that his ego consciousness is only a minute and microscopic part of the cosmic or universal Self to which all things belong.

He asked me how I know when something is a sign. When is it true synchronicity?

I told him that one is always, more or less, either ego-conscious or Self-conscious. Being Self-conscious requires a certain degree of receptivity and passivity. Ego consciousness is more assertive or willful. Therefore, if one finds a sign by *looking* for one, it probably isn't a sign.

The first and second time I saw that girl, she literally emerged out of the unconscious. The last time I was sort of looking for her, and so my seeing her was more a "sighting" or a "spotting," and the "move" which might have followed would have been far more ego-centered than Self-centered in its impetus. I would not have been responding; I would have been creating out of turn.

I am reminded of the fact that the primordial spark of lighting (the Masculine), which some suppose to have engendered life on this planet, was successful because all the conditions (the Feminine) were right and fertile at the time. What the Feminine does is make all the elements of nature right for what may be. The Masculine has to be so insightful and in possession of such timing as to initiate the transformation from what might be into what will be. The Masculine cannot make things right for transformation or creation, and the Feminine cannot, of its own accord, transform or create.

And so, that was that. I left the red-haired girl where I found her, with God and the universe and Dahlonega.

It was an interesting day.

Athens, GA Troy Copeland

Troy Copeland is an eight-year veteran of teaching Literature and Composition at Cedar Shoals High School in Athens, Georgia. He is convinced that no profession is more challenging or more rewarding than teaching. He is thankful for the amazing ways in which it continues to facilitate and enhance his acknowledgement of and appreciation for the experience of Existence and the processes of Life.



Troy has twice been elected Teacher of the Year at Cedar Shoals—by the student body in 2003, and by the faculty in 2006. He participates in the Natural Spirituality program at Emmanuel Episcopal Church.

Visible and Invisible

"When a current ego attitude is challenged by some new information or viewpoint, the ego experiences a degree of dread or fear. Stated dynamically: as our worldview shrinks, our terror increases."

This article is an excerpt of an address by the same title given to the Natural Spirituality Gathering, February 10, 2006, at Mikell Conference Center, Toccoa, Georgia. A similar version was published in the Spring 2006 Newsletter of the C. G. Jung Society of Atlanta.

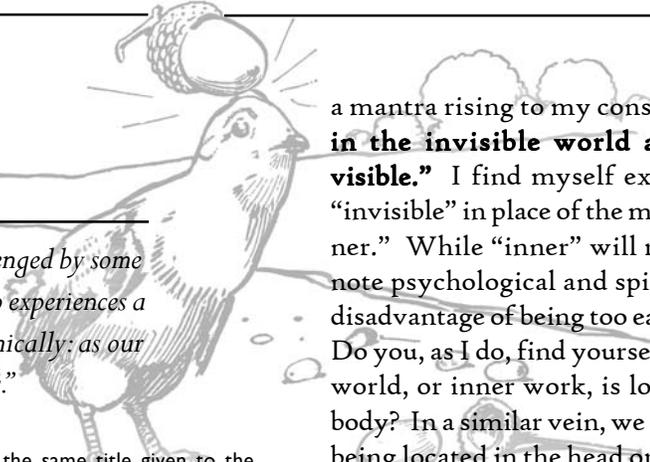
TO IMITATE THE BARNYARD ALARMIST, Chicken Little, "Our world is *shrinking*, our world is *shrinking*!"

Technologically, we greet this fact with a sense of accomplishment that the world is at our fingertips, and with hope that we no longer need to be strangers—a hope yet to be realized. From a psychological and philosophical perspective, however, our shrinking world is cause for great alarm. More precisely, the danger I wish to address here is our shrinking worldview, and, even more specifically, the "disappearance" of the invisible world and the Invisible Ones.

For many (perhaps most) moderns, the invisible world no longer has any relevance. It has been eradicated by science much like many earlier diseases and now exists as a relic on the shelves of our "primitive" ancestors. If it exists at all in the modern mind, the invisible world is the subject of science fiction or, more recently, dismissed as the province of New Age fringe elements. However, as Carl Jung reminds us, in spite of our rational dismissal of the power of the invisible world and our supposed domination of nature, we are still the "victims of nature" as much as ever. For the rational mind, the numina (gods or spirits) may have fled from the woods, mountains, animals, and streams, and the gods may have abandoned Mount Olympus, but these Ancient Ones now reappear as manifestations of the unconscious. We may shrink our vocabulary about the Invisible Ones, but our limiting words have no effect on their active presence or power.

In the thirteenth century, addressing the shrinking worldview of his own day, the Sufi poet Rumi penned what remains an antidote for what may be our primary neurosis: the splitting of the visible and invisible worlds. He writes: "**Work in the invisible world at least as hard as in the visible.**" I interpret the word "work" to mean "respect," "relate to" or "honor" the invisible world at least as much as the visible.

In recent months, Rumi's poetic challenge has become



a mantra rising to my consciousness unbidden: "**Work in the invisible world at least as hard as in the visible.**" I find myself experimenting with the word "invisible" in place of the more familiar designation, "inner." While "inner" will remain a favorite way to denote psychological and spiritual work, it does have the disadvantage of being too easily literalized and localized. Do you, as I do, find yourselves imagining that the inner world, or inner work, is located somewhere inside the body? In a similar vein, we tend to imagine the psyche as being located in the head or brain. Jung reminds us that psyche meets us from the external, visible world as well as from the internal, "inner" world. Likewise it may be more helpful to imagine the body as being in the soul, rather than the soul being "located" somewhere in the body. Soul, or psyche, is the larger, more encompassing reality in which we live and move and have our being. So, it can be helpful to experiment with the designations "visible" and "invisible" to enlarge our worldview, as well as to expand our experience of soul.

"**Work in the invisible world at least as hard as in the visible.**" I like the worldview implied in Rumi's crisp phrase. Both domains, visible and invisible, are given honor, while at the same time there is implied a current imbalance of energy and attention given to that which is visible. No doubt all of us would agree with that assessment. When either of the realms is denied or devalued, both suffer greatly. For example, when we no longer have imaginative ways to honor the invisible Presences in creation (the spirit of the tree, water, earth, for example), we treat the natural world as if it has no soul, which results in our relating to the earth only as an object for our use and consumption. Through a one-sided rational lens, the visible creation is viewed as inanimate, without spirit or soul. This leads to the erroneous conclusion that we are "to subdue" the earth, and, unfortunately, we are doing that job all too well. Ecologically, our shrinking worldview has disastrous results for the visible world.

Even more sinister, however, are the psychological and philosophical consequences when the invisible world is denied or neglected. When the ego shrinks its worldview to that which is visible, tangible, and measurable, it has no means to take in or relate to the contents of the deep unconscious which are best personified as Invisible Presences and Powers. Psychologically, the ego may be imaged as a cup or container whose purpose is to catch, embrace, and metabolize the energies from the unconscious, the vast energies of the Self. Theologically, the container houses our God-images by which we encounter and relate to Mystery.

It is a psychological law that when something large tries to occupy something small, the latter will experience some state of discomfort or dis-ease. For example, when a current ego attitude is challenged by some new information or viewpoint, the ego experiences a degree of dread or fear. When the ego container is especially restricted (our shrinking worldview) and is approached by the Invisible Presences and Powers, the ego experiences what can best be described as terror. Stated dynamically, *as our worldview shrinks, our terror increases.*

A related psychological law states that the ego will meet in the visible world what it will not embrace or honor in the invisible world. This is the basis for the phenomena of projection. Projection is one of the Self's most creative tools to reveal to us the Invisible Ones who vie for attention around our soul's table, especially the Ones of whom we are most ashamed or afraid.

I find it psychologically instructive that we are now fighting a "war on terror." The phrase has crept into our vocabulary almost unnoticed; we say it with such unconscious certainty: *we are fighting a war on terror.* Could it be that in the wisdom of the psyche we now have stumbled upon the correct psychological word, terror, and yet we fight the war on the wrong front? Right war, wrong battlefield? Or, with a play on words, we continue to fight the war "out front" rather than "out back"—that is, out back in our shadows, with the forgotten Invisible Ones. The name of the greater war has crept into our national and international vocabulary, so that we may be saying the right word but have yet to hear its deeper meaning.

We may be like young children who hear words being used and parrot them without knowing their meaning. A client told me a story of her little granddaughter, not quite three years old. The little girl is in the backseat of the family car, and she and her father are going out their driveway to turn left as they usually do onto a busy street. As they approach the street, the little girl, parroting what she has heard her mother express repeatedly, says in her sweetest voice, "Okay on the right!" And her father turns left onto the busy street. A few minutes later the little girl asks innocently, "Daddy, what does *on the right* mean?" Using the right words without knowing their meanings can produce a very dangerous situation! "War on terror"—right words, wrong meaning; right war, wrong battlefield.

A final psychological observation seems pertinent. When the ego feels threatened, it tends to double its efforts to remain safe and secure. The energy and resources currently dedicated to "homeland security" has reached worshipful proportions, revealing further that vast unconscious, invisible forces are likely at work.

“WORK IN THE INVISIBLE WORLD at least as hard as in the visible.” Rumi's challenge eight hundred years ago, echoed and deepened by Carl Jung in the last century, remains our most critical undertaking, individually and collectively. It is our *opus sacra*, our sacred work.

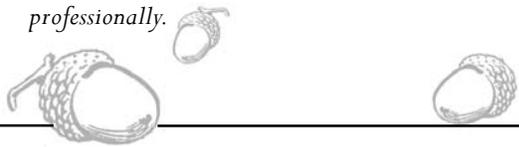
However, while difficult and critical, this sacred work is done in the most natural ways; natural, that is, if we resist the shrinking of our worldview. To conclude these reflections, then, we are doing this great work naturally **when we . . .**

- ☉ Recognize and honor the Invisible Ones whose presences we know by a combination of intense emotion and a bodily response. Jung called these *numinous*, or archetypal, encounters, and they visit regularly, *called or not called, invited or uninvited.*
- ☉ Dialogue with the Invisible Ones, listen to their wisdom, and talk with them about their lives and ours.
- ☉ Honor the Invisible Ones who visit us in our dreams and visit them in *their* invisible domain before bringing them too quickly into ours.
- ☉ Honor the "great cloud of Witnesses" who hover among us.
- ☉ Allow ourselves to be addressed by the natural world as if the spirits of the tree, water, rocks, etc. are seeing us; thus, we allow the natural world to be the Icon it is.
- ☉ Pay attention to the intersecting of the visible and invisible worlds which we call synchronistic events.
- ☉ Resist religious literalists and fundamentalists of all stripes, including the ones who reside within us.
- ☉ Withdraw and integrate the projections of our shadows, both sinister and golden.
- ☉ Cover each other with an invisible cloak of compassion, which may be our most effective means of prayer.
- ☉ Trust the Mystery at the heart of our common existence, rather than try to master the Mystery.

Let us, in these ways and more, **“Work in the invisible world at least as hard as in the visible.”**

Atlanta, GA The Rev. Jerry Wright

Jerry R. Wright is a Jungian analyst who practices in Decatur, Georgia, when he is not gardening, hiking, or otherwise enjoying the natural, visible world. Tending the border between the two worlds, visible and invisible, remains his most delightful challenge, personally and professionally.



God Speaking

“Those folks who make a practice of dream work will often sleep with a notepad by their beds. They know ahead of time that God has something to say, and they don’t want to miss it.”

WHEN I WAS TWELVE I went to camp for the first time. The camp was in Mentone, Alabama, and it was here that I was first exposed to a culture that used the language of revelation. Lots of the folks at camp talked about how God had spoken to them.

“God told me to buy this.”

“God told me not to do that.”

Well, God didn’t go around telling me what to buy or what not to do, and it made me feel terrible.

It was not like I was unchurched. I was baptized.

Jacob’s Ladder

JACOB LEFT BEERSHEBA and set out for Haran. When he had reached a certain place, he stopped there for the night, since the sun had set. Taking one of the stones of that place, he made it his pillow and lay down where he was. He had a dream: there was a ladder, planted on the ground with its top reaching to heaven; and God’s angels were going up and down on it. And there was Yahweh, standing beside him and saying, “I, Yahweh, am the God of Abraham your father, and the God of Isaac. The ground on which you are lying I shall give to you and your descendants. Your descendants will be as plentiful as the dust on the ground; you will spread out to west and east, to north and south, and all clans on earth will bless themselves by you and your descendants. Be sure, I am with you; I shall keep you safe wherever you go, and bring you back to this country, for I shall never desert you until I have done what I have promised you.”

Genesis 28: 10–15

Confirmed even. And I had been singing in a church choir since I was eight. It wasn’t like I didn’t love God or know who Jesus was. But still, there I was, at the old age of twelve, unable to recall a single time when God had spoken to me. Not once. No booming voice from the sky. No still small voice. I was spiritually washed up and I wasn’t even a teenager yet!

I thought there was something wrong with me. I must have done something I couldn’t remember that would make God abandon me. Worst of all, I concluded that God must not love me. This was a burden I carried around for a long time.

Then, in boarding school, I stumbled on a sense of communion. It wasn’t something I could put my finger on or articulate. But I began to seek out the quiet sanctuary of the chapel. Some of my peers would sneak off dorm at night to do things they should not have been doing. Me, I snuck into the chapel to sit with my questions.

Later, in college, I found a group of friends who also wrestled with issues of faith. Even though I had been going to church my whole life, college is where I found language to fit my spiritual growth spurt. Everything else leading up to that point was preparation.

Now, it is my guess that Jacob wasn’t looking for an encounter with God that night when he lay down to sleep in the middle of nowhere while running for his life, having crossed his brother Esau. But an encounter with God is exactly what he found. This is one of several incidents recorded in both the Old and New Testaments in which God comes to someone in a dream.

It is interesting that, after all Jacob’s striving for himself, God’s presence and promise come entirely unexpectedly and entirely as a gift. After buying Esau’s birthright for a bowl of porridge and then stealing from their father the blessing that should have gone to the firstborn, it would seem that Jacob has it all. And yet, he is on the run and utterly alone when God appears and extends to him the covenant he had made with Abraham and Isaac before him. God promises Jacob that he will give him the land, that his offspring will be numerous, and that all the families of the earth will be blessed through him. And further, God pledges not to leave Jacob until these promises are fulfilled.

Even though my Anglican upbringing didn’t include



the language I heard at camp, Anglicans do believe and know that God reveals God's self to us. For Jacob, in this morning's reading, it happens in a dream. In truth it happens in lots of ways, large and small, in ways as varied as the people who seek God or a deeper relationship with God.

Here is what I have come to know about growing spiritually. First, we grow in spurts. Think for a moment about how children grow. For days, weeks, months even, they eat and sleep and do kid stuff while not a whole lot seems to be happening on the growth chart. Then one day they shoot up like a weed, seeming to grow a couple of inches in as many days. Overnight, it seems, they have outgrown everything. Nothing fits. The steady rhythm of nutrition and sleep and love provide the stuff of growth when the time is right.

So, the first thing we need to do is nourish ourselves spiritually on an ongoing basis, so that when our growth spurt comes, we have spiritual food to draw from. That includes coming to church. I feel like I am preaching to the choir here, but I think it is important to come together—to hear the Good News, to add our amen to the prayers, and to share in the breaking of the bread. But church is not the end of it. There's also quiet time: journaling, grounding ourselves in Scripture, reading authors with a spiritual twist, prayer, dream work. God has many many ways to reach out to us. It is for us to explore and play, to have fun and find ways that work for us.

The second thing I know about spiritual growth is that it tends to happen when it's not convenient. Not unlike having a baby, there never seems to be the perfect time. But it happens anyway, usually when there is a lot of other stuff going on. Times of transition are especially promising opportunities. When we find ourselves in a new situation, when we find ourselves out of our comfort zone, or when life hands us a challenge, rejoice! God is in the mix. Something exciting is happening. You can count on it.

The third thing I know is that we have to be ready for the message. We have to be open and expectant. Let's go back to dreams for a moment. We all dream every night, even when we don't remember dreaming. But those folks who make a practice of dream work will often sleep with a notepad by their beds. They know ahead of time that God has something to say, and they don't want to miss it. The pad by the bed means they are primed and ready to write down their dreams come morning. So, if we want to hear from God, it helps to expect that God has something to say. The posture of openness and expectation helps us to be ready to see and hear God as we go through our day.

My sisters and brothers, God does talk to us! God

GUIDELINES FOR CENTERING PRAYER

1. **Choose a sacred word (or simple attention to your breath) as the symbol of your intention to consent to God's presence and action within.**
2. **Sitting comfortably with eyes closed, settle briefly, then silently introduce the sacred word (or attention to breath) as the symbol of your consent to God's presence and action within.**
3. **When you become aware of thoughts, return ever so gently to the sacred word (or attention to breath).**
4. **At the end of the prayer period, remain in silence with eyes closed for a couple of minutes.**

 *These are called guidelines for a reason. They are meant as a guide to this prayer but not as hard and fast rules. The most important thing in Centering Prayer is our intention, which is to set aside our ordinary thoughts and preoccupations and rest in the presence of God. It is recommended that Centering Prayer be practiced for at least twenty minutes twice a day. But pray as you can, not as you can't.*

God is existence. In everything that exists, God is present. The problem is that we only access the presence to the degree that our interior life is attuned to it.

Thomas Keating, *The Human Condition*

continues to reveal God's self to us in myriad ways—strange and ordinary and wonderful. No matter what our situation, or how God comes to us, the message is the same. *I love you. I have dreams for you. I love you. I have so much to give you. I love you. And I won't leave you until I have brought my promises for you to completion.*

My friends, God has big plans for you and for this parish. I, for one, can't wait to see what he's up to!

Athens, GA *The Very Rev. Mandy Brady*

Mandy Brady is the Associate Rector at Emmanuel Episcopal Church in Athens and Dean of the Northeast Georgia Convocation in the Diocese of Atlanta. This summer, while on sabbatical, she is walking the ancient pilgrim path to Santiago de Compostela in Spain.

Dreaming for Christians

“For most of the past millennium, Christianity has frowned upon dream work, even going so far at times as to label it witchcraft and devil worship. Why are Christians so dismissive of—and so wary of—dreams? Perhaps we simply fear what we do not understand.”

DREAMS, SAYS THE TALMUD, are unopened letters from God. By exploring our dreams and connecting them to our Christian heritage, we inevitably grow closer to God and open ourselves more actively to God’s call.

Every dream holds a message that comes in the service of healing and wholeness. Dreams accurately and precisely reflect the deepest truth of our being. They constantly challenge us to grow, to become all God has made us to be. Common to all humanity is an inner imperative to grow, to expand, to be better. Dreams are one of the primary vehicles for connecting us to this inborn demand to evolve as a species, as individuals, and as souls. Carl Jung called this process of growth *individuation*—the soul’s yearning cry and ultimate journey to being accepted, expressed, and integrated in its entirety. Individuation is God’s desire for us. It is the key to our ultimate peace and happiness.

Once we begin to understand the messages from our dreams, we discover that the dynamics we encounter in our dreams are the same dynamics that manifest in our daily lives through circumstances, behaviors, relationships, moods, feelings, and desires. The phenomena that are observed within are also observed without. By learning to pay attention to the images and metaphors in our dreams, to the tendencies and dynamics being manifested in our dream world, we inevitably begin to undergo changes in our waking, conscious lives and in the very core of our being. By delving into our psyches, we find wholeness within and oneness without.

Every dream holds several layers of meaning, including a personal message for the dreamer and an archetypal message that has a broader interest for the collective. This multiplicity of levels is true in art, myths, legends, and Scripture, as well as in dreams. By reflecting on the dream messages theologically—by connecting them to our Christian tradition—we recover the ancient Biblical tradition of listening for God’s word in our nightly dreams.

For most of the past millennium, Christianity has frowned upon dream work, even going so far at times as to label it witchcraft and devil worship. Today dreams are making a comeback. But even so, they are not yet taken seriously enough. One stumbling block is that New Age flocks have latched onto them as vehicles for such things as past life regressions and soul travel. While this approach may be fine for some, for many Christians it seems

to pigeonhole dream work as a self-indulgent hobby for self-absorbed narcissists. Perhaps that characterization is a bit harsh, but it seems to be true for people who don’t understand the broader scope of dream work.

The challenge for the Church today is to reclaim for itself the dream work of its own Biblical tradition. Throughout the Bible dreams served as the help and salvation of heroes and nations. Why, then, are Christians so dismissive of—and so wary of—dreams? Perhaps we simply fear what we do not understand.

Dreams speak the language of the soul through archetypal imagery, which, if not understood, can be

frightening in itself. Archetypes are inborn symbols that are basic to human experience and manifest in our dreams in such images as animals, intruders, roads, and tests. Often dreams comment on very instinctual energies, aspects of ourselves we may not want to own. It is inherent in Christianity’s teachings that we be good, upright pillars of the community, but dreams threaten to betray this righteous image that we desperately try to uphold. We do not seem to realize that when we judge any aspect of ourselves as bad or unworthy, we are blocking God’s light. And, paradoxically, by bringing all aspects of ourselves to the light, we open the way for our negative,



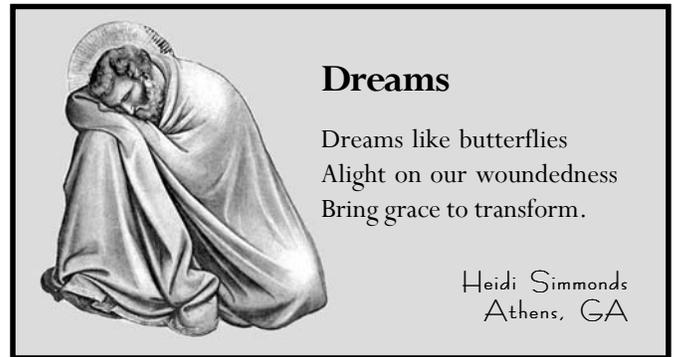
disowned qualities to be transformed into positive ones. This is what dream work is all about. Instead of denying who we are, we are called upon to *embrace* who we are. To love one's enemies begins with loving the enemies within.

THOSE OF US who have come to understand the need to reintroduce dream work to Christianity must work gently and carefully as we go about this. We must begin slowly and build a foundation of assurance that Christianity will not be obliterated by this work, but rather that it will be enhanced. The Christian tradition itself keeps dream work sacred, holy, and prayerful. Dream work, after all, is ultimately another form of prayer.

In building this foundation of assurance, the main area on which we need to focus is discernment. Because dreams often comment on pure, instinctual energies, it is important to bring into prayerful contemplation any actions that are seemingly called for by our dreams. Only after passing through such a discernment process should such actions be implemented in our lives. I believe churches would feel much better if this process were an explicit part of dream work, since this would directly address the danger of poorly discerned, radical actions being undertaken because "God told me to do it in a dream!" With proper discernment expressly included in their dream work, churches would not have to worry that they might be responsible for unfortunate actions provoked by dreams. A few questions to help guide this discernment might be:

- ◆ Is the course of action legal?
- ◆ Is it in any way harmful? Could it endanger my life?
- ◆ How will it affect those I love?
- ◆ Can I live with the repercussions?
- ◆ Is the action impulsive? A sense of urgency may signal a neurotic compulsion rather than the freedom of God.
- ◆ Is the message persistent, presenting itself in other places in my life?
- ◆ Will this action lead me closer to God?
- ◆ Will this action benefit others?
- ◆ Will this make me a better person?
- ◆ What does my spiritual tradition say about this? (e.g., Does it follow the Ten Commandments?)

Once we begin to bring dreams to prayer, we become less afraid of them and are able to see the blessings they hold. And to further our understanding of dream images, and to deepen our prayer life, we can move into reflecting theologically on the dreams themselves. We can, for instance, adopt Killen and DeBeer's theologically reflective questions (from *The Art of Theological*



Dreams

Dreams like butterflies
Alight on our woundedness
Bring grace to transform.

Heidi Simmonds
Athens, GA

Reflection) and ask as we reflect on a dream image:

- ◆ What does this image suggest about God's purposes for the world?
- ◆ What does this image suggest about my place in realizing God's purposes for the world?

Christianity needs to be able to trust dream work so that it can try it out and learn through experience how much dreams have to offer to the goals of Christian life. For example we inevitably meet monsters and demons in our dreams and on the inner path in general. Whether we have the courage to look at our dreams or not, that darkness is there within us. The only way to rid ourselves of it is to bring it into the light. Until we have met the monsters in ourselves, we keep trying to slay them in the outer world. And we find that we cannot, for all darkness in the world stems from darkness in the heart, and it is there that it must be met, beginning with ourselves. The universe, we might say, is holographic—the whole is present in every piece. As Christians we must not deny the darkness in ourselves or in the world. Rather, we must affirm a light that lies beyond the darkness and, through our faith, trust that the light will prevail. Trusting in that light, we can with courage open the door to the darkness that is within us.

God has spoken to humans through dreams since the beginning of time. He has never stopped, although for a time we Christians stopped listening. With courage and faith, we can learn to listen once again.

Edmonton, Alberta *Connie Svob*



The above questions for discernment are based in part on a hand-out written by a Trinity Cathedral Journey Group in Little Rock and printed in *ROSE* 3, p. 7. It is available in the Resource Packet from www.seedwork.net.

After taking courses at the C.G. Jung Foundation in New York and completing the Haden Institute's Dream Leadership Training and Spiritual Direction programs, Connie continues to explore the inter-relatedness of our bodies, beliefs, emotions, lives, and dreams—seeking to discover the ways in which Spirit is infused into each experience.

Dream Work at the Episcopal Church Women's Triennium, 2006

EVERY THREE YEARS Episcopal Church Women from every state in the country have a national conference, or triennium. The ECW Triennium is held in conjunction with the national Church's General Convention. This year these meetings took place in June in Columbus, Ohio. The Triennium was staged and attended by 350 remarkable women who joined together for ten days of worship, prayer, workshops, committee work, and fellowship.

Having been invited to lead workshops, I made sure that each participant received a copy of *THE ROSE* in her conference mailbox. The two workshops I led were on dreams: one was "Dreams as a Way To Know Christ," and the other was "Dreams and Death and Dying." Each was well attended by bright, interested women who expressed great passion for the dream process. They took back to dioceses all over the country ideas about how other women could become involved in this inner-work journey.

While at General Convention, a little bird told me that our new presiding bishop, Katharine Jefferts Schori, presently Bishop of Nevada, works on her nighttime dreams as a part of her own inner journey. I would not be surprised. This is a quote from the sermon she gave to the convention after her election: "Our mother Jesus gives birth to a new creation, and we are his children." She went on to say, "We are going to have to give up fear. Do not be afraid. God is with you. You are God's beloved, and God is well pleased with you."

With so many women tuning in to inner work, and with our female leader being so inclined, may the Church be strengthened by these blessings.

Little Rock, AR *The Rev. Susan Sims Smith*
Canon for Special Ministries, Diocese of Arkansas



Natural Spirituality

LISTED HERE FOR PURPOSES OF NETWORKING are the natural spirituality programs of this time. This list includes programs that are only in the study groups are not stamped from the same mold—each is organized **THE ROSE know of their existence.** If there is no group in your area, contact the following resources. Programs marked with an asterisk (*) are new to the list.

ALABAMA

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

ARIZONA

Grace-St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Tucson

ARKANSAS

St. Peter's Episcopal Church, Conway
St. James' Episcopal Church, Eureka Springs
St. Martin's Univ. Ctr. (Episcopal), Fayetteville
St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Fayetteville
St. John's Episcopal Church, Fort Smith
St. John's Episcopal Church, Harrison
Holy Trinity Epis. Church, Hot Springs Village
St. Mark's Episcopal Church, Jonesboro
Christ Church (Episcopal), Little Rock
Coffeeshouse Group (nondenom.) [501/758-3823] LR
Pulaski Hgts. United Meth. Church, Little Rock
St. James United Methodist Church, Little Rock
St. Margaret's Episcopal Church, Little Rock
St. Michael's Episcopal Church, Little Rock
Trinity Episcopal Cathedral, Little Rock
All Saints Episcopal Church, Russellville

GEORGIA

Epis. Church of St. John and St. Mark, Albany
Emmanuel Episcopal Church, Athens
St. Gregory the Great Episcopal Church, Athens
Cathedral of St. Philip (Episcopal), Atlanta
First Presbyterian Church, Atlanta
St. Bartholomew's Episcopal Church, Atlanta
St. Timothy's Episcopal Church, Calhoun
Good Shepherd Episcopal Church, Covington
St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, Milledgeville
St. Augustine's Episcopal Church, Morrow

What Is Natural Spirituality?

THE TERM NATURAL SPIRITUALITY refers to the study and healing of the Holy Spirit in the individual through the natural process of biblical tradition, this renaissance of the Holy Wisdom. Natural spirituality programs consist of one-on-one sessions or "journey groups"—supportive classes which teach the process of inner work as tools for a deeper understanding of the self.

Natural spirituality was pioneered at Emmanuel Episcopal Church in Georgia in 1991. Joyce Rupp, an early teacher in that area, eventually wrote a book, *Natural Spirituality: A Wisdom Tradition in Christ* (1997, 2000), which contains the history of the program, a descriptive program, and a description of how churches began starting natural spirituality programs of their own, structuring them as study groups centered on the Holy Spirit.

Natural spirituality programs are now available and wide. The strongest growth so far is in Arkansas, where the Canon for Special Ministries of the Diocese of Arkansas, works with churches to develop programs of inner work.

 **NATURAL SPIRITUALITY**
Available from amazon.com, bookstores by special order, or online price, go to www.jrhpub.com (be sure to type in the code)

 **WWW.SEEDWORK.COM**

- ☐ **Natural Spirituality** download and print, \$12.95
- ☐ **Back issues of The Rose** \$12.95
- ☐ **Kanuga Summer Dream** Selected Lectures: \$12.95 or order CDs by mail \$24.95
- ☐ P.O. Box 164668, Little Rock, AR 72216-6668, 501/372-2168 ext. 2030

Quality Programs

Quality programs (dream groups based in churches) that we know about at group phase as well as those with established dream groups. These in its own way. **Groups that are not on the list are invited to let your area, consider starting one: see www.seedwork.org for list since the last issue of *THE ROSE*.**

Quality Spiritualities

Quality refers to the teaching of the Spirit that come to each natural processes of life. In the realm of the Spirit is called spirituality is also a tag for church or more dream groups—supported by introductory principles of Jungian psychol-Christian journey.

As a church program was Episcopal Church in Athens, Joyce Rockwood Hudson was the undertaking, and she eventually *Spirituality: Recovering the Christianity* (JRH Publications), the contents of the introduction of the Emmanuel production of this book, other natural spirituality programs their introductory classes and on the book.

Quality programs are spreading far geographical concentration of the Rev. Susan Sims Smith, tries for the Episcopal Diocese specifically to support parish including dreamwork.

Quality Book

www.amazon.com; b&n.com; local order. For the best www.amazon.com/shops/ in the entire URL).

SEEDWORK.ORG

Group Resources: or order by mail *The Rose*: view and print team Conference listen; download and save;

Flat Rock, AR 72216-4668; seedwork@seedwork.org

FLORIDA

St. Peter the Fisherman Epis. Church, New Smyrna
St. Christopher's Episcopal Church, Pensacola
Cokesbury Methodist Church, Pensacola
Faith Presbyterian Church, Tallahassee

ILLINOIS

Grace Episcopal Church, River Forest

KENTUCKY

Christ Church Cathedral (Episcopal), Lexington
*Unity of Louisville, Louisville

MICHIGAN

Grace Episcopal Church, Traverse City

MISSISSIPPI

St. James Episcopal Church, Jackson

NORTH CAROLINA

First Baptist Church, Elkin
First United Methodist Church, Elkin

SOUTH CAROLINA

*Grace Episcopal Church, Charleston

TENNESSEE

St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Franklin
Church of the Good Shepherd (Epis), Lookout Mtn
Idlewild Presbyterian Church, Memphis
Second Presbyterian Church, Nashville

TEXAS

St. David's Episcopal Church, Austin
St. Christopher's Episcopal Church, Lubbock
Nondenom. [ph. 210/348-6226], San Antonio

VIRGINIA

Emmanuel Episcopal Church, Virginia Beach

FRANCE

American Cathedral (Episcopal), Paris



If your listed group is no longer active, please let us know.

Haden Institute Training Programs



Two-Year Dream-Group Leader Training

Three 4-day weekend intensives per year in residence at Kanuga Conference Center, Hendersonville, NC. The remainder is distance learning. Registration deadlines are Feb. 1 and Aug. 1 of each year.

Upcoming Dream Training Intensive Dates:

Aug 24–28, 2006 / Nov 30–Dec 4, 2006 / Mar 1–5, 2007

Jeremy Taylor and Joyce Rockwood Hudson will be the keynoters for the fall semester (August and December intensives). Jeremy is past-president of the Internat'l Association for the Study of Dreams and author of *Where People Fly and Water Runs Uphill* and other books on dreamwork. Joyce is the author of *Natural Spirituality* and editor of *THE ROSE*.

Two-Year Spiritual Direction Training

Three 4-day weekend intensives per year in residence at Kanuga Conference Center, Hendersonville, NC; or two 7-day intensives at Mt. Carmel Spiritual Centre in Niagara Falls, Ontario. The remainder is distance learning. Registration deadlines for Kanuga are March 1 and September 1 of each year. For Canada the next starting time is October, 2006: register now.

Upcoming Spiritual Direction Intensive Dates:

Kanuga: Sept 14–18, 2006 / Jan 18–22, 2007 / Apr 12–16, 2007
Canada: Next opening: October, 2006. Register now.

Keith Parker, Jerry Wright, and Alan Jones will be the keynoters for the fall/winter semester (September and January intensives). Keith and Jerry are Jungian analysts and ordained ministers (Baptist and Presbyterian). Alan is the Dean of Grace Cathedral, San Francisco, and author of *Soul Making: The Desert Way of Spirituality* and other books on spirituality.

Find Out More

Website: www.hadeninstitute.com

Address: The Haden Institute, PO Box 1793,
Flat Rock, NC 28731

Phone: 828/693-9292

Email: office@hadeninstitute.com

Fax: 828/693-1919

Flat Rock, NC The Rev. Bob Haden

The Myth of the Fisher King

"Parsifal wished he could do something to help this suffering king, but the party called him, and he abandoned himself to the pleasures of the moment, eating, drinking, laughing, and flirting far into the night. Eventually he passed out in the arms of his lady of the evening."

DEEP IN THE FOREST there was a magical castle that appeared and disappeared with a will of its own. It contained the most precious treasure of the Western World, the Holy Grail. Many valiant knights searched for the Grail Castle in hope of claiming the Holy Grail as a treasure for their own king. Some had seen the castle, a few had entered, fewer still had returned to tell of it, but none had ever seen the Grail. The castle was ruled by a young king who suffered from a terrible, unhealed wound. This is the story of how he received his wound and, ultimately, his healing.

One day the young king was roaming through the forest in his kingdom when he came upon a campsite in which there was a salmon roasting over a fire. He called out to locate the person to whom the salmon belonged, but no one answered. The delicious smell of the broiling fish was so overpowering that he pulled off a piece of the salmon and ate it. Immediately there was the twang of a bow, and the king felt his groin pierced by an arrow. He pulled the arrow out and fled in a blind haze of fear and pain.

Back at his castle, the doctors tended the king's wound, but it would not heal. He was in constant agony and his kingdom suffered along with him. His only relief came from sitting in a boat and fishing. So he spent his days in fishing and his nights in the castle in almost unbearable pain. He was unable to truly live, but neither could he die. He became known as the Fisher King, and his kingdom slipped out of the ordinary world.

The king's magician determined that the king had been enchanted. Only a truehearted innocent could break the spell by asking the proper question of the king. The magician did not know what the question was, but he did know that the king would die three days after the question had been asked and answered.

Far away in the ordinary world, a strong but simple-minded youth struggled with his mother for her permission to become a man. His father and older brothers had been great knights, but when they all died in battle, the young man's mother took her infant son away from the

royal court to grow up in the deep woods. She feared that he, too, would become a knight and die. One day the young man, Parsifal (which means fool), saw a party of knights in the woods, and his heart filled with the desire to lead such a life. His mother forbade it, but he continued to plague her with requests for her permission to leave her side.

Persuaded that knighthood was his destiny and that he would leave with or without her blessing, Parsifal's mother eventually assented. She gave him a rough, homespun undergarment and told him to wear it always, even after he became a knight. She also told him about the Grail Castle and warned him that if he found it he must never spend the night there. Rather, he must ask the Fisher King the following question: "Whom does the Grail serve?" And when he had the answer, he must leave. She made him repeat the question several times until she was confident that he could remember it. Then she sent him into the world dressed in his best farmer's clothes, with the homespun garment underneath.

Parsifal traveled by way of many adventures to the royal court of the great King Arthur, where he became a knight. He was not the brightest of Arthur's knights, but he was much loved for his loyalty and genuine devotion to the king and the company of the Round Table. When he was made a Knight of the Round Table, he was outfitted in the finest of clothes and armor. He discarded the old homespun undergarment without a second thought. As a Knight of the Round Table he was sent out to patrol the kingdom and to do brave deeds. He was very good at it.

WELL INTO HIS FIRST ADVENTURE as a Knight of the Round Table, Parsifal found himself deep in the forest late one day, searching for a place to spend the night. He spied a man fishing from a boat in a lake and asked him for directions to a farm or homestead where he might be received for the evening. The fisherman said that there was no such place nearby, but if the traveler would go on ahead a bit and take the road to the left, he

would come to the fisherman's house and there he would find what he sought.

Parsifal followed the fisherman's directions and soon came to a fine castle. He hailed the castle but received no answer except the lowering of the drawbridge. Peering ahead, he could see nothing inside the walls. Gathering up his courage, he rode forward across the bridge, and as he neared the end, it snapped shut and struck his horse on the back of its rear hooves. As if that were a signal, the castle came to life with attendants, courtiers, knights, servants, and all the splendor of a royal court. Parsifal was welcomed and his horse tended while he prepared for an evening of feasting.

As night came on he was taken to the great hall of the castle, where he was instantly the center of attention. The servants anticipated his every need, and the ladies of the court fawned over him shamelessly. The knights of the court regaled him with tales of their adventures and listened to the stories of his own simple deeds as if they were legendary. Eventually a handsome young king, who appeared to be the fisherman himself, was brought on a litter into the great hall. The intensity of the merriment redoubled. None of it, however, seemed to bring genuine pleasure to the Fisher King—his face and body were marked with pain. It occurred to Parsifal that all this should mean something, but the feasting was much more interesting than the sufferings of the young king.

Later a beautiful cup was brought into the room with great ceremony and passed from person to person. It was a magic cup that instantly filled with the favorite drink of each one who received it into his or her hands. Parsifal got milk and with that came the memory of his mother. For a moment it seemed there was something that he should remember, but that thought slipped away as the people of the court laughed at his misfortune in getting milk. He laughed with them. After draining the cup, he passed it to the king, who refused it with a grimace that showed that he could not tolerate its gift. Parsifal wished he could do something to help this suffering king, but the

party called him, and he abandoned himself to the pleasures of the moment, eating, drinking, laughing, and flirting far into the night. Eventually he passed out in the arms of his lady of the evening.

Parsifal awoke the next morning from a drunken sleep made worse, he thought, by having slept on a hard stone floor. But he found himself lying on the ground, with his horse in full gear grazing nearby. He bolted upright, remembered the revelry of the previous evening, and looked

around for the castle. It was gone. Then he recalled his mother's warning and realized that he had been in the Grail Castle and had failed to ask the question. He felt ashamed and angry at his stupid forgetfulness. He pledged himself anew to the knight's code of behavior and determined to make himself, from here on, the best knight in the kingdom.



THROUGH MANY YEARS and many adventures Parsifal hoped to come upon the Grail Castle once again, but it never reappeared. He lived out the life of a knight to the fullest, sometimes remembering his pledge and sometimes forgetting. Eventually he received lands, married, and reared a family.

Then one day a crisis in the kingdom required that all the Knights of the Round Table return to the service of King Arthur. The king was in ill health brought on by infidelity in the court, and the entire kingdom suffered with him. Merlin the Magician said that only a drink from the Holy Grail could restore both king and kingdom to health. Parsifal and all the other knights headed out into the kingdom to seek the Holy Grail.

Parsifal had little hope that he would find the Grail Castle again, having found it once before and failed. However, on a Good Friday, when he was so occupied with his quest that he forgot the sanctity of the day, he came upon the castle deep in the woods, a little to the left of the main road. He hailed the castle and, just like the first time, received no answer except the lowering of the drawbridge. He crossed as before, and the bridge snapped shut against the back hooves of his horse. The castle came to

life, and once again he was invited to the evening feast.

This time Parsifal joined the feasting and revelry with moderation, rehearsing the question over and over in his mind. When the Fisher King arrived on his litter, Parsifal approached him and bowed. The king nodded to him, and Parsifal spoke.

“Your Majesty,” he said, “many years ago I came into your court, but I was a young fool and forgot my purpose. Now I have returned to ask you a question and to make a request for aid.”

Through his pain the king answered, “Ask your question, and then we will see if you are worthy to ask for my help.”

Parsifal asked, “Whom does the Grail serve?”

Joy and relief spread over the king’s face, and a general celebration broke out in the court. The king rose from his litter and calmed the cheering crowd. He turned to Parsifal with obvious gratitude.

“You are worthy, Sir, of both answer and aid. The Grail serves the Grail King, who lives deep within this castle. It is he who owns both the castle and the Holy Grail. Now that I am set free from my suffering, I can finally die, and the Grail King will rule with strength and justice for all time. Tell me what aid I can give you for bringing me to wholeness, and know that you may ask to stay here and serve the Grail King when he claims his kingdom.”

“Thank you, Your Majesty,” Parsifal answered, “but

my place is in my own home and kingdom, which suffer under the curse brought upon us by our king’s wound. He can only be restored by a drink from the Holy Grail. Is it possible that I could take the Grail to him for his healing? I will return it immediately so that it can continue to serve the Grail King.”

The Fisher King replied, “I give you the Grail that you may take it to your king. Do not return it, for now it is free to bring healing to all the kingdoms of the world, and in this way it will serve the Grail King. When your king is restored, he is charged with the task of guarding it and sharing it with those who seek its healing power. If you will not stay in this kingdom, at least stay with us for the three-day celebration of my healing. Perhaps you will meet the Grail King himself.”

“O King, it would please me greatly to do so,” Parsifal said. “But surely you who have suffered so long must understand my haste to return to my king and kingdom so that they may be healed. I will take my leave and return to my king with the Grail and with your blessing.”

The Fisher King gave his blessing, and Parsifal returned to King Arthur. Arthur was healed and the kingdom flourished. Parsifal returned to his home and spent the rest of his days wearing simple homespun clothes and keeping pleasant company with his wife, children, and grandchildren, who were court enough for a wise old knight.



Commentary

THE INSPIRATION for this retelling of the Fisher King myth comes primarily from Robert Johnson’s book *The Fisher King and the Handless Maiden*. Secondary sources are *The Grail Legend* by Emma Jung and Marie-Louise von Franz, and the movie *The Fisher King* directed by Terry Gilliam and starring Robin Williams and Jeff Bridges. As with any good story, elements have crept in that transcend all formal sources and have their origin in the experience of the teller.

The Fisher King myth holds a small but very important place in the cycle of stories about King Arthur, the great secular culture hero of the West. Like

Arthur, the Fisher King is a thinly disguised Christ figure who suffers and dies for his people. He is the guardian of the Holy Grail, which in Western myth is the mystical cup from which Christ drank at the Last Supper. Arthur, the Fisher King, Parsifal, and all the rest are characters in a great drama that has at its center this magical container which dispenses food, drink, health, and healing. The Grail is hidden in a castle down the road and to the left, the direction of the unconscious. The healing of kings and kingdoms depends upon the success of a fool who is willing to plunge into such an unlikely adventure.

It is possible to look at the Fisher King myth on at least three levels. It speaks to the late medieval crises of the Western Church and to the current challenges faced by the Christian faith that was shaped by the successes and failures of that era. A deeper level addresses the masculine wounds that are the consequence of a culture that devalues relationship in pursuit of wealth, power, and influence. At a still deeper level the story invites us to grow up, to become who we are in the pursuit of wholeness.

The Fisher King and Christianity

THE FISHER KING is a rich symbol for the way Jesus is revealed in natural spirituality. He is a sufferer who invites travelers into his hidden kingdom, if they are willing to follow the mysterious road that takes us to the left, into the experience of the unknown and unknowable. He has taken upon himself the sins of our desire to be God by taking on the flesh and all the natural burdens and gifts that come with it. He feels our pain, shares our glory, and waits for someone to be foolish enough to ask him the purpose of all this crazy mess.

The Church is quick to give us safe answers to questions that might take us too far down into the darkness. Abortion is preferable to the gestation and birth of an embarrassing new life that might upset the safe and sane possibilities that we are willing to admit into our comfortable nests. If one is not on the journey, there is little danger of finding something that is nest-threatening. If one is on the journey, returning to the nest is not an option. Like Parsifal, we must press on to the hidden kingdom, and we must remember to ask the right question. Robert Johnson reminds us to take comfort from the fact that we do not have to give the answer, only ask the question, "Whom does the Grail serve?" The answer comes as grace given, and knowing it gives us a clue to the service that is required of us. The container of our lives is a vessel of grace dedicated to God. We serve him, and he decides each day where to pour us out.

The Fisher King is not afraid to die. He does not

suffer from the affliction that is described in a line from a contemporary song: "Everybody wants to go to heaven, but nobody wants to die." Inner work reminds us that death is transformation, a truth that lies at the heart of the Christian experience. Jesus' death was not a disaster but a deliv-



erance, a transformation of Jesus into Christ, who has carried the spiritual projections of the West for almost two millennia. This should give us courage to surrender to transformation that feels like dying to the comfortable old ways that will not serve the demands of life as it is unfolding here and now. It is also encouraging to know that the Grail King rules in the background through all these changes. God is still God through all our deaths. He loves us. She loves us.

The hiddenness of the Grail symbolizes the fact that the power of the divine Feminine has been given such a small role to play in patriarchal Christianity. In orthodox Christianity the Feminine is hidden away, visible only as virgin mother, camp follower, worshipful adorer, food preparer, and handler of the dead. The early prominence of women in the founding and development of the Christian faith was left behind, and the feminine principle of the Godhead was pushed into the darkness. But the denial of the Feminine eventually calls for a payday, as is evident in the current interest in Mary Magdalene, Sophia, Mary the Mother of God, and many non-Christian manifestations of the feminine divinity. We need the patterning of God the Father, and we need the substance of God the Mother. The mystery of incarnation makes the mystery of atonement possible. The wholeness of Christianity depends upon the effort to discover the Grail of feminine divinity and bring it into the light of Christian consciousness.

The Fisher King as Wounded Feeler

IN HIS BOOK *The Fisher King and the Handless Maiden*, Robert Johnson focuses upon the wounded feeling function of Western men in particular, and of all of us in general. The feeling function is the way that our psyche

values things, experiences the worth of things. The feeling function is not emotion, but our emotions are strongly tied to the decisions we make about what is valuable or worthless. Johnson says that men have been wounded in their capacity to feel the value of things because our culture has traded feeling for rational, scientific objectivity. This sacrifice has given us a material culture, technology, and science that are remarkably powerful, but it has also made us relational cripples. We are content to depend upon the women in our lives to attend to relationships. Eros, the valuing of the relational element in life, becomes the province of women, while men specialize in the pursuit of wealth, power, and influence. This is an overgeneralization, to be sure, but it is entirely too close to the heart of our cultural preferences.

For evidence of this, observe how rapidly women are claiming their rights in the struggle for wealth, power, and influence, and compare that with the lack of interest men have in claiming their relational rights. We all want our bite of the salmon that someone else has cooked. We are taught to grab for the brass ring and sacrifice anything that partakes of feeling, sentiment, or tenderness—all feminine virtues, but deadly vices for anyone who would get ahead in the collective rat race. To the extent that we buy into this toxic cultural pattern, we are wounded in our capacity to value the things that build relationships.

Many teenaged boys and girls receive their first Fisher King wound when they are exploring the mysteries of eros and make a clumsy grab for relationship as a possession. They fail and limp along wounded, in pain, unwilling to risk such a hurt ever again. They suffer and wait for the naïve fool within to blunder into the castle of their pain to teach them that it is giving, not owning, that creates and nurtures relationship.

A little relief comes from fishing in the shallows of the unconscious for an occasional insight, but this is not healing. Serving the Grail King requires a reevaluation of life so that ego can be transformed and Self (God) can become the psychic center of gravity. This feels like death to the ego, and from the ego-as-God point of view it is death. It usually takes much suffering before a person is ready to embrace the ego/Self shift. A Christian celebration of wholeness can open the way to the grace to receive such a transformation.

The Fisher King as a Parable of Wholeness

IN *THE GRAIL LEGEND*, Emma Jung and Marie-Louise von Franz see Parsifal's journey as the story of his individuation, his growth into the uniquely whole person

that he has the potential to become. He slowly learns who he is and assimilates more and more of himself into wholeness. While this element of the story is clearer in the more detailed versions of the Grail legend used by Jung and von Franz, it is still evident in the version used here. Parsifal is held back from his heroic destiny by his mother's desire for his safety, just as there is within us a reluctance to run the risk of growth. But circumstances conspire to propel us out of our safety and into the adventure of life.

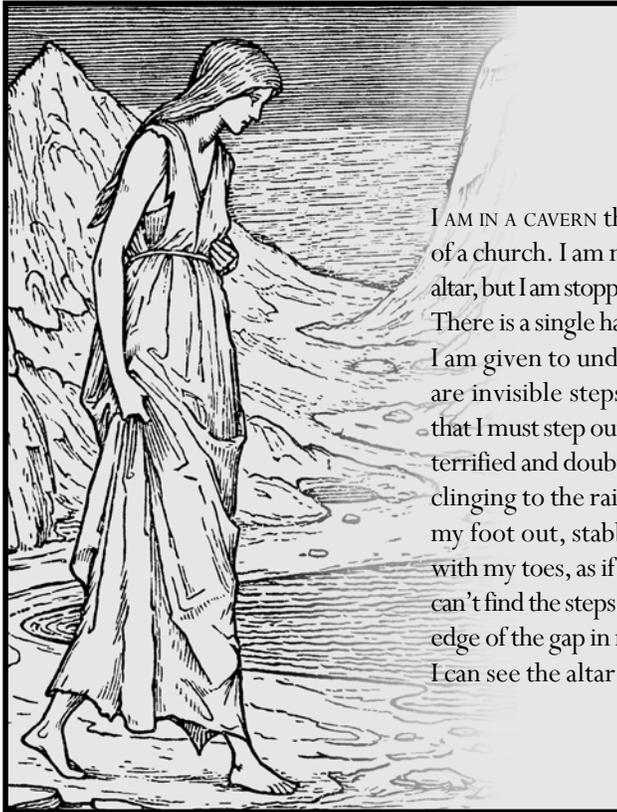
Parsifal and the Fisher King represent two equally incomplete responses to the invitation into individuation. Parsifal blunders along with very little consciousness and fails again and again to make progress toward wholeness. He does not bring the gold of his adventures into his conscious life. But he never gives up, and all his failures conspire to teach him to know and to do better. Even the thick skull of the fool is eventually penetrated in this process, and he comes to the point of asking the right question of the right person at the right time.

The Fisher King represents a shattered soul who fails once and acts no more. He waits to give the wise answer, known only to one who has suffered long, to the question that the foolish part of himself must ask. Wholeness requires that these wise and foolish parts of the psyche be brought together into consciousness. The journey of individuation, the quest for wholeness, can be cruel and agonizing when it is unconscious—or even worse, when it is resisted. A conscious willingness to embrace the inner journey and to do the necessary inner work ushers in the transforming grace that brings growth out of suffering.

In the end, it is not King Arthur's restoration, the Fisher King's healing, Parsifal's success, or the finding of the Grail that is the goal. It is the exposure of each piece of the puzzle to the light of consciousness and the careful fitting of each part into the whole. The parts and pieces of our own broken lives may not be as interesting as the myth of the Fisher King, but our own journey toward wholeness is no less heroic and satisfying.

Troy, AL **Robert Pullen**

Robert Pullen is Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences at Troy State University in Troy, AL. He teaches courses in Sociology, Marriage and Family Counseling, and, for more than a decade, an honors course on dreams. After twenty years as a Baptist minister in small country churches, he "retired" and now attends St. Mark's Episcopal Church, where he is a Lay Eucharistic Minister, a Lay Reader, leads a dream group, and teaches the three-to-six-year-olds Sunday school class.



[Dream]

The Steps

I AM IN A CAVERN that is also the nave of a church. I am moving toward the altar, but I am stopped by a deep chasm. There is a single handrail spanning it. I am given to understand that there are invisible steps going across and that I must step out to find them. I am terrified and doubtful. Clutching and clinging to the rail, I tentatively put my foot out, stabbing the air below with my toes, as if testing the water. I can't find the steps. I stand back on the edge of the gap in my fear and doubt. I can see the altar on the other side.

I am told again that the steps are there, but not directly under the rail where I have been clinging. I am then told that to find them I have to step out boldly, to widen my stance and put my full weight on it. I am still doubtful and fearful, but I obey, taking a wide, confident step. To my amazement, there is a step beneath my feet, and another and another, rock solid. I cross over to the altar, pass over to the left side of it, as if in the wing area of a stage, and light a votive candle.

Little Rock, AR *kp*

[Reflection]

The Masculine is Supposed to Serve

IT OCCURS TO ME that manhood is, essentially, detachment. The fertility and productivity of masculinity come from detachment and distance. It's a kind of fertile distance. That is why Jesus has to be, according to the story, both fully human (accessible) and fully God (inaccessible) at once.

The masculine is supposed to serve. That's it. That's its whole job. It's not supposed to seek its own fulfillment or satisfaction. It is the handy man with the tools, the soldier with the weapons who supports and maintains the situation or circumstances to which he belongs. He is always subordinate to the situation or circumstance, the condition, in which his life is being lived. He is never above it or beyond it. The situation, circumstance, or condition does not serve him (as it did for Hitler, or as it does for any would-be despot). He serves *it*.

Even if the situation needs changing or altering, he changes or alters it simply by providing and sustaining an alternative to things as they stand. The mere existence of the alternative/option changes everything. It takes a certain amount of distance and detachment from the aforesaid conditions and circumstances to do this well. Some-

how, this is what leadership is—providing and sustaining necessary options/alternatives that others cannot provide for themselves. It is not in making people do what is “right” or “good.” It is in creating options so strong and attractive that what is “wrong” or “evil” is, by comparison, revealed for what it is.

Athens, GA *Troy Copeland*



Dindraine*

**The sister of Parsifal, who failed to ask
the essential question*

*"This grail, lost to our house by my mistake,
was then restored to heal our ancient rift
and teach me all the proper words to make
amends for burdens I could never lift."*

THE FATHER OF THE HOUSE of consciousness—
home from the front, suburbanite Orion,
a neighbor's doctor dad at ease in Zion,
tanned, handsome, golfing radiologist—
sat in his living room like royalty,
watching all three newscasts on TV.
Intent on what the world had to confess,
he missed the assault on the back stairs monitor
and was surprised when all the screens went dead.
Oblivious to what he should infer
from the event, he drove it from his head.

The room, with its luxurious decor
of beige with burgundy accents, was scaled
for parties and performances which failed
to entertain, distract, or warn before
disaster struck the father's conscience dumb
and left the other family members numb
with fear of what their memories might restore
of images that burned the dreaming bed
and voices that cried out all the day long,
"Make more of blood and flesh than wine and bread,
and more of verse and canticle than song."

The force of feeling and regret distilled around
them rumors, whispers, images of pain
played out by guests who sang and danced in vain
that any meaning in their art be found.
One diva to whom all their nights belonged
sang them an aria of a victim wronged;
her tragic face was transformed by the sound
into a golden cube, empty as death,
with only one small ear for ornament,
attached on edge to hear her labored breath
drawn to compose a scream toward heaven sent.

When no one understood her tragedy,
another guest played his contrary part,
becoming a clown in the name of art

to test them with his pointed comedy.
He showed them all a million dollar smile
above a tattered suit, and all the while
he danced the soft shoe of false vanity,
contriving slapstick sketches that regaled
them with his act's exaggerated thread
of meaning, but indifferent reason failed
to tell them clearly what his routines said.

The evening's farce went on for years and years
before the wife served coffee, cake, and mints
while other guests provided cryptic hints
of what caused all the family's formless fears.
One made a Jacob's ladder out of string,
another told the tale of Frodo's ring,
a third recalled the sibyl's useless tears,
and no one guessed their riddle ready made
for any house where fathers rule the noon
but sleep away the night when powers fade
and keening mothers hail the rising moon.

Then guests like horsemen of Apocalypse
crashed through the fences of the neighborhood.
Their harsh disturbances of war, fire, flood
and pestilence ended the long eclipse
of dreams that terrified the waking dead
and stirred the embers burning in the head
as if ignited by an alchemist,
who knew the value of the cleansing fire

About "Dindraine"

IN ORDER TO UNDERSTAND my dreams more fully, I have turned to the process of crafting poems from the images, actions, and associations of my dreams. I believe that there is a helpful symbiosis between the appreciation and understanding of dreams and the appreciation and understanding of poetry. Perhaps in their truest and most honest manifestations, dreams and poems spring from the same source—the deep well of the unconscious. Certainly dream work and poem work both require of their practitioners the same openness to hearing and responding to what the unconscious is saying. The poem "Dindraine" evolved from a dream, and working with the dream and writing the poem provided a significant breakthrough in my dream work and my spiritual journey.

Robert Moore Allen

and how penance could wage a holy war;
who knew of suffering's power to inspire
and what being drowned in a flood was for.

They gave the torment of the house five roles—
the mother asked for love her heart defined;
the brother called for justice of the mind.
But following the precepts of the scrolls,
the willful father drowned his youngest child;
the daughter by her brother was defiled;
and all but one ignored their loss of soul.
He made a record of each one who came,
attacking his heart's castle keep and wall,
to face destruction of both house and name
and learn the history of their deadly fall.

Words made a work to caution and console:
the son became the hero slowly wise,
the father, him who neither lives nor dies
but waits for one whose quest will lift his toll.
But while the hero wandered in his head,
there came a wiser counselor who said
to look for what could make the family whole,
to find the one who should have been at table
when grace was offered for their daily bread.
He said the coin and lamb lost in the fable
were telling signs which someone should have read.

Where waited one who was so long ago
forgotten through the willful ignorance
of those who therein lost their innocence?
Where turned the stair of childhood's nascent woe?
Who would confess a brother's crime endured
by siblings whose long silence he assured
by making all his prayers with one word—No?
Acknowledging his wounded loss of nerve,
the father of the house—ancient of days—
abandoned all the guests he meant to serve
to learn the secret of his basement's maze.

THE FAMILY found the long neglected stair
just as it was in nineteen fifty-one,
walls hung with photos of a smiling son,
the fixture's bulb burned out, carpet threadbare,
no sign of life assuaging their intent,
with only old injustice to repent.
Descending, they feared the oppressive air
but came at last to that dark basement cell
where coal once waited for the furnace fire;
they pushed against the studded door to tell
what horror had destroyed their heart's desire.



They found within no terrible surprise,
no bones or signs of ancient violence—
instead a bare cell, smelling of incense,
its white-washed walls hung with icons of wise
and holy saints. There, on a table laid
with linen cloth, an unlit candle made
of pure beeswax flamed up before their eyes
to light for them a page of holy text
spread open to be read: “No sign I’ll give
to this lost generation or the next
except the sign of Jonah. Hear and live.”

Deep in the shadows on a narrow bed
their long lost sister lay as if asleep,
without concern, seeming content to keep
the company of icons and be fed
food of the spirit, full of grace and blessed
by virtue of her reading, prayer, and quest
to find the words which should once have been said.
She rose, an older version of the girl,
tall, thin, but still unbowed by her long wait
alone, her only consolation's priceless pearl
the reading of the prayers that eased her fate.

They stood dumbstruck as if she were a ghost
or one like Lazarus raised back to life,
dressed in blue cotton like a young housewife,
and welcoming them in, the perfect hostess.
Then, arranging table, text, and light,
she seemed less prisoner and more acolyte,
and neither wished to make complaint or boast
of her lifelong ordeal but simply tell
the story of a miracle that turned
her brother's harsh assault and her long hell
into a pilgrimage of holy lessons learned.

*Oh my, what cruel grievance I endured
from my own brother for my faulty claim
that mere obedience was not the same*

*as real conversion consciously assured
by his profession of his faith without
our father's power to coerce his doubt.
I said his own initiative secured
his soul's salvation and let Jesus come
into his heart, and otherwise His Word
would be invalid, and, if rendered dumb,
God could not save for lack of being heard.*

*I claimed he was an imposter living here,
pretending he himself called down God's grace,
while knowing Father's words usurped His place,
in saying he had nothing more to fear
because he had been baptized as he should.
My brother said I played Red Riding Hood,
seeing a wolf where no wolf would appear.
I threatened to tell Father of his lie,
and dreading that, my brother dragged me in
to this coal room and locked me here to die,
convinced no one would ever learn his sin.*

*I lay upon hard heaps of coal and slept
away both night and day for twenty years,
gaining no comfort from my phantom peers.
Then I awoke and saw a light, which kept
a steady glow from far beneath the coal.
Astounded, I dug down and reached a bowl
of such mysterious beauty that I wept
for joy, and, holding it, I wondered how
it glowed with light enough to see my cell
transformed into a hermitage, great power
clearly flowing from its secret's well.*

*I saw a chamber fair equipped to teach
my vision's sense the icon's piercing gaze
upon the center of my dish's blaze.
There food and drink appeared within my reach
to nourish fully body, mind, and heart
and show me how my penitential art
should strive for what my prayers could not beseech.
Resigned to my confinement's patient school,
I used my gift of solitude to find
the words to make another golden rule
for archetypes of the self behind the mind.*

*My glowing dish was once a magic stone
and then a Celtic horn of plenty lost
and found depending on its honor's cost
or sorrow's need. Then Christ, sent to atone
the sins of everyman and woman made,
gave it his blood, by which their debt was paid
not by their wish but by His gift alone.*

*This grail, lost to our house by my mistake,
was then restored to heal our ancient rift
and teach me all the proper words to make
amends for burdens I could never lift.*

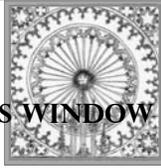
*This grail was once sought by King Arthur's knight,
my brother Parsifal, the valiant fool,
whose arms served chivalry's heroic rule;
but when he saw the dish's holy light
fall on the wounded fisher king he failed
to ask its boon, of what its use entailed
and how to know the faith it should incite.
Our gift completes the age-old quest to find
the words with which to heal our family's pain,
restore the wasted household of our mind,
and live to see our circle whole again.*

*And now my family let us not conceal
our joy in praising our recovered grail
for feeding us all that we could avail
ourselves of Christ's salvation rendered real.
Within the holy circle of this dish
we find the granting of our deepest wish
to know the faith on which God set His seal.
So let us now restore to consciousness
this mandala of benefit and praise,
and with its light in light of day address
the need to tell its virtues all our days.*

*So saying, she turned toward the basement wall
and from an alcove drew the holy grail;
she held it up, her sign that could not fail
to bring enlightenment and guide them all.
Then she led their procession back upstairs
into the center of their everyday affairs,
where the father spoke in answer to her call.
Though in the mind we all may disappear
and this blessed gift become an empty plate,
we shall retain the image we have here
of its great mystery lighting our dark fate.*

Walnut Cove, NC **Robert Moore Allen**

For the past 35 years, Robert Moore Allen has been studying the writings of Carl Jung and related authors who value dreams and their vital relation to the process of individuation, which he relates very closely to the stories, psalms, and teachings found in the Bible and in the liturgies and spiritual writings of the Christian tradition. Robert has been reading and writing poems for most of his life. He is an active member of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, and has enjoyed a forty-five year career in fund raising, including the last twenty-five years as a fund raising consultant.



Whom Does the Grail Serve?

"No matter how often I revisit this centuries-old myth, its central question remains, for me, a bit obscure."

I RECENTLY RECEIVED an unexpected Fisher King wound. I did not notice the moment of the wounding, and when the symptoms appeared, I ignored them. I had just taken a short out-of-town trip. The wounding evidently happened then, for upon returning home, I was out of sorts, clearly depressed, not wanting to participate in any of my present life anymore. I had no idea why this heavy mood had descended. With many years of midlife inner work behind me, my soul and psyche are generally in good health these days—a little light tuning each day is enough to keep me running smoothly. So I kept up the light tuning and waited for this cloud to pass.

It did not pass. Two, three, four days went by; the depression remained. I was miserable, going through the motions of life with no joy, with resentment, even, feeling no love for my fellows, wanting to be left entirely alone. No joy in life, unloving—how unChristian is that? But could I will myself out of it? No.

I should have known what to do next—but remember, I was ignoring this state, waiting for it to pass. I was feeling the way most Christians feel about doing inner work. Who's got time for it? I'm basically fine. This will work itself out. I'm too busy to do anything extra. Life is burden enough without adding more. And anyway, I am doing my regular light tuning, keeping an eye on my dreams and synchronicities.

But I was doing no more than that, no more than "keeping an eye" on my inner world. Because I was giving little, I was getting little.

Sunday came. I went to church. This will clear me up, I thought. It didn't help at all.

Finally, as I went to bed that Sunday night, I knew I could dodge it no longer. I needed help. No, not medication. Not a counselor. I needed dreams, and not just a

glimpse of my dreams from the corner of my eye, but dreams in the center of my focus. This was a deep moment. A surrender. A return. Okay, God, I said from my very heart, talk to me. Tell me what is going on here. I am ready to listen. I really am. I'm giving you my full attention now.

In that breakthrough moment I entered the Grail Castle. I dreamed all night long, with more dreams staying with me than had done so in a single night for many months.

I also slept for a long time. Eleven hours. I woke up feeling that the sleep itself would make the difference. But no, there was still that heavy depressed feeling on rising. I had listened all night to my dreams, and now I was thinking

about them as I went about my morning routine. But there was no "aha" in them. And the oppressive cloud was no lighter.

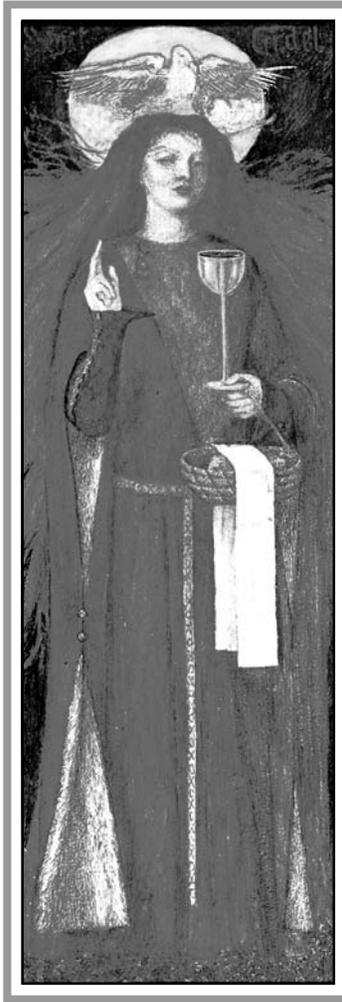
It occurred to me that perhaps I should go beyond thinking about the dreams and write them down. But I hated the idea of spending the time on it—it would take an hour or more. Like every Christian in the world who has no time to get into dream work, who is doing just fine thanks, who cannot imagine spending an hour or more of morning time recording the dim wanderings of the night, I did not want to write down these murky dreams. *I did not want to.*

But, you must be thinking (as I was thinking, too), I am trained in this. I train others. I wrote a book about the importance of dreams for the spiritual health of Christians. And not only that, I had had that moment of truth with God as I went to bed. I had said that I would be listening now. And God had sent the dreams in plenty.

So, after almost not doing it, I made myself get out my dream journal and write down those dreams. As I wrote them, more insights came than had come when I was just thinking about them, though these were still not the kind of clear, revelatory dreams I sometimes have. But it did feel very good to be writing them,

once I got started. It felt good to be honoring the reality of my elusive inner world, to be spending real time with it, to be making it concrete and connected through words recorded on a page. It was good to take the Grail cup into my hands, to hold it and feel its heft, to lift it to my lips and begin to sip that Living Water.

I did not analyze these dreams image by image. I



really and truly did not have time for that. Having recorded them, I could do more analysis later if I needed to. For now, writing them had been enough. I had connected with them, and somehow, through the divine mystery at the heart of life, I had thereby reconnected with myself. As I began to go about my day, I noticed at once that the heaviness had lifted. Joy began to return. Real love of life. Real love of the people interfacing with my life. It was as if Jesus himself had laid his hands on me and said, "Get up and walk." I had returned to myself. I was back.

The dreams had said enough for me to get the gist of my heavy mood. I am, in general these days, in a transition place—a long transition from full-steam, hands-on work in the world to an inner call (from my approaching seventh-decade) to more solitary study and writing. On my out-of-town trip, I had slipped out of the present time into the future, which I could taste in that time away. It was hard to get back and get reconciled again to the work that still needs tending in the present. As I recorded the dreams, I could see that they were talking about all of this. And with the true situation affirmed and commented upon, I could accept it and go on.

LET'S STOP HERE and take careful stock of exactly what happened to dispel this depression of mine. First there was the surrender, finally, of the supposed self-sufficiency of my overbalanced outer life. I had to give that up and reach for my center and for God who presides there. Upon doing that, I was at once drawn into that place of richness and meaning—I experienced a long night of this and was present to it with more consciousness than usual.

But this was not enough. Nor was it enough to simply think about those dreams the next morning. To break the depression, I had to make an actual, concrete connection between outer life and inner life. I had to take some precious time away from outer life and give it to inner life—not just night time, but day time. I had to take some personal energy, some brain power, from outer life and give it to inner life so that those dream images could be turned into actual words on paper. The effective Grail moment was in that real-life, body-world union of inner and outer. Until then, I had entered the Grail Castle, but I had not yet asked the essential question: Whom does the Grail serve?

What exactly does that question mean? No matter how often I revisit this centuries-old myth, its central question remains, for me, a bit obscure. And for that matter, what exactly is the Holy Grail?

The core image of the Grail is "vessel." The Grail holds the divine life force—the *Aqua Vita*, the Living Water—often symbolized by the Blood of Christ. The

vessel itself is not the Living Water, but without it the Living Water is not gathered up and held for our use. The vessel does not hold all the Living Water that exists, but only a small, manageable portion of it. This is the core symbolic meaning of "vessel": limitation through form. And it is the core principal of the feminine aspect of human existence. Our ideals, which symbolically are masculine, live at first only in our hearts and minds. In order to become real, they must work their way into actual form. They must be put into a vessel of real life, a vessel that will always, necessarily, be limited. Our vessel of life never quite carries all of the ideas or feelings to which we want to give realization. But still we try, working day and night to make our ideals and cherished feelings come true.

The question is, however, whom does the Grail—the vessel that is real life—serve? Is my limited existence in time and space meant to serve my ego's ideals and cherished feelings? If so, I need not give any of it, none of its time, none of its energy, to the dim contents of my inner world, for that is not the world of my ego but rather of my Godnature, of my deepest, truest self.

This, however, is not the correct answer to the question. The correct answer is that the vessel that is my limited life in time and space serves the Grail King—God, the Self, the One who enters into dialogue with my ego in the depths of myself. So how can I justify, as I try to do again and again, giving *none* of my already too-full life, *none* of its time, *none* of its energy to the divine life within me? I cannot justify it. And it was only when I broke through this erroneous attitude that the Grail cup actually reached my lips and let me drink again the Living Water.

FROM THIS RENEWED EXPERIENCE of healing, I came to understand more deeply what I thought I already knew: the absolute importance of engaged inner work for the realization of the God-centered life we all yearn for—whether we yearn for it consciously as God-centered life or unconsciously as simply a happy, satisfied life with good love, good friendship, good work. And I realized more clearly than ever before how hard it is for good, well-meaning people to turn to this remedy which alone will get them there. Awareness of the Holy Grail—the cup and its content of Living Water that invigorates our lives—is hidden in the obscure language of inner whisperings. To find it, we have to get a grip, center in God, and go into ourselves. And then we have to bring what we have experienced on the inside back with us to the outside and give it some time and space there.

But what is always our first response to this need? *It is too much trouble!* And so when depression descends—when we receive the Fisher King wound and lose access

to the Living Water of our own lives—we first think of solutions that are based in outer life only. I should make some changes in my life. Set things up differently. Resolve to do this or that. Cut out this. Push away that. Almost anything except: I should talk to God about it as I go to bed. I should draw close to Him. Open up and invite Him in. Give it over to Him. (Or Her, if you prefer.) And then sleep and at the same time pay attention. And then in the morning write down those images and situations that were revealed in the night. Honor them. Claim them. Give them a share of my energy. (A deep depression, of course, requires more than a single session and may need professional support.)

Troy Copeland, a member of my church dream group and a frequent writer for *THE ROSE*, has a theory that anger comes when we need to make a new adaptation to the outer world and depression comes when we need to make a new adaptation to the inner world. I think he may be right about this.

The Fisher King wound is depression, not anger. The cure is to drink from the Holy Grail, which, we should note, is never out of reach of the Fisher King. The Fisher King, our depressed self, lives in the Grail castle, where every night the Cup is being passed around, free for anyone to take a drink. But our depressed self—the part of us that needs to make a new adjustment to the inner world—cannot reach for the Cup, cannot drink from it, until the least clever, least complicated part of ourselves steps forward and says, let's reconnect to the depths. Let's withdraw some of the time and energy we have been investing in outer life and reinvest it in inner life. Let's make some room in our vessel for the good stuff. Because what is the point of all this outer life if it is disconnected from the Source of Life within? Look how heavy it has become.

It takes our simpleton to ask the obvious: Haven't we learned all this before? Don't we already know that the Flow of Life comes from within? That everything is all about the One who dwells within us, the Source, the Fount? Don't we know that when we neglect our inner work, the Flow of Life is lost? It's as simple as that. Any fool could tell you.

Danielsville, GA *Joyce Rockwood Hudson*

Joyce is the author of Natural Spirituality and editor of THE ROSE. As she enters her sixtieth year, she has become aware of a growing change in consciousness from a long-familiar identification with her own time to a new and interesting identification with the ages. When she reads about people of earlier times or sees their pictures, they no longer seem different. They could be her neighbors. This is strange—and exciting.

BOOK EXCERPT



From the Beyond

by C. G. Jung

THE BEYOND IS THE TRANS-SUBJECTIVE, and this is the experience of something within that sphere you call *psyche* or *mind*, which is not your own make, which is very clearly an *intercessio divina*—an intervention of something which is not yourself and which is not a part of our external world. It must be an effect within your innermost self, where you are quite alone with yourself, where certainly nothing else exists. Then if something happens there which is clearly not yourself, you know it is from beyond. It is trans-subjective.

This may come to you in a very banal form, in an almost imperceptible way, and if you are not in the mood, you will not see it at all; it may be in a dream, or it may come in the way of a fantasy. I think I told you of that Catholic woman who discovered in her [active imagination], after long vain attempts, that there was some moisture in the air. That was the turning point, that did it. She suddenly came across a fact which she had not created. It simply was there. You naturally think that a fantasy is all your own make, so if something comes into it which is most certainly not your make, and not your ego, that is a trans-subjective experience. Suppose you were quite alone in a room, and suddenly something stirred, something which could not be accounted for and which you have not moved; you can say it is a ghost or it might be a human being or an animal—God knows what—but you instantly have the feeling of not being alone in the room. And so the experience of a trans-subjective reality gives you suddenly the feeling that you are not alone in your psychology. There is something else that seems to come from outside, yet you clearly know it is nowhere outside.

Question: Is this not just the unconscious?

Dr. Jung: Oh yes, you can call it “the unconscious.” Just what the unconscious is we don't know. To call it “the unconscious” is merely *façonde parler*. You can call it “the dark continent,” or “heaven,” or “hell,” or anything you like: it is simply something from the unknown. When you recognize the unknown as a really existing thing, you have had the trans-subjective experience.

From: Nietzsche's Zarathustra: Notes of the Seminar Given in 1934-1939 by C. G. Jung, edited by James L. Jarrett. Copyright © 1988 by Princeton University Press. Vol. 1, pp. 294-95.

ARKANSAS DREAM CONFERENCE

A Regional Conference for Arkansas and Beyond

March 9–10, 2007

Camp Mitchell Conference Center

on Petit Jean Mountain, Morrilton, AR

Sponsored by the Episcopal Church Women
of the Diocese of Arkansas

Led by the Rev. Susan Sims Smith

Canon for Special Ministries, Diocese of Arkansas

THE CONFERENCE will begin on Friday night with a two-hour workshop for beginners and for those who want a review. It will continue all day Saturday with intermediate and advanced level dreamwork.

For more information, contact Kyran Pittman

Phone: 501/372-2168, ext. 2030

Email: seedwork@seedwork.org.

A HADEN INSTITUTE PROGRAM

SUMMER DREAM CONFERENCE

God's Forgotten Language

Kanuga Conference Center • Hendersonville, NC

June 24–29, 2007

THE HADEN INSTITUTE'S SUMMER DREAM CONFERENCE is a major conference for all who want to recover the Biblical tradition of listening for God's word in our nightly dreams. The early Church theologian Tertullian asked: "*Is it not known to all people that the dream is the most usual way of God's revelation to humankind?*"

Key Presenters in 2007 will be **Bob Haden**, Episcopal priest and director of the Haden Institute; **Joyce Rockwood Hudson**, author of *Natural Spirituality* and editor of *THE ROSE*; **Larry Maze**, Episcopal Bishop of Arkansas; **Diana McKendree**, Jungian-oriented psychotherapist; **Susan Sims Smith**, Canon for Special Ministries in the Diocese of Arkansas; **Jeremy Taylor**, Unitarian minister and author of *Where People Fly* and *Water Runs Uphill*, *DreamWork*, and *The Living Labyrinth*; and others.

This conference has offerings for every level: for professionals (especially clergy), counselors, and therapists, and also for lay dream-group leaders and dreamwork beginners.

For more information, contact the Haden Institute:
828/693-9292 / office@hadeninstitute.com

CD Sets: Selected Lectures from the Haden Institute's SUMMER DREAM CONFERENCE

THESE CD SETS are available from SeedWork, a program of the Episcopal Diocese of Arkansas. **Prices include shipping.** To order, send a check or money order payable to **SeedWork**, P.O. Box 164668, Little Rock, AR 72216. (Phone: 501/372-2168 ext. 2030; Web: www.seedwork.org.) *This page can be used as an order form.*

Selected Lectures from the 2003 Summer Dream Conference

Eight-CD set: \$30 ♦ Single CDs: \$5 each (use boxes below)

- 1. Why Dreamwork Needs the Church and the Church Needs Dreamwork, *Joyce Rockwood Hudson*
- 2. Biblical, Church, and Conversion Dreams, *Bob Haden*
- 3. The Masculine and Feminine in Christ and In Us, *Susan Sims Smith*
- 4. Three Church Dream Group Movements (Panel Discussion), *Haden, Hudson, Sims Smith*
- 5. Encountering the Sacred Feminine, *Susan Sims Smith*
- 6. Dreams and Life After Death, *Susan Sims Smith*
- 7. Shadow, Complex, and Projection in Light of the Gospel, *Bob Haden*
- 8. What Individuation Really Looks Like, *Joyce Rockwood Hudson*

Selected Lectures from the 2004 Summer Dream Conference

Seven-CD set: \$30 ♦ Single CDs: \$5 each (use boxes below)

- 1. Dreams, Parables, and the Kingdom of Heaven, *Joyce Rockwood Hudson*

- 2. Six Principles of Group Dreamwork, *Jeremy Taylor*
- 3. Long Term Relationships and the Unconscious: The Dances of the Selves, *Susan Sims Smith*
- 4. How Dreams and Jung Have Helped My Spiritual Journey, *Bob Haden*
- 5. Woman in Blue: The Deep Feminine Invites Us to Christ, *Susan Sims Smith*
- 6. Individuation and Dreams in the Life of Thomas Merton, *Bob Haden*
- 7. Individuation and the Pearl of Great Price, *Joyce Rockwood Hudson*

Selected Lectures from the 2005 Summer Dream Conference

Ten-CD set: \$30 ♦ Singles \$5 each (use boxes below)

- 1. Dreams and a Living Relationship with Christ, *Larry Maze*
- 2. Three Prophetic Dreams, 1890, *Bob Haden*
- 3. Why Dreams? Why Us? Why Now? Exploring the Popularity of *THE DA VINCI CODE*, *Joyce Rockwood Hudson*
- 4. Sophia Provides Strength to Surrender to the Self, *Susan Sims Smith*
- 5. Dream Recall and Hints for Working with Your Dreams, *Jeremy Taylor*
- 6. Negotiating the Inner Peace Treaty, *Chelsea Wakefield*
- 7. Masculine and Feminine: Split in the Garden, Healed by Christ, *Larry Maze*
- 8. Dreams and Addiction, *Susan Sims Smith*
- 9. Children's Dreams and Nightmares, *Jeremy Taylor*
- 10. Dreams of Everlasting Life: The Gospel According to the Paraclete, *Joyce Rockwood Hudson*

www.seedwork.org



SEEDWORK.ORG has undergone an extensive redesign. This resource-rich site offers dreamwork-related articles, links, and event listings. It is also home to the digital archives of THE ROSE: all back issues are available for free downloading. The site also features a complete listing of the Summer Dream Conference CDs, currently available by mail order, and soon also to be available for direct downloading from the website. New features and information are being published to the site all the time; save it to your bookmarks file, and check it out early and often!

Al Drymala's blog

ALAN DRYMALA is helping bring dream work to San Antonio. Recently he has inaugurated a dream-work blog to which we can all tune in for inspiration and resources. Formerly a director of religious education, youth minister, and pastoral administrator for the Catholic Church, Alan is now a Jungian-oriented therapist and spiritual director. He leads a non-denominational dream group and two reading groups focused on Jung and Christianity.

Al Drymala's blog
 "Only the mystics bring creativity into religion." C.G. Jung

<p>✦ RECENT POSTS</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ✦ Looking for Inner Meaning ✦ Thou Art That ✦ Old Fishing Lures ✦ Jim's Poetry Reading ✦ Getting Started 	<p>✦ Looking for Inner Meaning</p> <p>I've been writing in this blog about the Monday night dream group. Since last September, I have had the great good fortune on Tuesday nights to be facilitating a wonderful reading and study group. We're currently on a short summer hiatus, but we'll be starting up again in August.</p> <p>So far, we've read and discussed <i>Natural Spirituality</i> (Joyce Hudson), <i>Memories, Dreams, Reflections</i> (C.G. Jung), and <i>Thou Art That</i> (Joseph Campbell). For our next book, I think we'll be reading <i>Ego and Archetype</i>, by Edward Edinger. That will be a real challenge.</p>
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www.alandrymala.typepad.com

Natural Spirituality Regional Gathering

February 9–11, 2007 (or come for Feb. 10 only)

Mikell Camp and Conference Center, Toccoa, Georgia

OVER 100 PEOPLE ATTENDED the 2006 Gathering. Come join us for the next one. This two-tiered event—a one-day conference within a larger weekend conference—is aimed at natural spirituality veterans and inquirers alike. There will be lectures, workshops, small-group dreamwork, discussions of natural spirituality program issues, introductory sessions for inquirers, meditative movement and contemplative prayer opportunities, worship, and time for relaxation and fellowship. Staff includes **Bob Haden, Joyce Rockwood Hudson, and Jerry Wright.**

This interdenominational conference is sponsored by natural spirituality groups in the Episcopal Diocese of Atlanta. Camp Mikell is located in the mountains of North Georgia.

Saturday-only fee: \$30 (includes lunch)

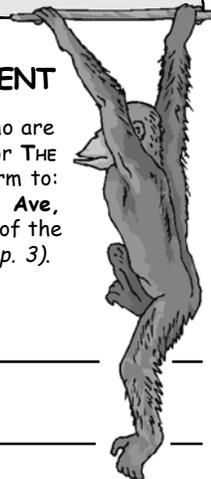
Weekend fees (including all meals and activities): \$150—double • \$215—single • \$95—dorm ("barracks" bed and bath: Spartan but adequate) • \$85—on your own for lodging • A \$50 reduction in the dorm fee (to \$45) is available upon request to anyone who cannot otherwise attend the conference.



To register, phone or email Agnes Parker
 706/742-2530 • akbparker@earthlink.net
 Registration deadline: January 26, 2007

HUNDRED-PLUS MONKEY ENROLLMENT

To join the troop of a Hundred-Plus Monkeys who are willing to be called upon for financial support for THE ROSE up to an annual limit of \$100, send this form to: **The Rose at Emmanuel Church, 498 Prince Ave, Athens, GA 30601.** You will be notified by mail of the amount to send in for each upcoming issue (see p. 3).



Name _____

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Conferences and Retreats



NATURAL SPIRITUALITY REGIONAL GATHERING

A weekend retreat for dream-work veterans and inquirers alike

February 9–11, 2007, Toccoa, GA. (One-day option: Feb. 10) Staff includes **Bob Haden, Joyce Rockwood Hudson, and Jerry Wright.** Offering practical inner work skills and high-level fellowship. Come for the weekend or for Saturday only. At Mikell Camp and Conference Center in the mountains of North Georgia. *See p. 31.*



ARKANSAS DREAM CONFERENCE

A Regional Gathering

A weekend retreat for beginning and advanced dream workers, sponsored by the Episcopal Church Women of the Diocese of Arkansas

March 9–10, 2007, Morrilton, AR. Led by the Reverend **Susan Sims Smith**, Canon for Special Ministries in the Diocese of Arkansas. Come for one day or two. *See p. 30.*



THE HADEN INSTITUTE 828/693-9292 • office@hadeninstitute.com • www.hadeninstitute.com • All U.S. events take place at Kanuga Conference Center.

▣ **Dream Leadership Training.** *Next entry deadline: August 1, 2006.* Next intensives, Hendersonville, NC: August 24–28, 2006, special faculty **Jeremy Taylor**; Nov. 30–Dec. 4, 2006, special faculty **Joyce Rockwood Hudson.** *See p. 17.*

▣ **Spiritual Direction Training.** *Next entry deadline: Sept. 1, 2006.* Next intensives, Hendersonville, NC, Sept. 14–18, 2006 & Jan. 18–22, 2007; special faculty **Keith Parker, Jerry Wright, Alan Jones.** Canada Intensive, Mt. Carmel Spirituality Centre, Niagra Falls, Ontario: next starting time is October, 2006—register now. *See p. 17.*

▣ **Summer Dream Conference, June 24–29, 2007, Hendersonville, NC.** Key Presenters: **Bob Haden, Joyce Rockwood Hudson, Larry Maze, Diana McKendree, Susan Sims Smith, Jeremy Taylor,** and others. Offerings for beginning and advanced levels. CE credits for counselors. *See p. 30.*



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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 only in 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.** If there is no group in your area, consider starting one: see www.seedwork.org for resources. Programs marked with an asterisk (*) are new to the list since the last issue of THE ROSE.

What Is Natural Spirituality?

THE TERM NATURAL SPIRITUALITY refers to the teaching and healing of the Holy Spirit that come to each individual through the natural processes of life. In biblical tradition, this realm of the Spirit is called Wisdom. Natural spirituality is also a tag for church programs consisting of one or more dream groups—or “journey groups”—supported by introductory classes which teach the principles of Jungian psychology as tools for a deeper Christian journey.

Natural spirituality as a church program was pioneered at Emmanuel Episcopal Church in Athens, Georgia in 1991. Joyce Rockwood Hudson was the initial teacher in that undertaking, and she eventually wrote a book, *Natural Spirituality: Recovering the Wisdom Tradition in Christianity* (JRH Publications, 2000), which contains the contents of the introductory class and a description of the Emmanuel program. With the publication of this book, other churches began starting natural spirituality programs of their own, structuring their introductory classes as study groups centered on the book.

Natural spirituality programs are spreading far and wide. The strongest geographical concentration so far is in Arkansas, where the Rev. Susan Sims Smith, Canon for Special Ministries for the Episcopal Diocese of Arkansas, works specifically to support parish programs of inner work, including dreamwork.



NATURAL SPIRITUALITY BOOK

Available from amazon.com; b&n.com; local bookstores by special order. For the best online price, go to www.amazon.com/shops/jrhpub (be sure to type in the entire URL).



WWW.SEEDWORK.ORG

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Selected Lectures: listen; download and save;
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- ☐ P.O. Box 164668, Little Rock, AR 72216-4668;
501/372-2168 ext. 2030; seedwork@seedwork.org