

# The Rose

*inviting Wisdom into our lives & churches*

Emmanuel Church ■ Athens, Georgia

Summer-Fall 2008 ■ Issue 14

## Love and Projection

**T**HE LAST TWO WEEKS have been filled with lessons learned from dream work, yet none of this insight has had to do with night dreams. Instead, I have been challenged in waking life by a conflict within my beloved community and have been met head on with profound synchronicity.

My family is one that learns together at home. I have three sons: a ten-year-old, a five-year-old, and a three-year-old. Over the past academic year, our family has been gathering with a group of families on Fridays at a neighborhood park to play together. One Friday, three weeks ago, a conflict arose within our group when an unusual but not totally unexpected thing happened: a number of wooden and plastic toy weapons, all in the form of rifles, handguns, or Uzis, were brought to the park.

I admit it: I had a visceral internal reaction. Having dealt publicly with the issue  
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Summer-Fall 2008, Issue 14

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# A Word from Emmanuel

BRENNAN MANNING writes in *Reflections for Ragamuffins*:

Even when preoccupied, distracted, or salivating, we each have a dream. We each have a vision of life that corresponds to our convictions, embodies our uniqueness, and expresses what is life-giving within us. Whether altruistic or ignoble, the dream gives definition to our lives and influences the decisions we make, the steps we take, and the words we speak. . . . Even if the dream is unrealistic or temporarily on hold due to uncontrollable circumstances, it prods our consciousness, nurtures our fantasies, and inchoately sustains our will-to-meaning in the world.

God's dream is the kingdom of God, which encompasses the inner and outer worlds of our lives. May his dream sustain us, and may we be nurtured by these reflections in the ROSE.

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

programs 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:

**editor.therose@gmail.com**

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

**The deadline for the next issue is  
September 30, 2008.** This includes articles  
announcing conferences that will take place  
February to August 2009. Bare bones  
announcements (date and contact informa-  
tion) will be accepted through November 15.

## A Note from the Editor...

SYNCHRONISITICALLY, the theme for this issue of the ROSE is synchronicity. Almost completely by chance most of the articles turned out to be about the operation of synchronicity, or meaningful coincidence, in everyday life. The awareness of synchronicity is a phenomenon of our time. I can remember twenty years ago, back in the 1980s, when people would think I was out of my mind if I mentioned that a meaningful coincidence had figured into a decision I had made or an insight I had received. I still get a few strange looks, but most people these days have heard of synchronicity and know that some otherwise respectable people entertain the notion of it.

Carl Jung first coined the term “synchronicity” in 1930 at about the same time quantum mechanics came onto the scene. The two developments are not unrelated. For more about this, I recommend Gary Sparks’s book *At the Heart of Matter: Synchronicity and Jung’s Spiritual Testament*, which is excerpted in this issue beginning on page 18.

Synchronicity is a key concept for the revitalization of spiritual life today. It puts the “Spirit” back in Holy Spirit. This issue of the ROSE will provide an excellent teaching tool for those who wish to introduce the idea of synchronicity to their faith communities. Look on the back cover to see how to order extra copies for no more than the cost of shipping.

Joyce Rockwood Hudson

The Rose is like church,  
free to everyone,  
but in need of financial  
support from those who  
recognize its value.

## Money Business

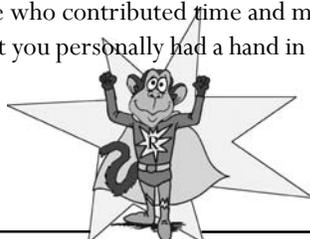


THE ROSE YOU ARE HOLDING IN YOUR HANDS comes to you free of charge. If you have friends who would enjoy THE ROSE, we will gladly add them to our mailing list, which now numbers more than 2,700. (Our total circulation is 4,100.) It is our firm desire that the ROSE move freely through the world in this 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 123.* 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 \$30 per issue, totaling around \$60 per year. We always need more Monkeys to help us finance our constantly growing mailing list, which increases by about 200 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!

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 15) 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.

Many thanks to everyone who contributed time and money to ROSE 14. As you read these pages, keep in mind that you personally had a hand in bringing them into the world.



**Super Monkey!**  
Coming soon  
to a mailbox  
near you

3

### The Hundredth Monkey A Mostly True Story

IN THE 1950s, scientists began provisioning monkeys on a Japanese island with sweet potatoes that 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.cortext.org/ICLIB/ICO9/Myers.htm](http://www.cortext.org/ICLIB/ICO9/Myers.htm))

# Love and Projection

(continued from page 1)

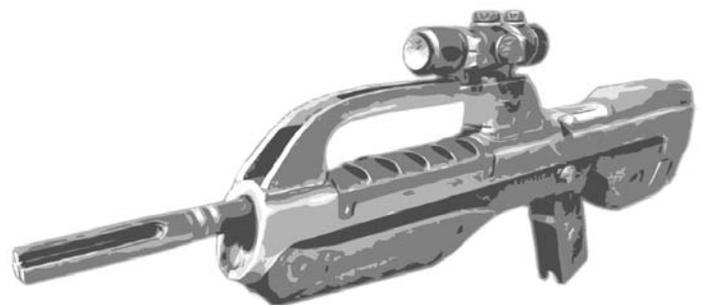
of weapons play many times in the ten years during which I have been participating in play groups, I got a knot in my stomach. This situation did not feel comfortable for me. I watched my two youngest sons become so riveted on, and titillated by, the gunplay that the natural beauty of the park disappeared completely. Their impulse control vanished. Yet, I let the afternoon spin itself out without reacting overtly. Then I went home to think things through.

After days of ruminating, I decided to send an email to those involved in the Friday gatherings. I wrote a simple note requesting that the weapons stay at home. I chose email so that everyone would have time to reflect before responding. I wanted to be clear but not confrontational. What followed, however, were days of email debate, of listening, responding, defending, retreating, emoting, and licking my wounds, until I began to feel blasted and flattened. By the time the next Friday morning arrived, bringing my departure for a long-anticipated dream retreat with Susan Sims-Smith, I was ready for wisdom.

AT THE RETREAT the basic concepts covered included association, projection, reading the body's wisdom, and synchronicity—a whole range of tools to help us understand more thoroughly the basics of dream interpretation. Yet, the past week's experience with my beloved Friday play group kept percolating in my psyche. This play group is not incidental to the life of my family. It contains a handful of families who are like-minded about their learning approaches, and I have had a long history of intersections and budding projects with some of these folks. Finding and keeping a community in the self-learning circle is not simple. I wondered if I had really done myself in this time, alienating myself from the group of families within which my children might form lasting friendships. It was a frightening thought. This was *big*. Knowing that I had created quite a stir within the group, and now finding myself away from the group at the dream retreat, I kept asking myself over and over

as the weekend progressed, "Where is my shadow? Where is my unseen collusion in all of this?" As I began to process the experience according to the principles we were learning, I asked myself the question, "What would this mean if it were a dream?"

If it were my dream, I would begin by making associations in waking life. I associate plastic Uzis with real Uzis. It is the same with play rifles, bombs, and hand guns. I associate the fake thing with the real thing. The argument during the week's email exchange had been about imaginative play. Was I truncating imaginative play by asking the children who loved their fake weapons to leave them at home? Was I forcing these children to go underground with their need to fight their nemeses, thereby making them feel shame about their natural desire for empowerment? No. My thoughts about this were clear. When my three-year-old and my five-year-old pick up sticks at the park to fight enemies in the age-old battle of good versus evil, they imagine weaponry that is age-appropriate for their psychological safety levels. When plastic die-cast models, replete with real-to-life details, are put into their hands and introduced to their game, then there is a high chance that their imaginative safety zones will be violated by this. How do I know? The next three days at home are filled with behavioral consequences: increased violence between them and family members, fear of walking alone down the central hallway of the house, and nightmares. I see that their associations have been stretched past the comfort zone. I do not see this behavioral change in my ten-year-old. He has crossed the magical line of development that appears around age nine when a child's world gets opened up and universal themes begin to encroach upon his daily living. He can handle the associations.



At the retreat, as I listen to Susan give example after example of the process of projection, I come to understand projection as the transferring of one's own associations, or psychological contents, onto another person or situation. It can be a disowned self that is projected. It can be the symbolic meaning of an object or person. It can be a bit of psychological debris. Whatever it may be, the projection is an overlay made from one's own subjective experience, which is unconsciously applied to someone else. The process of projecting and then becoming aware of those projections can be very illuminating. This is one of the reasons that group work with dreams can be helpful and insightful, even if only one person's dream is considered.

*Projection*, like other Jungian terms, is value-free. However, projecting onto another person *can* be harmful. One can spend a lot of time putting one's own issues onto another person, while never really seeing the implications in one's own life. As Scripture says,

Why do you look at the speck of sawdust in your brother's eye and pay no attention to the plank in your own eye? How can you say to your brother, 'Let me take the speck out of your eye,' when all the time there is a plank in your own eye? You hypocrite, first take the plank out of your own eye, and then you will see clearly to remove the speck from your brother's eye. **Matt 7:3-5 NIV**

During the week-long process of email debate with my play group, I felt as though I had been beaten by other people's planks, planks that I could not even identify. In those emails that came rolling in, there had been paragraph after paragraph of questions, comments, advice, and conjectures—in short, a lot of compassionate language sprinkled with subtle or not so subtle *have-to's* and strong suggestions.

As I listened to Susan, I took notes, thought about my situation, and considered my own projections onto others. Was I trying to be the "good mother," and in the process was I getting feedback that I was the "bad mother?" Had I pushed some buttons that made others come up against unresolved and uncomfortable parts of their own parenting choices? Had I taken exception so that I would not have to look at

myself as a potentially destructive mother of three males? Had I touched upon an inflammatory part of all of our natures, that of inner violence and outer violence, an instinct to kill, the injunction not to.

Susan spoke of the body's wisdom, of the many ways to listen to the Higher Self, our Christ consciousness. She explained that the body knows. The body hears. It receives information. And in fact, during that week of reading emails I had gotten all sorts of body sensations. I sometimes felt shame wash over me in response to something someone else wrote, or a shutting down of my heart, a stone-wall feeling inside. I could also remember how my body felt when I wrote the responses. Did it feel good, clear, and clean? Did it feel like a trajectory, a tossing back of a ball of anger? Was my body closed off as I wrote? Had I hidden behind a wall of protection? By the end of that week of hurled projections, I had become so over-stimulated, my thoughts so muddled, that I truly needed the break in the action that the conference was giving me. When Susan taught us about heeding the messages of the body, she did not have to convince me on this point, for my body that past week had been a radio tower of transmissions. Even now, miles from my computer screen, the very thought of that messy conflict caused my body to replicate its fight or flight reaction. My body was speaking to me with a dynamic spilling forth of roiling energies. Is this the body's wisdom?

I was still unclear about my unconscious participation, my shadow in this drama. I tried to give my full attention to what was going on at the conference, yet the questioning of the issues at home grew stronger and stronger as the weekend progressed. I felt as though I had been projected on repeatedly in the past week by members of my play group. What was my deal? On the one hand, I was ready to throw in the towel with this group, to take it as a sign to sell our house, move to the country, and live the hermit life that I had been coveting of late. On the other, I could stay in the group, be cordial and kind, but go no further. I could keep true relationship at bay. In short, I could take my bat and ball and go home. I felt this powerfully in my body. Was this the answer?

Just at this moment in my inner conversational process, Susan began to talk of the loving Christ

consciousness within each of us. By way of example, she spoke of a dream that had been told by someone who was experiencing a time of relational upset. The dreamer decided to stay in the relationship but to cease sharing her true inner self with the other person. That evening, after making that decision, the dreamer dreamt that the former friend offered a beautiful bouquet of flowers. The dreamer refused it. The look of hurt on the friend's face was the final striking image of the dream. The dreamer, Susan said, felt that the dream was showing that the planned withdrawal would not honor the unfolding Christ consciousness within.

The parallel between my story and the dreamer's story could not have been more synchronistic. I did not even have to have a dream of my own. This other person's dream had taught me about my life's situation. I had to either resolve the conflict or retreat in an honest way. Whichever path I took, I needed to do it with consciousness and love. That was the message of the loving Christ within me.

**W**HEN I RETURNED HOME, there were more emails. I began to think more deeply about why I even brought up the issue in the first place. I examined my stance on weapons and came to a startling conclusion: I don't have as much trouble with spears, swords, and daggers as I do with guns, torpedoes, bombs, and rifles. "Why?" I asked myself. Applying what I had learned at the dream conference, I discerned that my seemingly inconsistent stand with weaponry has to do with the body's wisdom. When one kills or hurts a living creature, human or otherwise, with a sword, dagger, or spear, the body of the assailant receives direct information about what he or she has done. The body receives feedback on a cellular level in the sinews, bones, and muscles. This is not true with projectile weapons. When the injured or killed party is at a distance, the person causing the pain is able to be separated, on a cellular level, from the consequences of the action. The body receives the message that it has manipulated a piece of machinery, not that it has hurt another living creature. Bingo! Body knowing! No wonder I truly want all projectile weaponry to go away!

Projectiles, projection. It is not by accident that the words are similar. Is not the same mechanism at

work in the physical deployment of projectiles as in the psychological deployment of projection? When one unconsciously projects one's shadow onto another person, psychological pain is kept at a distance. Is not projection a way to bypass consciousness of one's own inner struggle? So where was my projection, my shadow? I still didn't know.

Susan spoke of the community that is formed by becoming a member of a dream group. She spoke of the importance of doing the dream work within a context of like-minded folks, people with whom it was safe to explore one's unconscious material, a group that can illuminate the shadow. I decided to open a conversation about my week's email experience with two friends, one within the play group, one outside. We talked at length about the dynamics, the arguments, the issue itself, and about our individual participation in the discussions. My play group friend kept saying over and over, "Perhaps I am being Pollyanna about this, but I can't help thinking that if this conversation had been done face to face, a lot of the hurtful messages would not have been delivered." It was her husband who piped in next: "It is like your projectile weapons. Email is a faceless, impersonal communication tool. People can get away with meanness and relational battering because they do not have to see, touch, or hear the person in front of them." That seemed right to me. And my collusion in the drama was illuminated.

Here was my shadow. I had slipped into the role of the victim in this situation, and yet it was I who had put myself at a remove from the others in the group. I had set up the distance. I had done it rationally, so that we could all be reasonable. I had done it unconsciously, because I had felt victimized at the park when the toy weapons appeared.

I know that when I am taking on the victim role, it means that I have not set up enough boundaries for myself or my family. It was time for boundaries. I had to decide what I would do if weapons appeared at the park again. Would I leave? Would I ask that the play weapons stay in the cars? I needed to be ready and willing to establish the boundary.

At the conference, Susan spoke of synchronicity and gave some examples of how objects or animals

can become significant to people when their appearance begins to regularly coincide with times of strongly felt connection to God within. I knew what she was talking about. In my own life, I have for years been receiving sand dollars in all forms: actual sand dollars, pictures of sand dollars, books with sand dollars, sand dollar decorations. They appear in those key moments when I doubt that life will unfold in a positive way. My first sand dollar came when I was about to venture off into cross-cultural work at the urging of an inner prompting. Another came after the last of three miscarriages. Another came when my new husband was looking for a job and I made a difficult but heartfelt commitment to go with him wherever he went.

After getting in touch with my need for boundaries, I decided to skip play group for a week to give myself the space I needed to work out my approach. That Friday, at 3pm, just as I was thinking about the play group and what a mess it was, just as I was bemoaning my isolated situation in life, I walked out into the backyard where six children were playing. I don't know what made me look down, but there, in the mud at my toe, was a sand dollar. It was tiny, no more than a few centimeters in diameter. That I saw it *now* in the chaos of children, toys, dirt, and pets was remarkable. I couldn't believe it and ran into the house to call a trusted confidant to tell about it. When she didn't answer, I left her a brief message relaying what had happened. Just as I hung up, the doorbell rang. Had I not seen the sand dollar and gone inside to call my friend, I would not have been inside to answer the door. I opened it to find the mother of the child who had brought the biggest cache of weapons to the park. She held out a bouquet of flowers, just like in that dream. "We missed you today," she said. "We love you."

I took the flowers. "I know," I replied.

I still do not know where all this dream learning is taking me. But I do know that projection is real, that associations are strong whether we are asleep or awake, that community is necessary in identifying the hidden shadow, and that the body has wisdom to offer, if one is listening. I also know that there is synchronicity in life that can speak to the heart and remind us of the greater Wisdom that is always operating above and beyond our own.

## A Heart Goes Where It Wants

Some people call it our heart,  
Some call it our inner voice;  
No matter what name you give it,  
It will always make the final choice.

Some of us will learn to follow it.  
Some will follow very slow.  
Some of us will go crazy.  
Some will never learn to go.

Some of it we are born with,  
Some of it we learn,  
Some of it gets lost,  
Some of it will return.

It has no manmade boundaries,  
It knows no time or distance.  
It only knows it's in control—  
It is the soul of our existence.

Newberry, SC **Mike Epps**

*Mike Epps is a retired social worker supervisor with the South Carolina Department of Social Services. He grew up on a dairy farm in Newberry and now spends most of his time on the farm. He finds meaning and purpose there. For him it is a return to memories of childhood and a simpler way of life, which have been the inspiration for some of his poems.*



In verse three above, Mike gives a nod to Bob Segar's song, "Shame on the Moon."

Little Rock, AR **Marwa Franson**

*Over the past twenty-five years Marwa Franson has spent a great deal of her time with children. She is fascinated by their unfolding development and vigor. As a perpetual newcomer to dreamwork, she feels that immersing herself in the world of children has helped her understand Jungian psychology and spirituality. Her constant exposure to story and imagination helps her understand symbols and see synchronicity.*

## Wisdom: The Feminine Side of God

*"A voice came to me that said, 'Nat Parker is going to ask you to marry him today. What are you going to say?'"*

WHAT IS THE FEMININE SIDE OF GOD? Some call it *Wisdom* or perhaps the *Holy Spirit*. We encounter the feminine side of God as it is manifested in the world. It is not opposed to, but is complementary to, what we think of as the "up-in-heaven" masculine side of God. Humankind has come together through the ages to worship and praise the masculine part of the divine, often in a formal, traditional rite within a church setting. And yet, there is also an ongoing conversation, a communication, with the feminine component of God, which is experienced as "God-in-our-daily-lives." We engage in conversation with the divine feminine by becoming aware of the meaningful coincidences, or synchronicities, in our lives and by paying attention and giving credence to our dreams. God speaks to us regularly in these two natural ways, the linchpins, so to speak, of natural spirituality. Of course, the divine can be experienced in other ways as well—for example, in Centering Prayer or other kinds of meditation. God is at work in the world before us, and it is our job to become openly aware, to bring *Wisdom* into our ego's consciousness. Every person can access *Wisdom* from the divine, whether he or she be Christian or Jew, Buddhist or Muslim, agnostic or atheist. As Carl Jung has written: "Bidden or not bidden, God is present."

Having been introduced to the characteristics of masculine and feminine energy, I now understand that the Creator, God the Father, carries the masculine ideal and calls that initial idea into being. God the Father has "seeded," so to speak, potentiality or *that which is possible*. It is *Wisdom* then, the womblike, mysterious, earthly feminine, that cradles the idea and brings it into fruition as reality or *that which is*. Think of the mustard seed in the gospels. It is planted as a wee seed, a tiny notion. Yet, it has great potential. And so, implausibly, it grows and *grows* into an enormous tree. In this parable one can see how it takes both masculine and feminine, heaven and earth, for life to flourish. The Christ within Jesus himself came about by the joining of God the Father's idea and earthbound Mary's receptive womb. The Christ was born into reality from God the Father by way of *Wisdom*, or the *Holy Spirit*. The configuration of this process is given in familiar Biblical language in the first chapter of John, verse 14: "And the Word was made

flesh and lived among us." It is *Wisdom*, the divine feminine, that brings the Christ into reality from the original idea that comes from the divine masculine. I believe that it is the same for the Christ in each of us: that place deep inside where the divine and the human join, that place where we meet God.

As a part of God, *Wisdom*, or the *Holy Spirit*, is not completely knowable in human terms. However, we can still communicate with and learn from Her. Every one of us has experienced synchronicity, has had dreams and perhaps even visions, whether we have paid attention to them or not. Here again, the masculine divine plants the unknown, unseen seed of an idea—a masculine-laden ideal—into the vast unconscious; then *Wisdom*, the feminine divine, offers it up to our conscious selves by showing it to us through dreams and the meaningful happenings in everyday life. This process brings the bud of potentiality for our lives into blossoming reality. When we pay attention and respond to both dreams and synchronicity, we are on the way to individuation—that process by which we become the unique ones God has created us to be.

WE EACH HAVE our own stories of these numinous encounters with *Wisdom*. Following are two of mine. The first is a dream I had many years ago that changed my attitude towards death.

*I was at the seashore. It was low tide, for I had walked rather far out and the water was less than waist-deep. There were a few people out in the ocean with me, some scattered further out and some behind, and I had a sense that at least some of my family were back on the beach. Someone held up a pistol, I assumed, and shot me. I thought, "I'm dead. Am I dead? I must be dead." I took a step forward in the water: "I am dead here." Then I took a step backward: "I am alive here." I repeated this exercise several times and so became conscious of an invisible line that I had been crossing each time I walked forward and back. "Oh," I realized, "it is the same whether I am alive or dead. There is no difference."*

As a young mother, I had had much angst surrounding the idea of death, my own death as well as that of my four small children. Those fears were allayed by this dream.

When I reflect upon my second story, I realize now that the lesson I learned from this synchronicity, which I experienced in my young adulthood, was that there is something afoot in the world that cannot be seen. I did not know then that it is *Wisdom*, or even the *Holy Spirit*—and I was religious! But, I knew that *It* was greater than I, and that *It* was omniscient. *It* knew things that I did not, and could not, know.

When this synchronicity occurred, I was a young teacher not long out of college and was living with my parents. They were away, so I was alone in the house. I was showering, getting ready to go to work. A voice came to me that said, "Nat Parker is going to ask you to marry him today. What are you going to say?" I was astonished. Although the voice must have come from the inside, I responded aloud: "That's impossible. He is in Washington, D.C., at the College of Preachers, and won't be back until the weekend." (Notice that I did not answer the voice's query, "What are you going to say?" That's another story.) Nat had sent me a couple of postcards while he had been away, but they were just friendly little notes commenting on such things as the weather. We had never mentioned marriage.

For some reason, rather than traveling my usual route home after school that afternoon, I instead went through downtown. That detour led me by the Episcopal Student Center where Nat lived—he was the Episcopal chaplain to the University of Georgia at that time. I was stopped at the traffic light in front of the Episcopal Center. I had locked the car doors because hitchhiking students would sometimes jump into a stopped vehicle at that corner and ask to be driven somewhere far beyond the driver's destination. It was startling, therefore, when someone rapped soundly on the passenger-side window of my car. I saw that it was Nat. I let him in and asked what he was doing back so soon. He replied that he had decided to leave the conference early. He asked if he could come over to see my parents that evening. I told him that they were out of town, but that I would be at home. He had to speak quickly, for the light was about to change. I was still clueless. But that night, Nat did propose.

Something or Someone was preparing me for making what was to be an important and momentous decision for my life's journey. And yet, because of the distractions in outer life—my interaction with thirty or so third graders for eight hours or more—I had forgotten that morning's message from the unconscious.

When these experiences occurred, I did not know about Wisdom. Since then, I have come to know Her, and I find my life's philosophy summed up in the Old Testament Book of Wisdom, Chapter 7, verses 7b-15:

*I called on God, and the spirit of wisdom came to me.  
I preferred her to scepters and thrones,  
and I accounted wealth as nothing  
in comparison with her.  
Neither did I liken to her any priceless gem,  
because all gold is but a little sand in her sight,  
and silver and gold will be accounted as  
clay before her.*

## Ales Diei Nuntius

*Cinquain on the occasion of Pope Benedict XVI's  
visit to NYC, April 18–20, 2008*

Feathered  
Morn messenger  
On the eave of the House  
Next door, wobbling ecstasy and  
Great joy.



The Rev. Francis C. Spataro  
Society of St. Cassian  
Queens Village, NY



The original, 4th century *Ales diei nuntius* ("Winged Herald of the Day") is a traditional morning hymn for Tuesday Lauds. What's a cinquain? See page 26.

*I loved her more than health and beauty,  
and I chose to have her rather than light,  
because her radiance never ceases.  
All good things came to me along with her,  
and in her hands uncounted wealth.  
I rejoiced in them all, because wisdom leads them;  
but I did not know that she is their mother.  
I learned without guile,  
and I impart without grudging;  
I do not hide her wealth,  
for it is an unfailing treasure for mortals.  
Those who get it obtain friendship with God,  
commended for the gifts that come  
from instruction.*

Indeed, it does take much instruction from Wisdom, the divine feminine, to guide us effectively towards individuation and an ever more realized friendship with God.

Athens, GA *Agnes Parker*

*Agnes Parker is a lifelong Episcopalian, widow of an Episcopal priest, dream group and adult education leader at Emmanuel Church, and oversight chair for the annual Natural Spirituality Regional Gathering, held each February in Toccoa, GA (see p. 30). She has been working at this natural spirituality approach to communication with the Divine for almost seventeen years and yet still continues to be awestruck and overwhelmed by the wonder of it!*

## Healing the Negative Mother Complex

*“Though my negative mother complex was partly based on my outer-life mother, it had long ago taken on a life of its own.”*

IT IS DIFFICULT TO LOOK at the negative aspects of your mother, but you have to acknowledge the truth about your pain and wounded places before they will heal. I started to address my mother issues in my early twenties when I joined Al-Anon, a twelve-step group for families and friends of alcoholics. My mother was an alcoholic and a food addict. She suffered from severe depressions and agoraphobia. There were many years when she never left the house except for weekly trips to the supermarket and the liquor store. She gave me a lot to work on.

By my late twenties, after several years of Al-Anon, I began to have enough strength to try to help her. So when she was hospitalized with alcoholic pancreatitis, I tried to make the most of the opportunity. As she lay in her hospital bed, we had a conversation that we had had many times before. I told her that she was an alcoholic and that she needed to seek treatment. She responded as she always did: “I’m not alcoholic. I’m just a problem drinker.” I left her room discouraged. When I got on the elevator, however, my mother’s doctor got on with me. I asked him to have the treatment center that was attached to the hospital come and do an intervention. He did, and my mother agreed to go to treatment. But the result was less than successful. She continued to demand that I take care of her emotionally and physically. Because I was no longer willing to play that role, we became estranged and remained so until her death.

I was forty-two when my mother died. I chose not to deal with it. For almost exactly a year after her death I was unable to sleep well. Then, in the middle of the next year, I joined a church dream group. I was not in the group very long before my dreams began to address my mother’s death. In one dream series, I was going to my mother’s home to clean up the stuff she had left behind. The imagery and symbols that come in dreams are often difficult for me to interpret, but in this case it was not hard to get the message: “I’m cleaning up the stuff from my mother’s death.”

During the same period in which this dream series occurred, I read two of Marion Woodman’s books, *Addiction to Perfection* and *Conscious Femininity*, and from

them I learned that I had a negative mother complex. I came to understand that my problems no longer stemmed from my outer-life mother, but rather from the negative mother that I had internalized. Though my negative mother complex was partly based on my outer-life mother, it had long ago taken on a life of its own.

With this I could better understand the dream series. Here, for example, is the first dream of the series:

*I went to my mother’s apartment after she died to clean out her stuff. She owed a year’s worth of rent, as the landlord had not been notified of her death. I was looking for some money that she told me she had left for me. Searching through the chest of drawers in her bedroom, I found a computer print-out on which there was a Kabala spell that she had cast against me. In her living room I found some very skimpy designer clothes decorated with red sequins. I decided to take them. Next to the clothes was a brown bottle of emetic with a label that read, “Use this if you want to get into tight jeans.” I thought it was sad that my mother had resorted to making herself throw up in order to fit a certain image. The apartment manager came in and said he was about to hold a sale of her possessions to recoup the rent money. He said I could take whatever I wanted, but I must leave her personal papers, which covered all the tables. As people arrived for the sale and began to look around, I hurried up my search. There were a lot of feminine knick-knacks to go through. I decided to take a rack for holding earrings, but I did not take any of the jewelry. I also found a glass jar with a torn ten-dollar bill in it and some other change that added up to \$25. I realized that this was all that remained of the money she had left me.*

This dream was packed with meaningful images. First of all, I noted that I spent the entire dream looking for the money my mother was supposed to have left for me. I understood by this that I was searching for my own mother energy. Because I work with computers, I understood the computer print-out to be about my work/outer-world persona. The Kabala spell is about my mother’s “witch” energy and how it was destructive to me and my way of functioning in the world. In taking my mother’s sexy clothes, I was claiming the feminine sexuality she had taught me, but I left the bottle of emetic (eating disorder). The jewelry holder for pierced earrings was particularly meaningful. I had my ears pierced in my early twenties, much to the horror of my parents. Though my alcoholic parents paid very little attention to me, they did have two rules for any woman within their sphere of influence: no red nail polish and no pierced ears. So in taking the earring holder for pierced ears, I was taking the feminine container from my mother, but not her damaged version of femininity. I would put my own newly found feminine items on it and in it.

This dream was very healing for me. In my dream group we talked about taking an action to honor my dream and, as I was later thinking about this, it came to me that I

should add my mother's name to the list of the recently deceased who would be remembered at the All Souls Day liturgy at my church. I attended the liturgy with others who were grieving recent deaths, and during the service I was able to cry and mourn for my mother for the first time since her death almost two years before.

My work on my negative mother complex continued. When my birthday arrived the next year, it brought to the surface some deep childhood sadness. Because I did not hear from several people who always call me on my birthday, I was reminded of how it felt during my growing-up years to have my birthday go uncelebrated. That night I dreamed: *I am living all alone at the edge of a big city. I have no family, no friends, and no pets. All I do is work and go home to an empty apartment. At one point I am helping out a young girl with brain damage who cannot remember her family. I am not sure if she has permanent brain damage or is just stuck in some trauma loop that keeps her from functioning normally. The girl's essence is a tiny head with no body, and I am carrying her around in the shell of a robin's egg. At the end of the dream, after I rescue the girl from a kidnapping attempt, she tells me that she is starting to get back memories of her mother, but they are static images, like pictures in a photo album. I assure her that those memories will be enough.*

Over the next four days I shared this dream with several people and contemplated its meaning. On the fifth day I had a significant breakthrough. After saying my morning prayers, I decided to dialogue with my negative mother complex. I told my complex that I was going to start doing things that were good for me—like getting up early to pray and exercise, and journaling, and spending time with my body as Marion Woodman prescribes—whether my complex liked it or not. But I assured my complex that I welcomed it as a part of my shadow, and that I would not be at war with it.

With that, it suddenly came to me that the loving part of my mother would be horrified to know that I had internalized her negative aspects and was still being wounded by them. I knew that as much as my mother had hurt me, she still loved me and wanted me to be happy and whole. This insight brought tears, a sign that healing was taking place.

That realization of my mother's love continues to diffuse the power of my negative mother complex. As this happens, it frees up energy that I am able to use to actively seek my inner healing mother and the Great Mother aspect of God. Marion Woodman points out that our negative mother complex does not want us to grow personally or to experience joy in life. So as part of my healing, I now set aside time just for fun, and I try to see the humor in life as much as possible.

Recently I have had several dreams in which a kind,

## 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 engaged with your 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.

*You have to learn to observe your thoughts. It is no good just pushing them down. By quietly observing them, you get a detached attitude. You learn to observe yourself.*

Bede Griffiths, *The Mystery Beyond*

middle-aged female nurse listens to me, hanging on my every word, while she bandages whatever wounds I have. My positive mother energy has truly arrived, and my experience of this in my dreams is very encouraging. Through inner work miracles happen.

Hull, GA *Bekki Sizemore Wagner*

*Bekki is a member of Emmanuel Episcopal Church in Athens and attends two dream groups there. She believes God is always speaking to us through dreams, synchronicities, the natural world, and other people. Her challenge is to listen and allow herself to be transformed. Bekki lives in Madison County with her husband Allen, two dogs, and two cats, on two acres, with an English-cottage-style flower garden.*

## The Christ Horse

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*"I was stunned to see a baby version of the horse in my dream—white body, vivid blue eyes, a black 'medicine hat' patch, and an ebon-tipped tail."*

SOMETIMES WE FIND OURSELVES caught up in events that are larger in scope than the surface of life. Carl Jung talks about the meaning that suffuses life when we have a "secret," a depth story that is unfolding for ourselves alone, full of mystery and the miracle of meaning. Several years ago a sequence of synchronistic events, including a "big" dream, pulled me into such a time and changed my life. It began with my father's death, when a numinous experience launched me on a deep inner journey.

First I must tell the prologue to the story, which took place when my father was a young man. It was he who experienced the first inner event that set this long-term development on its course. He was living in Detroit when he received a midnight bedside visit from his mother, who lived in Boston. She came in a vision to tell him "good-bye" at the time of her death. When my brother, sister, and I heard this story as children, we begged our father to "send us a postcard from heaven" at the time of his passing.

Many years went by, and in 1997 my father died. After the funeral, we gathered at my sister's house. The children were playing ball, enjoying the beautiful spring day, when my daughter, Erin, and her cousin ran into the house, begging us to come outside. We followed them out, where they jumped up and down and pointed heavenward, crying, "Grampy's smiling!" Astounded, we saw a small, free-standing rainbow in the clear blue sky—and the arch was upside down! Our postcard from heaven! That startling event marked the beginning of my individuation, a gradually unfolding reexamination of all that life had meant to me up until that time, including a forceful reevaluation of my relationship with God.

Three years after my father's death, I found myself dealing with the emotional impact of my brother being diagnosed with lung cancer. As a recovering alcoholic, Bob had successfully reestablished his life on most fronts, but was still estranged from our only sister, Maureen. Unfortunately, the fact that he had incurable cancer did not ease his feelings regarding his relationship with her.

During the summer of 2001, my husband and daughter and I were returning from a visit with Bob in Florida, when we stopped in Valdosta, Georgia, for lunch. On leaving the restaurant, we beheld a vivid half rainbow in

the sky. The truncated arch seemed to suggest Bob's shortened life span, yet the brilliant colors cried, "Life!" The experience evoked feelings of awe and peace. It felt like a meeting of opposites—heaven and earth, life and death—and a promise of resurrection.

Two months later we were again in Valdosta when a double half rainbow appeared at the same location. Standing side-by-side like twin soldiers, the two rainbows stretched to the clouds, where they abruptly ended at their midpoints, eerily echoing their single partner from midsummer. Why two this time? Why rainbows at all? What was I supposed to be learning from these synchronicities? The coincidence was so profound that it banished sleep for me that night as I lay awake thinking about life and death. Finally, after many hours, images emerged into consciousness—a rainbow road of colors, caring, community, love, shared talents. With that, sleep came to ease exhaustion as dawn began to bring the new day—September 11.

Five hours later, the Twin Towers fell. At 9:00 that evening, my brother called from a Florida hospital where he had been admitted for complications from chemotherapy. The unexpected hospitalization had kept him from attending a three-week training session that had started the day before—at the World Trade Center. "Cancer saved my life," he said from his hospital bed.

IT WAS SHORTLY AFTER this tumultuous time that a "big" dream came and resonated in my soul:

*I was standing in a medieval cobbled courtyard when three riders on horseback entered through an archway. There was a leader on an Indian pony, a prisoner, who seemed to be my brother, and a guard. They dismounted and the prisoner was escorted inside the building. I was left staring at the leader's horse, which was all white except for an ebon-tipped tail and a black "medicine hat" patch covering his ears and the top of his head. He had blue eyes, with a sooty ring of war paint drawn around his left eye. An eagle's feather adorned his mane. There was a red knife slash on his side, and he appeared very sad. He and I looked deeply into each other's eyes, and somehow I knew that this was the Christ Horse. Suppressing a powerful urge from my inner Doubting Thomas to put my hand into the wound in His side, I thought aloud, "I do not need to put my hand in the wound. I believe." Then I heard Him say wordlessly, "Release the prisoner."*

As I contemplated this dream, several associations came to mind. The Indians revered the medicine hat pony as a spirit horse, an intermediary between the tribe and the Great Spirit. This seemed an appropriate symbol for the dream. Jesus' role was certainly that of man-God as intercessor for our sins. But thinking about the image was

not enough. The Christ Horse haunted me. So I drew a picture of Him.

And what about the captive? He was connected to my brother in the dream. It was not hard to see how that image might apply to Bob. But since every image belongs to the dreamer, what part of me was also imprisoned? In the dream, I, the dream ego, was a passive observer who was called to take action. If both my brother and I were implicated, what could I do to release the prisoner(s)?

Gradually I realized that I had been dealing with a new reality since the upside-down rainbow at the time of my father's death. I was in a new world that had awakened both my feeling/emotional self and my spiritual/faith-based self. I had continued to have numinous experiences of rainbows, and I had been through the ups and downs of Bob's cancer diagnosis and his near-miraculous deliverance from death in the Twin Towers. These precious events were tucked away, pushed back into my personal unconscious because they seemed unbelievable. I began to realize that these private experiences were exactly what must be released, not only to free my own soul, but perhaps also that of my brother. I must begin to talk about them and make them a part of who I am. To honor this realization, I wrote an article about my rainbow experiences and submitted it to the ROSE.

Soon after the article's submission, however, I began, like a Doubting Thomas, to wonder if seeking publication for the story had been a wise decision. What would people think about me, a supposedly rational pediatrician, having experiences like that? I began to consider withdrawing it. But within 24 hours of the onset of this waffling, and before I could make up my mind to do anything about it, a foal was born at the farm where I keep Sailor, my 19-year-old gelding. When I went to look at the new arrival, I was stunned to see a baby version of the horse in my dream—white body, vivid blue eyes, a black “medicine hat” patch that extended over the left eye, and an ebon-tipped tail. The owners named the medicine-hat colt Little Kokopelli, after the mythical, pipe-playing, Native American god of fertility known throughout the southwestern U.S.

Totally out of character, my horse, Sailor, instantly bonded with the new baby, kicking away at his stall until he was allowed to co-occupy the large box stall that housed the mare and foal. He became Little Koko's self appointed guardian and protector against unwanted attention or harassment from other horses on the farm. In view of this dramatic affirmation of my inner journey, I refrained from withdrawing my story from the ROSE and simply marveled at the synchronistic connection of inner and outer meaning that was continuing to unfold in my life.

My article, “The Rainbow Road,” was published in ROSE 3 in early 2003. When I sent a copy to my brother, he was profoundly affected by it. Shortly after this, I paid him a visit, and we were able, for the first time, to talk about our spiritual journeys. The outcome of that visit, which took place two weeks before his death, was that he reconciled with our sister, Maureen. He also promised that upon his death he would send a postcard from heaven. “Be looking for the message,” he said as I left for the airport.

Two weeks later, at his graveside service, Erin tugged my sleeve and pointed heavenward, where a skywriter plane neatly plumed the words, “Jesus Loves.”

FOR SEVERAL YEARS I have contemplated the meaning of this total experience. Who is the Christ Horse within me? I feel a deep connection with the most sacred element, the Self, as it has guided my life's path. The image of the horse has always seemed to symbolize for me a melding of the presence of the divine, of transcendent mystery, with the strength of the instinctual, that exuberance of life that I need like a plant needs water. The sheer power of that bond of spirit and instinct has humbled and awed me.

And what of the message, “Free the prisoner?” What part of me has been bound and caged? Perhaps I have allowed the cares of life to chip away at my soul's freedom, to undercut the path to my own salvation through the mystery of spirit and instinct that the Christ Horse represents. What will free me? The image of the Doubting Thomas within, my overly rational unbelief, haunts me. I cannot live in the way of Christ without the power of grace. With His help I need to become bold enough to speak my soul's message to all who would hear, like the shaman who takes on the responsibility of caring for the tribe by giving voice to its connection with the Great Spirit.

Who is Little Koko, the young Christ within me? Is He the new way of seeing the world and interacting with my peers, a new path to be explored without restrictive boundaries on my spirituality? Profoundly grateful, I realize the awakening that has been offered to me, the depth dimension that has been added to my awareness of ordinary life. I feel as tremulous as a colt struggling to its knees at the time of birth, awed in the presence of the newly recognized God. God is calling, and I long to respond.

McDonough, GA *Jamie Rasche, M.D.*

*Jamie Rasche, communicant of St. Augustine's of Canterbury, Morrow, GA. Dreamer. Teacher. Reacher. Transformed, rainbow-breathing dragon in ecstatic flight.*

## A Song from The Unconscious!

IN THE BEGINNING God's Wisdom molded the fertile soil of natural spirituality in northeast Georgia, from which sprang forth many shoots of talent, inspiration, leadership, insights, and other gifts—including music. The garden flourished and Wisdom's blossoms multiplied. In 2003, at the first weekend-long Natural Spirituality Regional Gathering (NSRG) at Camp Mikell (near Toccoa, GA), Fred and Deborah Barwise led the group in hymns, accompanied by guitar and dulcimer.

Through succeeding years, and lo, until this day, the NSRG's musical offerings have been enhanced (to the relief of the masses) with popular and original music by the addition of the talent, inspiration, guitar, harmonica, drums, and congas of Dale Harrison; the multi-talented and generous musician, guitarist, and songwriter Sheri Kling; skilled keyboardist Bret Whissel; bass player, guitarist, and flutist Robert Pullen; and, due to appear with us for the first time in 2009, violinist Katie Balestra. We also enjoyed some time with singer Roberta Daniels, and guest appearances by Fred and Marty Hoerr on guitar and fiddle.

Somewhere along the way we members of this motley band realized that we were, indeed, a "group" and that it would be nice to call ourselves something. Under the cool, coordinating hand of our leader, Dale, and using the same easy collaboration that produces our slate of songs for the conferences, we emailed ideas back and forth, until "The Unconscious" at last surfaced. And, lo, this became recognized as our official name—official because of the sweatshirts we produced bearing said name, which sold like hotcakes at the wintery conference. (How could anyone pass up a sweatshirt that says, "The Unconscious"?)

In 2006 we held our first off-site jam session over the Labor Day weekend, with four band members in attendance. We did do some serious practicing, but mostly we just had fun (having never before been together outside of Camp Mikell), and we admit there were a number of "un-Natural-Spirituality" songs that got kicked around during those three days. This memorable weekend of food, music, and bonding ended up producing what has become the signature song for the NSRG: "This Little Dream of Mine." Each general session of the conference now begins with this song, led by The Unconscious and taken up with gusto by the conferees.

We can't remember which of us brought this particular seed to the garden, or whether it perhaps drifted in from one of you, or from the One Above. But we all recognized it as a universal, uplifting, and fun tune that easily lends itself to the adaptations we collectively applied to it. There was such a natural flow to the process (just like our band's evolution) that it is impossible to credit any one of us with particular verses or words. Nor can we promise that more verses won't be added! Like the whole

## This Little Dream of Mine

This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine;  
This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine;  
This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine,  
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine.

This little dream of mine, it's gonna be my guide;  
This little dream of mine, it's gonna be my guide;  
This little dream of mine, it's gonna be my guide,  
Be my guide, be my guide, be my guide.

This little shadow I see, it's just a part of me;  
This little shadow I see, it's just a part of me;  
This little shadow I see, it's just a part of me,  
Part of me, part of me, part of me.

Project it on other people... NO!

I'm gonna make it mine;

Project it on other people... NO!

I'm gonna make it mine;

Project it on other people... NO!

I'm gonna make it mine,

Make it mine, make it mine, make it mine.

This little journey I take, it's not a piece of cake;  
This little journey I take, it's not a piece of cake;  
This little journey I take, it's not a piece of cake,  
Piece of cake, piece of cake, when I'm awake.



New lyrics by The Unconscious. *You may copy freely!*

of Wisdom's garden, the homegrown music of the NSRG will continue to thrive, new blooms to emerge, and the palette of colors to shift and change in surprising and, we trust, ever more wonderful ways through the seasons and years. Thanks be to God!

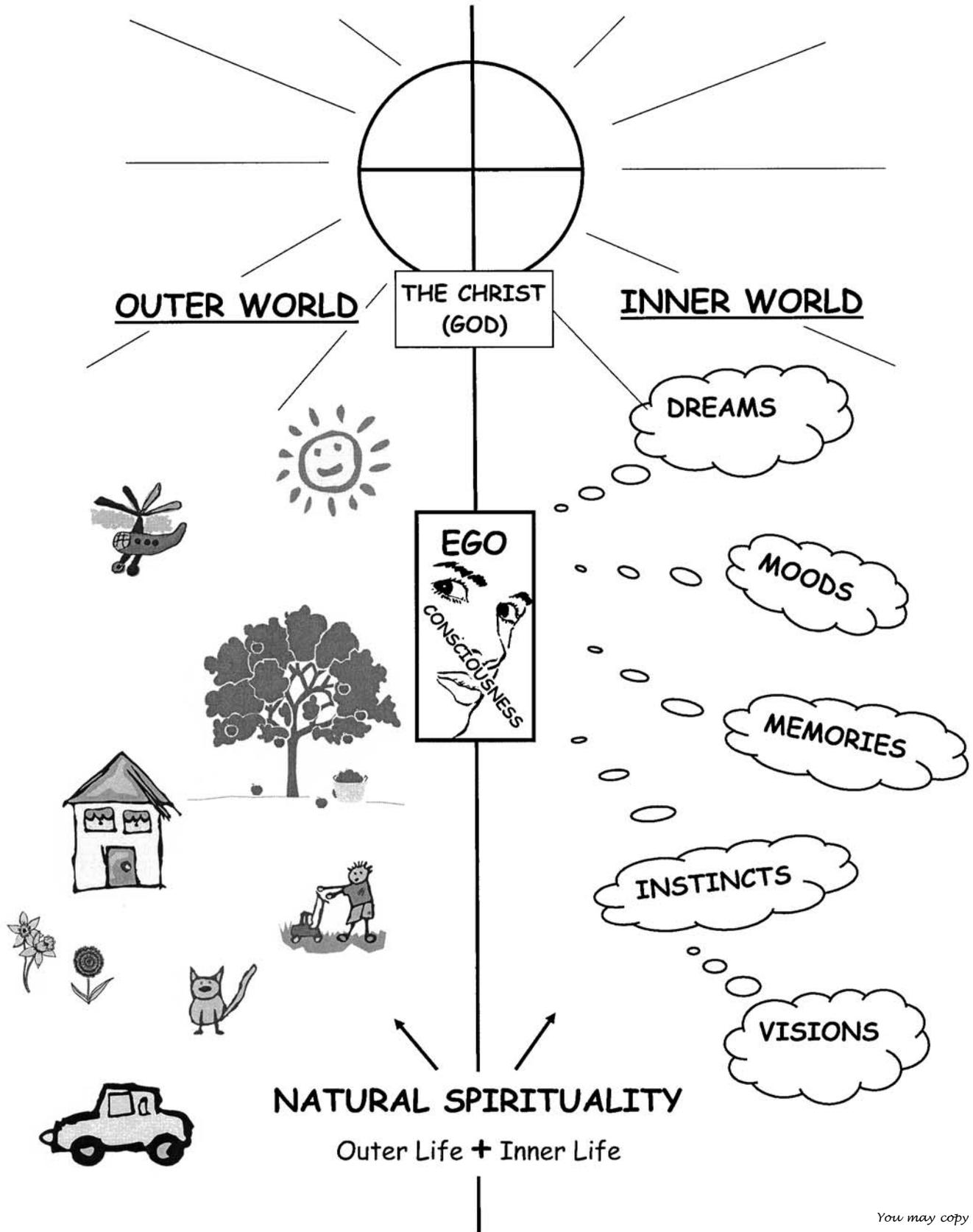
Toccoa, GA *The Unconscious*



The members of The Unconscious are Fred Barwise (technical specialist for a non-profit organization) and Deborah Barwise (parish administrator at an Episcopal church), Rex, GA; Dale Harrison (journalism professor, freelance magazine writer), Burlington, NC; Bret Whissel (FSU computer system administrator), Tallahassee, FL; Sheri Kling (performing songwriter, speaker, columnist), Clarkesville, GA; and Robert Pullen (sociology professor, minister, Native American flutist), Troy, AL.

# "What is Natural Spirituality?"

Next time you have to explain it, try using this picture...



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Summer-Fall 2008



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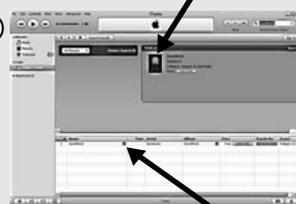
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# Natural Spirituality

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 or that are not stamped from the same mold—each is organized by local churches. **THE ROSE know of their existence.** If there is no group in your area, contact the SeedWork website for resources. Programs marked with an asterisk (\*) are new to the list.

### ALABAMA

Auburn Unitarian-Universalist, Auburn  
Episcopal Church of the Nativity, Dothan  
St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, Huntsville  
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  
Coffeeshop Grp. (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  
First Presbyterian Church, Atlanta  
St. Bartholomew's Episcopal Church, Atlanta  
St. Timothy's Episcopal Church, Calhoun  
Good Shepherd Episcopal Church, Covington  
Oakhurst Baptist Church, Decatur  
St. Elizabeth's Episcopal Church, Dahlonega  
St. Patrick's Episcopal Church, Dunwoody  
St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, Milledgeville  
St. Augustine's Episcopal Church, Morrow  
St. Peter's Episcopal Church, Rome  
St. Anne's Episcopal Church, Tifton

### FLORIDA

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

## What Is Natural Spirituality?

THE TERM NATURAL SPIRITUALITY refers to the study and healing of the Holy Spirit in the individual through the natural world. In Biblical tradition, this realization is found in Wisdom. Natural spirituality programs consist of one-on-one sessions or "journey groups"—such as classes that teach the principles of natural spirituality as tools for a deeper Christian faith.

Natural spirituality was pioneered at Emmanuel Episcopal Church in Georgia in 1991. Joyce Rockwood Hudson was the initial teacher in that understanding. She eventually wrote a book, *Natural Spirituality: Wisdom Tradition in Christianity* (2000), which contains the history of the program. With the publication of the book, many churches began to start natural spirituality study groups of their own, structuring them as study groups centered on the book.

Natural spirituality programs have spread wide. Development is ongoing in Kansas, where Bishop Larry R. G. Canon Susan Sims Smith, is particularly hard in the Episcopal Church to sow seeds for parish-based natural spirituality.



**NATURAL SPIRITUALITY**  
Available from amazon.com and bookstores by special order.



**WWW.SEEDWORK.ORG**

- ▣ Natural Spirituality download and print,
- ▣ Back issues of *The Rose*
- ▣ *Kanuga Summer Dreams*
- Selected Lectures: easy to download and save, or order CDs
- ▣ Mail: P.O. Box 250345
- Email: [seedwork@seedwork.org](mailto:seedwork@seedwork.org) (SeedWork does not maintain a mailing list.)

# 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](http://www.seedwork.org) for** since the last issue of THE ROSE.

## Qualitative Spirituality?

Qualitative refers to the teaching of the Spirit that come to each of the natural processes of life. In the realm of the Spirit is called qualitative. It is also a tag for church dream groups—supported by introductory principles of Jungian psychology and Christian journey.

As a church program was launched at the Episcopal Church in Athens, North Carolina, Joyce Rockwood Hudson was the keynoter, and she eventually wrote *Natural Spirituality: Recovering the Tradition* (JRH Publications), the contents of the introduction of the Emmanuel portion of this book, other natural spirituality programs and their introductory classes on the book.

These programs are spreading far and wide, especially strong in Arkansas, and the Rev. Robert Maze, ret., and the Rev. Robert Maze, ret., have worked particularly in the Diocese of Arkansas to help inner work.

**QUALITY BOOK**  
[www.hadeninstitute.com](http://www.hadeninstitute.com); [b&n.com](http://b&n.com); local order.

**SEEDWORK.ORG**  
**Group Resources:**  
or order by mail  
Rose: view and print  
Dream Conference  
links to listen, download  
Books by mail  
Little Rock, AR 72225  
[seedwork.org](http://www.seedwork.org)  
(maintain a phone.)

**ILLINOIS**  
Grace Episcopal Church, River Forest

**KENTUCKY**  
Christ Church Cathedral (Episcopal), Lexington

**LOUISIANA**  
Northminster Church, Monroe

**MARYLAND**  
First Unitarian Church, Baltimore

**MICHIGAN**  
Grace Episcopal Church, Traverse City

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

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

**NORTH CAROLINA**  
St. Luke's Episcopal Church, Boone  
Unitarian Universalist of Transylvania Co., Brevard  
First Baptist Church, Elkin  
First United Methodist Church, Elkin

\*St. James' Episcopal Church, Hendersonville  
All Saints Episcopal Church, Southern Shores  
St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Wilkesboro

**SOUTH CAROLINA**  
Grace Episcopal Church, Charleston  
St. James' Episcopal Church, Greenville

**TENNESSEE**  
St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Franklin  
Church of the Ascension (Epis), Knoxville  
Church of the Good Shepherd (Epis), Lookout Mtn  
Idlewild Presbyterian Church, Memphis

\*St. John's Episcopal Church, Memphis  
St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Murphreesboro  
Second Presbyterian Church, Nashville

**TEXAS**  
St. David's Episcopal Church, Austin  
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. Application deadlines are Feb. 1 and Aug. 1 of each year.

### Upcoming Dream Training Intensive Dates:

Sept 11–15, 2008 / Dec 4–8, 2008 / Mar 5–9, 2009

Susan Sims Smith and Joyce Rockwood Hudson will be the keynoters for the fall semester (September and December intensives). Susan is a Jungian therapist, Episcopal priest, and a former canon in the Episcopal Diocese of Arkansas. Joyce is the editor of the ROSE and the author of *Natural Spirituality: Recovering the Wisdom Tradition in Christianity*.

### 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. Application deadlines for Kanuga are March 1 and September 1 of each year. For Canada the next starting time is October 2008: apply now.

### Upcoming Spiritual Direction Intensive Dates:

Kanuga: Sept 25–29, 2008 / Jan 22–26, 2009 / Apr 23–27, 2009  
Canada: Next opening: October 2008. Apply now.

Jerry Wright and Margaret Guenther will be the keynoters for the September and January intensives. Jerry is a Presbyterian minister and Jungian analyst in private practice in Atlanta, GA & Flat Rock, NC. Margaret Guenther, former Director of the Ctr. for Christian Spirituality at Gen'l Theological Seminary, NYC, is the author of *Holy Listening: The Art of Spiritual Direction* and *Toward Holy Ground: Spiritual Direction for the 2nd Half of Life*.

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Flat Rock, NC The Rev. Bob Haden



# Jung and Synchronicity

*“How can matter operate symbolically, communicating knowledge in advance of our own?  
How can physical events in time and space act exactly the same way that a dream does?”*

CARL JUNG OBSERVED that when we go into ourselves—when we are swamped by what ails us, and when we consciously examine the storm inside—something starts happening in the outer world. Events in the outer, physical world itself come to us in moments of resonance, guidance and response. Something else, at times, populates occurrences in the material world, and its presence can have a very powerful effect on resolving the particular confusion besetting us.

Putting fact and experience before theory, Jung recognized that these events are of central importance in the process of healing. He perceived that our understanding of causality, and the time and space it works in, does not do justice to the capacity for healing that is inborn in every human being. Jung turned his attention relentlessly to this deeper dimension of life: to the fact that there is something else besides our own actions going on in the world and that this “something else” has intelligence and intent which heals.

He realized that any serious inner work proceeds not only by the investigation of forces that have shaped our lives but also by an attunement to what the “outer” or “objective” world is doing to help heal us. How events cross our path and the significance of certain material or physical occurrences in the outer world occupy key analytic attention in Jungian work. It is as important to observe these happenings in the present as it is to evaluate and attempt to overcome past injuries and destructive pressures from the years behind us. It is not that Jungian work avoids delving into the painful and confusing questions of our origin; it is that without the convergence of something “outside” our subjective personality which operates independently of our own intentions, the full depth of the personality will not be reached. Even when the past has led to problems in our development, there is a creative present attempting to guide us into a fuller life. Understanding and knowing how to respond to this creative present is a crucial feature of Jungian work.

This article is taken from *At the Heart of Matter: Synchronicity and Jung’s Spiritual Testament* by J. Gary Sparks, pp. 14–15, 45–55, used by permission of Inner City Books. Copyright ©2007 by J. Gary Sparks. The illustration is a 19th century woodcut, colored by Noel Taylor, Toronto artist.

JUST AS AN ENERGIZED ELECTRON inside the atom follows a course of its own, so a synchronistic happening points forward in life in a completely unique manner. A closer look into the atom reveals that the excited electron seeks an endpoint not established by its cause; likewise, a synchronistic experience points to a development in our life unfettered by determinism. Both in the atom and in a synchronicity we see a trajectory, a movement toward a final point; in both cases the activity is headed somewhere.

An example will assist in further elucidating the trajectory of nature and the meaning synchronicity brings to it. This vignette describes the most dramatic synchronistic event I have ever witnessed. It comes from a forty-year-old married woman in analysis. My analysand told of falling in love for the first time when she was sixteen. Her mother blew up and said to her, “If you continue seeing that boy, I am going to kill myself.” So she broke off the relationship, but she never got over him. Twenty-five years later she found herself in analysis working on her sadness about the end of their love. She reported having dreams of being attacked and raped by gangs of men. Over time, those men became one unknown man. Over more time that one man became this young fellow. That is when she told me the story of her falling in love and her mother’s violent reaction.

I said to her, “Well, maybe you should try to find this fellow. It seems to me that there is unfinished business between the two of you and it is attacking you in an emotional way. Whatever is unfinished is harmful to you, and you need to finish it. We need to find out what of your own personality you were or still are projecting onto him and how that is interfering with your own life. Maybe if we understand this we can stop him from being something inside that is thwarting you.”

She agreed and went around to her old part of town looking up familiar persons and inquiring about this man. No one had seen or heard from him since high school days. She came back the next hour and said, “Well, I give up.”

I said, “Well, we’ve seen the dreams evolve over time. They will continue evolving, and I have faith that

we can work this out on the inside; the dreams will tell us what we need to know. We'll just have to be patient as the dreams slowly show us the meaning of this inner figure." Again she agreed. Then she came back the next week. She walked in my door, white as a ghost, and stammered, "Guess who called . . . from the west coast . . . and simply said, 'Hi, this is J., we have some things to talk about!'" Her response to him, she told me, was a simple, "Yes."

He came to town the next week and they talked about those past years. She realized that she had always admired him for his intelligence and discipline. It was a small step, then, for her to understand how she was seeing in him, in projection, her own mental strengths. The woman was quite intelligent and had a real gift for language. She had never gone to college; her mother did everything she could to keep her creative daughter down. The dreams of being attacked ended when she enrolled at the university.

**T**HE ABOVE EXAMPLE shows how a synchronicity is described by two words: coincidence and meaning. Such events have a purpose. They are not experiences that are "pushed" by the past, but are moments that are trying to pull us into the future. They have an intent that is purposeful, meaningful; in them there is a message concerning our next step in life. Apparently the purpose of a synchronicity is to educate us into a deeper layer of our own genuine self. In order to understand a synchronistic experience we must ask, "What does my psyche want me to do between now and some future time?" The point of view is teleological (from the Greek *telos*, meaning goal). We ask, "What is required of me? What part of me is being encouraged to do what? Where does my life want to go? What is the larger perspective that is trying to develop in my life through this experience? How is this moment a signpost?" Synchronistic experiences occur in moments of disorientation and have the effect of providing orientation as they convey the information necessary to bring the future into being.

Consider what an appreciation of synchronicity introduces into our grasp of psychological motivation!

Unquestionably, in Jungian therapy we do know the value of a causal approach. It can be very important to

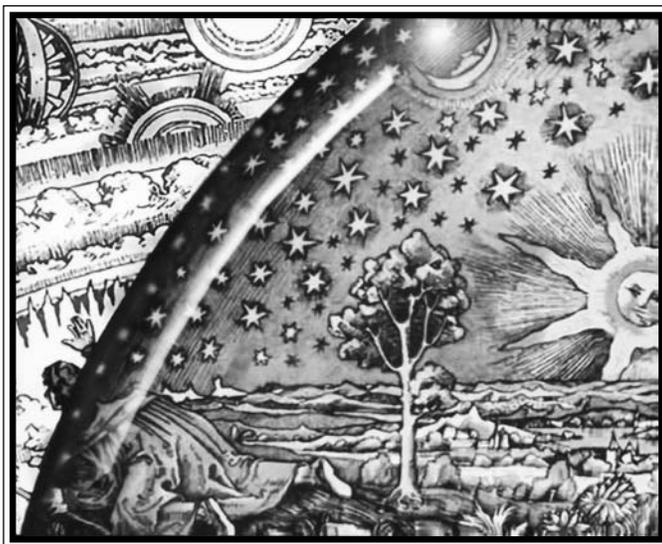
recognize the effect of past events on the way we live. This going back to the past is particularly important when we do not recognize the harm that the past has caused us. An example will illustrate.

I remember a woman whose father used to pull out a loaded .357 revolver every now and then when she was a child, point it at the members of the family and tell them he was going to kill them—all while shouting invectives. I heard the story several times and finally just erupted: "What a bastard!" She replied, "Oh, no, he was really a very nice man, he just had bad days." That is the kind of denial that calls for more "going back" and re-examining childhood and the emotions that surrounded it. Of course,

this woman as an adult kept finding herself in one situation after the other where she was victimized. By her denying the original trauma, it kept repeating. There are many situations where going back and looking at the causes of present behavior has its value. However, not during synchronistic moments!

Just as it is possible to fail to see causes for behavior, so it is possible to fail to see the healing processes of life as they occur

in the present. We can easily miss the healing intent of a synchronicity by obsessively turning to past causes—"my uncle's abuse," "my hurt child," for example—so fixated on what happened in the past that we miss the current healing presentiment. The woman with her experience of the returning friend had been raised, as I noted, by a negative mother, so she looked at life as an awful place that always frustrates. Yet when she experienced life events coming to her aid in a most unlikely fashion, she was touched by an experience in a way that gave her the faith to try again to accomplish something of value for herself. No reductive methodology, no analysis of relationship, no abreaction, no digging into past hurts, no blaming of the mother would have done the same. She was faced with an experience that chopped through her cynicism and, for the first time ever, she felt transported by life. The backward or causative gaze would have missed the real point of the experience. Her synchronicity came to announce her next challenge in life. She was being invited into a further phase of her development.



THE QUESTIONS that a few moments of reflection lead to after an event like I have just described are: Where do dreams occur? In such an event, where is the psychological part of ourselves—inside us or outside? We know from the practice of dream analysis that when a dream is understood then the next dream that comes along often picks up the theme of the previous dream and carries it one more step forward.

Dreams, when they are understood, move naturally forward to a more complete understanding of the issue they are dealing with. My analysand and I expected that her dreams would continue dreaming the issue onward, that the psychological issue in her life would continue to be clarified in subsequent dreams, just as they had in the past. Such a development did in fact take place in her life. But it did not occur in dreams “inside” her. It occurred in the form of an outer event that presented her with the same kind of resolution of her suffering that a dream might have offered. At moments like this, the dream process occurs in the outer world. That is a mysterious, fascinating fact of synchronicity. At times outer events may take on the same psychological dynamism, and exhibit the same knowledge in advance of our consciousness, that Jungians have come to take for granted in dreams.

This realization led Jung to say that the psyche, our “inner psychological processes,” are not limited to time and space. Dreams and their anticipatory knowledge are not only psychological. The psyche is something much more than that. It is also material.

The example given above illustrates how a synchronistic event can convey knowledge the individual needs to know but does not yet consciously possess. The synchronicity conveyed information that my analysand was not aware of at the time. Synchronicity dreamed the dream forward. The meaningful intervention of the natural world assumed an intelligence in her life that she herself, on her own ability, would not have known.

How can matter operate symbolically, communicating knowledge in advance of our own? How can physical events in time and space act exactly the same way that a dream does? The experience of synchronicity leads us to reevaluate our understanding of the psyche, since obviously it is not only inside us. And it also leads us to reevaluate our understanding of matter. We are led to ask not only, “What is the nature of the psyche?” but also, “What is the nature of matter?” How is matter constructed so that the psyche can impinge on it? What is the connecting link, from the point of view of matter, for the psyche’s connection to physical events? Synchronicity challenges our knowledge of both our psychological selves and our

grasp of the true nature of the physical world.

EMOTIONALLY, the effect of a synchronicity is striking. Once the purpose of the synchronistic event is understood, the personal resentment that surrounded it, or the issue from the past that it deals with, evaporates, because we realize that something is happening in the service of a developmental purpose. And when that purpose is understood, the particular pain of a past or present discomforting situation is dissolved. In my analysand’s case, when she was moving forward in her life, acquiring the education that gave her the tools to develop her skills and finding a basis for genuine self-worth, the festering of her resentment at being forced to separate from her first love could begin to resolve.

This release from hurt is one of the litmus tests of a correct interpretation or understanding of a synchronicity. The recognition of the inner meaning of an outer event has an effect on our emotions that a reductive interpretation could never give. How would it have helped my analysand to understand one more time that her mother’s cruelty to her in childhood was keeping her from achieving some goal in the present? She would still have been stuck in self-pity. Causal interpretation in such an instance may satisfy the head, but the heart says, “So what?” We know what may have caused our problem, but ultimately the healing comment comes in the present and looks toward the future.

In the case of my analysand, her negative emotions were released because, finally, it is addressing life in the present that cleanses and heals a festering wound. Jung never tired of saying this. After the past is explored, additional inquiry into yesterday does not lead to further healing. A change of attitude in the present does, and this change of attitude is exactly the business of a synchronicity. Through it life not only gives us a second chance, it also provides the moral support to move us forward into that chance. The past may have been horrible, but the synchronistic present is a benevolent intervention in life—if we hear and respond.

Indianapolis, IN J. Gary Sparks

*J. Gary Sparks is a graduate of the C.G. Jung Institute in Zürich, Switzerland. With undergraduate and graduate degrees in science and theology, he has always been interested in the intersection of these two domains. A few of his other favorite things are: traveling in Europe, learning French, cooking, biking, theater, anything Mediterranean.*



Gary’s book, *At the Heart of Matter: Synchronicity and Jung’s Spiritual Testament*, can be ordered from Inner City Books. Phone: 1-888-927-0355; fax: 1-888-924-1814; web: [www.innercitybooks.net](http://www.innercitybooks.net). \$30. Visa accepted.



## C. G. Jung on Dreams and Synchronicity

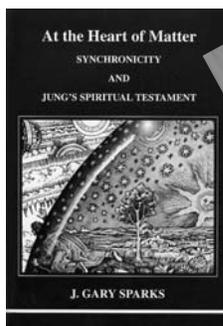
THE DREAM IS A LIVING THING, by no means a dead thing that rustles like dry paper. It is a living situation, it is like an animal with feelers, or with many umbilical cords. We don't realize that while we are talking of it, it is producing. This is why primitives talk of their dreams, and why I talk of dreams. We are moved by the dreams, they express us and we express them, and there are coincidences connected with them. We decline to take coincidences seriously because we cannot consider them as causal; events don't come about *because* of dreams, that would be absurd, we can never demonstrate that; they just happen. But it is wise to consider the fact that they do happen. We would not notice them if they were not of a peculiar regularity, not like that of laboratory experiments, it is only a sort of irrational regularity. The East bases much of its science on this irregularity and considers coincidences as the reliable basis of the world rather than causality. Synchronism<sup>1</sup> is the prejudice of the East; causality is the modern prejudice of the West. The more we busy ourselves with dreams, the more we shall see such coincidences—chances. Remember that the oldest Chinese scientific book is about the possible chances of life.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Apparently Jung's first use of this term in the sense of "synchronicity," or meaningful coincidence, as an explanatory principle of parallel physical and psychic events, equal in importance and complementary to the principle of causality. Jung first published the term "synchronicity" in 1930, in his memorial address for Richard Wilhelm (Collected Works 15, par. 81). The concept is fully developed in the monograph "Synchronicity: An Acausal Connecting Principle" (1952; Collected Works 8).

<sup>2</sup> *The I Ching, or Book of Changes*, tr. Cary F. Baynes (1950) from the German tr. of Richard Wilhelm (1924). Jung wrote a foreword especially for the English translation.



All of the above is from *Dream Analysis: Notes of the Seminar Given in 1928–1930*, by C. G. Jung. William McGuire, editor. Bollingen Series 99, Princeton University Press, 1984, pp. 44–45.



## Synchronicity

I didn't know it was synchronicity  
when we were there where  
we were supposed to be  
after the carnival



to visit our Katie in the hospital  
where her monitors read low  
and our touch let her go.

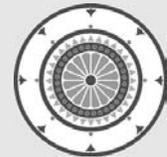
I didn't know it was synchronicity  
when I floated out of that hospital room  
and down the Safeway aisles  
after the hospital visit



to the young girl who gave birth to  
a baby like Katie.

I just answered her million and one questions  
before hugging her goodbye  
and floating out her door.

I didn't know it was synchronicity  
when I called Aunt Jessie  
and no one else had.



She was lonely and coughing,  
sounding really bad.

I was there across miles  
sharing familiar stories, laughing,  
teasing, and saying I love you.

I didn't know I was there where  
I was supposed to be  
to say goodbye, our last goodbye.  
She told me next time she'd tell me  
her ice cream story.



There was no next time,  
she died later that night  
but not alone;

I was there where I was supposed to be  
and now I know the reason.

It's called synchronicity.



Port St. Joe, FL **Debbie Hooper**

*Debbie Hooper, a member of the Natural Spirituality program at Trinity Episcopal Church in Apalachicola, works as a freelance photographer in the Florida Panhandle.*

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## Tarot and Conscious Dreaming

*“The images on the cards tell a symbolic story and tap our deepest source, our unconscious, in the same way a dream does.”*

ONE DAY at the National Museum of Art in Washington, DC, I stood viewing the portrait “*Little Girl in a Blue Armchair*” by the Impressionist Mary Cassatt. My heart began to race and I felt light-headed as I looked at that little girl in the portrait. I recognized her. It was *me!* I saw myself in that painting, or at least I saw something within me. It was like looking into a mirror, and it gave me a palpable feeling of grief. Standing motionless, I wondered, “Where is this coming from?” Although I was awake and conscious of all the sounds and smells around me, the experience felt surreal, like a dream. Memories swirled in my head, and in that moment of painful recognition, I found the next piece of my puzzle. I thought I had completely come to terms with the event the memory evoked, but, stirred by the portrait, my soul exposed the fact I had not.

That such an insight might come from a dream image was something that I already knew. I had been recording my dreams for several years. But now, looking at that painting while wide-awake, I became aware of a kind of *conscious* dreaming I had never met before. I knew that visions during meditation and contemplation were conscious dreams, but here was a conscious dream emanating from something outside of myself in the physical world. Dream images have the potential to produce a powerful emotional charge that can spontaneously evoke new perceptions on both emotional and cognitive levels. What I now began to understand is that physical images that cross our path in our waking hours can elicit that same response with the same possibilities for insights and enlightenment. As I learned that day, the unconscious is constantly looking for ways to bring its vast range of knowledge, wisdom, and healing to our consciousness.

I have since discovered that the images in the Tarot deck can provide the means for a meaningful dialogue with the divine through conscious dreaming. Several years before my art-museum revelation, I had become interested in the Tarot and had purchased several different decks. At that time I was not really connecting to the images from my depths, but would read in books what the images were *said* to mean. After the museum



experience, I one day came across a deck I had not seen before, *The Osho Zen*. I immediately connected at the soul level with many of the images in this deck, in the same way I had with the *Little Girl in the Blue Armchair*. This compelled me to put the instruction book away, black out the descriptive words that were just below each image, and rely on my emotions and intuition to guide me in viewing the cards. The results were, and continue to be, remarkable. By associating to images on the cards that I pull at random, I consistently trigger striking insights at just the time I need them.

What exactly is the Tarot? Traditionally used as a divination tool, the Tarot is a deck of 78 cards divided into two sections: the *major arcana* and the *minor arcana*. The 22 major arcana cards are visual representations of cosmic forces such as Birth, Death, Justice, Heroism, and so forth, which contain the archetypal symbolism that lies deeply embedded in the human psyche. They are a representation of the spiritual, or inner, journey. The remainder of the deck, the minor arcana, is divided into 16 court cards and four suits, which represent the path of the outer, or physical, journey.

The Tarot archetypes provide a key to twenty-two expressions of soul energy. Twenty-one of these are steps we take on the journey of soul exploration and growth. The twenty-second archetype is the Fool, who represents the vagabond traveler that we ourselves are as we make our way through the cycles of our life. The Fool symbolizes all the new beginnings, foolish risks, innocent hopes, and leaps of faith we take on both our physical and spiritual journeys.

No one truly knows the origin of the Tarot, although several intriguing theories exist. There are references to the Tarot in a document written by Italian monks in 1377, and another reference written in 1572 by Girilamo Gargagli. In the twentieth century, Aleister Crowley and his Thoth Deck (1944) brought the Tarot back into modern awareness.

An understanding of the basic teachings of Carl Jung is crucial for approaching the Tarot as a vehicle for conscious dreaming. Jung believed that dream images must be understood symbolically, that the instinctual basis of dream symbolism is “primitive or archaic thought forms.” He pointed out that while personal dream symbolism varies with the dreamer, there are symbols that have universal meanings and are a part of what he called the collective unconscious. These are the archetypes that we all share at the collective level. Jung also felt the Tarot images are “descended from the archetypes of transformation” (Jung, *Collected Works* 9, par. 81).

Archetypal consciousness manifests itself on both the personal level and the collective level. When we access the collective unconscious, we tune in to our innermost being. The universal patterns with which we resonate offer us creative solutions to the challenges we face in our lives. Examining our emotions carefully and honestly allows us to see which arche-

type is influencing us at any given time, with or without the knowledge of our ego. There are several ways to access our archetypal patterns, including dreams, visions, music, art, active imagination, and the Tarot. When we listen to our inner wisdom, we have the opportunity to choose our path and help it unfold, rather than have the path seize us and drag us along.

Jung named several primary archetypes that are key to the individuation process, which entails the psychological and emotional maturation that is meant to accompany our physical maturation. Some of these archetypes include the hero, sacrifice, rebirth, mother, father, the wise man or woman, the self, the shadow, the anima and animus, and so on. All of these archetypal symbols are represented in the twenty-two major arcana images.

Just as dream images convey their effects symbolically, so the Tarot offers itself as a prime tool for examining the psyche. The images on the cards tell a symbolic story and tap our deepest source, our unconscious, in the same way a dream does. When used with that intention, and not as a divination tool, the images on the Tarot cards offer great insight, often giving the same kind of 'aha,' or charge, we get when examining a dream. They can also point us to our shadow, that part of ourselves we do not want to examine. It is quite possible for the cards to synchronistically point toward the *essence* of future events in the outer world as the inner world grows in awareness. This new inner awareness that grows from such hints offers us perspectives and choices that had not previously been recognized, thereby precipitating eventful changes in one's life. To rely on the Tarot for "predictions," however, is much like taking a dream in the literal sense. What the cards actually do when used as an association tool is offer insights on how to change ourselves from the inside out, in the way a dream does, thereby altering our future by inviting "higher" forms of thought, emotion, and inner truth.

**T**HERE ARE DOZENS OF TAROT DECKS available with an incredible spectrum of images, colors, and explanations, and offering many conflicting explanations of the cards and their meanings. When we use the Tarot for conscious dreaming, however, conflicting instruction books are not a problem. Just as we do not rely on dream dictionaries to interpret dreams, we do not rely on Tarot guides to convey the meaning of the cards. Instead we allow the associations to the images to arise from within our-

selves, thereby gaining intuitive understanding of the synchronistic appearance of the card.

As synchronicity would have it, cards pulled from a deck at random will always be exactly what is needed at that moment, often leading to an "aha" and a step toward a resolution of the issue at hand. When a particular card elicits an emotional reaction, that reaction needs to be examined as soon as all associations to all the images have been made.

Jung taught that the language of symbols used by the unconscious mind transcends all human language. This is why the symbols of the major arcana can have a more potent effect on us than verbal language can. The Tarot is a container that holds and expresses synchronistically the wisdom of the universal or archetypal symbols.

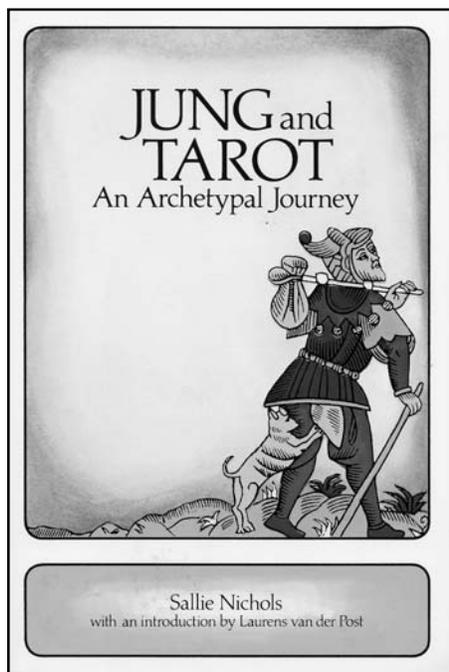
It can be very effective to use the cards as though they were a dream. One method is to shuffle the cards, choose at random three to five of the major arcana cards, and lay them out in whatever order you choose. Then tell yourself a story based on the imagery of those cards, explaining possible meanings of the symbols in your own words. Relate the symbolic meanings to situations in your life in much the same manner as when working a dream. This has the potential to trigger "ahas," as each card contains many small details that subtly represent the dark and bright shadow aspects of the particular archetype it portrays.

By using the images on the Tarot cards as a conscious dream to tell our own story, we are able to bypass our ego and commune with our "higher self." The power of these archetypal images offer meaning that we are often able to tap from our deepest source, from our soul, while we are awake and conscious.

There are many ways to do inner work. I have found that the Tarot, when used as a vehicle for conscious dreaming, is a sound and effective tool for the inner journey. You might want to give it a try.

Oakton, VA *Marty Gegner*

*Marty Gegner is a full time dream worker in the Washington, DC area. Through her early years in Santa Fe and Mexico City, she established strong ties to the Native American cultures of both Mexico and the American Southwest regarding nature, dreams, and honoring God. Marty began journaling her dreams at 18 when she had a dream that saved her life. A former Hollywood makeup artist and clothing/costume designer, Marty has earned her Certification in Dream Group Leadership from the Haden Institute. She knows it is never "just a dream."*



Published by Weiser Books

## Was Jesus Bi-Cultural?

*“Bi-cultural people do not think in both of their cultures simultaneously, but only in one at a time.”*

AFTER CARL JUNG VISITED NEW MEXICO in the 1920s, he wrote an article describing himself as almost completely “imprisoned in the cultural consciousness of the white man.” He had made friends in New Mexico with a Hopi man of about his own age, who told him that the Hopi “are the sons of Father Sun, and with our religion we daily help our father to go across the sky.” If the Hopi ceased practicing their religion, so the man told Jung, “in ten years the sun would no longer rise. Then it would be night forever.” Jung wrote that those statements by his Hopi friend troubled him — not because someone could still believe such things in the 20<sup>th</sup> century, but because their sheer meaningfulness dwarfed the paucity of “our own self-justifications, the meaning of our own lives as it is formulated by our reason” (*Memories, Dreams, Reflections*, pp. 247, 252).

Jung had begun thinking of separate cultures as separate systems of meaning, and he wasn’t alone in that. Franz Boas and some of his fellow anthropologists were also thinking along that line. And in thinking that way about cultures — as separate and autonomous systems of meaning — it becomes easier to understand how some people become *bi-cultural*, which seems likeliest to happen through immersion in a second culture. In Jung’s brief visit to New Mexico, full immersion in Hopi culture wasn’t an option, but he did try to escape his imprisonment in Western culture through empathetic open-mindedness.

Occasionally someone who is bi-cultural shares self-observations. One example of this is Malidoma Patrice Somé’s autobiography, *Of Water and the Spirit* (1994), in which he describes his experience of being both a West African Dagara tribesman and a Westerner. From knowing Malidoma in graduate school, and simultaneously watching my daughter turn bi-cultural at about the same age at which Malidoma had done so (age 5), I began to understand that bi-cultural people do not think in both of their cultures simultaneously, but only in one at a time. They also dream in only one culture at a time and wake up talking only one of their languages.

Recently it has occurred to me to look at the gospels and ask whether Jesus, the fruit of the union of heaven and earth, might have been bi-cultural. What might be

relevant to answering such a question? Are indications waiting to be noticed?

Soon after returning from the wilderness where he fasted forty days, Jesus reportedly said to his mother at the wedding in Cana, “Oh woman, what have you to do with me?” (John 2:4, RSV). That sounds other-worldly, as does his Sermon on the Mount, which apparently also occurred early in his ministry. There Jesus seems impatient not just with humanity’s mindset but with the corruption inherent in earthly life itself—with earth’s rust and corrosion and moth-eaten fabrics (Matt 6:19-20; Luke 12:33). In John 16:28 and 17:5, Jesus explicitly mentions his preexistence with his Father.

In other Gospel passages, however, Jesus seems *earthly-minded*, as when, after a long hike, he apparently wished for a basin of water in which to wash his feet (Luke 7:44).

In a well-known trilogy about Jesus’ parables, Robert Farrar Capon locates Jesus’ “parables of the kingdom” early in the synoptic gospels, prior to his “parables of grace” and finally his “parables of judgment” (Capon, *Parables of the Kingdom*, 1985, pp. 53-54). Toward the end of his ministry, with the elated afterglow of his forty-day fast perhaps by then fading, Jesus’ re-immersions in the kingdom of heaven plausibly did grow less frequent, though surely his transfiguration on a mountaintop and his night-long prayers were re-immersions. And in his passion week, when Philip asked to see the Father, Jesus is quoted as replying, “Have I been with you so long, and yet you do not know me, Philip? He who has seen me has seen the Father” (John 14:9 RSV). Apparently the disciples still entertained doubts and even wondered if Jesus might merely be a clairvoyant medium; but finally they asserted, “Now we know that you know all things, and need none to question you” (John 16:30 RSV). Hearing that, Jesus may have thought, “Oh, bother,” but he answered, “Do you now believe?”—which sounds a bit distant, however, as though he might be losing interest. Soon after, John quotes him as saying, “And now I am no more in the world” (John 17:11 RSV).

Does it matter whether or not Jesus was bi-cultural? He was a single person—not at times God and at other times human. But sometimes he seems to have mentally been where he originally acculturated, in heaven in the presence of his Father, whereas at other times he seems to have been immersed in a more earthly way of thinking.

Personally, I never knew anyone bi-cultural until my daughter moved to North Africa at age five. Her mother took her to Tunisia and enrolled her at a French school where no one else spoke English. For several months

she refused to open her mouth there. Meanwhile her blonde hair was dyed black for a role in a British film, and (contrary to the film crew's assurances) the dye would not wash out. Perhaps that sharpened a discontinuity with her earlier life as an American. Then one day at school she burst out in fluent French, without an American accent. Nor has her English ever shown a French accent, despite fourteen more years of French schooling. She doesn't always recall which language she has been reading, but if she remembers a dream that included words, she does recall which language they were in. She says that whether awake or dreaming, she's never American and French simultaneously. The longer she's away from France, the less she thinks and dreams in French, and the longer she's away from America, the less in English.

**I**N JESUS' LIFE, similarly, his first (heavenly) culture seems to have alternated with his second (earthly) culture. When I told ROSE editor Joyce Rockwood Hudson that I wished to ask if Jesus was bi-cultural, she replied that if Jesus was bi-cultural then we are all bi-cultural. That brought to mind Wordsworth's "Ode: Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood" (with its phrase "trailing clouds of glory do we come / From God who is our home"); it also brought to mind the book *How Like an Angel Came I Down: Conversations with Children on the Gospels* (1991).

Whether or not we humans are born "trailing clouds of glory," I think there's a sense in which it may be true that we are all bi-cultural, that we all share in heaven's culture. But I don't think most of us, in our daily lives, alternate *back and forth* between heavenly culture and an earthly culture. Apparently that happens to some mystics, but what happens to most of us most of the time seems to be heaven-mindedness *mixing into* our earth-mindedness.

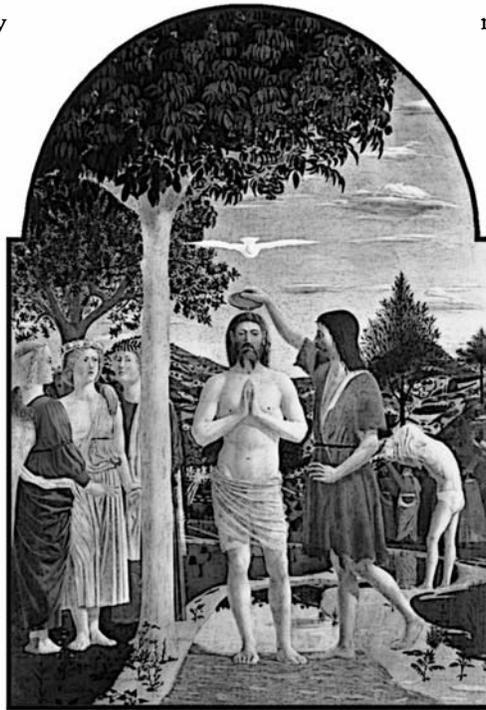
I think of heaven's culture as consisting of the will of God and coming to us as wisdom—in other words, as knowledge of what is best under the extant circumstances. In process theology, each of our intentions is considered inherently an instance (an "occasion") of interaction between our own will and God's will. We could visualize a sort of divine sounding board within each of us, and our

every intention "sounding" that board and receiving wisdom from God of what is best. (See, for instance, Marjorie Hewitt Suchocki, *God Christ Church*, 1989, pp. 39, 258.) But how *aware* we are of wisdom, of God's will, seems to depend on how "close" we are living, as the Old-Baptists put it. If we are "living close" (doing what God wills), then we tend to be more aware of the wisdom we are continually receiving. Often, however, we're as clueless as Pilate when he asked Jesus, "So you are a king?" and Jesus replied, "You yourself are saying it" (John 18:37).

This all implies that the same kind and degree of divine inspiration enters our minds as entered Jesus' mind, with the difference that Jesus was much more *aware* of the divine inspiration he was receiving. In Jungian terms, Jesus was fully individuated, his self was unified, he was continually conscious of his unconscious. In our case, by contrast, we remain unconscious of most of the wisdom we're continually receiving. But that doesn't let us off the hook. John quotes Jesus as saying the reason he was so aware of divine inspiration was because he acted and spoke so much in accord with it: "He who sent me is with me; he has not left me alone, for I always do what is pleasing to him" (8:29 RSV). He also said that we can do likewise: "If any man's will is to do his will, he shall know whether the teaching is from God or whether I am speaking on my own authority" (7:17

RSV). And, "If you keep my commandments, you will abide in my love, just as I have kept my Father's commandments and abide in his love" (15:10 RSV). Indeed, is it not true that our divine promptings tend to become more noticeable when we follow them?

Again we might ask, "Does it matter whether or not Jesus was bi-cultural?" Ultimately, of course, it doesn't matter. But in the nearer term, the pursuit of that question does suggest one or two lessons for our daily lives. First is the familiar lesson that we are all divine creations, all children of God, and that God is constantly trying to guide us. But beyond that familiar lesson is the idea that we experience within ourselves the same kind of dichotomy that Jesus experienced, even if in lesser degree. Sometimes we, too, are more heaven-conscious than we

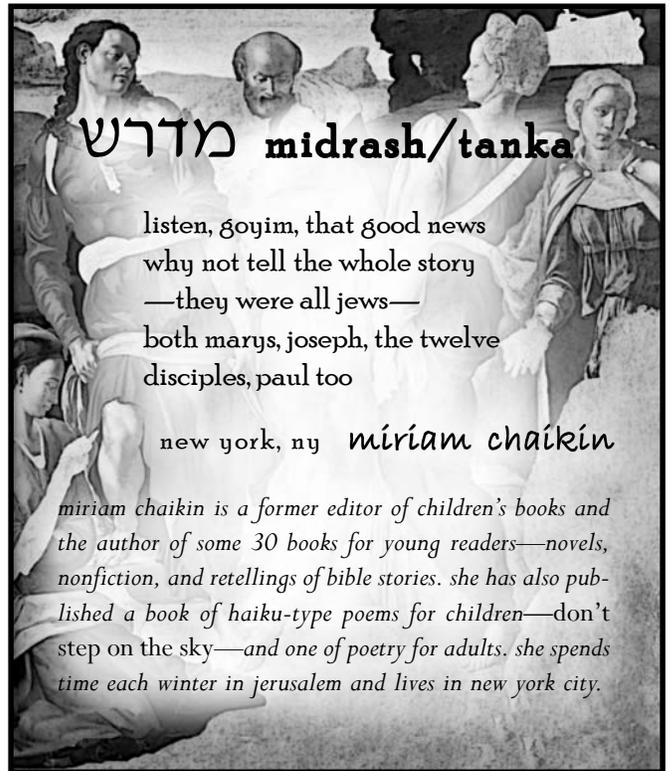


are earth-conscious. When that happens, we, like Jesus, can feel impatient with physical limitations and frustrated with almost everyone's failure to act in harmony with God's will. But at other times, by contrast, we can grow so immersed in our earth culture(s) as to almost forget that we're capable of heaven-consciousness.

Thus, although we may not be as consciously bi-cultural as Jesus was, the difference is a matter of degree. As children of both heaven and earth, our consciousness, too, is dichotomous. And just as Jesus' two cultures apparently never blended into one, undivided heaven-earth consciousness, so our heaven and earth cultures don't blend together either. But if we can *balance* them, and not go off the deep end of either, then I think we'll find God willing to steadily move their balance point in us toward an optimum position. I think of this as equivalent to what Jung meant by individuation. No doubt the optimum balance point changes at different times in our lives. Paying attention to dreams and synchronicity helps our divine sounding boards pick up the guidance we need to adjust and adapt to life's changing requirements. Meditation is another effective means of rebalancing.

In our own day we are more and more being challenged to open ourselves to the meaning systems of more than one culture. Perhaps by more consciously meeting the challenge of working out the tensions between heaven and earth in ourselves, we will be better equipped to meet the simliar challenges we encounter outside of ourselves.

Saint Mary of the Woods, IN **Paul Salstrom**



listen, goyim, that good news  
why not tell the whole story  
—they were all jews—  
both marys, joseph, the twelve  
disciples, paul too

new york, ny **miriam chaikin**

*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—don't step on the sky—and one of poetry for adults. she spends time each winter in jerusalem and lives in new york city.*

*Paul Salstrom teaches history at Saint Mary-of-the-Woods College and writes on the economic history of the Appalachian region. Lamentably uni-cultural (Midwest Lutheran), he's a Roman Catholic and serves on the vestry of his home church (Episcopal). His continuing interest in discontinuous bi-culturality has drawn him lately to Teresa of Avila, where he has found good food for the journey.*



## Tanka and Cinquains

*Poetry in Five Lines*

**T**ANKA ARE LYRIC POEMS that follow a traditional Japanese form of 31 syllables in five units, or lines. They have been composed in Japan for at least 1300 years, making this an older form of poetry than haiku. Tanka is similar to haiku in its grounding in concrete images, but it carries a greater intensity of feeling and emotion. The feeling in tanka is directly expressed, infusing it with a lyric intensity and intimacy. A tanka is a small, frugally-constructed window that opens onto a greater reality underlying its simple words.

Because of the great differences between the English and Japanese languages, English tanka do not usually adhere strictly to the Japanese form in terms of the number of syllables per line. The five-line requirement is maintained, but English tanka may have less than 31 syllables.

**A**CINQUAIN (see page 9) is a short, unrhymed poem of 22 syllables distributed in five lines as follows: 2, 4, 6, 8, 2. The form was developed by an American poet, Adelaide Crapsey (1878–1914), inspired by Japanese tanka and haiku. The daughter of an Episcopal priest, Adelaide graduated from Vassar in 1901 and taught in a girls' prep school. Her poetry was published after her death from tuberculosis at the age of 36. Carl Sandburg read it and wrote a poem of tribute to her:

*Among the bumble-bees in red-top hay, a freckled field of  
brown-eyed Susans, dripping yellow leaves in July,  
I read your heart in a book.  
And your mouth of blue pansy . . .*

"Adelaide Crapsey," *Cornhuskers*, 1918



## When the Holy Spirit Comes ... Jazz, Einstein, Pentecostalism, and Church Dream Groups

*"Gibberish, it would seem, is a sign of the coming of the Holy Spirit, and the first decade of the twentieth century saw the rise of gibberish on every front."*

ON JANUARY 1, 1901, Pope Leo XIII, responding to what has proven to be an accurate intuition, declared the coming twentieth century to be the century of the Holy Spirit. "Come, Holy Spirit," he prayed. The ten years that followed marked the decisive beginning of Western civilization being broken open and turned on its head, a process that continued for the next hundred years, and may not be over yet. Be careful what you pray for!

According to the Book of Acts, when the Holy Spirit came upon the apostles at the dawn of Christianity, it came with a mighty wind and dancing flames that sent those first Christians reeling into the streets as if inebriated. When they spoke of their new experience of divine reality, their words came forth in the language of the person to whom they were speaking, but were incomprehensible to others. The Spirit-filled apostles suddenly found themselves in a strange new relationship to physical reality, for now, in the normal course of things, they could heal incurable maladies and cause prison doors to come unlocked. All of this was disconcerting, to say the least, to those who had not yet experienced the wind and flames and were still comfortable with the traditional bounds of established consciousness.

Something similar to this prototypical upheaval happened between 1900 and 1910. Looking back from the perspective of a hundred years, we can see that on every significant front in Western culture something like a mighty wind and dancing flames opened irreparable breaches in the established consciousness of that time. A small but pivotal number of artists, scholars, and religious figures began to act and speak as if inebriated. In the world of music, for example, jazz established itself during this decade—music as improvisation, born out of ragtime roots. In classical music Schoenberg began to replace melody with dissonance in his Second String Quartet in 1908, and Stravinsky drove this development home with *The Firebird*

in 1910. Modern art morphed from impressionism into cubism and expressionism, changing its view from the outer world to the inner world. Picasso's *Les Femmes d'Alger (O. J. R. M.)* led the way in 1907. Stream-of-consciousness literature began to appear in this decade, as Virginia Woolf and James Joyce began experimenting with their craft. Beyond the arts, physical reality itself was suddenly shown by Einstein to have a complex underpinning that challenges the limits of human understanding and yet can be stated mathematically and used as a rational basis of action. In the world of psychology, Freud and Jung began to publish books and articles about the unconscious realm of the psyche, the real but nonrational underlayer of human consciousness that impinges on rational behavior. In an interesting parallel to all of this, Pentecostalism, with its emphasis on being seized by the Holy Spirit and speaking in tongues, arose (caught fire) in the first decade of the twentieth century. Pentecostalism marked the beginning of a gradual shift in Christianity away from its longtime foundation in dogma toward a new basis in individual experience. Later in the century, it would penetrate mainstream Christianity as the charismatic movement.

IN JUNGIAN CIRCLES it is widely held that Christianity as the orienting myth, or sacred story, of Western civilization has run out its string. The effectiveness of the Jesus story is waning. Western culture has caught up with it, lived into it, integrated its main elements, and can no longer fully project the mystery of human life onto its structural components. A parallel is drawn, in this line of thinking, with the Greco-Roman era and the fading out of classical mythology. At that time Christianity was the new myth that arose to take the place of the old mythology. So now, it is asked in these circles, what will be the new myth that arises from our time? Will we ourselves live to see it? Should we start trying to construct it?

I would offer a different view of religion in our culture today. As I see it, the Christian myth is not finished, but rather is moving into a new stage. This next stage is arising in the same way the first stage arose, out of the events of history itself, in direct continuity with what came before. The story of Jesus contains its own sequel, the promised coming of the Holy Spirit. In his farewell discourse in the Gospel of John, Jesus tells his followers that after he is gone, the Holy Spirit will come to teach them and lead them into further, more complete truth. He himself could only take them so far, he said, because they could only absorb what they were ready to hear. When those who were following him became ready to hear more, the Holy Spirit would come to lead them into further truth. In 1901 Pope Leo intuited that the time had

come for this Holy-Spirit-centered sequel to begin in earnest. As we look back on the century that has passed, we can see that the first chapter of Part II of the Christian myth—or, more accurately, Part III of the Judeo-Christian myth—was indeed lined out in the developments of that era, which we all still remember. I would suggest that in centuries to come the twentieth century will be seen as the time when Holy-Spirit consciousness broke through into Western culture, just as Christ consciousness broke through in the first century AD, and Father-God consciousness broke through in the twentieth century BC, in the time of Abraham.

The Holy Spirit comes, archetypally, with a mighty wind and dancing flames—a symbolic image of naturally arising energy that is both destructive and vitalizing. It catches people up and disorients them, making them seem drunk. It communicates in a language that sounds like gibberish to those who are not yet ready for it, who do not yet need it, but it can always be understood by those who are ready for it and do need it. Symbolically speaking, the coming of the Holy Spirit sounds just like the inbreaking of the unconscious into consciousness, a development which, when it happens in a context of faith and love, brings on the individuation journey that leads to wholeness and oneness with God.

Individuation results in a more authentic expression of the life to which Jesus calls us than can possibly be achieved without the mighty wind and dancing flames seizing us up and breaking apart our old consciousness. This breaking apart is necessary in order to build up a new consciousness that integrates nonrational phenomena with rationality, which (like quantum physics) requires us to become comfortable with a more interesting, but less comprehensible, reality. The language by which the Holy Spirit speaks to us in this process is a symbolic language based on both universal, archetypal images and individual, personal images. The meaning of the individual images that are produced for us by the Holy Spirit can be found by asking ourselves what those images mean to us personally, individually. What do we associate with them? When we join these revealed images to our own experience in this way, a picture emerges, a message that we can “miraculously” understand because it is being spoken in our own language. To those around us it sounds like gibberish. To us it is saving wisdom.

Gibberish, it would seem, is a sign of the coming of the Holy Spirit, and the first decade of the twentieth century saw the rise of gibberish on every front: fractured, stream-of-consciousness expression in the arts, incomprehensible spacetime in physics, the nonrational unconscious in psychology, and glossolalia and faith healing in

religion. I would suggest that this groundswell of what seemed to be babel was the initial expression of the goal toward which the Holy Spirit is aiming as it moves toward center stage at this point in human development. Ultimately the goal is not jazz nor cubism nor even the strange new reality of quantum physics. The goal is the integration of the nonrational expression of the unconscious with the rationality of Western consciousness. If the West is to establish a vital relationship with the Holy Spirit, it must accept the fact that nonrationality exists within rational reality, as part and parcel of it, as quantum physics demonstrates and modern art tries to illustrate. It is the nonrational expression of the unconscious that sounds like gibberish to those who are not “in the know.” “It’s just a crazy dream. It makes no sense,” says the one who is still in the initial stage of building his or her ego consciousness and is not yet ready to integrate the unconscious. “On the contrary,” says the one who needs the unconscious to compensate a fully developed ego consciousness, “my dream has great meaning to me. It has turned my life around.” Gibberish to one, great meaning to another. This is what happens when the Holy Spirit comes.

CHRISTIANITY AS A WHOLE, including Roman Catholicism, did not pay much attention to Pope Leo’s invocation of the Holy Spirit in 1901. To an almost total degree, mainstream Christianity proceeded through the next few decades with little change from the previous century. But while all seemed stable and secure in Christianity’s core, gibberish began to poke its nose under the edge of the tent as early as 1906. The Azusa Street Revival in Los Angeles that year is said to mark the birth of Pentecostalism. Its coming caused a stir. On April 18 the headline of the *Los Angeles Daily Times* read: “Weird Babel of Tongues.” The accompanying article read in part: “Breathing strange utterances and mouthing a creed which it would seem no sane mortal could understand, the newest religious sect has started in Los Angeles. Meetings are held in a tumble-down shack on Azusa street, near San Pedro street, and the devotees of the weird doctrine practice the most fanatical rites, preach the wildest theories, and work themselves into a state of mad excitement in their peculiar zeal. . . . They claim to have ‘the gift of tongues,’ and to be able to comprehend the babel.” (Hayford & Moore, *The Charismatic Century*, pp. 76-77)

The emphasis in that initial expression of the coming of the Holy Spirit was entirely on the nonrational side of the experience—on being seized by the Spirit, speaking in tongues, and praying for and receiving healing. There was as yet no integration of this experience with rational

Christian consciousness. Mainstream Christianity understandably steered clear of it.

But the Pentecostal (i.e. Holy Spirit) movement continued to grow, and as time went on, it inevitably became more structured, more intentionally doctrinal—in short, more rational. In the 1940s and '50s, Oral Roberts carried it forward into mainstream culture, if not mainstream Christianity. Then came the unexpected. In the 1960s, a version of Pentecostalism arose within mainstream Christianity itself. Called the charismatic movement, it featured speaking in tongues, although this was downplayed as a necessary sign of the coming of the Holy Spirit, and healing, although in a restrained form of simple prayer and laying on of hands. It situated itself within the bounds of the mainstream denominations, considering itself a subgroup within the greater whole, rather than requiring its adherents to break with their traditional denominations and join Pentecostal ones. By the 1970s, the charismatic movement had swept through all of mainstream Christianity.

I once dreamed, in words, not images, that charismatics are closer to natural spirituality—that they are potentially more open to it and ready for it—than any other subgroup of Christians. This, I assume, is because the charismatic movement embraced the *mystery* of the Holy Spirit. It was not put off by the Spirit's incomprehensible, nonrational nature. Rather, it celebrated it by seeking to speak in tongues and receive spontaneous healing.

It did not take long, however, for a basic flaw to show up in the charismatic movement. Its adherents often engaged in a zealous fight against evil—against the devil—through prayer. They would gather in prayer groups and take on the darkness that they saw in the world around them. The term “prayer warrior” arose. The flaw in this was that the charismatics tended to see the darkness as being outside of themselves, in others. The charismatic movement gave its members no way to recognize and integrate their own shadows. Thus much conflict was stirred up in congregations as many charismatics began to project their shadows onto non-charismatic Christians, accusing them of being incomplete Christians. Feeling themselves to be the guardians of a recovered true Christianity, the charismatics often attempted to force their congregations to change the tone and practice of public worship to reflect their own charismatic ideals. This set off the shadows of traditional Christians, who all but accused the charismatics of being in league with the devil, or at least of being irrational and cultish.

The charismatic movement kept things stirred up in the mainstream churches through the 1970s and into the '80s, gradually settling down in the 1990s. In the process,

it helped establish healing rites as a somewhat acceptable component of mainstream church services, and prayer groups as a more commonly occurring side activity. Today, however, its presence has greatly waned with the aging of the charismatic generation.

Must we say, then, that the century of the Holy Spirit ended in a fizzle? I would say not. There was one more Holy Spirit movement still to arise in the late twentieth century. In the 1990s, just as the charismatic movement began to fade, the church dream-group movement began to make inroads into mainstream Christianity. So far it has proven to be a more stable development than was the charismatic movement, although only time will tell how long lasting it will be.

Like the charismatic movement, the church dream-group movement cultivates an active, continual awareness of the presence of the Holy Spirit in everyday life, but it does this by applying the spiritual tools of Jungian psychology to the regular occurrence of dreams and synchronicity. Because it meets the nonrational activity of the Holy Spirit at this higher level of rational understanding, the church dream-group movement proceeds with greater consciousness than the charismatic movement did, and it does not seem to be prone to destabilizing congregations. On the contrary, church dream groups for the most part exist smoothly and easily within their congregations, with cordial relations and porous borders between the main body and the dream group. Because they use the tools of Jungian psychology, church dream groups create an environment that keeps front and center the understanding that we all have shadows. Well aware of the human tendency to project one's unrecognized shadow onto another person, church dream groups leave it to other people's own life journeys to bring them to new consciousness in God's own time.

This understanding of shadow and projection, which is vitally important to healthy love, is one of the gifts that dream groups will inevitably bring to the larger congregations of which they are a part. In this and other ways church dream groups seem likely to lead the way toward a greater reception of the Holy Spirit in twenty-first century Christianity. Part III of the Judeo-Christian sacred story, featuring the Holy Spirit, has now been underway for a hundred years. At this point in time, church dream groups seem to be a big part of the story.

Danielsville, GA *Joyce Rockwood Hudson*

*Writer. Dream person. Devoted, irregular Christian. Lover of hymns. Wife. Mother. Grandmother. Have we said writer? Ever more the writer. And hermit. Ever more the hermit. But not solitary. Lover of people.*

# Moving toward Wholeness

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5. Sophia Provides Strength to Surrender to the Self (2005)
6. Dreams and Addiction (2005)
7. Dreams That Help Us Set Boundaries (2006)
8. Dreams and Metaphysics (2006)
9. Towards a Non-Striving Masculine (2007)
10. Dreams and Life after Death II (2007)

### Bob Haden

1. Biblical, Church, and Conversion Dreams (2003)
2. Shadow, Complex, and Projection in Light of the Gospel (2003)
3. How Dreams and Jung Have Helped My Spiritual Journey (2004)
4. Individuation and Dreams in the Life of Thomas Merton (2004)
5. Three Prophetic Dreams, 1890 (2005)
6. Dante's Divine Comedy and the Individuation Process (2006)
7. How Dreams and Jung Have Helped Me as a Priest (2007)

### Jeremy Taylor

1. Six Principles of Group Dreamwork (2004)
2. Dream Recall and Hints for Working with Your Dreams (2005)
3. Children's Dreams and Nightmares (2005)
4. Dreams and the Evolution of Consciousness (2006)
5. Lucid Dreams (2006)
6. Dreamwork To Solve Societal Problems (2007)

### Joyce Rockwood Hudson

1. Why Dreamwork Needs the Church & the Church Needs Dreamwork (2003)
2. What Individuation Really Looks Like (2003)
3. Dreams, Parables, and the Kingdom of Heaven (2004)
4. Individuation and the Pearl of Great Price (2004)
5. Why Dreams? Why Us? Why Now? Exploring THE DA VINCI CODE (2005)
6. Dreams of Everlasting Life: The Gospel according to the Paraclete (2005)
7. A Christian Toolkit for the 21st Century (2006)
8. Dreams and Our Need for Story (2006)
9. Jesus and the Book of Wisdom (2007)

### Others

1. The Spiral of Transformation, Diana McKendree (2007)
2. Working with the Language of Dreams, Robert Hoss (2006)
3. Working with Color in Dreams, Robert Hoss (2006)
4. The Dreams of Gilgamesh, Cathy Smith Bowers (2007)
5. Three Church Dream Group Movements, Haden, Hudson, Smith (2003)
6. Walking the Walk: Church Dream Groups, Haden, Hudson, Smith (2006)

# Natural Spirituality Regional Gathering

*Supporting Christian Dream Work*

February 13–15, 2009 (or come for Feb. 14 only)

Mikell Conference Center, Toccoa, Georgia



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, opportunities for meditative movement, contemplative prayer, and worship—and time for relaxation and fellowship. 2009 staff includes **Bob Haden**, **Joyce Rockwood Hudson**, **Jerry Wright**, **Agnes Parker**, **Heidi Simmonds**, **Bob Hoss**, **Diana McKendree**, **Chelsea Wakefield**, **Cathy Smith Bowers**, and more.

This interdenominational conference is sponsored by dream groups in Province IV of the Episcopal Church. Camp Mikell is located in the mountains of North Georgia.

**Saturday-only fee:** \$25 (includes lunch)

**Weekend fees:** \$145–double; \$210–single (only a few); \$90–dorm (“barracks” bed and bath: Spartan but adequate); \$80—on your own for lodging (fee covers meals and activities). **Register early for Mikell space.** A \$50 reduction in the dorm fee (to \$40) is available upon request to anyone who cannot otherwise attend the conference.

 **Print yourself a registration form online:**  
[www.emmanuelathens.org](http://www.emmanuelathens.org)

Or phone Suzanne Lindsay or email Bekki Wagner  
706/549-5350 • [bekki@fabathens.com](mailto:bekki@fabathens.com)

Registration deadline: January 15, 2009

A HADEN INSTITUTE PROGRAM

## SUMMER DREAM CONFERENCE *God's Forgotten Language*

June 7–12, 2009

Kanuga Conference Center, Hendersonville, NC

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 2009 will be **Susan Sims Smith**, Episcopal priest and Jungian-oriented psychotherapist; **J. Gary Sparks**, Jungian analyst and author of *At the Heart of Matter: Synchronicity and Jung's Spiritual Testament*; **Larry Maze**, Episcopal Bishop of Arkansas, Ret.; **Jeremy Taylor**, Unitarian minister and author of *Where People Fly and Water Runs Uphill*; **Bob Haden**, Episcopal priest and director of the Haden Institute; **Joyce R. Hudson**, author of *Natural Spirituality*; **Diana McKendree**, Jungian-oriented psychotherapist; and **Chelsea Wakefield**, Jungian-oriented social worker and mystics teacher.

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

**FEES:** Per person (program, lodging, meals, and recreational facilities): \$590 double; \$725 single (more singles available this time!); \$485 participating spouse. Commuter fees: \$375 two meals; \$415 three meals. Conference fee due May 1, 2009. \$50 application fee due with registration. **Register early!**

 **Register Online:** [www.hadeninstitute.com](http://www.hadeninstitute.com)

For more information, contact the Haden Institute  
828/693-9292 / [office@hadeninstitute.com](mailto:office@hadeninstitute.com)



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# Conferences and Retreats



## NATURAL SPIRITUALITY REGIONAL GATHERING

*Supporting Christian Dreamwork*

February 13–15, 2009, Toccoa, GA. (One-day option: Feb. 14) Staff includes **Bob Haden, Joyce Rockwood Hudson, Jerry Wright, Bob Hoss**. Offering practical inner-work skills and high-level fellowship. Weekend, or Saturday only. Workshops, music, fireplaces, good food, rustic nature. At Mikell Conference Center in the mountains of North Georgia. See p. 31 for more details.

## MOVING TOWARD WHOLENESS

*Jungian Psychology, Christianity,  
and Other Faiths*

Oct 16–19, 2008. Major presenters: **Barry Williams**, MDiv, PsyD, Jungian analyst; **Mary Watkins**, PhD, archetypal psychologist, author of *Waking Dreams, Invisible Guests*; **Pittman McGehee**, DD, Episcopal priest, Jungian analyst.

*Website, email, phone*

• [www.journeyconferences.com](http://www.journeyconferences.com)

• [info@journeyconferences.com](mailto:info@journeyconferences.com)

• 336-545-1200

See p. 30 for more details.

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All U.S. events take place at Kanuga Conference Center

☐ **Dream Leadership Training.** Next entry deadline: February 1, 2009. See pg. 17 for details.

☐ **Spiritual Direction Training.** Next entry deadline: Sept. 1, 2008. See pg. 17 for details.

☐ **Summer Dream Conference, June 7–12, 2009, Hendersonville, NC.** Key Presenters: **Susan Sims Smith, J. Gary Sparks, Larry Maze, Jeremy Taylor, Bob Haden, Joyce Rockwood Hudson, Chelsea Wakefield, Diana McKendree**. Offerings for beginning and advanced levels. CE credits for counselors. Register early. See pg. 30 for details.

## IONA PILGRIMAGES

*Combining Celtic Spirituality  
& Jungian Psychology*

June 2–14 & Sept. 1–13, 2009  
2009 Theme: *Living with a Thin Place Attitude*

Led by **Dr. Jerry R. Wright**, Jungian analyst, Presbyterian minister; and **J. Philip Newell**, Celtic spirituality scholar, former Warden of Iona Abbey, author of *Listening for the Heartbeat of God*.

Phone: 770-656-3818

E-mail: [jerrywright@comcast.net](mailto:jerrywright@comcast.net)

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