

# The Rose

Inviting Wisdom into our lives and churches

Emmanuel Church ✦ Athens, Georgia

Fall 2009~Winter 2010/Issue 16



Sophia by Nikki Chenault

16

# The Rose

Inviting Wisdom into our lives and churches  
Fall 2009~Winter 2010, Issue 16

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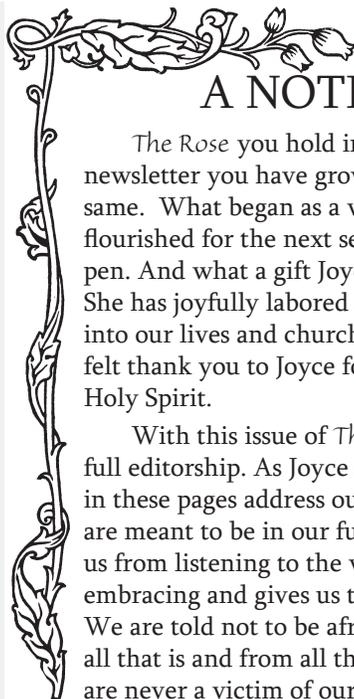
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## A NOTE FROM THE EDITOR

The Rose you hold in your hands may look and feel different from the newsletter you have grown to know and love, but its essence remains the same. What began as a vision of the late Wanda Krewer in January of 2002 flourished for the next seven years under Joyce Hudson's eloquent and skillful pen. And what a gift Joyce has given to the Natural Spirituality community. She has joyfully labored and fluently fulfilled the mission of inviting Wisdom into our lives and churches. I know I speak for all of us when I say a deeply felt thank you to Joyce for her willingness to listen and answer the call of the Holy Spirit.

With this issue of *The Rose*, thorns and all, I mark my first venture into full editorship. As Joyce said it would, a theme has emerged. The gifts offered in these pages address our fear along the journey—fear of becoming who we are meant to be in our full flowering. Often our resistance to wholeness keeps us from listening to the voice of God in our dreams. But take heart, God is all embracing and gives us the inner authority to blow the bugle of consciousness. We are told not to be afraid, for Christ's light radiates in full measure from all that is and from all that shall be. When we move in courageous Love, we are never a victim of our own transformation. Instead, we discover new life on the threshold. There, enfolded in the mezuzah on the doorframes of our psyches, is the proclamation, "Declare God always."

As we journey together, I invite you to share your dreams, synchronicities, artwork, poetry, photography, and reflections within our future pages. I trust that all is unfolding as it should and that the Holy Spirit will continue to move *The Rose* along the path it is meant to follow. May we in *The Rose* community embody the words of the familiar hymn as we sing, "Hearts unfold like flowers before Thee." It is with great thanksgiving that I accept the opportunity to become *The Rose's* new steward. Know, fellow pilgrim, that *The Rose* belongs to you.

Peggy Thrasher Law

## A WORD FROM EMMANUEL

There is one particular phrase that continues to surface in all of the accounts of Jesus' entering into human history and the human condition. We first hear it when John the Baptist is announced. We hear it again when Gabriel appears to Mary. We hear it the third time in Joseph's dream, and finally, it is spoken to the shepherds in the fields.

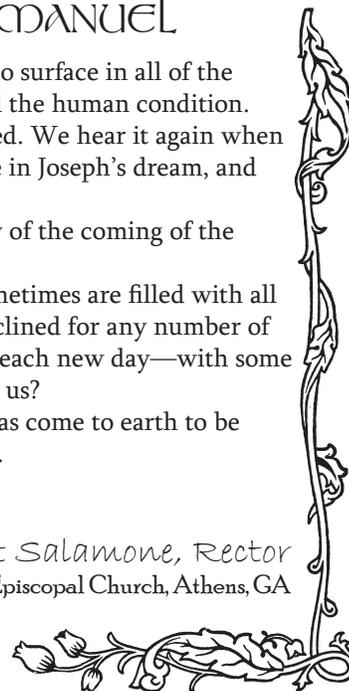
The simple phrase that so dominates the story of the coming of the Christ is just two simple words: "Fear not."

How reassuring are those words to us who sometimes are filled with all kinds of fears and anxieties. Are we not usually inclined for any number of reasons to face each new beginning—maybe even each new day—with some trepidation, not knowing what may lie in store for us?

But there is no cause to fear, because Christ has come to earth to be Immanuel—God with us—to guide and protect us.

Therefore, fear not!

The Rev. Robert Salamone, Rector  
Emmanuel Episcopal Church, Athens, GA



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## What Is The Rose?

The Rose is published twice a year by the Natural Spirituality Group at Emmanuel Episcopal Church in Athens, Georgia. Our mission is to help link together groups and individuals engaged in integrating dreamwork and other authentic aspects of the inner journey into everyday 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 looking at the deeper meaning of Scripture; for poetry and short reflections; for photography and artwork; and for exchanging information about how natural spirituality programs are conducted in different places.

The Rose is offered free of charge and moves freely through the world like grace, like prayer. The symbolism inherent in the image of the rose is deep and layered. Says Marion Woodman, "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." Join us on the journey as we listen for the Wisdom of God.

"Do you hear the bud of Jesus crooning in the cradle?"-Rumi

# Natural Spirituality Programs

LISTED HERE FOR PURPOSES OF NETWORKING are the natural spirituality programs (dream groups based in churches) that we know about at this time. These groups are not stamped from the same mold—each is organized in its own way. Groups that are not on the list are invited to let *The Rose* know of their existence. If there is no group in your area, consider starting one: go to [www.seedwork.org](http://www.seedwork.org) for resources. Programs marked with an asterisk (\*) are new to the list since the last issue of *The Rose*.

## 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  
Coffeehouse Grp. (nondenom.) [501/758-3823], LR  
Pulaski Hgts. United Methodist Church, Little Rock  
St. James' United Methodist Church, Little Rock  
St. Margaret's Episcopal Church, Little Rock  
St. Michael's Episcopal Church, Little Rock  
Trinity Episcopal Cathedral, 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, Dahlongega  
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  
Faith Presbyterian Church, Tallahassee  
\*St. Francis of Assisi Episcopal Church, Gulf Breeze

## ILLINOIS

Grace Episcopal Church, River Forest

## INDIANA

\*Bethany Retreat House, East Chicago

## KENTUCKY

\*Basement Group (nondenom.) [502/352-1704], Frankfort  
Christ Church Cathedral (Episcopal), Lexington

## LOUISIANA

Northminster Church, Monroe  
\*St. Michael's Episcopal Church, Mandeville

## MARYLAND

First Unitarian Church, Baltimore

## MICHIGAN

Grace Episcopal Church, Traverse City

## MINNESOTA

\*St. Nicholas Episcopal Church, Richfield

## 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  
First Baptist Church, Greenville  
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, Murfreesboro  
Second Presbyterian Church, Nashville

## TEXAS

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

## VIRGINIA

Emmanuel Episcopal Church, Virginia Beach

## FRANCE

American Cathedral (Episcopal), Paris

*My Grandfather's Church* by Peggy Thrasher Law

# The House where Natural Spirituality was born.

Watercolor by Charles Hudson

<http://web.me.com/charleshudson>



Emmanuel Church Grounds, 1990's

## What Is Natural Spirituality?

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

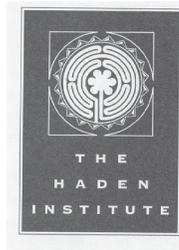
Natural spirituality as a church program was pioneered at Emmanuel Episcopal Church in Athens, Georgia, in 1991. Joyce Rockwood Hudson was the initial teacher in that undertaking, and she eventually wrote a book, *Natural Spirituality: Recovering the Wisdom Tradition in Christianity*, which contains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

Today the growth and spread of natural spirituality programs in churches are supported by *The Rose*, by the training programs of the Haden Institute, by the SeedWork website for online resources, and by conferences and retreats announced in *The Rose*.

## Where To Find Resources

- ✦ *Natural Spirituality* by Joyce Rockwood Hudson  
~[amazon.com](http://amazon.com), or local bookstores by special order
- ✦ Resources for dream groups~ [seedwork.org/dreams.html](http://seedwork.org/dreams.html)
- ✦ Training for dreamgroup leaders~[hadeninstitute.com](http://hadeninstitute.com)
- ✦ Back issues of *The Rose*~[seedwork.org/rose.html](http://seedwork.org/rose.html)
- ✦ Free downloads of conference lectures  
~[seedwork.org/audio.html](http://seedwork.org/audio.html)
- ✦ CDs of conference lectures~email:  
[charles@luckydogaudio.com](mailto:charles@luckydogaudio.com)
- ✦ Contact SeedWork~email: [seedwork@seedwork.com](mailto:seedwork@seedwork.com)
- ✦ Tallulah Lyons~[www.healingpowerofdreams.com](http://www.healingpowerofdreams.com)  
~[www.allthingshealing.com](http://www.allthingshealing.com)

## 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. New classes begin March and August of each year. Apply now to secure a space.

#### Upcoming Dream Training Intensive Dates:

Mar 4–8, 2010 / Aug 26–30, 2010 / Dec 2–6, 2010

Gary Sparks, Jerry Wright, Diana McKendree, and Bob Haden will be the keynoters for the March & August Dream Leader Training intensives. All are Jungian psychotherapists with many years of teaching the dream. Poet Cathy Smith Bowers will help us carry the dream forward with poetry.

### ☐ 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. New classes begin April and September of each year. Apply now to secure a space.

#### Upcoming Spiritual Direction Intensive Dates:

Apr 22–26, 2010/Sept 16–20, 2010/Jan 20–24, 2011

For Canada the next starting time is October, 2010.

Apply now.

Keith Parker, Jerry Wright, Diana McKendree, and Bob Haden will be the keynoters for the April and September Spiritual Direction Training Intensives. All are Jungian psychotherapists as well as ordained clergy with many years of teaching spiritual direction. Poet Cathy Smith Bowers will teach the concept of the “Abiding Image.”

### ☐ Find Out More

Website: [www.hadeninstitute.com](http://www.hadeninstitute.com)

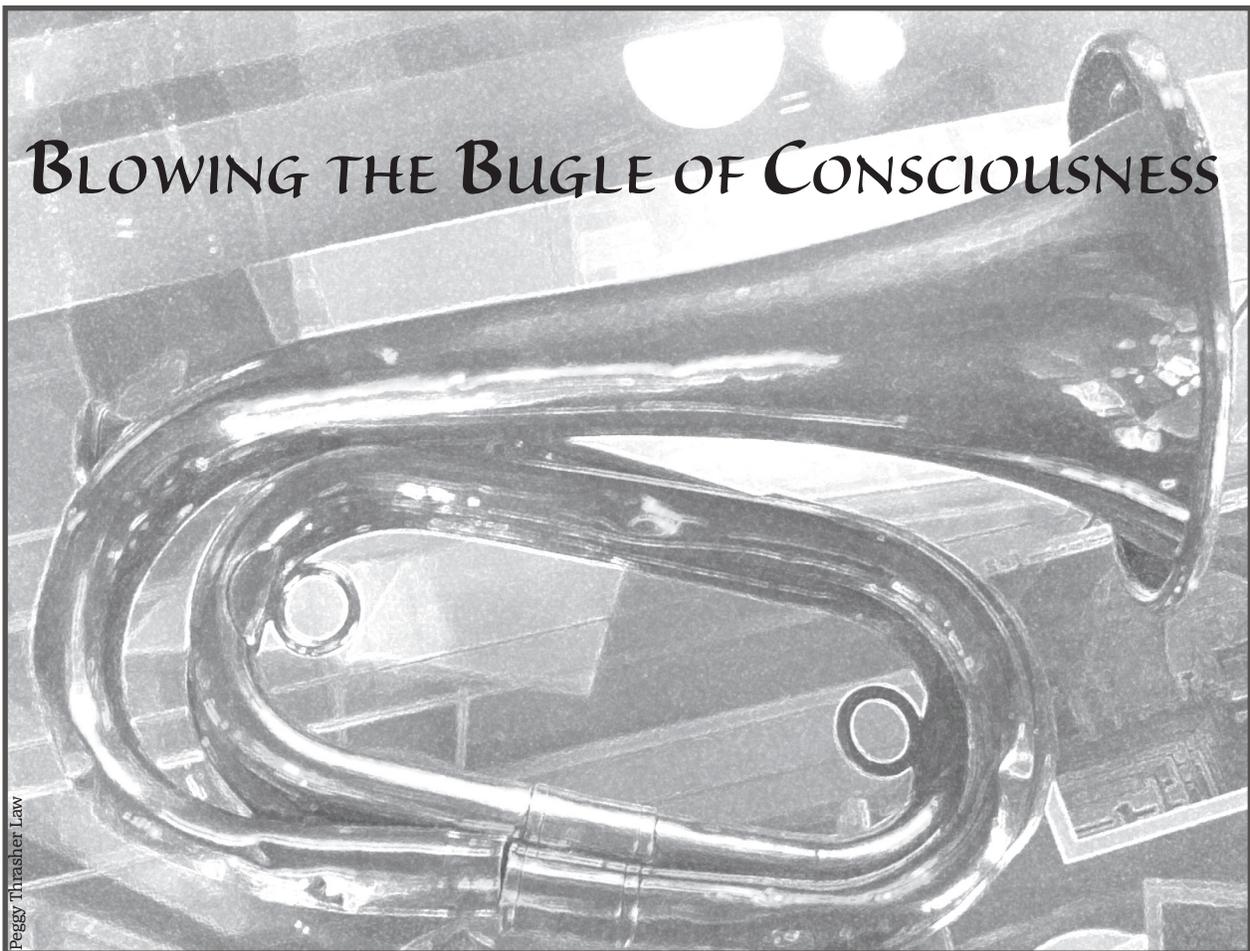
Address: The Haden Institute

PO Box 1793

Flat Rock, NC 28731

Phone: 828-693-9292

Email: [office@hadeninstitute.com](mailto:office@hadeninstitute.com)



This article is excerpted from a lecture given at the Natural Spirituality Gathering held at Camp Mikell, Toccoa, Georgia, February 13-15, 2009

***The problem for the thief is not how to steal the chief's bugle, but where will he play it.***

At first hearing, this ancient African adage may not sound relevant to dreamwork, but found within its message are abundant riches. In order to mine this gem of ancient wisdom, I need to call our attention to several paradoxes related to dreamwork. These paradoxes, I believe, are central to paying attention to our dreams, and to the process of *individuation*, which is the psychological word for the goal we seek when we attend our dreams. In religious or spiritual language, it is the process of becoming fully *incarnated*. Incarnation did not happen just once in the person of Jesus, for Christ is continually revealing what is always and everywhere happening: God is being revealed in and through you and me!

Becoming conscious through dreamwork is very easy, especially if we allow ourselves to play with the images. This is the first pole in the initial paradox. It is relatively easy to begin working with our dreams. It produces "results," so to speak, almost immediately. We can teach four to five universal rules about the nature

and dynamics of the psyche, give a few lenses through which to look at our dreams, and right away we will begin to discover a whole new world which was unbeknownst to us. This new world is a virtual ongoing TV reality series or soap opera, a series of short movies, some of which would get Oscar nominations, some for their beauty, others for their weirdness! We will begin to recognize a whole cast of inner characters, many of whom we would be proud to introduce to our friends, while some of the more unsavory characters we would just as soon leave in the closet!

With just a few dreamwork guidelines, we will begin to spot our shadow in his or her many disguises. Our unconscious masculine energy, or *animus*, and our unconscious feminine energy, or *anima*, will show us images revealing facets of our inner lives that want to be brought into our conscious personality. We can watch for how our nighttime dreams seem to be compensating for our conscious ego attitude. Our un-lived life will reach out to us.

Becoming aware or conscious of this invisible world is easy, especially if we allow ourselves to *play* with the images which are presented to us, because "play" opens and releases the imagination. Play allows us to grasp the symbolic meaning of a dream long before hard, wrinkled-brow, tight-fisted, trying-to-figure-it-out will. Playfulness will open up our awareness to other associations, thereby amplifying the dream images.

This is one reason I like to hear a dream numerous times in both analytic and group settings. On first hearing, I try not to think about it. I just want to allow the images to find me, to wash over me and light where they will. This attitude towards the dream helps me to relax, to be more playful than I would be if I had to think hard about the dream images. I listen first with my right ear, my right brain, so to speak. Some of you have heard me say that I don't think dreams like to be analyzed. Often in analysis true meaning is lost as the dream is reduced to a specimen, puzzle, or object.

Essentially, dream images are pictures of soul. The soul is a shy creature and if you glare at her or bring her into the light too quickly, she goes back into hiding. If the soul feels safe, she will come out to play. Haven't we all experienced a moment, a senior moment perhaps, of forgetting some very common name or place? If we try hard to work at retrieving it, it eludes us. But if we can let go, relax our brow, and turn away for the time being, the word or name will playfully come forth from our storehouse of images.

Creativity is closely related to play. Whether one is a visual artist, poet, novelist, playwright, or dreamworker, one's capacity to allow the imagination to play is a prerequisite for creativity. When a member of our dreamgroup lends us a dream for us to engage in the projective exercise, "If this were my dream," or "In my dream," what makes that process effective, when it is effective, are two things: first, the degree to which each person owns the dream—I mean really owns it—and allows the images to address his or her own ego consciousness; and second, the capacity of the group to play with the images. It is then that it becomes very creative, and potentially most helpful, to the dreamer, who is off to the side, having loaned us his or her dream for exploration.

We call this endeavor *dreamwork*. But *dream-play*, or *dream-dance*, might be a more accurate, or at least a more inviting, way to describe this enterprise in which we are engaged. We have *work-shops*. Maybe we need to change them to *play-shops*.

We think of God working six days and then resting or playing only on the seventh. But creative play was and is a part of all creation. Why else would God have made rhinoceroses, or skunks, or duck-billed platypuses, or given human beings such weird appendages as ears and toes? You know God laughed when God added those at the last minute! One of my colleagues shared with me a picture of Jesus laughing. It is such an unusual visage that it was startling at first glance.

Too often religion and spirituality are equated with excessive seriousness. We remain recipients of the stoic, prudish, guilt-ridden Middle Ages and the earlier notion that we are infected with "original sin." When avoiding the fires of hell is our chief concern, no wonder it is hard for us to have a playful attitude!

While becoming conscious through dreamwork is very easy, especially if we allow ourselves to play with the images, living the dream and living consciously is the hardest work we will ever do. This is the other pole of the paradox. We become aware of the message but find it difficult to heed its wisdom in our daily walk. Integrating the new information about our more whole self into consciousness, into a new image of ourselves, and then into our actual behavior is not an easy matter. It is so very difficult, and that is why it is taking us so long, individually and collectively, to grow up and to begin to behave like adults in partnership with God. That is why it is taking us so long to live the invitation of the Rilke poem, "God Speaks to Each of Us," wherein God, having created us, says to us:

*Go to the limits of your longing.*

*Embody me.*

*Flare up like flame*

*and make big shadows I can move in.*

*Let everything happen to you: beauty and terror.*

*Just keep going. No feeling is final.*

*Don't let yourself lose me.*

*Nearby is the country they call life.*

*You will know it by its seriousness.*

*Give me your hand.*

Ranier Maria Rilke, *Book of Hours: Love Poems to God*.  
Translated by Anita Barrows and Joanna Macy

Attempting to live consciously is serious work! And yet becoming aware or conscious is easy, especially if we allow ourselves to play. Therein lies the paradox.

A second or related paradox at the core of dreamplay or dreamwork is this: consciousness is both a gift to the ego, and a theft by the ego. From a Jungian perspective, it is proposed that the unconscious psyche or soul has a dynamic desire to become conscious, or to come into consciousness. At the direction of the Self, the unconscious is constantly and continually reaching out to the ego for relationship by revealing itself to the ego in countless creative ways, sliding through the cracks in our slips of the tongue, in humor, in our forgetting, in synchronistic events, in some of our emotional and bodily symptoms, in the events of our outer world, and in the stories and myths of every nation and tribe.

The unconscious is continually revealing itself in our nighttime dreams, in our daytime fantasies, and through our imagination as we attend our dreams. In these ways the psyche or soul speaks, as it were, in its native language, the language of symbol or image. Said Meister Eckhart, "When the soul wishes to express herself, she throws out before her an image, and enters into the image." As we engage the image, we are engaging soul. That is why we stress so much the role of the imagination: *imag(e)-i-nation*. The unconscious, or soul, is a virtual "Nation of Images," and it is

revealed partly through the human imagination.

These images come to us unbidden and uninvited. They are pure *gift* and not created by the ego. Consciousness is a gift from the unconscious. That is half of the pair of opposites, half of the truth, so to speak, because consciousness is also a *theft* on the part of the ego.

**T**here is a part of the unconscious which does not want to come into the light; it prefers to stay unconscious and did, so to speak, for millions, even billions of years. Human consciousness is a relatively new kid on the block, and while a part of the unconscious celebrates this new faculty, another part of the unconscious deems consciousness an interloper. This conservative dynamic of the psyche is experienced as a regressive pull, an effort to keep the ego personality in the dark, so to speak, to keep it little, dis-empowered, and dependent.

It is this aspect of the unconscious (which is an aspect of nature) which causes us to forget our dreams, discourages us, whispers all kinds of poison into our ears, evokes fears, and even at this moment may be whispering, “Oh this is so complicated, don’t listen to all this, you will never understand it all anyway. Forget it!” In depth psychology and in many myths or fairy tales, this part of the unconscious is often imaged as the Devouring Mother or Father, the Dragon, the Witch, the Troll, the Sinister Old Man who dismembers, the Evil King or Queen, or the Evil Stepmother. The presence of any of these characters is an effort by the unconscious to image an invisible force which seems hostile to consciousness.

Although the regressive pull of the unconscious, which seems intent on keeping us little, is general to all humanity, it can sometimes take the form of our individual *complexes*. These are those part-personalities, or sub-personalities, which probably served us well in an earlier stage of life but which eventually block us from growing up completely if we do not get to know them and bring them to consciousness. When these splinter personalities get awakened, they take over our otherwise mature ego functioning, and we begin to act like a two-year-old. The ego’s difficult position between these two opposite dynamics is actually necessary to our psychological life, because it is this tension which gives life its energy and power.

Carl Jung reminds us that coming to consciousness is a kind of “theft” from the darkness of the unconscious. At one point he calls consciousness a work against nature, *opus contra naturum*, a work against that pole of the unconscious which wants to stay hidden. This is a not a work against the natural outer world of nature and environment, of course, but against that part of our inner, invisible nature which would just as soon remain in the dark, and which for millions of years remained so until the gift of reflective consciousness arrived on the scene. It is one pole of a pair of opposites.

Remember, though, that the new insight—or the new knowledge of ourselves which appears in a dream, the image of some aspect of our wholeness—does not disappear if it falls back into the unconscious. Rather it reforms and makes another incursion into consciousness in another dream or projection or fantasy or synchronicity. The unconscious does not have a digestive tract! Nothing is ever lost. Says Jung: “When some value falls out of consciousness, it reappears in the form of compensation.” Most dreams, then, are compensatory dreams, efforts on the part of the unconscious to balance the conscious attitude.

If one is to become conscious, then, the ego has to engage in thievery. Coming to consciousness is a kind of *theft* from this withholding aspect of the unconscious, and a *theft* from the old complexes, the Old Ruler, the Old King or Queen who has been calling the shots in the castle which is our personality. A complex acts like an Old Chief who rules behavior. To break the power of the old order, one has to become conscious of that part-personality, engage it with consciousness, and steal its bugle, so to speak, and blow a different tune. Consciousness, then, is both a gift to the ego and a theft by the ego.

**T**he problem for the thief is not how to steal the Old Chief’s bugle, but where will he play it? This is the ultimate problem for us, the dreamer, as well. This is where dreamwork changes from being play and begins to be the arduous, scary work required of us if we are to grow up, move along our path of individuation, become more fully ourselves, claim more inner freedom, and follow the Narrow Way, or individuation path, of which Jesus spoke.

The problem for the dreamer is not how to steal the Old Chief’s bugle, but where will he or she play it! *Of course, we have to play it in the presence of the Old Chief*, the old complex, which heretofore has kept us frozen, stuck, or feeling little, inadequate, or powerless. To blow our bugle, the one freely given up by the unconscious, and at the same time the one we have stolen, requires that we blow it in the face of an old FEAR.

Each time we are given a new knowledge or truth about ourselves to integrate, each time we are shown a deeper insight about life, about relationships, or about God, we have to face an old fear. In fear we repeatedly turn or look away, give up on dreamwork, stop therapy or analysis, quit our dreamgroup, or return to old habits which do not serve us well but are at least familiar. We begin to make excuses for not being able to move ahead, excuses for not being willing to make changes. This is where we might hear ourselves or others say, “I just can’t do it.”

My five-year-old granddaughter was visiting a couple of weeks ago, and I said something using the word “can’t.” She said with passion, “Papa, don’t use that word. We buried it at school today! We went outside with our teacher and buried *can’t*. We don’t use that word anymore!” Now that’s a very creative teacher! What

other word or words that no longer serve us well do we need to bury? Words that keep us little, or stuck? Words that reinforce old worn-out images of ourselves? What self image that no longer serves us well might we bury in a ritual?

Of course, “I can’t” often means “I am not willing,” or most often, “I am afraid.” Our fears are many, but there are two which universally describe the human condition or experience. Though we all have “smaller” fears which stalk us from behind or stand before us in our path, each of us has our own version of two core fears: fear of abandonment and fear of annihilation.

Our internal dialogue may sound like this when we fear abandonment: “If I do this or that, or say this or that, I will be left, I will end up alone. If I behave this way, or say my truth, they will not accept me; they will reject me, or think I am weird. If I express my truth about God, faith, Jesus, I will no longer belong, or belong in the same way. If I choose to do this, my husband, or wife, will not love me, or may leave me.”

We fear annihilation. We think, “If I choose this, I will be figuratively killed, wiped out. I need or want to do this or that, but I feel inadequate. I don’t know enough. I am not smart enough. I don’t have the resources required. I feel powerless. Life is too big for me! If I really speak my truth, I will be condemned and crucified by my friends, my church, by the fundamentalists out there, or by the fundamentalist judge who still resides in me. If I start exercising my power, which my dreams show me clearly is available to me, then I will have to give up an image of myself as helpless. Plus, more will be expected of me! I will have to be responsible for my life and future! And who wants to grow up? If I accept the fact that it is no longer my biological parents who are hindering my getting on with my life, as my dreams have shown me, then I will have to own my own fears, and that’s too threatening. It’s much safer to blame someone or something outside of me for my being stuck.”

I know, I have really gone to meddling now! But it’s only because I am familiar with my version of these fears. We all have them. They are part of our humanity, but most of us have a lot of shame around acknowledging them. We have been taught that if we have faith, we will not be afraid. Wrong! Faith and hope are exercised *in the face of* our fears and doubts, not in their absence.

“**T**he problem for the thief is not how to steal the chief’s bugle, but where will he play it!”

What is the chief virtue required in our psychological and spiritual lives? What is the chief virtue necessary to play and work with our dreams so that we may integrate their contents into our behavior, into our conscious lives in order to become fully incarnated? It is the virtue of Courage. You may have thought I would say Love, and that is a close second. If we want to preserve the

wisdom found in I Corinthians 13 that the greatest of all is Love, then we might add the adjective, Courageous Love. There are some forms of love which don’t entail a lot of risk, and therefore do not require the virtue of courage. For example, kindness is a form of love, but may not require much risk. Benevolence and generosity may be forms of love, but do not necessarily require a great deal of risk or sacrifice, especially if we have a lot of money or goods left over. I want to propose that courage is the highest virtue, especially when we are asked to blow the bugle of our emerging truth about ourselves and our faith and our world in the face of the Old Chief, the old fear, the ruler of the old order, without or within.

Now, there is a difference in blowing our bugle and just blowing off! Blowing our bugle requires us to face our inner fears and not foist them onto the outer world. Listening carefully to the notes sounded, we can tell the difference between “blowing the bugle of truth” and simply “blowing off.” Tolstoy said it this way: “There is only one infallible guide: that voice which whispers to us to draw closer to one another.” All other voices, or horn-blowers, are not to be trusted.

**F**inally, here may be the greatest paradox of all: the Old Chief, the old complex, the old fear, has left the bugle out in the open, knowing we were coming to steal it! The old fear is colluding with the ego to steal the bugle and to sound a new note, because the old complex, the old fear, is tired and worn out from exercising so much power for so long. It wants to retire from its place in the psyche. It is old, wrinkled, and exhausted; it wants to go to the Bahamas!

However, the Old Chief, because it is a servant of the Self, is also wise and does not give over his or her power too easily or too soon. If it did that, it would infantilize the ego, keep it little. The old fear requires the ego to step toward it, into it, to take the risk which makes it possible then for the old fear to release its power in the form of courage. Our old fears are the seedbed or breeding ground of courage. That is why we are required to go into them, to break through our denials, to stop pretending that we are not afraid. Of course we are afraid! We are human beings after all, not little gods. We are finite. We are little corks bobbing on the expansive ocean of existence. If we are not afraid, we are either in denial or leading a very small life!

As we bring consciousness to our fears, the energy tied up in our fears can be *transformed* into courage. That is the transformational power of consciousness and part of the wonderful wisdom of the psyche or soul: when it is faced, that which seemed to be a foe turns out to be a friend. Courage is the gift received by choosing to face our fears.

There is another subtlety. The ego, when afraid, wants to play Let’s Make a Deal. The conversation goes something like this: “I will step toward and into you, Fear, if you will respond by giving me Courage. Do we have a deal?” Fear says, “No deal. You are

not honoring me, because there is no risk.” The ego tries again: “OK, give me Courage, and then I will step toward you.” Fear: “No deal. What is the risk in that?” The ego tries again: “Fear, I will wait until I have Courage before stepping toward you.” Fear responds: “You will be waiting a long time!” The ego has to take the risk and step toward and into the fear, not knowing if courage will show up or not. It is the last place the ego wants to go, and the ego uses all kinds of defenses to keep from going there. But courage will not be made manifest until the ego has done its part.

James Hollis, author and Jungian analyst, has said, “Each morning when I awake, there are two gremlins nibbling at my toes, Fear and Lethargy, and I have to take them on every morning or they will eat me up.” Each of us has our version of that experience. Each of us has a list of questions that we could affix with magnets on the refrigerator of our minds:

- What is the fear that besets me, the fear that stalks me from behind or stands in my path, the fear that holds the seeds of my larger life?
- What part of my unlived life are my dreams begging me to embrace?
- What are my dreams showing me of me that I am afraid of owning?
- What might it mean to steal the bugle and blow it?
- If I play the bugle of my truth, if I live my truth, or choose to act on my truth, how will *they* (the audience to whom I play my life) respond?
- If I play my bugle, who will be unhappy with me? Who will be delighted?
- If I don’t play my bugle, where will its sadness go? (Symptoms of anxiety, depression, and so on.)
- If I don’t play my bugle, what song will my friends, my family, my children, my world have missed?

The writer, Dawna Markova, who is a cancer-survivor, wrote a poem the night her father died, as she says, “with a shrug.” He lived what she experienced as an uninteresting, small, safe, banal, fear-filled existence. In the middle of the night, she woke with a start, sat up in bed, and thought, “I will not live an unlived life!” And she wrote this poem:

## I Will Not Live an Unlived Life

I will not live an unlived life.  
 I will not live in fear  
 Of falling or catching fire.  
 I choose to inhabit my days, to allow my living to open me,  
 To make me less afraid, more accessible;  
 To loosen my heart  
 Until it becomes a wing,  
 A torch, a promise.  
 I choose to risk my significance,  
 To love  
 So that which came to me as seed  
 Goes next to blossom,  
 And that which came to me as blossom,  
 Goes on to fruit.



Close with this blessing by John O’Donohue:

May I have courage today  
 To live the life I would love,  
 to postpone my dream no longer  
 But do at last what I came here for  
 And waste my heart on fear no more

So be it.

The Rev. Jerry R. Wright

Flat Rock, NC

*Jerry R. Wright is a Jungian analyst in private practice in Flat Rock, NC. When not sitting with clients, teaching at the Haden Institute, or leading pilgrimages to sacred places like Iona, Scotland, he can be found on some nearby hiking trail in the North Carolina mountains.*

**God** said, "Remember how it feels to jump?"

And I looked at him blankly.

"Well...you mean me?"

"Remember," he intoned patiently.

He certainly knew I didn't want to remember—

He being God and all.

"Jump." Not so temperate this time.

"Uh...could I ask...?"

"Yes."

"To?"

"Everything."

"My," I responded, rather unremarkably.

"You're stalling."

"Well, you'd know that of course. Okay, okay. Just let me  
get my head around ..."

"No time."

"Pardon?"

"No time for that with jumping."

"But...You still want me to?"

"Trust in ME."

And sensing no argument left,

I leapt.

It was like falling into my own arms  
and His at the same time.

"Yes."

I could hear Him now.

"Yes."

Then,

"You remembered."

Who she was.

"Who you are."

I remembered.

"How to jump."

Yes.

How

To

Jump.



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Suzanne Reamy

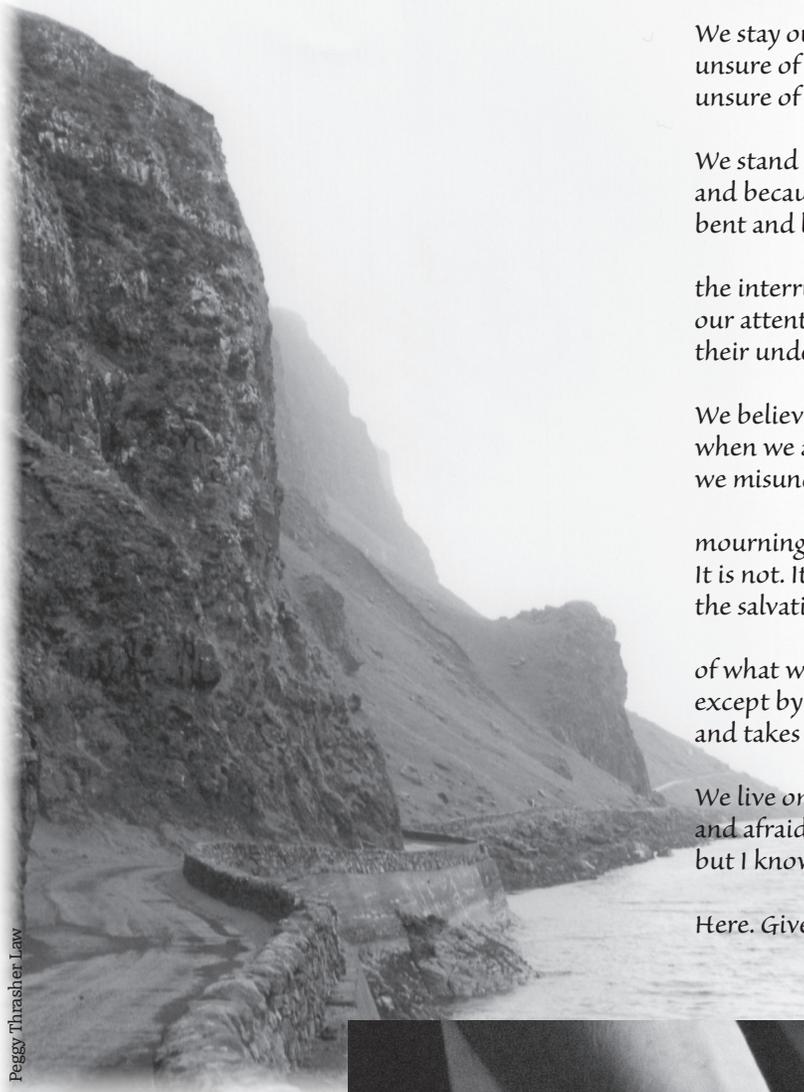
Emeryville, CA

*Suzanne is currently living near Berkeley, California, attending the Church Divinity School of the Pacific. Her most recent jump was to sell her house and most of her worldly possessions to travel across country and pursue a masters degree in Theological Studies. As she awaits divine revelation as to how she will use her newly gained education, she is happy for now to be reading, studying, and exploring.*

Janet Robertson

Athens, GA

*Although she received her art degree from Lynchburg College in 1970, it seems that the only time Janet gets to do an illustration is when someone gives her an assignment. She's been doing assignments for Peggy Law since they danced together in the '80s in a wonderful modern dance company called Wingspace. Janet has a day job as an adjunct faculty member in the UGA Department of Dance, and her "hubby & hobby" are with the Town & Gown Players of Athens.*



## The edge of things

We stay out here on the edge of things,  
unsure of the names given to all that lives,  
unsure of our own names.

We stand outside because of fear  
and because we are sure that we will be  
bent and broken by engaging

the interruptions that capture  
our attention with their immensity,  
their undeniable urgency and power.

We believe it is easier to mourn  
when we are far away and that is our mistake—  
we misunderstand the nature of that

mourning. We believe it is for our sake.  
It is not. It is for the sake,  
the salvation of Mystery,

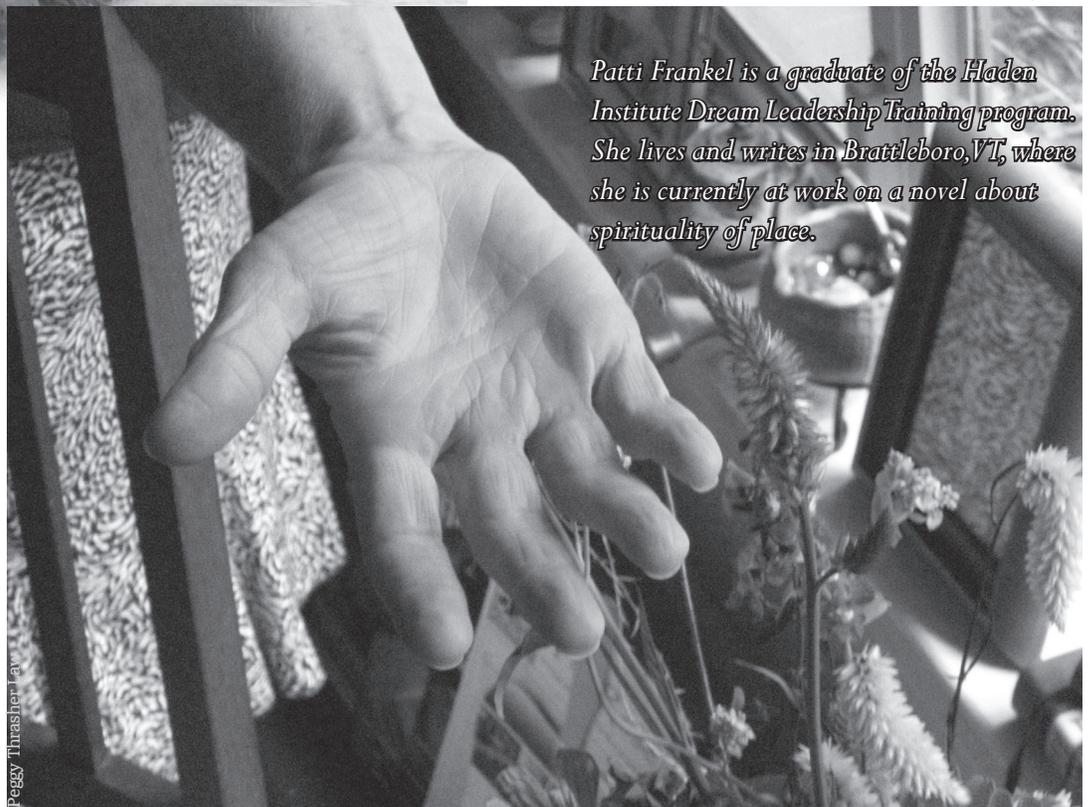
of what we cannot approach  
except by a holy route that takes us,  
and takes from us our certainty.

We live on the edge of things, frail  
and afraid. I do not know any answers  
but I know that a clasped hand feels.

Here. Give me yours.

Patti Frankel

Brattleboro, VT



*Patti Frankel is a graduate of the Haden Institute Dream Leadership Training program. She lives and writes in Brattleboro, VT, where she is currently at work on a novel about spirituality of place.*

# John 6

## VIGILS

I could be the only person  
on the planet:  
the last woman left  
The fog hovers low this morning—  
the proverbial blanket  
A misty, closed-in day...  
cold  
Wild grass bends on the hillside  
beaded with crystal raindrops  
The valley before me,  
a wide green sea, ends  
in a line of trees and gray sky  
A thousand Fraser firs  
crisscross the valley  
like latticework  
And I'm here alone

seeking Jesus

## LAUDS

On this shore  
where no boat waits  
I wonder about the other side  
I sit in outer silence  
but in my head  
thoughts run amuck  
There is no peace in advent waiting  
only smoky grays, forest greens,  
and the still trees  
No Ruach rushes me shoreward,  
neither an inner drive—  
I am awake to the stillness

A plane engine drones somewhere  
above and to the east



## VESPERS

The leaden sky sits on the tree tops  
This moment is an eternal one  
The cold pricks my flesh,  
but of what avail is flesh?  
It is "spirit and life" that echoes  
in the ears of my heart  
A miracle from barley loaves and fish,  
one child's lunch  
offered for the greater good?  
I eat the bread  
Eternity in one moment

Do not be afraid

## COMPLINE

Only silence remains,  
one candle lit to signify the day's end  
Sleep will come soon  
and lead into dreams  
and then another day  
Are there more hard sayings  
to fall upon my ears?  
I listen and yearn to believe  
that herein the miracle is reproduced  
and manna falls from heaven

once more



Janet Atkins

Greenville, SC

*Janet Atkins is a twenty-eight year veteran of the English Literature classroom. She believes strongly in the words of Rainer Maria Rilke, "Explore transformation throughout." She lives with her husband and their three dogs in the foothills of South Carolina where she gardens, writes poetry, and directs the St. James Center for Spiritual Development.*

# Swimming

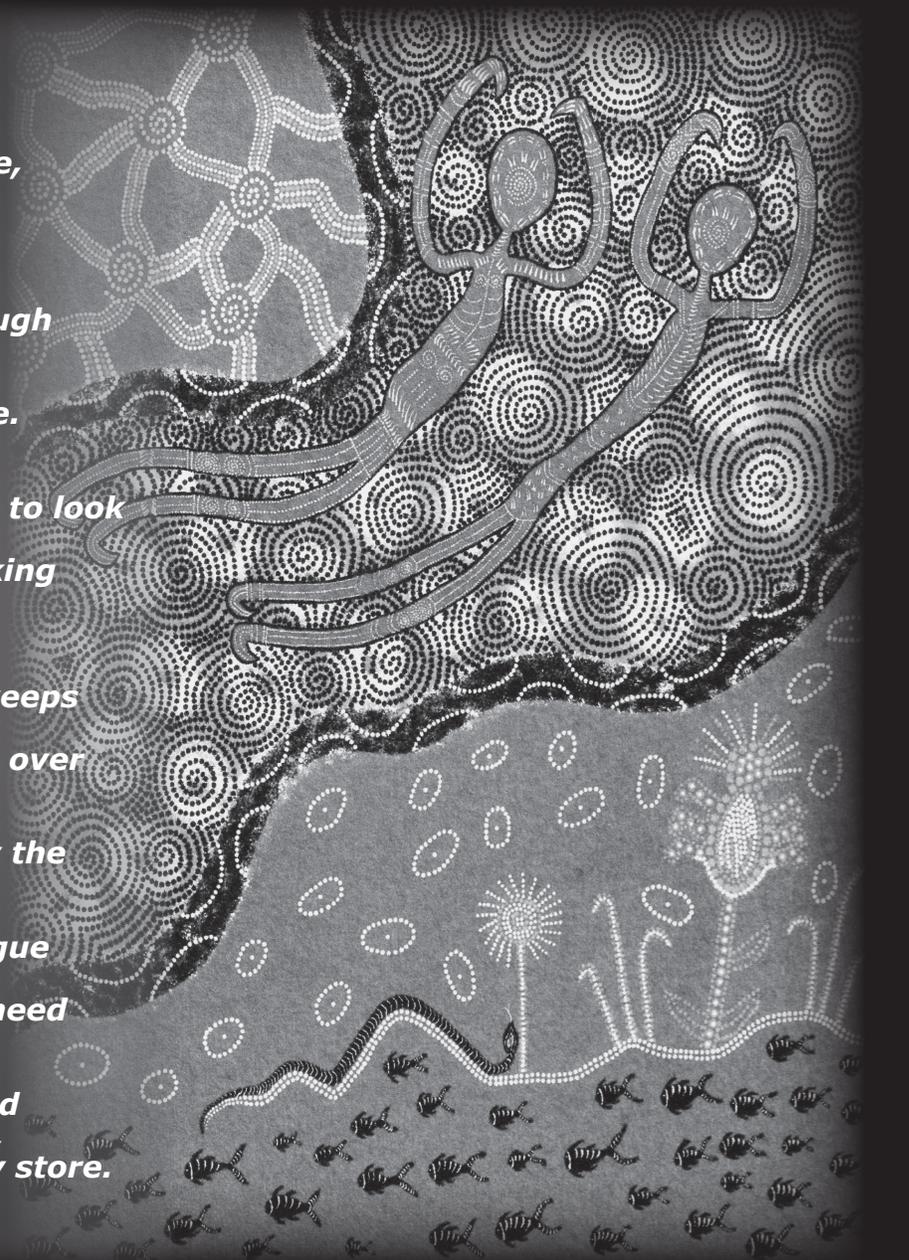
*Swimming the ocean,  
one mile and it's done,  
laps from buoy to shore  
and back again.  
Strong man swimming—  
strong woman, too,  
powerful arms pulling through  
the dark water  
with no hesitation  
with no struggle.*

*It's not for me, this task,  
yet so compelling it is to look  
into the murky waters  
that I find myself looking  
out of them instead,  
standing in the ocean  
at lap's end.*

*The mass of shifting sand keeps  
creatures from my toes  
as it hands me safely over  
to the shoreline.*

*Then—an offer extended by the  
strong man.  
I may swim alongside,  
holding on when fatigue  
or fear overtake.  
And when I do, there's no need  
to count the laps.*

*Swimming now in shadowed  
ocean swells, my arms pull,  
another's strength my store.  
We swim parallel  
from buoy to shore.*



**Unity by Alison Buchanan-Junuy Maruwan**

Gumbaynggir Aboriginal artist from  
Nambucca Heads, Australia

Tina Whitfield

Murfreesboro, TN

Tina Whitfield is a life-long Episcopalian living in Murfreesboro, TN, where she explores inner work with her dream group from St. Paul's Church. A retired early-childhood teacher, she appreciates God's beautiful creation while gardening in her backyard, painting, and caring for family.

# CUT IRISH

Sunday afternoon.  
The old mother wound  
Seeping.

Morning spent in festal singing,  
Transfiguration Sunday, then  
All dressed up and nowhere to go.

The house dark and cold  
Empty save for my husband and boy  
Hunched over computers.  
Jumbled memories assault me.  
I think, there should be others,  
A noisy gaggle of people,  
The smell of roast pork with apples and onions,  
Laughter and wine.

I try, too little, too late, to recruit  
My mother, my daughter. Where are they?  
Not just them, but all my kin  
Living and dead. Dispersed, not here,  
An absence so dense I cannot breathe.

The phone rings. My beloved aunt's voice  
All the way from Maine. "I dreamt of you  
Last night," she says, "it wasn't anything dramatic,  
Just the two of us, sitting down and having tea."  
I hang on to every word, to the timbre of her  
familiar  
Voice as if I were a miner trapped underground,  
Her voice the rescuer's lamp, the oxygen flowing  
Through the phone.

"I was thinking of you, too," I say, the hard  
pressure in  
My chest lifting.  
"Well, that's how it is," she says, "with us  
Cut Irish."

Sara Baker

Athens, GA

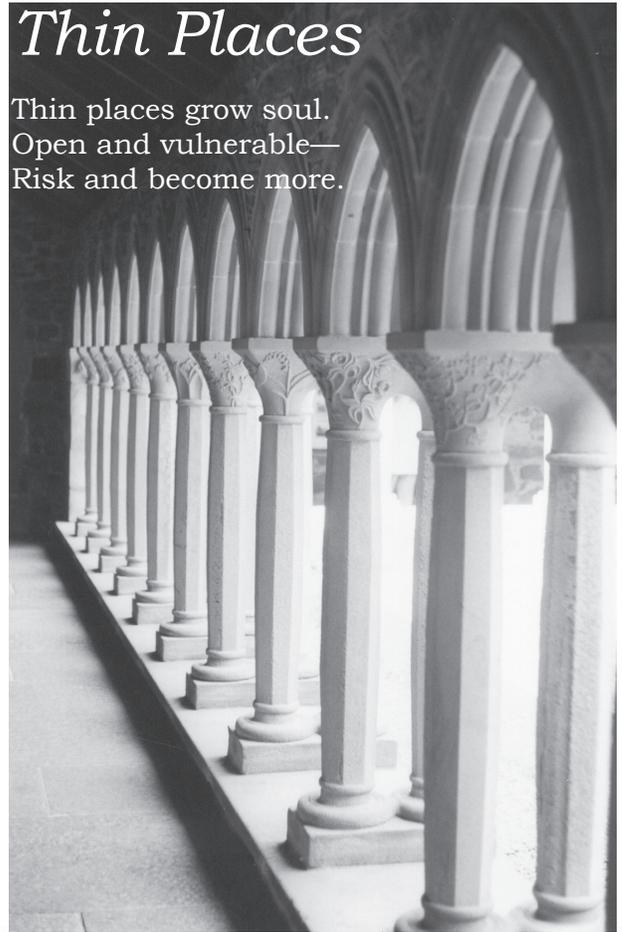


Peggy Thrasher Law

*Sara Baker is a poet and fiction writer. She teaches writing as a means of healing for the Lorán Smith Center for Cancer Support in Athens, Georgia. This work has been and continues to be a great privilege and a great teacher. She is blessed to have been part of the early years of Natural Spirituality at Emmanuel Church in Athens, where she was given bread for the journey which sustains her to this day.*

## Thin Places

Thin places grow soul.  
Open and vulnerable—  
Risk and become more.



Jona, 1996, Peggy Thrasher Law

## Ruins

Nunnery ruins  
Housing God's growing image  
Open to new life.

Heidi Simmonds

Athens, GA

*Heidi is a graduate of the Dream Leader Training Program at the Haden Institute. She is a co-leader of the Natural Spirituality Program at Emmanuel Episcopal Church in Athens, GA, where she leads three dream groups. She and her husband Andy traveled this summer with Jerry Wright on pilgrimage to the island of Iona in the Western Isles of Scotland.*

**T**he little island on Iona in the Western Isles of Scotland is known as one of Britain's most historic holy places. It was there in the sixth century that St. Columba established his mission from Ireland. Iona is remembered as the cradle of Christianity for much of Scotland and northern England. It is a very beautiful Hebridean island and has been described as a "thin place," in which the material realm is only thinly separated from the spiritual.  
**(Celtic Prayers from Iona, J. Philip Newell)**

# The Sun Wheel— A Path to the Light of Christ



*The Sun Wheel has helped teach me that there is no separation from Christ and all life, for there is no place on this beautiful planet where His arms do not enfold all sentient life.*

*Sun Wheels overlooking the valley at Camp Mitchell in Arkansas.  
Photograph by Paula Engelhorn.*

IT IS HARD TO ADMIT THAT I AM A VISIONARY. Even in my Natural Spirituality group, it is far easier to say, “I had a dream last night,” than to say, “I had a vision yesterday.” Visionary. It simply is not an acceptable term in this day and age. I am not sure when visions went out of fashion, possibly as long ago as Biblical times. In Proverbs 29:18 we are reminded of the importance of visions, “Where there is no vision the people perish.” Perhaps now is the time to rediscover, with the same enthusiasm we now give to dream work, that there is wisdom to be gleaned from our unfolding visions. Both dreams and visions are significant in the ever evolving Christian path.

Visions are waking dreams. They are not extraordinary, and those of us who have them are not strange, weird, or special. Through visions, as in nighttime dreams, one is able to enter the unconscious. Visions present to us meaningful avenues that we may follow while on the spiritual quest for wholeness. Joyce Rockwood Hudson writes in her book, *Natural Spirituality: Recovering the Wisdom Tradition in Christianity*, “Whether dream, vision, or synchronicity, experiences of inner reality are essentially the same and require the same response from us if we are to gain from them the gifts they offer. That response is to stand firmly in rational consciousness while opening to the nonrationality of the unconscious.” It is not easy to stand firmly in rational consciousness and fly into the realm of visions. Yet, this is what is required of us if our visions are to be realized and become more than pretty mind pictures.

Once a year for more than twenty years, I have travelled to the desert in the Southwest to learn to sit on the earth and listen to the wind songs blowing in the spaces and places in a land filled with red rock and peaceful sounds. In the quiet of the desert, the Sun Wheel and its symbolism was unfolded before me. The earth became my rational conscious ground, as did Native American teachings, which gave me the courage to listen to the unfolding visions of the Sun Wheel.

In the Native American tradition, the Sun Wheel is a circle of energy that can be represented on the earth with stones. It encompasses a numerical system of one and twelve, and it is a rainbow wheel of color. In the pattern there is one stone at the center, which represents light, with twelve spokes of energy going out to the twelve colored stones at the circumference of the Wheel. Different traditions have different names for wheel formations. Native Americans call them Medicine Wheels.

When I go to the desert, I drive to the same place I have always gone, twenty-five miles from Monument Valley to the base of a rock mountain, where I pray and meditate until I hear the wind songs coming out of the piercing silence of the desert. It took years of careful listening in the silence to understand the name and structure of the Sun Wheel. Over time my visions of the Sun Wheel have expanded to embrace my Christian belief system. I now experience the Sun Wheel as another path to Christ, as another way to touch the earth and to know that all life is held in the arms of Christ. The Sun Wheel has helped

teach me that there is no separation from Christ and all life, for there is no place on this beautiful planet where His arms do not enfold all sentient life.

I am privileged to find myself a seminarian. Some say I am “too old” for this, but God does not seem to care that I am on the brink of old age. As I study and learn, there is a constant rhythm, like a heartbeat, running through all that I do. I have intuitively known for a very long time that there are many connections and associations between the Sun Wheel and Christianity. Slowly, with the benefit of both age and seminary study, these connections have begun to appear more clearly to me.

In seminary my thoughts always return to the Sun Wheel as my listening ear receives new information that helps weave the tradition of the Sun Wheel into the Christian fabric. Often, when I least expect it, another thread is given for the developing tapestry. When I hear parts of lectures connecting the meaning of the Sun Wheel with Judeo-Christian thought, I sit straight up, listen harder, and take notes more intently. The professors, who seem to know nothing of the Sun Wheel, never notice these times when I perk up in their lectures and lean forward. But my heart is singing as I recognize the new strand.

A lecture I heard in an Old Testament class revealed to me a strong connection between Jewish thought and the Sun Wheel’s ancient archetypal pattern, which is pointedly described in an early Jewish tradition. Just as Christianity has its foundation in Judaism, so too does the Sun Wheel share a cornerstone with Jewish traditions. I believe this to be true because archetypes of lasting value always have roots connecting them to other traditions. In this Old Testament lecture my professor painted a word picture of the Jews at the time of Moses as they wandered in the desert. He said that when the Jews set up camp, they placed three tribes in the East, three in the South, three in the West and three in the North. In the center of the twelve tribes are the Levites, the family of priests considered closest to God. This ancient configuration is mirrored in the Sun Wheel. Light is represented in the center of the Sun Wheel. This could be interpreted as the light of God, or Christ. The Wheel is divided into four cardinal directions, each containing three of the twelve outer perimeter stones. Just as the wandering Jews in the time of Moses laid out a circle of twelve tribes divided into four cardinal directions, Native Americans have echoed this same pattern in the Sun Wheel. It could be argued that the energy which is held in the Sun Wheel is rooted in the same archetypal pattern that inspired the ancient Jews.

I find the Sun Wheel to be connected with Jewish and Christian traditions in another powerful and exciting way. Scripture tells us that the High Priest of the Temple wore a breastplate known as the Breastplate of Aaron. It was adorned with twelve colored stones. As he entered the very center of the Temple where the Ark of the Covenant was kept, the High Priest was the only person to wear this symbolic breastplate. According to Exodus, the twelve jewels on the breastplate of the

High Priest each stood for the name of a tribe.

And thou shalt set in it settings of stones, even four rows of stones: the first row shall be a sardius, a topaz, and a carbuncle: this shall be the first row. And the second row shall be an emerald, a sapphire, and a diamond. And the third row a ligure, an agate, and an amethyst. And the fourth row a beryl, and an onyx, and a jasper: they shall be set in gold in their inclosings. And the stones shall be with the names of the children of Israel, twelve, according to their names, like the engravings of a signet; every one with his name shall they be according to the twelve tribes. (Exodus 28:17-21)

This description of the twelve jewels is also found in Exodus 39:14. Saint John the Divine speaks of the twelve stones in chapter 21 of Revelation, verses 14 and 19-20, and here he reveals something quite marvelous. He connects the stones with the apostles and Christ, and he goes on to visualize them as the foundation of the New Jerusalem. Clearly, the Sun Wheel echoes an ancient pattern that has been reoccurring from at least the time of Moses and Aaron.

Another thread for the tapestry was revealed in a class on Jewish cosmology. I was struck when the professor said that the Jewish people believed the center of the earth was the Temple, and out from the Temple radiated spokes of light to the very edges of the earth. I immediately visualized the Sun Wheel’s pattern, which also has spokes radiating out to the edges of the Wheel. The professor continued to speak, and in a moment’s time I understood the deepest relationship between Christianity and the pattern of the Sun Wheel. For me this moment was monumental. What the professor said brought together Christianity and the Sun Wheel in an expansive way that until now I had only intuited was possible. The professor went on to say that WHEN CHRIST CAME, HE BECAME THE TEMPLE. Christ is the center of the new Temple from which spokes of Light radiate out to the edges of the world. In that moment I was affirmed in my belief and could see empirically that the Sun Wheel can be interpreted as an ancient archetypal pattern symbolizing Christ as the Light. Viewing Christ as the Light at the center of the new Temple illuminates so beautifully the union of the Sun Wheel pattern and the Christian pattern of the One Christ and twelve disciples, with the twelve symbolizing, we might say, all of those who seek the Light. This revelation opens up the possibilities of how the archetypal pattern of the Sun Wheel can coincide with, and be experienced as part of, the divine Mystery. It ushers in another holy path to Christ.

The question remains, Why is all of this important? Why do we need the pattern of the Sun Wheel as a symbol of Christ? Why is a circle of stone built in the pattern of the Sun Wheel of any import at all to us modern Christians? I can only answer by telling of my own experience with it.

My personal story of the Sun Wheel has unfolded in my

life over the past twenty years. The Sun Wheel did not remain a vision in my head. Because of my profession as an art therapist, I was able to present some of the information held in the Wheel as a modality for art therapy growth experiences. My interest in Native American studies also led me to hold gatherings around the Sun Wheel. The Wheel has entered the conscious minds of many people through art therapy and in many large gatherings which honor the earth and all its living creatures. When I taught graduate-level art therapy and presented the growth potential inherent in the Sun Wheel at National Art Therapy Conferences and workshops around the country, all sorts of people and all sorts of groups responded positively to the archetypal patterns the Sun Wheel encompasses.

Because I was presenting at professional conferences, I never revealed the Sun Wheel to be a personal unfolding vision. I simply presented the growth potentials inherent in the Wheel. Over the course of many years and many presentations, not one person ever asked me how the information I was presenting had been developed. I believe this is because there is in everyone an archetypal recognition of the ancient pattern of the Wheel. Deep down inside, each one of us automatically responds to this ancient pattern.

No matter where the Sun Wheel was offered, whether in a hotel conference room, a friend's backyard, or a room above a goat farm in Quebec, a sense of something richer, something deeper, entered the workshops. A nonverbal attraction to the pattern was evident as it drew people instinctively to sit closer and closer to the Sun Wheel. A sense of deep peace entered the workshops. All my rational words explaining the Sun Wheel in terms of numerical systems or the importance of the colors became superfluous. The Sun Wheel speaks in a deep, non-verbal way which skips mere spoken word and affects people in the center of their beings, in a place where the Light of Christ always abides.

Over the years some Sun Wheels represented in stone have been built across the country, mostly in backyards, or on farms, or on high ridges. None of these Wheels were available to the public until recently. Three years ago, on a high ridge overlooking a green valley, a group of us built two Sun Wheels at an Episcopal retreat center in Arkansas. The Sun Wheels of Camp Mitchell are there for all the many groups who find themselves at this lovely site. No complicated explanations of the Wheels are offered. No workshops introduce them to a particular community. There is a small, engraved, stone sign by the Wheels which suggests a connection of the Sun Wheel's pattern to Christ. Some people do not notice the Wheels and in fact walk right past them. Others may notice them and stop for awhile. But there are always individuals in each group who are deeply touched by them. They sit by a Wheel, pray by it, or walk around it. Some people have stood quietly near the Sun Wheel and played Native flutes in its presence. Group leaders are beginning to incorporate the Wheels into their presentations. The Sun Wheels of Camp Mitchell have become a constant reminder that all life is held in the arms of Christ.

Christ is always sending out spokes of Light from the center of the earth to the edges of the earth. He is the new Temple. The marvelous gift Christ gives every sentient being all the time, in the darkest of times to the most beautiful moment any of us can remember, is His constant Light. He resides in the small beams of Light that caress the morning leaves on a summer tree. His loving Light touches all of us, all the time, in perfect harmony and in perfect peace. But we humans sometimes forget His gift of constant loving Light. We forget to notice the beauty held in a single shaft of the Christ Light as it beams down and makes rainbows on a dewy spider web. As we rush through moments of our busy days, we can forget that the Light of Christ is always at the center of our beings. We can grow out of balance. Yet everything touched by the Light of Christ could be in perfect balance with the perfect pattern of Light streaming out from Christ to the edges of our body, our earth.

The Sun Wheel offers a way to remember the pattern of the Light of Christ. We can walk around the Sun Wheel, sit by it, and meditate with it, reorienting ourselves to an ancient pattern of Light. Ancient archetypal memories can arise from our unconscious. With a deep, non-verbal understanding, we are slowly brought back into balance with the Light of Christ. As we sit by a Sun Wheel, we might even have a moment of experiencing the pillars of New Jerusalem. We might return to the time when Aaron walked the earth—Aaron with a breastplate containing twelve stones. We might contemplate the Twelve Tribes wandering in the desert in the time of Moses, setting up their camp in the pattern of a Sun Wheel. We might consider, in an archetypal context, the number of Christ's disciples. It was no accident that Christ had twelve disciples, or that the number twelve is repeated in the stones on the breastplate of Aaron, or in the number of the tribes who wandered in the desert with Moses, or in the number of the pillars for the New Jerusalem, or in the number of stones in the Sun Wheel.

The Sun Wheel is an ancient pattern much like the labyrinth, and like the labyrinth it is a gift returned to Christianity. I envision a time when Sun Wheels are built near our churches. I see a time when there are more Sun Wheels at retreat centers. I visualize the ancient pattern painted in rainbow colors to be shared at workshops and retreats. I see the pattern woven into rugs and placed on the floors of parish halls for meditation and contemplation. Yes, the Sun Wheel is another path which can lead us to the Light of Christ, another way to remember that the Light of Christ is always in us and all around us.

Paula Engelhorn

Hot Springs Village, AR

*Paula Engelhorn has been a teacher, art therapist, dreamer, and now seminarian. One consistent thread has run through all of her life—the sense of the presence of God radiating around her in His magnificent gift of color and light. It is not such a far journey to the desert and the visions of the Sun Wheel for a person like Paula who senses God's presence in the beams of colored light radiating from the heavens. The gifts from the desert are always with her, bringing their quiet reality of peace and balance, and the gifts from the Sun Wheel continue to teach and remind her that all life is sentient and held in the arms of Christ.*



# Mezuzah Blues

On the 13<sup>th</sup> of April 2008, I entered my seventh decade here on earth. To commemorate my 21,000 plus days of breathing, eating, laughing, crying, and dealing with all matters earthly, I and eighty-five friends spent the day eating, singing, and having a joyous and mirthful time. That evening as I laid my contented head on my pillow, I noticed a small blue box tied up with a little yellow bow sitting on my night table. During the party, one of my friends went into my house and left me a gift. “How kind,” I thought. Though I had told everyone no presents, I did feel excited at the sight of one by my bed. I opened the box, and inside was the loveliest and most ornate mezuzah I had ever seen.

An Israeli woman named Ester Shahaf created it. Ms. Shahaf fabricated the mezuzah using a combination of silver, pewter, and Swarovski crystals, a very special type of crystal created by a Swiss engineer in the latter part of the nineteenth century. I had never owned a religious item so ornate and looked forward to mounting it upon my door. Little did I realize that this four-inch tall object of Judaica would soon lead me into a spiritual crisis.

The next morning as I read the instructions for attaching my gift, I realized how little I knew about the entire concept of a mezuzah and thought, “What a lapsed Jew I have become.” Mezuzah means “doorpost,” and, yes, while it is decorative and ornate, it’s not as important as the rolled-up parchment scroll that rests inside. The scroll contains passages from Deuteronomy 6:4–9 and 11:13–21. The scroll is to be prepared by a scribe writing in Hebrew with a special quill pen. At the end of the instructions, right after the part about inviting a rabbi to participate in the ceremony, in four-point type were the words *parchment not included*. On the very bottom of the instruction sheet was a web address and the part number for the scroll.

Being the great-grandson of the famous Polish Tsitsis mogul Rabbi Joseph Kanet and the product of at least three thousand years of Judaism, I decided not to rock the spiritual boat, and I soon found myself going online to purchase part #9064 from [www.jewishsource.com](http://www.jewishsource.com). I punched in the part number. I

learned that for \$26.00 plus shipping I could purchase what was described as follows: *Standard Kosher Hand-Written Mezuzah Scroll. Executed in Jerusalem by a traditional scribe. Will fit any mezuzah case in our collection.*

Underneath this description were words that explained that for \$9.00 more I could receive a mezuzah scroll that was scanned by a computer to ensure the consumer that the scroll was error free. You would think that a talented and trained scribe writing the same verses from Deuteronomy over and over again would not need his work checked by a computer. Though my knowledge of the old religion is fading somewhat, I can say with absolute certainty that there is no mention in the Bible of any of the great patriarchs owning a scanner.

I felt myself falling ever so quickly into a spiritual abyss. I opened my Bible (actually my neighbor’s Bible) to the passages from Deuteronomy that were to rest inside my beautiful new mezuzah. Chapter 6, verses 4–9, were a bit stern but acceptable. They were about loving Yahweh with all your heart and then writing the words from Deuteronomy *on the doorposts of your house and on your gates*. It was chapter 6, verses 13–21, where things really got rough, especially verse 15: *For the LORD thy God is a jealous God among you, lest the anger of the LORD thy God be kindled against you and destroy you from off the face of the earth*. Was this the message I wanted to place inside my beautiful work of art handcrafted by Ester Shahaf? Why couldn’t there be a more optimistic message such as: *May a song be on your lips and love in your heart as you enter and leave my home. Please sit a while, have a cup of tea.*

It’s not easy being a Jew. Two thousand years of persecution mixed with a monotheistic sky God with insecurity issues is not by any means a recipe for inner peace. God needs a hug, or perhaps a week at Esalen writing poetry, bathing in the tubs, and at least two massages a day. Or better yet, an evening with Pema Chödrön in a rustic eighth-century monastery situated on a high peak somewhere in Tibet where the only sounds he can hear are the wind, the chanting of the monks, and the bells of the yaks.

What if Yahweh and I could go to couples counseling to try to talk things out? I’d probably make the mistake of saying something like, “God should be a little more compassionate and

forgiving.” To which the therapist would say, “Neal, remember the ‘I’ message here. Now I want you to turn your chair toward God and use the ‘I’ message, not the finger-pointing ‘you’ message.” I’d face my Creator and say, “I am very uncomfortable with a deity who is vengeful, jealous, and destructive. Things like turning women into pillars of salt, killing the first born, and condemning poor Eve for thinking are hardly what one would call the acts of a peaceful and loving God.” The therapist would turn toward the Almighty and ask, “How do you feel about what Neal just said?”

“Well,” the Lord would reply while stroking his beard, “Neal is made in my own image, so he’s stuck with me. However, the good book has shown that I am willing to deal, to compromise—that’s what the essence of a covenant is—and I’d be ready to deal with Neal as long as he promises to keep the faith.”

“It’s true,” I thought, “Yahweh has made deals with Abraham, Jacob, and Moses, so why not with me? He hasn’t been all bad—he gave Noah a rainbow sign and he delivered my ancestors from bondage.” There were other factors as well. If you count that squirrel I shot for no reason when I was sixteen, I am 0 for 10 on God’s commandments. I’m also getting on in age, and what if, just what if, there really is this edgy, omnipotent, bearded deity calling the shots both here on earth and all over the universe? Since I can’t prove he doesn’t exist, I decided to offer the creator of the universe a deal. I would put the prescribed verses from Deuteronomy in my mezuzah, but he would look the other way while I created a bootleg scroll. Or simply put, I would keep his commandments, but I refused to pay retail for them. I raised my head and looked to the heavens for an answer. I saw two doves flying through my garden; truly this was a sign from on high that the Lord and Neal were now in business together.

With one hand on my mezuzah and the other on my mouse, I googled the digital universe for mezuzah scrolls. I found a nice six-by-eight-inch 72 dpi jpeg and brought it into Photoshop. Using a trick a graphic artist taught me, I made it into a three-by-three-inch 300 dpi tiff, truly a miracle! I then sampled the blue of the flag of Israel and used it as a light tint backup color. You will not find such a colorful scroll on [www.jewishsource.com](http://www.jewishsource.com). This so-called “source for everything Jewish” is located in Niles, Illinois. Anyone

familiar with Lenny Bruce’s theory on Judaism will know that if you live in Niles, Illinois, you’re simply not Jewish. I printed my creation out with my HP LaserJet 2430dtn on a very biblical-looking piece of parchment paper, and it was good.

I will soon mount it on my office door, where all who visit Gourd Music can enjoy the art of Ester Shahaf. And when I’m on my phone wheeling and dealing in the music business, I can look at my beautiful gift and realize that like all the great patriarchs before me, I, too, have made a covenant with the Great I Am.



<http://gourdmusic.blogspot.com>

Neal Hellman

Santa Cruz, CA

*While waiting for my pension to come for my 30 years of servitude to the Mountain Dulcimer, I discovered I enjoy writing. I've been in Ellen Bass' writing class for the past seven years and have posted a few of my offerings for your reading enjoyment. My day job is owning and operating Gourd Music, an independent record label. My artists and I have been recording for the past two decades, and our work can be seen and heard on [www.gourd.com](http://www.gourd.com).*

# All-Embracing Perfection

AT THE END OF 2007, I attended my final Dream Group Leader Training intensive at the Haden Institute, which was held at the Kanuga Conference Center. During that sacred time at Kanuga, I became engaged with my perfection complex, a complex about which I had not earlier been consciously aware. Those who know me well would be as surprised as I to discover that I have a perfection complex. I had not thought of myself as a perfectionist, because I do not strive to do many things in my life perfectly. Prior to my studies at the Haden Institute, I had believed that a perfectionist would engage the world by spending endless time and measureless energy ensuring that whatever he did was perfect. I, on the other hand, did not engage the world in this manner, and in fact tended to be rather slipshod in what I produced. This carelessness would be especially true of my faltering effort to do things physically with my hands. I did not believe myself to be talented or even capable, so I did not strive to accomplish perfection. Knowing it to be an impossibility, I did not even attempt to define myself in this way.

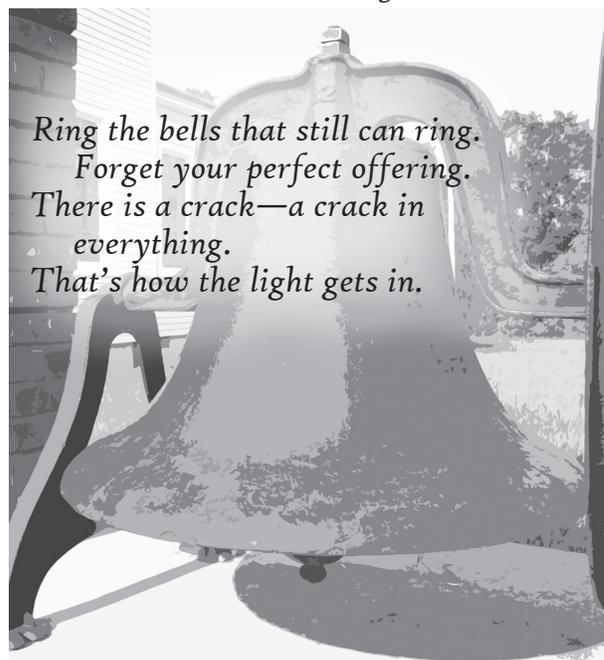
This is also true in other areas of my life, especially in my writing. The texts I produced were often overflowing with mistakes that I would not make an effort to correct. I found definition in my life through my writing. It was important to me. And yet I did not have the impetus to expend the energy to ensure that what I produced was, to the extent possible, without flaws. Of course, it was usually disconcerting when my errors were pointed out to me by more discerning people. Nonetheless, I seemed to have some innate block which prevented me from actually checking what I produced. Because of my behavior, I never believed that I was a perfectionist. As a public performer I did not characterize myself as a perfectionist, even though I suffered from stage fright for many years. I did not consider that this fright was a possible symptom of perfectionism, but I now believe it to be a significant component of the condition.

During the intensive at Kanuga, I was faced with the reality that I was a perfectionist. I could not ignore the perfection complex that engaged me and presented itself to my consciousness. It was made manifest three times during my time of reflection at the intensive. First, I had a dream that I unwittingly entitled, *The 'Perfect' Wedding*. I now recognize that my psyche knew the title to be appropriate for this stage of my journey. In the

dream, I am preparing to perform the wedding of a couple. The groom is almost not present—very much in the background—as in waking weddings. The bride is in control and is doing everything possible to ensure the ceremony is 'perfect.' I am compliant—as I tend to be in waking life, wanting to placate and ensure that there will be no conflict. The perfect picture is disrupted by three gay men—trickster figures who are 'related to a member of the wedding party.' They guarantee to disrupt the perfection of the ceremony with their literal gay abandon. They do not care that they do not fit the cultural norm, which the bride is so concerned about.

That dream of the hoped for perfect wedding presented me with a picture of a marriage of anima and animus—the joining of the masculine and feminine energies within my psyche. However, this was no *Hieros Gamos*, no sacred marriage of heaven and earth. The ideal of perfection by the feminine and the negative compliance of the masculine would not allow a true marriage of the opposites. The three holy gay fools—tricksters—were the light bearers, bringing the gift of imperfection and all-embracing wholeness.

The dream brought back into my awareness the lyrics from a Leonard Cohen song:



If we spend our energy—psychic or otherwise—in a quest for perfection, we will not allow the light of wholeness to enter our lives. Our ego-based desire for perfection, and the complex which emerges from such misdirected energy, will hold us captive. When that perfect persona is cracked open by the shadow and other unconscious forces, the light of the divine will shine in and illuminate those dark places—dark places which are a part of you and me and foreshadow the person we are meant to become.

While I was at the intensive, I found a small book at the Kanuga bookstore, or I should say, it found me. Entitled *A Prayer for the Cosmos* by Neil Douglas-Klotz, this little gem is a translation from Aramaic sources of The Lord's Prayer and other sayings of Jesus. One of the passages that the book addresses is from the Gospel of Matthew, chapter 5, verse 48, which is traditionally translated, "Be perfect, therefore, as your heavenly Father is perfect." According to this author, however, the more accurate translation from the Aramaic reads, "Be all-embracing, as your heavenly Father is all-embracing." I felt my discovery of this book and this passage to be a physical gift from the divine.

In this verse from Matthew, and in similar passages from scripture, Christians are directed to seek perfection in the understanding that God is all good. I could never reconcile this call to perfection with my understanding of humanity, for we are imperfect creatures of God created in the image of a perfect God. This new translation reconciled that dichotomy for me and brought my perfection complex into conscious awareness. I am now able to square these passages with my understanding of the human psyche. We are to seek *wholeness*, not perfection. I can relate to my perfection complex in new consciousness. And I have a new appreciation of the drive for perfection that has been part of me, recognized or not, through much of my life. I will continue to give my imperfect offerings to the Source of my being, which desires my *wholeness* and not my perfection.

Before the intensive came to a close, I was given a third and final gift. Gifts from the divine seem to arrive in threes. These words came to me almost fully formed from the unconscious. In turn, I offer this gift to you.

### The Perfect Offering Forgotten

I have pursued perfection  
my perfect offering  
like a dog chasing its tail  
always just out of awareness  
and out of reach.

And close behind,  
the hound of fear  
nips at my heels

and howls at the moon,  
announcing to everyone  
the awful, agonizing truth.

He is imperfect—flawed,  
a failure—unworthy  
of our attention,  
of our admiration,  
of our love.

The Gospel has been announced,  
the truth of God proclaimed,  
written in stone.  
"You must be perfect  
just as your Father in heaven  
is perfect."

What kind of a Father is this  
who always demands of me  
what I cannot even attempt to be?

The evidence  
of my imperfection

stares me in the face,  
mocking me,  
deriding me.

There is no perfection here.

They shout it  
from the rooftops  
to all who will listen.  
And the one who shouts the loudest  
is the voice  
blaring inside of me.  
He is imperfect,  
unworthy of love.

And then it comes to me  
unsought and unexpected.

The truth.  
The lies, misunderstandings,  
the mistranslation, mistaken or not,  
repeated from age to age  
were just that.

Be all-embracing,  
even as our Creator-Source  
is all-embracing.  
The Prayer of the Cosmos  
has come to light.

The bell has been rung.  
The crack has let  
the light of truth  
shine through.  
Let it shine for evermore.

All-embracing,  
I embrace.  
And am embraced.

Thanks be to God.

The Rev. Greg Little

Parkhill, ON, Canada

*As a priest in the Anglican Church of Canada, Greg has found himself (as revealed in a recent dream) travelling a path between conventional and unconventional religious and spiritual expression. On his journey he is accompanied by many different characters, including a trickster who encourages him to misuse his insurance and an old-fashioned hippie who will redeem the deposit on his empties. Throughout Greg's journey the divine has been revealed to him through his waking dreams and his not-so-awake dreams.*

# Reclaiming Our Inner Authority

*From a homily preached at the Kanuga Summer Dream Conference, 2009.*

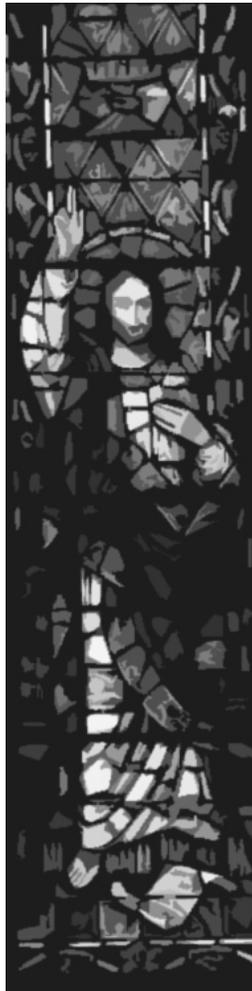
**M**y wife and I are blessed at this point in life to have three grandchildren. Each child teaches us at least as much about life as we, hopefully, teach them. Because our two-year-old grandson lives nearby, he is a frequent visitor at our house, sometimes for two or three days at a time. There is something about being a grandfather that has given me a patient, reflective awareness of this little bundle of energy and curiosity that I, as a father, didn't have with my own children at that age.

I have observed that a two-year-old has precious little shadow. He operates with the premise that the world is his to be explored, owned, and made to do right. Grown-ups have been judiciously placed nearby to enable all that. The trouble is that now, at the age of two, he has come to realize that these grown-ups have certain demands and expectations that interfere with his otherwise wonderfully unfettered life. This is the age when the child begins to learn that life has boundaries.

I've come to realize that two-year-olds have tremendous inner authority. They behave with all the inner authority of those who believe that the world belongs to them. After all, it has been theirs for two years. A cry has brought food or a dry diaper or the warmth of a protective embrace. This has been the way of the world until now. At the age of two come the expectations and boundaries which will continue into and through adulthood, because no one likes a grown-up who behaves like a two-year-old.

It is part of the human paradox of learning that we come into the world with profound inner authority only to have it trimmed, sometimes quite radically, by our need to be socialized into what passes for civilized behavior. This necessary process is also the process of shadow formation. Everything that is devalued and rejected while we are being socialized ends up confined to the part of us that becomes our shadow. This is why I don't think a two-year-old has much of a shadow...yet.

**T**he spiritual journey is about reclaiming our lost inner authority. The hallmark of Jesus' own teaching and preaching was that he possessed deep inner authority. He knew what he knew and knew it to be divine truth. He spoke with such command that crowds of people gathered to listen. Some were drawn closer; some were frightened away by such an authentic authority, for Jesus spoke of a world distinctly unlike the one in which they lived. Officials in both the secular and clerical realms, those who were "in authority," kept asking, "From where do you get such authority?" He was speaking without credentials! Yet, he possessed an inner authority that resonated deeply within the souls of those around him.



In a very real sense, Jesus preached a Kingdom in which the divine dwells within the human spirit. This Kingdom within gives us back the inner authority we once had as demanding babies. There is a difference, however. That inner authority, having been shaped by the necessary process of socialization, now arises from a new center. No longer do the demands of a growing ego reside at the center, but rather that spark of the divine is rekindled, calling us back into unity with the Creator and all of creation.

**J**ung spoke of our being born in unconscious wholeness, only to journey through life towards conscious wholeness. This is the process of individuation. Jesus saw conscious wholeness as the beginning of the Kingdom of God, where the divine is at the center of the human heart and spirit. To reclaim our inner authority, then, is to live from that divine center.

The Rt. Rev. Larry Maze Little Rock, AR

*Larry Maze was ordained in the Episcopal Church thirty-seven years ago. He retired as Bishop of Arkansas two years ago. For many years he has been fascinated by the clear connection between Jungian thought and Christian spirituality, which now serves as the focus of his reading and study. He often lectures and leads parish weekends, where he tries to instill the message that inner work is not an interesting hobby, but likely the most important work we have to do.*



## Signs of New Life

It is March, 2009, and I have been enjoying the tell-tale signs of spring's presence—the fresh green grass that's almost neon-like in its intensity, the increasing volume of the morning bird sounds, the purring made by the first hummingbirds at the feeder, and the night-time chorus of frog love songs. I have to confess that I'm in love with birds and have always considered them visiting angels. There is a very special place in my heart for Eastern bluebirds, and I always stop and stare when I notice that flash of blue breezing by. A couple of years ago, I nailed a bluebird house to the side of the shed, and though I usually notice a mated pair investigating its interior every year, there must be something about it that isn't pleasing, since no family, except one of wasps, has yet set up house there.

This year, once again, there is a bluebird family at the top of my chimney. I often hear the birds chirping while I'm in the living room. The old wood-stove pipe must be a particularly good audio conductor, because it always sounds as if the birds are right in the room with me.

In the first spring after I moved here to my country home in the mountains of North Georgia, I came home one evening from an out-of-town trip and was horrified to discover a dead bluebird in my kitchen. It was a bright-colored male, his body untouched and perfectly glorious. I had two indoor cats and I wondered if they had chased the poor thing around the house until it died of fright. I could tell by the droppings left behind that he had gone to nearly every window in the house in his desperate attempts to find freedom. Each time I imagined his panic, it made me cry all over again. Before I buried him in

my garden, I stroked his lovely feathers and told him how sorry I was that I'd not been home to release him.

In the days that followed, I told my friends that I didn't think it was a good omen that the "bluebird of happiness" had died in my house. I mean, just how is one supposed to interpret that? According to the online source Wikipedia, mythology around the bluebird has existed for thousands of years and it is a "widely accepted symbol of cheerfulness, happiness, prosperity, etc." In a seventeenth-century European folk tale called "The Blue Bird," two children are sent out by a fairy to find the bluebird of happiness, and when they return empty-handed, they learn the bird has been caged at their home the entire time. Native American cultures consider the birds to be sacred. I've learned that a dead bluebird is "a symbol of disillusionment, of the loss of innocence, and of transformation from the younger and naive to the older and wiser." When I think back on my journey over the last few years, it now makes perfect sense for that symbol to have landed in my kitchen at that particular time.

Disillusionment with youthful goals. Transformation from younger and naive to older and wiser. In the year since the bluebird's heartbreaking death, the next step in my journey finally has become clear. I've decided to move to Chicago to attend the Lutheran School of Theology. My hopes and prayers are that I will find my studies and my new academic community to be soulfully enriching and that this work will lead me to a vocation that will sustain me—one that I will love. To follow this path, I must leave my beloved North Georgia mountains. This leaving-taking for new horizons is bittersweet. Transitions are both happy and sad. Yet, the union of opposites is rich and vibrant with life, once we have opened to it and accepted it.

A few weeks ago, with my moving plans fully underway, I suddenly heard a loud and alarmed chirping in the living room. Looking up from my desk, I saw another male bluebird in the house. This time I witnessed his fluttering from window to window. This time I was able to surround him with my soft hands and escort him out the back door alive and well. The bluebird of happiness took to the air. I take this as a good sign for my new life to come.



Sheri Kling

Chicago, IL

*Sheri Kling is a singer, storyteller, and guitarist who recently left her rented bit of heaven in Habersham County, Georgia, to be a graduate student at the Lutheran School of Theology at Chicago. She now realizes that when she was blessed in early 2006 with big water dreams that led to synchronistic butterfly sightings and a billboard beside her driving path that said "Change Is Coming," God was not kidding. She is now imagining that her journey leads to a career in academia and is trying to not be daunted by the years (and cost) of study along the way.*

# Editor's Window



***“Remember only this one thing,” said Badger. “The stories people tell have a way of taking care of them. If stories come to you, care for them. And learn to give them away where they are needed. Sometimes a person needs a story more than food to stay alive. That is why we put these stories in each other’s memory. This is how people care for themselves.”***

*(From Crow and Weasel by Barry Lopez)*

In the summer of 2002, when my son was 18 months old, I walked into a bookstore in Athens, Georgia, on one of those rare occasions when I was able to spend an hour or two by myself. My husband was at home in Greensboro with our sweet son while I drove the rural highway to Athens for a good cup of coffee and a poem or two. Walking through the open doors of the bookstore, I glanced around, and there sitting in an armchair was Wanda Krewer. I was delighted. She and I were in the Natural Spirituality Journey Group together at Emmanuel Episcopal Church in Athens. I had not been attending the group as much as I once had because my life was now filled with the responsibilities and cares of new motherhood. I had chosen to stay at home, and for me it was a rich time of cloistered nesting with the family. Daily life at home with my son was joyful, numinous, sometimes all consuming and, yes, exhausting. I could say that along with our vegetable and flower garden, I had gone to seed. Daily we waded barefooted through the tall grass looking for treasure—fallen leaves, insects, rocks, and surprise lilies. The tilling of the everyday experiences in childrearing takes precedence over the weeding of the garden, and what results in the uncultivated garden is wild, messy, natural, and deeply sacred. Daily my son showed me the verity of Elizabeth Barrett Browning’s observation in her poetical work *Aurora Leigh*, “Earth’s crammed with heaven, And every common bush afire with God; But only he who sees, takes off his shoes.” Looking back on my son’s earliest childhood, I see that something new in me was being nurtured. I was encouraged to wait, to listen, and to take off my shoes with pleasure to look for God. At home we were keeping watch, and although I was not able to be in regular attendance in dream group, I continued to be led by spirit in dreams and especially through meaningful coincidence and synchronicity in waking life. I was being handed touchstones then to palm now seven years later as I accept the editorship of *The Rose*, a mantle so generously passed on to me by Joyce Hudson.

Maybe it is because Wanda is no longer on the planet—Joyce and I attended the funeral in her hometown on a rainy day in January 2007—or maybe it is because I now find myself in Wanda’s new and uncharted role as editor of *The Rose*, but I will never forget that day in the bookstore and the way she looked dressed in smoky blue and mossy green, sitting in a comfortable armchair surrounded by open books. She was looking for images of rose windows in research for the new newsletter she was planning to create and edit. Wanda explained that Joyce had suggested that “The Rose” with all its storied symbolism would be a name befitting this new enterprise. I asked if she had heard “What Was Said to the Rose,” a poem from a collection of readings in Coleman Barks’ newest translations of Rumi. Wanda and I had discovered in dream group that we shared a love of the poetry of Jalaluddin Rumi, the 13th century Persian mystic poet and Mevlevi dervish, and in particular, my friend Coleman’s translations of his work. I told her that motherhood kept me close to home, but that I had been living vicariously through the world travels of my family. My niece, Clare, had just returned from Turkey and had brought back a gift for me—a lovely metal dervish small enough to fit in the palm of my hand. Those few moments of conversation were precious. I loved talking with Wanda and listening to her soft, mellifluous, Southern voice. I felt refreshed to have seen a fellow dream group member with whom I could have a deep and meaningful exchange.

Early the following morning I sent Wanda an e-mail. Some of what I wrote is as follows:

*I am unable to sleep in these wee hours, so I thought I’d rise and send you a message. It was lovely to see you. It made me feel a reassuring sense of connection to the world of relationship to know that you had thought of seeing me and then, did! I find that time is a strange and mercurial phenomenon when one is a new mother. And in truth I think I will always feel like a new mother: a good thing—the awareness of each stage being a wondrous and mysterious crossing, a weaning, a beginning. . . . Tonight, after nursing my boy into sleep, I walked to the fireplace in our den and gingerly tapped, with one finger, the metal dervish hanging on the mantle and watched him spin, grateful to have seen someone who would understand my thoughts of photographs and roses and spinning metal and Persia. Thank you.*



Peggy Thrasher-Law

Coleman's new CD is entitled, *What Was Said to the Rose*. The poems are from his book *The Soul of Rumi*. This appears on the back cover:

WHAT WAS SAID TO THE ROSE THAT MADE IT OPEN WAS SAID  
HERE IN MY CHEST.

WHAT WAS TOLD THE CYPRESS THAT MADE IT STRONG  
AND STRAIGHT, WHAT WAS

WHISPERED THE JASMINE SO IT IS WHAT IT IS, WHATEVER MADE  
SUGARCANE SWEET, WHATEVER

WAS SAID TO THE INHABITANTS OF THE TOWN OF CHIGIL IN  
TURKESTAN THAT MAKES THEM

SO HANDSOME, WHATEVER LETS THE POMEGRANATE FLOWER BLUSH  
LIKE A HUMAN FACE, THAT IS

BEING SAID TO ME NOW, I BLUSH. WHATEVER PUT ELOQUENCE IN  
LANGUAGE, THAT'S HAPPENING HERE

THE GREAT WAREHOUSE DOORS OPEN; I FILL WITH GRATITUDE,  
CHEWING A PIECE OF SUGARCANE,

IN LOVE WITH THE ONE TO WHOM EVERY THAT BELONGS!

A year later, my son and I settled down on the sofa in our sunny den for an afternoon nap. With his head nestled up against my chest, we fell asleep together and I had this dream:

*My boy and I are playing in the dirt on a hillside with Coleman Barks and his granddaughter. She is Donald's age. There is a dog with us, too, there on a grassy slope. We look up, and from high as the eye can see, full blossoms are dropping out of the sky—blossoms showering down on us in a column of fragrant color and perfume. The blossoms are a cross between a camellia and a dogwood blossom—red camellia centers and white dogwood petals. Donald looks up and says, 'Mama! It's raining flower petals again!'*

I wake, and with a still-sleeping child next to me, I call Coleman to tell him the dream. We are both besotted with the images. With delight in his voice Coleman tells me that in India the image of a person being showered with blossoms is a sign of being blessed.

It was my dear friend Janet Robertson who first led me in the 1980s to become a member of a dream group facilitated by Betty Sheerer in Winterville, Georgia. And again in the 1990s Janet led me in a direction which would prove healing and life altering. I took Joyce Hudson's Natural Spirituality class and joined the Natural Spirituality Journey Group. We met in an historic house on the grounds of Emmanuel Episcopal Church every Wednesday evening. It was manna for me.

I am reminded of all of the dreams that Joyce has heard me share over the years—my dreams of books and bookstores; the renowned choreographer Anna Sokolow handing me a pen; my friend Jocelyn offering me a vase with a single blue rose in it; earthen vessels that are shattered on the ground as the "Waters of

Life" fill Camp Mikell; a table set with hundreds of glasses filled with water, a voice saying, "I am the glasses of water, and I am your thirst." I dreamt of Joyce walking towards me on a path. She is peaceful, deeply happy, and solitary. I can still hear Joyce's wonderful laughter ringing out in a dream as she and I hike up a mountainside together. We wind our way through thick green foliage. We cannot see the top—do not know where we are headed, but there is a sense of delight. It is early morning, and Joyce has a good cup of coffee in hand. Beth Zorbanos is with us as we head to the top where there will be dancing in colorful skirts and music.

In no other arena in my life has work come to me in such a profoundly meaningful way. A community of dreamers has slowly and steadfastly listened to my journey and born witness as seeds planted as long as thirty years ago have begun to grow, flower, and bear fruit in extraordinary ways in my waking life. Isn't this the way of the dream for all of us? Insights come floating back into consciousness, days, weeks, months, and even years after the dreaming. Our dreams are consecrated by God. Dreams are God's language, God's conversation with us. The poet Rumi says that we are the conversation. It is like Prayer. It is like Church. As Joyce has said, "we keep the Sabbath" together in dream group. Indeed, I have seen repeatedly the fulfillment of the baptismal covenant we make as a congregation to nurture one another in Christ's love in the way that leads to life eternal.

There is a legend in Christian literature in which it is written that on a cold, bleak, winter day Saint Francis calls out to a barren almond tree and pronounces, "Speak to me of God." The almond tree responds by blossoming into magnificent flower. It comes alive! This is Christ's gift to us: abundant life. And we are to respond to the Holy Spirit by flowering into our fullness. We are to be wholly alive. Kabir, the fifteenth-century Indian ecstatic poet, says it this way: "Near your breastbone there is an open flower. Drink the honey that is all around that flower."

My love for dream work is a love of story, yours and mine. When I share a dream with another person or when I sit among a community of dreamers and listen to the inner mythical journeys unfold, I am transported to an abidingly holy place. One of the most powerful lessons I have learned from being a long time member of a dream group is that we are all, each and every one of us, meant to be whole. We are meant to be fully alive in our walk along the way to a closer relationship with the divine. We are to blossom.

Peggy Thrasher Law

Watkinsville, GA

*A former dancer, teacher, and choreographer, Peggy is glad to have recently moved to Watkinsville with her beloved husband of twelve years, her 8-year-old son, two dogs, three cats, and one goldfish. Peggy is grateful for many blessings, and for time spent with her friends, family, and especially her mother, who just celebrated her 90th birthday. Peggy is delighted to be in a new stage of life that continues to unfold with good and joyful things.*

# A Haden Institute Program

## *Summer Dream Conference*

### God's Forgotten Language

May 30 – June 4, 2010

Kanuga Conference Center, Hendersonville, NC

*"This conference has become the primary portal for Christian dream work in our day."*

A TRADITION WAS BEGUN in the summer of 2003—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?" Later generations came to discount dreams at great loss to our collective soul. Now, however, we are seeing a resurgence of respect and honor for our dreams. Each summer has brought a larger crowd to the Summer Dream Conference. Each conference is designed for both new and returning participants. It is for clergy, counselors, therapists, lay dream group leaders, dream group members and anyone who wants to integrate dreamwork into his or her life in a religious context.



#### FACULTY & STAFF

**Larry Maze**, Episcopal Bishop of Arkansas, Ret. ✦ **Bob Haden**, Episcopal priest, Jungian therapist, director of the Haden Institute ✦ **Susan Sims Smith**, Episcopal priest, Jungian therapist ✦ **Jeremy Taylor**, Unitarian minister, Jungian pastoral counselor, author ✦ **Joyce Rockwood Hudson**, author, ROSE contributing editor ✦ **Jerry Wright**, Presbyterian minister, Jungian analyst ✦ **Gary Sparks**, author, Jungian analyst ✦ **Diana McKendree**, Interfaith minister, Jungian therapist ✦ **Bob Hoss**, researcher, teacher, author ✦ **Chelsea Wakefield**, Jungian therapist, mystics teacher ✦ **Cathy Smith Bowers**, teacher, author, prize-winning poet ✦ **Heidi Darr-Hope** Interfaith minister, artist, Jungian therapist ✦ **Doug Bennet**, engineer, yoga master, science-and-spirit theorist ✦ **Tallulah Lyons**, author, M.ED



#### KEY PRESENTATIONS 2010

Dreams and the Future of Christianity (*Hudson*) ✦ Biblical Myth and the Development of the Psyche (*Maze*) ✦ The Stranger Who Speaks in Our Dreams (*Wright*) ✦ Meditation & Dreams: The Healing Nest of Christ (*Sims*) ✦ Transformation of the Holy: Antique Visions for Modern Times (*Sparks*) ✦ Heart and Soul of the World (*McKendree*) ✦ Discovering Your True Self in Dreams (*Bob Hoss*) ✦ Working with Dreams as a Spiritual Practice: Paradox, Willing Sacrifice, Transcendence, and Creativity (*Taylor*) ✦ Guest Presenter & Presentations (TBA on website.)



#### A TREASURY OF PRACTICAL WORKSHOPS

THE RED BOOK DIALOGUES: PART I: FINDING YOUR OWN PHILEMON AND IDENTIFYING YOUR INNER SYMBOLS, PART II ILLUMINATING YOUR OWN COSMOLOGY ✦ YOUR LIFE STAGES AS DETERMINED BY YOUR MYERS BRIGGS TYPE ✦ ADVENTURES IN NUMBER & TIME WITH MARIE LOUISE VON FRANZ ✦ DREAM MEDICINE, AN INTRODUCTION TO CONNIE KAPLAN'S INVISIBLE GARMENT & COLOR WORK ✦ THE POWER OF ABIDING IMAGES ✦ A WALK THROUGH JUNG'S LIFE ✦ CONSCIOUS DREAMING AND TAROT ✦ THE SHAMAN'S JOURNEY ✦ SHADOW WORK ✦ STARTING DREAM GROUPS ✦ COMBINING IMAGE & ASSOCIATION WITH PROJECTIVE DREAM WORK ✦ SOUL CENTRIC DREAM WORK ✦ CHILDREN'S DREAMS ✦ DREAMS OF THE FUTURE: THE FUTURE IN QUANTUM MECHANICS & DREAMS ✦ DREAMING FOR ANOTHER ✦ SIX MAGIC QUESTIONS ✦ DREAM THEATRE ✦ BODY/SOUL CONNECTIONS ✦ MAKING YOUR DREAM POEMS SPARKLE ✦ COLOR IN DREAMS ✦ SOUL CARDS: CREATING A PERSONAL ORACLE ✦ I CHING ✦ CONSCIOUS DREAMING IN SAND ✦ SIX PRINCIPLES OF DREAM WORK

**Cost:** \$50 per person registration fee (non-refundable) due now, **Plus** conference fee due by May 1st: \$590 per person (program, double occupancy lodging, meals, recreational facilities); \$725 single occupancy (as available); spouse: \$485 participating, \$410 non-participating. Commuting residents of Henderson and bordering North Carolina counties; \$375 (includes lunch and supper). Youth (10-18) and children (3-9): \$297 with program; under 3: no charge, no program; baby-sitter accompanying you: \$235. Send a check for full amount to The Haden Institute (Visa or Mastercard accepted). Check-in 4-6pm Sunday. Ends with breakfast Friday.

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

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

# RETREATS & CONFERENCES

**O**ur deepest fear is not that we are inadequate. Our deepest fear is that we are powerful beyond measure. It is our light, not our darkness, that most frightens us. We ask ourselves, who am I to be brilliant, gorgeous, talented, fabulous? Actually, who are you not to be? You are a child of God. Your playing small doesn't serve the world. There's nothing enlightened about shrinking so that other people won't feel insecure around you. We are all meant to shine, as children do. We were born to make manifest the glory of God that is within us. It's not just in some of us; it's in everyone. And as we let our own light shine, we unconsciously give other people permission to do the same. As we're liberated from our own fear, our presence automatically liberates others.

This quotation is often cited as originating from Nelson Mandela's 1994 Inauguration speech. The passage was in fact, written by Marianne Williamson. It is from her 1992 book, *Return to Love*. (hardcover p. 165, paperback pp. 190-191)

Peggy Thurshen, Lutz

## "SYNCHRONICITY, MEET SCIENCE"

Help synchronicity meet science  
by volunteering for this survey!

To better understand how synchronicity functions in daily life and to assess its power in spiritual development, Nan Fairley & Dale Harrison are conducting a research project in which they will be asking volunteers to share their synchronistic experiences by filling out an online survey. Some will have the opportunity to keep detailed synchronicity diaries. Participation is strictly confidential.

Please send e-mail, with the subject line "Synch Survey," to Nan at: [syncscience@hotmail.com](mailto:syncscience@hotmail.com)

Thanks for participating!

~ Nan & Dale

## Natural Spirituality Regional Gathering Supporting Christian Dream Work

Mikell Conference Center, Toccoa, Georgia  
February 12-14, 2010  
(or come for Feb. 13th only)

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 dream work, discussions of natural spirituality program issues, introductory sessions, opportunities for meditative movement, music, contemplative prayer, and worship—and time for relaxation and fellowship.

STAFF FOR 2010 INCLUDES Chelsea Wakefield, Jerry Wright, Martha Harris, Dianna McKendree, Joyce Rockwood Hudson, Bob Haden, Bob Hoss, Tallulah Lyons, Agnes Parker, Heidi Simmonds and more. This interdenominational conference is sponsored by dream groups in Province IV of the Episcopal Church.

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

### **Weekend fees:**

\$145—double room

\$90—dorm ("barracks" bed and bath; Spartan but adequate)

\$80—on your own for lodging (fee covers meals and activities)

A \$50 reduction in dorm fee to \$40 is available upon request to anyone who cannot otherwise attend the conference. Double rooms at Mikell are limited. Dorm spaces are plentiful. Many conference participants stay in these nearby Toccoa motels: Toccoa Inn (706)886-1048; Country Hearth Inn (706)297-7799.

**Conference registration deadline: January 15, 2010**

Print registration form online: [www.emmanuelathens.org](http://www.emmanuelathens.org)  
For more information: call **Suzanne Lindsay 706-549-5350**  
or email **Bekki Wagner: [bekwag@aol.com](mailto:bekwag@aol.com)**

## Journey Conferences

Exploring and furthering the conversation of Christianity and other faiths with psychology rooted in the work of C. G. Jung in order to foster health and wholeness in ourselves and our world.

(336)545-1200 [info@journeyconferences.com](mailto:info@journeyconferences.com)  
[www.journeyconferences.com](http://www.journeyconferences.com)

# BARREL OF SUPER MONKEYS

## How Three Dream Groups



## Became Two Super Monkeys

We had heard Joyce Hudson's plea for thirty Super Monkeys—the number of people needed to pledge \$1000 annually to keep *The Rose* up and running. Joyce was moving away, and we needed to hire a new editor for our beautiful, inspiring,

important newsletter. She was adamant that the job was an enormous one and that her volunteered time and effort towards the publication had been a gift that few would be able to make.

Joyce had created the 100 Monkeys program several years ago. That group of 100 plus who pledge up to \$100 per year, if needed, has provided ample funds to pay for printing and mailing 4000 copies of *The Rose* twice a year. Using the same concept, she devised a Super Monkey plan to underwrite the salary for her replacement as editor.

We at Emmanuel, where Natural Spirituality was born, strongly felt the need to help. But most of us were financially unable to promise to be Super Monkeys, at \$1000 each—or even half a Super Monkey, at \$500, which were the two options. So, we came up with the idea of asking the approximately 30 members of all three of our dream groups combined to pledge anonymously whatever they could afford annually. One person was appointed to record the pledges, send the reminders, and handle the money. We eagerly awaited hearing whether or

not there would be enough in pledges to comprise one Super Monkey. We had said no amount was too small, and to pledge nothing (known only to the collector) was, of course, fine, too. A few in our dream groups had already pledged at Super Monkey levels and were not included in the group's tally. So, it was to our great surprise that there were enough donations pledged to form TWO Super Monkeys!

*The Rose* still needs more Monkeys. The goal is 30, and at present we have 21. If you can be either a whole or a half Super Monkey, please consider stepping forward to join us. It is even all right to change one's pledge from a Regular Monkey to a Super Monkey or half Super Monkey. Regular Monkeys are more frequently and easily added to the ranks to replace those who may drop from the 100 Monkey Troop.

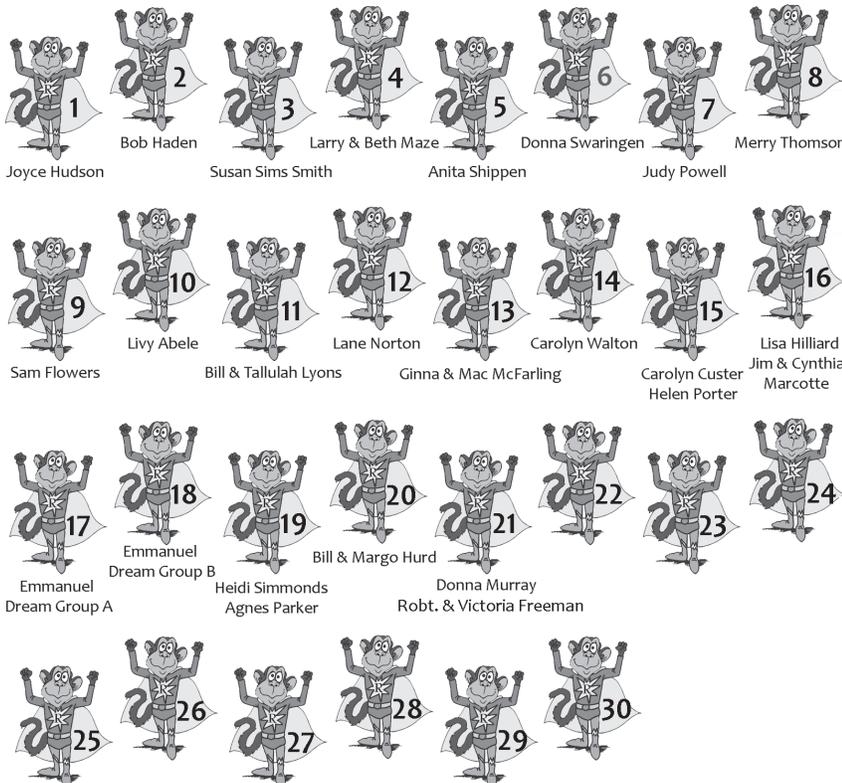
If you are financially unable to be a whole or a half Super Monkey, consider getting together with your dreamwork friends to make a whole or half Super Monkey group. If you are interested in the details of how we manage the Super Monkey groups at Emmanuel, contact Agnes Parker at [akbparker@earthlink.com](mailto:akbparker@earthlink.com) or at: *The Rose* at Emmanuel Church, 498 Prince Avenue, Athens, GA 30601.

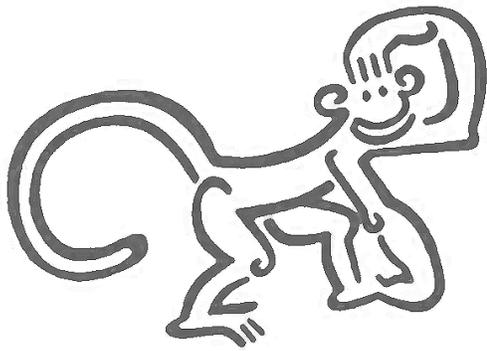
Is it more fun than a barrel of monkeys to play a strong part in helping *The Rose* raise Christian awareness of inner work? To quote the Rev. Susan Sims Smith, "Become a Super Monkey! It is Super Fun!"—and a truly worthwhile endeavor.

Agnes Parker

Athens, GA

*A life-long Episcopalian and priest's wife, Agnes is co-leader of the Natural Spirituality program at Emmanuel Episcopal Church in Athens. She has participated in the program since 1991. Agnes is also the leader of the Natural Spirituality Regional Gathering, held on the second weekend of February each year at Mikell Conference Center in Toccoa, GA.*





# Monkey Business

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

**T**HERE IS NO CHARGE FOR THE ROSE. It moves freely through the world like grace, like a gift. Because *The Rose* is free, it is easy to pass along to friends and colleagues, to leave in the vestibule of churches or even on a park bench where synchronistically it may be picked up by someone who needs to be filled by its message. As Lewis Hyde has written, "The gift moves to the empty place." It is free because of the generous folks who contribute money on a regular basis to keep it moving. From the very beginning *The Rose* has been supported *entirely* by the voluntary contributions of its readers. *We have no other funding but this.*

Some of *The Rose's* donors have formalized their support by joining our Hundred Monkey Troop. This means that we send them a letter every year asking for a specific amount to cover our projected shortfall for printing and postage costs. The amount requested usually falls in the range of \$20 to \$30 per issue. We now have 138 of these beloved Monkeys. Because our mailing list keeps growing—now more than 2,700—and our expenses with it, *we always need more Monkeys.* And then there are the Super Monkeys, the heroic souls who stand together to compensate the labor that produces *The Rose*. The hours required to edit, design, and manage *The Rose* amount to more than a half-time job. Super Monkeys pledge \$1,000 a year (or \$500 for half Super Monkeys.) So far we have 21 Super Monkeys. We need nine more to reach our goal.

If God is whispering to you as you read this, let the Spirit move you to action at any level. **At the bottom of this page are forms** to clip out and send in to join either Monkey troop. **Non-Monkey donations** are also greatly appreciated in any amount, large or small.

We especially thank everyone who contributed time and money to ROSE 16. Because of you *The Rose* is in the world.

## 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.

### Super Monkey Sign-Up

The Rose at Emmanuel Church  
498 Prince Ave., Athens, GA 30601

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

I will be a Super Monkey and give \$1000 a year to support The ROSE

Please choose your payment schedule

Annual - \$1000     Semi-Annual - \$500 x 2

Quarterly - \$250 x 4     Monthly - \$85 x 12

I will be half a Super Monkey and give \$500 a year to support The ROSE

Please choose your payment schedule

Annual     Semi-Annual     Quarterly     Monthly

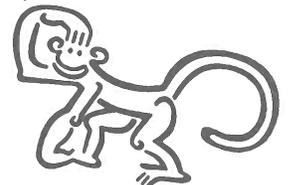


you will receive payment notices according to your chosen schedule.

### HUNDRED MONKEY ENROLLMENT

To join the troop of a Hundred Monkeys who are willing to be called upon to support *The Rose* up to an annual limit of \$100 dollars, send this form to:

The Rose at Emmanuel Church  
498 Prince Avenue  
Athens, Georgia 30601



NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_



# The Rose

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PERMIT NO. 231

Emmanuel Church  
498 Prince Avenue  
Athens, GA 30601

*Or Current Resident*

Nikki Chenault  
ClearCreek

