

The Rose

Inviting Wisdom into our lives and churches

Emmanuel Church ✠ Athens, Georgia

10th Anniversary Issue, 2012/Issue 20



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SUBMISSIONS POLICY

Articles range from 100 to 3,000 words. Digital submission is preferred. Material should be appropriate to the mission of *The Rose*. All submissions should be sent no later than October 2012 to:

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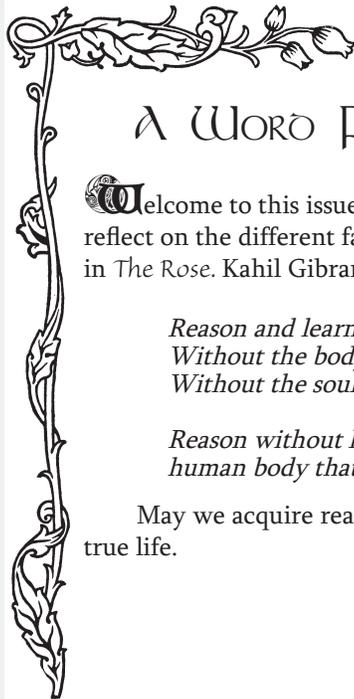
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A WORD FROM EMMANUEL

Welcome to this issue of *The Rose*. It is always a pleasure and a wonder to reflect on the different facets of our inner life expressed in the essays found in *The Rose*. Kahil Gibran wrote,

*Reason and learning are like body and soul.
Without the body, the soul is nothing but empty wind.
Without the soul, the body is but a senseless frame.*

Reason without learning is like the untilled soil, or like the human body that lacks nourishment.

May we acquire reason and learning today to allow our souls to find true life.

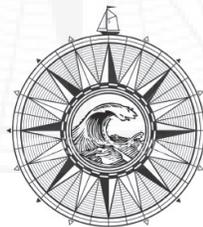
The Rev. Robert Salamone

A NOTE FROM THE EDITOR

This issue marks the tenth anniversary of *The Rose*. What an enriching journey it has been. I am grateful for the vision of our founding editor, the late Wanda Krewer, who sought to connect the growing community of dream groups by starting a free newsletter that would offer support for folks engaged in this inner work. Joyce Rockwood Hudson became the editor after the initial issue. And now that I have walked a few miles and four years in her proverbial moccasins, as editor, I am astounded at the tremendous in-kind editorial gifts that Joyce gave to *The Rose* while steering at the helm for the first 15 issues.

As you hold this issue in your hands, think of it as being like the nautical compass rose—that ornate design found inscribed on compasses and maps to show the cardinal directions. Poetically, some early versions of the compass rose were called wind roses, since no distinction was made between the winds and the cardinal directions from whence they came. And sometimes the phrase "compass star," or *stella maris* ("star of the sea"), was used in describing the compass rose. Whatever the name, it was a navigation tool to help guide the seafarer on his journey. Do you hear the connection?

As you read the articles, most of which have been culled from talks given at the Haden Institute's 2011 *SUMMER DREAM CONFERENCE* held at the Kanuga Conference Center in Hendersonville, North Carolina, remember our journey. It is a story at once personal and universal, revealing the intertwined roots and far reaching branches of our family tree. Our journey is an affirmation that God still speaks to us, in visions, in waking life synchronicities, and in our nightly dreams. All is unfolding as it should. As we each blossom with new insights and understanding, that fragrance perfumes the universe, and yes, helps us toward the garden within. Let us breathe in that sweetness and continue the spiritual discipline of bringing our nighttime dreams into the light of day, giving them a name and sharing them with our dream groups. For as the Swampy Cree believe, "To say the name is to begin the story."



Peggy Thrasher Law



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Mary Anne Haden (cover), Charles Hudson III, Katsushika Hokusai, Diana McKendree, Jane Ray, Sassoferrato, Glen Williams, Heidi Darr-Hope, and Peggy Thrasher Law (back)



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."

Says the poet Rumi, "Do you hear the bud of Jesus crooning in the cradle?" Join us as we listen for the Wisdom of God.

Natural Spirituality Programs

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, Little Rock
Pulaski Hgts. United Methodist Church, Little Rock
St. James' United Methodist Church, Little Rock
St. Margaret's Episcopal Church, Little Rock
St. Michael's Episcopal Church, Little Rock
Trinity Episcopal Cathedral, Little Rock
All Saints' Episcopal Church, Russellville

FLORIDA

Trinity Episcopal Church, Apalachicola
St. Peter the Fisherman Epis. Church, New Smyrna
Cokesbury Methodist Church, Pensacola
Water's Edge Group, Pensacola
Faith Presbyterian Church, Tallahassee

GEORGIA

Epis. Church of St. John and St. Mark, Albany
Emmanuel Episcopal Church, Athens
St. Gregory the Great Episcopal Church, Athens
All Saints' Episcopal Church, Atlanta
*The Cathedral of St. Philip (Episcopal), Atlanta
St. Luke's Episcopal Church, Atlanta
First Presbyterian Church, Atlanta
St. Bartholomew's Episcopal Church, Atlanta
St. Timothy's Episcopal Church, Calhoun
Good Shepherd Episcopal Church, Covington
St. Elizabeth's Episcopal Church, Dahlonega
St. Patrick's Episcopal Church, Dunwoody
St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, Milledgeville
St. Augustine's Episcopal Church, Morrow
St. Peter's Episcopal Church, Rome
St. Anne's Episcopal Church, Tifton

ILLINOIS

Grace Episcopal Church, River Forest

INDIANA

Lindenwood Retreat Center, Donaldson
Bethany Retreat House, East Chicago

KANSAS/MISSOURI

St. Mary Magdalene Episcopal Church, Kansas City

KENTUCKY

Frankfort Dream Group (interfaith) (502)227-2297, Frankfort
Christ Church Cathedral (Episcopal), Lexington

LOUISIANA

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

Listed Here For Networking Purposes

are the natural spirituality programs (dream groups based in churches) known to us. Each group is unique and organized in its own way. Groups that would like to be added to the list are invited to contact The Rose. If there is no group in your area, consider starting one. For resources see www.seedwork.org. Programs marked with an asterisk (*) are new to the list since the last issue of The Rose.

LOUISIANA

(continued)

*St. Matthew's Episcopal Church, Bogalusa

MARYLAND

First Unitarian Church, Baltimore

MICHIGAN

Hope Reformed Church, Holland
Grace Episcopal Church, Traverse City

MINNESOTA

St. Nicholas Episcopal Church, Richfield

MISSISSIPPI

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

MISSOURI

*St. Cronan Catholic Church, St. Louis

NEBRASKA

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

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
*First Congregational Church, Hendersonville
All Saints' Episcopal Church, Southern Shores
St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Wilkesboro

OHIO

First Unitarian Universalist Church, Youngstown

OREGON

*Congregational United Church of Christ, Medford

SOUTH CAROLINA

Liberty Hill Presbyterian, Camden
Grace Episcopal Church, Charleston
Trinity Episcopal Cathedral, Columbia
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

Nondenom. [ph. 210/348-6226], San Antonio
Christ Episcopal Church, Tyler
*Bay Harbour United Methodist Church, League City

VIRGINIA

Emmanuel Episcopal Church, Virginia Beach
*Calvary Episcopal Church, Front Royal

FRANCE

American Cathedral (Epis.), Paris

Pictured: Calvary Episcopal Church, Front Royal, Virginia

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.

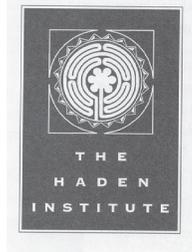
Natural spirituality as a church program was pioneered at Emmanuel Episcopal Church in Athens, Georgia, in 1991. Joyce Rockwood Hudson was the initial teacher in that undertaking, and she eventually wrote a book, *Natural Spirituality: Recovering the Wisdom Tradition in Christianity*, which contains 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, by online resources, and by conferences and retreats announced in *The Rose*.

Where To Find Resources

- ✦ *Natural Spirituality* by Joyce Rockwood Hudson
~amazon.com, or local bookstores by special order
- ✦ *Unopened LETTERS from God* by The Rev. Bob Haden
~purchase online: www.hadeninstitute.com
- ✦ Tallulah Lyons~www.healingpowerofdreams.com
~www.allthingshealing.com
- ✦ Resources for dreamgroups~ www.seedwork.org (click **Dreams & Spirituality**)
- ✦ Back issues of *The Rose*~www.seedwork.org (click **The Rose**)
- ✦ Free downloads of 77 selected KSDC lectures
~www.seedwork.org (click "Seedwork Audio") or
~www.archive.org (search "seedwork")
- ✦ CDs of KSDC lectures~email:
charles@luckydogaudio.com

The Haden Institute Training Programs



☐ Two-Year Dream 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.

2012 Dream Leader Training Intensive Dates:

Aug 23-27, 2012 / Nov 29-Dec 3, 2012 / Feb 28-Mar 4, 2013 /
Aug 22-26, 2013 / Dec 5-9, 2013

Jeremy Taylor, Bob Hoss, Chelsea Wakefield, Jerry Wright, Joyce Rockwood Hudson, Diana McKendree, and Bob Haden will be the keynoters for the Dream Leader Training intensives. Most are Jungian psychotherapists and all have many years of teaching the dream.

☐ 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.

2012 Spiritual Direction Intensive Dates:

Sept 13-17, 2012 / Jan 10-14, 2013 / Apr 18-22, 2013

For Canada the next starting time is October, 2012. Apply now.

Marcus Losack from Ireland, Pittman McGehee, Jerry Wright, Diana McKendree, Chelsea Wakefield and Bob Haden will be the keynoters for the Spiritual Direction Training Intensives. All are Jungian psychotherapists and/or ordained clergy with many years of teaching spiritual direction.

☐ Find Out More

Website: www.hadeninstitute.com

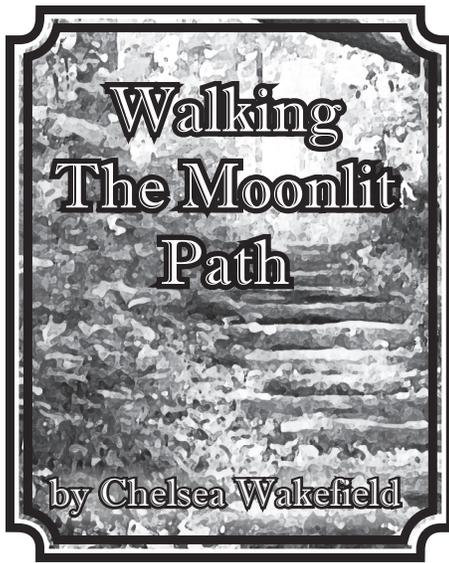
Address: The Haden Institute

PO Box 1793

Flat Rock, NC 28731

Phone: 828-693-9292

Email: office@hadeninstitute.com



About eight years ago, I had a dream that I was in a university library. I was in the Department of Psychology, and without realizing it, I wandered into the Department of Anthropology through a one-way turnstile. I kept trying to get back to the Department of Psychology, but there was a very cranky librarian and he would not let me through. I didn't realize it then, but since that time, I have come to understand that dream work is much more about anthropology than it is about psychology.

Psychologists evaluate people according to established theories and agreed upon models of what it means to be healthy and high-functioning. Anthropologists do field studies. They seek to understand another culture by suspending value judgments and pre-conceived notions, discovering the meaning of that world by entering into it and experiencing it from the inside.

Dream work is a field study of the psyche. In our dreams, we enter into another country, experiencing that world from the inside out. If we try to interpret that culture with the same orientation that we have in waking life, we will not receive the gift that is being offered to us.

One of the things I love about dreams is that you can travel the world without ever having to pack a bag or buy a ticket. Travel expands our horizons. In dreams, we are travelling to the archetypal realm. It is a geography of vast dimension, and things work differently there.

Those of us who love pilgrimage know

the wonder of entering into a liminal space where there is a chance for a new reality to break through. When we open ourselves to these kinds of experiences, we are changed by them. Dreams are nighttime pilgrimages. In dreams we travel by the less defined light of the moon. When we are doing dream work, we are walking a moonlit path into the realm of soul. It is a different anthropology.

Dreams speak a foreign language. They speak in the language of symbols, but more importantly they speak in the language of archetypes. It is very important to understand that archetypes are not roles or categories. They are entire systems of energy which motivate us in particular ways and evoke responses from the environment. We each have a personal set of archetypes—our *Inner Cast of Characters*—that we live into in our lives, or perhaps I should say, they live us. Each night, our dreams play out new archetypal dramas written and produced by the psyche. These dreams evoke feelings that are not random or purposeless. We are being invited to expand our horizons. Our dreams bring us new inner characters and different story lines than the ones we are living. If you change the archetypes you inhabit, you will change your life.

People want to know what a dream means. I am more interested in what a dream stirs. What does a dream evoke in you? How does it move you, inspire you, challenge or heal you? What archetypal energy is it awakening that would change your life if you were to begin to live more fully from that place?

Dreams comment on the directions we are moving in life. When we are moving in a direction that aligns with our essential soul print, we may dream of carpets with beautiful mandalas, rose windows with the light streaming through, sumptuous gardens, and tables of plenty. These dreams speak of, "YES!"

Dreams act like the stabilizing rollers on a big ship, bringing us back to center when we list too far this way or that. They dramatize the imbalances in our lives with characters entirely opposite to us. These dream characters carry an archetypal resonance that pulls us back to center or infuses us with something we are missing. They break us out of stuck places in our lives.

Dreams bring us the missing colors in our archetypal spectrum. Each of us has a range of archetypal energies that we identify as either "us" or "not us." We do not want to identify with certain qualities or attitudes that may be frightening or offensive. We disown them and they fall into our shadow realm. But because the psyche is always moving towards wholeness, it will bring these disowned, foreign energies to us in our dreams. Although they often feel strange and threatening, they are more than likely just the medicine we need to move us to the next level of our journey. The psyche is saying, "You've been to England and Spain and China, now it's time to experience Argentina, or the polar ice caps, or even perhaps a far off galaxy."

Once you begin to walk the moonlit path, nothing will ever be boring or ordinary again. Everything around you will take on new meaning, including many of the things you were sure you had all figured out. Your life will become enlivened by an awareness of synchronicities—those interesting experiences where the alignment of events is more than just coincidence. Even amidst the problems and challenges of life there will be a sense of an unfolding purpose. We move beyond the realm of problems when we are walking the moonlit path into the realm of mystery, into the great, unfolding adventure.

Occasionally, we fall into the trap of dream work as a spectator sport. We hold the dream at arm's length and analyze it without ever letting the culture of the dream enter us. It is like visiting the jungles of Cambodia or India and viewing the entire scene from the inside of a tour bus. To really understand your dreams, you have to suspend your pre-conceived notions, get off the tour bus, and enter into the culture of the dream—engage the people who live there, eat the food, and come to understand that world. Dream work is the ultimate form of travel. It is a journey through inner space, a safari through the psyche.

Some people treat their dreams like frogs in a science class, dissecting them and categorizing their parts—anima, animus, shadow. Or some can become completely intellectually fascinated by the way themes

of world mythology play out in dreams. But if you keep a dream outside yourself or in categories of the mind, your life will not be changed.

Robert Johnson once said that we should seek to live "... in partnership with the unconscious rather than at its mercy or in constant warfare with it." I engage my dream characters in a form of active imagination that I call *Negotiating the Inner Peace Treaty*™. I begin a relationship with each character, naming them and getting to know them by exploring their archetypal energies and agendas, discovering what gifts and invitations they are offering me. My ultimate goal is to integrate the complete message the dream world is bringing to me, making a place for the full spectrum of archetypal energies at the table of my life.

There is a local restaurant I frequent, and I enjoy talking to a young waiter there. I asked him one day if he knew what the Jungian term *individuation* meant. He said he did not, but he thought it had something to do with becoming an individual. We began to talk about dreams and he shared one with me. In his dream, *he thought his eyes were open, but then a second set of lids opened up and he could REALLY see.* "Yes," I said, "that's individuation. It is about awakening and then awakening again!" Dream work is ultimately about *individuation*— the journey of becoming who you were born to be. Each of us has a unique *soul print* that resonates in a particular way and calls us to certain people, paths, and purposes. We each have a contribution to make that will heal the world.

There are those who think they might dip a toe into this realm. They are often surprised, because once you peek into the realm of the unconscious, a second set of lids is likely to open. The awakening can be startling as you realize you have been asleep for such a long time. It can sometimes feel like a cold plunge.

Pisgah Forest is filled with waterfalls, and there is a popular place there where kids of all ages love to go to. It is called Sliding Rock—a 60 foot long, natural rock slide with a plunge pool at the bottom. I took my son Tommy there for the first time when he was seven years old. With

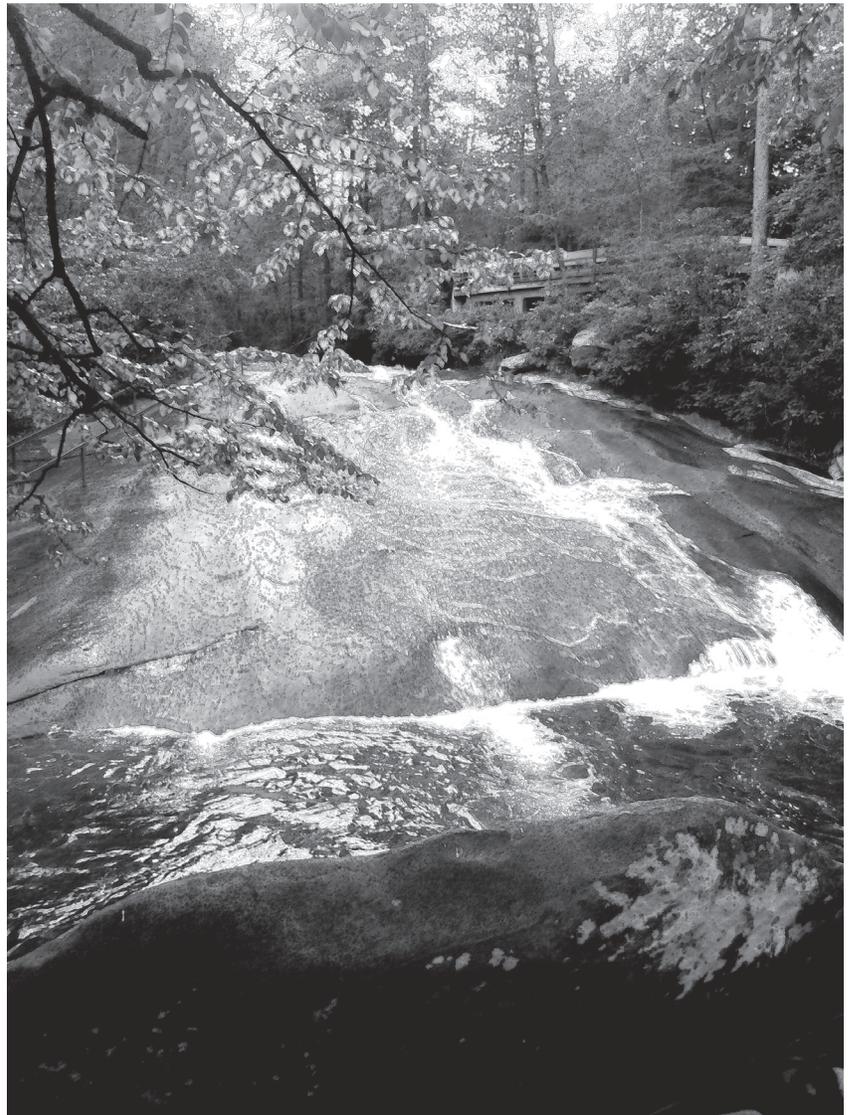
some trepidation, he watched as other kids fearlessly or giddily slid down the rock. Cautiously, he decided to venture out a bit further from the bank, slipped, and down he headed on his belly. "Mommeeeee," he yelled. I called out, "Just relax. You'll be fine." Down he went into that cold plunge pool. I was ready to jump in after him, when he emerged with a big grin on his face. As he climbed back up, he panted, "That was fun! I wanna go again."

There are places all along this journey of discovery that feel a bit like Sliding Rock. You are a little nervous about what you may find. You're not sure you really want to do this, but something is beckoning you. You think you'll just venture out and take a peek, and then suddenly you are being swept along by a mysterious current into

the undiscovered country.

Awakening can feel like a cold plunge pool, but it can also feel like a tsunami or a volcanic eruption. The German mystic, Meister Eckhart, once said, "The earth is a book about God." Perhaps we should let the earth teach us some lessons about the process of individuation.

The earth is in constant motion. On the outside, it moves in the constellation of planets around the sun, but deep within the earth there are all sorts of forces that we don't usually think about. We assume that we are on solid ground, but we are actually floating on a series of plates atop a sea of molten magma. Even the sea floor is in motion. At the mid-ocean ridge, new crust is being pushed up and is emerging from the depths of the earth. As this happens, the



Sliding Rock by Peggy Thrasher Law

sea floor spreads out towards the continental plates. The oldest part of the seafloor collides with the continental plates, often generating tremendous pressure that results in earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, and tsunamis, like what we have seen in recent times. Eventually, the sea floor is subducted back into the molten center of the earth, pulling bits of the crumbled continental shelf with it. There, it is all melted and mixed and moved towards the mid-ocean ridge, where it re-emerges as fresh crust.

That was a very simple summary of plate tectonics, but the psyche works much like this. Our personalities and identities are like the continental plates. We think they are solid, but they are but a thin crust floating atop the vast movement of the unconscious. New material is constantly emerging from our depths. When this new material collides with our established ego identity, we experience all sorts of inner disturbance. As these plates put pressure on one another, our foundations rumble and shift. We dream of earthquakes and tidal waves, for the changes that take place in our lives feel like a tsunami. All that was safe and familiar is swept away in the flood waters of events. We experience an illness, the loss of a relationship, the derailing of a career. People have a natural longing and need for stability in their outer life. But, the individuation journey is not about stability. It is about integrating the new material that is emerging from our depths—living a life ever more deeply aligned with our soul print.

One of my favorite quotes by James Hillman says that “You have to give up the life you have in order to get the life that is waiting for you.” We suffer because we cling to things that are meant to pass away, outdated stories we tell about ourselves, models of living that no longer work, scripts written by others. We are more than the events of our lives, more than our roles, and résumés, our net worth, and our notions. We suffer because we are at war with this process instead of watching for what is emergent, fresh, and new. This process of deep recalibration is no small task. It can be quite terrifying at times. This is why it helps to have what Parker Palmer calls a “circle of trust”—a

group of people that can support us while we are in the process of deep change. Long-term dream groups often become safe harbors of this sort. We celebrate the wonder and mystery of our dreams, but we also uphold each other in the difficult parts of our journey. We don’t shove easy answers at each other. We listen and respect the emergent wisdom that comes from our individual soul prints.

What does an individuated person look like? Actually, there is no such thing, because there is no end point to this journey. It is much better to say that we are *individuating* than *individuated*. When you walk the moonlit path, people will not always understand you. They may even think you are off the path. You may feel rather lonely and maladjusted at times when you no longer seem to be in sync with your previous peer group. We love to come to conferences like this because we can gather with people who understand us. It’s an anthropology conference for travelers of the psyche, each of us visiting a different country and returning to share our experiences.

One of the benefits of being on this journey is the development of mercy and compassion for yourself and others. In the process of becoming more conscious, you see just how unconscious you were yesterday. This brings you to the humble realization that you are undoubtedly equally unconscious about something today! Individuating people make mistakes; we get stuck and get hijacked by our complexes. The difference is that when we are cast under their spell, we awaken sooner than we used to. When we awaken, we know the value of doing our shadow work. Joseph Campbell once

said, “Where you stumble, that’s where your treasure is.”

Shadow work is a serious spiritual practice, and as we do our work, we experience redemption. Jung once said, “Redemption is a separation and deliverance from an earlier condition of darkness and unconsciousness, and leads to a condition of illumination and victory over everything given.”

Experiences of redemption happen



when suddenly all of the events of your life, even the catastrophes, feel like they have a meaning. There is a place in each of us that has never been hurt, betrayed, or violated in any way, a country in the psyche beyond the world of wounding. Dream work is filled with turning points of redemption and awakening. We call them various things: realizations, felt shifts, *aha* moments, or Jeremy Taylor’s “tingle pops.”

It is very important that we honor

these pivotal experiences. They have the potential to change the entire direction of our lives. But we are so busy; we have miraculous breakthroughs and then move right back to checking off our to-do lists. To cultivate an attitude of reverence for moments of awakening, we have to swim upstream from an entire cultural orientation towards productivity. We need more teaching on how to integrate and assimilate such felt shifts, how to actually make them real in our waking lives. I often hear people

I had a very profound healing dream this past year:

I was crossing a graduation stage, and as I reached the woman who was handing out the diplomas, she placed a golden cord around my shoulders. At that moment, a healing light came down from the sky and filled every crack and crevice of my being like a healing balm. It began to mend the lingering cracks from every shattering experience, every wound, and every betrayal. It was as if I could see an x-ray of my emotional body. I could see the fractured places mending and growing together into a unified wholeness.

I awoke with the deepest feeling of peace I had known for a long time. No talk therapy, no cognitive reframing, just a dream that brought a holy, healing light. For months I returned to the dream, entering into the felt sense of being infused with that healing light. Over and over again I meditated on it. I found a golden cord and placed it on my home altar. The dream experience anchored ever more deeply into my body, and it changed the way I could sit with people who had experienced overwhelming trauma. I could listen to horrific stories from a place of peace and faith, knowing that no matter how

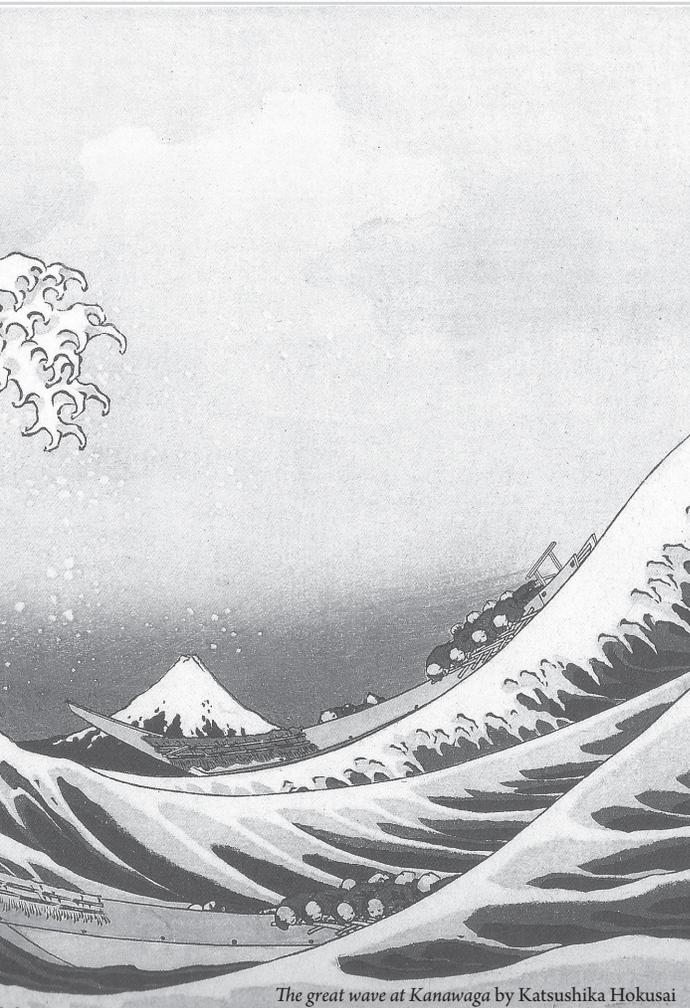
shattered the emotional body, how severed the soul, anyone can be healed and made whole. This is how we heal the world. You see, dream work is not an isolated activity. We are living in a quantum universe. When we experience an emotional healing, we bring a different archetypal orientation into the world. We de-escalate the conflict and drama around us, rather than adding to it. When the cracks and fissures of our being get healed, we are less fragile. We can

be a non-anxious presence amidst a lot of anxious people, a healing presence amidst the wounded.

Recently I have been returning to the writings of community builder Margaret Wheatley, who believes that whatever the problems we face, community is the answer, and that simply listening to one another can change the world. Dream groups change the world because we gather and listen deeply to one another. We don't just listen to what is being said; we are listening to what is percolating up from the underground magma, to that which has not yet entered consciousness or come into formation. We are listening each other into being.

What does it mean to integrate something and how do we actually do it? To integrate means to make something a natural part of your life, part of the fabric of your being. In my *Inner Peace Treaty* dreamwork method, that would mean that you have made a seat for this new energy at the *table* of your life. It is now a part of your archetypal color spectrum, and you access it with consciousness and creativity. By making it a practice to notice what archetypal energies we are inhabiting as we move through our days, we help ourselves develop an archetypal perspective of living.

Integrations are rarely easy. When we change, the people around us push back. That's why we often need a circle of support while on the journey. Let's take the example of a woman who has dedicated her life to pleasing and caring for others. Her primary archetypes would be, perhaps, *Devoted Wife* and *Mother*, a dash of *Saint*, and a little bit of *Martyr*. She is now in midlife, kids grown, and she is starting to feel very restless. Other parts of her that have been on the back burner or undeveloped are aching to burst forth. Suddenly she wants to paint, or run triathlons, or start a business, but she is so unaccustomed to thinking about herself that she can't quite begin. Her dreams are filled with themes of breaking free of the constraints of her life. The characters that populate her night world are *Free-Spirited Artists*, *Fearless Warriors*, and *Brazen Barmaids*. All are dream energies that come to correct an imbalance towards



The great wave at Kanawaga by Katsushika Hokusai

refer to quiet time as “doing nothing.” But it is in these moments that we begin to consider how we might live differently, from a new archetypal orientation. This is where the continental plates of our outdated ego identity meet the moving sea floor of the unconscious. We are surrendering to a process in which the old is being subducted and we are being melted and mixed and made anew. This is not the stuff of the dominant culture.



selflessness and sacrificial giving. If she will begin to form a relationship with these inner characters by naming them, dialoguing with them, and welcoming them to her inner roundtable, they will begin to shift her archetypal orientation. We can do this just a bit at a time, kind of like those labels on cleaning products that tell you to try this product first in an inconspicuous area to see what the result may be!

Some of our integrations are sudden and filled with upheaval. But more often, they can be accomplished gradually by pulling the new energies into our daily life, dialoguing with them, using our creative expression, building home altars, dressing a bit differently, experimenting with relating from this new place. All the while our dreams will reflect the anxiety of change, the challenge to the existing world view, suggestions about the next step, and corrective suggestions when you list a bit too far towards the opposite extreme.

If you begin to dream of *Warriors*, try moving into the yoga pose of proud warrior every morning to start your day. A woman I know bought herself a Samurai sword. If you feel plain and dream of *Aphrodite*, dab a little of that energy behind your ears and go buy yourself a new dress. Wear the dress, but more importantly, pull up the Aphrodite dream energy and watch what that evokes.

There is an endless variety of ways that you can integrate your dream energies, but you have to carve out the time to do it. You have to honor this process. You have to make a place at the table of your inner life before you can invite a new archetype home for dinner.

One dream can feed you for years. One dream image can change your life. When something moves you, when you have an awakening experience, savor it, meditate on it, let it penetrate your being, allow time for it to gestate and grow. The Poet Rilke said:

*You must give birth to your images.
They are the future waiting to be born.
Fear not the strangeness you feel.
The future must enter you long before it happens.
Just wait for the birth,
For the hour of new clarity.*

We are living in times of uncertainty when everything is giving way under our feet. We are anxious about our economic futures. We are anxious about our safety and the threat of global terrorism, about the environment, and about the loss of compassion for those who are weak or old.

Dream groups foster hope. In an anxious and changing world, dream work taps into things that are ancient and unchanging, eternal in their substance and truth. We need to be in each other's presence, to sit in circles and listen to each other, to know each other and to be known, to see how we are all alike in our needs and our frailty and how ultimately we are each uniquely beautiful. We are more than the events and roles of our lives. A dream group that has become a circle of trust will witness the emergence of a larger story. The story of our lives is too small to contain the vastness of our souls.

The more profoundly you are attuned to your depths, the more you live a life that is illuminated from within, the less you will fear the unknown or have to defend your life. You will not need to reference what the questionable and ever shifting authorities are telling you. You will begin to make different choices about your life, sourced from the depths of your being rather than from the values promoted by the dominant culture.

Iwould like to close with a Hopi wisdom poem that has inspired me for years.

GATHER YOUR COMMUNITY

Be good to each other. And do not look outside yourself for the leader. There is a river flowing now, very fast. It is so great and swift that there are those who will be afraid. They will try to hold on to the shore. They will feel they are being torn apart, and they will suffer greatly.

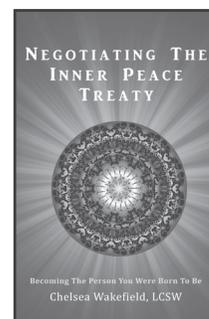
Know the river has its destination. The elders say we must let go of the shore, push off into the middle of the river, keep our eyes open, and our heads above the water. See who is there with you and celebrate.

At this time in history, we are to take nothing personally, least of all, ourselves. For the moment that we do, our spiritual growth and journey come to a halt.

The time of the lone wolf is over. Gather yourselves. Banish the word, struggle, from your attitude and your vocabulary. All that we do now must be done in a sacred manner and in celebration. We are the ones we've been waiting for.

When you do dream work, you are walking the moonlit path. It is a path lit by intuitive wisdom, wisdom born of the soul.

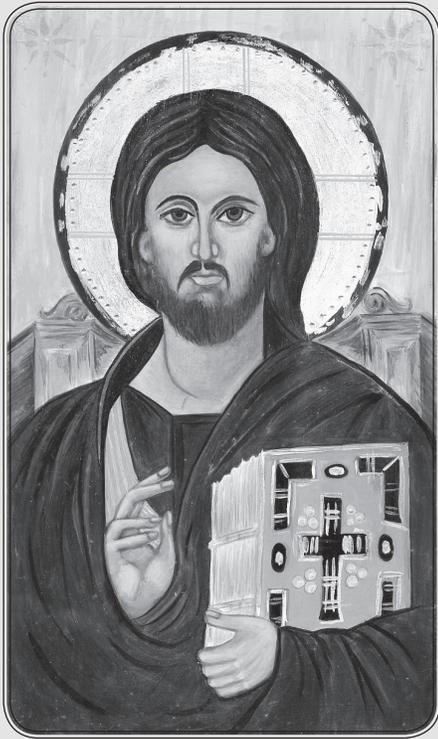
Chelsea Wakefield
Pisgah Forest, NC



Chelsea Wakefield, PhD-c, LCSW, is a Jungian oriented psychotherapist, dreamworker, and retreat leader who works with individuals and couples to support them in living into their luminous potential. She is the author of *Negotiating the Inner Peace Treaty™* and the creator of the

Luminous Woman Weekend®. Learn more about her at her website, www.chelseawakefield.com.

INDIVIDUATION AND CONTINUING



INCARNATION

It seems to me that what makes Holy Scripture “holy” isn’t inerrancy or theories about scripture’s importance. It’s that Holy Scripture has the capacity to keep engaging us with truth that feels new to us in our own process of intellectual and moral maturation. It has truth that nobody ever told us to look for, because it has the power to speak to us very specifically about who we are and who we are becoming.

~The Right Reverend Larry Maze

My 93-year-old mother now lives in our small guest house just across the backyard. This is a surprise to both of us brought about by the early deaths of my two sisters. As the only boy in the family, I had not made a plan for being the primary caregiver for Mother in her later years. This unexpected transition has gone well for both of us.

I left home when I was 17 years old and I’m here to tell you that the work of separating from one’s mother energies can either be done at 17, or 67. It’s remarkably similar at any age, although at 67 there is a good

bit more deep reflection and fewer temper tantrums—from either side. Mother is very healthy except for failing eyesight, and our daily connections continue to bring many blessings, some outright and some in disguise.

After 50 years of living clear across the country from my mother, I find that this new arrangement has engendered a deeper reflection on the power that memory plays in shaping our lives and on how uniquely the psyche decides to store memories. It comes as a frequent surprise to me that my mother and I have very different memories of the same family events. Mostly it doesn’t matter that a few details are different, but occasionally we come to a story that is a watershed experience for me, and she doesn’t remember it right! That can be a problem. I find that I don’t much like watershed experiences in my life being reinterpreted, especially by my mother. The same event is discussed, different psyches have done the storing, and a very different memory is told.

It’s not my first encounter with memories that turn out to be unreliable. As a young college student, I was introduced to books and essays that revisited and recalibrated every major event in American history about which I had come to certain conclusions because of what I had learned in grade school and high school. I began to discover in revisionist history that some of the patriotic themes in the history I learned as a schoolboy might have more to do with international economics than patriotism. This encounter with revisionist history was my first really profound learning in college, not because as a history major I had to rethink the details of what I had been taught, but because I began to realize that everything I thought I knew about anything was up for reevaluation.

The inner experience of discovering that memories aren’t always reliable and that history, including your history and my history, is open for revision can bring incarnation and individuation together in a new light. It is a process of deconstructing some of what we know, especially about incarnation. Deconstructing, and hopefully reconstructing, some of our interior images is never good news to the ego, whose job it is to figure out who I am and what it’s going

to take to make it in this world. Parenthetically, this helps explain, when we wake up from a night of meandering around in the cellars and caves of the unconscious dream world, why the ego goes to work very quickly to get us to forget the dream or to give us a quick, superficial interpretation. The ego isn’t fond of the idea of deconstructing what it has so painstakingly constructed in order to answer the question, “Who am I?” Bless our egos! We can’t live without them. We dare not try. But we live knowing that at some level the ego doesn’t really know the answer to the question, “Who am I?” For one thing there’s the shadow, all of that unconscious material that lurks around in our psyches. Dealing with unreliable memories and revisionist history has about the same impact on the ego as dealing with our shadow.

By the time I went to seminary, it wasn’t a total surprise to learn that even holy writing held meaning that I had never before confronted. Deconstruction and reconstruction of Holy Scripture feels, at first, a little scary or unfaithful, and maybe even dangerous. I had a classmate or two in seminary who simply refused to do any deconstructing, for who were we to come up with new meanings in Holy Scripture after thousands of years of faithful theological interpretations by our predecessors? Yet, I began to discover that what I looked for and found in holy writing was exactly what I had been told was there. After all, we tend to find what we’ve been told to look for. But what might there be in Holy Scripture that no one told us to look for? One of Carl Jung’s early discoveries was that the God he heard his father, who was a preacher, talk about from the pulpit Sunday after Sunday seemed to have very little resemblance to the religious experiences he himself was having as a boy. In *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*, he says, “...there arose in me profound doubts about everything my father said. When I heard him preaching about grace, I always thought of my own experience. What he said sounded stale and hollow, like a tale told by someone who knows only by hearsay and cannot quite believe it himself.” (p.43)

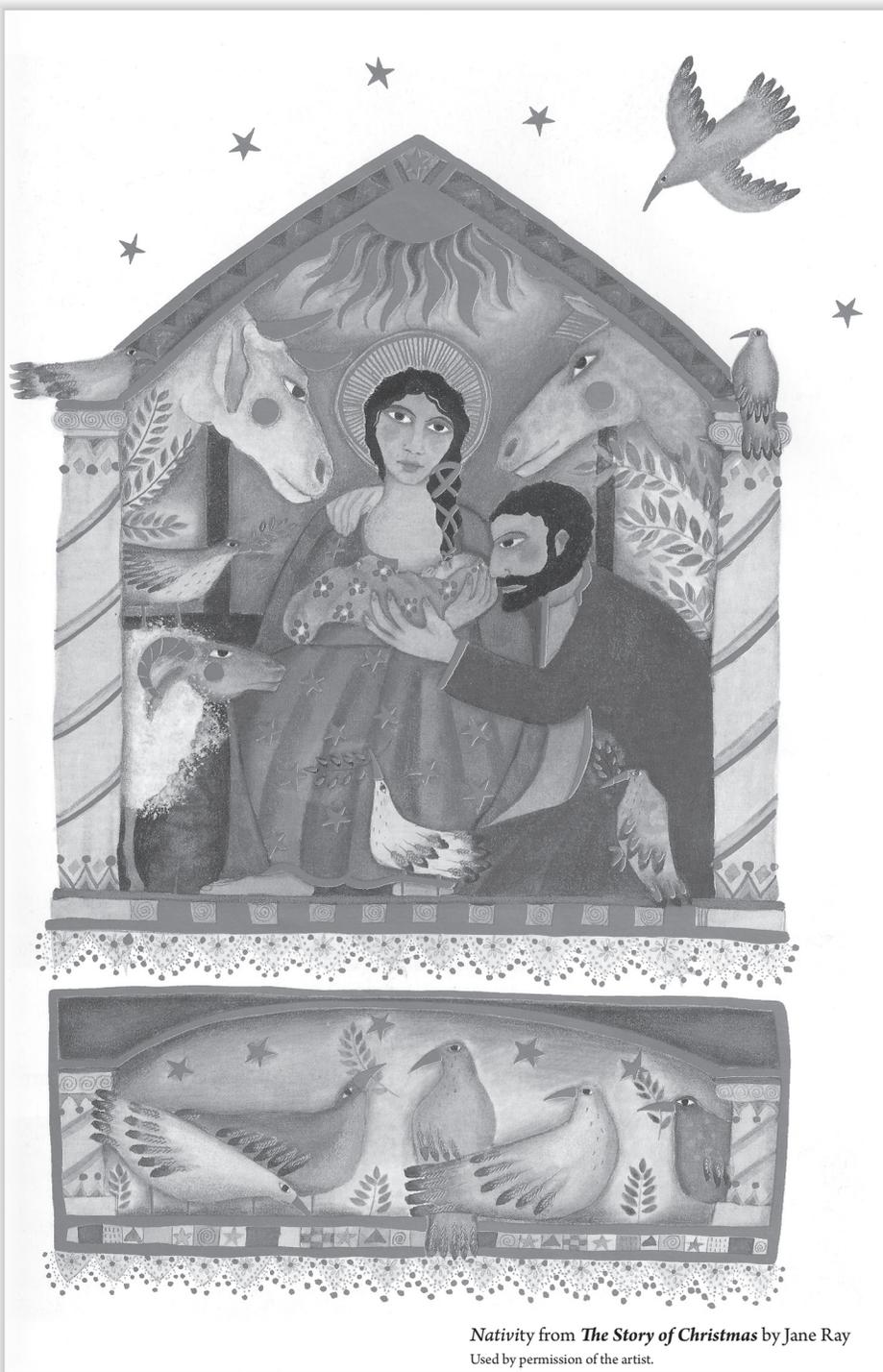
never exhaust the possibilities of Holy Scripture.

This talk carries a lofty title indeed: "Continuing Incarnation and Individuation." I chose that title because I'm convinced of the connection between the process of becoming the unique, whole person each of us is called to be through our individuation, and the ongoing incarnation of the Divine within our own lives and within the life of the world. As one moves towards becoming psychically whole, should we not expect there to be evidence of God's own mysterious life being revealed in the midst of our own? That is, should we not expect the coming together of incarnation and our own individuation?

The word "incarnation" has been popularly captured in a single event of God's incarnation in the nativity of Jesus. It's the incarnation story we know, because you can't live in Western society and miss Christmas altogether. It is true that you can have Christmas and never know it's supposed to be an event of divine incarnation. But at least we know that God became Jesus or Jesus became God—or something like that.

I've long held the hope that the whole world's love of Christmas has to do with a longing for a God who participates in the flesh and blood realities of where and how we live. So many Christians seem to believe that God lives somewhere else and looks in on us from afar. It is a good thing that at least once a year we entertain the expectation that God and flesh and blood might be connected, if even for a holiday.

Let me suggest that the evidence we have of God choosing to incarnate to take on life in the midst of creation reaches far beyond that single festival of incarnation. In the magnificent creation narrative in Genesis we find God incarnating—God's life is spilling into the emerging universe. God, in the midst of the formless void, begins to bring light out of darkness. If you're looking for a theological image for the Big Bang, I might have just given it to you, for suddenly in formless darkness, before the universe was born, there is a burst of light



Nativity from *The Story of Christmas* by Jane Ray
Used by permission of the artist.

From his very early years, Jung seems to have had the kind of mind that contemplated what might be true about religious experience and religious writing beyond what he had been told to seek. It seems to me that what makes Holy Scripture "holy" isn't inerrancy or theories about scripture's importance. It's that Holy Scripture has the capacity to keep engaging us with truth that feels new to us in our own process of intellectual and moral maturation. It has truth that nobody ever told us to look for, because it has the power to

speak to us very specifically about who we are and who we are becoming. At least it does if we still read it—which we might, if we could overcome the notion that somebody else first needs to tell us what's there. Now, I say that with a little hesitancy, because I'm about to tell you what's there. But my point is that Holy Scripture can still be discovered, and it is filled with truth that goes beyond what you've been told to look for. It doesn't mean that we don't listen to one another about what we have found. It simply means that we can

and there is energy for life.

The problem we have with understanding the creation narratives as the first evidence of incarnation is that we persist in thinking of God as a noun. God is a he, or a she, or even an it. And as we all learned in grade school, a noun is an object—a person, place, or thing. This is a very complicated problem for our brain. Whether intended or not, God becomes an object. That's why we have this need to place God somewhere. We end up with this image of God creating the universe the way you and I would create homemade bread. We stand separate from the flour and yeast and water, and we make bread.

I find it meaningful to think of God more like a verb than a noun, but even that isn't adequate. God is creative energy that flows in us, around us, through us, and beyond us. God is. Meister Eckhart would stop there. God is flow. God is movement. In this way, God is creation. God is that mystery in which "we live and move and have our being." God is atom and molecule and the space in between. And God brings substance from the invisible, inscrutable mystery of the divine life through the creation of substance. "Let us," says God in Genesis, "make humanity. In our own image, let us make man and woman." So the man and the woman become the substance of the invisible, inscrutable, nonmaterial God. God, it begins to appear to me, is

and always has been incarnational. The invisible mystery that is God reaches far beyond anything we can capture in our brains, which is why we keep wanting to objectify God. But we see the mystery of God in what has become substance, and that substance is God.

Such thinking about the very nature of the Divine being incarnational is not new. The writer of the fourth gospel prefaces all he is going to say in that gospel with this:

In the beginning was the Word: the Word was with God, and the Word was God. He was with God in the beginning. Through him all things came to be, not one thing had its being but through him. All that came to be had life in him, and that life was the light of men, a light that shines in the dark, a light that darkness cannot overpower. (John 1:1-5)

That which is unfortunately translated "Word" in this profound passage has little relationship to how we generally understand "word." This is further complicated by preachers who exhaust the meaning of the "word" of God by waving floppy bibles in the air as if to say that the word of God is the Holy Bible. Let me hasten to add that the word of God can be found in the Holy Bible. The word of God is found represented in human experiences in holy writing. But the Holy Bible itself is not the word of God. It is not what John is talking about. It is not the "Word" that pre-exists in creation. John Sanford, writing in his psychological commentary on John's gospel, wishes that the proper Greek word "logos" had been left in place with a footnote offering a better opportunity to understand that there is no English equivalent for logos.

"In the beginning was the logos," writes John. This is not a Hebrew word. It is not Aramaic. It is a word that John chooses from Greek philosophy, and he chooses it deliberately. Let us think of the logos of God as being the creative power and energy of God as creation begins and continues. Let us think of it as all that we can discover as both the material and the spiritual world are brought into being. The fullness of God is beyond our knowing,

but that which can be discovered about God comes to be known through the logos of God shaping all that is. In speaking of the logos of God, we speak of the creative energy of God which is discoverable by us. Richard Rohr likes to call the logos the blueprint of God. "In the beginning was the blueprint." Not simply the plan, but the divine energy and power infused in the plan.

According to John's Gospel, then, the logos which could be seen residing in Jesus of Nazareth was quite literally the same creative energy of God that has been evident from the first explosion of light. This creative power, this prime mover, this ground of all being, this blueprint, came to reside in the midst of us—but not for the first time, surely. And not for the only time. Jesus is not the only incarnation of God, for when has the creative power and life giving energy, the logos of God, ever been absent? The Christian claim is that for a time that power and life giving energy was seen and experienced with profound clarity in the flesh of one man, Jesus. And it was. But that doesn't mean that the meaning of incarnation is exhausted by that single, momentous event.

To me it is telling that much of what Jesus had to say during his ministry had to do with awakening his followers to their own divine centers. Wake up! If you are created in the image of God, you carry the substance of God. You are an incarnation of God. "I am the vine," says Jesus, "you are the branches...My Father is the vinedresser" (John 15). All is connected. "On that day you will understand that I am in my Father and you in me and I in you" (John 14). All is connected. "You must know that the kingdom of God is within you" (Luke 17). All is connected to the divine logos that is the power of God that is revealed in all that is—the power of God that is revealed in the universe which is still becoming.

John Sanford, in his *Mystical Christianity: A Psychological Commentary on the Gospel of John*, writes: "All knowledge of God that comes from the words of others, or from an examination of the creation, or even from holy Scripture, comes from outside of us, but the knowledge of God



that comes from within us is a direct knowledge inspired in us by the indwelling presence of the logos who resides within the human soul."

You. Whether you know it, believe it, like it, or care about it, you carry the divine logos within. The evidence for this is that you have life and substance. You are substantially here as the incarnating logos of God. Call it what you will: the Self, the Christ, the divine spark, the ground of your being, your deep humanity—it doesn't matter. It is the core, the center of your life. It is the energy within that drives us towards meaning and purpose and individuation.

In 1975 Carl Jung wrote:

The significance of man is enhanced by the incarnation. We have become participants in the divine life and we have to assume a new responsibility, viz. the continuation of the divine self-revelation which expresses itself in the task of our individuation. Individuation does not mean that man has become truly human as distinct from animal, but that he is to become partially divine as well. This means practically that he becomes adult, responsible for his existence, knowing that he does not only depend on God but that God also depends on man. Man's relation to God probably has to undergo a certain important change: Instead of the propitiating praise to an unpredictable king or the child's prayer to a loving father, the responsible living and fulfilling of the divine will in us will be our form of worship and commerce with God."

-C. G. Jung, *Letters*, Vol. 2, p. 316; quoted in *The New God-Image*, Edward Edinger, p.87

Why is the significance of man enhanced by the incarnation? Because it is a part of God's own self revelation. God is revealed in greater fullness to the world. Think of how differently we would view our own life if we could come to understand that we are part of God's own unfolding, that we, with Jesus, are logos, and that the substance which is you and me matters to God's own becoming.



Kazantzakis, in *The Last Temptation of Christ*, wrote "Everything is God's. When I bend over the ant, inside his black, shiny eye I see the face of God." Would that all humanity dwelt in that place where the *imago dei* is seen in all creation. Perhaps then the abuse of our planet would end. It is the logos of God that is continuing creation by becoming creation. Within the human soul, it is the same logos energy that lures us towards our own becoming.

When I consider your heavens, the work of your fingers, the moon and the stars you have set in their courses; what is man, that you should be mindful of him? the son of man that you should seek him out?

(Psalm 8)

What are we, indeed, if not a part of the divine mystery of the expanding universe? Our drive towards consciousness is more than curiosity about ourselves. It is the logos of God that resides within all the created order, bringing about new creation. In ancient times "mystery" wasn't something to be solved. That connotation is a product of the Western Enlightenment. In ancient times, "mystery" was a beckoning towards the experience of that which was beyond our knowing and yet lured us closer. The mystery of God cannot be known. And yet, all of creation participates in the mystery of this inscrutable God who hour by hour incarnates before our very eyes and within our very lives, as the next moment to be born becomes an incarnation of the Creator.

Let me close with ancient words from Moses as he prepares his people for crossing the river to the Promised Land and living life without him. He speaks of the Word of God:

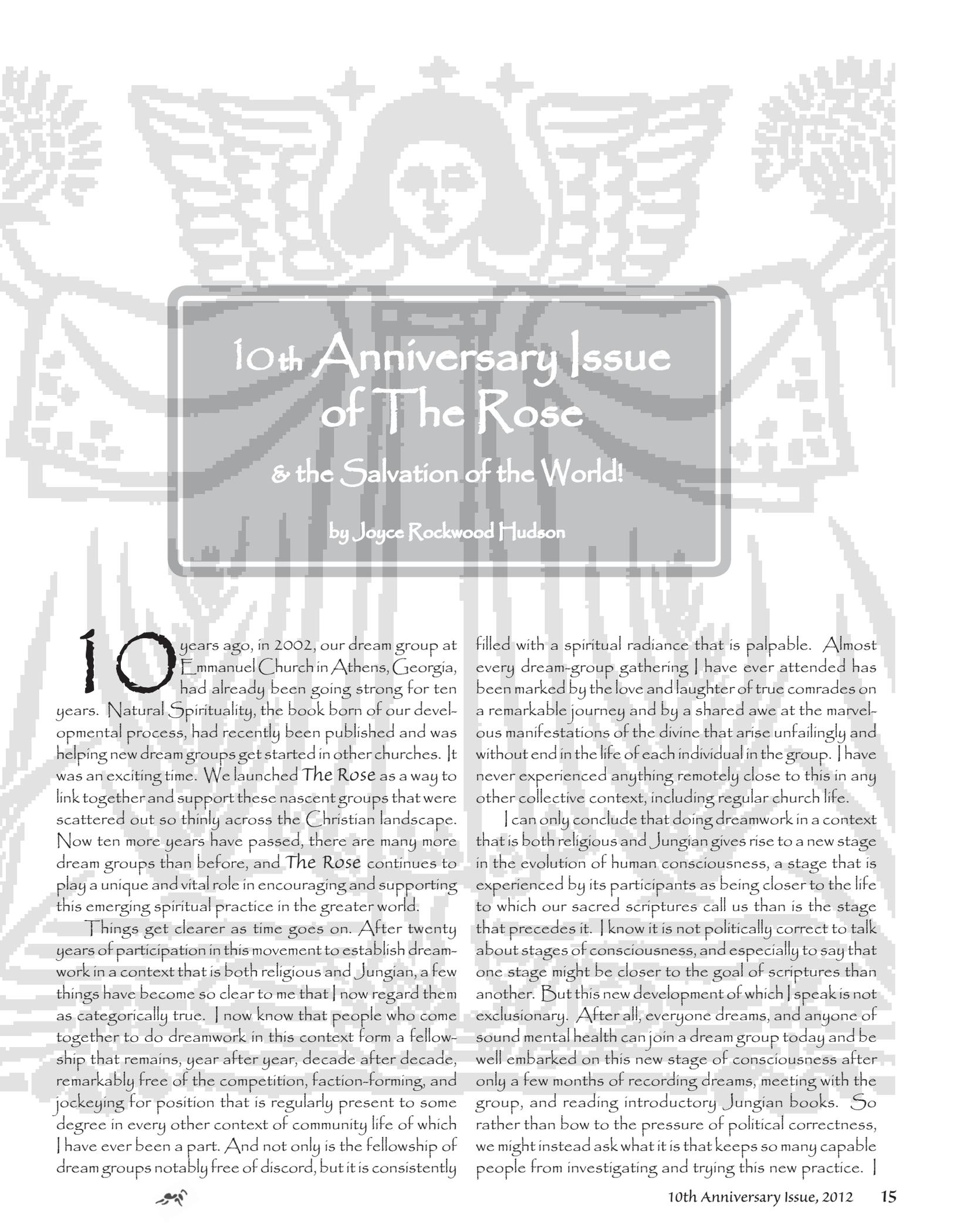
It is not in heaven, so that you need to wonder, "Who will go up to heaven and bring it down to us, so that we may hear it and keep it?" Nor is it beyond the seas, so that you need to wonder, "Who will cross the seas for us and bring it back to us, so that we may hear it and keep it?" No, the Word is very near to you, it is in your mouth and in your heart for your observance.

The Right Reverend
Larry Maze

Little Rock, AR

Larry Maze was ordained in the Episcopal Church in 1972. He retired in 2007 after serving as Bishop of Arkansas for the final 13 years of his pre-retirement ministry. He continues to be 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.





10th Anniversary Issue of *The Rose*

& the Salvation of the World!

by Joyce Rockwood Hudson

10 years ago, in 2002, our dream group at Emmanuel Church in Athens, Georgia, had already been going strong for ten years. *Natural Spirituality*, the book born of our developmental process, had recently been published and was helping new dream groups get started in other churches. It was an exciting time. We launched *The Rose* as a way to link together and support these nascent groups that were scattered out so thinly across the Christian landscape. Now ten more years have passed, there are many more dream groups than before, and *The Rose* continues to play a unique and vital role in encouraging and supporting this emerging spiritual practice in the greater world.

Things get clearer as time goes on. After twenty years of participation in this movement to establish dreamwork in a context that is both religious and Jungian, a few things have become so clear to me that I now regard them as categorically true. I now know that people who come together to do dreamwork in this context form a fellowship that remains, year after year, decade after decade, remarkably free of the competition, faction-forming, and jockeying for position that is regularly present to some degree in every other context of community life of which I have ever been a part. And not only is the fellowship of dream groups notably free of discord, but it is consistently

filled with a spiritual radiance that is palpable. Almost every dream-group gathering I have ever attended has been marked by the love and laughter of true comrades on a remarkable journey and by a shared awe at the marvelous manifestations of the divine that arise unfailingly and without end in the life of each individual in the group. I have never experienced anything remotely close to this in any other collective context, including regular church life.

I can only conclude that doing dreamwork in a context that is both religious and Jungian gives rise to a new stage in the evolution of human consciousness, a stage that is experienced by its participants as being closer to the life to which our sacred scriptures call us than is the stage that precedes it. I know it is not politically correct to talk about stages of consciousness, and especially to say that one stage might be closer to the goal of scriptures than another. But this new development of which I speak is not exclusionary. After all, everyone dreams, and anyone of sound mental health can join a dream group today and be well embarked on this new stage of consciousness after only a few months of recording dreams, meeting with the group, and reading introductory Jungian books. So rather than bow to the pressure of political correctness, we might instead ask what it is that keeps so many capable people from investigating and trying this new practice. I





I think we would find that the primary stumbling block is the natural fear we all have, at first, of our own shadow.

Of the many components of this new stage of consciousness, the one that is most responsible for the increased capacity to live harmoniously with others is shadow work. This is a Jungian concept that refers to the process of recognizing and taking responsibility for the unconscious parts of one's own personality—both the unpleasant, unsavory parts and the unclaimed golden parts. The fact that our shadow parts are unconscious means that we cannot bring them to mind of our own accord. We have to be shown them through a consciously sought dialogue with the unconscious. The most productive way to have that dialogue is to do dreamwork in a context that is both religious and Jungian.

The Rose is dedicated to fostering this kind of dreamwork, along with other forms of inner work that also contribute to the dialogue. As the old consciousness of our present age breaks down with the increasing failure of its institutions, we can expect a long time of disorganization and seemingly backward movement in the greater culture—not unlike, in kind if not in scope, the Dark Ages that followed the breakdown of the stage of consciousness that we now call the Classical World. In that earlier time the flame of new consciousness had already been lit by the birth of Christianity, and it was carried forward through the years by monastic communities scattered about the darkened cultural landscape of the post-Roman world. While I would not want to overstate it, I believe that *The Rose* is helping in a similar way to carry forward the flame of a renewed and expanded Christian consciousness for a world that will one day come to see its precepts of inner work as the norm for healthy human life. In this way it could be said that *The Rose* is playing its own small part in the salvation of the world.

After ten years, *The Rose* remains free of charge to its subscribers, who now number around 3,200. Its expenses are paid entirely by donations. The costs of printing and mailing, which currently run about \$4,500 an issue, are paid by individual, one-time contributors, who cover 15% of the expenses, and by the Hundred Monkey Troop, which covers the rest. The Hundred Monkeys are a group of readers who have signed up to contribute, upon request, up to \$100 a year. Usually they are asked for around \$60 a year. We currently have 115 Monkeys in the troop, but we always need more. The more Monkeys we have, the less each has to pay.

The Rose's largest expense, of course, is the labor that goes into the planning, editing, layout, print production, mailing, handling of subscriptions, processing of donations, and mailing out of requested extra copies. All of this work is done by one person, *The Rose* editor. Most people can hardly imagine the many hours that go into each page of *The Rose*. Take a good look at this "Kanuga" issue. The articles have been artfully carved from recordings of much longer oral presentations given at the Summer Dream and Spirituality Conference. Each was put through a process of transcription and then many drafts of skilled editing to transform the original spoken language into graceful written prose. Notice the beauty and aptness of the illustrations. Each page requires hours of searching for the right images, processing the images with graphics software for special effects, laying them out artfully on the pages, adjusting and readjusting texts and graphics to get every little detail just right.

The work of *The Rose* editor fully amounts to a half-time job. In the field of publishing, the average annual pay for an editor-in-chief is \$51,000–\$94,000. Our goal is to pay our *ROSE* editor one half of a \$50,000 annual full-time salary, or \$25,000 a year. At present we are falling short of that, although our dedicated editor works on with short rations. Her salary is paid by our valiant troop of Super Monkeys,

who each contribute \$1000 a year. But not every Super Monkey is just one person! Some in the Super Monkey Troop have signed on as Half Super Monkeys, pledging \$500, and some as Quarter Super Monkeys, pledging \$250 annually. So far we have a grand total of 18 Super Monkeys. We need to have 25.

If you love The Rose, I invite you to be a Monkey with us at whatever level will work for you—\$100, \$250, \$500, \$1000. With your help we can keep this beautiful publication going strong for at least another ten years.



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498 Prince Ave
Athens Ga 30601*



The Rose is this important to us!



*Joyce Rockwood Hudson
Frankfort, KY*

Joyce was the editor of The Rose for issues 2–15. She remains an assisting editor, which she says amounts to very little compared to the endlessly consuming job of being the main editor. In 2009 she moved to Frankfort, Kentucky and started a dream group there, which now has more than 40 active members. Like all dream groups, its shared life is endlessly amazing!

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- ___ Quarterly @ \$250 x 4

I will be a HALF SUPER MONKEY pledging \$500 a year.

Please check your desired payment schedule below.

___ Annually ___ Semi-Annually ___ Quarterly

I will be a QUARTER SUPER MONKEY pledging \$250 a year.

Please check your desired payment schedule below.

___ Annually ___ Semi-Annually ___ Quarterly

I will be a member of the HUNDRED MONKEYS TROOP, pledging up to \$100 annual limit in support of The Rose.

John O'Dreams

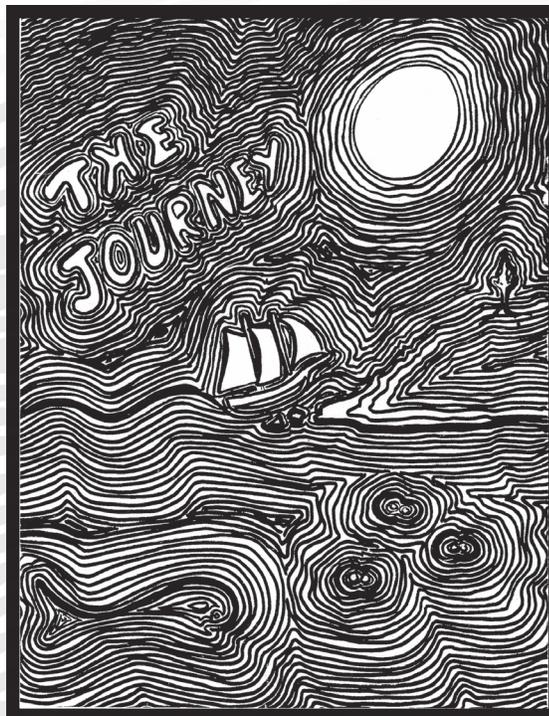
Lyrics by Bill Caddick

When midnight comes
good people homeward tread
Seek now your blankets and your feather bed
Home comes the rover, his journey's over
Yield up the night time to old John O' Dreams
Yield up the night time to old John O' Dreams

Across the hills, the sun has gone astray
Tomorrow's cares are many dreams away
The stars are flying, your candle is dying
Yield up the darkness to old John O' Dreams
Yield up the darkness to old John O' Dreams

Both man and master in the night are one
All things are equal when the day is done
The prince and the ploughman,
the slave and the freeman
All find their comfort in old John O' Dreams
All find their comfort in old John O' Dreams

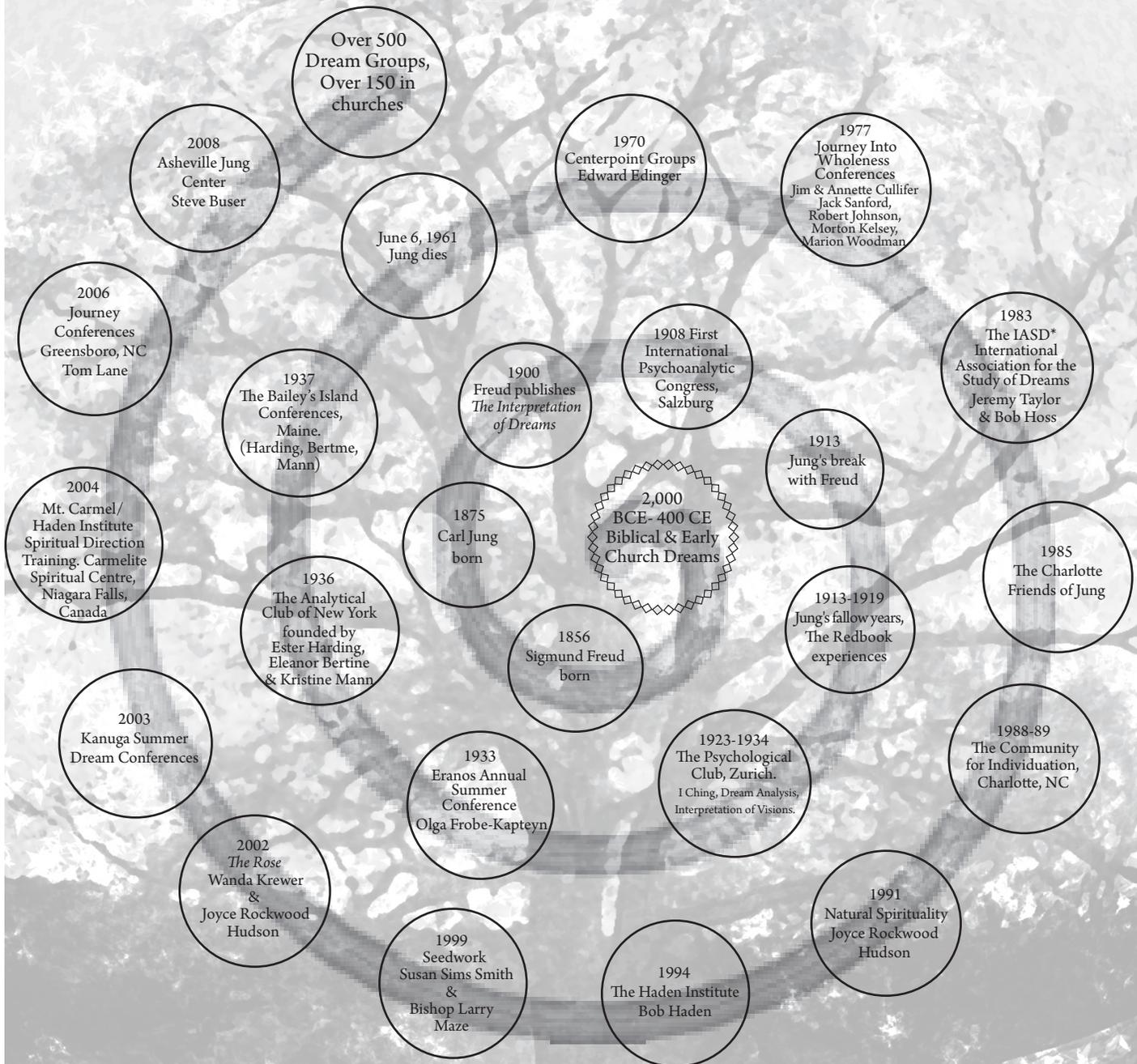
Now as you sleep the dreams come winging clear
The hawks of morning cannot harm you here
Sleep is a river, flows on forever
And for your boatman choose old John O' Dreams
And for your boatman choose old John O' Dreams



*This song was performed by Lane Norton
at the close of the day before compline at the
Natural Spirituality Regional Gathering
held at Camp Mikell in Toccoa, Ga.*

Glen Williams

You are a Part of the Rising Tide of the Dream Group Movement



"This is not all or every aspect of the dream group movement. It is our lineage, our family tree, the Jungian/spiritual path." So reads a handout that was given to the participants at the 2011 KANUGA SUMMER DREAM CONFERENCE. The spiral image in the diagram above shows some of that lineage. For more about the history of the unfolding dream group movement and its pioneers, you may listen to the 2011 KANUGA SUMMER DREAM CONFERENCE panel discussion entitled "The Rising Tide of the Dream Group Movement" on the SeedWork website www.seedwork.org (click "Seedwork Audio").

*Note: IASD presidents include Gayle M.V. Delaney 1983-85, Robert Van de Castle 1985-86, Jeremy Taylor (co-founder) 1994-95, Robert Hoss 2003-04. For a complete list of past presidents, and for more information on THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE STUDY OF DREAMS, visit www.asdreams.org

Swimming with Jesus and the Whale

By Peggy Thrasher Law

In the summer of 2011, I celebrated my 50th birthday in the redwood forests on the coast of California. As editor of *The Rose*, I was hesitant to miss the Kanuga Summer Dream Conference, but came to realize that I was meant to be dancing in that cathedral of trees with my husband and young son. One of the treasures my late father passed along to me was a love of trees. And it was an inherited gift from him that enabled our little threesome to afford the travel to California. And travel, we did. We began in San Francisco and drove over a 1000 miles all the way up to Oregon and across California to Yosemite. At every curve the scenes were more breathtakingly beautiful than before. Even when we made a wrong turn, down the wrong road according to our paper map—that old fashioned GPS—it was golden. Unencumbered, we were traveling without any rigid plans, guided by a spontaneous inner compass that was pure wonder. We ambled up the coast road in a rented, fern green, Kia Soul, stopping whenever any one of us wanted to absorb a view more fully. We gathered colorful rocks—touchstones, symbols of the complete self. We wet our feet in the frothy Pacific. We ran on the beaches, and laughed at the laziness of seals. We took a nap or two ourselves. We stopped to let a herd of elk cross the road and searched the sky to catch a glimpse of the osprey after hearing its full-throated call. And we drove, sometimes, in a contented silence.

Our family was in such a joyful place of discovery that whenever we were encouraged by locals to take in a sight, we followed their advice. On a day I will long remember, my husband, Don, was told in casual conversation over a meal that we should go to Bodega Bay to watch for whales. Thinking that it was not the right season for whale sightings, we turned off Route 1 anyway and drove out to the rock cliffs that jutted out and hugged the Pacific. There was a light fog, and down below, out in the ocean water we spotted it: a whale, a WHALE! I was so awestruck I could hardly contain my elation. I was overcome and downright giddy. God is great, His creation magnificent!

After about 45 minutes of watching the water for glimpses of the graceful creature, we climbed back in the car and drove back to the coast road. My son was bemused at my sheer joy. I tried to explain why my spirit soared so high on seeing the whale—ancient, massive, and wise. Whales have a language all their own, they sing and have been here for eons. I said that often times when I have dreamt of whales it has been a symbol of God for me. Right after my saying those words, the road ran perpendicular into the Eastshore Road. I looked up, and there, across the street, was a vine-covered gate awash in rose petals with a sign above it that read, “Compass Rose Gardens.” I burst into laughter in recognition of the affirmation that had just been given to this *Rose* editor. We drove on a few paces to Route 1, and turning my head to the right, I saw a sign which read, “Synchronicity... Treasures for the soul.” I kept saying through my laughter, “Do y’all see that?”

On our return to Georgia, I had a dream.

I am walking on the cliffs of Bodega Bay. I walk right off the cliffs and into air and float down to the ocean where I encounter Jesus riding on the back of a whale. The whale and Jesus and I begin to swim in the ocean together. We dive and whirl, Jesus' white robes floating buoyant with seawater, blooming in the blue like a flower. And I think to myself with great delight, "I've never had so much fun with Jesus." After diving and splashing in the cool, frothy, salty sea, Jesus and I swim to the shore. We are sitting side by side on the sandy, rocky beach. Looking out at the ocean and the sky, we are content and do not speak. I then turn towards Jesus and ask Him, "What do you want me to do?" Still looking out over the horizon, He replies, "Be free."

In my heart of hearts, I knew that I was to make a summer journey with my family and miss the dreams that were being told in the mountains of North Carolina. Instead, I was enveloped by sacred dappled light in a sanctuary of trees and kissed by the breath of God on a cliff overlooking the sea. The numinous dream that came to me on my return home will carry me for the rest of my born days. This is what is meant by the body of Christ. This simultaneous conversation we are all having with the Divine. We are the body, the conversation, the branches. We are all called to swim freely, softly, in the waters of life, heart and soul unbrined by fear or sorrow or disappointment. I listen for the singing of the whales in my dreams, for God's language which shows me the way, maybe off the more traveled path, to wholeness. I am grateful for a community of dreamers who also listen to that song and know that as we each embrace the journey as the birthright given to us at our making, we are opening our world for the rushing in of holiness that longs to flow within all of us. As we commune with God's grand creation, we reflect the truth of our interconnectedness, the truth that together we are the Body.



DREAMS, MEDITATION, AND A JOURNEY TO INDIA

BY SUSAN SIMS SMITH

To everyone who is attending this conference or listening to these talks on iTunes or reading them in *The Rose*, I thank you for your dreamwork ministry. As your consciousness goes up, you are affecting everybody around you. Because you are doing your work, the love of Christ and the love of the Divine is bigger on this planet. Spoken or not spoken, your vibrational frequency is changing, and that is helping redeem and restore the planet. It opens up the possibility of wisdom from the unconscious for all the people who are in your “posse.”

I believe that we incarnate in soul clusters. You have parts of your soul cluster here in this dreamwork community, back home, and elsewhere. Each person in a soul cluster has a particular function or task to perform. When you are being you and doing what you do well, it is on behalf of the larger soul cluster. Because we are really not separated, because we truly are one, because on an energetic level there is no separation between us, as I tell you these stories about India, don't think about this as having happened to Susan Sims Smith the individual. Think that this happened to you.

In the course of the last year I have made three trips to India to three different places. Through dreams and meditation I was given specific places to go and specific dates to go for very specific reasons, none of which I understood anything about when I left home. Because these stories are informed by meditation as well as dreams, I will begin with a deeper conversation about meditation.

Meditation moves us into an altered state of consciousness. It allows us to listen not only to the Divine but also to our best self. Sometimes when I am meditating and I'm thinking that I'm hearing God, I will get a tease message saying, “You know you are just listening to yourself.” And I will say back to the universe, “Well, it's a self that has not been talking until I got this quiet.” But, of course, on an energetic level all is one. There is no separation between our highest self and the Divine. Through meditation we are able to find more energy, receive correction, and become more tranquil. We receive downloads of new information that we have never heard of before and that nobody taught us at the First Methodist Church in Marked Tree, Arkansas.

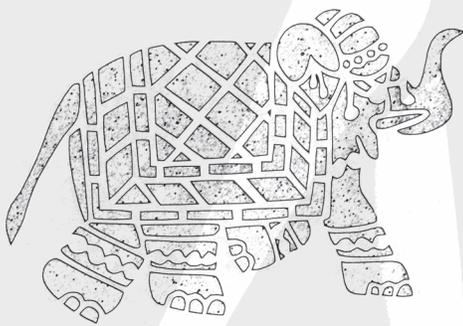
Dreams and meditation have similar purposes, but they are somewhat different. Dreams offer a dialogue with the unconscious, with our best self, and with the Divine. Meditation strengthens dream recall. In both dreams and in meditation we can be taught new techniques for meditating. About twelve years ago, before I was ordained, I went through an immense change in my meditation process. It started with a dream in which I was told that *I was now ready to swim in the waters of “ornage.”* I had no idea what that meant. After working with it, I began to understand that the dream was teaching me a new way to meditate. I was to *swim in the waters of “making a sound.”* So I began to experiment with making a sound when I meditated and found that it took me to a new level. Many more “downloads” about

how to meditate have come to me in the last twelve years. For instance, I was told that I needed to make an energy body strong enough to tolerate the levels of frequency where I was going to be traveling. For several months when I meditated, I visualized myself in various kinds of containers and bodies made of light. I would become a pea pod encircled with light, or I'd be inside a suitcase. I was taught that I needed to do that. I was taught that I was about to travel into frequencies where I could not travel without a stronger *light body*.

Also during this time I was given numbers and letters with which to meditate. I would get so attached to a particular number or letter that when I was shown a new number, I resisted the change. In meditation I heard, *Okay, if you would like to ride on the slow decrepit train to Zurich, stay on your old numbers and letters. But if you would like to get on the fast track, go here.* The unconscious was revealing that I had reaped all the benefit needed from that older way of meditating. During my meditation with certain numbers and letters, it was as if I were taken into a room in order to harvest out of that space everything I needed to know. Once this was accomplished, I was given a different way to meditate. So this is how I learned my practices of meditation, not from any books or workshops, but directly from within, and mostly while in meditation.

In a dream I was told: *Dreaming is like going to the post office box.* Once a day you open up the post office box and take out a letter from the Divine postman—letters from God. So when I wake up in the

morning, I go to the post office box, pull out the mail, and read the letters between the Divine and me. Because they are usually symbolic, dreams require decoding. They employ symbol, poetry, myth, and archetypes. Meditation, on the other hand, is more like e-mail. I can get communications from meditation any time of the day or night, and I can download large amounts of information at one time. Sometimes it is coded and comes symbolically, but in this present phase of my life much of the information comes in direct sentences. You will have a sense of that straightforwardness as I tell you the unfolding tale of my first journey to India, during which I received regular nighttime dreams that needed decoding, mixed in with straight information.



Every new development in life is preceded by notable events on our journey. Prior to my hearing the call to India, a group of people and I raised money to build an interfaith meditation center in Little Rock, Arkansas, with Bishop Larry Maze's blessing and help. The Arkansas House of Prayer is built on five and a half acres of land next door to Saint Margaret's Episcopal Church. The interior of it is just for silence. People of all faiths are invited to come to say their prayers. There is a beautiful pre-meditation room where you may leave your shoes and belongings before entering the round meditation room. In the center of the meditation room is a circle of earth which goes 16 feet down into the ground. Above the space is a dome which lets in natural light. The Divine is the divine of the earth and also the divine of the spiritual realm. On the day we dedicated the building, people from all world religions brought soil from places where they pray, and a group of children mixed that dirt into the middle. Little did I know when I started this project that I would end up with more work in the interfaith area than I ever expected.

I had always assumed that someday I would go to India on a vacation with my husband. But in November 2009, I wake up in the middle of the night with a dream with just the word *Pondicherry*. I get up and write it in my dream journal, but I have no idea what it means—it might be a fruit tree in Florida for all I know. In the weeks that follow, this same word keeps being repeated in my dreams until finally I Google it to see if it is a real word. I learn that Pondicherry is a town in India and that the ashram of Sri Aurobindo is located there. I am sure I have never heard of Sri Aurobindo, though some of my old hippie friends will later tell me that I had heard of him but had just gotten too old to remember.

December arrives and I begin to have intense dreams about an ashram in India. Eventually I order one of Sri Aurobindo's books and put it on a table in the living room. There is a photograph of him on the cover, and one day as I walk past it, I hear a voice say out loud, "There is your teacher." And I think, "Holy Toledo. Just what I need. A teacher in India." Frankly, just between you and me, I have never admired the idea of people in America having gurus in India. It is not something I aspire to, but now I am curious and start reading Aurobindo's books. Then, I hear in meditation, "You are going to go to India to help your colony." That would be the posse, the soul cluster. By the time I get through the holidays and into January, I cannot sit in meditation or go to sleep without dreaming about Pondicherry and the Sri Aurobindo ashram. One night, I have a dream that pronounces, "Go now or forever hold back your choir of angels." To me "choir of angels" means my joy, my blessing, and my excitement. So I say to my husband, "I think I need to go to India."

That day in my meditation I hear, "Get your visa and go through every door as fast as you can open them." I have a huge number of frequent flyer points saved, so I call to redeem them and the receptionist states emphatically, "You are not going to be able to use your frequent flyer points. It takes a year, at least." I say, "Well, just start. Here are some dates when I'll be free during this next year." So you know what is going to happen. After only twenty minutes she calls back and asks, "How would you like to leave on March 16?" In other words, I can go almost immediately. To make a long story short, I book this three-week trip to India because of what I am being told in my dreams and during meditation.

After some research, I discover that the ashram in Pondicherry has several guest-houses. I inquire by e-mail about accommodations, and receive the startling response, "We are only for spiritual development. No tourists! You can't come." I try to document that I am a spiritual seeker. I provide my itinerary and finally I am allowed a room in the guest house. I begin to get excited about the trip. But I still have no idea why it is so important that I go to India. One day, while eating lunch with Larry Maze, he proclaims, "I know exactly why you are going. I have been looking at the Aurobindo website and I get it." I reply, "Why don't *you* go? You get it. I don't get it." He reminds me that Robert Johnson went to India every year. Having forgotten that, I research Robert Johnson in India and find a photograph of him sitting in a room in the same guest house where I am going to be staying. There are about ten guest houses, and, synchronistically, I'm staying in the one where Robert Johnson stayed during his many visits to Pondicherry!

Before I leave on my journey, I am told in a meditation that my level of joy is going to be increased. After the long hours of travel, I arrive with my backpack in Pondicherry and the fifty room guest house in the ashram. I notice that there are signs above the rooms inscribed with different affirmations—compassion, peace, et cetera. I'm shown to my room, Number 25, and there over the door is a sign that reads "Joy." I answer in recognition, "Okay!"

That night I climb under the mosquito net and into bed. Before going to sleep I pray, "Divine, show me why I am here. I surrender. I am here to serve you. I will do whatever you want." I fall asleep. At one o'clock in the morning one of four lights in the room comes on spontaneously. The light wakes me and I see that it is illuminating a photograph of Sri Aurobindo. I surrender and give myself to the experience of learning everything I can about this teacher, Aurobindo, who begins to show up in my dreams. In the first of these dreams:

I am on a bus and there are all these people that I know. The person at the front of the bus says, "Hey, I want you to meet your cousin," and I say, "Okay." From the back of the bus comes Sri Aurobindo. The man at the front says, "This is your beloved cousin, Aurobindo."

Aurobindo, who died in 1950, is a human being, not a Divine incarnate. In my dreams he begins to speak to me directly: "I am on the spiritual step that you need to learn about. The step that you need to go to, I have figured out." And I think, "Download it, baby!"

I start having incredible mystical and spiritual experiences. The guest house itself is like a lab school in consciousness. You drink water and there above the fountain is a sign pertaining to the spirituality of water and of drinking. You go up stairs and there are signs about how going up stairs strengthens your spirituality. All around you there is beauty, including lush gardens that look out over the Indian Ocean.

After Aurobindo died, his partner, Mirra Alfassa, who is known as The Mother, had a vision in 1968 that led her to found an intentional, experimental, utopian community called Auroville, located thirty minutes from Pondicherry. People from 124 countries attended the groundbreaking. It is now a community of 2,160 people from 45 nations and all the world religions, all of them dedicated to exploring ways to live harmoniously together. The Mother said that the heart and soul of the community needed to be a meditation center. That building, which is called the Matrimandir, is a sphere with an apricot-colored marble interior. Inside the dome, at the top of a glass and marble spiral staircase, is the meditation room, which is made from white marble. The Matrimandir is one of the most beautiful buildings I have ever been inside in my whole life. And as I explore it, I learn that the rules and the intention for how to use it are identical to the rules of the Arkansas House of Prayer. There is no difference. They are cousins, just located in a different geography. The intention at Matrimandir is silence, stillness, and concentration. There is no singing, no yoga, no liturgy, no worship, just silence. It is for people of all the world religions. For me, the similarity with the House of Prayer is mind blowing.

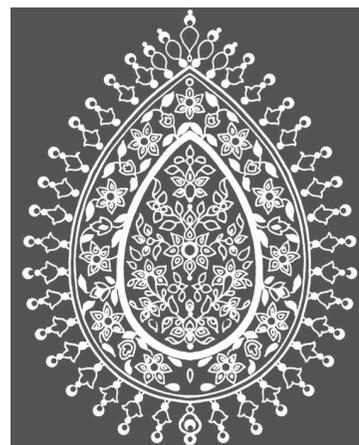
About 60 people can sit in the naturally lit meditation room, and the silence there is unbelievable. In the center of the room is a large crystal globe, about 30 inches in diameter, which serves as a focal point. The first time I sit in deep meditation there, the glass ball transforms in my mind's eye into Christ's head with his crown of thorns. Part of what is being taught in Auroville is a *unity consciousness*—how can we maintain

our separate religions and still know that we are unified? In my vision, Christ looks at me and asks, "Would you like to know who is in charge of unity consciousness?" I answer, "Yes." He pronounces, "I am."

As I hold the presence of Christ in the middle of that room, I understand that in Holy Scripture Christ was with God at the time of creation before the Christ consciousness incarnated in Jesus. The Christ consciousness was with God in the beginning and is with God now and will be with God forever. Christ consciousness is behind the scenes in all the world religions on planet earth and in every situation, seeking to redeem, restore, and make the planet whole.

Thoroughly in love with India and Pondicherry and the Sri Aurobindo ashram, I return home to Arkansas. Soon after, I hear in meditation, "Mysore." Realizing this is not a fruit tree in Florida, I know that I am being sent to another ashram in India. I would so much rather go back to Pondicherry, but by now I wholly trust these directives. This time I hear in meditation a specific time when I should go. At first I am told, "Just before your birthday." My 60th birthday would be on October 12. Then I am told more specifically, "Leave on October 6." That means I would arrive at the ashram on October 8. I look at the calendar on the ashram website and read: "Sri Ganapati Sachidananda Swamiji will be in his home ashram in Mysore to celebrate the nine days of Navratri—the celebration of The Divine Feminine—starting on October 8th." Again my mind is blown! Having proclaimed the Sacred Feminine for years, I am now being sent to the ashram of Sri Ganapati Sachidananda Swamiji, who has been worshipping the Divine Feminine every morning since he was a child taught by his mother.

When I arrive in Mysore, I see beautiful silk hanging over a block and a half of the road. There is a red path covered in flowers, and crowds of people are everywhere—several thousand in all. There are flower mandalas, the aroma of incense, music, and gorgeous saris, all in celebration of the Sacred Feminine. When I step out of the taxi, my bare feet on ashram soil, I hear, "I am home."

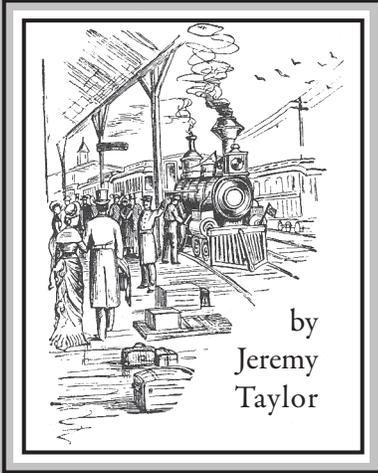


Arkansas House Of Prayer (inset.)
Interior of Matrimandir, Auroville, India.

The Rev. Susan Sims Smith
Little Rock, AR

The Rev. Susan Sims Smith has been an Episcopal priest for 11 years and a Jungian oriented psychotherapist for 25. She started **SeedWork**, a project to teach people how to listen to wisdom from their dreams and from meditation. She led the effort to establish the **Arkansas House of Prayer**, an interfaith center for prayer and meditation, where she currently serves as President of the Board. In 2011 she founded, and currently serves as Director of, the **Arkansas Interfaith Center**, whose mission is to "reduce the hatred and fear among the world religions." (www.seedwork.org) (www.arkansashouseofprayer.org) (www.itssm-interfaithcenter.org)

Common Themes in Dreams



by
Jeremy
Taylor

In talking about common themes in dreams, we are limited to the dreams that are remembered, which puts memory and the ability to remember dreams to the forefront of any discussion of themes and recurring motifs. I begin with the premise that our ability to remember our dreams is a direct reflection of the quality of our waking consciousness. Dream recall is a learnable skill and the more attention we devote to it, the more dreams we remember. This is a measurable function of the dreams coming in the service of health and wholeness and of their direct concern with the evolution of consciousness in the individual dreamer.

The most basic pattern of dream memory—which asserts itself all over the planet regardless of age, gender, language, culture, passionately held beliefs or the lack of them—is that I remember the dream with a *me* figure in it and I remember everything else in the dream as being *not me*. This is the same way we remember waking life. Now, the deeper truth of the matter is that there is always a layer of a dream in which everything that I experience as not me is a symbolic reflection of aspects of my own psyche. This is known technically as the Gestalt layer, the layer Fritz Perls spent his life exploring. The fact that we all dream and remember our dreams in this basic pattern of me and not me, *when all of it actually*

is me, is an indication of the extent to which we as a species project in waking life. The degree to which we do not know in the dream world that all the drama belongs to us is a very reliable indicator that we are projecting unconsciously in waking life as well. The key to projection is understanding that it isn't something we do on purpose. Unconscious material rises, metaphorically at least, to approach the surface of awareness, and the first time we get to look at it clearly enough to name it and talk about it is in projected form. The first time we see it clearly enough to describe it, we make the mistake that *this doesn't belong to me; this belongs to somebody else*. This is a known station on the railway from unconsciousness to conscious self-awareness and the concurrent acceptance of responsibility that comes with that. Once I recognize this isn't you, this is actually a projection that I am making, then I have to take responsibility for it. I can't blame you for it anymore. This is a very important piece because the dreams themselves are great advocates of withdrawing projection.

I was a Head Start director in Marin County, California, for five years. I was interested in exploring the dreams of preschoolers and discovered that little children dream about dying as they approach the predictable developmental milestones that go with their age. I pointed this out to my staff to try to persuade them to pay attention to the kids' dreams, but at first everybody thought I was nuts! Everybody, that is, except the teaching staff way up in northern Marin County in a little cow town called Novato. The Head Start's staff in Novato were all recycled hippies—they actually drove around in a VW van with flowers painted on it. Always cavalier about time, they drove up when we were halfway through our all-staff meeting one week, greeted everybody, and delivered their report, saying: "We decided to give this business of kids telling their dreams a try. You know how it is. You get to the classroom early, clean it up, make your coffee, and wait for the bus. The bus arrives. The doors open. The little boys boil off the bus, fighting with each other, and trash the classroom, and you're behind the eight ball for the rest of the day." Everyone says, "Yeah, yeah. That's right." "Well, since we instituted

dream sharing, we get to the classroom early, clean it up, make coffee, and wait for the bus. The bus drives up. The doors open. The little boys boil off the bus, fighting with each other, and rush to the art corner to draw pictures of their dreams and demand a group process to begin the day! Instead of having to chase them around like cats, they are there with their dream drawings insisting that we finish our coffee so that we can begin right at that moment." Astonished, the other staff members said, "Really?" And as a result, they all tried it and they all had the same experience. Beginning the day by inviting the kids to share their dreams made their lives inexpressibly easier. The home visitors discovered that they were getting better firsthand information about the kids' homes from their dreams than they were from the files and social service reports, so in that way, too, it became an invaluable resource. Of course, because everyone was paying attention to the kids' dreams, they also got interested in each other's dreams. The staff and the parents started talking about dreams. Dreamwork became part of the program. When I left, it was going full steam.

A decade later a friend of mine in county government called me up out of the blue and said, "Jeremy, I have a story to tell you. You know how things operate in Head Start. There was a scary intervention meeting from folks in San Francisco from Region 9 to see if their federal money was being spent right. The investigators descended on the program last week and they were appalled at all this dream sharing. They said, 'Where did you get the idea that you could do this?' But the head teacher was ready. She pulled out the federal regulations and declared, 'It says right here that you must respect local customs! This is a local custom!' The Feds were apparently not convinced, so she drove the point home, 'Think of it as a piñata!'" It is so moving to me that this work was so valuable that it had become part of the culture of that Head Start program. It got passed on and was still as valuable a decade later as it was in the beginning.

Not only do children often dream of death as they approach their developmental milestones,

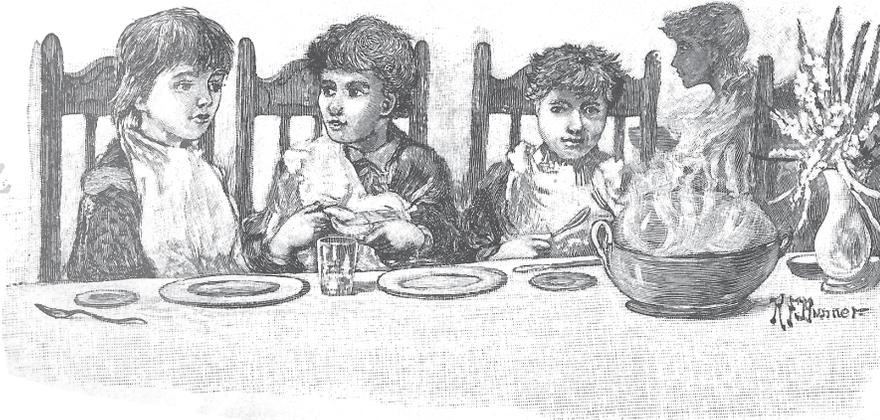
but they also project on other kids the qualities of whatever milestone they are approaching, and they get jealous or worshipful of that other kid until they achieve the milestone themselves. Then they take the projection back. In this we can see that projection is a natural process. As adults we continue to approach developmental milestones and to project our developmental goals on others. But the more we get stuck in the cement of adult life, the harder it is for us to achieve

It is like a special effect in a movie. All of us notice transformation in our dreams, usually by observing something, turning away, and looking back to discover the thing is changed, although the dream ego hasn't actually seen it transpire.

It is like eating in the dream world. It is very curious that we eat so seldom in our dreams, considering how often we eat in the waking world. In the dream world, we usually sit down knowing we

relatives. He was forced to participate in good-old-boy hunting and to take part in behavior that was tremendously disrespectful of women, including his mother. It tore him up. He had a very unhappy childhood growing up in this Wild West, macho environment. In trying to escape it, he became a minister, but the religious tradition in which he was reared was fiercely fundamentalist. He went to seminary and became a "floppy Bible waver," but his theology evolved to the point where he could no longer preach damnation. So he left the ministry and became a therapist. He has been evolving ever since. About a year ago, he shared this dream with me:

I am a biologist doing a survey of life in the rain forest. In the first part of the dream I am in the rain forest with an adventure rainforest hat and a clipboard, and I am drawing pictures and taking notes about all the various amazing kinds of plants and animals and birds and bugs. I am having a great time. In the jungle I suddenly come upon a big, delivery-truck-size snake—maybe 150 feet long—I never see the whole thing. I'm terrified of the snake. I try to get away, but the snake outflanks me and hems me in. I think, "I'm a dead man, so I really don't need to follow all these diet taboos." So I whip up my favorite comfort food—oatmeal. I notice the snake is very interested in the bowl of oatmeal. I decide that maybe I should share it. I put the bowl down and back away. This giant snake comes up—its head is like the grillwork on a Mack truck—and it looks in the little bowl. Then with one snake-tongue lick, it finishes up the oatmeal. I look at the snake and the snake looks at me. As we stand looking at each other, the snake's head starts to metamorphose and changes from a reptile head into the head of an old black man, balding with a little fringe of white hair and a goatee. It still has a snake body the size of a Mack truck, but with a human head now. As the snake transforms into the old black man, we look at each other eye to eye and get into a conversation. It is a telepathic conversation. Our lips do not move. We are in total communication with each other.



our milestones. Fortunately, we have a natural process percolating in the unconscious that makes us able to recognize that we are projecting, consider why we're doing it, and take responsibility for it. And the world changes for the better every time a dreamer does that.

While fostering our development, these natural forces of evolution are more easily visible in the dream world than in waking life. Carl Jung said that collective human consciousness evolves, but that collective evolution can only take place through the accumulation of individual cases. My own experience, informed by decades of listening to people's dreams, confirms it. Every dream reflects the reality of the individual dreamer's life, yet when an individual's dream reflects with great clarity our universal struggles, that dreamer not only shows up for his or her own life issues, he also shows up at the boundary of collective consciousness.

Dreams that are clearing the path for collective human evolution may feature unusual and extraordinarily strange images. Often physically large, archetypal figures manifest and the dreamer watches the archetypal figures *themselves* transform.

are going to partake, and then the scene cuts to being finished, with the plates empty. The eating itself doesn't show up. One of the primary reasons for the rarity of the act of eating in the dream world is that, from a symbolic point of view, eating something means relinquishing the boundary between me and not me. It is not me when it is on the fork. It isn't even really me when it is in my mouth, because I can always spit it out. It becomes me when I taste it and swallow it. When people actually dream of the full experience of eating and drinking, it tends to mark profound psycho-spiritual growth and change, much like dreaming of death. By allowing something in from the outside—whether an idea, a feeling, an invitation, or anything else considered in the dream world to be nourishing—the dreamer takes it in and is transformed by it.

Actually seeing a figure morph in front of our eyes is an equally infrequent experience in dreams. One example of this rare event was dreamt by a therapist friend of mine. A High Plains farm boy who was naturally gentle and embracing, my friend was reared by brutal male

My friend wakes up with excitement but can't remember any detail of the conversation at all. It is gone and he's very frustrated. My understanding of my imagined version of that dream is that this is a man who is showing up for the lifelong struggle with "the snake." The snake has been a phallic image since before the arrival of the patriarchs. It was associated with the penis back in the days when the Minoan goddess stood proudly bare-breasted with the snake's body extending her reach into the air. In the matriarchal world the penis was understood to be a female organ that was only given to men on loan. It demonstrated its source by the "mind of its own" desire to return. That same snake is the archetypal energy that drove the machismo of the dreamer's father and male relatives. It is the snake in himself that he has been terrified of his whole life. In this transformational moment, my friend shows up for this lifelong drama, accepts the role of willing sacrifice consciously in the dream, and is rewarded by a direct communication with the archetypal snake, which changes in the process into a human-headed figure. I believe that it wears the dark skin as an honorary memory of its previously unconscious state, for there is a fundamental archetypal association between the direction up and light with consciousness and goodness, and the direction down and darkness with unconsciousness and anxiety, aligning all the way over into full blown evil. As this masculine energy rises to consciousness in him, as a result of the work that he has done, it still carries the mark of where it came from, but the archetype itself changes. It doesn't get smaller; it doesn't turn out to be just an ordinary snake with a man's head. It remains this gigantic archetypal figure, and yet the encounter and communication with the dreamer causes it to change.

This is an example of a dream of an individual human being who, because of the sincerity and whole-heartedness with which he turns up for his own unique personal problems, places himself on the boundaries of collective human consciousness where there is a struggle going on with this issue: *What do we do with unregenerate archetypal masculine energy?* It is a collective issue. Every single man and woman has his or her own dance with it, and I believe that every time anybody, man or woman,

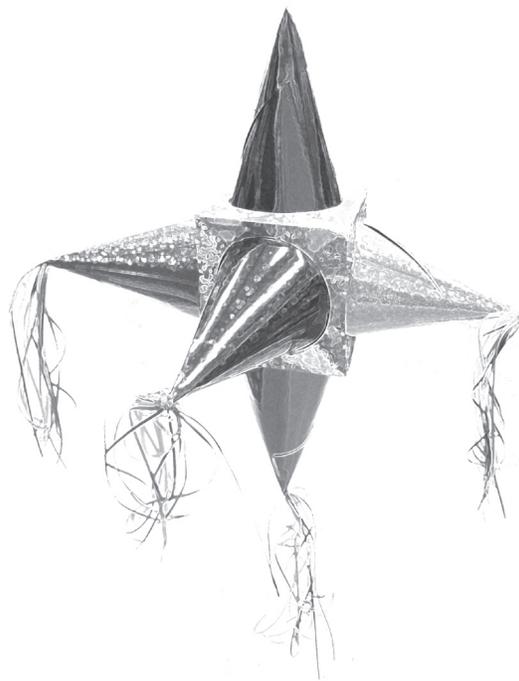


gay or straight, shows up wholeheartedly for his or her own personal version of that drama, that person volunteers, without necessarily being consciously aware of it, to be part of this vanguard of human beings who are clearing the way for a major collective change. It is a consequence of Jung's assertion that collective consciousness does change of its own, but only through the lives of individuals.

In the dream, the dreamer has no difficulty understanding what the communication is with the new human-headed snake, but he cannot remember anything of it when he wakes up. The most important thing is not the frustration that forgetting ignites in the awakened dreamer, but the promise that if this dreamer and the species as a whole continues to show up honestly and fully for these issues, the communication will become discoverable and "speech-ripe." Remembering that it is speech-ripe in the dream, without remembering the specific content, is a promise that in that very moment the subject matter of this communication is truly evolving in us as individual members of the collective. It is a promise that we will be able to speak it. We will be able to write it. We will be able to say the things that will transform our community and the collective as a whole.

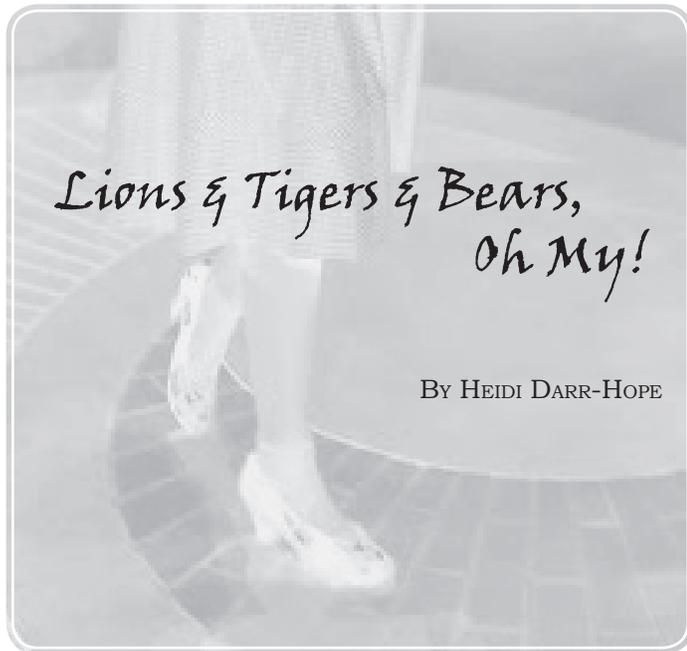
I think we have all been so moved by the presentations at this conference not only because of their poignant personal quality, but because of this word-

less understanding that we're standing very close to a great mystery. The mystery is the collective evolution of human awareness. I think the single most important thing is to show up for our lives with everything that we have, without any holding back for some theoretical later. Every time we show up with our all, we volunteer to be part of this vanguard that transforms human consciousness itself. We volunteer, without knowing it, to be carriers of this evolutionary energy of dreams, not only at the personal level but at the collective level as well. I am very much aware of the historical position that this conference has and that is carried by the attendees at this conference. This is not happening everywhere. This is happening here. All we have to do—it sounds easy, but we all know how hard it is—is to show up for everything that is happening to us.



The Rev. Dr. Jeremy Taylor
Fairfield, CA.

Jeremy Taylor, D.Min., Unitarian Universalist minister, writer, visual artist, and community organizer, has been a dream worker and researcher for more than four decades—long enough for him to be one of the four original co-founders of the International Association for the Study of Dreams. His books on dream work and archetypes have been amazingly (to him) well received and translated into many foreign languages. He follows after them, traveling the world to teach about the dream, promoting group projective dream work. He is the founder/director of the Marin Institute for Projective Dream Work, which provides training and certification for professional dream workers.



The *Wizard of Oz* was one of my favorite movies from childhood. The original story, written in 1900 by L. Frank Baum, was made into a movie in 1939 but did not get acclaim until it was re-released in the 1950s. If you are old enough, you will remember that the television broadcast was an annual event. My whole family would gather together and pop popcorn the old fashioned way with oil in the pan. As a child, it was one of the most exciting of times.

In *The Wizard of Oz*, the idea of the nightmare is depicted: “lions and tigers and bears,” and flying monkeys, and green witches, and munchkins, and the good fairy. I adored them all. My brother, a big cry baby, thought it was the most terrifying thing he had ever seen in his life. We would warn him before the frightening scenes were shown so he could cover his eyes and run out of the room. But I thought, “How could this be scary? It’s make believe.”

Nightmares come to speak to us in a different way, usually to terrify us and frighten us into awakening into our *Self*. What was my first nightmare? I dreamt this dream when I was a child:

I am kidnapped, taken by men from my house to another place. I am locked inside a closet. From inside the closet I can hear the men talking. I hear them call my father. I hear reference to a ransom being arranged. I am absolutely terrified, but I know my dad will come to rescue me. I know we don’t have much money, so I am confused. What is he really going to bring? I know that he will come. I hear him arrive. There is a long conversation. My heart is beating and my palms are sweaty as I look through the keyhole of the door. When I look through that keyhole, I see my father being beat up by the captors.

As a ten year old, I awoke terrified when I realized my father did not rescue me. He was lying on the floor unconscious, beaten to death. In retrospect, looking at this dream through an adult lens, I see a foreshadowing of my relationship with my father. During the course of my growing up years, my father was a talented musician dedicated to his career and not very devoted to his family. I love him dearly and he has a lot of wonderful characteristics, but I have a lot of buried anger. It was not until later in life when I married into my husband’s family that I even *heard* of the phrase, “Daddy’s little girl”—to be spoiled and cherished.

The story of *The Wizard of Oz* is the search for the father. Dorothy, an orphan, lives with her Auntie Em and Uncle Henry. Distraught that her beloved dog, Toto, has been stolen, Dorothy goes to her uncle, her father figure, but he does nothing. Dorothy is desperately looking for someone to defend her, to fight for her, to take care of her, to make everything all right. And it doesn’t happen. I, too, have longed for the father I did not have, wanting to be someone’s precious little girl. In your own life, think about where you have been abandoned, where things were not fulfilled in the way you had wished.

In Dorothy’s deep disappointment, she decides to run away. Her profound feeling of being wounded is echoed in the dream of my kidnapping. With this dynamic of abandonment, comes the element of rage intertwined. Dorothy had a lot of unspoken anger. She never really expressed her anger toward her uncle for not standing up for her. She never expressed her anger to Mrs. Gulch for stealing Toto and threatening to kill him. Toto symbolizes what makes Dorothy whole. So I ask you to look at your life for anger you don’t express.

Dorothy is searching for a father. She finds him somewhat in the Wizard—the strong Oz, the all powerful Oz. But as we know, the Wizard is not what he seems. I have tried to let go of my expectations of people, of the father I didn’t have. Mark Nepo says in his *The Book Of Awakening: Having The Life You Want By Being Present To The Life You Have*, “The thing put to rest, whether a beloved one, a dream, a false way of seeing, becomes the fertilizer for the life about to form. . . . The broken dream fertilizes the dream yet conceived.” When Dorothy sings “Somewhere Over the Rainbow,” her search for self really begins. She longs for the other, that other land, that other way of being. Her unsettled yearning is a call for something not yet formed.

A personal dream of mine holds an uncertain call. It is the opposite of a nightmare, yet has as much intensity and energy and holds the same information. I have been exploring what to call such powerfully good dreams. The title of my dream is *THE MAGIC VAGINA*:



Heidi Darr-Hope

I am walking and my vagina feels really funny. There is something in it. I am walking on a beach and I know if I get in the water it will help me understand this very strange feeling. It is really awkward. I walk into this absolutely beautiful, blue turquoise water and I see a red hole on the white sand just in front of me. I walk towards it. And I know that in this red hole I will find the answer. I have a carton, a box, and I put it over the hole. It suction immediately. All of a sudden, at the same time it suction, things flow into it. I lift it up and there is this beautiful container

that looks like a sea urchin, and inside it there are colorful fish swimming and starfish playing together within this amazing orb. I walk out of the water towards the picnic table and empty the contents of the sea urchin orb. I see these wonderful, wonderful creatures and I am amazed and astonished. Every time I touch the starfish it morphs into this beautiful fish, and I touch the fish and it morphs back into a starfish.

There was this very strange feeling inside, this opening within myself capable of regenerating, capable of birth. If you cut off part of a starfish, it will regenerate itself. Inspired by Tallulah Lyons' book, *Dream Prayers*, I wrote a Lectio Divina:

Dear Holy Mother,
Guide me towards the new container for my spirit.
Protect me as I get accustomed to the awkwardness of this new
feeling. I have healed and I am ready to move forward into
your grace.
Star of the sea,
Stella maris,
Mother of all,
You have appeared as my totem for the year.
I honor and hold sacred your appearance in my life.

I journal, I draw, I paint in order to integrate the images that come to me. We all live chaotic lives. The key is to try to find the stillness within the chaos. I find Nietzsche's words wonderful: "One must still have chaos in oneself to be able to give birth to a dancing star."

A few days after having had my dream, I attended a women's retreat. As I walked at dusk on the beach, there appeared before me an amazing, orange colored starfish with raised bumps. It was unlike any usually seen in South Carolina and it was exactly like the one in my dream. I felt very supported by Mother Nature when this starfish was presented to me. A friend of mine saw me come back from gathering the starfish and wrote this poem:

I saw you come back from your walk
and you glittered with night,
your red jacket shimmering
and rain was clinging to your wild hair in droplets
like so many tiny stars.
In your hands you carried a starfish
and I saw the pure unguarded joy in your face
as you rinsed the soft spiny body,
its flesh still pink trailing its sea life.
You smelled of fresh wind and sea foam
and your smile I think was the most radiant smile
I had ever seen.

Having lived with nightmares that chill my bones, I have been thrilled to have more beautiful supportive dreams both in nighttime and in waking life. I have been looking for a new way to live. I've talked before about my struggle with depression. I am ready to release some of the heaviness in life. So my friend's poem was especially poignant to me because I may not have remembered that moment. It is a real gift for her to have witnessed and captured it.

We have this idea of a silent witness in *The Wizard of Oz*. For Dorothy, it is her beloved dog Toto who brings her complete comfort and solace as he silently accompanies her on her way. I've always loved the idea of the word "dog" transposing into the word "god." We are aware of an element of

God with Dorothy on her entire journey. Reflect on your silent witnesses on your spiritual path of individuation.

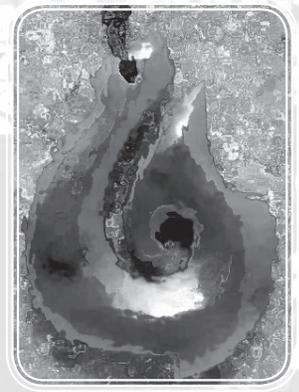
For me, my silent witness is the god-like feeling I derive from nature. When I am in nature, I feel supported, enlivened, and refreshed. There is sacredness in this world that we live in. Says Vincent Van Gogh, "... the best way to know God is to love many things." I have collected objects from the time I was a little girl. I did not know why. I loved feeling things in my hands. I loved rocks, shells, seed pods, and feathers. When I became an artist I started using them in my work, though not until quite late in my career. I have created a series based on shrines and reliquaries, and I use these objects as elements of the sacred to form containers for contemplative worship. Sea urchins in several pieces become sacred nature eyes that look out. I use objects in nature as totems to guide me. Images within my dreams guide me. For me there is great power found in the hand as it touches and makes things. Mark Nepo warns us not to over-intellectualize our experience, lest we "turn our brains into heavy calluses. Rather than opening us deeper into the mystery of our living, our over-trained intellect becomes a buffer from experience." He tells us, "Live in your hands. To live in our hands humbles our mind into accepting something other than itself. It is how we heal each other and ourselves. We all come alive through a Braille of heart." (*The Book Of Awakening: Having The Life You Want By Being Present To The Life You Have*)

After I came back from the beach, I went to my favorite store, *Target*, and discovered a new line of starfish jewelry. Of course, I had to wear that jewelry. It is a fun way for me to remember my spiritual path as I contemplate the idea of the starfish and integrate it into my waking life.

Another dream I am going to interweave is called *HOME IS WHERE ONE STARTS FROM*:

I am walking on a road that has a steep bank. I slip and I fall into murky water, and I go right down to the bottom. I stand there looking up and think, "Okay, I'm standing on the bottom of murky water. I can't see anything. I cannot propel myself up. What do I do?" All of a sudden a long fishhook appears. It is big and rusty, but the tip glitters. I think, "Here is my rescue line! I can hold onto it and continue to pull myself up, keeping my body away so I will not get impaled." But, I do not go anywhere. Looking at the surface, I am not progressing. I'm stuck.

In my first superficial dive into the dream, I started to look at what behaviors hook me into old patterns, the grooves in my life that need to be let go. So I ask you, where are the grooves in your life and how do they keep you from progressing on your path? Right after this dream, I had an art education conference at Myrtle Beach where I saw a woman wearing a beautiful necklace with a symbol I'd never seen. Intrigued, I asked her to tell me about it. She said, "My husband made it for me. It is a Polynesian bone hook and it is a symbol for safe passage over water." When I returned home, I found and bought a Polynesian bone fishhook necklace to wear as a totem. I encourage you to take the symbols that come in your dreams and use them as totems.



Many times along our path, we bump into tricksters. We get lost along the way. Unsure of our path, we seek counsel. We see Dorothy do that several times on her journey, until, at the very end, she learns that all she really needs is within her. After all, Mr. Marvel is not psychic and doesn't know any more than Dorothy knows. There is wisdom in knowing yourself in a different way, trusting your own voice and not relying on someone outside yourself. I had the following dream, called *THE MAGICAL CONVERSATION*:



Heidi Darr-Hope

I am holding, cuddling a little baby, and goo-gooing, in the way you talk to a baby. All of a sudden the baby looks at me and speaks in complete adult sentences. I say, "Does your mother know you do that?" And the baby says, "No, my mother could not handle it! You are the only one I'm going to talk to."

By journaling I brought forward the magical conversation that began between me and the innocent one:

*Most Holy One,
Help me listen to the languages of the innocent,
To the wisdom where I least expect to find it.
Help me to listen and hear
from those that I do not expect to speak.
Help me understand this new language.
Show me where I can find this language within—
A newborn way of communicating with myself.*

In *The Wizard of Oz*, as within our own lives, there is a time when unexpected terror strikes. With Dorothy, it was the tornado that jerked her out of her comfort zone. When has your world been turned upside down? Another dream:

I am with my daughter in a house I don't know. There is a beautiful white bear in the house and I say, "What is this white bear doing in the house?" And my daughter is very calm and says, "We are just caring for the bear." And I say, "No you're not! Look at her! She looks terrible. She has all these cubs in her lap. She is overwhelmed and she is not taking care of herself." The mother bear has something draped over her lap. She is lethargic and I start to get really worried, because I know there is going to be so much wild anger in this white bear. If she is not taken care of, she

is going to let go and just might kill everybody in the house! Nobody is concerned but me. Everybody says, "No, no, no, no, no, the bear is going to be fine."

A couple days later I have this dream:

I am walking on the earth and I'm planting a field. I know that I have to aerate the soil, so I start punching it with my feet, and as I do, all of this incredible steam comes up.



Heidi Darr-Hope

What is buried below the surface? My dreams foreshadowed my exhausting year which began with my caring for aging parents in their nineties. In response, I started a series of work with the image of the white bear exemplifying the idea of, "Who will care for me?" We care for others. How can we care for ourselves in the midst of caring for others? I was yanked out of my comfort zone by becoming a caretaker once again. And Dorothy? She is not in Kansas anymore. She is unsure and in a foreign land. She does not know how to proceed. As we all know, when her journey begins, she is really on the way to her home within. She is on the way home to spirit.

The Wizard of Oz incorporates the idea of dream guidance. It is the good fairy, the good mother, the goddess Glenda, who gives Dorothy the red slippers to walk the yellow brick road. And so Dorothy gains safe passage using an amulet. Interestingly, in the original story the slippers were not red. They were silver—the luminous path, the moon path. The gold of the brick road and the silver are a blending of the male and female energies, of animus and anima. And she starts on a spiral! The yellow brick road is a spiral!

Who are our teachers along the path? They are the anima and animus in our dreams and those souls we encounter in our waking life. Dorothy meets three masculine companions along her way to help her discover parts of herself that she needs to become a balanced and whole person. She stumbles upon the Scarecrow, who wants a brain. He lacks intellectual strength. In our weakness, there is always a demon that is uttering, "Don't change. Stay the way you are." But when we learn to use our male energies differently, in concert with our female energies, we begin to walk into balance, wholeness, and unity. Why are we taught to understand and name things instead of experiencing and feeling things? To frame and articulate things at arm's length instead of embracing and absorbing what is before us? The Tin Man longs for a strong, valiant heart and for emotional strength. Too many times under the guise of being prepared and mature, we are seduced into watching instead of living, naming instead of feeling, understanding instead of experiencing, protecting ourselves instead of risking being vulnerable.

In one of my pieces of artwork, there is a heart behind the rib cage. There are plants growing, trying to become more fertile, more flourishing. But there are also tears. This relates to our becoming lonely within this process while on the journey. Mark Nepo reminds us of what is needed to propel us onward. He says, "As two hands cup water to the mouth, we need both male and female energies to drink fully of this life."

Dorothy's last companion, the lovable Cowardly Lion, lacks courage. The original meaning of courage is "to stand in one's core." Without courage, the continuation of the individuation process is impossible. This brings to mind a poem by Derek Walcott, "Love After Love:"

*The time will come
when, with elation
you will greet yourself arriving
at your own door, in your own mirror
and each will smile at the other's welcome,*

*and say, sit here. Eat.
You will love again the stranger who was yourself.
Give wine. Give bread. Give back your heart
to itself, to the stranger who has loved you*

*all your life, whom you ignored
for another, who knows you by heart.
Take down the love letters from the bookshelf,*

*the photographs, the desperate notes,
peel your own image from the mirror.
Sit. Feast on your life.*

Dorothy continues to try to reach the Emerald City where she believes she will find all the answers. But along the way, her shadow—the Wicked Witch—tries to dismember her upon her path. Another poem, by Mark Nepo, "Breaking Surface:"

*Let no one keep you from your journey.
No rabbi, no priest, no mother
who wants to dig for treasure
she misplaced, no father
who won't let one life be enough,
no lover who measures their worth
by what you might give up,
no voice that tells you in the night
it can't be done.*

*Let nothing dissuade you
from seeing what you see
or feeling the winds that make you
want to dance alone
or go where no one
has yet to go.*

*You are the only explorer,
your heart the unreadable compass,
your soul the shore of a promise
too great to be ignored.*

We also have wonderful people who support and nudge us. And within ourselves we have a guiding voice. The Good Witch, the goddess Glenda, helps, encourages, and protects Dorothy, but she doesn't travel the path for her. She knows that Dorothy has to find her own way home. There are no directions. There is no map to find our way home to a marriage of self, a union as one. But sometimes, when we get really close, we avoid things. We go to sleep. We sabotage ourselves from achieving our greatest desires. And so we see what happened with Dorothy and the poppies. The Wicked Witch says, "Oh, they're getting too close. I have to do something quickly." But then the good side of Dorothy, the Glenda side, says, "No, it is time to awake."

One day you finally knew what you had to do and began,

*though the voices around you kept shouting their bad advice...
"I am the great and powerful!" And you respond in a small voice,
"I am Dorothy. I am the small and meek." "Silence!" the Wizard
roars.*

*The whole house began to tremble and you felt that old tug at
your ankles...*

Disappointment. Disillusionment. But this time you spoke out.

*There was a new voice which you slowly recognized as your
own. A voice that kept you company as you strode deeper and
deeper into the world determined to do the only thing you
could do, determined to save the only life you could save.*

(Adapted from "The Journey" by Mary Oliver.)

At the end of her journey, Dorothy begins to integrate the characteristics of her companions she found along the way. She thanks them. She knows that now she is equipped. She is ready to go home. Just as Dorothy has embraced the strength she needs in mind, body, and spirit, we find our own unique way home using the insights we gather from our dreams, all the while knowing that the normal and expected way never leads home.

When Dorothy awakes, she is startled to be back in Kansas, at home, in her bed, with everyone surrounding her! T. S. Eliot wrote, "We shall not cease from our exploration and the end of all our exploring will be to arrive where we started and know the place for the first time." By returning to her starting point, Dorothy wraps her adventure around in a circle, like an uroborus, enclosing her experiences in a cycle of her own story and understanding. The meaning of the journey is derived from the things she learned about herself.

THE GUEST HOUSE

*This being human is a guest house.
Every morning a new arrival.*

*A joy, a depression, a meanness,
some momentary awareness comes
as an unexpected visitor.*

*Welcome and entertain them all!
Even if they're a crowd of sorrows,
who violently sweep your house
empty of its furniture,
still, treat each guest honorably.
He may be clearing you out
for some new delight.*

*The dark thought, the shame, the malice,
meet them at the door laughing,
and invite them in.*

*Be grateful for whoever comes,
because each has been sent
as a guide from beyond.*

-Rumi (translated by Coleman Barks)

The cycle is complete for the time being until the next dream begins.

Heidi Darr-Hope

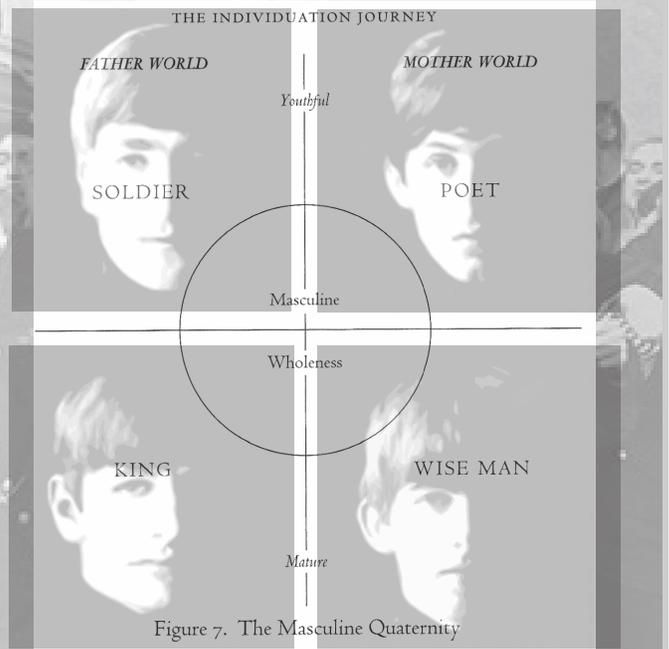
Columbia, SC

For over 15 years, Heidi has been recording her nighttime dreams. They hound her relentlessly until she gives them her full attention by integrating their symbols into her art, where the dream and the creative process have a conversation. She tries to stay out of the way, allowing the alchemy to lead her from the personal to the archetypal. Visit Heidi's websites: (www.healingicons.org) & (www.darr-hope.com)

What Is it About

THE BEATLES

By Joyce Rockwood Hudson



Editor's note:

This article is excerpted from a 2011 Summer Dream Conference keynote presentation wherein Joyce Rockwood Hudson delivers a reading from her book *NATURAL SPIRITUALITY*. In Chapter Ten, entitled "Masculine Wholeness," the author presents her original model of 4 quarters of masculine consciousness which she labels: Soldier, Poet, King, and Wise Man. The following Beatles discussion, found in its entirety in Chapter Eleven, entitled "The Beatles and the Masculine Quaternity," illustrates, with great wit and insight, the masculine quaternity by analyzing the music and the phenomenal popularity of the Beatles. You may find all of Joyce's books on amazon.com or in local bookstores by special order.

The truth of the masculine quaternity and the fundamental importance of the human wholeness it represents are clearly illustrated in an image of it that arose in the second half of the twentieth century with so much energy that the whole world was affected by it. In the two decades after World War II, the value of the father world was at its height in the hearts and minds of people everywhere. The Soldier, with his courage, discipline, and sacrifice, had saved civilization from fascism. The ideals of the youthful King, an Edwardian ideal of perfect civilization, of all light and no darkness, had a strong, though weakening, grip on the post-war world.

Everyone participating in the collective consciousness of that time was extremely mannerly and constrained. People in all areas of life knew where they fit in the order of things. Every hair was in place, every instinct in check. Families tried their best to give the appearance of perfection, repressing and denying all darkness. Truth had an almost exclusively rational basis. There was little real conversation between men and women. Nature was falling out of the picture as farming ceased to be a widespread occupation. Man was becoming one-sided to the extreme—all father world, all Soldier and King.

Gone almost completely from collective consciousness was the Poet and the Wise Man, that side of a man that loves woman and wisdom, that has heart and feeling, that is natural, relaxed, and

open to creative play and new expressions of life. Gone was the part of a man that accepts the nonrational and looks beneath the surface of reality to find meaning and guidance, that acknowledges and honors the darkness of life, that accepts death and transformation. Feminine values, half of what it means to be human, had been driven underground.

Into this world in the early 1960s came the phenomenon of the Beatles, an all male rock'n'roll band from the rough port city of Liverpool. Though obviously carrying the masculine toughness of their Liverpool roots, the Beatles had long hair that fell around their faces in a feminine way, a shocking spectacle in the Soldier world of 1963. Their music was hard and driving, and yet joyful and open—a strange and appealing combination of darkness and light. Their personalities were charming and natural, spontaneous, fun-loving and witty, outrageous, and yet in their own way polite and respectful. Adults as well as teenagers were fascinated by them.

The Fab Four they were nicknamed by the press. John, Paul, George, and Ringo. Even as I write, almost forty years later, most people in the world still know their names. They were the four who were one, the one that was four. Everyone knew that the Beatles could not be the Beatles without each of these particular men. It was the four of them in combination that made them what they were. But although everyone knew that this was true, no one knew why it was true.

Everyone who was open to it could *feel* what it was about the Beatles. It could be felt that they were special, earthshaking, soul-searing, heart-freeing. They meant something important, they brought something desperately needed. Young women especially felt it and screamed and wept in their presence, caught up in an ecstatic joy, seeing something in these four men, hearing something in their music, that belonged to them as women and honored them, something that had been missing in the world and without which they no longer wanted to live. Everyone could feel what it was about the Beatles, but no one could *understand* what it was.

That is the way truth comes in the mother world—nonrationally, as feeling or deep knowing. It cannot at first be rationally

stated. New consciousness must be developed in the father world before that is possible. For the most part the new truth that arises in the mother world is kept inside, held close, treasured, believed in. If conveyed to others it can only be through emotion, art, music, poetry, or mystical language. The truth from the mother world nourishes the soul. It gives meaning to life, makes it new again and worth living. An awareness of this feminine side of human truth was returning to collective consciousness in the 1960s, and the Beatles were the four-part image of masculine wholeness that heralded that return.

At the height of the Beatles' career, Paul McCartney said of the group, "The thing is, we're all really the same person. We're just four parts of the one. We're individuals, but we make up together The Mates, which is one person. . . . We all add something different to the whole." The Beatles as a single "person" was a Poet personality. Just as every individual whose special strength is in the Poet quarter has within himself all four quarters, conscious or unconscious, so did the Beatles have all four quarters participating together to make them a whole Poet.

John Lennon was a Soldier poet, a hard man, a man's man. Words and humor were the weapons with which he channeled and tempered the anger and aggression that were never far beneath the surface of his otherwise appealing personality. He himself said that his political advocacy of peace and nonviolence was a counteraction to his own violent temper, an attempt to get beyond it. He was the Beatle who was most devoted to the hard, masculine rock'n'roll music that inspired the Beatles' teenage beginnings in Liverpool. It was his tough, brazen energy that led them from obscurity to fame.

John, however, was also the most wounded of the four, having been abandoned by his father essentially at birth and by his adored mother off and on throughout his childhood until her accidental death when he was sixteen. Loss seemed to have been his fate. The uncle who helped raise him had died a few years before his mother, and in the following decade death claimed his closest friend—Stu Sutcliffe, a former Beatle—and Brian Epstein, the Beatles' manager and surrogate father. John's wound was deepest in the realm of the father, which made him a dark, unconscious Soldier, rebellious and antagonistic toward the outside world and given to bouts of paralyzing depression, when his will would abandon him altogether.

His mother's family, however, in which he had been brought up, had been lively, loving, and well-meaning, if somewhat dysfunctional. That produced a core of love and goodness in John that always came through and tempered the effects of his undeniable darkness. He did not try to deny his darkness but put much of it out for the world to see, which meant that the Beatles as a whole personality did not try to deny its shadow side but faced it squarely and sought to work with it and integrate it. This added much to their depth, complexity, and authenticity.

Although all members of the group were poets, it was Paul McCartney who occupied the Poet quarter in the greater Beatles personality. Melody flowed through him in a natural, unending stream. He was a woman's man, soft and romantic, a true lover of woman. Good relationships were important to him, and he was mannerly and thoughtful toward others. Even though his mother died when he was fourteen, Paul's experience of his childhood was

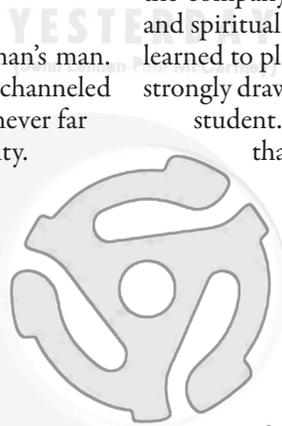
generally a happy one, and his basic outlook on life was positive and optimistic. Because it was difficult for him to see darkness in the world or in himself, he was prone to sentimentality and superficiality in his creativity, and he also tended at times to be covertly mean and manipulative in his dealings with others. John Lennon's dedication to the truth about the hard side of life checked these shadow tendencies in Paul and brought out the best in him as a songwriter and musician. Though John had been the evident leader of the Beatles in their early years, it was Paul who emerged as the leader in the end.

George Harrison occupied the Wise Man quarter in the Beatles personality. He, too, came from a relatively healthy home, where he was the youngest of four siblings and was especially close to his mother. Though younger than the other Beatles, he was from the beginning more self-possessed and thoughtful than the rest. He spoke as if from a higher vantage point, somewhat removed from the fray. His energy was not so ego driven as that of Paul and John, and he stood back from their competition for supremacy and center stage. Naturally introverted, he preferred solitude to the company of others. It was George who brought the music and spirituality of India to the Beatles. With great discipline, he learned to play the sitar, a difficult instrument to master. He was strongly drawn to Hindu wisdom, of which he became a devoted student. Indian spirituality was an interest and orientation that he never abandoned.

Ringo Starr (born Richard Starkey) was the poet King of the Beatles. Even less ego-driven than George, Ringo was a true "servant leader" in the way he ordered and unified the group musically with his drumming, keeping perfect time, never calling attention to himself, serving every song differently according to its individual nature. True to the King's characteristic of being different in quality from the other three quarters, Ringo joined the group just at the moment the Beatles were moving from the Liverpool stage to the world stage, whereas the others had been together since the beginning. Ringo's very name suggests the symbolism of the Self, of whom the King is a human image. The several rings he characteristically wore on his fingers suggested kingship, as did his enthronement among his drums on a platform above the other three during their performances.

Most important to Ringo's kingship, however, was the depth of love he had for the other Beatles and for people in general, a love that conferred blessing on those around him. The other Beatles responded in kind, loving him more than they loved each other. Ringo was the one thing on which they could all agree. He was the nicest and most decent one of them, the most truly loving. His noble spirit unified them and became their ruling spirit. It is because the Beatles carried this basically decent spirit that the world continues to love them, despite their evident weaknesses and follies.

Ringo's spirit seems to have come from a family life that was fundamentally loving, even though his parents divorced when he was very young and his father went out of his life. Unlike John, he grew up close to his father's family as well as his mother's, and he was particularly close to his paternal grandfather. So while he shared John's wound in the father realm, he also shared Paul's happy family life, including a connection to the father world. His childhood, however, was marked by two long hospital stays, several years length in all, which served to initiate him into the



solitude and depth of the Wise Man's realm. It was presumably from this experience that he emerged with the qualities of humility, loving-kindness, centeredness, and servanthood that belong to the mature King.

By himself, Ringo Starr was not a whole and individuated man. None of the Beatles were. None were authentically God-centered during this period of their lives, not even George with his dedication to Hindu wisdom. But archetypal forces were shaping their experience, making of them an illusion, a living myth for their time. Together they constituted an *image* of wholeness, and together they took a journey that *looked* like an individuation journey. It was because it carried that image that so many people were fascinated by it, although few, if any, consciously understood this. It is only as I have been looking at the Beatles in connection with this book that I myself have come to realize that not only did their personalities and their life together illustrate the masculine quaternity and the individuation journey, but so did their music itself.



BEATLES MUSIC: A DREAM OF INDIVIDUATION.

Like so much artistic expression in the twentieth century, the music of the Beatles is a relatively raw expression of the unconscious and is therefore quite close to dream language. It can be analyzed as if it were dream material. If we follow the music through time as the symbolic expression of the life of this Beatles "person," we can see in it the portrayal of a masculine life that rises from youth to a midlife crisis, discovers the unconscious, and individuates in a journey that passes through each of the masculine quarters, culminating in its fullest expression in the King quarter as it accepts and approaches its own death.

The Beatles' music is dramatically divided into roughly two halves, usually referred to simply as early Beatles and late Beatles. The early Beatles music began in Liverpool and lasted almost to the end of the group's world-touring days in 1966. This was the era of Beatlemania, when mobs besieged them wherever they went and the screaming of their fans often rendered their stage performances inaudible. Virtually all their songs in this period were simple teenage love songs set to rock'n'roll music that, though definitely innovative and fresh, was not greatly different from other rock'n'roll music of the time.

As they neared the end of the early period, the Beatles had achieved more fame and fortune than they had ever dreamed possible. As rock stars, they had reached the absolute top. Predictably, this brought with it a crisis of spirit. What next? Like an individual entering a midlife crisis, their music began to show a growing soberness, self-reflection, and even despondency. Then came the song that marks the break between the early and late periods. Its origin reveals the touch of grace that is always offered to a life in need of transformation. The song's melody came to Paul in a dream. He woke up the next morning and went immediately to his piano and played "Yesterday," whole and entire as it had arisen in the night. No other song ever came to him so completely intact.

"Yesterday" was not rock'n'roll. When it was recorded on the *Help!* album, surrounded by rock'n'roll songs, Paul sang it alone accompanied by an acoustic guitar and a *string quartet!* Something new was happening. Existing consciousness, however, always resists transformation. Their next album, *Rubber Soul*, was a transition album, the old music trying to reassert itself but losing ground to the growing new sound that departed from the usual rock beat and incorporated a greater variety of instruments. The song lyrics were also becoming more sophisticated.

It was the next album, *Revolver*, that marked the true beginning of the late Beatles. With *Revolver* the Beatles went completely beyond the boundaries of rock'n'roll, expanding to a new level of richness and complexity in lyrics, music, and instrumentation. It is this later music that carries the image of a conscious individuation journey, the kind of spiritual journey that takes place when a person discovers and integrates the unconscious.

The Beatles had in fact discovered the unconscious, although not in a legitimate way. Through psychedelic drugs they had artificially broken down their structures of conscious perception, allowing themselves to perceive psychedelically the nuances of spiritual reality that underlie physical reality. Carl Jung was careful to point out that such an approach to the unconscious always becomes poisonous and destructive. The unconscious brings with it a moral obligation to understand it and integrate it into consciousness. Drug users almost never have a moral attitude toward the unconscious, and even if they did, they would be unable to integrate such a large amount of artificially induced unconscious material. The result is a disintegration of personality rather than integration and wholeness. This effect can be seen in varying degrees in the Beatles as individuals, especially in John Lennon.

The music of the late Beatles shows, however, that they did manage to integrate some of the lessons coming to them in that period, at least to the extent that this could be put into song. The unconscious was clearly using them more than they were using it. In a rather amazing example of synchronicity, the four great albums of that period—*Revolver*, *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, *Magical Mystery Tour*, and *Abbey Road*—each carried songs that, when taken altogether, were wholly related to a different quarter of the masculine quaternity. Furthermore, the albums appeared in a sequence that followed the masculine individuation sequence of Poet, Soldier, Wise Man, and King.

In light of this analysis of the Beatles, it is interesting to look at a dream that came to Carl Jung at the end of the intense phase of his own individuation journey in 1927. This dream is recorded in his autobiography, *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*, which was published posthumously in 1963, the very year the Beatles were emerging onto the world stage:

This is the dream: ...

I found myself in a dirty, sooty city. It was night, and winter, and dark, and raining. I was in Liverpool. With a number of Swiss—say, half a dozen—I walked through the dark streets, I had the feeling that there we were coming from the harbor, and that the real city was actually up above, on the cliffs. We climbed up there... When we reached the plateau, we found a broad square dimly illuminated by street lights, into which many streets converged. The various quarters of the city were arranged radially around the square. In the center was a round pool, and in the middle of it a small island. While everything round about was obscured by rain, fog, smoke, and dimly lit darkness, the little island blazed with sunlight. On it stood a single tree, a magnolia, in a shower of reddish blossoms. It was as though the tree stood in the sunlight and were at the same time the source of light. My companions commented on the abominable weather, and obviously did not see the tree. They spoke of another Swiss who was living in Liverpool, and expressed surprise that he should have settled there. I was carried away by the beauty of the flowering tree and the sunlit island, and thought, "I know very well why he has settled here." Then I awoke.

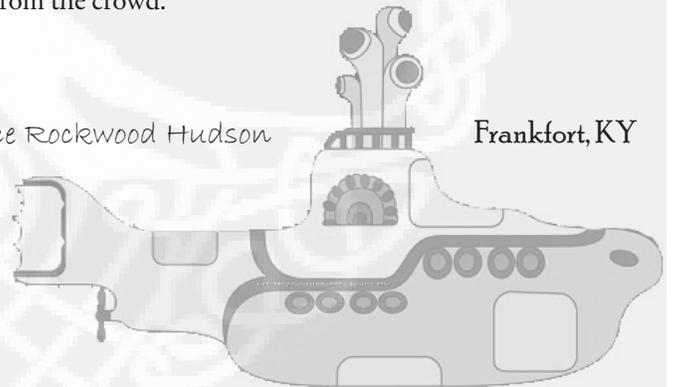


This dream brought with it a sense of finality. I saw that here the goal had been revealed. One could not go beyond the center. The center is the goal, and everything is directed toward the center. Through this dream I understood that the self is the principle and archetype of orientation and meaning. Therein lies its healing function. (Jung, *M,D,R*, pp. 197-199)

This was a dream about the quarters of the psyche, the tree of life, the center, and the Self, all found in the unlikely setting of Liverpool. It follows the pattern revealed by Christ that new life from God arises in unlikely places and thus often goes unrecognized. Jung received prophetic dreams about World War I shortly before it broke out, and about World War II many years before it occurred. Therefore, while it is remarkable, it is not strange that the dream that confirmed for him the nature of the Self would contain imagery that is linked to the Beatles, that four-part image of human wholeness that rose up in the second half of the twentieth century and swept the world before it. It is fitting that on the cover of *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, Carl Jung's photograph is among those pictured looking on from the crowd.

Joyce Rockwood Hudson

Frankfort, KY



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