



The Rose

Inviting Wisdom into our lives and churches

Emmanuel Church ✠ Athens, Georgia

Winter~Spring 2013/Issue 21



Wisdom Seekers

by Pilar Pages

21

The Rose

Inviting Wisdom into our lives and churches

Winter~Spring 2013, Issue 21

Editor

Peggy Thrasher Law

Contributing Editor

Joyce Rockwood Hudson

Founding Editor

Wanda Krewer, 1951-2007

Assisting Editors for This Issue

Joyce Rockwood Hudson, Nash Cox

Assisting Proofreaders for This Issue

Paul Salstrom, Normandi Ellis

Graphic Design

Peggy Thrasher Law

Logo Design

Charles Hudson III



Subscribe to The Rose

Subscriptions to *The Rose* are free.

Mail or email your name and address to:

The Rose at Emmanuel Church

498 Prince Avenue

Athens, GA 30601

receive.therose@gmail.com



Donate to The Rose

The Rose is supported *entirely* by contributions from its readers. All contributions to this mission, large and small, are needed and appreciated. Donations are tax deductible.

Make checks payable to

The Rose at Emmanuel Church.

(Please write THE ROSE on the check memo line)

Mail to

The Rose at Emmanuel Church

498 Prince Avenue

Athens, GA 30601



Back Issues of The Rose

View & print back issues at

www.seedwork.org



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 August 2013 to:

editor.therose@gmail.com

©Copyright

To publish anything appearing in this issue, you must obtain permission from the author (or artist) by writing to *The Rose*. Reasonable copying of material for educational purposes is permitted.

Cover Art

by Pilar Pages

Back Cover Photo

by Andy Glogower

PRINTED ON RECYCLED PAPER

A WORD FROM EMMANUEL

The traveler in T.S. Eliot's poem "The Gift of the Magi" along with his companions have encountered Christ—and their lives have been changed forever. It is, as the old traveler remembers, a death to his own self-absorption and a birth to something greater than himself.

May our encounter with Christ—especially through His Word—be a constant Epiphany of re-creating and transforming our lives in the love of Emmanuel—"God with us."

The Rev. Robert Salamone

A NOTE FROM THE EDITOR

This issue of *The Rose* glows luminously with the light of the season of Epiphany. I know you will be inspired, as I have been, by the moving accounts of personal epiphanies experienced by our contributing authors and artists. Like those adoring *Wisdom Seekers* on the cover of this issue, we dream workers gaze into the mysterious nighttime sky and follow the brightest star until it hovers over the place where a new birth has broken open the shadows—the arrival of the Christ child in winter. What a fitting allegory it is, recounting the truth that we know deep in our heart of hearts, that no matter the season, the Christ is made manifest to us ceaselessly in our waking life and in our dreams! Do we have eyes to see?

The season of Epiphany is seen as a continuation of the Christmas season and collectively they make up forty days. Epiphany evokes Jesus' revelation of Himself as Divine on three different occurrences: as an infant to the Gentiles—Magi; at His baptism—also celebrated as the Feast of the Immersion; and with His first miracle—the wedding feast at Cana.

To mark Epiphany in their homes, some Catholic Christians participate in the ritual of "chalking the door" by inscribing these symbols with chalk on the lintels of the doorways: 20+C+M+B+13. The crosses represent Christ. The beginning and ending numbers correspond to the current year, 2013. The letters are the initials of the names we have come to associate with the three Magi: Caspar, Melchior, and Balthazar. The letters also form an acronym of the Latin phrase *Christus mansionem benedicat*, "May Christ bless this dwelling." Shall we mark the thresholds of our inner-world houses with the inscription "Peace be with this house and with all who live here and all who enter here"? Shall we recite the words from Proverbs: "By wisdom a house is built, and through understanding it is established; through knowledge its rooms are filled with rare and beautiful treasures"? Do we have ears to hear?

When we gather together to listen to one another's dreams and share our insights in dream-groups, write our prose and poetry, create our art, sing our songs, and dance our dances in adoration, we are repeating that ancient journey of the Magi. In newness of life our shared condition is revealed—we are all in the midst of transformation. That sudden blaze of knowing, that fire that illumines our world and changes our course—like a river's channel changed by a seismic flood, like the Jordan embracing Jesus at his baptism—reminds us that in the middle of the darkness miracles are still afire on the journey! Jesus still changes the water into wine and we are blessed.

I have a friend whose late grandmother used to wake up every morning at dawn and call out, "Mornin' Glory!"

And when all things are brought out to the light, then their true nature is clearly revealed; for anything that is clearly revealed becomes light. That is why it is said, "Wake up, sleeper, and rise from death, and Christ will shine on you." Ephesians 5:13-14 (GoodNews Translation)

May our dreams at dawn, like luminaries, continue to light our path so that we may find a room for our Holy Family within.

Peggy Thrasher Law

Table of Contents



ARTICLES & POEMS

Pierrette R. Stukes	6	Winter Trees
Robert Pullen	9	The Bear
Lane Turner Norton	10	Scratch and Peck
Jamie Rasche	11	At the Crossroads—Transformation
Gail Tyson	14	Night Visitors
The Right Reverend Larry Maze	15	Epiphany: Symbol and Reality
Pilar Pages	16	Love Incarnate
Karlene Mostek	18	The Birth of Jesus Christ
Gerard Manley Hopkins	19	FROM The Wreck of the Deutschland
Sara Baker	20	Wrestling with the Angel: Writing Poetry, Doing Dream Work
Tom Gibbs	23	The Water Gospel: A long Poem; A New Skin
Vic Fleming	24	A Role for Haiku in Dream Interpretation
Heidi Simmonds	27	On The Threshold of Conjunctio
Charles Bjorklund	28	Solemnity and Carnival Diptych
Sara Baldwin	29	My White Dog Peace
	29	RETREATS & CONFERENCES
	30	HADEN INSTITUTE SUMMER DREAM & SPIRITUALITY CONFERENCE
	31	MONKEY BUSINESS

ARTWORK & PHOTOGRAPHY

Pilar Pages (cover), Charles Hudson III, Sarah Pattison, Pierrette Stukes, Janet Robertson, Sharole Ewing, M. Méheut, Karlene Mostek, Rodin, Brancusi, Charles Bjorklund, Peggy Thrasher Law, and Andy Glogower (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, Dahlongega
St. Patrick's Episcopal Church, Dunwoody
St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, Milledgeville
St. Augustine's Episcopal Church, Morrow
St. Peter's Episcopal Church, Rome
St. Anne's Episcopal Church, Tifton

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

St. Matthew's Episcopal Church, Bogalusa

MARYLAND

First Unitarian Church, Baltimore

MICHIGAN

*Siloam Spirituality Center at
East Congregational Church, Grand Rapids
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

The House where Natural Spirituality was born.

Watercolor by Charles Hudson

www.charleshudsonsdesign.com



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.

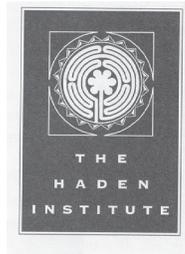
Today the growth and spread of natural spirituality programs in churches are supported by *The Rose*, by the training programs of the Haden Institute, by the SeedWork website, by online resources, and by conferences and retreats announced in *The Rose*.

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")
~www.archive.org (search "seedwork")
- ✦ CDs of KSDC lectures~email:
charles@luckydogaudio.com
- ✦ www.asdreams.org



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 February and August of each year. Apply now to secure a space.

2013-2014 Dream Leader Training Intensive Dates:

Feb 28-Mar 4, 2013/ Aug 22-26, 2013/ Dec 5-9, 2013/
Feb 27-Mar 03, 2014/ Aug 21-25, 2014/ Dec 04-08, 2014

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 March and September of each year. Apply now to secure a space.

2013-2014 Spiritual Direction Intensive Dates:

Jan 10-14, 2013/ Apr 18-22, 2013/ Sept 12-16, 2013/
Jan 09-13, 2014/ Mar 20-24, 2014/ Sept 11-15, 2014

For Canada the next starting time is October, 2014. Apply now.

Marcus Losack from Ireland, Pittman McGehee, Jerry Wright, Diana McKendree, Chelsea Wakefield, Margaret Guenther, 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



WINTER TREES

By *Pierrette R. Stukes*

waders, moved my hands to adjust the camouflage baseball cap he'd loaned me, or moaned in boredom, Bo cautioned, "Shush. Don't move."

And then they came. As the violet of dusk broke through winter trees, I heard the rush of duck wings and saw the silhouettes as the ducks swung sideways to slide down among the trunks. With a caressing splash, they lay themselves in the water. The silence, the purple almost-gloaming light, the flutter of wings, the earth's sentinels at watch stunned me.

Years later, Bo and I returned to that acreage of flooded timber, but only a desiccated scrub remained. I stared dejected at the abandoned swamp, but my husband assured me the ducks had moved onto fresher waters and more mature woods.

I completed six years of psychotherapy in my late thirties and early forties. I grasped the complex psychological consequences of my childhood. I stood bravely, for the first time in my life, on sturdy legs of understanding. I trusted my therapist. She helped me to swallow my own life. In therapy, I cleared the first psychic path through my woods. But sometimes, I still sobbed and raged at life's injustices. Sometimes, my nightmares still terrified me out of sleep.

In my late forties, my dreams began to crowd my waking life. They threatened to drown me, roiling to the surface of consciousness like an angry sea. The space between the real world and the dream world grew thin. I dreamt about cats with no paws, and my cat salt shaker fell off the window sill. Caught by a gust of wind, its little porcelain paws snapped in two. I started seeing Louise and began to work my dreams with her.

The winter the trees came down, my husband and I hunkered in front of all-day fires and warming gumbos, not leaning against strong trees waiting for ducks to come in to roost. I made my way to work on

I worried about the trees. The ice storm which raged through the northwestern North Carolina Mountains on Christmas Day, 2009, left a brilliant spectacle in its wake. Our trees—white pines, red maples, tulip poplars, chestnut oaks and hemlocks—shimmered in the winter slant of light. Across the bleak yard, up the barren ridgeline and far beyond into the blinded forest, bare limbs and trunks bent double under an impenetrable icy façade.

Standing on our front porch, I listened to the sound of nothing. A brittle wind began to blow, and it filled the silent aftermath of the storm, the trees crackling. I hugged myself to prevent the chilled air from whipping under my jacket and chapping skin. As I listened again, I heard the trees fall. I imagined single trees laying themselves down on the frozen earth, the snowy floor not muffling their dying. They stirred in me a mourning I could not name.

In the winter of 2009, I was forty-nine years old. I'd been in Jungian analysis for two years and had shared dream after dream with Louise, my analyst. I stacked my filled journals by my bed, like cordwood to warm the mid-life winter of my discontent. I trusted Louise with my life, but the false self who'd developed in childhood did not. I am a

trauma survivor. A make-shift personality, the false self stood guard, preventing both memories and my authentic self from becoming conscious.

Every human being, not just those of us who experience trauma, exists along a fault line of consciousness and unconsciousness. This line may be as thin as a skim of ice on a pond. It may be an inch thick like the frozen rain which shrouds trees. But it does not melt completely to become one with the collective sea until the hour of our death, or beyond. This life line does not mark us as flawed. It marks us as human. It symbolizes a boundary the conscious personality constructs to feel safe, esteemed and in control. It is called the ego. Fractured and fragmented by trauma, the survivor who completes depth analysis returns home to wholeness with maps for the archetypal journey.

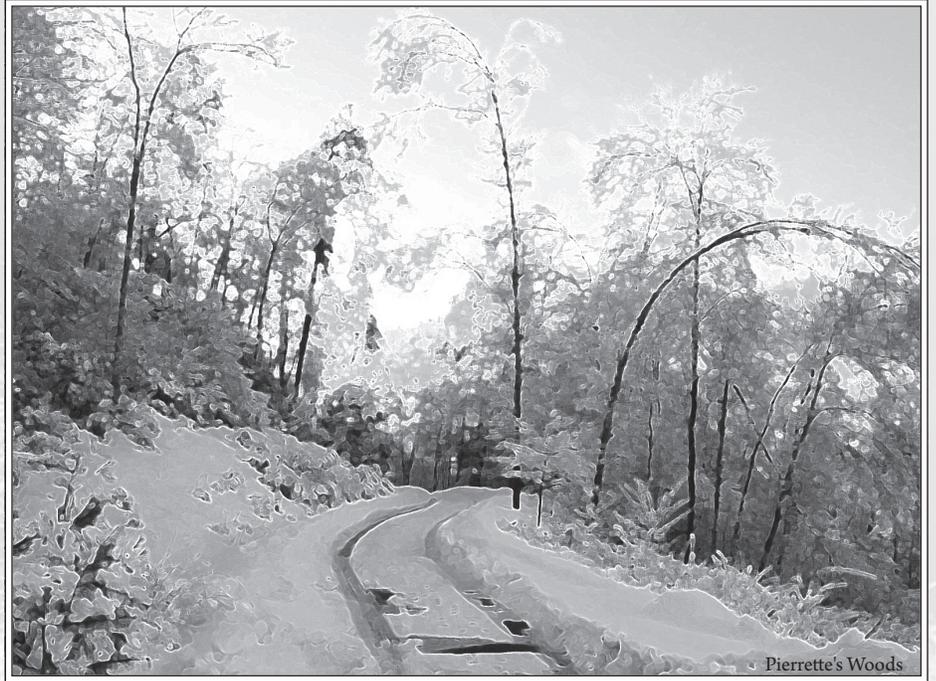
My husband, Bo, taught me to love trees. On one of our first dates, we hiked for a couple of miles through a marshy understory of pines until we reached a copse of bare timber flooded by ambitious beavers. In silence, Bo pointed me towards a stand of trees and propped me against a hard, rough trunk. "Be still," he whispered. "Be quiet." Every time I shifted my sweaty feet too much in my new duck

treacherous roads and made my way home again in the monochrome dusk, as if reading Braille, across foggy mountain passes. My Labrador, Jack, and I trudged up and down the half-mile driveway, not daring to venture off the marked strip of gravel. In analysis, sometimes, I could make out open water. Sometimes, I could land. More often than not, ice lay so solid it forced me to circle and turn away.

As spring came, Jack insisted I take him for a real hike. I was unprepared for the effects of the ice and its sudden thaw. Intricate canopies had snapped. Trunks had broken in two. The ice storm had not just felled lone trees. As they came down, they'd snatched the exposed limbs of nearby trees, hurling them also to their deaths on the dank ground. The destruction was almost too much to bear. The trees, their lives, the havoc they had wrought as they fell to their deaths stopped me in my tracks. The sun shone too brightly. The forest floor lay exposed to the harsh light of day.

Carrying their burden for too long, the trees could not hold, did not want to hold. When the warmth of the sun's light had penetrated the crystalline landscape, one by one, the trees had let go. They had shed their frozen armor, given up their stalwart stand. But they had left a mountainside of vulnerable snags discarded on the rotting earth—shorn, stripped, splintered, scattered like bones.

In Carl Jung's study of patients' dreams and cultures' mythologies, he discovered that ice usually symbolizes what is trapped in unconsciousness. The presence of ice in our dreams and in our outer lives may reveal that our conscious lives rest on a precarious and even pernicious foundation. If we do not bring to consciousness all which holds us captive in its frozen grip, our lives will be a repeated, neurotic cycle of damage control. We will forever raze our lives and the lives of others because we cannot turn the sun on our inner wounds and our outer transgressions. But the symbol



Pierrette's Woods

of the tree offers us hope and grace.

J. E. Cirlot in his well-regarded *A Dictionary of Symbols* says, "[T]he symbolism of the tree denotes the life of the cosmos: its consistence, growth, proliferation, generative and regenerative processes. It stands for inexhaustible life, and is therefore equivalent to a symbol of immortality." Across time and cultures, the tree symbolizes the mystic center of life, of death, of rebirth. It stands in for the necessary life processes of destruction and resurrection.

In my woods, the trees' icy shield melted, the trees were laid to rest, and a loamy decay commenced, the downed forest returning to its beginnings as moss, lichen and seed.

And in my analysis, my dreams began to work me. They communicated symbols of transformation—half-walked staircases, uncompleted circles in bare fields, ocean floors where the water had receded, my own death, babies unattended and then a newborn whom I nursed and nurtured.

My dreams communicated these symbols, not to me but to Louise. She said to me once when I'd shared my dreams with a friend, "The dreams are for me." I still needed to learn that she

and I were in service to a higher spiritual process. I still needed to surrender the false self who wanted to maintain control, a scared little girl who wanted to live even at the expense of the birth of her own soul.

For me, the broken woods symbolized the dying of my frightened, adaptive personality whistling in the dark forest. In therapy, I built a sturdy personality who'd gained understanding of her life. In depth analysis, Louise and I began to wait as the bits of my unconscious revealed themselves and spoke their truths. In the midst of a spiritual process of integration and individuation, when I want an answer to a problem, Louise reminds me, "We don't do anything in analysis. We show up."

After the trees came down, I began showing up more and more. It was all I could do. I felt the false self flying apart, limb by limb. When Louise and I hugged, I would lean my whole body into her soft breasts. I would prop my flailing self against her still center. "I'm holding myself together," I said into her neck one time. "I know," she replied.

The goal of Jungian analysis is to unblock the psychic path between the ego and the Self—the archetype of the unified, conscious human being. In my analysis, Louise has held the archetype

of the Great Mother for me. She has been the container for the Self until it might be constellated in me. Louise has been my cosmic tree.



After the trees came down, twisted, dead timber blocked my traditional passages through the woods. My husband, Bo, and I chainsawed our way through most of the trails. Jack and I forged new paths. We moved deeper and farther into the forest, moving forward, not willing to shirk the task of taking in the damage. Ducks circled and whooshed into the pond Bo and I had built in our mountain hollow.

Jack and I made a discovery just days before *The Rose* editor emailed me to say she was ready for one of my stories. We took an old road bed which runs along the creek and connects our land to our neighbors' parcels. I was sure this trail was still a gnarled mass of dead trees. But we walked and kept walking until the trail reached its end. Except for a couple of downed trees, easily surmounted, the path was no longer blocked. Over the last three years, while we tended our own woods, our neighbor had cleared the passageway. Shafts of sunlight lit the leafy earth. Snags burst with fresh life.



*Pierrette Stukes has loved words since childhood, but she forgot. Relishing others' words, she earned degrees in English literature. In the cocooning safety of depth analysis, she remembered her first love. She completed the Haden Institute program in Spiritual Direction in 2009. She has published in *Psychoanalytic Studies*; *Presence: An International Journal for Spiritual Direction*; *The Dead Mule School of Southern Literature*; and in the anthology *Mountain Memoirs*. Her essay "Swimming" was awarded first place in a regional creative nonfiction contest and "Tilted Toward Life" was nominated for the 2011 *Best of the Net* for nonfiction.*

The Bear



The Indian trail scabbled over rocks of the mountain
down through ancient trees into a laurel thicket.
A gentle grunt drifted up from where she hunkered
stump-like in the thickest place. Her blackness gave her away.

Maple leaves made constellations on the ground.
Water seeped from the rocks and dripped into a pool.
The bear washed down her breakfast of fox grapes.
Time wobbled on the hinge of seeing and being seen.

Once she would have given her body and blood
to a hunter bringing in bear grease for the dark season.
Now she offered a moment of communion, a door into
the eternal cycle of eating and being eaten.

2/10/11

Schoolhouse Gap Trail

Great Smoky Mountains National Park

Robert Pullen

Troy, AL

Robert is the leader of a natural spirituality group at Saint Mark's Episcopal Church in Troy, Alabama. A former Baptist minister and dean of arts and sciences, he is now a professor of Sociology at Troy University. Robert explores the cosmology and shamanic traditions of Muskogee / Creek Native American tribes.

Scratch And Peck

By Lane Turner Norton



I have taken to calling my hens the “Bumptious Biddies.” Seems like every time I walk out the back door, they go to throwing themselves up against the wire walls of their coop, breast feathers poking out of the tiny squares of hardware cloth, in a determined endeavor to impress upon me the urgency of their demand for grazing freedom. Most every day, their demands are met. They come skittering out of the coop onto the lawn and head for the first available soft patch of earth, often nabbing a wayward ant that had mistakenly thought itself safe under the coop door.

The first few times I ever took them out into the spring grass when they were just a few weeks old, just little peeping balls of down, they already knew what their primary purpose was on this earth. It was to scratch! And they came well equipped for the purpose. Have you ever looked at a chicken’s feet? If you have, you’ll have no trouble understanding that their DNA is so closely related to that of the dinosaurs. A friend of mine took one look at their enormous, reptilian claws and exclaimed “Whoa! Chicken-zilla!”

To watch them is hypnotic. Kicking up the earth, first one foot, then the other; scratch, scratch, back up, hunt down, grab, repeat...always the backing up before the search into the newly upturned earth. It is very hard to see over those beautifully plump, feathered breasts. And you’d think they were starving. They will go at it for hours. Never mind that I spend a small fortune on chicken scratch and Layeena meal! Only grubs, worms, and choice greens will do for the Biddies.

Living with them for a couple of years now, I have mulled over what it is that makes their digging so intriguing. I think it is the almost comical dance of rhythmic backing up. One has to get oneself out of the way.

We spend the first half of our lives “plumping up” our egos, our sense of who we are; what is “right” and what is “wrong”; what comes easily to us and what we feel defeats us; what terrifies us and what makes us comfortable; who we let in and who we keep out. Then, in the second half of life, if we are lucky, we are given the opportunity to dig into the inner richness of our souls and the treasures of this universe, and we begin to divest ourselves of our once necessary armor.

To see over our well-feathered sense of selves, a backing up is required. That which is “wrong” may well be the only path to compassion; that which we thought would defeat us may be the very thing that saves; comfort could well paralyze, isolate, and entomb; the one whom we thought we should keep out, might well be the Beloved.

Scratch, scratch, back up, hunt down...
Dig deep. Get out of the way!
Don’t let any morsel escape those bright, quick eyes.

Quick, grab Life!

Lane Turner Norton
Athens, GA

Lane Turner Norton lives in Athens, Georgia, with her hens, cat, dog, and her husband, Jim, with whom she has run a gift and toy shop for 30 years. Lane is a graduate of the Haden Institute and is currently leading a dream group at St. Gregory the Great Episcopal Church. Lane’s artistic outlet is creating needle-felted, hand-stitched animal-headed figures, which, just like animals in our dreams, take us where we cannot go.

At The Crossroads— Transformation



By *Jamie Rasche*

**This article is dedicated to the memory of Bob Myers, a man of many talents, and long-term member of the dream group at St. Augustine of Canterbury Episcopal Church in Morrow, Georgia.*

Have you ever experienced a period of your life that was more stressful than others, or an event that changed your world? Maybe you felt uncertain and afraid, sure that no one else could understand exactly what you were going through. Feeling alone, isolated and depressed, you looked for answers. Does this sound familiar? You are not alone. In fact, every human on earth experiences this at one time or another. Despite our fears to the contrary, there does exist a universal element that connects everyone.

All of us go through change during our lives—physical, emotional, developmental, and episodic. Not only do we each have to deal with unexpected events, but as Erik Erikson described, each phase of life has its own predictable challenges. Youth and adolescence are usually characterized by learning about the world and our own identity. Adulthood is generally focused on locating our niche in a working society, finding a mate, having a family, and achieving our social and economic goals. Midlife may be a time for finding new meaning, reorienting our goals in life, and being confronted with critical decision-making opportunities. Old age can be a period of contentment associated with a feeling of accomplishment and giving back to the community; or it can be characterized by a sense of loss, isolation, and despair. Any of these stages and events can be a crossroads at which we must make choices. Perhaps in review-

ing our individual paths, we can identify the stressful situations and find unsuspected creative solutions to the problems at hand. Whether we are conscious of it or not, such creative solutions arise in us from an internally connecting divine component described by Carl Jung—the Self.

For me, the “midlife transition” was a chance to stop and reflect upon my journey. As a woman, it was a time to question the physical and emotional changes taking place—menopause, empty nest, and impending retirement—and ask what was now meaningful in my life. There was an emerging but as yet undefined mystery—what to do? who to be?—that caused deep soul searching. The challenge was to clarify an uncertain future. Was there to be a new direction in my life, demanding new skills and abilities? Or a core change in who I am? Or both? The soul clamored for attention, but fear of failure seemed to paralyze any forward movement into this unknown territory. Sometimes when it is dimly perceived, ignored, or suppressed, a “soul-call”—an urging of the Self—flashes into crisis, as if to forcibly catch and focus attention on a major life decision.

Such was the case eight years ago. As a pediatrician, I enjoyed interacting with children and families, monitoring the growth of the little ones and promoting physical health. The calling to be a healer of the body had always been strong, but now a subtle shift was gradually taking place. I slowly began to consider healing of the mind and soul to be a more important contribution to personal growth. This viewpoint seemed unrealistic. I could not imagine changing my life’s work. My role as physician was satisfying and comfortable. Letting go of the benefits of being an MD did not seem right.



The Self, that indwelling divine and omniscient Center of my being, intervened by unfolding within a single week a series of intense synchronicities and dreams that literally changed my life. One beautiful spring day I was riding my gelding, Sailor, along a narrow path and had just exited a wooded area. Two young boys were running along an intersecting path and emerged from seemingly nowhere, spooking my horse. Usually a very calm animal, Sailor reared, whirled, and bolted, tossing me skyward from the saddle and down into underbrush and small saplings. I broke six ribs, had extensive bruising, and injured my right hip. The boys were of course apologetic for scaring the horse, and they accompanied me on the slow trek back to the farm. My worried daughter, Erin, followed the ambulance to the ER.

During the next two days, utterly dismayed over a painful, broken body, I allowed self-pity to take over. Why did this have to happen? Then I realized that the symbolism was quite evident: *I had to get off my high horse and get grounded.*

Self-pity was quickly abandoned. Feeling disoriented and depressed, I realized that it was time to examine my inner journey in more detail. That week, I had a “big” dream. In the dream,

I was a regal lioness, striding through the forest with my thick-maned lion mate, sovereign of all we surveyed. We came to a treasure-filled cave guarded by a land dragon. The dragon would not let us pass. Instead, he reached out with a taloned forefoot and grabbed my mate behind his neck, ripping off mane and head. I was horrified to see my mate dismembered. However, underneath the destruction, a small feline—a lynx—emerged.



M. Méheut

Demands that the dragon return my mate to his former self were unsuccessful. The scaly creature stated that first we had to accomplish a task. I understood that it was to be a quest. We had to descend to a nether land and go to a certain farm. In the dilapidated barn there would be several eggs. Our task

was to nurture the eggs, hatch them and grow them into young chickens, while saving them from the farmer and his wife, who would want to eat them. Only then could we return to the land dragon and be restored.

On arrival at the farm, it was evident that not only was my mate diminished, but I also had changed into a lynx. We found the eggs exactly as the dragon had described in a run-down barn. We nurtured and protected the eggs through hatching, then fed and cared for the chicks. We fiercely chased off the farmer and his wife when they threatened eggs or young chickens. When the birds were safe, we returned to the cave of the land dragon, demanding to be made whole again.

The land dragon regarded us and, instead of restoring the lion and lioness, transformed us. Now we were two sleek, beautiful aerial dragons. We walked the few steps to a cliff, where we joyously threw ourselves into the air and flew, ecstatically breathing out not flames but entwined rainbows.



This awe-inspiring dream has haunted me ever since, revealing layer after layer of meaning, very much like peeling an onion. The individuation journey, in which we discover the unique selves and talents within each of us, is frequently guided by dreams and synchronicity (meaningful coincidence). This journey often involves painful examination of shadow parts of ourselves that we have disowned, or repressed. Acknowledgment and integration of these undesirable qualities is a pathway toward health and wholeness. Dreams can be a critical part of the process. Everything in a dream is part of the dreamer. Dream animals usually represent the instinctual self, a characteristic way of perceiving and reacting to life. Thus the lion image reflected a worldview based on pride—an unthinking, basic response. Like the “high horse” metaphor, this response had to be examined and humbled. Like a leaking balloon, deflation, as compensation for an overblown ego, was in progress. Symbolic dismemberment, quest, finding treasure (true meaning), and transformation are archetypal elements of the classic dream formula leading to wholeness, all of which were found in this dream.

What about the dragons? They seemed to represent an even more basic instinctual reality. In this case, the land dragon, flightless and essentially bound to earthly desires and concerns, was guardian of the depths. Within this womb-like cave potential riches awaited. He barred progress toward the treasure until I (masculine and feminine halves) had passed a trial by hard labor and gathered knowledge of what was meaningful in my life. Only by traveling deep into the psyche could I reach the Center and be ready for transformation. The egg symbol seemed to emphasize saving and nurturing the inner child—which referred to myself, but also to members of the community. By accepting, integrating, yet leaving behind the old and embracing the new, I was consenting to a process of unfolding change that produced a unique state of being. Transformation, like grace, is an unexpected blessing. Uniting in shared ecstasy, masculine and feminine elements, now represented by the sleek aerial dragons, leapt skyward and entered their spiritual domain. They combined basic instinct with a new realm—the heavens—defined by rainbow promise. Awed, I watched as the Self helped birth new life, a life of participation in the divine guiding principle that would forever change my innermost feelings and behavior.

This was all good. I had some grasp of the meaning of the lion and the dragons and the eggs. But what about the lynx? I had no ready association to the lynx as a dream symbol and no past experience to call upon that evoked an image of a lynx. After unsuccessfully mulling this over for several days, I looked up Native American symbolism for Lynx in Ted Andrews' *Animal Speak*. "Lynx has the ability to teach you how to know the inner workings of others... [their] secrets and all that is hidden... [their] fears, activities, and even abilities." Lynx as a totem warns against breaking confidences. Thunderstruck, I realized that this description sounded like a counselor's job.

The Self was not finished yet. One week after the accident, I had another dream:

I was lying on a table in a CAT (Computerized Axial Tomography) scan machine. The mechanism was making a CD of my body, so that I would know what was wrong with me.

Upon awakening, I was confused. I knew only too well what was wrong with my body; six broken ribs were a constant reminder. Then the realization struck—dreams don't come to tell you what you know, only what you don't know. So what did I not know about what was wrong with me? Carefully examining the parts of my body that I could see, it became evident that the crease lines in the palms of my hands were white, and remained so when the fingers were stretched backward. Normally, this action intensifies the red appearance of blood flow near the skin surface in Caucasian palms. No red = no blood? I went to the doctor immediately and was found to be severely anemic. The hematocrit, or percentage of red blood cells, had dropped from 39 one week ago to 22, indicating internal hemorrhage. Immediate transfusion was required. Contemplating the synchronicity of the dream image, a humorous irony appeared. The term CD can refer to a compact data or music disc. It can also refer to a certificate of deposit at a bank. In order to receive a transfusion, I had to make a withdrawal from the blood bank. It also did not escape notice that a scan of the CAT (feline) was required to point out what was wrong with me—my life was becoming anemic of purpose, and new blood was required for transformation to a healthier state.

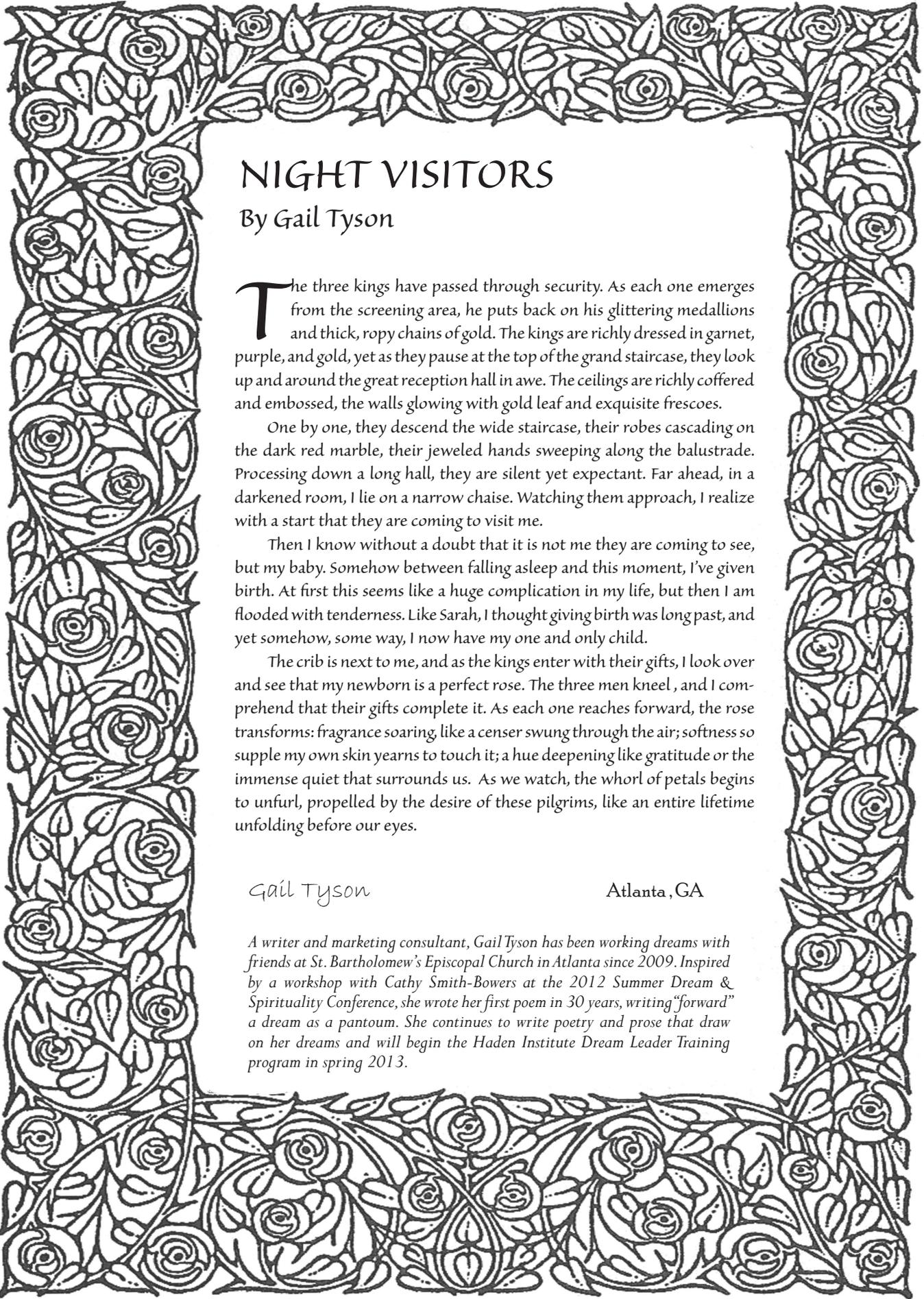
Crossroads imply decision. Within six months of this crisis, I had retired from pediatric practice and entered Mercer University's Community Counseling masters program. Now, as a licensed counselor with five years of counseling experience and an adjunct faculty position at Mercer University grad school, I can state that the rewards of following the difficult inner journey are constantly growing. For me, the decision at the crossroads brought an end to fear and confusion. It brought transformation and purpose and a deep reverence for the Divine, which guides and infuses wisdom via the Self.



Jamie Rasche

McDonough, GA

Jamie Rasche has found that dreams and synchronicity bring epiphany. She is grateful for a wonderful husband and daughter, and she is now studying creative writing at Clayton State University. What will the journey bring next?



NIGHT VISITORS

By Gail Tyson

The three kings have passed through security. As each one emerges from the screening area, he puts back on his glittering medallions and thick, ropy chains of gold. The kings are richly dressed in garnet, purple, and gold, yet as they pause at the top of the grand staircase, they look up and around the great reception hall in awe. The ceilings are richly coffered and embossed, the walls glowing with gold leaf and exquisite frescoes.

One by one, they descend the wide staircase, their robes cascading on the dark red marble, their jeweled hands sweeping along the balustrade. Processing down a long hall, they are silent yet expectant. Far ahead, in a darkened room, I lie on a narrow chaise. Watching them approach, I realize with a start that they are coming to visit me.

Then I know without a doubt that it is not me they are coming to see, but my baby. Somehow between falling asleep and this moment, I've given birth. At first this seems like a huge complication in my life, but then I am flooded with tenderness. Like Sarah, I thought giving birth was long past, and yet somehow, some way, I now have my one and only child.

The crib is next to me, and as the kings enter with their gifts, I look over and see that my newborn is a perfect rose. The three men kneel, and I comprehend that their gifts complete it. As each one reaches forward, the rose transforms: fragrance soaring like a censer swung through the air; softness so supple my own skin yearns to touch it; a hue deepening like gratitude or the immense quiet that surrounds us. As we watch, the whorl of petals begins to unfurl, propelled by the desire of these pilgrims, like an entire lifetime unfolding before our eyes.

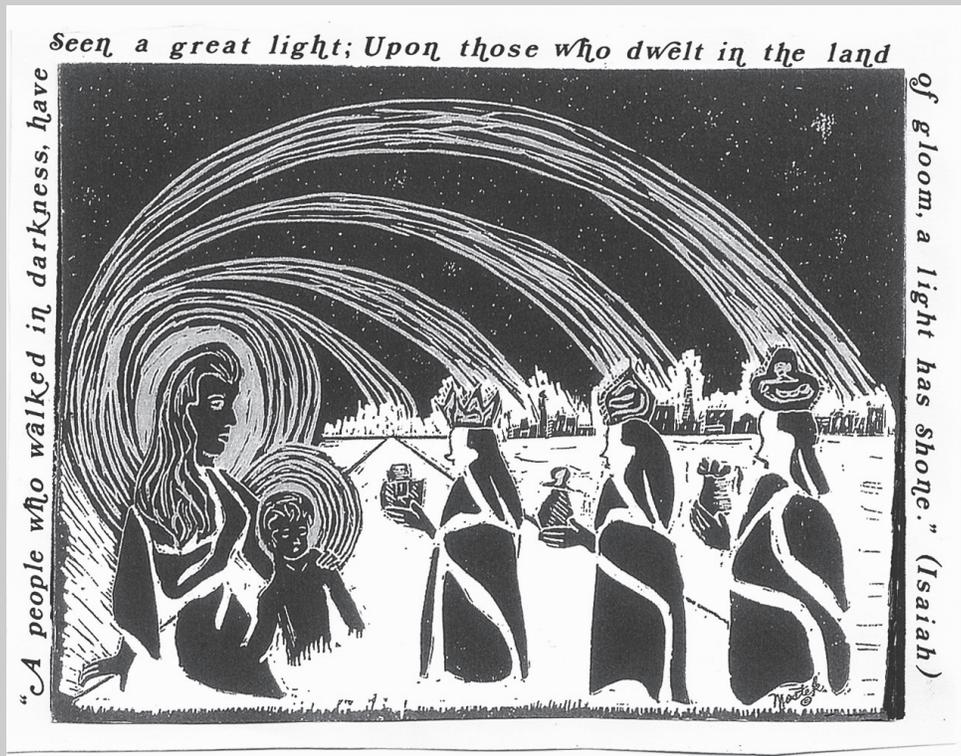
Gail Tyson

Atlanta, GA

A writer and marketing consultant, Gail Tyson has been working dreams with friends at St. Bartholomew's Episcopal Church in Atlanta since 2009. Inspired by a workshop with Cathy Smith-Bowers at the 2012 Summer Dream & Spirituality Conference, she wrote her first poem in 30 years, writing "forward" a dream as a pantoum. She continues to write poetry and prose that draw on her dreams and will begin the Haden Institute Dream Leader Training program in spring 2013.

EPIPHANY: SYMBOL AND REALITY

THE RIGHT REVEREND
LARRY MAZE



The Gift by Karlene Mostek

In Church parlance “epiphany” is both a day (January 6) and a season (January 6 until Ash Wednesday). On Epiphany the Church remembers the mysterious “wise men” who came from the equally mysterious “East” to acknowledge the birth of the new king, Jesus. Matthew is the sole recorder of this event in Matthew 2:1-12, though in popular use it has been blended with Luke’s quite different account of Jesus’ birth until it appears to be a seamless event with the wise men arriving at the manger right along with Luke’s angels and shepherds. Few want to argue with this adjusted version of the birth narrative because it makes such a wonderful and complete story. It’s the reason that the most nominal Christian knows at least the Christmas story!

Whether folded into the Christmas story or told separately as the Epiphany story, the Church very early saw the arrival of these wise men as symbolic of Jesus’ importance for the whole of humanity. It seems clear that whoever these men were, they were not Jews. Thus even from the beginning of the Christ event, the wise knew that this was a transformative moment in history. This baby born in obscurity in remote and insignificant Bethlehem was destined to change the world. He wasn’t simply the fulfillment of the Jews’ longing for a messiah to deliver them. He was the very embodiment of God bringing the world to Wisdom that had been woven into creation from the beginning.

The word “epiphany,” of course, isn’t owned by the Church. It is used by the Church in the same way it is used by everyone else. The novelist James Joyce was masterful

in providing his characters with epiphanies that changed their lives. These intuitive flashes of insight carry transformative power. We’ve had them ourselves. In Joyce’s own language, suddenly “its soul or its whatness leaps to us from the ordinariness of its appearance.” How many times have we suddenly “known” something—with no word spoken.

Epiphany is the manifestation of the Divine in the midst of the ordinary. It is some God-moment, uninvited and unexpected, and yet changing everything. It is Wisdom emerging from the shadows where it refuses to abide.

*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.

Love Incarnate

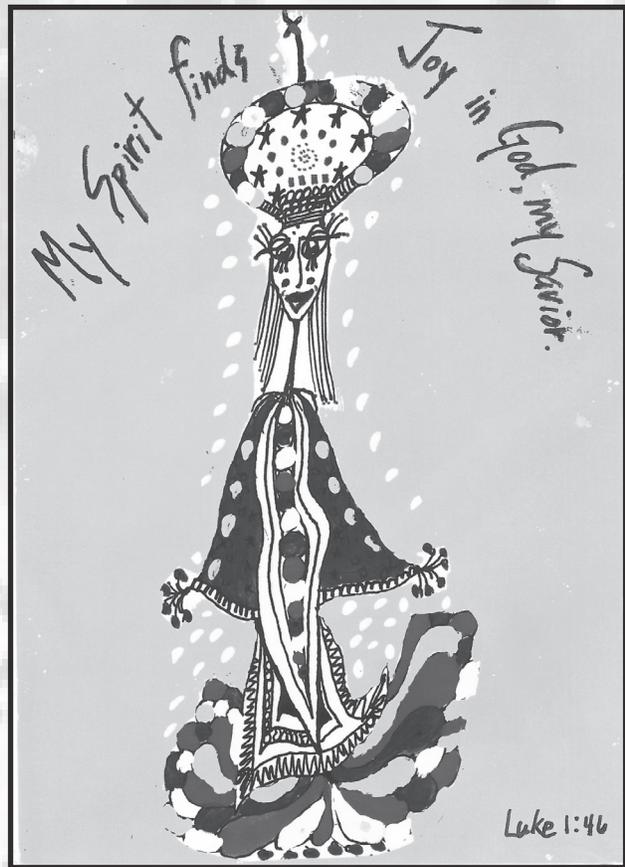
InnerVerse—Artwork By Pilar Pages

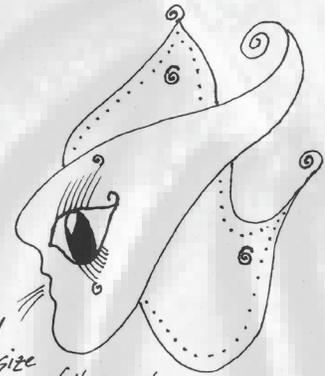


Wisdom Seekers

We are all wisdom seekers. I recently read that God can be the God of surprises. I smiled just thinking about this. Those whacky star gazers from long ago sought and discovered the greatest surprise ever: Love Incarnate. Says Annie Dillard,

*Once in Israel, love came to us incarnate,
stood in the doorway between two worlds, and called...*





The child
grew in size
and strength filled with
Wisdom and the Grace of God
was upon Him. Luke 2:40

Yes,
Love,
Sacrifice,
joy,
death,
illumination,
courage,
justice,
fearlessness,
and
Wisdom.

All to the Glory of God.

Pilar Pages

Athens, GA

Pilar's "little art" is a form of prayer. Years ago she attended the Natural Spirituality group at Emmanuel Episcopal Church in Athens and was encouraged to discover others who were seeking God's wisdom, not only through traditional methods, but also through dreams and synchronistic encounters. Now as she pursues a degree in Pastoral Studies, she has discovered Ignatius of Loyola, who not only was a wisdom seeker, but one who found God in all things.

THE BIRTH OF JESUS CHRIST

BY KARLENE MOSTEK



tissue paper/pastel/ink 8"x10"

IN THIS PICTURE, Jesus is shown as Cosmic Child, born from, cared for, and guided by the compassionate Love of the Mother/Father Spirit of God. The labyrinth image, seen here in the Eye of God, represents the spiritual path through life. Unlike a maze that has many wrong turns, a labyrinth's path to the center has only one way in and one way out. It has been found across many cultures and faith traditions for over 5,000 years. Its origin is still unknown.

Born into time from a strong spiritual heritage, Jesus, the Christ, made known His spiritual commitment very early in life. He chose to walk a path that included standing up for those who were marginalized in society and healing those in spiritual or physical pain. He walked that path, in a balanced way, until the last breath of His life.

We, too, commit to a deeper life when we "walk the talk" on important issues, heal and forgive old hurts in our lives, and root ourselves in kindness to others. When we do these things, the world around us becomes a better place because we've been here. May it ever be so ...

Karlene Mostek

Chicago, IL

Karlene Mostek has been passionate about creating art since her grammar school days. Over the years, she has been deeply influenced by the works of Carl Jung, Morton Kelsey, Black Elk, Dorothy Day and recently Thomas Berry. Retired after 27 years of teaching in the Chicago Public Schools, her art focuses now on the sacredness of the earth and the Native American spirit that valued it. Her work may be seen at www.karlenemostek.com.

SAINT JOSEPH AND THE INFANT JESUS



Cuzco School, Peruvian, 18th Century, oil on canvas 33"x29"

Now burn, new born to the world,
Double-naturèd name,
The heaven-flung, heart-fleshed, maiden-furled
Miracle-in-Mary-of-flame,
Mid-numberèd he in three of the thunder-throne!
Not a dooms-day dazzle in his coming nor dark as he came;
Kind, but royally reclaiming his own;
A released shower, let flash to the shire, not a lightening
of fire hard-hurled.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

The Wreck of the Deutschland, PART THE SECOND, 34.



Detail, *Jacob Wrestling With The Angel*, Eugène Delacroix, 1861.

Wrestling with the Angel: Writing Poetry, Doing Dream Work

By Sara Baker

*But Jacob replied,
"I will not let you go
unless you bless me."*

kind of work that gives tangible results, that helps the world. But I know I am constitutionally unsuited for such work. So then I crawl around, looking for my pen, and sit back down at my desk to begin the hard work of deepening the poem.

The process of deepening a poem is much like that of doing dream work. You have to be able to bear the tension of not knowing where the poem is going, of only vaguely sensing it. You have to work through associations which may or may not belong to the poem. You have to “kill your darlings,” the pretty flourishes that might make the poem more polished, but less raw, less powerful. You have to resist the urge to prematurely end the poem. You have to be open to hearing the new thing the poem is attempting to reveal.

The difficulty is in holding onto the emotional experience while crafting an artifact that will communicate to the reader. The poet, the “maker,” takes images thrown up by the unconscious from one’s own private mythology and attempts to make something that will create in readers the kind of experience the writer has had. The interesting thing is that, almost always, the thing you create is not a replication of an image, thought, or experience you have had, but something you arrive at in attempting to get that image, thought, or experience “down.” Attempting to incarnate a wisp of inspiration is like bringing what has been unconscious to consciousness. It is hard work. Often you know you have succeeded when the poem in front of you seems to have been written by someone else, when it seems both inevitable and fresh. In that case, you haven’t killed the impulse that initiated it, but you have created something that goes beyond the initial impulse.

It seems to me that dream work works the same way, with the dream being the first draft of a poem, the fragments and images set down, caught however imperfectly. Then, as in writing a poem, we sit with it, allowing memories, intuitions, feelings to arise, pondering how these seemingly odd threads might relate, how these apparently dissonant elements are meant to be made part of the whole. In both dream work and writing poetry we seek wholeness by suspending our habitual and defended versions of

I’ve been thinking lately about the similarity between dream work and writing poetry. Both are gifts of the Spirit, given, I believe, to help us in the work of individuating. As such, they ask that we honor them by spending time with them. Sometimes a poem will come all of a piece, as if it has been fermenting, and then when an opening appears—when the pressure of feeling and the right words come together-- the poem seems to write itself. This can happen in dream work as well—we wake up with a dream that is crystalline, not only in the details we recall, but also in the emotion it leaves us with, the sense of its import. These are wonderful experiences. They remind me of the parable of the sower, the seed falling onto well prepared ground: *....And other fell on good ground, did yield fruit that sprang up and increased; and brought forth, some thirty, and some sixty, some an hundred.* (Mark 4:8)

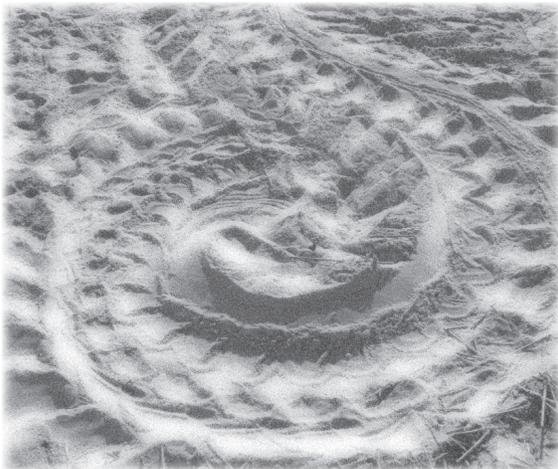
Most of the time when I write a poem, however, I have to work at tilling the soil. It is as if I am listening for a half-heard tune. I may get down a few phrases, a handful of words, and then my inspiration dwindles. In my initial excitement I had sensed a wholeness there, but when I look at what is before me, it is often fragmented and poor-seeming. Sometimes it is messy and even scary. This is the moment I usually throw my pen across the room. What am I doing? What a waste of time! I could be doing something useful with my life, like nursing or working in a greenhouse, the

reality. We stay open to what is emerging. We are both receptive and active, allowing material from the unconscious to arise, but also wrestling with it as Jacob did with the angel in order to receive its blessings.

I offer here for you two drafts of a poem which may as yet be unfinished. The first draft was a given, easy to write, and it said something I felt was true. But I also sensed another poem beneath it. I worked through many drafts to get to the present draft and experienced a great deal of frustration. Perhaps you can see in this example something of the process of deepening what is given. The poem took me from what I presently knew, in the first draft, to forgotten experiences in my own growing up, and then to a new awareness that each person's journey is their own, fraught with perils and driven by the desire to find home. When I first wrote the poem, I wanted to capture a moment I knew would be fleeting—my son, at thirteen, opening up his secret life to me. However, the image that was given—his act of putting the turtles back in the water and of saying a prayer over them—seemed emblematic not only of the kind of numinous experience of nature and self he had experienced in Mexico, but also of my awareness of the dangers and separations which are part of the long journey of growing up. The image deepened. It had a life of its own.

In being willing to enter into the process of deepening a poem or working a dream, we open ourselves to the possibility of greater wholeness. In the words of the poet, Karl Shapiro, "Art is a reaching for wholeness by way of the assimilation of the pathic into the joyousness of the unified being. Great poetry mourns for fragmentation and prays for recovery and reunification with the healthy soul."

May you take up your pen, and be blessed.



Yasmina in Paradise (First Draft)

*We've skipped church today
and I'm on the floor with Adam, doing my exercises, sort of,
Maise the dog stretched beside me.
Adam is showing me the world's funniest commercials on
his iPod, the meditative music wafts over us,
I can barely lift my legs for the company.
The new leaves shift outside, the light ripples,
then Adam reads me a text from Yasmina of Yelapa,
the mother of four children he befriended in Mexico,
an affectionate missive recounting the finding of a sea turtle's
nest and how all the children tried to help the turtle babies into the sea,
but the waves sent them back and so the five of them scooped
up the little turtles and took them to the pier where "we said a prayer over them
and dropped them into the deep sea" and my son's face is suffused with pleasure
and affection. And I think of my son's secret life
and loves, and how he shared this with me,
and I bless Yasmina for loving my child, for seeing him. He tells me
how the children are always asking him about cars and TVs, how they
live in one large room, but roam the village and beach at will, how happy
they are with each other. "She always signs off, 'from Paradise'"
and so it seems.*

Yasmina in Paradise

*I'm on the floor with my son, doing my exercises, sort of,
Maisie the dog stretched beside me.
Adam is showing me the world's funniest commercials on
his iPod, the meditative music wafts over us;
I can barely lift my legs for the company,
The new leaves shift outside, their shadows dance across us.
Adam reads me a text from Yasmina of Yelapa,
the mother of four children he befriended in Mexico:
how they found a sea turtle's nest and
how the children tried to help the hatchlings into the sea
but the waves sent them back and so the five of them scooped
up the turtles-- I can imagine them running with the tiny creatures,
the sand kicked up in their haste--and took them to the pier where
"Listen to this, Mom, we said a prayer over them and dropped them into the deep sea."
My son's face is suffused with pleasure.
"She always signs off 'from Paradise.'"*

*Then I am back in Mexico last spring, in the little fishing village,
waking up to howler monkeys,
to roosters, to the dusty, herbal smell
that was everywhere.
How Adam loved it there,
hunting iguanas in the trees, spotting scorpions,
diving into schools of clown fish,
walking through clouds of butterflies,
fording the clear, granite-strewn river on a fine palomino.
He fished in a panga,
commanding the beach with his string of silvery bonitos.
He roamed the estuary and jungle at will,
turning up at our palapa with three dark-eyed, shy, bronze children in tow.
He's been homesick for it ever since.*

*I remember my Cuernavaca, mine for the summer of my thirteenth year,
climbing guava trees and eating that sweet pink, musky flesh.
I taste the mango popsicles bought from street vendors, the fresh corn tortillas.
We walked our pet iguana on a leash, the Mexicans shouting at us to sell it for food,
rubbing their tummies and laughing menacingly.
My brothers and I tasted a wild freedom there,
tumbling down the barranca against our mother's warning,*

*shimmying across drain pipes as the muscular snakes swarmed below,
my brothers hooting like cowboys, and then one day
the river grasped my new green loafer, and chased us like a demon down the gorge.
How I shook, limping home, cold and wet, herding my brothers,
relieved to see the lights of the house,
dreading my mother's anxious figure.*

*I think of my son's secret life, the one he still lets me glimpse:
He tells me how the Mexican children pumped him about cars and TVs,
how they want to come to America, want to live his life—
an only child alone in a large house.
He tells me how happy they are with each other,
how happy he was with them.
I think of the blessed hatchlings
tumbling down into deep water,
beginning their long, treacherous swim
out into the cold gray waves,
until, one day, they
home again
to Paradise.*



Sara Baker

Athens, GA

Sara feels fortunate indeed to have been in one of Joyce Hudson's Natural Spirituality seminars and early dream groups at Emmanuel Episcopal Church in Athens. For the past ten years, she has worked with cancer patients, teaching writing as a healing modality—work that came directly out of her dream work experience. Sara blogs about writing and healing at **Word Medicine**, www.sarabaker.wordpress.com. You can find out more about **Woven Dialog Workshops** at www.sarabaker.com. Look for her chapbook of poems, **Brancusi's Egg**, available for pre-order from Finishing Line Press, www.finishinglinepress.com, click on "Bookstore" or "Pre-order forthcoming titles."

THE WATER GOSPEL



A Long Poem
by
Tom Gibbs

Introduction by Larry E. Maze

*The following section is found on pages 5-8 of Tom Gibbs' **The Water Gospel: A Long Poem.***

II: A new skin

I come down from Galilee
to find my wilderness cousin,
the baptist,
waist deep in the Jordan,
wrapped and girded
in skins and hides,
waiting to see the
pronouncements of angels
fulfilled.

What I've heard
is true.

The wind
moves on the water,
comes again to rewrite
the beginning.

His voice cries out
on that same breath rising,
telling of the ghost.

I try to see him, but he's
lost in sunlight and
all I see is light,
a skin of fire on the surface of
the water, a glaze
like goat's butter on new loaves.

The water
becomes light.

Near the river's edge, I walk
among the others,
brush past them
as if they weren't there,
the way a child might run to a father's call
when evening draws near and the
world falls away with each sure step
until the house
is safely reached.

I step into the water,
cool on my feet
and other waters return to me
as alive as this.

The recent rains
that filled this river
still sing to me in my waking
to this new water,
but I recall
other waters
and I now know
they were just as sacred.

Each sweet drink
from the well in Nazareth,
cool on my lips
after play or work.

Gentle summer waves
in Gennesaret
smooth on my skin
when I swam near Magdala.

Wash water
silk in my hands
when I put down my tools.

All these common waters
taken for granted
feel as alive as this river,
as if water
were always a new skin.

Each step I take
takes me deeper,
nearer the dark origins,
backwards,
that I can now come forward,
deeper, that I can rise up
to become who I am.

Each step closer
until in my turn I'm immersed
and when I'm borne up
out of the water,
the light is all over me,
a new skin,
and the taste of it,
wet and cool on my lips,
ends my thirst,
becomes my word.

Tom Gibbs

Rural Kentucky

*Tom Gibbs is a poet who makes his home in rural Kentucky. He holds a B.A. and M.A. from Marshall University. He has worked as a gas station attendant, newspaper editor and advertising director, telephone operator, printer, bookseller, and has taught writing at Marshall University and Shawnee State University. His 45 page poetry chapbook, **The Water Gospel: A Long Poem** is published by TEKTÖN Press with an introduction by Bishop Larry E. Maze. It is available for purchase at Amazon.com.*

A Role for Haiku



in Dream Interpretation

By Vic Fleming

In recent years I've been mixing the practice of writing haiku with that of interpreting dreams. I was drawn into each discipline by synchronicity—Jung's "temporally coincident occurrences of acausal events."

My dream decoding began back in March of 1994, when I unexpectedly shared a two-hour car ride with Susan Sims Smith of Little Rock, Arkansas. As we drove along she entertained and educated me with stories of how she used dream analysis in her psychotherapy practice. Enthralled, I began recording my dreams the next day.

Over the span of a few weeks, I attended a workshop led by Ms. Smith,

consulted her professionally about a particular dream, and, at her recommendation, acquired a copy of John Sanford's *Dreams: God's Forgotten Language*. In June a colleague saw the book on my desk at work, told me that he and some others had just formed a dream-group, and invited me to join. What are the odds of this at a medium-sized law firm in Little Rock?

At my first dream-group meeting, which was the group's second, we discussed whom we might retain to lead us in our efforts to implement Jungian dream principles. Susan Sims Smith's name came up, and someone asked, "Does anyone know anything about her?" I shared my experiences of the past few weeks, and she got the job. (She later followed her dreams to seminary and became an Episcopal priest.)

Since that time, I have heeded the messages in my dreams as I have made major changes in my life. Through following my dreams, literally, I am guided in decisions large and small.

*transition calling
the angel she rode shotgun
synchronicity*

In January 2003, I was steered toward the discipline of haiku in the most unlikely of ways. I had signed up to audit a course, Law & Literature, at the University of Arkansas at Little Rock's Bowen School of Law. Three days before the first class was to meet, I received a call from the law school dean, asking me to teach the course. The professor who had

taught the course since its inception was sidelined for the semester with a medical issue.

Though I had never before taught at that level, I accepted the challenge. The syllabus included a two-hour unit on haiku, which I left in place reluctantly, for I had hardly dabbled in haiku since college. The original professor retired without returning to campus, and I've been teaching the course ever since. A couple of years into this stint, I received a call from John Archibald, owner of *Ouachita Life*, a periodical published in Hot Springs, Arkansas. Mr. Archibald wanted to run my syndicated crossword in his publication. Having never read *Ouachita Life* before, I picked up a copy and discovered that it had, of all things, a regular haiku column!

I struck up a correspondence with the columnist, Howard Lee Kilby of Hot Springs, and in short order I was invited into the Arkansas Haiku Society and the Haiku Society of America. I've benefitted greatly from associating with haiku devotees and authors. I've also upped the ante for my students by adding an experiential factor to the unit that I had initially been reluctant to tackle.

*teacher taken ill
opportunity knocking
synchronicity*

At the first haiku conference I attended, I was struck by the similarity between *aha*-moments in dream-group work and what haiku poet Dr. Susan Delaney of Plano, Texas,



calls a “haiku moment.”

A haiku is a short Japanese poetic form that historically has had strict stylistic limitations. Traditionally, each poem has three lines of 5, 7, and 5 syllables; is about nature; contains a seasonal reference (called a *kigo*); and juxtaposes two images or ideas, the relationship between which is to be signaled, usually by one word.

Here’s a classic example from the early master, Bashō:

*old pond ...
a frog leaps in
water’s sound*



This poem illustrates that the 5-7-5 Japanese syllabic count often cannot be replicated when translated into other languages, thus raising the issue of whether and to what extent haiku rules are mandatory. Even in ancient Japan, when the haiku form was at the height of its literary influence, there were those who did not strictly follow the rules.

There have always been haiku poets who have disregarded the rules. Many modern writers do not abide by the 5-7-5 rule, but do make their poems about nature, use *kigo*, and juxtapose two contrasting things.

Haiku is a form steeped in Zen Buddhist tradition. With its use of symbolism, spirituality, metaphor, and nuance, haiku has the potential for multiple interpretations. Its essence is akin to that of dreams themselves. In a sense, a haiku author is writing in the language of a dream.

Dr. Delaney writes of haiku’s liminality, “a metaphysical state of being between two existential planes.” She says that in the haiku moment “body, mind and spirit touch for a brief time. The haiku moment creates a gateway to a new understanding of the world.” (Delaney, p. 1) She holds that haiku moments are “curiously soothing” and that they “bring

uncanny gifts of insight, wisdom, peace and comfort. ...We write a haiku with the hope of sharing that transformation with others.” (Ibid.)

Similarly, in dream work, especially in groups, when a puzzling image is decoded in a way that resonates with the dreamer, a door to the unconscious is opened. A stream of energy is received bearing the potential to clarify for the conscious mind something about which the dreamer may be unaware.

According to Marion Woodman, the unconscious compensates for the “one-sidedness” of consciousness. In so doing, she says, it “senses new possibilities in playing with a metaphor.” Thus, it facilitates access to “buried feelings, lost connections, new resonances in the psyche and in the cells of the body.” (Mellick, p. xiv) There is a mysterious power involved when we play with our metaphors.

*sunlight beams through fog
insight ... wisdom ... peace ... comfort
liminality*

With no particular goal or motive in mind, I began to write haiku occasionally in connection with the dreams I recorded. This involved reflection not simply on the dreams themselves but on the manner in which I was recording them. I was not proceeding in a logical or scientific manner. It was fun, interesting, and sometimes it resulted in a haiku moment. Well-written haiku don’t just happen. While inspiration is certainly part of the process, hard work is also involved: writing, revision, rewriting, editing. When the finished product works, one image can open the mystical door.

Conversely, dreams happen effortlessly, but the process of interpreting them does not. Dreams are almost always non-literal. When the symbols are properly decoded, the experience moves from one of mere fascination to one of enlightenment. A door to the unconscious is opened.

The haiku poet is encapsulating a larger experience, shrinking it to an ever-so-brief piece of art. The dream interpreter does the opposite, expanding

a brief encoded message from the unconscious into a broader picture of what is going on in his life. When done well, these disparate processes intersect—the *haiku moment* meets the dream work *aha* in a gap between consciousness and the unconscious.

*my dreams in haiku
my haiku in dreams
meeting in the gap*

Some dreams seem to take forever to write and decode, whether alone or in a group. Jill Mellick suggests that it may at times be counterproductive to insist on the recording of dreams as a prerequisite to their interpretation. She invites readers to experience dreams as non-linear art forms, such as haiku (Mellick, p. 4), which “carry the essence...of a simple action or event and place it within a specific yet timeless context.” (Ibid., p. 85)

*by an autumn tree
she weeps into her teacup
her hands trembling*

The reader doesn’t know why the woman weeps, only *that* she weeps. Her tears remain a mystery in the same way dream images may remain a mystery. Such mysteries carry *ma*, a Japanese word for negative space, in a structural context:

[*Ma* is] what is not in your dream—the missing link,...the “illogical” sequence,... the voice without a body, the room... without a door. These apparently “negative spaces”—unfilled by sequence, location, or logic—are replete with energy. ...*Ma* is a way for a dream to present the impossible—being present in two timeframes, two bodies, two genders, two places, two belief systems. (Ibid., pp. 83-84)

Mellick recommends using haiku “to record a dream image that might have appeared alone or as part of a bigger dream,” or to interpret and describe an entire dream. An example involves a dreamer who “lost” most of a dream, but worked with what she could save:

Some kind of ceremony. It's a beautiful night. There's a moon—and lots of clouds. It's pretty warm, so I think it's spring or early summer. This beautiful woman looks over at me and we know we are supposed to go through something. To mark this somehow, she lights a candle and walks slowly over to me. I wake up before I find out what we are supposed to do but I have a sense of a beginning.

The nascent haiku reads:

*The moon rises through blue clouds
in spring. Lighting a candle,
you move toward me, smiling.*
(Ibid., pp. 86-87)

In addition to the possibilities suggested by Mellick, Henry Reed proposes writing a haiku after dream decoding as a way of marking the moment: “Condense the essence of the dream into the first two lines....Use the third line to convey some truth about your life that correlates with the dream’s vision.” (Reed, pp. 209-10)

Here’s a dream of mine:

*My wife, Susan, and I are in a police car.
The trooper shows us a years-old video.
He wants me to know he was right to
give me a ticket. Four cars are seen on
the screen, from right to left. I safely pass
an erratic driver, avoid someone who's
darting out from the shoulder and a guy
who shifts lanes suddenly. I sense Susan
silently begging me not to argue, even
though I'm the only one in the video not
breaking the law.*

As a traffic court judge, I’m connected to both the waking-life and internal energies of these dream images. Having not yet worked the dream using any other method, and sensing the internal energy forces, I wrote my haiku version:

*driving evidence
(justifying past action?)
captured on film*

When I later recorded the dream, I had a sense of incompleteness about the experience of reducing this dream to a haiku. The very act of rendering the dream in poetry altered the dream’s essence. And

yet there is energy, too, in the poem’s imagery. As I continue to ponder both the dream and the poem, each in its own way, I have a positive sense about the interweaving process.

Here’s a dream the details of which I could not remember when I got out of bed. Rather than fret over what was lost, I mentally noted what I could and turned to haiku to record the essence:

*document debate
what it means, what it doesn't
faceless opponent*

When I worked this dream in my group, members asked questions aimed at ferreting out details about which I was unclear. My responses were candid, but speculative. I’ve not recorded that speculation. Instead, as with the “driving evidence” dream, I’m going to hang out with the “faceless opponent” for a while before using other techniques.

Finally, here’s a dream I had in 2002, which I’ve worked on extensively:

*Driving home I see a plane through
my right window and follow it visually
through my rear-view mirrors. It's low
on the horizon. I have an eerie sense of
September 11, like Little Rock is “un-
der attack.” The plane spins and crashes.
Smoke billows up in the southwest.
Ahead of me, I see a huge explosion on
the eastern horizon. My home is to the
right. I cannot decide whether to go
straight to one of the disaster scenes,
head home and get on the phone, pull
over and use my cell phone, etc.*

A few days after the dream, I suffered a heart attack in one artery. In the process of treating me, the doctors discovered a significant blockage in a second artery. They fixed me up with some stents, and I’ve had no recurrent problems. Here’s a haiku I wrote to mark the dream:

*two shots to the heart
keep the juices flowing
be a survivor*

Write haiku while reflecting on a dream image? Write haiku as a way of condensing a dream? Write haiku to combine a dream’s summary and interpretation? Sure, why not?

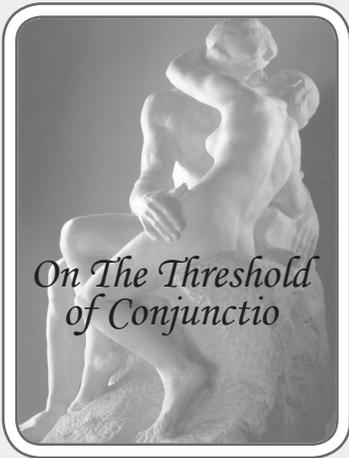
When writing haiku we take great care in our choice of words. We pay attention to nuance, generality, and specificity. When interpreting our dreams, we similarly comb through the details, any one of which might provide great insight.

In both disciplines we are actively seeking wholeness and positive growth through insights from sources beyond our consciousness. Haiku writing can play a vital role while enhancing and illuminating our work as we seek to interpret our dreams.



Vic Fleming
Little Rock, AR

A judge, author, musician, teacher, crossword writer, husband, father and haiku poet, Vic Fleming lives in Little Rock, Arkansas, with his wife Susan. He has previously written for The Rose.



On The Threshold of Coniunctio

The Kiss, Rodin

By Heidi Simmonds

I cut my dream-group "teeth" under the guidance of Joyce Hudson when she was a parishioner and dream-group leader at Emmanuel Episcopal Church in Athens, Georgia. A few years later, I graduated from the Haden Institute Dream Leader Training program, and I have been participating in and facilitating dream-groups at Emmanuel Church ever since. Currently, there are three dream-groups which meet weekly, and from those groups three other leaders have graduated from the Haden Institute, and another is about to begin her studies there. This is a rich and compelling journey.

I delight in, and have come to expect, seeing connections between the shared dreams of a particular group, and often even between the dreams of different groups. Every now and then a dream is shared which is a radiant gem—like a parable, which is both simple and profound at the same time. A charter member of one of our dream-groups told just such a dream recently and, with permission from the dreamer, I wish to share it here with the larger dream community. (Note: In the dream, the dreamer is aware that she is not an observer, but is both characters, the feminine and the masculine.)

THE STALEMATE:

I am lying on a dark red sofa, trying in my exhaustion to stay asleep and not hear the young man at the threshold of the room. He is trying to wake me because he has finally mustered the courage to tell me, repeatedly, that he loves me. I am so weary that I don't want to hear him, although I have longed to hear these words. In desperation, the man persists, fearing that he won't have the courage later to make this profession of love.

When the dreamer told this dream, I was bowled over! Though it is so brief, it brilliantly illustrates the archetypal journey toward the inner *coniunctio* between the masculine and the feminine. The energy of that young man is the energy the feminine needs to draw on in order to individuate. Standing on the threshold of the feminine psychic space, he is trying to rouse her from her place on the dark red sofa into consciousness and into a loving relationship. The feminine response is to try to stay asleep in her exhaustion and not "hear" the young man, although she has longed to hear these very words. A poem by Rumi comes to mind entreating, "Don't go back to sleep."

The breeze at dawn has secrets to tell you.

Don't go back to sleep.

You must ask for what you really want.

Don't go back to sleep.

People are going back and forth across the doorsill where the two worlds touch.

The door is round and open.

Don't go back to sleep.

-Rumi, translated by
Coleman Barks
(*Essential Rumi*, p. 36)

The masculine, for his part, knows that he must speak now or he might never be able to muster the courage later, but he goes no further than the threshold before the dream ends.

When I move from the archetypal level and shift to owning the dream as my own, the dream speaks to me on a personal level. Everything in the dream belongs to me. I am aware that this masculine part of me is present, and yet I am trying to "stay asleep" and therefore, unconscious. Why? In my dream, I fear the energy and commitment that this relationship will take. I want to stay cocooned in the deep feminine, on the dark red sofa, and resist the call of my masculine side, in spite of the fact that this moment is one I have longed for. I am reminded of one of Jeremy Taylor's terrific one-liners: "We are uniquely blind and resistant to our own process." To begin this profound new relationship between these two parts of myself, I must get up off the couch and invite this loving masculine energy of mine into my psychic space.

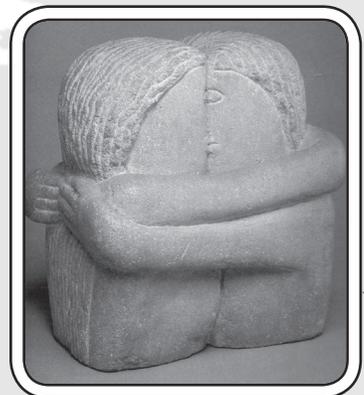
My masculine side is not off the hook either. He knows that it has taken every bit of courage he has to approach my feminine

in my psychic space, and that if he does not succeed in "waking me up," he will never find the nerve—gather the courage—to get this far again. He doesn't leave, but as the dream ends, he is still there on the threshold, unable to penetrate my feminine fortress.

What will happen? In my dream, this would be a good place to begin an active imagination, dialoguing with both of these parts of myself. What might my masculine and my feminine say to begin a conversation? As Rumi says: "The door is round and open, and [I] must ask for what [I] want. Don't go back to sleep." The beginning of the sacred intercourse between the masculine and feminine aspects of myself is just around the corner! I bow to Psyche and I thank my fellow dream-group member for my rich experience with her dream.

Heidi Simmonds
Athens, GA

Heidi Simmonds shares leadership of the Natural Spirituality Program at Emmanuel Episcopal Church in Athens, Georgia. A retired English teacher, she is a graduate of the Haden Institute Dream Leader Training Program. A frequent workshop leader, she is passionate about dreamwork!



The Kiss, Brancusi

SOLEMNITY AND CARNIVAL DIPTYCH

BY CHARLES BJORKLUND



Each painting is 15" x 30", charcoal and acrylic and colored inks.

Charles Bjorklund

Atlanta, GA

Charles Bjorklund has been drawing and painting all through his career as a graphic designer in New York City. He now lives in Atlanta, where he attends the Natural Spirituality Group at St. Philip's Cathedral.

RETREATS & CONFERENCES

My White Dog Peace

by Sara Baldwin

*When my old white dog
sprawled in the middle
as the young children played
and adults talked,*

*She seemed to say
with her deep sigh and
half closed eyelids
"Home—all is well."*

*The crone within me
feels this way
When spirit friends gather
and I hear them speak*

*They tell of truth
beneath the surface,
of dwelling deep,
of loving well.*

*If you see me sigh
and smile a little,
think perhaps that I have
and hold the white dog's peace.*

3/13/2010
On thinking of the
Natural Spirituality Gathering
Toccoa, Georgia, Feb 14, 2010.

Sara Baldwin

Athens, GA

Sara Baldwin is a poet and long-time traveler on the journey to wholeness. She is a writer and senior editor at **Timber Mart-South** with research interests in timber supply, demand, and timberland investment. She actively manages family forest and farmland. A **Daughter of the King**, she serves at the Healing Eucharist at Emmanuel in Athens and is a Shepherd in Emmanuel's Catechesis of the Good Shepherd program.

Natural Spirituality Regional Gathering

Supporting Christian Dream Work
Mikell Conference Center, Toccoa, Georgia
February 8-10, 2013 (or come for February 9th only)

This two-tiered event—a one-day conference within a larger weekend conference—is aimed at natural spirituality veterans and inquirers alike. There will be lectures, workshops, small-group dream work, discussions of natural spirituality program issues, introductory sessions, opportunities for meditative movement, music, contemplative prayer, and worship—and time for relaxation and fellowship. NSRG is an inter-denominational conference sponsored by dream groups in Province IV of the Episcopal Church.

SATURDAY-ONLY FEE: \$40.00 (includes lunch)

WEEKEND FEES ON CAMPUS:

\$150—double room (no singles), \$90—dorm (Spartan, but adequate, shared bath) A \$50 reduction in dorm fee is available upon request to anyone who would not otherwise be able to attend the conference.

WEEKEND FEES OFF CAMPUS: \$80—on your own lodging in nearby motels.

(fee covers conference and meals)

**If you are reading about this conference and are being nudged to participate, know that there is plenty of dorm space available. It is not too late to join the gathering for the weekend or for the day on Saturday! You would be welcomed with open arms!*

Print registration form online: www.emmanuelathens.org
For more information Call Heidi Simmonds 706-353-3422
or e-mail Lane Norton: nortonlane@bellsouth.net
www.naturalspiritualityregionalgathering.com



Summer Dream & Spirituality Conference God's Forgotten Language

May 26-31, 2013

A Haden Institute Program,
Kanuga Conference Center, Hendersonville, NC

A tradition was begun in the summer of 2003—a major conference for all who want to recover the Biblical tradition of listening for God's word in our nightly dreams. The early church theologian Tertullian asked: *Is it not known to all people that the dream is the most usual way of God's revelation to humankind?* Later generations came to discount dreams, at great loss to our collective soul. Now, however, we are seeing a resurgence of respect and honor for our dreams. Each summer has brought a larger crowd to the SUMMER DREAM & SPIRITUALITY CONFERENCE, which has become, at present, the primary portal for Christian dreamwork in our day. Each conference is for clergy, counselors, therapists, lay dream group leaders, dream group members, and anyone who wants to integrate dreamwork into his or her life in a religious context.

KEY PRESENTATIONS 2013

PSYCHO-SPIRITUAL WORLD VIEW (PITTMAN McGEHEE) ✕ TRANSFORMATION: REMBRANDT, PICASSO AND JUNG (MURRAY STEIN*) ✕ HOW TO CONNECT FAITH AND DREAMS (BARBARA ROUKEMA-KONING) ✕ DEATH AND TRANSFORMATION IN DREAMS (JEREMY TAYLOR) ✕ DREAM IMAGES OF SELF AND CHRIST (JERRY WRIGHT) ✕ SYNCHRONICITY (PITTMAN McGEHEE) ✕ MYSTERIES, MIRACLES AND DREAMS IN THE ANCIENT WORLD (NORMANDI ELLIS) ✕ A NEW EMERGENCE OF DEEP SPIRITUALITY (LARRY MAZE) ✕ DREAMS AND THE INTEGRATION OF THE SHADOW (CHELSEA WAKEFIELD) ✕ DREAMING THE HATUM KARPAY: PATH OF THE INCAS (DIANA MCKENDREE) ✕ LIMINALITY AND SPIRITUALITY (MURRAY STEIN*) ✕

*Via SKYPE FROM ZURICH, SWITZERLAND

A TREASURY OF PRACTICAL WORKSHOPS

THE BRAIN, CONSCIOUSNESS AND AFTERLIFE ✕ NIGHT TERRORS ✕ SHAMANISM AND THE STARS ✕ THE "TRICKSTER" IN DREAMS ✕ THE BRIGHT SHADOW ✕ THE DIVINE FEMININE, ALCHEMY AND INDIVIDUATION IN GOETHE'S FAUST ✕ DREAMS AND DISCERNMENT ✕ MANDALA MOTIFS IN DREAMS ✕ DREAMS AND CHINESE ARCHETYPES ✕ DREAM MEDITATION FOR DEEP JOURNEYING ✕ INTRODUCTION TO THE PSYCHE (WHERE DREAMS COME FROM) ✕ THE ENNEAGRAM: DISCOVERING THE SACRED ROOT OF YOUR SOUL ✕ ARCHETYPAL ARCHITECTURE: THE WINDOW ✕ THE WISDOM OF THE BODY: AN AUTHENTIC MOVEMENT EXPERIENCE ✕ DRUMMING HEALING JOURNEY ✕ TAROT AND DREAMS: WORKING WITH SYMBOLS OF THE SOUL ✕ SIX MAGIC QUESTIONS IN DREAM WORK ✕ QUANTUM SCIENCE: THE MYSTICS GOT IT RIGHT ✕ HOW SHADOW AFFECTS OUR CONTRIBUTION TO THE UNIVERSE AND OUR CONNECTION TO GOD ✕ I CHING ✕ YOUR LIFE STAGES AS DETERMINED BY YOUR MYERS-BRIGGS TYPE ✕ THE LUMINOUS WOMAN ✕ COLOR IN DREAMS ✕ BODY/SOUL INTEGRATION ✕ TRICKS OF THE TRADE: FORMING DREAM GROUPS IN CHURCH AND COMMUNITY

KEY PRESENTERS & STAFF

The Rt. Rev. Larry E. Maze, Retired Episcopal Bishop of AR ✕ **Bob Haden**, Episcopal priest, Jungian therapist, director of the HADEN INSTITUTE ✕ **Jeremy Taylor**, Unitarian minister, Jungian pastoral counselor, author ✕ **Joyce Rockwood Hudson**, author, *The Rose* co-founder and contributing editor ✕ **Jerry Wright**, Presbyterian minister, Jungian analyst ✕ **Diana McKendree**, Interfaith minister, Jungian therapist ✕ **Bob Hoss**, researcher, author ✕ **Chelsea Wakefield**, Jungian psychotherapist, author ✕ **Pittman McGehee** faculty CG Jung Institute, Jungian analyst, author ✕ **Doug Bennet**, engineer, author, science-and-spirit theorist ✕ **Tallulah Lyons, M.ED.** author ✕ **Murray Stein***, author, Jung scholar ✕ **Normandi Ellis**, author ✕ **Barbara Roukema-Koning**, Dutch psychologist

COST: \$50 per person registration fee (non-refundable) (\$100 beginning April 1st) due now, **Plus** conference fee due by May 1, 2013: \$595 per person (program, double occupancy lodging, meals, recreational facilities); \$780 single occupancy (as available); spouse: \$495 participating, \$435 non-participating. Commuting residents of Henderson & bordering North Carolina counties; \$395 (includes program, lunch & supper); \$440 (includes all meals.) Youth (10-18) & children (3-9): \$299 with program; under 3: no charge, no program; Accompanying babysitter: \$235. Send check for full amount to The Haden Institute (Visa & Mastercard accepted.) Check-in 4-6 pm Sunday. Ends with breakfast Friday.

Register at www.hadeninstitute.com

For more information contact the Haden Institute:

office@hadeninstitute.com

phone 828-693-9292

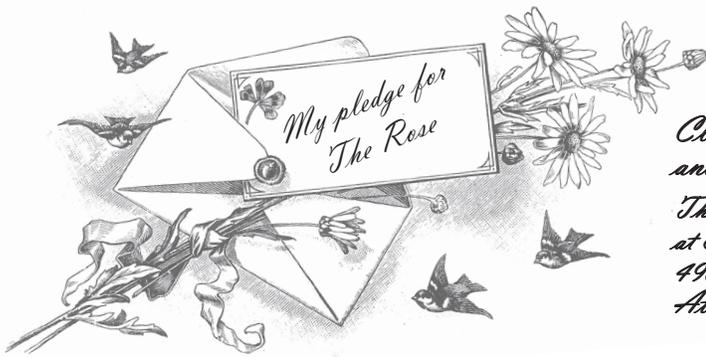


Monkey Business

The 100th Monkey: A Mostly True Story

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

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



Clip or copy this form and mail to

*The Rose
at Emmanuel Church
498 Prince Ave
Athens Ga 30601*



MONKEY

SIGN-UP TO SUPPORT The Rose

Name _____

Address _____

I will be a SUPER MONKEY, pledging \$1000 a year.

Please check your desired payment schedule below.

- ___ Annually @ \$1000
- ___ Semi-Annually @ \$500 x 2
- ___ 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.

There is no charge for *The Rose*. It moves freely through the world like grace, like a gift. Because *The Rose* is free, it is easy to pass along to friends and colleagues, to leave in the vestibule of churches or even on a park bench where synchronistically it may be picked up by someone who needs to be filled by its message. Says Lewis Hyde, "The gift moves to the empty place." Indeed, because of the generous folks who contribute money on a regular basis, *The Rose* does keep moving marvelously. *The Rose*, from its very beginnings ten years ago, has been and continues to be supported entirely by the voluntary contributions from its readership. That is extraordinary! Indeed, some of *The Rose's* donors have banded together to form our **HUNDRED MONKEY TROOP**. Each of these **Monkeys** pledges up to \$100 a year to cover the estimated costs for printing and postage. Every year, we mail a "Monkey letter" asking for a specific donation amount per issue. We now have 134 beloved **HUNDRED MONKEYS**. Because our mailing list keeps growing—now nearly 3,250—and our expenses with it, we always need more **Monkeys**. Will you, too, consider joining our extraordinary **HUNDRED MONKEY TROOP**?

And then there are the **SUPER MONKEYS**—the heroic souls who stand together to compensate the hours required to edit, proof, design, and manage *The Rose*. **SUPER MONKEYS** pledge \$1,000 a year, **HALF-SUPER MONKEYS** pledge \$500 a year, and **QUARTER-SUPER MONKEYS** are asked to pledge \$250 a year. **SUPER MONKEYS** in all three categories will be sent reminder letters according to their choice of payment schedule. So, if you are interested in joining one of our two **Monkey Troops**—**THE HUNDRED MONKEYS** or **THE SUPER MONKEYS**—please fill out and mail the form on this page.

If both Troops are beyond your budget in these hard economic times, consider this: Some **HUNDRED MONKEYS** and **SUPER MONKEYS** are a collective of friends, or even of dream-groups, who have banded together as one unit. Of course, one-time, non-monkey donations are always welcome. Let the Spirit move you to action at any level.

Know that we are especially grateful to everyone who has contributed time, prayer and resources to Issues 20 and 21 of *The Rose*. Because of your great-heartedness, *The Rose* is blooming in the world!



The Rose

Emmanuel Church
498 Prince Avenue
Athens, GA 30601

NONPROFIT
ORGANIZATION
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
ATHENS, GA
PERMIT NO. 231



Photograph by Andy Glogower, *There Is No Rose* choreographed by Debbie Belue, EpiphanyDanceCompany.org, Nashville, TN