

The Rose

Inviting Wisdom into our lives and churches

Emmanuel Church ✠ Athens, Georgia

Summer~Fall 2013/Issue 22



Individuation by Sted Mays

Whatever circles comes from the center. ~Rumi

22

The Rose

Inviting Wisdom into our lives and churches

Summer~Fall 2013, Issue 22

Editor

Peggy Thrasher Law

Contributing Editor

Joyce Rockwood Hudson

Founding Editor

Wanda Krewer, 1951-2007

Assisting Editors for This Issue

Nash Cox, Fonda McWilliams, Paul Salstrom

Assisting Proofreaders for This Issue

Don Law, Lane Norton, Kaki Roberts

Photography and 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 November 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 Sted Mays

Back Cover Photo

by Peggy Thrasher Law

PRINTED ON RECYCLED PAPER



A VIEW FROM EMMANUEL

Every perfect
gift is from above.

~James 1:16

Sculpture by William J. Thompson N. A. 1950.
On the grounds of Emmanuel Episcopal Church, Athens, GA
Given in loving memory, Christmas 2000~ Margaret E. and Gerard B. Creagh

A NOTE FROM THE EDITOR

This issue of *The Rose*, like all issues before her, has unfolded in her own time. It is no accident. The Holy Spirit makes provision for us in our waiting and wandering, for our migration of imagination as the seasons turn, as life's quintessence continually unfurls its grand tapestry.

Be still within the Mystery as you contemplate the insights that are circling and dancing through these pages. Breathe. Listen to pure soundings aflutter with messages on bird's wings. Taste the sweetness of nighttime's nectar—manna from beyond the waking world. Witness. Be touched, as I have been, by the poignant open-heartedness of our authors. Praise the Author of our dreams! For as Rumi reminds us, that wellspring of the Divine Source within us is what we covet, is what we love.

Walk to the well.

*Turn as the earth and the moon turn,
circling what they love.*

Whatever circles comes from the center.

~Rumi,

Translated by Coleman Barks

Day it ever be so.

Peggy Thrasher Law



Table of Contents



ARTICLES & POEMS

- Carrie Graves 6 Dreams, God and Me: How My Life Has
Changed Through Nine Years with
the Summer Dream Conference
- Normandi Ellis 10 Darkness into Light:
The Egyptian Book of the Dead
- Beverly Musgrave 14 Illness as Liminal Experience
- Sarah Pattison 16 Wildeye Studio
- Sted Mays 18 Individuation and Patience:
A Note on The Cover Art
- Alice Smith 19 Dream Work
- Patricia Frankel 20 Make Mistakes
- Coleman Barks 21 Hummingbird Sleep
- J. Pittman McGehee 22 Synchronicity
24 Credo
- Cathy Smith Bowers 25 God's Grandeur: Through the Eyes of
Gerard Manley Hopkins
- 28 RETREATS & CONFERENCES
- 29 HADEN INSTITUTE SUMMER DREAM
& SPIRITUALITY CONFERENCE
- 31 MONKEY BUSINESS

ARTWORK

Sted Mays (cover), Charles Hudson III (page 5), Sarah Pattison

PHOTOGRAPHY

Peggy Thrasher Law, Robin Smith (page 29)



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

ALASKA

*St. Mary's Episcopal Church, Anchorage

ARIZONA

Grace-St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Tucson

ARKANSAS

*First United Methodist Church, Conway
 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, Dahlonaga
 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

Bethany Retreat House, East Chicago

KANSAS

*Good Shepherd Catholic Church, Lenexa

KENTUCKY

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

*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](http://www.seedwork.org). Programs marked with an
 asterisk (*) are new to the list since the
 last issue of The Rose.*

LOUISIANA

Northminster Church, Monroe
 St. Michael's Episcopal Church, Mandeville
 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
 *Davidson United Methodist Church, Davidson
 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
 *Lutheran Church By The Lake(LCBTL), McCormick

TENNESSEE

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

TEXAS

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

VIRGINIA

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

FRANCE

American Cathedral (Epis.), Paris

Pictured: Emmanuel Episcopal Church, Athens, Georgia

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.

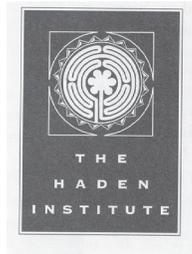
Today the growth and spread of natural spirituality programs in churches are supported by *The Rose*, by the training programs of the Haden Institute, by the SeedWork website, by online resources, and by conferences and retreats announced in *The Rose*.

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)
- ✦ Free downloads of selected KSDC lectures
~www.seedwork.org (click "Seedwork Audio")
~www.archive.org (search "seedwork")
- ✦ International Association For The Study of Dreams
~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

Dreams, God and Me: How My Life Has Changed Through Nine Years with the Summer Dream Conference

By Carrie Graves

This article is adapted from a talk given at the 10th Anniversary Kanuga Summer Dream and Spirituality Conference, 2012.

Two thousand years ago, when the church is reputed to have had its birth, people who spoke different tongues suddenly understood each other through the power of the Holy Spirit. Today, I find it very appropriate that we begin the 2012 Summer Dream Conference on Pentecost, for we are here this week to listen for the Holy Spirit speaking to us through God's language of metaphor and archetype in a place below the level of our conscious language, a place where we can all understand each other and seek unity, a place of dreams.

I am honored to have the opportunity to testify to what Bob Haden's work and the work of his wonderful colleagues here at the Haden Institute have meant to me in helping me find my life.

I will start with a dream, the first dream I can remember, when I was somewhere around pre-school age. *I am in a grocery store parking lot. The grocery store has a big yellow ducky on top. And, to my horror, my mother LEAVES me!*

A core theme in my life, depicted here in this early dream, has been one of fear of separation, fear of loss of connection, or of loss of holy love. As a child in the 1970s I had seen in the waking world a Bi-Lo grocery store topped by a cow statue, but never had I seen a grocery with a ducky on top. Yet, I could not distinguish between the dream world and waking life. My dream was so real, I can still see it as if I dreamed it last night: *my toddler self looking up at my mother from the parking lot, her navy blue and white do-rag and big sunglasses, backlit by the hazy sky. I was a little angry that she'd left me* (although the fact that she reappears in the dream must have meant she'd come back for me!). I've realized looking back at this dream that, archetypally, if she were going to leave me somewhere, what better place than

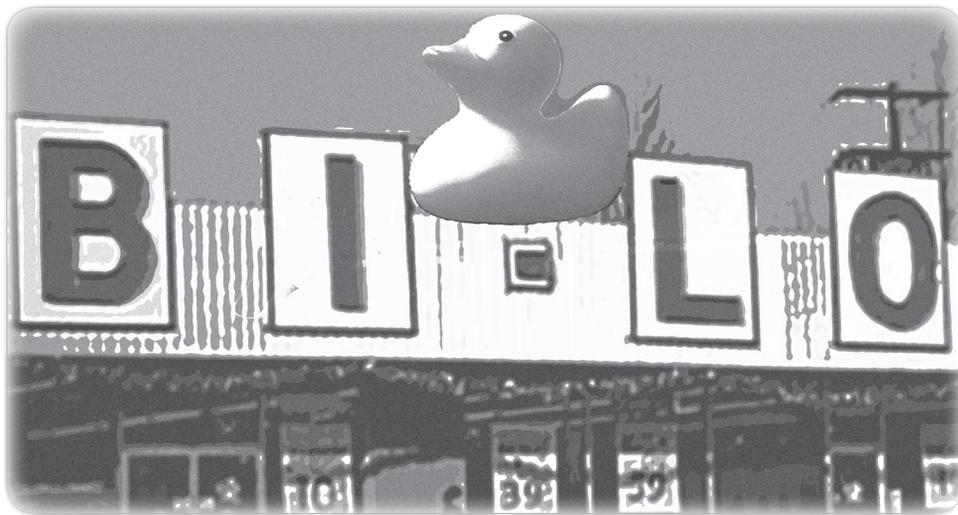
a grocery store, a place filled with food, nourishment, and all the ingredients I might need to create a fulfilling meal?

I was about 6 years old when I got over my insistence that I'd been abandoned by my mother. Still, for my first thirty years the fear of loss of connection was always in the back of my mind, even as I developed coping mechanisms that helped me get by. Then at age thirty-one it happened again. This time it was waking life and it was God who "left me at the grocery store." God, who up until this time had been ever-present; God, who I had always known would somehow make things work out for me, since I couldn't and wouldn't believe in myself; God, who helped me find work that I loved and a husband I loved, despite my fear of losing anyone who loved me. God left me. I went to church one Sunday and

for the first time in my life, I felt *nothing*. The lights went out. It had finally happened. My childhood nightmare had become my waking truth.

This lonesome leg of my journey began in 2003. I had been pursuing a medical solution to a sleep condition my mother and I share in which deep sleep is repeatedly inter-

rupted by bursts of near-awakening, resulting in vivid dreaming *all night long*. Nightly my dreams were, and still are, crowded with science-fiction-like "movies" and long TV-like dramas filled with characters from my life. I was waking up tired every day, feeling less rested than when I had gone to sleep. It was a nightly torture chamber, emotionally and physically exhausting. After a sleep study and a rainbow of prescription drug treatments, still nothing helped. Finally they put me on a drug that made me feel as if I did not dream at all. I would wake up feeling like I'd been staring at empty walls all night. It was really, really strange, and it felt profoundly wrong. Jeremy Taylor will tell you that science has



proven that any creature that remotely has the suggestion of an eyelid has rapid eye movement, or REM, while sleeping. As I later learned here at the dream conferences, we're *supposed* to dream. It's as necessary and life-giving as breathing.

Furthermore, instead of helping, the prescribed drug interfered with my eating. I lost an alarming amount of weight, became significantly depressed, and got to a point where I could barely function. I went through the motions, going to work, going to church. I was in a spiritual crisis—God had abandoned me. But then, like my mother's paradoxical presence in the dream parking lot, God came back for me. It happened when I looked in the mirror one day and suddenly realized I could see my ribs sticking out. I looked like someone who was starving. This shocked me into feeling something: fear. It was the first tug of Jesus' calling Lazarus back from the grave. My dry bones began to twitch.

And so I began to take steps. I stopped taking the dream-silencing drug. I took some time off from work and concentrated on nourishing both my body and my soul. I read books about the Enneagram and listened to cds about energy healing, and through them I began to see myself more clearly. But this was only the beginning. I knew I had much more to learn. So when a brochure for the first ever Haden Institute Summer Dream Conference appeared on my desk at the bookstore my husband and I owned, it was a gift of grace.

I was curious as I looked it over, remembering how I had pooh-poohed, not long before, the suggestion from a fellow bookseller that I should keep a dream journal. I mean, really. Did she not know what kind of endless, purposeless garbage filled my nights? But by this point, when I'd been to the world of the opposite extreme—not dreaming—and had experienced no life in me to speak of, and when the spark of spiritual transformation had now been triggered in me, I was *dying* to go to this dream conference. I needed some answers.

I called my mother and told her about the conference. She said, "If you think it's the thing to do, we'll go." And so in 2003, the two of us came, on faith, to the Haden Institute Summer Dream Conference.

Arriving at Kanuga, we found ourselves in the fireplace lounge, a place familiar to us from our church's parish weekends. We sat there awaiting our fate, with no earthly idea of what we were about to experience. We looked at the schedule and saw many offerings that appeared to honor the Sacred Feminine, which looked quite interesting. But Mom was afraid we might have landed in some sort of feminist camp. I told her no, I doubted it—it wouldn't be like that.

I was right. God had left me, all right, in the parking lot of a grocery store. And this grocery store had Bob Haden on top! I like to think of the Summer Dream Conference as the *Haden Grocery*. And, if God had to leave me, what better place than an institution filled with food, nourishment, and all the ingredients I might need to transform my life?

This conference has proven to be nothing less than a doorway leading to the breath of life that will save the world. It has helped to save my faith and my life by equipping me with the tools and understanding I need to create a faithful life. It has been a bountiful grocery store and has given my mother and me rich resources for

doing inner work, allowing us to discover meaning for our lives, to discover who it is God created each of us to be.

I have learned over and over again through this conference that dedication is what is required on the journey. I happen to be terrible with self-discipline, things like writing down dreams, setting aside time for prayer, exercise—anything that requires consistency. I now know that we must do our part first by learning how to do our own inner work and then by doing it, consistently. I remember Jeremy Taylor saying, in the second or third year of the conference, that he was raised by political protestors and had grown up to be one himself. But now he no longer believes that protest and rebellion will save the world. Rather, the only way to transform the world is for each of us to do our inner work. "In order," says Jeremy, "that we might bring less darkness into the world." Wow! That sounds like a *collect* from the *Book of Common Prayer*, one created after centuries of humankind's trying to figure out its role in the salvation of the world. I have come to believe this too, and it has given me meaning and purpose.

That same year I first attended the Summer Dream Conference, I began a correspondence course from the School of Theology at Sewanee called Education for Ministry, or EFM. I am a lifelong Episcopalian, someone who's always loved the Church, and that year, after God showed me the way to the Haden Grocery Store, he led me on to EFM. In this four-year course offered in small groups in churches, students study the Old and New Testaments, Church history, theology, philosophy, and global and ethical issues. Students also learn to see God acting in their lives through the process of Theological Reflection, a method not unlike dreamwork.

These combined paths of gaining knowledge and wisdom through academic experience on the one hand, and through gnosis—experience of faith through learning God's forgotten language of metaphor—on the other, have given me new life. I don't like to use the phrase, "born again," but that's exactly how I felt that year. I had been born out of the rubber-ducky, fear-of-abandonment stage and into the beginning of the adult stage of my spiritual life.

Through the Haden Summer Dream Conference I have learned deep meanings of Scripture. I have learned how to be creative. I have learned how to accept myself and what is going on inside of me as well as outside. I have learned to see the world through the lens of God's love. I have been given the invaluable tool of Jung's psychological language, through which I can express my faith to myself and others. Here at the Summer Dream Conference, to quote Susan Sims-Smith, "We use a little bit of Jung to get to Jesus."

I thank Bob Haden for providing the environment and community that revived me and has given my life meaning. I can often hear Larry Maze's holy voice from a talk he gave at the 2009 conference, as he quoted that familiar scripture, "I *am* the vine. You *are* the branches. Abide in me. And I in you. Abide in my love." For me, this is a reminder to return to inner work, to dedicate time listening to God and for God's direction. For, as Larry described, Jesus was telling us that we cannot flourish if we are not directly tapped in to the One Source of life.

In a strange twist, my curse has become my gift, for my dreams give me the discipline I can't give myself. I have no choice but to

receive the dreams. This conference has allowed me to receive my “gift” of vivid dreaming as I continue to try to grow up through it. Instead of waking up traumatized or wiped out by a particularly intense dream, I wake up curious and hopeful, wondering what God is trying to tell me. And even when I can’t figure it out, I believe and trust that the dream is working inside me. This is a complete change of perspective for me, one that lifts the burden of a too-active dream life and gives me hope. I can thank the Summer Dream Conference for that. This work has changed the way my brain is wired—I am now more connected to the right side of my brain, the metaphorical side that knows wholeness, oneness, worthiness, and belonging. I know now that when there is failure, and when I know my belief is not solid, that is when I am not doing my part.

One of my favorite themes in the Old Testament is the “deceit motif”—trying to get for ourselves what God has already promised us. Listen to that again, it’s powerful. *Trying to get for ourselves what God has ALREADY promised us.* Do you really believe that you will receive what God has already promised you? I know I don’t, most of the time. Like Jacob attempting to steal Esau’s birthright, like Joseph’s brothers throwing him in the well, instead of trusting in redemption, we take matters into our own hands and try to get rid of what we perceive to be our problem. But what man intends for ill, God can use for good.

I love the Old Testament Joseph. He is one of my favorite characters in the Bible. Of course, one of the reasons he’s my favorite is his proclivity for powerful dreams and his ability to listen to them and help bring about the redemption of his world. Well, I’m no Joseph, but I’d like to be. I’m a little more like Jacob, just not in a competitive way. I’m like Jacob mostly in my thoughts, in a scrambling, untrusting way, and I have just come out of a particularly Jacobin period in my life. My big struggle in the past decade is two-fold: attempting to grow up and attempting to be the accomplished person I was created to be. Without this conference, the whole deal would’ve been over 10 years ago. As it stands now, I have a chance. I am on a journey. Yes, I would have still had that spiritual crisis and would have still, through God’s stirring, begun to come alive again. But without the tools for the journey and the instructions for transformation that I’ve received here, I don’t know where I’d be. Would I alone have sought out dream work? Not likely. I believe God brought me to it.

In 2006, three years into this conference and three years after the beginning of my spiritual crisis, I had the most profound dream I’ve ever had, a true dream of transformation. In one abridged section of this very long and vivid dream,

Voldemort is coming, HE IS COMING, and the consequences WILL be terrible. Outside is a midnight blue scene. In the distance ahead to the right is a castle. I am facing a pathway of double green squares, as if to set out on it. At the end of the path is a rounded gate supporting an archway of greenery that extends in a wall on either side of the arch. Looking down the wall of greenery to the right, I see another archway many feet away and a little farther back. The greenery there is covered in drooping yellowy-orange, bell-like flowers. I get to the archway directly in

*front of me, about to walk through, and I look to my right. A lion is coming around a slight corner toward me from out of the other archway, the one with the drooping flowers. He looks worried and weary, like Aslan from the **Chronicles of Narnia** on the way to the altar to be slaughtered. Part of me thinks he is Aslan, and I am flabbergasted when he asks me for advice on how to get through the archway I was getting ready to go through. I tell HIM, “You must HAVE COURAGE.” He comes up the path toward me and goes through the archway.*

On my right, floating in the air, is a reddish-orange hard-back book with “Enchanted Tales” written on the spine. My husband, Andy, is on my left, facing me. He asks me how to do this. I tell him he is simply going to have to have courage. I’m sorry, there’s just no other way. He says he’s figured out he can’t do it without me. It is very loving. He and I are suddenly on the green-squared path, a few feet down it. We know Voldemort is coming and we’re going to try to make it through this journey ahead of him. Once we’re through the archway, we’re safe. IF we can do it. It will be hard.

We head up the path to the point where books are floating, about mid-way. The path splits apart and bright light shines up with wind blowing, like in a movie, from the split or crack. Andy and I hold hands. We are both leaning back from the strain of it, but the feeling is that we will hang on, here in this spot, until the moment comes to go forward, escaping Voldemort.

I’ve never before or since had such an archetypal dream. This dream is still working on me, and working *in* me. In waking life, I noticed for the first time recently that at my church there is a double squared pathway through the memorial garden filled with yellow flowers. Looking through the greenery covered archway, I read the words on the sign there, “I am the resurrection and the life.” It gave me chills.

In 2008, the Happy Bookseller, the bookstore my husband and I owned, opened for its last day of business. When we closed the doors for the final time, the only thing I remember is praying, really praying. Surely I have more to offer. “Please, God, not my will but yours.” I wasn’t Jacob. I couldn’t get for myself what God had already promised me. I was powerless. I surrendered.

Later that year, one of the priests at my church put me in touch with Dr. Amy Montanez, a psychotherapist and spiritual director in Columbia. Amy was looking for a part-time office manager. I desperately needed full-time, but beggars can’t be choosers, and besides, I was so hoping to enter the field of spiritual formation. Unable to go back to school, I had to rely on my work as my entry point. What a blessing that has been. Amy is phenomenal and a fantastic role model.

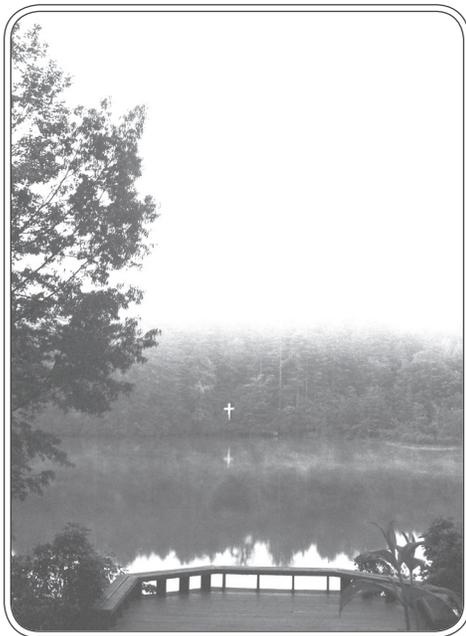
Still, I needed more money. After networking with friends, I was hired as a hostess at a new, hip restaurant that was just about to open. I was fired up as Jacob, determined to become a waitress and earn some serious money. I was going to get it for myself, no

matter what. In the week before I began work at the restaurant, I had a dream:

I am at the restaurant on opening night. I am a server and people have filled the restaurant. In fact, there are tables set up for a mile down the walkway of the nice shopping center in which it is located—some serious outdoor seating. Turns out, I am responsible for those tables. The chefs are super backed up and all of these outdoor tables are full and no one has food or drink. I go in the restaurant to try to get water for them at least. A good friend of mine is busily scooping ice. (She's a real task master in waking life.) She, in her fun-loving style, has a fuzzy, stuffed beach ball with her. I am unable to get even water for these tables in a timely fashion. I can't get what I need for whatever reason. No one is mad yet, but they've been there a while.

The dream ends before anything else happens. As I worked on the dream in the next few days, I saw that it wasn't just an anxiety dream. I saw that God was telling me, "It's okay, Jacob. Just take that beach ball and have fun while you're there. You are not going to be able to SERVE here. It is a futile effort."

Two months later, my boss, Amy Montanez, helped me make connections with Trinity Episcopal Cathedral for a second part-time job. They were looking for someone to run their bookstore. So here it was, what had already been promised, coming to me on its own. Through my journey of spiritual formation, theological education, and building community, I had come to know that I also wanted to work for the Church and bring meaningful work to it. But I didn't know how that was going to happen. Now, I am working administratively for a spiritual direction practice and a cathedral bookstore, surrounded in my work by the spiritual journey and theological education.



Bob Haden has been a particular inspiration to me because of the kinship I feel with his mission of returning the ancient spiritual practice of dream work to the Church. I, too, share the larger hope of returning the contemplative tradition, the Sacred Feminine, and the mind of Christ to the world. As Larry Maze said so beautifully two

years ago during a morning meditation in Kanuga's lovely chapel, "We, the people here, are invited to help bring back into balance a world that's been so badly out of balance for so long." The Church

is no exception. It has been so badly out of balance for so long that many are becoming disillusioned with it, feeling they can't say the creeds or profess such a faith. What has been so enriching for me is that Education for Ministry and the Haden Summer Dream Conference have allowed me to apply meaning—*deep meaning*—retroactively to all that I learned, lived, and experienced growing up in the Church. This has made the Church come alive for me. As Joyce Hudson spelled out for us in one of her conference talks, Jesus knew the depths of the Wisdom Tradition.

I have found real community and love in the Church. Even after centuries of human hijacking of the Church for political gain, there remains a holy framework. If it could just be filled in by the Holy Spirit, by parishioners' participating in their own journeys and engaging in their own inner work, I believe it can be transformed. We need to bring back the Sacred Feminine, the missing half. As Jerry Wright has taught me, Logos and Eros need to be married.

This conference is open to people of all faiths with many different missions. Here at the Summer Dream Conference, in the midst of God's glorious creation, I find myself with a group of people who love deeply and who share a common mission—the mission of committing themselves to inner work in order to do their part to help bring about the restoration of the world and the redemption of creation. The transformation in my own life likely would not have taken place without the community I have found through the nine years of this conference. I thank Bob Haden with all my heart. I also thank all of the fantastic presenters and dedicated attendees who return year after year.

Now, I invite you to a decadent week of shopping at the Haden Grocery Store. The offerings here are abundant: Dreamscapes, Spirit Guides, Writing Your Own Book of Life, Shadow Work, Myers-Briggs, Color, Poetry, Quantum Science, The Hero's Journey, Myth and Holy Scripture, and much, much more—all the ingredients we need to create a meaningful and fulfilling life through our own inner journeys to wholeness. I hope we will go forth from here in the name of Unity Consciousness to heal the world. And Mom, you're off the hook for the ducky dream! The Kanuga Summer Dream Conference has carried me safely across the bridge from my childhood fears to a space of spiritual maturity and responsibility—a place where God is always with me and I can never be abandoned.

Carrie Graves
Columbia, SC

Carrie Graves is an Education for Ministry mentor, lector and Eucharistic minister at St. Martin's-In-The-Fields in Columbia, SC. She is the director of Trinity Cathedral Bookstore in Columbia and president of the National Episcopal Booksellers Association. She works for a psychotherapy and spiritual direction practice in Columbia as well. Carrie gave this keynote address at the 10th anniversary Kanuga Summer Dream & Spirituality Conference. She will graduate from the Haden Institute Dream Leader Training program in March.

Darkness into Light: The Egyptian Book of the Dead

By Normandi Ellis

Adapted from a talk given at the Haden Institute's Kanuga Summer Dream and Spirituality Conference, 2012.

”

Everything I have to say about the importance of the Egyptian *Book of the Dead* can be summed up in a dream that I had.

I am in my living room and the Dalai Lama is sitting with me. (I know, forgive me, it is a cross cultural reference already. But, the Dalai Lama was not to be denied.) He is sitting in my living room and we're having this conversation and he says to me. "You know what the problem is with being mortal?" He says, "It leads us to believe that we are separate from God."

That is strong dream teaching. I thought that I could tell that dream and leave, because that pretty much says all I need to say in a nut shell. But, since I came all this way, I figure I'll just continue now. Let's go back to the beginning. ”

In the ancient Egyptian tradition, there is an impulse To Be, so the universe flings itself from nothingness into existence. The creator is both androgynous and amorphous. The progenitor has a thought and then there is light. This thought form of the *One Magnificent God* actually had a name and it is mostly composed of vowels that in the ancient Egyptian sound something like the vowels in a long breathy OM. But the Egyptians didn't write vowels down, so we really didn't have an exact pronunciation of the name for him. In essence, though, they called him *Atum*. The Greek philosopher Lucretius, who later wrote a treatise called "On the Nature of Things," called this divine being who is the spark in everything, *Atom*; thus our word atom.

The Egyptians understood that *Atum*, or "A-Om," was the Alpha and Omega. S/He was the beginning and the end. *Atum* contains absolutely everything. Everything in the world is part of *Atum*. Every plant, every mineral, every creature is part of that divine creativity. In the ancient Egyptian world, the word for god was "neter." When we say *neter* or *netert* (meaning a god or goddess), it really is any divine being that expresses some form that we can see or intimate.

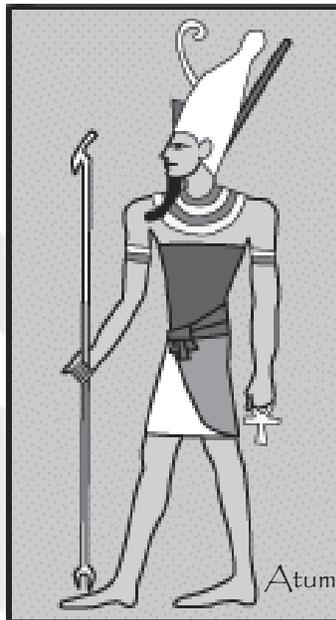
In that great conflux that became Alexandria, the Coptic Christians later used that same word for god, *neter*. Listening to prayers in the Coptic church in Egypt, one would hear them say *netcher*. The Greeks latched onto the word and they called it *NATURE*. The world itself, as the dream Dalai Lama reminded me, is not separate from God. Meister Eckhart has said, "Apprehend God in all things, for God is in all things. Every single creature is filled with God and is a book about God." Scribe that I am, I love that! Every creature is a *whole* book about God.

The ancient Egyptians would have really liked Meister Eckhart, because their hieroglyphic language was a complex of sound and image, associated metaphors, and science, imbedded mythol-

ogy, mathematical expressions, and philosophy. All of that together was contained inside the hieroglyphs. They called it, "*medju neter*." In the hieroglyphs "medju neteru" meant "the language of God." It was how God communicated with us, how we communicated with God, and how the Divine communicated with itself, since we are all parts of the body of God. It was even said that this sacred language—the hieroglyphs—were written by God with his own fingers. "Medju neteru," these hieroglyphs, were carved on scrolls, on temple walls, and on the tombs. They were invocations or holy longings and prayers. The word "medju" is the root word for what we later come to know as "magic." This "medju neteru," these holy prayers, contain spells for living well, spells for making our life transitions and for contacting the Divine in times of crisis. These hieroglyphs represented aspects of the physical universe in which all of us are living inside the divine and holy dream of *Atum*. They express God's longing for companionship. "Medju neteru" was "God magic." The hieroglyphs were words with God in them, made in the image of God.

Clearly then, every symbol, every hieroglyph in every book that any scribe ever wrote, was part of a long priestly tradition of sacred work. Day in and day out, these scribes copied over these texts. They chanted the feast day celebrations in the temples. They painted the walls of tombs. They walked through halls with huge columns inscribed with prayers, engaged every single waking moment, walking through the language of the divine in this mysterious and hidden world. There was so much to contemplate, and so much to learn, and so much to express about the spiritual principles that concern life on earth and the realms beyond. Questions like, "How do we meet our challenges? How do we conduct affairs on this side, so they don't affect us over there? How can we be wise enough to meet these spiritual challenges?"

What incredible knowledge these scribes gained while crafting *The Book of the Dead*. There were many books of the afterlife.



Imagine all the variations that exist in different versions of the Bible and Books of Common Prayer; all of the changes that have been made through 2000 years after the birth of Christ. The books of the afterlife are from 4000 years of religious thought and psycho-spiritual investigation before the birth of Christ. That leaves us with a profoundly rich legacy illustrating our relationship to the Divine from the beginning. It helps us to understand our role in the cosmos. The true work of how to live and how to die, how to change, how to become, how to renew ourselves, is just as important now in 2012 AD as it was 2012 BC.

This so-called *Book of the Dead* is really misnamed. We call it that because papyrus scrolls were found inside coffins where mummies and dead people rested. The Egyptians called it “*Peret em Heru*,” which can be translated in a number of ways with multiple layers of meaning. It could mean, *The Book of Coming Forth by Day*, *The Book of Coming into the Light*, or *The Book of Emerging as a Hero*. The word “*Heru*” in the phrase, “*Peret em Heru*,” means both the day and the light. It was also the hawk god named “*Heru*” that the Greeks called Horus or Hercules. And so, this larger book contained older versions of texts that had names like *The Litany of Ra*—the sun god, *The Pyramid Texts*, *The Coffin Text*, and *The Book Of Two Ways; How to Walk on this Side of the World, and this Other Side Of The World*.

The Dalai Lama of my dreams especially liked one book that sounded very Tibetan to him, the one we would call the *Book of the Dead*. Briefly, *The Book of What Is in Duat*, which means “the underworld.” The full title: “*The book of what is in Duat in order to know the “ba” souls of Duat, to know what is done to them, to know the spiritual enlightenment of Ra, to know the secret “ba souls,” to know what happens in the hours of night and their gods, to know what to say to them, to know the gates and the ways in which the great gods pass, to know the flourishing and the annihilated.*” Translating it more clearly, it means, “*The Secret of Osiris Becoming Ra.*” Again, translating it a little more fully, *How to turn darkness into light; How to transform Death consciousness into Life consciousness.*

You know already that Ra as the sun god is associated with the light, and Osiris is associated with the dark. Osiris was the first man-god born of the Great Sky Mother. When his foot sets down on the earth, life springs up and comes into being; wheat and trees and grapevines. Everywhere he steps, everywhere he walks, he creates this Garden of Eden.

Four other children are born in quick succession. One is called Horus the Elder. He is the oldest form of the hawk god, who never touches the ground. He flies and stays close to his mother’s belly. He’s a spiritual form of this *Heru* god. One is an impetuous god named Set. Then there is Isis, the beautiful wife of Osiris. And too, there is Nephthys, the equally beautiful wife of Set.

There is also trouble in paradise. Osiris is given all the rich, black, succulent land where everything grows. And Set gets the red rocks and the desert where he has to spend his time hunting wild boar and elusive gazelles. This really ticks him off, “Hey, how come that guy gets everything?” It is a Cain and Abel story. It’s a story between different cultures; of hunter and gatherers as Set, and agriculturalists as Osiris. Set is livid and gets even more upset when he realizes that Osiris is sleeping with his wife. In the midst of a big party, Set hustles in with 72 henchmen. Remember that

number. They throw Osiris in a jeweled coffin, hustle him down to the Nile, and throw him in.

Osiris begins his *night sea journey*. Out of Egypt he floats in this coffin, leaving the bright land, leaving the sensate physical world, just as surely as a boat sails out of sight. It is the same boat that we see in the night sky as the constellation *Argo*, that constellation the Greeks saw in their myth *Jason and the Argonauts*. That constellation is Osiris in his coffin, trapped in the unconscious. Finally the coffin lands in Phoenicia, a land far away. Isis manages to find it, but the coffin is now ensnared in a tree that sprang up around the coffin when it touched the land. The god on the tree of life is a familiar image to most of us, as Christ, or as Odin. This cross, this tree, is an image of the intersection of the spiritual and the physical, as Jeremy Taylor points out, and of the temporal and eternal time.

Osiris becomes stuck in this tree, in the crosshairs, unable to transform. He has to be delivered by Isis, his anima. She takes him back home and begins to merge with him. She uses her medju neteru, her secret language, to try to raise him from the dead. In the process she awakens another part of him that’s pretty exciting. She immaculately conceives a second child, whose name is Horus. She runs to tell her sister what has happened and leaves Osiris half-awake, half-asleep, in this astral state, inside a cave, in the belly of the earth.

Set, who is hunting boars, finds Osiris in the cave and exclaims, “Whoa, I thought I killed you the first time.” He takes his flint knife and chops Osiris up into fourteen pieces, and scatters them into the Nile in places where he thinks they won’t be found. A head goes there, a backbone here, a leg over there... Isis and her sister return to find the tomb empty. Searching up and down the bank, they have to figure out how to gather and re-member Osiris, and as many a wife may have said to her husband; “Honey, pull yourself together!”

They find all the pieces except the one piece that created the mystical magical child. They can’t find that piece—a fish ate it! This is why Egyptian priests did not eat fish, by the way. So as she gathers all the pieces, at every place she finds a part she decides to build a temple. She tries to take that piece and imbue it with what she knows about Osiris. She tells his stories, and in this way she *RE-members* him. He goes to live in the underworld, in Duat. He is the first man-god to live and the first man-god to die. Later in his story we hear that he has gone before us to prepare a place for us, so that we may know where we’re going. Duat is loosely translated as underworld, but it really is an astral world. It is *neter-world*. It’s the gods’ world. It is a starry realm in the belly of the sky goddess who both births him and swallows him. As you imagine this, picture the sun being born in the daytime, travelling across the belly of the sky, and then settling in at night, being consumed in the darkness, traveling through the belly of the sky goddess and then being reborn in the morning.

Osiris is not only the lord of the underworld, he is the lord of dreams. Many years ago, I had a series of dreams as I was in the process of negotiating myself out of a bad relationship in waking life:

I have descended into the subterranean chamber. I’m left in total darkness. While I am sitting there, I hear this,



“scuttle, scuttle, scuttle, scuttle.” Then I hear this, “click, click, click, click.” And all of a sudden, I think, “Oh they’re coming after me. They’re beetles.”

I do not like beetles. As a child June bugs got stuck in my hair one summer and I couldn’t get them out. Distressed, I would have this dream over and over again and wake up. Realizing that I am not going to get through this until I figure out why

these beetles were down there in my unconscious, I commit myself to staying in the dream until I can figure it out. So here they come one night:

Scuttle, scuttle, scuttle, click, click, click. They start crawling on me. I sit very still. They are all over me. I am one big black shell of beetles. They are on my eyelids, in my hair, on my mouth. They start nibbling at me. At this point, I couldn’t scream if I wanted to. I have to stay in the process. And I’m so freaked out. I think I’m going to die here. Eventually they’ve had their fill of me and they go away. I feel totally shredded. I’m shaking. And then my Osiris figure comes down with a torch. He holds it up in front of me and I have to look at myself and I think, “Man this is not going to be pretty.” But I look down, and I have brand new pink skin. OK, I can do this!

By staying in my scary, messy place, in my dark night of the soul, I become transformed. And that’s the message of wholeness of the Egyptian beetle. They lay their eggs in cow manure—and some bullshit really does serve a higher purpose! This lowest repugnant base matter contains the seeds of life. This dung beetle, khepera, rolls and drags and pushes the dung ball into the ground, then leaves it there in the hot sand, baking, the little seeds of new dung beetles cooking. All of a sudden, when it’s ready, he pops it back up. The dung ball cracks open and the little golden beetles fly off into the sun. And that’s the Egyptian symbol of resurrection.

Less our brokenness. That’s what makes it happen. Out of these broken dung balls, the beetles fly forth. That becomes the image of the secret of alchemy. The word *al-chem-y* refers to the land of Khem, which was the ancient name for Egypt—the black, dark, fertile soil—the mystery of the land of Egypt. The alchemical process is what we call the philosopher’s stone. It is really about how to turn base matter into spiritual matter, how to turn lead into gold. In the Valley of the Kings, on the lintels over the doors of every single tomb, are images of Osiris and the two sisters, Isis and Nephthys, uplifting a great golden orb, and inside is a figure of the dung beetle. It is a promise of the philosophers’ stone. If you are able to go unafraid into the dark inside a dung ball, down into the bowels of the earth, you will be lifted up and become golden. That is known as *The Secret of Osiris Becoming Ra*—how to turn death into life and darkness into light, and how to become a whole being inside your holy orb that is both dung ball and god’s light simultaneously.

While Osiris is making his journey in his coffin and traveling these serpentine intestinal tracts of the great goddess, he passes each hour of the night and passes through a portal. There are 72 creatures that appear in these 12 houses of the underworld. There are guardians and scary creatures there. He calls out to them, “I know you. I know your name.” That was the task. And as he passes not only male but female, he says names like, “Lady of terror whose heart is a wall. Vulture mother.” He calls out as he passes and bows to her, saying, “Blessed is the lady.” It is like Jacob wrestling with his angels. These 12 hours of night not only show us our dying process, they show us how to get rid of our old self. These processes become a kind of heroic journey that we all take.

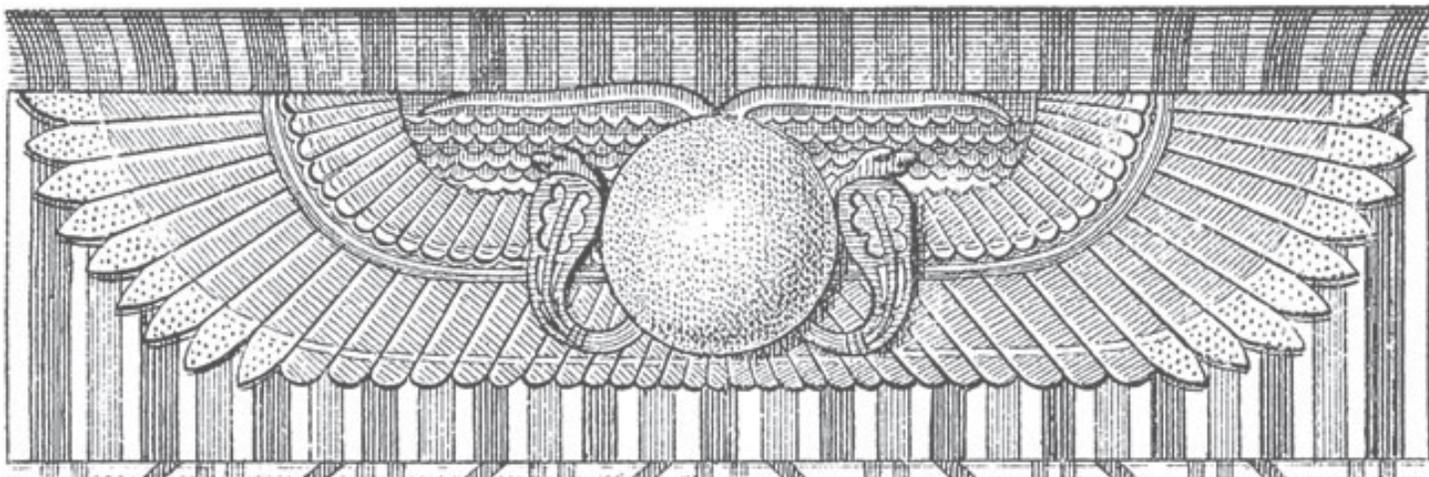
In the fifth or sixth hour of the underworld, in the deepest bowels of the night, is this image of an inert Osiris lying on his back, stuffed inside a dung ball, stuffed inside this coffin, stuffed inside the body of the goddess, inside the belly of the snake, the belly of the beast. He is pushed by the dung beetle. He is barely alive. He has this one small gesture that shows his hand over his face. It reads something like: “I feel like crap.” Seriously, he is just this gelatinous mass of it. He is in the midst of this process of being dissolved, like a caterpillar is dissolved inside a cocoon. Yet in the darkest hour, in the kitty litter of the underworld, *shift happens!*

We might forget our purpose, but there is an instinctual, intuitive, often lowly and unacknowledged dung beetle part of ourselves, and that Khepera, that god spark, keeps nudging us, pushing us, and pulling us onward. And so the dung beetle is a hieroglyph for constant and ceaseless becoming. The dung beetle with its wings outspread was the secret symbol that was carved inside every single temple in the holy of holies chapel, right behind the altar. This was considered the generator of the entire temple. It kept the energy moving. That same beetle appears on the chests at the heart of all of the mummies. And so the hieroglyph of the dung beetle often appears in the Book of the Dead, telling its story of Atum creating the world. It says: *Nuk pu em Khepera, kheperu, kheperu. Nuk pu em ra-a.* Translated, it means something like, “In the beginning, I became the becoming, being what I created.” And these words inside The Book of the Dead contain an assurance that the God spark in everything is the seed of possibility for resurrection and new life.

It is the same seed inside wheat that springs up under the foot of Osiris. That is another mystery to contemplate—the seed. And when we approach that mystery, we say, “Open sesame!” It is the smallest of seeds, but *open sesame* contains an entire world, because it refers to the seed that, once again, like the dung ball, has to be cracked open to reveal its mysterious regenerative properties.

The 14 days of the Osirian Mystery rites included a play that reenacted Osiris being thrown into the water. It had men from the valley fighting each other as the armies of Set and Horus. Sorrowing women wept and threw dust on their heads. Their laments included things like, “The king is dead. The land is lost. The gods have turned their backs on us.” I had a renewed respect for the book of Lamentations in the Old Testament after I realized that they were very similar sorrowing rituals.

For the initiates of the Egyptian priesthood, this time was for contemplating the mystery of life and death. Never spoken



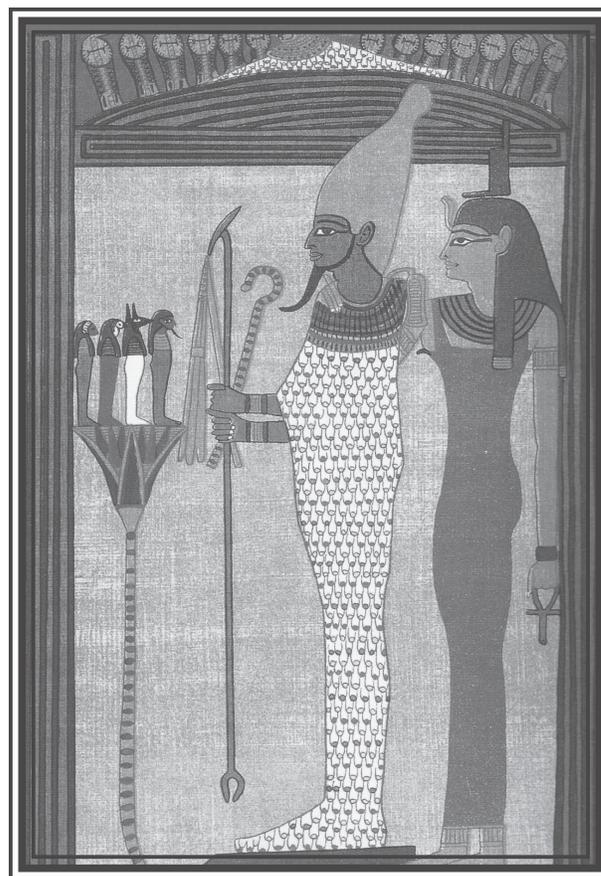
aloud and never written down, it was passed “mouth to ear.” They came to realize that the dead represented the soul entombed in its form. And that resurrection was attained through a superstructure that transcends the lower personality. So these rituals included the breaking of the bread, which was done at the Beautiful Valley in front of a stone on which was carved a hieroglyph called *hotep*. And this stone outside the tomb is an imitation of a cloth laid out with a cup and a loaf of bread. The bread is broken and passed around. And a beer offering was poured out. The priest, as he poured it, said, “Your body will live by means of this drink. It is being rejuvenated in your mystery.” The hieroglyph of *hotep*, translated, means “peace.”

In the cemeteries, both modern and ancient, *hotep* resonates with me as the equivalent of the phrase, “Rest in peace.” In ancient temples and churches, the communal passing of the peace is the peace that passeth understanding. It builds a community of people and a fellowship with the Divine. All the people are made as one body inside the body of God. And so it is as the Christ told us, “The father and I are one.”

The litany of Ra says, “I am entirely a god. No limb of mine is without god. I enter as a god. I exit as a god. The gods have transformed themselves in my body.” So the Dalai Lama was really right! We are not separate from god as much as our human form might lead us to think.

The *Secret of Osiris Becoming Ra* can be summed up in one line in *The Book of the Dead*. It says, “God is my name. I do not forget this name of mine.” That lentil on the doorway to the tomb contains a final mystery. The goddess Isis kneels on a word which is a hieroglyph that means golden and also mastery. This is what the alchemists of Egypt would have us know as the accomplishment of the great work: mastering one’s own destiny. The philosopher stone is not outside us. It is within us. And in the one unified soul of Osiris-Ra, light does not overcome darkness, but they are joined together in the process. Life does not overcome death, but is joined together in the process. It is what the ancient scribes came to know by reading and integrating these mysterious paths of life. It is all best approached consciously while you’re alive. Do the work now and lose the fear of death, knowing that after the first death, there really is no other.

Em hotep (in peace) and thank you.

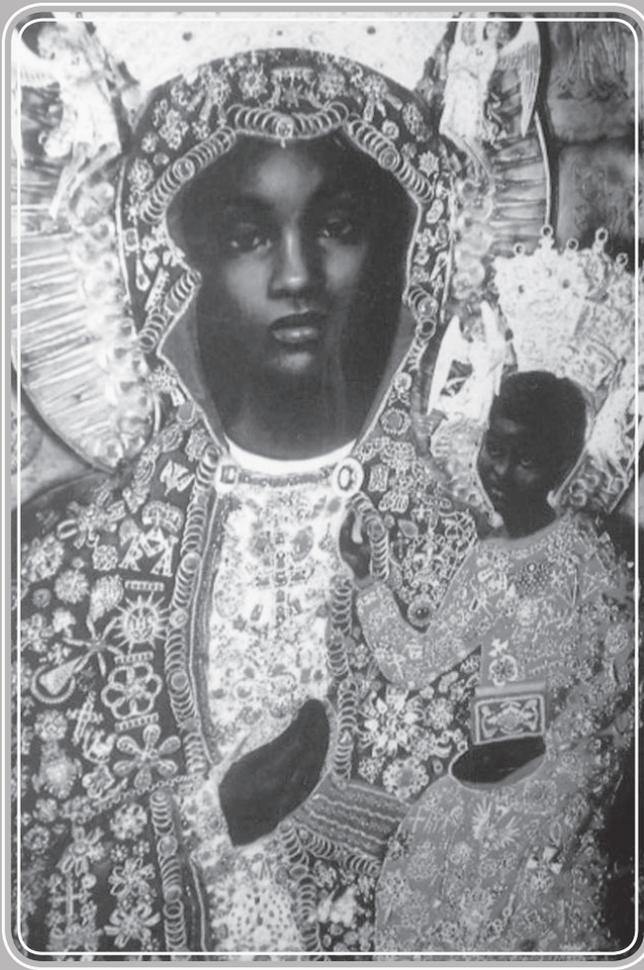


Depiction of Osiris and Isis.

Normandie Ellis
Frankfort, KY

*Normandi Ellis dances in many worlds. She leads trips to Egypt, teaches classes on writing, and runs a writing and spiritual retreat center in Frankfort, KY. She follows her heart throughout her studies. But, as Gloria Steinem has said, “Writing is the only thing that, when I do it, I don’t feel I should be doing something else.” Author of 10 books, Normandi’s translation from the Egyptian hieroglyphs, **Awakening Osiris**, is a spiritual classic. She is past president of the **National Association of Poetry Therapy Foundation**. Visit her website at www.normandiellis.com.*

Illness as Liminal Experience



By Beverly Musgrave

In May of 1990, I was stressed beyond my limits, completing the writing of my PhD dissertation, tabulating the data, preparing for my upcoming oral defense, working fifty hours a week. In other words, I was running in five directions all at once. For me, the truth of the statement “the body never lies” became an undeniable reality. Obviously I was running on empty, and my body brought me to a screeching halt. My heart was racing over two hundred beats a minute. I found myself in the CCU unit of a busy New York City hospital.

I was extremely anxious, feeling weak, confused, and weepy. Oddly, I was more concerned about the deadline for my doctoral defense than I was for my own health. After several hours of doctors, nurses, and specialists gathering round me, speaking in

anxious terms and beginning a series of tests and treatments, they finally left my room. My friends, who were anxiously pacing the floor about me, were also asked to leave.

Now, in the empty silence, I face my self. As the walls seem to close in on me, I am reminded of the words of W.B. Yeats:

*Now that my ladder's gone
I must lie down where all ladders start,
In the foul rag-and-bone shop of the heart.*

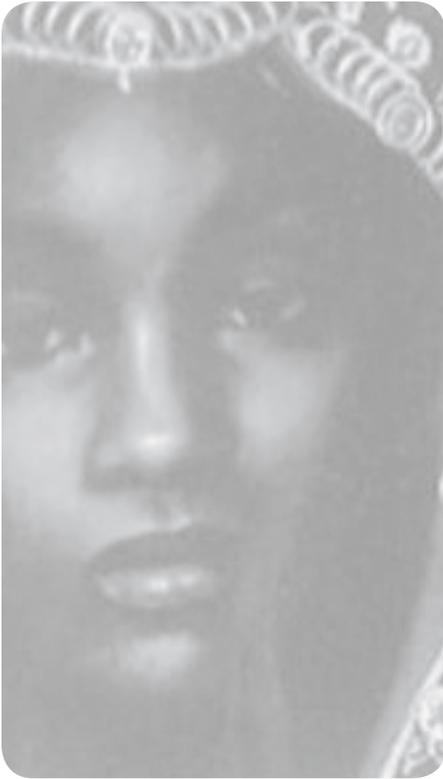
This ostensibly protective environment consists of a small room with three cold glass walls. The many machines are ticking, clicking, beeping like hens in the barnyard. I cannot make any sense of the strange lines and scratches that beam over and over on

the computer near my bed. I am a captive prisoner, held down by wires and tubes going in all directions. I try to pray.

At that moment my wonderful doctor comes into the room, not with his usual welcoming smile, but with a serious expression reflecting the pain in his eyes. Sitting on my bed, he expresses his concern for my problem: “If we can get you through the night, we will then work on a plan to get you better.” Amazed, startled, and bewildered, I ask, “What is my problem?” This is when I am first introduced to ventricular tachycardia. I ask for a layperson’s definition. “It is sudden death syndrome.” Trembling, I ask, “Are you telling me I could die at any time?” The dreaded response, “Yes, but with proper medication and treatment we will try to get your heart arrhythmia under control.” With compassion and concern he assures me that he will see me through the process.

Alone once again, I feel the chilling silence reverberating off the glass walls. I try again to pray. Meeting God face to face tonight is a real reality. “I want to meet the Lord, but not so soon,” I beg. “Definitely not now. I have work to complete.” My anxiety rushes headlong onto the seashore of my mind, where it is collapsing in the *rag-and-bone shop of my heart*. I begin to examine my life and give thanks by name for the significant people who are a part of my life. Then the waves of anxiety, like a heavy, life threatening tsunami, seem to overwhelm my sense of safety, my very existence. Tied to the bed, alone, I feel like an animal caught in a cage. Feeling overwhelmed, I cry from the depths of my soul, “God be with me!”

The nursing staff for the night shift arrives as I lie there trying to hold on by my fingernails. In the middle of this tidal wave of inner emotion, I see a beautiful black nurse with a peaceful countenance enter my room. After a brief greeting, she says, “Sleeping will help your heart. Do you think you can go to sleep?” I laughingly respond, “That is easy for you to say.” With great empathy she responds, “You are in a serious situation, I understand, but a good sleep will help you get stronger.”



Then this total stranger says something unexpected and life-changing: “I will take my chair and sit here in the doorway. I will be able to hear every change in your condition. I am here for you.” Searching her compassionate eyes, I believe her. I fall asleep. Around five a.m., I awake. Through my eyelashes I see a most glorious sight, this total stranger sitting in the doorway, watching on the threshold of my life and death. I am deeply moved. “It looks like we made it,” I say. “Indeed we did,” she cheerfully responds.

After I was released from the tubes and wires and let out of the cold glass walls into the world again, I wanted to bring a gift to the beautiful stranger who sat with me through that night of life and death, giving me faith and courage. I returned to the hospital. At the nursing station, I gave the date and time of my first night in CCU. I offered a description of my helper. After checking and re-checking, the nurse in charge informed me there was no nurse who fit that description in the department and nothing in my medical record showed that anyone had stayed with me through the night.

The renowned British poet T.S. Eliot said, “The end of all exploring will be to arrive at the beginning and know the

place for the first time.” Illness is a dangerous experience of being taken to the very threshold of life, from which the end can be observed. This paradoxical gift offers a dangerous opportunity. My experience of it brought me back to my source—God’s ever caring presence in my life—and let me know that place for the first time.

Illness is often a detour, a jarring moment in time that calls forth courage in the face of fear. It makes us question the meaning of our very existence and ushers in serious life tasks. Karl Rahner calls this transformative experience, “the surrender of self trustfully and hopefully to the insoluble mystery we call God.”

Six or seven years later, a former graduate student of mine from Tanzania, returning to Fordham to resume his studies, arrived in my office with a gift. It was in a long tube. “If you carried this all the way from Tanzania, I do not care what is inside,” I told him. “I am deeply grateful for your care and thoughtfulness.” When I opened the tube, I discovered a beautiful picture of an iconic black madonna which he named *Our Lady of Tanzania*. In itself this was a magnificent gift. But what was even more awesome was that this picture reflected back to me the beautiful black lady who sat with me during my life and death experience.

Accepting the “insoluble mystery” of God in liminal moments and spaces gives us a new understanding, enabling us to find meaning and become “sacramental beholders.” In all our living and all our dying, we bear the fingerprints of God upon us.

Beverly Musgrave
Halifax, Nova Scotia

Beverly A. Musgrave, PhD, recently retired as professor of Mental Health: Pastoral Counseling and Spiritual Care at the Fordham University Graduate School of Religion and Religious Education. She is the founder, past president, and Clinical Director of *Partners in Healing*, 1996-2011. Dr. Musgrave is Co-editor of two books; *Spiritual & Psychological Aspects of Illness: Dealing with Loss, Dying, & Death*; and *Partners in Healing: Bringing Compassion to People with Illness and Loss*. Trained as a spiritual director and pastoral psychotherapist, she had a private practice for 33 years in New York City. Dr. Musgrave has taught in the United States, Ireland, India, and Canada. In August 2013 she returned to her homeland, Nova Scotia.



The first part of this experience was published in *Spiritual & Psychological Aspects of Illness*. (2010). Edited by Beverly A. Musgrave & Neil J. McGettigan. New York: Paulist Press. pp.143-160.

Musgrave, Beverly (2005). Life-Threatening Illness: A Dangerous Opportunity. In *Spirituality Health: Multidisciplinary Explorations*. Edited by Augustine Meier, Thomas St. James O'Connor & Peter VanKatwyk. Canada: Wilfrid Laurier University Press. pp 265-284.

Rahner, Karl, (1978). *Foundations of Christian Faith: An Introduction to the Idea of Christianity*. New York: Seabury Press, p.37.

Wildeye Studio

Nurturing the creative flame in each of us.

Process painting: What it is. What it does.

By Sarah Pattison



Process painting is an approach to self-exploration that involves listening. The objective is to try to quiet the busy mind and listen to information coming from the intuitive centers in the heart and the belly. How this is done is simple: one reaches for the brush that feels right and the colors that grab one's attention—no second guessing—and begins by beginning one brushstroke at a time. There are no how-to's or instructions, no critiques, no still-lives. Eventually something begins to take shape. The life of the painting begins to emerge with its own story, its own emotional energy, and its own message. The job of the painter is to get out of the way and allow it to flow. The challenge of process painting is *allowing* it to flow and then *staying*. Often the logical mind conflicts with the intuitive mind and the painter may lose momentum in the form of feeling tired or stuck or impatient. Or the painter encounters something that feels uncomfortable; for example, "I don't like what I painted and I need a new piece of paper." At which time he/she will want to finish the painting quickly and move on by starting a new painting. The facilitator is there to ask provocative questions that explore

the discomfort and whatever the student may be wishing to avoid or escape.

The gift is in the staying. Often that most difficult part of the painting is a doorway into some part of ourselves that we had not known beforehand. It could be an aspect of our personality or a feeling we haven't previously given ourselves permission to explore. But when we open the door and are curious about what is beyond it, there is usually some revelation that feels awe-inspiring and sometimes quite magical, no matter how difficult the subject matter. I have witnessed (and experienced personally) my students falling in love with what has emerged at the end of their brush, even if they may find it aesthetically unpleasing. They have discovered a new aspect of themselves; they have come in contact with the creative consciousness that is alive in each of us. It is simultaneously universal and infinitely unique.



Process painting can offer those experiencing illness (or their caregivers) a safe, supportive, and uncensored environment to express feelings brought on by the stresses of lives put on hold or dramatically changed.

Students can take this opportunity to use the paint to express the feelings that come up without trying to paint realistic figures. Paint can be a sort of entry in a healing journal, and the final piece doesn't have to look like anything. This can be liberating for students and can provide them with an emotional outlet for feelings that are difficult to put into words.

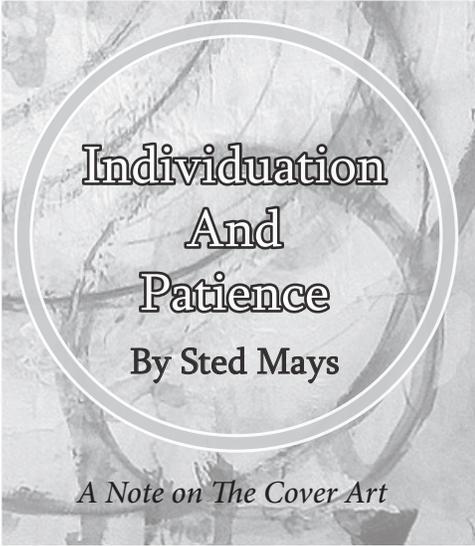
I have been holding space with the painting and other creative process classes for cancer patients and their caregivers for nine years at the Loran Smith Center for Cancer Support in Athens, Ga. Participants report experiencing greater peace of mind, a calmer outlook, and new ways to address old thoughts and feelings when they arise again. They also benefit from a shared camaraderie in the face of struggles that set them apart from others.



Sarah Pattison

Athens, GA

Sarah Pattison combines an art background with her experiences of many years of Jungian interpretive dream work, practicing yoga, and intuitive process painting to bring a special blend of understanding and depth to her facilitation. She offers an environment of safety and support as well as creative playfulness, helping her students to explore what arises spontaneously from within them. Sarah is currently a staff facilitator at The Loran Smith Center for Cancer Support in Athens and holds workshops at Wildeye Studio in Crawford, Ga. She sells her work at WildEyeStudioCards on Etsy.com.



Individuation And Patience

By Sted Mays

A Note on The Cover Art

Every work of art has a unique story surrounding its creation. And my painting, “Individuation,” which appears on the cover of this edition of *The Rose*, is no exception. Indeed, this piece seems to have a particularly labyrinthine, multilayered history for me.

I’m an abstract artist and this past spring I was in a national juried show of works on paper. The juror, Marilyn Hughey Phillis, a renowned watercolorist who has also published on the subjects of creativity and art, chose one of my watermedia pieces for the show. Marilyn was also giving a workshop for artists, over three days, as part of the activities associated with the exhibition.

I have never functioned very well in workshop or classroom settings, perhaps because I’m mainly self-taught and have done most of my work on my dining table or in my studio, in private settings. But I liked Marilyn’s work and I thought I might be able to learn something from her. Much of her work is abstract, and I was interested in how she would talk about her process of creating abstract art, since many workshops emphasize instead how to get a likeness of something or photographic detail. Even if I felt a bit of discomfort and self-consciousness in the collective workshop setting, at least I could listen as she shared her knowledge about technical aspects of handling different types of paper and as she discussed various watermedia techniques.

To my surprise, I was less nervous in the workshop than I’d anticipated. I enjoyed being with Marilyn and the other artists. There was an unexpected sense of camaraderie and humor, even as I groped awkwardly along through the exercises and lessons in technique. During breaks I discussed natural spirituality with Marilyn and told her about my interest in interfaith spirituality and how the piece of mine she had chosen for the show was an exercise in spiritual meditation for me. From then on she occasionally called me “Mr. Zen,” which made me chuckle and put me more at ease. (I guess anytime someone uses the word zen it has something of a calming effect.)

One of the lessons Marilyn gave was on incorporating rice paper into watermedia works of art. A traditional Asian product, rice paper can have wonderful qualities of sensuous porousness and delicacy when attached to other papers or boards. I had a square piece of Canson board, a receptive base for gluing the rice paper to, that I used for this lesson. As usual, I was floundering around as I tried to do the best I could attaching the rice paper in different shapes to the Canson board. Everyone else seemed to be creating lovely pieces, while I again felt myself to be the class loser. Inept, crude, technically inadequate, in desperate need of tutelage.

When Marilyn came over to review with each of us individually what we were doing, she told me to relax. She said something to the effect, “It’s just a piece of rice paper on cardboard at this point—you’re being judgmental too soon, which is never a good thing, as you know, Mr. Zen.” I asked her if I should throw it away, and the gist of her response was, “*Absolutely not*, be patient, who cares what anybody else thinks, just play with it.”

So I tried to move forward “playing with it” from an inner place of patient curiosity rather than fear and disabling self-criticism. I began to feel even more at peace with my surroundings in the workshop environment. I started playing with the paints and pencils and even the wax paper I had brought for other purposes. Now

the wax paper even seemed to be inviting me to attach it over parts of the painted surface, as another layer that seemed to give a deeper, submerged quality to what was beneath. Nevertheless, the impression of the piece seemed to remain rather tortured and chaotic and unfocused. An honest effort that wasn’t working out and was unsatisfying. But it was at least intriguing to me. I still didn’t really like the Canson board piece, and yet I decided to keep it, since I no longer felt embarrassed about it and the surface seemed to have possibilities. So I took it back to my studio after the workshop was over.

After a period of looking at it and not touching it—a sort of gestation period—I returned to working on the piece from time to time. Whenever a mood seemed to invite me to re-approach the piece, I continued to paint, draw on, texture, and distress the different layers of paper on the board. I felt very clearly when the piece was finally finished, which is not always the case with me, or most artists for that matter. The result is what you see on the cover of *The Rose*.

The title “Individuation” did not come to me until *The Rose* editor, Peggy Thrasher Law, asked me for a title. I had contemplated other titles for months, but “Individuation” seemed to be the landing place. The painting, despite all its frustrations and its vexed genesis, now exudes serenity for me when I look at it. The intersecting and evolving circles floating above various layers of applied papers, and the working and reworking of multiple surfaces, seems to me to resonate with Jung’s concept of how the self undergoes transformation and growth by integrating elements of the conscious and unconscious mind.

Sted Mays
Atlanta, GA

Sted Mays is leader of the Cathedral Dream Group, at St. Philip’s, and an abstract artist whose studio is located in Castleberry Hill, a creative arts district in the downtown Atlanta area.

Dream Work

While drifting into the dark of night
I feel an opening in the space
by bending away the rods of rote
and letting the wandering words take wing,
magically compounding the common clutter
in artistic arrangement of things unknown.

Crawl into the vestibule to vastness
and pay attention to the world of dreams,
a mysterious deposit from the deep divine
bubbling up and breaking in,
a place where secret shadows shine
and undiscovered understanding thrives.

In the bright of day what's mine is mine,
but the dark of dream frays the seam
sewing the seeds where nightmares bloom
into glorious gifts from the giver within.
Unwrap these presents in time with care
and waken to a wider way.

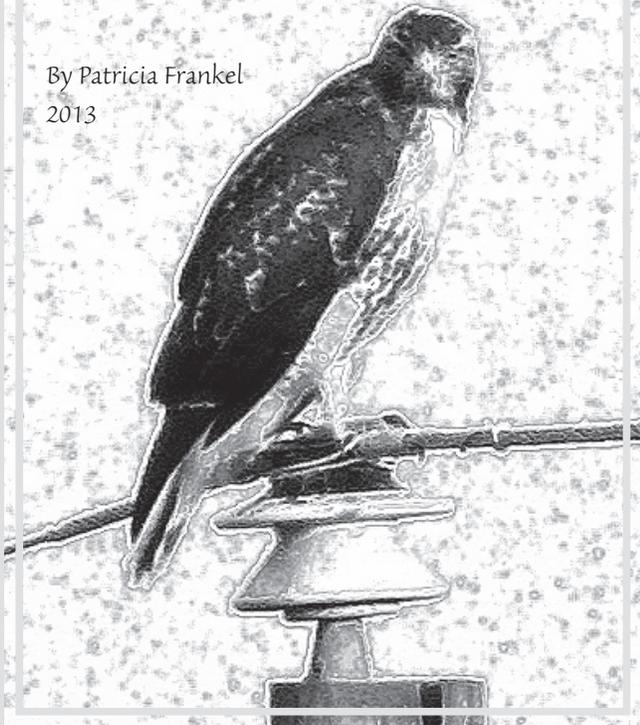
Alice Smith

Chattanooga, TN

*Alice Smith lives in Chattanooga, TN with her husband Alfred and their dog Leroy. Her family includes two sons and their wives and three grandchildren. She has been a member of the **Church of the Good Shepherd** for over 40 years where she has both studied and taught enneagram classes. Her interest in the enneagram and Carl Jung led her to become a member of a dream group nine years ago. She writes poetry as a way of exploring her dreams and herself.*

Make Mistakes

By Patricia Frankel
2013



Make mistakes birds.

Make mistakes—
—your mistakes—
birds.

Birds that soar on the thermals
of your heart and circle the tower
in which you imprisoned yourself
for far too long
and with a great deal more dedication
than was necessary.

Make mistakes birds.

Do what a painter does.
Give your black smudge
gold tipped wings and crimson eyes,
and then breathe the new thing into flight
until it becomes a hawk
that lives on a mountain far away—
but returns every so often to circle
and circle and circle
above and far above
reminding you that your eyes,
the ones on the inside of your skull,
the ones that see the smallest fragments
of truth—
are keener than you believe.

Make mistakes birds—
A vulture that feeds on
the carrion of your old self
and picks the carcass clean.

Make mistakes birds—
An ordinary wren that
sits on the windowsill,
mild and content.

Hawk. Vulture. Wren.
Majestic, unappreciated, plain.

It doesn't matter, and the truth is,
you won't know which is which,
not really, not really ever.

Years have to pass before you get
even a hummingbird sense about
which mistakes became which birds—
but by then, your eyes, your human eyes,
will have grown happy with cataracts
and so much that once seemed
black and white
sharp and focused
will now be
sepia, muted, edge-blurred, obscured—
and every therapy you ever purchased
will have been replaced by a paint brush and a palette.

And when others ask you
what you do now, how you occupy yourself,
you will smile and your eyes will travel heavenward
to the tower where you once lived.

Its small windows and defensive turrets
are now green and ivied and crumbling to bits.
Beyond the tower is a place with contours not yet defined.
They may never be but this is all right with you.

You will look in that direction, and answer:
"I spend my days making mistakes birds.
And at night I fly."

Patricia Frankel

Brattleboro, VT

Patricia Frankel is a novelist, poet, and avid knitter. Her poetry has been published in *The Rose* and elsewhere. Her upcoming novel *The House on Penny Hill*, the first of a series set in Vermont, follows the lives of several women who meet at a knitting circle. Her poetry book *Dreaming Creation* was the final project for her Dream Leader Training at The Haden Institute. It is an exploration and intersection of the creation story as related in *Genesis*, through a series of dreams she had. It is available as an ebook from Blurb, or in print format from the author. You may contact her directly at pattifrankel@gmail.com.

Hummingbird Sleep

A hummingbird sleeps among wonders.
Close to dark, he settles on a roosting limb
and lowers his body temperature
to within a few degrees of the air's own.

As the bird descends into torpor,
he assumes his heroic sleep posture,
head back, tilted beak pointing to the sky,
angling steep, Quixotic, Crimean.

This noctivation, the ornithologist word for it,
is very like what bears do through the winter.
Hummingbirds live the deep drop every night.
You can yell in his face and shake the branch.

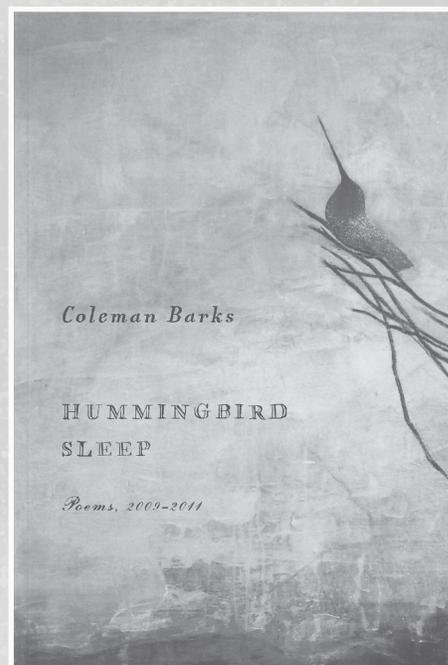
Nothing. Gone. Where? What does he dream of?
He dreams he is the great air itself, the substance
he swims in every day, and the rising light
coming back to be his astonishing body.

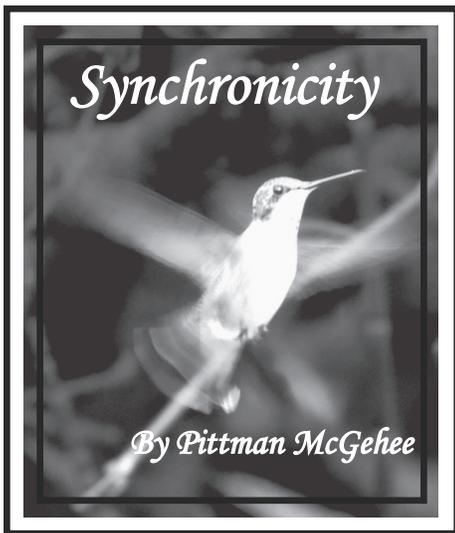
Coleman Barks
Athens, GA

*Coleman Barks is the best-selling author of numerous Rumi translations including **The Essential Rumi**, **The Soul of Rumi** and **Rumi: The Book of Love**. Coleman has been a student of Sufism since 1977 when Bawa Muhaiyaddeen came to him in a dream.*

I am sleeping out on a bluff above the Tennessee River, where I grew up. I wake up in a lucid state inside the dream. A ball of light rises off the river and comes over me. It clarifies from the inside out. A man with a white shawl over his head is sitting inside the ball of light with his head bowed. He raises his head and looks at me and says, "I love you." I say, "I love you, too." And the landscape feels drenched with wetness, with dew, and the dew is love.

*A year and a half later, Coleman met Bawa in Philadelphia, and recognized him as the man in his dream. For nine years, four or five times a year, Coleman was in the presence of his teacher. Many times Bawa came to Coleman in dreams and taught him, telling him to do the Rumi work. Coleman Barks is also the author of numerous volumes of personal poetry including **Winter Sky: New and Selected Poems, 1968-2008**, and his latest collection **Hummingbird Sleep, Poems 2009-2011**, published by The University of Georgia Press, 2013. (www.ugapress.org.) He is a retired Professor Emeritus of English at the University of Georgia where he taught poetry and creative writing for thirty years. He was born and raised in Chattanooga, Tennessee, and educated at the University of North Carolina and the University of California at Berkeley. Coleman Barks is the father of two grown children and the grandfather of five. For more about his work visit www.colemanbarks.com.*





Adapted from a talk given at the Haden Institute's Kanuga Summer Dream & Spirituality Conference, 2013

Synchronicity is one of Jung's enigmatic, and in some ways most popular, formulations. Jung called synchronicity an acausal connecting principle. It doesn't mean there is no cause, but rather, we are not conscious of the cause. The cause is beyond consciousness. Jung was working with one of the early fathers of quantum physics, Wolfgang Pauli, and they began a discussion on the occurrence of meaningful coincidences. Jung postulated that something in the unconscious connects with something in consciousness in a moment of synchronicity.

For me, there are several criteria for determining a synchronistic event. The first is that it is meaningful—a meaningful coincidence. The second is that it is self authenticating, that is to say, you get to decide. If it is meaningful to you, it is synchronistic. And third, it has some degree of transformative energy. Maybe your viewpoint is slightly different now. Any time there is a synchronistic event, there is some natural ego inflation, and the ego will try to begin to talk in grandiose terms. But the synchronistic event needs to be integrated and moved into soul rather than being held as some kind of parlor game with the ego. My mentor Robert Johnson says that if anybody ever really has a religious experience, the first thing they do is shut their mouth.

Here at Kanuga Doug Bennett has presented seminal work in his workshops in helping us to understand quantum physics as it has come into another generation. There is a kind of framework known

as *non-locality*—the same energy can be present in two places simultaneously. Two people can experience the same energy in a simultaneous connection. Who among us has not experienced or heard of the experience, “I was just thinking about you when you called.” Who hasn't heard the story of dreaming of someone and receiving word the next day that they had died. There is an acausal connection. I am told by the quantum physicists that in a new framework of belief, seven, eight, or nine dimensions run parallel and occasionally bleed over, one into another. The Celts knew a long time ago that in certain places, the curtain is very thin between the realms. Synchronicity is not something Jung invented nor did he discover it, but he elevated it to another level as a vehicle for finding meaning.

A well known illustration of synchronicity is Jung's experience treating a woman in his practice whom he described as patriarchal, very rational, very grounded, with no place for mysticism or religion in her life. She had no real contact with the inner world. She had a dream of an Egyptian scarab beetle. As she was telling Jung the dream in his office, a beetle flew through the window. Jung captured it in his hand and said, “Here is your beetle.”

I have a summer parish I serve in Northport Point on Lake Michigan. In the summer of 1982, I met Bill Alley, one of the occupants of that small community. Bill grew up in small-town Oklahoma as I did, and so we resonated and connected, becoming fast friends. We walked and talked together with regularity. We had a mutual respect and reciprocity of gifts that we gave to one another. He was externally quite successful but had not spent much time developing an inner life. He was president of American Brands, one of the nation's largest corporations. Bill was a friend and one that I loved very much. Bill retired and went into a deep, deep depression. He had a psychotic break with the agitated depression and killed himself.

In those days in the early nineties, I was in training in analytical psychology and I would fly back and forth from Michigan mid-month to attend classes, study, and keep my practice alive. Before I left, Bill said, “When are you coming back?” I said, “On Friday.” He killed himself on Thursday. On the airplane flying back to

officiate at Bill's funeral, I was reading *The New Yorker* magazine and read a Raymond Carver poem called *Hummingbird*. Here's the poem:

HUMMINGBIRD

*Suppose I say summer
write the word “hummingbird,”
put it in an envelope,
take it down the hill
to the box. When you open
my letter you will recall
those days and how much,
just how much, I love you.*

During Bill's funeral service at the lovely memorial chapel in Northport, I read that poem. Following the funeral, Bill's wife Deborah told me how much she loved it. She was somewhat of a mystic, running a fairy school for children in the summer, which is indicative of her spiritual world view. Back at the cottage, after the funeral



reception, my wife and I were sitting on the front porch having a drink, and as you have already guessed, we saw a hummingbird just feet from where we were sitting. It left and came back three times. The third time it came back I said, "Thank you, Bill, for releasing me."

I had felt incomplete that I hadn't been able to help Bill, though not in any grandiose way with notions that I could have fixed him. Typical of males from Oklahoma, he never asked for help. But the meaning I found in that synchronistic hummingbird visitation was that he had released me. He came back to tell me, *how much, just how much he loved me*. I couldn't wait to tell his wife, Deborah, that story. She loved it so much that as the director of the fairy school she took on the name "Waylala," which means hummingbird in Cherokee. There is a poignant familial connection here, because my grandmother was a full-blooded Cherokee Indian.

Some years later, Deborah was diagnosed with ovarian cancer, and as you know, often the lifespan for ovarian cancer is not very long. Deborah fought with that illness for twelve long years. Very spiritual, she put herself in every modality for healing that you can imagine and extended her life. As she was dying in a hospice in Chicago, I flew up to be with her. I had talked to her continually and particularly on the phone in those last months, telling her that it



appeared as though she was not going to get a cure, but that she was going to die well. The last time I saw her, we rehearsed together the most hopeful words echoed through the halls of history from Dame Julian of Norwich. I began, "And all shall be well, and all shall be well...." To which she retorted, "And all manner of things shall be well."

In July at her funeral, I read the poem *Hummingbird* and told the story of Bill's death and the synchronicity of the hummingbird appearing. I told how she had taken her new Cherokee name, Waylala. After the funeral, we were on our way to her house for the reception. Her niece came running out, saying, "There's a hummingbird trapped in the house." As my mystical son says, "You can't make this shit up." So, of course, I had to write a poem about it. This is called

SYNCHRONICITY

On a plane to officiate at Bill Alley's funeral, I read a poem by Raymond Carver called "Hummingbird."

His wife Deborah loved the poem and its sentiment. After the reception following the funeral, my wife and I sat on our cottage's screened porch, with a relaxing drink.

Three times a hummingbird appeared suspended six feet in front of us. Each time it disappeared it returned, hung before us with fluttering wings. Finally, I said, "We

see you, Bill." The tiny one took wing. Mircea Eliade says, "The animals are the messengers between the realms."

SYNCHRONICITY II

After Deborah Alley heard the hummingbird story, she took the name "Waylala." It means hummingbird in Cherokee. She

was mystical and ran a fairy school for children.

After a decade of dancing with cancer, she finally let go. As with her husband, Bill, I officiated at her burial. At the homily, I read the poem and told the story of the hummingbird and how she got her name.

After the funeral, her niece ran to me: "A hummingbird is trapped in our house." Hummingbirds are messengers—spirit symbols.

But what of synchronicities and dreams? I was treating a woman who was one of the most spiritual women I had ever met, possessing a natural kind of piety. She had been widowed a long time and came to see me because she sought to deepen her inner work. She had the following presenting dream:

I am walking along a path. It seems that I am very deliberate in trying to get somewhere on this path. But chained to a chain link fence is a large black dog with a white diamond in its forehead. The dog is barking at me and preventing me from walking my path.

So with great insight into the obvious I said to her, "You have to deal with that dog." I sent her home to do some active imagination around the black dog. I received a phone call the next morning. She said, "Pittman, this is Eleanor. You won't believe what just happened." I said, "I bet I will." She was a Montessori school teacher. They had an end-of-the-school-year party at one of her students' homes in the backyard around the swimming pool. She got to the house and was escorted out back to sit near the swimming pool. A little boy came to her and asked her if she'd like something to drink. As she said she would, she looked across the pool, and there was that black dog with a white diamond on its forehead. The dog came running around to her and began to lick her mightily. As she petted the dog, she asked the little boy, "What's the dog's name?" He said, "Shadow." It allowed her to begin her work!

Jung believed that there are two states that open us up to synchronistic events. One is high conscious energy like being in love. The second state of consciousness is very low level energy. Jung appreciated a term from Pierre Janet which describes this loss or lowering of psychic energy: *abaissement du niveau mental*. “Abaissement” is analogous to a basement, the lowering of the flow of mental energy in the psyche’s house. It is here that we are very susceptible to synchronistic events. We say, “It came out of the blue.” I suspect that we are having synchronistic events all day every day. It is only occasionally that we have the consciousness to capture the event. There are things going on in the unconscious that are connecting with conscious things continually—there to be experienced for those who have the eyes to see and the ears to hear. To share a synchronistic event makes one a bit vulnerable, for we have been trained and raised in the collective in a materialistic philosophical model—the belief that only matter matters. These things are non-material, non-rational, but that doesn’t mean that they are not true! Jung said, “We must learn to be able to discern between a physical fact and a spiritual truth.”



Pittman Megehee

Houston, TX

*J. Pittman McGehee is an Episcopal priest and the former Dean of Christ Cathedral in Houston, TX. He is Director of the Institute for the Advancement of Psychology and Spirituality, a Jungian analyst, and a faculty member of the C.G. Jung Institute in Zurich, Switzerland. He is a widely known lecturer in the field of psychology and religion, as well as a published poet and essayist. His books include, **The Invisible Church: Finding Spirituality Where You Are; Raising Lazarus: The Science of Healing the Soul; Words Made Flesh, The Paradox of Love, and Growing Down.** Find Pittman’s work for sale through The Jung Center of Houston or on Amazon.com. Visit www.pittmanmcgehee.com.*



Credo

“And for all this, nature is never spent;
There lives the dearest freshness deep down things;
And though the last lights off the black West went
Oh, morning, at the brown brink eastward, springs—

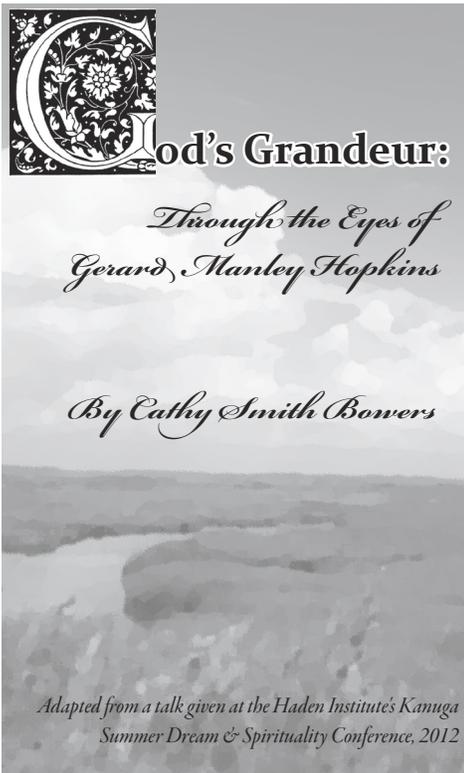
Because the Holy Ghost over the bent
World broods with warm breast and with ah! bright
wings.”

—Gerard Manley Hopkins

I believe in the resurrection because
when I hear the story in sacred language
and divine liturgy I feel it to be
making known what is true, felt down deep
where things begin. Something
wells up to awareness, a spirit,
a primordial spirit, like a brown brink
emerging out of darkness until
something signals a Holy Spirit that existed
before me and dwells within.
These deep down things emerge
above the horizon and remain fixed,
seared and sealed in consciousness, and
no darkness can hide these
things that arise again. And again.

—Pittman McGehee,

Growing Down, Ink Brush Press, 2013



When I was about ten years old I began, to my mother's dismay, following my teenage brother and his friends around the neighborhood. One day I watched them watch Nancy Owens, an older girl in the neighborhood, round the corner at the top of 11th street. "Slut!" One of the boys yelled out as she disappeared over the top of the hill in the direction of Pete Byrd's grocery store. When I asked my brother what that word "slut" meant, he snickered and hemmed and hawed

as the other boys jostled around him, then finally came out with something about girls giving it up easy and if I didn't get on back home where I belonged he was going to teach me a few more words I'd never heard of. Later, I asked my mother what it meant for a girl to "give it up easy." When she finally regained composure, she responded in her usual wise and instructive way, "You shut your mouth, young lady, before I stomp the livin' daylight's out of you."

That was my sex talk.

It wasn't until I had been writing and reading poems seriously for many years that I finally understood the full meaning of "giving it up easy." Unfortunately, by that time the good reputation my mother had so hoped and prayed for me was pretty much shot. Poems and dreams are like the 1950's nice girls my mother spoke so often and fondly of, in that the best ones don't give themselves up too easily, but yield slowly after having been courted with much patience, sensitivity, reverence, and care. No poet writing in modern English exemplifies this truth more than Gerard Manley Hopkins.

I discovered the poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins in high school by accident. Being a "Smith," I always ended up alphabetized to the back of the room. My senior year I had a teacher who was 125 years old. She stood at the front of the class and mumbled to the few students who were close enough to hear her and understand what she was saying. One day I finally gave up. I started flipping through my literature book—while she continued to mumble away at the front of the class—perusing the poems that were there.

When I began reading the enigmatic poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins, I found myself falling head over heels in love with pure sound. Everyday I would return to class and spend the hour reading again and again Hopkins' poems. Soon I had them memorized. Between classes I would walk down the hall amidst the opening and clanging shut of lockers quietly reciting *The Windhover*. "I caught this morning morning's minion, kingdom of daylight's dauphin, dapple-

dawn-drawn Falcon, in his riding of the rolling level underneath him steady air..." Did I have any idea what those words meant? No. Did I get asked out on any dates in high school. No. I did know that there was something going on inside those words that was working in me at the body, the heart, and the soul level. I am grateful no teacher ever assigned me those poems, asking me, as Billy Collins says in his delightful poem *Poetry 101*, "to tie [them] to a chair with a rope and torture a confession out of [them]."

Poetry 101

*I ask them to take a poem
and hold it up to the light
like a color slide*

or press an ear against its hive.

*I say drop a mouse into a poem
and watch him probe his way out,
or walk inside the poem's room
and feel the walls for a light switch.*

*I want them to waterski
across the surface of a poem
waving at the author's name on the shore.*

*But all they want to do
is tie the poem to a chair with rope
and torture a confession out of it.
They begin beating it with a hose
to find out what it really means.*

According to Bishop Larry Maze, "Myth doesn't explain the mystery. It invites us into the mystery." Myth, poetry, art, and dreams all operate on the same principles. I look back on my high school experience of Hopkins' poems as a marvelous dream I entered into when I was seventeen. That dream has haunted me ever since, offering me every time I return to it another layer of meaning, of possibility. So I would like to now invite you into the myth, the dream, the mystery of the poetry of the inimitable Gerard Manley Hopkins.

I agree with poet Robert Bly, who once said that when we read a poem on the page we take it in on the cerebral level, but when we hear it, we take it in at the body, the heart, and the spirit level. When you listen to a poem by Gerard Manley Hopkins being read aloud, close your eyes and you will find yourself drifting and floating on the language itself. (Listen on *Seedwork* or read the poems out loud to yourself.)

God's Grandeur

*The world is charged with the grandeur of God.
It will flame out, like shining from shook foil;
It gathers to a greatness, like the ooze of oil
Crushed. Why do men then now not reck his rod?
Generations have trod, have trod, have trod;
And all is seared with trade; bleared, smeared with toil;
And wears man's smudge and shares man's smell: the soil
Is bare now, nor can foot feel, being shod.*

*And for all this, nature is never spent;
There lives the dearest freshness deep down things;
And though the last lights off the black West went
Oh, morning, at the brown brink eastward, springs —
Because the Holy Ghost over the bent
World broods with warm breast and with ah! bright wings.*

Inversnaid

This darksome burn, horseback brown,
His rollrock highroad roaring down,
In coop and in comb the fleece of his foam
Flutes and low to the lake falls home.

A windpuff-bonnet of fawn froth
Turns and twindles over the broth
Of a pool so pitchblack, fell frowning,
It rounds and rounds Despair to drowning.

Degged with dew, dappled with dew
Are the groins of the braes that the brook treads through,
Wiry heathpacks, flitches of fern,
And the beadbonny ash that sits over the burn.

What would the world be, once bereft
Of wet and of wildness? Let them be left,
O let them be left, wildness and wet;
Long live the weeds and the wilderness yet.



Spring and Fall to a young child

Margaret, are you grieving
Over Goldengrove unleaving?
Leaves like the things of man, you
With your fresh thoughts care for, can you?
Ah! as the heart grows older
It will come to such sights colder
By and by, nor spare a sigh
Though worlds of wanwood leafmeal lie;
And yet you will weep and know why.
Now no matter, child, the name:
Sorrow's springs are the same.
Nor mouth had, nor mind, expressed
What heart heard of, ghost guessed:
It is the blight man was born for,
It is Margaret you mourn for.



Pied Beauty

Glory be to God for dappled things —
For skies of couple-colour as a brinded cow;
For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that swim;
Fresh-firecoal chestnut-falls; finches' wings;
Landscape plotted and pieced — fold, fallow, and plough;
And all trades, their gear and tackle and trim.

All things counter, original, spare, strange;
Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?)
With swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle, dim;
He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change:
Praise him.

The Windhover

To Christ Our Lord

I caught this morning morning's minion, king-
dom of daylight's dauphin, dapple-dawn-drawn
Falcon, in his riding
Of the rolling level underneath him steady air,
and striding
High there, how he rung upon the rein of a wimpling wing
In his ecstasy! then off, off forth on swing,
As a skate's heel sweeps smooth on a bow-bend:
the hurl and gliding
Rebuffed the big wind. My heart in hiding
Stirred for a bird, — the achieve of, the mastery
of the thing!

Brute beauty and valour and act, oh, air, pride, plume, here
Buckle! AND the fire that breaks from thee then, a billion
Times told lovelier, more dangerous, O my chevalier!

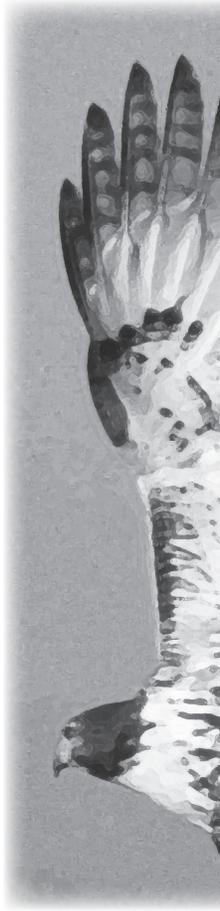
No wonder of it: sheer plod makes plough down
sillion
Shine, and blue-bleak embers, ah my dear,
Fall, gall themselves, and gash gold-vermilion.

Gerard Manley Hopkins was born at Stratford, Essex, in 1844 and died in 1889. He was, in essence, a Victorian, but more than any other poet of the Victorian age what Hopkins did with poetry created a bridge between the Victorian era and the Modern era. Thus, he is considered one of the earliest modern English poets. This man who changed poetry was born into a middle class family, the eldest of eight children. His father was an insurance adjuster, of all things. Two of his brothers were artists, and Gerard Manley Hopkins himself at one point wanted to be an artist. He went to Oxford where he was drawn to Catholicism. Because of his growing devoutness, his giving his heart and himself to God, to Christ, he stopped writing poems. He felt that the things he had been writing about were too worldly.

In 1875 a vessel called the *Deutschland* shipwrecked in a devastating storm as it entered the mouth of the Thames. Many passengers were killed including five Franciscan nuns who had been exiled from Germany because of the Falk laws. This was a life changing experience for Hopkins. He shared with his Superior how the event had moved him, struck him, and haunted him. His Superior suggested that he write a poem about it. Hopkins did; the poem was one of his longer poems called *The Wreck of the Deutschland*. The writing of that poem was a pivotal moment in his life. *The Wreck of the Deutschland* is mostly a lyric poem relating his reflections on spirituality, the nature of spirituality, God, and Christ. At one point he tells the narrative, in poetry, of the wreck itself and he focuses on the chief nun. The poem is a merging of his own conversion and the chief nun's transfiguring death. The theme in his poetry became a celebration through word of the bond between God's wrath and God's love—an attempt to hold the tension of God's wrath while also holding God's love.

In 1877 he was ordained a Jesuit priest and burned all of his early poems that he felt were too worldly. As a priest and poet, he would write only those poems that celebrated God and God's work in the world, in the human heart, and the spirit. Hopkins' faith was itself a source of anguish. He said he never wavered in it, but never felt worthy of it. Many of his poems pit anguish and rapture against each other while asking the reader to hold that tension.

His innovation of style reflected his belief in the originality and





uniqueness of every single one of God's creations. He wanted his poems to show that same kind of wonderfully strange uniqueness, to emulate God's creation of that originality in everything. That is why his poems seem so peculiar. That peculiarity of style was a deliberate thing.

Hopkins believed that the difficulty of composition was a means of achieving poetic value, just as the difficulty of spiritual exercises was productive of higher quality within the self. I have often heard students wonder why he made his poems so confusing—hiding what it was he was trying to say. Actually, Hopkins' intention was to do just the opposite. He said his verse was intended to elicit the special identity of the thing, releasing its unseen energy and conveying the specialness of it. He coined a word for this specialness: "inscape." His newly coined word is a play on the word "landscape"—the word we use for those things outside of us. In his poetry he attempts to shine a light on the inscape of God's creation, to reveal to the reader a thing's originality, that particular thing's connection to God. Everything has it: this internal flame that is the spark of the divine.

Language failing him, Hopkins searched beyond the language of his time by reverting to the vernacular, to archaic words no longer in use. When even those words failed him, he would make up words: *leafmeal*, *bloomfall*, *roll-rock*.

Even traditional metrics failed to serve the vision he had for his poems. Traditionally, poets used standard rhythms—the iambic, the trochaic, the anapestic, or the dactylic foot. But those rhythms did not give him enough freedom to express either the height of rapture or the depth of anguish. So he invented a new rhythm, a heightened, and often erratic, use of syllabics he called *sprung rhythm*. For instance, a line of iambic pentameter poetry has ten syllables, five unstressed syllables and five stressed syllables, *da DA da DA da DA da DA da DA*. In order to express the energy or even the quietness he needed to convey in a poem, Hopkins still used five stressed syllables, but he didn't care where in the phrase they occurred. Sometimes he would jam all five stressed syllables up against each other, causing the sound to stay in an upper register of energy. *That* is the essence of *sprung* rhythm.

He said that his verse is meant less to be read than to be heard. For Hopkins, sometimes the only way of expressing meaning was through sound itself. The whole scale of vowel sounds rises like a musical scale in differing frequencies of energy. The lowest energy vowel sound is "oo." It is soothing, calming, and can also give a sense of dread or sadness. Moving up the scale, the highest frequency sound is "ē." Listen to a line from the wonderful poem, *The Windhover*: "oh, air, pride, plume, here." As you say the words, you feel the frequency in your body rising. This is a physical thing, not just an emotional thing. The rising vowel frequencies do something to the body itself. Sound can actually change the brain.

I would like for you to fall in love with the mystery, with the sound of these poems. Think of them with the same terms and tools that we use to explore our dreams. We are not going "to tie them to a chair and torture a confession out of them." I'm still in the dream of Hopkins' poetry. I love being in the dream of it, but it doesn't

mean I'm not also delighted when I have a realization or an insight, actually understanding what it is he might be trying to say.

The first stanza of *God's Grandeur* is an expression of anguish, changing and moving to rapture in the last stanza. "The world is charged with the grandeur of God. It will flame out, like shining from shook foil." This description is a simile for his idea of inscape, that thing inside each part—animal, vegetable, mineral—of God's creation. "It will flame out, like shining from shook foil. . . ." Here he is alluding to gold leaf which comes in very thin sheets—the gold leaf used to border the pages of religious texts. His phrase "the ooze of oil Crushed" refers to olives being crushed and how, as the oil oozes out, "it gathers to a greatness," increasing the speed as more oil is crushed out. Hopkins wonders, then, why we refuse to revere God's greatness and power: "Why do men then now not reckon his rod?" He is expressing his anguish over what human beings are doing to this creation.

And yet, he moves from this regretful question into that wonderful second stanza: "And for all this, nature is never spent; There lives the dearest freshness deep down things. . . ." If you look at that final line, "the bent/World broods with warm breast and with ah! bright wings," notice how he uses sound at the end of that poem. There are three stresses back-to-back because he wants that expression of ecstasy at the end. He wants our voices and our bodies to feel that ecstasy. He uses monosyllabic words in order to carry more energy. (I've always found it odd that the word *monosyllabic* is a five syllable word meaning one syllable.) Monosyllabic words carry a lot more energy than multisyllabic words. The more syllables you have in a word the softer the effect. The last line of the poem—where he really wants to recreate that energy—consists of all monosyllabic words.

Hopkins visited Inversnaid, a waterfall in Scotland, and was taken by the beauty and power of it. Talk about just loving a poem for sound! "His rollrock highroad roaring down, In coop and in comb the fleece of his foam Flutes and low to the lake falls home." Just say it. Who cares what it means! Your voice is doing what a waterfall does, exactly what it's doing. This poem is a wonderful example of his use of made-up words: "His *rollrock* highroad roaring down, In coop and in comb. . . ." Water is contained both "in coop" and "in comb" when it is rushing over the waterfalls. Whether it is contained or flowing, there is magic in water, there is spirit in it.

Hopkins believed *The Windhover*, dedicated *To Christ Our Lord*, to be the best poem he ever wrote and is probably the most confusing. As in myth and in dreams, the language of metaphor is used. I invite you to stay in the mystery and sound of Hopkins' poems. Memorize some of the words so that you will have them in your body. That in itself is enough. In a similar way, look more closely at your dreams and interact more with them. Wake up in the morning and let yourself stay in the dream and its energies. That in itself is vast. Remember that poetry, myth, dreams, and art in general all act on the same principles. They make our lives rich—if not with understanding, then with mystery.

Cathy Smith Bowers

Tryon, NC

Poet laureate of North Carolina from 2010-2012, Cathy Smith Bowers' collections of poetry include *The Love That Ended Yesterday in Texas*, *Traveling in Time of Danger*, *A Book of Minutes*, *The Candle I Hold Up to See You*, and *Like Shining from Shook Foil*. She is poet-in-residence at Queens University, Charlotte, and currently teaches creative writing in the MFA program, as well as at Wofford College. A faculty member at The Haden Institute, she teaches the abiding image as invitation to poetry.

RETREATS & CONFERENCES

Natural Spirituality Regional Gathering

Supporting Christian Dream Work

Mikell Conference Center, Toccoa, Georgia

February 7-9, 2014

(or come for Saturday, February 8th 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. The 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)

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

Ancient Mind ~ Ancient Soul

presented by Awakening Soul/November 7 - 10, 2013

COME FOR SANCTUARY, SUSTENANCE AND INSPIRATION

Come experience fresh ways of imagining God with us, engaging the modern mind while touching the ancient soul within. At the heart of our conversation:

Lauren Winner—author, Christian Spirituality professor at Duke Divinity School, and Episcopal priest.

Jerry Wright—Jungian analyst, pilgrimage leader and Presbyterian minister.

Brian Prior, Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Minnesota, will be our chaplain weaving the experience together through worship and story telling. **Fran McKendree**, with an ensemble including **Lindsey Blount**, **River Guerguerian**, **Charles Milling** and **Duncan Wickel** will create music. Our meeting space will be surrounded by inspiring images created by folk artist **RaRa Schlitt**.

Registration fees: Tier one lodging-\$600, Tier two lodging-\$510

Commuter-\$440. Child care will be available

For more information visit: www.awakeningsoulpresents.org

Sacred Studies Weekend

The Abiding Image: An Invitation to Poetry
with **Cathy Smith Bowers**

Friday, October 11, 7:30pm-9:00pm

Saturday, October 12, 10:00am-3pm

Church of the Good Shepherd

Lookout Mountain, TN

Call Kathleen Crevasse

423-821-1583

Kathleen@gslookout.com



WisdomWork Educational Institute's
Winter Conference

The Science, Psychology and Spirituality of
Dreaming

with Robert Hoss, MS,

Director and past president of the International Association for the Study of Dreams (IASD) and author of
Dream Language and Dream Freedom.

Friday February 28, 2014, 7pm to 9pm

Saturday March 1, 2014, 9am to 4pm

St. James' Episcopal Church

3921 Oak Ridge Drive

Jackson, MS 39110

Cost: \$65

Includes lunch and snacks

Contact: Karen Bonner at kmbonner2000@yahoo.com

or Barbara Dearman, registrar

601-362-5515, brd1@bellsouth.net



Bethany Retreat House

a place away close by

For information on Dream Retreats

Contact Joyce Diltz, PHJC, D.MIN.

219-398-5047

bethanyrh@sbcglobal.net

www.bethanyretreathouse.org





Staff photo KSD&SC Summer 2012, photo by Robin Smith

Summer Dream & Spirituality Conference God's Forgotten Language

May 25-30, 2014

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.



Peggy Thrasher Law



Staff photo KSD&SC Summer 2013, photo by Robin Smith

Register at www.hadeninstitute.com

For more information contact the Haden Institute:

office@hadeninstitute.com

phone 828-693-9292



Enneagram Conference Becoming Conscious

Kanuga Conference Center, December 5-8, 2013

Dr. Joe Howell with Special Guest Dr. Raymond Moody

Kanuga.org/enneagram



Listen to Lectures

FREE downloads of selected lectures from
THE HADEN INSTITUTE'S
SUMMER DREAM & SPIRITUALITY CONFERENCES
2003-2012 (and soon 2013...) are available on
the SeedWork website www.seedwork.org (click "Seedwork Audio");
on iTunes (search "seedwork"); or through the web on your computer
at www.archive.org (search "seedwork"). CD's may also be purchased
through Lucky Dog Audio by contacting charles@luckydogaudio.com.

CALL FOR POETRY & ARTWORK



Have you thought of submitting your dream inspired work to *The Rose*? If you have been waiting for a sign, this is it!

We would like to hear from as many dream groups in our community as possible from Alaska to Vermont, Arkansas to Virginia, Florida to France, and everywhere in between!

Send your work to:
editor.therose@gmail.com
or mail by post to:

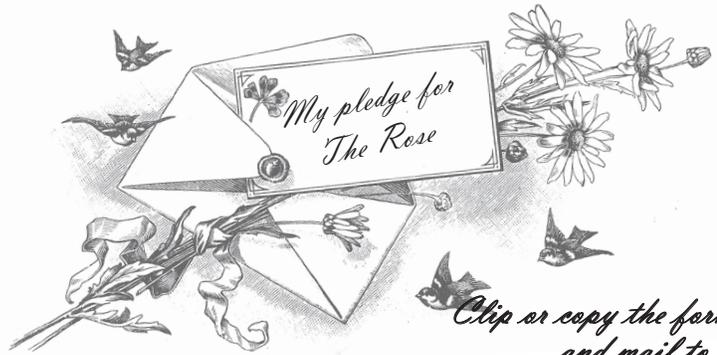
The Rose
at Emmanuel Church
498 Prince Ave
Athens, GA 30601

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 the form below
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 131 beloved **HUNDRED MONKEYS**. Because our mailing list keeps growing—now 3,280—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 Issue 22 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



Hummingbird by Peggy Thrasher Law