

The Rose

inviting Wisdom into our lives & churches

Emmanuel Church ■ Athens, Georgia

Summer-Fall 2003 ■ Issue 4

The Forgotten Marriage

I N DECEMBER 2001, my beloved wife Jane died of cancer. As one would expect, it was a shattering experience both emotionally and spiritually. Since that time, I have been threading my way through the labyrinthine pathways of the grief journey.

Seven months after my wife's death, a series of dreams began which appear to be pointing me to the healing energy of the inner Feminine. One dream in particular seems to bring into focus the individuation task to which I have been assigned at this juncture:

Jane and I are at a conference in a somewhat rustic setting. We and the other participants have taken a break for lunch. I explain to Jane that I have to leave shortly in order to keep a dental appointment. I go outside and search in the various parking lots,
(continued on page 4)

What's Inside

The Rev. Patrick Murray	1	The Forgotten Marriage
Jennifer Andrus	6	Life/Death/Life
Bret Whissel	10	Setting Out
Suzanne Reamy	12	MOVIE ANALYSIS: Signs: Faith's Shadow at Work
The Rev. Susan Sims-Smith	14	SERMON: What Child Is This?
Ike Griffin	16	Tolley's Mandala
Frank Farrar	17	An Experience of Peace
Robert Pullen	18	The King Cake
NATURAL SPIRITUALITY	18	Basics & Program List—Churches with Groups
Joan Davis	19	Texas Dreamers Trek to Arkansas
The Rev. Brewster Beach	20	The Magnification of Jesus
Agnes Parker	25	DEEP SCRIPTURE: Listening with New Ears
Kyran Pittman	26	DEEP SCRIPTURE: Three Steps Forward, Two Back
Schalom Ben-Chorin	28	BOOK EXCERPT: The Fifth Cup
Tina Bodiak	32	Life's Seasons
Jamie Rasche	32	Rainbow's End
Joyce Rockwood Hudson	33	EDITOR'S WINDOW: Keeping the Sabbath, 2003
AND...	◆	POETRY, REFLECTIONS & FAVORITE BOOKS
	◆	CONFERENCES & RETREATS

The Rose

inviting Wisdom into our lives & churches

Summer/Fall 2003, Issue 4

Editor

Joyce Rockwood Hudson

Assisting Editors and Proofreaders for this Issue

Kyran Pittman, Carol Shoemaker,
Elizabeth Morris, Agnes Parker

Designer

Joyce Rockwood Hudson
Original design by Wanda Krewer

✦ How to 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

rosewisdom@mindspring.com

Due to the high cost of international mail,
please send \$10/year for international
subscriptions (includes two issues).

✦ How to Send *THE ROSE* to Friends

Mail or email their names and addresses to
one of the addresses above.

To send or receive this current issue,
see "Bunches of Roses"
on the back cover.

✦ How to Make a Donation 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. Mail to:

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

Copyright

The material in *THE ROSE* is protected by
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 illustration: *South Window, Amiens Cathedral,
France*. Pencil drawing by Adrienne Lynch.

A Word from Emmanuel

ANDREI CODRESCU OFFERED WORDS like these in a recent NPR broadcast:

Delta flight attendant Casey was riveting as she made avant garde theater out of the shopworn text of the preflight announcements. This was a woman who owned 80% of herself, and for that moment she owned the passengers, too. Most people own only 3% of themselves. The rest is owned by the family, or company, or whoever passes through at the moment. If the army doesn't own you, the media owns you, or some bad habit has got you. To have a mind of our own comes at a high cost and then lasts only for a moment, as in a performance. Casey transformed the preflight announcements into a guide into the next world, an instructional poem for leaving the body. It would be worth flying just to see her perform.

Wow! There is a person out there who owns 80% of herself! Astonishing. One could reasonably conclude that a lot of what she "owns" has been retrieved by her from the unconscious. It is unimaginable that a person who has a mind of her own has not come into intimate acquaintance with those parts of herself that most of us never even glimpse, let alone own.

I had to stop my car to listen to Andrei. This is something I learned to do at the time of his classic essays about his return to Rumania from exile. Like flight attendant Casey, Andrei Codrescu is at home wherever he is, because he too owns himself. That seems to be the challenge God holds out to us. And the price is high. We are called to claim what we would prefer to ignore, devalue, or dismiss. Thank you, God, for Casey, and for Andrei. They give us hope for holiness.

The Rev. Peter Courtney, Rector
Emmanuel Episcopal Church, Athens, GA

"The rose is to the Western mythological tradition what the lotus is to the Eastern tradition. Dante's great epic is about the multifoliate rose unfolding—the soul bud maturing into the full blown rose." —*Marion Woodman, letter to a young friend*

What is *THE ROSE*?

THE ROSE IS PUBLISHED twice a year by the Natural Spirituality Group at Emmanuel Episcopal Church in Athens, Georgia. It is offered free of charge to help link together groups and individuals engaged in integrating dreamwork and other authentic aspects of the inner journey into regular Christian life.

THE ROSE publishes articles submitted by journeyers from all locales. It is a forum for telling personal stories; for sharing dreams; for setting forth insights from the inner journey; for sharing relevant books; for analyzing movies; for looking at the deeper meaning of Scripture; for poetry and short reflections; for the publication of apt sermons; for exchanging information about how natural spirituality pro-

grams are conducted in different places; for announcing upcoming conferences; and for reports on the same after they have taken place.



Submissions Policy

Articles range from 100 to 2000 words. Digital submission is preferred, though non-digital, hard copy is acceptable. Material should be appropriate to the mission of *THE ROSE*. Send submissions to: rosewisdom@mindspring.com or to: **The Rose at Emmanuel Church, 498 Prince Avenue, Athens, GA 30601.**

The deadline for the next issue is September 30, 2003. This includes articles announcing conferences that will take place from February–August, 2004. Bare bones announcements (date and contact information) will be accepted through December 1.

A Note from the Editor...

IN THIS ISSUE we introduce two new article categories to which we hope our readers will continue to contribute: DEEP SCRIPTURE and MOVIE ANALYSIS. These are not as different from each other as they might seem. Each is based on the symbolic thinking that spreads from dreams to all of life when we truly “get it” about the never ending dialogue between the unconscious and consciousness—between the Wisdom of God and human understanding.

In their DEEP SCRIPTURE articles, Agnes Parker and Kyran Pittman each share with us a moment of revelation that came during a reading of Scripture in a church service. Both found themselves leaving the consciousness-joined-to-consciousness level of understanding and going deeper, to the consciousness-joined-to-the-unconscious level that they have learned in dreamwork. In each case, an old, familiar passage of Scripture became imbued with new meaning and was heard as if for the first time.

Suzanne Reamy, for her part, took in the movie *Signs* at this same consciousness-joined-to-the-unconscious level of understanding. Movies can play an important part in our dialogue with Wisdom. It is synchronicity, the mystery of timing, that makes such outer events personally relevant. We do well, when at the movies, to stop and ask ourselves, “Why is *this* the movie I am watching right now?” Suzanne’s in-depth analysis shows us how rich this line of inquiry can be.

Joyce Rockwood Hudson



God’s Pronouns

THE ROSE embraces a policy of inconsistency in this area, recognizing that whether God’s presence is felt at any one moment as He or She (capital or lower case), or neither, is a personal reality for each individual. None of these options is wrong. We leave the matter entirely to each author.

Money ^K Business

THE ROSE YOU ARE HOLDING IN YOUR HANDS comes to you free of charge. If you have friends who would enjoy *THE ROSE*, we will gladly add them, free of charge, to our mailing list, which now numbers more than 1,200. It is our firm desire that *THE ROSE* move freely through the world in this way, like grace. How can we afford this? The money for *THE ROSE*—*all of it*—comes from our readers as voluntary gifts sent to us issue by issue.

To put a firm floor under this process, some of our readers have joined together to meet any shortfall that might arise as each issue heads into production. These valiant souls are our Hundred Monkeys. (Actually, there are at present only 73 of them, up from 64 at the time of *ROSE 3*.) Each Monkey pledges to contribute as much as \$100 per year, though the actual amount requested of them so far has been less. For each of the two issues in 2002, the Monkey assessment was \$25, for a total of \$50 for that year. For the current issue, the Monkeys were asked for only \$10 each. (Quite a few Monkeys donate above the requested

amount, which helps build a surplus for the next issue.)

This Monkey business is working beautifully. Please note, however, that it depends on continuing support from readers who are *not* Monkeys in order to keep the financial burden from falling too heavily on the Monkeys. The mechanics of the process are simple:

Donors who are not Monkeys should please send in their contributions for the next issue (ROSE 5) right away (see page 2). The fund that results from these donations will determine how much will be asked of the Monkeys, who will receive their next letter of request in November.

We are still 26 Monkeys short of our goal of 100. If you would like to join our troop, please fill out the form on page 35 and send it in. It’s fun to be a Monkey!

Many thanks to everyone who contributed to *ROSE 4*. As you read these pages, please keep in mind that you personally had a hand in bringing them into the world.

The Hundredth Monkey A Mostly True Story

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

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

(For more: www.context.org/ICLIB/ICO9/Myers)



The Forgotten Marriage

(continued from page 1)

but my car is nowhere to be found. I go back into the building and report this to Jane. Suddenly, some doors open on an upper level, and an elderly woman begins descending the stairs to where we are sitting. As she descends, it dawns on me that I am married to her. The marriage has occurred some time ago, but I have forgotten all about it. I feel quite chagrined that I have never even been to see her or acknowledged the marriage in any way. At that point, Jane and I go back outside, and there is my car on a roadway below. The door on the driver's side is standing open.

The elderly woman in the dream is a person whom my wife and I both knew and greatly admired. We used to say that if we made it to her age, we hoped to be like her. A widow for many years, and now in her late eighties, she is still intellectually and spiritually vital and active, eagerly attending concerts, study groups, church, and social events. As for the car, it was a particular vehicle I owned many years ago for about three years, a period of time that corresponded exactly with several major transitions in my life: the death of my father; a change in vocations; two moves; preparation for priesthood; the birth of a severely challenged daughter; and the taking on of my first parish.

Not long after the dream, I began reading Joyce Hudson's *Natural Spirituality* for a second time in connection with co-teaching a natural spirituality class at a local church with my friend Vic Fleming. I was amazed at how many things I had missed or not understood in my first reading. In light of this dream, however, none of these rediscoveries was more electrifying than the following passage:

When a person applies the Jungian tools to his or her individual journey and begins to pay attention to dreams and synchronistic experience, that person will find that the problem of reconciling the masculine and feminine elements of his or her own life rises to prominence in the

dialogue that comes from the unconscious. The road toward God is a road toward marriage, not in the outer world but within ourselves. It is a road toward a wedding of opposites that seeks to take place in the depths of our own being. (p. 129)

Just in case I didn't get it the first time, some mentoring force delivered another punch a few paragraphs later:

If we are to find redemption and resolution for the problems of our lives and live toward the inner marriage to which the Christian life calls us, we must become conscious of the opposites. We must understand what is feminine in us and what is masculine and allow these two principles to find their right relationship. They cannot be consciously related until they are consciously separated. Each principle must be recognized and honored in its own right. Only then can the two come together in true union. (p. 133)

One bright September afternoon, almost as close as yesterday, Jane and I concluded our wedding vows in the familiar words of *The Book of Common Prayer*, "until we are parted by death." That solemn phrase has now asserted its autonomy over our "external" marriage, as it ultimately does over all our earthly ties. In the aftermath, the dream seems to be requiring of me the renewal of an "inner marriage" to certain qualities of the Feminine which are essential to the healing of the heart. Not the least of these are receptivity to the paradox of grace through suffering, and patient endurance in the chaos of transition.

In a more recent dream, Feminine energy appears to be offering sustenance and support for the challenging task of saying goodbye to one chapter of life and opening another:

I am in a hotel elevator with a kind of generic spouse-figure (not exactly Jane). The elevator is slow and dilapidated, and we creep upward painstakingly, finally reaching the thirteenth floor (Thirteen suggests to me an aura of mystery). There we find preparations

being made for a lavish banquet. However, it is not one to which we have been invited, and I wonder where we can find something to eat. My spouse goes ahead and fixes herself a plate from some of the provisions already on the table, and the servers do not seem to object. I consider doing the same, but conclude that I am not entitled to this food and go instead to a separate room, where there is a group of men. I assume that I will simply have to forego eating for a while. Soon, however, a sort of "Earth Mother" figure comes into the room with a small platter that she has prepared for me, including sliced turkey (a frequent choice of mine for light meals). I think to myself how very kind it was of her to do this.

A key element of this dream would seem to be my departing from the spouse-figure and going to a different space, where I expect to be "fasting" for a time. There, to my surprise, however, I am fed—at least provisionally—by an Eve-like *anima* energy in this temporary lodging.

One Saturday morning soon after this dream, the house seemed especially quiet. I decided to consult the *I Ching* in connection with my daily time of prayer

and meditation. I followed Joyce Hudson's suggestion in *Natural Spirituality* about sometimes not addressing any specific question to the process, but simply asking for guidance in one's current life situation (p. 282). I was directed to hexagram Three, "Difficulty at the Beginning," the commentary for which includes the following: "Times of growth are beset with difficulties. They resemble a first birth. But these difficulties arise from the very profusion of all that is struggling to attain form. . . . When it is a man's fate to undertake such new beginnings, everything is still unformed, dark." However, the commentary affirms, "in the chaos of difficulty at the beginning, order is already implicit." Therefore, says the ancient Wisdom, "one has to arrange the inchoate profusion of such times of beginning, just as one sorts out silk threads from a knotted tangle and binds them into skeins. In order to find one's place in the infinity of being, one must be able both to separate and to unite." (Wilhelm/Baynes trans, p. 16–17)

Sometimes synchronicity seems almost to take our breath away—but then replaces it with the Breath of the Spirit.

Little Rock, AR **The Rev. Patrick Murray**

 For more on friend Vic Fleming, see his articles in the three past issues of *THE ROSE*. For more on natural spirituality, see pp. 18–19 of this issue.

Pat Murray has been an Episcopal priest in the Diocese of Arkansas for 25 years. Prior to that he was a philosophy professor. He is a graduate of Baylor University and has a doctorate in theology from Duke University. He is the author of Living Beyond Your Losses (Morehouse, 1997) and numerous articles and reviews. He recently graduated from the Dream Leadership Program at the Haden Institute, Charlotte, NC.

Jane Chesnutt Murray was Director of Christian Formation at St. Margaret's Episcopal Church in Little Rock, where at the time of her death she was helping to start a Journey Group. St. Margaret's now has two Journey Groups.



If anyone comes to me without totally detaching from his father, mother, wife, children, brothers, sisters, yes and his own life too, he cannot be my disciple. Anyone who does not carry his cross and come after me cannot be my disciple.

Luke 14:26–27

Life/Death/Life

"In my dream it did not matter what form the souls took, whether it was sheep or goat. What mattered was that the sacrifice became noticed by human consciousness and was chosen with a song."

I HAD A MOMENT THE OTHER NIGHT when I crumpled under the overwhelming burden of all that has already lived and died in my life, even at the tender age of twenty-one. Here is how I wrote about it in my journal:

I feel so crushed. Something I cannot yet name has come to an end. I did not know this morning how appropriate it would be when I decided to wear a teardrop necklace, or how significant it was last evening when I noted the leaves falling like teardrops. Who knew that in so short a time teardrops would fall like rain from my own eyes? God knew and was preparing me. Synchronicity. And then there was my dream last night of the slaughtered sheep/goats—some without songs whose cries continued long after their deaths, others with songs being sung for them, also being slaughtered but going peacefully. In the meantime (still in the dream), we were all being distracted by these "important" interviews and did not know, or forgot, to sing for the sheep/goats.

I cannot stand all this unconscious feeling. Perhaps I could stop this crying and this mourning. But these tears have a purpose. How can people forget their purpose so easily? We do not even realize what we are doing most of the time. Things slip unnoticed past our consciousness and wreak havoc in the unconscious, personal and collective. Here I am trying to pull the shattered pieces back together by bringing awareness to these feelings from the unconscious.

Okay, collect, listen. Breathe and accept, breathe and create. . . . I am still here; a little fractured, but still here.

The shattering creates room for a new creation:

an opportunity to put the pieces back together in a new form. Another step toward individuation, toward wholeness. The energy does not disappear; it continues as long as there are tensions to maintain it. I am ready for a new phase of my journey, now that I have made peace with this moment of transition.

THE LIFE JOURNEY from initial birth to final death is full of many birthings and dyings. We continually re-enter the womb after the end of one cycle to prepare for the birth of the next cycle. In *Women Who Run With the Wolves*, Clarissa Estes, a Jungian analyst and author, refers to this universal pattern as the Life/Death/Life cycle. The Life/Death/Life cycle is not limited to individuals. It is in fact a collective reality, uniting humanity across time and space; for what is true for individuals is also true for the entire human species. In *Modern Man in Search of a Soul*, Carl Jung unites all of nature through the shared Life/Death/Life pattern: "The psychic depths are nature, and nature is creative life. It is true that nature tears down what she has herself built up—yet she builds it once again" (p. 215).

One cannot assume that it is pure chance that all humans, animals, and plants—all life—share the same cyclical pattern of birth, life, and death. Perhaps the psychic pattern is borrowed from the natural world. If so, I have not learned the whole lesson because I struggle with the transitions from one life to the next life or death. It is sometimes difficult for me to let go, while in the natural world life and death seem to pass into each other so smoothly. A seed falls to the earth; a flower grows, blooms, creates a new seed, dies, and returns to the earth. The sun sets, the moon rises; the moon sets, the sun rises.

Transitions in a human life cycle are generally accompanied by a more dramatic energy. Carl Jung believed that this energy results from the tension of opposites—an energy he referred to as "psychic energy." Like physical energy, a basic law of physics governs psychic energy: energy cannot be created or destroyed. The life/death tension creates a powerful energy. The energy



inherent in this pair creates a continuing cycle of creation and destruction. The energy itself continues; it is not created or destroyed. Continuance of each cycle depends on the conscious capacity for growth, and the challenge for growth is to maintain the tension and not give up the struggle.

We fight against the Life/Death/Life cycle, especially the deaths, but it all continues in spite of us. In a biblical parable, Jacob wrestled with a power greater than himself, but he would not let go. He struggled through the night and would not give in without a blessing. He experienced a small death along with the blessing—a death of his previous self, symbolized by a limp. The sun rose, his walk continued, and he faced the new day with a new name, a renewed chance at life.

Experiences of life and death differ from person to person and within each person according to timing and circumstances. However, all life draws from the same source of psychic energy, following the same general Life/Death/Life pattern:

So we see again, in modern life, the tendency to repeat old patterns.

Those who have to learn to face death may have to relearn the old message that tells us that death is a mystery for which we must prepare ourselves in the same spirit of submission and humility as we once learned to prepare ourselves for life. (C.G. Jung, *Man and His Symbols*, pp. 145-46)

Thankfully, death is not all that continues, as Estes points out: “We have been taught that death is always followed by more death. It is simply not so; death is always in the process of incubating new life, even when one’s existence has been cut down to the bones” (p.142). Death is a preparation for life, and

life is a preparation for death—one phase of the cycle blends into the next, and nature, like the unconscious that energizes her, favors neither life nor death; she is neither moral nor immoral, but amoral.

A CLEARER IDEA of facing life and death was revealed to me in the Sheep/Goats dream of death that I referred to earlier. Here is how I recorded it in my journal:

JACOB WRESTLES WITH THE DARKNESS

THAT NIGHT JACOB GOT UP and took the people of his household and crossed the ford of the Jabbok....And Jacob was left alone. There was one who wrestled with him until daybreak. When the one who wrestled saw that he could not overpower Jacob, he touched the socket of his hip so that it was wrenched. Then he said to Jacob, “Let go, for it is daybreak.” But Jacob replied, “I will not let you go unless you bless me.” Then the other asked him, “What is your name?” “Jacob,” he answered. Then he said, “Your name shall no longer be Jacob, but Israel; because you have been strong against God, you shall prevail against men.”...Then he blessed him there. So Jacob called the place Peniel, saying, “It is because I saw God face to face, and yet my life was spared.” The sun rose above him as he passed Peniel, and he was limping because of his hip.

Genesis 32:22-31

I am kidnapped with other people by a man from El Salvador. He takes us for a long drive to his town. We pass the town. The sky is pink from the setting sun. Night is coming. Someone speaks up to tell him that he missed his exit; but there is only one way to get to his town, and it is indirect. He turns sideways, speeding down the highway, and now he is speeding backwards in the other direction, decelerating so that he can move with the traffic again.

And here I find myself at a sheep/goat slaughter (I cannot tell whether the animals are sheep or goats and it does not really matter). I look up and see the highway ramps. Each person is taken, one by one, to be interviewed. At the same time, sheep/goats are being

chosen for slaughter. Some sheep/goats are chosen by people, who sing a song to them as the animals plunge from the high exit ramps to their deaths. They die silently, peacefully. But others are not chosen, and a princess just waves her hand three times and they are pushed off in silence. I watch one of these fall to its death. Its cries do not stop even after it is killed. I can still hear it in my mind. And at the same time, the guy I have been talking with is taken for his interview. He quietly waves goodbye as I sit in the pews waiting for my turn.

The sheep/goats symbolism impressed me when I awoke because I recognized it as biblical. In the Old Testament sheep and goats were killed and given

as sacrifices to God. Only the best were chosen. There is also a passage in the Bible that declares that the sheep and goats are separated; the sheep go to heaven and the goats go to hell: "All the nations will be gathered before him, and he will separate the people from one another as a shepherd separates the sheep from the goats. He will put the sheep on his right and the goats on his left" (Matthew 24:32-34). But in my dream it did not matter what form the souls took, whether it was sheep or goat. What mattered was that the sacrifice became noticed by human consciousness and was chosen with a song.

As the sun set in my dream and the day faded into night, there were many deaths and much distress, though not all of the deaths were marked by crying: the deaths accompanied by song were eased. The song, the conscious acknowledgment of the sheep/goats' existence and passing, created a peaceful fall. The songs were prayers that put the sheep/goats into a centered state, preparing them for the end of their conscious experience of life. When death is confronted and consciously accepted, it is no longer frightening. Some deaths are peaceful, while others are traumatic. The same goes for births.

These two forms of death—the traumatic and the peaceful—are symbolic of the two perspectives we have of death: that of the ego and that of the psyche (C.G. Jung, *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*, p. 314). From the ego's standpoint, death represents leaving behind everything known and loved. Death seems to be a permanent separation. The psyche, however, does not fear death. Rather, it joyfully anticipates both life and death, knowing that death is followed by new life and wholeness. Light follows darkness.

THERE IS BEAUTY at the end of the day, at the beginning of the night. The transition from day to night, from light to dark is so soft—a shift so

subtle—that it is difficult, if not impossible, to draw a clear line between the two opposites. At their meeting the tension dissolves, and the two become one as the first makes room for the second. The passing of day into night and night into day is a continuous cycle of birthing and dying.

Nature welcomes the night as she welcomes the day. Why, then, is it so difficult for modern people living in a Western paradigm to enter the darkness? Perhaps it is because people in the West relate to the world and to each other through ego consciousness. To the conscious mind, the darkness is unknowable and therefore is often feared. The ego does not know

what life awaits in the darkness. The connection between consciousness and the unconscious has been all but lost in our modern world. The existence of the spiritual darkness is forgotten and blocked out by worldly matters. Jung clearly expressed the effect on the modern person of covering the stillness with busyness: "[Modern man's] moral and spiritual tradition has disintegrated, and he is now paying the price for this breakup in worldwide disorientation and dissociation" (*Man and His Symbols*, p. 84).

Ideally, the darkness should be a place of rest, but in reality it is cluttered with shadows that are not welcome in the conscious

mind. When the ego reigns supreme, the mysterious spiritual darkness of the unconscious is filled with distractions that keep at bay the quiet darkness that would envelop us if the power were turned off. There is too much artificial light that not only hides the natural light but also deceptively masks the darkness, thereby separating humanity from the natural world of instincts and traditional wisdom. I believe that we spend our lives trying to remember what we once knew, trying to recover memories lost when we became conscious beings apart from the unconscious realm. Perhaps we all came from the undivided world of the unconscious,



from Forever, and will return there if the path back is not too obscured by the noises and obstacles created by our conscious existence.

To recover the natural instincts, we must believe in the wisdom of the unconscious. We must leap into the dark stillness and have faith that we will find solid ground or learn to fly. The leap into the unknown is like birth and death: from the womb to the physical world, from the physical world to the greater unknown. It is not such a risk if we can remember that “whenever new life grows and emerges, darkness is crucial to the process. Caterpillars in the chrysalis, seed in the ground, child in the womb, True Self in the soul” (Sue Monk Kidd, *When the Heart Waits*, p. 148).

I have learned time and time again that if I can let go and trust in the present, accepting whatever may be in the process of creation, then life runs more smoothly. Letting go also creates a space for inner development that flows with outer developments and circumstances—an internal space for the eternal. But letting go is seldom easy. As segments of the eternal journey come to an end, tears give closure to the passing moments of life by giving us an outward, active way to mourn; at the same time tears cleanse and prepare us inwardly for the next phase of the journey. These struggles in times of transition are an integral part of the life cycle of creation and destruction.

Our challenge is to find the eternal that rests at the center of the transitions. “Be still and know that I am God” (Psalm 46:10). The ultimate power of creation and destruction is also the constant stillness. God, the still center, does not change when moments come into being, develop, and pass out of existence. When we find that still center, we also find the wisdom and strength to recognize what sacrifice is required of us, to choose it consciously, and to add our voice to the song of life.

Stanford, CA **Jennifer Andrus**

Jennifer Andrus is a junior at Stanford University majoring in Anthropological Sciences and minoring in Religious Studies. She is contemplating a masters degree in Psychology. This essay is a part of a longer piece inspired by a psychology class on Carl Jung and Analytical Psychology. She is a student. She is a seeker. She is a Christian. She is a dancer. She is a dreamer.

Stained Glass

Scattered in the storeroom, covering the tables,
Hidden from the light,
Each piece awaits a glimpse to uncover its beauty.
Alone the shards lie in darkness,
Their true colors unknown.
The night falls.

Hidden away and safely stored,
The pieces are uncovered by the Artist's hands.
Broken pieces with jagged edges,
None perfect in shape or form,
Yet all are part of the Craftsman's plan.
The dawn breaks.

In the Artist's hand
The individual pieces take new form.
No longer separate shards of brokenness,
each piece is joined with others.
Chipped and faded ones are
Side by side with bright, rich ones,
Making a whole body with many united parts.
The noonday light calls.

Newly created forms, destined for glory,
Are placed in the Light.
Some are arches, others rectangles,
Still others are circles and curves,
All firmly knitted together by time
And the skill of the Artist's hands.
Tough was the process. Great the reward.
The sun sets. The Creator rests.

My life. Stained Glass.

Little Rock, AR **Kimberly D. Hallum**

Kim Hallum is 35 years old and lives in Little Rock, Arkansas with her two dachshunds, Oscar and Zach. Kim has a masters degree in Healthcare Administration and has worked at pediatric hospitals in both Arkansas and Tennessee. When she is not having a tea party with her three-year-old niece, Audrey, she loves to play golf. Kim is a Christian and believes that her life is truly a reflection of God's grace for one of His children. One of her dreams is to establish a ministry that sends healthcare workers to other countries for short-term work assignments.

Setting Out

“The game creator would contact players via cell phones to direct them to clues, and I was at a disadvantage because I did not own a cell phone. However, early into the game I discovered that the game creator had left a phone for me to find.”

CHANGING PLANES in Atlanta: If a single analogy could be applied to the state of my spiritual life over the past three years, that is how I would describe it. Tallahassee is too small and out-of-the-way for direct flights to anywhere outside the Sunshine State, so for me nearly every long-distance journey begins by changing planes in Atlanta. The Atlanta airport is familiar, yet I am no longer at home; I have set out on my journey, but I am not on my way. There are concourse changes, delays, the occasional seat-wrangling on overbooked flights, but mostly, there is just waiting.

This was the state I was in when I accepted a friend’s invitation to join an adult Sunday School class that met at a neighborhood coffee house, the Black Dog Cafe, between Sunday services at Faith Presbyterian Church. Before I joined, this group had already read John Sanford’s *Dreams: God’s Forgotten Language* and *The Kingdom Within*. The new book for study was Joyce Hudson’s *Natural Spirituality*. I have had an active dream life since childhood, but I had never given dreams consideration as a means of communication. After reading the first few chapters of *Natural Spirituality*, I was intrigued by what my dreams might tell me, and I anxiously anticipated a “doozy.” I did not have long to wait. I had the following dream before my first meeting with the Black Dog group:

I was observing a game of sorts: a group of people, chosen seemingly at random, using cell phones to discover clues that would uncover an important mystery of some kind. Players did not seek to become involved in the game; they merely learned that they were a part of it. Sometimes players worked in teams, sometimes on their own. Competition could be fierce, and people often died while playing this game. I had a feeling that the world was in chaos—perhaps it was only a short time before a total meltdown—so the potential danger of the game was not out of line with the environment or the disposition of the players. No one knew who the author of the game was, but he would communicate sporadically via cell phone, leading people to hidden clues.

It became my turn to be a player in a round of the game. In spite of the peril, one could not avoid the call to join in—it was understood that the mission was important for everyone, not just for those in the game. The game creator would contact players via cell phones to direct them to clues, and I was at a disadvantage because I did not own a cell phone. However, early into the game I discovered that the game creator had left a phone for me to find. There were other players with me (about a dozen, though the exact number did not seem significant), but because it was night in a completely dark house with many rooms, we had trouble finding each other. Eventually we all found a common room in which to meet. We needed to decide whether to work in teams or as individuals, and also how much information we were willing to share with one another. Some players went their own way, and others agreed to team up, though such associations were tenuous.

There was always an urgency about playing the game, but it was also dangerous because the game creator could “booby-trap” clues. One friendly game player was blown up because she was instructed to “push a button” that she found along with her clues. Somehow, I was aware that one should not simply do whatever one was told; discernment, timing, and consultation with others were also important.

We never knew how much more of the game there was to play. We never explicitly knew the rules, or how progress was scored. Scoreboards posted by the game planner to our cell phone readouts gave us an idea of who was closest to finishing, but the results never seemed to mesh with our own perceptions of how play was progressing. There was a vague notion that the more we interacted with each other, the better our overall progress was. At one point, I was surprised to see how far along in the game we seemed to be. As the dream progressed, we moved from complete darkness into daytime play. Also, the feeling of impending doom evident in the beginning was reduced. However, “play” and “game” make it sound too fun and friendly—it was more like a run for our lives.

In spite of my lack of experience in analyzing dreams, I had little doubt that this dream was about the next phase of my journey, with these points being highlighted:

- Uncovering the mystery (playing the game) is of utmost importance.
- The proper tools will be provided to us when we need them.
- Careful discernment and working with others are necessary components of progress.
- Attempting to gauge my own progress may not be productive or useful.

These thoughts were confirmed and amplified when this dream was discussed at the Natural Spirituality Regional Gathering in Toccoa, Georgia, this past March.

I THINK MY ATLANTA LAYOVER has ended for now. Once I became aware that my own dreams could be telling me things, several subsequent ones fit within Hudson's early-individuation-journey template for dreams—that is, dreams early in the journey are often about discovering, and getting used to, the unconscious (*Natural Spirituality*, p. 236). Recently, however, I have had a dream that seems to have significance beyond my own personal journey:

I find myself in the choir loft of my church, near the end of what was probably a choir rehearsal. [The choir loft stretches the width of the front of our sanctuary, behind the pulpit and lectern.] As a long-time choir member, the choir loft feels like home to me, but I am surprised to find our senior minister there as well. I am pleased that he has finally taken an interest in what we (choir members) do.

Next, I find myself in what used to be a bathroom. The room is on the other side of the choir loft wall and is very long but very narrow. The toilet and sink are unusable, as previous remodeling has now partly encased them within a wall, allowing only portions of porcelain to protrude. Though a few choir members may remember the room, it is all but forgotten by the greater church.

At the far end of the room is a stairway leading downward. Upon descending the stairs, I find myself in a cavernous basement beneath the sanctuary. Here I find a large, internally lit swimming pool. The pool is fed by many smooth, winding gutters flowing with clear water, and there is a water slide, too. I am amazed that this facility has been forgotten or abandoned. While still in the basement, I meet a committee chair who has been appointed to "look into" this swimming pool business. She is uncertain about what she is supposed to do about the swimming pool. I am convinced that we (the choir?) should be making plans for re-introducing the swimming pool to the entire congregation.

I do not yet fully understand how some of these archetypal symbols relate to my own path, but it does seem clear that this dream expresses a need to bring the church back into contact with the Living Water. There is a vast, nearly forgotten resource within our reach, and we need to help the people find it again. Many elements point to my particular church, but there are also elements which may be significant for the whole Church.

On the home front, the Black Dog group will be exploring ways to expand our curriculum and our visibil-

hidden things

rationalism
tries to solve
problems of existence
by the intellect.

mysticism
considers cravings
of the heart
and existence
of the soul.

the different shapes
in the heavens
stars and planets
are signs
of hidden things,
of deep secrets.

the universe
is God's thought.



Yehoshua' Abelson, 1873-1940

From Jewish Mysticism: An Introduction to the Kabbalah

ity within Faith Presbyterian, where we will soon be starting our first dream group. As with any journey, I am excited to be traveling again, anticipating new sights and experiences at every turn. No doubt there will be some turbulence ahead, some additional waiting, some frustrations. But to be on a journey is to be on an adventure, and this one promises to keep me occupied for quite a while. It is good to have a Tour Guide to share the way.

Tallahassee, FL **Bret Whissel**

Bret Whissel, now age 40, still wonders what he wants to be when he grows up. He works as a System Administrator at Florida State University in the Meteorology Department, where he tries to keep computers in working order. To occupy the other half of his brain, Bret spends many off-work hours engaged in music-making—either at home with his synthesizers, or in local churches, choirs, and choruses. Bret also enjoys travel when the opportunity arises, having toured a little of the world while a cast member of Up with People.



SIGNS: Faith's Shadow at Work

"Is it possible that there are no coincidences?"

DIRECTOR M. NIGHT SHYAMALAN'S recent movie *Signs* asks the question: Is it random, or does the universe have meaning?

Mel Gibson stars in this suspense thriller as Graham Hess, a priest who, after the sudden, tragic death of his wife, has given up his collar. He and his family live on a small farm in rural Pennsylvania, where his brother Merrill has joined him to help raise Graham's two children, Morgan and Bo. Crop circles appear in Graham's cornfield, along with suspicious, barely glimpsed intruders. As the story unfolds, sightings of aliens are reported on the national news and the Hesses embark on a life-and-death struggle with their own alien invaders.

Signs opens with a problem. A priest has lost his faith; he has lost his connection to his family and the world around him. They call him "Father," a name he does not want to answer to. The world which he has framed in his mind no longer makes sense to him. The pain of losing his wife is unbearable to him and he turns away from God. Full of anger, paralyzed by fear, unable to access his God self, the situation is ripe for the shadow to step in. And thus the "Aliens" arrive, causing a crisis so dire that Graham and his paralyzed family awake, as if suddenly from sleep, and are fully engaged in the struggle to save their lives.

Graham has been severed from his feminine intuition. His ability to believe in what cannot be seen has been cut off from him, just as his wife was cut almost in two by the terrible accident in which she was pinned between a tree (a symbol of the feminine connection to the unconscious) and a truck (a symbol of the masculine, rational way of going in the world).

In the first scene we are introduced to Bo, Graham's daughter, the youngest of his children, and to Morgan, his son. They both hold energy, feminine and masculine, that the father cannot take on as his own. With the children's first lines in the movie, their roles are made clear to us. "Are you in my dream too?" asks Bo, illustrating her ease and familiarity with the presence of the unconscious. Morgan, when faced with the inexplicable crop circles, responds, "I think God did it." We know now that Morgan holds the faith for his father until Graham can claim it back as his own.

Graham is discomfited by the unexplained. He ex-

pects the world to be rational and fully comprehensible. If only he could set his mind at ease with a reason for the phenomenon. "It was strange finding the crops that way," Graham muses aloud. He reasons it couldn't have been done by hand—it was "too perfect." The premise of the movie unfolds. There is an autonomous reality outside ourselves that is so powerful it can perform perfect acts, it can read minds (as Morgan proclaims, "They know our secret thoughts!"), it can make itself invisible. Is this sounding familiar? The parallels to the living Christ are intentional, it seems—almost tongue in cheek—as young Morgan reads from his alien manual and sides with the scientists who were "persecuted" for their belief in alien life forms.

Graham resists giving his power away to the unknown. He turns away from the growing panic in the collective consciousness—and in his own consciousness—by turning off the radio. He takes his children into town to set their minds "on everyday things," the "good medicine" offered by the local sheriff. This solution does not work, naturally. While in town, the family sees Ray, the hapless veterinarian whose truck wavered for those ten to fifteen seconds it took to strike down their mother as he lost consciousness in sleep.

ONE OF THE THEMES interwoven in the story is the inescapable human tension of the opposites. It is as if the director is pushing us, the audience, to choose. We hear it in the language of the characters, the structure of the plot, the symbolism of the setting, the tendencies of the characters. Graham's wife is cut in two by the collision between the mechanistic truck and the living tree. So too does everything seem pitted against its opposite: contaminated vs. perfect, hostile vs. friendly, masculine vs. feminine, chance vs. reason, hate vs. love, hope vs. fear, strength vs. weakness. Are these crop circles and this alien threat a hoax, or are they real? we are asked as the movie unfolds. Graham's brother, Merrill, is both the strike-out king and the record holder for home-runs in the minor league. Is he a winner or a loser? Ray, the veterinarian, both takes life and gives life—it is he who plants the kernel of saving knowledge that the aliens don't like water (the life-giving flow of the unconscious). When summing up the dire situation of the alien invasion, Merrill surmises, "There will be one of two outcomes. . . ."

One of the clearest illustrations of the division between opposites in Graham himself is found in his speech to his brother Merrill:

"People break down into two groups. When they experience something lucky, group number one sees it as more

than luck, more than coincidence. They see it as a sign—evidence that there is someone up there watching out for them. Group number two sees it as just pure luck, a happy turn of chance.

“Oh sure, the people in group number two are looking at those lights [in the sky] in a very suspicious way. For them, this situation is fifty-fifty. Could be bad. Could be good. But deep down they feel that, whatever happens, they are on their own, and that fills them with fear. Yeah, there are those people. But there are a whole lot of people in group number one. When they see those lights, they are looking at a miracle. And deep down they feel that, whatever’s going to happen, there will be someone there to help them, and that fills them with hope.

“You see, what you have to ask yourself is, what kind of person are you? Are you the kind that sees signs, sees miracles? Or do you believe that people just get lucky? Or look at the question this way: Is it possible that there are no coincidences?”

Through the effect this speech has on Merrill, we begin to see how Graham’s loss of faith has impacted his family. Merrill later tells him, “I saw your eyes. I never want to see your eyes like that again, you understand?” Merrill is the soldier, the knight who makes sacrifices for his king. Merrill uses his bat as a sword to strike down the enemy. But he needs a strong and just king. So, too, does Morgan need to feel protected by his father. He is protected, but he cannot see it through the wall of Graham’s lost faith. Morgan resents his father, just as Graham resents God.

The Holy Spirit is all around the house, whether recognized or not. In the opening scene Graham walks toward the bathroom (symbolically, the place where shadow work is done), and we see the shadow of a cross on the wall. Graham has taken down the cross, but it remains, with or without his conscious assent. Bo, the new feminine spirit, litters the house with half-full glasses of water, symbols of the unconscious, the living Spirit. She is obsessed with fear that the water is contaminated.

It is only when Graham is pushed beyond his limits that we see a breakthrough. The family has taken refuge in the basement. This is where the showdown takes place as Graham and his family face the alien invaders. Though they manage to shore up their boundaries well enough to ward off the outer aliens, an inner enemy appears within their walls: Morgan has an asthma attack and there is no medicine available, only Graham’s rejected faith. Listen to the words of the father to his son: “Believe. . . . We don’t have to be afraid. . . . Here comes the air. . . . Here it comes. . . . We’re the same,

we’re the same.” We can almost hear God saying to Graham, “Breathe with Me. We are One.”

In this story of Graham and his family we see the shadow of the divine at work. Graham has lost his faith in God. The unconscious thus creates a monster embodying the “alien” qualities God now represents to Graham—vengeful, threatening, and so on. The shadow comes and engages Graham in a battle for his life. The key, as his wife told him in her final moments, is for Graham to “see.”

By “seeing”—applying consciousness to unconscious elements—we transform the shadow, “the monster.” But it does not end there. We are always asked to choose. Old life or new life? When, in the final climactic moments, the last surviving alien has young Morgan prone in his arms, Graham has to choose. Will it be poisonous gas for his son or will it be the Holy Spirit? He chooses to believe in that moment that his wife’s last words were not random misfirings of nerves—it was God speaking through her. Because of her words, he knows what to do. And with that, his faith returns, stronger than the faith he had lost.

Now Graham can see what he could not see before, that even the hard, painful parts of life have a purpose. His wife’s death has saved her family, as has Bo’s obsession with glasses of water and Merrill’s failed baseball career. And, most wondrous at that moment, he could clearly “see” that his son’s asthma was not an unlucky disease that might take away yet another loved one, but rather it was a gift that saved the boy’s life by closing his lungs to the poison gas (symbolically, his father’s loss of faith).

What is God asking each of us to “see” in the darkness of our own lives? And beyond that, what are we being asked to choose?

Richmond, VA *Suzanne Reamy*

Suzanne is currently wrestling with her negative, half-empty-glass self (sans medication). It is a battle dotted with sporadic victories—similar to our rainy spring here in Richmond, Virginia. The river has swollen beyond the rocks once visible and now climbs ever further up the tree trunks lining its winding path. One and a half days of sun, five of rain. Surprisingly, it takes just one day of sun to remind you, God does intend it to be back.

Be sober, be watchful. Your adversary the devil prowls around like a roaring lion, seeking someone to devour. Resist him, firm in your faith.

1 Peter 5:8–9a

What Child is This?

"I thought we were going to have fisticuffs over who was going to work on the first dream. The scene was intense. Raw. Honest. It was as if the whole room screamed: 'I'm pregnant and I want to clean up my house! You and God help me! Now!'"

IT IS 1955. I AM FIVE YEARS OLD. Every other weekend I go from Marked Tree, Arkansas to Jonesboro, Arkansas to visit my grandparents, Nanny and Popie. On Saturday afternoon my grandfather and I have a treasured ritual. First we go to the Westpark Cafe for lime sherbert. Then we get back into his green Plymouth, about the same color as the lime sherbert, with the big fins on the back, and we head off to St. Bernard's Hospital. On the way, my grandfather says, "You want to see the babies?"

Now my grandfather knew that I wanted to see the babies, and he knew that I knew he wanted to see the babies. This is what we did every other Saturday afternoon for years: up the stairs to the second floor, down the hall with the shiny waxed floors to the newborn nursery. The nurses, standing behind the glass, accustomed to my grandfather's visits, would hold up different babies for us to see. My grandfather would point to them. "Boy, he's a hoss. Look at that one. Look at the head of hair on that baby girl, she's a good one. Look at that itty-bitty fella, isn't he a dandy?" Popie smiled, looking, in some curious way, proud.

I never questioned the outing. I assumed that all young children on Saturday afternoons went with their grandfathers to Catholic hospitals to see newborn babies. I would stand there for long silences, soaking up my grandfather's joy as we witnessed together the sacredness of new life. *What child is this, who laid to rest on Mary's lap is sleeping?*

In our outer world and our inner world, the Child is an archetype that can both symbolize and constellate the forces of new life in us. Every outer child carries the archetype of the Divine Child, the God within us. There is something sacred about babies.

Mary was young, poor, and unmarried when she was visited by the angel Gabriel. It is Mary's attitude about the baby she is to have that makes her a role model for us in Advent. The angel appears and calls her "favored one." Mary is perplexed, undoubtedly afraid, and yet she is not entirely terrified, for she is able to ponder the greeting. Mary—a virgin—will have a baby. The Holy

Spirit will come over her. The child will be called Jesus and he will be holy. Mary will give birth to a real, live, wet, wiggling, squirming newborn. A baby whose kingdom will have no end. Mary: perplexed, receptive, pondering, surrendering, living into the unknown.

How do we receive something new from God when we don't have all the facts? How do we ponder when we don't have definite answers? How could we be perplexed, but still hopeful, when we move into virgin territory—unexplored territory in each of our lives—to handle our anxiety and to surrender to new life in Christ. Mary's pattern—our pattern—shows us how. Tolerate perplexity. Ponder new guidance. Manage our fears. And surrender. *What child is this?*

RECENTLY I'VE BEEN WORKING with some other pregnant virgins. Pregnant with a new chance at life. Virgins in that they stand alone in completely new territory, like in a virgin forest. I got a phone call last year from a social worker at Arkansas Cares, a residential treatment facility for women who are addicted to heroin, cocaine, and meth-amphetamines and who are either pregnant or have just given birth. It is a part of the Department of Psychiatry at the University of Arkansas Medical School here in Little Rock. The social worker said, "These women are having all these dreams. We hear the Episcopal Church is willing to talk about dreams—would you come out here?" So some volunteers and I went out there.

The women had talked about the possibility of starting some kind of ongoing spiritual-growth group. Having led dream groups in private practice for ten years, I thought, This is going to be a piece of cake. I know what we'll do. We'll go around the room and we'll each say our names, who we are, and each woman will say whether she has a dream she wants to work on and what she hopes for, and then we'll work on the dreams we have time to work on, and we'll do the other ones next week.

So we started around the circle. But by the time we got to the third woman, a pregnant woman across the room jumped up and said, "I have to do my dream today, because I have a doctor's appointment in twenty-five minutes and my dream is a nightmare." A woman on the opposite side of the room jumped up and said, "Jane and I are being dismissed this Friday. We've been here six months, this is our last week, and we both have nightmares. We're not going to be here next week when the Episcopalians come back."

So the women fell into a heated discussion about who was going to work on the first dream. Now in most dream groups, this process goes something like this: "No, you go ahead and work on your dream, I worked

last week.” Or, “You go ahead, mine’s not that important, and yours sounds very important.” There was none of that happening here. I thought we were going to have fisticuffs over who was going to work on the first dream. The scene was intense. Raw. Honest. No defenses. I prayed, I promise you. I prayed for the Holy Spirit to help me. And in the midst of it all were the babies, oblivious to their participation in a spiritual-growth group. They nursed, held bottles, sneezed, cried. *What child is this?* Pregnant bellies. Heroin users. Meth-amphetamine users. It was as if the whole room screamed: “I’m pregnant and I want to clean up my house! You and God help me! Now!”

I WILL NEVER FORGET that scene. The fierceness of the addiction was at these women’s backs—ten women sitting perched on the edges of ten cold, metal folding chairs. Many were holding babies, new life pulling them forward. Some of these women had felony charges. Some had lost children. Some had been prostitutes. All were drug addicts. All were now in recovery. All of these women had been through the Advent pattern. The first week in Advent, if you’ll remember, our scripture said, “Stay awake. Be alert.” These women were awake and their eyes were open. In the second week in Advent, John the Baptist said, “Turn around, you’re going in the wrong direction.” These women had heard that message. They knew they were headed in the wrong direction. And in the third week, John the Baptist said, “Look for the light that’s coming.” These women were looking for the Light. They were hungry for God.

In the fourth week of Advent, we are shown Mary’s pattern: Receive something new, ponder it, manage your anxiety about it, and submit to the mystery. One dreamer (who gave me permission to teach and preach using her dream—we’ll call her Jane) sat beside me and said, “I have a nightmare that happens again and again, and it’s getting worse as I’m getting ready to be discharged this Friday. In the nightmare a man breaks into my house, beats me up, tortures me, and steals my stuff, even though I told him not to.”

As I started trying to work on the dream, I realized that I was running out of time. Feeling a need to get to the heart of it, I started guessing, which is always a bad idea in dream

work. I wondered if there were a man in her life who, when she went home, was actually going to start beating her.

“No, no,” she said, “that’s not it.”

Sometimes when our inner critic—that little voice inside that beats up on us—starts criticizing us heavily, we can have this kind of dream. I asked her about that.

“No, no,” she said, “that’s not it.”

Finally I went back to ground zero. I told her that usually the images in a dream are parts of ourselves talking about some area of our life. Then I got quiet and gave her a chance to ponder.

After a little while a light came on. “I know what that dream is about,” she said. “That man beating me up and stealing my stuff, that’s how I treated myself when I was using cocaine all the time. That’s my addiction. I beat myself up by putting myself in terrible situations. I prostituted, I stole, I lied, and my stuff was stolen. I lost custody of my three-year-old son. My health, my self-esteem, everything was taken from me.”

The group then began to help the woman, saying, “Maybe your dreams are getting worse because you’re getting ready to go home. You’re getting ready to be back out on the street, where the drug is so available.” One woman

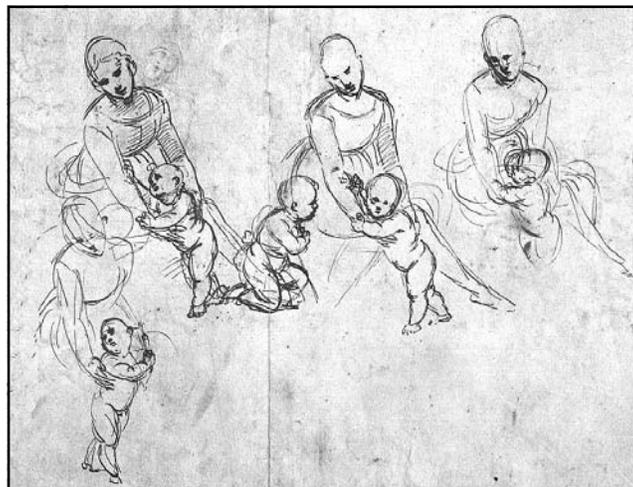
suggested, “Yeah, this is to remind you of how bad the addiction was.” When I bragged on how quickly they were catching onto dreamwork, one of them replied jokingly, “You just got demoted. You don’t need to come back next week, we’re figuring this out.”

What child is this, who laid to rest on Mary’s lap is sleeping?

THE CHILD IN THE RECOVERING ADDICT’S LAP might be just what she needs to motivate her toward health. Her own inner divine child might get reborn as she seeks her Higher Power.

And where is the Christ Child in all this?

Christ is there, putting a protective web in places where addicted mothers want to clean up their messy houses. He puts a protective web where any of us want to clean up our messy houses. He’s there, positioning a huge angel behind each woman’s back to guide her, to love her. He’s there forgiving, washing, laundering lives that need laundering, making all things new. He’s in the room, and you can feel it, the love.





Mary's pattern: tolerate perplexity. Jane, the dreamer, has been home for several weeks. She knows about Mary's pattern. She is perplexed. She now has visitation with her three-year-old son several days a week. "How do I discipline him," she asks me, "without the hollering and hitting that I grew up with?" She is perplexed, and she is pondering

her new life. She tells me, "Now that I'm home, when I go to my church, I'm filling up with the Holy Spirit."

Pondering, perplexed, being filled with the Holy Spirit. This former prostitute is in virgin, unexplored territory. She's pregnant with new life. Each of us has our own particular areas of need. An illness, a fear, a troubled child, a broken relationship, an addiction, a confusion about our work, a critical tongue we need to curb. In Advent we prepare for more of Christ's love. And, like Mary, we need to be perplexed, to ponder, to manage our fear, and to surrender to the unknown.

This week, Joanna Siebert, who is a Deacon at St. Margaret's Church here in Little Rock, and I are going with some volunteers to celebrate Eucharist at both the locations of Arkansas Cares. We go for two reasons. We go to be an extension of the body of Christ, of the Church, into the housing projects, to keep the promise in our baptismal covenant: to continue in the apostles' teaching and fellowship, in the breaking of bread, and in the prayers. We also go because when a person or a group of people is involved in a major turning around of their lives—in a metanoia—the love of God intensifies and thickens in that place. When you or I offer to serve in those places, we sense the love. Joanna, the volunteers, and I go partly because we want to stand in the window of the newborn-baby nursery, just as I stood forty-five years ago with my grandfather. We want to stand near, soaking up the sacredness of love as Mary's baby is born again in the lives of these women.

Little Rock, AR **The Rev. Susan Sims-Smith**

Susan Sims-Smith, Canon for Special Ministries for the Diocese of Arkansas, makes a saucy Thai curry, loves to swing dance, and in August of this year will take beginning Spanish lessons in Oaxaca, Mexico. Meditation is her portal to the beings of light who surround all of us.



Volunteers from Little Rock journey groups are now leading weekly dream groups at each of the two locations of Arkansas Cares. They work in coordination with a professional therapist.

Tolly's Mandala

MY THREE SISTERS AND I went through our formative years in the theologically-constricted rural Texas of the 1950s. Mother insured our interest in spiritual matters by dragging us to Camp Farthest Out, to be influenced by Glenn Clark, and to St. Michael and All Angels Episcopal Church in Dallas, to hear the very exciting Father A. A. Taliaferro. Dissatisfied with the simplistic theological atmosphere of her own childhood, Mother was a seeker, and she was determined that her children would be seekers. Glenn Clark and the mysticism he taught at Camp Farthest Out awakened our interest in matters spiritual. Dinner conversation often included such subjects as reincarnation and knowing beyond our knowing. Father Taliaferro, for his part, represented a gentle teaching presence that, for the next forty years, wound back and forth through our lives like the weft of a tapestry.

Father Taliaferro founded St. Michael and All Angels Episcopal Church in 1945, and he remained rector of that church until 1962, when he resigned to devote himself to writing, lecturing, and counseling. Affectionately known as "Tolly," he went on to found St. Alcuin's Community Church, a nondenominational church, where he lectured and taught classes on comparative religion and applied modern mysticism. He was an active member of the Rosicrucian Order (AMORC) for more than 50 years.

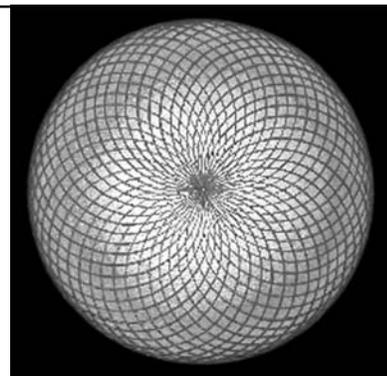
In the 1970s, my sister Bette, after a heartbreaking divorce, became active with Father Taliaferro's singles classes and began to deepen her own personal spiritual journey. Art was her medium, and Father Taliaferro encouraged her creativity, as he encouraged all creativity. Although Bette made her living painting portraits and blue bonnets, she developed a considerable following for her mystical themes relating to the divine feminine.

Shortly after Father Taliaferro's death, Ann Collins, a friend from his class, approached Bette and told her, "There is something that we have to do together." For more than thirty years Ann had recorded Tolly's teachings for distribution to his followers, and she had developed a deep spiritual connection with him. She was now convinced that Tolly was telling her to influence Bette to paint geometric designs for a mandala, following instructions passed from Tolly through Ann. Specifically, she was to paint a mandala based on the golden mean of the sunflower seed pattern. Father Taliaferro instructed Ann to tell Bette that the sunflower's healing geometry, which summoned creativity, would help seekers to achieve peace.

Though she respected and loved Ann, Bette was unable to apply herself to the difficult intricacies and discipline of the requested task. Two years passed. Then one day a lone, volunteer sunflower sprouted in the unplanted yard of a new house Bette was building on a lake.

“Okay, Tolly!” she said. “I’ll paint your mandala.”

Scores of Father Taliaferro’s students now have original mandalas, and one hangs in the new Dallas Women’s Museum. Bette was recently commissioned to paint a large portrait of the Reverend A. A. Taliaferro for St. Michael and All Angels Episcopal Church.



Tolly’s Mandala

Winter Park, FL **Ike Griffin**

Ike Griffin, the executive director of Kairos Horizon Communities in Prisons, has served as the executive director of Kairos Prison Ministry for more than ten years. A recipient of the Perkins School of Theology Woodrow B. Seals Laity Award, he was awarded his Doctor of Ministry degree from The University of Creation Spirituality. With his wife, Mickey Griffin, D. Min., he has taught classes in meditation and dreamwork.

[Reflection]

An Experience of Peace

I WAS SITTING COMFORTABLY, listening to folk music on the radio, when my body relaxed into a state of effortless balance. I felt truly at rest, experiencing a pure, physical pleasure. The music was alive with the joy of creativity and my mind touched in a loving way everything that musical creativity had ever been to me. All of the aspiration of it.

It mattered not at all that I had neither the talent nor the trust to be a musician. The memory of my aspiration was purely beautiful. I felt the holy motivation of the performers as I listened to them.

This harmonized with my physical state.

As my body was tingling with life—though perfectly at rest—my mind was active, seeking, reflecting on my whole life as though my life was, in some safely hidden way, a perfect expression.

The very aspiration to be alive was a pure and perfect thing. This was the holy thread connecting all the moments. Moments needing no judgment. All that I might have judged was unimportant. My mind was too light to dwell there. Every deed was forgiven because all arises from the desire to live, which I experienced for a timeless moment as pure and innocent and holy.

Athens, GA **Frank Farrar**



Frank Farrar is a member of the Natural Spirituality Group at Emmanuel Episcopal Church in Athens, Georgia.

[Favorite Book]

Molecules of Emotion

by Candace B. Pert, Ph.D

Simon & Schuster, 1999

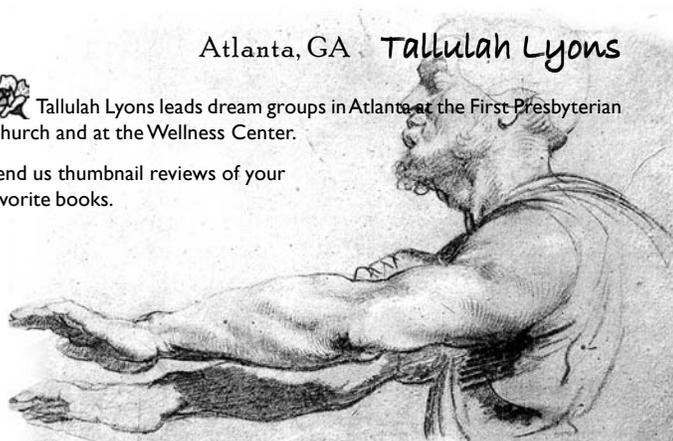
CANDACE PERT WEAVES her personal story of psycho-spiritual quest with a clear exposition of her ground-breaking discoveries in neuro-biochemistry. Through responding to urges from the deep unconscious, Pert has revolutionized our understanding of biochemical events that affirm and demonstrate the unity of mind, body, and spirit. Pert’s research demonstrates that peptides, “molecules of emotion,” are manufactured and received not only in the brain but *throughout every system in the body*. These informational substances perform as a two-way psychosomatic network in which mind and body are orchestrated as an intricate unity. Pert’s discoveries spotlight the importance of paying attention to our bodies and integrating body work with our inner work.

Atlanta, GA **Tallulah Lyons**



Tallulah Lyons leads dream groups in Atlanta at the First Presbyterian Church and at the Wellness Center.

Send us thumbnail reviews of your favorite books.



The King Cake



SOMEONE FROM NEW ORLEANS brought a King cake to the 2003 Natural Spirituality Regional Gathering, which took place in late February in Toccoa, Georgia. She explained to those not familiar with Mardi Gras traditions that a little baby Jesus was concealed in the cake and that the person who found the baby was supposed to bring the cake the next year. People sliced into the cake carefully, some hoping to find the baby and some hoping to be spared the responsibility for next year's cake.

After the *I Ching* workshop, I stood between the fireplace and the remains of the King cake while talking with a woman who had just experienced her first exposure to that ancient Chinese method of divination. I had loaned her my copy of the *I Ching*, so she returned it and asked for my opinion about the use of divination. I shared some thought with her about the Tao and the difference between Eastern and Western conceptions of reality. Her questions and comments made it clear that she was a little concerned about the strangeness and openness of natural spirituality.

She pointed to the King cake as an example of her concerns. She said, "Nobody ever found the baby Jesus in the cake." She gestured outward to include all that was going on during the weekend and asked, "Where is Jesus in all this?" That is a very good question that everyone on the natural spirituality journey has asked at some point.

This particular way of taking the spiritual journey is not for everyone. Some people should stay in the boat. Some should stay on land. But some are called out onto the chaotic waters of the unconscious where the Holy Spirit whips up exciting but threatening waves. For those called out onto the water, Jesus is in the storm, in the waves, in the wind, in the dark water, and in the risk of drowning.

I don't know whether someone found the baby in the King cake, but Jesus was there. He was there in the gift of love that brought the cake to the conference. He was there in the adventure of finding Jesus in a new way. He was there in the breaking of the grain and eggs, in the pouring of the oil, in the sweetness, in the mixing and making, and in the taking and eating. Most of all he was there in the searching, the questioning, and the wondering. I did not get the baby, but I did find Jesus in the King cake and in many other experiences of the weekend. Where do you find him?

Troy, AL **Robert Pullen**



Robert Pullen is in the process of starting a natural spirituality group at St. Mark's Episcopal Church in Troy. In an earlier life, he was a Baptist minister. Today he is a professor at Troy State University.

See pages 35 & 36 of this issue for upcoming Regional Conferences.

Natural Spirituality

LISTED HERE FOR PURPOSES OF NETWORKING are the natural spirituality programs of this time. This list includes programs that are only in the study group format and are not stamped from the same mold—each is organized in its own way. Church existence. Programs marked with an asterisk (*) are new to the list since 2003.

ALABAMA

Episcopal Church of the Nativity, Dothan
*St. Mark's Episcopal Church, Troy

ARKANSAS

St. Peter's Episcopal Church, Conway
St. James' Episcopal Church, Eureka Springs
St. Martin's Univ. Ctr. (Episcopal), Fayetteville
St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Fayetteville
St. John's Episcopal Church, Fort Smith
St. John's Episcopal Church, Harrison
St. Frances' Episcopal Church, Heber Springs
Holy Trinity Epis. Church, Hot Springs Village
St. Mark's Episcopal Church, Jonesboro
*Arkansas Cares Program, Little Rock
Christ Church (Episcopal), Little Rock
*Coffeeshouse Group (nondenom.) [501-758-3825], LR
First United Methodist Church, Little Rock
Pulaski Hgts. United Meth. Church, Little Rock
St. Margaret's Episcopal Church, Little Rock
St. Mark's Episcopal Church, Little Rock
St. Michael's Episcopal Church, Little Rock
Trinity Episcopal Cathedral, Little Rock
St. Luke's Episcopal Church, North Little Rock
All Saints Episcopal Church, Russellville
Christians-at-Large [501-941-9401], Searcy

GEORGIA

Epis. Church of St. John and St. Mark, Albany
Emmanuel Episcopal Church, Athens
St. Gregory the Great Episcopal Church, Athens
Cathedral of St. Philip (Episcopal), Atlanta
First Presbyterian Church, Atlanta
St. Timothy's Episcopal Church, Calhoun
St. Augustine's Episcopal Church, Morrow
St. Anne's Episcopal Church, Tifton

What Is Natural Spirituality?

The term natural spirituality refers to the Holy Spirit that comes through the natural processes of life. The realm of the Spirit is called the Kingdom of God. It is also a tag for church programs or more dream groups—often supported by introductory classes. Principles of Jungian psychology and Christian journey.

Natural spirituality as practiced at Emmanuel Episcopal Church in Georgia. Joyce Rockwood Hudson undertakes, and she even wrote *Natural Spirituality: Recovering the Holy Spirit* (JRH Publications, 2000). Contents of the introductory class at Emmanuel program. With that, other churches have started their own, structured classes as study groups centered on the Holy Spirit.

Natural spirituality programs are spreading from church to church. The strongest concentration so far is in Arkansas, with the Episcopal Diocese of Arkansas Cathedral in Little Rock, with its parish programs of spiritual growth and work.



Where to get the Natural Spirituality book: amazon.com; barnesandnoble.com; the lowest price: www.arkansas.org



A packet of materials for group leaders is available: P.O. Box 164668, Little Rock, AR 72216, close \$5.00 per packet. Or download free from the SeedWork page of the website: www.arkansas.org

inviting Wisdom into

Quality Programs

...y programs (dream groups based in churches) that we know about at
...phase as well as those with established dream groups. The groups are
...Groups that are not on the list are invited to let *THE ROSE* know of their
...since the last issue of *THE ROSE*.

Natural Spirituality?

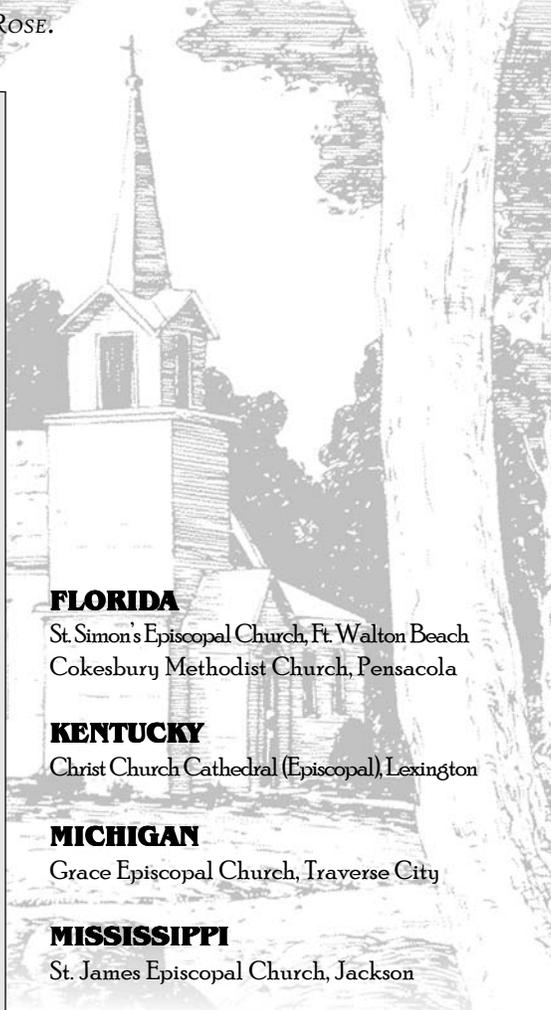
...y refers to the teachings of
...to each individual through
...fe. In biblical tradition, this
...Wisdom. Natural spiritual-
...programs consisting of one
...or "journey groups"—sup-
...esses which teach the prin-
...gy as tools for a deeper

...a church program was pio-
...pal Church in Athens, Geor-
...on was the initial teacher in
...eventually wrote a book, *Natu-
...Wisdom Tradition in Christian-
...),* which contains the con-
...pass and a description of the
...he publication of this book,
...ed natural spirituality pro-
...cturing their introductory
...tered on the book.

...ograms are spreading from
...ngest geographical concen-
...where the Rev. Susan Sims-
...ocese of Arkansas and Trinity
...orks specifically to support
...inner work, including dream-

...atural Spirituality book:
...ndoble.com; local book-
...; for class-size orders at
...amazon.com/shops/jrhp.

...aterials to help journey
...ble from *Seed Works,*
...e Rock, AR 72216. En-
...for printing and post-
...e of charge from the
...e Diocese of Arkansas
...nglican.org.



FLORIDA

St. Simon's Episcopal Church, Ft. Walton Beach
Cokesbury Methodist Church, Pensacola

KENTUCKY

Christ Church Cathedral (Episcopal), Lexington

MICHIGAN

Grace Episcopal Church, Traverse City

MISSISSIPPI

St. James Episcopal Church, Jackson

TENNESSEE

Idlewild Presbyterian Church, Memphis
Second Presbyterian Church, Nashville
Otey Parish (Episcopal), Sewanee

TEXAS

St. Christopher's Episcopal Church, Lubbock
St. Philip's Episcopal Church, Palestine

FRANCE

American Cathedral (Episcopal), Paris

Texas Dreamers Trek to Arkansas

INSPIRED BY JOYCE HUDSON'S BOOK *Natural Spirituality*, my husband, Dale, and I decided, in early 2002, to begin a dream group at St. Christopher's Episcopal Church in Lubbock, Texas. Our group enjoyed studying Joyce's book. However, when we started trying to work with our dreams, we found ourselves floundering. Therefore, after reading in *THE ROSE* a notice for a January, 2003, conference in Fort Smith, Arkansas, entitled "Dreams: a Pathway to the Soul," Dale and I promptly decided to attend.

At the conference, we were two Texans among sixty Arkansans! But we were made to feel very welcome. The format nicely balanced theory and practice. In the general sessions, the Rt. Rev. Larry Maze (the Episcopal Bishop of Arkansas) and the Rev. Canon Susan Sims-Smith explained clearly a Christian approach to the significance of dreams. Then the retreatants were divided into small groups to explore dreams of some of the group members and apply what we had learned.

Dale and I are glad we made the trek. The conference was rewarding for both of us. We were excited to learn about Joyce Hudson's Image-and-Association approach to dream interpretation in a group context. My conference group applied the approach to one of my own dreams, resulting in a moving insight for me. Also, given our relative isolation in Texas, we enjoyed the fellowship with members from other dream groups. We highly recommend the emerging concept of periodic regional gatherings for established dream groups, as well as for those interested in organizing such groups.

Back in Lubbock, Dale and I introduced the Image-and-Association method to our dream group. It has revolutionized the fruitfulness of our meetings!

Lubbock, TX *Joan Davis*



Natural Spirituality as Evangelism

TWO MEMBERS of the non-denominational Coffeehouse Journey Group in Little Rock recently decided, based on dreamwork, to be baptised and confirmed at Trinity Cathedral. Initially these two would not likely have joined an "official" church journey group. As with the Arkansas Cares ministry (p. 14), natural spirituality is proving to have evangelical potential beyond all expectations, once we let go of what we once thought were "prerequisites." We are finding that there are people alienated from traditional religion who can find a way back in if given an opportunity to start in neutral territory.

...our lives & churches

The Magnification of Jesus

“What the Jesus Seminar has done is to open the matter of theological understanding to a far wider audience and to raise even further what are surely the most important questions. Namely, how are we to understand the magnification of Jesus? By what psychological process did and does this magnification take place?”

THERE HAS BEEN A GREAT PREOCCUPATION in our time with the historical Jesus. I have acquired over twenty books on this subject by contemporary authors and could easily find another twenty. What has most struck me, as both an Episcopal clergyman and a Jungian analyst, is that none of these authors has offered a psychological understanding of how the “Christification” of the historical Jesus took place, or takes place. Nor have they seemed to think it important.

In examining this question, let us start with a brief history of the study of Jesus as he is met in the New Testament. During most of the centuries of Christianity, Jesus was worshiped as a divine being and little or no attention was paid to the details of his life on earth. What many educated people today have a problem with—Jesus’ virgin birth, the miracles, and, above all, the resurrection—were not problems in all those centuries, at least not to the average man or woman. The accounts of Jesus in the Gospels were accepted entirely as historical fact—the resurrection most of all. No discrimination was made between historical fact and subjective interpretation—what today would be called myth, in the sense, of course, of collective images and stories which are metaphors for otherwise unexpressible experiences.

It was not until the nineteenth century that certain German scholars began to subject the meager texts of the Gospels to the scrutiny of historical research. This movement, which came to be called “biblical criticism,” busied itself so zealously with the materials on Jesus’ life that in the space of a few generations countless biographies of Jesus were produced, estimated at well over 60,000, most of them largely in accordance with the authors’ own ideals.

What went along with these historical creations, by and large, was a conclusion that all the interpretive material of the Gospel accounts—the virgin birth, the miracles, and particularly the resurrection—were mere magnifications (that is the word often used) of what was really just a simple but remarkable person. Here is the way Joel Carmichael

of Oxford University, puts it:

In the very earliest accounts we have, Jesus the man is already submerged in the divine Christ: the narrative given in the Gospels is swallowed up by the ritual or doctrinal interests of their authors and editors. . . . Still more important, a perspective plainly independent of Jesus’ human existence [comes] completely to dominate both the recording and the interpretation of his life. . . . The impression is unavoidable that Jesus as an historical personage was almost entirely obliterated by his transformation into the devotional lodestone of the early Christian community. . . . This progressive magnification of Jesus has remained the basic focus of all Christian thought. (*The Death of Jesus*, p. 3)

In the language of C.G. Jung, the “progressive magnification” of Jesus means that Jesus became an archetypal figure.

There are a surprising number of authors today who feel called upon to write stories of Jesus in which all that magnification has been removed. I imagine, however, that such stories have relatively few adherents, since a Jesus apart from all that he came to be understood to be does not really hold one’s attention for long, let alone one’s devotion. The real problem has to do with how we are to understand this magnification. Is it naive exaggeration, or does it express and satisfy some deeper human function and need?

SEVERAL YEARS AGO a group of biblical scholars came into being, calling themselves the Jesus Seminar. They received considerable public attention with their publication of a translation of the four Gospels and a fifth, The Gospel of Thomas. In this work, entitled *The Five Gospels: The Search for the Authentic Words of Jesus*, the utterances of Jesus are printed in one of four colors: red, pink, gray, and black, each color designating the degree of the saying’s authenticity. Based on their extensive studies, the ratings were made by having each

member of the seminar drop into a box a colored ball for each verse. Red meant most authentic; pink and gray denoted lesser gradations of authenticity; and black meant not authentic at all.

Would you believe that their conclusion was that less than twenty percent of the utterances of Jesus can be considered unquestionably authentic? These conclusions caused considerable consternation not only among fundamentalist Christians but also among those brought up in mainline traditions. And they brought a strong counteraction by other biblical scholars and theologians.

Now let's face it, such outright assertions about the historical reliability of the Gospel accounts have long been known and held by many highly respectable scholars. What has caused the great stir is that such information has now been made available to the ordinary pew-sitter in a Christian parish, not to mention to the rest of the unwashed. Thoughtful persons are now left to wonder how in the world they are to understand—and believe—the magnified Jesus as Christ and God, miracle worker, healer, and all the rest. Are they to strip the account of Jesus of all those magnifications? In which case, what do they have left? And if not, how can they take these magnifications seriously without abandoning their usual thinking processes and just blindly *believing*?

What I found in my last ten years of parish ministry, among well-educated people, is that while my parishioners had been troubled over the years about the magnifications that are found in the New Testament, and surely in the Creeds, they simply ignored the matter and went about believing whatever they did, willy-nilly. It was only when someone like me came along and raised these questions and encouraged people to think about them and to settle for nothing less than understanding, not just blind believing, that their attention began to perk up. They even began to get excited.

What the Jesus Seminar has done, then, is to open the matter of theological understanding to a far wider audience and to raise even further what are surely the most important questions. Namely, how are we to understand the magnification of Jesus? By what psychological process did and does this magnification take place? And what might be the implications of such an approach for one's outlook?

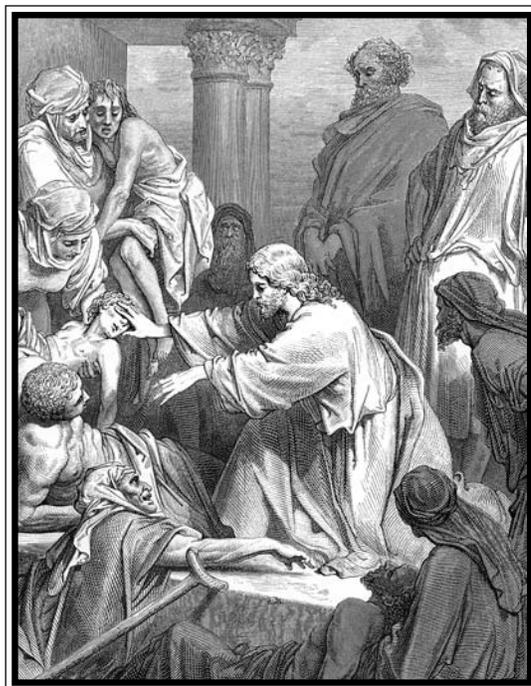
The trouble I find, however, is that the conclusions of the theologians are, by and large, disappointing when it comes to having any understanding of—or even interest in—what was going on in Jesus and in all those thousands upon thousands of people who became Christians

for century after century, thus effecting the huge transformation that created much of what we know today as Western civilization. These are no small matters, and yet we have almost no comprehension of how they came about.

SOME THEOLOGIANS TODAY, in reaction to the exaggeration of the historical preoccupation of biblical scholars, are trying to make a link between the paucity of historical data about Jesus and the way he came to be understood soon after his death—that is, how the historical Jesus came to be understood as the Christ of faith. They assert that there is no discontinuity between the Jesus of history and the Christ of faith, that the Gospel accounts of Jesus as miracle worker, and particularly as visibly resurrected from an actual death, were part of the overall experience of the early followers. They experienced Jesus as God come among them, and that experience itself has to be taken seriously as part and parcel of the “historical evidence.”

Luke Timothy Johnson, a former Jesuit monk, now a professor at Candler School of Theology at Emory University in Atlanta, writes:

The most destructive effect of the Jesus Seminar and recent Historical Jesus books has been the perpetuation of the notion that history somehow determines faith, and for faith to be correct, the historical accounts that gave rise to



it have to be verifiable. But this simply is not true, . . . although the Christian creed contains a number of historical assertions about Jesus. Christian faith as a living religious response is simply not directed at those historical facts about Jesus, or at a historical reconstruction of Jesus. Christian faith is directed to a living person. The “real Jesus” is the resurrected Jesus, him “whom God has made both Lord and Christ.” (*The Real Jesus*, pp. 141-42)

In this I agree with Johnson. For all that I value of the findings of the Jesus Seminar folks, their final finding leaves me cold. The notion of the various Jesus-of-history writers that the virgin birth, the miracles, the crucifixion, the resurrection, the coming of the Holy Spirit are all mere “magnifications” simply fails to do justice to the powerful phenomena of Christianity itself, and to my own experience. In that sense, Johnson and writers like him are writing in a gnostic vein. That is, they are emphasizing the total experience by the first followers, and by subsequent followers, of Jesus as the Christ.

In church circles I run into a lot of people, both clergy and laity, for whom Jesus is a living figure. He walks with them and talks with them and tells them they are His own. It is this that defines for them their experience and knowledge of God. In William James’ terms, they are clearly the twice-born; that is, their sense of God is not primarily of intellectual belief, but of deep emotional and interior experience. Actually, I find I often have more in common with the born-again types, of whatever stripe, than with the historical-Jesus, scholarly types, or with the once-born Christians, for whom the primary experience of Christ has to do with the habitual familiarity of all that is associated with “Church.”

So, for all my reservations, I must acknowledge that this is my experience as well: at a gut level I am deeply and profoundly grasped by the person of Jesus, given to me by the circumstances of my life—my mother, various ministers, seminary, the Episcopal Church, and so on—and I am grateful for that. And yet—and yet—even the experiential approach leaves out something that is vital: namely, *what are the inner dynamics by which this experience comes about?*

IT SEEMS TO ME THAT C. G. JUNG is the only psychologist who has come up with coherent answers in this matter. Over fifty years ago he devoted an entire book, *Aion* (CW 9ii), to his discernment of the psychological

changes which occurred in the Christian era due to the workings within it of an archetypal image of wholeness. Furthermore, most of the rest of his writings revolve around one or another aspect of this subject. At the same time, as far as I can discern, theologians have by and large sidestepped serious consideration of these questions, leaving the field entirely to Jung.

To examine the basic line of Jung’s thought on these matters, let us turn to his “A Psychological Approach to the Trinity” (in *Psychology and Religion*), a few excerpts of which will give us the gist of his outlook. In the “Christ as Archetype” section of this work, Jung writes:

However obscure the historical core of [the Christification of Jesus] may seem to us moderns, with our hankering for historical accuracy, it is quite certain that those tremendous psychic effects, lasting for centuries, were not causelessly called forth by nothing at all. [Despite] the meagerest sources imaginable for attempts at historical reconstruction [of the] gospel reports, they, [for this very reason], tell us all the more about the psychological reactions of the civilized world at that time. (CW 11, par 222)

What Jung means is that the very fact that the historical evidence is so meager makes the Christification process all that more important, and curious. He then gives the psychological explanation for this process:

The fact that the original [figure of Jesus] . . . developed into [an] extraordinary myth about a divine hero, a God-man and his cosmic fate, is [therefore] not due to its underlying human story but to the powerful action of pre-existing mythological motifs [which] were attributed to the biographically almost unknown Jesus, a wandering miracle rabbi, in the style of the ancient Hebrew prophets, or of the contemporary teacher John the Baptizer. . . . *It is the spirit of his time, the collective hope and expectation, which caused this astounding transformation and not at all the more or less insignificant story of the man Jesus.* (*Letters*, vol. 2, p. 205; italics added)

Indeed, Jung avers, an historical account of Jesus such as people try to write today was unimaginable just because the whole, (yes) unconscious intention of the gospel writers

. . . was to represent the miraculous figure of Christ as graphically and impressively as possible.

. . . Paul hardly ever allows the real Jesus of Nazareth to get a word in. Even at this date . . . he is completely overlaid, or rather smothered, by metaphysical conceptions: he is the ruler over all the daemonic forces, the cosmic savior, the mediating God-man. The whole pre-Christian and Gnostic theology of the Near East wraps itself about him and turns him before our eyes into a dogmatic figure who has no more need of historicity. (CW II, par. 228)

And a bit later Jung amplifies this:

At a very early stage, therefore, the real Christ vanished behind the emotions and projections that swarmed about him from far and near; immediately and almost without trace he was absorbed into the surrounding religious systems and molded into their archetypal exponent. He became the collective figure whom the unconscious of his contemporaries expected to appear, and for this reason it is pointless to ask who he “really” was. Were he human and nothing else, and in this sense historically true, he would probably be no more enlightening a figure than, say, Pythagoras, or Socrates. . . . He opened men’s eyes to revelation precisely because he was, from everlasting, God, and therefore un-historical; and he functioned as such only by virtue of the consensus of unconscious expectation. (Ibid)

Jung took this archetypal component of Christification further by connecting it to the central dynamism of the human psyche as he came to understand it, which he called the Self. The Self is not a locatable entity but is rather an hypothesis to account for what appears to be a fundamental human longing for wholeness, totality, and ultimate meaning in life. Do you not experience the workings of such a dynamism in your own life? Those Self-longings manifest only through the images which arise from that deep reservoir of images Jung called the “collective unconscious” or the “objective psyche,” and they are met, so to speak, in the objects with which one unconsciously invests them. Listen to the way Jung describes this process:

To the symbols of wholeness that come . . . from [the unconscious] are attached names which vary according to time and place, since otherwise . . . no conception of this totality would be conceivable and representable. [In the case of



Jesus, the] archetype of the self . . . responded to . . . the concrete Rabbi Jesus [who] was [then] rapidly assimilated by the constellated archetype. In this way Christ realized the idea of the self. (Ibid, par. 231)

Jung perceived that the images of the Self which were projected onto Jesus all partook of the mythological theme of the Hero:

The most important of the symbolical statements about Christ are those which reveal the attributes of the hero’s life: improbable origin, divine father, hazardous birth, . . . precocious development, conquest of the mother and of death, miraculous deeds, a tragic, early end, symbolically significant manner of death, and post-mortem effects [reappearances, signs, marvels, and so forth]. (Ibid, par. 229)

IT IS IMPORTANT to note that in the face of all this archetypal material being projected onto Jesus, Jung by no means minimizes the importance of the particular person of Jesus as the “hook” for such projections. That is, for Jung, Jesus was not “nothing but” a hook, which any person could have been. In his *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*, speaking of his preoccupation with the relationship between psychology and religion, Jung writes:

As I delved into these matters the question of the historical person, of Jesus the man, came up. It is of importance because the collective mentality of his time . . . was condensed in him,

an almost unknown Jewish prophet. . . . It would [thus] be a serious misunderstanding to regard as “mere chance” the fact that Jesus, the carpenter’s son, proclaimed the gospel and became the savior of the world. He must have been a person of singular gifts to be able so completely to express and to represent the general, though unconscious, expectations of his age. No one else could have been the bearer of such a message; it was possible only for this particular man Jesus. (p. 212)

Elsewhere, Jung writes:

If nobody had remarked that there was something special about the wonder-working rabbi from Galilee, the darkness would never have noticed that a light was shining. . . . The documentary reports relating to the general projection and assimilation of the Christ-figure are unequivocal. There is plenty of evidence for the cooperation of the collective unconscious. . . . *In these circumstances we must ask ourselves what was in man that was stirred by the Christian message and what was the answer he gave.* (CW II, par. 228; italics added)

Those last words of Jung’s are what have sparked the whole matter for me: “We must ask ourselves what was in man that was stirred by the Christian message and what was the answer he gave.” In Jung’s own time, as now, not many people were or are asking that question, not even our theologians. Jung writes:

It never occurs to [theologians] that their way of approach is incommensurable with their object. They think they have to do with rational facts, whereas it entirely escapes them that it is and always has been primarily a question of irrational psychic phenomena. . . . [What they fail to do is to] bequeath to posterity an intellectual understanding of [the Christian teaching] that would lend the slightest support to belief in it! There remains only submission to faith and renunciation of one’s own desire to understand. (Ibid, par. 227–28)

For Jung it was not a matter of choosing between faith and reason, but rather of finding a reasonable basis for one’s faith, where faith is defined not as “belief without evidence but as trust without reservation.”

Thankfully, there are a growing number of clergy and laity who have discovered what Jung had to say about these matters and have thereby had their own religious heritage opened up to them. As a clergyman and analyst, I am one of those. Where I find myself in my seventy-eighth year is still hungering for new experience, but hungering as much for new understanding of old experience. My present preoccupation with understanding more lucidly the role of an unconscious dynamism in creating Christian faith is an expression of this hunger. And though I am now in my retirement years, I am far from through with the quest.

Millbrook, NY **The Rev. Brewster Beach**



CW refers to Jung’s *Collected Works*, Princeton University Press.

Brewster Beach has been viewing Christianity through the prism of Carl Jung’s psychology for 43 of his 55 years of ministry in the Episcopal Church. Graduating from the C. J. Jung Institute in New York in 1967, he has been in private practice as a Jungian analyst ever since. In many of those years he has also been “supplying” here and there on Sundays, and in recent years was part-time vicar of a little parish in rural Dutchess County, New York. Now retired, Brewster continues to write, teach, and preach on various aspects of the collision between Christianity and Jung’s psychology, which in one context or another he continues to call “Re-Imagining God.”





Listening With New Ears

ISAT IN CHURCH. The priest read the Gospel, the story of a paralytic carried to Jesus on a pallet by his friends to be healed (Mark 2:1-12). The friends couldn't push through the crowd to get to Jesus in the house. However, the men were innovative, as well as determined. They hoisted their paralyzed friend up onto the roof and lowered him into the house where Jesus was standing. Seeing him, Jesus said simply, "Get up and walk." The crippled man stood and carried his bed away. His heart AND his body had been healed with one stroke. Everyone was amazed.

I have heard the usual explanations of this New Testament account: A simple story of Jesus healing the sick—another miracle to the crowd's amazement. Or a story of how one's faith enables him or her to be "made whole." Or the beginning of the Scribes' enmity toward Jesus, since, in a part of the story I didn't tell, Jesus claims to be able to forgive sins (blasphemy, punishable by death). Or the revelation that Jesus, as God, can see what is in men's hearts and minds.

All of those interpretations are valid, on one level. However, this time I listened with new ears and gained a less obvious understanding of the story. Instead of hearing it as an outer-world story, I thought of it as a dream, the kind of message that God sends to us all on a regular basis, if we know how to listen. Remembering that "everything in the dream belongs to the dreamer," this is what I heard:

A man was paralyzed. By fear? By trauma? By trying to live a false life? He couldn't move along on his journey. He was stuck. But, a helpful, unknown (shadow) part of the man (represented by the four friends) knew that the Christ was inside himself, in his "house." They knew that if he could be joined to his own divine Self, he would find healing and wholeness. The four friends themselves might represent the "wholeness" part of the man—or at least his potential for wholeness (Two or three men probably could have carried a paralytic just as well, but four is a wholeness number). They couldn't get in to Jesus through the door—the crowds of the usual, collective way of going made it impossible. So the man's ingenious, intuitive side of himself first took him up high, to the rooftop, where traditional spirituality is found. (For us, the rooftop would represent the Church, without which natural spirituality would be only one half of what is needed for wholeness.) But then, the four LOWERED the

GUIDELINES FOR CENTERING PRAYER

1. Choose a sacred word (or a simple inward gaze upon God) as the symbol of your intention to consent to God's presence and action within.
2. Sitting comfortably with eyes closed, settle briefly, and then silently introduce the sacred word (or inward gaze) as the symbol of your consent to God's presence and action within.
3. When you become aware of thoughts, return ever so gently to the sacred word (or inward gaze).
4. At the end of the prayer period, remain in silence with eyes closed for a couple of minutes.



These are called guidelines for a reason. They are meant as a guide to this prayer but not as hard and fast rules. The most important thing in Centering Prayer is our intention, which is to set aside our ordinary thoughts and preoccupations and rest in the presence of God. It is recommended that Centering Prayer be practiced for at least twenty minutes twice a day. But pray as you can, not as you can't.

We have all lost the key to our house. We don't live there anymore. We don't experience the divine indwelling.

Thomas Keating, *The Human Condition*

man to where Jesus was, down inside the house. That is where the Christ is: where high and low, heaven and earth, (masculine and feminine), divine and human join. And since connecting with the divine inside ourselves means finding the Christ, the bearer of healing and wholeness, once the man made this connection, he was no longer paralyzed, no longer in a "stuck" place. From that point he could continue his spiritual journey as the person God created him to be.

Athens, GA **Agnes Parker**

Agnes Parker is a leader of the natural spirituality program at Emmanuel Episcopal Church in Athens, Georgia. She was there at the beginning when the concept and practice of natural spirituality came into being as a church program. It has become her life's work.



Send us your insights into deep Scripture.



Three Steps Forward, Two Steps Back

Then Abraham reached out his hand and took the knife to kill his son. But the angel of the Lord called to him from heaven and said, "Abraham, Abraham!" And he said, "Here I am." He said, "Do not lay your hand on the boy or do anything to him, for now I know that you fear God, since you have not withheld your son, your only son, from me."

Genesis 22: 10–12

IF LITURGICAL READINGS were a matter of clerical discretion in the Episcopal Church, we might never have to endure Abraham's grim, obedient march to Moriah or suffer Isaac's witless naiveté en route to his own slaughter. What public-relations-sensitive priest or lector would voluntarily choose this particular vignette to exemplify the faith? It would be so much more user-friendly to just do a little cut and paste—say, take the miracle of Isaac's birth and splice to Abraham passing peacefully away at the ripe old age of 175, the father of a nation. As it is, the lectionary thrusts up Genesis 22 periodically, whether we like it or not, kind of like liturgical Russian roulette. Click. Click. Bang! It's time for God's big "gotcha."

Recently I invited a friend to join me at church on Sunday. Smart, soulful, and unchurched, she was being led by her dreams to consider whether she should take another look at traditional Christian worship. Glancing over the service leaflet as the processional hymn opened, I began to pray earnestly that my dear friend, apparently late, had overslept and would have to come on another Sunday, one on which the reading might be something—anything, actually—other than the "testing of Abraham." My friend is unfamiliar with most of the Bible. God forbid I would have to play the apologist for God's horrific behavior in this tale. Perhaps I could fudge a little, tell her that later on in the narrative *that* God gets deposed and we get a kinder, gentler one. Fortunately, she couldn't make it that morning, and I was off the hook.

This story and I go way back. From time to time, it gets in my face and I have to wrestle with it. Absorbed unconsciously as a child, it sowed the seeds of a subtle, but bone-deep, wariness of God. A wariness that for a

long time dictated the boundaries of our relationship: what's this going to cost me?

When I became an Episcopalian after my unchurched twenties, I encountered the story again. I was growing in faith, learning to recognize and hack away at the old graven image of God as tyrant, but Genesis 22 was now consciously troubling to me. The first year I heard it read in church, I was holding my (at the time) only son in my arms. No way, I thought. No. Not for You, not for anybody.

Back stiffened, I turned my face expectantly toward the pulpit. I am sure, if anyone cared to notice, the challenge was written across my face: Okay, buster, let's see what you do with *this*. What our rector did with it was what many other compassionate, learned, and thoughtful theologians have done with it over the years: play up the good news, the boundlessness of Abraham's faith and its happy reward; downplay the dark and stinking bit by holding it up against the even darker backdrop of the times. Human sacrifice wasn't unheard of in those days. In fact, the angel's stay of execution is often read as the termination of such practices among the emerging nation of Israel, further distinguishing it from neighboring tribes. There has also been the interesting suggestion, published in Rabbi Harold Kushner's book, *How Good Do We Have to Be?*, that Isaac, child of his parents' old age, was perhaps mentally disabled and that to dispose of such offspring was not at all unusual at that time. Intellectually, it all helped. Emotionally, I still struggled.

The next time the story came around, the point was made that the same offering demanded and acquitted of Abraham was carried out by God in the New Testament in the sacrifice of His own Son, Jesus. By this time, I had two children, and I was awestruck by the breadth of God's love for us that this implied. But I still didn't understand it. How could He expect Abraham, a mortal, to agree to set the precedent? More inconceivably, what about the innocent victim? I could see it so vividly, the boy bound on the woodpile, the awful moment at which it dawns on him what is about to take place. In spite of all the ameliorating factors, I still didn't get it at the gut level. I wanted to rail at God, What were you THINKING? You SCARED us! Don't EVER, EVER pull a stunt like that again!

For me there is simply no respectable explanation for God's action as it is reported in this story. I get it metaphorically. I get the central themes of faith, trust, and sacrifice. I accept that the spiritual ideal is to be willing to relinquish all to God. Even the lives of my children. But not to a God who instructs a father to kill his son, even if He does take it back. Sorry, wrong



number. I'll just keep my kids in the care of the God of my understanding for now, thank you.

But in my most recent encounter with Genesis 22, I experienced a shift of perspective that has transfigured my relationship with it, and perhaps with all of Scripture. This came directly as a result of two years spent working with my dreams in the context of a Journey Group.

This time as I sat grappling with the whole macabre tableau, it occurred to me for the first time to consider how the event had come to be recorded and passed down. No one from Reuters was taking notes on the spot. Presumably, it was relayed orally for many years before ever being committed to writing. The story had to originate with one of the individuals present: Abraham, Isaac, an assortment of servants, the Lord, and His angel. One or several of these came back from Moriah and told the tale. Putting aside the literalist argument that God dictated directly to His scribes, that leaves it for human mouths to tell, filtered through human minds.

I thought about how I have labored these past two years to discern, through my dreams and waking life events, what God wants me to understand about my-

self and about God. I thought about how dynamic this inquiry has been, how astonishing, how funny, and how painful at times. The old saw "Three steps forward, two steps back" was never truer. I thought about how much it is an oral process, how each week we come together in Journey Group to try and make sense of our lives out loud, out of whatever level of understanding we possess at the moment, knowing that more will be revealed—expecting, in the words of T.S. Eliot's Prufrock, there will be "a hundred visions and revisions." Not God's revisions, but adjustments in my own understanding.

I thought about my faith story and how I tell it to my own tribe, and I began to hear Abraham and Isaac's story quite differently. I was no longer hearing it as a third party eyewitness might tell it, but as how Abraham himself might have told it upon his return from Moriah.

I could hear him telling his people that he had thought that God required a terrible thing from him, the sacrifice of his only son. But that God's love was so great, His mercy so wide, He intervened with an unmistakable message that the death of the child was not His will, and the father was not to "lay a hand on the boy." Webster's dictionary defines an angel as "a spiritual being superior to man in power and intelligence." I love to think of this superior being watching in stunned disbelief as God's beloved servant Abraham pulls out his knife, then frantically waving his arms or wings or doing whatever an angel might do to get attention. "No, no, no, you dumb human! Not that kind of sacrifice!" And then, the crisis past, allowing that, still, it was a pretty impressive show of human faith, lesser intelligence notwithstanding.

This most difficult story now belongs to me, and I to it. Abraham was never more alive for me than he was that Sunday. Abraham's God is my God after all. And his story, the unfolding revelation of God's will for his life, is also my story. That day I understood that to be a child of Abraham is to take three steps forward, two steps back, over and over again. This is how we, God's people, move forward.

Little Rock, AR *Kyran Pittman*

Kyran Pittman is, in the words of Shel Silverstein, "a dreamer, a wisher, a liar, a hope-er, a pray-er, a magic bean buyer." She lives in Little Rock, Arkansas, where she serves as project coordinator for SeedWork, a joint ministry of the Diocese of Arkansas and Trinity Episcopal Cathedral. She is a member of the Monday night Trinity Cathedral Journey Group.



Send us your insights into deep Scripture.



The Fifth Cup

by Schalom Ben-Chorin

“Now, in this night when no one can work, when the slayer once again goes about as in the night of the Passover in Egypt, Jesus sees the image of the cup of the holy night with entirely different eyes.”

IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE CONCLUSION of the Seder meal, Jesus and his disciples retire to a somewhat isolated and peaceful grove of olive trees, a garden known as *Gath Shemani*, which means ‘oil press’ (Mark 14:32). Apparently, Gethsemane had served previously as the location for quiet gatherings of the master and his pupils. Here in the vicinity of the temple, but protected by the Kidron Valley from the noise coming frequently from this worship center, he would often meet with his closest friends to talk things over. His final journey as a free man leads him to this spot—and here, all too easily, he can be found by the betrayer, the dark disciple Judas.

After the last, fateful meal, which turned into a moving farewell to his friends, Jesus feels compelled to go out into the full-moon night. Having celebrated the liturgy of the holy night with his disciples, he desires solitude in order to perform the *tefillath-yachid*, ‘the individual’s prayer,’ which he has recommended to his pupils, telling them to “go into your room and shut the door and pray to your Father who is in secret” (Matt. 6:6).

It was common after the often sumptuous Seder meal to go out into the open air in order to experience the *Chag Ha’aviv*, the Feast of Spring. Pesach (Passover), after all, is not only a celebration of freedom, of salvation from the Egyptian house of bondage, a commemoration of the Exodus from *Mitsrayim* (Egypt); it is simultaneously, like all pilgrim festivals in Israel, a celebration of nature. The company at table, who would gather around the sacrificial lamb and celebrate the *Leil-Shimmurim*, the Night of Protection, enjoyed going out into the night after the meal. The rabbis took a dim view of these late-night walks after the Seder meal, since it often happened that they turned into Greek-style

orgies. The rabbis prescribed, therefore, *’Ein maftirin ’achar hapesach ’afikoman*—that the Pesach meal should not end with going around from one party to another (BT, Pesachim 119b; JT, Pesachim 10.8). That is probably the original sense of the proscription still found in the Haggada of the Pesach night but now naively translated “One is not to enjoy any dessert after the Passover meal.” The Greek loan word *’afikoman* (more correctly *epikomion*) is ambiguous and can be interpreted in three ways: as dessert, as table music, or as a festive procession from one party to another.

As we have seen, from the meal commemorating the Exodus from Egypt, which was originally taken in great haste, a kind of Greek *symposion* developed which entailed lavish consumption of wine, lengthy table discussions, and reclining at table on pillows. To this *symposion* event were added flute playing and uninhibited merriment, with the result that the holy celebration sometimes degenerated into a bacchanal.

The little troop consisting of the rabbi from Nazareth and his remaining eleven followers, however, does not engage in the kind of revelry that one might associate with, say, the satyr play after a tragedy or the burlesque after a drama. Profound earnestness marks this band as it makes its familiar way to the olive grove at Gethsemane. All have been seized by a premonition of what is to come, and all are exhausted from the extreme emotional intensity they have been under. These men do not know what this night of decision will yet bring, and they are troubled by the unfathomable words of their master, who has been growing increasingly enigmatic.

And now he bids them to watch and wait—and to leave him alone. Their rabbi goes a stone’s throw away in order to pray in solitude. They know these prayerful exercises of their master and stand back timidly whenever he speaks with his Father in heaven, face to face with an immediacy of communication that leaves them awestruck.

It is oppressively hot. A *chamsin* or *sharav*, a dry desert wind, sweeps across Jerusalem, causing the man in prayer to break into a sweat. The night is so sultry that no one takes much notice of a young man who has slipped into their ranks somewhere along the way. Clad only in a shirt or tunic, he later, in the moment of danger, leaves his garment behind in the hands of the arresting officers to avoid being identified with the *chasideim*, the disciples of the foreign rabbi from Nazareth (Mark 14:51–52).

JESUS STEPS AWAY from the company and prays. He falls upon his face, as one would pray in the temple, and cries out fearfully to his God (Mark 14:35; cf. Luke 22:44). Now, now he knows, with an absolutely certain

“The Fifth Cup,” from *Brother Jesus: The Nazarene through Jewish Eyes* by Schalom Ben-Chorin, translated and edited by Jared S. Klein and Max Reinhart. Translation copyright © 2001 by the University of Georgia Press. This selection comes from pp. 147–53, 187–88. Used by permission of The University of Georgia Press.

feeling, that he is lost. Suddenly it is clear to him that his path to Jerusalem was a path of martyrdom and that, standing in the shadow of the *'eved-hashem*, 'the servant of God,' he must take that suffering unto death upon himself in servile obedience.

And yet—is it not *Leil-Shimmurim*, the night in which the Lord by his strong arm so wondrously proved his faithfulness to his people Israel? The night in which he led Israel out of slavery into freedom? The night in which he spared his firstborn Israel even as he slew the firstborn of Egypt? But *Leil-Shimmurim* also—and especially—means the Night of Watching. In this night Israel is likened to its God, of whom it is written, "He who keeps Israel will neither slumber nor sleep" (Ps. 121:4). Neither shall Israel slumber nor sleep on such a night of miracles and grace. So it was that the story (from the Passover Haggada) was later told of the wise men at the time of the Bar-Kokheva rebellion. Led by Rabbi 'Akiva, they stayed awake the entire Pesach night in the little town of Benei Berak in order to tell over and over the story of God's act of salvation in Egypt. At last their students came to them and said, "Masters, it is time to say the morning prayer."

Now the master asks his disciples on this *Leil-Shimmurim* to watch and to pray. To watch for *him*, in order that this be the Night of Protection for him as well. But they are weak and drift off to sleep.

He, however, watches, shaken by the creaturely fear of death. One cannot read this report in the Gospels without being moved to tears. This is no hero standing here, no demigod, no myth! This is a man trembling in mortal fear for his very life. And in this hour of fear Jesus is especially close to us. It is inconceivable to me how anyone could interpret this human tragedy in the dogmatic terms of the twofold nature of Christ: true man and true God.

The one who stands before us now, seized by the fear of death, is the true man—man who is born with the fear of death—whose life is ever a living toward death, and whose thoughts and actions all represent a flight from death. Jesus prays, "My Father, if it is possible, let this cup pass from me; yet not what I want but what you want" (Matt. 26:39).

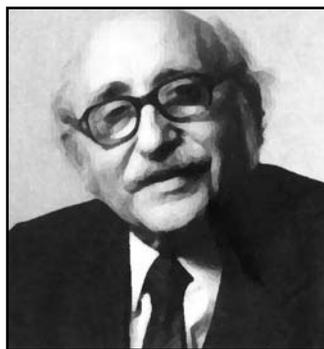
The man in prayer is still operating entirely within the Seder ritual that has just ended. He and his disciples have emptied four cups together. As we have seen, the fourfold act of God's salvation is celebrated with four cups at the Pesach meal in this holy night. *Vehotseithi*, 'I have led you out.' The first cup is raised. *Vehitsalti*, 'I have rescued you.' The second cup is raised. *Veg'alti 'ethekhem*, 'And I have redeemed you.' Another

cup, the third, is emptied, the cup of fulfilled salvation. *Velakachti ethekhem*, 'And I receive you, you sons of Israel.' This is the fourth and last cup, also a cup of salvation, the *kos yeshu'oth*, given to the people of the covenant, chosen through grace—the cup to which Jesus has given his own interpretation.

BUT IS IT REALLY the last cup? That is the question asked by the lonely man in prayer in Gethsemane. Is there not yet a fifth cup foreseen in God's plan for him in this night? An awful cup, like the cup of delirium that God offers those whom he has elected for destruction.

A fifth cup—the one that Jesus prays might pass from him—is possible, if controversial, in the ritual of the Seder night. The question of a fifth cup could never be decided; it was therefore postponed "until Elijah comes" (the usual talmudic expression in the case of undecided questions of doctrine). Popular belief seized on this development and called the fifth cup the "cup of Elijah," which is set out on the festive table in expectation of the return of the prophet. The prophet Elijah is expected to return as the herald of the Messiah, who will reconcile the hearts of parents and children (Mal. 4:6) before the awesome Day of Yahweh. Jesus now recognizes, however, that the Father is offering this cup of suffering to *him*.

Oh, if only this last cup, the cup of bitterness, could pass from him! Jesus longs to be like everyone else now, like one of the elected people of the covenant, to whom only four cups are offered: the cups of freedom, rescue, salvation, and election. If it is possible—if it is *still*



SCHALOM BEN-CHORIN (1913–1999) wrote some thirty books on Jewish historical and cultural themes, of which *BROTHER JESUS* was his acknowledged favorite. German-born and -educated, Ben-Chorin emigrated to Jerusalem in 1935, where

he spent the remainder of his life. In the aftermath of World War II, he worked tirelessly to repair relations between Jews and Germans and between Christians and Jews. His many awards include the Buber-Rosenweig Medal and the Leo Baeck Prize. *BROTHER JESUS* was first published in Munich in 1967.

possible—then let this last cup, this very last cup, pass from him. Earlier among his friends he had become so deeply resigned to his inevitable fate that he was able to avow, “I tell you, I will never again drink of this fruit of the vine (*peri-hagefen*) until that day when I drink it new with you in my Father’s kingdom” (Matt 26:29). He was referring to the *yayin hameshummar*, the drink prepared for the citizens of the kingdom of God.

Now, in this night when no one can work, when the slayer once again goes about as in the night of the Passover in Egypt, Jesus sees the image of the cup of the holy night with entirely different eyes. In this night of the four cups of salvation, the cup of destruction is meant for him.

He begs God to let *this* cup pass from him. And yet that is not his final word: *Not my will, Father, but yours be done.*

The author of the epistle to the Hebrews understood the problematic nature of this hour in a profound way. For the kerygma of the brotherhood of Jesus, the master was God’s son. How, then, are we able to harmonize the contradiction between his human and divine will, his dejection and the sacrifice required of him by the Unfathomable One? The author of the epistle answers, “Although he was a Son, he learned obedience through what he suffered” (Heb. 5:8).

Obedience—the central, sorrowful motif of the Passion that begins in this hour, that reaches its culmination in this hour. In this prescient prayer of Jesus the bitter suffering unto death is already present as an emotional certainty. There is no more hope of rescue. He now humbles himself completely in the hands of the living God—a dreadful thing, according to Hebrews 10:31.

THE NIGHT GOD—the night side of God, the demonic, night side of ‘Elohim—is now revealed to Jesus. This is the God who wrestled with Jacob at night (Gen. 32:22–32). This is the God who visited his servant Moses in the night lodging on the road to Egypt, intending to kill him; only the blood of circumcision could appease the nocturnal-demonic Yahweh (Exod. 4:24–26). This is the God who made his terrifying rounds on this night in Egypt, slaying all the firstborn. Only the blood of the lamb, smeared with hyssop branches on

the doorposts of the Hebrew homes in Goshen, could appease him.

This Unfathomable One thirsts for blood at night. Jesus sweats blood: “his sweat became like great drops of blood falling down on the ground,” as Luke reports (22:44). This blood-sweat is not accepted, however. The blood of this man, who has been so horrifyingly elected, must be shed as redemption money for many. Now Jesus realizes that the kingdom of God can be purchased only with blood—his own blood, his own life, which God requires of him.

Of course, we have no details about Jesus’ prayer. Because the disciples had gone to sleep, it was a prayer without witnesses. What has come down to us, therefore, is a piece of kerygmatic tradition of the early community. And yet we do sense that this could be a genuine prayer of Jesus—of the Jew who leaves the Seder meal to go out into the night of death, who must recognize that he, the elect of the elected, has been chosen for bloody martyrdom. In this hour he is Israel, which again and again is led into the Passion by the choosing and saving God, and which must suffer in order to save this fallen world. “Do you have eyes, and fail to see? Do you have ears, and fail to hear?” (Mark 8:18).

“Yet not what I want but what you want.” Thus Jesus prays in death’s dread, repeating the formula from the prayer that he had taught his disciples (“your

will be done”) but now varying and individualizing it: “Yet not what I want but what you want.”

How peculiar this statement seems in contrast to the powerful *I* words of the Johannine Christ: “As you, Father, are in me and I in you, may they also be in us” (John 17:21). Indeed, if they are one, how can there be any division between the will of Jesus and the will of God?

Only a later dogma could have turned this into an insoluble problem. If we look at it undogmatically, the holy unity is completed in this moment. In humbling his will to that of the Father, Jesus becomes one with him: he accepts the last cup of suffering from the hand of the Father. He does not want this cup. He does not want to suffer—any more than did the rabbi who, as he lay on his death bed surrounded by friends seeking to console him with thoughts of the reward to come in the



afterworld for his suffering, dismissed them, saying, "Neither the suffering nor the reward!"

Still a young man, he loves the world and wants to live. He has no lust for suffering, unlike those later saints who mistakenly presumed to imitate him with their masochistic self-flagellation. He wants to rejoice together with all of Israel in this night of joy: *Father, let this cup of the last bitterness, which has been added to my Seder meal, pass from me.*

In the end, after all, Jacob was spared by the avenging Night God, though wrestling with this God in human form did leave him with a limp. Moses too was spared after his wife, Zipporah, offered the bloody foreskin of their son to God. The avenging God, satisfied by the blood of the lamb, also spared Israel on this Passover night, just as he spared Isaac, the son of the promise, who, lying bound upon the altar at Moriah, was redeemed by the blood of a ram. Might not some vicarious blood be found now as well for him, the son of man?

But greater even than his fear, which is so palpable, is Jesus' obedience. "The soul is yours, and the body is yours." Thus worshipers pray in the synagogue on the Day of Awe, Yom Kippur, in the same sense as Jesus did on that night: "and we are slaughtered daily for your sake, like sheep led to the slaughtering-house."

The consoler of the Babylonian Exile sang of the same thing in his *kina*, his threnody on the unknown blood witness, the servant of God:

He was oppressed, and he was afflicted,
yet he did not open his mouth;
like a lamb that is led to the slaughter,
and like a sheep that before its shearers is silent,
so he did not open his mouth. (Isa. 53:7)

That was the great and as yet unachieved ideal. "He," Jesus, again opens his mouth, prays that the fifth cup might pass from him. He has not yet fallen silent; it is still written of him, "In the days of his flesh, Jesus offered up prayers and supplications, with loud cries and tears, to the one who was able to save him from death, and he was heard because of his reverent submission" (Heb. 5:7).

The epistle to the Hebrews says candidly, "with loud cries and tears." Jesus' Oriental-Jewish nature, wild and unchained, is depicted realistically here. He does not yet behave as a servant, with silent submission. He will accept this silent submission and reject active resistance only at the moment of his arrest, shortly after having wrestled in prayer. Again he seizes on the image of the undesired, final, supernumerary cup of his last Seder meal, saying to Peter, "Am I not to drink the cup that the Father has given me?" (John 18:11). Now at last he

will say yes to his fate. It is not easier, but it *makes more sense* when accepted as part of God's plan. He drinks the fifth cup. And *that* is what is meant by the final words "It is finished," which he utters in dying on the cross (John 19:30), having swallowed the bitter vinegar handed to him on a sponge attached to the hyssop stick (symbol of the first Passover night in Egypt). A terrible caricature of the festive cup. The conclusion to the tragedy.

.....

THE BURIAL WAS UNDERTAKEN in great haste in order that it be completed before the beginning of the Sabbath and Passover festival of the same day. It was for that reason that the women who had been close to Jesus returned to the burial place on Sunday, the first intermediate day of the Passover festival, in order to lend a hand in the worthy burial of their master. But they find the tomb empty....

Here ends the story of Jesus. Here begins the story of Christ. The disciple community construed the disappearance of the body of Jesus as a resurrection. The resurrection, however, remains hidden from our sight. [It] cannot be apprehended as a historical phenomenon. Even in the Gospels its documentation is insufficient to merit factual status; ultimately, we know nothing about what happened after the burial of Jesus. What we do know is that he has risen time and again in the souls of men and women who have encountered him. And here we begin to touch on the secret of the Christian soul, to which no one can have access who stands outside of this mystery.

The words of the resurrected Jesus cannot be traced to any historical collection of sayings, but that does not mean that they were any less meaningful to the Christian community. As Bultmann recognized, they testify not to Jesus of Nazareth but to the exalted *Kyrios*, the Lord, indeed to the *Christos Pantokrator*, 'the ruler of the universe.'

About this personage we have nothing to say. He is hidden from our view. Let us, instead, look once more upon the Jew Yeshua' Ben-Yosef of Nazareth, as he hangs, despised and rejected, there on the cross. His countenance, distorted with pain, is crowned with a diadem of thorns. The martyred body bleeds from countless wounds. Thus we see him once again, the Jew on the cross. His voice carries down through the centuries: *Just as you did to one of the least of these my brothers, so you did to me.*

 BT refers to the Babylonian Talmud; JT to the Jerusalem Talmud.

Life's Seasons

THIS PAST WINTER I experienced one of life's passages. Exactly one half of my years have been spent as a mother, nurturing my now college-educated sons, preparing them for their inevitable flight to independent life. As they go, I rejoice for them, even as I grieve. This has been a busy time of transforming my family nest, a bittersweet but valuable journey to new life. In the empty place that has been created in me, I feel a yearning to slow my pace in order to receive spiritual nourishment for the transformation of my identity.

Shortly before my sons' departure I had this dream:

I am in an unfamiliar kitchen. My husband, sons, and parents are standing stiff and motionless, like cutouts. A thunderstorm is coming, and soon the roof is pelted with rain. Suddenly, the kitchen walls and floor begin to peel and crack. My husband comes to life and tries to patch the damage, with no effect. The cracks widen. There is a knock at the door. I walk through the living room, which is devoid of furniture, to the front door. An unknown young man in his early twenties is standing there, asking to come in out of the storm. I tell him no, it is not safe to come in now. I return to the kitchen. As I do, the floor opens to reveal inky, black waters in the form of a circle. My mother comes unfrozen and begins to move. She falls into the water. The rest of the family watches as I grip her arms in terror and pull her from the deep into my embracing arms. Her head rests on my heart. I don't know if she is dead or alive.

I let this dream sit for over a month before I was ready to face its truth. Obviously, I was in a place of transformation, the likes of which I had never experienced. My familiar male energy was in a fix-it mode as the kitchen began to crumble around me. The young, new male energy at the door puzzled me until I realized it was new energy wanting to come in to replace the void left by my sons' emerging independence. Not before a time of grieving, however, did I feel "safe" enough to let him enter a new "living room." When my mother-self fell into the dark, watery hole, my first instinct was to rescue (Moms are like that!). However, I finally faced the reality that my motherhood role would never be quite the same. I am not drowning, only changing. New, resuscitating air is filling my lungs, preparing me for the rest of my journey through a changed living room in life's ever changing seasons.

Little Rock, AR **Tina Bodiak**



Tina Bodiak is a member of the Trinity Cathedral Journey Group in Little Rock, Arkansas.



[Reflection] Rainbow's End

ON WEDNESDAY, MARCH 26, 2003, my brother, Bob Murtagh, ended his life's journey. Having come to grips with cancer, he died with dignity and grace.

As I wrote in my article, "The Rainbow Road," which appeared in the last issue of *The Rose*, Bob had been given a unique gift when complications from chemotherapy kept him from a planned three-week training session scheduled for September 11, 2001, at the World Trade Center. "Cancer saved my life," he had commented then from a hospital bed in Florida.

What did Bob do with his reprieve? Always active in church and community affairs, Bob was president of both the Men's Club of St. Thomas More Catholic Church and the Boynton Beach Community Caring Center. He also organized an Alcoholics Anonymous program at St. Thomas More.

Two weeks before his death, Bob and I spent some especially precious days together. For the first time, we discussed our spiritual journeys, acknowledging God's role in our lives and Jesus' kingdom within each of us. Bob said that he had been profoundly affected by the edition of *The Rose* that contained the article I had written about him. He shared it with many of his friends and wanted to learn more about natural spirituality. He asked for a copy of Joyce Hudson's book, *Natural Spirituality*, which I gladly gave him.

In the wake of this inflowing of the Holy Spirit, Bob reconciled with our sister, Maureen, from whom he had been estranged for several years. This joyful reunion enabled Maureen to share Bob's last days.

Just before I returned to Georgia from my last visit with him, Bob promised that upon his death he would send a "postcard from heaven." His last words to me were, "Be looking for the message."

At Bob's graveside service, my daughter, Erin, tugged at my sleeve and whispered, "Mom, look!" She pointed heavenward where a skywriter plane neatly plumed the words, "Jesus Loves."

McDonough, GA **Jamie Rasche**



Jamie Rasche is a leader of the natural spirituality program at St. Augustine of Canterbury Episcopal Church in Morrow, Georgia.



Keeping the Sabbath, 2003

Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy. For six days you shall labor and do all your work, but the seventh day is a Sabbath for Yahweh your God. . . . Yahweh has blessed the Sabbath day and made it sacred.

Exodus 20:8-11

WHEN I WAS GROWING UP in the South in the 1950s and '60s, almost all commercial establishments were closed on Sundays. Like most families in our small town, we got up on Sunday morning, put on our "dressy" clothes, and went to Sunday school and church. Then it was home to Sunday dinner, which was a notch above weekday fare and had been left on the stove or in the oven to slow-cook while we were at church. After dinner our parents rested—read the Sunday paper, took naps—and we children entertained ourselves. Those afternoons were definitely on the boring side. When we grew old enough to appreciate the slightly adult story lines of the Doris Day and Rock Hudson movies that were the standard Sunday fare at the movie theater (which, like the unconscious, never closed), life got a little better.

Looking back, I would have to say that, on the whole, despite the boredom, the slow Sundays of those days were pleasant. They were certainly more conducive to rest and reflection than are the Sundays of today. But were they holy? Except for that hour or two at church, not really.

Of course, we all knew of other models for keeping the Sabbath. In history class we learned about the strict Sabbaths of our Puritan forebears—I was ever thankful to have been born in a later era. The idea of sitting for most of the day on a hard pew in a cold church while being harangued about hell or pontificated to about righteousness, and then spending the rest of the day sitting idly at home, seemed to me like hell itself. Whatever was meant by "Remember the Sabbath day and keep it

holy," I was quite certain that was not it.

Then there were the Holy Rollers, as we called them, the Southern charismatic sects of our own day, who, according to popular notion, spent all day Sunday in church. This did not seem to me to be quite so bad as the Puritan situation. At least the Holy Rollers were singing and clapping and getting seized by the Spirit. I would not argue with them about whether their Sabbath was holy. Maybe it was. But it was certainly not for me.

In adulthood I settled into an updated version of my childhood Sabbath. There was church for an hour on Sunday mornings, sometimes preceded by the 45-minute Sunday school hour. The cultural definition of Sunday clothes gradually morphed from dressy to comfortable-but-nice, for which I am truly thankful. With no children at home, Sunday dinner went out the window at our house. Sunday afternoon became a time to catch up on things, often entailing a trip to the mall or the grocery store or even the office supply store. The

idea of Sabbath time, for me and for the greater culture, faded away almost, but not quite, to nothing, a development that has seemed to be inevitable. No one has wanted to go back to those earlier versions of the Sabbath—not to Puritan times, not to the Fifties. We are different people now.

So I was not looking for a better way to keep the Sabbath when my friends and I unwittingly found one. For

ten years our dream group at Emmanuel Episcopal Church in Athens, Georgia, had been meeting on Wednesday evenings, from 7:00 to 9:30. I don't know if it was because some of us were getting on in years or because today's culture of overwork was wearing us down, but exhaustion began to set in. That long, intense evening out every week was taking more and more of a toll. Our natural spirituality leaders started a second dream group, on Tuesday mornings, and this time was better for those who could attend, but due to our jobs, not all of us could.

What to do? Looking around, we took a cue from the natural spirituality program at St. Augustine of Canterbury Episcopal Church in Morrow, Georgia. From the very beginning, St. Augustine's "Dream Team" has met right after church on Sundays. Despite what else you might think people would want to be doing with



their early Sunday afternoons, this meeting time was working very well for them. So beginning in Lent, 2001, we discontinued our Wednesday night meeting and instituted a dream group on Sunday, *right after church*.

The last of the three Sunday services at Emmanuel ends at about 12:15. Our journey group runs officially from 12:30 to 2:30. We set out sandwich makings, chips, and cookies, and we brew good, coffeehouse style coffee. Then we fill our plates and sit down at a big table to share a meal of food and dreams. Having done this now for over a year, we have concluded that this might be something like the original Eucharistic meal in the earliest days of Christianity.

We love this Sabbath time. For us the Sabbath is no longer an hour, but a day. When 2:30 arrives—our official ending time—we take note of it and say our closing prayers so that those who need to leave can do so. But many of us do not leave. This time is too rich to abandon for any but the most pressing reasons. Those who can stay continue on into the later afternoon, our session now more loosely structured. Often we do one more dream, though we seldom extend dreamwork past 3:30 or so. But even when the dreamwork is over, some of us still stay longer to talk together, friends to friends, about the current chapters of our journeys with God. The last leavers often turn out the lights and lock the door as late as 5 or 6 o'clock.

BECAUSE IT FELT SO GOOD to connect dream-group time with church-going time, we followed this development with another change in our natural spirituality program. We moved our introductory class from its long-established weeknight time to the Sunday school hour. In doing this, we had to make several adjustments in our way of conducting the class.

Formerly we taught the class in eight 90-minute sessions, with each session covering two chapters of our *Natural Spirituality* textbook (see p. 18 of this issue). The Sunday school hour, however, lasts only 45 minutes, and so we doubled the number of sessions to sixteen, with each session covering only one chapter. The other major adjustment we made was to change the structure from a closed class to an open one. In our parish, people shop for a Sunday school class from week to week (“This one sounds interesting—I’ll try it”). To allow this kind of coming and going, and also to allow for the many Sundays that people normally miss because of intervening weekend activities, we declared that anyone

was welcome to join us at any time. With this came a new standard of eligibility for joining a dream group: anyone who had read the entire book and attended any twelve of the class sessions could begin to attend a journey group.

This did change the nature of the introductory class somewhat, but the result was pleasing to all. The class was well attended from the first session to the last. And it felt *very good* to be talking about this deep, rich level of Christian life in the heart of our church’s Sunday mornings, where it truly belongs.

SO NOW THERE ARE SOME OF US who arrive for Sunday school at 10:15, go to church at 11:15, then go to Journey Group at 12:30 and stay as late as 6:00. We are spending ALL DAY at church! Just like the Puritans. Just like the Holy Rollers. Except also *not* like the Puritans or the Holy Rollers. We are living in a new era, and this is a new way to keep the Sabbath holy.

Sometimes I wonder if this might be one of the truest Sabbath times yet to arise since the idea of Sabbath was encoded several thousand years ago. And arise it did. We did not think it out before-

hand. We just began to do it. And we continue to do it because we are so thoroughly fed by it. Speaking for myself, I can say that in a certain way this is the richest time of my week. The level of discourse is more profound, more illuminating, and more valuable than any other I have anywhere else on a regular basis. These Sundays give sustained meaning to my life, week in and week out, through dark times and light times, in a way that nothing else has ever done.

To me it is not unthinkable that there might be Sunday afternoon dreamwork at our church forevermore. As more and more Christians take on inner work in all its forms as a central aspect of their spiritual lives, I can even imagine that there might eventually be multiple Sunday journey groups—for dreamwork, for body work, for art, for meditation, for any authentic avenue to the inner world of Spirit.

As successful as Sunday dream groups might be, however, there will also always be a need for dream groups that meet at other times. People with young families still need to spend their Sundays in the old-time way, with quality family time at the dinner table and then in the family room or the backyard or out at the mall or the movies. For these and for those in various other circumstances, a church should ideally have at least

The Sabbath was made for man’s sake; man was not made for the sake of the Sabbath. That is why the Son of Man [*the Eternal Christ, the Inner Teacher and Healer*] is master even of the Sabbath.

Mark 2:27–28

one weekday dream group, whether a day group or a night group or both.

In this present era in which we are living, however, most people do not have young families, and many older families no longer gather around the Sunday table. More people than ever are single and have no family at all. Married people themselves are more independent of each other than they used to be, and, when not drawn together by young children, they often spend their Sundays in separate activities. For a great number of people the early hours of Sunday afternoon have ceased to be the sacrosanct family time of yesteryear. And yet there is still a need for Sabbath time that extends beyond the Sunday morning church hour. More than we realize, we need a time set aside for weekly renewal, for reflection on the presence and action of the divine in our lives, and for communion with family, whether it be our natural family or our journey family. For the Dream Team at St. Augustine's in Morrow and for the Sunday Journey Group at Emmanuel in Athens—and for others elsewhere, I am sure—our Sunday afternoon dream groups have risen up to meet that need.

We each have only one life to live. If I, in the course of my one life, find myself remembering the Sabbath and keeping it holy to a greater degree than I ever would have imagined—with more pleasure and satisfaction than I ever *could* have imagined—then in a certain way I am keeping that commandment for all time and all eternity. It does not matter for me what the Puritans did in the 17th century, or what we Southerners did in the 1950s. It does not matter for me what the early Hebrews did with their Sabbaths, or what other faiths and cultures of today are doing with theirs. All that matters for me, in my human life, is how my own Sabbath time is being lived.

To me it is a marvel and a mystery that this ancient admonition, which by its nature seems so optional, should still be pivotal in my life today—that it would be an absolute key to sustained meaning and richness in my life. This is not something I would have believed by hearing about it. I had to live it to know it.

Danielsville, GA **Joyce Rockwood Hudson**

Joyce Hudson is paying particular attention these days to a dream she had in early March. Her dream voice said, "If you do less, things will go better." This a repeated suggestion from a dream five years ago that said, "It is better to be open and let things develop on their own than to try to think them out ahead of time and make them happen." Joyce is a slow learner on this one, but she is gradually getting it. She has pared her public life down to editing THE ROSE (which she loves) and participating in a few conferences—plus Sundays at church. The rest of the time is for home and husband, as her Eve quarter finally gets its day (maybe).

Natural Spirituality Regional Gathering

February 27–29, 2004

(or come for Saturday only)



**Mikell Camp
and
Conference
Center
Toccoa, GA**

SEVENTY PEOPLE attended in 2003. We had a great time! Come join us for the next one.

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 (CENTERING PRAYER, LABYRINTH, ART AND DREAMS, *I CHING*), small-group dreamwork, discussions of natural spirituality program issues, introductory sessions for inquirers, Tai Chi opportunities, worship, and time for relaxation and fellowship.

The conference is sponsored by natural spirituality groups in the Episcopal Diocese of Atlanta. Camp Mikell is located in the beautiful mountains of North Georgia. (For information about the camp, see www.mikell.com.)

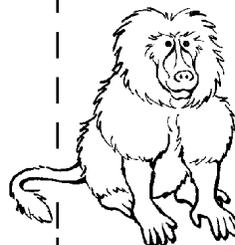
Registration deadline:

February 13 (*Register early to insure lodging at the camp. Later registrants will be directed to motel accommodations.*)

Fees: \$130 weekend/\$25 Saturday only

(*A \$50 fee reduction is available to anyone who cannot otherwise attend the weekend conference.*)

*To register, contact Agnes Parker (706-742-2530)
or Joyce Hudson (rosewisdom@mindspring.com)*



HUNDRED MONKEY ENROLLMENT

To join the troop of a Hundred Monkeys who are willing to be called upon for financial support for **THE ROSE** up to an annual limit of \$100, send this form to: **The Rose at Emmanuel Church, 498 Prince Ave, Athens, GA 30601**. In May & November of each year you will be notified of the amount to send in for the upcoming issue (*see p. 3*).

Name _____

Ad-
dress _____

Website Center Spread Supplement:

What Is Natural Spirituality?

The term natural spirituality refers to the teachings 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—or “journey groups”—supported by introductory classes which 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. Joyce Rockwood Hudson was the initial teacher in that undertaking, and she eventually wrote a book, *Natural Spirituality: Recovering the Wisdom Tradition in Christianity* (JRH Publications, 2000), 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 of their own, structuring their introductory classes as study groups centered on the book.

Natural spirituality programs are spreading from church to church. The strongest geographical concentration so far is in Arkansas, where the Rev. Susan Sims-Smith, with the Episcopal Diocese of Arkansas and Trinity Cathedral in Little Rock, works specifically to support parish programs of spiritual inner work, including dreamwork.

Where to get the *Natural Spirituality* book: amazon.com; barnesandnoble.com; local bookstores (by special order); for class-size orders at the lowest price: www.amazon.com/shops/jrhpub.

A packet of materials to help journey group leaders is available from Seed Works, P.O. Box 164668, Little Rock, AR 72216. Enclose \$5.00 per packet for printing and postage. Or download free of charge from the SeedWork page of the Diocese of Arkansas website: www.arkansas.anglican.org.

inviting Wisdom into our lives & churches

Natural Spirituality Programs

LISTED HERE FOR PURPOSES OF NETWORKING are the natural spirituality programs (dream groups based in churches) that we know about at this time. This list includes programs that are only in the study group phase as well as those with established dream groups. The groups are not stamped from the same mold—each is organized in its own way. Groups that are not on the list are invited to let *THE ROSE* know of their existence. Programs marked with an asterisk (*) are new to the list:

ALABAMA

Episcopal Church of the Nativity, Dothan
*St. Mark's Episcopal Church, Troy

ARKANSAS

St. Peter's Episcopal Church, Conway
St. James' Episcopal Church, Eureka Springs
St. Martin's Univ. Ctr. (Episcopal), Fayetteville
St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Fayetteville
St. John's Episcopal Church, Fort Smith
St. John's Episcopal Church, Harrison
St. Frances' Episcopal Church, Heber Springs
Holy Trinity Epis. Church, Hot Springs Village
St. Mark's Episcopal Church, Jonesboro
*Arkansas Cares Program, Little Rock
Christ Church (Episcopal), Little Rock
*Coffeeshouse Group (nondenom.) [501-758-3823], LR
First United Methodist Church, Little Rock
Pulaski Hgts. United Meth. Church, Little Rock
St. Margaret's Episcopal Church, Little Rock
St. Mark's Episcopal Church, Little Rock
St. Michael's Episcopal Church, Little Rock
Trinity Episcopal Cathedral, Little Rock
St. Luke's Episcopal Church, North Little Rock
All Saints Episcopal Church, Russellville
Christians-at-Large [501-941-9401], Searcy

GEORGIA

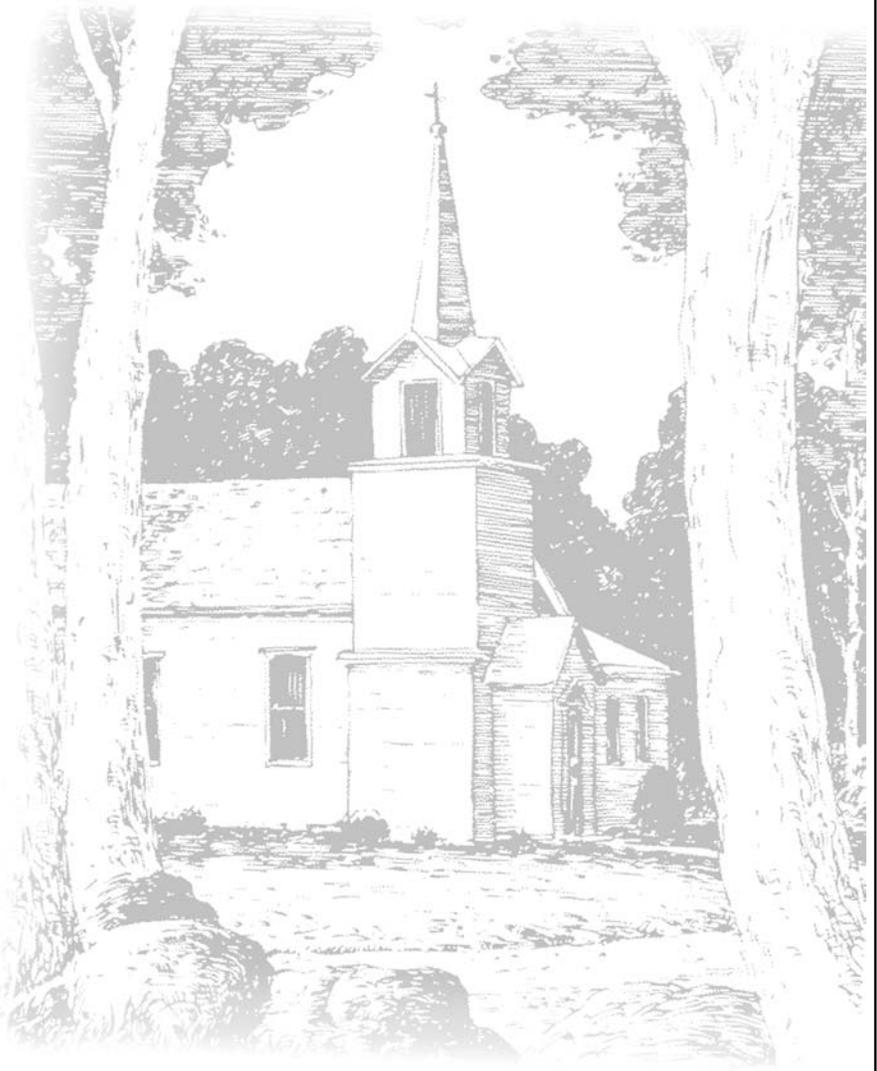
Epis. Church of St. John and St. Mark, Albany
Emmanuel Episcopal Church, Athens
St. Gregory the Great Episcopal Church, Athens
Cathedral of St. Philip (Episcopal), Atlanta
First Presbyterian Church, Atlanta
St. Timothy's Episcopal Church, Calhoun
St. Augustine's Episcopal Church, Morrow
St. Anne's Episcopal Church, Tifton

TEXAS

St. Christopher's Episcopal Church, Lubbock
St. Philip's Episcopal Church, Palestine

FRANCE

American Cathedral (Episcopal), Paris



Conferences and Retreats

 **NATURAL SPIRITUALITY REGIONAL GATHERINGS**
Weekend retreats for natural spirituality veterans and inquirers

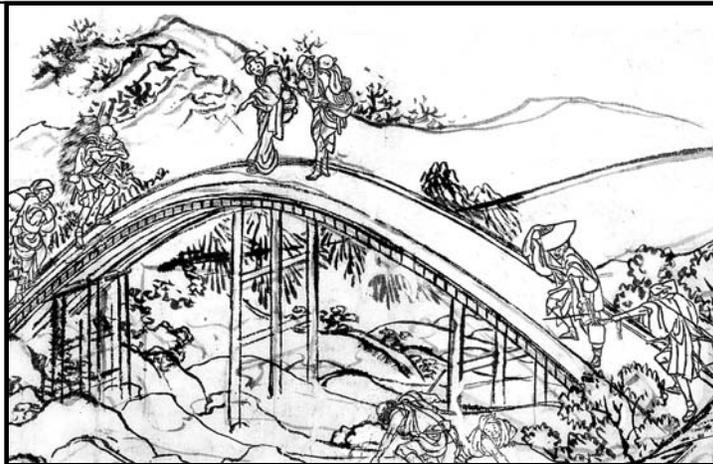
☐ **Spirituality and Transformation, Feb. 6–8, 2004, Morrilton, AR.** At Camp Mitchell, on scenic Petit Jean Mountain. Led by the Rt. Rev. Larry T. Maze and the Rev. Canon Susan Sims-Smith, both of the Episcopal Diocese of Arkansas. **Contact Kyran Pittman—phone: 501-372-0397, ext. 218; email: kyranp@yahoo.com.**

☐ **Natural Spirituality Regional Gathering, Feb. 27–29, 2004, Toccoa, GA.** Come for the weekend, or for Saturday only. At Camp Mikell, in the mountains of North Georgia. *See p. 35 for details.*

 **JOURNEY INTO WHOLENESS** *Conferences exploring Jungian psychology and spirituality*
(Website: www.JourneyintoWholeness.org; Phone: 828-877-4809; Email: info@JourneyintoWholeness.org.)

☐ **The Way of the Dream, Aug. 6–10, 2003. St. Philips Cathedral, Atlanta, GA.** A documentary film series of 20 half-hour film interviews with Marie-Louise von Franz, a wise and witty soul and Jung's best interpreter. *Virginia Apperson, Susan Olson, and Pete Williams.*

☐ **Fall Conference, Oct. 19–24, 2003. Kanuga Conf. Center, Hendersonville, NC.** *Andrew Harvey, John Martin, Gary Sparks, & Barry Williams.*



Bunches of Roses

We send **THE ROSE** free in its initial bulk mailing (cheap!). Our postage for a single copy by *regular* mail, however, rises dramatically to \$1.06.

To order a copy of this current issue, send \$1.00 (or three 37¢ stamps) to:

**THE ROSE AT EMMANUEL CHURCH
498 PRINCE AVE, ATHENS, GA 30601**

For multiple copies, up to a maximum order of 50, add 25¢ per copy. We usually have plenty of extra copies for this purpose. If we run out, we will return your payment.

International orders: 1 copy, \$3 • Packet of 8 copies, \$9



 **THE HADEN INSTITUTE** *Certified training courses that integrate spirituality and Jungian psychology. Offered in both the US and Canada. (Website: www.hadeninstitute.com; Phone: 704-333-6058; Email: bob@hadeninstitute.com.)*

☐ **Dream Leadership Training.** *Next entry time: Aug. 1, 2003. Next Intensive: Aug. 21–25, 2003, Kanuga Conference Center, Hendersonville, NC. Special faculty for next three Intensives: Bruce Barnes, Robert Bosnak, Jeremy Taylor.*

☐ **Spiritual Direction Training.** *Next entry time: Sept. 1, 2003. Next Intensive: Sept. 11–15, 2003, Kanuga Conference Center, Hendersonville, NC. Special faculty: Brewster Beach (see p. 23).*

The Rose

Emmanuel Church
498 Prince Avenue
Athens, GA 30601

Change Service Requested

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