

# The Rose

*inviting Wisdom into our lives & churches*

Emmanuel Church ■ Athens, Georgia

Winter-Spring 2004 ■ Issue 5

## Making New Music

Poets know all about this: “One’s grand flights, one’s Sunday baths, / One’s tooting at the weddings of the soul / Occur as they occur” (Wallace Stevens). In the Journey Group at Trinity Cathedral in Little Rock, Arkansas, we are dedicated to helping each other interpret our dreams in the interest of “health and wholeness,” as our guidelines promise. I have been a member of the group for a year now and am indebted to each and all Journey Group members whose individual insights and combined wisdom have helped me grow beyond the stereotyped roles with which I was raised.

In my family of origin, my father and younger sister were the masters of money and business, while my mother and I carried the spiritual and artistic side of the family system. And while I have dedicated my life to the arts, especially music, there have been signs all along that my

*(continued on page 4)*

### What’s Inside

Robert Boury	1	Making New Music
Mary Jo Brown	6	DEEP SCRIPTURE: Fishing with the Holy One
Frank Farrar	8	BOOK REVIEW: <i>Wisdom in Israel</i>
Miriam Chaikin	9	Midrash
Joyce Rockwood Hudson	10	BOOK EXCERPT: Is Not Wisdom Calling?
Tallulah Lyons	12	Dream Work/Body Work
Jeanie Henegar	14	POETRY: Bones Dancing
Joan Davis	14	REFLECTION: Remembering Jeanie
Vic Fleming	15	REFLECTION: I’ll Fly Away
The Rev. Susan Sims-Smith	16	REREAT: The Power of a Transformed Life
NATURAL SPIRITUALITY	16	Basics & Program List— <i>Churches with Groups</i>
Agnes Parker	17	Natural Spirituality Lite
The Rev. Patrick Murray	18	Synchronicity: Depth Dimension of the Natural Order
Cathy Zeph	22	Pumped Up and Ready to Roll
The Rev. Bob Haden	23	The Haden Institute: A Dream Come True
The Rev. Mandy Brady	24	SERMON: Out of the Whirlwind
Ruth Reynolds	26	The Canyon
Helen Brandenburg	28	POETRY: Garden
Joyce Rockwood Hudson	29	EDITOR’S WINDOW: Christianity Comes of Age?
AND...	◆	MORE POETRY, REFLECTIONS, & FAVORITE BOOKS
	◆	MORE CONFERENCES & RETREATS

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Winter/Spring 2004, Issue 5

## Editor

Joyce Rockwood Hudson

## Assisting Editors and Proofreaders for this Issue

Elizabeth Morris, Agnes Parker,  
Louisa Mattozzi

## Designer

Joyce Rockwood Hudson  
Original design and concept: Wanda Krewer

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

[rosewisdom@mindspring.com](mailto:rosewisdom@mindspring.com)

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# A Word from Emmanuel

PEOPLE OFTEN WRITE TO US OF A SUNDAY AFTERNOON saying something like, "I am no theologian, but . . ." This cannot be true. Anyone who takes the time of a Sunday afternoon to write a short essay on their reflections on what happened in the Scripture for that day's liturgy (and what the preacher got or didn't get) is a theologian. And a pretty fervent one too!

We develop theological syntax and vocabulary in order to be precise. Precision is mostly a virtue. But we do it at the expense of effectiveness. We can be so precise we are of no use, sometimes making a point no one else gets or even cares about. At the end of the day we have to choose between precision and communication (effectiveness).

We also have to choose between systems that are either consistent or complete. Getting to spirituality is a journey to completeness, to complementarity. At its best, this funny little vestigial religion called Anglicanism has usually striven for completeness. This means we have to include paradox, imprecision, and inconsistency. Now I just love that about us. Understandably, it is baffling to those who bother to glance our way. But when any of us looks more closely, and especially more deeply, completeness is a lot less baffling than it appears to be at first glimpse.

*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](mailto:rosewisdom@mindspring.com) or to: **The Rose at Emmanuel Church, 498 Prince Avenue, Athens, GA 30601.**

**The deadline for the next issue is March 30, 2004.** This includes articles announcing conferences that will take place from August 2004–February, 2005. Bare bones announcements (date and contact information) will be accepted through June 1.

## A Note from the Editor...

DID YOU MISS OUT on the first few issues of *The Rose*? Do you sometimes wish you could give a whole set of back issues to a friend? Well, good news! Thanks to the Episcopal Diocese of Arkansas, all issues of *The Rose* are now available for viewing and printing from the SeedWork pages of the Diocese of Arkansas web site. SeedWork is a diocesan program that offers tools for inner work not only to Episcopalians in Arkansas but to anyone who wants them. It has its own web address: [www.seedwork.org](http://www.seedwork.org). When you get to the site, click "Natural Spirituality Resources" to find not only *The Rose* but other good things, like the Journey Group Resource Packet. Now granted, *The Rose* printed out on single sheets is not going to be as elegant as a bound copy, but if you are feeling especially resourceful, you can print an issue on both sides of its paper and put it in a small binder—one with a clear cover would do nicely.

There is more good news. Cds containing lectures from the Haden Institute's 2003 Summer Dream Conference (see p. 23) will soon be available for mail order through the SeedWork web site. For a very low price—well under \$20—you will be able to order a set of six cds with eight hours of lectures by Susan Sims-Smith, Bob Haden, and yours truly. The people at SeedWork are working on this and will have it ready in early 2004. Keep checking the web site for this and other offerings.

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 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 1,400. (Our total circulation, as of this issue, is 2,700.) 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 82 of them, up from 73 at the time of *ROSE 4*.) Each Monkey pledges to contribute as much as \$100 per year, though the actual amount requested of them so far has been less. For the two issues in 2003, the Monkey assessment was \$25 for the first and \$10 for the second. For the current issue, the Monkeys were asked for \$15 each. (Quite a few Monkeys donate above the requested amount, which helps build a surplus each time 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 6) 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 May.*

We are still 18 Monkeys short of our goal of 100. If you would like to join our troop, please fill out the form on page 31 and send it in. It's fun to be a Monkey!

Many thanks to everyone who contributed money and time to *ROSE 5*. 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/IC09/Myers](http://www.context.org/ICLIB/IC09/Myers))

## Making New Music

(continued from page 1)

soul expected attention to be paid to my opposite, or shadow, areas.

With my parents' passing in 2000 (they had been married for fifty-seven years and died six months apart), my dreams intensified, but I did not know what to do with them. Then in 2001, the Rev. Susan Sims-Smith came to my church, St. Luke's Episcopal in North Little Rock, to help any of us who had recently experienced the loss of a loved one and whose dreams included visitations from those who have died. The room was full, and at the end of an hour-and-a-half session of testimonies and suggested interpretations, I felt, in a deeper way than ever before, that I was in the communion of saints. I longed for more of this intimacy and asked to be placed in a journey group. Mary Ann Trulock shepherded me into the group at Trinity in 2002, and the journey upon which I embarked has been rich indeed. Here are some of the dreams that have helped direct me to a marriage between creativity and business, a process that is still ongoing.

*I'm going up a hill on an overgrown path. Two young men walk ahead of me. They are scouts. We come to three iron gates. I press a button and one gate lifts, then the second gate. But when the third gate is half open, I see danger and call out, "Run!" A huge man, covered with hair, ROLLS down the hill, just missing us.*

Clearly, I had met "Iron John," my undeveloped, walled-up masculine side. The two scouts are a better-known part of my masculine self, the part that is leading me to these discoveries. Their duality symbolizes the good-news/bad-news aspect of every new truth that arises into consciousness. From this point on, I looked closely at all male and female figures in my

dreams as representative of parts of my personality that are at different stages of growth and wholeness.

*A nineteenth century sailing ship is being tossed on a stormy sea. Aboard the ship two women, dressed in long white dresses, are smuggling drugs and being chased by pirates. The stronger of the two women keeps killing the lead pirate but he just regenerates and keeps on with the chase. The weaker sister has been tied to the ropes, and the strong sister climbs up, cuts her down, and leaps to the deck, killing a pirate along the way.*



With the help of my dream group, I came to see how fiercely my inner feminine will fight for the ecstatic states of consciousness which creativity entails, as represented by the drug smugglers. I also see that my inner feminine is two-fold, one independent and fierce, the other dependent, in need of rescue. My anima, the archetypal feminine within me, loves me. She has a will to live, she is complicated, strong *and* weak, and she is in need of another archetype to be whole. The masculine shadow is denigrated. He is experienced as a foul, murdering thief who won't die.

**D**REAM BY DREAM, as time went by, weddings, or the proposal of marriage, became a primary theme.

*Couples being married cross from the left side of the walkway leading to the Washington Monument to the right side, skipping, even leaping to the other side. A priest in black presides under the obelisk. A young rabbi in a tan coat joins him, takes out a gun, and shoots me!*

The tan coat was the giveaway. That's the jacket my father gave me from his closet the last time I saw him before he died. I had to have it cut down to fit me. The group asked, what is the necessary death in my life? What attitudes and ideas need to die before the marriage can be completed?

This theme is carried forward in my most recent dream.

*I am working in an office with a wall of glass behind my desk. A woman in a gold dress gives me a book containing pictures of ancient musical instruments. I turn on a light switch and the area behind the glass wall is illuminated. It is a nature scene: rich, fertile soil, with greenery that comes to the edge of the window. On my right is an open bank vault, and I can see the glow of what must be gold bars inside. A man enters along with a woman carrying a Greek stringed instrument. The woman becomes a bride and is on my left. On my right the man waits for me to put down the tan jacket and the book of musical instruments so that we can begin a Greek circle dance. I have to stretch to reach the tall man's shoulder, but we begin to move. I notice there is a gap in the circle to the left of the bride, who is dressed in white. We try to close the circle. We dance.*

My Journey Group noticed that I had to put down my father's coat and the book of musical instruments in order to dance. I am called to be a different kind of businessman than my father was. I am called to make new music.

Little Rock, AR **Robert Boury**



## Pathfinding

The search will continue,  
always continue,  
for there is always wounding—  
always some anxiety, some concern,  
some fear.

What, then, has changed?  
The search has not changed;  
but the object has ever so slowly shifted—  
from father and mother  
to Other—  
from Other  
to the Beloved who dwells within,  
and has eternally known me,  
better than father and mother—  
or Other—  
has known me.

And now I take small steps  
along the path, with  
detours, twists, and turns;  
with rivers to forge, mountains to climb,  
and resting places.  
Still the search  
but now on the path—  
the path which leads  
to the Beloved who dwells within.

Little Rock, AR **Mary N. Waters**

*Mary Waters is the author of three books of poetry, Sandpaper Blankets, Private Rooms, and Other Stars Waiting. She grew up in northern Wisconsin and now is growing up some more in Little Rock. Somewhere along the way, she got off the conformity bus, and she has been enjoying the journey (especially the detours) ever since.*

*Dr. Robert Boury has for the past twenty-two years been the Resident Composer at the University of Arkansas at Little Rock. He has written music for UALR's Alma Mater, for the department of Theater and Dance, and for student ensembles. His work is recognized nationally as well, and his song cycle, "To Dream Again" (from The Tempest), was premiered last summer at the centennial convention of the music fraternity for women, Sigma Alpha Iota. Bob teaches Children's Chapel and coordinates a Visiting Artist Program at St. Luke's Episcopal Church in North Little Rock. He lives in Little Rock with his wife, Angie, who is an artist and a composer, and their daughter, Susan, who is a dancer.*



## Fishing with the Holy One

*“This path of the deep journey is not the same as the collective path of the Church, but I have not left the one for the other. Both paths are tightly interwoven in the fabric of my spiritual life.”*

I HAVE RECENTLY BEGUN CLOSING MY EYES during Scripture readings at mass and envisioning the text in a way that frequently pulls me into the experience of the “said.” Sometimes I find myself so bound within the experience that I become relatively unconscious of everything that follows (the sermon in particular, since it immediately follows the Scripture readings).

In doing this, I have never intentionally attempted to translate the Scripture in any way that would inform me about God’s messages from the unconscious. Because the Scripture is such a collective way of God speaking to people over the last 3000 years, I tend to think of it differently from God’s communications to me through dreams, synchronistic events, and experiences in nature. I had an experience recently, however, that has made me reconsider my categorization of these entities as mutually exclusive.

The Gospel reading one evening at daily mass was taken from the beginning of the fifth chapter of Luke. As I closed my eyes, I found myself beside the Lake of Gennesaret in a huge crowd, pushing to get closer to Jesus to hear what he was teaching. I began to experience it all “as if it were a dream.”

Jesus is at the edge of the lake and catches sight of two boats coming in to the water’s edge. (*Two: something new coming up out of the unconscious.*) Weary fishermen get out of the boats and begin washing their empty nets. (*They were not successful, by themselves, in bringing things up from the unconscious, although they had been out struggling to do so all night.*) Jesus gets into Simon’s boat and asks to be taken a little way out into the shallow water, and from here he teaches the crowd. (*Jesus reaches out to the collective from the shallow unconscious.*)

When Jesus has finished speaking to the crowd, he invites Simon to go out into deep water and cast his nets for fish. Simon protests that he has worked hard all night and has been unsuccessful; only very reluctantly does he agree to follow the suggestion. (*Jesus did not invite the entire crowd/collective to travel the path of the deep unconscious, but only a few. Did he know that most would get what they needed, and what they could absorb,*

*from the teachings from the shallow water? Jesus asked only a few, but at first they resisted because they were tired. They thought it would be too much work for nothing, for it had not been satisfactory when they tried it before without it being God/Jesus centered.*)

Once they accept the challenge and return to cast their nets, they catch so many fish the nets begin to tear. They yell for their companions to come and help. The other disciples set out with their nets, and they also fill their boats to the sinking point. (*It was only when the disciples merged the deep work in the unconscious with the guidance of the Holy One that their efforts were productive. After following Jesus into this deeper journey, they began to gain so much understanding that they had to call colleagues to come help them in this process. They got so much from the unconscious that they feared it might pull them into the depths—sink them for good. But they didn’t go under. Friends helped them on the journey. God was their constant guide. They brought their understandings with them as they emerged from the deep part of their individual journey, the part that lies beyond the collective.*)

When they saw the teeming fish and began to absorb what was happening, they were awestruck. Simon Peter fell to his knees before Jesus saying, “Leave me, Lord; I am a sinful man.” (*The understandings pulled from the unconscious revealed to them parts of their real, “sinful” nature. For the first time they saw themselves as they actually were. They saw all the shadow parts of themselves that they hadn’t seen prior to the journey into the deep unconscious. These new revelations immediately made them feel unworthy to be with Jesus. Perhaps they hadn’t felt unworthy before because they had projected their negative characteristics onto others around them.*)

Rather than leaving as Simon urged, Jesus says to them, “Do not be afraid; from now on it is people you will be catching.” The disciples then return to shore and follow Jesus, leaving behind everything they have centered life upon until now. (*God stays with His children. He does not disappear. He guides us safely back from the depths of the unconscious. He leads us out of our intensive searching into a closer relationship with Him and to reconnection with the collective. Upon emerging from this riveting, individual experience of the revealed God—a revelation that has changed us by bringing us understanding of new parts of ourselves—we begin our spiritual outer-world work of reaching out to others in a more focused, open, and God-centered way.*)

Normally in individual or group Scripture study, I consult a variety of traditional commentaries. One of these is Raymond Brown’s *An Introduction to the New Testament*. If I had simply consulted this reference, I would have found only that this is an account of the calling of the first disciples and a miraculous catch of

fish, that it is similar to the story in the epilogue of the Gospel of John, and that the version in John of a miraculous catch of fish is often interpreted with Eucharistic overtones. These scholarly “insights” would not have moved me to the deep experience I had with this Scripture. Obviously it is the calling of the first disciples and a miraculous catch of fish, but I know now that it is more.

**M**ANY TIMES SINCE MY ENCOUNTER with these verses, I have reflected upon what God may call me to do with the experiences and insights that have been coming to me in my natural spirituality work with dreams and synchronicity. Since I was a young child, I have been an active participant in the Church and have been aware of a deep and sustaining relationship with God. I have, like the disciples, fished around in the unconscious by myself, watching my dreams and taking note of synchronistic events. Working alone, however, my ability to process this realm of life was limited. But in the last fifteen years, God has led me out into the deeper water, giving me colleagues to journey with me and to help me with understandings of what God is giving me through the unconscious. This path of the deep journey is not the same as the collective path of the Church, but I have not left the one for the other. Both paths are tightly interwoven in the fabric of my spiritual life: liturgy, Scripture, and tradition provide one essential part of my spiritual journey, and God’s conversations and connections with me through the unconscious provide the other—each balancing and enhancing the other.

I realize that I could not share this interpretation of Scripture with the collective and have it make sense to them. But that does not worry me. The Scripture itself makes it clear to me that deep work is not for everyone. It also makes clear that for those who are called to deep work, the ultimate goal is not the depths of the journey but the outer-world work of living the gospel with each other and the collective. The deep work in the unconscious is simply an additional tool used by God to move some of us closer to Him along the spiritual continuum of our own life paths by giving us a clearer understanding of our Selves. This enables us to reach out to others in a more authentic way because we can pull back our projections and judgments and be continually open to changing our attitudes and interactions as God directs.

The journey into the unconscious seems difficult at the beginning, and I think each of us puts up resistance to it, claiming we have already tried it without results. But when the Holy One calls us to try again, not on our own terms, but in a new, total dependence on

## LABYRINTH

Down, down  
 into a maze of mystery,  
 a hazy sojourn  
 in search of an elusive cry  
 from some subterranean chamber.

Down, down  
 on a solitary journey where  
 sinister shadow-men  
 and dark foreign strangers lurk.

Lost and confused  
 I meander through  
 this elaborate labyrinth  
 of shifting time and cryptic corridors

Bewitched by the lure  
 of a dream’s insistent demand for  
 the need to know  
 what lies at the center...  
 what needs to be attended to.

Down, down  
 into the great tomb of the unconscious  
 to capture the tender seedling  
 and then  
 to plant it in the sunlight  
 so that it may blossom  
 in the garden of the Self.

Athens, GA *Virginia Carver*

© 2002 Virginia Carver. Reprinted from *Dancing Toward the Divine*.

God, then the effort to take the deep journey proves well worth the effort and more rewarding than we could ever imagine.

Athens, GA *Mary Jo McGee Brown*

*For Mary Jo McGee-Brown, dreams and God’s guidance through dreams have been central throughout her life. A more systematic attention to dreams through a Jungian/Christian lens was the gift to her from a natural spirituality course in 1992 and the ongoing dream groups at Emmanuel Episcopal Church in Athens, Georgia. She is the Director of Religious Education and facilitator of the Adult Scripture Study Group at the Catholic Center at the University of Georgia.*



**Send us your insights into deep Scripture.**

[Book Review]

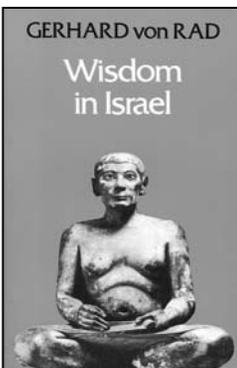
## Wisdom in Israel

by Gerhard von Rad

Trinity Press International, 1972

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*“What I now understand is that it is not the Old Testament which is unbalanced in favor of men and the masculine. It is our ability to comprehend it which is unbalanced. The feminine side of consciousness is almost completely alien to our own one-sided consciousness.”*



GERHARD VON RAD was an Old Testament scholar, an original mind, and, until his death, a professor at the University of Heidelberg. His book, *Wisdom in Israel*, opened my mind to an appreciation of Wisdom as She was understood and experienced by the teachers of Wisdom in ancient Israel.

I agree with the translator that, “The language of this book is . . . not as lucid as it might be. . . . Interpretation is a problem.” The text required my full attention and many a passage required several readings before the meaning became clear. I offer this warning to emphasize the rewards to be had by making the effort. This is not to say that *Wisdom in Israel* is conceptually difficult. It is not. However, the thoughts which are offered may be new to the reader and for that reason may require at least the shifting of established ways of thinking in order that the gems von Rad polished for us may be fully appreciated.

“The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.” Statements to this effect occur frequently in the Old Testament Wisdom writings. For von Rad it was not to be supposed that the Wisdom teachers were proposing that one must live in the emotional state of fear in order to become wise. The teachers were claiming their own obedience to the divine will and confessing obedience to God as their starting point. The substitution of the idea of respect for the word fear is helpful, but incomplete. A trusting and humble awareness of the Creator, on whom life depends, is also part of this attitude—standing undefended and defenseless in the presence of a power which cannot be fully known, knowing that

one must choose to act, responsible for consequences which cannot be fully anticipated. Fear is not an inappropriate word when one reflects upon one’s smallness within the vastness of all that is.

I note this because the Wisdom teachers stood firmly inside the boundary drawn by the First Commandment. Their adoration of Wisdom was not in conflict with the imperative that they acknowledge only the Lord as God. Nor was the Person, Wisdom, for all her greatness, seen to conflict with the proclamation that the Lord is One. This can be said with confidence because Wisdom, for all her apparent parity with the Lord, was understood to have been created.

The world was known as something created for mankind. It was good—at least for those able to live wisely within an order of things that it was mankind’s responsibility to understand as well as possible. This matter of understanding the order of creation was something quite apart from obedience to the Law, or observation of ritual, or appreciation of history. This knowledge was acquired by attending closely to the living of life. It was seen that those who trusted life lived better than those who did not. Indeed, it was noticed that the world spoke, to those who listened, with a voice that was not exactly the same as the voice of the Lord. Creation called out to mankind with love and a desire to be known and a readiness to bestow blessings. This voice of the created world was called Wisdom. She was the Person who completed the interface between the human and the divine. There was, therefore, nothing a wise human being might experience which did not witness to God.

A curious thing happens when an entity greater than ourselves is positioned between us and God. This entity, of necessity, ends up looking very much like God to us. Our capacity to experience is filled up when we meet Her. Our ability to praise Her falls short when we are moved to do so. On our own, we cannot say where She ends and God begins. So it was with the Wisdom teachers of Israel. The language of praise and the rewards of loving Wisdom sound much like what Israel could say of the Lord. What made it possible for the Wisdom teachers to make a distinction was the fact that they found Her by attending to and trusting life. She was there for anyone to learn from. The Lord, on the other hand, seemed content to let Wisdom be His agent most of the time. His role was interventionist, in history, in the life of the nation, and in the lives of those He chose to touch.

I was not able to praise Wisdom without reservation before I understood this. Rather, I was sure that the best

thing was to give all praise to God. Now, after reading this book, I understand that praising Wisdom is praising God, no less than praising Creation is praising God.

**E**VEN MORE EYE-OPENING FOR ME was von Rad's understanding of how the Old Testament presents a balanced whole. Our modern way of thinking makes it very difficult for us to appreciate how the people of Israel lived within the world they knew. We may dismiss their thinking as primitive compared to ours, but in reality they had many more centuries to develop their understanding of life in a created world than we have devoted to understanding a world which supposedly got here on its own. What I now understand is that it is not the Old Testament which is unbalanced in favor of men and the masculine. It is our ability to comprehend it which is unbalanced. The feminine side of consciousness is almost completely alien to our own one-sided consciousness. We recognize the Old Testament's power, Law, and order aspects. These we hold up to the exclusion of the parts we understand less well or not at all.

We can rectify this, but not without effort. It is very hard to change how one thinks. The recognition that a way of thinking is crippling does not of itself provide one with an alternative. We may know that we crawl and yet remain far from the ability to walk even after a very long time of struggle and seeking. This, of course, is well understood when thinking in terms of different cultures. We fail to move with understanding from one culture into another when we apply the tools and assumptions of the initial culture. No matter how hard we may try, the only way into a new culture is through a surrender into a trust of the new. This remains the process of a lifetime, and it can only succeed if the new culture is loved.

The message we may derive from the Wisdom teachers is this: Wisdom is still here, waiting to be trusted. Waiting to be listened to. Waiting to be loved and to love. Modern thought has taught us to struggle against the world rather than listen to it. Most of us simply do not know how to stop struggling. We are drowning in a medium that would buoy us up if we would let it. Wisdom is here always, saying to us, if we could hear: "Trust life. Listen to it. Listen to me, because I love you."

Athens, GA **Frank Farrar**

*Frank Farrar is a member of Emmanuel Episcopal Church in Athens, Georgia. He participates in that parish's natural spirituality program. Having written a book-length reflection on the relationship of the Ten Commandments to Christian spiritual health, he wonders just how to present this project to the world.*

## Midrash מדרש

**M**OSSES SAT ON THE MOUNT waiting to hear again the melodic rush of sound that accompanies the Holy Presence. He read again the tablet of wet clay on which he had written with a finger the nine laws that the Holy Presence had given him to teach the people. They did not go far enough. He inclined his ear, and heard it—the soft, sweet sound.

"Moses, why are you still here?" the Holy Presence said.

"Greatness—" Moses said, "the law is not yet finished."

"They are good laws, for a good life," said the Holy Presence.

"So they are, Wisdom," Moses said, hurrying to speak, lest the Holy Presence remove itself. "But the people—you have made me their leader—they—"

"Be plain, Moses."

"The bowing to idols—" Moses said, "the lying, stealing, killing—these abominations—a leader can deal with them, mete out justice. But daily—the people are jealous—mean-spirited, petty, greedy, always wanting more. I cannot cope with them," he added sadly.

"The smaller impulses are not my province."

"They contain the seeds of abominations—"

"I am beginning to regret the creation I have made," the Holy Presence said.

"O—Glory, Goodness, Beauty—do not blame yourself," Moses said. "You have given us a world full of marvels and wonders. The failure—is in the human heart."

Silence.

"Add to the tablet these words."

Putting his finger to the wet clay, Moses wrote, *It is forbidden to covet your neighbor's possessions.*

"I do not want to see you here again, Moses," the Holy Presence said, and withdrew in a rush.

Jerusalem, ISRAEL **Miriam Chaikin**

Midrash is a Hebrew word that means "search and explain." When information is missing in a Bible story, the Bible itself is searched for possible explanations.

*miriam chaikin is a former editor of children's books and a prize-winning author of some 30 books for young readers—fiction, nonfiction, and retellings of bible stories. she has also published poetry for adults. she lives in jerusalem in the winter and in new york city the rest of the year.*

 miriam does not care much for capital letters. and, if you are wondering, joseph chaikin, of theater reknown, was her brother, now greatly missed.



## Is Not Wisdom Calling?

*“The primeval order moves toward us and seeks our ear, loving us, endeavoring to draw us into a sublime bond of love—a bond between humankind and the divine mystery of creation.”*

**B**IBLICAL SCHOLAR GERHARD VON RAD has offered a definitive treatment of the wisdom theology of the Old Testament in his book *Wisdom in Israel*. I draw heavily from this work in the summary I present here.

The earliest recorded Scripture belonging to the wisdom tradition is the proverbial wisdom that begins in the tenth chapter of the book of Proverbs. Also known as sentence wisdom or instructional wisdom, proverbial wisdom consists of such nuggets as, “The wise of heart takes orders, but a gabbling fool heads for ruin” (Prov 10:8), and “Their uprightness sets the honest free, the treacherous are imprisoned by their own desires” (Prov 11:6). This collection was set down around the time of David and Solomon, 1000-800 B.C.

Central to proverbial wisdom is the observation based on long experience that righteous behavior, which belongs to the moment and is to be found in the context of each situation, supports a man and brings him into a sphere of blessing. This basis of *experience*, rather than ideals or speculation, is characteristic of wisdom literature. The assumption behind proverbial wisdom is that experience teaches that creation contains inherent natural laws and that one must learn about these and conform to them in order for things to go well both for the individual and the community. At the heart of the inherent laws is the fundamental principle that goodness is a life-promoting force: life thrives when goodness is done.

From *Natural Spirituality: Recovering the Wisdom Tradition in Christianity* by Joyce Rockwood Hudson, pp. 244-46. Copyright © 1998, 2000 by Joyce Rockwood Hudson. Used by permission of JRH Publications.

The Hebrew wisdom writers found no conflict between the inherent laws in creation and the Law of Yahweh given down from above. They understood that it is Yahweh who delegates truth to creation. Faith in inherent laws and faith in Yahweh are the same thing.

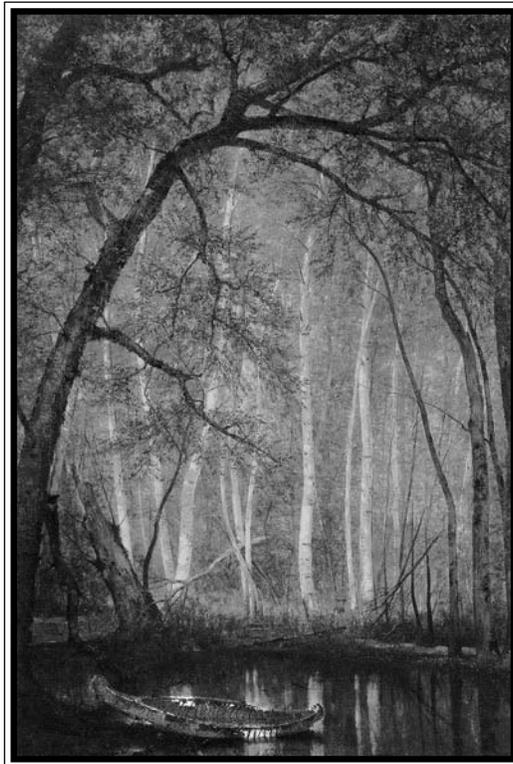
By the time the book of Job was recorded, around the sixth century B.C., the wisdom theologians had begun to go deeper and address the question of the nature of this inherent order that comes up out of the world. “Where does wisdom come from?” asks the twenty-eighth chapter of Job (v. 12), which puts forth the understanding that wisdom is not a human quality, but rather is something far removed from humankind. God had to do with it at the creation of the world. From the

very beginning it has been a reality that is in the world and subject to God’s ordering activity. And yet it is separate from the works of creation and cannot be acquired and possessed like the precious metals of the earth. It is something in between created life and heavenly life. Wisdom is the order given to the world by God, but the world never reveals the mystery of its order.

In the eighth chapter of Proverbs, which is believed to have been written around the fourth or third century B.C., the wisdom theologians begin to personify the mysterious order of the world. Personification is a development based on the emerging understanding that wisdom *calls* to humankind. This idea that wisdom calls us was unique to Israel. Other ancient cultures shared the idea of an inherent order in the

world, but only Israel perceived that the inherent order was turned toward humankind.

This understanding was not based on speculation but on the actual human experience of being called by wisdom. It is something that happens to a person in the world, something that is actually brought upon us by the world. The wisdom writers are speaking of the active influence on us of the environment itself—an ordering power which affects us and corrects us. This mysterious attribute of the world, this wisdom, is variously characterized by Gerhard von Rad as primeval order, mysterious order, world reason, meaning, or the self-



revelation of creation. Because the primeval order turns toward us and calls us, the wisdom writers found personification to be indispensable to the expression of its reality. In Proverbs 8 (vs. 1-4), we read:

Is not Wisdom calling?  
Is not Understanding raising her voice?  
On the heights overlooking the road,  
at the crossways, she takes her stand;  
by the gates, at the entrance to the city,  
on the access roads, she cries out,  
“I am calling to you, all people,  
my words are addressed to all humanity.”

We are told that the call of the primeval order is not hidden or esoteric. She stands on the heights, by the roadside, where the paths cross. (In other words, her call is in the synchronistic events of our daily lives and in our nightly dreams.) What she says is clear and precise: that people should listen to her and learn from her; that she will lead them out of ignorance and idle talk and teach them intelligence and truth; and that she will show them the way to fullness of life, to divine favor and security. “For whoever finds me finds life,” she says (Prov. 8:35).

Another astonishing attribute of the primeval order put forward in these later wisdom writings is that she not only calls us, but *loves* us. The relationship into which she summons us is a relationship of love. “I love those who love me,” she says in Proverbs (8:17). Jesus Ben Sirach, the author of Ecclesiasticus, which was written around 180 B.C., tells us (6:26-28):

Court her with all your soul,  
and with all your might keep in her ways;  
go after her and seek her; she will reveal herself  
to you;  
once you hold her, do not let her go.  
For in the end you will find rest in her  
and she will take the form of joy for you.

Wisdom is presented as a woman who calls to men quite openly in the streets and squares and invites them to come into her house. She is the true partner who calls men to herself—the true lover. The primeval order moves toward us and seeks our ear, loving us, endeavoring to draw us into a sublime bond of love—a bond between humankind and the divine mystery of creation.

Danielsville, GA *Joyce Rockwood Hudson*

## On Our Own

*The Chartres labyrinth is barely recognizable, since it is usually covered with chairs—chairs that I realized we would have to move ourselves. This made me very anxious. We had attempted to contact Chartres officials by letter and fax, but to no avail. It was clear that we were on our own.*

*Lauren Artress, Walking a Sacred Path*

We are on our own.

Moving the chairs  
in a cathedral  
with permission  
only from the universe  
to uncover  
the sacred spiral  
of the sea creatures  
we once were.

Moving the chairs  
in a cathedral  
the “place of the chair”  
where rows straight  
as print on a page  
obscure the ancient  
dancing floor.

Moving in a dance  
to reclaim the rectitude  
of curved paths and  
intricate weaving,  
the to and fro  
of the warp and weft  
of things.

Moving in this sacred space  
where we are  
on our own.



Austin, TX *Beverly Bardsley*

© 1999 Beverly Bardsley.  
Reprinted from *The Golden Thread: Poems from the Labyrinth*,  
Pulldown Press, 6905 Caudill Ln, Austin, TX 78738.

*Beverly Bardsley lives in the Texas hill country with her friend Sara. Beverly writes, Sara paints. Beverly was part of the Labyrinth Guild at St. David's in downtown Austin, where a beautiful labyrinth and meditation garden were recently dedicated. She now attends St. Mark's, a smaller, gentler parish church. Small is good.*

# Dream Work/Body Work

## The Wisdom of Spirit in the Body

*“Any bodily sensation can be heard as the voice of the unconscious.”*

TEN YEARS AGO MY LIFE was transformed by a barrage of numinous dreams that erupted from the deep psyche. I was overwhelmed by vivid images and dramatic visceral sensations: pounding heart, shortness of breath, electrified skin. Night after night I woke up trembling, my sheets drenched in sweat. These powerful psychosomatic events were my call to the journey. Through the years, I have become increasingly aware of the meaningfulness of signals from the body. I have found that aches, pains, cramps, itches, patterns of breathing, symptoms of “illness”—any somatic expression—can symbolically speak with as much force as a dream or synchronicity. Any bodily sensation can be heard as a voice of the unconscious.

My initial nightmares seemed “beyond words.” Their impact felt too strong for verbal analysis and my intuitive response was simply to allow these dreams to move me. Each morning I would lie on the floor in a meditative state of consciousness. I would re-imagine the dream with all its sensations and open myself to be moved. Sometimes I turned on music. As the dreams began to “dance me,” my conflicting emotions rose up to find expression through the process of meditative movement. After each session, I would write in my journal. Gradually, sensations and imagery began to clarify and transform. Gradually a sense of meaning broke through. I began to feel the gift of new attitudes and a growing sense of relationship with the powerful energies of the inner world.

It didn't take long to discover that my intuitive practice of moving with the sensations of my dreams is a technique that is widely used in varying forms by movement, dance, and body therapists around the world. Body

work as an integral part of dream work is becoming more and more widespread. Many emotional complexes arise from pre-verbal experience, and body work may be the only pathway for engaging at this deep level. Memory that is held in the cells, tissues, and organs of the body often calls for release primarily through bodily expressions.

To develop awareness of spirit in the body, many dream workers are now studying ancient Eastern practices such as yoga and tai chi. Dreamers are learning to work with the chakras. These are energy centers throughout the body that were first identified in Indian philosophies centuries ago. To increase consciousness and balance among these energy centers is a growing spiritual practice for many. Dreams can help guide the process.

One of Carl Jung's early contributions to the understanding of emotional complexes was his creation of a word association test based on the premise that every emotional complex corresponds to a network of physiological states. Today many dream workers are focusing on the bodily expressions of dream imagery. One is Robert Bosnak, Jungian analyst and past president of the Association for the Study of Dreams. Bosnak describes the dream as a network of embodied states. Unlike images which must be explored sequentially, embodied states can be experienced simultaneously. Through dream work, psychological tension can be held as a discrete embodied state.

When we consciously amplify this embodied tension over a period of time, a new embodied state will arise. The new state always brings an experience of transformation and healing. Bosnak's dream imagery work is part of a large imagery project at Harvard Medical School. His work reflects growing interest in the relationship of dreams to the body and the potentials for dream work within the field of complementary medicine.

WHEN WE ENTER INTO ON-GOING DIALOGUE with our dreams, we begin to experience transformation and a sense of healing no matter what “style” of dream work we choose. As we confront the shadows of our inner world, we gradually experience a shift in attitude and a sense of new relationship to our fears and con-

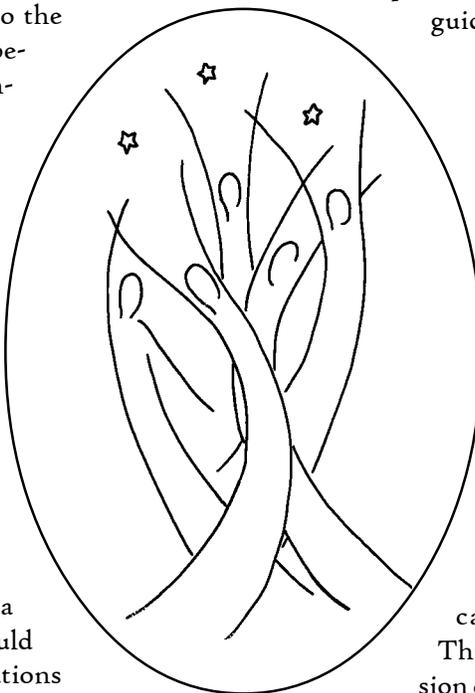


Illustration by Carol Downs, a member of the Emmanuel Episcopal Church Natural Spirituality Group, Athens, Georgia.

flicts. Both imagery and energy evolve and change. Healing symbols spontaneously emerge. Clinical studies demonstrate that positive imagery enhances the functioning of the immune system. In my dream work with cancer patients, this is important. My primary goal is to facilitate the “embodiment” of healing imagery that arises as a natural outcome of long-term dream work.

I think of embodiment as any process for turning imagery into fuel for the body’s innate healing system. Clinical studies show that imagery has its greatest impact on the body when it is received in a meditative state of consciousness. Therefore, our first step in embodying the dream is to breathe and relax into a meditative state. Then we savor the imagery with all of our senses, allowing the experience to impact the body. Members of the dream group have made individual relaxation-guided-imagery tapes based on personal dream images. We are still experimenting with this project but are

excited about our initial experiences.

In addition to the guided-imagery tapes, members of our cancer group attend classes in yoga, tai chi, and art where they re-imagine, move, dance, and give form to their healing dream experiences. Through these integrated mind-body activities, our intent is to amplify and compound the positive psycho-physical effects that are inherent in each individual activity. Through our on-going dream work/body work, it is our hope to honor the dream and to engage more deeply with the wisdom of Spirit in the body.

Atlanta, GA Tallulah Lyons

*Tallulah Lyons leads dream groups at First Presbyterian Church in Atlanta and is the author of Dream Prayers: Dreamwork as a Spiritual Path. She also facilitates a weekly dream group at The Wellness Community, affiliated with Northside Hospital. Her passion is to help bring recognition of dream work to the field of complementary medicine.*

[Reflection]

## Resurrection

My friend Danna died of cancer a little more than a year ago, at the age of 50, leaving behind a husband and two sons. In our earlier days Danna and I were dancers together. Since her death I have had three dreams that seemed to be actual visitations from her spirit. Here is the most recent one:

*I had gone to Pennsylvania to visit Danna’s husband, Bob, and their younger son. It seems that Bob finally realized he had to wash the blankets that had been on their bed, and I was there to help him. He was crying as we hung and straightened the blankets on a line outside. As we wrung them out (water and Bob’s tears), white flowers—like snapdragons—sprang up underneath the clothesline.*

*Then the scene changed and I was sitting alone in a white room, in a bathtub filled with fragrant, steamy water. I cupped my hands together and scooped water in them and raised them up above my head so that the water could fall down onto my head and run down my face. I did this three times, and after the third time, I opened my eyes and there was Danna, sitting opposite me in the tub. Her countenance was bright and loving. She moved her hands in a slow, deliberate dance, ritualistic and Eastern in manner, and then dove under the water, face down beside me and to my left. I lay down in the water until only my face was above the surface.*

*We stayed like that, totally relaxed, for awhile and then I realized that Danna could breathe under water. I remember thinking that she can’t die, as she is already dead. She either doesn’t have to breathe at all or she can breathe under water.*

*Then we moved at the same time: I propped myself up on my left elbow, turning toward her and she propped herself up on both her arms and flung her hair to the left and out of her eyes. She was not wet from the water at all—I was—and I reached out my right hand and touched her face, smoothing her hair back. I could really feel her physical self. She never spoke a word, but I understood that she is dancing in the dreams of dancers who are still in their struggle here on earth. I also got from her that she knows how her guys are handling their grief. She wanted them to know that all would be well. . . .“There is such peace, there is such joy,” said her eyes.*

And then we both faded and I awoke and wept.

Athens, GA Janet Robertson



Janet Robertson is a University of Georgia dance professor and a member of the Natural Spirituality Group at Emmanuel Episcopal Church in Athens, Georgia.

## Bones Dancing

**Oh, for something that penetrates bones  
Like the wooden flute haunts far regions  
Where hawks float, sure, like smoke.**

**Bones lie drying in the sun, cleansed,  
Picked clean of rotting flesh.  
But no one sings. No one prays.  
No one wails. No one grieves.**

**Rhythms beat deep echoing against canyon  
walls,  
While hungry notes join the pulse beat  
Felt within the soul too long alone.**

**Come with the flute and play so I might  
hear  
That song forgotten, remembered sadly,  
So that bones dance beneath the moon  
And wail though lost for a thousand years.**

Lubbock, TX *Jeanie Henager*



 Jeanie Henegar submitted this poem to *The Rose* on August 14, 2003. She died twelve days later. She included with her poem the following biographical sketch.

*Jeanie Henegar lives in Lubbock, Texas, with Rosie, her rat terrier. She has practiced professional nursing for over forty years and most recently retired after fifteen years of teaching psychiatric/mental health nursing. She has also practiced in child adolescent mental health and as an advanced practice nurse with the Veterans Administration Mental Hygiene Clinic in Lubbock. She loves nature, writing, music, and her brother-in-law's cooking. She holds most dear her nuclear family and her family at St. Christopher's Episcopal Church in Lubbock. She is a sister, sister-in-like (law), aunt, great-aunt, and great-great-aunt. In 2001 she was diagnosed with Stage III breast cancer, which has recently progressed to Stage IV.*

The Lord said to me, "Prophesy to these bones, and say to them: O dry bones, hear the word of the Lord. Thus says the Lord God to these bones: Behold I will cause breath to enter you, and you shall live."

Ezekiel 37:4-5

## Remembering Jeanie

**J**EANIE HENAGER WAS A MEMBER of our Natural Spirituality Group at St. Christopher's Episcopal Church in Lubbock, Texas. While dealing with the role that dreams play in the individuation journey, we learned that Jeanie had cancer. Realizing the challenge that God sets before each of us, especially for Jeanie, the inner work seemed all the more urgent. Eventually, as her disease progressed, Jeanie had to stop coming to our meetings. However, several of us met privately with her, continuing to support her journey.

Jeanie said that she felt God's synchronistic hand in her life, for every time she needed help with a ride, oxygen, or therapy, the right people seemed to appear without any effort on her part. She told me that she hoped she could learn the lessons that she needed for the end of her journey. In the last month of her life, Jeanie shared with me several dreams that involved the sense of a wound to her spirit. One dream occurred ten days before she died.

*She was in a two-story house. The phone rang, and her brother told her that her father was being taken to the*

*hospital with a heart attack. "Don't come," he said. "I will take care of everything." The phone rang again, and her brother reported that her father had died. He repeated, "Don't come. I have taken care of everything." Jeanie went upstairs to take a bath. When she immersed herself in the water, a great love surrounded her, and a voice told her that she was a wonderful and beloved person.*

Jeanie awoke from that dream in great peace. She told me that her father's illness—significantly, a "heart" attack—represented all of her past hurts and disappointments, and his dying (as she interpreted it) was the healing or "death" of those past hurts.

Jeanie seemed to know that God was preparing her for death. She told me, "There will be big changes in my family around Labor Day weekend." I felt as if she were referring to her own death. And, indeed, she died just before Labor Day. I thank God that our dream group was permitted to be part of her journey.

Lubbock, TX *JOAN DAVIS*

## I'll Fly Away

PEOPLE HAVE BEEN ASKING ME to write down this story of synchronicity ever since I started telling it. I did not begin to tell it at all until after my oldest niece told it to me a couple of days after it happened. Since her version jibed completely with mine, I decided that it must be the truth—I had not imagined it.

On Wednesday, December 4, 2002, on her eighty-fifth birthday, my mother began to shut her systems down completely. In failing health for the past three and a half years, she had been a critical care patient in a nursing home here in Little Rock. As the nurses and attendants flew helium balloons in her room and put a party hat on her head, she was unresponsive to all external stimuli, although her eyes were open.

On Thursday, December 5, my niece, my wife, and I sat with Mother all day. We read aloud her favorite Bible passages. We had prayers from three pastors who came by. We spoke aloud of all the good memories we could come up with. And, as I had on many occasions before, I played the guitar as the three of us sang several songs. One of the last songs we sang was "I'll Fly Away," a song about the Resurrection aspect of the archetype of Death.

Several people who visited my mother that Thursday felt the deeply spiritual atmosphere of the room. It was "thick with angels," one person said. "Love and light surrounded her to the end," another said. Even I, with my Type A obsessive personality, could not deny the numinous quality of the ambiance.

On Friday morning, December 6, the three of us who were keeping vigil were joined, around 8:30 AM, by my second oldest niece. At about 10:30 my mother's breathing slowed noticeably. Sensing that she was about to cross over, we all became silent and focused our hearts and spirits on her. In the background we could hear the chaplain conducting a program for nursing home residents in the activity room, two doors away. All four of us felt the presence of God.

At 10:40, the southeastern sky was aglow with morning sunshine, which beamed in from the window as Mother exhaled her final breath. When it was clear that she would not again inhale, the four of us made eye contact and, after a few nervous comments to each other, began to move about the room. At that moment, from the activity room, we heard the group of residents break into song:

"One bright morning when this life is o'er,  
I'll fly away,



### 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, 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.

*Resist no thought, hang on to no thought,  
react emotionally to no thought.  
Whatever image, feeling, reflection, or  
experience attracts your attention,  
return to the sacred word.*

Thomas Keating, *Open Mind, Open Heart*

To that home on God's celestial shore,  
I'll fly away.  
I'll fly away O Glory,  
I'll fly away (in the morning),  
When I die, hallelujah by and by,  
I'll fly away."

Little Rock, AR **Vic Fleming**

*Vic Fleming, a district court judge, teaches Law and Literature at the University of Arkansas at Little Rock William H. Bowen School of Law. He is involved in two dream groups and writes often for The Rose. He is also the author of two books and writes a weekly column in a legal publication. He and his wife Susan have two adult children.*

## The Power of a Transformed Life:

### A Retreat with the Bishop

Camp Mitchell, Morrilton, AR

February 6–8, 2004



Humans are hungry for deep and radical transformation. We long to return to our deep center where, by design, we are peaceful, loving, generous, and happy. Our personalities, created to help us navigate planet earth, do not always take us to the place of our deepest center. Our dreams are filled with images of change: ice that melts, tornadoes that disassemble buildings, people who are changed in death, and so forth. Our prayer time is filled with transformation from stress to quiet, from disconnect from God to presence with God, from doing to being. Our relationships are filled with transformation, for it is in relationships that we can see our shadow and choose to change in order not to continue dumping it unconsciously on those that we love.

The Christian life finds its meaning in deep and radical transformation. For the Christian, this transformation brings a fuller meaning than a life lived from rules, regulations, and formulas for correct behavior. We hunger for this spiritual growth and look for practical ways to allow a process of transformation to settle in. This retreat will focus on some of those practical tools.

Come join us for a weekend led by the Rt. Rev. Larry E. Maze, Episcopal Bishop of Arkansas, and by me, the Rev. Susan Sims-Smith, Canon for Special Ministries for the Diocese of Arkansas.

The cost of the Transformation Retreat is \$120. To reserve a place, send your name, address, phone number, and email address, along with a \$40 nonrefundable deposit made payable to SeedWork, to:

Kyran Pittman, Registrar  
Diocese of Arkansas  
PO Box 164668  
Little Rock, AR 72216

The registration deadline is January 16, 2004. Scholarship funds are available. You can call Kyran at 501-373-2168, ext. 218 or email her at [seedwork@seedwork.org](mailto:seedwork@seedwork.org).

Little Rock, AR The Rev. Susan Sims-Smith

 See pages 25, 31, and 32 of this issue for other upcoming 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. C indicates community existence. Programs marked with an asterisk (\*) are new to the list since 2003.

## ALABAMA

\*Auburn Unitarian-Universalist, Auburn  
Episcopal Church of the Nativity, Dothan  
St. Mark's Episcopal Church, Troy

## ARIZONA

\*Grace St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Tucson

## ARKANSAS

St. Peter's Episcopal Church, Conway  
St. James' Episcopal Church, Eureka Springs  
St. Martin's Univ. Ctr. (Episcopal), Fayetteville  
St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Fayetteville  
St. John's Episcopal Church, Fort Smith  
St. John's Episcopal Church, Harrison  
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  
Coffeehouse 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

## What Is Natural Spirituality?

THE TERM NATURAL SPIRITUALITY refers to the study and healing of the Holy Spirit in the individual through the natural process of the biblical tradition, this reality is a gift of Wisdom. Natural spirituality programs consist of one or more "journey groups"—such as study classes which teach the process of psychology as tools for a deeper understanding.

Natural spirituality as a term was first coined at Emmanuel Episcopal Church in Georgia in 1991. Joyce Rupp was the initial teacher in that understanding. She later wrote a book, *Natural Spirituality: Wisdom Tradition in Christianity* (1999, 2000), which contains the history of the study class and a descriptive program. With the publication of this book, churches have started natural spirituality of their own, structuring it as study groups centered on the natural process.

Natural spirituality programs are now church to church. The structure of the program so far is in Arkansas. Susan Sims-Smith, Canon for Special Ministries for the Episcopal Diocese of Arkansas, supports parish programs of spirituality and dreamwork.



Where to get the Natural Spirituality book: [amazon.com](http://www.amazon.com); [barnesandnoble.com](http://www.barnesandnoble.com) stores (by special order) [www.amazon.com/shops/](http://www.amazon.com/shops/)



For an ever-growing natural spirituality resources, including the book *Rose*, all of it free or at cost on the page of the Diocese of Arkansas: [www.seedwork.org](http://www.seedwork.org).

*inviting Wisdom into*

# Quality Programs

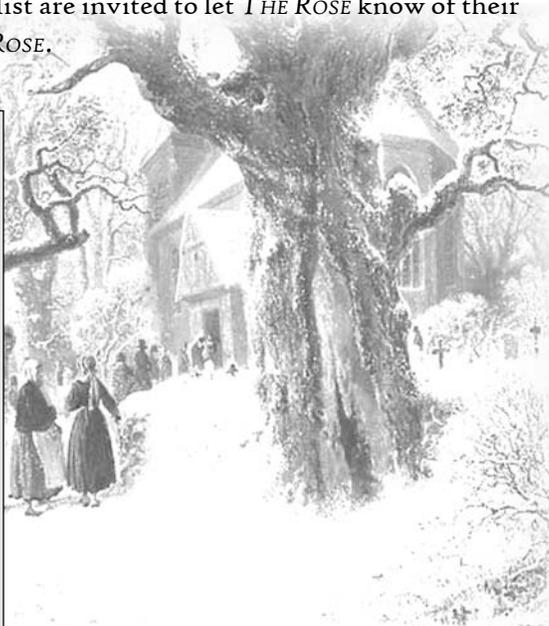
...y programs (dream groups based in churches) that we know about at  
... phase as well as those with established dream groups. The groups are  
... Groups that are not on the list are invited to let *THE ROSE* know of their  
... since the last issue of *THE ROSE*.

## Natural Spirituality?

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... jrhpub.

... offering of natural spiri-  
... nding back issues of *The*  
... ost, go to the SeedWork  
... of Arkansas website:



### FLORIDA

Cokesbury Methodist Church, Pensacola  
\*Faith Presbyterian Church, Tallahassee

### KENTUCKY

Christ Church Cathedral (Episcopal), Lexington

### MICHIGAN

Grace Episcopal Church, Traverse City

### MISSISSIPPI

St. James Episcopal Church, Jackson

### NORTH CAROLINA

\*First United Methodist Church, Elkin

### TENNESSEE

\*Church of the Ascension (Epis), Knoxville  
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

## Natural Spirituality Lite

SOMETIMES I AM ASKED THE QUESTION, "How do you use Joyce Hudson's book in a study group?" The book, *Natural Spirituality: Recovering the Wisdom Tradition in Christianity*, is the text often used by those who want to initiate dream groups in churches, coffee-houses, or elsewhere. It is the book that we at Emmanuel Church in Athens, Georgia, use in our introductory natural spirituality classes, which have been going on for twelve years. The way we use the book now, however, is not the way we have always used it.

For the first eleven years of our program, natural spirituality inquirers were asked to make a serious commitment of time and study for once-a-week, 90-minute evening classes that lasted up to three months. Then something happened that made us rethink the process: we were allowed to start teaching natural spirituality during the Christian Education hour on Sunday mornings, with an annual eight-week block of time to use for this purpose.

Because of the time restraint and the distinctive nature of Sunday school learning, we decided to present a more loosely constructed program. The class is now a free-ranging discussion of themes from the book interwoven with the life experiences of the participants. Those who attend regularly do become familiar with the Jungian concepts we use, and they get the benefit of input from "old timers," for those who have taken the course before or have read the book several times or who have been active in dream groups attend the Sunday discussions, too. People may drop into and out of these classes and keep up with the reading or not, as they please. Because the classes are offered annually, even those who attend sporadically can build a gradual familiarity with natural spirituality, and when and if they feel they are ready, they can join a journey group for regular dream work in the company of others. We like this more relaxed approach to our program: we call it "natural spirituality lite."

Athens, GA Agnes Parker



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... our lives & churches

# Synchronicity

## The Depth Dimension of the Natural Order

*“What are we to do with moments of this kind, which occur with some regularity in our lives?”*

THE GREAT TWENTIETH-CENTURY THEOLOGIAN, Paul Tillich, urged us to move beyond the categories of “natural” versus “supernatural” reality. He felt that this distinction was arbitrary, misleading, and artificially dualistic. Instead, he proposed that we see the concepts of “God,” “miracle,” and “spiritual” as *depth* dimensions of the natural order of being. It is as though a deeper reality is manifested in and through the operations of the visible world, which serves as a kind of outer garment for the normally unseen workings of the spiritual realm. Tillich says:

The manifestation of the mystery of being does not destroy the structure of being in which it becomes manifest. The ecstasy in which the mystery is received does not destroy the rational structure of the mind by which it is received. The sign-event which gives the mystery of revelation does not destroy the rational structure of the reality in which it appears. . . . The sign-events in which the mystery of being gives itself consist in special constellations of elements of reality in correlation with special constellations of elements of the mind. Revelation is the manifestation of the depth of reason and the ground of being. (*Systematic Theology*, Vol. 1, pp. 116-17)

Here Tillich seems almost to be describing Carl Jung’s concept of “synchronicity,” without using the word. By this term, Jung referred to the often mysterious relationship between inner psychic experiences and outer physical events. He described incidents of synchronicity as “meaningful coincidences,” by which he meant the simultaneous correspondence of an external event with an inner experience in such a way as to contribute to one’s sense of purpose and wholeness. Jung says:

It is not only possible but fairly probable, even, that psyche and matter are two different aspects of one and the same thing. The synchronicity phenomena point, it seems to me, in this direction, for they show that the nonpsychic can behave like

the psychic, and vice versa, without there being any causal connection between them. (“On the Nature of the Psyche,” CW 8, p. 418)

Marie-Louise von Franz, Jung’s renowned pupil, observes that “it may prove to be that ‘psyche’ and ‘matter’ are actually the same phenomenon, one observed from ‘within’ and the other from ‘without’” (*Man and His Symbols*, p. 211).

No causal relationship seems traceable between inner psychic processes and external physical occurrences, yet they often coincide in a way that seems unmistakably purposeful or significant. In one of his essays for a more popular audience, Jung describes some common kinds of synchronistic experiences:

It often seems that even inanimate objects cooperate with the unconscious in the arrangement of symbolic patterns. There are numerous well-authenticated stories of clocks stopping at the moment of their owner’s death; one was the pendulum clock in the palace of Frederick the Great at Sans Souci, which stopped when the king died. Other common examples are those of a mirror that breaks or a picture that falls when a death occurs; or minor but unexplained breakages in a house where someone is passing through an emotional crisis. (*Man and His Symbols*, p. 55)

In her book *Natural Spirituality: Recovering the Wisdom Tradition in Christianity*, Joyce Rockwood Hudson tells the story of being in church one Easter morning when a similar “mishap” occurred. The church was full, the choir and congregation more exuberant than usual, with trumpets accompanying the organ’s fanfares. As a particularly robust hymn was being sung, a vase of Easter lilies crashed from the altar to the floor. At that very instant, the congregation was singing the words, “The Spirit’s power shakes the church of God.” Most saw this event only as an intrusive accident, but Ms. Hudson could not escape regarding it as a “moving, grace-filled moment.” She says:

So much that happens to us is experienced as annoyance when it is actually meant to get our attention in order to alter our course or to teach us something....Such manifestations of the spirit of God arise out of nature itself and are fully in keeping with physical laws. The vase of lilies fell because of the vibrations of the music—the pipe organ, trumpets, and voices—and because someone had placed it too near the edge of the altar. The mystery was in the timing. That was where the unconscious revealed itself. In living with synchronicity one learns to accept this nonrational but undeniable aspect of reality. One gets used to the idea that through the Self, the unifying principle that is both within us and around us, God coordinates the life of the world in something of the same way a composer coordinates the many parts of a symphony or a writer ties together the many threads of a book. At the bottom of physical life, somewhere below the subatomic particles, there is this mystery. (p. 107)



I WAS FIRST MADE AWARE in seminary of how important timing can be in what is often called a “miracle.” As an example, the professor pointed out that there are two accounts of the Exodus in the Old Testament, one seeming to have a “natural” explanation, and one a “supernatural.” In Exodus 14:21 we read: “The Lord drove the sea back by a strong east wind all night, and turned the sea into dry land; and the waters were divided. The Israelites went into the sea on dry ground, the waters forming a wall for them on their right and on their left.” But in the next chapter, when the survivors of this cataclysmic event describe it more poetically, the account says: “At the blast of your nostrils the waters piled up, the floods stood up in a heap; the deeps congealed in the heart of the sea (15:8).”

So, which was it? Was the momentous escape through the Red Sea, which formed Israel’s spiritual identity for all the ages to come, merely the result of a fortuitous windstorm that drove the waters back to make a path? Or was it the direct intervention of Israel’s God blowing the waters back by the breath of his nostrils? Or is this a clear instance of how we must, in Tillich’s view, transcend the dualism of “natural” and “supernatural”? Was the event both a great wind *and* God’s breath? Must the two descriptions be mutually exclusive? The

concept of synchronicity suggests that the answer to the last question is no.

In this “miraculous” event, the timing was everything. Only a brief window of opportunity was available to escape from Pharaoh’s army. If the wind-breath had been a few minutes too early or late, presumably the story of Israel would never have entered the annals of history. Perhaps in fact a mighty wind blew at just the right time. But it would have been difficult to convince the survivors that their God was not present in the event, breathing new life into his people once again, as in the original moment of creation. What could be regarded as a natural event is then seen mythically and symbolically through the inner eye of deeper vision. It is seen as having a life-transforming meaning and purpose. This is precisely the nature of synchronicity.

I HAVE BEEN ABLE TO LOOK BACK through my own life-experience and identify a number of instances that seem to qualify as examples of synchronicity, though I did not know this term at the time they happened. They have had a very significant effect on my spiritual journey, as I have reflected on these occurrences numerous times. I will recount here only one of them:

It was a dismal Christmas for me in 1959. That was not very surprising considering the fall that had preceded it. In September of that year I began graduate work in theology at Duke University. Suddenly I found myself in the midst of a world much more complex and sophisticated than the fairly protected one in which I had grown up in the Arkansas Ozarks. Disturbing questions confronted me. Theological debate was no-holds-barred, and no issues were off limits. I was a long way from home, and the distance was much more than geographical. My new environment began to chip away at the foundations of a faith which I had somehow managed to keep isolated from challenge. I began to have bouts of anxiety. Nights became restless. The future seemed more and more to be enshrouded in a black cloud. I managed to keep up the academic work, but only by the most dogged adherence to the one-day-at-a-time principle. Finally, the Christmas holidays arrived, promising a temporary respite, but my emotional and physical reserves were pretty well depleted by then. Small wonder that most of my Christmas vacation was spent in the grip of a virulent case of the flu.

When it came time to begin the 900 mile trek back to Durham, I still had not recuperated sufficiently to

attempt it alone. In a typical act of kindness, my dad decided to accompany me on the trip in order to handle the major burden of the driving. We loaded our bags into my vintage 1953 Ford. Given its age, the car had understandably developed some eccentricities, not the least of which was an almost insatiable thirst for oil.

It carried us smoothly through Tennessee, and after a snowy passage through the Smokies we wound our way into North Carolina. The cold January day wore on until eventually we emerged from the tortuous Appalachian highways onto a section of the new interstate. Those broad four lanes seemed heavenly after the grueling passage through the mountains. Midwinter darkness came early as the mile-markers sped by, but the venerable old Ford seemed to be on its best behavior. We pushed on steadily and somewhat inattentively, straining to reach Durham by a reasonable bedtime. Neither of us had thought to check the oil gauge for a long time.

Suddenly I realized that my Dad was veering off to the right, mistaking an exit ramp for the main highway. Quickly sensing what he had done, he applied the brakes sharply and the car's engine sputtered and stalled. There was nothing to do but roll down the exit ramp to a rural highway, while he grumbled something about these newfangled highways being too complicated for a fellow who learned to drive on Arkansas farm roads. Our navigational orientation was confined to the awareness that we were somewhere in the middle of North Carolina. Repeated attempts to restart the car produced only grinding noises and a perceptible lowering of the battery's interest in the whole enterprise. I ran through my rather short repertoire of under-the-hood inspections, the main one of which was a nervous look at the dipstick. Sure enough, the car had been up to its old drinking habits. Only slight traces of grimy oil were visible at the very tip of the stick. I had a sinking feeling that this vehicle had clocked its last mile and had left us stranded.

I glanced at my watch—9:25 PM. Peering into the darkness, I tried to take some measure of our environs. Down the road in one direction the lights of a few farmhouses twinkled in the distance. Then as I looked in

the other direction, a miracle! Only a hundred yards or so away were the lights of a service station. The portals of the heavenly city could hardly have appeared more attractive at that point.

While my father stayed with the car, I hurried to the station and quickly purchased several quarts of oil, clinging to a slim hope for a miraculous resuscitation. As the attendant handed me the change, he said cheerfully, "Man, you got here just in time. I close this place up at 9:30!"

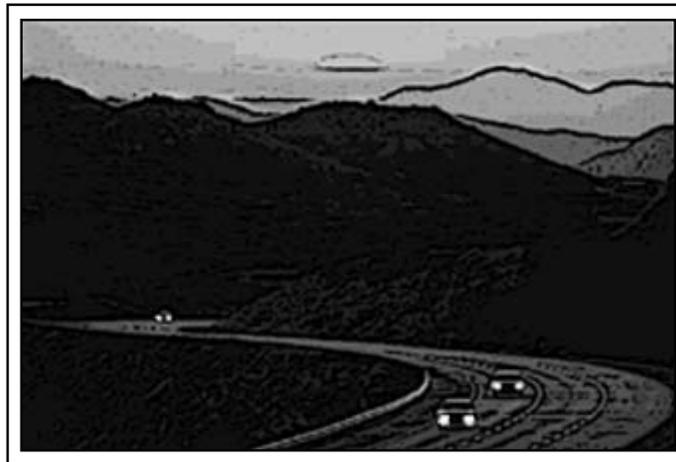
The steamy motor drank the oil greedily, and after only a few wheezes and jolts it started again. We eased back onto the interstate, and the car purred its way safely into Durham.

Through the years I have often pondered the meaning of this curious episode that dark night on a lonely highway during an especially difficult time in my life. I know it can never be proven that such "coincidences" are the hand of Providence. I know only that if my father had not taken that exit by the service station, stalling the car at just that particular time, we would have, in a few minutes, been completely stranded on the interstate as the engine burned up

for lack of oil. Was this synchronicity an enactment of a little parable to show us that although our spiritual journey is often beset by adversity, an unseen Power is with us even on the darkest nights to help us continue moving toward greater wholeness? I think it was, and I have remembered it countless times when in special need of reassurance about the reality of Providence.

**I**N HIS BOOK *TELLING SECRETS*, Frederick Buechner recounts an experience that happened at a difficult time in his own life:

I remember sitting parked by the roadside once, terribly depressed and afraid about my daughter's illness and what was going on in our family, when out of nowhere a car came along down the highway with a license plate that bore on it the one word out of all the words in the dictionary that I needed most to see exactly then. The word was TRUST. What do you call a moment like that?



Something to laugh off as the kind of joke life plays on us every once in a while? The word of God? I am willing to believe that maybe it was something of both, but for me it was an epiphany. The owner of the car turned out to be, as I'd suspected, a trust officer in a bank, and not long ago, having read an account I wrote of the incident somewhere, he found out where I lived and one afternoon brought me the license plate itself, which sits propped up on a bookshelf in my house to this day. It is rusty around the edges and a little battered, and it is also as holy a relic as I have ever seen. (pp. 49-50)

What are we to do with moments of this kind, which occur with some regularity in our lives? A world view that accepts nothing except the causal interactions of natural law totally controlling a merely physical universe will see such events only as meaningless accidents of simultaneity. They are not viewed as pointing to any deeper reality. On the other hand, those convinced, as Carl Jung was, that a psychic and spiritual realm is operating within and alongside the material world will be able to accept Buechner's description of them as "epiphanies," manifestations of the Divine. Jung writes, "Meaningful coincidences are thinkable as pure chance. But the more they multiply and the greater and more exact the correspondence is, the more their probability sinks and their unthinkability increases, until they can no longer be regarded as pure chance but, for lack of a causal explanation, have to be thought of as meaningful arrangements." ("The Structure and Dynamics of the Psyche," CW 8, p. 518 f.)

Marie-Louise von Franz believes that synchronistic events "almost invariably accompany the crucial phases of the process of individuation," as would seem to be quite obvious in the examples cited above. However, she adds, "too often they pass unnoticed, because the individual has not learned to watch for such coincidences and to make them meaningful." (*Man and His Symbols*, p. 211)

Robert Johnson has used an especially appealing phrase to describe the synchronistic events running through our lives. He calls them "slender threads." In his autobiography he tells of countless times when these connecting moments have woven themselves into experiences of encouragement, transformation, and spiri-

tual growth. He, too, suggests that there are far more synchronicities in life than we may realize: "I think that the slender threads are continually present, it is just our ability to accept them that varies. It may be impossible for us to realize this because it would result in our seeing meaning everywhere in all things. This is the perspective of a saint, but for most of us it is unbearable. It is probably true that we live in a universe with more meaning in it than we can comprehend or even tolerate. Life is not meaningless; it is overflowing with meaning, pattern, and connections." (*Balancing Heaven and Earth*, p. 103)

Similarly, Paul Tillich warns of how our encounters with the experience of "depth" may be profoundly disturbing. Such events can shake up the familiar and comfortable life of what Jung called the "collective," or dominant, attitudes of society, to which we have become so accustomed. Tillich says:

Perhaps you should call this depth *hope*, simply hope. For if you find hope in the ground of history, you are united with the great prophets who were able to look into the depth of their times, who tried to escape it, because they could not stand the horror of their visions, and who

yet had the strength to look to an even deeper level and there to discover hope. (*Shaking the Foundations*, p. 59)

By whatever name we may call these arresting experiences—synchronicity, providence, slender threads, epiphanies of the numinous, or revelation—the effect on us is the same. Our surface view of life is challenged, and we are invited to envision a world of larger meaning and mystery, which, though it may require our transformation, embraces us with a profound sense that life is ultimately purposeful.

Little Rock, AR *The Rev. Patrick Murray*



CW refers to Jung's *Collected Works*, Princeton University Press. This article is taken from a paper written in partial fulfillment of the requirements of the Haden Institute Dream Leadership Program.

*Pat Murray has been an Episcopal priest in the Diocese of Arkansas for twenty-five years. Before that he taught philosophy for ten years. A widower, he participates in two dream groups, helps out with various journey groups, and stays busy on the Internet keeping in touch with four children and four grandchildren. He is the author of Living Beyond Your Losses: The Healing Journey Through Grief (Morehouse, 1997).*

I am the light of the world;  
anyone who follows me will not  
be walking in the dark  
but will have the light of life.  
John 8:12

## Pumped Up and Ready to Roll

*“To my amazement, she asked me, ‘What in your life is going flat?’ With that I smiled and recognized a moment of deep synchronicity.”*

I RECENTLY HAD THE EXPERIENCE of having not one, but two flat tires. My right front tire had gotten a nail in it, and even though it was patched—with the assurance that I wouldn’t have to worry about it—a slow leak was ever present. Each week I would need to put a little air into this tire and when it became more frequent, I realized that I would need to have it replaced.

Within a month’s time, my left front tire started showing a leak. It, too, had gotten a nail in it. I took my car to the tire store, a “permanent patch” was put on the tire, and I was told not to worry about it. The very next morning this same tire was low, and when I went out that afternoon, it was totally flat. I called AAA and they dispatched a towing service to my rescue. A big, beefy trucker with a wide smile and kind eyes showed up. Rather than put my car on his tow truck, he put air in my tire and said he would follow me to the tire store, where I could leave it overnight. Upon my safe arrival, the towing man waved, smiled, and went on to his next call.

As it happened, this second and immediate flat tire occurred in the midst of an intense, week-long workshop I was giving. I had a full house for this week, and I was dealing with this flat tire during our breaks and after hours. I asked the workshop participant who drove me home from the tire place, “What do these flat tires mean?” She herself was a spiritual director and would understand this type of question. Having two flat tires within a month’s time is not the norm, even on the bumpy streets of New Orleans, which are famous for their potholes and ruts. To my amazement, she asked me, “What in your life is going flat?” With that I smiled and recognized a moment of deep synchronicity.

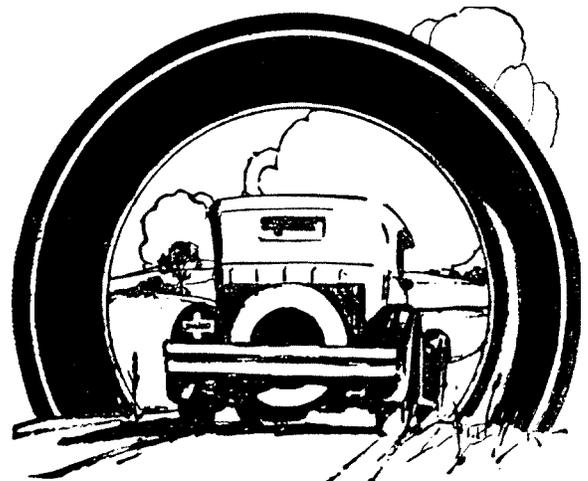
With that one question, using the leaky and flat tires as a real and visual image, I was able to see or “get” with amazing clarity the flatness that I have been experiencing in my life for so long. The answers came easily. These workshops do tire me out. There is little time in my life to create room for *me*, given the energy and time I need to devote to the various responsibilities of my

work. The leaks have been slow, and though attempts at patching things up have helped along the way, these two literal images of leaky and flat tires showed me my real situation. I have been waiting for my life to be filled anew by external forces: the actions of others, new opportunities, new directions that one day may show themselves. These tires again taught me that I am the one who has to fill my life. These other things may come along, but I am the one who must do what is necessary to keep myself rolling along, potholes or not.

When I got the second flat tire replaced, I also replaced a third tire, which had little life left in it. The fourth tire was fine, having been replaced last year. Realizing that I essentially had four new tires, I decided to take my car to a specialty car wash where my fairly clean car was made even cleaner. This new shine on my car has served as a synchronistic metaphor and reminder to keep myself shiny and filled up. It has given me a surprising start to some new energy. Since that workshop, I’ve taken needed vacation time to rest and catch up with things at home, and I’ve gone on a few out-of-town trips that have restored my soul. I have realized that I cannot change the job, but I can change me. It has been truly amazing to look at these new tires from this synchronistic perspective. Both I and my car now have new air with which to roll along on the bumps of life.

New Orleans, LA *Cathy Zeph*

*Cathy Zeph is on the faculty of the Loyola Institute for Ministry, Loyola University New Orleans. In this work she travels widely across the United States and occasionally overseas. She has always enjoyed traveling as a way of learning and meeting others, knowing that we are held tightly together by a shared journey through the universe. Having always loved learning and talking about the inner world, she came upon Joyce Hudson’s natural spirituality work quite synchronistically.*



## The Haden Institute: A Dream Come True

**F**IFTEEN YEARS AGO I had the following dream:

*I was in Mrs. Jung's house, which was a three-room house. The first room had a cafeteria line and was full of analysts. Having filled my plate, I wanted to sit down there, but there was no space. So, I went to the middle room. There were only a few people there, so I went on to the third room which was half full of theologians. I stayed in this room for a while and enjoyed it. But soon I got bored and went back to the middle room, where I sat down and felt very comfortable.*

This dream painted a picture for me. It showed me that once I get my feeding (spiritual nourishment) from the psychological (relational), I can then enter the world of theology (rational thinking about God), but that my real place is the “bridge” between the two. There is, and has always been, a priest and an analyst inside me. When I am one, I want to be the other.

It is significant that the Haden Institute, which I founded five years after this dream and now direct, offers a crossover between Jungian psychology and spirituality. It is also interesting that the building that now houses the Haden Institute is very similar to Mrs. Jung's house in the dream.

This dream—together with a mystical labyrinth walk at the National Cathedral and another dream of a doctor and his wife giving me \$4,000 for a baby crib for the church—gave me the courage and assurance to leave parish ministry ten years ago to establish the Haden Institute. The ground was also paved with study at the C. G. Jung Institute in Zurich, an additional master's degree in the use of dreams in spiritual direction from the Center for Christian Spiritual Direction at General Seminary in New York, and ten years of inner work with a dream analyst.

The Haden Institute offers two major training programs: Spiritual Direction Training and Dream Leadership Training. Both are two years in length, with three on-site, long weekends at Kanuga Conference Center in Hendersonville, North Carolina, supplemented by distance learning. Participants come from across the country and from a multitude of religious denominations and vocations. We train clergy, doctors, nurses,

hospice workers, business executives, counselors, Alcoholics Anonymous workers, retreat leaders, consultants, executive coaches, government workers, prison workers, teachers, poets, writers, and others.

The fourfold purpose of the Dream Training program is: 1) To train and certify people to lead church and community dream groups; 2) to help professionals and others to integrate dreamwork into their chosen vocation; 3) to enhance and encourage responsible dreamwork across the nation; and 4) to help recover the ancient Biblical tradition of listening for God's word in our nightly dreams. At last count, 80 individuals have graduated from or are in training in this program and have established dream groups in churches and communities across the country.

Another 85 individuals have graduated from or are in training in the Spiritual Direction program. This arm of the institute—which has an emphasis on the mystics of all traditions, Jungian psychology, and dreams, as well as traditional spiritual direction—has now expanded to Canada, where we are training 50 people in spiritual direction.

A delightful new institute activity was added last summer with the “Dreams: God's Forgotten Language” conference at Kanuga. 100 people attended and we are expecting 200 this summer (June 6-11, 2004). These Summer Dream Conferences are for beginners as well as dreamwork veterans, with a primary focus on helping church people integrate the aggregate church dreamwork experience of

Susan Sims-Smith, Joyce Rockwood Hudson, and the Haden Institute.

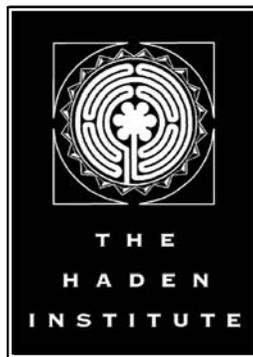
For more information and for applications for Dream Training, Spiritual Direction Training, or the Kanuga Summer Dream Conference, e-mail [bob@hadeninstitute.com](mailto:bob@hadeninstitute.com), or call 704-333-6058, or see our website at [www.hadeninstitute.com](http://www.hadeninstitute.com).

Charlotte, NC **The Rev. Bob Haden**

*Bob Haden is a Jungian psychotherapist, pastoral counselor, priest, and director of the Haden Institute in Charlotte, NC. A former rector of St. John's Episcopal Church in Charlotte, Bob went back to school mid-career and got an additional master's degree in the use of dreams in spiritual direction from the General Seminary, New York City, where he later served as chair of the Advisory Board. He is now a frequent teacher, speaker, and conference leader across the nation. He has a traveling labyrinth and “will travel” to conduct labyrinth workshops and weekends. He also leads spiritual pilgrimages to Ireland, Greece, and Scotland.*



For cds from the 2003 Summer Dream Conference, see “A Note from the Editor,” p. 3.



A SERMON

Emmanuel Episcopal Church  
Athens, Georgia  
June 22, 2003

## Out of the Whirlwind

*“Could it be that the winds that are blowing, that threaten to blow open the doors of our churches to those who traditionally have been seen as outside the community of faith—could that storm be the same wind that blows where it chooses in last week’s gospel?”*

THIS MORNING’S GOSPEL is a familiar one. There is a storm. The disciples panic while Jesus, seemingly oblivious to their plight, lies asleep in the back of the boat. The disciples wake Jesus, accusing him of not caring about their predicament. He responds by stilling the wind and the sea and asks them where their faith is. And they are awestruck at his ability to calm even the wind and the waves.

The story leads to the usual conclusions. It points out an all too human tendency—namely, when life gets messy, we assume God doesn’t care, or we insinuate that God is asleep at the wheel. We are reminded that Jesus is in the boat with us, and that when we cry out to God, God has the power to still the storms in our lives. And finally, the chastisement of the disciples challenges us to do better next time and invites us to a deeper faith and understanding.

The usual conclusions, while true, are a little dry. Everything is all neatly tied up, and we can go home patting ourselves on the back for being so bright and getting it so quickly. But it’s not so neat as that.

Let’s look at the story again. After teaching the crowds all day, Jesus and the disciples leave the shores of Galilee to go to the other side. The other side of the sea is code for the land of the Gentiles. Jesus and the disciples cross the Sea of Galilee six times in Mark’s Gospel. And this is not the only time they encounter a storm as they move toward that far shore.

Jesus and the disciples are embarking on a new voyage and a new mission, to and among people who have historically been folks a good Jew would avoid. While among the Gentiles, Jesus enjoys a rich ministry doing the same things he does on Jewish soil: he heals the sick, he exorcises demons, he restores to life and community.

He even feeds the masses with miraculous meals. Yet ministry to and among the Gentiles would later cause great turmoil and division in the early Church.

Even in the face of Jesus’ own example, the members of the early Church had to wrestle through the painful process of putting aside their assumptions and biases, which stemmed from thousands of years of tradition. They had been taught that while they were to be merciful and just to the strangers in their midst (meaning not to harass or exploit them), they were not to associate with persons outside the covenant community. Any exposure to those outside the covenant rendered one ritually unclean. And until that situation was remedied with ritual washings, any person so exposed would themselves be temporarily outside the covenant community. So, associating with people on the fringe of society had the very real consequence of placing one on the fringe as well.

This recounting of the storm as Jesus and his disciples traveled to Gentile territory speaks to the growing pains of a young church as its members try to make sense of their mission not only to carry the good news of the gospel to people very different from themselves, but to allow a place at the table of fellowship for those who had historically been considered outside the covenant and locked out of the community.

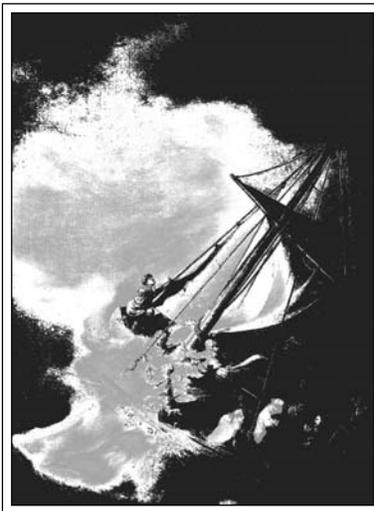
Change is never easy. Times of conversion and transformation usually include not a little anxiety. Whenever we embark on new voyages and new ministries we often encounter storms. The winds of the Spirit seem too strong to

be helpful, and the waters of chaos threaten to swamp us. Jesus alone sleeps peacefully in the back of the boat.

I’m not sure how we come by the expectation that the Spirit of God brings only peace and tranquillity and not turmoil. For it is when the Spirit gets stirred up that things happen. It is when the Spirit gets stirred up that our preconceptions are broken, that we are shaken out of our apathy, and our eyes are opened to the movement of God in our midst. It is when the Spirit gets stirred up that we are invited to a place of deeper faith and understanding.

A key to this passage is the word used to describe the storm. It is the same word that is used for whirlwind in this morning’s Old Testament lesson. It is from that whirlwind that God speaks to Job.

Which gets me thinking. Could that storm on the Sea of Galilee be the same wind that blows where it chooses from last week’s gospel? Could this whirlwind



be the same powerful breath of the Spirit that is given to the disciples at Pentecost? If so, the storm, while frightening the disciples, can be seen as a vehicle of divine transformation, rather than of evil and chaos.

The storm is an extreme reminder that the Spirit will blow where it wills. This storm, which threatens the disciples' lives and threatens to blow them off course, serves as a focus for their fear. But once the sea is stilled and their fears subside, they continue their journey to the far shore where Jesus will touch the untouchables.

AS I SIT WITH THIS STORY, I am all too aware of the clouds gathering over our own church. General Convention, the triennial legislative meeting of the Episcopal Church, will take place later this summer. As usual, there is a storm brewing. And as usual, the storm that is brewing is about sex. We are obsessed with sex, it seems.

The gay community has become for us the people on that far shore. From the perspective of political correctness we are to be polite to them, not harass or exploit them. But like the early Church in regard to the Gentiles, we are not really to associate with them too closely, because, though we are too polite to say so, we believe that they are outside the covenant community.

As the disciples were to find out, the imperatives of the gospel run deeper than political correctness. It is *not enough* to be polite. In the new order of the Kingdom of God we are called to seek and serve Christ in those who differ from us and to make room for them at the table.

Could it be that the winds that are blowing, that threaten to blow open the doors of our churches to those who traditionally have been seen as outside the community of faith—could that storm be the same wind that blows where it chooses in last week's gospel? Could the whirlwind be the same powerful breath of the Spirit given to the disciples at Pentecost? If so, the gathering storm, while frightening, can be seen as a vehicle of divine transformation, not of evil and chaos.

We think the storm will be our destruction, and so, like the disciples, we respond out of fear. In reality the storm *is* our undoing. But it is not meant for our destruction, but to move us closer to the Kingdom—to undo our preconceptions, to jolt us out of our apathy, to open our eyes to the movement of God in our midst. And to invite us to a place of deeper faith and understanding.

Could it be that we, like the disciples, are called to wrestle with letting go of thousands of years worth of biases and prejudices in order to take the gospel to a new land, one with people who are different from us and whom we have always before considered unclean,



THE HADEN INSTITUTE'S  
SUMMER DREAM CONFERENCE  
*Dreams: God's Forgotten Language*  
June 6–11, 2004

*Kanuga Conference Center, Henderstonville, NC*

THE HADEN INSTITUTE'S SUMMER DREAM CONFERENCE is a major conference for all who want to recover the ancient Biblical tradition of listening for God's word in our nightly dreams. Dreams—even so-called bad dreams—come in the service of healing and wholeness.

The Bible is full of dreams, and paying attention to dreams did not end with Biblical times. The early Church theologian Tertullian said: *Is it not known to all people that the dream is the most usual way of God's revelation to humankind?* Later generations tended to discount dreams, a great loss to our soul. We are now seeing a resurgence of respect and honor for our dreams.

Understanding our dreams in the light of the Christian faith and tradition is the objective of this conference. In addition to lectures and workshops—including special programs for beginning and advanced levels—there will be outdoor and indoor worship, the Kanuga labyrinth, and all the gifts of the Blue Ridge Mountains in early summer.

Keynote speakers will be **Bob Haden**, Episcopal priest and director of the Haden Institute; **Joyce Rockwood Hudson**, author of *Natural Spirituality* and editor of *The Rose*; **Diana McKendree**, spiritual director and Haden Institute faculty member; **Susan Sims-Smith**, Episcopal priest and Canon for Special Ministries in the Diocese of Arkansas; and **Jeremy Taylor**, author of *DreamWork* and *Where People Fly and Water Runs Uphill*.

This conference is for professionals (especially clergy), counselors and therapists, lay dream-group leaders, and also for dream work beginners.

For more information, contact the Haden Institute:

**Phone: 704-333-6058 / Email: [bob@hadeninstitute.com](mailto:bob@hadeninstitute.com)**

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

outside the covenant, and locked out of the community?

Could it be? I don't know. But one thing I do know. If we *do* wrestle with such a change, we will find ourselves squarely in the Biblical witness and tradition of the early Church.

Athens, GA *The Rev. Mandy Brady*



Mandy Brady is the associate rector of Emmanuel Episcopal Church in Athens, Georgia.

## The Canyon

*"If you work with the canyon, it will work with you."*

YOU CAN GO TO THE GRAND CANYON and perch on the rim. That in itself is an amazing and inspiring event. But if you want to experience the ultimate Grand Canyon Adventure, you must hike from rim to rim. This involves two years of long-range planning and overcoming a number of logistical complications. This I had done and was actually quite proud of myself, what with all the research and complicated planning involved. The trip itinerary was completed by March of 2001, and my personal goals involved the physical challenge of negotiating the canyon afoot and the soulful challenge of entering into an intense communion with nature. All of the pieces were in place for my well contrived scenario.

Then the rug got pulled out from under me. You see, I hadn't planned for my mother to become stricken with cancer in five places. It wasn't in my grand, down-to-the-smallest-detail scenario to watch her suffer and die at the age of 67. Furthermore, I hadn't planned on suffering the loss of her physical presence in my life. It was not on my horizon to plan a funeral, but plan one, I did. And then, not at all in the game plan, came a summer spent organizing, selling, and dismantling her home. I sometimes get resentful when my plans are foiled.

So I made a new plan for my Grand Canyon adventure. Now I was going there to seek solitude in order to reflect on my life with my mother. I was going to look in nature for the lessons she would have me learn about life and reflect on the amazing, spirit-filled days at the end of her life. I was very purposeful in this plan; my goal was all set as a shining beacon and new-found purpose for my trip. I had three fellow travelers, but I was staunch in my conviction that they would not interfere with my personal agenda of solace and reflection.

Our hike was to begin at the North Rim. Descend-

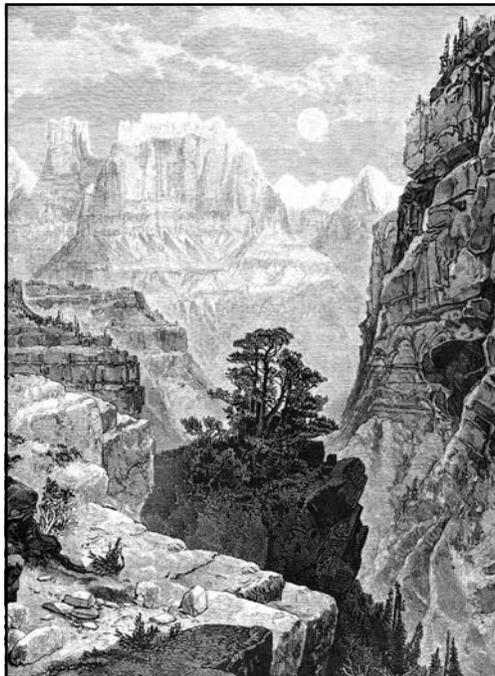
ing the North Kaibab Trail to Phantom Ranch at the bottom of the canyon is not your average walk in the park. It's an uncommon outdoor experience to say the least. My companions and I took a shuttle from the lodge to the trail entrance. It was predawn, and above us the stars seemed to grab us and pull us up to them. But as alluring as those stars were, we wouldn't be going upward that day, but rather down into the earthly cavity of the canyon. Little did we know that as our bodies descended into the gorge, our spirits would soar to new heights.

The sun began to peek at us through the douglas-fir trees as we heaved our packs onto our backs and adjusted our water supplies. Just as we set out, walking sticks in hand, two things struck me. One was the incredible beauty surrounding me. It was so very quiet—as though all of nature was hushed in awe of the splendor. "How can anyone ever experience this and not believe in God?" I thought. The other thing I realized was that the path was very rocky and steep. In order to negotiate it one has to step carefully, with feet going into prescribed places.

With great concentration I made my way down the trail. Then I came to the first switchback and beheld the most incredible sight. The leaves on the white-barked aspen trees had turned the most beautiful palette of orange and yellow hues and were shimmering in the sparkling

morning light. The rising sun created magnificent shadows on the canyon walls. Such an astounding sight! And I never would have experienced it had I not ventured off the Rim.

All of a sudden I understood the canyon. The trail is steep, rocky, and uneven. The hike is arduous. But if you put your feet in the safe places, you can enter into the depths and no harm will come to you. The canyon dictates where your feet must go to reach the bottom intact. If you do not accept the canyon on its terms, you cannot proceed, and worse, you may even fall into disaster. But if you do accept the canyon's invitation, as well as its terms, you not only get to the bottom safely, but you are blessed with amazing vistas that constantly change and provoke wonder all the way to trail's end. If



you work with the canyon, it will work with you.

There is a clear analogy between the canyon and our personal relationship with God. However, there is also one great difference. If we fail to put our feet in just the right places according the canyon's plan, we can fall to our death. The canyon's will must be met in order to survive. Similarly, when we navigate life's journey away from the path to God, the way becomes treacherous and sometimes tragic. But here is the difference: if we live our life outside of God's will or plan, we always, *always* get another chance. We can "fall off" the

path God has set before us, yet he graciously provides us a way back to that path. That unending forgiveness, born of his love for us, is a most precious gift.

Tallahassee, FL **Ruth Reynolds**

*When Ruth Reynolds isn't teaching three year olds at Holy Comforter Episcopal Day School in Tallahassee, she enjoys long nature walks with her husband, George, riding in a boat up the St. Marks River, and rollerblading. She is a charter member of "Christian Dreamwork," a natural spirituality group at Faith Presbyterian Church, where she also teaches adult Sunday School classes.*

## Pilgrimage

With the Dawn of a new day,  
the first steps of the journey are taken—  
calm excitement presages unknown adventures.

Each step on this path is freely chosen,  
yet strangely predestined by earlier footfalls,  
both personal and collective.

In every move is opportunity for new awareness,  
for experience of the previously unknown—  
a chance for life amidst the certainty of death.

In the distance, the way is cloaked,  
hidden by a luminous, misty veil—  
creation in process of being created.

So why ask,  
"What lies at journey's end?"  
It matters not.

Life is in the pilgrimage itself,  
in living every moment, taking every step,  
in the Presence of the Creator.

Little Rock, AR **Sherry Simon**

*Sherry lives with her husband, George, and 10-year-old son, Adam, in Little Rock, where she is a clinical psychologist, focusing primarily on Jungian-based therapy. She has been happily involved with piano and voice lessons for the past few years. She notes how miraculous it has been that each time she has needed a teacher in her life, one has appeared directly in front of her on the path. Through music, dreams, and relationships she is finding her natural space in the world.*

[Favorite Book]

## Whole Child/Whole Parent

by **Polly Berrien Berends**

HarperCollins, 1983



**T**HIS IS A PARENTING BOOK written by a mystic—a mystic in the sense of one who reveres the mystery of life and searches for its underlying meaning. It is a book for parents who look at the child they have been given and humbly and painfully realize that this viable being requires far more attention, skill, and understanding than they possess. *Whole Child/Whole Parent* is about the hard work of spiritual transformation as it arises in circumstances specifically related to parenthood. The author reminds us that the experiences of parenthood can serve as a powerful catalyst for inner growth, and that as parents grow in wholeness, a way opens for the child to do likewise. *Whole Child/Whole Parent* offers profound insight into the hard work of individuation as it is met on this particular path.

Spruce Pine, NC **Hadley Morris**



Hadley Morris has led dream groups in Sewanee, Tennessee, and Atlanta, Georgia. She is presently a mom in Spruce Pine, where her husband, Thomas, is the rector of Trinity Episcopal Church.

**Send us thumbnail reviews of your favorite books.**

## Garden

TRELLISED IN A THOUSAND ROSES—sweet and pale—  
the old fence stands, the border of our land.  
Behind us wait our sisters, home, and mother—  
scheduled domesticity, regulated naps,  
and milk with every meal.

Before us lies the gate. It beckons.

Come now—let us lift the hook  
and push the mesh of rusted wire  
upon its slack hinges,  
push past the thick weight  
of hanging vines,  
and break its woven stubbornness  
of tendrils;  
this gate is never locked.

Its path is short and narrow.  
Lined with neat field stones,  
it will, always and forever,  
lead to the cool pool  
sunk at the center  
of that wide expanse  
that is our neighbor's  
wet dawn lawn—  
the lush green gardens  
of that old and unseen man,  
over whose grass  
we will trespass,  
despite stern warnings:

"If you go there, past the flowers—  
the China-red poppies,  
magenta-velvet coxcombs,  
summer-yellow, orange-sun lilies—  
past the fat buzz of honeybees  
and the smell of beetle traps  
he stakes in the garden's bordering beds—  
you will drown,  
you will drown,  
and there will be no one, no one,  
to save you."

But, we will cross the grass—  
sit and lean at the pool's slimy lip,  
hands pressed into its crumbling edge,  
there to wait  
and watch  
for carp,

where, deep in the still black waters,  
they spin and twirl  
in slow, slow whorls,

in oriental arabesques,  
set to the unheard strains  
of flutes and sitars.

There, in mindless grace,  
far, far beneath the spreading  
pads of lilies, the drooping  
heavy pods of lotus,  
they carve lethargic arcs  
above the grey decay  
of mossy weeds and roots.

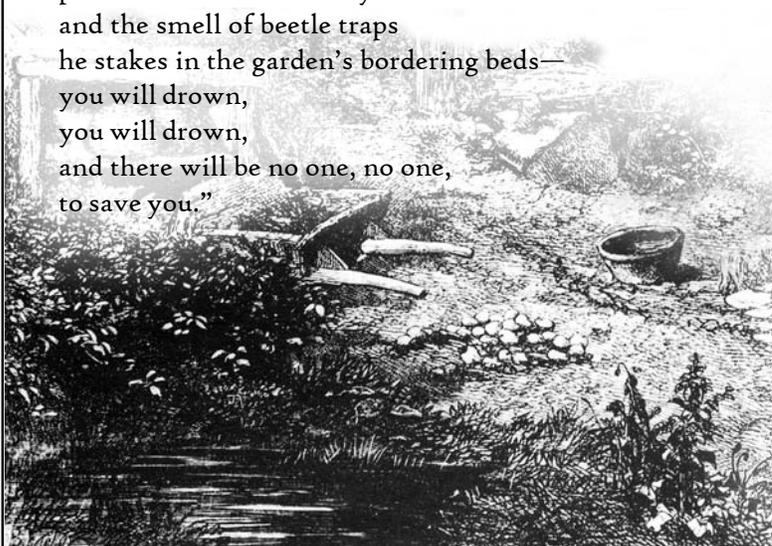
Soon, we will see them:  
slick mutant white, or pale-ghost orange  
flecked with black—black with gold—  
turgid and so old,  
they glide through beams of light,  
twitch, then blur to darkness.

Beneath blue membranes,  
their lidless eyes stare, stare  
through deep tarn shadows  
at ancient, endless dreams  
until, drawn to us,  
they rise from every corner  
of the pool's cool darkness

to gather and approach,  
rounding their hundred mouths  
in ritual expectations  
to kiss the place where air begins,  
to gulp and swallow nothingness.

Charleston, SC *Helen Brandenburg*

*Helen Brandenburg continues to teach, write, and dream, primarily within a three-block area on Daniel Island in Charleston, SC, the location of her new home and of Bishop England High School. Since last winter, she has traveled more than usual, including a trip to Kanuga in the mountains of North Carolina, where Bob Haden's summer 2003 natural spirituality conference was a great source of inspiration for Helen—and of amusement for her students, who love it that their teacher has gone to "dream camp" to study Jungian archetypes.*





## Christianity Comes of Age?

*“Christians grow up. It would seem that this takes many generations, but eventually individuals who are heir to long family histories of faithful Christianity reach the point of being “old” Christians and no longer need for the parental institution to lead them by the hand.”*

I RECENTLY SPENT A WEEK in Canterbury, England. The small but vital downtown area of this ancient village is dominated by the high, beautiful Bell Harry tower of Canterbury Cathedral, and all the long history of Christendom is embodied in microcosm right there in those few blocks of real estate. That embodiment includes the history of the last fifty years. Since World War II, active participation in institutional Christianity has fallen away dramatically in England, as it has in other parts of Europe. Few citizens of today’s Canterbury attend the cathedral nor any other of the venerable churches that the tourists come to see. The stark fact is that, in the very Europe that was culturally formed and shaped from its rude beginnings by the spirit of Christianity, a rather large majority of people no longer attend religious services. The 1998 World Values Survey, directed by the University of Michigan, found, for example, only 27% regular churchgoers in England, 21% in France, 4% in Sweden, and 2% in Russia.

We Americans might imagine that this phenomenon is limited to Europe, battered as it was by the events of the twentieth century and therefore somehow hardened and jaded. But the facts are not so comfortable as that. Figures are also low for Australia and Canada, though Canada does relatively better at 38% in the World Values Survey. Churchgoing in the United States has held out the longest, but even here the numbers are sliding noticeably. According to a study published by the United States Information Agency (*US Society and Values* magazine, March 1997), 49% of American adults in 1991 said they attended religious ser-

vices regularly. But in 1996, the number was only 36%—a drop of 13% in a mere five years. This rate of change is similar to the earlier trends in Europe.

Other more recent studies affirm the reality of this development in the U.S. A 2002 Gallup poll showed that only 50% of American adults considered themselves religious, down from 54% in 1999—a 4% slide in three years. If this trend continues, it could mean that when our newly born children and grandchildren reach adulthood twenty years from now, they may very well be living in a world where only a small minority of people go to church on a regular basis.

There is, however, another interesting figure to be found in that 2002 Gallup poll. In those same three years, from 1999 to 2002, there was an increase, almost as large as the “religious” slide, in those who considered themselves “spiritual but not religious.” That number rose from 30% in 1999 to 33% in 2002. This means that three-quarters of those who are ceasing to think of themselves as “religious” might be taking up the idea of being “spiritual” instead. Rather than turning their backs on God, perhaps they are simply turning away from their understanding of what it means to be “religious,” an understanding that has come to them from their experience of institutional religion.

This particular trend away from institutional Christianity only holds true for the areas of the world that might be characterized as “old Christendom.” In many areas of the Third World, where Christianity was introduced much later than

in Europe, institutional Christianity is on the rise. This suggests that Christianity, like everything else that has life, goes through inherent stages of development. These large demographic trends may show us at least a dim outline of what those stages might be.

It looks as if when Christianity is first taken on, it thrives in an institutional form. People join up with the organization and are open to being taught and led by the people in the know, the ambassadors of official Christianity, of whatever denominational stripe that might be. The institutional stage offers much benefit. It helps to inculcate in its adherents a morality of love and a value on individual worth. The social order, as well as individual lives, are improved by it.

But eventually, it seems, judging from the trajectory



of development in “old Christendom,” this stage wears out. Perhaps this is because its lessons have been absorbed as well as they can be in the collective format by which they must necessarily be offered by the institution. Christians grow up. It would seem that this takes many generations, but eventually individuals who are heir to long family histories of faithful Christianity reach the point of being “old” Christians and no longer need for the parental institution to lead them by the hand. Rather, they need to discover their own individual deep reality in order to grow into the very particular image of God that was planted in each of them at their birth. These are the people who begin to hunger and search for “spirituality,” and often, at the same time, they begin to be turned off by “religion,” because “religion” to them means the old experience of being led by the hand, and there is something in them that knows that they are now beyond that point.

**T**HERE IS SUPPORT in the literature for this particular take on the stages of Christian life. In Friedrich von Hügel’s classic work, *The Mystical Element of Religion*, he examines the characteristics of the three main stages of human life—infancy, adolescence, and adulthood—and looks for their parallels in religious life. According to von Hügel, the infancy stage of human life, which I prefer to call the childhood stage, is marked by an emphasis on physical movement and sense impressions and by a need for the provision by others of food, warmth, protection, and affection. Children also need stories, including family and local history, and they need clear instruction. For the parallel childhood stage in Christianity, the institutional Church has historically been particularly well suited, orienting Christians toward God through stories, sacraments, and nurturing communities. Indeed, the need for some of what is required by this stage is never completely outgrown. As Christian life matures, it still needs its youthful foundation if it is to remain healthy and whole.

The mark of human adolescence, says von Hügel, is that the mind begins to question as it searches for meaning and unity in the face of the varied experiences of life. Adolescents are no longer willing simply to be instructed, but rather they insist on having room to define life for themselves. For the adolescent stage of Christianity, then, the Church must allow for the seek-

ing of coherence between its teachings and the actual experiences of life. Open inquiry and a continuing development of our understanding of God and human life are essential for meeting the needs of this stage of Christian maturity. Here, I would offer, the mainstream Protestant denominations have functioned particularly well. Perhaps the Reformation itself marked the onset of Christian adolescence.

We come now to the third and final stage of human development in von Hügel’s analysis. Human adulthood, he says, is marked by a growing awareness of inner consciousness. The inner world, the uneasy stirring of our own inner truth and deepest connection to the mystery of life, begins to call to us, a development that is both compelling and frightening. According to von Hügel, the mystical element of religious life corresponds to the growing inner consciousness of human adulthood.

For our purposes, we might call this adult stage of religious life the age of spirituality, a time in which the need arises for authentic tools for inner work. To meet the needs of maturing Christianity, the Church should be handing out road maps for the inner journey to help individual travelers steer clear of the dangers and dead-

ends that accompany the inner world’s rise to consciousness. If it is to finish the job it started 2000 years ago, the Church must increase its effort to provide opportunities for people to connect with the many methods and contexts by which the inner journey is furthered. In order to do this, however, it must first wake up to the fact that this third stage of Christian life actually exists. The institution must realize that it is in the throes of outgrowing its adolescence and moving into its adulthood, a development that is almost too large to be grasped by those who are living through it.

**W**HATEVER ONE MIGHT THINK of this argument, it cannot be said in answer to it that there is no problem to be faced. Clearly *something* is going on. To many who have moved outside the Church, it looks very much like the gradual demise of institutional Christianity. The analysis offered here is a more hopeful one. It does, however, call for changes in the Church’s basic understanding of its mission, especially in those denominations where the “old” Christians are concentrated.

If this analysis has any truth to it, then it would follow that the degree to which spiritual seekers separate



from institutional religion will depend upon the degree to which institutional religion adapts to the needs of these “old” Christians and offers them suitable tools for spiritual growth. The presently perceived split between religion and spirituality must be bridged, and this must be done authentically. It cannot be done by dressing up old practices in new clothes. Rather, new practices must be recognized and adopted.

I believe the Church can rise to this challenge. I am an “old” Christian, the daughter of an Episcopal clergyman. I have always loved the Church, as have generations of my family before me. But twenty years ago, as a result of a midlife crisis, I suddenly “grew up” into Christian adulthood as I have defined it here. In doing so, I came perilously close to outgrowing the Church. Only my deep love for the institution kept me hanging in there long enough to find a few fragile threads of adult Christianity woven through the much greater fabric of childhood and adolescent understanding and practice. My life is now dedicated to joining hands with others to strengthen the pattern of these threads.

Let me make it clear that I am not saying here that the practices of traditional Christianity should be left behind and that adult inner work should be adopted as the sum total of Christian life, not by the institution as a whole nor by “old” Christians as individuals. Rather I am saying that a new component must be added to institutional Christian life, and that this must be done in a large and visible way so that the “old” Christians who have given up on “religion” can see that there is a reason to return to the Church.

This boat that is the institutional Church has been afloat on the sea of human life for 2,000 years—and for longer than that if we include the millennia of its Jewish ancestry. Though more and more passengers are getting off at every port, I, for one, will never jump ship. I think this old tub can make it through until the end of time. I have seen how the spirit of God is moving in every corner to slowly but surely bring into being new and needed forms of Christian spiritual religion.

Danielsville, GA *Joyce Rockwood Hudson*

 For a lengthier discussion of von Hügel's three stages of religious life, see chapter two of *God of Surprises* by Gerard W. Hughes.

*Joyce Hudson lives near Athens, Georgia, with her husband Charlie, a retired anthropology professor. Natural spirituality is the miraculous jewel at the center of her life, blessing her with her Sunday dream group at Emmanuel Church, with younger friends who report in by phone about their harrowing and marvelous adventures on the journey of life, and blessing her also with The Rose, which she edits with joy and wonder.*

## Natural Spirituality Regional Gathering

February 27–29, 2004  
(or come for February 28 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, small-group dreamwork, discussions of natural spirituality program issues, introductory sessions for inquirers, tai chi and contemplative prayer 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.

### Registration deadline:

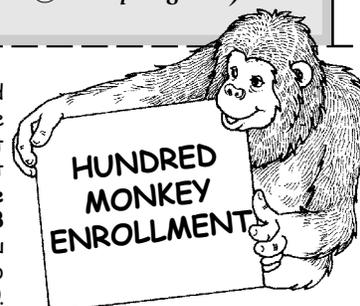
February 13 (*Camp lodging is already filled up. New registrants will be directed to nearby motel accommodations.*)

**Fees:** \$85 weekend (includes all meals, no lodging)  
\$25 Saturday only (includes lunch)

(*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](mailto:rosewisdom@mindspring.com))

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.** You will be notified by mail of the amount to send in for each upcoming issue (*see p. 3*).



Name

Address

## Website Center Spread Supplement:

### What Is Natural Spirituality?

THE TERM NATURAL SPIRITUALITY refers to the teaching and healing of the Holy Spirit that come to each individual through the natural processes of life. In biblical tradition, this realm of the Spirit is called Wisdom. Natural spirituality is also a tag for church programs consisting of one or more dream groups—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 in 1991. Joyce Rockwood Hudson was the initial teacher in that undertaking, and she eventually wrote a book, *Natural Spirituality: Recovering the Wisdom Tradition in Christianity* (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, Canon for Special Ministries for the Episcopal Diocese of Arkansas, works specifically to support parish programs of spiritual inner work, including dreamwork.



**Where to get the *Natural Spirituality* book: [amazon.com](http://amazon.com); [barnesandnoble.com](http://barnesandnoble.com); local bookstores (by special order); for a discounted price: [www.amazon.com/shops/jrhpub](http://www.amazon.com/shops/jrhpub).**



**For an ever-growing offering of natural spirituality resources, including back issues of *The Rose*, all of it free or at cost, go to the SeedWork page of the Diocese of Arkansas website: [www.seedwork.org](http://www.seedwork.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 since the last issue of *THE ROSE*.

## **ALABAMA**

\*Auburn Unitarian-Universalist, Auburn  
Episcopal Church of the Nativity, Dothan  
St. Mark's Episcopal Church, Troy

## **ARIZONA**

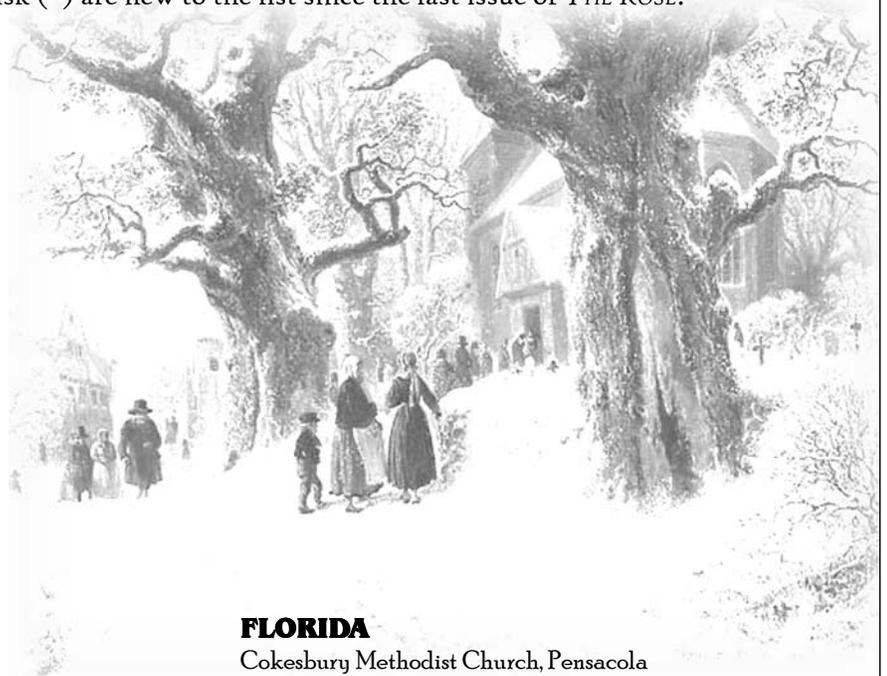
\*Grace St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Tucson

## **ARKANSAS**

St. Peter's Episcopal Church, Conway  
St. James' Episcopal Church, Eureka Springs  
St. Martin's Univ. Ctr. (Episcopal), Fayetteville  
St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Fayetteville  
St. John's Episcopal Church, Fort Smith  
St. John's Episcopal Church, Harrison  
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  
Coffeehouse 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



## **FLORIDA**

Cokesbury Methodist Church, Pensacola  
\*Faith Presbyterian Church, Tallahassee

## **KENTUCKY**

Christ Church Cathedral (Episcopal), Lexington

## **MICHIGAN**

Grace Episcopal Church, Traverse City

## **MISSISSIPPI**

St. James Episcopal Church, Jackson

## **NORTH CAROLINA**

\*First United Methodist Church, Elkin

## **TENNESSEE**

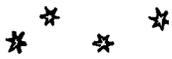
\*Church of the Ascension (Epis), Knoxville  
Idlewild Presbyterian Church, Memphis  
Second Presbyterian Church, Nashville  
Otey Parish (Episcopal), Sewanee

## **TEXAS**

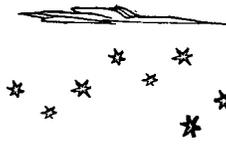
St. Christopher's Episcopal Church, Lubbock  
St. Philip's Episcopal Church, Palestine

## **FRANCE**

American Cathedral (Episcopal), Paris



# Conferences and Retreats



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☐ **Dream Leadership Training.** Next entry time: Feb 1, 2004. Next Intensive: Mar. 11–15, 2003, Kanuga Conference Center, Hendersonville, NC. Special faculty: Jeremy Taylor.

☐ **Spiritual Direction Training.** Next entry time: Mar. 1, 2004. Next Intensive: Apr. 15–19, 2004, Kanuga Conference Center, Hendersonville, NC.



## NATURAL SPIRITUALITY

### REGIONAL GATHERINGS

Weekend retreats for natural spirituality veterans and inquirers

☐ **The Power of a Transformed Life,** Feb. 6–8, 2004, Morrillton, AR. At Camp Mitchell, on scenic Petit Jean Mountain. Led by the Rt. Rev. Larry T. Maze and the Rev. Canon Susan Sims-Smith. See p. 16 for details.

☐ **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. 31 for details.

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**Bob Haden, Susan Sims-Smith,  
Jeremy Taylor, Diana McKendree,  
Joyce Rockwood Hudson**

See page 25 for details.

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