

# The Rose

*inviting Wisdom into our lives & churches*

Emmanuel Church ■ Athens, Georgia

Winter-Spring 2005 ■ Issue 7

## Coming Home

I am up before six the morning of the ceremony, rushing around the bedroom where we are staying. The sun is just appearing through our bedroom window. My husband calls me over to see the sunrise. I hear voices coming from the living room and feel I am already behind for the busy day awaiting me and all the people who have come together for the ceremony. This is the last thing I remember clearly before I am on the floor screaming. Somehow I have stepped backwards and fallen over our suitcase; I have come down hard on my right shoulder. The pain is all-encompassing, and I leave my body, for just a fraction of time, and look down at myself on the floor.

People hear me scream, and in the next minutes the room fills with familiar, concerned faces. I hurt, I cannot move, the pain holds me captive. My husband John is near me and holds my hand, while others crowd around wanting to

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Winter/Spring 2005, Issue 7

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# A Word from Emmanuel

IT IS HARD TO BELIEVE they can get any older, but each month they do. Ranging in age from 75 to 92, the women gather each month in a small room for what the Home calls "Episcopal Eucharist." The Book of Common Prayer does form the rite. We use Rite II, which a former member of the group chose, probably because he thought the clergy would approve. We do. Still, this is the most grownup group of people I know. Almost nothing rattles them.

We listen to Matthew describe Joseph having his famous dream—you know, the one where all sorts of fantastic promises are made about Mary's unplanned pregnancy. We imagine together what it is like to get a message from God, how much we want messages, and how hard they are to hear when they finally come in over the airwaves.

In both dream life and outer life God told me to retire. "The time is now," said the messenger. What my very senior friends have taught me is that older age makes it easier, not harder, to hear the messages. Having for the past two years interrogated everyone over 55 about how they reached a retirement decision, I heard just one answer. "You will know."

True.

*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, 2005.** This includes articles announcing conferences that will take place August 2005–February 2006. Bare bones announcements (date and contact information) will be accepted through June 1.

## A Note from the Editor...

HAVE YOU EVER HAD THE TASK of writing a piece for your church newsletter to invite fellow members of your congregation to participate in a dreamwork program? If so, you know how hard it is to explain in a nutshell why inner work is a vital Christian activity that could deeply enrich the spiritual lives of many. What makes this task of communication so difficult is the very wide gap that presently exists between ordinary consciousness in the Church community and the emerging consciousness of Christian inner work as exemplified here in *THE ROSE*. When there is a gap this wide, it is hard to know how to even start to bridge it.

To help those who may be facing this particular challenge, we are inaugurating in this issue a new category of articles that will appear under the heading: "How we talk about inviting Wisdom into our churches..." These will be reprints of your newsletter

articles and announcements about dreamwork in Christian life. They can also be summaries of your introductory presentations in Christian education settings.

Please help us by sending to *THE ROSE* the fruit of your work in this zone of endeavor. We will not be able to publish everything we receive, but we will print a few of these articles in every issue. Your ideas can help prime the pump for others.

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 1,700. (Our total circulation, as of this issue, is 3,000.) 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 92 of them, up from 89 at the time of *ROSE 6*.) Each Monkey pledges to contribute as much as \$100 per year, though the actual amount requested of them so far has been less. The usual assessment has been \$15 per issue, adding up to \$30 per year.

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 8) right away** (see p. 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 8 Monkeys short of a full troop, but we are getting close. Who knows what will happen in the world when 100 Monkeys have signed on? 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 time and money to *ROSE 7*. 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))

# Coming Home

(continued from page 1)

help. The ambulance gets lost, and the time I wait on the floor seems endless. As we all wait, something new happens inside of me: I find myself saying exactly what and how I feel. My usual mode of hiding my true feelings falls away. I am unable to say things like, "I am all right," or "The pain isn't all that bad." I hurt too much to be anything other than myself. I look at the people around me and meet their loving gazes with my pain. There is no pretense; I am sharing exactly who I am.

I must somehow get up off the floor and onto a gurney and into the ambulance. I moan as John helps me up. I manage to get onto the gurney, and the paramedics lift me into the ambulance, where I am closed in with a young paramedic, a kind young man, who listens to my words bubbling up through tears and memories of other hurting times.

It is a long way to the small country hospital, over four miles on a very bumpy road and many more on a winding highway through the pines and hills of this remote area of northern California. My mind begins to wander, and I am stripped to the visionary inner core of my life.

I am a visionary. I also hold a masters in psychology and am a retired registered art therapist. Visions did not stop two thousand years ago. As Joyce Rockwood Hudson writes in her book *Natural Spirituality*,

Whether dream, vision, or synchronicity, experiences of inner reality are essentially the same and require the same response from us if

we are to gain from them the gifts they offer. That response is to stand firmly in rational consciousness while opening to the nonrationality of the unconscious, using rationality to look for a meaning from God in the nonrational events. (p. 242)

I have looked for the meaning from God and how to serve Him for over twenty years of visionary work.

I learned from Native American teachers two very important visionary lessons. Visions are not extraordinary, and they have no value unless they are acted upon. Visions are meant to be manifested; if they are not manifested, they simply remain pretty

inner pictures and pretty inner word songs. Visions are meant to serve God, our brothers and sisters, and our Mother the Earth; if they do not, what good are they? The Rainbow Horse Dance is a vision that I, with the help of many people, have manifested for over eighteen years. It is a vision of horses and people dancing an ancient circle pattern to bring up

from the Earth and down from the Sky healing Rainbow Light and to send this Light out to all sentient life. It is a beautiful ceremony, and it was the one I was rushing around to get ready to start when I fell.

**W**E ARRIVE AT THE SMALL COUNTRY hospital. The staff is very kind. Nurses surround me, the emergency doctor arrives, x-rays are taken, and another doctor arrives, this one an orthopedic surgeon. Through the time all of this takes, I remain completely myself, no mask and no pretense. I make small jokes with the staff; it keeps the pain somewhat less. My arm is shattered just beneath the round shoulder socket. The doctor puts me in a sling,



preferring to let my arm heal on its own rather than have pins and screws placed in my shoulder. He says I am in for hard times.

A strange thing happens as a young nurse wheels me out to our car. She begins to talk with me from her heart. She tells me she is a singer and feels she is supposed to write songs for God, but she is afraid to move forward. How does she know she is good enough to write and sing these songs, and how does she know God is speaking to her? My unmasked self, that part of me which knows truth when I hear it, answers her without couching my words in disclaimers like, "Well it might mean," or "It could be." I say to her, "You know when God is speaking to you. Write your music."

I AM IN THE CAR, going toward our friend's home where the Rainbow Horse Dance ceremony will take place. My arm hurts beyond any kind of pain I can remember. My mind wanders, and I drift into the recent past. Only months before returning to our home state of California

for the ceremony, John and I had moved to Arkansas. We hadn't planned to move, and yet the land called to us.

When we moved, I began to hear in my meditations one persistent thought: "Go back to church." I resisted. Surely formal church was part of my past. I had found and joined the Episcopal Church when I was seventeen, but I had not been to church for many years. Even so, I still thought of myself as an Episcopalian.

In the car, I return to the present. My mind is clear, crystallized beyond the pain. I think about the young nurse and her reaching out to me. I know that those few moments with her were very synchronistic. Her reaching out helped me to realize that I am to return to church. I know this without doubt.

IN A WEEK I AM ABLE TO FLY HOME. It is a very difficult trip. The plane bumps along through air turbulence and pain shoots through my arm. We finally make it back to our new home in Arkansas. As the doctor warned, it is a hard time. I am completely dependent on my husband. I cannot shower or dress, drive a car or eat without help. Most of the time I am in constant pain. I cannot lie down and must learn to sleep sitting up in a chair. In all of Arkansas we know one other couple. I feel alone, lost, sorry for myself, and sorry for John, who is so good to me.

Time goes by. My direction is not as clear as it was the day we drove back to the ceremony in California. John and the beautiful Arkansas land are

the reasons I get up each morning, the only reasons I keep moving through each day. When the pain gets very bad, I think of an old movie, *They Shoot Horses Don't They?* And yet always there is a quiet voice inside me, whispering words of comfort.

The words of comfort often flow into a persistent mantra: "Go back to

church." Still I resist. What if I'm only going back because I need to meet new friends? Is that a good reason to go to church? What if I'm really not meant to go? What if I do go? What then? Amazingly, John is ready to return. Perhaps I resist because I know deep inside I will not take going back lightly. I know I will make a full commitment to my church and to the people who make up the church, and what might that mean, and where might that take me?

The days move forward, and still I resist the persistent inner voice quietly saying, "Go back to church." I realize, in those lonely first weeks after the accident, that more than my arm was shattered when I fell in California; my essence, my core, feels shattered too. I am no longer sure of myself or of any direction I



am to take. I do know I want to continue to serve God. But does that mean going back to church? I am depressed. Am I hearing anything correctly?

Finally, one Sunday John and I find our way to our local Episcopal Church. I look around at the people in the parking lot and wonder, are we dressed up enough for this church? John threw away most of his suits and ties when he retired—he thought of them as his work clothes—and I hadn't owned many dresses for a long time. Gulping a bit and holding my head high, we go into the church.

The ceremony, the hymns, the communion service are old friends I remember I have missed. Going to church is the most physically challenging activity I do in the early weeks after the accident. My arm throbs through the service. It is difficult for me to kneel and stand and kneel, difficult to go to the altar, holding out only my left hand as my right one dangles in its ever present sling. Yet, somehow there is grace given each time I go to the altar rail. Tears often fill my eyes as I kneel down and hear the familiar words, "The body of Christ." I am home.

EVERY SUNDAY WE CONTINUE TO GO to Church, and after each service we wander into the church hall to have coffee with the congregation. People are friendly, and within a few weeks I find myself in a book-study and dream group called Natural Spirituality. Each meeting starts with the members telling their dreams. I spent years teaching graduate art therapy courses and giving workshops from a Jungian standpoint. I feel at home with the women, wrapped in a deep sharing mode which strikes chords

remembered and half forgotten.

It is almost five months since the accident that propelled me back into the Episcopal Communion. Every week I find more depth in the church's commitment to the community, people reaching out, touching, working in practical ways to bring about positive change in people's circumstances. I feel very tender inside, tender with myself, with others. My heart feels as if it opens up more with the rising sun of each new day.

I have not been able to ask myself why I had such a terrible accident on the day of the Rainbow Horse Dance, the Dance I love and worked so hard to bring

into fruition for over eighteen years. I cannot ask myself how all of the threads of my life will weave together. I know only to walk each day in commitment to my deep-seated belief in the beauty inherent in Native American Spirituality and to the returning joy that the community of Christ brings to me. I pray that the threads of Christianity and Native American Spirituality will

weave a beautiful blanket in my soul, and that I will be able to share the songs rising from this new weaving. I rise facing east each day, asking for the wisdom of Sophia to help me wait and let unfold how I am to serve God in my new community.

Hot Springs Village, AR Paula Engelhorn

*Paula Engelhorn is a dreamer weaving visions of Light, people, and circles into a joyous whole. The colors of the Rainbow are her heart song. These fill her up each day as she plays with her husband's favorite friend, Rudy, the white boxer. She loves to cook vegetarian fare, dream more dreams, and contemplate the beauty held in all life.*



## Midrash מדרש

*"So the two went until they came to Bethlehem."*

Ruth 1:18

**I**N A MARKET ALREADY BUSY with talk of good times and a rich barley harvest, news of Naomi's return added to the babble of voices at the sandal-maker's stall.

"They say the damsel with her is her Moabite daughter-in-law, widow of one of her sons," said the onion-seller. "Her name is Ruth."

"They say Naomi tried to persuade the maid to return to her mother's house, but she would not part from Naomi," said the turnip-grower.

"With the barley festival full upon us, hands are needed in the fields. Perhaps she has come to work," someone suggested.

"Perhaps," said the onion-seller with a wink, "Naomi's rich kinsman, the widower Boaz, figures in Naomi's plan. . ."

"But the journey," said the knot-maker. "So full of bandits and wild animals. How did they come, two women alone?"

"By caravan, across the Judean Desert," said the wine merchant. "How else?"

"But it is foot-travel from the caravan up to Jerusalem and Bethlehem. How did they come, two women alone?" the knot-maker repeated.

The spice merchant, brushing flies from his open sacks, called to the water-seller for a drink.

"He will know something," said the turnip-grower. "From his place in the city gates, he sees all who enter."

"Water-seller!" someone called. "How did Naomi and her daughter-in-law arrive this morning?"

"By foot," he answered, tilting his jug to fill a brass cup with water.

"Without escort?"

"Without."

"What did you say?" asked the sandal-maker, straining to hear from the back of his stall. "How did they come?"

"Arm in arm," the water-seller replied, hurrying to answer another call for water.

New York, NY *Miriam Chaikin*

## Mary Knew

It was the day she'd been waiting for—  
though she did not know it would be  
lady poverty who would enter the room,  
her room,  
her tiny room,  
ever finding her there in prayer,  
small framed, curly black hair.

It filled the room to overflowing,  
so bright she could hardly see.  
But she could not pray to an angel of light.  
Later, she dropped both buckets of well water,  
making a small river into the kitchen.

Her mother had already despaired  
of such catastrophes.  
She, too, felt sure that God was coming,  
but too often she had been frightened,  
finding Mary standing behind her,  
eyes full of light,  
in an age without windows or mirrors.

This time she thought, "Elizabeth.  
I will send her to Elizabeth."

Little Rock, AR *Robert Boury*

*Robert Boury is a composer with ancillary talents in poetry and the visual arts. He teaches at the University of Arkansas at Little Rock and has for the past decade coordinated a Visiting Artists Program for the children of St. Luke's Episcopal Church in North Little Rock. This is the church's 50th Anniversary year and Bob has been very active in organizing the celebrations. He lives in Little Rock with his wife, Angie, and their daughter, Susan.*

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 the author of some 30 books for young readers—novels, nonfiction, and retellings of bible stories. she has also published a book of haiku-type poems for children and one of poetry for adults. she spends some time each winter in jerusalem and lives in new york city.*



*How we talk about inviting Wisdom into our churches...*

## **Dreams: God's Forgotten Language**

*"How is it, then, that every one of us who longs for a closer relationship with God is not paying close attention to the bubbling up of dreams from deep within?"*

This article was first published in *Soundings*, the clergy newsletter of the Episcopal Diocese of Southern Virginia, September 2004.

**I**N EARLY JUNE I SET OFF on a Sunday afternoon for Kanuga Conference Center in the mountains of North Carolina, little suspecting that a new level of richness in my spiritual journey was about to open. Back in the spring when I decided to attend this conference on *Dreams: God's Forgotten Language*, I realized that if I were going to derive benefit from it, I ought to have personal material to work with. And so in the last week of April I began to record my dreams.

Like everyone else, I've had dreams through the years that have caught my attention, a few in alarming, even scary, ways. Some have recurred throughout my adult life, like arriving for a church service and not being able to find my vestments or my sermon. However, the overwhelming majority have faded from consciousness as soon as I've awakened, and never did I take time to try to remember them and write them down. Though I was aware of their presence weaving through the night hours, I did not particularly honor or value them.

My decision to record my dreams resulted in my being gifted with five interesting ones to take with me to Kanuga. I shared three of these in group settings during the week and received significant insight into them. During my nights at Kanuga I went to bed in eager anticipation, hoping for a continuation in the dialogue. As I lay down, I asked the Lord to bless me with a dream, and my prayer was answered every night. Since the end of April, I have recorded 52 dreams—and this from an average guy who had never paid any attention to dreams before. Watch out what you pray for!

One could say that dreams are a great human leveler. Everyone dreams—beggars and kings, young children and octogenarians, even dogs and cats. Research suggests that the average person has four to five dreams every night. Dreams are found in every culture, from highly civilized to very primitive. Christians, Buddhists, and Muslims, even agnostics and atheists, have dreams every night. We know that dreams extend far back into the human experience,

probably as far as the dawn of consciousness. The Old and New Testaments are filled with dreams. Well-known author and Episcopal priest Morton Kelsey once took a Bible and cut out of it every dream and vision. The resulting Bible he held up to view was filled with holes. Some Biblical dreams we can recall easily—Jacob's dream about a ladder to heaven with angels ascending and descending; Joseph's interpretation of the dreams of Pharaoh; Peter's dream about a sheet filled with unclean things being lowered from heaven with the commandment to "Eat"; the Wise Men being warned in a dream not to return to Herod; and Joseph's dream that led him to take Mary and the infant Jesus to Egypt. There are, of course, many more.

It is clear that the writers of scripture believed beyond a shadow of a doubt that God speaks to people through their dreams. How is it, then, that every one of us who longs for a closer relationship with God is not paying close attention to the bubbling up of dreams from deep within?

Part of the answer can be found in a story about St. Jerome, related by Bob Haden, the leader at the Kanuga conference. As a young secular scholar, Jerome had a dream in which he is brought before the great Judgment Seat of God. "Who are you?" he is asked. "I am a Christian" he replies. "LIAR! YOU ARE A LIAR! You follow Cicero, not Christ." Jerome is given lashes and cries out for mercy, saying, "If ever again I teach worldly books, I will have denied you."

There is good news and bad news resulting from this dream. The good news is that Jerome became a hermit and went into the desert to learn Greek and Hebrew. Later he was summoned to Rome by the Pope and given the charge to translate the Bible into Latin, a translation (the Vulgate) which has been used for over 1500 years. The bad news is that in Jerome's translation of the Bible, of the ten times the Greek word *anan*—meaning "witchcraft" or "sorcery"—appears, Jerome deliberately mistranslated it in three places as *observo somnia*, meaning, "observing dreams." In Leviticus 19:26, for example, Jerome gave us, "You shall not practice augury or observing dreams," instead of "You shall not practice augury or sorcery." Several centuries later, Pope Gregory the Great read this passage and concluded, "Oh, dreams are bad! No more of this!" We are the heirs of that suspicion and mistrust of dreams. In the Eastern Orthodox tradition, on the other hand, where the Vulgate was not read and dreams were not encumbered by association with the occult, dream work has been a rich part of spiritual practice down through the centuries.

IN THE RECORDING OF MY 52 DREAMS (and counting) and in my reading since the conference, I have been learning a lot about archetypes and symbolism, masculine and feminine spirituality, energy and wholeness, individuation and synchronicity—concepts that are filled with fascination for me. I am in the midst of exploring these in greater depth in a book study group at Emmanuel [Episcopal Church in Virginia Beach] this summer—more than 30 signed up to attend. I am interested in the possibility of forming a dream-work group among clergy in our diocese. Anyone interested? I also have several sets of CDs from the Kanuga dream conference in 2003 that I would be happy to share.

Dreams speak to us in a language full of symbolism. They have many levels of meaning. This meaning is not at all apparent at first, but it becomes clearer when we take time to honor the dream by writing it down, praying about it, and reflecting upon it (especially with other spiritual pilgrims and seekers), and by making associations with its different parts. I believe there is no such thing as a “bad dream.” Some are very scary. Some we might feel embarrassed to share. But I believe those dreams that frighten us are simply asserting, “Pay attention.” I further believe that dreams are meant for our wholeness and wellbeing. God is at work in the depths, helping us with our soul work, enabling us to integrate the joys and challenges of living into our being, guiding us toward becoming that individual God intends us to be—spiritually healthy and whole. In those depths where God is at work are things we fear, parts of ourselves we repress and push down, truths about ourselves that we tremble to acknowledge, aspects of our character that are undeveloped and crying out for growth and release.

Soul work, which is what our spiritual journey is all about, proceeds at various levels throughout our lives. On the conscious level it takes place in prayer and worship as we focus on God the Father, as we seek to know Jesus Christ as our Lord and Savior and integrate his challenging teachings into our day-to-day lives, and as we open to the Holy Spirit’s presence in our lives and in our community. On the unconscious level, soul work is going on every night, and those wisps of dreams are the sign of that activity. Bringing this soul work into the light of consciousness by paying attention to our dreams entails becoming aware of the work of the Holy Spirit down in the depths. Jesus told us how to proceed: “Ask and it will be given you. Seek and you will find. Knock and it will be opened to you. For everyone who asks receives, and he who seeks finds, and to him who knocks it will be opened.” (Luke 11:9-10)

Virginia Beach, VA *The Rev. John Baldwin*

## Feathers

A place to stand tall and say, “I AM.”

Positive energy.

Openness; affirmation of our divinity through shared dreamwork.

I have a story to offer that people will never forget.

Positive energy.

Two parents to carry inside me.

I have a story to offer that people will never forget.

I bring friendship to anyone who would like to receive.

Two parents to carry inside me.

Curiosity, goodwill, deep interest in the significance of dreams.

I bring friendship to anyone who would like to receive.

Ask for angels and receive Feathers.

Curiosity, goodwill, deep interest in the significance of dreams.

Openness; affirmation of our divinity through shared dreamwork.

Ask for angels and receive Feathers.

A place to stand tall and say, “I AM.”



This poem was composed as a group effort by the participants in the opening session of the Haden Institute’s Summer Dream Conference at Kanuga, NC, June 2004. Cathy Smith Bowers was the mastermind and producer of this French pantoum, which is a verse form of four quatrains that repeats entire lines in a strict pattern: #1234, #2546, #5768, #7381. The form is of Malaysian origin and was adapted in France in the 18<sup>th</sup> century by Victor Hugo and poet Evariste Parny.

*John A. Baldwin has been actively engaged in ministry with other spiritual journeyers at Emmanuel Episcopal Church, Virginia Beach, for the past seven years. He feels blessed to have been invited to serve a community that takes its faith seriously yet joyfully, is filled with the blessings of laughter, and openly embraces new manifestations of the Holy Spirit, including a newly formed dream group. His wife, Ann, gracefully indulges his new passion for recording dreams in the middle of the night, as well as his love for golf. He has been an Episcopal priest for 26 years.*



The next Summer Dream Conference will be held at Kanuga Conference Center, June 25–July 1, 2005. Call 828/693-9292 or email [office@hadeninstitute.com](mailto:office@hadeninstitute.com). For more information see p. 25 of this issue.

## Into the Center

### An Ireland Pilgrimage

*"The so-called 'thin places' do exist."*

THE ANNOUNCEMENT ON THE BACK PAGE OF *THE ROSE* reads: "IRELAND PILGRIMAGE: A Sacred Journey combining Celtic Spirituality and Jungian Psychology." Ireland, pilgrimage, sacred, Celtic, Jungian—a mix of ingredients to which I immediately respond with a gut reaction that says this is "IT," the trip that will be the culmination of converging factors that have been stirring inside me for many years. There was the dream with the song "The Rose of Tralee." There was the phone call from Canada that revealed a great-great grandfather who had walked the streets of Athlone. There was Philip Cousineau's book, *The Art of Pilgrimage: The Seeker's Guide to Making Travel Sacred*. There is the attraction I feel to the Celtic cross. And there is the longing I often identify with the nature of the Celtic soul calling and pushing me onward toward some kind of mysterious destiny, going as far back as 1985 when grace shoved me onto a path that introduced me to my own latent spiritual leanings and set me on a journey toward an unknown destination.

I call the number in the announcement and ask for the brochure. When it comes, there are phrases in it that intensify my interest—"the harmony and integration of the masculine and feminine," "valuing the opposites: spirit/matter, light/shadow, heaven/earth," "the autonomy, power, and pervasive presence of the numinous." Soon the flight is booked and the cost covered.

WE ARE IN THE AIRPORT stepping into the serpentine lines of check-in and security that become the labyrinth leading me to the very center of myself on a desolate island far from Atlanta. There will be sixteen pilgrims and two incredible leaders—Jerry Wright, a Jungian analyst and retired Presbyterian minister, and Marcus Losack, an Anglican priest who now devotes his time to reinvigorating religion by leading pilgrimages centered in the Celtic tradition. On May 13, we come together from disparate places to meet in Dublin, and we easily become a harmonious community of unique individuals speaking a common language—the language of metaphor, symbol, and imagery, of dreams and the unconscious—a language that has great respect for the invisible world and the multi-layered meanings of experience. Our cauldron is rich with potential for transformation.

AS WE STEP UNDER THE GREAT COPPER BEECH TREE at our first destination, we shiver with awe and know we are standing on holy ground. Later, in the tradition of seeing trees as sacred, we will create a ritual by chanting together: "Oh, great spirit/earth, air, fire, and sea/ you are inside/ and all around me." This mammoth tree will always hold a special place in our hearts, as it is here beneath its branches that we first share sacred time and space and begin our bonding as a community. Throughout the pilgrimage, at each sacred site we will read Hafiz and other poets, pray, sing, or quietly just be present to the moment, focusing on our intention and deepening the meaning of our experience here.

I CANNOT CONVEY THE ASTOUNDING DETAILS of my pilgrimage in such a brief article as this. But perhaps I can show you something of it by sharing with you two poems in which I have attempted to process and capture experiences that I know have changed my life forever. In the first of these, you will need to know that the Gaelic term *anam cara* means soul friend: a teacher, companion, or spiritual guide.

#### The Eyes of the Anam Cara

I spread wide the vaulted ceiling  
exposing myself to Your immensity  
Then I remove each massive stone  
from the walls that have confined me  
And the altar crumbles  
into a well for my thirst  
bringing Brigid's sweet water  
of renewal

Each dawn the alchemical fire  
comes over the horizon  
to shine its bright lamp  
into my dark cavern . . .  
to melt my heart  
and mend old wounds

Now I come and go moving gracefully  
back and forth between  
the sacred and the profane . . .  
... a bird

immersed in Your light by day  
and by night rocked  
in the arms of the great  
copper beech tree kindled  
by the moon and stars  
Fed by a truth uncovered  
as I cleared away the debris  
and looked into the eyes of the  
Anam Cara



In this poem there are several important symbols besides the *anam cara* that reflect the rich depths of the Irish psyche. Brigid is perhaps the most beloved saint in Ireland, equally as important as St. Patrick. She embraces and integrates both the pagan and Christian viewpoints. Her most sacred site is a well outside the city of Kildare which sends its crisply flowing waters

through the grounds where people amble and chat. Her bronze statue shows a woman with a sturdy spirit and a lamp of hope. Wells are abundant throughout Ireland and are popular, cherished places regularly visited, considered to be the entrance to the womb of the earth and a source of life from which spring hopes and dreams. Sacred wells make us aware of our need to attend to our own inner wells, which can easily become cluttered by earthly concerns, cutting us off from our inner Source.

In the Celtic world the “profane” does not have the negative connotations that we sometimes attach to the word. It merely means the secular world that lies on the outskirts of the sacred. The Irish believe that everyday life is an integral part of the sacred, not separate from it but intertwined as in a Celtic knot. This ability to blend the worldly and the spiritual is at the heart of Celtic spirituality and greatly enriches the lives of the Irish people.

**T**HIS SECOND POEM TAKES PLACE on the remote island of Inishmor in the far west Aran Islands where we visit the ancient fort of Dun Aengus.

### A Knowing

I didn't gaze into Your face  
 nor did You touch my arm.  
 There was no howling of winds  
 over the sheer cliffs  
 No sounds of sea crashing  
 against shore.  
 It was a calm quiet peaceful  
 morning on a rocky island  
 off the coast of Ireland  
 that looked out to the West  
 over an endless span of water.

In silence we had slowly climbed  
 the steep slope together yet  
 each of us on her own spiritual quest . . .

the instant we reached the top  
 and crossed over the thin threshold  
 we could all feel it . . .  
 the palpable presence  
 of the numinous  
 and tears of homecoming told me  
 my long days of seeking were at an end.  
 We walked quietly for awhile  
 over a carpet of smooth flat stones  
 tufts of grass, tiny flowerets  
 then, like the others, on hands and knees  
 onto the sharp pitted rocks  
 I humbly crawl to the edge  
 lay flat on my belly arms outstretched  
 at the end of time and space  
 where rock, sea, sky, and water  
 merge into holy ground . . .  
 a ritual I know will be repeated again  
 when the Banshees wail my name.

Something happened there  
 for I stepped back through  
 the narrow passageway—  
 my hiking stick a staff now—  
 past the barrier walls  
 and boldly strode down  
 the rubbled path  
 like Moses descending Sinai . . .  
 with a Knowing . . .  
 a Knowing I have been  
 moving toward all my life.

**I**RELAND WORKS ITS WAY INTO YOU. The Celtic spirituality that flourished between 450 AD and 1000 AD has a positive, joyful air. It thrives on the cyclical nature of life and therefore on renewal, not death, on the complementary roles of the feminine and masculine, and on incorporating the transcendent God into the fabric of everyday life. The love of nature is pervasive, the earth a sacred domain with the mountains as breasts and the rivers as veins in this great mother of all. The so-called “thin places” do exist, and, when you are ready, the door to transformation opens and reconciliation and healing come in.

Athens, GA *Virginia Carver*

*Virginia Carver's spirituality is best understood in terms of the collage pieces she creates: bits of poetry, the rhythms of dance, the beauty of nature, jewels of wisdom, colors of joy, hints of mystery all set upon a canvas of deep ecumenism. This forms an eclectic mandala that just happens to make a cohesive pattern and is always a work-in-progress guided by some intuitive Master Plan.*

# Pilgrims Together

## Remembering a Beloved Mentor

*"In the fall of 2003, Mary Ann's dreams began to include a theme of 'trips' away from home."*

MARY ANN TRULOCK was fifteen years my senior and entering, as she called it, her "crone" years. She wore them well, often attired in comfortable, peasant-length dresses slightly gathered below the chest to hide signs of matronly weight gain. Sometimes she would wear a colorful hat with a feather or bow and loud jewelry, which may or may not match her dress. Mary Ann knew who she was and felt no need to follow convention. She had retired from teaching English in college and was ready to pursue her interests: keeping in touch with family, writing, exploring spirituality, and nurturing old and new friendships. All of this kept her young at heart and balanced. Ever the extravert, no one was a stranger to Mary Ann and everyone was eligible for her special kind of love marked by instant familiarity and ease. Her smile was warm and her hugs were even warmer.

I met Mary Ann three years ago when we both attended a Natural Spirituality course at Trinity Cathedral in Little Rock. Through the course, which was taught by the Rev. Susan Sims-Smith, psychologist and Episcopal priest, we learned how to use the Jungian tools of synchronicity and dreams to unlock our unconscious and help us move toward individuation.

After a couple of months of instruction by Susan, we broke into small "Journey Groups," where we shared dreams, their insights, and the information-gathering techniques we had learned to help process them. Susan sponsored and mentored our fledgling group until we were flying on our own. Mary Ann dove headfirst into this and very soon became an invaluable member of the group. She was gentle and patient, frequently reminding us that

dreams were for our "health and wholeness." Dreams from one week were often carried to the next, nesting for that intervening time in our imagination. Nothing was dismissed as insignificant. Mary Ann even called me one night because she couldn't get a dream of *mine* out of her head; so she and I further explored it.

Having recently retired from a long career of teaching, I too had newly available time to explore areas of interest, many of which were shared by my new friend. She introduced me to Lifequest at Second Presbyterian Church, a program for older people, most of whom are retired. Composing poetry and nonfiction prose was a high interest of mine that complemented my journey toward spiritual growth. Together Mary Ann and I enrolled in a creative writing course. We also attended the Annual Conference for Arkansas Writers, each of us submitting several works for different contests. Although

neither of us placed, Mary Ann said we were honoring a personal dream and that was the important thing.

Before too long I was able to detect, from the way she approached life and problem solving, that Mary Ann was familiar with the Twelve Steps. Here was yet another thing we held in common: alcoholics in our families. We were both in Twelve Step groups, and so we often talked about principles learned there that could help us on our daily walk.

My own decision to retire had been a difficult one. At the end of my career, I had become very stressed out from my public school job, and for six months I had been suffering from

chronic depression. I was only a year away from a full-time pension but chose early retirement instead. This left me with a sense of failure and inadequacy, which my dreams began to address. It was difficult for me to see their meaning, but Mary Ann helped me with them, and my lingering sense of guilt was assuaged. With the help of Mary Ann's mentoring, I was able for the first time to see the other side of suffering, to learn its lessons, and get beyond it.

Ever the one to find the silver lining, my friend suffered from problems as well, although she never complained. She had problems with one of her knees. Journey



Group members would help her out of her car, and she would walk with a cane across the cobblestones to the Cathedral's Mitchell House where we met. Additionally, she suffered from a mysterious "bleed out" which would occur periodically and randomly. After receiving transfusions, she would get better and regroup until the next attack. Her doctors were not sure which organ was leaking the blood, but they were finally able to find a drug to stop the bleeding. As for the knee, she was considering traveling to a state in the Midwest to get more opinions and options.

Susan Sims-Smith would occasionally join our Monday night group, and afterward she would celebrate the sacrament of unction for anyone interested. Most of us would participate. Unction is a beautiful sacrament, not at all limited to a "last rite." People may request it while hospitalized, after they get home, or anytime they feel the need of physical or spiritual health. Mary Ann would pray for physical healing while the rest of us stood around her with our hands on her shoulders and back as she received the holy oil on her forehead.

**I**N THE FALL OF 2003, Mary Ann's dreams began to include a theme of "trips" away from home. One was a trip to the Midwest—an indication perhaps of coming health for the knee? In another dream, she was on a road trip and stopped at an overlook with a view below of a beautiful valley surrounded by undeveloped land and stately trees—perhaps a symbol of wholeness?

One week in January, I visited with her at our Journey Group. Her pale, gray cheeks had given way to a rosy, healthy color. She said she felt better than she had in years. She had finished a major writing project, memoirs for her family, and she had printed copies for all of us. The stories were beautifully written and bare-to-the-bones honest. What a gift for us!

That was the last time I saw Mary Ann. On February 6, 2004, she was hospitalized with a bad cough and strained breathing and was diagnosed with an aggressive and fast growing cancer which would, without immediate treatment, soon result in death. With characteristic calm, she declined the immediate treatment and chose to "sleep on it": she went to sleep that night and never woke up.

The cathedral was full for Mary Ann's funeral. The members of our Journey Group were among the mourners. Susan was the presiding priest and carefully bore the urned ashes to and from the altar. Surely on wings of a dove our friend arrived in God's nearer presence. I miss Mary Ann greatly and love her as if she were my own mother. I learned so much from her in such a short time: life lessons about selfless love, forgiveness, humility,

## 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.

*It is never too late to start the spiritual journey or to start over, and it is worth starting over any number of times.*

Thomas Keating, *The Human Condition*

gratitude, dignity in aging, and becoming the person we were meant to be.

Thank you, Mary Ann.

Little Rock, AR **Tina Bodiak**

*Tina Bodiak is a grateful 50yr+ member of St. Mark's Episcopal Church in Little Rock, AR. She is in her fifth year of retirement from grade school teaching and now tutors children in grades one through high school in reading, math, and rhetoric. Tina's hobbies are reading, writing (especially poetry), and learning more about her dreams, the Bible, and spirituality. She is a member of St. Mark's Christ Care, which has bi-monthly book studies and provides services for parishioners who have special needs.*

## How we talk about inviting Wisdom into our churches...

### Subtext

Reprinted from the September 2004 parish newsletter of St. James Episcopal Church, Monterey, CA.

I'VE MENTIONED RECENTLY, in a couple of sermons and a couple of small groups, my increasing interest in a teaching called "Natural Spirituality" that has been elaborated in a book by that name. Besides the book, there is also a twice-yearly newsletter called *The Rose*, put out by Emmanuel Episcopal Church in Athens, Georgia, where this development first began. At the heart of Natural

Spirituality is the assertion that our lives carry symbolic meaning, much like a dream or a myth. It asserts that by attuning ourselves to that meaning we can bring a depth dimension into our lives that is available in no other way. By interpreting such meaning we can discern God's call.

While the lineage of these insights, and much of the vocabulary (e.g. "synchronicity," "anima and animus"), come from the writings of psychologist Carl Jung and those who have followed in his path, the approach of Natural Spirituality has solid foundations in early Christian tradition. It's a way of talking about the presence and activity of the Holy Spirit in the life of each Christian, the life of the Church, and the life of the world. It connects as well with the ancient *Wisdom* tradition, which was unfortunately relegated to the theological periphery by the institutional Church but which has continued to influence monastic and mystical thought and has come to recent attention through the works of Marcus Borg, Elaine Pagels, and others.

There has always been a fear of "spiritual" movements in the institution because the Spirit cannot be controlled. (It "blows where it will.") For their part, spiritual practitioners have been wary of institutional acceptance because the structural and systemic demands of the institution can easily co-opt or depress spiritual experience. The fears of both parties have been realized a number of times in the history of the Church, but I don't think that means that either God or we should stop trying.

I'm very drawn to and excited about Natural Spirituality personally because it has had the effect of reinvigorating my own faith in a number of ways. And, beyond the personal, I'm excited because this teaching presents an opportunity for the Church, *our* Church, to deepen and make real the life of faith, the life of the Spirit, at a time of waning faith and spiritual shallowness. All we seem concerned about is falling revenues and opposing expressions of political correctness. We need much more, and there is much more. The Church tradition, structure, and liturgy offer an ideal container to keep spiritual experience safe and focused, while balancing it with the prophetic demands of morality and justice.

This practice is probably not for everyone. To understand and apply Natural Spirituality without an inflating distortion requires quite a bit of thought and maturity. This is the "solid food" which Saint Paul contrasts with the basic milk that he offered to those he "could not speak to as spiritual people." But I think that people have been leaving the Church in part because of the limited diet they've been offered and the spiritual malnutrition that has resulted from it. We may have come to a time when we need solid food in order to survive. Natural Spirituality may provide just such "bread for the journey" as we take the next step in God's call to us.

Monterey, CA The Rev. Jeff Kohn

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## One World

From a talk given to the Forum Class at Elkin First Methodist Church on the Fourth of July, 2004

### Carl Jung

teaches us to know who we are through

### Dreams

which we interpret through the use of symbols, as we would interpret a parable. We know that all people dream the same types of dreams, using the same symbols, which we call

### Archetypes

and the study of these archetypes lets us know that we are all

**One people**

with the same hopes and fears, the same rituals of worship, and the same everlasting stories. These likenesses have bound us together as

**One nation**

under God, with liberty and justice for all. And now we need to reach out to our brothers in this

**One world**

and realize that though our journeys are different and our paths are many, we all bow down to

**One God**

though called by many different names, the Divine Power in our lives that unites us in One Brotherhood, striving together for eternal Peace.

Elkin, NC *Sallie Park*

## 10 Reasons to Come to this Fall's Natural Spirituality Sunday School Class

Reprinted from the September 2004 parish newsletter of Emmanuel Episcopal Church, Athens, GA

- #1 To find out what "natural spirituality" is all about.
- #2 To find out why Jesus put such a great emphasis on parables (stories that have a deeper meaning than what is obvious on the surface).
- #3 To find out why it is often said that dreams are God's forgotten language.
- #4 To find out what Jesus meant when he said, "Let anyone who has ears to hear use them."
- #5 To get a new perspective on meaningful coincidences. (Is God involved in such ordinary events of life?)
- #6 To get a better understanding of what it means to say that Christ is within us.
- #7 To find out what it means to be on an inner journey.
- #8 To find out about the Holy Feminine and the Holy Masculine as two sides of our experience of God.
- #9 To learn something about how to interpret dreams.
- #10 To see if you might like to join one of Emmanuel's dream groups.

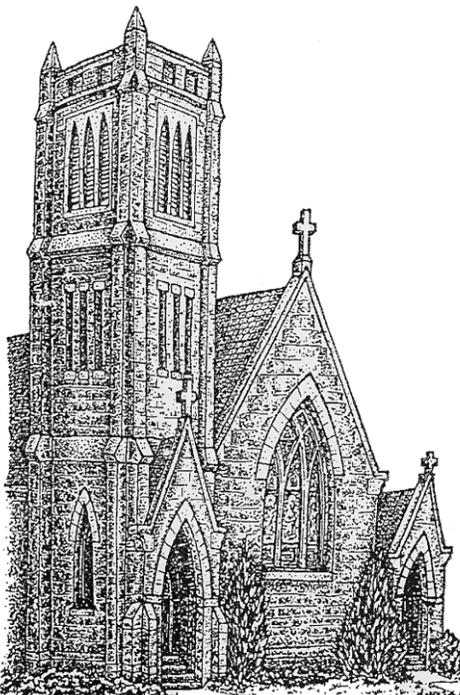
The Natural Spirituality Introductory Class will be taught this fall during the Sunday school hour, beginning September 19. It will meet in the Parlor, and Heidi Simmonds will be the leader. Class discussions will center on the book *Natural Spirituality: Recovering the Wisdom Tradition in Christianity* by Joyce Hudson. (Books will be available for sale before and after classes for \$12 a copy.)

The class is completely open: participants may drop in and out during the weeks it is offered. You may come to all the classes for an intensive course, or you may come to just a class or two if you only want a taste. This course of study is offered every year—same basic material, different discussions. Returnees are welcome!

Anyone who wants to join an Emmanuel Journey Group (dream group) may do so after spending enough time in the Introductory Course to get a preliminary grasp

of the basic principles of natural spirituality. It is up to the individual to decide when he or she is ready. The only firm prerequisite for coming into a Journey Group is that the new member must first have read the book.

Emmanuel's two Journey Groups meet weekly, year around. The Sunday group



EMMANUEL CHURCH

Athens, Georgia

meets after church, 12:30-2:30, and includes a \$3 lunch. The Tuesday group meets from 10AM until noon. Both groups meet in the 540 Prince building. Membership is open and fluid.



How do you talk about inviting Wisdom into your churches? It is not easy to find adequate words for something that is so new to most church communities. Share your ideas by sending us your articles, announcements, and such.



## Have You Tuned in to these Really Cool Conferences?

**I**F NOT, YOU ARE MISSING SOMETHING. It has only been two years since conferences began springing up to bring people together for the shared venture of joining Christianity with dream work and other avenues of inner work. In 2003, three different conferences were independently organized. Each is now an annual event open to participants from all locales and all denominations, including the unaffiliated. Each serves both beginners and experienced inner journeyers.

☐ In the Episcopal Diocese of Arkansas, Bishop Larry T. Maze and Canon Susan Sims-Smith have teamed up to offer an annual weekend conference centered each year on a different theme of inner work. Comprised of lectures and small-group work, this event usually takes place at Camp Mitchell, the diocesan conference center near Morrilton, AR. *See the announcement below.*

☐ In the Episcopal Diocese of Atlanta, people from Natural Spirituality programs in the diocese work together under the leadership of Joyce Rockwood Hudson to stage a weekend conference each February at Camp Mikell, the diocesan conference center near Toccoa, GA. This event offers natural spirituality workshops along with dreamwork in small groups, centering prayer, worship services, and opportunities for Tai Ji and other body/spirit activities. *See p. 31 for more details.*

☐ The “grand kahuna” of the new conferences is the Haden Institute Summer Dream Conference, a five-day major conference held each June at Kanuga Conference Center near Hendersonville, NC. Bob Haden, Susan Sims-Smith, and Joyce Rockwood Hudson are permanent keynoters for this event and are joined each year by one or two other keynoters. (This year the others will be Jeremy Taylor, author of *Where People Fly and Water Runs Uphill*, and Larry T. Maze, Episcopal bishop of Arkansas.) Besides lectures, the Summer Dream Conference offers small-group dreamwork, workshops on dream related topics, and daily worship. Kanuga is a resort-like conference center in the mountains of North Carolina—a great place for a summer getaway. *See p. 25 for more details.*

*Upcoming Conference!*

### Lighten Up for Lent

**Repentance, Reconciliation, and Laughter**

Bishop Larry Maze & Canon Susan Sims-Smith  
 March 18–19, 2005, Camp Mitchell, Morrilton, AR  
 Cost: \$70 per person ☺ Contact: Kyran Pittman  
 Call 501/372-2168, ext. 218  
 or email [seedwork@seedwork.org](mailto:seedwork@seedwork.org).

# Natural Spirituality

LISTED HERE FOR PURPOSES OF NETWORKING are the natural spirituality programs about at this time. This list includes programs that are only in the South. These groups are not stamped from the same mold—each is organized to let **THE ROSE** know of their existence. If there is no group listed, contact the local resources. Programs marked with an asterisk (\*) are new to the list.

### 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  
 Holy Trinity Epis. Church, Hot Springs Village  
 St. Mark's Episcopal Church, Jonesboro  
 Christ Church (Episcopal), Little Rock  
 Coffeehouse Group (nondenom.) [501-758-3823], LR  
 Pulaski Hgts. United Meth. Church, Little Rock  
 St. Margaret's Episcopal Church, Little Rock  
 St. Michael's Episcopal Church, Little Rock  
 Trinity Episcopal Cathedral, Little Rock  
 All Saints Episcopal Church, Russellville

### 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  
 Good Shepherd Episcopal Church, Covington  
 \*Christ Church (Episcopal), Macon  
 \*St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, Milledgeville  
 St. Augustine's Episcopal Church, Morrow

## What Is Natural Spirituality?

THE TERM NATURAL SPIRITUALITY refers to the healing of the Holy Spirit in each individual through the natural wisdom of biblical tradition, this reality, and the Wisdom. Natural spirituality programs consisting of one-on-one or “journey groups”—such as dreamwork classes which teach the practice of dreamwork as tools for a deeper connection to the self.

Natural spirituality was first pioneered at Emmanuel Episcopal Church, Athens, Georgia in 1991. Joyce Rockwood Hudson, the initial teacher in that tradition, eventually wrote a book, *Natural Spirituality: The Wisdom Tradition in Christianity* (2000), which contains the curriculum for a introductory class and a deeper program. With the public interest, many churches have started natural spirituality of their own, structuring them as study groups centered on the book.

Natural spirituality is moving from church to church. The concentration so far is in the South. Susan Sims-Smith, Canon of the Episcopal Diocese of the South, calls to support parish programs, including dreamwork.



### NATURAL SPIRITUALITY

Available from amazon.com bookstores by special order price & low shipping, [www.seedwork.org/shops/ljrhp](http://www.seedwork.org/shops/ljrhp) (type in title)



### WWW.SEEDWORK.ORG

- ☐ Natural Spirituality download and print
- ☐ Back issues of *The Rose*
- ☐ Haden Institute Summer Dream Conference selected lectures: list or order CDs by mail

# Quality Programs

Quality programs (dream groups based in churches) that we know study group phase as well as those with established dream groups. Organized in its own way. **Groups that are not on the list are invited** in your area, consider starting one; see [www.seedwork.org](http://www.seedwork.org) for details since the last issue of *THE ROSE*.

## Spirituality?

Spirituality refers to the teaching of the Holy Spirit that come to each individual through natural processes of life. In the Bible, the Spirit is called the Holy Spirit. Spirituality is also a tag for church programs or more dream groups—supported by introductory principles of Jungian psychology and Christian journey.

As a church program was undertaken at the Episcopal Church in Asheville, North Carolina, the Rev. Rose Rockwood Hudson was undertaking, and she eventually published *Spirituality: Recovering the Christian Tradition* (JRH Publications). The contents of the introductory classes of the Emmanuel Church in Asheville, North Carolina, other spiritual programs and their introductory classes are on the book.

These programs are spreading the strongest geographical roots in Arkansas, where the Rev. Rose Rockwood Hudson was for Special Ministries for Arkansas, works specific programs of spiritual inner work.

## QUALITY BOOK

Order from [www.amazon.com](http://www.amazon.com); [b&n.com](http://b&n.com); local bookstore. For a discounted price go to [www.amazon.com/](http://www.amazon.com/) (the entire URL).

## SEEDWORK.ORG

For more Group Resources: visit our website, or order by mail. For more information: view and print the entire Dream Conference program; download and save; or contact us by email.



## Haden Institute Training Programs



### Two Year Dream Group Leader Training

See 4-day weekend intensives per year in residence at Kanuga Conference Center, Hendersonville, NC. The remainder is distance learning. Entry times are Feb. 1 and Aug. 1 of each year.

Jeremy Taylor, author of *Where People Fly* and *Water Runs Uphill* and past-president of the International Dream Association will be the keynoter for the March intensive of the Dream Group Leader Training program.

### Upcoming Dream Training Intensive Dates:

Mar. 3–7, 2005 / Aug. 25–29, 2005 / Dec. 1–5, 2005

### Two Year Spiritual Direction Training

See 4-day weekend intensives per year in residence at Kanuga Conference Center, Hendersonville, NC; or two 7-day intensives at Mt. Carmel Spiritual Centre in Niagara Falls, Ontario. The remainder is distance learning. Entry times for Kanuga are Mar. 1 and Sept. 1 of each year. For Canada the entry time is Oct. 1 of each year.

Marcus Losack, author and director of Céile Dé, the premier Celtic spirituality organization in Ireland, will be the keynoter for the April intensive of the Spiritual Direction Training program.

### Upcoming Spiritual Direction Intensive Dates:

Kanuga: Apr 14–18, 2005 / Sept 15–19, 2005  
Canada: May 11–18, 2005 / Oct 19–26, 2005

### Find Out More

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

**Address:** The Haden Institute, PO Box 1793,  
Flat Rock, NC 28731.

**Phone:** 828/693-9292.

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Flat Rock, NC The Rev. Bob Haden

# The At-Onement

## Rethinking the Atonement

*“Strangely, it is in suffering and sacrifice that we are most joined with God and with each other.”*

THE IMPLIED SIGNIFICANCE of Jesus’ crucifixion as exploited in Mel Gibson’s movie *The Passion of the Christ* is a skewed one—even though it is based on a doctrine held by many Christians for a very long time. The snippets of the movie I glimpsed of Jesus’ brutal torture and execution were enough for me to know I would not want to see this film, despite my life-long dedication to Christianity as a “cradle” Episcopalian and wife of a parish priest. After nearly seventy years of living deeply with Christianity, my understanding of God’s relationship to man is no longer affixed to the dogma that in Jesus’ death God was extracting a sacrifice of recompense for human sin. It has taken my own experience with the death of a daughter for my eyes to be opened to a different, truer vision of the meaning of the Crucifixion.

When Beth died at the age of 33, I realized for the first time that death is not a punishment. Her terrible illness was a sacrifice, perhaps, but not a penalty. As Christians we say we believe that death is a transition into a new, fuller, more perfect life. For most of us, however, a tiny part of ourselves in our heart of hearts doesn’t really feel that to be true. I suppose this is partly because our instincts prompt us to cling to life at all costs. And partly it is because we, the survivors, feel so intensely bereft upon the deaths of our loved ones that we assume that they, in their next lives, must also feel, at least in part, that they are missing out on the life we are still living. I now know that Beth and others we have loved and lost actually have a leg up on the rest of us. They are not looking back. The grief problem is all on this side.

An even more important lesson I learned from Beth’s death, however, is that Jesus died not *instead* of us, but *with* us. Rather than seeing the death of Jesus as an atonement for our sins, I now understand that in his death he showed his “at-onement” with us. He was human as we are human. He was born as we are born, suffered as we all suffer, died as we die, and rose to new life as we shall rise to new life. He died to *model*, as well as to teach, that each of us carries the divine *within* us and that each of us sacrifices his or her own life for others, and therefore for all mankind. When one of us dies that an-

other might live more fully, the sacrifice benefits all humanity. The Crucifixion was not something that happened one time, 2000 years ago, to one God/man; it happens again and again to every one of us, and every one of us is a God/person. Here is how I know.

IN THE EARLY SPRING of 1999, during the weeks of Lent when my daughter was dying of cancer, she did not accept the fact that she was dying. Those close to her also held out hope for Beth’s physical recovery. As Lent drew to a close, however, she began to repeat to us that something strange was astir in her. She felt extremely excited about the Resurrection, she said. This thrill was as puzzling to her as it was to us. She could hardly wait for Easter. “The Resurrection, you know!” she smiled. Although Beth had spent her entire life, all the way back to babyhood, expressing her exceptional uniqueness, this was unusual behavior even for her.

To get the most out of this story, you will need to know a little more about Beth. She was the second of four children in her family. Her father was an Episcopal priest. Almost everyone who knew her, young or old, described Beth as unusually bright and notably “different.” In a way, we know more about Beth now than we did when she was with us, for she kept, from an early age, voluminous journals embellished with whimsical drawings. She wrote poetry, sometimes in calligraphy. Beth was the quintessential introvert. She often wandered off alone. The summer she was nineteen or twenty, she studied “Medieval Woman” at Oxford. After graduating from Davidson in North Carolina with a degree in philosophy, Beth taught English in schools in Japan for two years, in Thailand for a few months, and traveled to mainland China—on a barge through the China Sea.

Upon returning to this country, Beth worked for the art museum and the library at the University of Georgia in Athens, and for a Japanese adult comics magazine and the Japanese Consulate in Atlanta. She served as an interpreter for the Tully Smith Farm at the Atlanta History Center, where she dressed in 18th century garb and worked surrounded by live chickens and goats. She shared

an apartment for a few months with a Chinese woman who spoke no English but who worked as a scientist for the Communicable Disease Center in Atlanta. Beth earned a masters degree in applied linguistics and taught as an assistant at Georgia State University. She jogged, biked, practiced yoga, was fascinated by the Tarot, the I Ching, the social behavior of wolves, and anything Celtic. She was deeply spiritual, an active member of an Episcopal parish, and a vegetarian. She had great respect for animals and read an inordinate number of books. Beth enjoyed a serious boyfriend, often became the social glue for friends' parties, performed as the perfect hostess at her own, loved to dance, drove a cadre of Japanese reporters from site to venue during the 1996 Atlanta Olympics, was an ardent member of Amnesty International and of the Society for Creative Anachronism, skied in the high mountains north of Tokyo, and so much more. She never smoked, drank, nor used drugs; her lifestyle was considered a healthy one. Yet Beth fell victim to a rare form of ovarian cancer at an unusually young age.

**B**ETH WAS IN HER THIRTY-SECOND year when she began to feel that something was amiss physically. She tried for at least a year to get a diagnosis, going from doctor to doctor and clinic to clinic. The general consensus was that she had a large fibroid tumor in her uterus, a curable condition. But then she deteriorated alarmingly.

Only after hours-long surgery was a huge, malignant tumor found and removed. The doctors later told us she would not have survived another day without the surgery.

Beth remained in the hospital in critical condition in the Surgical Intensive Care Unit for six weeks. She "flat-lined" on several occasions. I gave up trying to count the number of tubes snaking in and out of that frail body. At first, she was unrecognizable, this daughter whom I had sent off to surgery with a kiss fifteen hours earlier. A tube down Beth's throat and the respirator kept her from speaking. However, she could write, and eventually she wrote about what was happening to her, how she felt, and what she thought. She remembered dreams, which we heard about later. Sometimes the dreams and waking life merged.

I think that Beth, a young surgeon, and I were the

only ones who really believed that she would ever leave ICU. But she did, and after two more weeks "on the floor," Beth was allowed to come home. She had been extubated (tubes removed) for only a couple of days and had walked just a few steps with a walker. On the day of her departure from the hospital, the doctor informed Beth that this virulent cancer had already returned. Beth was clearly disappointed, but she didn't cry. In fact, she wept only once that I know of during the entire ordeal, and she never appeared to be daunted.

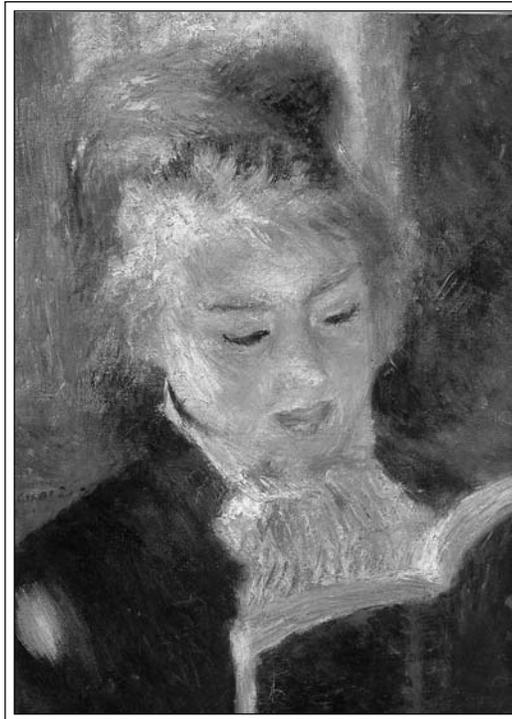
She began chemotherapy, and for six or seven months she became stronger and stronger. Beth told me at one point during this period that having cancer was not all bad.

She said she had always wanted to be independently wealthy or to have a little stipend, so that she could do at her leisure some things she had always wanted to do. My support for her during this time provided that "little stipend." So Beth, quite weak at first, went to the beach with our family and her boyfriend, Matthew; she attended a country fair and actually danced; she took care of me when I had cataract surgery; she went to her college class reunion and met her hero, Gloria Steinham, who was there as a speaker; she drove to the mountains to do rubbings of tombstones in a country churchyard; and on more than one occasion she went, along with hundreds of other spectators, to the sightings of the Virgin Mary that appeared in the sky over a field in

nearby Conyers, Georgia. Beth took her tape recorder and interviewed those in the crowd about their reasons for being there.

After these comparatively healthy times, when Beth was paradoxically strong and frail simultaneously, the protocol of chemotherapy and IVs of fluids and blood slowly began to unravel. The last few months became a series of brief hospital visits, comprised most often of increasingly total weakness and sheer pain for Beth. And yet this was also a time fraught with synchronicities and unexpected blessings.

A couple of years earlier, in the midst of wedding plans for her two sisters, we asked Beth if she thought she would marry Matthew. She quickly replied no, that she did not think that she would live long enough to get



married. We were shocked, and I think Beth too was surprised at her answer. How *did* she know?

Beth began to fade during Lent, and on Good Friday she died. We, her family and close friends, went to church on Easter Day to a glorious celebration, like no other for us, of new life and joy at Jesus' Resurrection. On Easter Monday we did it all over again for Beth and *her* resurrection. The happy and resplendent reception that followed the service felt to many of us like Beth's own wedding reception. "The Resurrection, you know!"

IT WAS ONLY LATER that I fully grasped the fact that my 33-year-old daughter had been born at Christmas (December 27), had suffered a death of wrenching pain, and had died on Good Friday. That realization brought an epiphany. The similarity to Jesus' life was undeniable, down to the Easter Monday "celebration." At first I demurred even to myself and especially to anyone else with whom I shared this synchronicity. Of course Beth was not divine. What hubris!

However, it slowly became quite clear to me: Beth *was* divine. We *all* are divine. *Everyone* lives, suffers, carries his or her own cross, sacrifices him- or herself, dies, and is resurrected. Each of us, not only Jesus, carries "the Christ" within us in that holy place where woman and man merge with God.

It is through the Christ within us, I now understand, that we each become the uniquely whole person God created each of us to be. In Jungian terms, it might be said that God and humans join in the Self, the God-center in the unconscious, the mysterious Christ place that brings us guidance, teaching, and healing. I now understand that *this* is the pattern, *this* is the paradigm that Jesus holds for us. The point of Jesus' life is not that he gave us certain rules to follow so that we can be declared "good" by ourselves and others. The pious Pharisees lived that way, and we know what Jesus said to them. Nor are we to copy anyone else's life—not Jesus' life, not anyone's—no matter how exemplary it might be. What Jesus modeled for us was that by listening to God within ourselves, we discover the person God created each of us to become. This is the life that he, our paradigm, lived: Jesus lived as the man God created him to be. To lift high the cross *is* to remember Jesus' cross and what he did for us *then*, but even more it is about holding high our own crosses, honoring and embracing our own suffering, our own self-sacrifices in our own lives *here and now*.

How heretical is it, really, to say that each of us is divine as Jesus was divine? We know that we are made "in the image of God" (Gen. 1:27). We speak of the

divine spark that we each carry within ourselves. The gospel story illustrates for us that "the Christ" comes into being by the joining of opposites, by a union of the masculine divine and the feminine human, a wedding of heaven and earth. We are humans like Mary, and like Jesus. We, too, harbor a "Christ-place" inside our beings. It doesn't matter what we call that place—a Christian, a Muslim, a Buddhist, a Jew, each carries such a Christ-like place within. For Christians, the ingesting, the taking in, of Jesus' "body and blood" at the Eucharist is an outward symbol of this spiritual fact—for that moment, at least, we are aware that "the Christ" is literally inside us.

STRANGELY, IT IS IN SUFFERING AND SACRIFICE that we are most joined with God and with each other. We have only to look at our own life experiences to see that this is so.

Technically Beth died of dehydration, as prescribed by her oncologist when he sent her home to die on the day after Palm Sunday. "It is not a bad way to go," he said. "It should take about 72 hours." He was wrong. For nearly five days Beth suffered unquenchable thirst as the water she drank was pumped out as quickly as it was swallowed. One night she accused us of giving her water that was "no good." But the alternative to this hard death would have been even worse. What was now a large, dark tumor was about to burst through Beth's abdomen and also into her vital organs. It was a terrible, frightening potentiality.

Thankfully for Beth, and for those of us who were with her, though her body was very weak, her spirit was as heartily alive as ever. As friends called or came by with food and flowers during those last days, Beth would say, "She just called to say goodbye." Or, "He was just signing off." Finally, early on the morning of Good Friday, her sisters and I were standing by her bed when one sister spoke up.

"Beth," she said, "we love you very much and we are going to miss you very much, but it is all right for you to die. It is okay for you to go."

The indignant Beth replied, "All right, I'll do it! I'll die! But, you all will have to go away and leave me alone. I have to do this my way."

So we went out and left her alone to turn her energies to dying. The process was not a short one. Hours went by. We would look in on her from time to time, but we honored her wishes by staying out of her room. I told the young people in the house (sisters, brother, roommate, boyfriend) that this protracted and helpless

waiting was very much like labor in childbirth. It felt as if we were midwives helping Beth to be born into the next world. And, in fact, we all of us were very aware of the numinosity of the experience. There were no tears, no wringing of hands. We were completely engulfed with Beth in her dying. We were her family gathered at the foot of her cross.

Exactly twelve hours had elapsed when the buzzing household became hushed. Matthew was no longer constantly strumming his guitar. Beth's brother and sisters had gone for a walk. Her roommate was working quietly at her desk. I was recording everything in my journal. Evening was falling. And suddenly I knew. I tiptoed into Beth's room. She *had* done it—she was gone. She had managed it in her own, always inimitable, way. How, in that pitifully feeble state, my precious child had removed stomach tubes and wriggled out of her gown, I could not imagine. There she lay on her back, eyes closed, arms outstretched in a crucified position, with that ugly, protruding "wound" in her right side. She was smiling. Beth already knew what I had yet to learn. At the moment of her death she modeled for us something which at some deep level she understood. The image on the bed was for herself most of all, but it was also, from the divine point of view, left there for us so that we could see that she had died for us.

Because Beth died so that we might live more abundant lives, and because we are in fact living those more abundant lives, Holy Week is forever changed for Beth's siblings and me. The Holy Week we lived with Beth took the meaning of this season to a whole new level, one that fulfilled and went beyond the Holy Week that comes round every year on the Church calendar.

**A**LTHOUGH THE CHOICE is not often a conscious one, every one of us dies for others, giving our lives for the furtherance of the world, just as Jesus did. It happens every day. The sacrificial death theme is found frequently in movies and other stories, but it can also be seen in the news media and in the stories of our

own lives. I think, for example, of a friend's story of a deeply spiritual wife of an avowed atheist. The wife, before her tragic death, had tried and failed in life to show her husband what better ground might lie beyond his atheism. Perhaps because she died prematurely, her husband began to experience for himself what she had been living and saying. In the wake of her death he became a believer.

In the media we find other examples that are even more obvious. There is the account of a flight attendant who led passengers to safety from a plane crash, only to perish herself when the plane exploded. And then there was the lively, beautiful fourteen-year-old girl who committed suicide. A young man, near death, received her lungs in a double lung transplant. Two years later the national media picks up the story of the young man walking a marathon with the girl's father jogging along beside him. The father says that he feels his daughter's presence in the experience. The young man says that he has not simply survived but is living life to the fullest. I actually know this young man, the son of longtime friends. I feel connected to that father, too.

There are still some hard things I do not understand. Why, for instance, must suffering and self-sacrifice be a part of the divine plan? I don't know the why of it, but I do know, having lived through this much of it, that the plan is not, in the end, such a terrible one. When all is said and done, that painful Friday in my own life was, in a certain, very real way, a *good* Friday. After a lifetime of church-going *and* after what I learned from the life and death of my amazing daughter, it is now very clear to me that the centerpiece of the divine plan is *not* atonement for sin but at-onement with God—through the workings of the inner Christ in each of us.

Winterville, GA *Agnes Parker*

*Agnes was in the first Natural Spirituality class at Emmanuel Episcopal Church in Athens, Georgia. She is now a teacher and dream group leader in the program.*



## Betrayal:

### Coming in from the Cold

*"I always used to carry a level of tension in my neck and shoulders, but when my marriage fell apart and I was suspended from ministry, the tension went away. I was forced to allow myself to be just who I was—a spy who came in from the cold."*

ON GOOD FRIDAY, at both of our services, I talked about the importance of betrayal in the development of faith, in the deepening of faith, and in the movement through the cross to resurrection. Many of you were unable to be at those services, so I want to go over that ground again and expand on it a little. This is a good time to do this because the Gospel today makes the very same connection. Today's reading from John comes during that moment at the Last Supper when Judas has just gone out to carry through on his betrayal. Seemingly in response to that event, Jesus says, "Now is the Son of Man glorified." This connection—contextual, if not causal—between Judas's betrayal and the glorification of Christ is worth a deeper investigation.

When I was thinking about Good Friday, and thinking about betrayal, I realized that betrayal has played a very important role in my life. I have been a betrayer and I have been betrayed. This may be true for all parents and children. It may be true in small or large ways for anyone who has been married or has been in any long term, committed relationship. I know it is true for anyone who has been divorced.

My own divorce, and the events leading up to it, compounded my enmeshment in betrayal—I was not only betraying my marriage, but my ordination, my parish, and my bishop as well. The ordination service asks the question:

"Will you do your best to pattern your life and that of your family in accordance with the teachings of Christ, so that you may be a wholesome example to your people?" Well, maybe that was my best, but it wasn't very good.

As a justified consequence of my betrayal, I was in turn betrayed—by people I trusted,

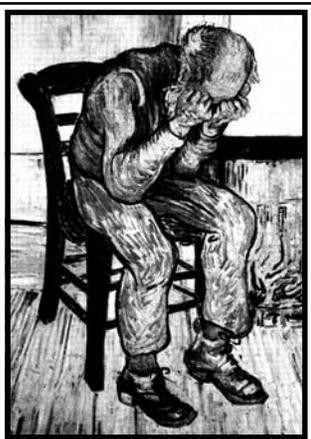
by people I loved. I don't say all this as a kind of confessional exhibitionism, but to let you know that I've thought a lot about this. I've had a long time to think, and, being a "glass is half full, when life gives you lemons make lemonade" kind of guy, I've tried to learn from it, to dig into its wisdom.

I'VE ALWAYS BEEN FASCINATED by John Le Carré's novels, especially after I saw the BBC serial production, with Alec Guinness, of *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy* and *Smiley's People*. Le Carré's stories are all about betrayal.

Set in the context of the British Intelligence Service, *Tinker, Tailor* is about the uncovering of a Russian counter-spy, a mole, in the Service. *Smiley's People* is about how the same Russian spymaster who placed the mole turns and defects to the West. The main protagonist is George Smiley (Alec Guinness) who comes out of retirement to make it all right—but it doesn't really get made "all right." In the course of following his duty and destiny, Smiley is both professionally and personally disillusioned with the bittersweet enlightenment that comes when any of us loses our illusions. Toward the end of the film version of the second novel, as Smiley is nearing his triumph, he writes to the Russian spymaster he's about to bring down: "By your actions you have disowned the system that made you. You have placed love above duty. The ground on which you once stood is cut away. You have become a citizen of No Man's Land. I send you my greetings."

I can identify with that. The psychologist Jean Houston has written, "Betrayal, of all the woundings that may be suffered by the soul, can be the greatest agent of the sacred. This wound has always had an awful and luminous quality surrounding it. It marks the end of primal, unconscious trust and forces upon us those terrible conditions that accompany the taking of the next step." (*The Search for the Beloved*, 113)

Houston points out that there are three spiritually unhealthy ways of responding to betrayal. The first of these is *revenge*. The Bible may say "an eye for an eye," but as has been pointed out, if you follow that to its logical conclusion, everyone gets blinded in the end. The focus of revenge, and of its spiritual companion, resentment, narrows the focus of life, bringing both the betrayer and the betrayed into one's own soul in a continuing hatred, so that the story of the betrayal becomes the story of one's life. That's what happened in Germany between the wars and brought Hitler to power, and it's what is behind some of the most fanatic and violent expressions of Islam. I recently saw a documentary about the genocide in Rwanda and its aftermath. Toward the end of the film there were scenes of the bewildered survivors, with a beautiful song playing in the background



and the words of the song translated at the bottom of the screen. "Listen to me, God of Rwanda," the song went. "Protect me from the urge to vengeance."

Another unhealthy reaction to betrayal, almost the opposite of revenge and resentment, is *denial*. This is the pretense that the betrayal never happened, that "it just wasn't meant to be," that we didn't *really* care. But the whole point of betrayal, or at least the main positive point, it seems to me, is that it tears up our phony scripts. It doesn't let us pretend anymore that we, or anybody else, can live up to the artificial roles we set for ourselves. It forces us to be real—and that is what God created us to be. Denial just writes another script and goes back to the beginning to betray and be betrayed again and again. How sad! How boring!

Lastly there is *cynicism*, which is probably the most crippling reaction to betrayal. It responds to lost hope with hopelessness and a rejection of any opening to trust or love again. Even more sad! Even more boring!

"The key to redeeming our betrayal," Houston says, "is *forgiveness*" (ibid., 117). And I would add it has to be that radical kind of forgiveness that moves beyond forgiveness and on into gratitude.

I pointed out to the Good Friday congregation that I always used to carry a level of tension in my neck and shoulders, but when my marriage fell apart and I was suspended from ministry, the tension went away. I was forced to allow myself to be just who I was—a spy who came in from the cold.

Had it not been for that bundle of betrayal I would still have, and be, a pain in the neck. Not only would I not have a new marriage and a new congregation, but I wouldn't have the finally real, mutually appreciative, relationship I now have with my ex-wife and my kids, as well as with our newly retired bishop. As Jean Houston puts it, only at the end of unconscious, primal trust is Jesus available to the fullness of the human condition. He can die and be reborn, and a fuller love, a fuller beingness, comes then into existence. (Ibid., 115)

Love is central for the meaning of betrayal. Without love there would be nothing to betray. And it is often in the search for love that betrayal takes place. And yet it is also true that love lies at the end of betrayal's healing. The forgiveness that Jean Houston talks about comes from love and leads to love. The Gospel reading today, which begins in the context of betrayal, ends in the commandment to love one another.

ALONG WITH JOHN LE CARRÉ'S NOVELS, one of my favorite modern parables is the 1998 movie *The Truman Show*. The premise of the movie is that this guy, Truman, played by Jim Carrey, is the star of the ultimate reality TV show, in which his whole life, from the day he was conceived, has been broadcast 24 hours a day. His entire world is a TV studio, big enough to be seen from outer space, and he is the only one who is not in on it, the only one who is not an actor. Everyone in "his" world is just playing a part in "his" life.

Little by little Truman begins to get a sense of the falseness of it all. The motivating force behind this dawning realization is love. The lies perpetrated on him constitute a profound betrayal, and, in a sense, his desire to get away from them is a kind of betrayal as well. Where would the show be if he finally left it?

It is the story, ultimately, of how a life centered on ourselves alone is a betrayal of our true human potential.

Truman faces his greatest fears, faces even death in trying to discover the truth beyond the betrayal and the lies. In the end he steps out into the darkness of reality, a reality not unlike the "No Man's Land" referred to by Le Carré. But instead of George Smiley's bittersweet disillusionment, there is with Truman a triumph of the human spirit and a realistic hope for love—which

pleases me, being a "glass is half full, if life gives you lemons make lemonade" kind of guy.

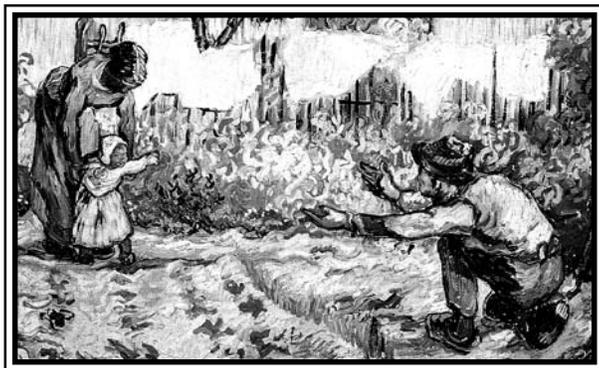
In today's Gospel reading, Jesus says that where he is going we cannot come. But he says in another place that if we have love for one another, he will be with us to the end of the age.

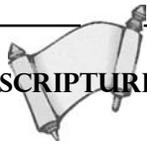
Love one another. Love one another. Love one another.

Thanks be to God.

Pacific Grove, CA The Rev. Jeff Kohn

*In an apocryphal commencement address Kurt Vonegut is supposed to have said, "Live in New York City once, but leave before you get too hard. Live in Northern California once, but leave before you get too soft." Jeff Kohn went to seminary in New York City and left after that. He has lived in northern California for nearly twenty years and plans to stay. Jeff is the rector of Saint James Episcopal Church in Monterey. He loves his small, diverse congregation, and he loves exploring God's revelation through reading philosophy and psychology, exploring nature and dreams, and living a life of friendship, and love.*





## The Valley of the Shadow of Death

*“If we apply a Jungian view to Wesleyan theology, salvation might be better understood in terms of bringing healing and wholeness to a person as he or she becomes closely united to God.”*

WHEN I WAS A CHILD I had to learn to say the Twenty-third Psalm from memory. It took me a while, but I was finally able to recite it in front of the members of my Sunday school class. Funny thing, though—no one could ever explain to me what walking through “the valley of the shadow of death” was all about and why it had to be there. At the time, it seemed antithetical to the understandings of a small child: I was certain that God would never allow us to walk through such a valley. It wasn’t until I experienced the suffering of adult life that I recognized the genius of those words. In fact, this very passage of Scripture, which once seemed to me so antithetical, has now found a synthesis within my own soul and lies at the core of my understanding of spiritual formation.

Spiritual formation is part of our growth and development in faith and relationship with God. John Wesley, the father of Methodism, suggested that formation for “holiness of heart and life” includes growing in one’s love of God (the inner world of heart and soul) and the love of neighbor and all creation (the outer world of life and spirit). Wesley’s emphasis on the holiness of “heart” and “life” implies that growth in faith has to do with our total existence—both inner and outer. Such a view stems from the etymology of the word holy, which means “whole.”

The Swiss psychologist Carl Jung perceived a process of psychological development in the human being that parallels the Wesleyan approach of spiritual formation. While there are many distinctions between Jung and Wesley, and these distinctions are important, both were interested in how human beings experience the divine as well as in how humanity interacts in community. One major difference between Jung and Wesley is that Jung, a psychologist, was primarily interested in the human experience of the divine in everyday life, while Wesley, a minister/theologian, was concerned about how to articulate those experiences of the divine.

Spiritual formation is a process that advances through life’s successive chapters and seasons, leading us to a fuller

life in communion with God. Its progress, however, is never smooth and easy. In fact, if we apply a Jungian view to Wesleyan theology, salvation might be better understood in terms of bringing healing and wholeness to a person as he or she becomes closely united to God. In adult life this development is brought about primarily by our response to the challenge of obstacles and hindrances arising either from outer circumstance or inner fears. In biblical lore, beginning with the Old Testament Hebrew Scriptures, these obstacles and hindrances are called *ha-satan*, which is the Hebrew word for “adversary,” at times translated as an obstacle or hindrance. Later, as the character of the devil was given life, this word would be changed to “Satan.” Perhaps this indicates that there is a metaphorical “ha-satan” in our lives charged with the divine purpose of urging us to “repent” by walking through the valley of the shadow of death—an existential dark night of the soul.

While this may appear fanciful and even heretical to many, both the Old Testament Hebrew Scriptures and the New Testament Christian Scriptures allude to such a descent into darkness. In fact, the idea of the shadow is found in many other religious idioms, as well as in Jungian psychology. From a Jungian perspective, the shadow is caused by light, and where there is no light there can be no shadow.

In my own thinking, Jung’s teachings about the shadow shed light on an important part of the gospel. In its original form the Christian message included a summons to repent and believe. The word “repent” is the translation of the Greek word *metanoia*, which means, literally, to change your mind and soul. Repentance, then, has to do with change—change of direction, change of heart, change of attitude. Jung’s teaching on the shadow illuminates what this change involves. By understanding the nature of the shadow, we come to understand that simply choosing to embrace the new way of a higher ideal will not necessarily bring about deep and lasting change, for a new ideal might simply help us to repress our shadow, those things we do not wish to see and acknowledge about ourselves.

Repentance must indeed involve a conscious and deliberate choice, but true repentance can only become effective through a process of inner change and renewal in our feelings and desires. The choice involved in repentance cannot be a once-for-all decision but must be renewed daily in an effort to cooperate with God as God gradually brings about deep-seated change in our emotions and desires.

Such a turning as is required by repentance is found in the stories of life, death, and rebirth recorded throughout the Bible. It has been my experience that these timeless stories of darkness and light, despair and hope, can help individuals and communities in the process of spiritual

formation. In praying and meditating on these stories of death and descent, we gradually come to understand and accept what the ancients in their wisdom knew so well: that all transformation, all spiritual formation experiences, must first begin with a letting go—a kind of inner death.

The ancients understood this instinctively, basing their rituals—the same rituals that appear disguised over and over again in our own modern lives—on the cosmic cycle of retreating into chaos before a new worldview is created. This chaos ends a “mode of being”; it is a death of the old life in preparation for the new. In our modern lives we forget that death and darkness are the beginning of renewal, a time to dismantle the old in preparation for a better way of living.

It is this relinquishing and turning away (repenting) from the worn-out patterns of our life’s story that cause us to feel despair at so much darkness, death, and destruction. When we turn away from our old patterns, we are plunged into limbo experiences, which are equivalent to spiritual crises.

A spiritual crisis is like an earthquake: there is a major shift in the ground of our being that requires a change in thinking and perceiving. Thus, limbo experiences, or spiritual crises, are symbolically linked to death, to wilderness, to being in a lonesome valley or in a cave, to invisibility and darkness, and so on. If, however, we can endure the limbo experience of uncertainty by walking long enough through the valley of the shadow of death, then a transformation takes place and a new faith perspective arises. A new way of thinking and being in relation to one’s self, to others, to God, and to the world is born.

When the new birth (or “resurrection”) occurs within us, we stop trying to manipulate and maneuver external reality so that it will work out as we desire. Instead we turn authority over to God, who is greater than ourselves; our egos are sacrificed to the Almighty; the earthly world serves the heavenly world; and we learn, at last, to trust God in all things.

For even though we walk through the darkest valley—the valley of the shadow and of death—we fear no evil, for God is with us. God’s rod and staff, they comfort us. God prepares a table before us in the presence of both our inner and outer enemies. God anoints our head with oil. Our cup overflows. Surely God’s goodness and mercy shall follow us all the days of our lives, and we shall dwell in the presence of the Almighty forever.

LaGrange, GA **The Rev. Quincy Brown**

*Quincy Brown is the chaplain of LaGrange College in LaGrange, Georgia. When he looks at his life, he sees a suspension bridge with two great*

A HADEN INSTITUTE PROGRAM

## SUMMER DREAM CONFERENCE *God’s Forgotten Language* June 25–July 1, 2005

*Kanuga Conference Center, Hendersonville, NC*

THE HADEN INSTITUTE’S SUMMER DREAM CONFERENCE is a major conference for all who want to recover the Biblical tradition of listening for God’s word in our nightly dreams. The early Church theologian Tertullian asked: *Is it not known to all people that the dream is the most usual way of God’s revelation to humankind?* Later generations have discounted dreams, at great loss to our soul. We are now seeing a resurgence of respect and honor for this forgotten language of God.

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 indoor and outdoor worship, the Kanuga labyrinth, and all the gifts of the Blue Ridge Mountains in summer. Participants from around the country attend this event, returning each year for the rich experience of Christianity fully integrated with inner work.

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

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:*

828/693-9292

[office@hadeninstitute.com](mailto:office@hadeninstitute.com)

*towers—Jungian psychology and Christian spirituality—supporting the traffic that flows in two directions. Throughout his life’s journey, Quincy has lived with the tension on this bridge, an inner tension that takes every ounce of energy and focus to hold the structure together. The cables suspended from each of the towers offer enough flexibility to make the tension bearable. Quincy seeks to embrace the opposites of tension and flexibility.*

[Reflection]

## To Be Man Enough

### *An Email from along the Journey*

*"I think about the samurai and their gardens and tea ceremonies and painting and poetry: here were some exceedingly hard men who somehow created spaces for great fathoms of sentiment."*

THERE SEEMS TO BE, throughout the history of human thought and experience, the idea that conscious experience consists of both idea and substance, order and chaos, dimension and void, yin and yang, masculine and feminine, and so on. Almost every philosophical or religious tradition attempts to find an understanding of and a harmony between the two concepts.

The Judeo-Christian tradition of thought maintains that idea forms substance, order structures chaos, dimension gives meaning and form to the void, and the masculine defines the feminine (which by nature balks at definition). According to this tradition, *harmony* between the masculine and feminine, the light and the dark, is not one of equality in strength.

In *harmonious* situations, substance is not equal in strength to idea, even though idea is nothing without substance. Chaos is not equal in strength to order, even though order has no meaning without *it*. One *contains* the other. One lends purpose to the other. Thus one is stronger, *must* be stronger, or there is no harmony at all. The harmony between a dam and a river, for example, requires the dam to exert more force on the river than the river can exert on it. A dam whose force is only equal to that of the river is doomed to fall the first time it rains. And people familiar with electronics will maintain that wiring should be able to conduct *more* ampage than it is expected to carry. There's your masculine supporting the feminine. There's your heaven undergirding the earth.

The masculine—the idea, the form, the dimension, the law, and so on—must be stronger, must lead, must provide space for the feminine. But it must never use its strength to *deny* or *profane* or *abuse* the existence of the feminine. A man, for example, must take care to acknowledge the degree and extent of his own innate femininity. The greater the feminine principle which resides within

him, even stronger must his masculinity be. His job, as a man, will be to create space for the feminine in his life. This is the whole idea of what it means to be "sophisticated" or "cultured." It is the essence of what it means to be a "gentle-man." The greater the feminine presence in a man, the more vast his personal "kingdom" or "empire" must be—indeed, the more elaborate if not more intricate his mansions, so to speak. I think about the samurai and their gardens and tea ceremonies and painting and poetry: here were some exceedingly hard men who somehow created spaces for great fathoms of sentiment.

It is never good for a man to be overwhelmed by the feminine. This does not produce a condition of harmony. The feminine may be his greatest ally if taken to himself and domesticated—like a wild horse or wolf or bull—but he would be of little use to the horse, wolf, or bull if he allowed himself to go wild. The Judeo-Christian tradition speaks of humankind as the

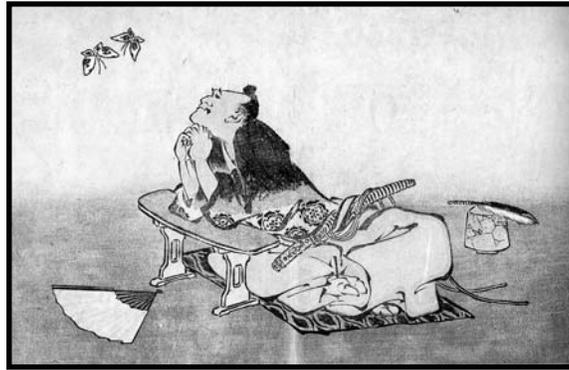
masculine element of the feminine earth. We humans, therefore, are charged with being caretakers of the planet even as we are given permission to "rule" it. This "ruling," however, requires subtle understanding and can only occur through God's action in us, since Mother Nature is ultimately divine and therefore stronger than human will.

God's ruling action, as a balancing force, only comes in our own most faithful effort to be conscious.

Consciousness is masculine energy. A positive relationship to the unconscious (feminine energy) is one characterized by listening and observing and attempting to make sense of that which presents itself thereby. It is characterized by bringing the unconscious life into consciousness—taking and domesticating it, even—but not by bowing down to it or succumbing to it. Here again, it is a matter of providing conscious space for the experience of the unconscious. This is the true meaning of the challenge to every man's outer self and to every woman's inner self. The challenge is that the masculine be so masculine in consciousness as to be man enough to do its job.

Athens, GA Kevin Letroy Copeland

*Troy is a teacher of Literature and Composition at Cedar Shoals High School in Athens, GA. He considers himself to be at the advent of what he calls a secular ministry, a life devoted to the pursuit and appreciation of the divine as it resides in others and to mindful quality in the realities he shares with them.*





## Body and Soul

*A Lecture by C. G. Jung*

*“For what is the body? The body is merely the visibility of the soul, the psyche; and the soul is the psychological experience of the body. So it is really one and the same thing.”*

**P**ROF. JUNG: Well, there is something in the idea that people who are too metaphysical are bothered by their bodies. For the more the mentality or the psyche leaves the body to itself, the more the body goes wrong. The two ought to live together. That explains the bad state of health of intuitive people who don't even need to be metaphysical; it is enough that they are a bit too intuitive. They live too much in mere possibilities, and then the digestion begins to suffer, they get chronic diseases, ulcers of the stomach or the duodenum, for instance. Or they may get other disturbances of the body of an infectious nature; many organic diseases are due to this peculiar lack of attention. People who have lived too much upon spiritual ideas should bring their attention back to their bodies.

So one can say it is always a wise thing when you discover a new metaphysical truth, or find an answer to a metaphysical problem, to try it out for a month or so, whether it upsets your stomach or not; if it does, you can always be sure it is wrong. It is necessary to have metaphysical ideas—we cannot do without them—but it is also necessary to submit them very seriously to the test whether they agree with the human being: a good metaphysical idea does not spoil one's stomach. For instance, if I hold a metaphysical conviction that we live on after death for fifty thousand years instead of fifty million—if that is a solution—I try what it means if I believe in fifty thousand years only; perhaps that is good for my digestion—or bad. You see, I have no other criterion.

Of course, it sounds funny, but I start from the conviction that man has also a living body and if something is true for one side, it must be true for the other. For what is the body? The body is merely the visibility of the soul, the psyche; and the soul is the psychological experience of the body. So it is really one and the same thing. Therefore, a good truth must be true for the whole system,

From *Nietzche's Zarathustra: Notes of the Seminar Given in 1934-1939* by C. G. Jung, edited by James L. Jarrett. Copyright © 1988 by Princeton University Press. Vol. 1, pp. 354-55.

## Yea Sayers

Humming is often a self-communication for  
hobbits, and elves,  
and minihoochies, and leprechauns,  
and other joyous, merry-lovely-sound-filled,  
ebullient  
big people folk.

Humming reflects joy.

Often unnoticed by the humming hummer, it is a  
spirit's release—  
abounding, uncontained.

Close kin, a cousin to humming, is whistling:  
Ne're as subtle, whistling is the more  
defiant,  
pronounced,  
the louder sounding.

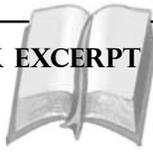
Uplifting self-sounder-outers,  
hummers and whistlers  
alert us that much is right with the world.

Decatur, GA *Jan Peterson*

From *Honoring the Word*, © 2004 by Jeannette Pauker Peterson.

not only for half of it. According to my imagination, something seems to be good—it fits in with my imagination—but it proves to be entirely wrong for my body. And something might apparently be quite nice for the body, but it is very bad for the experience of the soul, and in that case I have a metaphysical enteritis. So I must be careful to bring the two systems together; the only criterion is that both are balanced. When life flows, then I can say it is probably all right, but if I get upset I know something must be wrong, out of order at least.

Therefore, people with one-sided convictions of a decidedly spiritual nature are forced by the body to pay attention to it. I have seen many people who suffered from all sorts of ailments of the body simply on account of wrong convictions.



## Psalms for Praying

### An Invitation to Wholeness

*“Affirming the life-giving fruits of love, and acknowledging the isolation and loneliness of those separated from Love, may serve to awaken the heart to move toward wholeness and holiness.”*

#### Preface

WHO AMONG US has not yearned to know the Unknowable? For most, these moments are fleeting glimpses that may last a lifetime; in some, a Fire is kindled and life becomes a quest to live in Holy Surrender; and though fewer in number, saints dwell among us who know the Beloved, who aspire simply to co-create in harmony with the One, who is Love and Light and Power. To cherish the Beloved as you are cherished is to live in a mutual bonding that calls for action.

The Psalms have ever been a response to these deep yearnings: cries of the soul . . . songs of surrender . . . paeans of praise. The Psalms of the Hebrew Scripture often reflect a patriarchal society based on fear and guilt that projects evil and sin onto outer enemies. *Psalms for Praying* reflects the reciprocity of Divine Love that opens the heart to forgiveness, reconciliation, and healing. Affirming the life-giving fruits of love, and acknowledging the isolation and loneliness of those separated from Love, may serve to awaken the heart to move toward wholeness and holiness.

Aspiring to live in a spirit of cooperation, co-creation, and companionship with the Beloved, rather than invoking a spirit of competition with God, other individuals, and nations—so much a part of the Hebrew Scripture

Psalms—seem clearly a more loving movement toward engendering peace, harmony, and healing in our wounded world.

Yet, let it be understood that *Psalms for Praying: An Invitation to Wholeness* is in no way meant to replace the well-loved, still meaningful, and historically important

Psalms of the Hebrew Scripture. May it stand as a companion, a dialogue, if you will, of one age speaking with a later age. May it serve as an invitation to listen to the Voice of Silence that speaks within your own soul.

#### Psalm 23

O my Beloved, you are my shepherd,  
I shall not want;  
You bring me to green pastures  
for rest  
and lead me beside still waters  
renewing my spirit,  
You restore my soul.  
You lead me in the path of  
goodness  
to follow Love's way.

Even though I walk through the  
valley of the shadow and  
of death,  
I am not afraid;  
For You are ever with me;  
your rod and your staff  
they guide me,  
they give me strength  
and comfort.

You prepare a table before me  
in the presence of all my fears;  
you bless me with oil,  
my cup overflows.  
Surely goodness and mercy will  
follow me  
all the days of my life;  
and I shall dwell in the heart  
of the Beloved  
forever.

Jericho, VT Nan C. Merrill

*Nan C. Merrill is a lover of life, of the Mystery, and, most of all, of the Beloved of all hearts. Her prayer is for ever-expanding consciousness, to more full awakening in order to become a more beneficial presence in our wounded world. She has authored three books and edits the monthly newsletter Friends of Silence.*

Excerpts from *Psalms for Praying: Invitation to Wholeness* by Nan C. Merrill. Copyright © 1996 by Nan C. Merrill. Reprinted by permission of The Continuum International Publishing Group.





## Are We Missing Something Here?

*"I think it is warranted at this point in the Christian story to stop and take a look at this religion of ours and ask ourselves seriously: why is it so hard to get Christianity right? Love one another. Have faith in God and Jesus. How hard can it be?"*

WHAT IF CHRISTIANITY IN ITS FIRST 2000 YEARS has missed about half the gospel? I don't mean, what if we are only half doing what we heard Jesus say. I mean, what if we have only half *heard* what he said?

We heard the love part. Not that we have mastered the art of loving. Everyone knows the many failures of love that regularly occur in the individual and collective lives of Christians. We don't try to fool ourselves about that. But we do know very well that we are *supposed* to love one another, with no limit on who should receive this love, and we do continue to endeavor to call ourselves back from shadow whenever we fall into it and to rededicate ourselves, again and again, to the goal of love that we learned from Jesus.

Christianity also heard, from the beginning, the "have faith" part of Jesus' teaching: have faith in God, have faith in Jesus as the "son of God." Dedicating our lives to faith in God, Christians have carried the essence of the first part of the Hebrew Shema (Deut 6:4-5) to the whole Western world and beyond: as a people we know that the Lord our God is One and that we must love God with all our heart, soul, and might. Of course, we also fall into shadow on this and forget the one God on a regular basis, resting our faith instead on more tangible gods like money and power. But still, we try; we put pressure on ourselves to continually reinvest our faith in the one God who is above all.

As for faith in Jesus, here too we have really tried. We have carried the story of Jesus through 2000 years, which is a *long* time, and we have kept it at the very

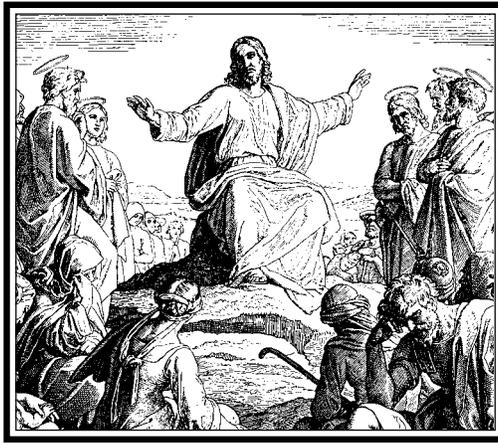
center of our religious activity and of the teaching we have handed down from generation to generation. True, this has often taken a nasty turn and led to quarrels and conflict over dogma and belief, sometimes with deadly consequences as we have forgotten the love part and gone overboard on the faith part, lopping off heads and wiping out whole villages, whether of dissenting Christians or of unreceptive "infidels" (faithless ones). But we do know, on the whole, that we should not behave this way, and we do continue year after year, decade after decade, century after century, to call ourselves back from such darkness and rededicate ourselves to the true spirit of the gospel—to both love and faith, to walking and chewing gum at the same time. We keep trying and failing, trying and failing. This is the way life goes, we say. This is the best we can do.

IS IT REALLY THE BEST WE CAN DO? Are we sure about that? I think it is warranted at this point in the Christian story to stop and take a look at this religion of ours

and ask ourselves seriously: why is it so hard to get Christianity right? Love one another. Have faith in God and Jesus. How hard can it be? We have had two millennia to work on this, and yet our biggest failure, the Holocaust, the cold-blooded murder of many millions of people by civilized Christians, happened just yesterday, in our own time, not fifteen hundred or a thousand years ago. Could it be that we are *missing something* in this gospel story we have carried for all this time? The injunctions

to love and faith are good, but are they enough?

It is hard to see how, if we keep on with only what we have so far, that we will ever do any better than we have done—especially given the fact that increasing numbers of our own people are giving up altogether on carrying the story along any further. They feel it has been wrung dry. Since World War II and the Holocaust, the majority of people in Christian Europe have stopped going to church, though for the most part they keep both their faith in God and the goal of love. Lagging behind, but following the same trend, increasing numbers of the heirs of Christianity in the U.S. and Canada—good people who still have faith in God and still try to be loving—are dropping church and the carrying of the gospel story from their lives. In their experience, this activity has little more to offer. They have gotten the good from it.



**F**ORTUNATELY, THE GOSPEL STORY was written down. We have the original version, which was recorded sooner after the actual events than the time that has now elapsed since World War II. If we were to sit down at this point and put the story of World War II into writing for the first time, we could record a fairly accurate account. Not only do we have all the stories we have heard from our parents and grandparents who lived through those times, but a number of the actual participants are still among us. Because the gospels were recorded with even less of a time gap than that, we can trust that they contain the essence of Jesus' teaching, if not the verbatim transcripts.

If we are going to look again at the gospels to see what we might have missed, it could well be asked how we could expect to find anything more in them than has been found by those before us. There are not that many pages of text to be examined, and 2000 years is a long time to comb through them. The answer I would make to this reasonable question is that we have something now that no other Christians have ever had before. We have the twentieth century.

The same century that brought us the Holocaust and a widespread giving up on the effort to pass on the gospel story also brought us depth psychology. Led by the incredible wisdom of Carl Jung, depth psychology discovered something old in the world, something that had been known from the beginning of human time, although in less conscious and rational forms than the form Jung has now given us. Depth psychology calls this old something the "unconscious" and understands it to be an autonomous reality that comes to us from within. But though it comes from within, its origin is beyond our personal consciousness and experience. This "unconscious" interacts with us. It seeks dialogue. And when we pay attention to it in the right way through dreams, synchronicity, and other forms of highly personal communication, it teaches us, changes us, heals us, and sustains us.

The original human knowledge of this teaching and healing power was based on experience that was subjective, singular, and unrepeatable, and therefore unverifiable. This kind of knowledge was perfectly acceptable until the age of reason began to arise, riding in on the heritage of writing, bringing us Western civilization as we know it, which has gradually pushed out of the realm

of acceptable truth anything not based on objectively verifiable experience.

It took a long time for this state of affairs to bring about its own correction. By the twentieth century, reason and rationality had produced a state of knowledge that could support an empirical psychology that put forth and defended viable evidence of the existence of the unconscious, giving back to us a view—once obvious to all—of a divine presence suffused in life itself.

Because of the twentieth-century advance of depth psychology, there are in the world today many well-educated, mentally sound, scientifically rational people who regularly participate in a dialogue with God through dreams and synchronicity. Their experience with this dialogue verifies for them its efficacy. They find that it leads them to an individual development of increasing health and wholeness in their own human lives. They experience the fact that it sets in process an integration and redemption of the personal shadows which have always accompanied, and often undermined, their earnest attempts at being loving and faithful. In other words, by engaging in this particular kind of dialogue with God, love and faith become ever more realized in their lives.

I ask you: if some of us in the modern world have discovered this new, more effective way to have a dialogue with God, a discovery that is actually a rediscovery

of an age-old way, then *would not Jesus himself have known all about it?* And if he knew about it, surely he would have talked about it in his teachings, for why would he leave out this important key for making real all the rest of what he was urging upon us?

**T**HE THING ABOUT THE HUMAN DIALOGUE with the unconscious is that once you realize it exists, you see it everywhere—but until then, you don't see it at all. This is as true of what we see in the gospels as of what we see in ordinary life. It is very exciting to go back and reread the gospels after having begun to "see" the dialogue between consciousness and the unconscious. "I was blind but now I see" (John 9:25) takes on a whole new meaning, as do many other of those familiar gospel words.

If most Christians were asked to name the top seven themes of Jesus' teachings, they would probably agree on at least these five: love, faith, parables, the kingdom of God, and healing. Love and faith we more or less understand. But what about parables—why was Jesus so



big on those? What about the kingdom of God—what exactly was he talking about with that? And what about healing—why was that such a large part of his ministry but such a small part of Christian life today? In my opinion, we are definitely missing something here. Out of the five most prominent elements of the gospel, we only have a handle on two of them.

As I see it, the first of the less understood themes we need to tackle is Jesus' very great emphasis on parables. Traditionally parables have been seen as lessons in a nutshell, little nuggets of Christian teachings for us to hand down through the ages. But this approach misses the basic idea of parable *per se*, which is that there is deeper meaning below the literal level of what we see and hear. To understand this deeper meaning, we must look at things *metaphorically*. Not only is this how we look at parables, but it is exactly how we look at dreams and synchronicity in order to enter into an astoundingly lively and effective dialogue with God. Whenever Jesus said, "Let anyone who has ears to hear use them," it was in every instance a call to listen metaphorically.

Jesus did not even try to explain what he meant by the kingdom of God *until* he had introduced the language of parables (see Matt 13). From my own rereading of the gospels, I have come to see the kingdom of God as the life that results from listening and seeing metaphorically, life continually guided, taught, and healed by the Paraclete (the Counselor), 24/7/365, until we walk through that door to the next life. It is from this conscious dialogue with the unconscious, *undertaken in a context of love and faith*, that true healing really does flow—healing of body, of individual lives, of families, and perhaps someday of communities and nations.

The gospel has not been wrung dry. On the contrary, there is much work to be done to bring forth its full message. If Christianity has become boring and irrelevant, it is because its carriers have only half heard what Jesus was saying. When a significant number of Christians begin to hear the entire message and to model it for the world, many fallen-away heirs of old Christendom will look up and listen and gladly return to a new, resurrected Christianity.

Danielsville, GA **Joyce Rockwood Hudson**

*Joyce is the author of Natural Spirituality and editor of THE ROSE. Her father, Brad Rockwood, was an Episcopal clergyman, who died in 2001. Recently she had this passing thought: "Dad never saw THE ROSE. I wonder what he would think of it. He was, after all, from an earlier time in the Church." A line from an Emerson poem, memorized in the 9th grade, rose immediately from her depths. Joyce is sure it was her father's answer. He said, "The self-same Power that brought me there, brought you."*

## Natural Spirituality Regional Gathering

Feb. 11–13,  
2005  
(or come for  
Feb. 12 only)



Mikell Camp  
and  
Conference  
Center  
Toccoa,  
Georgia

WE STILL HAVE DOUBLE ROOMS AVAILABLE—and unlimited dorm space, which doesn't cost very much! 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, meditative movement and contemplative prayer opportunities, worship, and time for relaxation and fellowship. **Bob Haden and Jerry Wright will be with us this year; and professional singer/songwriter Sheri Kling will give us a mini-concert.**

This interdenominational conference is sponsored by natural spirituality groups in the Episcopal Diocese of Atlanta. Camp Mikell is located in the mountains of North Georgia.

**Registration deadline:** January 28, 2005

**Saturday-only fee:** \$25 (includes lunch)

**Weekend fees** (all meals included)

\$140 double occupancy

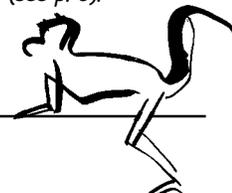
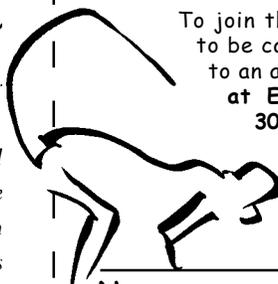
\$ 90 dorm (13-bed "barracks")

*A \$50 reduction in the dorm fee—to \$40—is available upon request to anyone who cannot otherwise attend the conference.*

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

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# Conferences and Retreats



## NATURAL SPIRITUALITY REGIONAL GATHERINGS

*Weekend retreats for natural spirituality veterans and inquirers*

☐ **Natural Spirituality Regional Gathering**  
*February 11–13, 2005, Toccoa, GA.* Come for the weekend, or for Saturday only. At Camp Mikell, in the mountains of North Georgia. *See p. 31 for details.*

☐ **Lighten Up for Lent: Repentance, Reconciliation, and Laughter, March 18–19, 2005, Morrillton, AR.** At Camp Mitchell, led by the Rt. Rev. **Larry Maze**, Bishop of Arkansas, and the Rev. Canon **Susan Sims-Smith**. \$70.  
*Phone: 501/372-2168, ext. 218*  
*Email: [seedwork@seedwork.org](mailto:seedwork@seedwork.org).*

## THE HADEN INSTITUTE

*Phone: 828/693-9292; Email: [office@hadeninstitute.com](mailto:office@hadeninstitute.com); Website: [www.hadeninstitute.com](http://www.hadeninstitute.com).*

☐ **Summer Dream Conference, June 25–July 1, 2005, Hendersonville, NC.** Kanuga Conference Center. Keynoters: **Bob Haden, Susan Sims-Smith, Joyce Rockwood Hudson, Jeremy Taylor, Larry Maze.** For beginning and advanced journeyers. *See p. 25 for details.*

☐ **Dream Leadership Training.** *Next entry time: February 1, 2005.* Next intensive, Kanuga Conference Center, Hendersonville, NC, March 3–7, 2005; special faculty: **Jeremy Taylor.** *See p. 17 for details.*

☐ **Spiritual Direction Training.** *Next entry time: March 1, 2005.* Next intensive, Kanuga Conference Center, Hendersonville, NC, April 14–18, 2005; special faculty: **Marcus Losack.** Next Canada Intensive, Mt. Carmel Spirituality Centre, Niagra Falls, ON, May 11–18, 2005. *See p. 17 for details.*

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# 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. These 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.** If there is no group in your area, consider starting one: see [www.seedwork.org](http://www.seedwork.org) for resources. Programs marked with an asterisk (\*) are new to the list since the last issue of THE ROSE.

## 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.



### **NATURAL SPIRITUALITY BOOK**

Available from [amazon.com](http://amazon.com); [b&n.com](http://b&n.com); local bookstores by special order. For a discounted price & low shipping, go to [www.amazon.com/shops/jrhpub](http://www.amazon.com/shops/jrhpub) (type in the entire URL).



### **WWW.SEEDWORK.ORG**

- ☐ **Natural Spirituality Group Resources:**  
download and print, or order by mail
- ☐ **Back issues of *The Rose*:** view and print
- ☐ **Haden Institute Summer Dream Conference**  
selected lectures: listen; download and save;  
or order CDs by mail